

The Camden Journal.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Kansas City Times. A MYSTERY OF MISSOURI.

Yesterday morning a bottle was fished from the Missouri river a short distance above the bridge by a young man named Henry Hulet, who resides on Wyandotte street, near Fifth. The bottle was tightly corked and was floating down the stream when first observed by Hulet, who was on the water in a skiff. Impelled by curiosity, he at once scoured the bottle, within which was visible a small roll of apparently blank note paper. Thinking he would open the floating bottle and ascertain its contents at his leisure, he placed it at the bottom of the boat and continued on to shore.

He broke the glass vessel and discovered in the roll of paper a letter written in a lady's neat chirography, a letter breathing a spirit of utter despair, no relief from which was apparent this side of the valley of death. That the unhappy author of it lives to day in a land of spirits, we are led to believe is a reality. The following is the letter, which Mr. Hulet has handed us for publication:

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, Aug. 18, 1869—When this note is found I shall be at rest forever. My life has been bitterly wretched for four years. The world is dark and gloomy. I have no friend here. Disappointment and wretchedness is my lot. There is nothing in life for me to live for. Bread turns to ashes at my touch. Friends become enemies in a day. Poverty and starvation stare me in the face. Great God! why am I thus afflicted? Ah! but there is a home over the way. There is life in death. Sorrows must come. Darkness enter into the hearts of some

is not a god of justice. Some revel in ease; others grope their way in wretchedness and a lifetime of misery. Well, I shall no longer linger where the sunshine of happiness can never again cross my pathway. Set forever my hopes. He whom I once believed so constant, deserted me months ago. May God forgive him and me. We have both sinned. Farewell earth—earth, that vale where the shadows of trouble are more common than the sunshine of joy. My body will sleep where no one can find it. A stone is tied to my neck. Good bye to all that is mortal. Welcome sleep—death—rest—a grave beneath the waters. Farewell.

JENNIE WILLIAMS.
Nothing further. No home designated in her last words. No parents, no name except her own. The writer used good language in her letter. Evidently she had been a lady of culture and refinement, but with all, she was a great fool.

A FATHER FORCED TO LET HIS SON DROWN IN ORDER TO SAVE MANY LIVES—An occurrence of an exceedingly melancholy character is reported to have taken place yesterday afternoon at the Passaic river bridge of the Newark and New York Railroad. A little boy ten years of age, the son of Mr. Decker, the bridge tender, fell overboard. The draw was open at the time, and a train of cars being near at hand, coming along at a swift rate, the unfortunate man was unable to leave his post else the entire passenger train would be in danger of dashing into the river; so that the agonized father had to look on and actually see the child sink, though he could easily have saved him. When the draw was closed he went to look for the body, and he found it with life extinct. Redundant and expressive though it be, the English language does not contain words that would convey an idea even of the fearful ordeal through which poor Decker passed during those few terrible moments. Who can picture the feelings of that agonized, heart-broken parent, when he picked up the body of his child—"Dead! dead! My God, dead!" as he frantically exclaimed.—*Newark (N. J.) Journal.*

Isabella's husband employs his time in making wooden toys for his wife's children.

The Radical scallawags and carpet-baggers of South Carolina have a handsome political scheme which they are attempting to make use of to inflame the negroes. At Newberry, in that State, a few days since, a depraved wretch of the carpet-bag order made a speech to the negroes in which he advised them to refuse to engage themselves at any price to any one known to be a Democrat, and that by that means the Democrats would not be able to cultivate their lands—they would have to be sold for taxes, and then would fall into the hands of the negroes at slight cost. This is the kind of talk the Northern jail-birds in the South indulge in; this is the style of vermin a Jacobin Congress keeps large standing armies to protect; and if a few of the decent people of the South knock the head off such a reprobate or dangle him to a tree, in their efforts to restore quiet to the South, there comes up a ceaseless howl about rebel outrages, and the necessities of sending a Congressional smelling committee down there to reconstruct some one. No American is worthy the name who would not shoot a disturber of that order.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

NINE THOUSAND CHINAMEN ALREADY ENGAGED.—Mr. Joseph, the Chinese Agent who recently visited Charleston, received orders to supply nine thousand laborers at once. Columbia is to get 1,000 of this number.

