

# CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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TERMS.

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For publishing Citations as the law directs three dollars will be charged.

All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices of profit or trust—or putting Exhibitions will be charged as advertisements.

Accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment quarterly.

All letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

## POETRY.

For the Camden Journal.

On reading in the papers, accounts of the progress of the Temperance Cause in different parts of the country.

The cause it advances! The flag is still o'er us,  
Triumph's peal is behind us and victory before us;  
From the east to the west, comes the news all consoling,

"Lo! backward the tide of Intemperance is rolling—  
The pledge is swift reaching the drunkard's lone dwelling,

Our ranks are fast filling—the chorus is swelling."  
O soon may our country, where freedom was nursed,  
Be freed from this tyrant, this monster accused;

May the car of his triumph roll rapidly back,  
In shame and dismay o'er his slaughter-piled track,  
And soon may it echo from mountain to sea;

"This monster is vanquished—again we are free."  
Then up, friends of Temperance, neither waver nor pause,

The prospects are cheering—Success to the cause. W.

From the North Carolina Standard.

### DEATH OF JASPER.

Along Savannah's flowery height,  
The gathering legions swell, in fight  
And charge with loud acclaim.

And Jasper's stalwart form is there,  
While round him waves and streams afar,  
The pride of all—the battle star,

The guardian of the bright and fair,  
To mark his way to fame.

The combat deepens. High and strong,  
The embattled hosts of Britain come,  
Sweeping in haughty power along  
With music of the trumpet and drum.

Unquailing Jasper marks the road  
By brave Pulaski's charger trod,  
His rider, Poland's battle-god,  
In thunder rushing on;

And burns with generous zeal to lead  
Where hostile legions faint and bleed  
'Neath Poland's noble sen.

The charge is sounded! On they dash  
Through routed hosts—and trophies flash  
In triumph's burning eye.

Charge Jasper! That was bravely done!  
The lines are rent—the heights are won,  
And victory owns her favorite son,  
And waves her flag on high.

And still through "life-blood warm and wet"  
Is plied the glistening bayonet,  
And round each host the clouds war,  
Bear downward, on his flaming car,  
The baleful battle-god!

Strike! for the years to be!  
For household blessings pure and free!  
For all your hills from sea to sea!  
For plain and rolling flood!

The strife is past, and many an eye  
Is closed in sleep to wake no more;  
And many a glance is sent on high,  
To meet the flag which Jasper bore.

But Jasper comes not! Death has spread  
His shadows o'er his eagle eye!  
And Marica bows his war worn head,  
To mark this matchless chieftain die!

His manly heart is breaking fast!  
He heaves a deep and parting groan!  
And now his chainless spirit passed  
In blood to seek its Father's throne.

Rest, warrior rest! The clarion tongue  
Of deathless fame shall speak to thee;  
And hence, thy name among  
The brightest of the earth shall be!

ALPHA.

\*A banner presented by a lady to Jasper's regiment.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. O. Picayune, July 21.

### A MURDERER'S ARREST.

Under this caption in our paper of Tuesday we briefly noticed the arrest of one Wiley Freeman, for the murder of his wife. The particulars we received at too late an hour on the previous evening to give them in full. They were yesterday "crowded out," to use a technical phrase, by news from Mexico, Texas, &c.—They are of an extraordinary character, and inasmuch as they show that the Omniscient eye is ever on the murderer, they point a moral on which it is well to reflect.

Freeman is about forty-eight years of age; his countenance bespeaks shrewdness and intelligence, and it also plainly tells of a mind harrowed up with feelings of intense agony and bitter, biting remorse.—He was raised in Edgefield, South Carolina, and was married at the early age of 21 or 22 years. His wife he had known from

early infancy—they went to school together and together participated in the village sports. Their union seemed to be such a one as would insure perpetual happiness—undying love. The poet says—  
"But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate,  
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend!"

