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Poetical Department.

OH! TELL ME WHAT IS IT?
BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Oh! tell me what is it that quivers the heart;
And causes the tear-drop unbidden, to start;
That sweeps o'er the spirit with sovereign control
And thrills with emotion the depths of the soul!

We see it—we feel it—yet cannot tell how,
When the day-cloud rolls on with the storm on
its brow;
When the wild winds are sweeping—the lightnings
flash high,
And the deep rolling thunder peals out from the
sky.

We see it—we feel it—in the stillness of night,
When the moon and the stars float majestic and
bright,
Looking down on our world from their homes high
above,
Like the pitying eyes of the spirit of love.

We feel it—we see it—when rain-drops fall slow
On the moss-covered roof, with a murmuring
low,
So gently, so softly, in the silence of even,
That heart lies all hushed, and seems nearer to
heaven.

We feel—we see it—when soft music floats
When the hand of a spirit falls light on the notes,
When the shadowy phantoms of days past and
gone,
Come thronging around us to answer each tone.

We see it—we feel it—when face speaks to face,
And the spirit leaps forth for an earnest embrace,
We know that within there's an answering tone,
Tho' the hand of the stranger ne'er clasped our
own.

Oh! tell me, what is it that quivers the heart,
And causes the tear drop, unbidden to start;
That sweeps o'er the passions with sovereign control,
And thrills with emotion the depths of the soul.

"HEAR, HEAR!"—The celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan was very much annoyed on one occasion in the House of Commons, by a member continually interrupting him by shouting "hear, hear." In the course of the debate Sheridan took occasion to allude warmly to a political cotemporary, whom he described as one who wished to play the rogue, but only had sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, placing great emphasis on the word where—"shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than this?"—"Hear, hear," was instantly followed by the member in question. Sheridan instantly turned round and bowed to the gentleman, thanking him for his prompt reply to his question, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but the unfortunate member.

A MARRYING GENIUS.—There is a man in the New York penitentiary, who has had twenty-seven wives. He is just thirty six years of age, and has been engaged in the matrimonial business since he was sixteen, and has therefore had a new wife every seven months, getting rid of the old spouse and courting the new one *ad interim*. He declares he will have a hundred wives before he dies, if they do not cramp his genius within stone walls.

REPEAT NO SLANDER.—Say nothing to another man that will make him feel unhappy. If a neighbor slanders your friend, be not so unwise as to tell him of it. People will talk thoughtlessly and unadvisedly; but he is the most in fault, who whispers aloud every remark that is made in private. He stirs up strife continually. We think more highly of the man who may speak without reflection, than of him who is anxious to repeat what is said on purpose to stir up strife and make enemies of friends.

The New York Express states that the late Postmaster General had completed a contract for leasing the present post office building in that city for fourteen years at ten thousand dollars per annum.

Miscellaneous Department.

The Claim of the United States on the Government of Portugal.

Our readers have heard much about the claim of the United States on the Government of Portugal, which a squadron was recently sent to enforce. The extract which is given below, explains its origin, and exhibits a splendid proof of the bravery of our people. If we are not mistaken, the General Armstrong was, at one period, well known in Charleston harbor. There can be no dispute of the validity of the claim. The laws of nations hold the Government of Portugal responsible, for the violation of the rights of a neutral, within her waters. But still that government is not without remedy. The settlement of the demand with the United States creates one in her favor on England.

DEFENCE OF THE PRIVATEER.—*The Boldest Fight on Record.*—The annals of modern warfare do not furnish the recital of a more gallant action than that fought at Fayal, the Western Islands, in 1814, between a British gun brig and the boats of a British squadron on the one side, and on the other the little privateer armed American brig Gen. Armstrong, of seven guns and ninety men, commanded by Capt. Samuel C. Reid, out of the port of New York.

The terrible engagement of Paul Jones with a British cruiser is scarcely a parallel to it, and few naval battles, even by the large fleets, exhibit so great a slaughter. A British resident at Fayal, who was a witness to the action, in a letter to the celebrated Cobbett, under date of Oct. 15, 1814, thus describes the bold defence and noble conduct of the daring American privateersman:—

"The American privateer brig Gen. Armstrong, of New York, Capt. Samuel C. Reid, of seven guns and ninety men, entered here on the 26th ult., about noon, seventeen days from that place for the purpose of obtaining water. The Captain seeing nothing on the horizon, was induced to anchor. Before the lapse of many hours his Majesty's brig Carnation came in and anchored near her.

