

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

WEEKLY.

VOL. XXI.

SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH 7, 1864.

NUMBER 41.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER—Three dollars for six months. No subscriptions received for a longer time, at present.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—\$2 per square for the first insertion and \$1 per square for each subsequent publication.

From the Wilmington Journal.
Rough Notes of a Brief Campaign, to Shepardsville.

MR. FULTON:—Doubtless your readers have, ere this, read Gen. Martin's report of his expedition to Shepardsville, forming part of a plan, which, had it been carried out, would have expelled the foe from the soil of North Carolina.

Gen. Martin, then, left Wilmington on the morning of January 28th, 1864. His whole force consisted of two regiments of his brigade, the 17th and 42d Regiments of N. C. T., two companies of cavalry, and Captain Paris' battery of six 12 pounders, and Captain Ellis' battery of four 6 pounders.

Gen. Martin had received orders to co-operate with the forces making the attack upon Newbern, by cutting the railroad at Shepardsville.

Nothing of interest occurred on the march until we had crossed the White Oak River, and had gone some distance beyond, where our cavalry advance picked up a Yankee, who had deserted from the enemy the night previous. From him Gen. Martin obtained full information of the enemy's forces, the number of guns he had, and the position of the block-houses and forts.

That night we encamped fourteen miles from Shepardsville, in a dense swamp, whose murkiness and gloom were increased, if possible, by a rain which fell through the night.

Notwithstanding the forced march of the previous days, and the discomfort of the night, the troops rose with cheerfulness and alacrity, and prepared for the day's toilsome march, and for the battle.

Eight miles from our camp of the night before, the Yankees had posted cavalry pickets. Our cavalry made a gallant dash at them, and succeeded in capturing all but one. Here we lost a gallant officer, Lieut. Muse, of Captain Harris' company of Georgia cavalry. Strict orders had been given that our cavalry should not fire for fear of alarming the enemy. Lieut. Muse attempted to capture one of the Yankees, and while pursuing him, was shot dead. Beloved by all who knew him, he nobly gave his young life to his country.

After this exciting little episode, we resumed the line of march. In some countries there can be found some dry land even in the midst of swamps, but your correspondent will defy the most critical observer to find any within four miles of Shepardsville. An endless succession of dark, dreary swamps, whose only growth is the bamboo brier, and the laurel, mark a country which, were it not ours, none but Yankees should ever inhabit.

About three and one-half miles from Shepardsville the Yankees had erected a block-house, which was garrisoned by about 50 men. Captains Daniels and Bigg were ordered to charge it, and after firing three or four ineffectual rounds, the Yankees as usual, incontinently fled.

About three-quarters of a mile from the block house is a small prairie, six or seven hundred yards in length. On the opposite side of

this, in a thick swamp, supported by a new fangled piece of artillery, more remarkable for the noise it made than for its execution, the Yankees were posted in force. Here Capt. Ellis' battery came into action with telling effect. On the right of the road the 42d was ordered to advance, under Col. Brown, and the 17th on the left, under Lieut. Col. Lamb. With a wild cheer that struck terror to the heart of the craven foe, the gallant fellows charged right across the open space into the swamp, and the Yankees fled like quicksilver before them.

From swamp to swamp, from covert to covert, the Yankees were driven before the brave North Carolinians like a herd of hunted deer. About a mile from Shepardsville there is a swamp, denser and darker than any other swamp in a country of dark and dense swamps; it extends on each side of the road for perhaps two miles, and here the Yankees in considerable force, in ambush, awaited our coming. Our skirmishers failed to find them, and Capt. Paris led his battery to within fifty yards of the enemy before his whereabouts was known. The Yankees fired a close volley at this short distance at his battery, but strange to say not a man or horse was struck.

Quick as thought Capt. Paris had his battery unlimbered, and the huge "Napoléons" poured a storm of canister and shell through thickets that were almost impenetrable to a musket ball. The Yankees made a stern resistance until the artillery opened, but that they could not stand, and in the wildest confusion their right gave way, never again to be rallied.

