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## POETRY.

From the Vermont Spirit of the Age.  
SWITCHES.

Miss Emily Agatha Augusta Jane,  
 A spruce little girl, about twenty,  
 Fell in love with Sir Anthony Alfred De Lane,  
 Who, all the world said, had cash plenty;  
 But not, dearest madam, you'll please understand,  
 'Twas not for that reason, as I know,  
 The ladies, you know, in the whole world,  
 Never think, in such matters, of rhino!

Sir Anthony's whiskers were large, and so black,  
 And his hair lay in such pretty ringlets,  
 And they nestled around his classical brow,  
 And tangled poor love's purple winklets.  
 Sir Anthony's eyes were as soft and as blue;  
 His voice, like the winds, when they mingle  
 Their murmurs at eve, in the bosom of June,  
 He wore on his finger a single

Gold ring, with a stone of remarkable cost;  
 His waist was as small as a lady's;  
 And his cheek was as soft and as clear and as warm,  
 As the cheek of a young girl of Cadiz.  
 His feet were as small as a boy's of sixteen,  
 And he trod the old earth with such hauteur,  
 No wonder, Miss Agatha's suitors all fled  
 In despair, when Sir Anthony sought her.

Sir Anthony rode and Sir Anthony sung,  
 Sir Anthony played very finely,  
 Sir Anthony danced like a roe in the spring,  
 And lolled on a sofa divinely,  
 Miss Agatha asked her 'Pa and her 'Ma,  
 Ere the flowers of May should be wilted,  
 The wedding should be,

The frock and the cake  
 Were done, and the comforter quilted.

Sir Anthony sat one evening at tea,  
 With a *noie me tangere* pliz on,  
 When a fellow looked in, in search of a man,  
 Who had broke from the Windsor State's Prison,  
 Sir Anthony ate, and Sir Anthony frowned,  
 But the fellow grew saucy and bolder,  
 Walked up to his side, 't'was how are you my bird,  
 And laid his broad hand on his shoulder.

Sir Anthony looked at the man with a stare,  
 And called on the landlord to take him  
 Away. Then ordered his servant, black Sam,  
 To collar the scoundrel and shake him.  
 But the fellow just gave Sir Anthony's curls,  
 A twitch with his thumb and fore-finger.  
 But, ye Gods! a cropped ear! and a bald pate that shone  
 Like ice where winter moons linger;  
 So they marched Sir Anthony off to his home,  
 With a face that could not be painted;  
 Poor Agatha's 'Pa, and Agatha's 'Ma,  
 One swore, and the other she fainted.  
 The neighbors all grinned, and the talk of the town,  
 Was the source of extremely great pain, oh!  
 To—ladies, the moral I pray you will heed,—  
 Miss Emily Agatha Jane, oh!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine.

### YOO-TI-HU.

BY J. ROSS BROWN.

**I. The Consultation.**—Yoo-ti-hu, the handsomest and sprightliest Page in the suite of Pokatoka, King of the Gazaret, imprudently fell in love with Omanea, the flower of the king's harem. Pokatoka, though sadly afflicted with rheumatism, was partial to the amusements of the harem. It happened that he had a slight suspicion of Yoo-ti-hu's integrity, and this rendered him perfectly miserable. Tally-yang-sang, Great Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Harem, was sent for.  
 'Mirror of Vigilance,—Quintessence of Piety,—and Disciple of Wisdom,—such were the Grand Nazir's titles, and so the king addressed him. 'Well we know thy skill in the affairs of the heart. Well we know thy penetration is never at fault.—We have required thy presence to demand if thou hast noticed any thing peculiar in the conduct of our peerless Omanea, since the addition of Yoo-ti-hu to our suite?'  
 'There is a lone dove,' replied the Grand Nazir, in his own mysterious way, 'whose nest is in the grove of love. Even as this emblem of tenderness awaits the coming of a prisoned mate, so pines in secret my lady Omanea.'  
 'And by whom think you, wondrous Tally-yang-sang, is this change effected?'  
 'Your mightiness would scarcely thank

me if I made known my suspicions, since they implicate your greatest favorite.'  
 'Ha! 'tis Yoo-ti-hu! I thought so! I knew it!—he shall die.'  
 'God is great,' muttered Tally-yang-sang.  
 'Let the page's head be brought to me,' said the king, 'as a token of my displeasure.'  
 'With all my heart, sire. I dislike the youth and your highness shall be obeyed.' The Grand Nazir bowed very low, and left the audience chamber.

