

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JULY 16, 1850.

NUMBER 56.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY  
THO. J. WARREN & C. A. PRICE,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

### THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Three Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall be entitled to the sixth copy (of the edition subscribed for) gratis for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

Liberal discounts allowed to those who advertise for three, six, or twelve months.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal: Col. T. W. HERR, Jacksonham, Lancaster Dist. S. H. ROBERTS, Esq., Lancasterville, S. C. C. C. MURPHY, Esq., Carthage, N. C. W. C. MOORE, Esq., Camden, S. C. And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

## Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.

### YOUTH!

An old man met a youth one day,  
Who, with a spirit so light and gay,  
Was pursuing life's weary way,  
With carelessness and pleasure,  
Flowers bedecked his onward road  
As quickly past he lightly strode,  
Carrying nothing for a load,  
But contentment's full measure.

"My lovely, where art thou bound?  
Are you aware that here are found,  
In this same path, on this same ground,  
Cares and troubles full many?"  
"Yes, I have heard full many say  
This was a rough and weary way,  
But I'll enjoy short pleasure's day,  
Dangers, care not for any."

"All these flowers by God was made,  
Of every hue, of every shade,  
And purposely on my journey laid,  
To weaken care's strong power.  
Shall I, for fear of future care,  
Neglect these beauties rich and rare,  
Which are scattered around me here,  
Only for this present hour?"

No, I'll taste of every pleasure,  
Seek out each and every treasure,  
And enjoy short youth's full measure,  
While the sweet short blessings last.  
When troubles on my way I meet,  
Ne'er from any will I retreat,  
But boldly every one will greet,  
And still steadily stand fast.

## A Selected Tale.

### THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN.

CONTINUED.

Many were the conflicts that raged in the mind of Aucune, between envy and jealousy towards her sister, and the necessity of obedience to the injunctions of the angels, in order to be fitted to pass through their land to the Fountain of Beauty. It was not in all cases that she conquered; for she was occasionally hurried away by her passion, and more than once, under its influence, she positively refused to do the just desires of her father. It was not, therefore, without serious misgivings, that she looked forward to the end of the three months. At last they were over, and as she was musing in the shady grotto, her spiritual sight was opened, and her guardian angel stood before her.—"Hasten sister," said he, "for angels are waiting for thee. There is company going to the Immortal Fountain, and they desire thee to go with them." Aucune made all possible haste, and very soon arrived at the Gate of Obedience.—After the usual knock it was opened by an angelic hand, who greeted her with a smile of welcome. On entering, to her surprise she felt the atmosphere most delightful and invigorating; and every breath she breathed, communicated an unspeakable pleasure. This was the case too, with each of her senses, for whenever she exercised any of them, it was accompanied by most exquisitely delightful sensations. In fact it seemed all delight and pleasure; for all was so completely harmonious and one with herself, that there was not a single thing that she could wish otherwise than it was.

After her surprise, the angels led her into a spacious hall, in which another company of angels were walking, and seemingly waiting for her. They each came and gave her the kiss of affection, and bid her be of good courage; for they perceived Aucune's spirits were drooping; as she reflected on her disobedience. To her great astonishment, she found on joining them, that her garments were similar to theirs, but somewhat disfigured with black spots, that appeared here and there upon them; and turning round she said, "Stay, and let me retire to wash away these spots, for they look so filthy." The angel smiled at her anxiety, and said, "you cannot yet, but let us hasten on to the Fountain, and you shall wash them there;" and so saying they led her out on the path called Beauty.

The atmosphere was still delightful, and the road full of interest. It was wonderfully form-

ed. There was now a gentle ascent and then a slight descent, and yet on the whole they were continually ascending. It was not straight forward; for occasionally they met barriers, which caused them to go a little way round sometimes; but this was really no misfortune, for were invariably rewarded with some glorious view that they would otherwise have lost; or, they were thereby protected from some great danger, which they saw on turning the corner was concealed behind it. As far as the eye could reach there were magnificent trees, variously gathered into clusters, according to their kinds; and in rich green pastures, all kinds of cattle were peacefully feeding. But the most singular and interesting of all things to Aucune, was a star that went on before them, and pointed out their way, just as that did that led the Magi to Bethlehem. The angels were well acquainted with this beautiful object, and called it "The star of knowledge." It was always visible, and shone with peculiar splendor during the shades of evening; and so long as they saw it, there was no danger of missing their way.

