

CAMDEN JOURNAL.

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1842.

NO. 46.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
THOMAS W. PEGUES.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum in advance, Three Dollars and Fifty Cents within six months, or Four Dollars at the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square, (fourteen lines or less,) for the first and 37½ cents for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

One Dollar per square for a single insertion.—Quarterly and Monthly advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and Semi-monthly the same as new ones.

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

All Oblique 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Plebeian.

TIME AND ITS IMPROVEMENT.

Fleeter than light, curbless as fate, and stronger than the whirlwind, is the progress of time. Hope cannot quicken, happiness retard, nor penitence recall. He is deaf to misery, or joy, and treats as heedlessly upon the opening blossoms of youth and innocence, as upon the ashes of malignant passion, or hoary wisdom. To the hermit in his cell, the votary in his revels, the monarch or the beggar, he is alike inexorable and unchangeable. On the scorching desert, or the seething ocean, through the wilderness, or city, his steps are unerring and unflinching. He breathes upon the strength of manhood, and it departs; upon the cheek of beauty, and it is pale. Touched by his withering hand, the conqueror is silent, and lies down beside his vassal; empires become their own ruined monuments, the traveller ponders vainly over them, and the historian prolongs the fainting echo of their splendors, and it is in turn forgotten. Nature itself yields a certain, though reluctant obedience to the destroyer; the ocean recedes, the solid land crumbles, plains are engulfed, rivers dwindle, and mountains totter to their fall; millions vanish before him, and millions are yet to die; the field is ever heavy with the harvest, and ever insatiable the reaper. Still his flight is onward—still his cry is, "passing away!" "passing away!"

Anticipating the future from the past, how diligently should we employ the present? And knowing that from the chaos of time goodness shall imperishably survive, how should we school the heart in virtue, and fortify the soul with all that can enable it to sustain the various ordeals through which it must pass? Prudence seems to suggest that the morning of life should be devoted with all its energies, to providing alimony, both moral and physical, for more helpless years. With its increasing infirmities, the body demands protection and comfort; and the immortal spirit should early make the primary advances toward that wisdom, knowledge and virtue, which through eternity shall ever be expanding to its desires. But let us reduce our views to the present existence, and consider the advantages of well spent youth, and the effect produced upon our seniority by the opposite.

Relaxation is necessary both for soul and body. He that prostrates his physical, or intellectual nature, by too intense application, and thus curtails his years, from motives either of ambition or the love of science, is as irrational in his martyrdom, as the one, who making amusement his only employment, becomes the victim of licentiousness or disease. Providence designed us neither for anchorites, or debauchees; although the first is certainly preferable to the last, and least obnoxious to happiness or the Deity. A golden mean should be adopted. I shall illustrate my animadversion with a picture drawn from a career of crime and folly; and elucidate by another what I conceive to be a character combining equally goodness, greatness, and social happiness.

Prospero received a handsome patrimony, which, by a lucky investment, soon duplicated, and he felt himself therefore in a position to taste that busy idleness which men misname employment. Neglected in boyhood, his youth was luxuriant only of criminal excesses, and his friends after a few abortive admonitions, resigned him to his perverted inclinations. Estranged from study, or reflection, a ceaseless round of dissipation stifled the reproofs of conscience, and occupied his worthless hours. His nights were passed in debauchery and riot; and among the day the race course, cock-pit, and gambling-table, each received the aid of his patronage and example. Collecting around him a circle of young men, whom interest or frivolity made friends, he looked down with callous indifference upon the pursuits, or alienation of the more virtuous and sedate. Meanwhile the original capabilities of his mind were left unemployed, or exercised only for the injury of himself or his species.—The fine arts for him had no charms, and gardening was his abhorrence; and if he

able. He purchased books from motives of ostentation, and sparingly aided literature to escape importunity. Debilitated by luxury, and fatigued with pleasures which became daily more monotonous, he married, procuring an attendant, to whom interest could alone render his grossness visited the drama or the academy, it was but to displace the tedium of a solitary hour, or for purposes still more exception and increasing infirmities tolerable. His wife grew tyrannical in proportion as she became convinced of her own power and importance, and lavished the wealth acquired by her union with him—till finally, the anxiety engendered by her profusion, together with the avarice of old age, embittered all his domestic comforts, and covered his declining years with deeper shadows. Children had arisen around him, which custom as well as pride had induced him to educate; but when he turned to them for consolation, he was constantly mortified by the discovery of his own ignorance—while superior in knowledge, and dissimilar in their views, the respect which they might have entertained for a parent, was almost counteracted by the contempt which they but ill-concealed for the man. Excluded by age and sickness, from earlier habits and pleasures—discord at his hearth—with no mental resources of his own, not taste enough to benefit by those of others—with no delight in reading, and no powers of conversation—he lingered for a while, solitary in the midst of society, poor in opulence, pitied and despised, and finally concluded a short and valueless life, burdensome to himself and others. Frigid pomp attended his obsequies—his grave was sodded without tears, and his memory remained only in the letters of his marble.