About 6 o'clock His Majesty's ship Plantagenet, of seventy-four guns, and the Rota frigate came in, and anchored also. The captain of the privateer and his friends consulted the first authorities here about her security. They all considered her perfectly secure, and that his Majesty's officers knew too well the respect due to a neutral port to molest her. But, to the great surprise of every one, about nine in the evening four boats were despatched, armed, and manned, from his Majesty's ships, for the purpose of cutting her out. It being about the full of the moon, the night perfectly clear and calm, we could see every movement made.—The boats approached with rapidity towards her, when it appears the captain of the privateer hailed them and told them several times to keep off. They notwithstanding pushed on, and were in the act of boarding before any defence was made from the privateer. A warm contest then ensued on both sides. The boats were finally dispersed with great loss.

The American now calculating on a very superior force being sent, cut his cable and rowed the privateer close alongside of the fort within half cable's length where he moored her head and stern, with four lines.

The Governor now sent a remonstrance to Captain Lloyd, of the Plantagenet, against such proceedings, and trusted that the Privateer would not be further molested; she being in the dominions of Portugal and under the guns of the castle, was entitled to Portuguese protection.

Captain Lloyd's answer was that he was determined to destroy the vessel, at the expense of all Fayal, and should any protection be given by the fort, he would not leave a house standing in the village. All the inhabitants were gathered about the walls, expecting a renewal of the attack. At about midnight fourteen launches were discovered to be coming in rotation, for the purpose.

When they got within clear gunshot, a tremendous and effectual discharge was made from the privateer, which threw the boats into confusion. They now returned a spirited fire; but the privateer kept up so continual a discharge, it was almost impossible for the boats to make any progress. They finally succeeded after immense loss, to get alongside of her, and attempted to board her at every quarter, cheered by the officers with a shout of "No quarter" which we could distinctly hear, as well as their shrieks and cries. The termination was near about a total massacre.

Three of the boats were sunk, and but one poor solitary officer escaped death, in a boat that contained fifty souls; he was wounded. The Americans fought with great firmness; some of the boats were left without a single man to row them; others with three or four; the most that any one retained with was about ten; several boats floated on shore full of dead bodies.

With great reluctance I state that they were manned with picked men, and commanded by 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th lieutenants of the Plantagenet; the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th lieutenants of the frigate, and the first officer of the brig, together with a great number of midshipmen. Our whole force exceeded 400 men; but three officers escaped, two of whom are wounded. The bloody and unfortunate contest lasted forty minutes.

After the boats gave out, nothing more was attempted till daylight next morning, when the Carnation hauled alongside and engaged her. The privateer still continued to make a gallant defence. These veterans reminded me of Lawrence's dying words on the Chesapeake, "Don't give up the ship!" The Carnation lost one of her top-masts, and her yards were shot away; she was much cut up in the rigging, and received

several shot in her hull. This obliged her to haul off to repair, and to cease her firing.

The Americans now finding their principal gun (the Long Tom) and several others dismounted, deemed it folly to think of saving her against so superior force; they therefore cut away her mainmast to the deck, blew a hole through her bottom, took out their small arms, clothing, &c., and went on shore. I discovered only two shot holes in the hull of the Privateer, though much cut up in the rigging.

Two boats' crews were afterwards despatched from our vessels which went on board, took out some provisions and set her on fire.

For three days after we were employed in burying the dead that washed on shore in the surf. The number of the British killed exceeded 120, and 90 wounded. The enemy (the Americans) to the surprise of mankind, lost only two killed and seven wounded. We may well say "God deliver us from our enemies," if this is the way the Americans fight.

After burning the privateer, Capt. Lloyd made a demand of the Governor to deliver up the Americans as prisoners—which was refused. He then threatened to send 500 men on shore, and take them by force. The Americans immediately retired with arms to an old Gothic convent, knocked away the adjoining drawbridge, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The captain thought better than to send his men. He then demanded two men, who he said deserted from his vessel when in America. The Governor sent for his men, but found none of the description given.

