

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. II.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1841.

NO. 39.

Published every Wednesday Morning,
THOMAS W. PEGUES,

At three dollars in advance, three dollars and fifty cents in six months; or four dollars at the expiration of the year.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square for the first, and 37 1-2 for each subsequent insertion.—The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly. One dollar per square will be charged for a single insertion.

Semi-monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements will be charged the same as new ones each insertion.

All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public Offices of profit or trust—or puffing exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.

Accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment quarterly.

All Letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[We dislike to disseminate the common slang of the market, even of a country village, but we are tempted to publish the following dialogue which took place in the New-Orleans market: Our old acquaintance Daniels, of Camden, must be there; or the Editor of the Picayune, is aided by Bennet, and Webb—and possibly assisted with the earlier wit of Judge Noah. Here's the dialogue.—*Wingaw Observer.*

LIFE IN THE VEGETABLE MARKET.
"Ah Mrs. Spriggins, how's your little baby?"

"He's dead, I thank you marm," answered Mrs. S.

"And how did he die, Mrs. Spriggins?" rejoined Mrs. Hollowhart, as she held her face over her market basket, in the corner where the "inguns" were located.

"Ah, Mrs. Hollowhart," said Mrs. S. the poor babe had a awful time of it; but he's gone to a better—

"What's the price of your cabbages?"

"Picayune a head, Misses."

"Why, gracious me! a picayune a head? Why I'm astonished! As I was saying, Mrs. Hollowhart, the poor infant suffered severely, but he's gone now to rest in Abraham's—heggs! they look fresh and clear, don't they, Mrs. H. What's your heggs a dozen?"

"Free bit, Misses, and creole eggs dey is too."

"Three bits! why mercy save us! what's this ere world comin' to? Three bits for heggs, and sich heggs as them too! Why they look like they was layed by hens with the fever and hager."

"Well, Missus, if you want 'em, you can have 'em for two bitt and a haf," said the old negro market man.

"Say two bitts, and I'll take 'em," said Mrs. Spriggins.

"Well den, since it's you, you kin have 'em for dat, Missus."

"Umph! they don't look so wery fresh after all; you can give me a quater of a dozen on trial, howsomever."

The three eggs were carefully counted and after being held up to the eye towards the sun several times, Mrs. S. gives a five cent piece to the negro, and resumes her walk through the market with Mrs. Hollowhart.

"Cauts me? but that was a great bargain, Mrs. Spriggins. You can do things so nice, I do de clar! exclaimed the amiable Hollowhart."

"Well yes, Mrs. H. I acknowledge I has a nack that way, but as I was saying about my blessed infant, he suffered severely afore death, and jist afore he closed his precious hies, he looks around to me with such an hexpression of sweetness, and openin his little mouth in a low voice he says—look at them ere catfish! Did you ever see such fat catfish in all your born days? I say my good man, what does you ax for catfish?"

"Ten bit a dozen, Senora," replied the Spanish fisherman.

"Ten bitts! why ten bitts would buy a kalico gown; would you take no less, my good man?"

"Nada menos, Senora,—nosing."

"Well, come, let's go, Mrs. H. Only think of ten bitts for catfish! What's this ere world comin' to—and sich catfish too! Did you observe that they was wery lean and quite yaller under the gills? But as I was sayin, Mrs. H. my suff-rin cherub was actily in a hagonny afore he died. Jist as the darlin critter was fallin into that sleep which is rid by the white hoss, he turns up his little face, and in a low voice says he—D—n your hies what are you stealin my carrots for you cussed old hag you! exclaimed the now enraged Mrs. Spriggins as she detected her neighbor Hollowhart's hand drawing forth those savory vegetables from her market basket.

"I was'n't stealin your vegetables. If I wanted to steal I'd steal from some one I thought more of than I do of you, I can tell you that now!" said, or rather shrieked amiable Hollowhart.

