

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, MAY 30, 1849.

NUMBER 22.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
T. W. PEGUES.

The Bank of Camden, South Carolina.
During the sixty days from May 2, inst., all notes intended for renewals must have the original signatures of the parties.
By order of the Board,
W. J. GRANT, Cashier.
May 1, 1849. 15

From New York,
The subscribers have received per Southern, a case of "Warnock's" Fashionable Summer Hats, Also, dozens J. M. Davies, Jones & Co.'s patent shoulder seam Shirts, and an elegant assortment of summer cravats. They have also, Brothrim white Fur Hats
do Panama do
do Camperdown do
do Palm Leaf do
do the Panama and Fur Hats
Children's Palm Leaf and Leghorn Hats
Apr 14. McDOWALL & COOPER.

WM. E. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 9, Broad Street, Charleston, S. C.
Over the Office of WILLIAM M. MARTIN,
Will practice in Barnwell and Columbia, and continue to practice in Beaufort.
Apr 23. 20 3m

New and Elegant Perfumery.
The subscriber has just received and opened a new and choice selection of Perfumery, Soaps, Cosmetics, &c., consisting in part of,
Lobin's Excelsior Linal
do "Jacky Club"
do "Mignonette"
do "Duchess"
do "Vervine"
do "Bouquet de Caroline"
do "Essence Blanche"
do "Lily of the Valley"
do "Shaving Tablet"
do "Sable's" Excelsior de Orsay
do "Fide's" Holyanna
do "Hart's" Eau Lustral
do "Nymph Soap"
do "Slaving Cream"
do "Roussel's" Glycerine
do "Temporant Wash Balls"
do "Orris Tooth Paste"

ALSO
Cologne, Rose, Honey, and Lavender Water,
Day Rum, French Philocomb, Bear's Oil, Bear's
Grease and Beef's Marrow, for the hair, with many
other articles in the line too numerous to men-
tion, which may be had at
Z. J. DEHAY'S.

To the Public.
The undersigned respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Camden and surrounding country, in re-bottoming cane seat chairs. He may be found for the present, two doors below Mr. H. Levy's, where specimens of his work can be seen.
His prices shall be moderate, and the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
THEODORE DUTTON.
May 2 18

Irish Linens.
Real Irish Linens, of good quality, also, Ladies' Grass Skirts, for sale unusually low by
J. CHARLESWORTH.
April 24th. 17

J. W. BASKIN, Auctioneer.
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to his care. May be found at the Sheriff's Office—or two doors above Boyd's Hotel.
Jan 10 12

The subscriber has on hand a large assortment of Chairs, &c., which will be disposed on reasonable terms. Mahogany, Walnut, Maple and Wove Seat Rockers, Serwing Do. Also, Walnut, Maple, Oak, Box and Plush Seats—imitation and plain Windsor, Do. Office and children's Do. Do. With all articles generally in his line of business.
C. L. CHATTEN.
March 23. 13

He took a Fit.
The undersigned would respectfully return his thanks to the public for the large patronage they have bestowed on him, and informs them that he has made arrangements with Messrs. White & Underhill one of the most fashionable Tailoring Establishments in New York, who will furnish him monthly with the London, Paris, and New York Fashions. He hopes with his own well known ability, and the large number of good workmen he keeps employed, will enable him to execute work at short notice, and in as good style as can be done in the State, if any have doubts, please let them come and take a fit.
W. M. WATSON.
Feb 14 7

To Hire.
A first rate Carpenter by the month, year or job.
Apply to H. LEVY.
April 24th, 17

Wicks and Glasses.
The subscriber has just received and opened a large and select assortment of Solar, Campaine and other Lamp Wicks, Glasses, &c.
ALSO
Sperm and Solar Oil which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms for cash or punctual customers.
Z. J. DEHAY.
Nearly Opposite Masonic Hall.
April 4th, 1849. 14

Coats and Vests.
The undersigned has just received a very handsome assortment of Ready Made Clothing, direct from the Manufacturers. For style, appearance and cheapness—cannot be excelled in this market.
A. M. & R. KENNEDY.
April 11 15th

Seasonable Goods.
The subscriber has just received a good supply of Fresh Goods, suitable for the season, consisting in part of various articles for Ladies Dresses, Calicoes, at all prices, brown and bleached Homespun, &c., together with a good assortment for Gentlemen's wear, and a great variety of other articles.
A stock of choice Groceries, all of which will sell as low as they can be had in the place, and to which he respectfully invites the attention of purchasers.
J. CHARLESWORTH.
April 25 17