Many houses received much injury on shore from the guns of the Carnation. A woman sitting in the fourth story her house, had her thigh shot off; and a boy had his arm shot off. The American consul here has made a demand on the Portuguese Government for a hundred thousand dollars, for the privateer; which our consul here Mr. Parkin, thinks in justice will be paid, and that they will claim on England. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayley and other Englishmen, disapprove of the outrage and depredation committed by our vessel on this occasion. The vessel (a ship-of-war) that was despatched to England with the wounded, was not permitted to take a single letter from any person. Being an eye-witness to all this transaction, I have given you a correct statement as it occurred.

ARISTOCRACY.

The Cincinnati Nonpareil, in the following article, gives a merited rebuke to a class that are getting far too numerous in our country.

We are very aristocratic here in our goodly city of Cincinnati. Exclusiveness is fashionable—coteries are formed, who fancy they compose all the taste fashion, and talent existing. If a daring intruder presumes to enter the charmed circle, he meets with a rebuff which tells him that he is looked on as an inferior, no matter what his personal worth and merits may be. It serves the fool right. What business has any one to suppose that sterling character and cultivated intellect could constitute a claim to be received in to fashionable society? Fashionable—fashion! The children of cobblers and tinkers putting on airs, apeing the manners of foreign aristocrats, and claiming to give tone and character to society. Fashionable—quotha!—Why they still smell of leather and prunella.

A gentleman passenger on a steambot from New Orleans to Cincinnati on the trip up, was introduced to a young lady on board by a gentleman relation of hers. We give a brief description of the two. The young lady was charmingly lovely, and amiable in manners; the gentleman was witty, sentimental and amusing, his manner noble, his figure manly—such an one as would catch a lady's eye.

Thrown together in each other society, and mutually attracted, it is not to be wondered that they grew quite familiar. They had *tertium quid* on guards, promenaded the decks arm in arm, the gentleman whispering soft nonsense in the lady's ear. The passengers pronounced it a case of love at first sight, the ladies were more respectful to one who they thought was soon to be a matron, and chambermaids (as chambermaids always do) waited upon no one else but the bride. Miserable prophets—it was not fated to be a match. The boat at length arrived at her place of destination, the association of the two loving ones was at an end, and they were obliged to separate. Whispered adieus, with a soft entreaty from him, was answered by her thrusting a card into his hand, and thus they parted, she to her father's marble halls, and he to the east, where business imperatively called him. The hope of seeing her on his return home filled his heart with joy.

She made an astounding discovery shortly after her return home. A friend of hers who sported mustachios and a goatee, quizzed her unmercifully for losing her heart to a mechanic who was going to Washington to get a patent for a new plough. This was very provoking to her. She protested that she thought he was a gentleman, or she never would have accepted his attentions.

Six weeks flew by, and the young mechanic was on his return home. His heart bounded with joy as he approached Cincinnati. Visions of beauty, grace and loveliness, floated through his brain. Oh, what pleasure to meet La Belle of the Queen City. Her charms had made a deep impression on his susceptible heart. His foot touched the wharf, and away he flew to the mansion of his beloved. He was ushered in, and his name announced. The young lady floated into the room. Oh, how lovely! But what is the matter? She does not know him, bestows no glance of recognition upon the face lit up with pleasure at seeing her again.

"You do not recollect me," said he, timidly, and mortified to think the impression—if one he had made—was so evanescent.

"I do not, sir," replied she, in a cold tone,

and with an air of hauteur such as a tragedy queen affects.

He reminded her of their previous acquaintance on board the steamer.

"Oh, yes, yes—a steambot acquaintance! Good morning, sir," and with this answer she left the room.

Her old papa heard the name of his visitor, when announced, but thought his presence would be *mal appropos* at their first meeting, so the good natured old gent remained in his room, and begged himself at the prospect of Julia marrying the Hon. Mr. ——— M. C., rich and distinguished. Mustachios had humbugged Julia. She, because he was a mechanic, had given him an unpardonable insult.

The reader may fancy Julia's mortification and her father's rage, when they had a mutual explanation.

