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Poetical Department.

From Richards' Weekly Gazette.
CHANT OF LONELINESS.
Ah! hours, how sad and slowly
Ye move, when from the breast,
The first fresh glow of feeling
Is gone, that brought
Its wing to thought,
While rapture did the reet.
Ah! Hopes, why mock ye ever,
Sad spectres of the past,
That, on the dark horizon,
Still linger lone,
When all is gone,
Of gleams that once ye cast!
Why conjure Memory ever,
Though well ye know, in vain
Might pray'r recall the vision,
That known too late,
'Tis not in fate
To wake or warm again!
Sweet swallow, wanton soaring,
Oh! for a wing like yours—
Not seeking hopes departed,
Nor one delight,
But only flight
From memory-haunted shores.
Give me the swallow's winglet,
That, with the speed of light,
My form might fly to regions,
Which still, in dreams,
Of joyous gleams,
Bring blessings to my sight.
Oh! thither, at the shutting
Of bowery eyes at eve.
How blest, to wander freely,
And lose the care,
That ever here,
The weary soul must grieve!
No bird that skims the mountain,
No fish that darts the lake,
Would speed more gaily forward—
First taught to sweep
Through air or deep,
Its prey or joy to take.
For, ah! how dull is morning,
How dark the day, the night,
How silent all in sweetness,
To spell the heart,
With tuneful art,
Or wing the thought for flight!
Savannah, Geo. LEON.

A Selected Tale.

From Richards' Weekly Gazette.
THE COLONEL'S STORY.
BY LACY, OF KENTUCKY.
"Talking about pigs," said Col. Overton, hitching his chair up to the fire, and ejecting a cloud of tobacco smoke from his mouth, as he tossed the stump of his Havana into the embers—"talking about pigs, reminds me of an adventure of mine; and, Master Lacy, if you will take your arm from around that bowl of apple-toddy, and pass the same in this direction, together with an empty tumbler, I will tell you the story."
I complied with his request, and the Colonel began as follows:
"Once I had occasion to go from Hopkinsville, Kentucky, to Natchez—it has been many years since—and to go alone and on horseback. I had to travel what was known as the "Wilderness Road"—a name which, years ago, was sufficient of itself to give one the horrors—connected, as it was, with tragedies the most frightful imaginable—tales of horror, which would harrow up your very soul.
"Hopkinsville, in those days, was about as much like what it is now is, as a negro cabin is like Dr. Montgomery's splendid brick mansion. The old 'Burrard Roost' was the only tavern in the country, and was accounted the finest house in the burg. If old Tom Patton were to come out of his grave, and be set down on Nashville st., he would think that he was in New Orleans, and not Elizabethtown, as they called it in those days. Our magnificent Asylum, and Squire Dillard's villa, would scare him out of his wits. But instead of vast tobacco plantations and handsome country-houses, the whole country was then a great prairie. From Ford's Ferry on the Ohio river, to Natchez, the whole route was infested with fierce and daring highway-men and cut-throats men such as 'Big' and 'Little Harpe,' possessed of all the audacious skill and daring of Claude Duval and Dick Turpin, with none of the gallantry and generosity of spirit which legendary stories ascribe to those hero-highwaymen of the olden time. These were stern, iron-hearted, relentless men. Pity and compassion were sentiments without a germ in their breasts; remorse was unknown to them; crime was the natural instincts of their dark souls—and they would blow out the brains of an unwarlike traveler from an ambush, with about as much compunction of conscience as a backwoodsman would experience in bringing down a squirrel with his rifle. There was, as I have said, a connected chain of them from the Ohio river to Natchez. A man who had carried a flotilla of flatboats to New Orleans, was returning overland, by the Wilderness Road, as they had to do in those days, when steamboats were unknown, and stopped at Ford's Ferry Tavern, to stay all night—intending to cross the river in the morning. No trace of him, his horse, or any thing belonging to him, were ever found afterwards; from the time he entered the tavern, the clue of his movements

ceased. He was seen to stop at the tavern by some one going the other way. Ford declared he had ferried him across the river, and he had gone on his route, he knew not where. Yes, he had ferried him across the river Styx, and charged him a heavy toll. His notorious bad character, however, caused a suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, to be created against him by the scattered settlers around, and he was arrested. But it was known that Ford could produce witnesses, who would swear to anything he wished. He had often escaped from a just punishment, by that means, before. As they were conducting him to jail, he was shot through the head, by some foe whom he had wronged. It was in the dusk of evening, and amidst a crowd, and it could not be discovered who had perpetrated the deed of revenge or retributive justice, though, I suppose, not much inquiry was made.