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER,
Commission Merchant & General Agent.
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend to Public and Private Sales of any description.
Regular Auction day, every Friday.
Auction Room opposite James Dunlap's, a few doors above Davis's Hotel. 11—11

JOS. B. KERSHAW,
Attorney and Solicitor.
Broad-street, Camden, S. C.
Attends the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Lancaster and Fairfield Districts.
Ladies Splendid Dress Goods of every material now opening and for sale low at BONNEYS
Medical Books, &c.
Medical, Moral, Religious and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationary of great variety, for sale by
ALEXANDER YOUNG.
April 15, 1849. 11

Poetry.

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPERS?"
BY G. F. WALLAS.

Why don't you take the paper?
They are "the life of my delight!"
Except about election times,
And then I read for spite.
Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus spent, is money lent
On interest four fold per d.
Go then and take the papers,
And pay to day, nor pray delay,
And my word it is infixed,
You'd live till you are gray.

An old news-monger friend of mine,
While dying from the cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.
I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
Not nearly as a horse.
I knew a Printer's debtor once,
Racked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her disease would leave her.

Next morning she was at work,
Directed of her pain;
But did forget to pay her debt
Till taken down again.
"Here Jesse, take silver wheels,
Go pay the Printer now!"
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men as much alike,
As if you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their lumps,
One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through a wood
A tree fell down upon his crown
And killed him—"werry good!"
Had he been reading of the news
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'd bet a cent that accident
Would not have happen'd him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the Printers sneak,
Because you harbor of his boy,
A paper every week.
For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the Printer too.

Miscellaneous.

EMPLOYMENT.—It is not the work of an hour to cull and arrange from a hundred exchanges, the thoughts and facts which best suit the wants and tastes of one's own readers; to decipher the manuscripts, and decide upon the merits of all sorts of chirography and composition; to keep correct accounts with hundreds of subscribers; to answer countless communications, upon matters and things innumerable; to correct the proof and stimulate the movement of careless compositors and slothful pressmen; we say, to do all this requires at the editors hands, not hours, but days of patient labor. Nor is this all. He must write—and write whether in the mood or not—not upon one but upon all subjects. To enable him to write as he should, he must read and digest, he must observe, think and judiciously apply. To qualify him to fill properly the responsible post he occupies, the editor must be a student, not only of books, but of men, and not only of books and men, but most diligent of all, he must diligently study to know himself, lest, while reproving the unseemly dispositions and practices of others, he be the last to discover—as is not infrequently the case—the existence of the very same disposition and practice in himself.

But still further, editors, however true and faithful to their duties, must expect—and in this they are seldom disappointed, to have, at times, their purest motives misapprehended and rudely impugned; their honest opinions, perverted and unkindly assailed, their well meaning efforts, harshly judged and condemned; and their slightest errors; uncharitably magnified into aggravated and unpardonable offences.—*Southern Baptist.*

BRITISH NEWSPAPERS.—Few persons in this country are aware how enormously expensive is the publication of British newspapers. An American thinks it outrageous extortion, if he is charged over two dollars for a weekly, or eight dollars for the largest-sized daily journal; and some even grumble at these terms. But what would Jonathan say, if he had to pay as dearly for his news as his brother Bob? Why, the very stamp tax which has to be paid to government on every copy of a respectable newspaper that is printed in England, is of itself almost equal to the whole price, taxed for such a paper in this country! The regular price of the London Journals, whether single or double sheeted, is about thirty dollars per annum. The publishers of the *Daily News* edited by Douglass Jerrold—attempts to furnish a paper on cheaper terms; but, after sinking some \$100,000 or so in experiment, they were forced to relinquish it, and have now raised their price from eighteen dollars a year to that above named. London, though four times as populous as New York has fewer daily papers; and out of the great metropolis, there are but three daily journals in the whole United Kingdom.

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a wandering and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk upon and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.—Some grow mad by studying much to know;
But who grows mad by studying good to grow?

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.
Law, like cob-webs catches small flies.
Great ones break through before your eyes.
If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.
Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.
God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.
He that would live in peace and ease,
Must not speak all he knows or judge all he sees.

