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## THOMAS J. WARREN.

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#### THE SEA .- BY BYRON.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society, where none intrudes, By the deep sea, and music in its roar : I love not man the less, but nature more, From these our interviews, in which I steal, From all I may be, or have been before, To mingle with the universe, and feel What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean-roll Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain; Man marks the earth with ruin-his control Stops with the shore ;-upon the watery plain The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, When for a moment, like a drop of rain, He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are hot upon thy paths,-thy fields Are not a spoil for him,-thou dost arise And shake from thee, the vile strength he wields For earth's destruction thou dost all despise, Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies. And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray And howling, to his gods, where haply lies His petty hope in some near port or bar, And dashest him again to earth-there let him lay

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake, And monarchs tremble in their capitals, The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make Their clay creator the title take Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war; These are thy toys, and, as the snowy fiske, They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? Thy waters wasted them while they were free, And many a tyrant since; their shores obey The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play-Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow-Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

but the most part lying on the ground, waiting until their turn should come to be admitted, but often before night the half of them were carried to the cemetery instead of the infirmary .- As may well be supposed, the task of the physicians was no light one, and finally they were obliged to organize their labor, and force themselves to repose a certain time every day, and take the service in turns, in order to be able to bear up under the extraordinary efforts they were called upon to make.

seen at the door, some supported by relations,

One day, a young physician, he who twenty years later was known as the celebrated Dr. Soulie, was leaving the hospital to go and take his turn of repose, a servant man, breathless and pale, met him at the gate, and asked if he was a physician. The doctor answered in the m rmative, and the man begged him, for God's site. to go to a house in the neighborhood and see a sick person. Although against the rule they had established, the doctor consented, and was conducted to the house by the servant, who showed him into a large handsomely furnished room. In this room the doctor remarked first a tall, handsome woman, with her hair all in disorder, and her face pale as a corpse, standing near and screening a child, which lay upon a sofa. Around her was collected a group of twelve young girls, who looked to the doctor to be of nearly the same age, and made him suppose it was a boarding school, particularly as the young girls all wore dark green silk dresses, and had their blond hair braided and tied with blue ribbons. The doctor could see no difference between any of them; they all had fair skins, small blue eyes, light hair, long noses and large mouths; but before he could ask any questions about them, the woman advanced hunriedly, and seizing him by the arm, led him to the sois, and in a hoarse voice, said, 'Look at that child.' The doctor looked-before him lay a beautiful little girl of about ten years of age, but utterly different from the others. Her hair was black as midnight, and hung in ringlets over her shoulders : her eves were closed, and her livid complexion and contracted features showed that the dreadful disease had seized upon her.

'Open that window,' said the doctor, 'and bring some vinegar immediately to rub the child's body.'

'What ?' cried the woman, 'she has not got the plague?'

'Why, certainly ; did you not know it ? answered the doctor. 'No, no; take her away, take her away-she

shan't stay here to kill us all .- Come, my daughters, come away, quick ! Oh ! the wretched child, she will be the death of you ?' and she pushed the twelve girls out of the room and went after them.

But the doctor sprang after her.

'Are you the mother of that child?' he asked. 'Yes; but take her away-she shan't stay here.

'She must be put to bed and taken care of,' said the doctor.

"She shall not have a bed in this house-to's her away."

"But whereasts I to take hert-buildes and will die if removed." "I don't ease take her to the basatah any-

wher Though horrified by the feeling expressed by

It was just three weeks after his first visit to the jailor came to announce that the moment the house of Monsieur Domergue, that the doc- had arrived to say their last prayers. tor returned, taking with him the little girl who had been almost miraculously saved from death. When he reached the door some men were just bringing out two coffins to be placed in a hearse, which stood in the street. The doctor and his protege ascended the stairs, entered the parlor and proceeded to another room, without seeing anybody or hearing any noise. A deathly si-lence pervaded the whole house. But Esther in the greatest alarm pushed open a door and led the way to the room where she and her twelve sisters had slept together. The door was open, but four beds alone occupied the room, and two of these were empty. On the others lay two of the fair-haired twins, and by their side stood Madame Domergue looking at them if stupified. Esther, with an undefined dread of something frightful rushed up to her mother and threw her arms around her. But as soon as Madame Dumergue saw her, she threw her from her, then seized her again and would have torn her to pieces if the doctor had not snatched her from her grasp. As it was, the poor child's face was all scratched and bloody, and she fainted almost immediately.

