

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, AUGUST 16, 1850.

NUMBER 65.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
THO. J. WARREN & C. A. PRICE,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Three Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

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Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away, passing away,
We hear it clear and loud;
We trace it in the gentle breeze,
And in the fleeting cloud.

The warrior on the battle-field,
Intent to gain the day,
Is heedless of the many souls
That then must pass away.

The miser heaps his store of gold,
Poor worthless worm of clay,
Heeds not the faithful monitor,
He too, must pass away.

The statesman with his eloquence,
E'en our own loved Calhoun,
Must bow beneath Death's iron pow'r,
And pass into the tomb.

I never gaze on beauty's cheek,
Or manhood's beaming eye,
But there seems to come a still, small voice,
They too, are passing by.

Yes, all of earth must pass away,
Then fix your hopes above,
In Heaven where all is one bright day
Of joy, peace and love.

Camden, S. C.

ELLA.

CITY LIFE.

A pretty, rainbow sort of life enoug;
Filled up with vanities and gay caprice;
Such life is like the garden at Versailles,
Where all is artificial, and the stream
Is held in marble basins, or sent up
Amid the fountains and waterfalls.
Fantastic, sparkling, and the element,
The mighty element, a moment's toy;
And, like all toys, ephemeral.

THE WASHED FLOWERS.—On the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds were twined around her neck. Her face was radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird that warbled at her side. The little stream went rippling on, with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh, threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motions of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprang upon her feet, and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream: "Bring back my flowers!" But the stream dashed along regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And long after amidst the wailing of the breeze and the fitful burst of childish grief was heard the fruitless cry: "Bring back my flowers!" Every maiden, who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, see, in the thoughtless impulsive child an emblem of thyself—each moment is a perturbed flower. Let its fragments be dispensed in blessings on all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent Giver. Else when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them reeding on the swift water of time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the child, "Bring back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past, "Bring back my flowers!"

NAVAL REFORM.—One hundred and sixty sailors of the U. S. frigate Raritan have signed the teetotal pledge, at Norfolk. That is the proper way to commence naval reform. Let there be no drinking and there will be a little necessity for flogging. A humane, intelligent officer will know this, and will act accordingly, by inducing the men to take the pledge.

A GREAT STORE OF GOLD AND SILVER.—The Boston Sub-Treasury, on Wednesday, 31st ult., contained a little over two million and a half of dollars in gold and silver, (2,568,227,) the greatest amount it ever contained since the commencement of the system of collecting duties in specie.

A Selected Tale.

From the Southern Literary Gazette.

THE MAROON.

A LEGEND OF THE CARRIBEES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Yemassee," &c.

XVII.

The moment in which the Indian damsel lay thus prostrate and at the mercy of one who seemed about to complete the rites in which she had been engaged, by the sacrifice of the innocent creature in her grasp, was a moment of the most cruel humiliation to the imbecile Spaniard. His sensibilities were violently excited. Every sympathy of his heart was awakened. His better nature—his human training—his Christian teaching—such as it was possible for him to acquire in that day of constant war and rapine—were all active in urging him to adventure his own life, in saving her who seemed about to perish before him. She too, so young, so resigned, and—not the least consideration—so really beautiful. But the necessary nerve was wanting to the "Maroon." He who dared not the single stroke, though prompted by the woman he professed to love, when it would have saved her from shame and himself from the bitter exile which he now endured, was not likely to exhibit any rashness—any ordinary courage—though with such a spectacle of death before him.

Happily for humanity, his apprehensions were all idle. The meditated sacrifice in which the priestess was about to officiate, contemplated not the life but the long flowing locks of the damsel. These were severed with a stroke, and hung up in the chamber from an arrow, the shaft of which was made to penetrate a crevice in the rock. Then the maiden rose, and taking the bunch of arrows which she had brought, she snapt them in twain before the altar which the matron continued to supply, with aromatic gums and fuel. Some further ceremonies were performed; there was a solemn imposition of hands, while the virgin knelt before the priestess, and the lips of the latter were glued to the forehead of the girl. A brief dialogue, in subdued and murmuring tones, passed between them, and then the voices of both rose in a wild, sad chaunt, the burden of which was caught up by the voices of the females without. One embrace followed the subsidence of the strain, and the matron and the virgin parted; the former hurrying from the cavern, and the latter sinking down, in an agony of fear and grief, before the fitful blaze upon the altar.

