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By D. D. HOCOTT.

TERMS.

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POET'S CORNER.

"Hurrah for the Rights of the State."

BY WARREN R. DAVIS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
[Written for Miss Clara Fisher.]

I.
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
And honor to those, who in her holy cause,
Shall abide by the rights of the State.
Her banner is flung to the air,
Her sons are all rallying around
Her Palmetto blooming resplendent and fair,
As if Moultrie were yet above ground.
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
And honor to those who in her holy cause,
Shall abide by the rights of the State.

II.
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
The people in solemn Convention ordain
To abide by the rights of the State.
Descendants of patriot sires
Who were taught like young eagles to gaze
'Gainst bright arms, unblinking amid their fierce
fires.
Now, now your free standard upraise.
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Give the threats of the cold-hearted tyrants your
scorn,
And abide by the rights of the State.

III.
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Hurrah! for the rights of the State,
And glory to those who in her holy cause
Shall abide by the rights of the State.
Domestic dissensions all o'er,
The star of the South culminates;
Oh! ne'er did it burn o'er an issue before
Like the ruin or ran-on of States.
Then hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Then hurrah! for the rights of the State,
Fond hearts will cherish, and bright eyes look kind
On those who abide by the State.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE ARMY.

The following is an address of the President to the army.

Soldiers to the Armies of the Confederate States: In the long and bloody war in which your country is engaged you have achieved many noble triumphs. You have won glorious victories over vastly more numerous hosts; you have cheerfully borne privations and toil to which you were unused; you have readily submitted to restraints upon your individual will, that the citizen might better perform his duty to the State as a soldier. To all these you have lately added another triumph, the noblest of human conquests—a victory over yourselves.

As the time drew near when you who first entered the service might well have been expected to claim relief from your arduous labors and restoration to the endearments of home, you have heeded only the call of your suffering country. Again you come to tender your service for the public defence—a free offering which only such patriotism as yours could make—a triumph worthy of you and of the cause to which you are devoted.

I would in vain attempt adequately to express the emotions with which I received the testimonials of confidence and regard which you have recently addressed to me. To some of those first received, separate acknowledgments were returned. But it is now apparent that a like generous enthusiasm pervades the whole army, and that the only exception to such magnanimous tender will be of those who, having originally entered for the war, cannot display anew their zeal in the public service. It is, therefore, deemed appropriate, and it is hoped will be equally acceptable, to make a general acknowledgement, instead of successive special responses. Would that it were possible to render my thanks to you in person, and in the name of our common country, as well as in my own, while pressing the hand of each war-worn veteran, to recognize his title to our love, gratitude and admiration.

Soldiers! by your will (for you and the people are but one) I have been placed in a posi-

tion which debars me from sharing your dangers, your sufferings and your privations in the field. With pride and affection my heart has accompanied you in every march; with solicitude it has sought to minister to your every want; with exultation it has marked your every heroic achievement. Yet, never in the toilsome march, nor in the weary watch, nor in the desperate assault, have you rendered a service so decisive in results as in this last display of the highest qualities of devotion and self-sacrifice which can adorn the character of the warrior patriot.

Already the pulse of the whole people beats in unison with yours. Already they compare your spontaneous and unanimous offer of your lives, for the defence of your country, with the halting and reluctant service of the mercenaries who are purchased by the enemy at the price of higher bounties than have hitherto been known in war. Animated by this contrast, they exhibit cheerful confidence and more resolute bearing. Even the murmurs of the weak and timid, who shrink from the trials which make stronger and firmer your noble natures, are shamed into silence by the spectacle which you present. Your brave battle-cry will ring loud and clear through the land of the enemy, as well as our own; will silence the vain glorious boasts of their corrupt partisans and their pensioned press; and will do justice to the calumny by which they seek to persuade a deluded people that you are ready to purchase dishonorable safety by degrading submission.

Soldiers! The coming spring campaign will open under auspices well calculated to sustain your hopes. Your resolution needed nothing to fortify it. With ranks replenished under the influence of your example, and by the aid of your representatives, who give earnest of their purpose to add, by legislation, largely to your strength, you may welcome the invader with a confidence justified by the memory of past victories. On the other hand, debt, taxation, repetition of heavy drafts, dissensions, occasioned by the strife, the plunder of the spoils of peace, by the thirst for the plunder of the public treasury; and, above all, the consciousness of a bad cause, must tell with fearful force upon the over-strained energies of the enemy. His campaign, in 1864, must be from the exhaustions of his resources both in men and money, be far less formidable than those of the last two years, when unimpaired means were used with boundless prodigality, and with results which are suggested by the mention of the glorious names of Shiloh and Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, and the Chickahominy, and Manassas, and Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville.

