

Capt. John McRae

The Camden Journal.

VOL. XXII—NO. 45.

CAMDEN, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1864.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1—NO. 12.

By D. D. HOCOTT.

TERMS.

12 Months,	95 00
6 "	50 00
3 "	25 00

Rates for Advertising:

For one square—twelve lines or less—TWO DOLLARS for the first insertion, and ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

POET'S CORNER.

"ONE WORD OF HOPE—ONE WORD TO-DAY"

BY CHARLIE WILDFORD.

One word my heart with joy can cheer—
 One word, in late like tones of cheer,
 Can banish doubt and chilly fear.
 And crown my soul with bliss divine!
 Can roll away the waves of sigh,
 That on my splash around my sight,
 And myrtle boughs and roses lay,
 While sprinkling hints of golden day
 And diamond hues within my way.
 Oh! turn not, dearest, then away,
 But cheer me with one word to-day—
 One word of hope, one word to-day.

What if the world's unending praise
 Be lavished on me all the while?
 I crave no world to sing my lay—
 I ask but your approving smile.
 One word from those sweet lips of yours,
 Where sorrow's ills in the rose-
 One word can make my shining life,
 As touch the strings with sacred fire—
 One word can make my song expire—
 Oh! turn not, dearest, then away,
 But cheer me with one word to-day—
 One word of hope, one word to-day.

SONNET

BY HENRY TAYLOR.

We may not fall, while there is an eye
 On you, and on which to strike a human deed—
 But count our hours, and see how weak the thread
 Which bears in every turn its load the wheel
 Of iron's furies. Place as yet no realm,
 Example, bliss, or woe, which no hostile tread
 Hath yet profaned—mountains like money to him
 All plans of with pass—men that would freely shed
 Their heart's best blood and hopes to win no more
 Of the dear soil for which they lift their steel.
 That would suffice to drink no freeman's gore—
 And women with their tender souls so poured
 In patriot strength, we feel as one might feel
 If God should turn his rainbow to a sword!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From "Phenomena of Missing" in Chambers' Journal.]

A STRANGE STORY.

The saddest disappearance of which I remember over to have read, was that of a Capt. Routh, of the Indian army, who came home on leave from Calcutta to be married to a Miss Ling, of Hertfordshire. Capt. Routh arrived at Southampton, and was identified as having been a passenger by the coach from that place to London. But after having accomplished so many hundred miles, he never reached that place, such a little way off, where his bride awaited him. In neither came nor wrote. She read his name in the list of passengers by the Europa, and looked for him hour by hour in vain. What excuses must not her love have made for him! How she must have clung to one frail chance, after another until her last hope left her. How infinitely more terrible must such vague wretchedness have been to her, than if she had known him to have been struck down by the fatal sun-ray of Bengal, or drowned in Indian seas. Where was he? What could have become of him?

This young lady had a cousin of the name of Penrhyn, about her own age, who had been brought up in the same family, and, although much attached to her, had not been hitherto considered to entertain toward her warmer feelings than those of kinship. But a month, and year after year, went by without tidings of the missing bridegroom. So began to court her as a lover. She for her part refused to listen to his addresses, but her mother favored them; and plunged in melancholy, the girl did not take the pains to repulse him, which probably she otherwise would have done. She accepted, or at least she did not reject, a ring of his, which she even wore on her finger; but whenever he spoke to her, or tendered her any service, she turned from him with something like loathing. Whether this was remarked upon so much before the following circumstances occurred, it would be interesting to learn, but all who know them now testify that whereas in earlier days she had taken pleasure in her cou-

sin's society, it seemed to become absolutely hateful to her, as subsequently to her calamity.

About three years after Capt. Routh's disappearance, a brother officer and friend of his, one Major Brooks, having business in England, was invited to Hertfordshire by Mrs. Ling, at the urgent request of her daughter. So far, however, from being overcome by the association of the Major's presence with her lost lover, Miss Ling seemed to take pleasure in nothing so much as in hearing him talk of his missing friend. Mr. Penrhyn appears to have taken this in high dudgeon; perhaps he grew apprehensive that a present rival might be even more fatal to his hopes than the memory of an absent one, but, at all events, the two gentlemen quarrelled. Mr. Penrhyn, who lived in the neighborhood, protested that he would not enter the house during the Major's stay, and remained at his own residence. During the arrangement, the conversation between Brooks and Miss Ling had Capt. Routh for its topic more than ever. In speaking of the absence of all else to what had become of him, the Major observed:

"There is one thing that puzzles me almost as much as the loss of my poor friend himself. You say his luggage was found at the inn where the coach stopped in London?"

"It was," said the lady. "I am thankful to say that I have numberless tokens of his dear self."

