

# The Camden Journal.

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## Poetical Department.

### MAIDEN TEARS.

Her home was but a cottage home;  
A simple home, and small;  
Yet sweetness and affection made  
It seem a fairy hall:  
A little taste, a little care,  
Made humble things appear  
As though they were transplanted there  
From some superior sphere!  
Her home was but a cottage home,  
A simple home and small,  
Yet sweetness and affection made  
It seem a fairy hall.

As sweet the home, so sweet the maid,  
As graceful and as good:  
She seemed a lily in the shade,  
A violet in the bud;  
She had no wealth, but maiden worth—  
A wealth that's little fame;  
Yet that's the truest gold on earth—  
The other's but a name!  
Her home was but a cottage home,  
An humble home, and small,  
Yet sweetness and affection made  
It seem a fairy hall.

A cheerfulness of soul, that threw  
A smile o'er every task,  
A willingness, that ever flew  
To serve ere one could ask.  
A something we could wish our own!  
An humble flower-born,  
To grace in its de,ree a throne,  
Or any rank adorn!  
Her home was but a cottage home,  
A simple home, and small,  
Yet sweetness and affection made  
It seem a fairy hall! [N. O. Picayune.]

## The Olio.

### THE POLISHED BOOTS, OR, THE RICH BRUSSELS CARPET.

**A Thrilling Eleven Hundred and Twenty-four Dollar Prize Tale.** "Go it Boots."—Milton. See 'em!  
See those new boots standing as a summer's cloud upon the rich Brussels carpet.  
Black as the night of doom, they sit quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet. Ten thousand tempestuous clouds, made up of lamplblack, midnight and little niggers, could not rival in darkness those new calf-skin boots, sitting quietly upon the new Brussels carpet.

How still they are!  
Like a black Berkshire pig, on some summer's day, half-buried in mud, unstirred by the gentle gale, sit the boots upon the carpet.

Look again!  
The sun, just sinking in the west, like a huge Orange county cheese. The splendidly golden curtains are enrolling around his evening couch. The plough-boy is preparing to turn out his team, and the milk-maid, as a Peri with a new bonnet, is about to milk the gentle cows.

How beautiful!  
The rich, the golden sunshine, peers in at the raised window, and bathes in a flood of light the room with the rich Brussels carpet. How it lingers on the new calf-skin boots, sitting so still. Not a sound is heard, yet how the boots shine in the golden sunshine! They glitter like a warrior's buckler, all scoured up! Like a negro's heel in a dark night, appear the boots, in the golden sunshine, upon the rich Brussels carpet, at the close of day.

The boots were paid for! That day they had been purchased.

What ecstasy!  
The first new pair of calf-skin boots! Is there a free born American citizen whose heart does not throb at the mention of such things? Point him out, and let him be branded as some misanthropic wretch who entered upon the stage of life with nothing but coarse cowhide "stogies" to hide his homely feet.

Yet every rose has its thorn. Every pleasure has its pain. Every stick of candy has its end. We remember well that as we looked upon those new calf-skin boots, bathed in a flood of golden sunshine, and sitting quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet, just at the decline of day, we thought that some ill-fated offspring of a cow had been slain in cold blood—his sleek, glossy skin cut from his quivering flesh, and plunged into tan-bark and lime—while the bereaved mother was mourning for the calf that should bleat no more, or caper around with his hind legs and tail in the air.

Calves must die!  
Whether upon two legs or four, we solemnly reiterate the truth, that calves must die! As we thought of these things, a tear came into our eye. We brushed it away and turned boldly to the future, as we look upon the new boots, sitting quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet!

**Mrs. Partington on the Pacific Railroad.**—Thirty thousand dollars worth of Specific Railroad stock taken! Well, I wonder what kind of stock they are going to use to expel the railroad, as it flies on its course as if on the minions of a pledged singsters over the great desert country which consists of vast fages, immense cannons, great taverns, big barns, and other characteristics of a galvanic legend, whether they are horses, oxen, or mules. I do believe that the spangled notions of steam injuns and volcanic batters isn't to despair with the old ways of movin' through the world, specially in sinners movin' down that broad road to destruction; where, as the parson said last Sunday, there was whipping and whaling and knocking out teeth.

