

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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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. Sent monthly, quarterly and yearly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion. All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

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At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel.

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AND
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
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References—W. E. Johnson, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSausure, T. J. Warren, Esq.

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FACTOR,
And General Commission Merchant,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
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Aug. 25. 68

JON. B. KERSHAW,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend the courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
(Office nearly opposite A. Young's Book Store.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26.

A. G. BASKIN,
Attorney at Law, and
Solicitor in Equity,
Office in Rear of Court House,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Kershaw and adjoining Districts.

A. G. BASKIN,
MAGISTRATE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

JON. B. NICKLE,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.
(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
May 6. 36 4m

C. N. WEST,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Rear of the Court House, Camden, S. C.
June 17 43 2ms

F. J. OAKS,
Saddlery and Harness Manufacturer,
Opposite Masonic Hall,
CAMDEN, S. C.

S. D. HALLFORD,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
AND GENERAL AGENT.
Camden, S. C.

R. J. MCREIGHT,
COTTON GIN MAKER.
Ballodge St., one door east of M. Drucker & Co.
CAMDEN, S. C.

THOMAS WILSON,
Fashionable Boot Maker,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WM. M. WATSON,
Fashionable Tailor,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Charles A. McDonald,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
CAMDEN, S. C.

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER.
CAMDEN, S. C.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35 11

Z. J. DEHAY,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
CAMDEN, S. C.

ROBERT LATTA'S
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

CHARLES A. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.
WILL PRACTICE in Kershaw and the adjoining Districts.
Feb. 4

C. A. PRICE,
Magistrate.
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.
Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.

BY THE
Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 4, BROAD-STREET.

PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM B. HERIOT.
DIRECTORS,
JAMES F. ROBINSON, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, W. M. MURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRAWLEY,
A. K. LAFT, T. L. WRAGG,
A. M. LEE, Secretary,
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector,
R. C. PRESSLEY, Solicitor,
R. A. KINLOCH, Medical Examiner.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this Company, is now prepared to receive proposals for Fire Risks, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal terms.
WM. D. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851.

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Opposite the Post Office.
Agents for the best Green and Black Teas, and Patent Medicines.

MANSION HOUSE.
CAMDEN, S. C.
CARD.
THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be found respectful and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best market affords. His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully equipped with Præventor, and an experienced Hostler. An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto. So recommend me.
E. G. ROBINSON,
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th. 1851. 11 if

Darlington Hotel,
DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.
THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DODGE, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared. All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table. Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared. The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers. Drivers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.
Nov. 1, 1850. 86 1f

NEW STORE.
THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of GROCERIES, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door north of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:
Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kits, for family use; Rio and Java Coffee; crushed and brown Sugar; New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, fiberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.
—ALSO—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

NEW STORE.
THE subscriber is now opening a large assortment of Groceries and Staple Goods, in the Store lately occupied by William J. Gerald (south of the Bank of Camden), which he will dispose of at Charleston prices for cash. Those wishing to purchase would do well to call and examine the stock, consisting in part, of the following, viz:
Leaf, Crushed, Ground and Granulated Sugars
S. Cruz, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Laguna and Rio Coffee
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Tea
Sperma, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
No. 2 and 3 Mackerel, in Barrels, Bluff and Quarters
Wine, Soda and Butter Biscuits and Cheese
Soap and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloves
Powder, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Paints, Linseed Oil, Sperma Oil and Wax
—ALSO—
Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Cheeks and Quaburgs
Together with a large assortment of
Bagging, Rope and Twine.
J. W. BRADLEY.
Camden, S. C. Sept. 23.
Cash paid for Cotton and other Produce.

HAY Cutters and Corn Shellers of the most approved patterns, just received by
E. W. BONNEY.

EXTRACTS, White Ginger, Citron, Currants
Lemon Syrup, and best Port Wine, for sale by
E. W. BONNEY.

THE CROSS HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

Mrs. Carswell had been married but little more than a year, when her friend, Mr. Marston dropped in upon her one morning, and found her convulsed with weeping.

'My dear Laura!' exclaimed Mrs. Marston, in astonishment, 'how happens it that you, who were the most cheerful, light-hearted of maidens, have become an unhappy wife? Has your brief experience in married life been so bitter?' 'O, no,' replied Laura, drying her tears, and endeavoring to appear cheerful. 'I have been happy—I am happy, I assure you. My husband is the best of men—he loves me, and our dear child is a great source of joy and comfort. O, no, my experience has not been bitter.'