Widely different in its course and sequel was the life of Veritas. Necessity made him industrious, and frugality fortunate. He lived as a man desirous of sanity both of mind and body should; and when the turmoil of business allowed, he found amusement and consolation in literary seclusion. Generous ambition, or a thirst for knowledge, in spite of circumstances, made him a scholar. Occasionally indulging in harmless recreation, he never permitted the allurements of pleasure to divert him from the path of rectitude and honor. Neither avaricious nor prodigal, his mind expanded with his estate; and an accession to his library, or the commencement of a new science, always commemorated a successful bargain or a prosperous year.—Chosen for her virtues and intelligence, his companion readily seconded his efforts, and made his home peaceful and attractive. Thoroughly appreciating the relationship of knowledge to true happiness, he spared no expense to accomplish his children, and was rewarded by beholding the reflected lustre of his own acquirements.—His mansion soon became the resort of scholars and wise men, while advancing years increased his comforts and his fame.

For him old age brought no neglect.—Hale and cheerful, surrounded by worthy friends, with a conscience unsullied by painful remembrances—with a hope for the future, which kindled brighter as the day declined—Time bore him on, with his serenity unalloyed. Able at all times to draw from the garnered treasure of years, the young were not less his companions than the old. He had mirth without levity, learning without pedantry, and mortifications without asperity. He was like a goblet trembling to the brim with nectar like a classic fountain, from whose antique urn flowed life and verdure; and when at last he slept with his fathers, literature embalmed his memory, the tears of good men moistened his ashes, and the hearts of his posterity cherished his name with grateful and continued remembrance.

V. E. B.

THE SABBATH.—The following is an extract of an interesting letter from Sir Matthew Hale, to his grand children. The testimony of that learned and upright Jurist, to the good effects resulting from a strict observance of the Sabbath, cannot be unimportant. The original is deposited in the British Museum. It was first published in the Christian Observer, in London, 1813:—

"I will acquaint you with a truth, that above forty years experience, and strict observation of myself, hath assuredly taught me. I have been near forty years, a man as much conversant in business, and that of moment and importance, as most men; and I assure you, I was never under any inclination to fanaticism, enthusiasm, or superstition.

"In all this time, I have most industriously observed in myself and my concerns, these three things: Whenever I have undertaken any secular business on the Lord's day, (which was not absolutely necessary) that business never prospered and succeeded with me. Nay, if I had set myself that day but to forecast or design any temporal business, to be done or performed afterwards; though such forecast were just as fair a prospect as could be effected, yet I have always been disappointed in the effecting of it, or in the success of it. So that it grew almost proverbial with me, when any importuned me to any secular business that day, to answer them, that, if

they suspected it to succeed amiss, then they might desire my undertaking it upon that day. And this was so certain an observation of mine, that I feared to think of any secular business that day, because the resolution then taken would be disappointed, or unsuccessful.

"That, always, the more closely I applied myself to the duties of the Lord's day, the more happy and successful were my business and employments of the week following. So that I could, from the loose or strict observance of that day, take a just prospect and true calculation of my temporal success in the ensuing week. Tho' my hands and mind have been as full of secular business, both before and since I was a Judge, as it may be any man's in England, yet I never wanted time in my six days to ripen and fit myself for the business and employment I had to do; though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's day, to prepare for it, by study or otherwise. But, on the other hand, if I had, at any time, borrowed from this day any time for my secular employments, I found it did further me less, than if I had let it alone; and therefore, when some years experience, upon a most attentive and vigilant observation, had given me this instruction, I grew peremptorily resolved never, in this kind, to make a breach upon the Lord's day; which I have strictly observed for above thirty years.

"This relation is most certainly and experimentally true, and hath been declared to me by hundreds of persons, as I now declare it to you."

THE HARVEST MOON.—There are few persons probably, who have not perceived annually, in the month of September, that the moon rises on six or eight successive nights apparently about the same time.—This annual peculiarity in the moon's rising was observed by the ancients long before astronomers were able to explain the cause of it. On account of the convenient light it afforded them in harvest time, it was called the Harvest Moon; and that in October (for a similar peculiarity is then observable) the Hunter's Moon.—The cause of this peculiarity in the rising of the moon in September and October is now perfectly well understood, and it is explained with a globe. The differences in the time of the moon's rising are always great when she passes through the sign Libra, and small when she is in Aries; but we do not notice their variations except in the autumn, as the moon must be full just in that point in her orbit, and place in the heavens, to produce this effect, and that can happen only when she is in Aries—when the difference in the times of her rising is least—and the sun in or near Libra; that is, at or near the time of the autumnal equinox.

