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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen 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. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

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 published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

Timely Hints to All.

FRIENDS.—Reader, if you have a valued Friend, in whose welfare you feel an interest, that friend will prize, as a precious memorial, your Daguerreotype Miniature, if taken in SQUIER'S peculiar style.

PARENTS.—If you are still blessed with Parents, and no Artist's Pencil has or can truly trace the likenesses of his or her familiar face or form, you may well get the part of wisdom to advise or persuade them to visit, without delay, SQUIER'S Daguerreotype Rooms, and have their Miniatures taken in his superior style of art.

TO ALL.—How many have lost a Father, a Mother, a Sister, a Brother, or an innocent prattling child, and have not even the shadow of a resemblance to look upon. "After the separation, some 'little toy' or trifling article is often kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance. How much more valuable would be one of SQUIER'S perfect Daguerreotype Miniatures of the 'loved and lost'."

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and, when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, what would I not give for such a picture of my friend!"

Reader, perhaps you cannot do a better thing, while your mind is upon the subject, than take an hour or two now, and visit the gallery; then you may, at some future period, have reason to feel grateful for these "Gentle Hints" from

SQUIER'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY.
September 24. 77

Notice.

ALL those indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle their accounts by the first of November. On and after that time all debts will be placed in other hands for collection.

Sept. 10. 73 THOS. BASKIN. 11

Notice.

THE remainder of the Tools belonging to the Estate of R. L. Tread will be sold at Public Auction on the first day of Fall Court, if not previously sold at private sale, consisting of Blacksmith's Bellows, Vices, Anvils, &c.

The above may be seen at the Store of James McEwen, where the sale will take place.
Sept. 17—57ft S. TWEED, Adm'x.

Yarn and Oznaburgs.

200 BUNDLES Concord Yarn; 30 do Mount Dear born do; 30 pc's DeKalb Oznaburgs. For sale by
W. C. MOORE.

Livery and Sale Stables.

FORMERLY JOHN C. O'HANLON'S.

THE Subscriber has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that, having purchased the Splendid STOCK of FIXTURES of these well-known and popular STABLES, formerly owned by O'HANLON, and lately by W. E. ARCHER, he is now prepared to furnish all who may favor him with their patronage, with excellent SADDLE HORSES, and handsome and comfortable CARRIAGES and BUGGIES, of the latest styles, with teams to match, and drivers, in whose sobriety and experience every confidence can be placed, at most reasonable prices. Many improvements have been made to the Stables and Lots, and Drivers will find every accommodation they can desire.

Carrriages and Omnibuses from this Stable will run from Boatwright and Janney's universally favorite "American Hotel," and also from the long-established and well-known Columbia Hotel, by Mr. D. Caldwell, to the various Railroad Depots, or any point desired.

Orders left at the American Hotel, with Mr. W. D. Harris, or the proprietor, at the Columbia Hotel, will be promptly attended to; and the subscriber is confident that all who employ him will be pleased with his prices and his teams.
NATHANIEL POPE.
Sept. 21. 76—6m

North-Carolina Flour.

A FEW barrels first quality North Carolina Flour. For sale by
W. C. MOORE.

Bagging and Rope.

THE subscriber has on hand a large supply of GUNNY and DUNDEE BAGGING. Also, best quality BALE ROPE, and three ply TWINE, which he will sell at the lowest market price. Planters are invited to call and purchase.
Sept. 14. E. W. BONNEY.

PINE APPLE and Goshen Cheese, Family Hams and Bacon Sides. Also, Lard and Canal Flour. Just received at
BONNEY'S.

Superior Cotton Gins for Sale.

A SUPPLY of superior "PREMIUM COTTON GINS," from E. T. Taylor & Co.'s Cotton Gin Manufactory, at Columbus, Ga., just received and for sale by the subscriber, on a credit until the first day of January next.

The FIRST premiums have been awarded to the manufacturers of these Gins, for the best gin exhibited at the great State Fair at Atlanta, Ga.; also, at the Alabama and Georgia Agricultural and Mechanic's Fair, held at Columbus, and at the Annual Fair of the South Carolina Institute, at Charleston.

These Gins are warranted.
W. ANDERSON.
Camden, May 11, 1852. 38-1y

Just Received.

150 Pcs. SHIRTINGS and SHEETINGS
100 pair Blankets
5000 yds Gunny Bagging
25 coils Rope. 100 kegs Nails.
Sept. 3. W. C. MOORE.