'I am glad to hear it,' rejoined Mrs. Marston. 'But it seems so strange to see you weep! Why, before you were married your heart was as light as a robin's in spring. You were all smiles, and I believe you never knew what it was to shed tears in sober earnest.'

'True,' said Laura, smiling faintly—'I was a gay and thoughtless creature. I believe I was too happy. I ought to have been made to know something about the cares of life, before marriage, as it was, I entered matrimony as a child flies joyously into a garden full of flowers, only to find there are sharp thorns among the roses, and bees with dangerous stings upon the sweet thyme.'

'In what have you found the sharp thorns and spiteful bees of married life to consist?' asked Mrs. Marston.

'Nothing worth naming—nothing of importance,' replied Laura, blushing. 'Indeed, I ought not to think of my little troubles.'

'But what are these little troubles?' insisted her companion. 'Come, I shall give you no peace until you tell me; and I am a great teaser, you know, when I choose to be. Does Mr. Carswell spend his evenings away from home?'

'O, no.' 'Does he flirt with other ladies?'

'No, indeed. He is very attentive to me. He never visits or attends the theatre without me.'

'Perhaps, then, he is too attentive. Husbands sometimes are,' I am told, though I am sure the accounts we have of such mortals must be altogether fabulous.'

'I think so.' 'It must be, then, that Mr. Carswell does not provide well for his family. But I know he is not penurious.'

'Pecuniary!' exclaimed Mrs. Carswell, 'he is the most generous man alive. I have everything I could desire.'

'Ah! it is the extreme which troubles you!' said Mrs. Marston. 'I see—your husband is too extravagant. In his eagerness to make you happy, he neglects to pay the butcher and baker; and frequent visits from certain awkward acquaintances annoy your sensitive nature. It is, indeed, very provoking to have one's attention called a dozen times a day to some small bill.'

'I beg of you, don't suspect Mr. Carswell of any such neglect,' interrupted Laura. 'His bills are all promptly settled.'

'Then your domestics torment you. If they are ill-natured, or stupid, or lazy, or dishonest, turn them away.'

'I have been very fortunate with my girls, I am happy to say.'

'Then do tell me what troubles you have. I can think of nothing else. I should say you are the happiest woman in the world, if I had not caught you crying.'

'I tell you I am happy. I have no trouble—that is, no serious trouble, except when Mr. Carswell appears—I can't explain myself, but you know, I suppose, men are not always in good humor.'

'Ha, ha! I have got it at last!' cried Mrs. Marston. 'I see it—so, your husband is cross, sometimes, is he?'

'O, not exactly cross—O, no!' murmured Laura, 'indeed, he is very kind-hearted; but he has got into a way of finding fault with everything except me; all this too, without knowing half the time what he says. He scolds about the cooking, without suspecting how much he hurts my feelings, for I oversee it myself, and try hard enough to please him,' added Laura, and true tears gathered in her eyes.

'In short,' rejoined Mrs. Marston, 'he is a downright cross husband.'

'O, no.'

'Yes, he is. Don't attempt to defend the wretch. But, if, as you say, he loves you, and finds fault more from habit than any settled ill-will, he is not past all help. I have known men like him. They are naturally petulant, but they generally have no idea how cross they sometimes are. They can govern themselves if they like, though, they are not incurable.'

'My dear Mrs. Marston,' said Laura, with an earnest face, 'you really appear to understand my case, and if you can suggest any method of curing George of this fault finding, you will remove the only obstacle in the way of my perfect happiness.'

'Ah, my dear Laura, you do not understand the men quite as well as I do. To root the rank weed out of your husband's heart, you have only to convince him, that it is there, and demonstrate how very hateful it is. Now, if you say to him, kindly, "George, don't, I pray you, find fault with everything," he will reply—kissing you, perhaps—that he never finds fault without reason, and go on, thoughtless as ever, venting his spleen at everything.'

'But you would not have me reprove him in an unkind manner?'

'No, indeed—that would make him worse still. I say you must demonstrate to him the hatefulness of his habit of fault-finding.'

'But how?'

'Why, when he finds fault, you must help him. If he scolds at his coffee, you must show a disposition to throw it out of the window. If he complains of a cold room, you must shiver and shake, and scold the girl for not keeping a better fire. When he calls the bread heavy, you must suggest the idea of using it as clock weights to save the expense of lead. In short, you must also either out-fret him, and find ten times as much fault as he does, and drown his voice in the petulant tones of your own. Show him how perfectly miserable you can make each other by continued fault-finding; give him a foretaste of the beautiful bedlam you can create for him if you try. Thus you will set him thinking; and he must agree that the fault which appears so uncomfortable in you, is quite as far from seeming amiable in himself.'

