

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME XXVII.

CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1868.

NUMBER 9

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**T. W. PEGUES & SONS.**

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Three Dollars a year CASH—Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING, PER SQUARE.  
For the first insertion, \$1.50; for the second, \$1.00; for the third, 75 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.  
Semi-monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements, \$1.50 each insertion.  
The space occupied by ten lines (solid, of this size type) constitutes a square.  
Payment is required in advance from transient advertisers, and as soon as the work is done, from regular customers.  
Contracts made for yearly and half-yearly advertising (payable quarterly)—made on moderate terms.

## THE SOUTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE.

The recent earthquake in Peru is the most disastrous that has happened since the destruction of Caraccas in 1812. The figures are startling. A score of cities are destroyed; six hundred persons drowned in one place by a tidal wave; fifty thousand lives lost; and half a million persons without homes or shelter! The thing would seem almost incredible, were it not for the well authenticated fact that earthquakes have occurred in various parts of the world which have been attended with far greater disaster. The City of Antioch in Syria, on the east coast of the Mediterranean, was destroyed by an earthquake May 30, A. D. 205, and two hundred and fifty thousand of its inhabitants perished. In 1692, an earthquake occurred in Sicily, by which Catania and one hundred and forty other towns and villages were destroyed, with a loss of one hundred thousand lives. In 1756, Lisbon was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake which lasted only six minutes, and sixty thousand persons were drowned by the inundation of the sea, crushed by the falling walls, or swallowed up in the great chasms which opened in the earth. In 1759, an earthquake convulsed ten thousand square leagues of land in Syria, destroying the cities of Damascus, Sidon, Tripoli, Balbec, Acon and Gaphat, and occasioning immense loss of life, including twenty thousand persons swallowed up in a single valley. In 1812, the city of Caraccas, the capital of Venezuela, and one of the handsomest and most flourishing cities of South America, was visited by an earthquake, which laid the greater part of the city in ruins and destroyed twelve thousand people.

The earthquake seems to have extended north and south over a large territory than any of those previously recorded, reaching from New Grenada to the Straits of Magellan, or from the equator to 50° south latitude.—From east to west the extent was comparatively small, averaging about one hundred miles. It covered the whole region known as the Pacific slope of South America, including the mountain range of the Andes and the narrow strip of territory lying between them and the Pacific Ocean. Quito, the largest and most generally known of the cities which have suffered, is the capital of Ecuador, situated in a mountain ravine ninety-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its population was variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand. It was well built, and contained handsome edifices, among which were the cathedral, the town palaces of the archbishop and president, and the Jesuit's college.—It also contained some large manufacturing, and carried on a considerable trade in breadstuffs. It has often suffered from earthquakes, but never before to so great an extent.—Arequipa, the city which seems to have suffered most by this dreadful calamity, is the capital of the province of the same name. It is said to have been the most beautifully situated and best built city in South America. On a high table land on river Chili, forty miles from the Pacific, and elevated seven thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above the sea, it possessed a delightful climate. The population was estimated at thirty five thousand. It had been destroyed in whole or in great part by earthquakes, on four previous occasions, and, indeed, the whole region affected by the late earthquake has suffered in the same way many times before. On one occasion, the seashore was permanently elevated five or six feet above its former level. Arica, another of the places mentioned by the telegraph, is situated in the province of Moquegua, two hundred miles south of Arequipa. It is one

of the principal maritime towns of Peru, and the port through which most of the trade of Bolivia is carried on. It was once a very flourishing place, numbering over thirty thousand inhabitants; but it is now reduced to three thousand five hundred. The Chincha Islands, which are also mentioned as being visited by this earthquake, are the celebrated guano islands of Peru, about as far northwest of Arequipa as Arica is south of it. They are three small islands, neither extending more than a mile in any direction, and having no inhabitants except the laborers employed in digging the guano and loading the vessels.

The entire region devastated by this terrific convulsion is traversed by lofty mountain ranges, its rivers are huge mountain torrents, headlong and angry, its valleys often only the narrow bottoms of huge chasms in the mountains, and its table lands, with their productive soil and glorious climate, would be the most attractive spots on earth, if it were not for these same direful visitations to which they are subject at irregular periods. The people are principally descendants of the Spaniards and nearly all Catholics. Their educational facilities for the commonalty are limited; but they possess colleges at which the wealthy can obtain a good classical education. The silver mines and the manufactures of wool and silk, are the chief sources of employment; but the masses of the people are not very industrious, their character being sensibly affected by the peculiarities of the country in which they live.

