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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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THOMAS W. PEGUES.

### TERMS.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Charleston Courier.

**MESSRS. FORTSONS.**—What a flourish of trumpets "Pinckney" made in the "Carolinian," the other day! He certainly has overrated the ignorance of his fellow-citizens and brother planters, if he supposes they will swallow all that is over his signature. His pet, the Bank of the State, was in hot water during the existence of the Branch Bank of the U. S. in Charleston, and now that the latter is defunct, it is "out of the pot into the fire," because other banks have been chartered to supply the place of the latter; and he goes on to say that "the banking capital of the State has been increased 20 millions." This is not so. When the Commercial Bank was chartered, many of the Legislators feared that the monster would put another of his claws into the State. The Cheraw Bank was chartered in 1833. The bank capital paid in since does not amount to one third of twenty millions! Pinckney tells us, "that the chartering of these Banks was the great error into which the States ran, and which gave rise to the wild speculation and the shaving operations that have overrun the country, and involved the people so largely in debt." If the State has committed "great errors," Pinckney should not goad its victims. But you will observe, the State located Banks only at the head of navigation, simply with a view to accommodate the planters in the sale of their produce. For the last eight years, the planters have at all times found a good market and a sound currency near home. Again, P. says—"soon after these Banks went into operation, they had the country flooded with their promises to pay, and a spirit of speculation was produced which far exceeded any thing before known in this State." Was that not the case all over the globe as well as in South Carolina? But, sir, if the planter had continued at his plough, the lawyer at his office, the doctor with his patients, and the parson with his flock, we should have had much less of this "flooding of promises to pay," in and out of Banks. Again, P. says, "immense profits were realized in Bank dividends, and the sales of Bank Stock, and after all the means of speculation, shaving, and skinning, were exhausted, then came suspension, pressure and ruin, and the Banks stopped their accommodations." I ask, were there not as "immense profits" realized in every other species of business during the same period? The word skinning is a favorite with P. and his mess. Is leading money at 6 per cent. skinning? Again, says P., "they are unable or unwilling to continue their former accommodations." If it were wrong to do so in the first instance, would it not be worse to persist in it? As these Banks have repented and turned from the "error of their way," Pinckney, as an honest man, should be their friend. The fact is, the Banks are tired of being skinned.

"They have, says P. the command of so large an amount of bank capital, that they control the whole monetary concerns of the State." Could it be placed in better hands? Are not all those Banks well conducted? The banking capital is judiciously distributed over the State; every where a sound currency, and all her financial matters going on smoothly. Why all this hue and cry, just before the elections? It is not an artifice to gain the public ear? I suppose Pinckney to be one of those party politicians of the day, whose nose is about going under water, and who is trying, by dint of party excitement, to continue his political existence. We hear a great deal, these days, about "independence," "freedom," "liberty," &c., and most generally by men who evidently want nothing so much, as the liberty to rule. We often see, of late, a democratic tongue and a tyrant's heart united in the same person. Political honesty has almost fled the country.

P. says further: "And now let me ask, why were these institutions ever chartered? Can they carry on banking better, or safer, for the interest of the people, than your State Institution? Are their promises to pay, any better, or as good as those of the Bank of the State? Or do they give better security to the country against suspensions and ultimate loss?" I answer, sir, in the affirmative; they do carry on banking better adapted to the commercial and planting interest of the country, by confining their principal discounts to business paper, and keeping aloof from politics. Their "promises to pay" are well secured by the private property of the Stockholders to three times the amount the stock they hold, and a transfer will not release them until the expiration of six months, during which time, both buyer and seller are bound. I look upon this as something more substantial in these days of repudiation, than either State or U. S. "promises to pay," and when the test is applied, it will be found so. I refer you to Georgia, Alabama, or any other State where the thing has been tried. Take a list of the Stockholders of our South Carolina Banks, and you will find a large portion of hard hands and honest hearts among them; and they do not usually put white-gloved gentry in the pay of their business—those they employ, find something else to do than spin street yarns, or discuss politics on the side walks.