"Maybe now I'm as good a woman as you is you nasty old drab. I would'n't use you for a dishelout, that I would'n't, rejoined Mrs. Spriggins.

"No, nor I would'n't take you for an iron holder. I would'n't make an under petticoat of your character, and you think because you'r allowed—

"Thar! I knowed you'd cast that up to me! Now I'll give you a piece of advice. If ever your children comes a-playin at my cellar door again, I'll scald 'em with hot bilin water! wish I may drap dead if I don't! was the exclamation of Mrs. Spriggins, as she cut short her friend Hollowhart in the middle of her dialogue:

"Yes, marm, said Mrs. H. 'you kin do all that, I know, but if ever I ketches your dod Tarrier a tryin to ketch my rats, may I be cuss'd if I don't chop off his tail, and put ashes in both his heys! Uph, if the truth was known, that jist as soon as your husband went to jail, you—

"You're a liar, I didn't no such thing."

"I say you're another, for I seed you open the door, and let Jim!"

"Take that you she-villain exclaimed Mrs. Spriggins, as she gave Mrs. H. a blow in the nose with a squash. Down went Mrs. H. in a basket of tomatoes—the mob shouted—dogs barked—geese cackled—

butchers swore—niggers laughed—bells rung—steamboats puffed—and finally the police officers restored peace to the community of the Vegetable Market, by arresting the belligerent Amazons.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

At the request of "Henrietta" I will preach, upon this occasion, from the following text:

A wife, like an echo should be true

To speak when she is spoken to;

But not, like echo, still be heard

Contenting for the final word.

My hearers—A wife is not only a choice piece of household furniture, but a useful article for domestic purposes. She can, besides darning her stockings, mending breeches, keep all the apartments of man's heart in order, and entwine for him garlands of tenderness to bedeck his connubial bower. She is the very morrow of comfort—the principal tributary to the silvery stream of happiness—the fountain of joy—a lump of the pure gold of love; refined in the crucible of Hymen. I would earnestly advise all my young male friends, who wander along the dark avenues of celibacy, with no such bright star as woman to guide their erring steps, to enter immediately upon the blooming lawn of matrimony, and bask in the sunshine of a fond wife's affection—even as snakes quit their tenebrous dens; and lie out to warm beneath the congenial rays of a vernal sun. But, my friends, you must analyze well the component parts of a female you amalgamate. You must not let your better judgment be kidnapped by the allurements of beauty; it is but a flower that fades in the noontide of life, and blossoms no more. The brightest jewel pertaining to a woman is not worn upon her finger—neither does it glitter upon her bracelet. No, it lies beneath the whole cargo of silks, satins, and laces, in the casket of her mind. It is there that you should seek for those precious gems which adorn the female character, and give to a woman all the attributes that belong to angels—minus the wings and diadem of perfect holiness.

My dear young friends! I hope you will not be misguided in your search after those qualifications and natural disposition which a wife ought to possess. She should, of course, be submissive to the husband, inasmuch as the husband ought to be as mild towards her as is the balmy breath of May to the tender rose. Her bosom should be a peaceful lake of love, surrounded by the high hills of forbearance, over which the gales of passion may blow and ruffle its placid surface.—She should like an echo, always be ready to speak when spoken to by her bigger and more substantial half; and yet she should not, like an echo, be ever contending for the final word, for she ought to know that perverseness in a wife always presents a worse appearance than it does in the husband, even as a fly speck marring the beauty of white cambric more than doth an ink spot the comeliness of a black broad-cloth cloak. She ought to be aware that the obstinacy of the man genus is likened unto the bristles upon a hog's back which being stroked from the head towards the tail, appear smooth and delicate; but, when manipulated from the tail towards the head, are found to be as rough and obtrusive as the pickets that surround the prison house of endless torment.

