

Poetry.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

TEXAS.—BY F. L. WADSWELL.

Hark! from the land where blooms the rose, Throughout a year of fruits and flowers, The clarion's call: for Freedom's foes Would dare invade her sacred bowers.

There has the settler reared his home, By hardy toil and bold enterprise, And from Religion's peaceful dome His grateful prayers to Heaven arise.

His children round the cottage hearth— The infant on its mother's knee— Were taught the holiest law on earth, Which God approves, is to be free.

And now the hour is come at last— Rebellion's smother'd cry has broke; Too long in the galling bondage east, They swear to crush a tyrant's yoke.

Hark! from the land where patriots dwell, The clarion's call, a wall of grief! Shall Texas fall as Poland fell? No arm be raised for her relief?

Not by the Ax which led them on To settle in that fairy clime, They'll laugh at Freedom's foes to scorn, Or perish in the cause sublime?

Oh, righteous cause! when man oppres'd Girds on the sword to do or die, His name in glory's page shall rest And angel's wait his soul on high!

Though dark Oppression o'er her lower, From bondage Texas shall arise, And crush a haughty despot's power— Her flag triumphant sweeps the skies!

TO SALLY

I knit my brow, and rack my brain; I scratch my head, but scratch in vain; I rub my hands, and bite my nail, To rub and bite do naught avail; I restless change from seat to seat, And walk about in stocking feet, Look at the ceiling and the floor, The walls, the window, and the door, Invoke the muses, one and all, (But they're too far to hear my call) My numerous bosom to inspire, Whilst I, with true poetic fire, In lofty strains of love verse, The beauties of my love rehearse. All this I do; but all in vain, Not e'en the theme can raise my strain, Then I'll put up my ragged quill, And will, with true love, love you still.

PETER.

Miscellaneous.

Only My Husband!—Pleasant, isn't it? It is common enough, however, for all that. Nature often makes great mistakes, and misplaces spirit shockingly. How frequently do we find the timid, retiring, yielding spirit of a woman in the form of a man—giving place at once, as if like woman "born to be controlled." The whiskers of a tiger, and the proportions of a Hercules, in innumerable instances, cover a heart with no more boldness, or energy in its pulsations, than the little, palpitating affair, which is placed in the bosom of a maiden of bashful fifteen; while many lady fair—before marriage all softness and graceful humility—bears within her breast the undeveloped fire and indomitable resolution of an Alexander, a Napoleon, or a Caesar. That soul, which had she been a man, would have qualified her for a military conqueror, or a great thief-catching police officer, by being in a female frame, readers her. A Xantippe—a Napoleon of the female, and pens her husband, like a vanquished King—a prisoner, a spiritless captive in his own chimney corner. The whole race of grey nines—and their name is legion, according to our theory, became so by accident. They did not get their own souls, they have the souls of men; while the same number of men are scattered through the world—the hen-pecked genius—with souls of feminine mould.

So it is with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgig. They are a pattern pair, and exemplify our notions on the subject to a nicety. Mr. Fitzgig thought himself quite a model of a man before he was unlucky enough to get married—a gr. at mistake. He dreamed that he was chockfull of valor, and fit to lead squadrons to the field—at the sound of drums and trumpets, (especially of a Fourth of July, after he had swallowed a brace or two of Julaps,) he perked up his chin, stuck out his breast, straightened his backbone, and believed himself just the boy to head a forlorn hope in storming a fortress—a great mistake. But worst of all, he made a Mrs. Fitzgig of Miss Seraphina Serena Pump, taking her for a feminine woman, when the "lurking devil in her eye" might have told him that she was a masculine woman—the greatest mistake of the whole troop of blunders. As to the last, however, Fitzgig was a little to blame. He had seen manifestations of Seraphina Serena Pump's energies; for he was present when she took a cat by the tail which had scratched her, whirled it two or three times round her head, and slung it, whizzing and scratching, through the window into the street; and again he saw her bung her father's eye with an egg at breakfast because he would not promise to buy her a new bonnet, with other little affairs of the sort; but Fitzgig, like ourselves, in our "silly days," as Coleridge calls the time, when we fall in love with bright eyes and such matters, liked a lady none the worse for a little sprinkling of the "old un" in her composition. He believed that she loved the harder for it, and he was satisfied that his own sway could curb all its improper manifestations.—Alas, for Fitzgig! alas, for most men, who venture, under the same impression, upon the same experiment! Fiery ladies may be beautiful—so may a kicking poney—but tame them, if you can.