On their left, they fared equally as bad, if not worse, for the gallant 42d pursued them so hotly, that they did not make any stand at their fort, but following the illustrious example of their right wing, they sought safety on the other side of the river.

The Yankees had time to fire their commissary store houses most effectually before their departure. But fortunately, they did not have time to carry off their knapsacks, and our brave men captured clothing in vast quantities:

Overcoats, pants, caps, vests, shoes, boots, blacking, coffee, sugar, tea, rice, potatoes, beans, onions and a hundred other things too numerous to mention, were the rich spoils of victory.

Your correspondent feasted that night on the following bill of fare:

Tea, Coffee and White-Sugar,
Ham and Eggs,
Strawberry Preserves and Biscuit,
Mountain Butter and Crackers!

Beat it, if ye can, ye fifteen dollar-a-day hotel! And who would't be a soldier!

After resting the troops for a day, destroying the railroad bridge, dismantling the fort and rendering useless the artillery which we had captured, Gen. Martin ordered our return. Having accomplished successfully, all that he was sent to do, and Gen. Barton, by his retreat to Kinston, having uncovered his left wing, Gen. Martin, like a prudent General as he is, deemed it unwise to remain longer at Shepardsville, with his small force.

A more successful expedition than ours, in every respect, has never been planned. With the loss of twenty men killed and wounded, we have inflicted a loss upon the enemy of at least five times that number in killed and wounded, be-

sides about seventy five prisoners. We have damaged him to a large amount in supplies, and in munitions of war, and finally, we have convinced him that he holds his boasted territory, in North Carolina by a very precarious tenure.

Of the instances of individual heroism, I cannot in this limited space speak, but Col. Brown, and Lieut. Col. Bradshaw, of the 42d, and Lieut. Col. Lamb, of the 17th, where all were brave, were conspicuous for their gallantry. Captain Ellis and Paris, of the artillery, and their officers, were remarkable for cool gallantry. Captains Harlan, Morris and Harris, of the cavalry rendered most efficient service. Here let me record the death of a gallant gentleman, Capt. Lee, of the 17th, who fell, while leading his men into the hottest of the fire. Too much cannot be said in praise of the unflinching determination, and the unflinching bravery of the noble 42d and 17th. All honor to such men!

COMMUNICATIONS.

From the 4th North Carolina.

NIGHT OF FEB. 17th, 1864.

We left Salisbury Friday morning, the 12th instant, and arrived in camp on the Sunday following, through without accident or misconnexion. On our arrival here we were greeted with cheers from all quarters; the boys seemed as much rejoiced to see us as though we had been absent a year, when to us it did not appear that we had been away a week. We found the regiment in the same quarters below Orange, which were occupied by them before our trip home, although we were told positively on the morning we left Salisbury that the Fourth had moved to Richmond or thereabouts. We took possession of our old shanties immediately, in which we found everything unmolested—except our "ration bag" which, from some cause or other, is absent without leave. And these cabins have been doing us valuable service, notwithstanding we have kitchen, parlor, dining room, bedroom and smoke house—all beneath the same roof. Snow fell all day on Monday the 15th—Tuesday morning it lay three inches deep, but the sky was clear, and when the sun arose its beams fell so mild and warm that by noon every particle of snow had disappeared; it barely remained long enough to allow the soldiers to fight half dozen mimic battles, which seems to be a favorite sport, and is certainly not so unpleasant nor unhealthy as the reality itself. Tuesday evening the atmosphere suddenly became extremely cold and a freezing, furious wind, fresh from the snow-capped mountains westward, drove every body to his hole, there to remain until necessity forces him out or the weather becomes more favorable.

