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## Price of the Paper!

We find it absolutely necessary to ensure ourselves against loss in publishing the paper, so advance the rates of subscription. The price will, therefore, be, from the 7th instant, THREE DOLLARS for six months. For the present, subscriptions will not be received for a longer time.

December 7, 1863.

## The German Heroine—An Exciting Story.

It was in the year 1832, towards the close of November, a slight snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rottwell, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travelers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The inn keeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself; housekeeper and maid to mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet de chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travelers having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected around the stove—Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robber *chef d'oeuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition, unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings.—All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travelers before mentioned, offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, was quietly spinning in the corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn door should be kept open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesita-

tion, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed; Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's foot struck upon her ear. The terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought, she unloosed the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but, redoubling her speed, she reached the barn-yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away.—When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to the saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn keeper, his wife and his guests, all set off to the neighboring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with their last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant-maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice, some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by, when there came a knock at the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little while. Krettel at first refused; but, on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose horse had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveler desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but, on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and, turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment.—When they reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close against the wall; the man, uttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveler, and then barricaded herself secure in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveler who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless,

she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was high deserting her, for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell upon a musket, which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend. The two robbers—for such they were—could no longer be doubted—strenk dumb at the sight of fire-arms where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position. At last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear amounting almost to despair gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what happened: the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse, and valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

## KNOXVILLE.

The Abingdon *Virginian*, of Friday last, contains the following:

We were entertained a few evenings ago with an interesting narrative of the state of affairs in Knoxville, by a very intelligent gentleman who had been there from the time of its occupation by the Federal army until about three weeks ago, when he watched his opportunity and slipped out between the pickets. He says the character of Federal rule and policy there has pretty well cured the Union men of their Unionism, and has more firmly and resolutely determined Southern men to fight them to the bitter end to throw all the weight of their services and influence in the scale of Southern independence.

When he left, about the 10th of January there was a vast deal of sickness in the city, besides some 350 cases of small pox. We have heard from another source, that they bury the dead in the yards and gardens, or wherever most convenient. Our informant says there were not less than 100 dead horses and mules lying in the streets, and for a mile or two round the whole face of the earth was strewn with decomposing carcasses.

Those who have been at Knoxville will remember, that there were many beautiful ornamental trees and in the grounds of private residences. All these have been cut down, either in wantonness or for fuel, and not one left standing. Even those in the Asylum grounds, and in that vicinity, have all been felled and consumed.

The oppression of Southern citizens, is the most despotie ever heard of in a civilized and Christian country. They are not allowed to follow their occupations, or to sell or

buy, without a permit from Gen. Foster, and cannot obtain this without taking the oath of allegiance. Nor is this all—without the means of procuring food, they cannot even draw the scanty rations allowed loyal subjects, without swallowing the detestable oath—hence some have been starved into compliance. The rations issued, are one hard cracker per day, and a little lean, blue, stringy beef. This beef is driven from Kentucky, and as no forage can be had from Cumberland Gap to Knoxville—a distance of 63 miles, the cattle necessarily become about as thin as Pharaoh's "lean time," and many of them die by the way from fatigue and starvation.

Our informant also says that there is scarcely a panuel of fence or a frame out-house left in the city, all having been used for fuel, while all the churches and hotels as well as stores and residences, have been converted into hospitals. Many of the citizens have been compelled to crowd themselves and their effects into one or two rooms, while the balance of their large and comfortable mansions is appropriated to officers' quarters.

The whole country round, as well as the city, is one broad waste of ruin and desolation. From Knoxville to Loudon—a distance of 30 miles—scarcely a rail or farming implement is left, and what little furnished stock remains, wanders at large to nibble a scanty subsistence from the naked fields. The beautiful and fertile estate of the Messrs. Lenoir, one of the finest in East Tennessee, is as bare of provender as the Great Sahara, and those gentlemen themselves forced to the alternative of drawing Yankee rations or starving.

This is a disheartening picture truly, and we give it for the benefit of those who may think that Yankee exactions are not much more oppressive than Confederate requirements. Let it be borne in mind that what is true of Knoxville and the adjacent country now, will be true of every inch of our country upon which the vandal is permitted to plant his foot. Are we willing to endure this, or even to remain at home in comparative comfort while so many of our friends and fellow countrymen are enduring it? We are called upon to take up arms to defend our families and homes, as well as our country and our rights, and the man who shirks this duty with ability to perform it, deserves just such treatment as he will be sure to receive, should he ever get into the coils of Lincoln's anaconda.