### II. The Three Wishes.

Yoo-ti-hu, being accidentally near, heard what had passed. In the bitterness of despair, he rushed from the palace, and roamed to a solitary retreat in the gardens.  
 'How miserable am I,' he cried, 'to love so hopelessly and so madly. Grant, oh, inventive genius! that I may evade the vigilance and persecution of Tally-yang-sang. Grant that the fates may aid me in this dilemma.'  
 'Yoo-ti-hu,' said a voice from the shrubbery, 'thou hast incurred my displeasure; but, nevertheless, since thou art in a dangerous situation, I promise three such things as thou shalt choose.'  
 'Verily,' quoth Yoo-ti-hu, 'thou art a bountiful genius; and it is a sin to reject aid from so high a source. Know then, generous spirit, that I have peculiar occasion for a bow and a quiver of arrows.'  
 'A modest request,' observed the Genius, 'and fortunately, I have by me such an one as no living archer ever shot with; for look you this way or that, such are its virtues, that it will hit the mark exactly in the centre.'  
 'Bless thee a thousand times!' cried Yoo-ti-hu in an ecstasy of joy; 'and since thou art so kind, I fancy I may crave a lute,—with which I shall be satisfied, were it never so small.'

'Thou shalt have one, my son, of such exquisite tones, that when the same is played, all living things shall skip and dance,—so pleasant is the music.'  
 'Delightful!—excellent!' cried Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'What next?' said the Genius.  
 'Indeed, thou art too good,' replied Yoo-ti-hu; 'I am going now to rove the world as a simple minstrel. I shall live on birds and amuse myself with my lute,—so I need nothing more.'  
 'But, son, I solemnly swear thou shalt have three things, be they never so costly.'  
 'Well, good Genius, since thou art so kindly disposed, I shall choose an inexhaustible purse.'  
 'The very thing I have in my pocket,' quoth the Genius, and handing the inexhaustible purse to Yoo-ti-hu, he disappeared immediately.

### III. Tally-yang-sang in a Plight.

Yoo-ti-hu seated himself on the steps of a fountain to admire his bow and his lute. Tally-yang-sang, chancing to roam in the vicinity, espied the page, whereupon he assumed a very severe countenance, and approaching the spot, spoke thus:—'Yoo-ti-hu, thou art an unfaithful wretch! Thou hast betrayed the confidence of thy king. Thou hast entered his harem and stolen the heart of Omanea! Know then, that I am commanded to carry him thy head, as a slight token of his displeasure.'

'Verily, great and worthy nazir,' quoth Yoo-ti-hu, 'I can show thee pleasanter sport than that. Seest thou yon Bird of Paradise, with plumage more bright than the colors of Iris? Behold, your highness, how I shall shoot him!' Yoo-ti-hu drew his bow,—slut his eyes—and let fly an arrow. The bird fell quivering among the bushes. Tally-yang-sang was no less surprised than philosophical, and this feat surprised him exceedingly. With curiosity depicted in his countenance, he walked forward to where the bird had fallen.  
 'A little farther,' said Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'Here?'  
 'Still farther.'  
 'Here, then.'  
 'On.'  
 'Now?'  
 'Yes—there lies the bird. But tell me, said Yoo-ti-hu, with a boldness that surprised the Grand Nazir, 'dost thou certainly mean to carry my head to the king?'  
 'God is great,' quoth Tally-yang-sang.  
 'And Mahommed is his Prophet!' added Yoo-ti-hu; with which he started up such a tune on his lute, as caused the venerable chamberlain to skip and dance like one possessed of the devil.