These interesting phenomena are now observable. The moon to-night, it will be perceived, will rise full in the southeast. Owing to the great obliquity of the moon's orbit to the equator, and her rapid movements from south to north, she will rise farther and farther to the left every night for a week or more, when late in the evening she will be seen coming up in a gibbous state in the northeast.

Boston Journal.

The following is an extract from a late unpublished English work on America:

"Levees are bluffs on American rivers, where the slaves congregate to dance their aboriginal dances; at which great quantities of water-melons are drank. Paw-paws, a species of a large cherry, is used on the Mississippi to feed an animal called Hoosier, and the same river abounds with an odd fish called Sucker. It is great sport in a town there called Kentucky, to shoot at the Corn-crackers, a species of birds that infest the houses. The country on the whole, is well worth a visit; but we advise a traveller to carry a life preserver; for when the steamboats on the rivers are heavily loaded, and after the passengers have paid their fare, they open their boiler and blow some of the passengers overboard, to make room for those they expect to get at the next landing."

AN "ODD FELLOW."

Every body who knows of the location of Milton, is aware that the nearest point of the Virginia line, from the heart of the town, does not exceed two hundred yards—and that County line, a creek of uncommon size, intercepts, as the line between the two States. Now Milton is a very clever place for fugitives; and if a body in a quandary, can only get sight of civil officer making at him, before he is actually "collared," a foot race ensues, and ten to one he don't make his escape. A tall foot-race of the sort "came off" not long since, which excited a little fun.

A tall, lean, slab-sided fellow, was "haunted" for stealing—it seemed that he had long been too "partial" to the feathered tribe, and various had been the schemes plotted to catch the "night hawk," but his "art" screened him until now. "Hawks" are cunning, but they are sometimes caught withal. It was while he was engaged in "hawking" that he was caught. It appears that he "hook'd" an old hen, from her roost, late in the night, and, in his words, "not grabbing her by the neck soon enough, the

"ding'd" thing 'traised a squall,' and squall'd so loud that she wak'd every thing on the plantation," and all at once a dog seized him by the coat tail, and the next thing he knew some one collared him." The "customer" was brought to town next day for examination before a magistrate; but on trial, he broke through the crowd and gave "leg bail"—the officer cut after him—and here they had it—our hero's coat tail rising and pitching about like a kite, but often level with his head—the officer ran him a "close race" and was in the act of nabbing, the tip end of his surlout, as the "customer" bounded into the creek where water measured him up to his neck. He waded across into Virginia, and deliberately turned round and grin'd at the officer—then, suddenly, he flew into a rage, and wanted to fight; he dared the officer to go to him, and swore that he was afraid of no man. "I wouldn't run," another peg," said he, addressing the officer, "if it was to save your life, and as for that darn'd old hen, I'll make her chickens suffer for this fuss."

From the Oxford Mercury.

Messrs. Editors: The bustle that was found the other day in the closet of that old bachelor was detected by a skillful hand at the business, and the following was found among the numerous contents:

BISHOPS.

Oh ye Bishops stuff'd with cotton,
Some that's raw and some that's rotten;
Some with bran and some with straw,
Against the fashion and the law!

What is this that folters arter
Every old and young nian's darter?
If it's fashion, if it's custom,
Give me a stick and let me bust 'em.

Neither age, nor sense, rhyme nor reason
Will head the bustle for a season—
But "lovely woman stoops to folly,"
And this is one they've found by golly.

Found did I say? they've not been lost,
Nor were they sent by witch or ghost;
But were made by the lilly hand,
Out of meal, saw dust, sometimes sand!

VILLAGE BARD.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.—

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land, that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whisper of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own ears, and the snow beating against his windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not heard to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction; *May you die among your Kindred.*

NEW SPORT.—The English sporting world has been agitated by an "extraordinary trotting match." A gentleman backed his poney, to be ridden by a monkey, to trot 14 miles within the hour. The monkey was procured from Butty's circus, and was booted and spurred, a la Chiffre. Old Father Time was backed against poney and monkey, but Father Time was beaten, the distance being performed in 3 minutes and 7 seconds within the hour. The monkey rode admirably, and came in with his whip in his mouth, looking much more knowing than many of his tribe who had lost their money on the event.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Will you marry me?" said an eccentric looking youth, sticking his head under a girl's bonnet last Sunday morning in the St. Louis cathedral.

"Yes, I will, cuss your ugly pictur, just as quick as you knows on, said the girl—and the young people were married.