O, my beloved hearers! I hope and trust that all you masculines who bear the conjugal yoke have made good selections from the female creation, to help you drag the plough of care over the stubbles of such a barren existence as is allotted to man. I know some wives whose incorrigibility is enough to worry the patience of a mile stone; whose indefatigable exertions in the cause of mischief are worthy of a scholastic monkey—and whose gunpowder temper a little to explode with a fearful concussion when touched with the least spark of reproof. They draw their social tea altogether too strong for weak constitutions, and throw too much salt into their husband's porridge. They want to wear the breeches whether they will fit or not.—They set their lords to peeling potatoes while they go out and chop wood, which the God of nature never intended should

be subjected to the control of a person in petticoats. Oh, this dose'n't any more accord with my ideas of what female worth should consist than does the tolling of a funeral knell with the merry notes of Yankee Doodle! A wife who assumes too much—who will have her own notions gratified always—who will raise a flame of dispute upon trifling occasions, and persist in heaping oil upon the last, is worse than no wife at all. When heaven first saw fit to work us some of its choicest materials into the delicate figure of woman, placed her in the hermitage of lonely man, it was intended that she should be to him a helpmate—a cheerful companion—a solace in his desolate hours—a turtle dove that he should press to his bosom in the fondness of affection, and shelter from the cold storms of want; that she should dress the garden of his heart with the perennial flowers of peace—water them with tenderness, and strew his bed with the roses of reciprocal love. For all which she should be, in a degree submissive, and never let the tongue do damage to those fine-spun qualities which should ever be her boast.

My friends—to find a good wife in these days of foolery and fashion is like seeking for pearls in an ocean of oyster shells; but if you are lucky enough to find one, hang on to her like hemp—for she is as rich a treasure as ever existed in the imagination of an enthusiast. Cherish her, protect her and love her; and you will find but few barren spots between the altar and the grave. And my female friends, who are now delighting in joyful anticipations of one day becoming happy brides! I warn you to conduct yourselves properly lest your blooming hopes be suddenly overspread with the moss of mortification, and you be destined to go sighing down to the tomb unwooded, uncourted and unwed. May you all, whether single or married, endeavour to live on such terms with one another that the triune joys of friendship, love and happiness may wait on you to the confines of eternity. So mote it be!

DOW, Jr.

GOING TO TEXAS.

Not long since might have been seen on the Vicksburg road a staid looking old gentleman on horseback, with his coat buttoned tight around him and an umbrella hoisted over his head, protecting him from a drizzling rain that had that evening "set in" with every indication of a continuance. His horse moved sluggishly along, as though jaded by a long journey. The rider seemed anxiously looking for a whereabouts to pass the night, when a fire a short distance from the road attracted his attention. He rode to the spot, and beheld, what is very common in this section of the country, an encampment of a family "a-moving." By the fire, with logs of wood for pillows and each wrapped in a blanket, were lying two females—near them a small child. Leaning against the fore-wheel of the wagon was a lad of about ten or eleven years of age; he wore a pair of linsey-woolsey trowsers, too short for him, a round-about that reached down half way from his shoulders to his waist, and possessing one of those tow-heads of hair so frequently to be met with among the piney wood nondescripts of Alabama. There he stood crying most vociferously.

"Ba!—a—a—a—Ba!—a—a!" roared piney wood

The old gentleman rode up to him, and in a tone of voice calculated to soothe the lad's distress addressed him—

"What's the matter, my son?"

"Matter! Fire and d—n, stranger!—Don't you see mammy there shaking with the ager!—Daddy's gone a fishing!—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit antee!—Bob Stokes is gone on ahead with Nance!—Sal's so corned she don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horses is loose!—There's no meal in the wagon!—The skillet's broke!—The baby's in a bad fix' and it's half a mile to the creek!—and I don't care a d—n if I never see Texas!"

"Ba!—a—a—a—Ba!—a—a!"

The old gentleman gave spur to his horse and again moved forward, not having any desire to prolong his chance visit to a family going to Texas.

Yazoo Whig.