But, alas! though early association and similarity of tastes and ages would seem to have combined to render Mr. Freeman and his wife blissful and happy, feelings apparently at war with nature rose up and made them miserable. After having lived together for some 22 years, and after having given to the world eleven children, the marriage vow, mutually taken, was broken, and the parties who pledged themselves to live and love together in sickness and in health—through good and evil fortune—became severed, disunited.

Freeman, it appears, became the selfish slave of intemperance, and, as a necessary consequence, failed to discharge the duties incumbent on every husband—on every father. The mother (Mrs. Freeman)—as mothers ever do—clung to her children, and used her every exertion to supply them with those necessities and that education and protection which it was the duty of a father to provide.

Freeman would sometimes come and take from his wife the youngest members of the family; and this would seem to have been done more with a view of harrowing the mother's feelings than for any paternal affection which he felt for his children.

On one occasion he took off the two younger children and placed them at the house of a sister of his. Their mother feeling solicitous for their welfare, sent one of her sons, a young man 17 years old, after them, who brought them back to their mother. They had not long left when Freeman returned to his sister's and found them gone—his mind dethroned by rum and his soul fired by an unfounded jealousy. (For this cursed passion, too, preyed on him) he hastily seized his rifle, swearing that he would take the life of his own son! He loaded his piece with two balls, hurried after his children with the design of spilling their blood, but failed to overtake them.

Having so failed, and having determined to do a foul and bloody deed, he went on to the house of his wife, whom he found engaged at her domestic duties—he leveled his rifle at her, and ere she had time to say, "God have mercy on me!" he lodged the fatal bullets in her body. She lived but a few hours after wards.

This, as we said on Tuesday, was on the 10th of June, 1837. He fled. The authorities of the state offered a reward for him, and he was taken in the state of Alabama. He was sent back and imprisoned in the district jail of Edgefield. From this he managed to escape before the time for his trial came on, and made his way through Tennessee and Mississippi to this city—Here, being an active mechanic, he worked for a considerable time with Mr. Sewell, the builder, and in the construction of the Nashville Railroad. But though he found employment, he found no peace—the canker-worm of guilt gnawed at his heart, and the spirit of a murdered wife haunted his working thoughts and sleeping hours. Urged on, therefore, by a spirit of disquietude, he went to Texas; from thence he travelled with a caravan to Mexico—worked at various employments there, but still so perturbed was his mind that the labor of the day brought not sleep to his eyelids.

In endeavoring to fly, as it were, from his own infamy, he came back to this city—remained here we know not how long—left and was making his way through the interior of the state, when he was arrested in the parish of Rapides on the 15th instant!

And here a new feature in this extraordinary story presents itself to the reflective mind, and one showing forth, in colors too perceptible to be mistaken, the retributive justice that belongs to Omnipotence.

At the time that Freeman murdered his wife, she had an only brother, named John Crawford, residing in the state of Alabama, some five hundred miles distant from Edgefield.—Having heard of the fatal affair and of Freeman's escape from prison he left his home, resolved to pursue him unto death, and avenge a sister's blood. He followed in his wake in this city, Texas and elsewhere; but never could he lay his eyes on him.

After a four years' crusade of this kind—and a holy one it was—he became broken in spirit and bankrupt in means, and with a view of recruiting both he offered his services to Mr. Tanner, of Rapides, as an assistant overseer, and in this capacity he was when a providential fate—

"That shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them then how we will!"

Now we come to a close. Crawford saw Freeman pass, but had some doubt of his identity. They soon vanished, however; and taking down his gun, and requesting Mr. Tanner to accompany him, he followed after Freeman, and ordering him to stand he added—"Well Wiley Freeman, I have come up with you at last!" The other, apparently in a state of paralysis, replied—"Don't kill me Jack!—I give up,

I did kill your sister, but it was all Tompkins' fault!"

He was arrested, and is now on his way to South Carolina, to make reparation to the laws of his country for his bloody and inhuman deeds. We wish him a just deliverance.

