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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL

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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 used 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 at the same rate as a six month insertion, and Semi-monthly at the same as one month.  
For advertising Citations as the law directs three Dollars will be charged.  
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Receipts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment quarterly.  
All letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### COMBATS WITH SHARKS.

An heroic instance of disinterested friendship and personal bravery is related of a seaman of the York, (West Indianman), Capt. John Barnes, at Barbadoes, about the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. A man bathing was bitten in twain by a ravenous shark, and the lower part was swallowed. The severed trunk was snatched away by some of the people, and placed on the deck; at the sight of which, the horror and emotion of his attached mess mates were beyond expression. During this affecting scene, the insatiable fish was seen traversing the bloody surface of the waters, in search of the remainder of his quarry. Fired at the sight, a faithful friend vowed that he would make the devourer disgorge, or die in the attempt; and, seizing a large pointed knife, he plunged into the deep. The shark no sooner perceived the man, than he made furiously towards him; and both seemed eager—the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the monster opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary, dexterously diving, gave him repeated stabs in the belly. The combat was anxiously viewed from the decks of the adjacent vessels, and the spectators were uncertain from which of the combatants the blood would issue; but, at length, they saw the struggling and enraged shark making towards the beach, where he was stranded. He was quickly dragged high and dry; when the victor ripped him open, and recovered the remains of his lamented friend, and procured them a proper sepulchre.

We well remember (says a writer in Colburn's Magazine) the interest which every body related an incident which had happened at Madras, just before our arrival. A Hindoo was taking his camaran through the heavy surf, accompanied by his only child—a boy of about seven or eight years of age. Suddenly his little companion was washed off, and, before he could recover his hold, was dragged down by an attendant shark. The agonized father resolved, at least, on being revenged. He, therefore, with a knife between his teeth, plunged after the ravenous monster, but in time only to see him swallow his quivering prey. Still further irritated, he boldly gave the creature several wounds near the gill aperture. But the shark's voracity was so complete, stayed by the meal which it had just made, that it did not seem at all disposed to enter upon the encounter to which it had been so roughly challenged. But repeated stabs caused it to desperate resistance; twice the assailant was compelled to dive below his huge enemy, to avoid a similar fate to that of his son; and twice he rose to the surface of the water to recover breath. The man's assembled companions were astonished to see him plunge down once more; but soon, by the encouraging hue imparted to the waves around, concluded that the work of vengeance was accomplished. In fact, the bereaved father had succeeded in driving his knife to the haft into the shark's belly, and, drawing it downward with all his strength, opened a deep and fatal gash, upwards of a yard long. Consequently, the almost exhausted Hindoo had not long reached the strand, before his gigantic foe was washed ashore, and what remained of life was soon beaten out of him. The crowd immediately cut him open, and found the limbs of the ill-fated child severed, though not masticated. The desponding parent threw himself upon the sand for a time, absorbed in heartrending grief; but, presently, recovering his constitutional serenity, he unfolded his turban, placed the precious (though mangled) corpse upon it, and carried it to his humble home for cremation. This brave fellow was afterwards pointed out to us, wearing a silver medal, which the Governor of Madras had conferred on him for this exploit.  
Spectator.

**SUICIDE.**—A very singular suicide occurred in the town of Brighton on Friday, the 30th ultimo. A wealthy and respectable Englishman, named John Rowland,

came to this country a few weeks since, and purchased a farm, for which he agreed to pay \$3,000, near Billingshast's tavern, in Brighton. His family, consisting of a wife and eight children, were instructed to take passage to New York, and arrive here as soon as possible with the funds.—Not being able to procure a passage to New York at the time, Mrs. R. took ship, and arrived at Baltimore, where she was met by her husband, who had received previous notice of her change of route. Rowland was a man of peevish and fretful temper, and trifles often irritated him to an extraordinary degree. He was so displeased with his wife for coming by way of Baltimore, thereby involving extra delay and expense, that he refused to shake hands with her, and constantly persisted that she had ruined him by her course.—His illtemper increased after he arrived at Brighton, and about a week ago took a knife or a razor to commit suicide, but was prevented. The night before his death he complained of being unwell, and Mrs. R. rose about 11 o'clock and made him some tea, of which he partook. She then retired to rest with her daughter. In the morning he was found dead in the canal, where it appears he had thrown himself, with nothing on but his night clothes.—There were several gashes across one of his arms, and in his room was found a bloody knife, with which he had wounded himself before committing the fatal act.—The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death in a state of partial derangement. It may be proper to state, that the whole extent of the loss which bore so heavily upon his mind was not more than twenty-five or thirty dollars. His farm was paid for.  
Rochester Democrat.