Many stories such as this—many much more dark and bloody than this, formed, in those days and for many years after, the subject of the evening fireside conversation of the South Kentuckians. I had heard them from my youth upwards. I was then about twenty years old. I had been down to Natchez on business, and was returning, with my saddle-bags full of gold and silver. I 'camped out' at night—that is, I tethered my horse, and mounted into a tree where I roosted among the limbs like a catamount—for in many places it was more than a day's journey from one house to another, and even when they were to be found, the woods were generally the most hospitable, and by far the safest resting place. So I bought provision for myself and horse during the day; and lodged in the trees by night not daring to kindle a fire, though it was in the winter, for fear of attracting attention to my 'camp.' By wrapping up in my buffalo robe and blanket overcoat, I managed, however, to keep warm.
"One night, as I was drawing near to the lower edge of Tennessee—it was raining and sleeting like the very old Nick, and bitter cold, and I was tired, hungry, and half-frozen—I came to a comfortable looking, double-log cabin, every crack and crevice of which, as well as the windows, were blazing with light; and a savory odor of fried venison fell on my nostrils, creating a more exquisite titillation than ever did an orange flower to a dark-eyed Southern maid. I looked around—the night was pitchy dark, the cold wind was howling through the trees, and the stinging hail pelting against my chattering jaws. I could not resist the temptation.
"Hello!"
"Hello, yerself," cried a swarthy, saw-toothed, sandy-haired fellow, in yellow jeans trousers, cowhide boots and cotton shirt, coming to the door.
"Can a man find lodging with you for the night?"
"I reckon so," he replied, in a rather good-humored tone, which somewhat reassured me—for I had been not without misgivings that I was purchasing a fire and bed at the expense of my throat. I dismounted, saw my horse disposed of, and entered the cabin. My heart began to misgibe me, when I saw what a company I had got into. There were three men, besides the one who had accompanied me to the stable, a youth of nineteen, and an old woman, all sitting around a blazing fire, in a chimney built of unhewn stone, which took up nearly the whole side of the house. On the hearth, which was of baked dirt, of proportionate size, was a gridiron, and on it the venison-steak which had assailed my nostrils with its grateful flavor.—They were the most villainous-looking set I had ever seen, and I thought if I had sought for a nest of bandits, I could not have been more successful in finding one. One fellow, in particular, who eyed me curiously as I entered, I thought, had 'gallows-bird' written all over him. He was dressed much as the one who came to the door—who, by the way, had the pleasantest countenance of them all—with the addition of a very ill-treated beaver, that had never been acquainted with Beebe & Costar, when it was new. He had a low, sunken forehead, with his coarse, straight, red hair covering it almost entirely, and a bristly beard, about an inch long, of the same color, covered his face completely, except his nose and a little spot under each eye.
"The room had no ceiling but the loose plank floor of the garret, and a couple of long, wooden-stocked rifles in the corner, a rusty musket over the fire-place, a wooden cupboard and trundle, a rude bed with a dirty path-quilt, and a few chairs of home manufacture, constituted the furniture of the room.
"Stranger, you'll have to put up with rough fare 'mong us backwoods folks," said an old man, in a coarse blue blanket coat, who was sitting in the chimney corner, and seemed to be the host.
"The idea of a comfortable log-fire, venison steak, fried eggs, and ash-cakes and buttermilk, being rough fare to a man who had been roosting in the trees, made me smile, as I replied—
"That's the sort I have been used to."
"Which way are you traveling, if I might ask?"
"I am going to Kentucky."
"From below?"
"I nodded.
"Ah, you tote a decent par' of shootin' irons, observed the red-haired brigand, as I threw off my wet overcoat, and displayed a couple of horseman's pistols in my belt. His eyes shone as he spoke.
"Yes," said I, fixing my eye on his; "they are very pleasant and useful companions for a traveler. I got the full set," I added, drawing a finely-cased bowie knife from my breast, and handing it to him.
"She ar' a beauty," said he, drawing his horny thumb along the keen and polished blade which shone in the red glare of the fire-light, as he bent forward to examine its temper more closely—his sharp gray eye sparkling with

pleasure as he observed its admirable workmanship.
"Stranger, I'll give you the best horse in Massissippi for her. Don't find them sort often in these diggings. I tell you, Bill's razor aint nothin' to it. What d'ye say to a swap?"
"And he gazed at it with the air of a connoisseur, as he passed it to the next.
"Could n't trade, I recon," said I, replacing it in its silver sheath, after it had gone the rounds. I could not afford to part with it.
