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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New England Parson.

REMARKABLE TRANCE.

An authentic account of the Rev. William Tennent, for many years Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Freehold, in New Jersey. After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent, then with his brother Gilbert, at New Brunswick, N. J., was preparing for the examination by the Presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, so much so, that his life was threatened. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral the next day. In the evening his physician, who was warmly attached to him, returned from a ride into the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been requested to the funeral, should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected, as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor who never left him, night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still of feet, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally, to a quarter of an hour when his brother came in, and insisted, with earnestness, that the funeral should proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour, the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body. The writer of his memoirs states, that on a favorable occasion, he earnestly pressed Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were, while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his preceptions and feelings at that time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described. "While I was conversing with my brother," said he "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly waded along, I know not how, till I beheld at distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—'Well blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings

surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "You must return to the earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to be not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock, that I fainted repeatedly." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for some time afterwards I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were, in my sight, as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing, which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention." This extraordinary event is abundantly confirmed by the worthy successors of Mr. Tennent in the pastoral charge of his church. He states, that after hearing from Mr. Tennent's own mouth, a particular narration of this surprising trance, he said to him: "As you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, and what you were sensible of while in that state?" He replied in the following words: "As to dying—I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once, I found myself in heaven as I thought. I saw no shape of the Deity, but glory all unutterable!" Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, and lifting up his hands, proceeded: "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and my glory begun, and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: 'You must go back.' These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more: I cried out, 'Lord! must I go back?' With this shock, I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in this world I fainted, then came too, and fainted for several times, as one would naturally have done in so weak a situation." Mr. Tennent further informed me, that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name; he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again received his letters, and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as *thee* and *thou*. But that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned. Yet, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollection of what he saw and heard while in heaven, as he supposed, and the sense of divine things which he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy of mind. "And," said he, "for three years, the sense of divine things continued so great, and every thing else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stepping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

The pious and candid reader is left to his own reflections on this very extraordinary occurrence. The facts have been stated, and they are unquestionable. The writer will only ask, whether it be contrary to the revealed truth, or to reason, to believe, that in every age of the world instances like that which is here recorded have occurred, to furnish living testimony of the reality of the invisible world, and of the infinite importance of eternal concerns. Mr. Tennent was born the 31 day of June, 1705. In October, 1733, he was regularly ordained pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Freehold, in the County of Monmouth, New Jersey. He died on the 8th day of March, 1777. The Ashburton Boundary Surrenders.—1st. We have surrendered one half of Madawaska settlement, so that "the military road," from Frederickston to Quebec, for some miles before it reaches Madawaska, runs within sight of the American frontier, and a cannon placed on American soil can sweep it with grape shot. Not a letter can be sent from England to Canada during the six months of winter, without permission of Governor Fairfield. 2d. We have surrendered Rouse's Point, so that our navigation of Lake Champlain is now enjoyed only during the good will of our neighbors. The steamers now building to navigate that lake cannot leave their harbors without passing under the cannon of an American fortress. 3d. We have surrendered Bernhart's Island; and as the navigable channel of the St. Lawrence runs between that island and the American shore, the navigation of that river is now also merely permissive. 4th. We have granted the Americans a free right of passage through an English colony, and the right of importing their lumber into our ports, on the same terms as our own colonists. The American papers estimate the value of this latter concession as equal to the payment of half a million sterling per annum. 5th. We have not only allowed Americans to fish in Canadian waters, but from a large portion have expressly excluded the British seaman.—London Globe. Kendall's Expositor, speaking of the presents of hats, ploughs, salt, coats, carpets &c. which the manufactures at the north have presented Mr. Clay with, has the following excellent remarks: Is not a protective tariff a good thing for Henry Clay? In part, at least, He gets his salt by it; He gets his ploughs by it; He gets his hats by it; He gets his carpets by it; He gets his coats by it; He gets numerous other valuable things by it; And he gets the support of those enriched by his legislation for the Presidency. It is natural, therefore, without supposing him corrupt, that he should think the tariff a very good thing. But who pays for Mr. Clay's presents? Would the manufactures be so liberal with him, did they not get paid for it? He gets laws passed to tax the people for their benefit, and they, grateful for the favor, give him a part of the money so raised—or a part of the articles they manufacture with the aid of that money, which is the same thing. Practically, and without reference to motive, it amounts to this: Mr. Clay, by his votes and influence, lays a heavy tax on the whole people, and gives the money to the manufacturers, who pay him out of the same money for his services. To the people, is it not the same as if Mr. Clay were hired by the manufacturers to tax them, on condition that he should be paid with a part of the proceeds? Is it not the same as a conspiracy between the manufacturers and politicians to plunder them in the name of patriotism and under the color of law, for the employment of the conspirators? WHO PAYS FOR HENRY CLAY'S PRESENTS? Let every honest and considerate man ask himself this question, and ponder upon the subject until he is able to answer it to his own satisfaction. If he answer himself by saying the manufacturers, then let him ask himself the further question: WHY DO THE MANUFACTURERS MAKE AND PAY FOR THESE PRESENTS? A correct answer to that question will lay bare the whole subject to every unbiased mind. THE WAY TO MAKE A POOR MAN RICH, 1. Buy nothing but what you really need, and then buy an article for service, and not for show. Our pride costs us more than our real necessities. 2. Never be unemployed—never trifle away time—rise early, and be actively engaged all the time. The man who rises at 5 o'clock, gains in the year, nearly a whole week over him who rises at 7 o'clock.—The loss of only a half an hour each day, makes up a considerable portion of a man's life in the course of years. One hour devoted each day to close study, will secure to a young man in a few years, an amount of knowledge which, if properly used, will place him far in the advance of a majority of those around him. 3. Attend strictly to Dr. Franklin's excellent maxims—"Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves." If you spend but 6 1/4 cents each day, in a year it will amount to \$2281 1/4. In ten years, with interest, it will be \$241, 78; and in 20 years it will amount to \$483, 56. If you spend but 12 1/2 cents each day, it will soon make up an amount sufficient to buy you a handsome little collection of books, besides paying for your weekly newspaper. 4. If you be a farmer, cultivate no more land than you can do well. One acre well cultivated, is about equal to three, cultivated as most land is in this country. Have good warm stables for your horses, and keep no more stock of any kind than you can keep well. Gather your crops and house them in good time, and not suffer a waste in the field. If a mechanic, be at your work early and late—work for fair prices, and take special care not to disappoint customers when it can be possibly avoided. Inattention to this, will cause you to lose custom—your business will decline, and poverty will creep in at the windows, and the Sheriff strut in at the door. Finally, do every thing as if you were to live forever, and live every day as though

