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By D. D. HOUGHT.

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POET'S CORNER.

GU-TAVUS ADI-VIUS BATTLE SO-G.

Be not dismayed, then my little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle shock
Loud on all sides assail thee;
Though o'er thy fall they laugh and jeer,
Their triumph cannot long endure;
Let not thy courage fall thee.

Thy cause is God's; go at His call,
And to His hand commit the all;
Fear thou no ill impending;
His God shall arise for the thee;
God's word and people shall fully
In God's own time be vindicated.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' name,
Against themselves the Godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be,
God is with us, with Him are we,
To us belongs His blessing.

[From the Columbus Times.]

THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE FRENCH SHIP CATINAR, A FRENCH PRIVATE PRATER, STOLEN THE COPIES OF THE HONORABLE LAWYER'S FLOWERS—New Orleans paper.

Thy wife to thy sweet heart, Oh! France,
I will from these abandoned parts of ours,
Thy wife for that people's attention,
Of love and hope, in prayers and flowers.

Thy wife's hope may fall unmet,
A wife's stay without a light,
Thy wife and I would all be kept,
Thy wife's hope for a future day.

Thy wife's words, with woman's words,
No man's words, a most precious loss,
And having known through all the earth,
Keep with the best, now and here.

Ye flowers, show you summer end?
Ye flowers, show you cloudless skies?
Be of the summer word of God,
To guard the gate of Paradise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUBMARINE OPERATIONS CLEANING THE BOTTOMS OF THE MONITORS.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

OFF MONITOR ISLAND, December 24.

During a recent visit to Port Royal, I witnessed with considerable interest the operations of the divers employed to clean the bottoms of the Monitors, and perform other operations under the water. Messrs. Joseph H. Smith and James B. Phelps have a contract with the Government for the performance of this work, and have been of great use here. The principal diver—appropriately named Waters—is so used to this work that he has become almost amphibious, remaining for five or six hours at a time under water. A man of herculean strength and proportions, when clad in his submarine armor he becomes monstrous in size and appearance.

A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble in the water and disappear from sight; or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a whale, can scarcely be imagined. Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has an envious audience will wave his scraper about as "he boils around" in the water with the air of a veritable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a veritable fact—occurred last summer. While he was employed scraping the hull of one of the Monitors, a negro from one of the up river plantations came along-side with a boat load of water-melons. While busy selling his melons the diver came up, and rested himself on the side of the boat.

The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat, and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet, mixing with the muffled laughter, the fright of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his ears, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Station Creek since. He can not be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

The diver, when clothed in his armor, is weighted with 185 pounds. Beside his armor, he has two leaden pads, fitting to his breast and back. The soles of his shoes are of lead, an inch and a half thick. All this weight is needed to overcome the buoyancy given by the mass of air, forced into the armor and, usually, the latter of India rubber, worn by the diver. When below the surface, he can instantly bring himself up by closing momentarily the aperture in the helmet for the escape of the air. His buoyancy is immediately increased, and he pops up like a cork and floats at will upon the surface. The work of scraping the bottoms of the Monitors is very arduous.

The diver sits upon a spar lashed athwart the bottom of the vessel, so arranged as to be moved as the work progresses and with a scraper fixed to a long handle, works on both sides of himself as far as he can reach. The mass of oysters that becomes attached to the iron hulls of one of the Monitors, even during the summer here, is immense. By actual measurement it was estimated that 250 bushels of oysters, shells and seaweed were taken from the bottom of the Montauk alone. The Captains of the Monitors have sometimes indulged in the novelty of a mess of oysters raised on the hulls on their own vessels.

Besides cleaning the Monitors, the divers perform other important services. They have ransacked the interior of the Keokuk, attached buoys to lost anchors, and made under water examinations of the rebel obstructions. Waters recently examined the sunken Weehawken, and met an unusual danger for even his person calling. The sea was so violent that he was twice thrown from the deck of the Monitor. Finally, getting hold of the iron ladder, he climbed to the top of the turret, when a heavy sea cast him inside the turret between the guns. Fearing that his air hose would become entangled, he made his way out with all possible speed, and was forced to give up his investigations until calmer weather offered a more favorable opportunity.

THE ALABAMA AT SINGAPORE.—The following extract from a letter dated Singapore December 26, and referring to the recent visit of the Alabama to that port, will be read with interest:

The Alabama is not large, barely 1000 tons, but she has the air of a dare-devil craft that would hesitate but little to test her strength against a much stronger enemy. She is very low in the water, and extremely long, but the most remarkable feature of her build is her extreme narrowness; her beam amidships we should set down at a very "little, if anything over 27 feet. She has tremendous spars, and her greatest spread of canvas is in her fore and aft sails, which are of gigantic proportion. Under canvas alone she has gone as much as 13 1/2 knot. Her armament consist of six 32 pounders, smoothbore broadside guns, and two large pivot guns, one fore and the other aft, the former being rifled for 100 pound shot, and the latter a smoothbore for 68 pound shot.