Soldiers! Assured success awaits us in our holy struggle for liberty and independence, and for the preservation of all that renders life desirable to honorable men. When that success shall be reached, to you, your country's hope and pride, under Divine Providence, will be due. The fruits of that success will not be reaped by you alone; but your children, and your children's children in long generations to come, will enjoy blessings derived from you that will preserve your memory ever living in your hearts.

Citizen defenders of the homes, the liberties, and the altars of the Confederacy! That the God whom we all humbly worship may shield you with his Fatherly care, and preserve you for safe return to the peaceful enjoyment of your friends and the association of those you most love, is the earnest prayer of your Commander-in-Chief.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

RICHMOND, February 9, 1864.

THE SMASHING POWER OF THE ARMSTRONG SIX HUNDRED POUNDER.

The smashing power of Sir William Armstrong's 600 pounder shot gun was tested on Friday, December 11, at Shoeburyness, against the Warrior's floating target. The target is an exact counterpart of the Warrior's side, and measures 18 feet long by 10 feet in height. It is constructed of iron plates of the best homogeneous metal, four and a half inches thick, bolted to a backing of teak 13 inches in depth. Behind this comes two sets of three-quarter inch plates, riveted to massive ribs of T iron, the whole being shored up by slanting beams of fir of immense thickness. The target was moored at 1900 yards distance from the firing points of the 600 and 300 pounder Armstrong, and wooden targets for ascertaining the correct elevation for this range floated close by, a little clear of the iron one.

The first shot from "Big Will" was a dummy cast iron shell, weighing 600 pounds, and was aimed with such unerring aim at the wooden target as to smash it literally to powder. The elevation of the piece in this instance was 2

deg. 5 m. and the charge 70 pounds. The next shot was a steel shell, with a cast iron head, weighing 610 pounds, and containing 24 pounds of powder, which is only four fifths of the charge. Before firing the shot, a consultation took place among the artillerists present as to the elevation to be given, it having been discovered that the wooden target, demolished by the first shot had been moored at 1020 yards, instead of 1000, as had been originally intended. After some discussion, the gun was fired at 2 deg. 10 min. elevation, the shell passing just over the top of the target a little to the right of the central line.

The next two shots—live steel shells, similar in all respects to No. 2—demonstrated in a most surprising way the wonderful accuracy of the gun in obeying the slightest change in elevation. For shot No. 3 the piece was depressed to 2 deg. 3 min., the shell passing through the exact centre of the target, and carrying away a piece of a semi-circular shape. The fourth shot was fired at only 3 min. less elevation, and struck the target as near the centre as possible, making daylight through it, and exploding at the very moment of impact. A hole two feet by twenty inches yawned in the four and a half inch plate, level with and a few inches on the left of the bull's eye. The teak backing was splintered into fragments from the size of the cocoa nut to the merest fibre; and the three-quarter inch plates and one of the ribs were completely torn away like so much paper. In front, below the hole, there lay a huge mass of iron plate, weighing three or four hundred weight, and looking like a piece of crumbled black rag. The plate above the one which was pierced was started from its place and bulged outwards, nearly the whole of the bolts holding it to the target being torn away.

In fact, all present allowed, that since the great battle at gun versus plate had begun to be waged there had never been such a complete triumph for the former combatant. At first it had been intended to try the effect of the 300 pounder upon the Warrior target at 2900 yards, but the first blow at 1000 yards so disabled it as to render a new target necessary. On returning to the firing point the 300 pounder was next tried—four shots being fired; but owing to several causes only one of these took effect, striking the right top corner of the plate, and smashing but not penetrating it, owing to the target having been slewed around to an angle of nearly forty degrees with the line of fire by the fourth shell of "Big Will." This concluded the firing for the day.

London Times.

THE FUNERAL OF THACKERAY.

On the 20th ult., the remains of Thackeray were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery, near London. A London paper thus describes the funeral obsequies of this brilliant writer:

There was but one mourning coach, and in this and the succeeding carriage, which was the private one of the deceased, were seated the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray and Mr. James Rodd, cousins of the deceased; Captain Shaw, his brother-in-law, and the Hon. R. Curzon. The remaining carriages were those of Mr. Martin Thackeray, General Low, Lord Gardner, Sir W. Frazer, Hon. B. Curzon, Earl Granville, and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. The funeral service was read by the Chaplain of the Cemetery, the Rev. Charles Stewart.