Aucune travelled on with her angelic associates, who made the journey still more interesting and instructive by each telling some story of wisdom, or by describing to Aucune the character of their great Master, and the nature of his kingdom. For a long time she went on, and once or twice she thought she could hear the flowing of the Fountain, but it did not appear. But at last she became weary and tired, and moreover she began to feel the same oppression and difficulty in breathing, that she experienced at first. At last she was obliged to stop, and with tears in her eyes said, "I see I cannot reach the Fountain! oh what must I do!" she asked with great anxiety, "Oh what must I do?" "O sister, fear not," said they in tones of the kindest sympathy; "We knew you would be unable, but if we had told you so, you would not have believed us, so we have come thus far to show you. We know that you have not been altogether obedient to your father, and until you habitually obey your earthly parent, and all the commands of truth, you will never be able to obey our heavenly Master, and live in the land of angels. Thou must therefore return to thy earth," continued the angels with earnestness, "and mark! thou must not only implicitly obey thy father's just desires, and be kind to thy sister and friends, but thou must change thy motive! Hitherto thou hast desired beauty and loveliness to enable thee to steal away thy sister's. Go now, and learn to desire blessings without wishing to take away the blessings of others. Thou shalt never be less blessed because others are blessed too; for in the hand of our Great Master are universal blessings. Blessings forevermore! Do this for six months, and then thou shalt visit us again."

If the former disappointment disturbed her, this did in a tenfold degree. It was not only the disappointment itself, but the additional task as she felt, that was imposed upon her, that overwhelmed her with trouble; for she supposed that there was little value in beauty, if it did not make her an object of praise above all others. The words of the angels had puzzled her, and she felt, that if those were the only conditions, she could never see the Fountain of Beauty. She returned sadly and sorrowfully, hoping yet fearing, and much disturbed. But on her approach to the gate, the angels met her, and cheered her, and gave her many assurances of ultimate success. They hid her an affectionate adieu, and as she passed the gate, she heard those in the hall singing the following words to the most soothing music she ever heard:

Never fear,  
Sister dear,  
For beautiful thou shalt be;  
Thy soul prepares,  
By holy prayer,  
Then the fountain thou shalt see.

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

The first time Aucune heard this, it pleased her mightily; "Two beautiful daughters!" she kept saying to herself. "Two beautiful daughters!" "Well I never thought of this," she continued, "but I can see that it is just as the angels said. I am not less blessed, because sister is blessed too. Who would have thought that the praise of our neighbors was so sweet, when enjoyed, and partaken of, by sister!" She gradually began to feel more and more this truth; and in a few months, it became a fixed principle in her character, to deprive Chacune of no praise and good will, that their neighbors bore towards her.

Aucune little by little began to feel a certain delight and pleasure about life, that never was felt before. All those who had avoided her, from fear that she would quarrel with them, now seemed to strive who could be most kind; for it is a truth worth remembering, that by love and kindness we may easily begot the same towards us. There was one very benevolent gentleman, who was called "The Wise Man of the Hill," a friend of her father's, who was extremely pleased with the change which had taken place in Aucune's mind. This person had great possessions, and having no children, he had determined to leave the whole of his property to Aucune, but in consequence of the wonderful improvement in her sister's disposition, he decided to divide the whole equally between

them. This was a proof of the superiority of kindness over unkindness that Aucune could not mistake; for all this was the result of her late kindness to Chacune.

The sisters frequently visited this gentleman, and sometimes they stayed two or three days together, enjoying beautiful walks on the hill sides, or playing with the lambs in the fields. On one occasion, as they were walking out with the "Wise Man," Aucune saw a few wild flowers growing at the top of a large rock, and without saying anything to her companions, she stepped aside and walked up a steep and troublesome pathway; that seemed to lead directly to the flowers. She did not perceive, however, that the path, after a little while, diverged in an opposite direction, and led her completely from the objects she desired. She toiled, expecting every moment to reach the top, but still it did not appear; and after growing weary, and being afraid lest the "Wise Man" and her sister might leave her, she turned round, with the intention of retracing her steps; but as she turned, a female clad in very showy robes, bowed, and, with a fascinating smile came forward and said, "Beautiful maiden, I perceive you have lost your way, come with me and I will show you one nearer and easier, than the troublesome one by which you came." And so saying, she beckoned Aucune to follow her, and turned down a good broad path. Poor Aucune's vanity was flattered when the woman praised her beauty, and without thought, instantly followed after.