Everything on deck is in splendid order, and of the very best material. The engine room is a picture of neatness, and the engines are double cylinders, of 300 horse power (nominal) though capable of being worked to considerably over that power. Under steam alone she has gone 14 to 15 knots. The impression which a thorough inspection of the vessel, left on our minds, was that she is essentially a handy craft, capable of the most rapid movements, and effective to the extent of her strength. We had been accustomed to think that she was slightly built but this is a mistake, for though wooden built, she presents a side equal in strength to that of any modern vessel of war of her size. When talked to here about the hard push the Southerners were having for it, Capt Semmes pointing to the Confederate flag over his head, said:

"It is no matter, the flag never comes down"—a bold and confident boast, which only time can test the truth of.

GEN. MEIGS LEYS OFF A JOKE.—During the days of the siege, when food and forage were scarce, and the ghastly corpses and bleached skeletons of starved mules lined the thorough-fates hereabouts, Gen. Grant and Quartermaster-General Meigs arrived at Chattanooga. Taking an airing on horseback one afternoon, they passed the carcasses of a huge mule lying by the roadside, whose "ill savor went up" before and around them. The hero of Vicksburg removed his briar root from his lips and said sorrowfully: "Ah, General, there lies a dead soldier of the Quartermaster's Department!" "Yes, General," replied the Quartermaster-General, in subdued tones, "in him you see the ruling passion strong in death exemplified, for the old veteran has already assumed the offensive!"—Yankee paper.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

One of the novelties of the day is the "Infant Prince Quadrille."

The Sultan has presented to the Grand Vizier a thirty-four carat diamond ring, as a token of his regard.

The letters of Napoleon I, which were not published, for certain reasons, in Paris, will, we hear, be shortly issued in London.

Col. W. Burns, son of the poet, has presented to the Burns Monument, Carlton Hill, Edinburgh, the original model by Flaxman, of a statue of his father.

Mr. Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," denies the report that he wrote the account of the Heenan and King prize fight, which appeared in the London Times.

Three of the largest brains in modern times were those of Drs. Chalmers and Abercrombie and Mr. Thackeray; all of whom died suddenly and alone, in bed.

London photographers say that the most popular portrait at the present moment in the artistic world is that of Thackeray, next Miss Estlin, then Miss Kate Terry.

In England, students for the bar are in future to undergo an examination in English composition, literature and history, and the Latin language. They will also be obliged to attend private law classes.

The terror of the great desert of Sahara is being removed by the application of science. In 1850 five wells have been opened, bringing fishes to the surface from the depth of 500 feet. Vegetation is springing around the wells, and the "desert will blossom like the rose."

The "belle" of the last grand ball of the Tuilleries was an English lady, Mrs. Miles, wife of an English officer of Cavalry; she was *fugate principis*—Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere, reminded a supporter of the turban in Paris.

Friday, the 1st of January, 1864, will be ever memorable in the annals of Florence, from the first appearance of a great English institution in the city of Dante—the appearance of police-

The Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, is said to be in a queer way in consequence of private trouble and ill health. He will sign no commissions, and presents a general block to business, so less than sixteen Colonial Governors waiting to have their commissions signed.

Michael Chevalier, in a recent debate in the French Legislative Chamber, divided the population of his country into the following classes: 20,000,000 agriculturists, 7,000,000 workmen, 5,000,000 educated in the liberal arts, 2,000,000 manufacturers; total, 38,000,000.

The Court Journal hopes that Parliament may remove the tolls from the London bridges. The fact that their existence petrifies one half of the metropolis by rendering it inaccessible—for a half penny is a great social barrier for the million—is also in 1864.

The Spectator learns, on the best authority, that Gen. Garibaldi and the King of Italy, who are in perfect accord, are so confident of the spread of war in the spring, that a descent on the coast of Dalmatia is already arranged, for which a celebrated English volunteer, who has before served under Garibaldi, has already received his commission.

A rat hunt was recently held in the sewers of Paris, where the vermin had taken refuge from the cold. They were driven by dogs and yells to a common centre, where, in a large sewer, the dogs were let in upon them, and 110,000 were killed in forty-five hours. Four of the dogs were killed by the rats, and a number made blind.

The Macaulay memorial for Trinity College, in Cambridge, England, is nearly finished. The historian is seated in his college gown, with a book in his hand—his fingers pressed into the open leaves, as if he had been collecting points in an argument. The attitude is graceful, and the face noble.

