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ADVERTISING RATES.

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PARAGRAPHS.

The way to keep your silk umbrella—only lend your cotton one.

The best safety match is said by the *New York Express* to be marrying a rich wife.

Marriage is often the end of man's trouble—but which end?

It is said that more fashionable ladies have "died" young this year than ever before.

A boot and shoe store on 6th avenue, New York, advertises "Women's Rights—and Lefts."

The population of Virginia is said to be declining on account of the people migrating to more prosperous regions.

Providence R. I. has a dog on its police force, and he is one of its most efficient members.

The H. I. Kimball House, in Atlanta, is advertised to be sold in January at Sheriff's sale to satisfy a laborer's lien.

A box containing the mutilated form of a woman has been found at the Grand Trunk Railway depot in Quebec.

A Memphis man who invested \$1,000 in a lottery drew two prizes of \$5 each. Another invested \$10 and drew \$35,000.

A newspaper, like a man, must have numerous and active enemies if it would succeed.—*Experiences Jones.*

You look as though you were beside yourself, as a wag said to a fellow who was standing close to a donkey.

The Emigration Commissioners of New York, have a large number of unemployed laborers on hand who want to go South.

Rumor states that a Michigan Freshman is so short that when he is sick, he does not know whether he has headache or corns.

The friends of a suicide out in Peoria, Ill. resuscitated the remains to get \$400, which the unfortunate had hid in his boots.

A Baltimore workman lighted a match to discover the leak in a gas meter. He discovered it, but will never communicate the intelligence.

A young lady on her way to be married was run over and killed. An elderly single wily savagely remarked, "she has escaped a lazure lingering and horrible destiny."

Howkins, a Mormon, tried for polygamy has been convicted. It was considered a test, and no doubt settles the long disputed point as to the guilt of the Mormons.

The English Government has actually paid a pension of \$1,200.

The Final Debate in the House on the Impeachment Question.

"NEMO," the intelligent correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, thus speaks of the closing debate on the Scott-Parker impeachment:

Tim Hurley stated that what he intended to say would not occupy much time, for he believed that the time for talk had gone. It was now time for the people to act for themselves. When the Governor of the State, under the charge of high crimes in office, could come into the Legislature and buy enough votes to get himself off, it was time to act. The minority of the House had been gagged, and were perfectly aware that the votes amounted to nothing.

Bowen next arose and said he availed himself of the opportunity to say a few words on the subject, because he supposed that it would be the last that ever would present itself. He protested against the action of the House in the name of the people of the whole State. The man charged with having stolen \$6,000,000 from the people has taken the means not to come up to the issue, but to dodge it, and although he might say that the Legislature had exculpated him, yet so far as the action of the House is concerned he will have failed to satisfy any one that he is guiltless of the charge. He appealed to the whole people of the State against this monstrous outrage that had been perpetrated. They were ground down to the dust by taxation to allow these men to roll around in luxury, and when a resolution was introduced calling the thieves to account, they boldly proclaim on the street that a small portion of the ill-gotten gains can defeat such measures. He was going from this House to appeal to the people of the State to rise up and put down such outrages. The orator from Union, Mobley, here arose, and wanted to know in what way did he mean that they were to be put down; by insurance or Ku Klux?

Bowen—I'll tell the gentleman. The people have brought the case before the Legislature, and have, moreover, convicted them on their own figures; and here I would remark that not a single statement has been controverted, not one figure of the charges made and proved, that does not remain uncontradicted. When this House has failed to do its duty, the people have a right to go into the courts of justice and demand justice there; and should that fail, then there will, perhaps, one day, be an election, and they will have an opportunity to remedy those evils. I shall appeal to the people against the tyranny and oppression that has been heaped upon them. The Governor, up to the time that he was impeached, was extremely unjust. Why did the House want to charge the Attorney-General with these misdeeds, why didn't they do so? I know that when the Governor was in New York, he ran away for fear of being arrested. He left, however, a paper in the possession of a certain person, by which he tried to make away with the sterling bonds.