But once more hear Mr. P. "Fellow-citizens, the times are difficult beyond measure; mammon has stalked forth from his dark hole, and his voracious and voracious have filled the land with war, pestilence and famine." There's a dish of horrors for us! Now, I see no signs of war; all is peace; the olive branch is handed about from nation to nation, from bank to bank, from man to man, and hot as the weather is, I do not believe the war-horn of Pinckney will bring many to his standard. As to "pestilence," I hear of none; and indeed of "famine," the land groans with the abundance of the good and fat things of this life.

"P." further sounds the alarm—he says "the enemy is in the field, and we must meet him and war against him, until we drive him back to his dark abode." Go ahead, Don Quixotte! Charge! Down with the windmills! But have a care, lest some of these piny woods concerns do not give your Rosinante such a thump under the ribs, as to produce the heaves in his "bloated corporation," and hurl this redoubted war chief to his "dark abode." "Pinckney" adds, "The Bank of the State is the only one in which the planters have any interest," when it is well known that planters own most of the capital of the country banks, as well as a respectable portion of that of the city banks, and according to his own showing, they muster pretty strong in the Legislature. He would have them excluded from voting on bank questions in the Legislature, and yet he wishes the next Legislature to be composed entirely of State Bank men, who he says have interest in no other Bank than that of the State. These men are called upon to vote on "their own private interest." This looks to me like a one-sided concern. All "Pinckney's" slang, about "fine houses," "carriages," "easy living," "privileged orders," "shaving," "deceiving," "cheating," &c., is worthy of the demagogue who wishes to feed the prejudices of the ignorant at the expense of truth. The voice of the rogue is often loudest in the cry of "stop thief." He concludes thus: "Fellow-citizens we are on the eve of a great crisis." Oh! this never ending crisis! But, indeed I believe we have come to a crisis, and that crisis is only to be met by obeying the decree given to Adam and his posterity: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." All this trickery of living by other men's labor, and looking to Banks as a public crib, will avail nothing. In conclusion, I would respectfully add, that I am not a National Bank man, consequently no advocate of State Banks—but I hope our Legislature will not cut any Jackson capers over our State Bank. Let us make the best we can of our condition; use great prudence, and do nothing with a monied institution for political effect, and "beware of false prophets."

### CATAWBA JOHN.

**SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.**—Yesterday morning a gentleman of our acquaintance, who was about drinking a glass of ice-water, observed in one of the lumps of ice in the glass, something of a shining appearance. After waiting a short time, as the ice was gradually melting, he discovered it to be a small fish, which, as soon as liberated, fell to the bottom of the glass, and immediately showed signs of life. The little stranger was placed in a glass of warmer temperature, and in a short time was darting to and fro, with as much life as if he had just been taken from his native element.—N. O. Crescent.

A little fellow asked his mammy, who was going to sleep in that bed with Jim and John and Jack and Jo and Kate and Bet and Moll and Jane and Sa and Dick and the baby and that strange man what's here to night? The old lady bro't the little 'un a slap across the face, and pushing her spectacles on top of her head, answered, "Why, me and your daddy! to be sure! and plenty room for Israel and his wife, if they chance to come.—Rasp.

### NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 29.

**DUELS.**—A duel was fought yesterday, near the Louisiana Sugar Refinery, between L. Collins, Esq. and—Mussou, Esq. The distance chosen was twenty paces—the parties to have two pistols, and to advance and fire between the words one and twenty. Mr. Collins fired and missed his antagonist, who fired, wounding Mr. C. The ball struck upon the 9th rib, passed around, and came through on the opposite side. Mr. Collins fell, and was supposed by his surgeon to be mortally wounded. We are happy to state, however, that his prospects of recovery are very good, the wound not being considered dangerous.

The meeting was occasioned by an article of which Mr. Collins is at present editor.

Another was fought early yesterday morning on the Metairie track. One of the party was dangerously wounded. We could not learn their names.

Another comes off this morning—weapon, rifles, at thirty paces.—Crescent City.