'The spirit of Ebris seize thee!' roared Tally-yang-sang, capering about among the bushes, and leaving a strip of skin on every thorn, 'the devil take thee for musician!' and on he skipped and danced till the tears ran down his cheeks—the blood streamed from his jagged and scarified limbs—and his capacious breeches were completely torn from his legs. Yoo-ti-hu continued the music with unabated ardor. Tally-yang-sang forgot his orisons and paternosters; and up down—left hand and

right hand—ladies chain—balance—reel—jig—and Spanish waltz, danced the bare legged amateur, roaring with pain, and uttering horrible imprecations.  
 'God is great!' quoth Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'His curse be on thee!' roared Tally-yang-sang.  
 'Music has charms,' said Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'Exercise is the staff of life,' philosophised Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'Blast it!' shrieked Tally-yang-sang.  
 'Piety is pleasant,' moralised Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'Damnable!' roared Tally-yang-sang.  
 Yoo-ti-hu perceived the vigor departing from the limbs of the Great Nazir, whereupon he struck up a still livelier air. Tally-yang-sang curvetted and pranced—whirled hither and thither his bare spindles, and leaped madly among the thorns. In an agony of pain he cried, 'Dear, gentle Yoo-ti-hu,—I beseech thee to stop!'  
 'Verily,' quoth Yoo-ti-hu, 'I value my head.'  
 'I shall not harm a hair,' groaned Tally-yang-sang.  
 'Words are cheap,' said Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'But I swear—I solemnly swear!' piteously cried Tally-yang-sang.  
 'By what?'  
 'By the Prophet!'  
 'Nay.'  
 'By God himself!'  
 'Swear by thy beard!'  
 'Never!'  
 'Then dance!'

Another good hour did Tally-yang-sang caper about, roar and blaspheme, till cruelly excoriated from head to foot.  
 'Do you swear?' asked Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'I do.'  
 'By that which is sacred?'  
 'By my beard.'  
 In a truly pitiable condition the Grand Nazir limped towards the palace. Yoo-ti-hu followed—admiring the bandy and sacrificed legs of the great Tally-yang-sang, and muttering benedictions on the genius.

### IV. Yoo-ti-hu in Danger.

The great rajahs, moguls, and lords of Gazaret, belonging to the court of Pokatoka had sallied out with the king, to take a stroll in the royal gardens.  
 'Ho!' cried Yptaleen, high master of the festivities, 'what fantastic clown comes hither?'  
 'An Egyptian dancer,' quoth the king.  
 'A self-punished Musselman,' added a raja.  
 'True,' said a grand mogul, 'for behind him walks his koran bearer.'  
 'Rather a shia with his talisman,' observed a lord of Gazaret.  
 'Or a sooni,' whispered a pious Mahomedan.  
 'A blood stained spirit of Ebris,' remarked a famous Astrologer.  
 'Hush!' exclaimed Yptaleen, 'by all that is terrible!—by monkin and nakir! 'tis Tally-yang-sang, grand nazir of the harem!'  
 And Tally-yang-sang it was, whose woful figure approached the pageant.  
 'Mirror of Piety!' cried the king, 'what means this outlandish freak? Methinks it ill becomes thee to tramp about, bare-legged and bloody, after this fashion. Propriety of conduct, and delicacy, should distinguish a master of the harem; and I much regret that thou hast infringed not only on these, but on the laws of decency.'

'Sure, mighty monarch of Gazaret,' replied Tally-yang-sang, wringing his hands and smiting his breast, 'thy page deals with the devil; for, verily, he hath a lute of such bewitching tones, that, when the same be played, I could not help skipping and dancing among the bushes till my bones creaked—my head whirled, and I was flayed and excoriated within an inch of my life—as your highness may see.'  
 'Tally-yang-sang,' said the king gravely, 'thy character is impeached—thou hast spoken of impossibilities; in fact, thou hast lied.'  
 'By all that is solemn, I have spoken the truth,' cried the grand nazir.  
 'And nothing but the truth?'  
 'As I live!' protested Tally-yang-sang.  
 'Then Yoo-ti-hu shall lose his head.'  
 'Nay,—I have sworn on my beard to save it.'

'Generous Tally-yang-sang!' cried Pokatoka, 'thou art too lenient of offence. Nevertheless, Yoo-ti-hu shall be punished.'  
 'Certainly,' said Tally-yang-sang, 'it was my design to have him decently flayed to death.'  
 'Which shall be done,' quoth the king, 'if thou provest the offence.'  
 Without farther delay the bare-legged and excoriated Tally-yang-sang led the way to the palace; and caliphs, rajahs, moguls and lords of Gazaret, followed admiringly in the rear.

