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THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the very merry summer time
That garlands hills and dells
And the south-wind rung a fairy chime
Upon the foxglove bells;
The cuckoo stood on the lady-birch
To bid her last good bye—
The lark sprung o'er the village church,
And whistled to the sky,
And we had come from the harvest sheaves,
A blithe and tawny train,
And traced our path with poppy leaves
Along the green old lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a sunny day,
And we were a happy set,
As we idly bent where the streamlet went
To get our fingers wet;
With the dog-rose here and the orchis there,
And the woodbine twining through;
With the broad trees meeting every where,
And the grass still damp with dew,
Ah! we all forgot in that blissful spot
The names of care and pain,
As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh!
As I think of that rich hour,
When my heart in its gladness seemed to be
Another woodside flower;
For though the trees be full as fair,
And the wild bloom still as gay—
Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,
And the heavens as bright a day;
Yet the merry set are far and wide,
And never shall meet again—
We never shall ramble side by side
Along the old green lane.

THOMAS MOORE.

The lyre of Music, Love and Heaven,
Has hushed its final chord,
From Erin's quivering heart is risen
What cannot be restored;
The bard who sang her glories years,
And sorrowed in her shame,
Has borne the harp to holier spheres
Which filled the world with name.

Yet o'er her troubadour no man
The trampled nation makes,
And so 'tis meet the minstrel's tone
Should never more awake;
'Tis well, since he could not inspire
Her old heroic glow,
He should return to Heaven the lyre
That vainly plead below.

W. O. EATON.

THE LOST CHILD.

A TALE OF FACTS.

In the heat of the last French war, some forty years ago, says a writer in "Hogg's Instructor," we were under the necessity of removing from the north to make our residence in London. We took our passage in one of the old Scotch snuffs from Leith, and wishing to settle down immediately on our arrival in the great metropolis, we took our servants and our furniture along with us. Contrary winds detained us long upon our passage—Although a mere child at the time, I well remember one eventful morning when, to our horror and alarm, a French man-of-war was seen looming on the distant horizon, and evidently bearing down on us. A calm had settled on the sea, and we made but little way, and at last we saw two boats lowered from the Frenchman's deck, and speedily bearing us. This occurred shortly after the famous and heroic resistance made successfully by the crew of one of the vessels in the same trade to a French privateer. With this glorious precedent before our minds, both passengers and crew were disposed to make no tame resistance. Our guns were loaded to the muzzle, and every sailor was bared for action. Old cutlasses and rusty guns were handed round about, and piled upon the deck. Truly we were a motley crew, more like a savage armament of lawless buccaners than bloodless defenders of peace. But, happily, these warlike preparations were needless, for a breeze sprung up, and, though we were pretty smartly chased, the favoring gale soon bore us far from danger, and eventually wafted us in safety to our destined port.

My mother was somewhat struck, during the period of our short alarm, by the fearless and heroic bearing of our servant Jane. A deeper feeling seemed to pervade her mind than common antipathy to the common foe. In fact, at various times during her previous service, when any events connected with the French war formed, as they ever did, the all-engrossing subject

of discourse, Jane evinced an interest in the theme equalled only by the intense hatred towards that nation which she now displayed. On the present occasion, the appearance of the foe awakened in her bosom a thousand slumbering but bitter recollections of a deep domestic tragedy connected with herself; and so far from showing the natural timidity of her sex, she even endeavored to assist in the arrangement of our murderous preparations. Even a shade of regret appeared upon her face, as we bounded over the sparkling waves, when our tardy foe seemed but a speck upon the distant sea. During the remainder of the voyage she sunk into a dreamy melancholy. With her head almost continually resting upon the bulwarks of the ship, she gazed upon the clear blue depths below; and, and we watched her closely, we might, perhaps, have seen some of the round treading-boards which gathered on her eyelids, and fell, silently, to mingle with the waves. But we heeded not.

She was a singular girl, and seemed evidently superior to her present station; yet she toiled on with the drudgery of the house, listless and indifferent, but always usefully engaged. My mother was not altogether satisfied with her work, and still found a difficulty in blaming her. She seemed to dream through her whole duty, as if her mind was rapt in some strange fancies, while her hands mechanically did her task. At last, after long solicitations, she explained the mystery by telling us her history.