**Too Poor to do without it.**—A lady in Maine recently sent her pay for another year's subscription to the Portland Christian Mirror, adding at the close of her letter, that she was "infinitely too poor to do without it." There are some things that we can easily dispense with, but newspapers are now classed among the necessities. Where is there an intelligent man who would not rather lose one meal a day than go without his newspaper? "Can't afford to take the paper"—you can't afford to do without it. "Hav'n't time to read a paper," then you hav'n't time to sleep or breathe. It is a duty a man owes to society to be informed of the news of the day and the improvements of the age—and he cannot be thus informed without he reads at least one good paper.

**Gold in Mexico.**—A company of miners from Missouri was working a gold mine twenty-eight miles from Santa Fe with great success.

The Paducah Journal has hoisted the flag of Henry Clay for President, and Wm. H. Seward for Vice President, in 1852.

'Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' las Sunday?  
'How you know I hab watch?  
'Bekase I seed the chain hang out the pocket in front.  
'Go 'way nigger! spose you see halter 'round my neck; you link dar is hoss inside ob me.'

**SCHOOLMASTER.**—"Robert compare the adjective cold."  
Robert.—Positive, cold; comparative, cough; superlative, coffin.

"On what meat did Dido feed?" "Dido it dur, according to Virgil."

## Communication.

For the Camden Journal.

LANCASTERVILLE, March 16, 1850.

Messrs. Editors: At your request, I send you an article for your journal; and inasmuch as you have left me to select my own subject, I have chosen "Temperance," and will only premise that it is one of vast importance, not only from the ends it has in view, but from the innovations it proposes.

The temperance reformation involves a restriction upon the free gratification of some of those appetites and desires implanted in man by nature—a great moral reformation, and a change in the habits of the people. The ends it has in view, are to absolve man from intemperance; to rid society of its greatest curse—drunkenness, and its consequent evils; and to develop all the cardinal virtues that adorn a good and pure man. To do this, it proposes as a mean the hitherto unheard-of expedient of total abstinence. These are questions of grave importance; and if you will loan me a column, we will discuss at least one of them.

It is not to be denied that total abstinence is a restriction upon the use of a beverage heretofore classed among the choicest blessings of a kind Providence, and that it does in some sort interfere with the free and unrestrained enjoyment of that great Americanism—liberty. But before we do as others have done, receive this as an objection of paramount importance, let us reflect that we live in a state or condition where each one must yield some portion of his natural liberty for the general good, and that all the advantages and benefits which we are now deriving from society and government, are the returns we have for the natural liberty we have so surrendered; and let us also inquire if the wants of society do not require us to forego the use of all intoxicating drinks, that good order may be maintained within her borders, and her people be made sober, industrious, and happy. Men are social beings, and before one individual can arrogate to himself the privilege of enjoying fully and without any restraint, his primeval natural liberty, he must cut himself loose from all connection with his fellow-man, and becoming as one of the wild beasts of the forest, live debarred of all the benefits of civilization. These are all self-evident truths, the bare statement of which is sufficient for my purpose, without argument or illustration.

We may state it, then, as a principle growing out of necessity, that it is the duty of man to surrender to society, for the general as well as his individual good, as much of his natural liberty as may be required to secure good order and "the peace, safety, and happiness of the people." From which we may deduce this proposition: that if we can show the use of intoxicating drinks by the people at large, is an evil calculated to be prejudicial to the welfare of society, socially, morally, or politically, by destroying the benefits it should confer, or retarding it in the development and culture of morality and religion, or otherwise, it is the duty of man entirely to abandon their use. The affirmative of this proposition, I think, can be established.

Is the use of intoxicating liquors an evil of that magnitude it is represented? I am well aware that there are some persons who stigmatize total abstinence as ultraism, fanaticism, &c., and say that moderate drinking is temperance, and that there is no evil in taking a drink. As abstract propositions I am prepared to admit these two last to be true; but I am far from doing so when received in connection with the results that moderate drinking leads to, and do not hesitate to say that temperance does not consist in the moderate use of alcoholic drinks, and that that use is an evil. Would any sane man say that he was temperate who was in the habit of drinking small doses of arsenic or other poisonous drug? How, then, can