' Why do you bring her here?' cried Madame Domergue. 'She is the cause of all my misfortune. There lie the only two I have left. Take the little demon away or I will kill her in spite of you!

Almost frozen with horror, the doctor answered not a word, but bore the insensible and bleeding child from the room, out of the house, and placed her in a carriage which he saw passing and stopped. He ordered the coachman todrive to an obscure little street where lived, in the most humble manner, the doctor's venerable mother. She received the unhappy child, gave her all necessary relief, and installed her in a small room near her own.

It was as Madame Domergue had said; in three weeks ten of her idolized daughters had fallen victims to the terrific disease, and the day after the doctor's second visit the other two died. and were buried like their sisters. A few days more, and the mother herself followed, and when the doctor, hearing of it, returned, he found that house, once so noisy with young voices, and so full of the joy and pride of a large family, silent as the tomb, occupied only by a prematurely old man, left alone in the world and prostrate with h's grief. A few months afterwards, Mr. Domergue died in hopeless insanity.

Esther, brought up under the motherly care of Madame Soulie, budded into womanhood as lovely a young create cas could possibly be seen. When in her eighteenth year she became the wife of the docto; who was now beginning to be known in the world, and she made her appearance in the salons of Paris and was for years the most admired woman of the time. She became the mether of five children-four sons and one daughter-whom she brought up and educacated to be an honor to herself and ornaments to the solety in which they lived: Dr. Soulie b came in time one of the physicans of the court o that Mill and when the political troubles gan to break out he, unfortunately, wrote a pane alet in favor of the court, and thus because a machinal mean. In the full of 1792, at three the source of the meaning, the people foreibly entered for. Sould's house, dragged him and his two el-dest sons from their beds, and in spite of the prayers and entreaties of the poor wife and mother, carried them off. It was nearly a week before Madame Soulie could hear any news of her loved ones, and then-they had already been dead four days-the guillotine had done its work for them. Madame Soulie clasped her three remaining children in her arms, two boys of seventeen and eighteen, and a girl of fifteen years of age. But as she strained them to her in the agony of her grief, fresh trouble was preparing for her. Her sons vowed within themelves to revenge the murder of their father and b others. It would take too long to narrate all the circumstances which followed: but these two young men placed themselves at the head of a conspiracy against the government, and one year precisely from the day on which she had earned the death of her husband and two cldest boys, Madame Soulie received a short note, as follows : CONCIERGERIE, Thursday noon. Mother-Dear Mother : We have conspired against the government-we have been betrayed and are to die to-morrow. Bear it bravely, mother ; we die for our father and our brothers. HENRI ET VICTOR. What words can describe the despair of that poor mother? At first she prayed God to take her life or her reason .- But a ray of hope dawned upon her .- She might, perhaps, save her boys; the tribunal which had condemned them could not be deaf to a mother's prayer-a moth er's despair. But alas! Madame Soulie little knew the men upon whose compassion the counted. In vain she supplicated, in vain she prayed ; they ended by refusing to listen to her any lenger. She did all that could possibly be done to save her boys from death; she even after the example of Madame Chalais, tried to bribe the executioners. But they accepted her money and then betrayed her. Finding all her efforts useless, she tried to resign herself, and determined, as she could not obtain her son's lives, at least to get permission to aid them to die. This was with great difficulty granted her, but at last she received it, and a couple of hours before the execution was to take place, she presented herself before her unhappy boys. Then all the grandeur of her soul, the devotion, the resignation was so remarkable in after life, showed itself. No useless tears; no reproaches, no lamenting. One short burst of agony which the sight of the manacled limbs of her children forced from her in spite of herself, and she was done with this world. Every moment was precious .- God, and the eternity into which these two boys were soon to enter, formed the sole subject of the conversa-

