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The Child and the Pebble.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I met an infant by a bridge,
With hair of flaxen hue,
Cheeks red, and rounded as a peach,
And eyes of blue.

She held a pebble in her hand,
And then in careless glee,
Threw it far into the stream,
And laughed at me.

The golden flashes dived away,
As last the pebble fell,
And spreading circles vexed the waves,
With gentle swell.

"Fair child," I thought "how blessed in life,
"If thus thou scatter wide,
"The cares and sorrows thou shalt meet,
"On every side."

Full many gladsome years have fled,
When fancy me beguiled,
And bent my steps toward the bridge,
Where sat the child.

Alas! the arch had felt decay,
The stream a river grown,
Coursed madly o'er the spot where once
The pebble shone.

And 'mid the darkness of the night,
'Mid the furious storm,
With arms tossed up to Heaven there stood,
A woman's form.

Then with a cry of wild despair,
Sprang beneath the wave
And forming whirlpools gathered o'er
The lonely grave.

I turned away, with tearful eye,
For memory could but own,
The child had flung itself where fell,
The sparkling stone.

The Kind Old Friendly Feeling.

The kind old friendly feelings!
We have their spirit yet,
Tho' years and years have pass'd old friends
Since thou and I last met!
And something of gray Time's advance,
Seems in thy fading eye,
Yet 'tis the same good honest glance
I loved in times gone by—
Ere the kind old friendly feelings,
Had ever brought one sigh!

The warm old friendly feelings
Oh, who need not be told
No other links can bind the heart
Like those loved links of old!
Thy hand joy'd in youth to clasp,
The touch of age may show;
Yet 'tis the same true hearty grasp,
I loved so long ago!
Ere the last old friendly feelings,
Had taught one tear to flow!

The kind old friendly feelings!
Oh, seem thee e'er less dear,
Because some recollections
May meet us with a tear!
Though hopes we shared—the early beams,
Ambition showed our way—
Have fled, my friend like morning dreams
Before Truth's searching ray,
Still we've kept the kind old feelings
That blessed our youthful day.

DIFFICULTY.

There is an aim which all nature seeks; the flower that opens from the bud—the light that breaks the cloud into a thousand forms of beauty—is calmly striving to assume the perfect glory of its power: and the child, whose proud laugh heralds the mastery of a new lesson, unconsciously develops the same life-impulse seeking to prove the power it has felt its own.

This is the real goal of life shining from afar; for as our fullest power was never yet attained is a treasure which must be sought, its extent and distance being unknown. No man can tell at he can suffer, until tried; his path of action broadens out before him; and, while a path leads there is power to traverse it. It is like a fabled hill of Genius, that ever presented a tier elevation above the one attained. It is like the glory of the stars, which shine by borrowed light, each source of which is tributary to some more distant, until the view is lost; as yet we only know there must be a life-giving centre, and, to the steady mind though the goal of life be dim and distant, its light is fixed and certain while all lesser aims are but reflections of this glory in myriad-descending shades, which must be passed, one by one, as the steps of the ladder on which he mounts to heaven.

Man has an unfortunate predilection to pervert whatever God throws in his way to aid him, and turn good to evil. The minor hopes which stir to action are mistaken for the final one; and we often look no higher than some mean wish allowing that to rule us which should have been our servant. From this false view rises little ex-

ertion, for it is impossible for man to believe in something better, and be content with worse. We all aim at self-control and independence while in the shadow of a power which controls us, whispering innerly, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" how apt is self-indulgence to suit this limit to his own measures and suffer veneration and doubt to overgrow and suppress the rising hope of independent thought. "I am not permitted to know this, or do this, is the excuse of the weak and trivial; but the question should be, "can I know or do this?" for what is not permitted we cannot do. We may not know the events of the future, or the period of a thought, or the Great First Cause, but we may hope to see and combine the atoms of things—pierce the realms of space—make the wilderness a garden—attain perfection of soul and body; and for this our end we may master all things needful.

There is nothing possible that faith and striving cannot do; take the road, and it must lead you to the goal, though strewn with difficulties, and east through pain and shade. If each would strain his energies to gain what he has dared to hope for, he would succeed, for, since that which we love and honor is in our nature, it is to be drawn forth, and what is not there we cannot wish.

