The Camden Iournal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 5, 1850.

NUMBER 18.

Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal. THE TRUTII.

" Pilate saith unto him, What is truth ?"-Jons xvili, 18.

While radiant orbs shall trace their course, Thro' realms of upper, nether heaven, And souls mount upward to that Source By whom they feel their being given, Shall this the human mind employ, That longing, tasks its utmost power, To grasp the fruits of heaven and joy, The wither'd buds of Eden's bower: While wand'ring man treads o'er the sod, An outcast from his sonship driven, Beneath a frowning maker God, A sinner to his ignorance given, Shall one grand theme the thoughts engage, Where'er commanding thrones are placed-The lofty poet, priest, and sage, And minds in humbler walls encased ;-With fears distract the peaceful hour, Where gladsome ears attend the sound, As joyful earth, beneath a shower,

Receives the rain upon her ground ; When softest tones, that ne'er grow old, Still strike like music on the ear, In words bespeaking to the soul

A friend and lov'd one's presence net r. Thus mem'ry of the state we've lost, Doth spread a cloud upon our peace, As o'er a ship by tempest toss'd, And creaking on the wat'ry deeps.

Is there no hope ?--- no guiding star ?---Appear no cheering beams of light? Illuming from that land afar,

The dimness of our fallen sight ? " Thy word is truth ;"* enlivening voice ; Let each attend-the Savior speaks;

Unfolding life, immortal joys, To ev'ry soul that truly seeks.

The sheep shall know their Shepherd's voice, And seek his fold to enter in-

A flock submissive to his choice, No longer tread the paths of sin; His voice to life direct their steps, Aloft the cares of time and sense,

And congregated words confess, The greatness of their recompense. L. L. E. B. Camden, S. C.

. John zvii, 17.

THE SEPARATION. BY ADA.

We parted ! No promise, no vow, was spok'n, No tear bedew'd, no sigh imparted grief; But a deep-felt gaze revealed hearts brok'n, And told how we mourn'd o'er pleasure so brief.

We parted! He sadly bade me adieu, But not one earnest of love did he leave; He turn'd to depart, in silence withdrew, Yet he will'd not a pang, nor aim'd to bereave

We parted! and now I am made to feel That I have erred, in loving too well: I'd stay thee, O Time! one span I would steal, To tell of the pow'r and depth of this spell.

We parted! Gloom garbed those twins of fate, But souls, thus wedded, will ever t The spirit betroth'd will still claim its mate-I'll ever be with thee, e'en though thou 'rt gone-

PUTTING THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE, that you have foes, who have this night resolved -An Irishman, going down Barclay street in on your destruction; and as I hope for heaven, hot haste, in order to get on board the boat and fear for hell, I swear that I am no idle jeswhich he saw at a distance was at the wharf, ter !" " Who art thou, then ?" demanded the Count. arrived there just in time to be too late-in oth-

"It matters not; call me thy mentor, if thou wilt; but whatever name you give me, follow me from this scene of danger.'

" Lead on, then," said the Count, submissive-

ly. The friar led the way through the different apartments occupied by the masqueraders, into the open air.

" We part, Count Derwald," said he, " but first, let me tell you that you know not your friends from your enemies. Adieu !"

The Count was alone, and calling his carriage he proceeded homewards. The streets through which he passed were nearly deserted, till just as he was turning a corner which led to his palace, a band of ruffians rushed upon the carriage and demanded the Count's surrender.

"Not while I have life," said he; and leaping from his carriage, and brandishing his sword, he plunged amongst them. Yet, notwithstanding he was an Austrian noble, and notwithter, still the Count's life would eventually have been sacrificed to the force of numbers, had not an unforscen aid arrived.

Panting for breath, the black friar came rushing along, and with his drawn sword in his hand, he threw himself amongst the Count's assailants.

" Cravens that you are," he cried, "thus, with your numbers, to attack a passing noble! But dearly shall ye rue it, if there is strength in this arm, or temper in this steel."

And dearly did they rue it. It seemed as it a superhuman force was given to him thus to receive, and give back, the blows which were aimed at him. Three of the ruffians were al-ready dead, and the rest, seeing no chance for victory, fled, leaving the Count almost stupefied with surprise at the sudden transition of affairs. " You have saved my life," said he, at length,

turning to the friar; " but how do you know but that you endangered it also by leading me thus early to leave the masquerade ?"