Madame Soulie stood by while the chains were knocked off; she knelt and prayed with the priest, | her. who had been sent to accompany the prisoners

to the scaffold; and then she took an arm of each of her beloved boys and left the prison with them. They could not help pitying those two handsome youths about to be executed, but tears neighbor's affairs and help on, with railroad ran down the hardest cheeks at the sight of that noble mother, still in mourning for her husband and two eldest children, and now accompanying her two remaining sons to death. She ascending the sc.ffold with them, embraced them tenderly, offered up a short prayer with them, and then allowed herself to be led off by a friend .--But she was not out of hearing when the shouts of the multitude announced to her that all was

Well, in '95 she was herself condemned to death, on the charge of concealing her brotherin-law, a political prisoner who had escaped from prison. A second time she mounted the scaffold, and was preparing to die, when an order and placed their names high on the page of hiscame for her release. She then retired to a little farm she owned near Blois, soon after mar- | and Asia, died at 33. Bonaparte was crowned ried her daughter to a man every way worthy of Emperor of France when 33 years of age. Pitt, her. But misfortune was to be her lot through | the younger brother, was about 20 years of age life. Her only child, all that fate had left her to love and cherish, died in child-birth, eleven months after her marriage.

It was then that Madame Soulie turned her eyes towards the cloister. After considerable delay she was received into the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, and in 1825 was made Lady Abbess, which place she held until her death. Her last moments were soothed by the presence of many of those upon whom she had conferred her benefits and charities, and she died as calmly as an infant falling to sleep, her lips sealed to the crucifis, and her eyes turned to that heaven to which certainly, if afflictions accord the right to enter, she had won.

### The Travelled Whisper.

The following sketch (says the Southern Literary Gazette) is from the pen of Miss C. W. Barber, the editor of the Madison, (Georgia) Family Visitor. The moral which it teaches is not less important that it is a familiar one. It is a lamentable reproach upon humanity, that there are everywhere to be found, those who will whisper down a spotless reputation out of their love of gossip-mongering. If this country were an empire, and we its despotic ruler, we would enact a law by which the tongue that uttered slander should be instantly cut out !

## " Fil tell the a talens 'twas told to me."-": :orr.

" I d , not like to say anything about it," whie pered Mrs. Sawyer to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Ashton, "but they do say that Miss Bates, our new music teacher, is no better than she should be. 1 don't think that I shall send Anna Maria, or Sarah Jane. True, she comes highly recommended, but Mrs. Goodenough, whose daughter went to school last year, within twenty miles of Miss Bates' father's, tell me that her daughter heard from one of her school mates, a to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the slight whisper to Miss Bates' disadvantage; and d light of the little madchens when this request people are best known at home, you know. Mrs. Ashton held up both her gloved hands in wonder and approval of this sentiment, and then hastened away on her round of morning it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices, in calls, all the wiser for her visit to Mrs. Sawyer's. a simple air, which they sung in parts, and from Her next stopping place was at Mrs. Willis'. She found that lady over her sewing in the sitting room, and quite alone. "I am delighted to see you," cried Mrs. Ashton, half breathless from fast walking. "It has been age since I met with you last. How are you and your charming daughters, Melissa Ann how it was that the Germans were a nation of and Julia ? The latter are at school, I dars say. By the way, Mrs. Willis, I have been greatly of the peasants at their work, the ear is never shocked this merning. I never should have shocked by the drawling, untaught style of the dreamed of such a thing, as Mrs. Sawyer has same class of people in our country. From the just been whispering to me. I can hardly believe it now. But I must beg you not to say a word about it to ang soul living. I am so shocked to think such a thing could have happened! as the words they were singing, in their hands, Pray don't mention it from me on any consideration, but they do say that Miss Bates, the new music teacher has a very bad character indeed, at home. Mrs. Sawyer has it on unquestionable authority, and has declined the idea of sending her daughters on that account. But she is young and pretty, poor thing! and I am very sorry for her, and wouldn't injure her for anything in the world !'