Lopez de Leyva drew a long breath. He began to grow courageous. The voices of the women without were dying away in the distance. Could they have retired to the boat, and could they be returning to the distant shore from whence they came, leaving the maid alone as he himself had been left. Her evident sorrow and apprehension declared this to be the case. But it was evident that no such feeling moved her abandonment as had occasioned his. The proof of a deep and tender interest had been shown her to the last. He had heard the sighs, the moans, the murmurs, of the officiating matron. He had witnessed her fond caresses of the damsel. He had heard with quivering sensibilities the wild sad chaunt of the attending women, whose song still feebly fell upon his senses from without.

The scene which he had witnessed was a religious ceremony. But what did it contemplate? Was the maiden thus left to herself, and to him, destined for a sacrifice; to perish at last, before the altars of some strange and savage divinity? It might be so; but certainly no such purpose was designed at present, for he did not fail to perceive that an ample supply of food was left with her, sufficient for a month's consumption. Or, was she destined, herself, to become a priestess, officiating, like the matron, who had left her, in the same and other mysterious rites, hereafter? This was the more probable conjecture. At least such was the thought to which, after a rapid mental survey of probabilities, our Maroon arrived. Perhaps a little more deliberation might have rendered it doubtful, whether the innumerable signs which the walls of the chamber presented, of repeated ceremonies like the present, were not proofs that the proceeding could not regard any such appropriation of the neophyte. It was a ceremonial evidently common to the tribe or nation. It was one through which, at a certain period, each virgin had to pass. It was indeed, a dedicatory, but it was an invocatory service also. We may, in this place, briefly declare the object of the ceremonial.

Among the Caribbees, as among the Aborigines of the new world in most quarters, both sexes were dedicated, separately, and by different rites, to fortune. The period in life when they were to emerge from the salutary restraints of the parent, and to be left to the assertion of their own wits and the exercise of their own intelligence, was that chosen in which to solicit for them the protection of the gods, who should confer upon them some special spiritual guide and guardian. To propitiate the gods for this favor—to move them into indulgent dispensation—to secure a friendly and favorable protection, and to inspire the young with wisdom, courage and faithfulness, were the objects of the ceremonial. In the case of males, they were thus consecrated when able to commence the labours of the chase. They were subjected to severer ordeals than the other sex, since the leading desire, with them, was the proper endowment with hardihood and courage. Long abstinence from food, exposure to cold, and frequent stratagems by which to alarm them and try their courage were resorted to by those having charge of their initiate. The maidens were more gently treated. Isolation rather than exposure, was the influence employed upon their courage. Food was provided

them, but of a sort rather to enflame the fancies than the blood. This was to be chastened rather than exhilarated. Roots of rare efficacy the virtues of which they knew,—herbs which assailed the brain and the nervous system, were silently mingled with the food which was left for their sustenance; and the very fumes of the aromatic woods and gums with which they were appointed to feed their daily and nightly fires possessed a partially intoxicating effect upon those who continued to inhale them. It was while under such influences that the vision of the youth were to be observed with heed.—The images that were most frequent in their dreams—the scenes which they witnessed—the voices that they heard,—the laws which were declared—these were to be the oracles by which their whole succeeding lives were to be regulated. By these the young warrior was to be guided in the chase or in the conflict, and the young woman, in keeping of the household, the training of her young and the exercise of her sympathies and tastes. The favourite, or leading prospect, or object, in their visions, was to become their guiding spirit forever after. It was customary in many tribes—perhaps in most—to adopt this object as their mark or sign;—and this was the *totem*, inscribed upon the arm or breast,—not dissimilar to those of knighthood in the middle ages, drawn from favorite objects of sight, or the events most conspicuous in their lives—with this difference, that, in Europe the *totem* was inscribed upon the shield, the surcoat or the pennon,—among the savages of the new world, upon the naked person.

XVIII.