**A Word to Young Ladies.**—Fair reader when, you have perused the sad narrative above, of crime resulting from intemperance, and the terrible retribution which pursues the murderer, through every lane of life, let not the impression pass away with the tear of sympathy which may fall to the memory of the murdered wife. No! There is a solemn, impressive lesson taught in that narrative, which should sink deep into the heart of every young woman in our country. It is this—Beware of the young man who indulges freely in intoxicating drinks. He may not, it is true, become a drunkard, and even if he does, his hands may not become imbrued with the blood of a murdered wife; but most certain is it, that he runs a fearful risk of the former, and you, if not of the bloody fate of Mrs. Freeman, of that which falls but little short of it: for there is such a thing as the murder of the heart's dearest hopes, of all its young joys, and bright anticipations of wedded bliss. And she who weds a drunkard, is the victim whose heart must bleed from this unseen wound, until the cold grave covers from mortal gaze, her shame and her sorrow.

Oh, it is a fearful sight, to see a young confiding girl, approach the altar with one who loves to linger around the wine cup. He may pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal, and the bright hopes of the bride may ripen into fruition. But, fair reader let not the splendors of wealth, nor the allurements of pleasure, nor the promised triumphs of ambition, tempt you to a risk so fraught with danger to all you hold dear. Honest industry, joined with Temperance, may carve out a fortune, and all that ambition should covet; but wealth, talents, fame, can never gild the Drunkard's home, nor soothe the sorrows of a Drunkard's wife.—*Temp. Advocate.*

A shrewd and lively young belle was introduced a few evenings since, to a bombastic little youth, about as diminutive in his personal appearance as a man "never gets to be." After conversing with her for some minutes, he turned to leave the room, when as he was on the point of opening the door, the young lady innocently observed, "Pray don't trouble yourself, there is the key hole."

**IRISH FUN.**—A New Idea.—"Hallo, Michael, is it yourself I see before me!" said one Irishman to another, on the evening of the fourth.

"Troth then, and it's meself."

"And how are you now? and how have you spent our national birth-day?"

"Haven't I been chinking and rejoicing the entire day, and marching about in a sun hot enough to roast pratties. Have you been doing the same, Jimmy?"

"Well, I have. The remembrance of what our forefathers—those gentlemen that signed the declaration—have done for us, Michael, combined with a few drops of the 'erator,' has kept me as drunk and as joyful as a piper the day long. I say, Michael, isn't it a remarkable fact they don't have any of these Fourth of July celebrations in old Ireland?"

"But they do, to be sure."

"D—I the bit. When does the Fourth of July come in Tipperary? Tell me that with your ugly mouth."

"Why, on the twenty-fourth of June, you spalpeen. Don't you recollect the frolicks, bonfires, and rejoicings, we used to have on that day. The twenty-fourth of June is the Fourth of July in Ireland, to be sure."

### WHOOPING COUGH.

**Mr Editor:**—As I understand the whooping-cough is very prevalent in the village, I will give the following as an absolute cure:

Take 3 cents worth of liquorice, 3 of rock candy, 3 of gum arabic, and put them in a pint of water, simmer them till nearly dissolved, then add 3 cents worth of paregoric and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant and infallible.—*Yorkville Compiler.*

**CURE FOR WORMS IN CHILDREN.**—A writer in the Farmer's Register, who being a slave holder has a large family under his care, says that for nearly 30 years he has found the following preparation a certain cure for worms. "Take the fat of old bacon, sliced and fried in a pan until the essence is all out the rind first, then put in as much worm seed (vulgarly called Jerusalem Oak) as is necessary, as much sugar or molasses as will make it palatable, and give it three mornings in succession. The children will eat it freely, some you will have to restrain from eating too much. Incredible as it may appear, I have known as many as one hundred and twenty or thirty large worms come from a child three or four years old. I usually give the medicine spring and fall.

