

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 29.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1869.

NUMBER 14.

## SELECTED STORY.

### ONLY BORROWED.

Very early in my professional life, and therefore a great many years ago, I was consulted by a gentleman of large fortune, well known on the turf, under the following singular circumstances. It seemed that my informant, in the course of that year, had a race-horse, which was first favorite for one of the great races, and that this horse had broken down most suspiciously while almost in the act of winning the race. The owner, I may call him Mr. Stanton, although that was not his real name—was exceedingly annoyed and disgusted, and particularly displeased with his trainer and jockey, by whom the animal was ridden. He resolved to dismiss the jockey, break up his stables, and give up the turf altogether.

The jockey, whose name was Tom White, had previously stood very well in the racing world, as a keen and honest lad. He had been distressed beyond measure at his failure, and had shed bitter tears in the moment of defeat. He assured Mr. Stanton that the accident must have been owing to foul play—that the horses had been got at somehow—and that without greater precautions than had been used, no gentleman need attempt to train.

Mr. Stanton believed that this was substantially true, but was firmly convinced that Mr. Tom White was not acquainted with the source of the calamity. He therefore remained firm to his resolution of selling his stud, and dismissing White, which last he did.—Tom got an engagement in the North, and left that district of country altogether.

Tom made but little remonstrance against his dismissal. What he most seemed to feel was leaving the yearling colts, in which he had taken much pride, and in particular one of which he had great expectations, and had called, on his own account, the "Red Rover." He was rather a buoy, shapeless animal, and judges thought little of him; but Tom, who revered no one's opinion but his own, was always loud in his praises to his master. His last words, as he was leaving, were, "Don't 'ee sell the colts, 'quore—don't 'ee sell 'Red Rover'—'ee be a rare 'un, 'ee be;" and with this friendly exhortation, Tom White went out on his way, and was seen no more.

In the spring following, Mr. Stanton advertised his stud for sale. Two days before the time appointed, the stud-groom presented himself to Mr. Stanton, while at breakfast, with a face of ashy paleness and trembling limbs.

"Please, sir, 'Red Rover' be stole," was his faltering tongue could express.

"'Red Rover' stolen? That is impossible, my lad. He was locked up in the stable last night—I saw it done myself."

"They be off w' him this morning, anyhow," said the lad. "His stall was empty when we went at 7 o'clock, and we can't see him nowhere."

Although Mr. Stanton had not the same exalted opinion of "Red Rover's" capacity that Tom White had, he thought him a promising colt, but so utterly unformed as hardly to have tempted a "professional" to such an act. But the audacity of the theft made him very indignant, and determined him to find out the perpetrator.

The examination of the premises threw no light on the mystery, excepting that it became certain that, however accomplished, the theft had not been committed by violence. Nothing was broken—nothing out of order. The locks were entire, and the head man in the stables corroborated the lad in attesting that the doors were found locked in the morning.

Such was the tale with which Mr. Stanton resorted to my advice. No clue whatever could be found to the perpetrator, unless the ordinary and simple one, that the stable servants had conspired at the theft. But Mr. Stanton owned that there had been nothing in their manner to warrant this suspicion, although he was entirely at a loss to account for the outrage on any other supposition.

I did all I could under the circum-

stances. I advertised far and wide; I warred the great railway lines, and employed the most eminent detective whom Scotland Yard could furnish. But not the slightest trace could be discovered, excepting that a man had been stopped at Hexham, with a colt of which he would give no satisfactory account; but, as it was a grey, and "Red Rover" was a reddish-brown, the magistrate not only would not detain the man, but reprimanded the police for apprehending him when they had the description of the stolen horse in their hands.

Nothing had been heard of Tom White since his departure, nor did any one know whither he had gone. It did cross Mr. Stanton's mind that if Tom White had been in the district, he was not unlikely to have been of use in the inquiry. But no one had seen or heard of him, and Mr. Stanton was obliged to content himself with a second dismissal of his servants. The detective was always under the impression that the man at Hexham was truly the thief, and made no secret of his that the magistrate who liberated him was a donkey; but he was a taciturn potentate by nature, and never condescended to explain a clue which he had nevertheless followed up until it broke.

