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Poetical Department.

From the Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Editor—The following lines, in which a distressed and heart-broken parent appeals to a teacher, appeared several years ago in a Columbia paper. By publishing them with a few alterations, you will much oblige me and the human family. I will thank you to present a copy, with my respects, to each of the teachers who will assemble in your town on the 12th inst.

A BENEVOLENT REFORMER.

Schoolmaster! spare that boy!

Strike not a single blow—

Mar not his youthful joy,

Let him unpunished go!

If wayward he should prove,

Thep "moral suasion" try

With gentle motives move,

But lay that ferule by.

Why rule with birch and thong,

My boy, with reason blessed?

Tell him, "That course is wrong

And this I think is best."

This plan will meet success;

The child now getting grown,

Will surely take your course (unless

He should prefer his own.)

Some hardened, desperate ones

You like enough may find;

Spare not the rod to other's sons,

But lay no stroke on mine.

Dare not my wrath again,

Nor be my wish forgot:

While I can raise a cane

Thy switch shall harm him not.

A. B. R.

The Olig.

A friend of ours was telling us not long since of an acquaintance of his in Alabama who was noted for his mendacity. He related to him the following anecdote:

Said some one to the liar, "do you remember the time the stars fell, many years ago?"

"Yes," said Mendax.

"Well," remarked the other, "I've heard that it was all a deception, and that the stars did not actually fall!"

"Don't you believe a word of it," returned Mendax with a knowing look; "they fell in my yard as big as goose eggs. I've got one on 'em yet, only the children played with it so much they've worn the shiny points off."

Master B., a remarkably smart student at Harvard, is another "gentleman by instinct." A liberal use of starch and cod oil have greatly polished him. He once said to his mother—

"I say, ma'ma, where's Bill?"

"My son, don't let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William."

"Well, mother, where's William?"

"In the yard, feeding the ducks."

"O yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes ducks have such broad, flat williams?"

"Go out with your brother, directly, you—oh!"—and she fainted.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It gives higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

He that pryth into a cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt.

MAKING AUGER HOLES WITH A GIMLET.—"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet?" said I to a flaxen haired urchin, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

"Trying to make an auger hole," was the reply, without raising his eyes.

Precisely the business of at least two-thirds of the world—making auger holes.

Here is young A., who has escaped from the clerk's desk behind the counter. He sports a moustache, his imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, talks big about the profits of banking or shaving notes. He thinks he is really a great man; but every body around him

sees that he is only "making auger-holes with a gimlet."

Miss C., is a nice pretty girl, and might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence—but she must be the ton, goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till near noon, imagines that she is a belle, disdains labor, forgets, or tries to, that her father was a mechanic—and all for what? Why she is trying to work herself into the belief that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet?

PARISIAN DODGE.—Every one who frequents the reading-room of the Theatre de—, has observed a little old man, with a quiet melancholy air, who calls himself a dramatic author, but who, to the best of most persons' knowledge, has never speculated on any other than ten-cent pieces. As soon as he perceives a newcomer, he goes right up to him, and after having made a few common-place observations, says:

"I bet you could not jump over a ten-cent piece."

"I don't understand your *jeu de mots*, answers the person addressed.

"In plain language, without *jeu de mots*, I bet you do not jump over a ten-cent piece."

"What do you mean?"

"Lend me a ten-cent piece, and you will see."

The old man as soon as he receives the ten-cent piece, places it on the window sill, and, throwing up the sash, says, with a bantering air, pointing at the same time to the pavement of the street below:

"Now jump over it!"

The spectators, *par politesse*, laugh at the trick—the old man twirls the little piece of money in his fingers; slaps his man firmly on the back and shoulders, as if to encourage him to laugh—then, by way of reflection, remarks carelessly:

"It seems very simple, but every thing depends on where one puts the money."

At the same time, with an air of the most innocent abstraction, he slips the ten-cent piece into his pocket—the trick is done!

This harmless industry brings its inventor the daily means of supplying his simple wants.—Those who have once been his victim are never sorry to see another fall into the snare.

A Selected Tale.

THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN.

Or the Travels of two Sisters to the Fountain of Beauty.

BY THE REV. R. EDLESTON.