"We must throw our story back some twenty years. Her family, at that time, occupied a respectable, if not a wealthy position in our northern metropolis. Her father was engaged in a lucrative business, had been married about six years, and was the father of about four children. His youngest daughter had been born about three months previous to this period of our tale. She was a singularly lovely child. A sister of her mother's, who had made a wealthy marriage with an officer in the French army, was at this time on a short visit to the land of her birth, Madame de Bourblance was childless, and her heart was yearning for those blessings of maternal love which Providence denied her. She was unhappy.—No wonder—for her home in sunny France was desolate.

A little while soon passed away. Mrs. Wilson and her sister were seated at the parlor fire one cold November night—the one contemplating the blessings she possessed, the other brooding on her far different lot. The children prattled merrily beside them, and waited only for their father's evening kiss, before they went to childhood's innocent sleep. But their father came not. His usual time had long since passed, and his wife betrayed some symptoms of uneasiness at the unwonted delay. At last they heard a hurried knock, and Mr. Wilson entered the apartment.—There were traces of anxiety and grief upon his countenance, but as he spoke not of the cause, his wife forbore inquiries in the presence of her sister. But Mr. Wilson was extremely unsocial—may, even harsh; and when, his wife held out her baby, and the unconscious infant seemed to put up its little lips for its evening kiss, he pushed the child aside, and muttered something unkindly about the cause of a married life, and the inconstancy and expense of bringing up a large and increasing family.

The babe was sent to bed, and the mother spoke not, though a bitter tear might be seen rolling down her cheek. She was deeply hurt, and justly so. But Mr. Wilson had met with some heavy losses during the course of the day. These had soured his heart and embittered his words. Perhaps he meant not what he said; it might have been but the passing bitterness of a disappointed man. However the case may be, the words he uttered remained in the bosom of his wife, rooted and festering there; and many a bitter pang had she in after-life, that, the desolations and the sorrows which dispersed her family, some to their graves, others far and under—that could be ascribed to that fatal night.

A week had scarcely elapsed since the occurrence of that unhappy evening, when an event took place which wrought a fearful revolution in that happy family. Surely the "evil eye" look upon that house.

Mrs. Wilson and her sister went to make a call upon a friend. As they expected to return immediately, they left the infant slumbering in its cradle, and sent the servant on some trifling errand. Circumstances retarded their return. The anxious mother hastened to the nursery to tend upon her babe. She looked into the room, but all was still.—Surely the child was slumbering. She must not rouse it from its peaceful dream. But all continued still. There was a death-like silence in the room. She could not even hear her infant breathe. She sat a while by the flickering light of the expiring fire, for the shades of evening had gathered over the darkening horizon. At length she rose; she went to look upon her child—she lifted up the coverlet.—No child was there! An indescribable dread took possession of her soul. She rushed like a maniac from room to room. At last she heard a noise. She flew to the spot. Yes, three of her children were there, but the other, her newest born, the flower of her heart, was gone.

"My child! my child!" she screamed, and fell upon the floor. Her sister heard the fall, and rushed up stairs. She knelt beside the stricken woman, bathed her temple with cold water, and, with a start, Mrs. Wilson awoke from her swoon.

"My child! my child!" she sobbed.

"What of the child?" her sister cried.

"Gone—lost—stolen from its mother!" screamed the wretched woman.

"Oh, impossible! Be calm; the child will soon be found," her sister said. "Some neighbor, perhaps—"

"Perhaps—perhaps," hurriedly replied the mother, and she rushed from house to house. The people thought her mad. No child was there. Her sister led her home. She followed her calmly, unresistingly. Was her spirit bro-

ken? She was placed upon a chair—she sat as one bereft of reason—her face was pale—and perspiration, the deep dews of agony, gathered upon her brow. Not even a feather would have stirred before her breath. It looked like death.

At last she started from her seat. Her brows were knit, and her whole face convulsed with the fearful workings of her soul. "John! John!" she cried, "Where is my husband? Send him to me."

And they went to seek him, but he was not to be found. They told her so, and she was silent. There were evidently some frightful thoughts laboring within her breast—some terrible suspicions, which her spirit scarce dared to entertain. It was a fearful silence. At last his knock was heard—the stair creaked beneath his well-known tread—he entered.—The mother sprang upon her feet.

"John!" she screamed, "give me my child! Where have you put her? Where is my child?" Her husband started. "Woman, are you mad?" he cried.

