

# The Camden Confederate.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 3.

## The Camden Confederate

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY  
**J. T. HERSHMAN,**  
AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
PAYABLE INVARIABLY HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

### Terms for Advertising:

For one Square—fourteen lines or less—ONE DOLLAR for the first, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent insertion.

OBITUARY NOTICES, exceeding one square, charged for at advertising rates.  
Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

### ADVERTISING TERMS PER ANNUM.

One Square, 3 months,	\$5
" " 6 "	8
" " 12 "	12
Two Squares, 3 months,	8
" " 6 "	13
" " 12 "	18
Three Squares 3 mos.,	12
" " 6 "	18
" " 12 "	25
Four Squares 3 mos.,	16
" " 6 "	24
" " 12 "	30

Eight dollars per annum for every additional square.

BUSINESS, and PROFESSIONAL CARDS EIGHT DOLLARS a-year. All advertisements for less than three months CASH. If the number of insertions not specified in writing advertisements, will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Announcing CANDIDATES, three mths, Five Dollars over that time, the usual rates will be charged.

No advertisement, however small will be considered less than a square; and transient ones charged on all for a less time than three months.

## TO TRAVELERS.

### SCHEDULE

OF THE  
SOUTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.



#### NORTHERN ROUTE.

STATIONS.	DAY TRAINS.	NIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Charleston.....	7 a m	6.30 p m
Arrive at Kingsville, the Junction of the Wilmington & Manchester R. R. . . . .	2 p m	3.15 a m
Arrive at Columbia.....	4 p m	5.20 a m
Arrive at Camden.....	4 p m	.....

#### WESTERN ROUTE.

STATIONS.	DAY TRAINS.	NIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Charleston.....	5 a m	2.30 p m
Arrive at Augusta.....	5 p m	11.15 p m
Leave Augusta.....	0 a m	7.30 p m
Arrive at Charleston.....	0 p m	4.30 a m

#### THROUGH TRAVEL BETWEEN AUGUSTA AND KINGSVILLE.

STATIONS.	DAY TRAINS.	NIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Augusta.....	0 a m	7.30 p m
Arrive at Kingsville.....	5 p m	3.15 a m
Leave Kingsville.....	1 a m	3.25 p m
Arrive at Augusta.....	p m	11.15 p m

#### MID-DAY TRAIN BETWEEN CAMDEN AND KINGSVILLE.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

DOWN.	UP.
Leave Camden, 10.20 a. m.	Leave Kingsville, 7.30 a. m.
Leave Boykin's, 1.08 p. m.	Leave Clarkson's, 7.46 "
Leave Claremont, 1.45 "	Leave Manchester Junction, 8.10 a. m.
Leave Middleton, 2.10 "	Leave Middleton, 8.20 "
Leave Manchester Junction, 2.20, p. m.	Leave Claremont, 8.45 "
Leave Clarkson's, 2.43 "	Leave Boykin's, 9.20 "
Arrive at Kingsville, 3.00, Nov. 8—1st	Arrive at Camden, 9.50, H. T. E. E., Gen'l Sup't.

### Oats and CoPeas.

FOR SALE FOR CASH, AT 'OLD CORNER,'  
November 1 W. BONNEY.

### Election Notice.

AN ELECTION WILL BE HELD ON TUESDAY the 17th of December next at the Court House.

Applicants will hand in their proposals, sealed, to the Secretary. The Commission will meet on that day at 11 o'clock, at the Court House of Mr. E. W. Bonney.

November 8 3 VGHIESON, Sec. P. Ker. Dist.

From the Charleston Mercury.

### THE BATTLE OF PORT ROYAL.

The battle of Port Royal will be remembered as one of the best fought, and best conducted battles, which have signalized the war in which we are engaged.

The two islands of Hilton Head and Bay Point, with their extreme limits, constitute the two points which guard the entrance to Port Royal Sound, about three miles in width. On these two points, two forts were erected—Fort Walker on Hilton Head—and Fort Beauregard on Bay Point. The time we possessed, enabled us to make them only earthworks, without any protection from shells or bombs.

The Island of Hilton Head was commanded by Gen. Drayton. The officers immediately superintending the artillery and conducting the fire of Fort Walker, were Col. Wagner, Major Arthur Huger and Capt Yates, of the regular service, especially detailed by Gen. Ripley to aid in directing the artillery. Col. Dumoyant commanded at Fort Beauregard, but he generously allowed Capt. Elliott, of the Beaufort Artillery, to direct and conduct the batteries of the fort.