Minister of Albion Chapel, Leeds.

"Without a parable spake he not unto them."

Musing one day upon the state of things as it was in the Golden Age, and especially respecting the mode of instruction then, when there were no writings, and when man was taught what is true and holy by the opening of his spiritual sight, and thus frequently admitted into spiritual association with angels, who taught him the truths of heaven, just as God taught Adam, and angels the patriarchs, I fell into a sound and most delightful sleep, and dreamed that I was living in those peaceful and happy times. It seemed as if I was in one of the most beautiful districts of the earth that I ever beheld. The sun was rising with great glory above the eastern hills, the dew drops were still upon the green pastures, and as the light fell upon them, it seemed as if the earth was covered with gems. In the distance there was a lofty range of hills, and on them, here and there, were planted fine tall trees. At their feet the flowing of a gentle pellucid stream, murmured agreeable music, which harmonized with the voices of thousands of sweet feathered songsters. On a gentle eminence there was a singularly beautiful house, embosomed within magnificent fruit trees, that were all in full blossom. An extensive garden surrounded the house in which were long shady walks that terminated in cool grottoes, to which the owner and his family retired in the heat of the day, to discourse upon things of everlasting concern.

This gentleman, (for we must speak after the manner of our times) had two daughters called Chacune and Aucune. Chacune was extremely lovely both in mind and body. Mild as a lamb, yet majestic and noble; full of benevolence and kindness; and moreover, she possessed that delightful quality that always inspires pleasure in others. But Aucune was just the opposite. Always frowning and out of humor; wanting and getting, but never satisfied; and ill tempered with herself and every one else.—From long continued indulgence in evil tempers, her body had lost its natural beauty, and had become the impress and form of the ugliness of her disposition. For a sweet mind always makes for itself, in some way or other, a beautiful body; and though we sometimes find good and virtuous minds in deformed bodies, yet how completely is the deformity overshadowed and put comparatively out of view by the sweetness and beauty of the disposition!

On her return to the world she was very sad and dejected for some time. But Chacune was even more than usually kind; she danced and sung, and brought her ripe fruit, which she had cultivated with great care; endeavoring by every means in her power to raise Aucune's drooping spirits. By the assistance of her father and sister, and a few kind friends, who had already observed the change for the better that had taken place in her mind, she began at last to be more cheerful and playful. It soon began to be remarked by all, how amiable Aucune was becoming, and how kind to Chacune she was!—and as they walked abroad with their father, it used to be said by the neighbors, "Here comes the good man and his two beautiful daughters."

The first time Aucune heard this, it pleased her mightily; "Two beautiful daughters!" she kept saying to herself. "Two beautiful daughters!" "Weil I never thought of this," she

continued, "but I can see that it is just as the angels said. I am not less blessed, because sister is blessed too. Who would have thought that the praise of our neighbors was so sweet, when enjoyed, and partaken of, by sister!" She gradually began to feel more and more this truth; and in a few months, it became a fixed principle in her character, to deprive Chacune of no praise and good will, that their neighbors bore towards her.

Aucune little by little began to feel a certain delight and pleasure about life, that never was felt before. All those who had avoided her, now seemed to strive who could be most kind.

Aucune's greatest desire was to be as beautiful and as much beloved as Chacune; and she could conceive of no way of being so, but by making her sister as ugly and as despised as herself. For some years she had been trying this plan, by beating and abusing her, tearing her dress, cutting off her lovely auburn hair as she was sleeping in the grotto, and on several occasions she even struck her on the face, with the intention of making an ugly mark, which she hoped would destroy the charm that was about it; besides all this, she had been known to break into neighbors' gardens, and tread down the flowers, and bring some away, and lay them in her sister's bedroom, with the intention of throwing the blame upon Chacune.

These were some of the means she adopted, but some way or other Chacune remained as beautiful, and even more beautiful than before, for every blow that she received from her sister, seemed to make her still more amiable and lovely; for, I must observe, that in no case did she resent the unkind treatment of Aucune, and therefore to all her beauties she added those of patience, forbearance, forgiveness and mercy, which are those that shine brightest in Heaven. And notwithstanding all the wicked and deceitful plans of Aucune, no one would believe that Chacune would injure any one. Thus poor Aucune had the mortification of seeing Chacune growing more beautiful and beloved every day, while she was becoming more and more deformed, and shunned, and disliked.