One o'clock! and I am really afraid to go to bed. I don't want to freeze into an ice peg, I can't think my time for that is come; I should be very sorry indeed if it had, not that I care a whit for myself, but then you know such an event would furnish the newspapers capital, and the fact is, I don't want my name mixed with such phrases as "a sad occurrence," "melancholy accident," "froze to death, &c." Besides this little aversion to notoriety, I have other and more weighty reasons for my dread of the freezing process. I have made big "kalkulations" on getting events, which have truly cast their shadows before them, but the substance, the realization cannot be experienced until we see the other end of this war; at least it is so reported. And then my dear—(I might as well say it)—Jemima, would take it hard when she had heard of my "going up the spout"—literally friz, because my bedfellow was an iceberg! How sad to contemplate!

I'm not right sure, but I don't think the

sum and substance of "Nat" has yet made its exit from the Old North State. I feel that something is missing; I am so frequently told so by others that now I half-way believe it myself. And if the truth must be told—(you will not tell anybody 'pon honor,) well, the truth is, there is more than one shell in the 4th N. C. Band. Don't take it up in a yankee sense, and understand me to say that "inards" are left behind; I only assert what I know to be fact, and that is, somebody has stolen our hearts! I know, too, that more than one hard bargain has been made, but if they (the ladies) can stand it I am sure we can,—if they are satisfied we are happy. Consoling thought! Yes! But then, laying all jokes aside, I am forced to admit (and I speak for my companions also) that during our recent visit home we spent some of the happiest hours that can crowd in our short lives. Our enjoyments at different places were of different natures, which, by the way, made the time pass more pleasantly, and after all more swiftly. Would I could have clogged the wheels of old sol's car! It should have been done soon after his disappearance below the western horizon, or a short time before his appearance above the eastern. I shall never forget those three happy nights, the first spent in Salisbury, the second in Charlotte and the third in Statesville. Many pleasant incidents occurred which made an impression on my mind lasting as life itself. A chapter should be devoted to each, but the small hours are coming on apace—nor could I do them justice were I to attempt it. The best of order was preserved throughout, and all seemed to have forgotten for the time being that such a thing as war existed on the continent. The concerts were certainly a decided hit, not only in a pecuniary point of view (which was of minor importance) but in other respects also. We were enabled to form new acquaintances, some of whom were quite agreeable and attractive to say the least—young ladies and gentlemen were offered a pretext for a collision, merry evenings and social tea parties were some of the fruits, and last, but not least, we (perhaps) elevated to some degree the musical tastes among the masses. We felt proud to see so many ladies present on every occasion. It was unmistakable evidence of their good taste and judgment, and we assure them they shall never be forgotten by us; yet they deserve more than we shall ever be able to bestow.

Col. Young, of Charlotte, has our warmest thanks and best wishes. It is seldom such treats are tendered to such rough customers, still we don't think our brain is addled, nor our appetites spoiled:—another glass of egg-nog, if you please, I believe I am one behind,—two for the Major since he forgot his scores:—there, we are square now—that was the contract—all right.

And the printers—I must not forget them. Their kindness has often been the subject of remark in confabs amongst ourselves. We feel under many obligations, but regret sorely the ignorance or neglect which caused us to make a serious blunder in our conduct towards them, and hope to be able to correct it, hereafter.

NAT.

CAMP OF 2d N. C. CAVALRY,
Gordon's Brigade, Va.,
Near Milford Station.

At a meeting of the members of Co. B, 2nd Regiment North Carolina Cavalry, private H. J. Kimball was called to the Chair, and G. L. Davidson appointed Secretary, and on motion, Sergeant Reese, W. A. Ramsay, and Corpl. S. Knox, were appointed to draft Resolutions.

Resolved 1st, That on the outbreaking of the war, we enlisted to remain so long as Lincoln, and his worthless hirelings, waged war against us;—and that we consider it a sacred privilege to remain in the field in defence of our homes and firesides.

Resolved 2d, That when we took up arms in defence of our homes and firesides, we did so with a determination never to lay them down, till we had delivered them from the danger of devastation and oppression.