"You are mighty right hoss," said the old man in the corner, puffing out a whiff of smoke; "I would n't of I was you. She's the clean grit certain; she'd go through bone and all."
"Yes, would she," said the red-haired, laughing gleefully at the idea. "I could shave a man's head off with that ar,' before hell could scorch a feather. He would n't know what hurt him."
"Come stranger, supper's ready. I'm 'fraid that we can't give you as good a breakfast, though, for the last slice of meat about the house is on the table."
We sat down to the table together, the men without donning their coats, and the red-haired without doffing his hat. After supper, of which I partook most voraciously, a bottle of whiskey was set out. The men appeared to me usually friendly and hospitable, and laughed and talked in their rough way very jovially; but I could not help suspecting that my well appointed weapons had more influence in making them so good-humored, than even the whiskey, of which, I must confess, however, that they partook very moderately.
"There was a cock-loft above, which was accessible only by a ladder and trapdoor, which was to be my sleeping apartment.
"Your saddle-bags are monstrous heavy," observed the red-haired man, picking them up, as I started to bed, and weighing them in his hand.
"Yes," said I, taking them myself, "I got a good supply of powder and lead for myself, when I was below."
"I spec' so," he replied, and, as I fancied, in a sinister tone, though his words might have meant nothing.
"The attention of the whole company was drawn to my saddle-bags, and I imagined I saw them exchange looks in a significant manner, which redoubled my uneasiness, as I thought that they suspected them to be full of gold.
"After I had retired to bed, I moved the bedstead as noiselessly as possible, with one foot of it on the trap-door, so that they could not take me by surprise. I endeavored to lay awake, to listen to what was going on below, which I could readily do through the cracks in the floor; but, in spite of all my efforts, I was overcome with drowsiness and fatigue, and in a few minutes fell asleep.
"When I awoke day was just breaking. I was startled by hearing a gruff voice below, saying—
"I say, Bill, it's time we were killin' that feller we were talkin' 'bout last night, aint it?"
"I could recognize, in this speaker, the red-haired brigand. "God! they intend to murder me after all," said I to myself, as I got out my pistols from under my pillow.
"I reckon so," said the other. "We'll have to kill him some time, and now will do as well as any."
"He's in mighty good order, in my opinion."
"He's as fat as the very devil!"
"How shall we kill him?"
"Shoot him."
"No. I s'pose we'd better knock him in the head with an axe. There is no use wastin' powder and shot on him, scarce as they is these hard times," said Red Beard.
"What cold-blooded scoundrels! But I'll make them waste powder and shot yet, if they don't take care. I heard them getting up and dressing, and more talking between them, which their moving about prevented my catching the sentences of though killing seemed to be the theme. Soon they came to the foot of the ladder, and one said to the other—
"Go up, Bill, while I go and make a fire. Don't make a noise, for fear of wakin' him up."
"I could hear him mounting the ladder, to perpetrate the deed of villainy. Finding the door fast, he said to the other—
"He's got the door shot."
"You'll have to wake him up, then."
"Hello, stranger. I say, mister, hello thar!"
"What do you want there?" I asked, cocking a pistol.
"I want to get that mash-tub out o' thar. We're going to kill a pig for your breakfast!"
"Murder will out!" thought I, bursting into a laugh, as I saw through, through the ludicrous mistake I had made. I wiped the sweat from my brow, for it had stood there in drops, and et him in, saying, as I did so—
"Well, it's well I fastened that door."
"Why so?"
"Why, I should have blown you to the devil as soon as you poked your head above it."
"The devil you say! What for?"
"I related to him what part of their conversation I had overheard, and how I had misconstrued it. He laughed heartily, as did the rest when he told them. But I was n't murdered that time. I made a capital breakfast of the fat pig, for which and my lodgings, they would not let me pay a cent, although I urged it almost to offending; and after taking a swig of 'red eye' all around, I went on my way rejoicing. But even now, I can never think of that pig-scrape without a laugh."

A Sermon.

Rectitude of the Divine Administration.
A DISCOURSE,
SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.
Delivered in the Methodist Church of Columbia, South Carolina, on Sunday, April 7, 1850.
BY THE REV. WHITEFOORD SMITH, D. D.
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" [GENESIS XVIII. 25.]
