

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JULY 27, 1852.

NUMBER 60.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

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BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Oh! deem not that they are blessed alone

Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;

The power who pities man has shown

A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again

The lids that overflow with tears;

And weary hours of woe and pain

Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny feast

For every dark and troubled night;

And grief may hide an evening guest,

But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy son's low bier

Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,

Hope that a brighter, happier shore,

Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,

Though life its common gift deny,

Though pierced and broken be his heart,

And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,

And numbered every secret tear;

And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay

For all its children suffer here.

We find the following touching poetry in reply to the well-known song, "Ben Bolt," in the Louisville Journal:

BEN BOLT'S REPLY.

OR, AH! YES, I REMEMBER.

Ah! yes, I remember that name with delight,

Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear,

I seek her grave in the pale hour of night,

And moisten the turf with a tear;

And there when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,

I wander and muse all alone,

And long for the time when my head shall repose

Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the woods where so joyous we stray'd,

And recline on the green sunny hill;

All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,

But my heart is lonely and chill;

The hand that so fondly I pressed then in mine,

And the lips that were melting with love—

Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,

Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook

"And the master so kind and so true,"

The wild blooming flowers in the cool shady nook

So fragrant with incense and dew.

But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart,

Nor the friends that have left us alone—

The bosom will heave, and the tear drops will start,

For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

The New-York Journal of Commerce of Saturday afternoon says:

It will be seen from the statement which we publish that the banks of this city have one dollar in specie for every six and three-fourths dollars in loans and discounts, notwithstanding that the latter have been largely increased by the temporary loan of large amounts subject to a call. This is a better position than they have occupied for a long time, and a much greater relative amount of specie than at any previous time, within our recollection.

INSTRUCTIVE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD TRIBULATION.—We all know, in a general way, that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin "tribulum,"—that word signifying the threshing instrument, or roller, by which the Romans separated the corn from the husks; and "tribulation," in its primary significance, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, and distress, and adversity, being the appropriated means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat, of whatever in them was light, and trivial and poor, from the solid and true, therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "tribulations," threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner.

THE WOUNDED GUERRILLA, OR A TALE OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

The city of Puebla lies in the centre of an immense plateau, seven thousand feet above the sea level, and bordered by mountains of more than twice this altitude. Malinchi, rendered classic in the history of the first conquest, rises on the north; the final bars up the eastern passes, while the great Cordillera of the Rio Frio forms its western boundary, thus separating the two great valleys of Puebla and Mexico by an almost impassible barrier. In this ridge lie the great snow mountain of Popocatepec and the "White Woman, (*la mujer blanca*), known poetically as the "Twin Sisters."

These mountains soar far above the regions of eternal snow. Popocatepec is a cone, and the gray fringe that marks the blending of the white glacier and the dark Pines of the mountain forest, forms the circumference of a horizontal circle. On the White Woman the snow line is more irregular. On both mountains its altitude is variable, according to the season and the heat of the sun. Thus the melting of the snows in the sultry months of summer, throws the gray fringe higher up the sides of Popocatepec and Ixticahuatl and irrigates the broad plains of Puebla and Tlaxcala.

But for the snow-crowned mountains the plateau of Puebla would be a barren desert. As it is, the western segment of this plain may be termed the garden spot of Mexico.

As the traveler emerges from the western gate of Puebla, he beholds one of the loveliest pictures in the world. The delighted eye roams over broad fields of corn and wheat, and "frjolotes," bordered by fence rows of the picturesque maguay—here and there the cupolas of rich haciendas—the turrets of a flourishing village, and the spires of a rural church variegate the green landscape, while in the distance rises the dark Cordillera of the Mexican Andes, over whose gloomy forests and frowning chasms the snowy crests of the "Twin Sisters" glisten with dazzling whiteness.

This is, perhaps, the fairest picture in Mexico. Its beauty, however, did not protect it from the desolating influence of war, and during the occupation of Puebla by the American army, bands of robbers under the name of "guerrilleros," alike hostile to Mexican and American, roamed over the fairest portions of this district, committing every species of outrage upon its peaceful inhabitants.

The American army entered Puebla in the month of May, 1847. The inhabitants, one hundred thousand in number, were struck with astonishment at the boldness of the act. They had been expecting an army of at least ten thousand men. Instead of this, ninety dragoons rode into the plaza alone, where they halted to await the advance of the army, in all, not numbering four thousand men. Hundreds of Mexicans counted our soldiers as they crossed the bridge of "Nochebuena," and the feeling that existed in the breasts of the Poblanos, after our entry into their city, was one of shame, that they had permitted such a handful of men to take the old and warlike town of Puebla, without a blow having been struck in its defence.

They might apparently have stoned us to death. Santa Anna repulsed at Amozoc, had retreated upon San Martin, and now held that fair district with his rabble soldiery.