A BOY SHOT BY HIS BROTHER.—On Saturday last, two boys, one about fourteen and the other eight years old, sons of Mr. Peter Johnson, living in Bangor, Maine, went out on a gunning excursion in the woods. The oldest boy attempted to fire at some object in a tree, when the rifle missed fire, and on bringing it down to examine the lock it went off, and the whole charge of shot entered the neck of the little boy who was about ten feet distant, just below the jawbone, and a little in front of the ear, and came out on the opposite side, killing him instantly. They were about a mile in the woods, and after in vain trying to staunch the wound, and to revive consciousness in his brother, the eldest boy took his bleeding and dead brother in his

arms and proceeded homewards, until overcome with grief and fatigue, he laid the body of his brother upon the grass, adjusted his limbs, and casting many anxious looks upon him, he started for home to convey the sad news to his parents and surviving brothers and sisters.—N. Y. Post.

SHOCKING MURDER.—Two frightful murders took place on the 17th of August, in Walton county, Georgia. "Mr. Jordan J. Harris, who had separated from his wife about two months, went to the house of Ely Whaley, where she was, armed with a gun and other weapons. After firing at her, without effect, he caught her and cut her throat from ear to ear; while in the act her mother ran to her relief, and received from Harris a blow that broke her skull, from which she died. The alarm was soon given by some negroes who were the only persons at the house, when Mr. A. Whaley a son of the deceased, procured some guns and two men and went to take him, but Harris swore he would not be taken, and that he would kill the first man the interfered. Whereupon Whaley seeing him approach him, shot him down. No one can give any reason why Harris acted as he did. Thus have three beings been hurried into eternity.

A correspondent from Hamptonville Surry county, N. C. writes to the editor of the Salem Gazette, under date of Sept. 9, as follows: "There came under my observation, a few days since, three One Dollar bills, purporting to be of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, payable to John Rosser, dated 7th August, 1841, 12th October, 1840, and 9th August, 1840; Branch of Columbia, letter D. and numbered 144, 142, 241. D. L. Dessassure, Cashier, and Thos. Sullivan, Pres't.

"The above described bills have a new and prepossessing appearance, well calculated, especially in these hard times, to deceive, but are undoubtedly base counterfeit. The person who exhibited them to me, said he received them of a man in Wilkes County, and I suspect there is an office of discount in some of the coves of the mountains. I have seen counterfeit one dollar bills of the same bank, but these are different from any I ever saw."

The last case of absence of mind we have heard of, was the foreman of the St. Louis Grand Jury, now in session. It appears a beautiful lady was summoned to answer some questions, and on her entrance he was so struck with her elegant and graceful appearance, that he became a little confused, and after administering the oath, as usual, instead of presenting the bible, he drew up his face in the most fascinating manner, and said, "Now kiss me, ma'am." He never discovered his error until the whole jury burst out into a roar of laughter.

The following fairly eclipses those gum-elastic-air-tight concerns which is said to have been, if not invented in use by the fair ones of these diggings. We guess as how, that Parson Howe will get two more votes for the Presidency any How (e) he can fix it. What say you Parson?

WHAT A BUSTLE!

"Nabby—where's the children's bed?
"Ar'n't it thar mam?
"No—nor the bolster, neither."
"What!—O! now I think o' my mam, I guess Miss Susan put the bolster on for a bustle—and now I think o' again, I reckon Miss Jane wore'd out the bed, too, kase she had on an awful big hump this mornin'. O! these gals, mam—never seed nothin' like 'em."
"Hush! Nabby."

FROM TAMPICO.—The schr. Doric arrived yesterday from Tampico, whence she sailed on the 23d ult. Two days after she encountered a heavy gale which lasted four days.

There appears to be but little intelligence.—A rumor prevailed when the Doric left, that Santa Anna had removed the "government" from Mexico to his country seat, near Vera Cruz. It was stated in addition, that a second expedition had set out by sea from Vera Cruz to Yucatan.—The party comprised 400 men. We have a letter from one of our correspondents, but it contains only speculations upon the political aspect of the times. Foreigners of all nations were looked upon mitigated, and liable daily to the infliction of petty insults. The Diario del Gobierno had only slightly vindicated its wrathful and indecent expressions towards the United States, and showed plainly what Mexico would gladly do, had she the power to accomplish it.

No intelligence relative to any measures against Texas has been reported to us, and nothing was learned relative to any expedition by sea against Galveston.—If Santa Anna has any thought of it, he keeps his purpose secret. [N. O. Bulletin, 7th inst.]

COST OF SELF-INDULGENCE.—A single gambling house in London cost, not long since, with its furniture, \$500,000, and the receipts of the proprietor in one year amounted to just about the same sum. The money lost annually in all the gambling houses in that city exceeds \$35,000,000. In one house alone, \$5,000,000, was recently lost in one night. One nobleman pays \$1500 a year for a single box at the opera.

Taking things as they go, and receiving things as they come, may be set down as a very right philosophy.