The day was beautiful—calm and clear, with scarcely a cloud in the heavens—just such a day as our invaders would have ordained, if they could, to carry on their operations.

In such a sketch of the battle as, amid the excitement and thousands of baseless rumors, we are enabled to present to our readers, a brief review of the earlier events of this memorable week will not be uninteresting.

#### PRELIMINARY OPERATIONS OF THE ENEMY.

The great fleet of the enemy passed our bar on Sunday, the 4th inst., and on the following day was anchored off Port Royal entrance. About 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, Com. Tatnall, with his "mosquito fleet" ran out from the harbor and made the first hostile demonstration. The immense armada of the invaders, numbering, at that time, thirty-six vessels, was drawn up in line of battle; and as our little flotilla steamed briskly up to within a mile of them, and opened its fire, the scene was an inspiring one, but almost ludicrous, in the disparity of the size of the opposing fleets. The enemy replied to our fire almost immediately. After an exchange of some twenty shots, Commodore Tatnall retired, and was not pursued.

About seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, several of the largest Yankee war steamers having come within range, the batteries of Forts Walker and Beauregard were opened, and the steamers threw a number of shells in and over our works, inflicting no damage upon Fort Walker, and but slightly wounding two of the garrison of Fort Beauregard. This engagement lasted, with short intervals, for nearly two hours, when the enemy drew off. The steamers made a similar, but shorter reconnaissance, on Wednesday, but without any important results. On the next day (Wednesday,) the weather was rough, and the fleet lay at anchor five or six miles from shore. During the day, several straggling transports came up, swelling the number of vessels to forty-one. All Tuesday night, and all day Wednesday, and Wednesday night, our men stood to their guns, momentarily expecting an attack, and obtaining only such scanty rest and refreshment as chance afforded.

#### THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.

Thursday dawned gloriously upon our wearied but undaunted gunners, and all felt that the day of trial had at last arrived. Scarcely had breakfast been despatched, when the hostile fleet was observed in commotion. The great war steamers formed rapidly in single file, and within supporting distance of each other, the frigate Minnesota, the flag ship of Com. Dupont, in the van. As the long line of formidable looking vessels, thirteen in number, most of them powerful propellers, with a few sailing men-of-war in tow, swept rapidly and majestically in, with ports open and bristling with guns of the heaviest calibre, the sight

was grand and imposing. This was at half-past eight o'clock. Until the Minnesota came within the range of and directly opposite to our batteries on Hilton Head, all was still. Suddenly, the fifteen heavy guns of Fort Walker, which had been aimed directly at the huge frigate, belched forth their simultaneous fire, and the action was begun. Almost immediately afterwards, the batteries of Fort Beauregard, on the other side of the entrance, also opened their fire. The enemy at first did not reply. But, as the second steamer came opposite to Fort Walker, the hulls of the first three were suddenly wrapped in smoke, and the shot and shell of three tremendous broadsides, making, in all, seventy-five guns, came crashing against our works. From this moment, the bombardment was terrific and incessant. One by one the propellers bore down upon our forts, delivered their fire as they passed, until nine had gained the interior of the harbor, beyond the range of our guns. The Minnesota, still followed by the others, then turned round and steamed slowly out, giving a broadside to Fort Beauregard, as she repassed. Thus the battle was continued, the enemy's vessels sailing in an elliptical curve, pouring one broadside into Bay Point, and then sweeping around to deliver the other against Hilton Head. This furious fire from some four hundred guns, many of them of the 11-inch Dahlgren pattern and some even of 13-inch bore (for a sabot of that diameter was found in Fort Beauregard), was maintained incessantly, and the roar of the cannonade seemed most continuous. Meanwhile, our garrisons were making a gallant defence. They kept up a vigorous and well-directed fire against their assailants, and notwithstanding that their best gun was dismounted at the beginning of the action, they succeeded in setting fire to several of the ships. Whenever this happened, however, the enemy would haul off and soon extinguish the flames. The effect of our guns was, in many instances, plainly visible from the forts. Although the sides of the Minnesota are of massive strength, several of her ports were knocked into one. Nor was she the only vessel upon which this evidence of the power of our fire could be seen. Many of the other steamers were likewise badly hulled.