THE FLIRT.

What is a flirt? How often have we heard the question asked—how seldom answered.

All seem, more or less, to indulge in a little "innocent flirtation." It is a pleasant pastime and they enjoy it vastly.

Even married people now-a-days appear to have a considerable relish for a side dish of flirtation.

Now, in good, sober earnest, is flirting an innocent amusement? Sometimes, yes; oftener no.

Not that we think many of these dear, delightful creatures who revel in the name of flirt care much! They seem to delight in the idea of wounding a poor susceptible fellow; and with this end in view, they use all their charms to the very best advantage.

How cleverly they find out all his weak points, take his heart by storm, and then, without the shadow of pity, woe or remorse, turn round and laugh in the poor, deluded fellow's face.

Of course there is a great deal of difference in flirts and flirting. There are, for instance, the dear charming little creatures, who hang confidentially up on your arm, and look up into your face, who drop their eyes in a pretty, half bashful way, and sigh as though their poor little hearts were actually breaking for you, and who, all the while, are laughing in their sleeves; for no matter how small or tight they may be, (their sleeves, we mean) they manage to laugh in them at the expense of the poor, deluded fools who are conceited enough to believe they have another to add to their list.

Then there is a bright, brilliant, dashing flirt, who glories in her "name and occupation;" who boasts openly of all her conquests, and tells you plainly to your face she will carry off your heart in spite of you; and to tell the truth, she rarely fails; for no matter how sharp a look out you keep, that gay young damsel will manage, somehow or another, to take you unawares. And then how she enjoys the victory—how she laughs outright at your woe begone looks, and comforts you by saying she did not lead you on—a great comfort to know that your heart has been used as a toy—as a foot ball, for instance.

She will also console you by saying you are not the first and only sighing swain who is pining for her smile; and she hopes you will not be the last—perhaps she has the audacity to point out her next victim—with an encouraging and confidential whisper, to watch the scene on the next programme.

Strange to say, although the young lady in question has "played with fire," ever since she was sixteen, her heart

has passed through the flames untouched.

But still, flirts generally get caught, and are, sooner or later, "paid back in their own coin."

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.—Why is it that the marriage announcements are immediately followed by obituary notices in our papers? Does death follow so close on the footsteps of marriage? Is grief the page that carries the train of happiness? Does the tomb open wide its dark and ponderous jaws besides the nuptial couch? This is the plan of life. The gleeful songs of light and merry hearts to-day to-morrow will turn to funeral chants, and sobbing and lamenting he heard instead of glad, pealing laughter! We read to-day of our friend's marriage, and wish them joy; to-morrow we see their deaths recorded, and say "Peace to their ashes." Our merriest songs are timed to footfalls of death, and the "silver chord" is as fragile as a spider's thread; and the "golden bowl" is more brittle than glass.

FLOWERS.—It is said that almost all kinds of flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun and rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning and closes at nine in the evening. The daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early beams of the morning. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. The ivy leafed lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night flowering cereus turns night into day; it begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight; it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes never to open again at the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. So says a celebrated author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them in their slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all night bestyle the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.

TEN YEARS.—Ten years make a great difference in the affairs of men. We are led to the remark by the prosperity of a few whom we will mention.

Ten years ago a man named Suckles shot a man in Washington for flanking him in the affections of his wife. Is the aforesaid Suckles laboring in prison, as many another man is doing for the same act? Not much. He now represents the "best Government" at the Court of Spain. Well may he consider this the best Government under the sun.

Not many years ago Joe Brown, of Georgia, built and managed the Andersonville prison—for which an innocent man was hung—in which thousands of Northern soldiers perished. Mr. Brown has now the "honor" to lead the radical hosts of his State.

Ten years ago the present owner of an enormous stud of bull pups and other blooded animals, was a penniless drunkard, dependent on the Dents for a livelihood. Now they depend upon him.

Ten years ago Ben Butler was a thief. He is now.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

READING.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder of adversity; the prop of independence; the supporter of just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's self, and the knave's reason.

The heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,100 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 37,770,000 times per year.