It is a consolation, in reading of this heart-rending calamity, to reflect that our country is almost entirely exempt from such catastrophes. It is pleasant to know, that although scarcely a month passes without an earthquake occurring in some part of the world, yet during the three centuries since the discovery of America, not an earthquake resulting in serious loss of territory covered by the United States.—*Charleston Daily News.*

**THE PULSE.**—The pulse of a healthy growing person beats seventy times in a minute. There may be good health down to sixty, but if the pulse always exceeds seventy there is disease; the machine is working too fast—it is wearing itself out; there is a fever or an inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption, where the pulse is always quick, that is, over seventy, gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches one hundred and ten, or one hundred and twenty, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is all the time over seventy, and there is even a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

Every intelligent person owes it to himself to learn from his family physician how to ascertain the pulse in health; then, by comparing it with what it was when ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his own case, and it will be an important guide to the physician. Parents ought to know the healthy pulse of each child, as now and then a person is born with a peculiar slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 130; a child of seven years about 80; from twenty to sixty years it is 70 beats a minute of declining to 60 at fourscore. There are pulses all over whole body, but where there is only skin and bone, as at the temple, it is more easily felt; the wrist is the most convenient point. The feebleness or strength of the beat is not material, being modified by the finger's pressure. Comparative rapidity is the great point; near death it is 140 and over. A healthy pulse imparts to the finger a feeling as if a woolen string; in sickness it feels harder, like a silk thread; if there is inflammation, which is always dangerous it beats fast, spiteful and hard, as if a fine wire was throbbing against the finger. When the pulse beats irregularly, as if it lost a beat, then hurried to make it up, there is something the matter with the heart. But, however unnatural you may think the pulse is, do not worry about it, take nothing, do nothing except by the advice of an intelligent physician.

*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"Your master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Mistress at home?" "No, sir, she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out, too, sir."

## A CHINESE WEDDING.

A letter from the *Chicago Tribune* says:

The second day of my sojourn in Canton afforded me permission to witness a Chinese marriage procession and ceremony. I was passing through one of the broadest narrow streets when my ears were saluted by a blast from a number of horns similar to those blown through the streets of American cities by half-grown boys on Christmas Eve. I asked of my guide the meaning of the noise, and was informed that it was a wedding procession. I accordingly stopped for the purpose of obtaining a good sight of the novel procession. First there came fourteen hornblowers, dressed in long, flowing scarlet gowns and black hats. These were marshalled by a fellow who marched by their side, carrying in his hand a short sword. He was dressed in a similar manner, with the exception that his hat was red and his garments white. These were followed by a party carrying a roasted hog upon a table; then came a table covered with sweetmeats, a third one covered with fruits, fourth with roasted poultry of every description, a fifth with a sheep, the wool of which had been shaved off, which ever and anon bleated in a most melancholy manner. These tables were carried by persons dressed in white gowns, with the black skull cap so popular in China.

About one hundred persons followed, dressed in gay colors, and then came a sedan chair of the most gorgeous description. It was carried by four virgins dressed in white and red. Immediately behind the chair walked the bride carrying in her hand a small package. She kept her eyes bent upon the ground, looking neither to the right or left. Immediately behind her followed two women carrying small packages in their hands, and behind them were a dozen virgins scattering joss paper in every direction. These were followed by a body guard, who scattered bits of paper throughout the street. A number of other chairs brought up the rear.—Every few yards the procession would halt for a moment and receive the congratulations of those in the street; it would then move forward to the blast of the horns.

The scene was a novel one, and I determined to see its termination; therefore I informed my guide of my determination, and we turned and followed the procession. Passing through a number of streets, the procession at last halted in front of a large house, which I afterwards learned was the house of the bridegroom. The door opened, and the parents of the latter came forth, accompanied by a number of persons dressed in blue, and taking the bride by the hand, led her into the house, and into a large room, in the centre of which, seated on a mat was the bridegroom waiting to receive her.—She seated herself on the mat beside him, and remained there without saying a word until the entire procession had crowded into the room. The parents of the happy couple then had a sort of pow-wow, which the guide could not explain. The parents of the bridegroom then paid the sum of money to the parents of the girl.

