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## FROM CULPEPPER.

From the best information we have been able to obtain, the battle on Saturday occurred in Culpepper county, at a point on the Orange and Alexandria railway, six miles beyond the Rapidan river. The forces engaged were a portion, on our side, of Ewell's division, and on the part of the enemy three or more brigades, amounting to between eight and ten thousand men. The slaughter of the Yankees is said to have been frightful—out of all proportion to the number taken prisoners. An entire regiment whilst charging one of our batteries was ambuscaded and literally annihilated.

The prisoners who have already reached Richmond speak freely of the determined ferocity of the combatants. Among the horrors they tell of is a hand to hand encounter of a Confederate and Yankee regiment; the two regiments, they say, met in full career at a charge bayonet, crossed their weapons and fought furiously for ten or fifteen minutes, when the Yankees giving way before the terrible valor of our troops, were slaughtered to a man. We might credit this story but for the source through which it comes. It is universally acknowledged that a Yankee cannot tell the truth where a bayonet charge is the subject. We had expected that before going to press we should have been in possession of the authentic particulars of this battle, and, perhaps, of subsequent important movements. But at noon yesterday all telegraphic communication between Gordonsville and this city was cut off by the coincidence of the breakage of the wires along the Central road and between Lynchburg and Richmond, and up to a late hour last night the lines remained closed. In the absence of authentic information, the city was yesterday a prey to a thousand rumors, all too extravagant or absurd for repetition.

Richmond Examiner.

**How to Test a Conscience.**—Every one claims to have a conscience—and an honest one at that. But just now one half of everybody, at least, lie when they say they have any conscience at all. The way to test the existence of conscience, is to approach one who has an article of necessity to sell. Let us suppose it to be a pig, that cost originally almost nothing, and now one obliged to have it applied to buy it—the seller knows it, and is aware that he is about the only person, for many miles around who has a pig to spare. He charges fifty cents for it, but will knock you down if you say he is a man without a conscience! or that he is helping Abe Lincoln to starve the South. Take the bacon seller, whose meat did not cost him ten dollars; a few months ago his "conscience" would have taken fifteen cents for it, but now it must have from forty to sixty—would gladly take sixty now, but if he hears of a fool paying a dollar a pound, from that moment, presto change! he can't "afford" to take less than a dollar! His "conscience" won't let him! We will not enquire why he could not "afford" to take less, because he is, beyond doubt, assisting Lincoln in starving the South. The meal and flour sellers who can't "afford" to take less than \$10 for what they were anxious to get six dollars a month ago, also have "consciences" that expand and contract like India rubber. If, reader, you would test the existence of a conscience, find a man with something to eat to sell.—*Milton Chronicle.*

**Manufacture of Colt's Revolvers.**—We were equally surprised and gratified, on Saturday last, at the sight of a Colt's Navy Repeater, made at the machine shops of the Messrs. Griswold, at Griswoldville, on the Central Railroad, about twelve miles from Macon. The weapon had just passed the inspection of the Confederate Superintendent of Armories at this place, and a contract had been made for as many as the manufacturers could produce, which they thought would be, for the present, about five a day. The pistol to our inexperienced eyes, was as well finished as those made by the patentee himself, and we have no doubt equally as efficient. These weapons are designed for the cavalry service.

The specimen before us was the first fruit of the skill and inventive ingenuity in elaborating machinery and tools for the purpose of men who had never seen a pistol shop, or a single tool or piece of machinery for making them. The machines now in use have all been contrived and built since last March, and the force of the establishment diverted from the manufacture of cotton gins to the making of Colt's revolvers. With the well known resources

and enterprise of this concern, we need not say the business under their hands will grow to meet any demand likely to be made upon them. This is a strong illustration of the power of the South to supply her own wants. We certainly had no idea that a manufactory of Colt's pistols would spring up near Macon in 1862.

Macon Telegraph.

**Heroic Incident in New Orleans.**—We are indebted to high authority for the facts of the following occurrence in New Orleans, intelligence of which reached this city yesterday: Mrs. H. M. Hyams, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of the State, passed on the street a number of Yankee officers sitting in a doorway as she went by. One of them arose and followed her a few steps, and, arresting her progress by placing himself in front of her, told her that she had omitted to bow in passing.—She attempted to avoid the ruffian, when he repeated his remark, and asked if she had read Gen. Butler's "Order No. 28" with reference to the treatment of Union officers and soldiers with respect. Endeavoring to pass the fellow, he threw his arm round the lady's waist, and pressed his foul lips upon her face. As the villain released her from his embrace, the Southern lady coolly drew a pistol and shot him through the body, so that he fell dead at her feet in the insolent flush of his cowardly triumph over the insulted virtue of a feeble and unprotected woman.