Our greatest drawback is, not that we expect too much, but that we do too little, we set our worship too low, and let our higher powers lie dormant; thus are we never master but blind men stumbling in each other's way. As maturity means self-controlling power, so he who gains not this is childish and must submit, infant like, to be controlled by others. This guidance we must feel in our upward course, and be grateful for the check; but as we have each a work to do, we must look beyond help to independence. The school-boy receives aid in learning, that he may strive with his own power, for if he always depends on help, he never can be a useful man.

He who seeks for himself no path, but merely follows where others have been before, covering his own want with another's industry, may find the road not long or thickly set but he does and gains nothing. He who bows to difficulty, settling at the foot of the hill, instead of struggling to its top, may get a sheltered place, a snug retreat, but the world in its glory he can never see, and the pestilence from the low ground he must imbibe. We may rest in perfect comfort, but the health that comes of labor will fade away. The trees of the forest were not planted that man might pass round and live between them, but that he might cut them down and use them. The savage has little toil before him, but the civilized man has greater power of happiness.

Would a man be powerful, and bid his genius rule his fellow men, he must toil to gain means; while his thought reads the hearts that he would sway, he must be led into temptation, and pass through pain and danger, ere he can know what another may endure. Would he pour golden truth upon the page of life? He must seek it from every source, weigh the relations of life, and concede to its taste, that he may best apply it, for the proverb must be written in fair round hand, that common men may read it. Would he picture the life of man or nature? he must go forth with heart and eye alive; nor turn from the sorest notes of human woe, or the coarsest tones of vice; he must watch the finest ray of light, and mark the falling of the last withered leaf. Would he be actively benevolent? winter cold, nor summer lassitude, must not appal him; in season, he must be ready; injured pride, wounded feeling, must not unstring his energy, while stooping to learn from the simplest lips the nature of those wants to which he would minister.

In all accomplishment there is difficulty; the greater the work, the greater the pains. There is no such thing as sudden inspiration or grace, for the steps of life are slow, and what is not thus attained is nothing worth. In darkness, the eyes must be accustomed to the gloom when objects appear, one by one, until the most distant is perceived; but, in a sudden light, the eyes are pained, and blinded, and left weak.

At school we found that when one difficulty was surmounted, another was presented; mastering "Addition" would not do—we must learn Subtraction;" so it is in life. A finished work is a glory won, but a mind content with one accomplishment is childish, and its weakness renders it incapable of applying that—"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath; his one talent shall rise up to him as a shame. A little sphere insures little happiness.

There is a time of youth for all; but youth has a sphere of hope that, embracing the whole aim which man must work for, gives unbounded happiness. Thus God would equalize the lot of all where necessity would create difference; it is only when states are forced unnaturally that misery ensues. When those who would seem to be men are children in endeavor, we see that God's will is not done, but a falsehood. The greatest of us have asked and taken guidance in their rising course, and owned inferiority without shame; but his is a poor heart that looks to be inferior ever; and shameful indeed it is, when those who are thus poor, imagine or assume a right to respect as self-supporting men. How painfully ridiculous it is to see the lazy man look down on his struggling wife as the "weaker vessel," or the idle sinner hold contempt for tradesman who is working his way to higher wealth by honest toil. Were the aims of living truly seen, no man would be dishonored because useful. But what awhile; the world is drawing near the real point, and we shall find that the self-denying, fearless energy, that works its will in spite of pettiness, must gain its end, and become richest; that the man who begins with a penny in the hope of thousands, will grow wealthier than his aimless brother of the snug annuity; for while the largest wealth that is not earned is limited the result of ceaseless toil is incalculable, since the progress of the soul is infinite!

Samuel Null, of Carroll county, Md., has obtained a patent for improvement in hommony machines.

Market for Women in Hungary.

Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of this district (Bihar) meet together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens, for it is there that, whilst purchasing household utensils, and family necessities, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dowry accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dowry is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers, some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver they may possess, are strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father perhaps for ever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter, or what fate awaits her journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, nobody wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make a record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives hasten to the fair, arrayed in the very best skin garments their chests contain. These savage-looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a good deal of interest and zest, to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers, and their uncles, casting many side glances and wistful looks toward the captivating merchandise.

He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much, these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which, if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes to seek some one else.

We may suppose that the proud young men always keep a "top-eye" open to the correspondence of loveliness upon one hand, and the size of the dowry upon the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together, announces to the bystanders that the bargain is complete.

What a heavy blow this must be for some lazy rival who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and accomplished in household matters as some of the others. However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor thing) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life is sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this act she is as much as said "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe!"