It was reported in the neighborhood, that during the time that Chacune slept in the grotto of her father's garden, her spirit was admitted into the company of angels, with whom she talked and strayed into fields of eternal green. It was also said, that the angels bathed her in the Fountain of Beauty, which is situate on the summit of Mount Innocence, in the spiritual world, and which was the cause of her surpassing loveliness. Aucune, to whom nothing of the kind had ever occurred, had often heard such things reported of others, and when this was said of Chacune, she became much interested and curious to know the truth of the matter. "For perhaps," thought she, "I may be able to bathe in those waters too, and then I shall be as beautiful, and as much admired, and beloved as sister!"

The next morning after she had heard the report, she hastened to Chacune's bedroom, and stole softly and silently along the passage, and listened at the door, expecting to hear angels conversing and playing with her. All was quiet however, save the noise of some sweet singing birds, that came every morning, and warbled their music from the boughs of a vine tree, to awake Chacune from her peaceful slumbers. As soon as she went in, Chacune, who had just awoke, asked "why she came so early?" "To see the angels," said Aucune. "To see angels!" said Chacune with astonishment. "Why sister, how is it that you look for them here? Do you not know that angels live in the spiritual world?" "But I have heard," observed Aucune, "that angels bathe you in the Fountain of Beauty, and do sister, tell me where I can find them, for I long to bathe in those waters, and be beautiful also!"

Chacune blushed and smiled at the ignorance and earnestness of her sister, and said "My dear Aucune, you know that I love you, and would do anything for you that I am able, but I cannot show you angels on earth, for they have not, and never can have, material bodies. Their bodies are spiritual and made of spiritual substances, and suited exactly to the spiritual world in which they live, and therefore can never be seen by material eyes." "Then how canst I see them?" said Aucune with impatience. "I will explain it to you sister; while here you are an inhabitant of two worlds this world of matter, and a world of spirit; and you have a body adapted to each. One, a material body for the material world, and the other, a spiritual body, for the spiritual world.* Now, listen, sister," continued Chacune with earnestness, "each of these bodies have senses peculiar to themselves; and what is remarkable, when the senses of the material body are active, you see men and material things; but when the senses of your spiritual body are active, and those of the material body quiescent, you can behold angels and spiritual things as plainly and palpably as you now do the things of earth; but you cannot see spiritual beings with material eyes. At what we call death, we put off the material body, and thus shut out the material world for ever, and then live eternally in our spiritual bodies in the spiritual world, which will be as really and truly substantial as ever the material was. You perceive, therefore, dear Aucune, that unless the Lord sees fit, in his good Providence, to open the eyes of your spirit, you will not be able to see angels."

Aucune was sadly disconcerted at this information; for though spiritual intercourse is said to have been a circumstance of frequent occurrence at this period, and for some time after, as is evident from many similar events being recorded in the Bible, yet she had been too much engrossed with herself to reflect upon the nature of such things. So frequent is such intercourse said to have been at that very ancient time, that angels were the common instructors of man.—

*1 Cor. xv. 44

Indeed to a very great extent this is the case now, but with this difference, then man was in open and manifest communion, and talked with angels as with his fellow men; but now, doubtless for some wise and providential reason, they minister to us in an unseen manner. But though unseen, it is not the less certain that they are, even now, our instructors; for how otherwise can we account for those new and beautiful truths which enter our minds in states of contemplation? Man cannot create a truth; they must therefore, be communicated from some source; and that source is clearly not anything extraneous to us; for in such states we are more withdrawn from external objects than at other times, and elevated into the interior recesses of our minds; they must, therefore, come from within; and our conversation at such times must be in heaven, if our thoughts be true, and in hell if they be false. From this constant ministrations, and teaching, and nearness, of angelic beings to us, it is nothing outrageous to suppose, that God may, even at this day, for wise and eternal purposes, close the senses of the body, and open those of the spirit, as he did often to the patriarchs, to Elisha's young man, to the prophets, to the disciples, to the apostles, and particularly to the Revelator.