SUPERIOR Pine Apple Cheese, Capers, Currants, Citron, and Lemon Syrups. For sale by
May 8. E. W. BONNEY.

To Rent.

THE Store at present occupied by Shaw & Austin. Apply to
W. ANDERSON.
Aug. 20. 67 11

THE SOURCE OF JOY.

Joy springs in the heart that is tender and kind. Like a fountain that kisses and toys with the wind; Whence rills trickle softly to blend with the ground, Spreading freshness and verdure and beauty around.

O! seek not for joy in the depth of the bowl, Nor quench in its poison the fire of the soul; Each draught leaves a seed that will quicken and bear

An Upas wither with grief and despair.

No! reveling yields not the bliss we desire, Though poets have sung in its praise to the lyre; True happiness flows in a still silent stream, Not whirling in eddies, as some fondly dream.

It is found in the peace and comforts of home, It is lost to the heart when in exile we roam; It is glimpsed in the smiles of faces we love, Like a star beaming forth from its station above.

But it blesses not those who branded with guilt For the victim betrayed, or the blood idly spilt; It flies from the miser, the selfish, the proud, And eludes their pursuit till they lie in the shroud.

Be kind to thy neighbor, but stern to thyself, Grant free to wretches the aid of thyself; Press hopefully forward—the treasure is thine, A treasure more precious than lurks in the mine!

From the Savannah Courier.

EL DULCE JOVENETTA,

OR, A BRIEF SKETCH OF

The Life, Loves and Adventures of
SIGNOR CARLOS DE CASTRO,
ALIAS CAPTAIN VALENCIA,
THE UNIVERSAL LADY-KILLER.

In our edition of yesterday's Courier, was contained the following paragraph:

"A Spaniard, of the Mexican army, named Signor de Castro, alias Captain Valencia, has been arrested at Cincinnati on suspicion of having stolen the \$40,000, which was lost recently at the Weddell Hotel, in that city."

This SIGNOR DE CASTRO, alias CAPTAIN VALENCIA, is tolerably well known in Florida, Georgia, and other sections of the Union, as one of the most accomplished, fascinating and genteel villains unking. He is a very small, and very handsome man, with fine dark Spanish contour and complexion; very expressive eyes, long flowing hair, and remarkably delicate hands and feet. He is, withal, quite well educated, and thoroughly versed in all the minute forms and observances of genteel society. He is exceedingly fascinating in his manners, and is "a dith on ladies' hearts"—particularly if they are young, beautiful, and well supplied with the "ready rhabdo." He dances, sings, plays, flatters, flirts, and fools divinely. He is, emphatically, a "sweet little fellow"—a "precious angel"—a "love of a man." He quotes poetry—says prayers in Spanish—talks French—wears kid gloves, and sports that universal woman-killer, a fine moustache. He is, withal, a kind of spiritual rapper—endowed with the power of ubiquity—and possessed with the faculties of the chameleon. His traits of character are taken from his associates. He can be "grave or gay, shallow or severe," according to the whims or fancies of his companions.—He is a Spaniard, a Portuguese, a Cuban, or a Mexican, just as occasion requires, or as it is profitable to be one or the other.

We first heard of Capt. VALENCIA among the upper ten, alias the number one cod-fish aristocracy of Gotham. He lodged in some of the marble halls in the vicinity of Washington, Square or the Seventh Avenue. He rolled leisurely through Broadway in the same chariot with a distinguished "leader of the ton," from Mobile. With her, he visited Newport, Saratoga and other fashionable resorts. He flattered the mothers and fumbled the daughters through all the fashionable polkas of the day. If he failed to excite sympathy sufficient for his purpose, he chewed logwood and used some "chemical preparation," which induced a quasi hemorrhage of the lungs that never failed to produce an immense sensation, to draw both the anxious mothers and their lovely daughters in crowds to his chamber!

The Captain, moreover, was, according to his own modest story, a hero of the first water—a Creole Cuban, who had joined the standard of LOPEZ and fallen desperately wounded in the fight at Cardenas. In proof of his patriotism he would separate his beautiful jet black whiskers and expose the ghastly scar inflicted by the blood-thirsty Spaniards! He also told of a serious wound which he had received in one of his thighs from a carbine. VALENCIA, in short, was the "lone star" that gilded the fashionable horizon. He was wine and dined and polka-ed until he became sick and disgusted with the fooleries of Saratoga. He accordingly turned his face towards West Point. There he made the acquaintance of some gallant officers, who had served in Mexico.