As they walked, the woman appeared all kindness and sweetness, and said, amongst many other things, "at the end of this path there is a fountain, that always makes the heart glad, and life happy, and the countenance beautiful, of those who drink of its waters." "Indeed!" said Aucune with astonishment, "and what distance is it from here?" "Not more than a few miles," said the woman. "Wonderful!" exclaimed Aucune, "how astonishing neither the Wise Man nor Chacune ever named this fountain. This is the very fountain I have been endeavoring to get to for these many months," she continued to the woman, "and I have been teasing myself so long, and here it is just at hand!" She began now to think that the angels and Chacune had been deceiving her; and to surprise them all, and to show she had found out the secret as well as they, she determined to solicit the artful woman to show her the way to the waters at once. "I will do it gladly," said the woman, "for my name is Venus, and I am appointed to wander about in these lonely paths, to lead the weary to rest, and to guide all that will follow me, to that happy fountain of ease, mirth, and beauty!" And so saying, she took hold of poor Aucune's arm, and hastily led her away.

The Wise Man and Chacune had walked on, expecting Aucune would follow every minute; but as she did not appear, they thought she was staying to gather a bouquet of wild flowers, of which she was exceedingly fond, and would follow them soon. So they went on and left her, thinking she would arrive at home at least in time for dinner. But it was not unusual for Aucune to stay from dinner; for very frequently the neighbors would invite her to stay with them, and therefore, her absence caused but little uneasiness; and in the afternoon, the Wise Man and Chacune went to visit a friend, and did not return until evening.

In the meantime Venus led poor Aucune along, and in the most winning manner told her all kinds of tales, some of which shocked her at first, but in a little time she entered into them with delight. The road was altogether shaded, indeed so much so that the light was almost excluded. It was easy and cool; and being a gradual descent, the walk was delightful and interesting. The fountain, however, did not appear so soon as she expected. She had heard, what Venus called, the murmuring of its waters, for an hour or two, but it did not come in sight; and at last she began to be anxious, lest she should not be able to return home that night. "Never fear," said Venus, "for I have fairy legions at my command, who can transport you back in a moment!" "If this be so," thought Aucune, "they can as easily transport me to the fountain at once, and thus save any further trouble." But when she named this to her conductor, who was always ready with some specious put-off, she said, "the day was fine, and the way beautiful, and as the distance was so short, it would be more delightful to walk."

Thus Aucune travelled on; but in spite of all the stories and artful smiles of Venus, she gradually became anxious and uneasy, particularly as the sun was setting, and thick thunder clouds gathered in all directions. To add still more to her anxiety, they began to enter into a dense forest, in the midst of which Venus declared the fountain was. The shades of evening rapidly closed upon them, and before they had proceeded far, the night became black and dreadful, and every star disappeared. The wind moaned amongst the trees, and at every succeeding blast it was louder and louder.—Great drops of rain began to fall upon the leaves, and by and by they fell upon the travellers, who were drenched to the skin. Flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, accompanied with loud and terrible thunder. Trees were struck down, and hurled about by the fury of the wind, which now blew a complete hurricane.

Aucune covered her face with her hands, and ran hither and thither, striving to find a place of safety, but every where was under the influence of the storm. She besought her companion to protect her, and lead her back; but the true character of Venus now began to show itself. Aucune was now within her power, and it was seen that she was the demon of the storm; and had allured the poor girl into the forest to torment, and, if possible, to destroy her. As the awful flashes of lightning rapidly

followed each other, and shivered the trees to atoms, and struck Aucune almost dead with terror, Venus laughed and rent the air with the noise of her wild unearthly joy; and as she sung in boisterous song, in derision to the pining supplicants for protection of Aucune, the infernal notes joined in unison with the dreadful howling of the tempest.