"There is one thing, though, which I wonder he parted with," pursued the Major, "and did not always carry about with him, as he promised to do. I was with him in the bazaar at Calcutta, when he bought you that twisted ring—"

"That ring?" cried the poor girl, "that ring!" and, with a frightful shriek, she instantly swooned away.

Her mother came running in to know what was the matter. Brooks made some evasive explanation, but while she was applying restoratives, inquired, as carelessly as he could, who had given to her daughter that beautiful ring.

"Oh, Willy Penrhyn," said she. "That is the only present, poor fellow, he could ever get Rachel to accept."

Upon this, Major Brooks went straight to Penrhyn's house, but was denied admittance, whereupon he wrote to him the following letter:

"Sir: I have just seen a ring on the hand of the betrothed wife of my murdered friend, Herbert Routh; he bought it for that purpose himself, but you have presented it. I know he always wore it on his little finger, and never parted with it by chance. I demand, therefore, to know by what means you became possessed of it. I shall require to see you in person at five o'clock this afternoon, and shall take no denial."
 "JAMES BROOKS."

The Major arrived at Mr. Penrhyn's house at the time specified, but found him a dead man. He had taken poison upon the receipt of the above letter, and so, as is supposed, departed the only human being who could have unravelled the mystery of the missing Capt. Routh. Still, it is barely possible that he may not have been his murderer after all; if he were, it was surely a thing so easily identified, and that, too, to the very person of all others, from whom he should have concealed it.

Tom Hood mentions the case of an old Jew who lent a large sum of money and charged interest on it at nine per cent. instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated, and at last asked the lender if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died.

"Ah," said the old Hebrew, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye and a grin, "I have thought of that too; but when God looks down upon it from above the 9 will look to him like a 6."

"THE RAPID ANN." Some of General Lee's soldiers are publishing a paper, gotten up with pen and pencil, called the "Rapid Ann." The following is a specimen of the wit in it:

TACTICS OF KISSING.

[Recruit is placed in front of the piece.]

First Motion.—Bend the right knee; straighten the left; bring the head on a line with the face of the piece; at the same time extend the arms, and clasp the cheeks of the piece firmly in both hands.

Second Motion.—Bend the body slightly forward; pucker the mouth, and apply the lips smartly to the muzzle mouldings.

Third Motion.—Break off promptly on both legs, to escape jarring or injury should the piece recoil.

A despatch to the *Augusta Chronicle*, dated Pollard, February 21, says Pensacola, Florida, was destroyed by fire on that day. More than a hundred houses were burned.

THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS.

If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing well. No one can do anything well unless he knows how to do it. This knowledge, in regard to most things, is not expected to be obtained without study, or long continued training. If a man expects to work on iron, and mould the metal into shapes of usefulness or beauty, he goes into a workshop where such things are understood, and patiently trains his mind and his hand to the work. He would feel little hope of becoming an efficient and successful laborer on iron without such education. If a man expects to be a jeweler, a maker, or even a repairer of watches, he goes through his apprenticeship to prepare him for the work. He will seldom, if ever, succeed without a careful education of the mind and the eye, and the hand in that special department of industry. So with every other industrial pursuit. Even if any can succeed in them without previous special training. Everybody expects those who embark in them to have been prepared for them; or, in other words, educated for them. But it seems to be taken for granted that it is so much easier to work on mind than on metal *teachers need no special training.* They can teach by instinct, and we hear it talked of as a matter of course that the unfortunates who have lost an arm or a leg, in this most wicked war, are to be supported hereafter by teaching school—as though the loss of a limb, which disqualifies them for any other occupation, could fit them for this. We humbly submit that the mental discipline of the rising generation will require some other qualifications in those who undertake it besides incapacity to do anything else. It requires more skill to work rightly on mind than on matter. The work is more important, as it affects the usefulness and happiness of immortal beings. The impression made on stone or brass will be lost or erased by the ever-corroding tooth of time, but that made on the mind will last forever. The artist who moulds and fashions minds should be pre-eminently a master of his work. Can he become such without special training? In a few rare instances it may be so. Some men may have a *genius* for teaching, as others have for painting or engraving. But most men will be hot sorry bunglers at the business without special training. A. C. D.

A NUISANCE.

To the Editor of the *Mercury*: No more intolerable annoyance now exists than the annoyance to which persons are subjected in travelling on our railroads.

We had the misfortune a few evenings since to travel on the South Carolina Railroad from Charleston to Columbia, in company with ladies, and it was eminently disgusting to encounter the blackguardisms and rudeness of certain individuals who thrust themselves into their presence.

We were under the apprehension that there existed regulations whereby a car was expressly reserved for the accommodation of ladies, children and such gentlemen as might accompany them; but it seems that if there ever was such a rule, it is no longer adhered to, as it is not uncommon to see men actually intoxicated, permitted by conductors and sentinels to enter cars occupied by ladies where they no sooner come than they indulge in the grossest profanity.