Here the speaker was interrupted by Jones, who read a telegram, said to have been sent by Gov. Scott to ex-Judge Barrett, on the 11th of November, in which Judge Barrett is instructed, that unless Kimpston resigned and settled as agreed before, he (Scott) left New York, to take legal steps against him. This Bowen contended, was written, at the desk of the member who produced it. He then went on with his speech. Alluding to the action of Byas, who had signed the committee report advising impeachment, and subsequently working against the resolution, he said the member from Orangeburg would come into this House and look at the Speaker's stand, and the next moment would, for a consideration, swear that it was not there. This brought Byas to his feet on a privilege question, and sharp cross fring was kept up for sometime.

Whipper next obtained the floor, and made his final speech on the subject. He said he knew it was useless to attempt to fight the robbers, who used their ill-gotten gains to buy the votes of the House; but he thanked God that this was not the last resort.

There was scarcely a man in the House, except those whose political relations placed them above the reach of the slimy minions of the ring, who had not been approached (bought). Talleyrand said every man had his price, and that man (pointing to Byas) had proven by his somersault, that he had his price. In reply to a threat by Byas to hold him responsible in a court of justice for his words, he replied: Justice! Great God, if justice were meted out, that man (Byas) would live in a place where the light of the stars never penetrated. He then went on. Although, he said, crushed by votes purchased with lucre stolen from the Treasury, he had not yielded. The load of this infamous transaction had been saddled upon the Republican party, but he would not lend it his support.

Hurley next obtained the floor, and made the first serious speech I have ever heard from his lips. That "infinitesimal" which is so characteristic of the man, was for once put entirely aside, and he grew eloquent as he went on to say, that if there was any act of his life of which he was proud, it was the fact that he had voted as he did to-day on this question. He would say to those members who had sold out for less than thirty pieces of silver, that he had in his pocket a letter from one of the thieves, in which he (Hurley) was urged to vote against impeachment, and name his figures. He would say to the hirelings of the ring that his vote records the fact that they had not enough money to buy him. He had more interest in the State than all of them put together.

Byas here jumped to his feet, and said that he had known Hurley when he came to this State, and did not have two shirts to his back. Having said which, he sat down, with vague threats of going for him in the courts of justice.

It was at this juncture that the merry twinkle returned to Tim's eye, and with his usual comical blandness, which had

hitherto given way to a sternness quite unusual with the man, he begged to be permitted to ask the gentleman from Orangeburg a question.

Permission having been accorded, he turned to Byas and said: Have you not now in your pocket a check for \$12,203, which was given you last year for reporting the bill for fitting up the State House.

This was a hit that staggered Byas, and with much swaggering talk and many muttered oaths, he left his seat and troubled Hurley no more. He concluded his speech by saying that when men so far forget themselves as to sell their votes, he had sympathy for them, but not contempt.

W. J. Thomas next spoke, and he was in turn followed by Yocum, the latter of whom commenced by saying, that he was one of those happily disposed men who always, when he found himself in the minority, yielded to the good sense of the House. But in this instance, he was not disposed to yield to the good dollars of the ring.

Bowen closed the debate by saying, that he would make this proposition to thieves and robbers. They had asserted that the bonds were issued in accordance with law. He challenged them to pick out an attorney, and make up a case involving the point for the decision of the Supreme Court of the State. If they did not agree to this, they must plead guilty.

At this juncture, a vote was taken on the resolution impeaching the State Treasurer, and it was voted down by a larger majority than Scott received. The vote was as follows on the call of the roll:

Whole number of votes cast, 89; necessary for the adoption of the resolution, 83—(two thirds of the whole number of the members)—ayes 27, nays 63.

Murder and Pillage at Chicot, Ark.

A Memphis dispatch, under date of the 20th, contains the following details of the negro insurrection at Chicot, Arkansas, previously alluded to in our telegraphic columns:

Reports previously sent in these dispatches, regarding the killing of three white men by negroes, at Chicot, Ark., and the evacuation of the town by all the inhabitants, is fully confirmed to-night by the arrival of some fifteen or twenty refugees from that place—men, women and children, many of whom fled without a change of clothing or food, so great was their terror. They report that the negroes to the number of three hundred took possession of the town, patrolled the streets and pillaged the stores and private houses, and set fire to several. The citizens say that the sheriff is powerless, and that although a republican he dare not venture into the town.