Poor Aucune now saw the error she had committed, and vowed that, if God delivered her from the dangers that surrounded her, and gave her light and truth to understand, she would never suffer evil in disguise to lead her astray from the plain path of duty. And turning from the wild vagaries of the demon, she covered her face with her mantle, and fell upon her knees, and prayed, and said, "O Father of Heaven and earth, the God of all children, and the comforter and protector of the distressed look down, with pitying eye, upon the lost and awful condition of thy child, and deliver me out of all my distresses. I have erred in forsaking thy paths, and I am now beset with all the miseries of sin; but with the Almighty Father, there is mercy and forgiveness; extend, therefore, thy omnipotent aid, and lead me to the abodes of safety." She arose from that prayer internally comforted, and on looking around, she beheld Venus fleeing away, as if hastening from some dreaded object; for,

"Infernal tremble when they see,  
The contrite heart, and bonded knee."

The storm gradually abated; and the twilight breaking through the trees, told her that morning was approaching.

But what was she to do? In a dreary forest, with no path to direct her to any human habitation, she began to fear that she should die of hunger. "Fear not," said a voice, thy prayer is heard, and thy guardian angels shall conduct thee to the abode of thy father." Aucune started at the voice of the mysterious messenger of consolation, and looked around but saw no one; angelic beings, however, were ministering to her, and as they directed Hagar in the wilderness to the blessings she wanted, so they led Aucune out of all her dangers.—While she was yet almost bewildered with astonishment, at the strange flight of Venus, and the abatement of the storm, and the mysterious voice, the silvery notes of a trumpet struck upon her ear; she followed swiftly in the direction from which they seemed to come, and at last she heard distinctly the sound of voices, one of which she recognized as Chacune's. She raised her voice, and called, "Chacune, Chacune, help dear Chacune!" Chacune heard the cry, and turned her beautiful pony's head, which had been provided for her by the Wise Man, towards her lost sister, and in a few moments she was embracing Aucune. Both sobbed for very joy that they had met each other once again. And Chacune said, in gentle rebuke, "Oh sister, why did you stray? We have been seeking you all night; and our hearts have been sorely troubled on your account." "Forgive me sister!" Aucune exclaimed, "and you shall know all."—The Wise Man rode up soon after, followed by several servants; one of whom dismounted, and after all had congratulated Aucune upon her deliverance, she was assisted upon the horse, and they hastened away, and very soon they had left the forest behind them.

## Political Department.

### SLAVE LABOR IN THE TERRITORIES.

The following letter from Mr. Thurston, Delegate from Oregon, was written in reply to a note addressed him by Hon. Horace Mann, making inquiries as to the probable introduction of slavery into our newly acquired Territories in the event of its not being prohibited by law. Many have been of opinion that slave labor would never be profitable there because the country is not considered favorable to agricultural pursuits. Mr. Thurston, who, it appears, is well acquainted with a large portion of the territories, from personal observation, it will be seen, differs from this opinion, and "considers the markets in New Mexico, Utah and California, for slave labor, worthy of an honorable contest to secure:

WASHINGTON, June 10, 1850.

I received a note from you some days ago, making certain inquiries, but which, up to this time, I have been unable to answer. I desire to take no part in the question now dividing the country; but as you have asked my judgment upon a matter which appears to be a disputed point, I cannot, consistently with the law of courtesy, refuse you an answer. That answer will be in conformity with what I have frequently said heretofore with gentlemen on this subject.

The point of inquiry seems to be, whether slave labor could be profitably employed in Oregon, California, Utah and New Mexico. If the nature of the climate and resources of these countries are such as to furnish a profitable market for slave labor, it appears to be conceded, on all hands, that it would be introduced, if left free to seek profitable investment, like other capital. The whole point at issue, then, is dependant, as it is conceived, upon the determination of the first point of inquiry. Hence, to that point only, is it necessary for me to confine my answer.

I need not remind you of the law regulating the investment of capital. It will always go where, under all circumstances, it will yield the greatest return to the owner. Upon this principle, I am very clear, that, slave labor, if unrestricted, could be employed in Oregon with at least double the profit to the owner of the slave that it now yields in any State of the Union. I am uninformd as to the usual price of slave labor in the States, but the price paid to Indians in Oregon, during the past year, for labor,

has ranged from two to three dollars per day.—Domestic negro servants, whether male or female, would command, readily, five or six hundred dollars a year. I recollect well, that there was a mulatto man on board the vessel on which I took passage from Oregon to San Francisco, who was paid one hundred and eighty dollars per month for his services as cook. I will not stop to particularize further, in regard to the inducements Oregon would offer to unrestricted slave labor, but will simply add, that a very large number of slaves might now be employed in Oregon, at wages sufficiently large to purchase their freedom. I think, therefore, that the point is settled, so far as Oregon is concerned; and that slave labor, if it had been left free to seek profitable employment, would readily find its way into that territory.

