

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MAY 27, 1851.

NUMBER 42.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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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 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.

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

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

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal:

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Col. T. W. HUEY, Jacksonville, Lancaster Dist.
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W. C. MOORE, Esq., Camden, S. C.

And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

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

REFERENCES—W. E. Johnson, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSauture, T. J. Warren, Esq.

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At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel

B. W. CHAMBERS,
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
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Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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PAUL T. VILLEPIGUE,
FACTOR,
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

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

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

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 Teas, 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. 22 if

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 if

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. 60 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 A. 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
Satinets and Kentucky Jeans
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres
Negro Ke-seys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. De'aines, Gingham, &c.

Groceries.

Brown, Leaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffees
New Orleans and West India Molasses
Mackarel, Nos. 2 and 3 in barrels
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt
Raisins, Pepper, Spice

Hardware.

Pocket Knives and Forks
Britannia and Iron Spoons
Trace 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 spigs
Knob, pad, closet and stock locks
Iron squares, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards
Broadaxes and steelclaws; puts and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing

of every description.
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crochery and Glassware
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. 24. 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
Gampowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas
Sperma, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
Nos. 2 and 3 Mackarel, in Barrels, Half 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 Wm. Oil.

Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Oznaburgs

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 Mackarel in kits, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffees; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, 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.

1 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 DOREN, 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. 65 if

MANSION HOUSE,
CAMDEN, S. C.
GARD.

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 afford.

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 if

THE MONEY BROKER;

OR,
A MISER REFORMED.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. MONSEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"There," said Placare, "I have read you the description; it did awaken my enthusiasm, and had I been young, might have inspired me with great curiosity! But I remembered the loan, and pressingly kept myself alive to the subject."

Said Fanny, "I have not the means to redeem the pledge I gave you; my banker has this day returned my check, and written upon it, overdrawn."

I rose from my seat and demanded when the payment would be made?

"When Frank, my brother, arrives in Paris," replied the woman. "It may be twenty days from this date."

I would have asked how such a liability could be met by him there better than here; for his loss of credit must have preceded him. But Fanny proceeded:

"My history is not an every day affair, Mr. Broker. My life has been an eventful one.—My father served under Napoleon, the greatest man history records with his famous exploits. I was married young, very young," said she with emphasis. "My husband was a private, but originally belonged to the Cossair regiment. He had money, power and beauty—but what am I saying—these diamonds which once made the tiara for my brow, this burning brow, O, take them away for your security," and so saying, she threw them with a violent force against my person. "They are poor, foolish embellishments for a throbbing brain, and a heart that will palpitate let me go where I may. You call this world a theatre; O, I have found it so; a set of gilded shows, of mimic sights; a bitter chry that has preyed on my senses, and made me dizzy in the whirl of the mighty vortex, ambition. Money—paltry sound! take the bauble," and she threw a leathern purse to my head; but alas! it was empty!

Presently a tap was heard at the door. The queenly woman answered the sound, and with such a bewitching air she courted the outsider to come in, that I envied him the look. She beckoned me into the adjoining boudoir. I entered it.

"Take," said she, "that tiara of diamonds. They cost three thousand rpees, but they are now worthless to me as the decayed nosegay yonder." Her eyes were fiery, and I knew she was mad!

I took my security and fled. I walked into the jeweller's and ascertained I was secure; but what care I for a man's jewels? I want the doubloons!

Had I not seen enough? I turned the subject. Said I, "Placare, your foot troubles you, let me apply some liniment." He seemed grateful, and permitted me to do so. I then returned home.

CHAPTER II.

The image of Fanny still haunted me. That wilful and giddy brain disturbed my slumbers. I could not sit still and work, and as I looked from my window I saw the veritable Broker working his way to my door.

I received him graciously, for there was an anxiety in his countenance. "I never make calls," said he; "it is fifteen years since I sought anybody's friendship; but I find a strange luxury in telling the history of Fanny. I received this note last evening since I saw you. It was delivered by the same man who gave me permission to see her in her chamber. Here, take it." I read thus:

Mons. PLACARE.—The agitated manner in which I received your note, yesterday, demands an apology. I was under the influence of chloroform, to assuage the twinges of violent pain. I find my tiara of diamonds is missing; a crown which I would not exchange for the diadem of a queen. Did you take it from me, or did I in a moment of unguarded frenzy throw it to you? My brain still swims, and I know not what I did; but Mr. Broker, I am not to be treated like a wanton bird of prey, over whom you may fire a volley that will forever crush me. I am a woman, but true to my trust, I became the endorser of Frank's note, but the doubloons you handed us are untouched in my possession still. I will not explain to you further than to say I wish the tiara returned, and your money shall be forwarded the present month. Yours, FANNY GREY."

"What did you do?" said I, impatiently.

"Why, I told her bearer when the doubloons were returned, the tiara of diamonds would be sent to the owner. She is a mad woman. I have ascertained it. I called on the woman with whom she is at board, and found she was brought to her in this way."