Resolved 3d, That the savage cruelty of our enemies, as evinced in their war upon our women and children, and their savage treatment of our old men, do not affrighten

us in the least; but is calculated to inspire within our breasts, fresh courage and determination never to be subjugated.

Resolved 4th, That it is with a feeling of humiliation and concern, that we have heard with regret the great dissatisfaction that's existing among our friends at home; that we look upon Holden and his party, as traitors to our cause; and that we forbid the circulation of his paper among the members of this Company.

Resolved 5th, That we heartily approve of the course pursued by President Davis, and consider him a leader worthy of our cause, and regard him as a christian gentleman.

Resolved 6th, That in serving for the war, we do so with a determination never to submit while a ruthless invader treads our soil.

Resolved 7th, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the Head Quarters of this Regiment, with the request that they be read on morning parade, and also to the Carolina Watchman, with the request to publish the same.

H. J. KIMBALL, Ch'n.

G. L. DAVIDSON, Sec.
February 22, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS N. C. CAVALRY REG.,
Feb. 23d, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 23.

In complying with the request on the part of the members of Co. B, as expressed in the last series of resolutions, passed at a meeting of this Company. The Commanding Officer feels proud to know that the arduous duties of a soldier, the troubles that encompass the road to freedom and independence, and the rumors of dissatisfaction that grate upon the ear, have not had the power to cool that ardor, check the courage, or weaken the hope, that glowed in the bosom of the brave band of troopers from Iredell, Rowan and Alexander, that enabled them to deeds of valor, and that gives them encouragement still to believe our's is a just cause, we must, we will conquer.

To the members of this Company, the Commanding Officer may be pardoned for saying, men, we know your valor, we know your fixed determination to resist oppression and insults, we know the fire of indignation that kindled in your bosom of '61, and the eagerness with which you pledged your lives and your honor in the defence of your homes, you then were living, God grant that this spirit of rebellion may never grow cold, that this resolve to fight like patriots, to die like freemen, if need be, is still fixed and we trust, the day is not far in the future when peace and independence will crown our united efforts.

C. M. ANDREWS,

Major Cavalry Reg't.

S. G. WORTH, Adj't.

Goldsboro', Feb. 17th, 1864.

Mr. Editor:—This is splendid weather for wind-mills unless it should prove rather too much of the wind for the mill. Let us hope that as these violent gusts whistle around the corners, the windy platitudes of our Congressmen are floating far away from the legislative chambers, leaving more room for prompt, efficient and real action. Let us further trust that there has not been too much wind in Congress for the broad but tender sails of our Ship of State. Thank God! there is one who rules the winds and rules among the powers of earth, who is able to direct us and shield us in this night of political storm. In Him we trust.

Since Newbern was not taken, we have relapsed into comparative calm again.—Though all desired the capture of the place and felt disappointment at the result of the expedition, yet all reasonable people feel that it was better not to have attempted an assault; for Newbern would not be worth to us now as much as one score of the noble veterans who went down there—and hundreds of them would have perished in the fight. The country cannot spare such men now. They are too noble to die in a fruitless undertaking.

It is pleasant to read of the christian conduct of Commander Wood and Lieut. Loyal. Such men bring Heaven's blessings to their country while they reap the honors of two worlds. Oh that more of our leaders were of the same worthy character! With such men before us we can say not only that some of the leading officers in the expedition are temperate and were sober, but that some were also truly pious.

Gen. Pickett's Headquarters are here at present. He was serenaded at Gregory's hotel last night by a Virginia band. Indeed our rest is sweetly disturbed quite often of late by the generous musicians of the forces in this section. Last week two bands and a glee club gave a very chaste, elegant and successful concert for the benefit of the soldiers' families around here.

A Virginia soldier was killed near here Saturday, by the accidental discharge of a gun. They were pointing and snapping at