Fitzgig, in two weeks, was metamorphosed into "only my husband!" He struggled hard; but who can resist his fate? Mrs. Fitzgig so "christised him with the valor of her tongue" and of her deeds,

that his valor was speedily returned non est inventus.

"I'm going out of town, a fishing, to-morrow, my dear," said Fitzgig, as he buckled on his stock before the glass, early one morning; "but I'll be back, my darling, soon the next day."

"No you won't, my love," shrieked Mrs. Fitzgig, as she sat bolt upright in the bed; "I see how it is—tired of your poor wife, already; yes—tired! I say tired!"

So Mrs. Fitzgig sprang out of her nest, lifted up a pitcher of water, and smacked it all to pieces on the floor.

Fitz felt considerably dished; but, cying the pitcher and the streaming water, he repeated in tremulous tones; "I'm going a fishing—"

The basin followed the pitcher—Mrs. Fitz seized the looking glass, and ejaculated, with a significant glance: "Going a fishing!"

What could Fitz do? He was cornered, as they say, in the neighborhood of the Star and Bank Alley. So he knuckled down close. The war was expected, and he had not calculated the cost.

"No, I believe I ain't going a fishing!" Mrs. Fitz saw that she had made an impression. Her military genius whispered to her to follow it up. It is not enough to rout a foe. The true principle is to demolish him—to use him completely up.

"Ah, you only say that to deceive your poor neglected wife—there's some mistress—that's the fish—and you want to sneak off."

"Now, Fitz look! conscience stricken. Like all cowards, he did intend to sneak off and his face betrayed him.

"You are going a fishing, Mr. Fitz," said she, and crush went the mirror against the wall.

Mrs. Fitz commenced dressing with extraordinary despatch: tore the things, upset the table, whirled the lamp at a picture of the delights of wedded love, which graced the wall, and, with unwashed face, slammed the door and marched down stairs, repeating the word "fishing," as she passed. What happened below, we know not, but the "little nigger" was anon heard yelling, and there was a terrible turmoil in the kitchen. It was clear that Mrs. Fitz was cooking a pretty "kettle of fish," so that her dear Theophilus need not have the trouble of going fishing.

Fitz sat on the side of the bed for an hour, like Marious on the ruins of Carthage, while the storm raged below. At length, he sneaked down—

"Good morning, Mr. Fitz—going a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig?"

"No, dearest Seraphina Serena, I ain't going a fishing; I want my breakfast."

"No breakfast here, Mr. Fitzgig—a plot against me, Mr. Fitzgig, Sally and Tommy—all gone—gone a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig. If you want breakfast, get it yourself."

The battle was over—Fitz, previously broken by the breakage of the brittle ware upstairs, had little spirit left; but to take away his breakfast—to punch him thus in the bread-basket—was attacking him in the tenderest part. He sued for forgiveness, and after two hours of solicitation the fiery fair granted him a pardon, and suffered him to kiss her unwashed cheek.

Fitz was thus changed at once into "only my husband"—the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries; goes errands, lugs bondboxes and bundles; takes up the yelling little Fitzgigs at night, when they squall, and walks in his shirt with them up and down the room for hours, whether the weather be warm or cold; which is the leading duty of "only my husband"—and makes himself particularly scarce, when any of his wife's grand friends comes to see her. He is, in fact, scarcely ever in a presentable condition; for Mrs. Fitz requires too much money herself to allow him to spend any for cloth. He does, however, get a levy a week, for the purchase of long nines; but very little more. Although he smirks and looks dutiful now, whenever his wife is by, at first he ventured, once or twice, to grumble and look sulky. These symptoms of insubordination, however, were soon quelled. Mrs. F gave a significant "cut with her eye," raised a piece of fragile furniture in her hand, and whispered in a stern voice:

"Do you want to go a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig?"—Salmagundi.