On finding that it was not in the power of the American commander to advance beyond Puebla, for a time, the bright idea struck Santa Anna of rousing the national pride on a more in defence of their capital. He consequently crossed the mountains of Rio Frio, and commenced fortifying the ancient city of the Aztecs, leaving, however a large guerrilla force, who roamed at will over the western plain of Puebla and occupied San Martin, Tlaxcala and Atlixco. These at first commenced hostilities by stopping the supplies of the Puebla market, which depends altogether upon the fertile districts of the west. Finding, however, that the American gold received in exchange for the fruits and vegetables of San Martin, served their purposes better than revenge, the guerrillas at length permitted the produce to pass, levying a heavy contribution upon each article.

The hated "alcabala," was abolished at the city gates, and the Indians and rancheros of Cholula, San Pablo, and San Martin, flocked to the grand Plaza of Puebla.

It was a rare sight in the bright mornings of June, this Plaza of Puebla. Hundreds of Indian girls seated in groups under their awnings of "petates," gayly chatting with one another, or laughing with a clear ringing laugh at the bad Spanish of the American soldier. Who says that the Indians of Mexico are a dejected race? No such thing. We have seen more bright happy faces in the markets of Puebla than anywhere else.—The slightest witticism—a mispronunciation of the name of any of their wares by a foreign tongue, will elicit peals of laughter from these merry market girls, while the almost constant display of their small pearly teeth and sparkling eyes evinces the lightness of their hearts.

The remnants of several nations exist in the plains of Puebla. These may be easily distinguished in the streets of the city by a singular custom. A few strands of worsted thread, blue, crimson or purple, are twisted into the plaits of their hair. The difference of color in this worsted marks the tribe or village to which the wearer belongs, so that at a glance you may tell an Indian girl from Tlaxcala or San Pablo, from one of the Cholultecas.

The Indians of the last mentioned tribe are perhaps the most interesting to be met with in Mexico. Living at the foot of the great pyramid, on "haunted holy ground," they are constantly reminded of the religion of their fathers, many of whose peculiar customs and habits they still preserve in all their pristine simplicity. The young girls of this tribe are strikingly handsome, and but for their malformation—the et-

fect of early toil and careless rearing—the Cholultecas, with their dark Indian eyes and pearly teeth, would far eclipse with their beauty the daughters of the famed Castilian conquerors.

Of all the Indian maidens who visited the Plaza of Puebla, none attracted more admiration from the officer or soldier who thronged through the market than two sisters from Cholula. These girls were named Remedios and Dolores, after the appellations of two of the most popular saints in Mexico.

The elder, Remedios, was strikingly beautiful, and though admired by all, her dark Indian eye had made a deeper impression upon the heart of a young Ranger.

The occupation of these young girls was that of weaving baskets from the fine fibres of the palma redonda, which wares, along with the flowers that grew in their little garden at Cholula, they brought once or twice a week to the city.

The young Ranger spoken of, was frequently placed upon picket guard at a point on the Cholula road, and had thus become acquainted with the sisters, with whom he seemed on terms of friendly intercourse. He was frequently seen to accompany them beyond the confines of the city on their return homeward, and at parting the beautiful Remedios would linger behind her sister, and concealing the friendly shelter of a maguay plantation, bid him farewell with a kiss. It was evident that the passion between the Ranger and the fair Cholulteca was mutual.

Such was the state of affairs in the city. Let us follow the young girls to their native village at the foot of the far-famed pyramid.

Under the shade of a huge pepper-tree, stood a small but neat cottage of adobes. In front of this cottage was a little garden filled with bright flowers, and fenced in by a close wall of the octagonal columns of nopal. Outside of the octagonal garden grew the giant maguay planted closely in rows, and running alongside pathways which led to other cottages similar to the one above mentioned. Such pathways form the lanes and streets of a Mexican village.

Over the cottage door is a little awning or shade formed by two or three poles and the broad leaves of the royal palm, and under this awning are seated the sisters Remedios and Dolores.

They have been silent for some time, each busily engaged with her work, which consists in weaving the beautiful palm baskets, that meet with such ready sale in the plaza. Dolores is no doubt thinking upon the profits which her work will yield, and she will rejoice the heart of her old and helpless father, who has no other support. Dolores is the old man's favorite, and returns his parental fondness with a heart full of filial love.

The thoughts of Remedios are dwelling upon a far different object, and two or three times she has become so absent as to make strange mistakes in her work. Presently the fibres of the palm she has been weaving becomes entangled, and suddenly breaks.

"What are you doing, Remedios?" asks her sister. Then adds with somewhat of a malicious laugh. "Thinking of Don Santiago? But come, sister, see better to your work, or we will not have our baskets ready for to-morrow's market, and then how you would be disappointed!"

