

# CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL

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THOMAS W. PEGUES.

### TERMS.

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### POETRY.

#### For the Camden Journal. THE DYING FLOWER.

BY EDWARD J. FORTER.

Morning kissed the dewy flower,  
Flushed upon its breezy spray!  
Zephyrs lingered near its bower,  
Bearing its sweet breath away!  
Sunny hues were spread around it,  
Perfumes breathing incense bound it,  
Nature's sweetest love-tones stealing,  
Shed a softened, holy feeling,  
Making all the spell-fraught air  
Passion bound with gifts of love,  
Breathing from a higher sphere,  
Tones the silent soul to move.

Change came o'er its gentle brightness,  
Ere the noontide beams were shed!  
Quenched its breathing spirit's brightness,  
Morning's love lay pale and dead!  
Zephyrs wept no longer o'er it!  
Dew-drops may not now restore it!  
Perfume's spirit sighed its last,  
When the fleeting dew-wreath passed,  
Sister flowrets pale and drooping,  
Lovely mid their loneliness,  
O'er the fragile thing were stooping,  
Blighting where it breathed to bless.

Hope! Say, is not such thy being,  
Waking mid the sunbeams first,  
Brightest gush of gladness, bursting  
Ere the noon's full glory flings?  
Dreams that all their radiance caught,  
From its earliest flush of thought,  
From the first impassioned ray,  
Gilding its glad fragrance,  
Silently all, all are ended!  
As the flowret's hues are shed,  
As its sweetest breathings blended,  
With each breeze that reckless fled,  
Sumterville, S. C.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-Orleans Bee, 20th inst.  
FROM TEXAS.

The steam ship N. York, Capt. Wright, which arrived in port yesterday morning, brought the Galveston papers of Saturday. The most interesting item of news is the skirmish between the Texian volunteers in the West and the Mexicans. The following is the account from the Civilian:

#### FROM THE WEST.

ATTACK ON THE CAMP AT LIPANTITLAN.  
The following is the official account of Gen. Davis of the attack of the troops under his command. Unfortunately it occurred before the arrival of the volunteers who last left this city:

HEAD QUARTERS, TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS,  
Camp Lipantitlan, 7th July, 1842.  
Hon. Geo. W. Hockley,  
Secretary of War and marine.

Sir—On last evening I received certain intelligence that we should be attacked in a short time by a large Mexican force.

The position which I occupied being an unfavorable one for a small force to contend against a large one, I removed my encampment some few hundred yards to a strong position.

This morning about day light, the enemy, seven hundred strong, entered our old encampment, and in a few minutes attacked us in our new position, which they kept up for about 20 minutes, and then made a hasty retreat. Three Mexicans were left dead on the field, and from their trails, many were dragged off, their killed and wounded could not have been less than thirty men. I am happy to inform you that we had not a man either killed or wounded. My whole force, including Capt. Cameron's Company of mounted gunners, did not exceed two hundred; the Mexican force, as I learn from a wounded prisoner, consisted of two hundred regular troops and five hundred Rancheros, the whole under the command of Gen. Canales.—The expedition was fitted out for the express purpose of attacking this post. They had one field piece, a four pounder.

Congress still continued in session. The principal questions which have occupied the attention of the body since its meeting are the Mexican invasion, and the replenishment of the treasury. The Civilian of the latest date says—

The bill to make the President Commander in person of an army to be raised for the invasion of Mexico, giving him authority to draft one third of the militia for the purpose, and authorizing him to hypothecate (the right to sell was stricken

out) the public lands for the purpose of raising means, passed the House of Representatives on the 11th inst., by a vote of 20 to 14.

We understand that the Senate is opposed to some of the features of this bill, but that it will be adopted as it stands by that body, before they will allow the whole measure to fall.

The question in the House on the adoption of the two most important features of the bill stood as follows—

1st. The provision to authorize the President to take command of the army in person—27 to 7; majority 20.

2. Authorizing the President to sell or hypothecate any portion of the public domain or any other unappropriated revenue of the republic; was carried by 29 to 3, or 26 majority.

The Brazos Farmer mentions the receipt of an open bull of cotton on the 25 of June, and adds that the crops promise well in that vicinity.

From the N. O. Picayune, 20th inst.  
FROM MEXICO.

By the arrival at the Balize of the British Royal Mail steamer Forth, from Vera Cruz, we have received full files of the Diario del Gobierno up to the 6th inst.—Vera Cruz papers to the 12th, besides letters from our correspondents up to the latest dates.

Some thirty of the released Texan prisoners had arrived at Vera Cruz, and several of them had already died with the vomito or yellow fever. The balance were at Jalapa with Gen. McLeod, waiting the chartering of a vessel to transport them either to this place or Galveston.