The interrogation of the text, my Christian brethren, implies two great truths. The first, that there is a God, whose superintending providence is over all his works. The second, that it is impossible for Him to do wrong. Nor let it be supposed that these are abstract truths, which have no application to the practical affairs of daily life; for, in the perpetual vicissitude of human fortune, in the innumerable trials and afflictions incident to mortal life, what support can be found for the heirs of sorrow like that which is furnished by the consideration that a just and gracious God presides over the universe, directing and controlling all its events for purposes of infinite wisdom and goodness? And, especially, when the dispensations of His providence are inscrutable and mysterious; when all the powers of reason are inadequate to comprehend his designs; what other refuge is there for the mind and heart, but an humble and faithful reliance on the essential attributes of God? Thus, when the cities of the plain were doomed to destruction, and it pleased the Almighty to reveal to his servant Abraham their approaching overthrow, and when the patriarch became the intercessor, and would plead their cause, the strong argument with which he emboldened himself before his Maker, was the language of the text, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" And when the Judgment was executed, and Abraham looked, "and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace," though he might mourn over their ruin, yet, doubtless, his heart was sustained by his faith in the rectitude of the Divine Administration. So, too, when the tidings of disaster upon disaster came to Job, until the intelligence of his afflictions seemed too much for nature to sustain, "he fell down upon the ground and worshipped," saying, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."
How much more accordant with the dignity of man and the teachings of a pure philosophy, is such a submission to the behests of Heaven, than the frantic ravings of an Atheist, who would deny the existence of the hand beneath whose blow he falls!
In the history of nations, as well as in the experience of individuals, there are constantly occurring occasions for the exercise of these salutary reflections. For national calamities as well as for private griefs, there is the same Heavenly solace "the Lord hath prepared his throne in the Heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all."
You will readily perceive the appropriateness of these thoughts to our present circumstances. But the last Sabbath, the pleasant chime of the church-going bells was suddenly changed into the slow and solemn toll—the death-knell of the departed. With electric rapidity were the tidings spread, that one of the most illustrious of our country's Senators was numbered with the dead. That he who, but a few days before, with the promise of returning strength, had lifted up his voice in the Capitol in defence of the dearest interests of his State, was now no more. The loss of this distinguished Statesman is recognised as a national affliction. His name had long been inscribed upon his country's brightest page, enrolled among her honored sons. But to the State which gave him birth, and to which he ever acknowledged his first allegiance due, his loss is no ordinary bereavement. When a good and virtuous man dies, whose generous acts have endeared him to the community in which he lived, friends and neighbors gather around his bier, and many a tear of sympathy is shed. But there is a deeper sorrow felt by those who knew him as husband, father, brother. There is a grief which strangers cannot know; and the habitation which his presence invested with joy is filled with "mourning and lamentation and woe." Such is the affliction of South Carolina at the death of the late Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN.
Your attention might be occupied with the recital of his illustrious acts—with a history of his high career. The virtues which adorned his character; the profound philosophy which displayed itself in all he said; the utter forgetfulness of self in his devotion to the interests of his State and his country might well form the theme of a long discourse. But these appropriately belong to another occasion. They will be written upon the pages of history—they will be engraven upon the hearts of posterity.
You will allow me to turn your attention now to those sacred lessons which most befit the day, and which this mournful event is well calculated to impress on every breast.
If the first lesson we should learn from this affliction be drawn directly from the text, it will be an acknowledgment of the justice of God, and submission to his will. Revealed religion affords the only rational view of the divine nature. While it proclaims the supremacy of God, it exhibits all his attributes in perfect harmony. His benevolence is not lost amid the splendors of his awful reign; nor his justice forgotten in the exercise of an infinite compassion. His eternal wisdom directs his almighty power; and though his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out, they are still consistent with his essential goodness.—"Though clouds and darkness are round about him, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Unfortunately for us, it is but too characteristic of our fallen nature to murmur at the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, because we cannot comprehend its purposes; and foolishly to judge the acts of Heaven rather than piously to submit to its will. We forget that our frailty should teach us our dependence, and that our ignorance should prompt us to faith. When the dearest hopes we have cherished are blighted in an hour, and the props upon which we have leaned are suddenly removed, instead of turning our eyes upward and exhorting our hearts to trust in God, we look only to the desolations around us, and "sorrow even as others which have no hope."