" Say not so, Count Derwald," was the reply; "bat rather say that your long distrust of one who would faithfully serve you, delayed you till the time came for these ruflians to assemble here to wait for your coming. But I have saved your life, thank God ! thank God !" continued the friar, turning away.

secrets. Heedles of the observation of a passing straggler, their lights shone through every crevice of the old building, glared on the mouldering tapestry fast dopping from the walls, lit up apartments from wience light had been ex-cluded for years—yet stil they were unsuccessful. Confident, however, f some listener being secreted, they now communed their search among the rubbish which lay leaped up in some of the apartments, leaving a sotial posted in the searched rooms. Hardly hat they entered one room, ere a cry burst from the foremost of the party. On removing a mass of tapestry which had once garnished the wals, a friar, habited in the large cowl and long black dress of his order, was discovered. Taking him by the arms, they dragged him into the centre of their apartment, where, by the order of Leopad,

he was released.

"Who art thou ?" said the Count Alberti. "Do you not knew me, then," said the friar, calmly. " But I know you, my lord Leopoldand you-and you-and you"-said he, turning of Austria, now for restribution!"

" Aye, now for retribution ? said the conspirators simultaneously drawing their swords, and advancing towards the friar, "retribution on the head of him who would fain foil us in our plan"

" Back! back!" said Leopold to them; "let me slay him!"

A dagger already shone in the hand of the friar. Turning to the threatening conspirators, he muttered-

"Advance at your peril!" Then bending towards Leopold, he said, in a low voice-"Count Alberti, beware!"

That voice!-had an eledtric flash passed terough his every nerve, it could not have had a stronger effect upon the Count. His arm fell as if paralized, to his side; his eyes gazed steadily for a moment upon the black cowl which hid the face of the friar, then rolled widely in their sockets, his knees smote together then sunk down before the crucifix as he attempted mutter a prayer.

Taking advantage of this, the friar leaped to the door, and before any of the conspirators could prevent it, he had escaped. Even then they would have persuaded him, but Leopold essayed to stand in the door and keep them back.

"That voice-that voice-it was hers; but no it cannot be-it was the foul fiend himself!" he murmured, and sunk senseless upon the floor.

CHAPTER V.

A letter was conveyed to Count Derwald the next morning, wherein the friar informed him of the name of each of the conspirators. A warrant being issued for their apprehension, it was found that they had fled to a man.

Leopold had lingered behind a short time to obtain a parting interview with Theresa. What passed betwen them was never revealed-bac on leaving her, the proud spirit of Count Alberti was crushed, and traces of tears were observed upon his manly countenance.

The lady Theresa passed the day alone in her chamber, and the next morning she sent for Count Derwald.

" Do you love, Ernest ?" said she, on his entering her chamber.

" Do I love thee, Theresa ?" said he, foadly pressing her to his bosom. "Test me -try me -and let me prove that I love thee better than life."

Miscellancous Department.

The Canden Journal

BULLS AND WISE SAWS.

"General, did you ever see the Natural Bridge in Virginia ?"

"No sir. I have not traveled thro' Virginia for some years, and that bridge was not built the last time I was there." [Conversation in a Car.

"On my way north, in passing, I thought I'd stop here to night and go along in the morn. [Speech at Baltimore.] ing."

"I consider the majority of the people the sovereigns of this great republic, and I will carry out their wishes, be them democrat, or be them

whig." [Speech at Lancaster.] "We are at peace with all the world, and seem to maintain our cheristed relations of amity with the rest of mankind." [Annual

message, official copy.] "I suppose, General, that you have often visi-tcothe Mammoth Cave in Kentucky?"

"No sir; I have never seen that cave, but I saw a great cave which took place in the bank near Eaton Rouge, and there was as much as five or six acres of valuable sugar land went into the river in that cave. I hope the Mammoth Cave, as you call it, was not worse than that." [Conversation in a car.]

"While enjoying the benefits of amicable intercourse with foreign nations, we have not been insensible to distractions and wars which have prevailed in other quarters of the world." [An-

nual message.] "Although Sir John Franklin is not much account, his father was a great philosopher, and helped us a good deal in the Revolution, and I, for one, wish to show them that we have not forgotten him." [Cabinet conversation.]

" It therefore becomes us to humble ourselves before His throne, and while acknowledging past transgressions, ask a continuance of Divine mercy." [Fast Proclamation.] "The Mohawk Valley is a fine place for In-

dians. We saw but few of them as we passed along, but we saw where they had been sere-ral times." [Travelling letters.]