*Eastern North Carolina.*—A gentleman from below has furnished us (says the Raleigh *Confederate*) with a handbill copy of the Yankee Provost Marshal's "Notice," at Washington, which we copy below. It will be seen what tyranny and oppression the citizens of that section are subjected to. And after reading, if there be any one who wishes to be restored to Lincoln's Government, we hope he will be given a "free pass" to Washington without delay. Here is the document:

## NOTICE.

Provost Marshal's Office,  
Washington, N. C., Jan. 18, 1864.

The attention of the Provost Marshal has been called to the fact, that many persons are resident within the lines at Washington and under the protection of the United States forces, who have not taken and subscribed to the Oath and Parole required by General Order No. 49, Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

The terms of this order require that NO PERSON can have any protection, favor, passport or privilege, or have any money paid them, who does not take and subscribe to the Oath and Parole. Notice is therefore given to ALL PERSONS of the years of discretion, MALE AND FEMALE, that one week's time from this date will be allowed for the purpose of taking the Oath and Parole.

T. J. HOSKINSON,  
Captain and Provost Marshal.

*A Rover.*—The largest locomotive in the United States, if not in the world, has just been built for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. It has 12 driving wheels and weighs more than 100,000 pounds.

Newly every paper in North Carolina has spoken out in opposition to the movement now on foot to have a State Convention called. The Milton *Chronicle* has the following article on the subject:

*Convention.*—The proposition of a State Convention, as sprung by the Standard, is a proposition that smells of base ingratitude if not of treason of the deepest dye. We protest against it. What do we want with a Convention? The Standard says to make propositions of peace! but we warn the people in time, that the object is something more—it to secede from the Southern Confederacy and go back to the vile embraces of Lincolnism—this is the object, in veiled disguise. And we ask the people if they are prepared for it? If they are, they are prepared to cover themselves with shame and infamy. The blood of Carolina on a thousand battle fields cries out against it. And if we are men instead of milk-livered traitors, we will oppose it to the death.

It is these lugubrious cries for peace, when there is no peace—these calls for a Convention, "to get peace"—these demonstrations of division, dissention and dissatisfaction with the Government, that prolong the war. They nerve the arms of the enemy—inspire him with hope of success, and invite him to hold on and fight the harder. This is all that we could accomplish by sending Commissioners to prostrate themselves at the unhallowed feet of Lincoln and with pallid lips and blanched cheeks beg him for peace! And this too in the face of the fact that he has time and again proclaimed to us his only terms of "peace"—terms as degrading as they are tyrannical and destructive of the property of the South and oppressive to freemen. If a man comes to your house to whip you and make you do his bidding, and while fighting you tells you that nothing but submitting to his behests and giving up a certain piece of property transmitted to you by your fathers, wouldn't you know on what terms you could get peace, without asking him to let you send a friend to him to plead for peace? Besides, would he not think that you were whipped and ready to give up? Would he not fight the harder and longer?—Would he not insist on his terms of peace the stronger! Common sense says he would.

## THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

A correspondent of the Columbus (Ga.) *Times*, dated at Dalton, Jan. 20th, writes an encouraging letter concerning the Army of Tennessee. He says:

The condition and numbers of the Army of Tennessee, since I last wrote you, have improved daily and rapidly; and if the recent enactments of Congress are rigidly enforced, and the people aroused to the dangers threatening the success of this mighty contest for civil and religious liberty, the budding spring will witness an army marshalled and ready to meet the invader, sufficient in number and spirit to drive back the tide of invasion which promised, a few weeks since, to desolate our beloved State. Whatever may be the public opinions as to the justice of the anti-substitute bill, no one acquainted with its beneficial effect upon the soldiers in actual service, can gainsay the propriety, if not the absolute need, of such a law. The first and most important result of its repeal was the change visible in the tone and temper of those who, for three years, have manfully breast the storm of war in this department, and from inability or an honorable determination not to avail themselves of its advantages, have suffered hunger, pain and peril, whilst their more fortunate or less patriotic neighbors have enjoyed once, comfort and safety. Men had become morose, and melancholy forebodings of disaster and defeat filled the minds of all. A pall of despair settled upon us, enveloping officers and men in the cheerless folds; but, as a ray of light, athwart the midnight darkness, came the repeal. Substitution died and hope revived; and now, to-day, no army on this continent stands more cheerful, hopeful or defiant before the enemy.

*A Battle-scarred Hero.*—General James H. Lane, aged twenty-eight years, volunteered April 28th, 1861, from Charlotte, N. C., and was commissioned Colonel, September 21st, 1861. He was wounded at the battles of Frazier's Farm and Cold Harbor; was in the battles of Big Bethel, Hanover Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Melvern Hill, Cedar Run, Warrenton Springs, Manassas Junction, Manassas Plains, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg and Shepardstown. He took command of the Brigade after the fall of Gen. Branch, and for his good discipline, gallantry and soldier-like conduct through all the campaigns, he was promoted to the command of the Brigade, November 1st, 1862, with the rank of Brigadier General.