Two years afterward there was some curiosity excited at one of the great races of the year about a horse which was so completely "dark" as to be almost out of the betting altogether. The name of the owner under which he ran was a turf-name assumed for the occasion; but he was understood to be the property of, or at least to be vouched for, by a well-known half-squire, haff trainer. But what he was, or where he was, no one knew. The "outs" were utterly at fault. They could not discover the place at which he was training, and as no efforts they made had led to any result, unfriended as the animal was by backers, there was considerable expectation created on his appearance.

The horse could not be heard of the night before. "Deserter" had not reported himself. But when the ground was cleared for the preliminary cauter he appeared, and great was the rush to the front to see him. The first glimpse of him showed he was formidable; the long swinging, well extended stride with which he took his canter impressed all the knowing ones. He was large and sinewy, powerful as well as handsome, but his color was a kind of mottled chestnut, such as is rarely found in the thoroughbreds. Mr. Stanton was there, and, to his surprise, saw his old friend, Tom White, mounted on the cynosure of the day.

The race was over in doubt. The stranger, hard held, remained behind the front horses until 300 yards from the post, and then, I t'out, ran home by himself, amid the shouts and acclamations of the multitude.

The race over, "Deserter" vanished as mysteriously as he came, and, in spite of Mr. Stanton's inquiries, no tidings of Tom White could be discovered.

A week afterwards a groom arrived Mr. Stanton's, leading a reddish-brown thoroughbred of great power, and delivered to Mr. Stanton a note to the following effect:

Mr. Stanton—Sir: I send you back the 'Red Rover,' as I borrowed two years ago. I knew he could do it, if I got him away from the nobblers. So I borrowed him, and I beg your pardon it was wrong. I have paid into your bank for you £2,500, which was the stakes, and I hope you will overlook the time when 'Revenge' was nubbled. Your most obedient servant.

T. WHITE.

"I am off to Australia, and we have made a pretty penny by the 'Deserter,' which was 'Red Rover'."

However irregular Tom White's way of doing business was, of course, after such a result, Mr. Stanton could hardly find fault with it. He sent me the note, and begged of me to find Tom White and learn some more particulars, and with some difficulty, I found him at Liverpool about to sail for Australia.—When I assured him I had no hostile

intentions, but quite the contrary, he gave me full account of his proceedings. I translate Tom's Doric into vernacular.

"You see sir," said Tom, "'Revenge' he was nubbled. Not that I knows who did it, but I knows no other scoundrel but one who could have done it. I punched his head handsome for it, however, soon after. But I durst not have split, and had to go; and serve me right. Only it broke my heart to lose the race and leave 'Red Rover.'"

"There's a many people," said Tom, "thinks they're judges of a horse.—Them swells think it, and snobs, and knowing coves of the ring. Lord bless you, sir, they knows nothing. They goes, and they looks, and feels, and tries a walk and a gallop, and looks wise, and thinks they are fly to everything. If you want to learn about a horse, you must see him all day and every day. They are like the women sir. Unless you see them in all weathers, you will never know anything about them, and even then it is not much to 'knowed 'Red Rover.' He was a rough 'un to look at, and no one but myself had a thought of what he could do. But I know that for his age he was a flyer and a stayer such as I never mounted afore."

"Well I hears that 'Red Rover' was to be sold. I was mortal sorry, for I thought to myself that he would help the squire to win back the money he lost on 'Revenge.' But selling was a thing I could not suffer. So I resolved to steal him—for the squire."

"This was the way on it. When I was a bit of a boy, I used to travel with Lucrow, and learned a secret or two in horse-painting worth knowing. None of your stupid dyes, that you may see when the sun shines, making the coat hard and stary, like a plastered gable. This is a thing that won't wash off.—Nothing takes it off but a preparation which is a part of the secret. So I steals 'Red Rover' walked him off easy at 2 in in the morning, for I had a key of my own—made him forty miles across the country to a quiet place I knew of, and painted him a splendid grey. It was really, sir, a pretty thing to look at.—We then set out together for Scotland; and barring that sharp-nosed bobby at Hexham, who must have been up to the dodge himself, no one challenged me.—It would have done your heart good to have heard the jolly beak pitching into the bobby that a grey horse could not be a chesnut."