Among those who had died at Vera Cruz we notice the names of David Landers, of Ohio, and Thos. H. Spooner of Virginia. Several others were down with the vomito, but it was thought they would recover.

Col. Cook and another officer attached to the Santa Fe expedition arrived at Vera Cruz on the 11th inst., to make arrangements for the transportation of the men out of the country.

Our worthy Consul at Vera Cruz, L. S. Hargous, Esq. with his accustomed liberality has done every thing in his power to alleviate the condition of the liberated prisoners already arrived at that place, and it was through his advice that the balance of them, some 240, were detained at Jalapa, else the ravages of the epidemic or all probably have been productive of many deaths. It was thought they would all be got off by the 20th or 25th of this month.

The Great Congress was in session at the city of Mexico and almost a dead silence reigns as regards what is going on in it. One of our correspondents, states the general belief to be, that the session will be allowed to go on as long as the members do not commit any act which may differ from the opinion of Santa Anna, and in case they do run counter to the wishes of the provisional President they will go to their homes quicker than they came from them. In the meantime every thing is quiet; but it is almost impossible that this quiet should last, for the simple reason that a majority of the members of Congress are Federals. As Santa Anna will not listen to any thing like a Federal form of government, without materially changing his views, as a matter of course the two interests must clash. We must wait patiently for the next news from the Mexican capital.

They had all sorts of rejoicing at Vera Cruz on the 10th inst.—a turn out of the military, firing of cannon, ringing of bells, illuminations, Te Deums, &c., in celebration of a recent achievement of Commodore Marin, commander of the Mexican navy. It seems that the Commodore has recently succeeded in cutting out and bringing in to the port of Vera Cruz the best brig belonging to Yucatan, and from under the very guns of a fort at Campeachy.

It seems that the expedition which resulted so successfully was commanded by Commodore Marin in person. With 70 chosen men he embarked in a *pailebotto*, without a single cannon, and made sail for Campeachy. There he surprised the brig at night, and succeeded in capturing her without firing a gun or losing a man, and she is now safely moored under the guns of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

The brig was one that was formerly taken to Vera Cruz for the purpose of disposing of her to the Mexican government. Disappointed there, the owners finally effected a sale of her to the Government of Yucatan for the sum of \$21,000. The Yucatanese must have been sleeping when she was captured, for at the time she was without a sail; and even when taken into Vera Cruz she had no other canvass than the spanker and jibs. The Mexican dollar was probably one of the foremost of the boarders in this *coup de main*, although Com. Marin has the reputation of being an active and brave officer, and we believe justly.

Many questions are asked in Mexico in relation to the Texian blockade, and whether the vessels that were to enforce are on the water or only on paper. The Texians should let them into the secret.

A PERSON choked with a potato will find instant relief by swallowing a pumpkin.

USEFUL HINTS.—An excellent way to get rid of trouble from corns is to go bare-foot.

When a man is hungry it is good for him to eat, provided he can obtain any thing edible.

In case of catching a Tartar, it may be wisdom to get rid of him as quick as possible.

When you have got any thing particular to say, it is worth while to be particular about saying it.

When you don't know what to do with your money, inform some friend of your perplexity, and, ten to one, he will suggest a means of relieving you.

If you are desperately enamoured of a pretty face, be sure to see it at the breakfast table. This remedy has been often taken with success.

If you desire to be quite comfortable in mind, pay the printer.

When your wife scolds you, hold your tongue.

If you want to be enlightened, read the newspapers.

If you want to see confidence in the currency, don't be too ready for panic yourself.

If you want to be wise, take a hint.

Taking a hint sometimes saves taking a kicking.

"SOME THINGS CAN BE DONE AS WELL AS OTHERS."

This was a favorite expression of the late Mr. Samuel Patch, who "div" himself to death one day, in search of the bottom of the Genesee falls. Now there are some things that can't be done as well as others.

For instance, a poor devil without a penny in his pocket, and if such a thing were possible, less credit, must *ex necessitate* go without a horn.

A white horse cannot be changed into a gray mare nor tailors live without cabbage.

A man with one leg cannot possibly go on two, except one is of wood.

A man that has lost his ears cannot have them pulled—and he that squints cannot look straight.

He that is deaf and dumb cannot scold much, nor will he need to if his wife has a tongue.

He that goes into a barber or broker's shop on business, will come out shaved.

He that listens to a sermon divided into seven parts, will find out to his sorrow long.

He that goes to sea will most likely be out of sight of land.

If you run very fast, you will reach your dinner sooner than if you walk slow.

The man that can't read never studies the newspapers.