"Give me my child!"

"Wife, be calm."

"I will not be calm. My child! You spoke coarsely to me the other night for nothing, John. She was a burden to you, was she? But why did you take her from me? I would have worked for her—drudged, slaved, to win her bread. Oh, why did you kill my child?"

The man looked stupidly upon his wife, and sank into a chair. The room was filled with neighbors. They looked at him, and then one to another, and whispered.

"Give me my child!" the mother screamed. He sat buried in thought, and covering his face with both his hands.

"Take him away," he cried, and the people laid their hands upon him.

He started to his feet, and dashed the foremost to the ground. There was a look about the man that terrified them, and they quailed before him. He strode before his wife.—"Woman," said he, "your lips accuse me. Bitterly, ay, bitterly, shall you rue this night's work. Come, neighbors, I am ready." And they took him to a magistrate.

"My child!" the wretched woman shrieked, and swooned away. Before a few hours had passed she was writhing in the agonies of a burning fever.

And where was her husband then? Walking to and fro upon the cold flagstones of a felon's cell, upon a charge of murdering his own child, doomed thither by his own wife. A close investigation of every matter connected with this mysterious affair was set on foot. No proof of Mr. Wilson's guilt could be obtained. He was arraigned before his country's laws, and, after a patient trial, was discharged, as his judge emphatically pronounced, without a stain upon his character. Discharged, forsooth, to what? To meet the frowns and suspicions of a too credulous world; to see the people turn and stare behind him, as he passed along the streets; to see the children shrink from him and flee, as from some monster; and to dwell in a desolate home, his own despairing to making as he now had them, and his wife—the wife who had accused him—looking with cold sneers, and unkind eyes upon the long she had sworn to love and cherish with her life. Such was his fate! Who had wrought it? His wife recovered from her illness, and her sister went her way back to her home in France.

Seldom did the poor man even speak; there was gloom about that desolate house. His trade fell off, and his credit declined; and why? Because his heart was broken. Day after day he sat in his home counting hours; there was no bustle there. His books were covered with a thick coat of dust; and, as one by one his customers stopped off, so poverty stepped in until at last he found himself almost a beggar. He went home, but not to the home he used to have. His furniture had been sold to supply the common necessities of life; and poor indeed was their now humble abode. There was silence in that little house—scarcely a whisper. In the secret fountains of his wife's heart there was still a depth of love for him; but, always when she would have breathed it forth, the strange, horrid suspicion would flit across her brain—her child was not. He often looked at her, a long, earnest gaze, but he seldom spoke.

One evening he was more than usually sad. He kissed his children fondly. He took his wife's cold hand and pressed it in his own. "Jessie," said he, "as you have sown, so shall ye reap; but I forgive you. God bless you, wife!" He lay down upon his hard pallet, and when they would have roused him in the morning, he was dead.

Time rolled on with rapid sweep, alas! bringing death and its attendant evils in his train.—Two of the widow's children died; and Jane was now about eighteen years of age. Narrow, rather than aged, had blanched the widow's hair. They were in great poverty, and eked out a scanty livelihood with their needle. Indeed, their only certain dependence lay in the small assistance which Madame de Bourblance sent from France. Perhaps had that sister known the straits of her poor relatives, her paltry pittance might have been increased. They were perhaps too proud to make it known, as it was, she knew not, or, if she did, she heeded not.

About this time a letter reached the widow from her sister. Besides containing the usual remittance, the letter was unusually long. She requested Jane to read to her, whilst she sat and sewed. When all the girl, her mother thought as Jane gazed upon the page, with some indescribable emotions depicted on her face. "Mother," she cried, "my sister lives; your child is found again!" The widow tore the letter from her daughter's hand, and read it eagerly, while her face grew paler every moment. She gasped for utterance; and the mystery was solved at last.