### V. The trial and its effects.

The grand council-chamber of the palace was presently crowded with courtiers officers of the guard, searies, mandarins, and pashas,—at the head of whom, seated by his queen, and attended by a magnificent suite of pages sat Pokatoka, King of

Gazaret. At a desk, immediately under the throne, sat a venerable Arabian writer, versed in hieroglyphics, and ready to take a minutes of the whole proceedings. Ranged around, stood a number of beautiful Circassians, Georgians, Nubians, and Abyssinians—slaves and witnesses from the king's harem; but the diamond of these gems was Omanea, arraigned on charge of having unlawfully bestowed her heart on Yoo-ti-hu. The fact is, Tally-yang-sang was determined that the lovers should both be condemned, and had thus prepared matters for the prosecution. In order to establish the truth of his charge, he remained—much to the edification of the young slaves by whom he was surrounded—in the same plight in which the king had met him.

'Quintessence of piety and disciple of wisdom,' said the king, 'proceed with thy charge.'  
 'Know then, courtiers, rajahs, mandarins and officers of the guard,' quoth Tally-yang-sang, 'that Yoo-ti-hu hath stolen the heart of Omanea, and that his highness, the king, commanded me to rid the offender of his head. This very evening I roamed in the royal gardens, meditating on the most agreeable plans of decapitation, when I espied the wicked Yoo-ti-hu. Having lured me into a horrid bush; he struck up a tune on his lute; the infernal strains of which caused me to dance till I was fairly torn to shreds, as you all may perceive. Then—'  
 'Stop there!' cried Pokatoka, 'this story of the lute must be established ere you proceed farther.'  
 'I solemnly beseech your mightiness to take my word,' groaned Tally-yang-sang, eyeing the lute with horror,—'Do, Great King of Gazaret! and the blessings of heaven be on thee!'

'Nay,' cried the king, 'we must have a fair and impartial investigation. Yoo-ti-hu, thou art commanded on pain of losing thy head to strike us a tune on thy lute!'  
 'For God's sake,' implored the grand nazir, 'since ye must hear it, I pray and beseech thee to bind me to a post.'  
 Exactly in the middle of the court stood a post, ornamented with divers beautiful designs, carved in wood and in gold; and to this was the chamberlain firmly tied.  
 'Truth is mighty,' quoth the king, 'and will out. So proceed, Yoo-ti-hu, in the name of God and Mahommed, his Prophet!'

Yoo-ti-hu forthwith struck up his liveliest air; and lords, rajahs, and moguls; sages, philosophers and mamelukes; officers of the guard, searies and mandarins; slaves, young and lovely, and old and ugly; disciples of Mahommed; priests, friars, and virgins of incense—sprang to their feet and danced hither and thither; horn-pipe, jig and merry reel, in such glee and confusion as were never heard of before or since. The venerable writer had leaped from the desk—the decrepit Pokatoka from his throne; the sharp featured old queen from her chair of dignity and joined in the general melee. But the groans of the gouty—the blasphemies of the pious—the laughter of the young—and the remonstrances of the sage, were all drowned in the lusty roars of Tally-yang-sang, who cruelly bruised his head against the post in trying to beat time—tore the live flesh from his back so eager was he to dance—and uttered a horrid imprecation at every ornament on the post.  
 'Yoo-ti-hu! Yoo-ti-hu!' cried the breathless Pokatoka.  
 'Yoo-ti-hu!' screamed the dancing queen.  
 'Yoo-ti-hu! Yoo-ti-hu!' was echoed and re-echoed around by the nobles and courtiers; and to and fro they skipped, as Yoo-ti-hu plied his merriest tunes; the floor groaning; the perspiration streaming from their cheeks; and their breath failing at every jump.

'Dear, pleasant, Yoo-ti-hu,' cried the king, in the heat of a spanish jig, 'I do beseech thee to stop.'  
 'A thousand segunns for silence!' groaned a gouty raja, prancing high and low in a German waltz.  
 'I am shamed—disgraced forever!' muttered an Arabian astrologer, in the middle of a Scotch reel.  
 'Yoo-ti-hu—the devil seize thee!' shouted a pious Musselman.  
 'Have mercy!' cried a blasphemous heretic.  
 'Mercy! Mercy!' echoed the dancers one and all—'Do, gentle Yoo-ti-hu, have mercy, and cease thy accursed music!'  
 'Pardon him! pardon him!' roared the magnanimous Tally-yang-sang—his ribs rattling frightfully against the post; in the name of the prophet pardon him ere I bruise myself into an Egyptian mummy!  
 'Yoo-ti-hu cease! thou art pardoned!' cried the king, in a piteous tone, 'my seal, my life on it thou shalt not be harmed!'  
 'Very well,' said Yoo-ti-hu, still striking his lute; 'but I must have Omanea as a bride.'