Laura was much amused by her friend's singular counsel; but she was not fully convinced of its safety; until Mrs. Marston declared herself in serious earnest, and instanced a cross husband who had been cured in the manner she so warmly recommended.

After a long discussion on the subject, Mrs. Carswell expressed her willingness to follow her friend's advice, but seemed to doubt her ability to play the character it would be necessary for her to assume. Mrs. Marston, however, succeeded in persuading her to make the attempt and having favored her with full instructions how to act, bade her good morning and gaily took her leave.

Mrs. Carswell awaited with some anxiety her husband's return to dinner, and when he at length arrived, it was not without many misgivings that she remembered her resolution to meet him in the same humor he himself was in.

It was a cold, raw day in November, and it so happened that Mr. Carswell was unusually cross.

'Such wretched weather!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands and scowling, 'and this room is as cold as a barn.'

'Jane,' said Laura, 'why don't you keep a better fire here? Pile on the coal. We are freezing.'

And she quietly rocked the baby, while her brow seemed to be overshadowed by some great trouble.

'Isn't dinner ready?' asked Mr. Carswell, in a petulant tone.

'Nearly, it will be ready in a few minutes,' replied Laura.

'It is two o'clock,' said her husband, referring to his watch. 'When a man comes home to dinner, he does not like to be kept waiting.'

'Why is not the dinner ready, Jane?' said Mrs. Carswell. 'You know that two o'clock is the hour we dine at.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Jane, 'but by the clock it wants five minutes to two.'

'The clock is too slow,' growled Mr. Carswell.

'The clock is too slow,' repeated Laura, in a louder key. 'Why don't you see to such matters, Jane? Set the pointer along five minutes, and be sure you never keep the dinner waiting again.'

Mr. Carswell cast a furtive glance at his wife. Having always been accustomed to having her apologize whenever he found fault, and endeavor to excuse the domestics, he hardly knew what to make of the change. However, he said nothing, but led the way to the dining-room in silence.

Jane was left in charge of the baby, and Susan the cook attended on the table.

'Soup!' said Mr. Carswell. 'Heavens! it's hot as fire! Soup should never be put upon the table in such a state.'

'No,' added Laura, sharply. 'Do you mean to scald people, Susan!—never put fire on the table again!'

'Tasteless stuff, too,' muttered Mr. Carswell daintily touching the spoon to his lips.

'In-jud!' cried Laura, impatiently. 'What sort of mess do you call this, Susan? It tastes like the broth of stewed leather.'

Mr. Carswell could not help smiling at the conceit, but at the sight of Laura's long face, his countenance changed immediately.

'Are you ill to-day?' he asked.

'Ill! No,' replied Laura.

'What is the matter, then?'

'Nothing—only things don't go exactly to suit me.'

These being the precise words George had hundreds of times used in answer to similar inquiries from his wife, he paused with the spoon midway between his mouth and the plate, and looked her full in the face in great surprise.

'What does not suit you?' he asked.

'Why the same things that do not suit you I suppose—the soap.'

'The soap is not very bad after all, it only requires a little salt.'

'So I perceive,' observed Susan, unable to repress a smile.

Mr. Carswell's humor seemed to improve, until he had occasion to apply the carving knife to the roast beef, when his countenance again changed.

'Done to a crisp!' he exclaimed, 'and Susan knows I like my beef rare. My dinner is entirely spoiled.'

'Susan!' cried Laura, 'why didn't you burn the meat to a cinder and be done with it? You might as well put a coal on the table, I never—'

'Ah,' interrupted George, in a pleasant tone 'it is not so bad as I expected—it is rare—come to get into it.'

So it was said Laura smiling.

George seemed for a moment diverted from his annoying habit, but presently he exclaimed, peevishly—

'What wretched potatoes!—they are not fit to eat. I never saw such water-soaked things before. What is the reason we can't have potatoes cooked better?'

'Sure enough, why can't; we!' said Mrs. Carswell. 'Why do you put such heavy balls

on the table, Susan? They are watery as melons. If you do not know how to boil potatoes properly—'

'My dear,' interrupted George, 'I am inclined to think it is not in the cooking.—The potatoes were not good in the first place.'

