

A VOICE FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

We publish below a communication addressed to Gov. Vance, by the officers and soldiers who have been and, we believe, are still held in captivity on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. It is a capital production, written remarkably well, and presents facts and arguments from a standpoint and under circumstances that cannot fail to carry conviction to the mind of every honest and impartial reader. The gentlemen who signed this paper have had opportunities for observation and the facilities of gathering facts, that enable them to set forth the objects and purposes of our enemies, as well as the hopes and fears of our friends and sympathizers at the North, knowingly and understandingly. The getting up of this paper was no party movement. The signers, some of them gentlemen not unknown to fame and of recognized ability, have belonged to different political parties, and, we presume, had no idea that there would be any contest for gubernatorial honors in this State next summer. The tribute to Gov. Vance was as honest one, and no less merited than honest and disinterested intent. There are 227 signers, who represent nearly every county in the State.—Conservative.

U. S. MILITARY PRISON, Johnson's Island, March 21, 1864. GOVERNOR VANCE:

Sir—At a meeting of the officers from North Carolina confined in this prison, yesterday, we, the undersigned, were appointed a committee to express to you the intense satisfaction with which we have marked the distinguished ability and lofty patriotism which they have characterized your administration. It has been with peculiar pride during this, our long and tedious imprisonment, that every wind that has brought to our ears a whisper from the land of our birth and of our unchangeable love, we have heard the utterance of our own sentiments, the echo of our prayers, of our highest hopes and purest aspirations in the manly and patriotic language of the Governor of our State. Exiles from our homes and country, captives in the land of those who hate and would destroy us, we watch with anxious concern the progress of events and the course of the war, and note with unmingled pleasure the manifestations of ardent patriotism and unyielding firmness among the masses of the people of our own State. But, sir, it is with more than ordinary pleasure that we revert to your late noble effort at Wilkesboro', so genuine in its arguments, and withal so hopeful and confident of success, that every son of the old State felt a glow of pride in the reflection that these grand utterances emanated from his own honored chief magistrate. Sir, your exposition of the policy of the Federal Government, your startling portrayal of the miseries that would be endured by our unhappy country, and the oppressions and indignities that would be heaped upon her in case of submission, are so forcibly verified by the action of the dominant party in this country, that no reasoning man, enjoying as we do the unlimited access to the leading journals of all political parties here, can fail to realize the fact, that even the most appalling apprehensions of misery that have presented themselves to the minds of our most sagacious statesmen, even the most hideous pictures of ruin that have been painted by our most eloquent countrymen, would fall far short of the realities of the doom that would await us should we be so demented as to lay down those arms and disband those armies, that have hitherto protected us from the fury of our enemies. Those who delude themselves with the hope, that there is still a Conservative party here sufficiently strong to restore them again even to those precarious rights they enjoyed before the disruption of the Union, are indulging a vain, a dangerous hope.

We have it daily manifested to us here, that this party is utterly powerless to protect its own rights and liberties from the aggressions of the dominant party. Their danger is more imminent than ours, and their only hope of deliverance is in the triumph of our cause; they grow weaker with every defeat of ours; they grow stronger with every success. At present they are writhing in helpless wretchedness. The one great idea of the people of this country, is to subjugate the people of the South, and to appropriate our property to the liquidation of their stupendous debt; and the dominant party is stronger or weaker, as the prospect of success is nearer or more remote.

Let our people, by any event, either through submission or subjugation, be thrown on the mercy of this nation, and the great plan will have been consummated, and their success will have ensured the perpetuity of the Republican party.—What policy that party would pursue in the government of our country, is but too plainly manifested already. We gather it daily from their Congressional action, from their party conventions, from their leading journals. We hear it from their own lips. That policy would be so to humiliate the South, so to cripple her resources, so to disarm her, so to crush her spirit, so to quench her hopes, that never within her wide borders shall even a whisper be heard in claim of freedom. They declare that this war must be waged, not only until the

gated, but that it must be prosecuted, until the possibility of its recurrence is forever gone. To accomplish this design, they declare that it is both the right and the duty of Congress to confiscate the property of our people, both real and personal, and apportion it among their soldiers and freedmen—our slaves, whom they have stolen and liberated. They propose to take the arms from the whites and put them in the hands of the blacks: they propose to extend the right of suffrage to the blacks, while among the whites it is restricted to those who have been hostile to their country throughout the war. In short, in their blind, vindictive rage, they would make of our country one vast ruin, so hideous, that far down into the coming ages of mankind it may stand as a ghastly warning to deter the rash patriot, that would claim freedom as a birthright or republican government as a heritage.