"I was then serving a master who was training another horse on the sly across the border. I put him up to my plan; and he went shares, as a gentleman should. And now you have my tale."

The matter was kept very close at the time. Mr. Stanton made some inquiry to ascertain whether "Deserter's" rather eccentric proceedings were in conformity with the rules of the Jockey Club; but he found everything square in that respect, and thought it unnecessary to take any further steps.

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.—A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age, he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys aged from nine to fifteen and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart and more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there was rather frequently bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep and four slight ulcerations of mucus membrane of the mouth; which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days.

The doctor treated them all for weakness but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength was soon restored. Now this no "old wives' tale," as these facts are given on the authority of the British Medical Journal.

Gloxy is a poison, good to be taken in small doses.

### Keep Your Eye on Your Neighbor.

Take care of them, do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business; that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing one of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he has got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself nor any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much like heaven for this mundane sphere. If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they ought to be—that you should not wonder if the people found out what they were after awhile, that they may not carry their heads so high.

LIFE LIKE A RIVER.—Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—thro' the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the willows upon its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in the hopes and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and in manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyment. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be ship wrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and Eternal."

### READ THIS TO YOUR SWEETHEARTS.

—The character of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, accomplished, the young men will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, and gentlemanly, and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found to be dissipated and worthless.

But remember always, that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest in calculator of faith in female purity. As a daughter, she is the true light of home. The pride of the father often is centered in his sons, but affection is expended on his daughter. She should, therefore, be the sun and centre of all.

MR. DAVIS AT A BANQUET.—The New Orleans Picayune of a late date says:—At a banquet on Thursday night ex President Davis, Gen. Hood, and other gentlemen were present, General Hood proposed the health of Mr. Davis, which was drunk in most respectful silence. The latter replied with a pleasant compliment to the fidelity and fearlessness of General Hood, who, he said, would stand upon his crutches to the last, defending home interests, and contending for that he believed to be right.

How many, either of the "weaker" or stronger sex, could exercise, in like circumstances, the self-possession of a young girl in Davenport, Iowa? A lady went from home for a visit in the country, leaving her daughter, sixteen years old, with two or three other smaller children, in the house. That night a burglar entered the house, and rummaged about generally. The young lady heard him, but lay trembling and quiet. At last the scoundrel entered her bed room. She pretended to be asleep—lying with her face to the wall. The burglar went up to the bedside, bent over her, placed his hand under her cheek, deliberately turned her face upward and took a long look at it by the aid of his dark lantern. The young girl never moved a muscle, and the burglar let the face carefully back to its resting place on the pillow, and left the room and the house. The young lady caught a glimpse of his face through her eyelids as he looked at her. He wore a mask, and that is all she can tell about his appearance. Nothing was missed from the house the next morning.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A gentleman of unquestioned respectability went home late at night. The moon was shining brightly, and after entering the gate and in approaching his house, he was surprised to see the figure of a man rise suddenly and face him. The circumstance was well calculated to make any one tremble. Burglars and robbers were in the city. It was reasonable to suppose this was one. But the gentleman has always understood that in such emergencies it was best to put on a show of courage even if you didn't feel any. To this end he put his hands in his pocket and then withdrawing it, extended it towards the supposed outlaw as if he had a pistol in it and meant to shoot him. The man did the same.—Now, the gentleman was only making believe he had a pistol, for he had none; but he was not certain that the intruder was equally deficient in fire-arms.—On contrary he thought he was armed, and the stately glitter of a pistol he was sure was flashing before his eyes. His hair bristled with horror and he cried out:

"Stop you rascal, don't shoot, don't shoot!"