**POSTMASTERS' COMMISSIONS.**—We are glad to have it in our power to announce

that the Postmaster General has rescinded the order readjusting and reducing the commissions of Deputy Postmasters.—This order, originally made with great reluctance by him, was precautionary. He had just grounds to apprehend a deficiency in the revenue of the Department to meet its current obligations. The economy which he has been enabled to introduce into the service, and the increased vigilance of the Deputy Postmasters in the execution and enforcement of the laws regulating their duties, have satisfied him that, with a continuation of a like service by all the agents of the Department, its obligations may be met by its income during the present year.—*Madisonian.*

### REMARKABLE CEMETERY AT JERUSALEM.

Having heard a rumour of a tomb that had lately been discovered, and opened by the Arabs in this vicinity, it being reported that some human remains were found in it, I rode out one evening during our sojourn in Jerusalem, to examine the place, accompanied by two of my companions, Mr. W. Meiklam and Mr. Finlay. A little higher up in the cliff that rises from the cavern erected by the Roman empress, within the ground denominated Aclclama, and in the neighbourhood of the painted chambers, and that excavation called the tomb of Isaiah, some Arabs, when at work in that place accidentally discovered the door way of a tomb, carved out of a solid rock, which had been concealed by a heap of rubbish, over which the soil had accumulated so as to completely conceal the entrance. This entrance at the time of our visit was partly concealed by brambles, stones, and dirt, so that but one half of the door way was visible.

The most remarkable circumstances connected with this facade was its door, which struck me the moment I saw it as being totally different from that of any other tomb that I had ever seen or read of, except one at Petra. It is formed of a simple slab of stone, and moves on horizontal pivots that run into sockets cut in the plasters at the top, in the manner of a swinging hinge, similar to that which is seen in the doors of cottages in this country. The lower part of it had been, I was informed, broken off by the Arabs in order to effect an entrance. It is the only outside door of a tomb that I had ever seen, and it differs from all others in not having been formed for concealment, or for being completely closed when the body was deposited within; but was evidently made for the purpose of being opened occasionally. Having entered beneath this ponderous portal and lighted our candles, we were greatly surprised to find ourselves within a tolerably sized hall of an oblong shape, cut with great precision out of the rock, but without ornament or adornment of any kind whatever. Curious to relate, the whole of this tomb afforded a most striking illustration of appropriateness to describe the character of the self-righteous Scribes and Pharisees; and showed the forcible application of the language used by our Saviour when denouncing their hypocrisy; "Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." At the end and other side of the hall, a number of doors led into the inner apartments. Each of these chambers was a small oblong crypt, about seven feet long; on either side of which was a trough or sarcophagus, hewn like all the rest of the tombs, out of the solid rock, and raised about three feet from the floor, and on all of them were quantities of human bones lying without order or regularity, but in a state of the most astonishing preservation.

The edges of these troughs were in many places chipped or broken, as if from long use; and the whitewash had not only coated these parts, but had actually spotted several of the bones that lay down in the bottom of the troughs. These bones were piled in layers, and as each trough contained several, the whitewash must have been used subsequently to some of the bodies being placed within them. The whitewash (which was the only instance of the kind that has yet been discovered of that ancient Jewish custom) was in the most extraordinary state of perfection; and from the number of layers that could be seen on picking it off the wall, it was evident that it had been frequently renewed. Such was the appearance that this tomb presented when we examined it; and such, I was informed, was its state when discovered. But the most remarkable feature in this catacomb was, that each set of crypts, that is, those on the three different sides, containing the remains of distinct and separate races of mankind, as shown by the skulls found in the trough of each.

But although I searched with some care, I could not find a single instance of the skulls of one side being mixed up with those of the other. Now none of these curious heads belonged to the Jewish nation, for not one single European or well marked Caucasian head could I find among the numbers scattered in the chambers; and all who did not belong to that family

must have been strangers in Jerusalem, and as these heads belonged to races of mankind that we know did not inhabit Judea for the last two thousand years, they must have been foreigners, and this has led me to conjecture that this tomb which is situated in the acknowledged field of blood, may be one of the sepulchres of the actual Aclclama that was purchased by the priests to bury strangers in.