the use of alcohol be called temperance, when it not only poisons the body, but the very heart of man? No! Temperate drinking consists in the use of those beverages that are healthful and useful, and a total abstinence from those which may and do tend to destroy. But see what moderate drinking leads to—drunkenness. I ask you, reader, if you differ with me, to look at the past history of your system of temperance and its results.—Drunkenness has followed as a consequence. Drunkards, from the occasional and fashionable debauchee to the not more degraded wretch of the gutter, made so by the tastes which moderate drinking loaned them, have disgraced themselves, ruined their families, and have become pecuniary grievances, as well as pests to society; while on the other hand, total abstinence makes and keeps men sober and happy. If that be temperance and this fanaticism, save me from temperance, and give me fanaticism as the rule by which I am to live. I have not exaggerated. Moderate drinking leads to all I have attributed to it. True, some persons may resist the appetite it creates; (and perhaps you are one of this small class, reader;) but all cannot. Then why—if you are "a good man and true"—will you contribute to continue as a custom that which is ruining—so utterly, so everlastingly ruining—thousands of your fellow men? But further: if the moderate use of intoxicating drinks leads to drunkenness, what is itself? Will you ask us to receive the cause as a rule of action, but condemn the effect? Can the parent of such a progeny be better than its offspring? No. Moderate drinking is the parent of drunkenness, and is itself intemperance. Is not the use of intoxicating drinks an evil?

But is the evil of such magnitude that the interests of society require that its members should renounce the natural right they have to drink whatever beverage they please? Intemperance is an evil more widely diffused than any other. It reaches and destroys all classes and conditions of mankind. There is not a pursuit, trade, calling, or profession, where its direful effects may not be traced. If we go into the palaces of the rich, we find it has been there, and we mark the mortification and grief it has left. If we go into the humble dwellings of the poor, it has been there, and grief, poverty, misery, and squalid wretchedness mark its footsteps. Go we into the business walks of life? We find it there. And to it we can trace nine-tenths of the bankruptcies, cheatings, fraud, perjuries, and other crimes, that almost daily disgust us with the world. There is not a Church in our land that can boast that all of her ministers have maintained the sacred lawn pure from the stains of intemperance. There is not a State in the Union that can boast that no one of her judges has ever sullied her ermine in the intoxicating bowl. There is not an election held in the length and breadth of our land where intemperance may not be found busily at work, corrupting the freedom of America. There is not a legislative assembly in which may not be found many a member who unworthy of a seat there, has purchased one with alcohol. These are not all the evils of intemperance. They are sadly true, however; and are sufficient to convince any unbiassed judgment that the world is groaning under the curse, and that the welfare of society requires that the cause should be removed. Moderate drinking is the cause. Reader, will you, for your own sake, for your neighbors' and friends' sake, for your "God's and truth's sake," yield the natural right you have to do as you please in this particular, and fall into the ranks of the cold water host?

I am, as friend Garmany dubbed me,  
THE RECRUIT.

## A Selected Tale.

### A SCENE ON THE OHIO. THE SOLITARY GRAVE.

BY REV. J. TODD.

Beneath you tree where rolls the flood—  
Ohio's gentle wave—  
There stands the stone, still marked by blood,  
And there the stranger's grave.

It rained in torrents, and I took shelter under the branches of a huge hemlock, which stood near the bank of the river. Seated upon a decaying log, I was in a fair way to rest, and even to sleep, for not a drop of rain could penetrate the covering of the giant tree whose arms were spread over me. Just then the hunter's dog came bounding towards me, with a cheerful look and wag of the tail, which seemed to say, "you are just what I was looking for." He opened his deep mouth, and a single bay brought his master to my side. His hard, weather-beaten, yet kind countenance, lighted up, as he gave me his sinewy hand; but the smile and the light passed away in a moment, as the heat lightning of summer will flash across the whole face of the cloud and be gone in an instant. I had never seen him so moody before, and for a long time sat silently watching him, to see if the clouds which I saw were those which precede, or those which follow the storm.

In a short time the paddles and the machinery of a steamboat were heard, and in a few moments more she was in sight—a vast floating ark, moving with amazing rapidity and grandeur. The shower had driven the passengers under cover, and though she was crowded with human beings, yet scarcely one was to be seen. I gazed upon it as I would upon a moving thing in a beautiful diorama—they were all strangers to me. It is astonishing to notice how differently we look at a moving steamboat full of entire strangers, from what we do if we know it contains one being whom we know and love! The boat moved on, as heedless of the hunter, his dog and myself, as we could possibly be of her. We had not spoken a word since she

came in sight; but just as she rounded a point above, and was going out of sight, the old man broke out—

"Ay, ay, she can double the point safely enough now, and go puffing on as proud as a boy with a new rifle; but I have seen the day when she would not dare go so near that point, or if she did, she would soon be glad to be off, at any rate. She's a grand creature though, and goes like a hound."