Night came on in the vaulted chamber of the lovely isle, occupied only by the Indian damsel and the "Maroon." Without, all was silent, except, now and then, the bark of the marmozet as he bounded among the coconut trees above. Several hours had elapsed since the sounds of the wild chaunt of the women had tailed upon his ears, yet our Spaniard maintained his place of hiding with religious quietude. Meanwhile, the girl fed the fires upon her altar. She sat upon a rude swelling of the rocky floor, her hands folded in her lap, and the ends of her shortened hair resting upon her shoulders.—Her form was rather between the "Maroon" and the fire,—the blaze of which, as she heightened it by occasional supplies of fuel, made marvellously distinct in his eyes the exquisite outline of her delicate but well marked profile. And thus she sat, and such was her only office for several hours more.

It must have been full midnight, when our Spaniard, who had not slept an instant, discovered that sleep had seized the Indian damsel.—Her form subsided into an attitude favourable to rest. She sunk upon one side, her head resting upon a sudden elevation of the floor, which conducted to the niche which seemed to have been employed as a couch on previous occasions, and where, for the last two nights, Lopez himself had taken his rest. Her breathing was soft and regular. It denoted a calm and perfect sleep. He was encouraged and gradually withdrew from his place of concealment. His steps were cautiously taken. He drew nigh to the sleeper—surveyed her with a keen and pleasant interest; then, farther to be sure, he stole forth into the ante-chamber of the vault, and gliding cautiously, maintaining a vigilant watch all the while, he emerged from the cavern, and stood upon the beach. The waters of the sea had gone down. The gray sands were quite uncovered for a long stretch, the spot being wholly bare upon which the Indian bark had anchored during the afternoon. The moon was high in heaven, and at her full. No cloud obscured or sullied the blue serenity of the skies. The scene was eminently and wholly spiritual. There was nothing human visible in the surrounding aspects of ocean, sky and land. Satisfied of this, our Maroon returned, with rather hurried footsteps, to the cavern. He stole back cautiously, however, so as not to disturb the damsel. She still slept, her position being totally unchanged. But the fire had grown faint upon her altars. He fed it with a handful of the fuel that lay contiguous. He knelt beside her, and in the reviving blaze, he examined closely the innocent features, which he had thought so very sweet and beautiful in the before imperfect light. The nearer survey did not lessen her loveliness in his sight. Her closed eyes, and her slightly parted lips, were studies for the sculptor, they were so delicate in their structure yet so admirably defined. The features might have been thought Castilian. The forehead was high but narrow, the nose good, and the neck moderately large and smooth, rising into the gentle swell of a bosom which had not yet learned to heave with other than happy childish emotions. One of her hands, the fingers of which were long and taper, had stolen to her breast, the partial drape of which it seemed to grasp. The other lay at her side, the fingers closing upon a handful of wood intended for the fire. Thus she slept.

The "Maroon" stooped and pressed his lips closely upon hers. She sighed deeply, but moved not. Again he repeated the kiss, and her eyes opened upon him. They closed involuntarily. Again they opened, and now with a wild, appealing expression. He had slightly retreated, as he found her about to waken. He had regained his feet. He stood somewhat apart, the altar being in some degree between them.

We have spoken of the personal appearance of Lopez de Leyva, as being pleasing to the eye of woman. At this moment it looked manly as well as pleasing; and, in the doubtful light of the cavern, with his form erect, his features half shaded by the gloom, his knife at his girdle, and a rich red scarf about his waist, he might have served for the model of one of those brigands, a compound of Orson and Adonis, whom we see so commonly in Italian pictures. The impression was not unfavorable upon the eyes of the Indian damsel. But her senses had evidently mingled the aspect before her with

the object in her dream—the purpose of her watch and ordeal—the beneficent creature vouchsafed by her savage gods, from whose guidance her future destiny was to be shaped and governed. The instincts of the Spaniard were sufficiently acute to see the impression that he had made, and to conjecture, in some measure, its origin. He was well aware that the first impression of the European upon the Aborigine was that of a superior being. The devout appealing eyes of the damsel—her hands crossed upon her breast—satisfied our Maroon that she held him to be so. He advanced a single step, he smiled on her kindly, he raised one hand upward to heaven, while he placed the other on his heart. She followed all his movements with others like them. Her hand was lifted to heaven, and carried to her breast. She too smiled—the smile of innocent hope, that might have brought with it warmer assurances. He spoke, sweetly and tenderly, but the words were lost upon incapable but not unheeding senses. She shook her head with a mournfulness of look that told him, plain as words could speak, how sorrowful she was that she knew not what he said. But he smiled encouragingly, and resorted once more to signs to assure her of his affection. These she understood.