Modern Ladies.—How is a man to ascertain the real personal attractions of a modern lady—her arms in balloons, her hips in buckles, her face set off with artificial curls, and her waist squeezed into an artificial span by the aid of steel and whalebone? Or rather, supposing a man should marry a woman thus built and inflated to the roundness and symmetry of beauty, on the supposition that such shape was her own, how would he look when he found that all he admired was the effect of mere padding and wadding, puffing and stuffing? that she was inflated into symmetry—all but her waist, which was none of the most slender when released from the galling bondage of her stays, it burst out indignant to its proper clumsiness! Might he not demand an annulling of the marriage contract? Might he not plead that he had been cheated and deceived? Might he not say, "I married, as I thought, a fine, robust, well-formed woman; I find her, when divested of her borrowed plumes and stuffing, an ordinary feeble-bodied object, as shapeless as a post!" In verity, if some redress be not provided for such a fearful contingency, no bachelor will be safe; for as gallantry and delicacy would forbid him to request a more satisfactory view of a lady than

the present fashion of dress will permit, in place of flesh and blood, he may find that he has united himself, for better or for worse, to a bundle of drapery and cushions, with a skeleton stuck in the middle of them!

Books and Women.—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value.—There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

Check on Duelling.—In Mexico if a man kills another in a duel, he becomes responsible for his debts.

ENGLISH

GARDEN SEED

The subscribers are now receiving a supply of English Garden Seeds, of the growth of 1835, which they can recommend with great confidence to their friends and customers, as being fresh and genuine.

- Among which are the following: Early Dutch Cabbage, Late Dutch do, Large Early York do, "Sugar Leaf do, Large Drumhead do, Mountain do, Green Glazed do, Early Curled Savoy, Colward or Collards, Curled Scotch Kale, Early Cauliflower, Late do, Early White Broccoli, "Purple do, Fine Brimstone do, Early Sprig Turnips, Late Flat Dutch do, Early do do, Yellow Maltes do, White Norfolk do, Aberdeen, or Scotch do, Yellow Ruta Baga do, Large Landers Spinach, Pringle do, New Zealand do, Long Blood Beet, Early Turnip do, Yellow Sugar do, English Yellow do, French Sugar do, Mangle Wurtzel, Salsify Sugar Parsnip, "Guernsey do, Long Scarlet Radish, Scarlet Short top do, Long Salmon do, White Turnip do, Red do do, Black Winter do, Curled Endive, Long Green Cucumber, Early do do, Salsify or Vegetable Oyster, Peppercress, or Curled Cress, Fine Cantelope Melon, Nutmeg do, Green Citron do, Fine Apple do, Persian do, Sea Island Watermelon, Cayenne Pepper, Tomatoes Shaped do, Bell do, Purple Egg Plant, Nasturtium, True Tart Rhabarb

The above catalogue of seed completes the assortment of seed for this climate, a general stock of which will always be kept on hand and sold at the usual prices. YOUNG & M'KAIN.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, OF THE GROWTH OF 1835, FOR SALE BY F. THORNTON.

- Among which are the following: Early York CABBAGE, do Dutch do, do Sugar loaf do, do Savoy do, Drum Head do, Late Dutch do, Green Glazed do, Large Eng. Savoy do, Early Lond. Cauliflower, Late do, White Broccoli, Scotch Kale, Coleworts, Early Spring TURNIP, Ruta Baga, or Yellow Kousa do, Large Norfolk field do, Late Flat Dutch do, Aberdeen or Scotch do, Yellow Malta do, (choice kind) Red and White Onion, White English Mustard, Brown do, Large Flanders Spinage, Round do, Prickly do, New Zealand do, Long White Okra, Early blood Turnip Beet do, do yellow do, Long blood do, Mangetu, Wortzel or Early Scarcity do, Swelling Parsnip, Guernsey do, Orange Carrot, Long Scarlet RADISH, Short top do, Simon do, Long black winter do, White Turnip do, Large Cabbage Head do, LETTUCE, Magnum Bonum do, (a choice kind).