Remedios blushed, but made no other reply to the pleasantry of her sister.

Dolores looked in her face, and noticing the blush, said in a more serious tone.

"Ah, Remedios! if Pepe only knew."

"Knew what?"

"Of Don Santiago?"

"And if he did!" exclaimed the elder sister, while her dark eye flashed with indignation, "what is Pepe to me. I never loved him, and I never told him I did—he has no right to me more than another!"

At this moment a footstep reached the ears of the sisters, causing them to start and look up.

A young man of rather a forbidding appearance was coming up between the rows of maguays. He was dressed in the costume of an ordinary peasant, but the short carbine which he carried over his shoulder, and the belt and pouch slung across his breast, betokened that he was one of the enrolled guerrillas, whose headquarters were for the time in the village of Cholula.

The young man entered through the opening of the nopal fence, and striking the butt of his piece to the ground, stopped in front of the cottage, saluting the sisters with the usual exclamation for that hour "buenas tardes!" (good evening.)

The salutation was returned by both the sisters; but in such a manner by the elder, as showed that she felt a coldness, or rather a repugnance toward the object of it.

Pepe, (the name of the intruder,) noticed this, and glared upon her with a scowl which bespoke a strange blending of fierce love with jealous anger. It was evident that he was now before them with some sinister design, and the sisters sat without speaking, but both trembling under the influence of his evil eye.

"So, Remedios, I have found out the reason why you rejected me so scornfully, but I will be revenged!"

"What mean you, Pepe?" asked the girl in a conciliatory tone.

"You know what I mean. I have heard and know well too, of your partings on the road by the garita. I have been told all—but trust me you will take no more of these affectionate farewells, for this night I will have my revenge.—We have laid our plans, and this night your Yankee lover will die—and if by to-morrow at noon you have not promised to be mine, you may deal the vengeance of my comrades, for they shall know all."

"Remember, to-morrow I return."

So saying, the guerrilla flung his carbine over his shoulder and with an angry look strode from the cottage.

The young girls watched for a moment in silence his retreating form. When he had passed from their sight Remedios bent towards her sis-

ter and in a half whisper asked.

"What does he mean when he says he must die to-night? Do you think he has some plot laid to assassinate Don Santiago?"

"No to-night they are to attack the picket at the garita. You know that this is the day of Don Santiago's guard. I overheard one of the guerrillas talk of their plan as I came from the church."

All that night Remedios was unhappy. She slept but little, thinking of the threat which had been uttered by the jealous Pepe, and with painful suspense she awaited the approach of day.

At an early hour the sisters, with their basket filled with the work of yesterday, and a profusion of beautiful flowers, started for Puebla.

Shortly after leaving the village they met an Indian woman coming from the direction of the city, driving an ass. This woman informed the sisters that there had been a severe skirmish near the garita, between the guerrillas and the guard, in which the former had been defeated and scattered. The guard had got information by some means of the intended attack, and had sent to Puebla for a reinforcement of mounted men, which had arrived just in time and by a circuitous route, and had attacked the guerrillas in the rear, so that only a few had of them escaped from either death or capture.

The sisters had scarcely bid adieu to the Indian woman, when on reaching a turn in the road they came upon one of the guerrillas, seated upon a stone. A handkerchief was bound round his head—his face, pale and haggard, was spotted with blood, and there was a look of wild revenge in his eye as he recognized the approach of the two girls.

They at first alarmed on perceiving whom they had encountered, for it was Pepe who was before them, but when they saw that the guerrilla was wounded, and apparently suffering, in the true spirit of womanly compassion both the young girls ran up to him and inquired what they could do to assist him.

This appeared for a moment to soften the bitter spirit of the wounded man, and in a manner of more tenderness than he usually exhibited, he requested one of them to bring him a draught of water, while the other rebounded the handkerchief upon his wound.

The elder sister immediately ran to fulfill his request, while Dolores remained alone with the guerrilla. She rebounded the handkerchief with tender care, and had commenced readjusting it, when the sudden tramping of horses' hoofs was heard, and before the wounded man had time to escape, half a dozen Rangers came galloping up the road.

The guerrilla had seized his carbine, and was making for the chapparal, when one of his pursuers called out to him to halt and they would spare him. Seeing the impossibility of escape, the man turned suddenly round and doggedly approached the party of Rangers, who had halted upon that road.

At this moment Remedios returned, and recognizing one of the Rangers, with an exclamation of delight, called out—

"Don Santiago!"

"Ha!" cried the guerrilla, "it is he!" And throwing up his carbine he fired at the young Ranger, who had leaped from his horse, and was approaching the girl.

The ball took effect, passing through the fleshy part of the Ranger's arm. The shock brought him to the ground, and the wild laugh of the guerrilla told that he believed his vengeance had been complete.