Another of the officers immediately arose, and approaching the noble and courageous lady took her by the arm and told her, so that the other Federals could hear, that she must accompany him before General Butler. He immediately placed her in a cab and drove away—but not to the beast's quarters. He directed the cab out of the city and through the line of sentries, and further on still, until beyond the reach of the tyrant's outposts. The act of the heroine had made a hero of the witness. He told her that he considered her act justifiable and noble, and that in a moment he had determined that she could not be sacrificed to Butler's vengeance, and adopted the expedient by which he had rescued her. He continued to escort her on her journey through the country until they arrived in the Southern Lines at Camp Moore, when he delivered himself up to the Confederate authorities to be dealt with as a prisoner or otherwise.

So ends this heroic and dramatic incident of the war. Mrs. Hyams has set a lofty example for Southern women, and the gallant gentleman who delivered her has shamed his army and the whole North.—We trust he has renounced forever the service of the oppressors, and that a rank equivalent to his deserts may remark him in ours.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

**A Despotism.**—People are sometimes inclined to pronounce some of the acts of our Confederate Government as harsh and verging to despotism; and but for the plea of war's necessities there would be serious complaint that score. But nothing done here will compare with what we now witness in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," as the United States was formerly called with some show of reason. We copy from the Richmond Enquirer an article on the recent despotism of the Lincoln Government.

The action of the authorities has been quite in accordance with the spirit of these orders. The entire editorial corps of a Harrisburg paper has been arrested and carried off to Washington, and the paper consequently suppressed, for the publication of an apparently harmless piece of ridicule of Gen. Lane's proposal to raise a free negro regiment. But the rarest scene occurred at Baltimore on the evening of the 8th. The Baltimore News Sheet tells of the arrest of nearly two hundred persons who were at the depot about to take the cars for Philadelphia. They protested that they were only about to take a pleasure trip to the North, but the authorities close to suspect them of an intention to leave the "land of the free" and fly to some of the European despotisms, to avoid the draft and other tender mercies of "the best government on earth." In some instances men in company with females were arrested. They were all held in custody, till after the train had started, when they were released and allowed to return home, the baggage of many of them being taken away in the cars. This at 7 P. M. At 9½ P. M. the same scene was enacted again, but only 10 or 15 persons ventured to apply for tickets. At other places five other persons were arrested and confined.

Among the outrages of this yankee despotism, we are glad to see that one has touched the Kentucky Lincolnite, Gen. Leslie Coombs, who deserved better from

those who have profited by his treachery to his native South. He publishes a correspondence complaining bitterly that his widowed daughter, who lives in his house at Lexington, was arrested at Cincinnati, at a hotel where she was alone, and her person and baggage searched by strangers, in pursuance of a telegram from Lexington. Coombs is indignant at this; says that it ought to have been done at his house, if anywhere; says no man doubts his loyalty, &c. &c. We rather think this is a mistake. The circumstances show that he is doubted. People who benefit by treason will love the treason but are sure to despise the traitor.

**A War of Extermination.**—There is a rapid progress towards such a war, which we have long been convinced would occur. In addition to the accounts of burnings and murders near Nashville, in another column, we see the following in a yankee letter from Springfield, Missouri:

"There is an excited state of feeling, and 'death to the guerillas' is the motto.—Seven guerillas were hung in one day by a party of citizens, who joined together for a fox chase."

Lincoln has not responded to President Davis's order in regard to Pope's officers being held as hostages for our guerillas and citizens who may be executed. We think he will not respond to it, and thus soon we shall hear of the hanging of some of Pope's officers now in prison at Richmond. This cannot be avoided. It will be a necessity. And then will follow other executions on both sides. For all of which the world will justly hold the vile yankees responsible.

**A Refinement of Barbarians not known to Aboriginal American Tribes.**—The medical practitioners of Northampton co., in this State, have refused to take out license coupled with an "oath of allegiance" under the sham government of Pierpont, and decided to continue their ministrations among the sick "free of charge." Their benevolent determination soon became known to the military governor of the Peninsula, and was as speedily followed by an order of prohibition, affixing the penalty of imprisonment to any physician who should administer a dose of physic to his sick friends. A quintessence of cruelty unwritten in civilized history!

Rich. Examiner.