We challenge the wisdom of the dispensation which we cannot understand, and often impute injustice to the moral Governor of the world. Forgetful that our sins have deserved chastisement, we are resistful under the stroke of his hand.—Forgetful of the mercy that gave, we think only of the judgment which has taken away. Our gratitude for the beneficence we have long enjoyed is lost in our grief for its removal; and our thoughts of God are frequently as ungrateful as they are

unjust. Such, my brethren, is the gloom which surrounds us when we cast aside the word of inspired truth, and depend upon the uncertain teachings of darkened reason—when we forget
— "The divinity that stirs within us;
— "That points out an hereafter,
— "And intimates eternity to man;"
and look only to the brief and little interests that attach to our present state. The brightest illustrations of a fortitude that endures without complaint, of a heroism that triumphs over all obstruction, investing humanity with a dignity more than earthly, have been found in those whose faith had based itself upon the word of God, and whose gaze was fixed, not upon the fading glories of this world, but upon that exalted and enduring scene, "Where Seraphs gather immortality from life's fair tree."
The eye of sense can discover in many a dispensation of Providence naught but "shadows, clouds, and darkness;" but the eye of faith, piercing through the gloom, discerns far beyond the all-guiding hand, and relies for safety and for succor upon him who dwells in the ineffable brightness.—What though the dispensation be shrouded in mysterious darkness? What though the infinite designs exceed our highest thought—"Shall mortal man be more just than God?" Shall we charge the Almighty with injustice, because he hath not made us his counsellors? There will come a day when God will vindicate his own administration.—when the results of his present operations shall have developed themselves—when the mind, in its nobler state, shall be freed from the shackles of ignorance and prejudice and error which encircle it here—when truth will assert her high prerogative—when the light of eternity shall shine upon all his works—a day when shall every heart acknowledge his justice, his wisdom, and his goodness.—When the sensual shall have sunk into its own corruption, and the spiritual shall have ascended to its own immortality, then shall the Just One receive universal homage, and the righteousness of God shall be the splendor of his throne.
If we consider the relation in which we stand to our great Creator, it will be the dictate of reason as it is the doctrine of revelation, that we should yield implicit submission to his will. If there is any good use to which adversity may be made subservient, it is the part of wisdom to find it out. A repining fretfulness over misfortune never lightened the burden nor brought comfort to the complaining spirit; but an humble and pious acknowledgment of the will of God, and a meek submission to his chastenings, have often brought tranquility to the troubled heart, and lighted with the ray of celestial hope the otherwise impenetrable gloom.
It is permitted the Christian to regard every afflictive dispensation either as part of the discipline by which he is fitted for Heaven, or as a visitation of mercy sent him in disguise. The restraints which are exercised over human passion may be painful; nevertheless they are necessary and good. The heavens may be clothed with blackness, yet they teem with fertilizing rains. The thunder-storm may be terrific to the eye, yet it may purify the noxious air. In the whole economy of nature has God instituted such analogies, that we may learn to trust him in the darkest hours, and under the severest trials of our faith. Deprived of such a comfort as this trust in God inspires, many a grief were too intolerable to be borne—
"A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at benquets, in the shroud."
Another important lesson which the late mournful event is well calculated to teach us, is the frailty and vanity of man. Death ought to be at all times impressive; but when he has selected "a shining mark," and his victim is taken from among the luminaries of a land—when the eye of genius is dimmed, and the voice of the eloquent orator is hushed in everlasting silence, and the wisdom of the prudent counselor has perished—then with what force come the words of inspiration—"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches."
However melancholy it may be to witness the instability of all human good, the impotency of man to resist the progress of decay and the power of death—to behold the bright intellectual light extinguished in the darkness of the grave, and the overthrow of high hope, and noble aspirations; it is well that we should pause and linger upon the painful subject, for though the countenance may be made sad, yet the heart may be made better. "The busy scenes in which we live naturally takes up our thoughts and attention, and it is with difficulty that they are called off to the contemplation of truths that are speculative, and which we consider as standing at a distance from us. The senses, imagination, and passions are perpetually crowding the mind with objects of their own, and amidst the noise and tumult of these, the still voice of reason is not easily heard." But when a great calamity has overtaken us, when we stand in the presence of death, and learn that no human skill could avert the blow, no human love procure even a postponement of the doom, the united voice of reason and inspiration loudly cry, "It is the end of all—let the living lay it to his heart." How powerful a corrective is this to the natural pride of man. If in the hour of prosperity he forgets that he is mortal, and imagines that his mountain stands strong, let him consider the day of adversity which shall surely come; for "God hath set the one over against the other." Let him not look alone at the grandeur of his present state, and be unmindful of the destiny which awaits him; but rather let him set his house in order, for he shall die and not live. "For he seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others."
"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, and that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads—but to the grave."
With how strong an appeal do such reflections come to us to-day. But the other day, and he whom we now mourn occupied his seat among the great men of our nation and of the world. His was no common mind—and no ordinary fame. His country honored him, and