A Melancholy Warning for Boys.—A few days since the only son of Mr. Jesse DeBruhl, of this place, in company with some other boys, was shooting bats, and while chasing one that was wounded, the gun of one of them was accidentally discharged. Young DeBruhl was only a few paces in advance, and received the load in the side of his head and face. He is now lying in a most critical state; what the result will be, is known only to Him, whose grace we trust may comfort the deeply afflicted family.

Temperance Advocate.

THE UNITED STATES BANK.—There is something in the management of this institution, which the public seems unable to understand. It is suspected by many, that the resignation of Mr. Dray-

ton and Mr. Kempton, and the appointment of Mr. Jaudon as the agent of the Bank in England, indicates a disposition to return to the reign of the Biddle dynasty, and to drop the suits against the real or apparent defaulters.

The public have an interest in this matter as well as the stockholders of the Bank. An enormous crime has been committed against the purity of our government, or property of the widow and the orphan, or both, which it is necessary for the public weal and for a future warning should be ferreted out. And if the directors and stockholders should fail to do it, such failure will not constitute a very powerful argument with the public, nor with an honest Legislature, for granting the Bank those favors and changes of its charter, which it is to ask next winter.

It is said, by some, that the new president, Mr. Robertson, is a friend of Mr. Biddle. If this be so, we think it does not furnish a sufficient reason for the resignation of Mr. Kempton; and we hope all directors who wish an honest course, will persevere in retaining their seats, and in keeping things as straight as possible, until the stockholders can elect a Board of Directors with that full knowledge of facts which was wanting at the last election. Those who wish to do right, betray in some measure the trust imposed in them, by the stockholders, by resigning at a time when their places may be likely to be filled by the unfaithful.

The changes in the Bank appear not to have had a favorable influence either on its stock or its notes, as both continue to depreciate.—*Pennsylvanian.*

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

In a lonely house that separated Lexington from Woburn, sat two females each holding an infant in their arms.

Mrs. K. the mistress of the mansion, had two children besides her babe. She had within a few days, witnessed the departure of her husband, who had shouldered his gun, and gone forth, in the defence of his country.

The husband of Mrs. V. was in a far distant clime, and her only brother on the field of battle. She with her infant son, had fled from Boston, then in possession of the British, to seek a quiet retreat with her friend in Lexington.

It was a dreary night, the roar of the cannon, which had been heard through the day, had ceased; and all was hushed in silence. The clock had struck eleven, and the two women were sitting over a few dying ember, talking of the perils of the town, and the much loved ones far away.

"Hark!" said Mrs. K, "I hear foot steps."

"It was only the rustling of the trees, and we will not be needlessly alarmed, replied the other, turning deadly pale, and pressing her infant more closely to her breast, as if afraid it might be wrested from her, and trying to assume a composure which she did not feel. At that moment, the latch was lifted, and a gentle rap was heard.

"Who is there?" asked Mrs. K. in a tremulous tone. "A friend," replied a low voice, speaking through the key hole, "for heaven's sake let us enter." The door was immediately opened, and three men entered in profound silence, each muffled in a long cloak. "Do not be alarmed ladies," said one, in the same tone of voice, "we are friends to our country, and are pursued by the enemy; we have hid in the wood through the day, and have come to seek your bounty, and a shelter for this night." "And these you shall have, with all my heart," said Mrs. K. whose countenance brightened up, when she found that instead of the dreaded enemy, her noble guests were none other than John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and one whose name is not now exactly known; but she continued, you would not be safe here a moment. Why, the red coats are prowling around us in every direction, they were here only yesterday, eating up all my pies, bread and cheese, and because they could not find enough at my neighbor's to satisfy their hunger, they must need rip open their beds, and leave their cinder running out. Oh, sir, these are dreadful times."

"They are indeed madam," said Mr. H., listening with painful interest to her sad tale. But gentlemen," he continued turning to his companions, "what shall we do, for it is certain we are not safe here?" They looked at each other, but spoke not. "Have you any neighbors, asked Mr. H., "at whose house we might find safety for the night?"