The authorities here by one of the several instances the negroes have resorted to rapine, and under no consideration would they permit the burial of the three men killed, and to-day the bodies are probably lying in the woods a prey to the buzzards. Those who arrived here, walked fifteen miles through the woods, at night, to escape the negroes, and are without the necessities of life. A subscription is now being raised and they will be cared for. One of them states that at the time the negroes attacked the town as high as one hundred dollars were offered for skulls with which to get away. Governor Hadley of Arkansas has been fully notified of this, but whether he has taken any action or not is not known. Further particulars are anxiously looked for.

LATER.—A messenger has just arrived from Chicot Arkansas, with letters from prominent representative citizens and the sheriff of the county to the authorities at Washington begging assistance. The messenger states that those who were not able to get away are now compelled to remain in the town by the negroes, all of whom are armed. One boat that contained a family escaping for refuge was fired into by the negroes and one person killed. The negroes then ordered the boat to return to the shore which it did. A reign of terror exists in Chicot.

MIDNIGHT.—It now appears from the statement of a passenger who just arrived per steamer from below, that the plot to release and hang the three white men at Chicot, Arkansas, had been communicated to the negroes living in Mississippi, and that a number of them aided in the cold-blooded murders alluded to in the previous dispatches. It also appears that the origin of the difficulty was a discussion between G. W. Wynn and John H. Saunders, the former a negro lawyer recently from Washington, as to the vote of the county subscribing money to railroads—one defending and the other opposing the vote—resulting in the killing of Wynn as previously mentioned. Saunders and two friends were confined in jail until the 15th, when a body of 100 armed negroes rode into town, and on pain of instant death demanded the keys of the sheriff, which he delivered, and the prisoners were taken out as before stated, and killed.

It seems from the information received to-night, that the negroes have a majority of over five to one, and that they are controlled by republican office holders, whom Governor Hadley would rather not interfere with.—Hence the application made to-night to President Grant to send a regiment of troops there to quell the disturbance and force the negroes to return to their homes. It is further stated that all the negroes within a radius of fifty miles on both sides of the Mississippi River have collected at Chicot, and defy the State as well as the National Government, threatening to burn, kill and ravish if any attempt is made to arrest or punish them.

Beet and turnip leaves if put into pits when the temperature is near the freezing point, and heat down very firm, and then lightly covered with earth, will keep through the winter, and be more valuable next March (because more needed) than if fed out now. Select a dry, sandy knoll and be careful to pack them solid, and not until steady cold weather is about to set in.

Advice to Old Men.

BY A BOY.

I cannot pick up a newspaper without "Advice to Boys" stares me in the face. Old men write it, I suppose. Nobody else is capable of giving advice to boys; of course not! They know all about us, they do, 'cause they've been there. Advice is a good thing to have, no doubt, and no one should be without it; but a fellow don't want to be crammed with it all the time, to the exclusion of all other diet.

Now, old men need advice occasionally; but in looking through the papers I don't see as they get it. So I thought that I would just write a little advice to old men, myself, if I am not presuming too much (as Aunt Chloe says), and I presume that I am.

In the first place, you old chaps ought to get over telling how much smarter you were when you were young than they are now. You believe it yourselves, of course, 'cause you've told it so often, but we boys can't see it. We have a notion that boys are boys pretty much the world over, (except some that are girls), and one generation of them don't lay over another generation to an alarming extent.

Only let you tell it, and you could not run out-jump, out-wrestle and out-anything else the rising generation of to-day when you was a boy. Grandfather, who has the gout and half a dozen different kinds of rheumatism, is always saying that. I heard him singing "I would I were a boy again." I would he were, too; if I couldn't beat him running, and flop him on his back, side hold, I don't want a cent.

I would not go so far as to say parents obey your children, but I would suggest to fathers that they give us a hearing occasionally on matters in which we are the ones most interested. Don't make us go and slide down hill when we want to skate, and try to make preachers of us when we would much prefer to run a saw mill. This is figurative but I guess you know what I mean by it.