**Wild's Narrative.**  
**A SCENE.**—The artillery heaven was peeling away along the vaults of ethereal space—the forked lightnings were playing in the wild space of Elysian fields; the wind were blowing with mighty force through nature's boundless possessions—the hail was rattling away upon every thing outdoors—the poor printer had just set down after a hard day's toil, without money, but little bread and meat, and knew not where to obtain it on a credit—all was drear without and dark within; when lo! there sat a penurious cit in a corner reading a borrowed newspaper, and collecting a few far fetched ideas, to sustain criticism on the paper the next day. And more than all this, a bug was running up and down his arm with a soul ten times as big as this poor man. [Hamburg Journal.]

**A BASHFUL MAN.**—The following police report from a Dublin paper, is done up in a style of excellence that shows the author, when writing it, knew what he was about:

Our College street police court was yesterday enlivened by the following somewhat whimsical case:—A tall, athletic gentleman, connected with one of the learned professions, was brought by two constables of the E. division, in company with some of his friends, before their worship and charged with having outraged public decency by having committed his lusty frame to the waves which "gently swell and softly flow" upon the strand of Kingstown. Now, the generous minded 158 had not the slightest objection that Mr. H. should pursue the healthful exercise of bathing or swimming from the "morn to dewy eve," provided that he did so in some sequestered cave, unexposed to public views; but he had a decided objection to his exhibiting himself within the observance of Kingstown's modest maids, and with this grave offence he now appeared to charge him.

The prisoner denied the accusation altogether. He had been very particular, he said, in selecting a secluded nook, but the fact was, that the confounded constables, not content with worrying her majesty's liege subjects upon terra firma, pursued and persecuted them even to the "free unbounded ocean."

Magistrate.—"But, sir, the constable was perfectly right in apprehending you, if he conceived you were outraging public decency."

Prisoner.—"How could he conceive so?—Ah, sir, 'conception is a blessing'—but not a police constable conceives. [Laughter.] I am a peculiarly bashful man—modest even to a fault; and I do assure you, sir, that I am the last man in the world that would outrage decency, either publicly or privately. Had I seen a lady coming I do verily believe that, like the heroic youth who did the same in the waters of the Ohio, I also would have drowned myself, and died in the cause of extreme delicacy on the instant. [Great laughter.]

Magistrate.—"It would be a little too much to expect you to go to such lengths; but you might have selected some retired locality."

Prisoner.—"And so I did, your worship, and so I did. Come down with me now on the train. (I'll pay your fare.) and judge for yourself. Why, Zimmerman might have written upon solitude on the book where I sprang into the deep. It is really too hard that a gentleman cannot refresh himself with a tumble into the salt sea without being molested by those greatest enemies of the human race, the police.—Ah, my beautiful Naples! how often have I stood in the pelucid waters of thy enchanting bay—unencumbered by habiliments of any sort—abandoning myself to the easy and graceful movements of unfettered nature, and nobody there found fault with me, or sought to infringe my liberty."

The prisoner was proceeding in a strain highly Bulweric, when he was interrupted by the magistrate, who told him that they would not enforce the penalty this time, if he would promise never again to offend in a similar manner.

Prisoner.—"The next time I bathe, your worship, it shall be in a little creek on the Wicklow shore, where I verily believe three people have not been since the flood." [Laughter.]

The prisoner then bowed gracefully and left the office.

'Gentlemen of the Jury,' said a western lawyer, 'would you set a rat trap to catch a bar? Would you make a d—d fool of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a Buffalo with a knitting needle? Or would you attempt to empty out the Mississippi with a gourd? No, gentlemen, I know you would not; then how can you be guilty of the absurdity of finding my client guilty of man slaughter for taking the life of a woman?'