ALSO, Pamphlets on Gardening. Calculated by the subscriber, to answer for Camden and the adjacent country, near the same latitude.

The above Seeds are warranted. Should any one find them otherwise, after a fair trial, others will be given in their place. Nov. 21.

JUST RECEIVED, IN EXCELLENT ORDER, From N. York and Philadelphia, A FULL SUPPLY OF DRUGS & MEDICINES, French & English Chemicals, Together with a large and various assortment of Cupping and Enemata Instruments of superior quality, deserving the attention of families as well as practitioners of Medicine. Dec 12. WM. REYNOLDS.

LAW BLANKS For sale at this Office.

SUMNER HOTEL.

The Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the House formerly occupied by J. Goodman and more recently by J. J. Exum as a Hotel in the Town of Camden, and near the Court House, where he is prepared to receive company, and flatters himself that those who favor him with their company will be satisfied with their accommodations. A. R. RUFFIN.

May 23.—20:—4f.

Hagin's Hotel.



BELAIR, S. C.

20 1-2 miles south of Charlotte, N. C. on the Camden road.

Where the subscriber continues his House of Entertainment, having built a new house, expressly for the accommodation of strangers. He hopes to be able to render his guests comfortable and happy, and solicits a continuance of former patronage.—No exertions shall be wanting on the part of the Subscriber.

DAVID HAGINS.

July 16—25—cm.

N. B. Mr. C. Winget, my agent for the house, will be in constant attendance. D. H.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The copartnership of Shannon and M'Dowall was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st inst. They tender to the public their grateful thanks for the favors they have received.

C. J. SHANNON, W. D. M'DOWALL.

June 18—21—4f.

New Copartnership.

The undersigned having on the 1st inst associated themselves in the mercantile business, under the firm of Shannon, M'Gee & Co. respectfully solicit from the community and particularly the former customers of Shannon & M'Dowall, a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to that firm, and which it will be their endeavor to merit. Their stock of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,

& Groceries,

select and extensive, and will be disposed of on liberal terms.

C. J. SHANNON, H. T. M'GEE, W. D. M'DOWALL.

June 18—21—4f.

The business of the late firm of Shannon & M'Dowall will be settled by the subscribers. SHANNON, M'GEE & CO.

NOTICE

Those indebted to M'caskill & Rosser, on note or account, for 1833 '4 and '5 are requested to make payment, as it is desirable to close the books of that concern.

P. M'cASKILL.

April 9—11—4f.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received a fresh supply of Old Port and Teneriff Wines, of a very superior quality. Also has on hand some excellent Pale Sherry, Claret and Malaga WINES,

Monongahela WHISKEY, Cogniac BRANDY, and Holland GIN,

with a good assortment of

GROCERIES, &c.

JAMES M'EWEN.

July 30—27—c.

NOTICE.

THE firm heretofore existing under the firm of CARPENTER & BONNEY, in consequence of the death of the former, was dissolved on the 1st day of May last. All demands due by, and to the concern will be attended by the subscriber who having purchased the entire interest of the concern, will continue the business on his own account. The stock on hand will be disposed of at reduced prices through the summer months for cash, or to those who are punctual in their payments. Country merchants will find it for their interest to call (as his object is cash) and examine his stock, as he is determined to put goods to them at a shade above cost.

E. W. BONNEY.

MR. AARON BURR is authorized to act as our agent and all persons indebted to us are requested to make immediate payment to the said agent who is fully empowered to settle all our accounts and give receipts for the same. J. & S. WHITE.

Durham, Conn't. July 23—27—c.