From the New Orleans Picayune, July 31.

FROM TEXAS.

By the arrival of the steamship Palmetto, we have received files of Galveston papers to the 27th ult.

There seems to be great excitement respecting the boundary question, but no decided measures have yet been taken.

The San Antonio Ledger, speaking of the approaching extra session of the legislature says:

"The crisis has arrived in which it has become necessary to assume and maintain a firm position, or sacrifice those rights which she has ever claimed."

The News states that evidence has been taken relative to the outrage committed by the U. S. Dragoons at Fredericksburg by burning a store-house, with merchandize in it and the records of Gillespie county. This evidence has proved the truth of the account heretofore given. The party of soldiers numbered twenty or twenty-five, and were headed by Serg't. John F. Smith, 2d Dragoons. The public is anxiously looking for the impartial administration of our laws in this case of unprecedented outrage.

In regard to the crops we find the following extract of a letter, dated Brenham, July 16:

"The prospect of the crop of Corn and Cotton is moderate—both are very late. The rains have ceased, and should the dry weather, which has just set in, continue, the crop will be cut quite short. The caterpillar has made its appearance on one or two farms."

From Columbus, Colorado county, July 17th a person writes that "crops of Corn are very fine, and Cotton looks well, but it is backward." The picking season will not commence until a month later than usual.

A letter, dated Huntsville, July 26, says:

The crops, both of Corn and Cotton, are very backward. Frost will certainly come upon us ere all the cotton can possibly mature, even if the planters shall be fortunate enough to escape the ravages of the worm.

The Western (San Antonio) Texan gives the following Indian news:

On the night of the 3d inst., a party of Indians stole from the rancho of Mr. Lay, four miles from Seguin, nine horses; also, on the same night, from Mr. Odin, six miles below Seguin, on the Guadalupe, seven horses. Also, from Mr. Erskine, living in the neighborhood of Seguin, a number of horses—the exact number we have been unable to ascertain. On the evening of the 7th, the horses of Mr. Kesiah, living on the Cibola, about three miles below the Sulphur Springs were driven off. The citizens living about the Springs were gathered on the morning of the 8th to pursue them. On Sunday, the 7th, the Indians were on the Coleta, and Monday a party of 15 or 20 men, from the neighborhood of Seguin, crossed the Coleta on the trail, in hot pursuit. It is probable they will join the party from the Springs, and pursue them together.

On Monday last an express arrived here, who reported that on Friday, the 5th inst. two parties of Indians were committing depredations on the Cibola, about forty-five miles above this place. One party of fifteen had attacked the rancho of Mr. Cassiano killed one man and drove off the horses. Another party of six or seven had, when seen, a drove of horses, the majority of which, it is supposed, belonged to Mr. James Peacock.

We learn also, that a party have been seen between this city and Cibola, on their way up the country, with a large number of horses.

On the 8th inst. Lieut. Underwood, with thirteen men, left the Fort Merrill to escort the mail rider to Laredo, and on the evening of the same day met a party of Indians on the Nueces, who fired on him from the opposite side of the river. He immediately crossed over and dispersed them. On the 12th inst. when within about thirty-five miles of Laredo, he met a party of nine Indians, well mounted, who fired upon him with guns and arrows, which being returned, a sharp conflict ensued, which lasted about half an hour, when the Indians retreated. The condition of Lieut. Underwood's horses not permitting a charge, he dismounted his men and fought on foot. Lieut. Underwood's men killed and seven wounded, and one man was Lieut. Underwood himself. One of the wounded men died a few days after at Fort Merrill. The Indians lost one man killed and four or five wounded; one very seriously and not mortal. During the skirmish one horse and one mule strayed away, which were doubtless carried off by the Indians. We learn that the mail was also lost.

The Nueces Valley, of the 13th inst., says: "On the 8th inst., our citizens were thrown into an alarm by a report that reached town that the Indians had made their appearance near the Tuloso Rancho, fifteen miles from this place. They came across three Mexicans in the prairie, killed one and put the other two to flight. They passed near the Oso Rancho, eight miles from here, driving a large cabalaca,

and steering their course for the Nueces. By the direction they came, they must be from the Lower Rio Grande. Capt. Humphreys immediately despatched an express to Fort Merrill, communicating the facts to the commander at that post."