"None except my father's, replied Mrs. K. and it would be dangerous for you to go the main road, and you would never find the way through the woods, and we have neither man nor boy to show you but what have gone to fight the red coats."

Mrs. V. now turned to her friend and asked her "if she would stay alone and nurse her babe, while she went with the gentlemen to show them the way."

"I will," she answered, "though it is sad

to be alone in such dangerous times. But you must not go, you are not able, you who are lame, and never walked a mile at once in all your life, will not think of going so far on this wet night."

Mrs. V. made no reply, for she knew there was not a moment to be lost; so, laying her infant in the arms of her friend, she wrapt her riding hood about her; a garment much worn in those days and desired the gentlemen to follow her. When they saw this little deformed woman in the dead of night prepared to walk the distance of nearly four miles, they looked at each other in mute astonishment, but they had no time to waste in words, for the case was desperate, and she taking the offered arm of Mr. H. they went forward, the two gentlemen bringing up the rear.

The rains which had fallen for some days previously, had so swollen the creek over which they had to pass, that they were often ankle deep in water, and one of the gentlemen was obliged in many places, to carry their guide in his arms. What with walking and wading they reached the farm house about three in the morning, and no sooner had they aroused the family, and made known their situation, than every individual was in motion; and even the dog tried to show them by his gestures, that they should find protection.

A blazing fire soon shone forth, and a plentiful repast was provided, and notwithstanding the gloominess of the times, a degree of cheerfulness pervaded the little company.

Early in the morning a carriage was in readiness to convey Mrs. V. back to her own house. As she was about to depart, Mr. H. took her hand, and said, "Madam our first meeting has been in troublesome times; Heaven grant that we may live to see brighter days. But God only knows when these scenes will end; should we survive the struggle, and you ever need a friend, think of me.—Saying this they parted, and never again met."

Boston Evening Gazette.

MOST HORRIBLE.

Three Children murdered by their own Mother.—We copy the following account of the most distressing and revolting infanticide that has ever come within our knowledge, from the Louisville, Miss. Tablet, of the 24th ult.

"One of the most awful deeds that has perhaps ever come within the knowledge of the human race, was perpetrated in the vicinity of this place, on Sunday morning last, by a Mrs. Roper. She killed three of her own children by cutting their heads off with an axe. From the information which we have received on the subject, it seems to have been done while she was in a fit of mental derangement.—It was her intention to have killed two more in the same manner, and afterwards hang herself with a hank of yarn, but her husband waking up, discovered something extraordinary in her actions and seized her around the waist. After a strong effort on her part to escape from him, during which she tried to draw one of three knives from the ceiling, which she had previously sharpened and put there, they reached the door when he discovered what she had been doing.

"She is the mother of eleven children, including the three which she killed. She appears now to be restored to reason, and is a pitiable spectacle of the deepest and most bitter anguish. She says that while under the influence of a distorted imagination, she thought she was doing a charitable action in ridding her husband of the burthen of supporting herself and their five youngest children; as he is poor and a very hard working man."

BAGGAGE.—A correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following—

As I was lately travelling in a stage coach, not fifty miles from Boston, the passengers were remarking on the obliging disposition of the driver. One of them related the following.

"As Mr. J., the driver, was proceeding from Boston not long since, a woman called to him to take a bedstead on top without unloading it! He told her he would oblige her the next time, as he had engaged to take on a wind-mill a little ways ahead, and as he had a large cradle on the top at the time, he was afraid he should not have room!"

The relation of the above reminded me of a driver who said he was once requested by a woman to wait till she finished her washing and ironing! He told her he often had to wait for the women to do their ironing, but he could not stand washing and ironing, both!

We are authorized

to announce WILLIAM CARLISLE as a candidate for Sheriff, of the county at the ensuing election.

"I will," she answered, "though it is sad