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The Camden Iournal.

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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une dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-ewen and a half cents for each subsequent in-sertion. Single insertions one dollar per square. The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all adver-tisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until or-dered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion. Liberal discounts allowed to those who advertise for three, six, or twelve months. DGP All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

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## Poetical Department.

THE FATHERLESS. Speak softly to the fatherless! And check the harsh reply, That sends the crimson to the cheek, The tear-drop to the eye. They have weight of loneliness,

In this rude world to bear; Then gently raise the fallen bud, The drooping flow'ret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless! The lowliest of their band, God keepeth, as the waters, In the hollow of his hand. "Tis sad to see life's evening sun, Go down in sorrow's shroud, But sadder still when morning's dawn Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless! Ye may have power to while Their hearts from saddened memory By the magic of thy smile. Deal gently with these little ques, Be pitiful, and He, The friend and father of us all, Shall gently deal with thee.

## The Olio.

As when you see an asp in a golden casket you do not esteem the asp because it is enclosed in material so costly and magnificent, but would despise and would shun it on account of its venom; so that when you see vice lodged in the midst of wealth and the swelling pride of fortwoe, he not struck with the splendor of the ma-terials with which it is surrounded but despise the gross alloy of its manners and sentiments.

key.

The Post Master at Grout's corner, Massa. chusetts, has been sentenced to ten years jailing for stealing money from letters. The amount was three paper dollars and three silver quarters.

The Scottish laws prohibit the running of public vehicles upon the Sabbath-such as rail-way trains, stage coaches, omnibuses, and steamers.

B., the celebrated comedian on the Boston stage, once took, in some laughable farce, the character of a Prince, and as such he said extemporaneously, I am what I am; I am not what I am; for were I what am, I should not be what I am.

"Mike, why don't you fire at them ducks. boy-don't you see you have got the whole flock of 'em before your gun ?

'I know I have, but when I get good aim at one two or three others will swim right betwirt him and me.'

## Miscellancous Department.

THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

Some three years ago, there lived at Montmartre, in the private establishment of the kind and indefatigable Doctor Blanche, a woman whose insanity was singular and affecting. She was young, her features were pleasing, and her smile still more so; the only mental di-order she had was the belief that she was betrothed to the sun-he had promised her marriage she thought, on a bright autumn morning, and her lover had covered his radiant visage with clouds to avoid dazzling the eyes of his mistress. Since that time, he had been hers, and she his ; she had felt her spouse's burning kiss imprinted on her hand, and she now lived for him alone. The sun was her joy, and her pride, and her glory ; poor creature; she rose at the very instant when her best beloved cast his first rays across the sky, and hailed him with her looks, as the birds do with their songs, the stream with its murmur, the flowers with their perfume. The finer the day, the clearer the sky, the more ra-diant the whole face of nature, the happier was the poor wretch ! Was it not her god-like husband that distributed light, and warmth, and comfort around him ? Was he not the monarch of the world, and was he not hers? So she watched every change of place or appearance which her divinity presented ; she seemed anx-ious not to lose the feeblest of his rays, and the higher he rose in heaven the more ardent was her poetical enthusiasm. She could hardly be persuaded to take her meals, so full of her passion was she; and to make her eat, it was her divine spouse who had gilded those fruit, ripened this grain and these grapes, so that she had a right to sit down at the table he had himself prepared for her. As night drew near, and the sun was on the point of sinking into the waters of the Seine, his tender spouse became as uneasy as any poor fisherman's wife, whose hus. band has been absent a couple of months, when she hears the sea roar-'What will become of my husband ?' she used to say, 'If he only es.

Kossurn .- The New York Tribune is in. as formerly, sinking gradually into the river, formed by Count Dembinkski, that Kossuth in-tends to come to this country with his family, as soon as he shall be permitted to leave Turscreamed, 'my husband is with a rival; he is false to me ! he has left me during the day, and will not return again at night !' and the poor creature, who lived only to gaze on him in the morning, to sing his praise in spring, to admire him in summer, and weep for him in winter; the poor creature, seeing him disappear so suddenly, without knowing whither he went, or when he vould return, died during the eclipse;

#### THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN. BY LAURIE TODD.

died of jealousy, love and despair.