He that can travel well afoot, keeps a good horse.
The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.
Against diseases here, the strongest fence,
Is the defensive virtue, Abstinence.
Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.
Drive thy business or it will drive thee.
Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
An ounce of wit that's bought,
Is worth a pound that's taught.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.
Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held by treaties and pack thread.
What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
A mel's a monster; head enough but no brains.
Nothing is humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.
The discontented man finds no easy chair.
When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.
The master's eyes will do more work than both his hands.
A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.
A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Pough deep while sluggards sleep
You shall have corn to sell and keep.
If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.
Nothing dries sooner than a tear.
Scarlet, silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.
The first mistake in public business is the going into it.
The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rage, whose diet and wages are famine and disgrace.
Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

He's a fool who makes his doctor his heir.
Never take a wife till thou hast a house to put her in.
Love well, whip well.
Hunger never saw well bread.
Great talkers, little doers.
A rich rogue is like a fat hog,
Who never does good till as dead as a log.
Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.
The poor have little—beggars none.
The rich too much—enough not one.
Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, the other half practice what they censure. The rest always say and do as they ought.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.
Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price.
If a man could have half his wishes he would double his troubles.

AN IRISH LETTER.

The following is a letter from an Irish man in this country to his wife in Ireland. The letter is subscribed as follows:
To my WIFE AT
Tom Phaherty's
in Ireland.
If gone to be forwarded,
May the two—1847.

My dear Judy
I commenced this letter yesterday if it doesn't come to hand you may allow that I'm not here but gone to Quebec—Tell Barney that all his brother's family is all dead entirely barrin the sow God bless her—
I write you more but as there is no means of sending this I will just let it go as it is—remember me in your prayers and remember me to all the Phaherty's No more at present from your loving husband if alive Thaddy O'Riley and if dead God rest his soul—P. S.—if this letter doesn't reach you you must let me know by return Post and don't wait for another until you hear from me again but write me immediately and let me know how you are coming on. N. B. I have altered my mind and won't send this letter after all, so you can answer or not at all just as it pleases you—Give my love to the children—When you come to the end of this letter don't read any more of it but just answer, by the first post office yours until death and after, it not before
Your own Thaddy O'RILEY
As in duty bound I ought to be.

GRAND INDIAN COUNCIL.—It is stated that a grand council of Prairie Indians, inhabiting the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Indian country west of Missouri and Arkansas, is to be held this summer. Its object is believed to be, in reference to the new movements in California, and New Mexico, consequent upon the change in government title, the discovery of precious metals in California. The Little Rock (Ark.) Democrat urges the government to take measures to extend to emigrants on the prairies and the dwellers on the frontiers of the bordering States, the protection of a strong military force.

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.
"And it came to pass when Solomon, the of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in wood and ivory, and in stone—yea, all who had aided in rearing the temple of the Lord, and he said unto them—"sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, and eat and drink and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skillful artificer worthy of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn!"

And when Solomon and the chief workers were seated, the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon the king was wroth, and said:
"What manner of man art thou?"
And he answered and said—When men wish to honor me they call me the son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me the blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt; and in truth thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why come thou thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the temple are invited?"
"Please ye, my Lord, I came rudely, replied the man, because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I come not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?"
Then he who carved the cherubim said—"This fellow is no sculptor," and he who laid the roof with pure gold said: "Neither is he a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls said, he is not a enter of stone!
And he who made the roof, cried out the is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of joining pieces of strange timber together.
Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard scourg'd with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

And when the Son of the forge heard this he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said, "O King, live forever!"
The chief men of the workers in wood, and gold, and stone have said I am not one of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior; before they lived, was I created. I am their master and they are all my servants." And he turned around and said to one of the carvers in stone—who made the tools with which you carve?
And he said, "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the masons, "Who made the chisels with which the stones of the Temple were squared?"
And he said, the blacksmith!
And he said to the chief of the workers in wood, "Who made the tool with which you hewed down the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into pillars and roof of the Temple?"
And he said, the blacksmith!
Then said he to the artificer in gold and ivory, "Who made the instruments, by which you work beautiful things for my lord the King?"
And he said, the blacksmith.

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon, then hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the soot of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are but men—thou art more." So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and the blacksmiths have been honored ever since.—*London Magazine.*

BE GENTLE.—A man with an irritable temper is more to be pitied than one bowed to the earth by poverty. The latter evil can be ameliorated, while the former is a devil that makes havoc with all the finest qualities of heart and mind, taking the helm from reason, and running the possessor against rocks and rough corners. A petulant man in a family of children, even of his own, is worse than a small case of the small pox, from his influence on their young minds. The old adage, "As the old cock crows the young one learns," is a great truth, and we see it illustrated. The old fellows that spatter and growl around their homes, are sure to be imitated faithfully by the little watchers for paternal squalls, and a nest of hornets is made where peace and harmony alone should prevail. The fractious man should be consigned to valetian and penitence, and kept by force from spreading his contagion. What right has a man to poison the happiness of any, more than the food of his family.