After giving us boys sage advice about our conduct and how to behave, you old coppers ought to be careful how you get to relating your boyish scrapes to each other and laughing over them before we are out of our shot. The other day grandfather read me a long lecture about the right of property, temperance and Sabbath-breaking.

That very night, an old croup of his came to visit him, and they had a glass of punch together. They thought I was asleep on the sofa, and the way they ran on about the fun they had when they were boys together. They told all about robbing Lyon's saloon, and that it turned out it was on Sunday night, too! When I went to bed the next morning, my grandfather's rheumatism was a great deal worse the next day, and he was in a great deal about his liver. Old men ought to be very careful about taking too much punch.

I have noticed old men hate to give up that they can't stand so much as they used to, or as younger men can. They get mad if a fellow like me hints that they can't. We've all got to play out some day, and when he feels he's losing his grip, why not come down gracefully and acknowledge the corn?

Now, in the above remarks, I don't mean any disrespect. I like old men in their place, but I don't want so much of their advice. Give the boys a chance.

CHINESE METHOD OF PRESERVING GRAPES.

Travelers inform us that the Chinese have a method of preserving grapes so as to have them at their command during the entire season, and a recent author gives us the following account of the method adopted: It consists in cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin, or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is then completely cleaned out, the ripe grapes are placed inside and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then kept in a cool place and the grapes will be found to retain their freshness for a long time. We are told that a very careful selection must be made of the pumpkin, the common field pumpkin, however, being well adapted for the purpose in question.

IMAGINATION.—

Grace Greenwood, writing from Denver, says: "Nature did antelopes an ill turn originally, in affixing to them a mark by which they can be seen and a head drawn on them at a distance. It renders them especially liable to attack in the rear—which reminds me of a little story. A small Colorado boy, who had been out playing, ran into the house in a state of great excitement, saying he had seen some antelopes in a gulch near by. At his entreaty his mother went out to look at them, but nothing of the kind was to be found.—She became incredulous, and said at last: 'I don't believe you saw any antelopes, my child, it must have been your imagination.' To this the little mountaineer indignantly responded: 'Humph! I guess my imagination isn't white behind!'"

DANGER OF USING HAIR RESTORERS.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says he has under his care two invalid ladies. One has been paralyzed on the right side for nearly three years, and has been utterly helpless most of that time. Her vision has been very imperfect; her knowledge of past events has utterly departed from her; recently she appears to be recovering her recollection, and can count as high as twenty. He attributes her prostration entirely to the use of popular "hair restorers." The other case is not so bad, but had enough. For the past year her eyes have been the occasion of constant torture. The retina has become so sensitive to the light as to make a dark room indispensable. Wheels of burning flame revolve constantly before her eyes, attended by lightning-like flashes, which are terrible to bear. She is another victim to the poisonous lead contained in the same popular nostrum.

From the Elmira Gazette.

A Victim of "Pasters"—A Humorous Incident of the Recent Election.

Among the candidates for office at the late California election was one who was very anxious. On the day before the election several acquaintances suggested that he must secure pasters.

"You can never win old fellow, unless you can get pasters," said they. "You need a great number, too, for every body will 'scratch' in your favor."

The suggestion was pleasant. The candidate counted his cash capital, which lay in his right hand pantaloons pocket. Afterwards he walked to a printing house and ordered the printing of thirty thousand copies bearing his name.

"You will have them gummied and cut, of course," said the printer.

"No, I think not. I'll do it myself," replied the candidate.

Dubiously did the printer man look at him, but, as the cash was paid, he said nothing.

The printing was not done till after nine o'clock at night, and the candidate, who had been walking up and down the hatchway, marched triumphantly toward home with his thirty thousand pasters.

"About one half of them will be wasted," thought he; "the balance added to the straight ticket, will render my election certain."