**Negro Murders.**—A slip from the office of the Franklin (Atakapas) Republican, furnishes the following statement:

"On Wednesday morning, the 10th inst. two runaway negroes from the plantation of Mr. Robert Brashear, were captured on the Bayou Salle Bay, by three white persons who were in pursuit of them. The negroes were then tied and placed in a boat with Mr. B. L. Wilcox, of Bayou Salle, who was one of the number, in which was three double-barrel guns, and ammunition. They were proceeding to Bayou Salle when the boats were about two hundred yards apart, Wilcox untied them for the purpose of having them to pull, the negroes pounced on him and threw him overboard, shot him through the head, and then attempted to shoot the other two men and pursued them for some distance when

they changed their course. The alarm was given to the citizens of lower Bayou Salle who immediately went in pursuit of the negroes; they were however not to be found, as they had succeeded in making the Cypre Murt woods, where they were discovered on Friday morning last, by some persons who were at work in the woods some of whom remained to watch their movements while others went to inform the nearest residents of them, when Mr. Theodore LaBeauve, his brother and a third person, armed themselves, and went to the place pointed out to them, where the negroes were soon discovered; they were pursued in the marsh, by the party, in the meantime they fired several times at those in pursuit of them. Mr. Theodore LaBeauve succeeded in catching one of them, whose name is Rollin, and tied him with his whip, gave him in charge to one of the company; he again pursued the other, and came near him when the negro fired on him, lodging a buckshot in his thigh, Mr. L. still continued to advance though badly wounded, being desirous of taking him without firing, when within a few steps, the negro raised his gun to shoot, L. was looking out for this, and succeeded in shooting first; the whole charge of the gun entered his heart, and he scarcely breathed after falling. The gun Mr. L. shot with was a single-barrelled one, and was charged with small shot.

"We are pleased to add, that Mr. L. is out of danger, and will soon be well, and we hope that he will be remunerated for the important services he has rendered his country. The negro that L. killed is named Ben. Rollin was placed in jail at this place on Friday last, had his trial this morning and is sentenced to be executed on Thursday next."

We are informed by a letter from Beaufort that the Baptist Congregation in that place have escaped, by a most providential circumstance, the fearful calamity of being all crushed to death. The house in which they worship has walls of mortar, which were at first, (part of them) designed for a small building—several additions having been made, the roof has become too heavy, and this fact, (with the crowds of servants in the galleries,) has caused the walls to yield to the pressure laterally, and the beams of the roof to give way under the strain. To have to build in such times is a trial indeed; but our correspondent informs us that the Congregation have met, and are already taking active measures to provide a place of worship. We know Beaufort, and therefore, are sure this suffering Congregation will receive universal sympathy there.—Chas. Mercury.

**The New Tariff Law.**—A cargo of 260 cases of crushed sugar, each containing 1200 lbs. is now landing at this port.—This 310,000 lbs. of sugar was imported from Amsterdam, and paid a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem, or about 1 3/4 cents a pound, making a difference of over \$13,000 on the cargo. When this sugar was sent here, it was intended to export it to Italy, with the benefit of drawback, but having blundered into so favorable a position, it will of course be retained here.

A cargo of brandy is also landing, which was admitted last week at a duty of 20 per cent. Under the new Tariff the duty is \$1 a gallon, or about five times the former duty.

These will serve as specimens of the operation of the new Tariff upon importers who have on hand large stocks of goods of particular descriptions. Upon merchants whose cargoes are yet to arrive, it will in some cases operate unfavorably.

A merchant remarked to us the other day, while the details of the bill were under discussion in Congress, that the decision of the question whether tea should be free, or pay a duty of 20 per cent, would affect his interests to the amount of \$50,000.

The cash duties ordained by the new Tariff, will operate very severely upon houses of small means, inasmuch as, after purchasing the goods abroad, an amount of duty greater in some cases than the cost of the goods, must be paid in cash before any thing can be realised from sales.

N. Y. Jour. Com., 2d. inst.

**RAIL RIDING.**—A man made his appearance lately in Castile, Wyoming county, N. Y., and palmed himself off as a dover. He exhibited a large roll he called money, and declared that "he was right in town, with a pocket full of rocks!" Certain gentlemen were his humble servants, forthwith they rode round for him, purchasing horses, buggies and stock; he drove the best horses and the handsomest buggy in town, and was the admired of all observers. He examined and purchased a quantity of cattle, and all were to assemble at the hotel on a certain day, to receive their pay. A crowd assembled, but our hero was minus the needful! The duped became clamorous, and the drover insolent. A Lynch court was held; the criminal was sentenced to be dipped thrice in the horse trough—to have one side of his head shaved, and to be rode out of town on a rail, which sentence was carried into effect forthwith!