War may cover the land with sorrow and mourning; but peace, on the terms of submission, would cover it with the blackness of the shadow of death. War has still the blessing of hope; but in such a peace there is only the darkness of despair. In such a state of existence, the order of nature would be reversed; life would be the king of terrors, and death its only solace. In final, eternal separation lies our only hope, our only safety. Other terms were dishonorable—were dangerous. As soldiers of North Carolina, as citizens of our young Confederacy, we can be content with no peace that does not recognize us as a free and independent people.

So long as you tread the path of duty, with the same manly, unflinching step as heretofore, so long will our hearts go with you in gratitude; so long will we hail you as among the great deliverers of the State we reverence, from a tyranny more revolting than the visage of death.

We have the honor to be, sir, With distinguished esteem, Your obedient servants, W. J. GREEN, of Warren, Ch'n., THOS. S. KEENAN, Duplin, H. C. JONES, Jr., Rowan, JOS. S. DAVIS, Franklin, HEN. S. JORDAN, Person, Committee. S. P. HILL, Caswell, Ch'n. Meeting. J. M. MAYO, Edgecombe, Sec'y.

From the Wilmington Journal. THE IRON CLAD RALEIGH AT SEA.

Fort Fisher, May 7th, 1864.

The monotony of garrison life has been disturbed by an act of gallantry on the part of our navy. Last evening the iron-clad Raleigh, Lieut. Pembroke Jones commanding, bearing the broad pennant of flag officer Lynch, steamed out of New Inlet in quest of the enemy. Not long after leaving the bar the Raleigh met a blockader cruising about, and gave her a 7 inch shot crashing through her sides; the Federal vessel being unused to such an encounter immediately left, making signals to the fleet. The iron clad continued her cruise until after midnight, when an unsuspecting blockader taking her for a blockade runner, fired a shot and ran to pick up a prize, but instead of receiving the surrender of an unarmed Anglo-rebel, Jonathan was complimented by a ball that was more surprising than agreeable. Thinking in his wonder that he had been fired on by one of the squadron through mistake, the blockader displayed the usual signal of a bright blue light, when the Raleigh being very near, sent a rifle shell whistling through her bulwarks. The Yankee "doused his glim" with unexampled alacrity.—Very soon the red and blue signals of the enemy were seen flashing in different directions, giving the alarm to each other. Nothing more was seen or heard during the night, and we who awaited the result on the ramparts of Fort Fisher were relieved when the dawn commenced to roll the curtain from the scene. Daylight first disclosed the small steamers Yarkin and Equator about two miles from shore awaiting the orders of the Raleigh, which they accompanied over the bar. Soon the horizon was clear and we discovered the iron-clad eight miles to sea, in quiet possession of the blockade anchorage. Soon after the blockaders that had run off to sea appeared in the horizon, and the little black dots developed themselves into gun boats.

First, came two well in view, and one approaching within range of the Raleigh was greeted by a shot; a long tax engagement now commenced, in which the second blockader joined; but the enemy were soon sufficiently amused and ran off, giving the Flag Officer a wide berth. Six sail now appeared, but only one had the temerity to exchange shots with the iron clad, and she soon decamped beyond range. About six o'clock eight blockaders came in sight, but notwithstanding the Raleigh steamed defiantly around their anchorage, eight miles from the guns of Fort Fisher, not one dared to take up the gauntlet.—At 7 o'clock, the Flag Officer wishing to save the tide on the bar, signalled for his steamers and turned the Raleigh's prow to shore. The little triad formed in line some five miles and steamed slowly in, the Confederate flag waving saucily above their decks. The Fort greeted the Raleigh with a salute as she passed in.