But still the arm was extended, and the fear of death was heavy upon the gentleman. He shouted murder, thieves, and robbers!

The loud outcries of the frightened citizen aroused his wife, who came rushing to the door, terror-stricken, inquiring the cause of the alarm.

"Why, that rascal is going to shoot me!"

"What rascal, my dear?" inquired the lady.

"There, don't you see him?" pointing to the still silent figure.

"Why, my dear, that's your shadow!"

"What!"

"Your shadow."

"Blessed if it ain't—I thought it was a man."

"No, my dear, it is only the reflection of a brute, and a very tight one at that."

And the "salubrious" citizen was conducted to his couch.

There is a good deal of colored talent in this city which we should wish to see enlisted in any enterprise which would take it outside our city limits. We have had a good deal of experience with colored talent in the newspaper business, which can be accredited with piecing four forms during the past year, damaging our press once or twice, to say nothing of the many articles stolen from the office at various times. If the promoters of the above named newspaper would like to invest in some of this colored newspaper talent we should be happy to recommend two or three individuals of the colored persuasion, who, from their experience in this office, would doubtless do much better if better facilities were but afforded them.

Savannah Advertiser.

The South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Fair culminated on Friday last.

THE SABBATH.—Stations on the line of your journey, are not your journey's end, but each one brings you nearer.—Such is "the Lord's day."

A haven is not home, but it is a place of quiet rest, where the rough waves are staid. Such is "the Lord's day."

A garden is a piece of common land, and yet it has ceased to be common land. It is an effort to gain paradise. Such is "the Lord's day."

A bud is not a flower but it is a promise of a flower. Such is "the Lord's day."

The world's week tempts you to sell your soul to the flesh and the world.—"The Lord's day" calls you to remembrance, and begs you rather to sacrifice earth to heaven and time to eternity, than heaven to earth and eternity to time.

PRINTER'S RULES.—The ten commandments adopted by the "craft" and to be followed are:

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Don't touch the poker.
5. Engage in no controversy.
6. Don't smoke.
7. Keep six feet from the table.
8. Don't lounge about the office.
9. Hands off the papers.
10. Eyes off the manuscript.

Gentlemen observing these rules when entering a printing office will greatly oblige the printers. The ladies who sometimes bless us with their presence for a few moments, are not expected to observe these rules very strictly.—Boys, unless accompanied by their fathers, are particularly requested to keep their hands in their pockets.

Mr. Geo. Peabody the great merchant and philanthropist, died in London on Thursday last. There is no merchant of this generation who has attained so great a celebrity as Geo. Peabody. He commenced life a poor boy in Danvers, Massachusetts. He afterwards carried on business as a merchant in Georgetown, Dist. Col., and thence removed to Baltimore. In 1837 he went to London and in connection with his branch house in this country has carried on business until the growing infirmities of old age disqualified him for further exertion. Mr. Peabody amassed an immense fortune which for some years past he has been appropriating to various charities in this country and in England.

WORK FOR BOYS.—The New York Journal of Commerce, on training boys, is in favor of agriculture first, mechanical trades second, and says:

"We would not train the boys to any mercantile business, as that department is overflowed by the boys who are brought up to look down on manual labor and to aim at a clerkship as the only fit employment for dainty persons who dislike dirty work."

Calvary is a little hill to the eye, but it is the spot on earth that touches heaven. The Cross is foolishness to human reason, and a stumbling block to human righteousness; but there only do mercy and truth meet together and righteousness and peace kiss each other. Jesus Christ was a man of low condition, and died a death of shame on an accursed tree; but there is salvation in no other.

A fellow who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors.

"Sure and I'll tell ye how to get rid of 'em," said the maid of all work.

"Pray how?"

"Lend money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will iver trouble ye again."

Fanny Fern thinks "there is no man who would not rather be shaved by a woman than to have a great lumbering man pawing about his jugular vein, and poking him in the ribs to get up when another man's turn comes. I don't say how his wife might like it; but I am very sure he would, and as to his wife, why—she could shave some other man, couldn't she?"