REPORT OF THE ALABAMA CONFER-ENCE ON TEMPERANCE,

The Committee on Temperance would beg to report as follows :

We do not deem it our duty in detail to spread before the Conference, the necessity; benefits, etc., of the great Temperance enterprise which of late years has attracted special attention, but rather to embody in our report sentiments of approval and encouragement to an undertaking so praiseworthy. This mighty instrument of reformation, we are glad to record, has ceased to be regarded as the offspring of a temporary excitement, created by the pleasing. address and amusing anecdote of the popular lecturer, but has assumed a position high and honorable among the initiations of the present day, being permanently based upon the principles of Christian benevolence ; the Church now looks upon it as one of its most efficient auxiliaries inpreparing the way for gospel truth upon minds long bewildered by inebriation, and, therefore, should be the last to check it in its onwardmovement. Believing it to be our duty as a body of Christian ministers to facilitate as mach. as possible an enterprise so noble, therefore;

1. Resolved, That we pledge ourselves as a Conference by example and influence to pro-mote the cause of Temperance, believing it to be the cause of humanity. 2. Resolved, That we highly approve of that Institution of late origin, and established in our millst, styled, the "Sons of Temperance," and promise our most fervent prayers for a success upon its efforts still more abundant. 3. Resolved, That we deplore the practice, as existing to some extent among the members of our Church, of keeping ardent spirits either to: sell or give their customers, for the purpose of extending their trade, and hereby recommended the enforcement of Discipline until the evil bechecked.

CHAPTER III. Events like those releted, at the close of the

last chapter, were, at the time of which we relate, of too frequent occurrence in Vienna, to elicit much notice, and after a few days had passed, they were forgotten for the following circumstance. A card was found posted up near the prime minister's palace, with these words upon it:

" Citizens of Vienna, a secret foe, yet far more dangerous than any open one whom you have ever feared, is now preying upon your vitals .--Slow but sure steps are being taken by a treasonable assembly in this city, towards a revolution which shall shake to the foundations, and perhaps entirely overthrow your present wise government. Be vigilant, then, citizens of Vienna, and let the conspirators remember that there is an avenging God in heaven, and a Black Friar on the earth."

The prime minister read the paper, and an

again made its appearance on the plantations on the opposite side of the river. Mr. James Snodgrass, on hearing that one of his negroes was attacked, immediately hurried to his relief. This was on Sunday evening, the 27th ult., on the following Wednesday morning, at about 8 o'clock he was suddenly seized with the disease,

and by 3 o'clock he was dead. Some six or eight of his negroes have died. Mr. Warren Dent has also, we learn, lost some six or eight negroes, and one or two are now lying ill, of standing his postillion valiantly aided his masthe recovery of whom but slight hopes are entertained. Two or three white men have died of the disease, whose names we have not learned. All the negroes belonging to the above named gentleman have been removed to this side of the river.

er words, just as the boat had unshipped her

'Ah, Jemmy,' said a friend of his, who had

'Yes, I did,' said Jemmy; I ran fast enough,

There is a great moral in this, if you have

THE CHOLERA.-This terrible disease has

watched his movements, 'you did not run fast

fastenings, and put off from the dock.

but I did not start soon enough.'

sense to take it .- N. Y. Allas.

enough !

Jefferson (Rodney) Garctic, 9th inst.

. LAUNCH .- A new pilot boat, the "Sarah and Caroline," was launched from the shipyard of Messrs. Addison and McIntosh yesterday afternoon. The operation was admirably performd, and the vessel herself, to our eyes, is the very perfection of symmetry and beauty.

A Selected Tale.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE BLACK FRIAR.

A TALE OF VIENNA.

BY J. H. SEELEY.

CHAPTER I.

The high post of prime minister to the Empe-

ror of Austria, which was ably filled by the

Count Ernest Derwald, surrounded him by a

host of envious courtiers and nobles. Leopold,

Count Alberti, who had looked with an attain-

ing eye upon that high post, and who, in fur-therance of his object, had successfully advanc-

ed the cause of the Emperor in a late campaign,

could ill brook the favor being given to another,

and, with several kindred spirits, he formed a

secret assembly, where measures were debated

upon, which had for their end the overthrow of

the then reigning dynasty. Several measures

which the Emperor had passed, tending to re-

duce the higher classes nearer to a level with the

lower ones, were highly obnoxious to the proud nobles; and Leopold found no difficulty in gain-

ing a sufficient number to favor his treasonable

purposes. Yet, political ambition was not the

only motive which actuated the Count Alberti.