At once our Cuban transformed himself into a Mexican. He described minutely the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chepultepec; in all of which he had borne a part. He even persuaded a distinguished officer into the belief that he was the identical man who had inflicted the wound which came near taking off the comely head of our hero. Having thus ingratiated himself with the gentlemen at "the Point," he finally obtained letters of introduction to their friends at Waterleat. There he borrowed some \$1,500 and decamped. He afterwards became a tenant of the tombs for a short time, where he amused himself by sending his daguerreotype likeness to his distinguished lady friends. These much cherished love-tokens were of course "post marked" anywhere else but at the "Tombs!" Finally one morning he slipped through the fingers of the "turnkey," and was off in a hurry. His next appearance, according to our record,

was as a Cuban patriot at Holly Springs, where he melted all the ladies' hearts in upper Mississippi. He played billiards, flattered the old ladies, fooled the young ones, cultivated his moustache, and made occasional explorations into the trunks of his fellow boarders! In one of these explorations our hero discovered that his friend had more money than was absolutely necessary to supply the actual wants of nature, and accordingly "divided the pile."—Suspicion rested upon him, but no one dared to openly accuse the patriot, who had fought and fell under the heroic LOPEZ. The men shunned him but the ladies caressed him only the more fondly, because they regarded him as a persecuted man!

VALENCIA, having keen instincts, saw that all was not right, and soon sought the more refined society on the Gulf coast. He accordingly paid his respects to his dashing lady friend in Mobile, and hence repaired to Pascagoula. Here again, our "love of a man," by his personal charms and bland manners, made a profound impression upon the ladies. Not satisfied with the evident partiality shown for him in the dance and the drawing room, he again resorted to his "chemicals," again had hemorrhage of the lungs, and again was caressed, and fondled, and nursed by the congregated fair ones. He acted his part so admirably as to pass through all the stages of apparent convalescence. His daily visitations to the saloons of fashion were looked for with the intensest interest, and the lovely belles almost quarrelled among themselves for the privilege of fanning him, and of playing with his beautiful, glossy, jet black curls. The only difficulty with our hero now, was to make a proper selection among the victims of his charms.—Before he completed his investigations as to their relative financial merits, a bona fide Captain in the American army, who had been stationed at Vera Cruz, arrived at Pascagoula. Capt. Valencia! Capt. Valencia! was upon every fair lip. Finally the hour for the gay dance arrived, and the large saloon was filled to excess. After the first collision our hero, exquisitely apparelled, made his appearance. There's Capt. Valencia, exclaimed one! Isn't he handsome, said another! Oh! what beautiful ringlets, ejaculated a third! One of the fairies, turning to our army friend, enquired "Sir, are you acquainted with Capt. Valencia?" "Where is he?" was the reply. "That handsome gentleman approaching Miss Q.—" "That Capt. Valencia, Madam! I assure you he is a Vera Cruz barber, and has contributed to my comfort by his skill many a time!" There was a perfect stampede among the fair ones as the news spread. Some bit their lips—some turned red—some pale—some looked silly—some indignant—while the "anxious mother of the supposed happy lass sat bolt upright in the corner, and fanned herself most furiously while she repeatedly exclaimed—"I know'd it from the beginning—I said he was an upstart, and I told my gal that he must be a barber, kase he wore a—what d'ye call it—and took such nice care of his hair! Dear me, we fashionable, rich folks, of good families, must be more careful who we introduce to our gals—I warn't of this I'll never be taken in!" In the midst of this scene Valencia quietly glided to his chamber, and in a few hours was on his way to parts unknown.

Our aerial next reports Valencia at a select and fashionable boarding house in Charleston. Here he opened the show with a hemorrhage. His apparent suffering excited sympathy, while his delicate appearance, and blandness of manner readily gained him the acquaintance of the ladies. He now passed himself off as Signor Carlos de Castro, a member of a distinguished family in Cuba. He claimed to have been the intimate friend and companion of Dr. Wurdeman during his frequent visits to that Island. In this way he made the acquaintance of the friends of that distinguished gentleman. Whether he succeeded in making his usual impression upon the ladies, we are not informed. We presume he did, however, as he was for a time the Poet Laureate of the City, and was feted by the elite of the chivalry. He at least, managed to obtain from their letters introductory to some of the first gentlemen in Florida. His excuse for leaving Charleston, was that the Capt. General of Cuba had fixed a large price upon his head, and he was afraid of being kidnapped! He remained a few days in Macon, and thence proceeded to Tallahassee, where his letters gained him immediate access to the cheerful homes and generous confidence of the most intellectual and hospitable gentlemen in that glorious land of chivalry and of flowers.