#### THE THIEF WHO DETECTED HIMSELF.

"Be sure your sins will find you out," is a maxim true as facts can make it. We give a remarkable instance of it, which came to us well authenticated.  
Somewhere in Maine, the precise whereabouts we may not tell, lives a merchant whose store is situated near a wharf on the banks of a river. It happened some years since, that he had a large stock of pork ready barrelled in his cellar.  
Going into his cellar, one morning, he discovered the door leading to the wharf to be open, and the key to be in the lock. Suspecting something wrong, he examined the articles in the cellar, and found that one barrel of pork was missing.  
Not knowing upon whom to fix the charge, he concluded to say nothing about it, but to wait the development of time.  
Several months passed, and he gained no clue to the thief; when one morning, a man who lived a few miles down the river, came into the store. The merchant remarked some considerable uneasiness of manner in him, but knowing him to be a man of property and reputed morality, he thought it could be occasioned by nothing but some petty trouble that afflicted him.  
The man lingered round for several hours as if he wanted something, and, at length, when there were no persons left but the merchant and himself, he said, "Mr. ——— did you ever find out who stole that barrel of pork you lost a few months since?"  
"Yes, sir, you did," was the prompt reply of the merchant.  
"Me sirl how do you know that?" replied the man, covered with confusion.  
"Why sir, no one but you and I knew any thing of the matter. I have never mentioned it, and had you not stolen it, you could have known nothing about it."  
Confounded, the thief made no reply.—The merchant stepped up to his desk, drew out an old account of some fifty dollars, and adding to it the price of the pork, he told him to pay that bill or he would expose him. The bill was paid, and the guilty man went home full of shame and chagrin. We close as we began, by saying to the reader, as the best moral to our story, "be sure your sins will find you out."  
S. S. Messenger.

**A BOLD PREACHER.**—The boldness of Samuel Davis (a qualification so important, that even St. Paul requested the Christians to pray that it might be given them) will be illustrated by a single anecdote. When president of the Princeton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institutions. The King, George II, had a curiosity to hear a preacher from "the wilds of America." He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard halfway over the house, in such terms as these: "He is a wonderful man!" "Why, he beats my bishops!" &c. Davis, observing that the king was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone, the following beautiful rebuke: "When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence!" The king instantly shrunk back in his seat, like a school boy that had been rapped over the head by his master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas

for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers, "He is an honest man." Not one of his silken bishops would have dared to give him such a reproof.

**CURIOUS TRIAL UNDER THE BANKRUPT LAW.**—The parties were John B. Story, applicant for the law, and Isaac Van Dyke, the sole and only opposing creditor, both residents of the county. The applicant seeks a discharge from judgment \$1,500—the amount awarded the opposing creditor, several years since, for the seduction of his daughter. The case was ably argued by J. B. Adrian, and Richard S. Field, on the part of the opposing creditor; and Samuel R. Hamilton, and George B. Wall, for the applicant. A day and a half was consumed in its consideration, when it was committed to the jury, who, however, were unable to agree on a verdict. The case was, in consequence, put down for trial at the November term, which is to be held in Burlington.—N. Brunswick (N. J.) Times.

#### EVENING THOUGHTS.

Oh! for the calm oblivious rest,  
Of those who in yon churchyard lie;  
There no sad dreams disturb the breast,  
All, all is deep tranquility.  
No racking thoughts their sleep invade,  
Like those which round my sad heart press,  
Of severed ties—of faith destroyed,  
And warm hopes turned to bitterness,  
Yet are there some who dread thee, Death,  
And tremble at thy peaceful name,  
That seals the eye—and draws the breath—  
And bears us far from grief and pain.  
But, oh! worn out with soul oppress,  
I, for whom life hath never smiled,  
How gladly would I gain Earth's breast,  
Her wearied, lone, forsaken child.