With the fall of the minister, Leopold hoped to

usurp the place which Count Ernest held in the

heart of the Lady Theresa Derwaldine, and per-

haps this proved as powerful an incentive as

any other.

The Olio.

IRISH TWINS .- An old, ragged, red faced, forlorn-looking Irish woman, accosted us with -

" Plaise, sure, for love of Heaven, give me a fip to by bread wid. I am a poor lone woman, his own. and have two young twins to support." "Why, my good woman," we replied, "you

seem too old to have twins of your own.

"They are not mine, sur, I am only raisin' 'em."

"How old are your twins?"

"One of 'em is seven weeks ould, and t'other is eight months old, plaise God ?"

Two WEEKS SLEEP .- We witnessed yesterday afternoon, at College Hall, the waking up of a young lady of this city, mesmerized by Prof. Rodgers, who had been in the mesmerie sleep for two weeks, during which time we fection. The uncle of the young lady, Judge 11------, formerly Mayor of Cincinnati, corlaughed and seemed much astonished, and stated that she was entirely cured of her complaint, Cincinnati Times.

TIGRE ISLAND .- This island to which public attention is now directed, is situated on the Pacific coast of Honduras, in Lat. 13 deg. N. Long. 87 deg. W. The gulf of Fonseca, in which the island is located, is a spacious bay, servation, he demanded his business. and, like that of San Francisco, which is almost completely land-locked, forming a secure harbor to warn you to leave this place. One hour's with good anchorage for vessels. It is the only stay in it, and your life is in danger!" eligible terminous on the Pacific coast for a eanal by the way of the San Juan river and Lake Nicharagua.

Mrs. Partington expresses great pprchension as every paper she takes up announces "another | friar, boldly. vein open.'

CONCERT IN A SENATE CHAMBER .- Signora Biscaccianti and her husband recently gave lent in warning you of your danger; but let me a concert, before a crowded audience, in the conjure you, by the love you bear to the Lady

The Lady Theresa was a being to be loved, and a lavish affection was bestowed upon her by the Counts Derwald and Alberti. Naturally of a coquettish disposition, she tormented Leopold alternately with hopes and fears, while her whole heart was bestowed upon the Count Derwald. Loving her in the deepest depths of his heart, the Count Alberti fondly fancied himself beloved, and imagined that could he but put the prime minister aside, Theresa would be

CHAPRER II.

The palace was decorated with more than kingly splendor. All that art, taste and unbounded wealth could produce, were combined to render the masked ball of the Countess Bianci Dubourg a fete worthy of its noble giver. One mass of splendor burst upon the eve of the beholder as he was ushered in, habited in the dress it best suited him to assume. Massive chandeliers, whose rays shone through numberless prisms, lighted up the spacious apartments, nearly filled with the contrasted mass peculiar to a masked ball. Untlinching and untrembling, learn she has been cured of a painful spinal af- the poor peasant stood by the haughty lord of the soil; while a fair form, habited as a beggar, dared to brush the dress of her lady. Every roborated the above statement. When waked grade, and almost every profession of life, was up, the lady was as asked how long she thought there represented, some jabbering the confused she had been asleep, and replied : " about two dialect peculiar to their pretended occupation, hours." When informed it was two weeks she | and others standing idly aloof, waiting for the dance to commence.

Count Derwald, masked as a soldier of fortune, was accosted by a black friar, who bade him follow him. Curiosity to hear what a person who had penetrated his mask-which he deemed so close as to foil the most scrutinizing -had to say to him, prompted the Count, and

" My business, Sir Count," said the friar, "is

" A truce to your warning," said the Count. "Am I, an Austrian noble, thus to be intimidated by the silly jests which every fool may deem it his pleasure to play upon me ? Leave me."

"But I will not leave thee, Count Derwald, that the people in California will be ed to death, till thou leavest this scene of festivity," said the

"Will not ?" said the Count, drawing his sword ; "then take the reward of thy insolence!" " Stop !" said the friar. " Think me not inso-Scnate Chamber of Louisiana, at Baton Rouge. Theresa, to fly from this place ; let me tell you ed a vigilant search for the discoverer of their in deprecating the worth of the fair sex.

instinctive feeling that, posted so near his palace, the placard was meant to warn him of some impending danger, came over him, and ordering his carriage, he proceeded to the Emperor's palace, and obtained a private audience.