The text might be made to apply to all the relations of life where misery is cultivated and growing made the order of all days. There are communities and parties where the old saw about "dogs with sore heads" would be a faint indication of their condition of mind. We need a society for the promotion of good nature more than any philanthropic purpose.

THE LIFE OF AN ENQUIRER "GENTLEMAN."—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, talks insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, smokes elegantly, lives uselessly, dies reluctantly, is buried lugubriously, and is missed by nobody.

The last resource to raise the wind is that of a shrewd but not scrupulous Yankee, who bought a bushel of shoe pegs, and on discovering that they were made of rotten wood, sharpened the other end, and sold them for oats!

MAKING TURPENTINE.—Some of our fellow citizens of Barnwell District, South Carolina, have gone regularly into the business of making turpentine. A Mr. R. J. Hyslop, of North Carolina, has been giving the planters of Barnwell instructions as to the mode, and their certificates show that he has given them great satisfaction, and demonstrated the profitability of the business.

Mr. Thos. Beard of Beaufort Bridge, Barnwell District, certifies that with one hand, from the 17th day of March to 24th day of November, he made 319 barrels. This brought, after paying freight, 2 13-100 dollars per barrel. \$681 74
Cost of barrels 25c. each, 879 75
Tools, 3 20
82 90
Nett product of one hand, \$598 84
This is certainly a pretty fair business. Those who have pine trees in abundance, of the right kind, have the equal of a California gold mine.—*Augusta Constitutional.*

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—Every part of the State having been heard from, it appears that in the Senate the Democrats have a majority of 10, and House of Delegates 12—on joint ballot 22, the Whigs having gained one member in the Senate and one in the House. The Congressional delegation stands 14 Democrats to 1 Whig—a Democratic gain of 5.

A NOVEL SCHEME.—Mr. C. Ellet, the distinguished civil engineer, has published a communication in the Philadelphia North American, in which he proposes a magnificent plan for maintaining a navigable depth of water in the Ohio, during the dry seasons, by means of a large reservoir in the mountainous districts contiguous to it. He thinks that it would be entirely practicable to secure a support from such reservoirs of five feet. He bases his theory on the fact that some of the largest canals in Egypt and other countries are supplied by similar reservoirs.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.—In conversing with a young gentleman from Tennessee the other day, with whom Gen. Jackson was something of a favorite, he related to us the following anecdote of the Ex-President, which we presume our friend will pardon us for publishing:
Towards the latter part of his life, Gen. Jackson became a member of the Christian Church. The clergyman who performed the ceremonies on the occasion of his admission, feeling some doubt as to the sincerity of the old General's repentance, questioned him rather closely concerning his spiritual condition.
"Have you forgiven you enemies?" asked the minister.
"I have," answered the General.
"Have you forgiven Henry Clay?"
"Yes."
"And have you pardoned Seba Smith, the author of Maj. Downing's letters?"
"No! (raising his hickory) by the Eternal, and I never will!" responded the old hero with characteristic piety.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold, will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interests only moves. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who have never loved a friend or labored to make one friend happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others; and, in return, they receive the reward of their love, by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.
Young People's Mirror.

CHICK, CHICK, CHICK.—We take the following from the new work by Judge Halbarton. The narrator, a horse-jockey, is describing an era in the life of his mother:
"Five years ago come next summer, the old lady made a trip to Halifax, in one of our Digby coasters, to see sister Susannah, that is married in that city to Ted Fowler, the upholsterer, and took a whole lot of little notions with her to market to bear expenses; for she is a saving kind of a body is mother, and likes to make two ends meet at the close of the year. Among the rest was the world and all of eggs, for she was a grand hand in a poultry yard. Some she stowed away in boxes, and some in baskets, and some in tubs, so that no one accident could hose them all for her. Well under the berth, in the cabin were large drawers for bedding; and she routed that out, and packed them full of eggs in wool, as snug as you please, and off they started on their voyage. Well, they had nothing but calas and light airs, or head winds, and were ever so long in getting to town, and when they anchored, she got her duds gathered together and began to collect her eggs all ready for landing. The first drawer she opened out hopped ever so many chickens on the cabin floor, skipping and hopping about a-chirping 'Chick, chick, chick' like anything!"