### From the Washington Index.

#### MURDERS AND MURDERERS.

At the time we are writing these remarks (says a New York paper) we expect that the jury in the case of Low, for the murder of Winans at Rahway, are returning a verdict of guilty, in which case he will be hung in a month as he deserves to be.—Toppam will be hung in this city the 5th of next month; and Colt will be hung before the year is out.

These executions, we hope, will have a salutary effect. It is high time that something was done to awe the cold blooded and reckless scoundrels that prowl about the community, "doing murder cheap." Unless this is done, no man is safe who owns any property, or who may unintentionally give offence to any one.

And in these days of frequent and almost daily murders, we think it advisable to call the attention of passionate persons to the following death bed scene given in the Concord N. H. Statesman. It is given in the shape of a deposition taken before a justice of the peace at Grafton in that State. Hazen Witcher and David M. Norris depose that on the night of June 19, they were watching at the death bed of their neighbor, Samuel Mann, of North Benton, in a small room, the situation of which is thus described:—

The bed was on the north side, the fire place on the south side, the door-way to the kitchen on the east, and a door leading into a bed-room on the west end of the room, and a set of drawers on the east side of the room near the foot of the bed, and a window by the foot, on the north side. The window was raised from four to six inches. The door into the kitchen was open, and Mr. George W. Mann slept there in the south east corner of it. The door into the bed-room was shut, and Mrs. Peter Howe and Mrs. Mann slept there.

The man with whom they were watching had been in a dying state for several days, but appeared to have perfect possession of his senses. After the house was still on Sunday night, the deposition goes on to say:

Mr. Witcher was standing by the foot of the bed, close to the open window, and Mr. Norris was sitting south of the bed some four or five paces from the head, on the west side of the room. The candle was standing on the mantle, over the fire-place, when we both distinctly heard a groan. We are both positive it could not come from the sick man, nor the bed

whereon he was, nor from another room. It was a deep, lengthened groan, and startled us both.

Mr. Witcher stepped to the fire place to get the light, to see what the noise came from, or what caused it. As he took the light and turned round toward the bed, we both saw the room lighted up all at once with an unearthly crimson colored light. It almost extinguished the light of the candle, so that its light was very feeble, apparently almost out—and immediately we both saw a strange-looking man standing between us and the bed, looking apparently at Mr. Mann—his dress we cannot describe, his whole face we did not see. His clothes were dark, but we cannot give the fashion or make, nor say whether he had on boots or shoes, or hat, or not.

We were both transfixed—both stood there side by side, as Norris had risen up, Witcher still holding the candle in his hand and no fire in the fire-place, at least none that gave any light, and as the strange man stood before us, and his face towards Mr. Mann. Mr. Mann appeared much excited and agitated; he rolled on the bed, threw his arms about, and opened his eyes wide, and appeared frightened, and to gaze upon the apparition, then he tried to cover up his head.

The sick man, it is stated, then declared that he had forty years previously assisted his employer in murdering a man and making away with his body. He mentioned the name of Edwards, but in what connection the deponents cannot say. The affidavit then goes on:

He called no other name, and we may be mistaken in this name, but think we are not. He then sunk down, after turning over once or twice, and throwing his arms about, groaned and died. We know we were frightened, and could not speak, or did not, nor did the stranger, and as soon as Mr. Mann had finished confessing, and was dying away, he (the stranger) was gone. How he got in or out, we know not; one door was open, but we did not see him come in or go out, nor can we believe that he did.

The editor of the Statesman, in connection with the affidavit, tells the following story:

About forty or forty-five years since (we tell the following story as told to us by individuals in the vicinity) a man by the name of Hodgdon was working in Lunenburg, he was there, he was on a vessel, Jonathan Noyes, and made his home with Mr. Noyes during the time. He lent Noyes some two or three hundred dollars in money, so that when the house was finished, Noyes was indebted to him about four hundred dollars, for labor and money. When Noyes's house was completed, he went to work upon a House for Mr. John Cross, in the vicinity, his clothes and part of his tools still remaining at Noyes's house.

He left Cross's house one evening to go up to Mr. Noyes's—and was never seen after that time. Some little excitement existed there (as the old people say) at the time, respecting his mysterious disappearance, but as he was a stranger, in a measure, it was said he had absconded, and Noyes soon after pretended to have received a letter from somewhere in New York requesting him (Noyes) to sell his (Hodgdon's) tools and other things, and send the money on to him, which he accordingly did, but whether the proceeds of the sale went to New York, or any where, is not known. The excitement, however, soon died away, and nothing more said or thought about it, until the death-bed confession which we publish brought the hidden mystery to light.