Capt. Alexander Bowers, of the English Navy, has performed an important exploit. He has taken a one hundred ton ship "into the heart of China, ascending the Yangtze to Hankow, the great tea entrepot, fourteen hundred and six miles by map measure from Shanghai. He found a great city and a flourishing trade, with about thirty British hong, built upon land granted by the Chinese Government, and every sign of great commercial prosperity.

A new morgue, or dead house, has been built in Paris, behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where unusual facilities for the exhibition of corpses are to be furnished. Twelve marble tables are prepared on which to place them. There are also hot water vats, drying lofts and presses, all parts of the curious process of exhibition which make the morgue so peculiarly a French institution.

According to the census of 1851 there were

1504 male and 109 female "authors, editors and writers" in England and Wales. The census returns for 1851 revealed but a very slight increase—namely, 1528 male and 145 female "authors, editors and writers." Thus male authorship, as a district profession, appears to be stationary, while the only augmentation of the literary profession is due to the increased number of ladies in its ranks.

Paris is to have a new flower market. It is to be erected on the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, between the Bastille and the fountain of the Boulevard du Temple, and forms the fifth of its class in that city. Perhaps the Emperor deems it prudent to conceal the bad odor into which his Government has fallen by appealing to the better scents of his people.

The German papers say that Liszt, the pianist, is still in Rome, absorbed entirely by religious practices, and likely to become a monk. Under lock and seals, in the castle of Altenburg, near Weimer, he possesses certain musical treasures which for the last three years have not seen daylight. One of these is Beethoven's piano, made by Broadwood & Son, and selected (in the year 1810) as a present for the great composer, by J. B. Cramer, and his scholar, Ferdinand Kess; also Mozart's piano, made of oak, a square piano (table form), with a compass of only four and a half octaves. Besides these, a modern masterpiece of Erard's—a grand piano, with an organ stop, of the value of £875.

THE PARIS FASHIONS.—A late Paris letter says the Empress Eugenie has made some curious sumptuary edicts this season, one of which is that every visible article of ladies' clothing must be of the same color as her gown. For instance, a lady wearing a yellow dress must wear also yellow boots, yellow gloves, yellow trimmings on her hat or bonnet, a yellow cloak and a yellow parasol. Those wearing yellow, or lilac, or blue, or green, or pink, must form into distinct groups or regiments, so as to constitute a striking coup d'oeil. So you see it will not be according to Hostler for a tinged stretched and speckled lady to walk along Malm-street with *ecru* colored dainties. The female creation will be parcelled off by this law according to color, like matched horses.

A very pretty diversity in costume is about being adopted by the most stylish among young ladies. It is a long, white plaid scarf and other gay colors. This is tied around the neck, and one end left to float aside over the left shoulder, its length reaching nearly to the edge of the skirt of the cloak.

The scoop bonnet is still in full force. The brim has become very small—it still projects over the forehead, but presses closer at the sides, and is frequently tied down with a scarf, which, passing across the top of the crown, reminds us of the old time gypsy hats, of which our bonnets are either a corruption of a modern improvement. Evening bonnets are white, blue or rose color, tied down with a scarf of lace.

COMPANY OF YOUNG MEN.—The young men of Newberry District, between seventeen and eighteen, have, with commendable zeal, organized a corps of over seventy members. The celerity with which they volunteered and the harmony prevailing among them reflect great credit upon the young gentlemen who compose this fine company, and indicated the heroism which we may expect them to display should the fate of war take them to the battle field. The company was organized on the 12th instant. The following named are the officers: W. Holman, Captain; T. A. Thomson, First Lieutenant; H. C. Mosely, Second Lieutenant; W. L. Gray, Third Lieutenant; C. M. Williams, Orderly.

Governor Medary of the Columbus Ohio Crisis, in a late number of his paper, says: In the latest news from Washington in the republican papers, we find this, viz: It has leaked out that the official report puts the Union loss at Chancellorsville, in killed, wounded and missing, at 20,000; 30,000 at Chickahominy, 20,000 at second Manassas, 20,000 at Fredricksburg, and 25,000 at Gettysburg. These appalling figures tell plainly what has become of the grand army of the the winter of 1862. We can't bring back the lost, but we can, as christians and patriots, make effort, before God and man to save a remnant of what is left.

The Duke of Wellington used to give a curious account of the behavior of George IV, while being shown over the field of Waterloo. "His Majesty took it very coolly," he used to say, "he never asked me a single question, nor said one word, till I showed him where Lord Anglesey's leg was buried, and then he burst into tears."