"Well, if that don't beat all!" said mother and she looked the very picture of doleful dumps. "I hope there is no more of them coming into the world without being sent for?" and she opened a second, and out came a second flock, with a 'chick, chick, chick' and another, and another until she pulled them all out. The cabin floor was chock full of them, for the heat and confined bilge air had hatched all the eggs that were in the close and hot drawers.

O, the captain, and passengers, and sailors, they roared with laughter! Mother was awful mad, for nothing makes one so angry as accidents that "set folks off a tee-hee"ing that way. If any body had been to blame but herself, wouldn't they have caught it that's all; for scolding is a great relief to a woman; but as there warn't, there was nothing left but to cry, and crying and scolding are two safety valves, that have saved many a heart from bursting. Well, the loss was not great, though she liked to take care of her coppers, too, it was the vexation that worried her. But the worst was to come yet. When she returned home the Digby boys got hold of the story; and wherever she went they called out after her 'chick, chick, chick!'

RISE EARLY.—The difference between rising at six and rising at eight o'clock, in the course of forty years, supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days and fifteen hours; which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; which is, in fact the same as if ten years were added to the period of our lives, in which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our mind, and the dispatch of our business.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.
Why, what harm will books do me? The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men who wrote them. That "a man is known by the company he keeps," is an old proverb; but it is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book can be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one worse.
Lord Bacon makes the pithy remark, that "in the body there are three degrees of that we receive into it, aliment, medicine, and poison; whereof aliment is that which the nature of man can perfectly alter and overcome by nature and partly converteth nature; and poison is that which worketh wholly upon nature, without nature being able to work at all upon it: so in the mind, whatsoever knowledge reason cannot at all work upon and convert, is a mere intoxication, and endangereth a dissolution of the mind and understanding."
Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither "aliment" nor "medicine"; they are "poison." Both intoxicating—the mind, the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and never satisfied; both ruin—the intellect, the other the health, both together, the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty and equally corrupters of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates the mind or body.
Here we have a definition of what we mean by "bad books"; whatever books neither feed the mind nor the heart but have the effect to intoxicate the mind and corrupt the heart. Works of science, art, philosophy, history, theology, &c., furnish "aliment" or "medicine"; books of mere fancy, romance, infidelity, war, piracy, and murder, are "poison," diluted, and are as such to be shunned as the drunkard's cup. They will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

Books of mere fiction and fancy are bad in their character and influence. Their authors are commonly bad men do not often write good books. A stream does not rise higher than its fountain. Their principles are often corrupt; encouraging notions of chivalry, worldly honor, and pleasure, at war with the only true code of morals.—They insult the understanding of the reader, by representing as truth what is confessedly false, and by assuming that the great object of reading is amusement instead of instruction. The effects are such as might be expected. A habit of reading for amusement simply becomes dull and tedious; whatever requires thought and study is cast aside; the Bible becomes a wearisome book; religious treatises, like those of Baxter, Bunyan, Irenaeus, and Doddridge, though glowing with celestial fire, become insipid and uninteresting; and sermons lose their power; or if any religious impression is made upon the conscience, the bewitching novel furnishes a ready means of stifling conviction and grieving away the Spirit of God.—The Gospel is thus undermined and souls lured to ruin, by a pleasant and easy, but straight road. Beware of the habit of indiscriminate novel reading. Although this may be but the fermented beverage from the literary dram-shop, it is intoxicating and poisonous, and excites a thirst for what is maddening and destructive.
Beware of bad books, because if you read others like you, will let them alone, they will soon buy or be published. Every such book you buy encourages the guilty publisher to make another. Thus you not only endanger your own morals, but pay a premium on the means of ruining others.
Beware of bad books, because your example is contagious. Your child, your servant, your neighbor, may be led to read what will be injurious for time and eternity; or not to "touch the unclean thing," as your example may prompt. Which will you do?
Beware, because good books are plenty and cheap, and it is folly to feed on chaff, or poison when substantial, healthful food may as well be obtained.
Beware of bad books, because they waste your time. "Time is money"—"is more—it is eternal!" That time is redeemed. Can you squander it on means of ruin?
Beware of bad books, because principles imbibed and images gathered from them, will abide in the memory and imagination forever. The mind once polluted is never freed from its corruption.—never.

From a census recently taken by order of the Greek Government, it appears that the total population of Greece, including Peloponnesus, continental Greece, and the Cyclades, is 293,351.
Some one looking at a rich man, said, "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching over it day and night, ever since, for his victuals and clothes."