SILKS,

AT NEW YORK COST, Figured and plain colored Silks, a hand some assortment of the above article suitable for spring will be sold at COST.

ASLO

A few pieces DUFFIL BLANKETS, and NEGRO CLOTHS, will be sold at cost by H. LEVY. April 2

FOR SALE

The Plantation lying in the Fork of the Granies Quarter and Flat Rock creeks, twelve miles above Camden, on the road to Lancaster.

200 ACRES

open and not long brought under cultivation—part of it good upland, suitable for cotton culture.

50 ACRES

creek bottom, open and highly productive

A GOOD WATER GIN

is attached, and commands the water power at all seasons. Every necessary out-building on the place,

Dwelling House,

contains 5 rooms, healthy situation.

450 Acres in the Tract.

For particulars apply to

DANIEL L. DESAUSURE.

August 6—26—bmhm

LANDS

FOR SALE

THE subscriber offers for sale his valuable plantation, on the west side of the Wateree river, and on both sides of Sawney's Creek, about 10 miles above Camden, consisting of upwards of

3,000 acres of land.

There is about 400 acres of open land in the tract, and the balance well timbered with oak, hickory and pine. In the tract there is a large body of the best land, un-cleared. On the premises are all the necessary buildings, and in excellent repair for carrying on an extensive plantation, and supplied with the best water.—On Sawney's Creek, running through the land, there are some valuable mill seats.

Any person desirous of purchasing, would do well to examine the premises, as a great bargain may be had, and on liberal terms.

ALLEN STEWART.

June 18—21—4f.

REGIMENTAL ORDER,

Camden, August 2d, 1836

AN election is hereby ordered to be held at the respective muster grounds of the Beat companies in the upper Battalion on Friday the 30th September next, for Major to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lt. Col. Quinlin.

Officers commanding companies will cause this order to be carried into execution and returns made to the Col. as soon thereafter as possible. By order of Col. John Chesnut.

J. D. MURRAY, Adj't 2d Reg S C M

Extract of the law governing the election for Major

That when the commission of Major shall become vacant, the Colonel, and if there be no Col the officer next in command in the said regiment, shall order each Captain or commands of a company, to call to his assistance two of his subaltern officers, or other fit and proper persons to open and hold a poll at their respective muster grounds, giving forty days notice, by advertising in three public places in the bounds of their command, the said muster-gers shall hold the poll on one day at their muster ground, from eleven o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, and shall meet on the battalion muster ground, or some public house near the same, on the day following, and count over the votes and declare the election.

August 6—28—4f.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUMNER DISTRICT.

Jeremiah Pitts applicant,

James Brunson, Joseph Brunson, Mary Brunson, (wife of Isaac Brunson, Jun'r dec'd.) Mary Brunson, (wife of Daniel Brunson dec'd.) Benjamin May, William Wilder and Mary his wife, the children of Daniel and Margaret Hollady, J. J. Brunson, Washington Brunson, James Brunson and Sarah Beers, children of Mrs. Banister, John J. Banister, and children, of Susanah Banister, dec'd. children of Daniel and Mary Brunson, children of Jeremiah and Valentine Pitts, and children of Lemuel B. Davis, and Matilda his wife John M. Dorgan, guardian adlitem for Minors defendants.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Mary Brunson wife of Daniel Brunson John Banister, Daniel Hollady, the children of Daniel and Mary Brunson, also the children of Daniel and Margaret Hollady, James Brunson, and Sarah Beers (and others if any) of the legal heirs and representatives of Isaac Brunson, Sen'r. dec'd. Reside without this State. It is therefore ordered, that they do appear and object to the division or sale of the real Estate of Isaac Brunson Sen'r on or before the first Monday in October next, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

Ordinary S. D.

July 30—27—h

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to us by Bond Note or Book account, will please make satisfactory arrangements for their settlement previous to next return day, as our business must be brought to a close. By attending to this notice it will save you costs.

SHANNON & M'DOWALL.

July 30—27—d

N. B. Those having accounts against us will hand them in for payment at once,