The quick successive reports of half a dozen rifles for a moment drowned this laugh, and when they ceased it was heard no more. He that had uttered it lay by the road a bleeding corpse.

SABBATH DISSENTIONS.—One of our recently elected judges has honored himself by a resolute attempt to check the tide of Sabbath dissipation. Judge Thompson read, a week ago, a severe lecture to the corps of constables, for neglecting to report the keepers of drinking saloons, confectioners, &c., who transact their regular business on the Sabbath. He informed the constables that all such traffic was in direct violation of the laws of the commonwealth, and if they neglected to report the offenders, they were liable to removal for misdemeanor. The constables were not a little dismayed at this new line of duty marked out for them, and will probably be somewhat lax in conforming to it, but if the Judge follows up his measure with vigor, the public morals will be the gainer. Idleness and dissipation on the Sabbath have been increasing in the city with fearful rapidity, and but a small portion of the young men of the city are found in places of worship.—*Christian Chronicle.*

THE STREAM OF LIFE.—Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first, glides, swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the bank seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain.—The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness but the infinite and the eternal.—*Bishop Usher.*

THE FISHERIES.—The New York Herald gives the following account of the origin of the difficulty between the American and Nova Scotia fishermen.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1852.

The British and Colonial governments are, at the present moment, adopting the most stringent measures for driving the American fishing vessels away from the fishing grounds in the Bay of Fundy, on the coast of Nova Scotia, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to which points hundreds of those vessels resort every summer.

By treaty, American fishermen are not allowed to fish within a maritime league of the coast, where is the best fishing ground, nor in the Bay of Fundy; but they have been in the habit of disregarding the prohibition, and not only have they done this, but they have gone on shore, and it would appear, have carried on a considerable traffic with the inhabitants, and it is said, in some instances, created disturbance.

The Canadian government has fitted out a vessel to cruise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on board of which is a magistrate and police force; four armed vessels have been fitted out by that of Nova Scotia, which are commanded by very determined men, who are resolved to bring affairs to a crisis; one has been fitted out at Newfoundland, and one will be sent into the Bay of Fundy by the government of New Brunswick.

In the meantime, the British government have been equally on the alert, and the Admiral on the North American station has despatched the Devastation steam frigate, which has been placed under the orders of the Governor of Prince Edward Island for the protection of the fisheries in that vicinity; an armed cutter has also been sent into the Bay of Fundy, and has already captured an American fisherman found in its waters.

Two sloops of war have also been despatched to the Gulf of St. Lawrence—the Bermuda and Sappho—for the purpose of enforcing the treaty, and a small fleet of armed vessels and steamers, I am credibly informed, are on their way from England, with a similar object.

It is much to be feared that this sudden and unexpected action may produce bloodshed; and its ultimate reference to the relations between the two countries, it is impossible to foretell.—The fishing vessels frequent the grounds in large bodies, several of them cruising in company; and it will not be matter of surprise if they offer resistance to any small armed vessel which may interfere with their occupation, and thus produce a collision that may lead to consequences of a serious nature, as an opposition will undoubtedly lead to a concentration of the British naval force on the station.

The American papers, and therefore hasten to send a statement of what has come to my knowledge, and will forward any further information that I may obtain from a reliable source.

LOVENS.—People that are in love with each other wonder that third persons should discover their sentiments. They fancy themselves in a kind of Calypso's Island, and are astonished when a strange sail is seen approaching the coast.—There is, in point of fact, no paradise that has such a low and thin fence as this; every passer-by can see through it.

The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by, you see a spark darting out; then a strong light; till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

Payson.

The liquor merchants of Newport are selling off their stock as fast as they can. During the last two weeks one firm has put up five hundred gallons of liquor per day, in demijohns—this is beside what they have sold in large quantities.—The business of liquor-selling will be a bad investment in Rhode Island shortly, owing to the Maine law.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—We can never be built too steadfastly and permanently upon truthful principles; which, of course, must be developed and cultivated in us by every proper means; amongst which thoughtful reading and meditation occupy a prominent place. But the events and circumstances of life which exercise our principles, and which call upon us to make a partial application of the truths we know, these are our best instructors; and if we fail in obedience here, and look for our lessons in a sofa-reclining perusal of philosophy, thinking to glide as easily into goodness and self-discipline as we can sink into an after-dinner's nap, I am afraid we shall make no way at all in learning the art of being happy; for that is the sum and substance of what we are seeking.

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco.

"I had a drama last night your honor."

"What was it, Pat?"

"Why, I dram'd that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobacco, and her ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know."

"Faith, and they may be that," said Pat, without the hesitation, "so her ladyship is to give the tobacco and his honor the tay."

"Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger, as he entered it. "I beg pardon," replied the intruder "I fear I have took it for a Christian's."

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