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fore acquainted; it was re-established when she had stayed long in the Academy at B------ and lived down the aspersions so cruelly cast upon

But her case is not an isolated one. Many and many a reputation, has been wrecked by busy bodies, who have little to do at home, and abroad for employment ; who love to gossip over their speed, THE TRAVELLING WHISPER.

### From the Unionville Journal'.

Young Men .-- The idea is prevalent in some communities, that young men are fit neither for generals nor statesman, and they must be kept in the back-ground until their physical strength is impaired by age, and their intellectual facul-tics become blunted by years. Let us look to the history of the past, and, from the long list of heroes and statesmen who have nobly distinguished themselvs, we shall find that they were young men who performed those acts which have won for them an imperishable meed of fame tory. Alexander, the conquerer of Greece, Egypt when, in Fritian's Parliament, he boldly advocated the cause of the American Colonies, and but 22 when made Chancellor of the Exchequet:---Edmund Burke, at the age of 25, was the first Lord of the Treasury. Our own Washington 25 when he covered the retreat of Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the commander-inchief of all the Virginia forces. Alexander Harilton at 20, was a Lieutenant Colonel and aid to Washington; at 25, a member or Congress; and at 33, Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but 23 when he drafted the evermemorable Declaration of Independence. At the age of 30 years, Sir Isaac Newton occupied the mechanical chair at Cambridge College, having by his scientific discoveries. rendered his name imm ortal.

We will add that John Rutledge was but 26 years of age when he went to the first Continntal Congress. Edward Rutledge was but 24 when he went to the Congress of 1775. John C. Calhoun was but 26 or 27 when he was the leader of the House of Representatives, and was mainly instrumental in establishing our nationality through the war of 1812. Patrick Henry was "a rash youth" when he wrote his resolutions, which were destined to revolutionize America. It is no sin to be young, however envious it may be.

#### Early Musical Education in Germny. FROM SOUVENIRS OF A SUMMER IN GERMANY.

In visiting the school at Schwalbach, the first room we came to was that of the girls, who were all learning astronomy. A strange preparation, thought 1, for the after-life of a Nassau female. Who would think that the walking masses, half grass, half woman, one meets every day in the fields and lanes would be able to tell whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun around the earth, or if the moon were any bigger than their own recping hooks? We asked the master mide knewn · there was an universal ening of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where the notes. The next room was full of little boys between six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, "hardly higher than the table." I understood mu-icians, and that in listening to the rude song time they are able to lisp, they are made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouse. and all the other children, had the music, as well written on sheets of paper; they followed the time as correctly as possible, marking with their little fingers on the page the crochets, quavers, rests, &c. At Leipsie, the most un-English trait I gathered during my speculations at the window this evening, was a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and a few stockingless and were engaged in some uproarious game when in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody, each taking his part, soprano, tenor, bass, &c., with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true schoel-boy fashion, sally down the street; vociferating their song in such time and tune that but for my initiation into the mystery at the Schwalbach school, I should have started at them as so many little wonders. What a delightful system is this music ! as early and indispensable a branch of education as the A. B. C.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, Calm or convulsed-in breeze, or gale, or storm, Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime-The imagine of eternity-the throne Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy Ot youthful sports was on thy breast to be Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy I wantoned with thy breakers-they to me Were a delight; and if the freshering sea, Made them a terror-'twas a pleasing fear, For I was as it were a child of thee, And trusted to thy billows far and near. And laid my hand upon thy mane-as I do here

#### A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. An Eventful and Remarkable Personal History.

The following marvellous and interesting narrative is given in a letter from Paris, under date of the 15th January last, from the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican :

The venerable Abbess of the Ursuline Convent of Nevers, whose life was perhaps one of the most eventful on record died last week at the advanced age of ninety-eight. For fifty years she has been an inmate of the Convent, winning the love and respect of all who approached her.