The language of the heart is a very universal one. Charity and sympathy may speak and be understood, though they have not a word in common with the hearer, from the centre to the pole. She answered his signs. She pointed to the fires before her. She threw a fresh supply of fuel upon the blaze, then rising to her knees, knelt before him, and crossed her hands upon her bosom. He stooped, and took her in his arms. She would have receded, but he held her tenderly in his grasp, and once more pressed his lips upon hers. She sunk submissive in his embrace. She spoke, but a single sentence, but one of its words smote his ear like a familiar accent. He had picked up a few of the Caribbean phrases from Spaniards who had been among this people. The girl had designated him as "the good White Spirit." The word "Spirit" had become a frequent one in the intercourse of the Jesuit missionaries with the heathen. God, and love, and heaven, good, bad, the sky, the sea, the boat, Castile, white and red man—these, and several other words had, from the communion of the Spaniards with the tribes of the Caribbean Sea, grown to be a tolerably common property with the two races. Lopez rapidly ran over in the ears of the girl all of this description which he found it easy to remember on the instant. Some of these he repeated after him with ready acquiescence.—Again she described him as the good white spirit—her good white spirit—and he now understood her.

He did not disabuse her. He feared to forfeit her reverence, in seeking to awake a humbler emotion; and as the master of her destiny, a celestial visitant, provided for her guidance, he proceeded to enforce her affections. He placed himself beside her—together they supplied the altar with fuel and incense, and when he kissed her lips, she crossed her arms upon her breast, and submitted with delighted reverence.

It was the benevolent spirit whose favor she implored, who then, in his most gracious aspect presented himself in compliance with her invocations. She had been taught to believe that he was difficult of approach, slow to be won, reluctant to appear; that it required earnest and long continued devotions, and a painful and protracted vigil. How fortunate was she among her sex, that, in her instance, he had departed from his wonted severity! that, instead of presenting himself, as he was reported frequently to have done, in harsh and ungenial aspects, in the shape of bird, or beast, or reptile, he had assumed his noblest attributes of form, and put on features not only of the highest, but of the tenderest character. Verily, she was the favored among women! The tones of the Spaniard's voice were to her sounds of the sweetest music from the Caribbean heaven.—His smile was that glance of the morning or of the evening, when the brightness is equally rare and benignant; and when his hand rested upon her cheek or neck, she felt the thrill of an emotion through all her veins, such as she had been taught to believe was vouchsafed only to the favored few, the select of the Caribbean Elysium. Their eyes took part in their constant intercourse, and never had Lopez looked or spoken with so successful eloquence.—Though she comprehended but few of his words, yet nothing was thrown away of all that fell from his lips. As at the first, in the primal hour of creation, the speech which heaven bestowed upon its creatures was that of love, so love constitutes the basis of that ancient language which it is still so easy for the heart to comprehend. Assisted by this heart-manual, it was easy for Lopez to make his Spanish and her Indian words subservient to their gradual use; and ere they sunk exhausted into the mutual arms of sleep that night, they had commenced a course of study quite as rapid as the Robertsonian method, by which a modern or ancient dialect is to be mastered in six lessons.

The bridal hour of the two exiles thus strangely brought together, promised to be as happy in its progress, as the destiny in which it had its origin was solemn and peculiar. With the dawn, the two awakened to neither repining nor repentance. Life had suddenly put on her loveliest aspects to both. The Spaniard was no longer lonesome in his solitude, and the damsel was happy in the faith that she was favored among women, by the very Deity to whom her sex devotes the most dutiful and earnest solicitations.

XIX.

The passion thus begun, and sanctioned, as it would seem, by an especial Providence, was neither slow to ripen nor of modified character. The very isolation of their abode, separated from all the world beside, tended to compel their

affections eagerly, and into the same channel. But it was not long before the Indian damsel learned to comprehend the purely human character of her companion. Her very love produced this discovery, since it could only exist in its natural intensity in the untormented mind, in the comparative loss of its veneration. The young Spaniard no longer repined at his desolate condition. The fate to which he resigned himself had received its consolations, and in the first few days of his happiness, if he thought of all of his late comrades, it was with something of fear and misgiving; lest they should come and tear him away from an abode in which he was equally free and happy.

