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## Poetical Department.

### IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou has quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted;  
But on thy harp or thy lute,  
The string that thou has broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again,  
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou has loosed a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee  
Still, still, he may be won,  
From the skies to warble near thee;  
But if upon the troubled sea  
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,  
Hope not that wind or wave will bring  
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is healing,  
And its clusters yet may glow,  
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;  
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown,  
With a bright draught filled—oh! never  
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth  
To cool thy parched lips' fever.

The heart is like that cup,  
If thou waste the love it bore thee;  
And like that jewel gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee;  
And like the string of harp or lute,  
Whence sweet sound is scattered—  
Gently, oh! gently, touch the chords,  
So soon forever scattered.

## The Olio.

### A NEGRO SERMON AGAINST VANITY.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

I am going to give you a part of a negro sermon, which was preached by a good man in Jamaica. Hundreds of the people hear this minister; and some of them have been made wiser and better by what they have heard. The words are spelt just as he spoke them; but they were sounded in such strange tones as made the people attend to what he said, and feel it too. He thus began: "First Timothy, sixth chapter, seventeenth verse. 'Charge dem dat be rich in dis world, dat dem be not high-minded.'"

Then he stopped and looked upon the congregation; and after this, in a complaining tone, as if somebody was finding fault with him, he said: "What for him say, 'charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high-minded! We no rich. We poor nigger. De buckra (white man) him rich. Nigger make de sugar; buckra take de money; what for him say charge dem dat be rich?"

Then changing his voice, he thus answered the supposed objector: "You no rich, eh? Make I show you, you rich. You free nigger now. So you say, 'Me no like nodd jacket again.' Den you go to one 'tore (store.) You buy one coat, one tail coat. You put him on. You look yourself in glass. You like him. Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one black trowser. You no want wash trowser again. 'Wash trowser,' you say, 'him good for slave nigger. De free nigger, him must hab black trowser, like buckra.' Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one smart shirt. Now you no like check shirt. Him good for de work nigger, but free nigger must hab smart shirt. Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one black hat. 'De straw hat,' you say, 'no good for free nigger.' Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one boots. De slave nigger, him go barefoot. De free nigger, him must hab boots, like buckra. Den you wait till Sunday come! You put 'em on. You 'tay till de people all come. Dem sit quite quiet. No make noise. De minister him come. Him sit down. De people den wait for de minister to begin. Him begin. Den you come? You walk up de aisle! Creak—creak—creak! What for you make dat noise, eh? Creak—creak—creak!! Don't dat pride! Don't dat say, 'See me new tail coat—see me new black hat—see me fine shirt! See me good trowser! Hear me new boots! Don't me one fine gentleman!—Don't me rich! Don't dat pride!' 'Charge dem dat be rich, charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high-minded.'—*Jur. Miss. Mag.*

When you have anything to do, go ahead and do it. A man who has the option of two roads, either of which will take him to his journey's end, must not stand too long in considering which to take.

### AN ADDRESS.

COMPOSED FOR A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Ye friends of moderation, who think a reformation, or moral renovation, would benefit our nation, who deem intoxication, with all its dissipation, in every rank and station, the cause of degradation; of which your observation gives daily demonstration,—who see the ruin, distress and desolation, the open violation of moral obligation, the wretched habitation with gross accommodation of any regulation for common sustentation, a scene of depravation unequalled in creation; the frequent desecration of Sabbath ordination; the crime and degradation, degrading legislation; the awful profanation of common conversation, the mental aberration and dire infatuation, with every sad gradation to maniac desperation; ye who with consternation behold its devastation, and utter condemnation on all inebriation; why sanction its duration? or show disapprobation of any combination, for its extermination? Without prevention, are deem a declaration, that offers no temptation, by any palliation of this abomination, the only sure foundation for total extirpation; and under persuasion, hold no communication, with noxious emanation of brewer's fermentation; of poisonous preparation, of spirit distillation, nor any vain libation producing sti-

mulation. To this determination, we call consideration, and without hesitation invite co-operation; not doubting invitation, and high approbation, without provocation, will raise your estimation and by continuation, afford you consolation that in participation with this association, you may by meditation, ensure the preservation of a future generation from all contamination,—and may each indication, of such regeneration, be the theme of exultation, till its final consummation.