#### From the Baltimore Sun.

**CLIQUE AND CLIQUEISM.**—The sin of the fallen angel, pride and the desire to be better than others, or at least to be considered as such, are the base of all human societies, and are perhaps doing more mischief in our own country than where a particular class set the fashion and lead away in morals and politics. England is cursed by class legislation, and by every evil which is its offspring; but in every other respect some degree of independence is, at least preserved by the British people. In our country, on the contrary, where every citizen is called upon for the expression of his opinion on subjects of politics and public morals, those classes which would imitate the privileged orders of Europe, are comparatively powerless, but endeavor to destroy the independence of individuals by forming secret combinations, over which the masses have no control; and which, being for the most part, destitute of intrinsic worth or dignity, are properly designated by the denomination of "cliques." Some dozen or more men who, individually, are not distinguished from the mass by any thing that deserves a name, club together, and by their united efforts exert to, and in many cases actually acquire the power to pronounce on the standing, character or talents of persons who would otherwise be entirely beyond their reach. The influence being exercised in secret, no one is able to judge of its magnitude or extent, and thus honest people are intimidated or checked in their onward course, until they are able to fashion the amount of opposition that may be brought to bear upon them, or until they have won the approbation of "the clique"—perhaps by some tangible means. The object of "cliques," therefore, is a cowardly one; it consists in bringing the force of many to bear upon one, to strike and stab in the dark, to pervert and poison public opinion without exposing themselves to the verdict of that power which they invoke against others, to produce an effect which involves the happiness of others without showing the cause, a one word to act without showing the actors, and thereby avoiding all manner of responsibility or censure. From these characteristics it follows that there can be nothing more diametrically opposed to republicanism and to sound republican ethics than the existence and spreading of cliques, and that it is the interest and imperative duty of every well disposed citizen to take a manly stand against their sinister purposes.  
The aristocracy of Europe has this advantage over the organization of cliques in our own country, and is for this reason less exposed to contumely, that its principles are avowed, and that its members meet those whom they have selected for their victims, if not on fair, at least on open grounds; we prefer the highway robber, who calls out "stand and deliver!" to the pick-pocket, or to him who takes advantage of us "by insinuation."  
When a clique is once thoroughly organized, nothing can surpass the overweening conceit of its members, or the contempt in which they hold those "who do not occupy the same position." They assume the attitude of the directors of a wealthy corporation, opposite the needy applicant for discount, and remain inexorable until the latter has procured in indol-

ser known to the institution. In this manner the voracious pigmy "connected with the concern" becomes a giant in his own estimation; assumes an air of authority, pronounces *ex cathedra*, on all subjects connected with taste, ethics, politics, and even religion, and continues to lord it over the wights until, by some unforeseen circumstance the affairs "of the concern" are inquired into and found to be in a state of bankruptcy.

Among the cliques of this city we may notice social, political and literary cliques, each of which is too important a subject not to merit a separate article. Social cliques have always existed; but are most intolerable among business men who would carry the artificial distinction of society into public life; and literary cliques are the most contemptible, because they attempt to contract, within the narrow compass of their own brains, what from its very nature, is immeasurable and infinite. When a community suffers itself to be governed by a political clique, it generally deserves the degradation attendant on such rule; in a country where the people have a vote, they surely have the power to resist it.

#### SERENADE.

We find in the Evening Express of this city, the following:  
"Oh! Polly, poke your night-cap out,  
And listen to my sighs;  
My heart it beats a 'rub-a-dub-dub,'  
And my eyes how they crise;  
Then haste, dear Molly, haste away,  
Day breaks, and time it flies,  
Oh! come and take me to your arms,  
Or I'll lie down here and die;  
The stars are going out, my love,  
And the sun, oh, see it rises,  
And I am going! going! gone! (falls),  
Be-cause—you—me—de—spi—ses!" (dies)

#### RULES FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

Hang your hat on the harp, and lay your stick on the piano.  
Rub your boots off well upon the hearth-rug and be sure to take possession of the old lady's arm chair.  
A good way to display ease and elegance, is to pull out your pen-knife and trim your finger nails.  
If a lady sings, hum the music along with her; she, as well as every body else present, will be astonished at your knowledge of the tune.  
If you should conclude to make the sacrifice of not chewing while in the room, you can step to the front window, draw aside the curtains, throw up the sash, and fling your quid into the street.  
Stroll about the apartment and handle the ornaments. If you can't reach a picture, get upon a chair and take it down.—After six unsuccessful efforts to put it up again, you may leave it standing upon the floor and leaning against the wall.  
You must consider that every lady present is desirous of your attentions and anxious to engage your interest. This establishes self-confidence, and you may then be as bold and condescending as you please.  
An off hand manner finds favor with the ladies; so that a good way to win success with them will be to maintain your deportment of the bar and billiard rooms; merely refraining from spitting on a muslin gown, treading on a tender toe, or slapping your hostess on the back too roughly.  
If you discover a small knot discussing a scientific subject, break in upon them and relate all you know about it. You will observe immediately, by the silence of every body, how delighted they are to listen to you.  
Pull out your watch often, and at length declare that an engagement compels your absence. If you have well observed these rules, you will find that "you can pass!"

**ODD.**—In one of our exchange papers we lately noticed the following marriages, which we republish under appropriate heads:—  
Going Ahead.—Mr John Going to Mrs. A. Head.  
All Right.—Mr. Levi All to Miss Jane Wright.  
Short and Sweet.—Mr. James Short to Miss Emeline Sweet.