The families of the betrothed pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once without delay, the priest who is on the ground for the occasion pronounces the nuptial benediction. The young woman presses the parting hand of that family who have reared her, but of which she is no longer a part—mounts the cart of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and escorted by her dowry, is conducted to the house henceforward to be her home. The Hungarian Government have long tried, but in vain, to suppress these fair's for young girls. Positive orders have been given that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of an established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavalades as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalinas, there to barter off these precious jewels of the household, as though they were senseless beavers or mere produce of the soil.—*Congregationalist.*

VAMPIRE.—Not long since, a young girl eleven years of age, who lived in Paris, attempted to murder her mother, sister, and many of her playmates, for the purpose of drinking their blood. After a careful examination by a scientific man, it was declared that she was subject to the strange and terrible mania of cannibalism. As she was extremely young, this strange perversion of natural instinct afforded a prospect of cure. All will remember the case of the Sergeant, who used at midnight to leave his quarters, and dig up bodies in Pere le Chase, which he subsequently devoured. The unfortunate man is now cured, and is but thirty-two years of age. He preserves of the episodes of his past life only a confused memory, like the recollection of a painful dream. In other days science feared to approach these sufferers.

In 1779, a young man named Ferrage, under the influence of this malady, suddenly left his companions and surrendered himself up to this horrible propensity. He selected, as his retreat, a cavern near the top of one of the mountains of Aure, whence he used to descend, like a beast of prey, into the champagne country, killing all the women; he could eat nothing else, and was constantly seen to gaze, as if in wait for an opportunity to seize his prey. He never went abroad without a double barrel gun, a belt full of pistols, and a dagger. So great was the terror that he inspired, that he used frequently to come into towns for food or ammunition without any molestation.

A peasant, whom he suspected of a design upon him, had his house burned over his head. He used to decoy any muleteers he chanced to discover in the woods to his den, where they were uniformly murdered. A large reward was offered for his capture in vain, until a bold peas-

ant insinuated himself into his confidence and captured him. This beast of prey, for such he was, was executed on the 12th of December, 1792. He was broken alive on the wheel. For four years he had lived exclusively as a cannibal.

From the Spartan.
The Christian Sabbath.

The Institution of the Sabbath is at once a proof of the goodness and of the wisdom of its Founder. Experience has demonstrated that laboring men, as well as laboring animals, absolutely require the Seventh day, as a day of physical rest. Without this interval of repose, equal to a seventh part of their time, they would wear out their physical energies, and destroy their ability to labor in a comparatively short period of time. Who knew so well the capabilities and requirements of this finely wrought, and wondrous frame of ours, as He by whose wisdom it was created?

If the body thus requires the repose of a seventh day to preserve its faculties in a proper and healthy state; much more does the mind require this periodical release from exhausting action. We have some facts which make a showing fearfully clear and convincing of the necessity of this day of rest to man's intellectual faculties. There are records of eminent professional characters who would not forego their mental exertions upon the Sabbath, who became insane, even in the prime of life; "the over-wrought brain," giving way from incessant action; the machinery wearing out by interminable attrition. The rest of the Sabbath is thus necessary to man, both as a rational and physical being. The Sabbath is a merciful Institution.

But it becomes immeasurably more important, if possible, when considered in reference to its uses, effects and influence upon man as a religious being, and upon Nations as religious communities. It will hardly be stating the proposition too strongly, to affirm, that, without the external religious ceremonies of the Sabbath: without the Church, the classes and juvenile schools peculiar to the Sabbath; without the calm, the quiet, and cessation from worldly and secular labor, which now occur every seventh day, reminding man of the relation he sustains to his Maker; in short, if every day to come were a working day, and the Sabbath were stricken from the list of Divine institutions: that man—that Nations—would soon cease to cultivate religious knowledge; and would become, at best, a community of Deists, and repudiate, in practice, the Christian faith.

The only (nominally) Christian Nation that has made the experiment of abolishing the Christian Sabbath, of which we have a record, was the Republic of France, during what was very properly called—"The Reign of Terror." The Sabbath was abolished by order of Government,—the Nation became partly Deistical, and partly Atheistical. To show their supreme contempt for that Book, venerated by the civilized world, as a Revelation from Heaven,—a large concourse of people, in the streets of Paris, attached a Bible to the tail of an Ass, and dragged it thus through the city! The scenes of carnage; of wide-spread legalized murder; of wholesale executions of men and women for the offence of being suspected of holding improper political opinions; of a ruthless prescription of the Nobility; of banishment and death; of the terrible ascendency of the sword and the Guillotine, which were enacted then in that troubled land, and by that wild, infuriated, demented party in power, called the Government, have now become a part of the history of the 18th century. If her crimes and her sufferings were consequent upon her abolition of the Sabbath—her profane and sacrilegious attempt to sever the obligation of man to the institutions of Religion; then the example of France may never be copied by any other people!