**A dispatch from General Pillow** to a friend in Brandon states that Curtis' army have driven off, by force, nearly four hundred negroes belonging to him; killed one of his overseers and got three others in jail, and literally laid waste his magnificent plantations. He is thus nearly reduced to poverty at one fell swoop of the enemy, for his devotion to Southern rights.

Pet. Express.

**No Use for Quinine.**—Mr. Editor: I beg to make public through the medium of your paper, the following certain and thoroughly tried cure, for ague and fever: 1 pint of Cotton Seed, 2 pints water boiled down to one of tea, taken warm one hour before the expected attack. Many persons will doubtless laugh at this simple remedy, but I have tried it effectually and unhesitatingly say it is better than Quinine, and could I obtain the latter article at a dime a bottle, I would infinitely prefer the Cotton seed tea. It will not only cure invariably, but permanently, and is not at all unpleasant to the taste.

Yours truly, &c.,  
H. G. D. BROWN,  
Copiah County, Miss.

**Important Victory at Gordonsville.**—At the Meadow Bridges, five miles north of Richmond, between the hours of 4 and 6 P. M., on Saturday, a heavy and continuous cannonade was heard in the direction of Orange C. H. We have since learned from a trustworthy source that about the time indicated an engagement between the advanced forces of Pope and Gen. Jackson was fought, resulting in a decided victory for us, at a point on the Orange & Alexandria Rail Road near Orange C. H.

We have as yet been unable to learn the particulars.

P. S.—Since the foregoing was written, we have received the glorious news of a complete victory over Pope's forces, in which we have taken as prisoners one of his Brigadier-Generals and twenty-nine commissioned officers, all of whom arrived at Gordonsville last night handcuffed.

Rich. Examiner.

**Votes of Randolph.**—Vance 1287; Johnston 49. For the Senate, Giles 960; For the Commons, Worth 852; Robbins 622; Winslow 303; Balla 166; McMasters 76.—*Patriot.*

## COL. VANCE, THE GOVERNOR ELECT.

Col. Z. B. Vance, the Governor-elect of this State, arrived in this City on Saturday last, and took lodgings at the Yarrowburgh House. At night a large number of citizens, spontaneously assembled, waited on him, and called for a speech. Though fatigued by travel, and not in as robust health as usual, owing to the hardships of camp service, he nevertheless responded in his best manner, and for some twenty minutes entertained his audience with remarks which elicited the most enthusiastic approval and applause.

He thanked his fellow-citizens for the compliments implied in their call upon him. We had just passed through a somewhat excited election. The people had taken their own affairs into their own hands, and had given a majority for the Conservative cause and for him, which for magnitude was like the deluge when compared with all subsequent risings and overflowings of the waters. There had been a feeble attempt to create and array parties in the midst of war, but the people would have none of it, and had so declared by their votes. The street corner politicians and the politicians who had mounted stumps and pine logs and harangued the people and urged them to go with them, had been quietly and firmly told that they would do no such thing—that they were determined to do their own voting even in war times like the present; and, by their verdict at the ballot box, they had acted for themselves, not for party, and had told these politicians to take their seats for a while, at least, at the lower end of the table.

Many hard, and some unjust things, had been said of him during the campaign.—It has been said that he was not in the fight, at Newbern or Malvern Hill. He had been of the opinion that he was in those fights; but he confessed that, in this respect, he was very much in the frame of mind of one of Mr. McDuffie's clients who had been arraigned on a capital charge. That great advocate made a speech in defense of his client which drew tears from the Court, the Jury, the audience, the women, children and all; and the result was he was acquitted. After he had paid Mr. McDuffie his fee, which was a good one, of course, the latter said to him, calling him by his name—"You are certainly guilty of that crime." "Not a bit of it," responded his client, "I thought I was guilty before you made that speech, but I am certain now that I am not." I thought, said Col. Vance, that I was in both of those fights; but after the efforts made to prove that I was not, I am willing to admit that I was not there—though, said he, I do retain an indistinct recollection of the bullets that whistled around my ears. There was one thing, however, which he felt sure his opponents would admit, and that was, that he was in the race for Governor.—The illustration, and the good-humored manner in which he referred to this charge, produced roars of laughter.