What damage the iron clad did to the two vessels she struck, is not known. She was not struck. The gallant conduct of the officers and men on the Raleigh are worthy of our young Republic and give an earnest of what we may expect from our Navy, if the enemy should ever attack our port. C. S. A.

"UNION" CONVENTION IN TENNESSEE.

Through a private source we have some information of the "Union" Convention that lately met at Knoxville, for the purpose of forming a separate State out of that portion of Tennessee. The leading spirit of the Convention was "Hon." T. A. B. Nelson, once representative from Tennessee in the United States Congress, and who, it will be recollected, was arrested and brought on to Richmond, where he was some time confined, in the early part of the war, on charges of disloyalty and treason. He procured his release by certain promises and pledges on his honor to the Government, which he seems to have entirely disregarded, being now heart and soul with the Yankees in all their treasonable schemes in Tennessee. In his speech, this "Colonel" Nelson, as he is now dubbed by the Yankees, alluded to these pledges which he had made to the Confederate Government, but attempted to excuse the violation of them by arguing that the rebels had "stolen his property and threatened his life." With this flimsy excuse for his breach of honor, he alluded to the active political services he had since rendered the Yankees in Tennessee, and avowed himself in favor of electing a Legislature, a Governor and members to the Washington Congress, and applying for admission into the Union. In concluding his remarks he declared, plainly and unequivocally, that he was for Mr. Lincoln against the Confederacy.

After this speech, a member of the convention introduced a resolution providing that a committee be appointed to examine and ascertain whether there was not disloyal men sitting as members of the convention. Another member moved that this resolution be laid on the table. Here arose a perfect storm of excitement. Several members declared that perjury and treason was there, and that there were men participating in the deliberations of the body who had "served Jeff. Davis two years ago in the rebel army." This gave rise to a terrible quarrel between the radicals and conservatives, in which the great "Union" convention collapsed like the last flickering of a tallow dip.—Rich. Ex.

CLOTHING.

The Progress indulges in a ridiculous attempt to make it appear that the troops from this State have not been properly clad, and insinuates that Governor Vance has been negligent in that particular. We simply desire to state a few facts, so that the people may form some idea of the desperation of those who favor the election of Mr. Holden.

- 1. The goods imported from England have been of the very best material.
2. More than enough clothing and shoes have been turned over to the Confederacy to fill the requisitions of every Quartermaster from this State in the service.
3. The fact that North Carolina soldiers are better clad and shod than those from other States, has produced so much discontent and dissatisfaction among the latter, as to induce the Quartermaster General to propose to take the clothing contract from the hands of our State authorities, so that all the troops in the service may be placed upon the same footing. The Governors of Virginia and Georgia are making preparations to import supplies for their troops, so as to imitate the example of North Carolina in furnishing proper clothing for her soldiers.
4. During Gov. Vance's visit to the army he received the thanks of every General, from Lee down, for the manner in which he had clothed the North Carolina troops.
5. State officials are not clad in the "best cloth," but in that of an inferior quality. They were not even allowed to purchase that until enough had been imported for the wants of all in the field.
6. With the manner of distributing clothing to soldiers in the field or "on furlough" Gov. Vance has nothing to do.—His business is to import it, to turn it over to the Confederate Quartermaster, and then to see that it is paid for.
7. The Advance has been a splendid success in every particular.

We simply ask a candid consideration of these facts—all of which can be established by the most conclusive proof. The statement that our soldiers have been poorly clothed by Gov. Vance, has about as much truth in it as the assertion that the army will vote for Mr. Holden. They are both manufactured out of the "whole cloth."

SIGNIFICANT.—We learn that while the train containing the Yankee prisoners captured at Plymouth passed through Wilson, they shouted and huzzaed for W. W. Holden, who, they declared, would be the next Governor of North Carolina. The Yankees, although a vile despicable race, are not as ungrateful wretches as some other people. They remember their friends.—Conservative.

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

SALISBURY, N. C.: MONDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1864.