Aucune pondered over what her sister had said, and almost despaired of ever being able to bathe in the Fountain of Beauty. One day, however, after being more than usually anxious, she wandered up and down in her father's garden, and was quite overcome with her feelings, when suddenly, she beheld a glorious being dressed in white garments. His face beamed with love and kindness, so much so that Aucune could scarcely look upon it, for the glory that was about it. "Young immortal," said he, as he approached Aucune, "we have perceived that you are anxious to have communion with angels, and to enter the spirit-land, and bathe in the Fountain of Beauty; our kind Father has granted your desire, and you are now in the world of spirits." Aucune was astonished, and could not conceive how it could be; "for" said she, "I have a body, and garments, and here is a solid earth!" and for some time she could scarcely believe it, but in time she became convinced that she was not dwelling in the material world; for all her faculties were a thousand times more free and sensitive, and all the objects that surrounded her were so much in unison with herself, that they seemed as if they were the things of her own mind portrayed before her.

"Follow me," said the angel after the surprise of Aucune had somewhat subsided, "follow me, and I will show you the way to the Immortal Fountain." Aucune instantly, and inwardly exulting at the thought of soon being as beautiful as her sister. So entirely did this occupy her mind, that she never once spoke to the angel; and they walked on in silence, until they arrived at a splendid massive gate of brass. Over the top was written the "Gate of Obedience;" Aucune thought it was a strange name, but supposed that it was one of the peculiarities of the spirit world, and made no inquiries. "We must enter through this gate," said the angel, who immediately went up, and lifted a ponderous knocker and struck three times.—The gate was instantly opened by several glorious beings clad in similar manner to the conducting angel, and all equally benevolent.

"Welcome welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the angel-land;" said they rejoicing, and in tones of sweetest music. "Immortal, enter our happy land," they continued; Aucune attempted, but as soon as she was fairly within the Gate, she felt an oppressive pain upon her forehead, her eyes became dim, fear and trembling came upon her, and she thought she was ceasing to live.

When the angels saw this, they sighed, and tears of pity rolled down their cheeks, as Aucune was compelled to withdraw from the Gate. "We know by this," said the first angel, "that you cannot reach the Fountain of Beauty; for none can breathe the air of our land, but those, who, in spirit and life, are like us. Now, this gate is closed against no comer; for it is the will of our great Master that all should enter; but when any one retires with pain, we perceive that they are unfit to pass through our land." Poor Aucune burst into tears and earnestly entreated them to tell her what she must do. "Return to the world," said they, "and hearken to the good will of your father, and by all means do not tease, or speak angrily to your sister; do this, and three months you shall return to us, and we will take you on your way to the Fountain." She turned away from the gate very sorrowful, for the task appeared extremely hard one; and once or twice she thought of turning back to ask whether some easier thing would not do; and, probably, she would have done so, if her spiritual sight at that moment had not been closed.

The first object she saw on her return to the world of Nature, was Chacune watering a beautiful bed of flowers, that had grown surprisingly since she had noticed it. "Ah, there it is again," said she, as she viewed, with vexation, the success with which her sister cultivated her garden; "she strives to do every thing better than any one else, and then she is praised for it; she knows I don't like it, and she does it to tease me; I will go this moment and trample upon the bed, that I will;" and away she ran, quite in a rage, simply because her sister had, with great pains and care succeeded in cultivating a few flowers! As she was running with this wicked intention, she suddenly stopped and looked round in amazement and alarm. "Did you speak Chacune!" said she, with terror. "No sister dear, I am just making you a bouquet of my beautiful flowers; come and see how nicely they have grown!" "But some one spoke sister, and said, 'remember,'" "You must have thought it sister, for I heard no one!" said Chacune. It was indeed a voice that spoke, probably that of her guardian angel, who

was speaking to her spirit, as God called to Samuel when he was laid down in the holy place, and beseeching her to remember the consequences of such wicked conduct. This is the way that angels always do, they call into remembrance the instruction we have previously received, and strive thereby to withdraw us from the sin we are tempted to commit.