#### A SEVERE WINTER.

We incline to think, with the Philadelphia Ledger, that the ensuing winter will be a very severe one, though we do not know how far the signs that journal places faith in are to be credited. We give its words, however. "The old folks and other wise ones are unusually confident in their predictions that the coming winter is to be one of unusual severity. The sky, sun, moon and stars, and goose bones, they declare to be all indicative of this. Another sign on which these predictions are based, and a new one to us, though it may not be to our agricultural friends, was pointed out a few days since in the market, by a huckster woman, in the thickness of the skin or outer coating of the onions of this year's growth. She said the coating of these vegetables this year was some three or four times the thickness of those grown last year and the year previous; and she put that down as a sign that never failed. The onion, she declared, never screened

its shoulders by an over-coat without cause. Though the source of many tears, we were not aware that the onion was able to look so far into futurity. Nature, however, is a prudent mother, and we are far from scoffing at the predictions and signs here pointed out.—U. S. Saturday Post.

#### A TAKE OFF.

The practice of making long-winded commentaries on things which require none is admirably taken off in the last number of the N. Y. Mercury. The editor availing himself of Mr. Webster's speech, and the remarks made on it by nearly every journalist in the country, proceeds to give his opinions thereon, in the following wise and owl-like manner. "We think this speech is rather a long one, and if he had not spoken so long, it would have been shorter. We think it is suited to the meanness capacity, and that not a word containing more than seven syllables occurs throughout, which was very considerate of Mr. Webster. We think the sentences commence after a full stop and terminate with one, and that they are generally interspersed with commas, semi-colons and colons, a system of punctuation very wisely adopted. We think Mr. Webster rose before he spoke, and sat down when he concluded, and we have no doubt that during a part of the time, his hands were united beneath his coat tails. Upon the whole we consider the speech in all respects like public speeches in general, and that we are infinitely the wiser and better for it, if we did but know it!" Now this is about as sagacious as most of the remarks usually made on such occasions.—Ib.

#### DEER STALKING.

One of the objects of the Queen's late visit to Scotland, was to give Prince Albert a chance to have some deer-stalking, of which so graphic an account is given in Scott's Waverley. His wish was gratified at the Marquis of Breadalbane's among the Highlands of Argyshire. In the cleared centre of a forest, surrounded by hills, the Prince and his friends assembled. A line of circumvallation was formed, describing a circle of which each part was about three miles from the centre, where the Prince was. This line was formed by about 200 men, who knew the country well, and the object was, by gradually narrowing this circle, shooting all the while to frighten the deer, to drive them to the centre. The deer, however, and the Prince shot about 17 deer. He also killed several head of game, and the whole were carried down the lawn in front of Taymouth Castle for the Queen to see. This execution, however, does not prove any great skill on the part of the Prince as a shot. In point of fact not one shot was fired during the whole day, except by him. He was attended by two game-keepers, and the Marquis of Breadalbane. He had six double-barrelled guns which were reloaded as fast as he discharged them, the Marquis handing each gun to him as he wanted it, and there was no great art required to kill 17 deer out of 200 that were driven close to him, nor to bag a few head of game when some acres had been strictly preserved for some time before. The prince would make a poor show alongside of some of our candle snuffing, rifle-shooting western boys.  
Ib.

**CONFESSION OF A DUELLIST.**—The following letter was found upon the person of the late Midshipman Culp, of the Texian Navy, who recently fell in a duel at New Orleans. What a pity that he had not the moral courage to carry out the honest promptings of his conscience.

**THOUGHTS BEFORE FIGHTING A DUEL.** Can any one set down and coolly and calmly think on death, without a thrill vibrating every nerve? To think that only a few, very few moments may elapse before his immortal soul will be winging its flight to worlds unknown, and knows not whether it will take its place amidst a bright throng of angels, or drag its weary way to a hell prepared for such as I! My God! Such thoughts are enough to rack the soul and make the stoutest nerves quail! To bring the haughty and the proud to their knees—and in humble penitence and supplication ask forgiveness of the God who made them! I am morally and religiously opposed to duelling! It does not prove that one is a gentleman, or a brave man, neither does it give satisfaction for an insult; for to receive an insult and a ball also, is very poor satisfaction to a man of feeling and of honor. Almost any man can raise physical courage enough to fight a duel, but few, alas! too few, are possessed of moral courage sufficient to stem the tide of public scorn, and walk erect through the myriads of hisses spit out by those who are too low in the scale of virtue and morality to respect it in any shape. I trust, and pray, that the public will not condemn the course that I have pursued. There are situations, times, and occasions when men must act with boldness and firmness, to command respect from those with whom they are thrown. Into such a one am I thrown, and I sincerely trust that God will forgive me, for the course that I have pursued.  
FIELDING R. CULP.