PRINTERS WANTED.—Two good steady printers are wanted at this office. Apply immediately.

We had very heavy rains here last week. Weather cool.

ERRATA.—We regret very much that the proof was imperfectly corrected in the extracts of a letter from an officer of the 5th Regt. N. C. Troops, giving a vivid and interesting account of the fall of Plymouth. Such things however, will sometimes occur in a printing office. Most of the errors are merely typographical and will be readily corrected by the intelligent reader; as for instance Aurora blushes for blushing and several others which any one who could detect would correct and charge the mistake to the proper party—that is, to myself. In one place the sense is mutilated. The sentence which reads as published, "I dashed forward with a yell, &c." should be—I dashed forward, ordering them to close to the left as fast as possible; with a yell, which extended along the whole line, they obeyed, &c. For Thornton should be Poor Thornton.

Mr. HOLDEN says it is not true that he hid under Gov. Vance's bed, as related by us. Our informant is a reliable man; and as Holden admits he was at the Governor's house on the night in question, seeking protection from the mob; and that he asked the Gov. for a drink of brandy, it poorly becomes him to deny getting under the bed. His memory on one other important point is admittedly bad, and it is so doubtless in this also.

Mechanical Skill at the Prison.—Under the Superintendance of Capt. S. Galloway, Commandant of the Confederate prison at this place, the convicts are turning out some excellent articles of utility. We have on our table two wooden bowls of their production, which are really elegant in shape and superior in workmanship. Capt. S. is now furnishing the prison and guard houses with these bowls, which will doubtless add considerably to the comfort of the men.

Would the Government furnish the tools and materials requisite, the convicts in this prison could be put to work in several other important branches of business. We believe it might be made almost a self-sustaining institution. At any rate, the Government could certainly derive considerable remuneration in the way of clothing, harness, axes, traces, horse-shoes, wagons, ambulances, &c., for the use of the army by the labor of the prisoners under sentence; and as it would conduce to their health to give them employment, we can see no good reason why it should not be done.

The Progress and its master, Holden, seem determined to get up strife between the people of the State.—If they had succeeded with their "peace meetings" and their Convention scheme there is no doubt a bitter civil war would now be raging in this State, and the cause of the Confederacy probably lost. But they failed. The people took the alarm in time to save themselves from the deep designs of the mischievous leaders of those movements. But the end is not yet reached, and so the effort is renewed in a different shape. They are now trying to array the poor against the rich, and the non-slaveholder against the owner of slaves. The Progress may boast of its patriotism and devotion to the Confederate cause as much as it pleases; but while it labors to array one class of our people against another as is done in its issue of the 11th, and other dates, it only proves how utterly false and unworthy are all its pretensions.

FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The article in another column, signed by officers of the Confederate States, and prisoners of War, will, no doubt, be read with eagerness by every one whose eyes may happen to fall upon it. It is a voice from those who know, and have tasted the sweets of the Lincoln idea of freedom, and what the people of that liberty-lost land, are anxiously waiting and hoping may soon be the lot of the people of the South also. These men know what they say, having every opportunity of hearing and reading the sentiments of their public men and journals. Would it not be wise for us to heed the warning in time? The article was written by our talented and patriotic young citizen, H. C. JONES, Jr., now paying the penalty of his devotion to Southern freedom in a loathsome Northern prison.

"Bahama Herald."—A gentleman of this place has handed us a copy of a newspaper of the above name, dated Nassau, April 23d, 1864.

Almost the only thing about this paper which makes it differ in appearance from the papers of our own country, is the Court of Arms in the head.—The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown." The advertisements of Dentists, Doctors, Merchants, Insurance Cos., Hotel keepers, Tailors, Millers, Tanners, Shoemakers, Quack Medicines, &c., &c., all remind one of the halcyon days of former years in this country.