The evil is a flagrant one, and calls for remedy. Our wives, sisters and mothers are compelled frequently to go from point to point unaccompanied by those who could protect them, in consequence of their absence in the service of their country, and every safeguard should be thrown around them so that when they do venture to travel, they may do so without the fear of encountering those who cannot be restrained from an exhibition of their low breeding and vulgarity. Strange to say, many who pretend to wear the uniforms of officers are to be found in the category of those to whom we have had made reference.

We call on those who have our railroads in charge to abate this evil. Something should and must be done to put a stop to the disgraceful scenes which occur from day to day, so that ladies may travel in peace and security and unmolested by blackguards. AN OFFICER.

The capture of the port of Campeachy by the French raises the blockade there. By the articles of capitulation all the Government property is passed over to the French commander.

The *wag* of the Atlanta Confederacy gives the following gratuitous advice:

As many of the present Congress, after its adjournment, will be looking for a "soft place," we suggest that they feel for it—under their bats!

SUNDAY READING.

SUNDAY RELIGION.

The tides come every day in Charleston harbor, but they only come once in seven in God's harbor of the sanctuary. They rise on Sunday, but ebb on Monday, and are down and out all the rest of the week. Men write over their store door, "Business is business," and over the church door, "Religion is religion," and they say to religion, "Never come in here," and to business, "Never go in there." Let us have no secular things in the pulpit, they say, "we get enough of them thro' the week in the city." There all is stringent, biting selfishness, and knives, and probes, and lancets, and hurry, and work, and worry. Here we want repose, and sedatives, and healing balm. All is prose there; here let us have poetry. We want to sing hymns, and to hear about heaven and Calvary; in short, we want the pure gospel, without any worldly intermixture. And so they desire to spend a pious, quiet Sabbath, full of pleasant imaginings and peaceful recollection; but when the day is gone, all is laid aside. They will take by the throat the first debtor whom they meet, and exclaim, "Pay me what thou owest; it is Monday." And when the minister ventures to hint to them something about their duty to their fellow men, they say, "O, you stick to your preaching. You don't know how to collect your own debts, and can't tell what a man may have to do in his intercourse with the world." God's law is not allowed to go into the week. If the merchant spies it in his store, he throws it over the counter. If the clerk sees it in the bank he kicks it out at the door. If it is found in the street, the multitude pursue it, pelting it with stones, as if it were a wolf escaped from a menagerie, and shouting, "Back with you; you have got out of Sunday." There is no religion in all this. It is mere sentimentalism. Religion belongs to every day; to the place of business as much as to the church. High in an ancient belfry there is a clock, and once a week the old sexton winds it up; but it has neither dial-plate nor hands. The pendulum swings, and there it goes, ticking, ticking, day in and day out, unnoticed and useless. What the old clock is in its back chamber, keeping time to itself, but never showing it, that is the mere sentimentality of religion, high above life in the region of airy thought; perched up in the top of Sunday, but without dial or pointer to let the week know what o'clock it is, of time or of eternity.

CROMWELL, NAPSLEON AND THE WALDENERS.—The fact is, perhaps, not general known, that when, in Oliver Cromwell's time the Waldenses or Vaudsio people were so cruelly persecuted by the Church of Rome, he called for a collection to relieve their necessities, in all the church of the Puritans and Congregations in Great Britain. So heartily was this responded to, that a considerable surplus was left after their wants were met, which remained in the British treasury; and this fact having at length been brought to the knowledge of the Government, it was agreed that the funds, being no longer needed for their original purpose, should be set apart for the support of the Vaudsio pastors. Accordingly, each one of them, sixteen in number, receives annually £40 from the Bank of England.

Prayer is a duty, but it is vain to pray without a sincere desire of the heart to obtain what we pray for.

A IDLER.—When Wright's Georgia regiment was drawn up in line of battle to go into its first fight at—Mills, in North Carolina, Wright (now a Major General, in passing in front of his regiment,) observed a tall, gaunt fellow, with a violin case strapped to his back. Wright asked him "what he was going to do with his fiddle?" The rude soldier had never heard of Mirabeau's dying exclamation, but he almost quoted it when he said he wanted to "die to the sound of Betsy," this being the term of endearment which he applied to his violin.

After the fight was over, the fiddling soldier did not answer at roll call. He was found with a broken leg at the root of a tree, to which he had crawled, quietly sawing the strings of "Betsy."

It appears that the number of small arms taken in the recent fight near Eske City, Fla., was 1,600. A despatch from the Governor to the President puts our loss at 250.

Barbers have increased their rates for shaving from fifty cents to one dollar, in consequence of the long faces produced by the late currency bill.