Sig. Carlos de Castro was soon the lion of Tallahassee and all the surrounding forests. The gentlemen admired him for what he had done and suffered for Cuban liberty—the ladies admired him, just because they could not help it! Another hemorrhage was necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes, and to furnish a good excuse for his loitering so long amid the orange groves and bland breezes of Florida. Accordingly, the performance came off to the satisfaction of all. Again, he was carefully nursed during his illness. By way of variety here he introduced some new features in the play. He indulged occasionally in a kind of intellectual aberration, in which he made some startling developments. From his incoherent expressions partly in Spanish and partly in English, his attendants gathered, that in his devotion to the cause of liberty he had been regardless of human life. He would frequently exclaim: "Ah! mi madre—take off that eye—take off that eye—that bloody eye—mi madre!" In his apparently calmer moments he allowed his friends to "sup on horrors" ad libitum! He had killed his best friends, "el querida libertad," and hence his mental anguish!

Upon his convalescence he was taken by the hand, by every one and treated with distinguished consideration. On one occasion, being invited to a dinner party, he eluded to have lost a diamond ring and insinuated that the theft had been committed by one of the guests, also a professed Cuban patriot. The insinuation was

resented, and a challenge passed. The friends of the respective belligerents, feeling assured that they must be gentlemen, because introduced by gentlemen, took sides and a deadly feud was near being the consequence. A fight was supposed to be inevitable. De Castro, however, was not to be thus summarily disposed of. He had a hemorrhage, but with great coolness and composure sent word to his antagonist that he was ready to meet him as soon as he was sufficiently recovered. The meeting was thus postponed for several days—meanwhile the ring was found in the possession of a "fair lady" at Newport or St. Marks. Upon inquiry she stated that it had been presented to her by the party accused. The offender decamped in "double-quick time," and left De Castro the hero of the Everglades!

De Castro was now in the "full tide of successful experiment," and was caressed and courted by every body. What slaughter he made among the affections of the fair Floridians; it may be idle for us to say, or even insinuate. Our informant says that he basked in the love-light of many a dark eye, and might have had the hand of the loveliest and fairest in matrimony. As Valencia was upon every lady's lip at Pascagoula, so De Castro was the only one talked of in the land of love, and of flowers. One bright morning, as his fortunes approached the zenith, a gentleman who had visited Pascagoula, made a flying visit to some friends in Tallahassee, when he recognized in the bland, gentlemanly, exquisite De Castro, his accomplished and polite friend, the Barber of Vera Cruz, alias Capt. Valencia, the hero of the hard-fought battles of Cardenas and Cerro Gordo! De Castro had just completed his arrangements to accompany a delightful party of lovely and charming ladies to the North. He was promptly notified that he must travel in "some other direction." Again he exhibited his peculiar genius for villainy. He professed to be highly indignant, and announced his determination at once to visit Macon, Savannah and Charleston, in order to establish his identity, and confound his revilers. He accordingly turned his back upon the land of flowers. At Macon he did not leave the omnibus to see his referees. At Savannah he called upon a distinguished Cuban, who frankly told him that he knew nothing about him, and that he doubted his being a Cuban, as he did not use the idiom of the Island.

The next we heard of De Castro was his second advent in New York. There he quietly called upon a portion of the very party that had expelled him from their company in Florida, and informed them that he had seen his friends in Macon and Savannah, and had in his possession letters stating that he was really a member of the DeCastro family, that he was a gentleman, a patriot, and everything he professed to be. One of the party, who had become thoroughly acquainted with the facts, called up a him at once "to produce the documents." This was a poser. Our hero was taken by surprise. He had failed to have the letters prepared. He hesitated, stammered, and finally said that he had left them at his hotel, but would call again! Finding that he was detected, DeCastro left the city, or carefully concealed himself; at any rate, he could never after be found. What fair hearts have since then fallen victims to his charms, we cannot say. The last news we have of him is contained in the paragraph at the head of this article. We presume he has come to the conclusion that as there is little difference between marrying merely a fortune and stealing one, he might as well seize upon the money and rely upon his wits to get the wife afterwards.