you were to die at night. Store your minds with such information as will be useful to yourselves and others—as will the better enable you to lay up treasure where "moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves do not break through and steal," and if you have nothing better, cut this out and paste it up where you will often see it. Highland Messenger. A FUNERAL WHERE A MARRIAGE WAS INTENDED.—On last Tuesday, we attended the funeral services of Miss Matilda Case, of this county, the very day and the very hour of the day when she was to have been married to the young man of her choice! Instead of the festive scene, the habiliments of mourning were on every side! And instead of joyous mirth, deep groans burst from anguished hearts! The deceased had just past her eighteenth year—had been for several years previously to her death, a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died in the full triumph of the christian faith. Her illness was short but very severe, and though her death was triumphant, never have we witnessed such an afflictive case.—Id. A HEROINE.—There is still in existence an extraordinary woman, whose maiden name was Therese Figuer, but who was afterwards married to, and is now the widow of, a man named Sutter. At an early age she was induced, by circumstances, to enter as a soldier in the Allobroge Legion. This was in 1793, and she took part in the siege of Toulon. The next year she was removed to the 15th dragons, and made the campaign of Catalonia with the army of the Eastern Pyrenees. When the convention interdicted women from serving, the generals of this army obtained a special exception in her favor. She was in Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy. After the battle of Novi, she entered the 9th dragons, in which regiment she followed the war in Piedmont.—The first Consul granted her a pension of 200 francs for her distinguished conduct as a dragoon during eight years. In 1802, she was again enrolled in the 9th dragons—was at the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and continued her career until the capture of Berlin. In 1810, she went into Spain as one of the imperial guard; and, in 1812, was made prisoner near Burgos by one of the Cure Merion's guerrilla parties, and sent into England.—She returned into France in 1814; and, on the eve of the Emperor's departure for Waterloo, was presented to him in her uniform as a chasseur of the imperial guard. Certificates signed by several marshals and generals attest that she received a gunshot wound at Toulon, four sabre wounds in Piedmont, had four horses killed under her, and saved the lives of General Noguez and several other persons. She is now 63 years of age, and continues to enjoy her pension. M. St. Germain Leduc, a friend of this female warrior, has from her dictation, written a history of her strange eventful life, which forms one of the most interesting books that has been published for many years. A BAD HUSBAND.—The Newark Daily Advertiser, in chronicling the sentences pronounced on convicts at the late Essex County Oyer and Terminer, relates this affecting incident. Whatever fault there may be on the aged mother's side, he is a bad husband who so tyrannizes over the filial affection of his wife. During the progress of the criminal trials an incident occurred which excited deep sensation throughout the court room. A mother had visited her daughter, then married a year or two, whom she had not seen for some time, having been forbidden by her husband to enter his house, in consequence of some family feud. During this visit of her mother, the husband returned home and found her grandchild on her lap. He immediately ordered her to leave his premises; the daughter, apprehending trouble, seized her child and left the room. The mother not leaving as rapidly as was desired, a brother of the husband used some unjustifiable violence toward her, which was the foundation of the indictment for assault and battery. On this trial the mother had given her testimony, detailing with noble emotion her treatment, and giving utterance to her maternal grief in being denied all intercourse with her daughter, whom she had not been permitted to see since the visit and violent treatment, which was in March last. Her situation excited the sympathy of all in attendance, and the anguish of a mother's heart could not be suppressed. After her examination had closed, the daughter was next introduced as a witness, from a remote part of the room. It was soon manifested that she had caught the contagion of her mother's grief, and it was in vain she exerted herself to still her sobs. She however knew nothing of the alleged violence, because, apprehending difficulty, she had taken her infant from her mother and left the room as before stated. But her conflict of feelings, arising from the rival claims to her affections between her husband and mother, almost overwhelmed her, and her truly unhappy position, with the evident strag-