ALL IN ONE DAY.—On a farm not many miles from this place, the proprietor ginned, packed and carried to market two new bales of cotton; two colored women, on the same place, gave birth to two male children each, and a cow gave birth to two male calves,—a remarkable day's work—who can beat it? *Clarendon Press.*

"LET HIM SQUEAL."—The beautiful town of Manchester, Vermont, is pleasantly situated at the foot of Equinox Mountain, is celebrated for two very fine hotels, and Vanderbilt and Equinox; also, though of less pretensions, the Vermont House, kept, at the time of my story, by George St.—e. George was a character considerably deaf, especially when he did not want to hear. Rallying him one day on his ability to hear or not to hear, he told me, under promise of never telling, the following story:

When a young man, he worked on a farm for a stingy old farmer in an adjoining town. On leaving him, a balance of two dollars was due George for wages. Having called repeatedly for his money, the old man had some excuse for not paying. A sow of the old man's had a litter of pigs, consisting of four; one of them, which is generally the case, being a small runt, as they call them. George told the man that he would take a pig for his money; the old man said he might have the small one. George jumped in the pen, and seized the largest pig. The old man shouted:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal," said George; "I can hold him."

Old man, excited:

"Take the small one!"

"I'll risk his biting," replied George. Old man, desperate, and as loud as he could bellow:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal; I can hold him," answered George.

"Take him along, you deaf cuss; I can't make you hear anything."

George carried off his pig in triumph.

Two soldiers of the 14th Ohio Regiment found a bottle of whiskey while they were on picket duty, and when they came to camp were pretty well used up. When they laid themselves down to sleep they found they had made a mistake, and the following conversation took place, "Jim, you are lying with your feet in my face—get up and change." "No Joe, you are lying with your feet in my face—you get up and change." "At last they agreed that both should get up and change, which was accordingly done. In five minutes the same conversation began. "Jim, your feet are still in my face—get up and change." "Let's both change." And change they did, five times, while the other boys in the tent were choking with laughter at the comical earnestness of the two men to lie right side up with care.

A Milwaukee man who had deposited one hundred dollars in a savings bank, and was told the interest would be five per cent., came promptly at the end of the year with five dollars in small currency to pay that interest. When told that the five dollars went the other way he looked up in astonishment, and he went away wondering why a man should pay him for being allowed to take care of his money a whole year.

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night took refuge underneath the bed clothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last, one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and, by chance, espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Jamie, Jamie, it's no use. Ye might as well come out! Here's one of the crayers searchin' for us with a lantern."

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition.

"The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and treacle on."

"Now sir," asked a polite magistrate of a vagrant Irishman, "what motive brought you to London?" "The locomotive, sir."

Ain't it wicked to rob dis chicken roost, Jim?"

"Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo, we ins't no time to argue it now—hand down anudder pullet."

Young ladies who play croquet are known as "maidens all for lawn."

JAMES JONES
Dealer in
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,
&c. &c. &c.

OFFERS, at wholesale or retail, at the lowest rates, for cash, Family and extra Super. FLOUR, of choice brands,
RIO COFFEE, common to choice,
Laguayra and Java COFFEE,
Imperial and Oolong TEAS,
SUGAR, of all grades,
Prime Leaf LARD,
BACON, Hams, Shoulders and Sides,
CHEESE and CRACKERS,
Superior MOLASSES,
SNUFF, Scotch and Maccaboy,
NAILS, of all sizes,
BI. CARB. SODA,
CANDIES, assorted,
NUTS and FRUITS,
SHOT, of all sizes,
Liverpool and Table SALT,
White Wine and Cider VINEGAR,
WHISKIES, BRANDIES, RUMS,
and GINS,

Together with a large assortment of all other desirable articles in the above line.

In addition to the above, I offer a large stock of STAPLE and FANCY

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.

—ALSO—
An extensive and varied assortment of

HARDWARE,
Consisting in part of

HOES, of various sizes and qualities,
AXES SPADES and SHOVELS,
IRON, of all descriptions,
PLOW STEEL,
TRACE CHAINS, HAMES, &c.