In the year seventeen hundred and ninetythree, when Louis the Sixteenth was beheaded, and the French revolution in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, 'Remember the Sabbath day.' arrived at New York on Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock a.m. three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

Where are you going to-day ?' they inquired. 'To the church,' I replied.

We have been ten weeks at sea ; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to day and go to church next Sabbath,' they replied.

Said I, 'you can go where you please, but I'll go to church ; the last words I heard from father were 'Remember the Sabbath iny day ; and, had I no respect for the Fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last ad-

They went to the fields ; I went to the church; they spent lorty or filty conts at the tavern ; I put a one penny bill in the plate, at the morning, atternoon and night service .- total, threepence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daugh. ter, and the landlady's niece, would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two doi'ars a day; wine, cake and ice cream on the road, filly cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, p. m., half drunk, and having been caught m a thunder shower, their coats, bats, mantles, were damaged filly per cent. They rose the next morning at nine o'clock a. m., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at tive o'clock, a. m., head sound, heart light, bones retreshed, conscience quiet, and com menced the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought nail-maker, poor; the cut-nail machines had just got into operation, which cut my wages to a shaving. With crose application, I could only earn five dollars and fitty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year my Sabbath riding ship mates had fine cours, fine hats, powdered heads, and rutiled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived last, they, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Potters, or some other field ; while I, have received from my maker a good constitution, (and common sense to take care of it,) I'm as sound in mind, body and spirits, as I was on this day finy six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governeur's wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, (for which my family can vouch,) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness, during all that period. Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and fields for the laboring man. In seventeen hundred and ninety four, we had no water but from pumps ; no hacks not livery stables, only three hundred cartmen; the wheels of their carts were made of heavy timber. Iron tires were, by a law of the Corporation prohibited, learing they would injure the pavements, or arouse the sleeping Dutch burgomasters in their atternoon siesta. The curbstones were all made of wood, (as Pat would say.) The only theatre stood in Junu-street, where now stands Thurburn's seed-store. In those days no man read an American book. Irving, Paulding and Cooper, were not up that morning. No man looked on an American coin, Spanish dollars, halves, quarters and eighths, constituted our circulating medium, with New York corporation bills, from one penny to twelve .---Now, our coper, silver, and golden eagles soar above the clouds, and we have gold dust blown in our eyes from every quarter, while we are smote to the earth by a lump of pure yellow, ten inches and three querters in circumterence, and American funds are the safest investment in the world. We have food enough to feed the world, and gather up seven baskets of tragments that are left; and if every man would mind his own business, and let his neighbor's alone, we might be the happiest people in the world; therefore, Madam Folsom, and Father Garrison, you may boil your Irish potatoes with your white negroes ; and let the South boll their sweet Carolinas with their black uegroes. Then est, without asking a questions, Tuus may brotherly love continue, as your parson prays,

From the London Times

ATTACK UPON THE QUEEN. It is our painful duty to announce that a cow ardly attack was made upon her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen by a man, who, until the last tour years, held a commission in her Majesty's service.

About 20 minutes after six o'clock last evening, her Majesty, accompanied by three of the royal children, and Viscountess Jocelyn, left Cambridge-House, Piccadilly, where her Majesty had been calling to inquire after the health of her illustrious uncle. A crowd had assembled without the court-yard gates to see her Majesty depart, and as the royal carriage passed out of the gates a person respectably dressed, and about six feet two inches high, advanced two or three paces, and with a small black cane struck a sharp blow at the Queen. The blow took effect on the upper part of her Majesty's forehead and upon her bonnet, which being of a light texture was driven in by its force. The act was seen by many persons, and a rush being made, the delinquent was instantly seized, and one person, unable to restrain his resentment dealt the man a in blow the face which drew blood. But for the timely arrival of the police, he would have been still more roughly handled. Sergeant Silver, of the C. division, took hun into custody and conveyed him at once to the Vinestreet station.