Noyes died a few days since, and on his death-bed, intimated that he had something to disclose before he could die in peace, but Mann went a day or two before his death, and spent a whole day with him, and after that nothing more was said about divulging any thing, and he expired apparently in the greatest mental agony and under horrible remorse of conscience, frequently exclaiming O God! forgive me that one sin. The Edwards to whom it is supposed, he (Mann) referred, and who, many now suppose, was accessory to the murder, is now living, and has been partially deranged at times ever since, as well as Mann.

ELOQUENCE OF DICTION.—A good one is told by an English paper, of an old lady, who had received a letter from her son, who was a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus: 'Have been driven into the Bay of Fundi by a panic; right in our teeth. It blowed great guns and we carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant and couldn't make an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived all safe at Halifax.'

The old woman, who could not herself read, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then sallied out to tell her story. 'Oh my poor son! Why, what's the matter, in—ther—I hope no mischief?'—'Oh, thank God, he's safe—but he has been driven into the Bay of Firms'

ment by a bamboozle right in his teeth—it blowed great guns and they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea swept overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last however they arrived safe at Hallelujah! 'La bless us!—what a wonder they wasn't all beat to atoms! Well, I wouldn't be a sailor.'

From the Columbia Chronicle.

HORRID MURDER!—It becomes our melancholy duty to record the murder of an estimable young man named Daniel McCaskill, late an overseer, in the employment of Col. Richard Singleton, on one of his plantations in this District. He had visited Columbia on Monday the 18th inst. on business, and returned the same evening to a neighbor's house in Lexington District, in the vicinity of the plantation, where he remained during the night. In the morning, after an early breakfast, he left for the ferry where he usually crossed the Congaree, and from that time nothing was heard of him until Saturday evening last, when his body was found in the river about 10 miles below this place, bearing evident marks that violence had been used to cause his death. He was severely bruised on the breast and shoulder, and a severe wound had been inflicted on his neck, (supposed to have been done with a hatchet or axe.) which had completely severed the tendons and even left an indentation on the vertebra. His horse had been previously found, and his saddle, coat, waistcoat boots and watch were discovered on Saturday, about forty yards from the ferry and ten from the road. His hat, pantaloons and drawers have not been found, and were probably destroyed to hide the signs of blood. The murderers must have stripped him of his coat and vest as there are no signs of blood upon them.—A Jury of Inquest sat upon the body on Sunday morning last, and returned a verdict of Murder, by some person or persons unknown.

We have known Mr. McCaskill for the last nine years, and never knew him have a dispute with any one, or heard any thing in disparagement of his character.—He was a man of remarkable industry, and enjoyed the favor of his employer in a high degree. Suspicion rests on some of Col. Singleton's negroes as having perpetrated the murder.

mons are about holding a great meeting, in Essex county, New Jersey, and public discussions, attended by thousands, have recently been held in Boston, Pittsburgh, and various other prominent points. The spread of this sect is almost beyond belief.

Parson Miller, the end-of-the-world preacher, is also creating a great sensation in different parts of the country. At Albany, one of his disciples is nightly attracting crowds to the church in Grand street, with great unction, in Northampton. Truly, we live in an age of wonders—and, what with Mesmerism, Millerism, Transcendentalism, Fourierism, and Tylerism, the present bids fair to be ranked amongst the most conspicuous eras in the history of the world! When James Gordon Bennett is Doctor of Laws, and M. Y. Beach has turned moralist, it is time for honest men to take to their prayers—for truly, "the end of these things is not yet."

### IRISH WIT.

"Praise your lordships honor and glory," replied Tim, "I shot the hare by accident." "By accident," continued the postilion, "I was firing at a bush, and the baste ran across my aim, all of its own accord." "The game-keeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.—"Och! don't put faith in what that man says," said Tim Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how." "He told me, t'other day, yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!" "Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Kilsiddery, "indeed, and what did you say?" Praise yer lordship, I said yer lordship was.

A CHANGE.—The editor of a paper in Pennsylvania says he wants a wife, and he thus enumerates the necessary qualifications of the lady:

"She must be a gal whose eyes beam with love, tenderness and pity; twinkle with fun, frolic and mischief; and lighten up the flash with the immortal part of its frail tenement; whose countenance is illuminated by virgin innocence and purity, chastened by humility, and happy, from the practice of homely virtue, with a heart to feel, a hand to relieve and a bosom to sympathize with misfortune; one who can mend breeches, make shirts, scrub floors, peel taters, and cook dinner."

The Picayune says: Had he been a yankee he would probably have appended to the list of qualifications something like the following—one that can ride horses to plough, attend to the garden, feed the pigs, drive home the cows, and occasionally lick the schoolmaster!