The morning after their first meeting, he stole from her side while she yet slept, and from the ante-chamber of the cavern awakened her with a soft sweet strain from his guitar. It was the first time he had touched the strings since the instrument had been hung about his neck in mockery. She started from the mossy niche where she lay and lighting anew the fire upon her altars, sank before it in the attitude of prayer. A delicious delight was visible upon her countenance as the music reached her ears, and when Lopez looked in upon her, she bore the expression of one whose whole soul was lifted with a sense of the divine favour. He made the guitar the instrument for her education. She had the sweetest voice, herself, and for his music, gave him wild ballads of her own people, of which he could appreciate the music only. But their words were rapidly interchanged. The lessons were constant, and conveyed through numerous media of which the teacher in civilized life, can have no notion. Life itself depends on their progress, and when this is the case, the tuition must be marvellously rapid—love as well as life—their daily sports their mutual progress—the exercise of their tastes; their consultations upon sea, and sky, and grove, the passage of the wild bird, the bound of the marmozet—the gathering of fruit; the song, the dance, the sigh, the smile,—all these provoked their industry in acquisition. It was not long before they declared themselves in syllables that took the place of simple sounds, not long before the teacher could listen with delight to the childish prattler at his side, whose accounts would have seemed uncouth in the ears of critics only. Day by day, teaching and taught, the horizon of their hopes and affections sensibly expanded before their minds, and the damsel did not cease to be less innocent because she had learned to not only understand her own emotions, but to comprehend the real nature of the companion from whom she had learned the first great lesson of the woman's heart. She was not less happy that, in losing a God, she had found a lover and a Lord!

(To be continued.)

We copy the following as a curiosity of its kind, showing with what credulity many of the people of the North swallow the most incredible statements in relation to the supposed defection of the South towards the Union. Stories of plots and conspiracies for its severance are a part of the machinery for operating on public opinion among those Northern masses who are too prone to believe them, as a set off to fanatical sentiment among themselves. There were poor plotters who suffered their scheme so to transpire as to fall within the cognizance of the British minister at the Mexican capital, to say nothing of the intrinsic absurdity of forming a Southern Confederacy, of which the city of Mexico, the Metropolis of a State that excluded slavery from her borders, was to be the capital. Correspondence of the Philadelphia North American.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3, 1850.

When it was suggested here, last winter, that certain politicians of the South had deliberately planned the organization of a Southern confederacy, it was looked at as a slander too vile to be countenanced, or an invention too weak to impose on public credulity. It was my conviction then that this imputation was conceived and spread abroad to excite prejudice against the South, or to promote that system of angry contention which demagogues have employed for personal advantage. I regret to say that these opinions have been entirely changed, and by evidence of the most complete and astounding character. What I am about to relate is capable of official verification, if the proper means are taken. I learn, upon the most direct and undoubted authority, that a gentleman represented to occupy a position of high influence and character in the South, visited Mexico in April last, *incognito*, and submitted a complete plan for the organization of a Southern confederacy, of which that city was proposed as the capital, as a means of inducing the co-operation of Mexico.

This project was submitted to the Mexican Cabinet, by M. Lacunza, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was urged by him at a meeting which immediately followed, when a discussion of great interest and excitement occurred. The proposition was declined, and the emissary started for California. Mr. Doyle, the British Minister, was cognizant of all the proceedings, and was consulted throughout. I am restrained, by proper and prudential considerations affecting others, from exposing the manner and the influences by which the scheme was rejected in the Mexican Cabinet; but if brought to light they would reflect the highest credit on the parties concerned. The day may come when a full publication may be attended with less danger. I have felt it due to the country that this infamous purpose should be understood, in order that the designs of reckless demagogues, who are now preaching disunion, should be properly appreciated, and visited with that storm of execration which such treason deserves. I have some reason to believe that the late President of the United States was apprized of this movement, and had exercised his usual sagacity in counteracting any unfortunate consequences.