In the summer of 1762, there broke out at Paris a disease very similar to what is now call-'ed cholera, and which was quite as fatal in its consequences .- Although not contagious, the immense number of persons attacked by it led the people to think it was so, and terror took hold of the minds of all. Mothers abandoned their children, wives their husbands, sisters their brothers, and almost as many perished by flight as by the disease itself. In two months thirtyone thousand persons were buried in the different burial-grounds around the city .- The hospitals were crowded-so crowded that the physicians and nurses passed with difficulty among the beds, and the demand for admission was so great that every day a long file of sick might be

this unnatural mother, the doctor tried a moment to persuade her to do something for her child; but finding it useless, and seeing that if he left the little girl in the house, she would die from neglect, he took her in his arms, wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to the hospital, where he was fortunate enough to find a vacant bed for the little sufferer. The doctor then made some inquiries concerning her parents, and learned that Monsieur Domergue was a manufacturer of large means, and his wife really the mother of thirteen children, all daughters, and duly registered at the Mayor's office as having been born in seven years. Six times Madame Domergue brought a pair into the world, all wonderfully resembling each other, light hair, blue eyes, fair skin and sharp features. The mother adored them, and her pride and joy was at its climax when she found her family again about to be increased. But alas! this time she was disappointed, for a little girl arrived, but without any companion. This alone would have been enough to have turned her mother's heart from her, but besides this she was entirely different from the twelve others. The mother could see no beauty in her clear brunette complexion, her black curling hair, dark eyes and exquisite features, and from the moment of her birth, little Esther was an isolated being, unloved and uncared for. While her sisters were dressed in silk, she wore cotton, and while they were fed upon dainty food, she eat with the servants in the kitchen. As she grew she gave her mother fresh cause for dislike, for whereas her sisters were endowed with intellects of the most mediocre order, and learned the simplest thing with the greatest difficulty, Esther's talents and quickness of perception made her the wonder of her sisters. Seeing this, and that her twelve pets were likely to be thrown into the shade, Madame Domergue stopped Esther's lessons entirely, and the most the poor child could obtain was permission to remain in the room while her sisters were with their teachers. By this means she was enabled to learn a great deal, and afterwards often said, these were her only happy hours. The father of this large family, though a kind hearted man, was exceedingly weak, and the slave of his wife. Besides, he was much from home, and when in the house, never dared to interfere in the regulations made by his wife.

All these particulars the doctor heard from the servants and the neighbors, and the interest he had felt for the child thus singularly placed under his care was doubled, and he determined to use every means to save her life. He accordingly watched her himself night and day, and finally found his efforts crowned with success. The child got well.

Mrs. Willis laid down her work with consternation pictured in her face ; and the two ladies whispered and nodded significantly, for the next two hours.

At the end of that time Mrs. Willis remembered that she had a host of calls to make, and tying on her bonnet, the two ladies went together.

Before night, the whisper that Mrs. Sawyer had thoughtlessly echoed from the tongue of a school girl, had travelled all through the village, and ten miles into the country, and there was a prospect of its travelling on, on, as far as the Academy of B-was known, and blighting in every family, where it was carried, the fair fame of a pale faced, sweet young creature, who bent with patient assiduity over her task, unconscious that a breath more fatal than the simoon of the desert, had passed over her character. If there is not deliberate cruelty in thus murdering the reputation and destroying the influence of another, and that other a strurger, tim'd and sensitive as the Mimosa which shrinks from the slightest touch, tell me in what cruelty consists ! And yet it was all the work of a whisper; a thoughtless and unmeaning whisper. Miss Bates' reputation was re-established when she learned, after weeks of suffering, the exaggerated reports everywhere in circulation in regard to her, and brought testimonials of her innocence, from her native town, and from the first persons in other tion between the mother and her children, until communities, with whom she chanced to be be- scruple.

DistRSSING EVENT .- We were shocked yesterday morning to here the sudden death of Miss Fannie Taylor, an interesting little girl of 12 or 13 years of age, and daughter of Alexander Taylor, Fsq. With some of her companions she was playing on a huge pile of wheat in one of the upper stories of the Gallego Mills, and was drawn gown by the suction of the trough threa th which the wheat is passed below, and she was litterally buried and sufficated under the wheat. When she wes taken out, medical aid was at hand to relieve her if possible, but the vital spark had fled. The scene of distress at the awful death of so sweet a girl, is described to us as being intensely painful.-Richmond Enquirer.

Where merit appears, do justice to it without