The women who had accompanied the bride now advanced to her, and taking hold of her hair unbraided it and combed it out. They prepared a mixture, with which they anointed her hair, after which they proceeded to redress it; this time, however, in the style in which married women wear it. Having completed the capillary labors, they proceeded to remove a portion of dress and substitute for it a robe of a dark color. This having been done, all who were in the room advanced to the happy couple and addressed them, saying many pleasant complimentary things. The feast that had been prepared was now brought into the room, and the work of devouring it began. The doors of the house remained open till night-fall, and the horn-blowers stood in front of it, tooting with all their might, for the purpose of conveying information to the public that a wedding was progressing, and inviting them to enter the house and bestow their congratulation upon the happy couple.

A sporting man being solicited to insure his life, replied: "He'd be hanged if he play any game where he had to die to win."

## RESULT OF THE ELECTION IN MAINE.

The Radicals will of course make a desperate effort to frighten the timid with the result of the election in Maine. There is nothing in the vote which should discourage Democrats. The Republican majority in that State at no time since the Presidential election of 1856 has been less than 22,000, as we will show from the actual results. In every election occurring since then, it has averaged at this figure:

In 1856 Fremont's majority over Buchanan was 28,099, and yet with the vote of New England against him, that of Ohio by 16,923, New York giving Fremont a majority of 50,129, Pennsylvania a majority in his favor of only 208 over both Fremont and Fillmore, he was elected President.

In 1860 Maine gave Lincoln a majority over the combined vote of his three opponents of 27,608. In 1867 his majority over McClellan was 31,122. In the State election of 1864 the Radical majority was

1864	19,180
1865	25,821
1866	27,600
1867	11,342

From the above statement of the result in six general elections it will be seen that the average majority is 22,996. The returns as far as received from the election on the 14th show a gain on the Democratic vote of last year of nearly 50 per cent., while the Republican gain is less than 20. In 1867 the Democrats polled within 1,000 of the highest vote ever cast in the State, while the Republican vote, in consequence of local causes, fell short of 1866 nearly 20,000. In 1868, while the Republicans are scarcely up to their average vote, the Democrats have gained several thousand. As far as heard from last year, the Radicals had not quite 70 per cent. of the whole vote cast, while this year it is less than 60. If they can draw any comfort from the doubtful enjoyment.

**B. F. WHITTEMORE.**—The subjoined extract from a letter published in the *Watchman* of yesterday, gives a graphic description of this Radical leader. We have seen the original letter, and know the gentleman to whom it was written.

When a party is led by such people as this man and many others of his type, we can form a pretty just opinion of its merits.

At the North there may be some respectable men among the Radicals—with them it is simply a political division—but at the South the party and its leaders are alike beneath contempt.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 11, 1868.

\* \* \* \* \* "Yours of the 2nd instant, was duly received. The delay in answering has been that I might look up the antecedents of that thief and scoundrel B. F. Whittemore. I find that about twelve years ago he was employed in this city as salesman by a dealer in lamps and gas fixtures. In about eleven months he stole about five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Was caught at it, arrested and locked up for four days. His friends came forward and offered to make good the loss, if the parties would not appear against him. The man refused to receive the money from his friends, but offered to let him go if he would make a written confession of the whole matter over his own signature. He acceded to the proposition, wrote out and signed the document, and it was witnessed by some well-known gentlemen of this city, and that paper is still in existence, and can be produced if required, and I should not be surprised if he hears from it before many days.

"After this I lose sight of him for a while, but I think he went to California. After a time, however, he turns up as a clerk for Messrs. Iron Founders. He was with some them sometime, and according to their statement to me, he robbed them of a large amount of money—they don't state the amount—but it was larger than the first operation. They kicked him out and let him go at large, because he was a relative of theirs.

"I next find him a Chaplain in the army and you know enough of his history since. During all this time I hear of a great many respectable acts of his in connection with women, gambling, &c., &c., but have not had time to trace them down so as to give facts, &c., but shall continue my investigations, and you will hear from me fur-

ther on the subject. You are at liberty to use this as it may seem to you proper.