An advertisement headed, "Board wanted for a young gentleman and his sister in a quiet family," met my eye in a public newspaper.—"I replied," proceeded the landlady, and an interview was agreed upon. The young man came, but his sister did not appear till every thing assumed a homelike and quiet, yet elegant style. She was lauded from a carriage, and proceeded to her room. Her food was sent to her, that and the next day, and when I tapped at her door, I was refused admission. The young man said his sister was ill—slightly so, and no more was thought of it. The third day, a physician came whom I met in the entry. He told me the object of his visit was to extract a cancer from the breast of the lady, that he should apply chloroform, and wished me to be in attendance as I might be wanted. I obeyed, and heavens! said she, raising both hands, "what a divinity was before me! Was she an angel, or was she a mortal such as I had never looked upon? She seemed the personification of kindness, and mildness and love beamed from her eye. She spoke faintly, and said she was ready."

The sponge was applied to her face, having been dipped in ether or chloroform, and soon she was quiet as a sleeping babe. The operation was a severe one, but skillfully managed; the patient was put to bed, and Frank was assiduous in his attentions. By slow degrees, she recovered, and a perfect mystery hangs over her history to this day. Her expenses are paid regularly, she is a good inmate and a profitable one, but I can obtain no clue to her history.

"And why did Frank leave her for a European tour?" I inquired.

"A letter," came, stating a friend in England had died, and requesting his immediate attention to the settlement of a large estate, to which both his father and himself were principal heirs; but what was the business of money? When I opened her bureau the morning of the operation, hundreds of doubloons lay in a drawer which I quickly closed."

"And I," continued Placare, "started from my seat, and left the landlady. My curiosity was fired to such a pitch that I knew not the result of my conduct, and I abruptly left the room."

"What, Placare, shall you do? Permit me to tell my husband the secret, that he may advise."

Placare resented the idea; but what true woman keeps another man's secrets without communicating them to her better half? That husband was intensely interested in the tale.

A week passed on, and at the expiration of it a carriage stood before Placare's door, and a card was sent by the coachman having 'Fanny Grey' written upon it, to the door of the broker. She demanded access. It was granted. She was attired in a plain riding dress, her persuasive manners still the same.

"I came," said she, "to demand my jewels. They are the vestiges of royalty; the relics of a set that once dazzled the eyes of crowned heads."

"But the doubloons, ere I surrender the jewels," I said imperatively.

"Reach within the bag," said she to the coachman.

"He did so, and I counted the doubloons. The very same I had loaned were returned with interest."

"She took me by the hand. 'Sir,' said she, in a trembling tone, 'I am a stranger, a foreigner, but a true woman. My history has ten thousand fibres which wring my heart. Pardon me if I express myself somewhat freely. A money broker has little sympathy for wounded hearts in my native Paris. In America, the melting eye tells he has a heart. I am now placed beyond the reach of want and the tongue of calumny. My brother has persuaded me. I leave to-morrow for my native country. I am not unknown to fame, but what care I for paltry honors? My heart is giddy. My best wishes, Mons. Placare, attend you; adieu," and she glided from my presence—forever! O, no, the steamer which sailed found me on the wharf, and from a coach alighted Fanny Grey. She stepped in the noble ship, herself a noble wreck. She is now lost forever from mortal ken."

CHAPTER III.

A few days after Tanny Gray had sailed, the coachman who usually attended her appeared before Placare's door with a bundle in his hand. It contained a russia dressing gown not much the worse of wear, and upon it was pinned the following note:

"Mons. Placare.—I know nothing of your ability to dress like a courtier—but I have only seen you in faded habiliments—will you accept this dressing gown from your obliged friend.
F. GREY.

Placare was not half so much pleased with his tiara of diamonds for security, as with this expression of Fanny's regard. It was singular enough to watch the workings of his mind. He seemed breaking through the crust which gold had hardened, and the gentle nature of woman, whom he had so shunned and slighted, seemed to part the cloud which had hung in such massive blackness over his past life. Till recently he had been but little interested in any thing save the profits of his trade. He had lived alone, and gloated in secret over his amassed treasures, but since his removal, there had been a break in his habits: the chain was unriveted, and the portion of his nature that was human, slowly unfolding itself.

Of late, he had come in contact with a different order of females. They were of a loftier stamp, whose descent from wealth was not occasioned by profligacy or folly. Poverty, sometimes seems the decree of Heaven to show us how we can struggle with untoward events. No man, however hardened, can look upon the struggling nature of feeble woman resolutely coming to the strife, and never surrendering to the enemy, without being moved. His better nature will come out, and thus did the Broker's heart become slowly regenerated. Fanny Grey was the awakener of his sympathies, but the wedge was thus entered, and the cavity never again closed. We have only sketched her character to show his dormant feelings were aroused, but others of a similar stamp of goodness, if not greatness, waited on the money Broker. Pardon me, reader, if I inflict upon you the outlines of one more history.