"What are you thinking of, friend Rogers? What day are you thinking of, when that point was so dangerous? The trees and the banks look to me as if there had been no great alteration since your day."

"No, no, the banks and the trees stand just as they did. I said nothing about them; but you Yankees are always for skinning the bear before you have caught him, and this you call drawing inferences."

"Well, well, I own I was on the wrong scent for this once, but do tell me the story, for I cannot but draw the inference that you have some story connected with that bend of the river."

At once the face of the old man became sad and melancholy. He was silent again, and I began to repent that I had pressed him. He leaned upon his well-tried rifle, and I thought I could see his keen eye moisten.

"Did you notice that I felt bad when I came and found you here?"

"Yes, I noticed that you were silent, but did not know it was because you found me here, trying to keep dry under this hemlock."

"On the wrong scent again! But look this way. Do you see that grave down in that little hollow, with a stone at its head?"

"I do, indeed, and wonder I had not seen it before."

"It's easy to see things when they are shown to us. I have pointed out many a deer to a young hunter when he was just going to see it, and wondered why he had not. But that grave, and that point, and my story are all connected. The story, however, is short, and now that we are here, I must think it all over again, and I may as well think aloud and let you hear it."

"It was many, many years ago, long before such a thing as a steamboat was heard of, or even dreamed of, that the event happened. I was young then, strong and full of life and hope; no one seeing me then, would have thought that I should ever become this withered old man."

"As straight as a rifle, and as strong as a buffalo, and with an eye and an ear as keen as an eagle's," said I.

"Yes, I can yet split a ball on the point of a knife at two hundred yards, but this will not be long. My hand sometimes trembles. But don't you talk if you want my story."

"Go on, and I will not interrupt you again."

"Well, it is now nearly forty years since I first saw the glorious Ohio. I shouted when I first saw it; I have loved it ever since, and when I die, I hope I shall be buried on its banks. On a certain day I engaged to go down the river to Kentucky, with Captain Ward, as he was removing his family from the East. The journey was long, and at best would be tedious. I went as a kind of pilot, for I was well acquainted with the river, and all points of danger.—The country was then full of Indians, and no settlement of any note had been made in Ohio. The whites and the Indians too, were continually making war upon each other; I do not know who was to blame. The whites killed the most, and the Indians were most cruel. We purchased an old, crazy, square-built boat, between forty and fifty feet long, and about eight or ten wide. We contrived to spike on a single pine plank on each gunnel, and this was the only thing we had to defend us. We had a heavy load, furniture, baggage, horses, pigs, fowls and ploughs, besides nearly a dozen people. These consisted of the captain, his wife, and their young children, a widowed sister and her son, besides several men to manage the boat. When we left, we were fearful lest the Indians should attack us from the shore, but we knew that by keeping in the middle of the river, we should be beyond the reach of their rifles, or could be in a few moments. Thus we passed on for several days, till we supposed we were beyond the haunts of the Indians. One day, just at sunset, after we had become tired with rowing, we let our boat drift lazily and carelessly along the current. We were just getting ready to put up for the night. The mother was promising the children a good run on the shore. The widow was getting out the provisions, and making arrangements for our supper. The captain and his nephew had hold of the oars, and moved them only just enough to allow me to steer the boat.

"Rogers," said the Captain, suppose we put in this side of that point, and tie our boat to one of these big trees and there encamp for the night."

"It's a right good place, captain, and I like it. Besides, I thought a few moments ago, I heard wild turkeys just over the hill, and I should like to have one for supper."

"So we put in towards the shore, and had got within about fifty yards of that point around which the steamboat had just passed, when I heard a stick crack as if it had been broken by the foot.

"A deer," said the captain.  
"No, no," I shouted, "row, row for life, or we are dead."

"At that instant, down rushed scores of Indians to the shore, with a shout that made the hills across the river echo it back again. The murderous creatures rushed down to the water's edge, and presented their guns, and opened a heavy fire upon us. In an instant the young man snatched his rifle, and raising up his full length, fired at the nearest Indian who had a shaggy head-dress. The Indian fell, and so did the young man at the same time. As he fell his oar dropped overboard, and the rowing of the captain brought the boat round and still nearer. The Indians yelled, the women scream-

ed, the horses were falling and plunging, and bullets were flying thick around us. Yet above it all, the voice of Captain Ward rose clear and cool,—"Rogers, take my oar."