'Why were they, bought, then?' demanded Laura. 'We might as well invest money in poison parsnips. Potatoes that are not fit to eat are worse than none at all.—Here Susan, take them away.'

'But my dear,' cried George, in tone remarkably pleasant, 'I think some of them may be good. Now here is one that is quite mealy indeed.'

'I can't see any difference in them,' observed Laura in a significant tone.

George colored very red, and found no more fault until the apple pudding was brought in.

'It is spoiled!' said he throwing himself back in his chair. 'The crust is as heavy as lead.'

'Heavy?' echoed Laura, 'it is like so much grafting wax—tough and indigestible as a saddle. Who do you think is going to eat such a mass of boiled dough and chopped apples? Throw it—'

'My dear, I think,' said George, in a conciliatory tone, 'a part of this side of it may be palatable. Why, it appears quite light. The apple is very nice, and—'

'I beg you don't eat it to save it,' replied Laura, pettishly. 'But if you think you can manage to do any thing with it, help yourself.'

George did help himself, and discovered that on the whole the pudding was a very creditable affair, and thrice did he have occasion to replenish his plate from the condemned dish.

Mr. Carswell was heartily ashamed of having found fault with so good a pudding, and felt such anxiety to keep Laura in good humor the rest of the day, that not another word of complaint escaped his lips before leaving the house.

At evening, however, when he came home to tea, his petulance had returned, and he commenced with finding fault with a small of burnt crusts, which invaded his nostrils.

'It is Susan's carelessness,' exclaimed Laura. 'What is the girl about? Jane, go and tell her that if she cannot toast the bread without burning the house with smoke the sooner—'

'I hardly think that Susan is to blame,' interrupted George.

'Who then?'

'I—I don't know as anybody.'

'There must be somebody to blame when we are annoyed,' observed Laura. 'Is tea ready, Jane?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Jane.

And the amiable couple proceeded to the tea table, where the cloth was spread in a very inviting manner.

So firmly fixed had George's habit of fault-finding become, that he complained of his tea almost before he tasted it.

'It's a pity we can't have a good cup of tea occasionally,' murmured Laura, knitting her pretty brows. 'Susan, take away these slops! Try again, and see if you can't make something fit to drink.'

And without saying 'by your leave,' Laura reached forth, took her husband's cup, and emptied its contents into the slop-bowl, at the same time pushing the tea-pot towards Susan with a look of impatience and disgust.

Laura was playing her part capitally.—George became alarmed.

'Don't be too hasty, my dear,' said he, 'taste the tea and see what you think of it.'

'There is no need,' returned Laura. 'I can take your word for it. You know what good tea is; and when you say the tea is bad it is enough. It must be bad.'

'But—'

'O, it's useless to smoothe things over.—When the tea is bad, we may as well speak plainly about it. I don't mean to tolerate impudently any longer. Do you hear, Susan?'

Susan was as much astonished as Mr. Carswell himself. But she said nothing—neither did he—although he was compelled to wait five minutes for the return of the teapot.

This time, in consequence of Susan's haste and confusion, the tea was really insipid, but somehow George found it excellent. A conciliatory humor has a remarkable tendency to quicken one's talents for discovering imaginary perfections in things most poor and unworthy.

Accordingly, George found no fault at the tea-table; but on entering the sitting-room he undoubtedly forgot himself, and indulged in his old habit without even knowing what he said.

'What an atmosphere!' he exclaimed.—'It is like going into an oven. What is the use of keeping a room so hot?'

'I suppose Jane meant to roast us,' added Laura, fanning herself violently although the room was not uncomfortably warm, after all.

'Throw open the doors, Jane. The baby-poor thing, is cooked brown already. You could bake pies here. Do give us a breath of fresh air.'

And Laura raised the window and sat down by it, as if on the verge of fainting.

George ran to her in alarm, drew her away and closed the window, staring at her as he deemed her insane.

'You would catch your death cold,' he exclaimed impatiently. 'The chill night wind blows in—'

'It is better than roasting,' complained Mrs. Carswell.

George bit his lips, but said nothing. The doors were closed, and the amiable couple did not find themselves uncomfortable, even with a little more fire in the grate.

For two hours George and Laura sat together, luxuriating in domestic peace and comfort, and conversing in the most happy manner.

At length Laura took up a magazine to read aloud to her husband. In a clear musical voice, she read the opening chapter of a beautiful and interesting story, which was so pleasantly