'Thou shalt have her! take her! she is thine!' shouted the rheumatic monarch.  
 'Thy oath on it,' quoth Yoo-ti-hu.  
 'By all that's sacred; by my beard she is thine!'  
 Yoo-ti-hu ceased; the dancers groaning and breathless, returned to their seats; the grand nazir was taken from the post in a pitiable plight; and the pious Musselman ejaculated, 'God is great!'

An Arabian historian says that Yoo-ti-hu having espoused Omanea, carried his bride to the kingdom of Bucharia, of which, in the course of time, he became the king; and with his inexhaustible purse built a palace of gold, wherein he reigned for half a century, the mirror of monarchy, and the admiration of mankind.  
 Louisville, Ky., Dec. 14, 1840.

### OPELOUSAS, (La.) Jan. 15.

**EXECUTIONS.**—On Monday last, three slaves belonging to Mrs. Preston of this place, were executed for the murder of John P. Moore. The circumstances of the murder are these. Mr. Moore being the overseer of Mrs. Preston, discovered some whiskey in the cabins of the slaves; and threatened to punish them for it next day (Monday.) It seems, however that three or four of the negroes had previously resolved upon the death of Moore, and in order to avoid the threatened punishment, fixed upon that as a fit occasion to accomplish their hellish designs. Three of them Zachariah, Jeffrey and William, (Mrs. P's carriage driver and a confidential servant) went to the house of Mr. Moore, Jeffrey went in and began to beg off from the promised punishment, while Zachariah pretended to be making a fire, (it being nearly day light) and William stood at the door. Moore having refused to forgive them their offence, Jeffrey leaped upon him and began choking him, calling to the others to assist, both of whom did so, holding him while Jeffrey held him by the throat. After they had, as they thought, strangled their victim, they took him out of the house, when he again struggled violently and Zachariah struck him with a billet of wood, fracturing the skull, causing instant death.—After the murder, they saddled Moore's horse, and throwing him across the saddle, carried him about a mile in the woods, and left him near the road, with his coat off and one foot in the stirrup, in order to induce the belief that his horse had thrown him, and had caused his death by dragging, the girl being broken, and the horse standing not far off from his master. All the above facts were elicited on the trial, and were confessed by the criminals after they were convicted. Another negro belonging to the same lady, was put upon his trial for the same offence, and was acquitted, but it has been ascertained since, that he participated in the crime—his name is Morris—and we regret that he cannot be again tried and hanged.

The whole of this melancholy affair, can be traced immediately to that wretched practice of selling liquor to slaves.—Four human beings have been suddenly deprived of life, in consequence of the avarice of some contemptible grog shop keeper, who was willing to risk the lives and property of his neighbors, for the small profit he could make upon a jug of whiskey. It is high time our good citizens should take this matter into consideration, and adopt such measures as shall put an effectual check to this dangerous practice, either by law or otherwise.

**MEASURING CORN.**—The following rule for ascertaining the quantity of shelled corn, in a house of any dimensions, is by William Murray, Esq. of South Carolina, and was read before the St. John's Collection Agricultural Society and communicated by them for publication in the Southern Agriculturist.

'Rule—Having previously levelled the corn in the house so that it will be of equal depth throughout, ascertaining the length and breadth and depth of the bulk; multiply these dimensions together, their products by 4, then cut off one figure from the right of this last product. This will give so many bushels and decimals of a bushel of shelled corn.  
 Example.—The bulk of corn in the ear, measuring 12 feet long, 11 feet broad and 6 feet deep there will be 316 bushels and 8 tenths of a bushel of shelled corn, or 603 bushels and 6 tenths of ear corn, as:

12	12
11	11
6	6
132	132
6	6
792	792
4	8
316.8	633.6

The decimal 4's used when the object is to find the quantity in shelled corn, because the decimal is half of the decimal 8, and it requires two bushels of the ear corn to make of shelled corn. In using these rules a half bushel may be added for every hundred, that amount of ears results from the substitution of the decimals.—