After sometime spent in sailing round and delivering their broadsides in rotation, in the manner we have described, the enemy's steamers adopted another and more successful plan of attack. One of them took a position inside the harbor so as to enfilade the batteries of Fort Walker, while several opened a simultaneous enfilading fire from the outside. Besides this terrific cross fire, two of the largest steamers maintained the fire in front of the fort. Thus three furious converging streams of shot and shell were rained amongst the brave little garrison for hours. The vessels came up within a half mile of the shore, but nearly all our guns had, by this time, become dismounted, and we were no longer able to reply with serious effect.

Soon after 11 o'clock, the batteries of Bay Point were silenced. The fire of Fort Walker, as far as the guns that remained were concerned, was not a whit slackened, until one o'clock. By that time the dreadful condition of the fort became too apparent to be longer disregarded. The guns lay in every direction, dismantled and useless; the defences were terribly shattered, the dead and dying were to be seen on every side, and still the iron hail poured pitilessly in.

#### FORT WALKER ABANDONED.

In this strait, it was determined to abandon the fort. A long waste, about a mile in extent and commanded by the enemy's guns, intervened between the garrison and the woods. Across this they were ordered to run for their lives, each man for himself; the object being to scatter them as much as possible, so as not to afford a target for the rifled guns of the fleet. The preparations for running this perilous

gauntlet were soon made. Knapsacks were abandoned, but the men retained their muskets. Each of the wounded was placed in a blanket and carried off by four men. The safety of the living precluded the idea of removing the dead. And thus, the gallant little band quitted the scene of their glory, and scampered off, the best they could, towards the woods. The retreat was covered by a small detachment who remained in the Fort for an hour after their comrades had left. Among those who remained were Capt. Harms, with six men, Lieut. Melchers with four men, and Lieut. Bischoff, with four men. These worked three guns until about two o'clock, when they also quitted the post.

The abandonment of Fort Beauregard was equally a necessity. The garrison were exhausted and in momentary danger of being cut off. When Col. Dunovont ordered a retreat, tears of mortification and indignation filled the eyes of Captain Elliott at the sad necessity. The retreat was admirably conducted, and rendered entirely successful by the prudent energy of Capt. Hancock, one of Gen. Ripley's Aids, who had got together some twelve flats at Station Creek, by which the troops passed safely over to St. Helena Island. From there, they passed to Beaufort Island, and reached the train at Pocolaligo without the loss or injury of one man. In this Fort none were killed, and but five were wounded, and two of these were wounded by negligence in loading a cannon, by which hot shot was driven on the powder, without the wet wad preceding it.

#### EVACUATION OF BAY POINT.

The rest of the story is briefly told. Late Thursday night the garrison of Fort Walker had collected at the landing, in hope of being able to reach Bluffton by water. Luckily, several small Confederate steamers were within hail.—But here a ludicrous mistake occurred. The retreating troops imagined the little steamers to be Yankee gun-boats; while the crews of the steamers were convinced that the troops were a body of disembarked Yankees. Acting upon this double delusion, a deal of mutual reconnoitering was made, and it was only after a vast variety of strategic approaches, that they reached the conclusion that it was "all right." A quick trip to Bluffton followed.—Thence the troops marched to Hardeeville, 17 miles distant. The road along which they dragged their exhausted frames was filled with a heterogeneous throng of fugitives of all conditions, carriages, carts and conveyances of every description that could, by any possibility, be pressed into service. The spectacle was a sad one.

Thus ended the defence of Port Royal. The mortification of the disaster is lessened by the consciousness that our troops deserved success.

What injury we did to the enemy, we do not know. Our firing was, of course, less effective than theirs. Our troops were volunteers—their were picked artillerymen. Yet, it is remarkable how few were killed or wounded, amongst our troops. This battle, in this respect, was very much like the battle of Fort Sumter. How so many cannon could have been dismantled and rendered useless, and yet so few of those who worked them injured, seems very marvellous. Our troops did their duty faithfully and bravely, and fought until to fight longer would have been sheer folly. Though encountering immense odds, no signs of cowardice marked their conduct. Officers and soldiers exemplified the ancient character of the State, and deserve our profound gratitude and admiration.

"My lad," said a lady to a boy, carrying a mail bag, "are you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I'm a female boy, does ye ma'am?"

Why is love like a potato? Kaze it shoots from the eye. Heigh, ho!

The gin shops of London have invented a new drink, which they call "Bull Run."