**A JUDGE PUZZLED.**—A Western Judge or Justice of the Peace was recently thus bothered by one of the half-wild vagrants of the backwoods, who was brought up with an empty whiskey bottle in his own personal custody.

"So, sir, you're there!" said the justice. "Do, you always come as near the truth as that?" was the reply.

"Silence, sir; where do you come from?" "You'll be smart if I keep silence and find out!"

"Don't be impudent, sir; what is your occupation?"

"Look here, Judge, I'll tell you one thing, and I want to do it respectfully."

"Well, sir?"

"You're d——d impudent yourself."

"This will not do; where do you come from, sir?"

"This side of sundown."

"Have you an occupation?"

"Reckon."

"What is it?"

"Bet you a pint of whiskey I can tell what your's is."

"Do you mean to satisfy me?"

"Certainly Squire; what'll you have?"

"It is necessary that you should understand that order and peace are necessary in society. Whatever wild freedom you may find in the woods, you are now here in a community of law, and quiet submission will evince wisdom on your part."

"Squire, I shou'd like to understand you, but you're too big for me. Just say no more about it, and let's go and take a drink."

"I never drink."

"What?"

"Never, sir."

"You don't?"

"No, sir, never."

"Sir, I bid you good morning. I have no desire for any further acquaintance with you. Whooh! I'm a coming!" and the backwoodsman broke out of court.—Pic.

**Riches and Poverty.**—A man without a penny has yet what all the wealth in the world cannot purchase—the human form and the human nature. With these, if he has health and resolution, he may become any thing, except what can be reached only by innate genius or a higher order of mental gifts than his own. Give him education, you make him a gentleman; religion and morality, and you fill him with the sentiments of a Christian. Let no one say, the poor scholar or the poor gentleman is born by his nature. D.D. often distorts those characters, but they ought to be above pride. A cultivated mind, so far from being trampled by a narrow income, flies beyond it and tastes the quality of the fine intellect in faculty of selection. The wisest economy is the nicest taste. Profusion is tasteless. A man of fine judgment and small income will actually live in a more genteel style than a rich, coarse minded nabob. He may have fewer articles of expense, but they will be choice and delicate. His style of living will be frugal yet elegant; which is more pleasing than extravagance without judgment. A genteel taste in living eschews extravagance, pomp, and superfluity as essentially vulgar. There is not a more pitiful sight than a mean spirited man in a splendid house. His soul is too small for it. On the other hand, the great cannot be contained within the most magnificent palaces, and yet may content itself in the most humble mansion. The great and poor good man, in his modest and retired parlor, affords a more noble spectacle than a king or a pyramid.

**A DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.**—We copy this gratis from an exchange paper, and shall send Hans Vanbruggen no bill: Pic.

**SOTHERING.**—I dakes dis vray to inform de public voi I can do—dat I can make stove Pipes, Brass, Copper and Tin vork of any kind, from a still vorin to a Vistle and I can Sother up de booter dea bots voi has a hole in em, and make em just as cool as new. All dish I will do for de Money, at mine old stand in dish little Village, near Vard de carpenter lives vot makes de Veel barrows and mends de vagons.

HANS VANBRUGGEN.

**USEFUL DOGS.**—Mr. Kendall in the account of his Santa Fe expedition, speaks of some remarkable dogs used by the Mexicans to guard their sheep. He says, "There were very few men along with this immense herd of sheep; but in their stead were a large number of noble dogs, who appeared to be peculiarly gifted with the faculty of keeping them together.—There was no running about, no barking nor biting, in their system of tactics; but on the contrary, they would walk gently up to any sheep that happened to stray from the fold, take it carefully by the ear, and lead it back to the flock. Not the least fear did the sheep manifest at the approach of these dogs; and there was no necessity for it. They appeared to me to be a cross of the Newfoundland and St. Bernard species, of very large size, and with frank, open countenances, and from what I could learn, extremely sagacious."