Yes, reader, at last was the mystery unravelled, and the criminal was her sister—she who had stood calmly by, and seen the agony of the bereaved mother—she who had beheld the injured father dragged as a felon to prison, when a word

from her would have cleared it all—she was that wretch. Madame de Bourblance was childless, and her heart yearned for some one she could love. She saw the little cherub of her sister, and she envied it. She knew that if she had asked the child, the mother's heart would have spurned the offer, so she laid her plans to steal the infant. She employed a woman from France, who, as she prowled about the house, had seized the favorable moment, and snatched the infant from its cradle, and the child was safely housed in France almost before the tardy law began its investigations. Madame de Bourblance remained beside her sister for a time; then hurried off to France, to lavish all her love upon the stolen child. It is true, she loved the child; but was it not a selfish love to see the bereaved mother mourn its loss, yet never soothe her troubled heart? And was it not a cruel love, to see a household broken up, affections desolated, and all to gratify a selfish whim of hers? It was worse than cruel—it was deeply criminal.

She brought up the infant as her own; she named it Amelia, and a pretty child she was.—Did a pang never strike into the heart of that cruel woman, as the child would lift its little eyes to hers, and lip "My mother?" She must have thought of the true mother, brokenhearted, in another land. Yes, a pang did pierce her heart; but alas! it came too late; the misery was already wrought. She wrote to her injured sister, begging for forgiveness, and at the same time offering a considerable sum if she would permit the child to remain with her, still ignorant of her real parentage. But she was mistaken in her hopes; for not only did the mother indignantly demand the restoration of her child, but she did more—she published the sister's letter, and triumphantly removed the stains that lingered on her dead husband's memory.

A few weeks after this, the widow went to pay a visit to the green grave of her brokenhearted husband. She knelt upon the verdant mound, and watered it with her tributary tears. All her unjust suspicions crowded on her mind, conscience reproached her bitterly. She knelt, and supplicated for forgiveness, seeming to commune with his spirit on the spot, where his poor frail body reposed in its narrow bed. She felt a gentle touch upon her shoulder; it was her daughter Jane. One moment after, and she was clasped in the embrace of a stranger. Nature whispered to the mother's heart, her child was there; her long lost child. She too had come to look upon that lowly grave—the grave of a father.

After the first transports of meeting were over, the widow found leisure to observe her child. But what a poor young delicate flower was she, to leave the rude blasts of poverty. She was a lovely girl; like a lily, fragile and pale, the storms of life would wither her. Her mother took her home; but the contrast was too great, from affluence to poverty. Amelia wept. Poor Jane strove to comfort her; but she might only use the language of the eyes, for her foreign sister scarcely understood two words of English. Amelia struggled hard to love her new mother, and to reconcile her young heart to this sudden change, but the effort was too great, and she gradually sunk. Early and late her mother and sister toiled, to obtain for her, in her delicate state some of those luxuries to which she had been accustomed; but their efforts were vain—she was not long for earth. The widow had indignantly refused all offers of assistance from her cruel sister, though she felt that, unless Providence should interpose, her strength must soon fail under its additional exactions.

A letter arrived from France; it was sealed with black. They opened it hastily and fearfully; they had cause. Madame de Bourblance was dead; she was suddenly cut off, to render an account before her Creator. The shock was too great for Amelia. Day by day she languished, pining in heart for sunny France. Three months after she had reached England, Amelia died. Her last words were "My mother."

Soon after her old mother followed her. Jane is the sole survivor of this domestic tragedy.—Even she may have departed to a haven of eternal rest, for she left my mother shortly after we were settled in London, and we have never seen her since.

Gen. Hamilton's Letter.

The proposition for paying the State debts of Texas is submitted to the people of that State by General Hamilton as follows:

"If Texas will cede to the Government of the United States all her territory, beginning on the North bank of the main fork of Red River where the 100th meridian West of Greenwich intersects the same; thence North, with that meridian, to the parallel North lat. 36:30; thence West, with that parallel, to the 103rd meridian West of Greenwich; thence South, with that meridian to the North bank of said main fork Red River on to a point due West from the point thereof, thence to the said head, and down said stream; with its North bank, to the beginning—containing 23,500 square miles, more or less, or about twenty-six and nearly a half constitutional counties of 900 square miles each—equivalent to about 15,230,000 acres; I have but little doubt that the Government would pay five millions for this territory as an Indian reservation, as such a reservation would be very desirable to carry out the philanthropic views of our Government towards the Indian tribes. It is understood that the white settlements in Arkansas, and some of the other new States are beginning to press inconveniently on the Indian reservation in those States. It is moreover a matter of great importance to the United States that the Indians in your own State should be concentrated on some properly selected territory, for their civilization and improvement. No spot, I have reason to believe, can be better adapted to the purpose than the one I have indicated. I believe, moreover, that a negotiation, conducted with zeal and address by your public creditors, would result in

an act of Congress for the purchase of this territory.