Her Majesty betrayed no feeling of alarm, and immediately after the occurrence drove up Picadilly, on her return to Buckingham Place, the spectators cheering her loudly as she passed along-a mark of loyalty and affection which her complete self-possession enabled her to acknowledge with her usual courtesy and condescension.

When the prisoner was brought to Vine-street station, Inspector Whall, the officer oudury received the charge. When asked his name, he replied, without hesitation, 'Robert Pate.' describing himself as a retired lieutenant of the 10th hussars, and adding that he resided at No. 27, Duke street, St. Jame's. The evidence of various witnessess, having been taken, the prisoner was asked what he had to say to the charge. He replied that it was true that he had struck, her Majesty a slight blow with a thin stick but he added emphatically, in allusion to the witnesses, "those men cannot prove whether I struck her head or bonnet." The prisoner was then conducted to one of the police cells, the charge being entered upon the police sheet as follows :

"Robert Pate, aged 43, retired lieutenant, charged with assaulting her Majesty the Queen, by striking her on the head with a cane, in Piccadilly, at 6 p. m., on Thursday, the 27th in slant

On being searched there were found upon the prisoner two keys and a pocket handkerchief but no money or weapon of any kind.

The stick with which the prisoner struck the blow was not thicker than an ordinary goose quill-it measured only two feet two inches in length, and weighed less than three ounces. Of course, such a weapon as this could not, under any circrmstances, occasion very serious injury, and her Majesty's appearance within two hours in the royal box at the Covent-garden Italian opera, proves that she has not sustained much injury.

After the prisoner had been placed in a cell, Inspectator Field, the chief officer of the detective force, was sent to search his lodgings. Mr. Field there ascertained that the prisoner had lodged in the third floor (an elegant suite of apartments) of 27, Duke street, during the last two years and a hall; that he was a man of regular habits, and paid his bills with great punctuality. His father was described to be a man of large property at Wisbeach, Lincolnshire, where he lormerly carried on business as an extensive corn factor. A large number of papers and ducuments were seized, but nothing has yet been discovered which could by possibility explain the motive of the act. A reference to Hart's Army list shows that the prisoner entered her Majesty's service as a corner by purchase, in the 10th hussars, on the 5th February, 1841. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the 22 of July, 1842, and retired, by sale of his commission, a short time previously to the embarkation of the regiment tor India, in 1846.

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often seen, but this shell within a shell, and embryo within embryo, and each having apparently all the elements necessary to the commencement of life, indicates a capacity in nature to deviate from her laws beyond what we had dreamed of .- Charleston Mercury.

#### Thos. T. Gholson, an eminent lawyer of the submission school of politics, living in Petersburg, Va., has been writing in the 'Intelligencer' against some of the positions of the Southern Address. He is 'kicking against the pricks,' to say nothing of trying to whistle down popular sentiment with summission wind. We know the people composing that district. Mr. Gholson's views will go down with them about as well as tartar emetiç or Thompsonian Lobelia .---They will fling all such physic as he gives them 'to the dogs.' That district sends one of the ablest men in the State, R. K. Meade, to Congress, and he is one of the strongest Southern men there. A more significant fact still though is this: John W. Syme, Esq., Editor of the 'Intlligencer," who appears to endorse Mr. Gholson, was beaten as candidate for the Legislature of Virginia because he and his paper

were opposed to the Southern movement. Mr Gholson might as well preach Judaism in Mahommedian country, or go to China and effect a social revolution by persuading the ladies to stop wearing small shoes, or to preach such political doctrine as opposition to the Nasiville Convention in Virginia. After he has converted Virginia, we respectfully invite him on behalf of our South Carolina friends to go over into that State. We call upon our friends of the Camden Journal' and the 'Telegraph, to tell us what kind of reception he would meet with Hornet's Nest,

We simply refer you, friend Badger, to our reatment of a certain Mr. Hoar, of Wassachusetts .- EDS. JOUR.