The Hon. R. E. Clemens, of Cameron county, arrived here last Tuesday, via Fort Merrill from San Antonio. From him we learn that Col. Harde and his command, consisting of four mounted companies—two of dragoons and two of rangers—had arrived at Fort Merrill, and will make the contemplated scout, according to Gen. Brook's order, in a few days.—These troops, we understand, are to be kept in active service in scouring the country between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers until the Indians, who are now infesting that section of country, are killed or dispersed.

News reached here this morning that a very large body of Indians attacked a party of mustangers while chasing mustangs, on Monday last, near the Loma Blanca, seventy-five miles from Corpus Christi, and killed seven persons dead on the ground, the bodies of which have been found and buried, besides two that are missing, supposed to have been killed or taken prisoners. Several are wounded.

Mr. James, who arrived here from Victoria on Saturday last, informs us that he learned at Goliad, that seven persons had been killed by the Indians a few days previous, on the east side of the San Antonio river, some six or eight miles above the Cibola, on the San Antonio and Goliad road.

The Victoria Advocate of the 19th says: A letter from Judge Gamble, of San Patricio, informs us that an engagement took place on the 8th inst. at a place called Olmer, about sixty miles West of San Patricio, between thirteen Mexicans belonging to the rancho of Judge Love, and a party of Comanche Indians. The Mexicans were out mustanging. About four o'clock in the evening they were attacked by about twenty Indians, whom they succeeded in beating back about two thousand yards; three of their own number being wounded and four Indians killed. The Indians being then reinforced, a large body (about eighty) having in the meantime come up with about four hundred horses, renewed the attack, a portion on horseback and the balance on foot acting as infantry. The Mexicans dismounted, and seeking the shelter of the woods, prepared for a desperate resistance. The Indians fought with great boldness and a hand to hand fight ensued, in which nine of the Mexicans were killed.

From a gentleman just in from the West the Washington Lone Star learns that the crops in the Colorado Valley are more favorable than they have been for many preceding seasons. On the San Marcos, Guadalupe, and San Antonio rivers, the prospect of an abundant harvest is every where manifested.

The Nueces Valley, published at Corpus Christi, says that never have the people in that vicinity realized such crops as during the present season. The corn is equal to any grown in the South. Several persons who have planted the Irish potato this year have succeeded beyond their most distant expectations. Capt. De planted on his place, seven miles above Corpus Christi, less than one barrel of potatoes as an experiment, which has yielded sixty six bushels. They are a very large potato, and will compare with any raised at the North. Besides the potato they have many other kinds of vegetables.

A young gentleman in the military academy at Paris eat nothing but soup or dry bread, and drank nothing only cold water. The governor, attributing this singularity to excess of devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who, however, continued the same regime. The governor sent for him again, and informed him that such singularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rules of the academy. He next endeavored to learn the reason of this conduct; but as the youth could not be persuaded to impart the secret, he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. Sir, answered he, in my father's house I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little; here I have good soup, and excellent white bread, and I eat heartily. But I cannot persuade myself to eat anything else when I consider the situation in which I have left my father and mother. The governor could not refrain from tears at this filial sensibility. Your father said he, has he no pension? No, replied the youth, for twelve months past he has been soliciting one; the want of money obliged him to give up the pursuit; and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country. Well, returned the governor, if the fact is as you represent it, I promise to obtain for him a pension of 500 livres a year. And, said the youth, your friends are in such poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket money, and I will remit your father the first half year of his pension in advance. Al! sir, returned the youth, as you have the goodness to remit a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add these louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for; they would be useless to me, but they would be of great service to my father for his children.

The last words of Mirabeau were "sleep." He twice or thrice wrote to request that they would give him opium; he fell back again apparently lifeless, when some artillery being discharged in the neighborhood, the dying Mirabeau raised himself up on one arm, opened his eyes, smiled, and said with a clear and almost exulting voice, "The funeral rites of Achilles, have already commenced; I have an age of courage, but not an instant of life," and expired.

A Printer in the prime of life,
Greatly needs a handsome wife.