When the coffin was placed in the little chapel of the burial ground, a strong desire was manifested by nearly every one to enter the building, but the space inside was soon occupied as far as it could be conveniently, and the pervading reverence for the departed was quite sufficient to prevent any unseemly pressure. After the conclusion of the first portion of the service, the mass of those present proceeded to the grave, which is in a quiet spot on the left side of the cemetery, and not far from the entrance gate. In looking around men were to be seen on every side, whose writings constitute the mental food of our people—the muscle and flesh of our literature. Mr. Dickens was naturally present at the solemnity. Some who were aware of the long established friendship between the deceased and the author of "Sartor Resartus," looked for him, too, in the group; but Mr. Carlyle dislikes crowds and is all but a septuagenarian, and he was not recognized among the spectators.

Among other mourners were Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. John Leech, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Horace Mayhew, in short, the whole staff of contributors to Punch; Mr. Robt. Browning, the poet; Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Theodore Martin, Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Dallas, Dr. W. Russell, Sir James Carmichael, Mr. H. Cole, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Creswick, R. A.,

Mr. George Cruikshank, Archdeacon Hale, Mr. E. Piggot, Mr. Louis Blanc, &c. The numbers present amounted to nearly a thousand.

The scene at the grave, both during and after the ceremony of interment, was extremely affecting. The silence was profound, and every countenance bespoke a deep sense of the loss which the nation, as well as individuals, have sustained. When the service had terminated the Misses Thackeray, two daughters of the deceased, who had formed no part in the procession, but who were in the chapel, approached the open grave and looked into it with a grief which was touching to behold. After they had withdrawn other relatives advanced for the same purpose, and these again were followed by the immediate friends, and successively by almost every body present.

HORRIBLE.—The Chicago Times, describing a cold "snap" at the North, says:

"The suffering and tortures endured by the Confederate prisoners was beyond the power of pen to portray. Unaccustomed to the Northern climate, and cold lake and prairie winds, their light Southern garb was a poor protection against the ordinary temperature of the elements. But with the winds mad as fury, the air filled with freezing snow, suffered as no people ever suffer. Through the crevices of their thin barracks, the wind whistles as if in vengeance, bringing the snow in such quantities to cover the floor and beds upon which they had to sleep. So desperate was their condition that they were compelled to sleep by reliefs. Dividing off into squads of four, two would retire to their cold berths, covering with the blankets of the four, while the others kept up the fire. Thus in turns, of four hours each, did these poor mortals attempt to brave the raging of the storm. In many cases, the snow had frequently to be shaken from the blankets of the sleepers. With all their ingenuity, they could not keep warm, and numbers of them will suffer from the exposure of this dreadful storm for all time to come. To add to the horrors of their situation, many of them were sick, and the wailing wind and searching cold added fresh terrors to their sufferings."

THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

The question of the Dutchies of Sleswick and Holstein seems likely to disturb the peace of Europe, and bring on the collision which the Polish question failed to produce. These Dutchies are attached to the crown of Denmark, but not, as they contend, to the Kingdom of Denmark; the King of Denmark only exercising authority in Holstein or Sleswick, as Duke of Holstein or Duke of Sleswick. At any rate, the rule of succession is different from that prevailing in Denmark proper, as in the Dutchies the Salic law prevails, which prohibits succession in the female line, as in the case in Hanover, by reason of which, on the accession of Queen Victoria to the English crown, that of Hanover became separated from it, and devolved upon one of the King's brothers.

It becoming apparent, during the life of the late King of Denmark that, in him the direct line was likely to fail, he made a decree to render the succession in his different possessions, the Dutchies as well as the Kingdom proper, uniform. A member of a junior branch of the house of Augustenburg was agreed upon as his successor, by a convention held in London, and this action was accepted by the Danish Parliament; but the people of the Dutchies contend that it was not submitted to them, nor consented to by them. They claim to be a part, support the right of Prince Frederick, the head of the elder branch of the house of Augustenburg, and the German Federal forces are prepared to enter the Dutchies to enforce their rights, as members of the Germanic body, and opposed to the consolidation proposed by Denmark. This involves the powers who were parties to the Convention of London; especially England and Russia. It seems that hostilities are inevitable, as neither Denmark nor the Germanic body will yield an inch.

These Dutchies have been long attached to the crown of Denmark, although strongly Germanic in character. Holstein became a dependency of Denmark in 1459. During the revolution of 1848, Sleswick and Holstein revolted from Denmark to join the German Empire, but as that project fell through, so did the revolt in the Dutchies.

In Petersburg, Virginia, Dr. C. Marshall, recently collected from the citizens, in a few hours, \$10,000, to be devoted to procuring artificial limbs for mutilated soldiers.