### THE GREATEST EVIL.

The greatest evil that the South has to endure is the recreancy of some of her presses at this critical juncture. These papers protess to be, in their respective localities, exponents of public opionion, whilst they are but the mouthpieces of a few individuals, who, from timidity, or some baser motive, have made the Union of these States an idol, and discard as heretics and fools all those who do not bow down and worship the brazen image.

The South is cursed by these idol-worshipers, scuttered throughout her domain ; and wheneyer the hour comes for her to act in her defence, they will have to be rendered powerless by any and every means the necessity of the case may justify. We may be called "ultraists," "dismi-ionists," or what else may be most convenient in Free Soil nomenclature; but every man of common sense knows that the South cannot permit her enemies to have their organs in full blast throughout her borders, exposing her weak points, inviting the attacks of the outside accomplices on these points, and giving by every means in their power traitorous aid and cemfort to her assailants and despoilers.

There are unfortunately too many of those papers among us, and it is the duty of every true and independent press to mark them, and have an eye upon them. The time may come, and is probably nigh at hand, when the urgency of the day will demand their silence or removal. There are few fortunately, in this section of the South, which are working for the unenviable notoriety that awaits these false lights and lying exponents of Southern sentiment; but further off, in Louisiana especially, there are many, be their motives now what they may, which must change their mad and traitorous course, or sink under the crushing weight of an outraged, though patient, public opinion. The strength of the South is in the fidelity of her sons; she will have no room for traitors under the guise of allies, or foes under the mask of friendship. There is not a paper in New Orleans, with the exception of the 'Delta,' that is true to the South at this juncture. And why? In reply to a charge of this kind, one of them savs the charge is susceptible of easy proof, as its advertising columns show; for without the subsidies of the Northern men in this respect, it reckons there would be precious tew papers either to to support or injure the South in that city .-Such an avowal is degrading in the extreme, and shows how utterly regardless of anything save dollars these journalists are. Another instance in the same quarter. De Bow's Commercial Review has caught this Union-loving infection; and as we observed in a brief notice of the publication a few days since, in all the semblance of wisdom, and with all the air of a Solon. its editor pronounces the efforts of the South to secure her rights failures. Of the Nashville Convention he savs : "A few men have met; but to call that a a 'Southern Convention,' or to say that the South had any active participation in it-preposterous! 'The address and the Convention were alike failures."

Man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.

They that deny God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of no kin to the beast by his hody: and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit he is a base and ignoble creature.

Don't say you will become rich until you have asked your wife. Of all spendthrifts that na-ture invented, a thoughtless woman is the most so. We care not how much money a man may make, if his wife does not second his en. deavours, he is just as sure of dying poor as if he kept a grocery store and trusted everybody.

Anatomical investigation has not exhibited the alightest difference of organization or construction, between the vocal organs of the most discordant singers. All distinction appears to he passed on the amount of nervous energy existing.

The Falls .-- We learn from the Troy Whig that a large portion of the bank at Niagara Falls is in a condition which indicates that it will soon follow the example of Table Rock.

"Sir." said a pompous personage, who un-dertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper ?" "I've no doubt you take it," replied the man of the quill, "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being missing in the morning!"

In Norway it is estimated that the number of persons who are preparing to emigrate to America amounts to 20,000, being two per cent. of the entire population of the kingdom. From the commune of Leolag alone, which contains 5,195 inbabitants, 563 individuals are about to embark for New York.

KINDNESS .--- Cheering words, offered in reason-though dropped on a rough soil-will, in time solten the most obdurate hearts.

The Hindoo law says :--- "Strike not even with a blossom, a wife, though she he guilty of a thousand faults." The English law would let you "hit her with what the blossom grows on.

He who gives for the sake of thanks, knows not the pleasure of giving.

Money makes the gay lady, but virtue the no? ble woman.

cape accidents while on his journey !' Gradually day would give place to night ; then she would clasp her hands and cry, 'Wait for mewait' and hurry to rest.