As to California, I am equally clear. California will always be a mining country, and wages will range high. At present, slave labor would be more profitable than in Oregon. And I have always been of the opinion, that, wherever there is a mining country; if not in a climate uncongenial to slave labor, that species of labor would be profitable. That it would be in the California mines is evident. A good bodied slave would have commanded in California during the past year from eight to ten hundred dollars per annum. When it is recollected that one hundred dollars per annum upon an average, is considered a good compensation for their labor in the Southern States, it is idle in my judgment, to contend that slaves would not be carried to the California market, if protected by law.

The greatest impediment which white labor has to encounter in the mines, is the intensity of the heat and the prevalence of bilious diseases. The one is almost insufferable, while the other is pestilential. Against both of these the negro is almost proof. Now, while white labor is so high, it is evident that no one can hire a white laborer, except at a rate that would consume his profit. Not so with negro labor. That species of labor might be obtained for half the amount which you would have to pay for white labor. The result will be a profit alike to the hirer and seller of slave labor.—There is no doubt, in my judgment, that almost any number of slaves might be hired out in California, were the whites to allow it, at from eight to ten hundred dollars a year. This is pay so much above what their services command in the States, as to satisfy any one, that could this species of service be protected in California, it would rush to the Pacific in almost any quantity.

Let us turn our attention to Utah and New Mexico. I have no doubt, from what knowledge I have of those countries, that they will turn out to be filled with the richest mines. I clip the following from a recent paper, containing the news from Texas and Chihuahua:—"Mr. James was informed by Major Neighbors and Mr. Lee Vining, that they had been shown by Major Stein, some gold washed out by his troops, on the Gila river on a short excursion to that stream.

"There are at El Paso, in the hands of different persons, several large amounts of silver ore, taken from the mines in that neighborhood. With guaranties of titles to lands and protection from Indians only a short time would elapse before all these mines would be well worked and we would have large quantities of metal seeking a market through this place."

And if you consult Fremont's map, printed by order of the Senate in 1848, you will find near the source of one of the branches of the Gila river, "copper and gold mines" laid down. And if I am not greatly mistaken, it will turn out that the Mormons are in possession of the richest kind of mines east of the Sierra Nevada. It is known too, that the silver and copper mines, have, for many years, been worked in New Mexico, and I am informed by Hugh N. Smith, Esq. that there are in that territory, gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc mines of the richest quality, and that the reason why they have not been worked more extensively, is that it is prevented by the incursions of the Indians. He is of the opinion, and he is borne out by what history we can get on the subject, that when these mines shall come to be explored, their wealth will turn out to be enormous.

When you once cast your eye over that country lying west of the Rocky Mountains, and east of the Sierra Nevada, and are informed of the peculiarity of the gold bearing region, you at once become convinced that the United States is in possession of mineral wealth so vast that ages will not be able to measure its extent. And when these mines shall begin to be developed, their unquestionable richness known, population will set that way, attended with the usual consequences: high prices and a demand for labor. If slave labor is like other capital, if it will go where it is best paid; then we have a right to say it will seek these mines, and become a part of the producing capital of the country where those mines are located.—That these whole regions are filled with rich mines are equally certain, and that they can be profitably worked by slave labor is sure.—Hence, were I a Southern man, and my property invested in slaves, I should consider the markets in New Mexico, Utah and California, for slave labor, worthy of an honorable contest to secure.

I am sir, with due consideration, yours truly,  
SAMUEL R. THURSTON.

Hon. Horace Mann.

JUNE.—We find in the Springfield Portfolio the following touch of weather transcendentalism. It suits the season remarkably well:

"May, coquettish, sometimes pettish, smiling often through her tears; in rotation yields her station, and the welcome June appears. Gentle, smiling, care beguiling, with a rose-bud in her hair—April, foolish; May is coolish;—June warm hearted is and fair."