What passed at this interview was not known, but a new reinforcement was ordered to the palace guards, and every thing put in the best manner to quell an insurrection, if occasion required. The minister retired home, but scarcely was he seated, ere a letter was placed in his hands. Opening it, he read :

"Count Derwald, your life, your honor, and your station are endangered. Whatever may alarm you, or excite your curiosity, on no account leave your palace to night. Let the Black Friar witness but one more meeting of the conspirators, and all shall be revealed."

The Count read the letter in astonishment.-Who was that mysterious being who thus seemed to unfold to his view the dim vista of his destiny? and what was the connecting link that seemed to bind that friar to the Count with such an apparent servitude? were questions which the Count Derwald could not answer.

CHAPTER IV.

" Show me but the author of this," said Leopold, entering the room of the assembly, and bearing in his hand the tale-telling placard, show him but to me, and though my heart be torn from my body in consequence, he dies !"

Every member was before him, but not a lip quivered, not a check blanched, nor an eye quailed before his searching glance, and he completed the survey with a foiled countenance and a frowning brow.

"There's a traitor here," he muttered, glancing around the conspirators. " Let each come forward and repeat the oath with which he was admitted here.

Each of the nobles stepped forward, grasped the large crucifix which stood in the centre of the apartment, and repeated his oath. To Leopold's prayer, that eternal curses might rest on the head of the offender, each fervently responded, Amen.

"Enough ! 1 am satisfied," said Leopold,-Then, lowering his voice to a scarce audible whisper, " but, nobles of Austria, these walls have cars."

Each knew his meaning, and leaping to the door, they quickly secured every window and other known place of egress, and then commenc-

"Be it so, then," said Theresa. "If you love me, procure the release of the Count Alberti.' A pang of jealousy flashed across the mind of the Count, as he answered -

" It is impossible!"

" Then it is impossible for us to be wedded," said Theresa, calmly.

" But he has conspired against the life of our sovereign. Ask of me anything but that, for it eannot be done."

" It must be done !" was the firm reply. And it was done.

By the exertions of Ernest, a pardon for the Count Alberti was proclaimed, but Leopold never returned to Vienna. In a foreign land he pined away, but his last prayer was for Theresa, that he might meet her in another world-and his last act to press to his lips the picture of her who had been the only idol of his affection.

CHAPTER VI.

The Count Derwald was alone in his chamber. The letters of the friar were before him, but vain was his attempt to fathom the mystery attached to their writer. Starting up and clutching them in his hand, he exclaimed -

"I would give all that I am possessed of-all but the love of Theresa-could I but see him once more."

"Wouldst thou ?"

The Count turned around, and beheld standing in the door-way, which he had just opened, the friar with his face concealed by the large cowl, and habited in the same dress which he had worn at the masquerade.

Starting forward, the Count embraced him and then leading him to a seat, he said--

"Tell me now, holy father, what influence made thee seek to preserve the life and fortunes of one unknown to thee, but whom thou shalt find is not ungrateful ?"

"Love-love"-murmured a soft voice.

The black dress of the friar was thrown aside -it was no allusion; but it was Theresa--his own beautiful, loved Theresa-that Count Derwald strained to his bosom.

Old Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But that now-a days the gals undergo all such declivities : the task of extorting them homo develops on their dear selves. The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived when men were more palpable

JAS. A. HEARN. G. S. PATTON, W B. NEAL.

GOLD HUNTING, -An incident was relaten to vesterday of an old man from Jyracus, N. Y., who had been taken sick at the mines out onthe Sacramento, and who, having exhausted all his privisions, was in the most deplorable state. He went about from tent to tent among the miners to beg a mouthful to eat to keep him from starvation. The mines, in scattering out, generally take, a rod square, which is considered the limits of their diggings. Entering a camp one day the old man begged for a meal and told his story of adversity. "Let's give him a chance,' said the men, "he's an old man and is sick; what say you! let's help him out." "Well, agreed," replied the party. " Here old man," said one of them, "you may have that spot over yonder whar you see that rock, so take your pick and go to work."

The old man started out, and the first day realized the sum of sixty dollars. This gave him new hope, and his friends rejoiced with him at his good luck. The next day, however the old man was unlucky, and did not realize a cent. They told him to try it again, however, and he did so. In picking under the rock, after the exertion of a whole day, the old man found what is called a "hen's nest,' from which in one week, he realized the handsome sam of \$17,000. His friends told him that he had better stop now, as he was old, and start for home. So he adopted their advice, and took the steamer at Chagres for N. Y. We hope the old gentleman may live to enjoy his good fortune. - N. O. Picayung.

Agriculture is the nursing mother of the arts and the true source of national wealth.