I took it, and he at the same time seized a piece of plank, and rowed to such a purpose, that in a few minutes we were out in the river, beyond the reach of their rifles. We knew they had no canoes, being on a hunting excursion, and that we were then safe. But oh! what a sight! the horses were all dead or dying, one child badly wounded, the boat half filled with water, and the young man in his blood, in the bottom of the boat. By this time the coolness of the captain was all gone. He lay down by the side of his nephew, whom he loved as his own son, and exclaimed, "O John! John! O Lord, have mercy, have mercy! I have brought the dear boy to his death!" But the widowed mother! She was pale as a sheet; but she came to her son, raised his head in her lap, and opened his bosom, where the blood was coming out still. He was yet alive.

"John," said she, in a sweet voice, as if speaking to a babe, "John, do you know me?"

"My mother!" said he in a whisper.

"Can you swallow John?" said she, putting her hand over, and dipping up some water from river. He tried, but could not.

"My son, do you know you are dying?"

"Yes, mother, but are you hurt?"

"No, no; but don't think of me now. Can you pray with the heart now, my dear son?"

"He looked up a moment, and gasping, said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner for the sake of

'Of Jesus Christ,' said the mother, for he was gone. She bent over him a few moments as if in silent prayer, then kissed his lips, and for the first time, tears filled her eyes. Till that moment you would have thought she had been talking to a little child just going to sleep—her voice was so calm and so mild. She was a widow, and this was her only child, and a noble fellow was he. But she was a religious woman. I never saw religion like that before nor since. It was all—God has done it, and he cannot do wrong."

"We lay off in the river till dark, and then silently came to the shore on this side for the night. We dared not to light a candle, lest the Indians should see it. We milked our only cow and fed the children, and got them to sleep.—We then brought the body of the young man up to the bank, and when the moon rose up, we dug that grave which you see yonder. We had to be careful not to make a noise, nor even to weep aloud. But after we had opened the grave and were ready to put the corpse in it, the widowed mother spoke.

"Is there no one here that can offer a prayer as we bury my only child?" There was no answer. We could all sob, but we had never prayed for ourselves. She then knelt down, the widow, and laying her hands on the bosom of her boy, she, in a subdued voice uttered such a prayer as few ever made! She was calm as the bright waters at our feet. And when she came to pray for all of us—for the poor Indians who had murdered her boy—when she gave thanks to God, that he had so long comforted her, heard with her son, and when she gave thanks that God had given her such a son to give back to him—it was awful—we could not sob aloud! You, preachers talk about sublimity but if this was not it, I do not know what is. Well, there we buried him, and there he sleeps yet.

In the morning I got up at daylight, and came up here to place that stone at the head of the grave. It was bloody, for his head had rested upon it. I found the mother was here before me—perhaps she had been here all night. She was trying to do the very thing, and so, without saying a single word, I took hold and helped her put the stone at the head of the grave. It is now nearly sunk in the ground; but it stands just as we placed it. When we had done, the widow turned and said "Rogers," but the tears came, and I was thanked enough. I have sat on this very log many times, and thought over the whole scene, and though the mother has been in the grave many years, yet I can see her even now, just as she looked when she turned to thank me, and I can hear voice just as it sounded when she spoke to her dying boy. I have never seen such religion since."

"Well, Rogers, though you have never 'seen' such religion since, because you have never seen such a call upon a Christian since, may I not hope you have 'felt' something like it?"

"I am an old sinner, and have a hard heart," and the tears ran down his cheeks.

We conversed a long time, and it was good to do so. As we rose up and cast a last look upon the grave, and upon the spot where the Indians fired, I said—

"Rogers, would you like a picture of this story?"

"I have it in my heart, and need no other and yet, perhaps my children could understand it better if they had one. But the story don't need a picture."

"No, nor would the picture need the story," Christian Keepsake.

Louisville, Friday, March 8.—News has just been received at St. Louis from Santa Fe to the 26th of January. Col. James S. Calhoun, the Indian Agent, lately effected a treaty with the Utahs, but a few days afterwards these savages murdered a number of Mexicans, and stole a large amount of stock. Forty American hunters, returning to Santa Fe, had had a severe fight with the Apaches, in which many of the latter were slain. The Cheyennes also had become hostile, and fears were entertained that they would be even troublesome to emigrants in the spring of the year. The weather at Santa Fe was very cold. There was great excitement about the State and Territorial question. Capt. St. Vrain's company of traders was to leave Santa Fe for Independence on the 10th of February.