But seriously, said Col. Vance, we must forget, if possible, the character of the late political campaign, and the unfounded charges with which his friends and himself had been assailed. He wanted the people to feel, as he felt, that the first, the great, the absorbing purpose now should be to beat back our invaders and establish the independence of this glorious Confederation of States. He desired to forget even that it had been charged that he and those with whom he had acted, were for a return to the old Union. Such a charge struck him as monstrous. Was it for this that North Carolina solemnly dissolved her connection with that government? Was it for this that she had organized nearly sixty regiments, and had poured out her treasure and the blood of her sons like water, on every battle-field, from that of great Bethel to the crowning victories below Richmond? Was it for this that our people were submitting cheerfully to all kinds of privations at home, while our brave boys were daring disease, and wounds, and captivity, and death in the face of the enemy?—Was it for this that our women and children had contributed of their household goods—the work of their delicate fingers—unaccounted stores of provisions for our troops, encouraging those who were already in the field, and bidding others go to their aid?—Was it for this that many of these women and children, on hundreds and hundreds of farms, were toiling day by day in the burning sun, with bare feet, following the plough, handling the hoe and the axe, that they might produce and gather the harvests for sustenance while their husbands, and fathers, and sons, and brothers were engaged in the fight? No, said he, gentlemen, our people are properly and tarbly in earnest. Their eyes are fixed

on the goal of independence, and they will reach it, happen what may; and I want you, and I want all the people of the State, to aid me with all their energies, all their means, and all their confidence in this mighty struggle, until the Confederate States shall stand proudly among the nations free and independent. He would not characterize the charge made against his friends and himself of being reconstructionists. The people, at the polls, had done that. The people had been a unit from the first in their resistance to the Northern government, and in their determination to establish their independence. They were a unit now. He forgave those who had thus assailed him, as he hoped his friends would; and he would forget it, if he could. He hoped God would forgive them for such a charge, brought on such insufficient grounds, against their own fellow citizens for party purposes. For his part he was determined to know no party during this war. He should think only of the best means to establish our independence, and in this great work he asked and expected the co-operation and support of all.

Col. Vance then referred to the number of troops furnished for the war by North Carolina, and the manner in which those troops had conducted themselves in the service. He knew that our people were as determined as they were modest in their character, and always in earnest in what they undertook; but he was not prepared for this brilliant dash in their nature which they had exhibited on the battle-field.—He had looked for steady, unyielding courage; but they had shown themselves among the foremost, if not the very foremost in the use of the bayonet. A Yankee prisoner, who was evidently a close observer, had said to one of our soldiers, "You North Carolinians have less sense and less powder than any soldiers I ever saw."—"Why do you say that?" responded the soldier. "Because," said the Yankee, "whenever we saw a North Carolina regiment in the late battles, they were double-quickening towards us; and pretty soon some little fellow in gray uniform would step out in front of them and say, 'fix bayonets,' and then he would say, 'charge bayonets,' and they would come right at us in a quick run." "I really believe," said he, "that your soldiers don't get their full powder ration, for they never shoot more than once before we hear that everlasting order, 'fix bayonets.'" He thought our soldiers had a special fancy for empty muskets.—This, said Col. Vance, was the highest compliment which could have been paid to our troops. He also referred to the exalted character which our State maintained for her integrity and honesty among her sisters, as was evidenced not only by the scrupulous fidelity with which she had thus far observed all her obligations to the common government, but by the high price which her bonds commanded in the Richmond market. It was the duty, as it should be the pride of our people to maintain this character under all circumstances.

Again thanking the assemblage for the honor done him by calling upon him, he bade them good night, and retired to his room. His remarks, as we have stated, were most enthusiastically received, and we are glad to learn that they gave satisfaction to many of those present who had voted against him.

Col. Vance left in the cars for his home, in Buncombe, on Sunday evening. We are gratified to have it in our power to inform our readers that his inauguration as Governor, on Monday the 8th day of next month, will be public. A large concourse will no doubt attend to witness the inauguration. The oaths of office will be administered by Chief Justice Pearson, or by some one of the Judges of the Supreme or Superior Courts.—*Rel. Standard.*

Lincoln's order for a draft is working up a tremendous excitement in the Northwest, and is likely to lead to a bloody issue. At a meeting recently held in Ohio, the Democratic candidate for Congress spoke of the draft as follows:

"The President has issued his proclamation for three hundred thousand more troops, and Congress has passed a law authorizing him to draft them. There is an election this fall, and they want to carry it. They want to draft Democrats; they will draft them to prevent their voting. They have the power, and can so arrange it. You will not be cheated. I tell you, you will not submit to these wrongs. You will see blood. If they attempt to arrest us and take us from our families to support an Administration in its violations of the Constitution we will resist, even to blood."

**Cotton Seed Soap.**—Put cotton seed into a large and strong iron pot, in small quantities at a time, mash them well with a wooden pestle, and then pour in a certain quantity of common ley, and boil thoroughly; strain in an ordinary sieve, and proceed in the usual way, in drying and cutting into cakes.