They sat up all night "fixing" the pasters—the candidate and his wife, and his wife's mother and the eldest daughter spread mullage over the backs of the printed sheets of paper; the daughter hung them on a line against the stove to dry; and the wife and the mother cut until their hands were stiff and swollen. One o'clock, three o'clock, five o'clock came, and still they worked away, yawning at every clip of the shears. The carpet was strewn with scraps of paper, the table streaked with mullage, and the candidate himself was perambulating court-plaster, so gummy was he.

"My dear," said his wife, at half past 5, haven't you enough? My thumb is almost cut in two with the shears, and grand ma is quite done up."

"We had better keep on my love," replied the candidate; "I shall surely need them all."

"Dear me!" said she, "I didn't know there were thirty thousand voters in the city."

"Of course you didn't; women are not expected to know anything about politics."

The candidate had no sleep that night, and at an early hour in the morning sallied forth to distribute his thirty thousand pasters. Then he "worked" all day, spent a good deal of money for whiskey and a good another twenty or so, hours to see the ballots counted. In this precinct—the same in which he had worked so hard—eight hundred votes had been polled, and of these he received two, one being by means of a paster. His luck elsewhere had been no better, and he went home. His wife greeted him with smiles; she was sure that her husband-baby had been elected. And in response to her congratulatory caresses, the brute turned most savagely upon his wife and said—

"My love, yesterday morning I circulated thirty thousand pasters bearing my name. In the whole city I have received just thirty votes. If ever you say 'paster' to me I'll sue you for a divorce. I am going to bed."

SCOLDING.—

If laughing begets fat, it is no less true that scolding is the parent of meagreness. Who ever saw a plump ternaunt? The virago is craggy—cragginess is the badge of all her tribe. It would seem that the attrition of a fierce, exacting temper gives sharpness to the human frame as inevitably as a gritty grindstone puts a wire edge on a broad-ax. Artists understand this fact, and govern themselves accordingly. They invariably represent ladies supposed to be given to "the rampage" as remarkably high in bone. Shrews are thus depicted in comic valentines, and all the illustrations of "Curtain Lectures" have presented the rib of Mr. Caudle without a particle of fat. Lavater, referring to female fire-brands, says, flatly to their faces, that their noses are sharp. We have a dim idea that he mentions some exceptional cases of ladies with snub-noses, who are given to snubbing their husbands; but those form a mild variety and only a small proportion of the genius scold.

HOW TO COOK A HAM.—

The late General Winfield Scott, an acknowledged authority in the culinary art, was of opinion that few cooks knew how to cook a ham, because they did not boil it until soft enough to be eaten with a spoon! A great artist told the writer never to serve a ham under one year old; it was then to be soaked all night in soft water, and if possible, running water; it was to be put on fire in a large pot of cold water, and slowly boiled at least twenty minutes for every pound it might weigh; and as for skinning a ham, he held it to be an outrage, a sacrifice of quality to a mere appearance, which no sensible man should be guilty of. If your ham is served cold, as always done in Europe, it should be soured in snow or ice-water immediately after coming from the pot, because the sudden cold prevents the flow and escape of the juices.

Among the odd applications made at a prominent druggist's in this city recently, says the *Charleston Chronicle*, were the following: "Two rows of shell (rochelle) powders;" "I want rochelle powder—what paper is that buzes?" "five cents worth of distracted senna" (extract of senna); "sulphur and ink for eye-wash" (sulphate of zinc); "bully moniae," (bole Armenia); "tyrants appearance," (Tarrant's aperient); "ten cents worth of gentleman's magnesia" (calcined magnesia); "ten cents worth of Russian salve for an absence;" "one box of Wright's individual pills" (vegetable).

How General Polk was Killed.

An ex-Confederate, writing for the *Westminster Review*, gives the following account of the death of the Bishop General:

"The death of the distinguished man occurred while our army lay in front of Kenesaw. Johnston, with a group of officers, among whom was Polk was making a reconnaissance of the enemy's lines from the summit of the Pike Mountains, a lofty, solitary mound which jutted out from the range, and formed the apex of an acute angle, on which our line was arranged. The situation was a very hazardous one, being commanded or rather reached by guns from any portion of the enemy's lines.