**IRISH ANCESTRY.**—An Irishman being asked how his mother's health was, "My

jewel," said he, "I am very much obliged to you for your inquiry, but I never had a mother!"—"How is that?" said his friend. "What don't you know," observed Paddy, "that I am a son of my aunt!"

[From the Mobile Ledger, 2d. ult.]

### LATER FROM TEXAS AND MEXICO.

By the Crescent City we have received dates from Galveston as late as the 18th Aug., and from Tampico of the 27th.—From the latter place the news is that great preparations were being made for sending an overwhelming force into Texas. They are increasing the navy, and daily augmenting the large military force under arms. All classes of citizens are made to bear a part, either as actors or contributors in the affair. Contributions are levied, taxes imposed, and men drafted—in short, every step is being taken to supply both men and money for a vigorous and formidable campaign against the rebellious Texans.

The following extract of a letter from Galveston gives every thing of interest stirring in the quarter:

A party of gentlemen, seven in number, arrived here yesterday from Aransas Bay. They have been on a scouting expedition on their own hook, and have done a pretty fair business. On this side of the Nueces they encountered a party of Mexican spies, about fifty in number, and attached them. The engagement was short, the citizens of "the greatest republic on earth" refusing to come up to the scratch. Twelve of the spies were killed; the remainder taking to their heels. On their persons were found considerable sums of money, which you may rest assured were removed, no constitutional scruples preventing our boys from pocketing the deposits. The spies were armed with beautiful silver mounted guns, and had they been men would have given our party a warm reception. They stated that they belonged to the advance guard of the Mexican army under Bevas, who was encamped on the other side of the Nueces, and were prevented for the present from crossing over in consequence of high water, the river being in many places four miles wide. The country between the Nueces and San Antonio was under water. They also stated that detachments of Mexican troops were stationed at different points from the sea coast as far up as Mier, and were in constant communication with each other.

I confess there is little dependence to be placed in the statements of these black rascals, but the best informed men here are forced to place some reliance in the above details. One thing is certain—the Mexicans will continue to harass the frontier settlements until a favorable opportunity for invasion is presented. Their movements, however, will be closely watched, and reinforcements sent there whenever necessity requires their presence. Col. Cook, at the head of about 1000 citizens, volunteers, is already on the march to the frontiers. Capt. Allen, late of the Mississippi Guards, is here at present, receiving and forwarding a large supply of provisions from the United States, for the support of a company of mounted men now organizing on the La Bacca for the protection of the Western frontier. New cotton is coming in daily; we expect to export 200,000 bales the coming winter. Exchequer money is advancing—it is now quoted at 60c.

**WHAT IS LOVE?**—Oh! mysteries! what is love? It is "poison in nectar," sunlight to heaven; perfume to the rose; the music of sound; the poetry of feeling; the "madness of many;" the "gam" of "but few." It is more than all these; it is an especial Providence. Only let us feel convinced of its existence, and we care not how improbably the chances may be of our happiness, still we are happy. It is the opium of the nature, that conjures up dreams so intoxicating that they distance, and make us independent of all realities; it is a creator, who makes everything out of nothing, and out of whose chaos is formed the universe of the heart; it is a chameleon, that lives on air, and whose ever-changing hues are derived from the atmosphere of the one being in whose presence it exists; it is a giant to dare a child to fear; it is a spendthrift to give, yet a miser to hoard; it is an object slave, yet, like all such, in its turn a fell tyrant; it is a magician, who in a desert can raise up an Eden, bright, beautiful, and pure as the primal one; but it is a serpent to tempt, and wo to those who live to find that it has lured them to.

"Pluck the one blossom that grew on earth's tree!"—Lady Lytton Bulwer.

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulder and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the potatoes, as he was fresher than the poor baste."

Says Bill to Jack, "how many legs would a calf have, calling the tail one?"

"Five," answered Jack.

"No 'twouldn't nether," says Bill, "because calling the tail one leg wouldn't make it so—would it?" Jack mizzled.