The observance of the Sabbath is binding alike upon Nations, families and individuals. Its profanation by either is ever attended with evil; and visited, sooner or later, in some form or other, with judicial inflictions. A voice still sounds with solemn warning: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

ADVICE TO WIVES.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness, in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices, her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy, by trying to drive him—never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lasting. If irritation should occur a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say any thing sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*The English Matron.*

TRANSPARENT SOAPS.—These soaps were for a long time manufactured only in England, where the process was kept a profound secret. They are now made every where. Equal parts of tallow soap, made perfectly dry, and spirit of wine are to be put into a copper still, which is plunged in a water bath, and furnished with its capital and refrigerator. The heat applied to effect the solution should be as slight as possible, to avoid

evaporating too much of the alcohol. The solution being effected, must be suffered to settle, and after a few hours' repose, the clear supernatant liquid is drawn off into tin frames, of the form desired for the cakes of soap. These bars do not acquire their proper degree of transparency till after a few weeks' exposure to dry air. They are now planed, and subjected to the proper mechanical treatment for making cakes of any form. The soap is colored with strong alcoholic solution of archil for the rose tint, and of turmeric for the deep yellow. Transparent soaps, however pleasing to the eye, are always of indifferent quality; they are never so detergent as ordinary soaps, and they eventually acquire a disagreeable smell.—*Scientific American.*

THE GAME OF THE NORTHERN WHIGS.—We published yesterday an extract from the Philadelphia North American, shewing that measures were on foot to exclude the Southern Whigs from the Convention, and thus secure the nomination of Gen. Scott. The Tribune follows in the same track, but aims its blow at South Carolina only, as follows:

South Carolina.—There was the mockery of a Whig Meeting—the first held in the State for several years—at Charleston a few evenings since; Dr. F. Y. Porcher in the chair, and our sometime friend George S. Bryan doing the stage business. By his direction it was voted "highly important" to have the State represented at Baltimore—important, namely, to the defeat of Gen. Scott. The meeting was therefore adjourned to the 10th to give time to the Co-operation of other Congressional Districts.

The Whigs of South-Carolina have been represented in Sundry National Conventions, but have never yet given a single vote (in their Legislature) for Whig Electors. We respectfully suggest that if they cast eight or nine Fillmore votes in the approaching National Convention, they contrive to cast at least one vote for some Whig or other in the Presidential Election. We don't ask them to choose their Electors; but, since they are so good at nominating, they might at least have an Electoral Ticket and go through the motions.

A young couple went to the Rev. Paul Davis to get married. Mr. D. is something of a wag, and by an innocent mistake, of course began to read from the prayer book as follows:

"Man that is born of a woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live," &c.

The astonished bridegroom exclaimed—
"Sir, you mistake, we came to be married."
"Well," replied Davis, "if you insist I will marry you, but believe me my friends you had much better be buried!"

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "Til but you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over dis bridge, and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet den," said the negro, and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.—I won dat quarter anyhow, said Jack. "But how will you get your money?" said a man who had been close by, unperceived. "To-morrow, said Jack, massa gib me a dollar, to get corn for de mule, and I takes the quarter out."

HOW GREAT MEN CARRY THEIR HEADS.—Almost all men of talent, genius and celebrity have habitually held their heads inclined either to the right or the left. Alexander, Cæsar, Louis XIX., Newton, Charles XII., Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and Byron all had the habit. Mirabeau, who defined his own century and race, held his head firm and immovably erect. Napoleon inclined his head, but looked battle-field, mankind and the world as a whole ere about whom there were so many enemies. He dressed the assembly. His head to the left. Beaumarchais looked upwards. His chin elevated, persecuted, and nobles a man.

A covetous, but an architect to learn. When it builder, "Is there a it?" "Nothing but ed the architect.

An Auctioneer and gentlemen, I an "Are you?" said thank you for that hand.

A young widow was to take another husband of her first. "Oh, la!" said vent fretting myself on acco-