Go with me up a narrow staircase, into the fourth story of an old building in this city, where in a small but neat apartment stands a female cutting out linen. She is a seamstress, but no common woman. She is plainly dressed. Her auburn hair is smoothly parted upon a lofty forehead, which nature designed for a noble head. Her eyes are as clear as crystal, and the plain white curtains seem to throw an angelic loveliness over her face. There is the most unscrupulous neatness, thru your eye which way you will, only a few cuttings of the work have fallen upon the floor, and they are

frequently gathered up. The money Broker received a note to call upon Miss Belinda. She has a mother who was feeble, and brother who is dissolute. The yearnings of affection in the parent's heart will not let that son go. He comes home reeling, but a bed is provided him, and kind treatment is ever shown him in the midst of his waywardness. He is a college bred boy, and has been in an office in this city; but he is sadly disappointed from his profession by bad habits. They were once rich, and anticipated no downfall. But then the father failed, and sickened and died; and the proud spirit of Belinda could not bear dependence, and so she took a room and began the business of shirt-making—an honorable, but slow method to gain money. Yet there was no outlay of capital to learn a trade, no swinging sign to announce that she was forced to earn her daily bread, and this is a great desideratum to a proud spirit—vulgar gazers could not stand in her doorway and point to her fall, and then speak of bygone days, as if her improvidence had caused the change—oh no, her room was too elevated for that, she took the heavy linen, cut into form, sewed it up with the nicest care, and returned it in the evening to the employer, received her compensation, and nobody cared or knew about her history. It is curious to observe how quickly the friendship of better days will perish, when adverse ones succeed!

But to my story. Edwin had been imprudent, and having learned nothing in the school of poverty, had foolishly purchased an Opera cloak for which payment was now due. This was the cause of Belinda's note to the Broker. She wanted but the sum of ten dollars to complete the amount, and as security pledged the golden cup of her father's miniature, and a diamond ring, the relics of former greatness. Placare's heart was again in its right place. He uttered no heart-rending words about the improprieties of conduct, but made out the sum and took the securities home. It would have done you good to have watched his countenance, to have compared it with the sullen face he brought to his low room some months ago! Again he called on me, and narrated his fresh tale of suffering. How his nature developed itself in words!

"What," said he, "is it nothing to me to witness this spectacle of changing life, to see these silent, but death consuming sorrows; to behold the youthful child of promise preying upon his grey haired mother; to see the dark brooding of despair, the kindlings of hope that will soon die out; to witness starvation, brutality, and failure! Oh, I could tell such tragedies as would make hearts bleed with anguish. A mother in vain attempting to palliate a son's offence; a lovesick maiden asking for means to obtain the miniature likeness of some lover whom the parents have ejected from their doors; these, yes, and then times an many more 'do I, and I have lived to witness. They rise in my dreams, they come in spectral array in my walking moments; the sound of anguish and woe are all the spectacles. I have known or heard for years, I now sigh for a better life. At times money seems to me the only good; I cling to it, because I see so much of its power to give enjoyment where distress only abounded—but I have not used it aright; I have been hard and inexorable to many a poor dead debtor. Fanny Grey showed me I had a conscience, and Belinda that I had a heart."

I whispered words of cheer to the Money Broker. I told him of recovery from misery bondage, and what think you he whispered in my ear? He suggested the word marriage, and in connexion with the word, he spoke of Belinda. I was struck beyond utterance. In my fancy, I saw the spindly old withered wreck of a man, changed into a shapable mass of pure humanity—his hodgeen garments were thrown aside, a neat broadcloth suit was his attire—he moved from his low dingy room, and rented a spacious house, and furnished it with becoming simplicity and neatness, and when Miss Belinda called to return the small loan he received her most graciously. But her youthful spirit disdained the alliance; she would not marry for gold, and she knew not the Money Broker's heart!

But he grew more and more humanized, and when once the affections are thus changed, we are completely transformed, and the soul sends out its sympathies like the vine its tendrils, and it seeks something whereon to cling. His search was not in vain, for a card soon announced that Mr. and Mrs. Placare would be at home on an appointed evening. There we found a trim man, clothed, and in his right mind, and with feeling emphasis did he pay this tribute to woman.

"The power of female endurance, the unflinching hope of her nature, the trust which outlives all earthly discouragements unmaned; or rather, I may say, transformed me into a state of existence."

My profession I have surrendered; but from it I have learned the highest lesson of wisdom. Yet my change was more gradual than would be believed. I often loathed the manner of life I lived, and felt how useless was gold when it was the idol of one's life. The contemptuous sneer in Fanny Grey's countenance, as she exclaimed, "gold, a worthless bauble!" had to me even then a deep significance. I resolved to break away from its treachery, and exchange the miser for the man. I had but one worshipper of mammon in my trade, for money does necessarily produce such results upon character—it is only hoarding for the love of accumulation. Thank heaven, I have learned to live just before I die.

"And Placare did you ever hear a word of Fanny Grey's arrival in her native land?"

"Oh yes, I called upon the Captain of the ship. He spoke of her as one of the loveliest and gentlest of her sex; but she survived the arrival but three days—the cancer ate into her vitals, and she died the day she embraced her brother Frank."

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