"The unusual assemblage in such a conspicuous place soon attracted the vigilant enemy. A battery in front immediately fired one shot, which we afterwards found out was but the prelude to one of the most fearful shelling I ever witnessed. The group was standing between Young Beauregard's battery and the fifth company of Washington artillery, Johnston being on the works looking through a field glass. The first shot could not have missed him two feet, but the only attention paid to it was to turn his glasses to the battery that fired it. Polk had, in the mean time, separated from the group and was walking thoughtfully away, with his left side to the enemy, his head down and his hands clasped behind him.

"The second shell fired at the crowd struck him in the arm, passed through the body, tearing out his heart, and then crushing his right arm above the elbow. He dropped on one knee, wavered, then fell on one side—dead. I had hardly turned my back, when I heard the murmur of horror run through the line, 'General Polk is killed!' Johnston said not a word, but ran to him and lifted him up in his arms. Hardee uttered a cry, and also rushed forward. He was past all human help. The members of his staff tenderly lifted and bore him from the field."

LOVE YOUR MOTHER.—Little ones, do you love your mother? You will never meet an eye as tender, a hand as gentle, or a heart as kind as hers. No love will ever be as strong as that which she bears you. It was she who nourished you in your infancy, and soothed with pleasure, your feverish cries, when all other ears had grown weary of them. She would cool the heavy brow, change the heated pillow, and answer your countless calls till the stars paled in the heavens, and yet no repining words escaped her lips.

It was your mother who watched over you in childhood, taught your lisping tongue its first words, and gave you the first lessons of your common sense, and if your childish heart was full of joy, or if your brow was clouded, with loving words and gentle manner, she was ever ready to dispense it. In youth, she guided the feet which were so prone to err, into the paths of peace and wisdom.

Then we must love her who so much loved us.

When you go forth into the world, if you are in prosperity, many hearts will be thrown at your feet; but so soon as fortune frowns, these friends will desert you for one more favored by fortune. 'Tis then a mother's love will shine brighter; and in the depth of her devotion will make you forget that the world is cold and cheerless; that friends are false, and that life is a disappointment.

Then let your mother see that you think of her; perform those nameless little attentions which can only answer the demands of a loving heart.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION IN TEXAS.—

One of the exhibitors at the recent Texas State Fair, gave an amusing account of his experience at the hotel which illustrates the crowded condition of the hotels at that time.—"When I got there I just said, 'Captain I wrote you about six weeks ago to save me a room; I hope you have done so.' 'Certainly I have; waiter, show the gentleman to No. 91.' I'm blessed if there wasn't forty others besides myself in the same apartment, and when they went to undress at night the room looked like an arsenal, for every man had a knife and a six shooter or two. My partner had an immense pistol which he coolly took off and placed in bed between us. 'Say, stranger,' says I, 'if I had to carry a thing like that, blamed if I wouldn't put it on wheels.' 'Guess if I choose to wear it, it's nobody's business,' he replied. 'Well,' says I, 'is all of this artillery company in this room?'—About half the occupants were changed every day, and I could tell every new arrival the number of his room as soon as I set my eyes on him. 'Hallo Colonel, just got in?' I would say. 'Yes—just in, and lucky enough to get a room.' 'What's your number?' I would ask. 'Ninety-one,' was sure to be the reply.

FOREWARNED.—

A singular instance of premonition of evil is related by a correspondent of the *Bangor Whig*. A certain musician residing in that city, after playing at a ball in a town some miles distant last Monday night, retired to rest as usual, but was restless and unable to sleep, and a sensation of dread of something wrong took hold of his mind. He strove to shake it off, and courted sleep in vain. So strong did this uneasiness become that he at length arose and took the first train to Augusta, and immediately went to his home, where he found his wife and little son of four years of age both nearly suffocated from coal gas. It was a long time before they could be revived. Had he had been absent an hour longer they would doubtless have both been dead.

A Pennsylvania paper says:—

"Chicago was probably the most populous city in the world, previous to the conflagration. Some fourteen millions of her 'destitute citizens' have passed through this city in the past three weeks. You can't throw a cat in any direction without hitting a 'sufferer.' The dodge is becoming threadbare."