**REMARKABLE RIVER.**—The Florida Sentinel contains an account of the examination, by a committee of scientific gentlemen, of the river Waicissa, in Florida, with a view of testing its capacity for a water power for manufacturing purposes, and the practicality of connecting it with the St. Mark's by a canal. They found water at the head of the river thirty two feet above high water in the St. Marks at Newport. The Sentinel describes the Waicissa as one of the natural curiosities most peculiar to Florida. It takes its rise, like the Wakulla, in springs of tremendous volume, forming an immense basin with bold shores, from which it runs in a S. S. E. direction, in a deep and broad stream, about fourteen miles to a swamp where most of it disappears through a subterranean channel by which it is discharged into the Gulf. The river is said to contain a greater volume of water than the Potomac or James river, and like all rivers having a similar rise in Florida, it is affected neither by drought or fresh, affording one steady, uniform and unvarying current all the year. Any conceivable amount of water power can be obtained by means of the canal proposed, and it will not only be unfailing, but unvarying. The committee are of opinion that more than ten times the water power of Lowell can be found there at a small expense.

**THE SERPENT.**—A correspondent inquires of Major Noah—"Is there any authentic description of the serpent which tempted Eve in Paradise to eat the forbidden fruit?" . . . To which he replies in the New York Sunday Times:—Nothing beyond what painting has given us of the representations of the serpent. We have abundant conjectures of ancient and modern philosophers, but only conjectures, and of little value. The impression is that the serpent had the power of changing its appearance, complexion, and character. De Lyra indulged in the idle conceit that it assumed the face of a fair virgin. Euginibus thinks that the serpent was a basilisk; Deiro, a viper; Petrus Comestus contended that the serpent walked upright like a man; and Dr. Adam Clark considered the serpent to have been a creature of the ape or orang outang species. Our impression is, that there was no outward visible form present when the forbidden fruit was eaten. The serpent which tempted Eve to do wrong is the same serpent which tempts us all at this time to do what is not right—that it was the inward suggestion of a rebellious spirit which leads us all into temptation, and that the passage in the Bible is to be interpreted figuratively, and not literally. The serpent was cursed as we course the workings of an evil spirit within us when we begin to feel its effects, and it is this evil spirit which puts enmity between each other.

## A Selected Tale.

### A COQUETTE CONQUERED, OR THE TRIALS OF A HEART OF PRIDE.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

CHAPTER III.

Though each young flower had died,  
There was the root—strong, living, not the less  
That all it yielded now was bitterness;  
Yet still such love as quits not misery's side,  
Nor drops from view its ivy-like embrace,  
Nor turns away from death's, its pale heroic face.

MRS. HEMANS.

Another four years passed away! The whirlwind wrecked many a tall commercial house, and strangled many a long accumulated fortune, had passed over Philadelphia carrying dismay, desolation and anguish.—The firm of which Mr. Laverty was the head, bent, but did not break. Confidence in him was not impaired for he was an unexceptionable business man; but it was well known that he had sacrificed more than half his fortune to secure the remainder.

And who that visited, during the summer of 1827, the various fashionable watering-places, does not remember that pale girl, who attended by a dotting father, sought a restoration of impaired health. Amy was lovely still, true, the sunny smile was gone but, in the place of that garish splendor of radiance, which was wont "to burn like the mines of sulphur," there remained the calm and dreamy beauty of the moonlight-sky.—The rose had fled her cheek, but the lily, in all its purity, shone from her Parian brow. She had felt, at last, that she possessed a heart. She was no longer "a lump of ice in the clear, cold morn." But her heart was an unwritten scroll, upon which none of late dared to attempt to inscribe the word "love." Many admired, some adored,—but her name had gone forth, as of a heartless coquette. To win her love, would have been ineffably sweet; but, like the French gallant, no one thought it reasonable to thrust his head into a live in search of honey!

"Amy Laverty looks better to-night, and begins to beam radiantly again, Walton," said a gay lounge to his friend.

"Yes," was the reply, "chaste as the icicle and every whit as cold! Like the henchman of Harold the Dauntless, she has, or had, the faculty of chilling all who ventured within her influence."

"Oh! you speak feelingly," laughed Withers, "for I remember now that she had you 'within her influence,' some years since, when you held a clerkship at Washington, and then she placed her icy fingers upon you!

A frozen child dreads the frost, I perceive, as much as a burned child does the fire!" "Rail away, Tom! With honest Grumbo, I confess the coupe!" "replied our old friend Stanton, who, at the Jackson Inaugural Ball had been the subject of Pennant's remarks to Amy, during the flirtations of the dance. "The undeniable fact is, I was jilted." In those few words are embodied the history of Amy's life. "Van Buren never had so many applications for office, since he was inaugurated, in March last, as she has had proposals, and the disappointed applicants have been about as numerous under one administration as the other. I was deeply, desperately, madly in love with her, but she cured me—chilled me off!"

"Has she a heart, think you, Stanton?" continued Withers, with mock solemnity. "I have read of a French surgeon, who dissected a man, and found him without that organ. Do you not think that the Laverty might be coupled with him in this Noah's ark of a world, as the two of a kind?"

"Nay, hardly as bad as that! Amy has been thoughtless, ambitious, and possessed of the pride of Lucifer—like him she is a fallen angel, fallen from the effects of that pride, but I sincerely believe she has been humbled in a measure—that she has a heart, and that it has been touched. I have seen much of her; for my dismissal of her love, never interrupted our friendly relations; and she has been an altered woman ever since Frank Pennant married Kate Stanton;—but the change came too late, and she now stands a fair chance to 'lead apes,' for I know not the man who would venture to address her! The days of your Petrucios and Duke Aranzas are past, and live but in the drama.—And so she attained the reputation of a coquette, and therefore—"

"Yes, I understand," interrupted Withers; "but see, yonder goes Mr. Stanton, another of her discarded ones. I am told she passed some bitter slight on him."

"Yes, she made no secret of her scorn at the humble lot of his parents. But she little knew the brilliant career which destiny and perseverance had marked out for him.—Henry Stanton goes to Congress this winter; and no man of his age was ever elected under such brilliant auspices of success. He has never married and I have reason to believe that her conduct has had a marked influence upon his whole past life."

"How so?" "Shortly after his rejection by her his father died. A frugal life had done as much as all the stock speculation at the Exchange could have effected, and he was found to be extremely rich; a round hundred thousand at the least. Stanton could have lived at ease and independence; but his honorable pride was stung, and he seemed determined to win his way to eminence, that the proud beauty might see that mind, not money, was the true standard of nature's nobility."

"And do they ever meet now?" "Oh, yes; as old friends. I have sometimes thought; and were it any other man than Henry Stanton, I should be certain; that he loves her still. I have watched him gaze upon her, when he thought himself unobserved, and having known myself what it was to feel an unrequited passion, have been almost convinced that the old flame was only smothered or concealed, but not burned out."

This conversation details what "the world" thought upon the person in whose fate our story is interested. And how was it with Amy Laverty? Was the proud, imperious beauty to feel the nothingness of pride when it would shut out from the heart the pleadings of youth, talent, and high chivalric honor. Had a miracle been wrought? It had, indeed; she would now have exchanged the world's wealth for the love of Henry Stanton. She had watched his brilliant career, at first with indifference, but at length the thought would intrude itself, that he, upon whose eloquence admiring listeners hung enraptured; whose fame was ringing through the land, and whose smiles was courted by all, might have been hers. At such times the monitor within would say, what a noble pride it would have been to call such a man all her own. By almost imperceptible degrees the imperious girl was changed to an humbled and deep loving woman.

This change of feeling, from one extreme to the other most opposite, is a curious constitution of human nature: It is only in the mysterious workings of Providence, and its various applications for the benefit of mankind, that we can trace the solution of this apparent paradox, that actions or feelings frequently produce effects the very reverse of those which we would have expected. Thus joyous sensations often leave a tinge of pain, and sorrows bring a cordial balm to the afflicted heart. Tell the mother who weeps the ruin of her hopes and joys over the grave of her darling child, that her offspring is now reaping the fruits of an innocent life in a world of never-ending bliss, and her rising sobs will show that these consoling reflections strongly augment her grief. The angry man is more deeply incensed at every mark of favor, and the conduct of the lover assures us, that "fears and sorrows fan the fire of joy."

The influence of this converted passion, if the term may be allowed, is co-existent with all our thoughts and actions, and occurs when the mind is occupied by some powerful feeling, whose commanding influence seems to subdue every inferior emotion. The patriot forgets individual wrongs in his love of country; the soldier knows not fear, anxiety or hope, when the "big war" makes "ambition virtue." Even religion itself is

not uninfluenced by this principle. The apostles, we are told, when confined in the prisons of Thyatira, sang praises to God at midnight; as if the darkness and gloom of their dungeon, and the aggravated circumstances of their confinement, heightened the triumph of their devotion, and enabled them, notwithstanding the fearful earthquake which shook the foundation of their prison, to conduct with moderation and fortitude. The flames of persecution, while consuming the bodies of suffering martyrs, seem to have given new energy to the pious emotions of their minds, and enabled the fervency of their devotions to rise superior to every eternal object. The design of such constitution of our nature is easily seen; it is thus the powers of the human mind are made to correspond with the occasion on which they are excited. It is a principle salutary in its effects upon ourselves, an illustrative of His character who has established all things in benevolence and wisdom.

Thus we may see how the chastening hand can convert the proudest scorn to the timidity of love, feeling itself hopelessly unrequited; and by tracing the arena of the heart's mysteries, discover how natural was the process, or rather the retribution, which turned the pride of Amy, and made her recoil from the contemplation of her former self.

### CHAPTER IV.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers

To thee and thine; have not I kept the vow?

With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now,

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours,

Each from the voiceless grave.

—The lady's heart beats fast

As half in joy, and half in aghast,

On these high domes her looks she cast.—SMALL.

Again turn we to Washington—that mighty capital, that great political heart of our Union, from whose pulsations are supplied the entire arteries of our body politic. It was the memorable session of 1840, when the halls of legislation were turned into a balling, and Whig and Democrat broke their lances in defence of Harrison or Van Buren, as their political predilections dictated; that session, when grave legislators took an inventory of the furniture of the presidential mansions, from the "gold spoons" down to the napkins of the pantry; when the horrors of a standing army were so vividly displayed, and guns, bayonets, and boarding-pikes bristled out from every line of Mr. Secretary Poinsett's annual report from the War Department, when the conqueror of Proctor, and the victor at Tippecanoe was proved a "granny" and a "coward," by men who had never smelt gunpowder in their lives, save in the homoeopathic compounds of their boyish squibs and India crackers; when both parties succeeded, by most overwhelming arguments, in convincing their friends that the country would "go to the low w-w-s," if their antagonists succeeded; when the halls of legislation were stripped of every leaf, branch and limb, of birch design, and the hickory and the buckeye were formed in fantastic garlands around "the stump" which alone remained; when bloodhounds and conscience keepers, tabourets and petticoats, British gold and bank bribes, were household and familiar words; when every man, woman and child, was possessed of the devil of partisan malignity, and we staid United States, sang songs, drank hard cider, held conventions, got up torch-light processions, and shouted for our candidates as if Bedlam had been keeping holy-day, with its inmates all out electioneering.

One morning, in early spring, the galleries of the House of Representatives were thronged to suffocation, long before the market of the Speaker, called the members to Order, by a quasi "Incus a non Incendit" process! Time never seemed to lag so tardily, as did the hands of the clock, opposite R. M. T. Hunter's chair—it appeared as if they would never point zenith-ward to the hour of high noon! Had it been the last night of a session; when those hands have a prescriptive right to "hasten slowly" to the witching church-yard hour lest in the hurry of the closing scene, something might be omitted, which the law makers had no time to think of during the seven or eight preceding months—had it been the close of a session, we affirm that "tardy paced hands" would have acquitted themselves, to admiration—but now, never did Juliet wince she had "bought the mansion of a love but not possessed it" wish the "fiery footed steeds" to "gallop apace" with more intensity of expectation, than did the attending crowd long for the hour of twelve. At last it came—the hum from voice of an assistant clerk was heard reading "yesterday's minutes" as monotonously as the sounds of a "wool-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree!" When Corwin of Ohio rose and moved that the further reading of the minutes be dispensed with, bright eyes in the gallery voted him thanks, and when the "morning hour" was over and the Speaker called the "orders of the day"—then, "mute expectation spread its anxious hush" over the entire auditorium.

"When the House adjourned with this bill under consideration, the gentleman from Pennsylvania was entitled to the floor," said the Speaker.

And Henry Stanton rose to the question. He who but a few years before had "no jointure but a green vegetable stall in the market" to offer the rich and proud Amy Laverty in exchange for her love! Calm, dignified and self-possessed he rose, though a thousand eyes were bent fixedly upon

him. This was the calmness of confident mastery of his subject—the dignity of conscientious intellectual greatness. Slowly, emphatically and unostentatiously he pronounced his exordium—then with consummate skill, he combated all the arguments of his opponents and fortified his own position. Warmed with his subject "rapt, inspired," he commenced his peroration. Brilliant as the lightning flash glowing as the lava flow; bold, dashing, and majestic as the mighty mountain torrent was the character of his eloquence! Scarcely could the listening crowd restrain themselves from open applause and many rising indications of an almost irrepressible movement; were silenced by the Speaker's hammer.

Edward Stanton suppressed even all his former brilliant efforts! Was it caused by the excitement of the subject, the intellectual intoxication of success? No;—his hour of triumph had arrived, the goal he had struggled for years to attain was won!—for in the Ladies' Gallery, immediately over the Speaker's chair, and directly in front of the orator, sat Amy Laverty; she who, in early youth, had so cruelly scorned him; she who had withered the freshness of his heart, and dried up the gushing fountains of love in his soul! He saw not the crowd around him—he heard not the murmur of applause—he heeded not the triumphant glance of political friends nor the gloomy looks of discomfited opponents—his soul was on his tongue, and as the jewels of rhetoric, the brilliant gems of oratory, and the diamond shafts of satire fell from his lips—he poured them all, prodigally, and with a feeling of supernatural power, as an offering before the shrine of his young, blighted and cruelly crushed love!

At length he closed amid the plaudits of the privileged a few on the floor of the house, and the waving of snowy kerchiefs from the gallery. In the midst a stifled sob was heard, then a piercing shriek! "A lady in the gallery had fainted—from the heat!"

Strange, inexplicable mystery of the human heart! Two wells of passion, long sealed up and apparently dried, had burst their confines!

Oh famed oh popular applause! how little know any in that Hall, why the young orator was so transcendently brilliant that day! How little divined the companions of Amy what was the cause of that sudden fainting fit!

The hospitable mansion of Secretary Woodbury was thrown open that evening. Gay forces crowded every room and silvery voices resounded through every hall. In a remote corner of one apartment, within the recess of a window, stood Henry Stanton and Amy Laverty. Their hands were intertwined, his eyes beamed with pride and hers with happiness. We have here but a few words of their conversation to chronicle.

"Why—why, ask me if I love you!" said Amy.

"Why?" responded Stanton in that deep voice and choking utterance which are only assumed when the heart speaks audibly: "why? that I may feel that my day dreams are now reality; that I may know that time has worn away those faults of early education, which clouded the brightness of your native excellence; that I may be assured that we have both come out purified from the crucible of suffering the fuel to which has been supplied from our very hearts; I would know that you love me, that I may be supremely happy."

"Be happy then, as far as the knowledge of my love can make you so," frankly replied Amy—but oh Henry, in our after life, I fear me, I shall often have occasion to resist the tempter against which you here this day warned me, and to whose power over me, time, more than your words had opened my eyes! I feel that while I have life I must have a pride!"

"Yes Henry—pride is there!"

We have nothing to object to the tone and temper of Gen. Fish, of New York on this novel question. He is courteous enough. Neither do we object to the approval of the sentiment, which we have copied above. All we have to say is, that if the Northern people have come to the determination declared by Gen. Fish, that there shall be no more Slave States admitted into the Union, we are prepared at once for a dissolution of that Union. We do not intend to argue the question. But if the South is to be denied equal rights and privileges in the Union, that our fathers established, no longer exists.

Richard White.

The following from the *Cred. (Ill.) Whig* is a practical illustration of "faintness" phrenology:

Every man—John Jackson a colored man committed some time since to prison and was removed, and discharged without a claimant, was committed again shortly after for coming into the State contrary to law. His first and second charges were paid by the Philadelphia Manicure Society, and he was taken to that city, but came back again in a few days, and was again committed to prison, where he still remains, to be sold shortly into slavery for again violating the laws of this State. Is it not singular that with a full knowledge of the law in such cases, he should return again to bondage? It is, and we cannot account for it except in his own words. He says he was not down in the streets of Philadelphia, without feeling or anything to eat, that he could get no work, and therefore returned.

Glory is the shadow of a . . .