gle which was rending her bosom, drew tears from many in attendance. But the trying scene was yet to come; the daughter, on retiring from the witness stand, passed near where her mother was, and as she approached her mother she found herself locked in her parent's embrace, and mutual tears and audible sympathies soon absorbed the attention of the court, jurors and spectators. The husband instantly rushed to his wife, and removed her from her mother, and while conducting her away the Chief Justice, partaking of the deep feeling throughout the court room, in a decided and emphatic tone directed the husband to release his wife, declaring that if he interfered with her freedom and attempted to prevent her holding converse with her mother while attending court as a witness, in his presence, he would place him where he would be unable to exercise his power. He thereupon loosed his hold on his wife, but the separation of the daughter from the mother had been effected, and the wife was too loyal to disobey the wishes of her husband, esteeming, in accordance with our Saviour's injunction, her relation to him nearer than to her mother, and cleaving to him with an affectionate tenacity which preferred a breach any where else to impairing the cement of that union by which the hearts of husband and wife had become indissolubly attached. THE IRISH PEASANT. His hospitality is not only a habit, but a principle; and, indeed, of such a quick and generous temperament is he, that, in ninety cases out of a hundred, the feeling precedes the reflection, which, in others, prompts the virtue. To be a stranger and friendless, or suffering hunger and thirst, is, at any time, a passport to his heart and purse. But it is not merely the thing or virtue, but also his manner of it, that constitutes the charm that runs through his conduct. There is a natural politeness and sincerity in his manner which no man can mistake; and it is a fact—the truth of which I have felt a thousand times—that he will make you feel the acceptance of the favor or kindness he bestows to be a compliment to himself, rather than to you. The delicate ingenuity with which he diminishes the nature or the amount of his own kindness, proves that he is no common man, either in heart or intellect; and, when all this fails, he will lie like Lucifer himself, and absolutely seduce you into an acceptance of his hospitality or assistance. I speak now exclusively of the peasantry. Certainly, in domestic life, there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanized as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm; and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender, and extremely strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations, his grief is loud, but lasting; vehement, but deep; and whilst his shadow has been chequered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclusion, at his bedside prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth, after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is sometimes almost beyond relief. The Irish, however, are naturally a refined people; but by this I mean the refinement which appreciates and cherishes whatever there is in nature, as manifested through the influence of the softer arts of music and poetry. The effect of music upon the Irish heart I know well, and no man need tell me that a barbarous or cruel people ever possessed national music that was beautiful and pathetic. The music of any nation is the manifestation of its general feeling, and not that which creates it; although there is no doubt but the one, when formed, perpetuates and reproduces the other. It is no wonder, then, that the domestic feelings of the Irish should be so singularly affectionate and strong, when we consider that they have been, in spite of every obstruction, kept under the softening influence of music and poetry. The music and poetry, too, essentially their own; and, whether screaming on a summer evening along their pastoral fields, echoing through their soft silent glens, or poured forth at the winter hearth, still, by its soft and melancholy spirit, stirring up a thousand tender associations that must necessarily touch and improve the heart. And it is for this reason that the heart becomes so remarkably eloquent, if not poetical, when moved by sorrow. Many a time I have seen a Keener commence her wail over the corpse of a near relative, and, by degrees, she has risen from the simple wail cry, to a high, but mournful recitative, extemporized, under the excitement of the moment, into sentiments that were highly figurative and impressive. In this she was not I very much by the genius of the language, which possesses the finest and most copious vocabulary in the world for the expression of either sorrow or love.—Carleton's Tragedies and the Irish Peasantry. Affection.—John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation, and attraction of cohesion? Yes sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again.