The Government of the United States, independently of the humane policy by which they have always been influenced towards the Indian tribes, would be impelled by other considerations of no little force to make this purchase. It would enable her by the concentration of the Indians now in the territory of Texas on a given spot, to diminish the number of her troops in the State at least one-half, by which she would save not less, it is presumed, than a million of dollars annually—to say nothing of her obtaining an equivalent for the payment of a public debt which she is bound to pay, without compensation or indemnity, except indeed it is to be found in the vast revenue which she will collect, for ages to come, on your consumption. A boon she has acquired by that act—annexation—by which her liability to pay your debts results.

I would respectfully suggest that the cession in question be made to the Government of the United States on the following conditions:

1. That the ceded territory should be used exclusively for an Indian reservation; when this ceases, its jurisdiction should revert to Texas, the United States retaining the public lands belonging to the same.

2. That the amount the Government of the United States should agree to pay for the territory in question, should be applied to the discharge of the difference between the sealed rate and face value of the revenue debt of the late Republic of Texas, for which the Government of the United States is liable.

3. On the creditors' signing the required releases to the State of Texas and the Government of the United States, fifty per cent. of the above amount should be paid to the creditors of Texas, in cash, and fifty per cent. reserved in the treasury of the United States, to constitute the subscription of the creditors of Texas to the charter of a railroad from some central point in the interior to the waters of the Gulf by some route which shall confer the largest amount of profit on the stockholder—propositions that are nearly identical—the road will be selected by the stockholders after a scientific survey.

4. If the proposed arrangements should be consummated, the Legislature of Texas should grant to the creditors a charter for the construction of the road.

5. That, for the amount of fifty per cent. reserved in the treasury of the United States for the construction of the railroad, each creditor shall be entitled to receive, in shares of one hundred dollars each, an amount equal to the balance which may be due to him on a settlement of his claim.

I have the estimate of a highly accomplished and able civil engineer that such a road, of 250 miles in length, running through the most fertile part of Texas in her wealth and population, might be built for 2,000,000. It is scarcely necessary to inform you that in no country in the world can railroads be constructed with the same degree of cheapness as in Texas. They would run on a dead level, with scarcely any inequality of surface, for at least 150 miles from the sea—requiring very little grading.

I believe a road on a route judiciously selected and economically built will pay an interest of five per cent., on an average, for the first five years after its completion, and ten per cent. in the succeeding ten years, and in the next fifty years add one hundred millions to the value of the property of the State.

I believe, moreover, that in augmenting the population of Texas by the immense facilities the road would afford to foreign immigrants in transportation and freight, it will return in ten years to the Government of the United States the whole amount which they may stipulate to pay for the ceded territory, on the increased duties collected at the various custom houses in the U. States on the consumption of these emigrants. Nor ought we to omit to take into account the immense annual saving (certainly not less than the interest on five million-) on the freight and transportation of the supplies and munitions of war of the troops in Texas and New-Mexico.

I believe that such a road might be completed in three years from its commencement, and abide through all time a proud and lasting monument of your justice and the gratitude of your creditors.

These propositions seem fair enough, and are sustained by the author with his usual force of argument. The Rail Road project is certainly one of vast importance, and it would not surprise us, if these ideas were really seriously entertained by many of the leading men of Texas, and the General Government.

FEMALES ON FIRE.—Almost all the persons burned to death by their clothes taking fire are females. The reason of this is the inflammable nature of their garments. There is a very simple mode of preventing a fatal result when a woman's clothes are on fire, which is to lie down close to the floor and roll over once or twice. If any one doubts the efficiency of the remedy, let them take a strip of cotton cloth, and hold it upon the floor and they will see that it burns very slowly and soon goes out. This remedy ought to be impressed upon the mind of every woman, and ought to be taught by every mother to her daughters, as soon as they are able to learn anything.—*Yonker Blade.*

The ordinary mode of churning butter in Chippewa is to put the milk in a skin—usually a dog's skin—tie it on a donkey; mount a boy on him with rows to his spurs about the length of the animal's ears, and they run him four-mile heats.

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Better throw a brick at your husband than the last word. The brick may miss, but the last word will certainly hit.