This warning from the mysterious voice had its beneficial effect, for she concluded, it was some kind admonition from heaven. When she went to Chacune, and saw her flowers, and with what readiness they were all bestowed upon herself, she felt inwardly ashamed for having suffered such unkind feelings to obtain influence over her, and resolved henceforth to destroy no more of Chacune's flowers. This was, perhaps, the first time that Aucune felt ashamed of having done wrong, and, perhaps, also, it was the first good resolution she ever made, that was not afterwards immediately broken.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Union of yesterday did not publish the proceedings of the large Democratic meeting at Richmond, Va., but inserted an editorial of the *Richmond Enquirer* the day after the meeting in opposition to them. This will do pretty well for the *National* organ of the Democratic party—to omit or postpone the unanimous expression of a great meeting of its own party in the largest town of the largest Southern State! We hope however that the Union will see an official account of that meeting, and publish it. The resolutions unanimously adopted were published, three days ago in our paper, and are amongst the most able, powerful, and triumphant arguments yet made. They are worthy of Virginia fame and Virginia patriotism—and will crush all the editorials of the Union on the subject.—*Southern Press*.

The Editor of the Union is at length evidently much alarmed. The voice of the South is coming in thunder tones that cannot be drowned by the "discordant creaking" of the organ.

But we have no idea of seeing this gathering storm at the South used to produce a *stampede* in Congress.

It is the hour for calm deliberation. For ourselves, if we thought the people of the South would submit to a surrender of all the territory in dispute, we would contend against it. We would turn away in shame and sorrow from the spectacle of a great race so lost to their rights and their interest. For we know that when the spirit of a people has departed, slavery is a death, where there is a death, where there is a death.

"The spring never visits the mouldering urn, The day never dawns on the night of the grave." But it is because we believe the South yet cherishes the spirit that made her great, that we call so earnestly on Congress to be just.

It.

POLITICAL TACTICS.—The Anti-Slavery or Free Soil party of the North finding it impracticable to obtain their object directly by the passage of the Wilmot proviso, have resorted to a stratagem to obtain their end. To secure for the North the whole of the territory in controversy, they have resorted to the manoeuvre of having the inhabitants there to present those territories as States with constitutions excluding slaveholders. By going through this form, which as a mere form is not objectionable, they expect to disarm the opposition of the South, or at least to secure before the country the advantage of position, and oblige the South to be the first to resort to the remedies outside the usual forms of constitutional and legal proceedings. This stratagem, cunning as it is, may however easily be thwarted, without going out of the line of action already recognised in the Constitution and law. The Southern Representatives, though in a minority, have it in their power, by well known parliamentary tactics, to prevent the success of these outrages on their constituents. If they cannot move the Government in the direction which right and justice require, they at least can stop its hostile and injurious action. They have it in their power, by exercising their undoubted rights, to make such motions, from time to time, as may effectually prevent the admission of these States, and even the passage of the usual appropriations, until those having the control consent to do justice to the South.—*It*.

The Legislature of Maine has just passed—yeas 102, nays 31—resolutions for the prompt and unconditional admission of California, and the organization of territorial governments for New Mexico and Utah, prohibiting slavery. Their Senators and Representatives in Congress are required to vote accordingly.

A MONSTER TREE.—A California correspondent of the *Salem Gazette*, (Joseph S. Wallis) says that Col. Temple Talbotts, formerly of Lewiston Falls, Me., cut a tree of the Redwood species, in California, which was two hundred and fifty-four feet high, and measured at the top two feet in diameter. The tree was worked into lumber one hundred and forty feet from the butt, where it measured five feet in diameter. There were made from this giant of the forest 110,000 shingles, 6,000 clapboards, 4,000 three by four joists, twenty-two feet long, and there was left at a moderate calculation from seventy to eighty cords of wood. The clapboards were sold for \$50 per thousand, the shingles for \$35 per thousand, the joists for \$375 per thousand, and the remaining part of the tree would readily sell in this city, for fire wood, at \$10 per cord, thus, at a moderate rate was derived from the working of this mammoth dweller of the primeval forest the neat little sum of \$11,350.

Within four years about \$15,000,000 have been expended in railroads in Vermont and New Hampshire, and nearly \$70,000,000 in New England.