The "Herald" is undigestedly in favor of the Southern Confederacy, and seeks opportunities to proclaim its devotion to our cause. About the first thing that meets the eye on taking up this paper is a poetic scrap entitled "The Southern Girls," from which we make the following extract:

Now Northern goods are out of date, And since old Abe's blockade, The Southern Girls will be content With goods that's Southern made. We scorn to wear a yard of silk, A yard of Northern lace, But make our homespun dresses up, And wear them with much grace. Hurrah, hurrah! for the sunny South, The sunny South as dear, And three cheers for the homespun dress The Southern ladies wear. The Southern land's a glorious land, And here's a glorious cause, Then here's three cheers for Southern rights, And here's three cheers for Southern boys. We have sent our sweethearts to the wars, But dear girls never mind, Our soldiers they will never forget The girls they've left behind. Hurrah, hurrah! for the sunny South, &c., &c.

Then comes a lengthy "debate in the House of Assembly, on the bill for raising an additional revenue for the Bahama Islands," in which the subject of laying a tax on cotton from the Confederate States is proposed and discussed. In the course of this debate one of the speakers alluded to the profits made by the shippers of cotton to that port, in which he employed the words "enormous"—"fabulous," &c.

Then we have under the heading of "the situation," a compend of the war news from the United States, derived from Northern sources almost exclusively, and very wide of the truth. Among other statements given, it says—"It is reported that Gen. Steel has captured Shreveport," &c.

And then there is an ably written article on the "American Prospects," in which the writer appeals to Napoleon of France to interfere for the purpose of arresting the "barbarous and wicked war, waged against the South."

But best of all is the following, which we find in the editorial columns under the head of "LOCAL."

"SHELL-WORK.—A beautiful specimen of this work has just been completed by Messrs. Scrimshaw & Mott, in the shape of a Genetaph erected to the memory of the immortal General Stonewall Jackson.

It stands 9 feet high, has on one side (in shell) the list of battles in which he took so brave a part, one the Southern Flags with his last words, one an inscription to his memory, and another the words, "Bulwark of the field, a host his presence, and his arm a shield, as he lived he died, glorious." It is intended to be placed for exhibition, in a few days, in the Public Library, then, we understand, subscriptions will be taken up for its purchase by those who are anxious to send one to the Confederacy a testimonial, however small, of their high appreciation of the life of this truly good man.

BATTLE ON THE RAPID ANN.

We have received no Richmond papers this week, and the Telegraphic dispatches from the Seat of War, have been few and meagre. We are, therefore, almost without news from the battlefield in Virginia. The Richmond Examiner of the 9th was received at Raleigh and the Conservative of the 13th is filled with reports of more or less interest copied from that paper. From it we gather the following: The enemy advanced upon Port Walthall junction on Friday night the 6th. On Saturday they were repulsed with a loss of from 100 to 150. On Sunday they renewed the attack with reinforcements. A severe and long fight ensued, and about 6 o'clock in the evening the enemy were again driven back, and our forces, during the night fell back to Swift creek bridge, 14 miles from Petersburg, to protect that important structure. The enemy, 10,000 strong, were under the Command of Gen. Butler: ours, under Gen. Bushrod Johnson; but the credit for the vigorous energy of the movements of our forces south of the James river is accorded to Gen. Ransom, who is in command of this department. One of the enemy's gunboats was captured on Saturday in the James and blown up to prevent its being recaptured.

The victory of Gen. Lee over Grant, up to Sunday the 8th, is fully confirmed. Each successive dispatch from him seem better and better. About 7 o'clock in the evening of that day, he sent forward the following:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VA., May 8, 1864."

"Honorable Secretary of War: The enemy have abandoned their position, and are marching towards Fredericksburg. I am moving on their right flank. (Signed) R. E. LEE"

If the enemy has been driven from his position, it is clear that his whole programme has been frustrated.

No reliable estimate has been made of our loss on the Rapid Ann. Brigadier Generals J. M. Jones, of Virginia; Jenkins, of South Carolina; and Stafford, of Louisiana, were killed. General Longstreet was wounded. The enemy's loss is very large. All accounts say the carnage was terrible. The Yankees fought with great desperation. They have lost three Major Generals—Wadsworth, of New York, killed; and Seymour and Shaler captured.

There was a cavalry fight near Spottsylvania C. H. on Saturday, in which we are reported to have lost 200 in killed, grounded