Singular and happy madness ! sweet delu. sion ! to feel that one's soul belongs to the sun in heave-to have no desire than for an unsullied sky-to fear nothing but the clouds that sometimes obscure the face of the great luminary-to be happy whenever all nature is hap. py ! Such was the life of this poor lunatic for ten years. She had her troubles, too, as much as though she had retained her reason ; for as soon as winter approached, and she saw the face of her spouse grow pale, like that of a man mortally wounded-when she saw his glory hidden behind thick clouds, like a great man whose renown is blackened by envy, she became the most melancholy of women. How long and sad were the short days of winter !-The more exalted her bridegroom was, the more did she suffer at seeing him debased, obscured, enchained, and helpless. But she is soon to be happy again; yet a little while, and the sun pierces through the masses of thick vapor that conceal his brightness, and reappears in all his grandeur and glory. So, when this poor lunatic found her spouse, at the return of spring, the same as he had been in the foregoing season, and saw the leaves of every tree and bush breaking their prisons to welcome him, joy returned to her spirit-she put on her gayest dresses, and sung her most cheerful humn : 'Rejoice, all ye in heaven and on earth ; rejoice, ye stars of the firmame..t , and rejoice, ye waves of the stream ! ye angels who are above our heads, and ye men who tread the eart's beneath your feet, rejoice ! for my spouse the sun was sick and has come back in health; he was lost, and now is found !'

This happy delusion, as we have said, lasted ten years, in spite of all the efforts of science. The bride of the sun died some three years ago, and her death was as touching as her life. It was noon of a lovely day; the sun was bright. yet mild, and showered down its purest rays on all creation. His bride seated on the turt under an aged fruit tree, watched the movements of her august spouse in the sky. Her heart had never been more filled with love, her glances had never been more tender, her dream had never approached nearer to a reality. They understood each other so well-the sun and she !--- he moved so slowly through the sky. doubtless to have the more time to look upon her as she knelt before him. But, oh heavens! all at once the fountain of light and heat stops, and grows dark ; all at once it disappears ; not

Dr. Lipscomb, President of the Mississippi ate Senate, died at his residence in Columbus a the 22d ult. Here would have been a tangle, to be sure! A joint and several estate, such as our lawyers would it hard to settle! The union of two and it hard to settle! The State Senate, died at his residence in Columbus on the 22d ult.

The prisoner is a respectable looking man and slightly bald.

SUDDEN DEATH. -- Mr. Martin Salomons, a native of Hamburg, Germany, but for the last ten years a resident of this town, died suddenly in an apoplectic fit on North Island on Sunday last. An inquest was held over the body by a Coroner's Jury, who rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts-Georgelown Obeerver.

A FREAK OF NATURE .- We were shown vesterday, by Capt. Howard of Charleston Neck, one of the most curious deviations from the ordinary regularity of organic development that it was ever our fortune to meet. It was an egg of extraordinary dimensions, the produce of a fowl of the variety known as the "Os trich breed." The eggs of this variety are large but this was what a distinguished naturalist of our acquaintance would call a "thundering" egg -so big that an Ostrich might have confessed it without much condescension. It was well shaped, too, and, on being broken, there was the albumen, and within it the yolk and the evidence of fertility unmistakeable-but lo! on being emptied, there was in the middle another eggi perfectly shaped, hard-shelled, and of the size of the common egg of this breed of fowls. Can any thing more strange be imagined than this? Suppose the outside egg had been bright ed, or the inside one, or for matter of that, both

In the same assue of this Review came a prospectus and circular. In his appeal, the editor says:

"At a period like this, it becomes every citizen of the Southern and Western States to encourage and support a work devoted so widely to the development of our resources and progress and to remove the mortifying dependence upon other sections of the Union for the knowledge we get of our own operations and movements," We doubt very much the propriety of fos-

tering a work, which, however acceptable in other respects, strikes in harmony with the Northern aggressionists. The "mortifying dependence on other sections," mentioned by the editor, will never be removed by such articles as that which ushers in the present enlarged number of the Review.

South Carolinian,