SADDLERY.
SADDLES and BRIDLES,
COLLARS, SADDLERY HARD-

WARE, &c. &c.
The attention of purchasers is invited to the above stock. No who one gives me a call shall go away dissatisfied.

The highest market prices paid for Cotton and other produce.

JAMES JONES.
Feb. 11.

Newburgh Ale
KEPT ON DRAUGHT BY
D. C. KIRKLEY.

Corn.
A LOT OF GOOD COUNTRY
CORN, for sale by
D. C. KIRKLEY.

Fresh Arrivals.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A new stock of Goods,

Suitable for the season,

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

CROCKERY,
HATS, SHOES SADDLERY,
&c. &c. &c. &c.

Which will be sold at the lowest prices for CASH. I solicit a call from my old customers.

A. M. KENNEDY.
Dec. 17.

PURE
French Brandy and Wines,

For Medicinal Purposes.
This is a pure article of Brandy as it was bought out of the Custom House and can be relied on as being pure and genuine.

HODGSON & DUNLAP.

LEITNER & DUNLAP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND
SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.
WILL practice in the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Lancaster and Richland Districts.

Office—Broad-st., Camden, S. C.
W. Z. LEITNER, J. D. DUNLAP
Feb. 11. 6m.

M. BISSELL,
DENTIST.

WOULD call the attention of those requiring their Teeth filled to a COMPOSITION, FILLING that he prepares and has used for the past ten years, as it can be recommended in all cases where the teeth are so far decayed as to prevent their being filled with any filling requiring pressure. As it approaches nearer the color of the teeth than Foils, it will be found satisfactory in filling the badly decayed front teeth, avoiding the unsightly appearance of the foil showing through the thin plate of enamel. Being nearly as hard as the bone of the teeth it will prove serviceable in the masticating surfaces of many teeth. Teeth filled several years since have been found within a few weeks in nearly as good a condition as when first filled.

Charges for filling with gold, tin, or artificial Dentine from 50 cents to \$2, and teeth inserted on GOLD, SILVER or VULCANITE, from \$2 to \$8.

OFFICE on Broad street, opposite Mr. Jas. Dunlap's residence.
May 20.

"Save your Family from want by Insuring your Life,"

THE LOUISIANA EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW ORLEANS,

HAVING A CASH CAPITAL OF
500,000 DOLLARS.

OFFERS to its Southern patrons a reliable Home company, in which can be effected every species of Life Insurance at the most reasonable rate. All policies non-forfeitable, and the earnings of the Company annually divided on the strictly mutual plan.

ALL OFFICERS.
JOSEPH ELLISON, President.
W. E. DIKE, Vice President.
W. P. HARBER, Secretary.

S. C. DEARING, General Agent.
G. A. BREAU, Attorney.

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Agent for Kershaw District.
Dr. A. A. MOORE, Medical Examiner.
c. 24.

1869.
SPRING GOODS.

M'DONALD & M'CURRY
Offer to the Public a Choice Variety of **Spring and Summer Goods,**

Embracing everything kept in a retail Store, which will be sold at the lowest figures for Cash. They invite particular attention to the following specialties:

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
HARDWARE, CROCKERY, AND GLASSWARE,

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Also Gents' HATS of every description and at prices to suit all.

Feeling satisfied that our Stock of Goods is equal to any other house, in prices and styles, we respectfully invite old customers and friends to examine the same, and to bring along with them all their neighbors and friends.
MCDONALD & M'CURRY.
April 8.

NEW STORE

The undersigned having formed a co-partnership for carrying on a

General Business,
in Camden, respectfully inform the citizens of the town and surrounding country that they have taken the stand formerly occupied by Messrs. C. MATHERSON & Co., where they are now receiving a WELL SELECTED STOCK,

consisting of

**Dry Goods, Clothing,
Groceries, Crockery,**
&c. &c. &c.

The senior partner having done business in Camden for a number of years and having received a fair share of patronage, will endeavor to merit the same for the new firm.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned, wife of James R. Holland, a farmer, residing in Camden, in the County of Kershaw and State of South Carolina, hereby gives notice of her intention to trade as a sole trader.

ELIZABETH HOLLAND.
Sept. 2.

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