MR. WEBSTER ON THE MORNING.—The following beautiful letter, from the pen of Mr. Webster, was written to a friend some years ago. It will be read with much interest, not only for its intrinsic beauties, but as a purely literary production:

RICHMOND, VA. }

5 o'clock, A.M., April 29, 1847. }

My Dear Friend:—Whether it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my early habits of rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude, that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travellers to-day.

"This city has a pleasant seat. It is high, the James River runs below it, and when I went out, an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the Falls. The air is tranquil, and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period, 'the morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say, she is 'bright as the morning,' and no one doubts why Lucifer is called 'son of the morning.'"

"But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purplings of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the 'glorious sun is seen, regent of the day'—this they never enjoy for they never see it.

"Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship.

"King David speaks of taking to himself the

"wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings—a rising sun that shall scatter life, health and joy throughout the Universe.

"Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings, pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning might be filed.

"I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new.

"The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are 'new every morning,' and fresh every moment.

"We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MORE OF IT.—Edgefield, says the Advertiser, is continuing to develop her mineral resources. In addition to Dorn's now celebrated vein, other localities are beginning to be worked, which promise finely. We learn that Messrs. Talbert and Co., who released a part of Dorn's land, are already doing well, and that Major Hughes, seven miles above our village, is also working successfully. Several other diggings are contemplated.

On Dr. Abney's place, in that vicinity, a mineral—pau has recently been discovered which judges pronounce very valuable. We believe it is in considerable abundance.—Carolinian.

ARMIES IN THE AIR.—From time immemorial occurrences which could have been accounted for on natural principles, have been received as omens of forthcoming events—and, however reason may tend to dissipate such fancies, yet there are few minds which are so free from superstition, as entirely to cast aside belief in these apparently supernatural events. Some prognostics are supposed to have a local, and others a more general bearing. The appearance of armies marching in the air is of the latter class, and is supposed to indicate approaching war, the idea of war being naturally associated with that of a soldier. The citizens of Middleborough, New York, are said to have been favored a few days since, with the view of a large body of soldiers marching and counter-marching in the atmosphere in broad day light. If this sight were really witnessed as stated, we should like to know if there are any soldiers stationed within ten or twenty miles of that town. If there be, then the phenomenon can be explained, without resorting to the miraculous. If there be not, we must suspect the appearance was an optical delusion. The Duke de Sully witnessed a similar exhibition, in day light. The armies appeared to approach each other in the air, and to engage in a tremendous battle. The maneuvering, firing, &c., were distinctly seen—and finally, the retreat of one of the armies. The attention of the whole village where the Duke then was, was directed to the spectacle. On the next day, an account was received of a great battle which had been fought at the very time indicated by the appearance in the air; showing that the atmospheric phenomenon was the reflection of occurrences then transpiring. This is the solution given by the duke de Sully, and is no doubt correct. But, whilst we would, in every case, endeavor to account for extraordinary appearances or events, some occurrences take place which cannot be explained by our philosophy.—Scientific American.

The Washington Republic states that the failure of the "Bank of the Union" has, to a great extent, unsettled public confidence in all the banks issuing notes of a less denomination than five dollars. The exact amount of paper in circulation has not yet been stated by authority, but it is supposed to be not far from seventy thousand dollars; from six to ten thousand of which, it is estimated, is held in Washington by various individuals.

DECAY OF THE MONEY POWER.—Every day brings fresh evidence of the continued decline of the money power throughout the world. The bank of England, after having long "stood upon its dignity," and refused to come down in its rates of interest "to the vulgar and plebeian rates that were prevalent about town," has at length "given in," we see, and is loaning money on government securities at one and a half per cent. per annum! Surely, the dignity of pockets "is in a galloping consumption.

NAVAL.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun states that the powhattan-steamship is ordered forthwith to the Havana, instead of the Mediterranean. Judge Conklin, Minister to Mexico, takes passage in her. The steamer Mississippi, instead of going to Havana, has been ordered round to Annapolis, to join the Princeton, and the expedition thence will proceed to Japan with the Alleghany. The line of battle ship Vermont will join them in the Spring.

FLORIDA ELECTION.—A letter from an intelligent gentleman residing in Jacksonville, received here Saturday, says that the returns of the recent election in Florida have all been received, except from two or three of the smaller counties. These returns show that Bloomer, (Dem) has been elected Governor by about 150 majority, and Maxwell, (Dem.) member of Congress by about 190 majority. We have nothing further from the election for the State Legislature, but presume, from the returns heretofore received, that the Democrats have carried both Houses.—Sav. Rep.