**MR BRECKINRIDGE.**—Of John C. Breckinridge the *Observer and Reporter*, of Lexington, Ky., says:

"There seems to be a prospect of the return of this son of Kentucky to his home and friends. The telegraph announces that three of his personal friends, Judge Alvin Duvall, Frank Hunt, Esq., and Hon. J. B. Beck, are now visiting him in Canada, with a view of inducing him, if possible, to make application to the President of the United States for a pardon, so that he can return to his native State. It is stated that the time for filing an indictment for treason against those who participated in the late war for Confederate independence has passed by limitation of the law, and even if it had not, the President can pardon all who apply to him, excepting only such as are now under indictment or conviction. The day when General Breckinridge can return to us in safety will not be more joyful to him than thousands who love and honor the exiled soldier and statesman."

**EDMUND BURKE'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.**—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion or shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight it grows upon you at every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases, they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of every one, but the happiness of every one, but the happiness of every one, but the happiness of every one.

not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness.—Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage, you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and, therefore, never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

Lockjaw, or Tetanus, has long been one of the most formidable symptoms ensuing upon certain kinds of wounds, and it has sometimes baffled all the resources of surgical and medical art. At last, however, a remedy has been discovered that completely conquers it. Chloroform is the beneficent agent. The method of application is by placing a cloth saturated with the fluid along the entire spinal column, and preventing evaporation by covering the cloth with oiled silk. This is done whenever the patient feels the tetanic paroxysm approaching. It averts spasms and causes the patient to sink into a sweet refreshing slumber, which may lead to rapid convalescence. The inhalation of chloroform has hitherto been tried, but with success only when complete anesthesia was produced.

**REMEDY FOR A BONE FELON.**—We have been handed the following remedy for this painful affliction. The gentleman who handed it to us has tested its efficacy with success:

"As soon as the pulsation that indicates the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of a five cent piece, and keep it on for six or eight hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, will be found the felon, easily taken out with the point of a lance or needle."

*Charleston Courier.*

**THOSE WE LOVE.**—At all times, in this wintry life, the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving luster and warmth and loveliness to all beneath the ray.—The passing gleam still seems brighter than the full sunshine.

**A WORD TO BOYS.**—Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father and obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other boys, who respects age, and never gets into quarrels and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort unmade to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day, who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good towards others. Show a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, and if he is not respected and beloved by every one, then there is no such thing as truth in the world.

**LEARN TO WAIT.**—Of all lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to loose hold, or to relax effort, this is greatness, whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear the vision.

The *New York Times* of the 15th argues that because the southern whites are not disfranchised in the reconstructed States "no permanent injustice" has been done to them.—But the same paper claims that permanent injustice has been done to the Georgia negroes in excluding them from office, although they, too, are voters. The privilege of voting is sufficient for the whites, but negroes must have the right to hold office! Thousands of whites are still prohibited from holding office in the southern States.

**A JOKE ON CHILLS.**—We saw a darkey on West Walnut street, yesterday, with about the worst case of chills we ever heard of. His teeth were tattering like a reaper under a full headway. He was eating a watermelon on a curb stone and some one told him that eating would give him the chills. He looked up, with his mouth half full and a slice in each hand, and shivered out: "Dis is de way I tuck de chills, eating dese things. I got de chill on me now, boss; and I likes watermillions better'n I dux de chills, kase dar aint no danger ob it making me shake wuz'n I dux.—I'll eat dis'n of I dies 'fore I git to de rines." We left him "fighing it."—*Louisville Democrat.*

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want carrying out.

The new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she is too young to show much reflection.

Fanny Fern objects to men shedding tears; she says it is an infringement on woman's most valuable "water privileges."

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds of it.

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you got a drum in your ear; nor because you are out out for a school teacher merely because you have a pencil in your eye.

"Young man, what's the price of this all?" asked a deal old lady.

"Seven dollars," was the reply.

"Seventeen dollars!" exclaimed she. "I'll give you thirteen."

"Seven dollars, ma'am, is the price of the alk," replied the honest shopman.

"Oh, seven dollars," replied the lady, sharply; "I'll give you five."

Goethe's mother said of herself: Order and quiet are my characteristics. I despatch at once what I have to do, the most disagreeable always first and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. I always seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles."