

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (11 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 successively, until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

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

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

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BANK AGENT,
And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant
CAMDEN, S. C.

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At his old stand opposite DAVIS'S HOTEL

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And General Commission Merchant,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.
Aug 26, 68

J. N. 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 immediately in rear of the Court House.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26

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.

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Opposite the Post Office.

Agents for the best Green and Black Tees, and Patent Medicines.
S. G. COURTENAY. G. W. WIENGES.

To Rent.
THAT brick dwelling and store, next to the "Mansion House," now occupied by T. Bonnell. Apply to J. B. KERSHAW, Esq.
Dec 24 101

ROBERT LATTA.
LATE THE FIRM OF DICKSON & LATTA.
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving a variety of Heavy and Fancy Groceries, which he will sell low for cash—Two doors above the Planters' Hotel, and immediately opposite James Dunlap's, Esq.
Camden, S. C. March 18th, 1851. 23

ALL persons are forewarned against trading for a Note of Hand, given by me to Mr. Thomas Baskin, for the amount of Three hundred and fifty dollars (\$350.) dated 12th March, as I do not intend paying it.
W. R. YOUNG.
March 21, 23

Notice.
ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of the late Mrs. Martha E. Wilson deceased, will present them properly attested, and those indebted will make immediate payment to Mr. John Rosser, who is authorized to act as agent in my absence.
PAUL T. VILLEPIGUE, Admr.
Nov. 12, 1850. 80 wtf.

WHISKEY, RUM AND BRANDY
50 Bbls. Rectified Whiskey,
50 Bbls. New England Rum
5 casks Domestic Brandy
40 doz. Old Madeira Wine
60 doz. Porter and Ale, in quarts and pints
Received and for sale by
Jan JOHN W. BRADLEY.

THE SOUTHERN STORE.

ALL who wish Bargains, are invited to call at K. S. MOFFAT'S new Southern Store, third house above the bank of Camden, where they will find a complete assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, consisting in part, as follows:

Fancy and mourning Prints
7-8 and 4-4 brown Shirtings
Blue Denims and Marlborough Stripes
Sartnets and Kentucky Jeans
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres
Negro Ke-seys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. Deaines, Gingham, &c.

Groceries.
Brown, Leaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffee
New Orleans and West India Molasses
Mackerel, Nos. 2 and 3 in barrels
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt
Raisins, Peppercorn, Spice
Tobacco, Segars, &c. &c.

Hardware.
Pocket Knives and Forks
Britannia and Iron Spoons
Traces and Halter Chains
Axes, Hammers and Hatchets
Spades, Shovels and Hoes
Hand, mill and crosscut saws
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows
Nails, brads, tacks and sp.igs
Knob, pad, closet and stock locks
Iron squares, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wood cards
Broadaxes and steelclaws; pots and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing
of every description.
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crochery and Gl. seware
Gunny and Dundee Bagging
Kentucky Rope and Twine
Together with every other article usually found in a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware. All of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.
The highest market prices paid for cotton and other country produce.
Dec. 21, K. S. MOFFAT.

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. Croix, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Laguira and Rio Coffee
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas
Sperin, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
Nos. 2 and 3 Mackerel, in Barrels, Half and Quarter
Wine, Soda and Bitter Bicinis and Cheese
Saus and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmeg, Mace and Cloves
Powder, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Pawder, Linned Oil, Sperm Oil and W. & G. Oil.

Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Omburgs
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.

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 south 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 Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, fiberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

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.

MANSION HOUSE. CAMDEN, S. C. CARD.

THE undersigned has 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 the market affords.
His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, 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.
As you find me,
So recommend me.
E. G. ROBINSON.
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th, 1851 11

Case Olives stuffed with Anchovies. Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

50 BOXES CHEESE received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

Darlington Hotel, DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DORRIS, 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

THE MONEY BROKER; OR, A MISER REFORMED.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.
BY MRS. MONSEY.
CHAPTER I.

A money broker can tell you many an unwritten history. Down in that lane, in a dingy back room in his shop. The entrance to it is through a narrow entry, and the front window of that entry he hires to placard such notices as the following: "Uncurrent money wanted." "Cash paid for old gold and silver jewelry, &c." "Money to loan on good security, &c." "All of which attract many a wayward traveller's observation. Let us enter this shop. An old man is sitting at the desk apparently figuring some interest which a clerk is about to pay him. We know not the history of the affair, but the money broker says, "be careful and avoid such scrapes in future, young man;" and with a sudden jerk, as if afraid of encountering a friend, he lies into the street. The old man next takes an inventory of his donblons, — what a curious visage he has! His hair is gray and short; his nose is sharp and thin; his eyes are protected by a set of green goggles. He has a sharp voice, seems rather petulant, but moderates his tones when about to accommodate a customer. He is always dressed in hoddon grey. I presume he is a bachelor; certainly he has not grown old before his time, and if the family record would not make him sixty-five or six, I am no prophet. For years he has occupied this same shop; once it was a depot for lottery tickets, but the old man scents such things now. He has drawn and lost enough not to keep him even with the world. So he sits now with his hour glass before him, and a dozen or two old silver watches pledged as collateral. Like the sands in his hour-glass he runs down, and winds himself up again. He hears the curses of many upon whom he has preyed, but what cares he! there is always a set of new victims.

All day he is sullen and still; he seldom laughs, but now and then emits a cackle which is scarcely human, but goes for a laugh, and that is always with some brother in his craft, who understands secrets.

Singularly enough, the old money broker he came my neighbor. There was a dark gloomy old house, written upon it "To Let," which haunted my vision from an opposite window for weeks. Nobody ever came to look at it but the same old Broker, and evidently there was a kink in his head about re-letting it at an advance. His trade brought him acquainted with these premises, the whole appearance of which was so antique, so like himself, no wonder he re-let it, reserving one low room in the upper story to himself. I suppose it is but fair to explain here how the Broker and I became acquainted. Upon my list of worthy beneficiaries was a poor lone widow, for whom I provided a house and food. It had long been my desire to place her near me, so you may be sure I daily scrutinized my neighbor's movements to ascertain the probabilities of my succeeding in securing a room for my friend. I called on him one rainy morning as I saw him opening his window-slutters. He was attired in a long flannel gown, which was once green, but was now sadly faded, and apologizing for not having made his toilet, he invited me in his den. At a side table he was sipping a cup of coffee from a cracked cup and a broken saucer; a herring lay upon a plate, and a baker's roll near by it. He prepared his own breakfast, and took a "chop" down in town for dinner. He seemed gracious, and soon begged to know if I had any particular business. I made it known, and he seemed pleased at the idea of renting another room in this gloomy place. I secured it, and soon placed the widow within my vision. She used to tell me queer stories about the old Broker. She said one day in passing up stairs he let a Mexican dollar fall, and she handed it to him. "That," said he, "is some rent I have just been collecting for a friend. I was going to my room to get the balance. I never keep money about me, nor in my room—it is enticing to thieves—silver and gold belong to banks; brokers only handle other people's money." That he was a lover of gold, however, nobody could doubt. Tables of discounts hung round his room; bank note detectors were his pictures, and Franklin's maxim hung over his mantelpiece—"be sure and never buy a thing because it is cheap," was scored and diligently studied.

The old man was brought home one day in a carriage, and helped up stairs! Women are curious, I am ready to acknowledge, and I feigned an excuse to call upon the widow, and ascertain what had happened. It seems that he had fell and dislocated his ankle! He would have no physician, but somehow twitched it in place himself, bandaged it, and sat in his easy chair.

When I tapped at his door, the "come in" he hallowed had a kind of welcome in its tone.—"I was hoping," he said, "some one would call who would do me the favor to take this key to my landlord. I shall close the shop for some weeks, perhaps months, and it may be that I never shall want it again. I was thinking pre-emptively to my customers—they will find me any where, for want always seeks money, go where you will. May I beg the favor, Mrs.—, of you to do this errand?" I took the key and gave it to William, who left it with the landlord. I could not, however, fail to feel interested in the poor relic of humanity—a mere shred as he was—but shreds, you know, are put in a rag bag, and by a transforming process, are turned into clean paper? Who knows, thought I, but the old Broker may be transmuted!—Whenever I paid him a visit, I always carried

the newspaper. It was curious to see him turn to the 'stock sales, and money interest' squares. Sometimes he would assume a pleasant expression, as he read these tables—sometimes a sudden countenance. Once there was a heavy failure, and I spoke to him for the first time of money matters.

"You are low spirited, Mr. Placere," (for I had learned his name) "I trust no ill luck has befallen you."
"None, personally," remarked he, "but distrust in a community is bad—heavy failures make dangerous operations for brokers. I have"—and he stopped.
Pretty soon he murmured something about *protected paper*—then he was silent. At length, he uttered, "I hoped in this room to have escaped such thoughts!"
"Money," I remarked, "makes us very unhappy."
"Not money, Madame, but the want of it. Sit down a moment—I never invite confidence much more in a woman, and he drew down his eyebrows, and gazed fully in my face. Sit down, and I will tell you a tale of your own sex." I did so, and here it is.
Mr. Placere went to his old desk, and drew forth a note. It was signed by a dashing fellow, whom I had seen in a splendid equipage. It was endorsed by a Lady. I never heard her, but Placere said she wore diamonds! It was due to-morrow, and great was the Broker's anxiety lest it would not be paid. "That young man," said he, "has a strange history. He is a large importer, but he has been *hard run*, as we say. He made his way into my shop one morning, and by dint of coaxing and teasing, and security, I gave him two thousand donblons; strange that I did so; but behind him stood a female, in rich attire, who seeing my hesitancy, drew forth a diamond bracelet; there, said she, is a pledge sufficient for the sum, and she timidly marched up to the note and tremblingly signed *Fanny Gray*. I took the bracelet to the jeweller. Said he, it is worth twice the money you have loaned. See, here it is, and truly my eyes never gazed on diamonds before. I have never seen the young man nor worn a since, and to-morrow this trinket must be redeemed."
My eyes, you may be sure, awaited the coming of the young man on the next morning.— But he did not appear. Just before two o'clock, Placere hobbled out. It was the first time since the dislocation of his ankle, and I assure you he made but sorry work with walking.

I did not see him return, but knew he must have done so, and with my newspaper in hand, ran over to the widow's. Scarcely had I entered, when a tap at the door announced that Placere wished another interview. I had now become his confidante, and was forced to hear.

"It proved worse than I feared," said the Broker, "that note was not taken up, and the young man has sailed for Europe. The fair endorser is here, however, and I ascertained her residence and called on her. She appeared to feign forgetfulness of the transaction, and it was only when I drew forth the bracelet, recollection came over her. I was ushered in her chamber, for the man in attendance said the lady was ill, but if any business calls were to be attended to, she would see the people there."

"What a woman met my gaze! I have read a description which exactly corresponds with the person," and Placere took from his pocket this description:
"She had thrown carelessly over her shoulders a cashmere shawl, the folds of which she gathered round her with that ravishing art, that her beautiful proportions were distinctly visible. A tasty morning dress was her only covering, and that was white as snow. Her black tresses escaped only here and there in rich confusion from underneath a choice Madras handkerchief, capriciously fastened round her head in the fashion of a Creole."
"Her bed was a scene of picturesque disorder; and certainly her slumbers had been uneasy and agitated. The draperies were cast with most voluptuous and bewitching negligence, and her pillow lay in the middle of an eider-down quilt of blue silk. A painter would have paid a prize to have stood where I did."
"Over a large backing, spread beneath the carved mahogany lion claws of her bedstead, glittered two small white satin slippers, one thrown here and another there, as weary, feet will do, on returning from an opera."
"Over a chair lay a rumpled dress, the sleeves hanging to the floor. Spider and net stockings such as a breath might carry away, were twisted about the legs of an easy chair, as if flung there from the hand—while a bouquet of flowers, gloves, diamonds, a nosogay and belt, were scattered confusedly. There was a delicate and scarcely perceptible odor of aromatics in the air. A costly fan, half-open, lay on the mantle-piece, the drawers of the bureau were open. This mingled luxury and carelessness—everything rich and elegant, yet all displaced, impressed the mind with a sense of discomfort in the midst of wealth. The lassitude betrayed in the countenance of the lady, was all in keeping with the cast of attire. They seemed to tell of a heart that was burning by the blast of conscience; they showed us the image of a life of show, expense and dissipation; a tantalizing pursuit of unsubstantial pleasure." There were some spots of unnatural redness upon the face of the woman that set off the delicacy of her skin; her features looked swollen and her dark eyes heavy. But nevertheless her folly did not lessen her beauty; such was the energy of health and nature that glowed in her whole frame. She was full of life and strength; nothing meagre in the contour, or feeble or mean in the outline of her person, scanted the sense of admiration.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Everglades.—Gov. Brown returned from South Florida last night, in excellent preservation, sun-burnt, tanned and healthier than we have seen him for years. His visit has been an exceedingly pleasant one. The generous hospitality of the citizens of Monroe left nothing undone to make it agreeable, and he speaks warmly of the overflowing kindness which met him from all quarters.

The Governor made a very considerable exploration of the everglades, and the opinion he has arrived at and confidently entertains is, that not only is a thorough drainage impracticable, but, if it could be effected, the deposit laid bare would be found to be a purely vegetable decomposition, light enough, when dry, to be blown away, and quite as combustible as peat. The everglades are interspersed with numerous channels and basins of depth below the level of the ocean, with a thin layer of sand bottom, and where the absence of all current permits the vegetable deposits to accumulate to a great or less depth, it is still so loose and substantial that many years exposure to the action of the sun and atmosphere will be necessary to impart to it the qualities of soil. By deepening the outlets to the sea, the water of the everglades could be materially lowered so as to reclaim land about the margin, and drain the numerous islands interspersed through this great waste of waters; but nothing more can be done. The waters of the everglades team with fish of many varieties, and in such numbers, one must see to believe. With a simple spear the fisherman may load his boat in a few moments. Wild fowl are there in such enormous flock, as almost to darken the sun; and game is abundant on the islands. Add to these the indigenous growth of Coonti or Arrow root, of which the Indian makes his bread, and the attachment of the savage to such a spot is easily understood. To him it is almost a paradise.—*Tallahassee Sentinel.*

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT FALLEN.

DARRY REAGAN. a citizen of Spartanburg District, residing about fifteen miles North-West of this Town, departed this life April 18, 1851, at the advanced age of one hundred years, eleven months and six days! He was born on the 10th of May 1750, in the county of Cork, West of Ireland. He emigrated to America in his fourteenth year; resided for some time in Georgia; subsequently removed to South Carolina; residing for a time in Newberry District, and finally removed to Spartanburg, where he has lived respected by all who knew him up to the time of his dissolution. Mr. REAGAN was draughted as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, fought under command of Gens. CLARK and WAYNE, until the close of the war. He had been favored beyond the ordinary lot of mankind having seen the beginning and triumphant conclusion of the war of independence; the same of the second war of independence by which the maritime equality of his country was asserted and secured; and the late war with Mexico attended by equally beneficial results. He had witnessed the growth and prosperity of his adopted and beloved land, from small and feeble States to a mighty and extended power. In short, he had witnessed, personally, as it were the whole history of our country. His health was fine almost to the last. It might almost be said, without irreverence, that his sight had not become dim, nor his strength abated, like Moses; but unlike him, he had seen and entered the promised land of plenty and of liberty! He was interred amidst the tears and regrets of about two hundred relations and friends. Peace to his ashes!—*Spartan.*

The Eastern papers—Union, free-soil and higher law—have telegraphed despatches giving an account of the recent "Union" meeting in this city. They all contain two errors, namely, that it was the "largest and most enthusiastic convention of the people" ever held in this city, and that it "resolved to support" a man for the Presidency who was not for the Union, first, last, and all the time." Neither of these statements has a shadow of truth in it. The meeting, instead of making the pledge referred to, did precisely the reverse, and resolved to dissolve the Union under certain conditions.—*Mobile Tribune.*

A Monster Balloon.—Mr. Wise, the great American aeronaut and distinguished author on the art of ballooning, has in preparation a monster balloon holding fifty thousand cubic feet of gas, and capable of carrying up sixteen persons of one hundred and fifty pounds each. He expects to have it ready for the ascension from Philadelphia about the first of June.

A Slave Refusing his Liberty.—A Southern gentleman had recently been stopping at the Revere House with a slave who was his personal attendant. This slave upon being informed by persons here that his master had no right to restrain him, but that he was under the laws at perfect liberty to go where he pleased, refused to be liberated in this way, and returned yesterday afternoon with his master to the South.—*Boston Traveller, Wednesday.*

Americans Imprisoned.—A private telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, to a mercantile house in New York, states that advices have been received of the steamer "Gold Hunter," which left San Francisco on the 22d March last for Tehuantepec, to the effect that the Hunter had violated the maritime laws of Mexico, by landing her passengers (in number sixty-five) without the requisite previous permission, and that the passengers had been imprisoned by the Mexican authorities, and were confined at the date of the advices received. No other particulars are given. Tehuantepec is not a port of entry.