

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

This Argus or the people's rights shall be eternal and true. No scolding strain of Mal's son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

C. W. BENTON, EDITOR.

WADESBORO', N. C.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 6th. 1862.

TO THE LADIES OF ANSON:

Three more companies have just been formed in the county, and many members of them are, of course, poor men, who need all the assistance in the way of clothing, they can get. It is known to all, that there is a Society already formed by the ladies, the object of which is to supply this want, and which meets every Wednesday in Wadesboro'. The President is a very efficient officer, and does all she can with the aid of those now assisting her. But the number to be worked for being now greatly increased, it is very desirable that there should be a corresponding increase in the number of workers. This suggestion is made at the instance of a Volunteer, who knows the Ladies to be his and his fellow soldiers best friends. Let the Society of Wadesboro' be, more than it now is, the Society of the county. A great deal can be effected, with little work, by a proper division of labor.

WADESBORO', N. C., March 2, 1862.

Mr. FENTON: The "Children's Exhibition," on Friday evening last, for the relief of our brave Volunteers, has, to my knowledge, given such extensive satisfaction, that I know it to be the wish of many, with my own, that it be repeated, at as early date as will suit your convenience.

CITIZEN.

It will be repeated.

RESOLUTION IN RELATION TO THE MINTS.

The following resolution, in relation to the Mints—or a Assay office—in the Southern Confederacy, was unanimously passed and ratified in open Convention on the 6th day of February, 1862, at Raleigh, in North Carolina:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention, it is of the highest importance to the interests of the Confederate States, that the Mints, situated within their limits, should be placed in operation at the earliest practicable period, and that the Senators and Representatives in Congress be requested to use their best exertions to attain that object.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On the evening of the 25th inst., near Lilesville, a son and two little daughters of Mr. Henry Diggs, returning from school in a buggy, made a very narrow escape for their lives. A loose horse came dashing by them, frightening the one in the buggy, which dashed off at full speed. The vehicle striking the corner of a garden fence, threw the little pupils, head foremost out on the hard ground. The son, who first struck the ground, was rendered insensible for some time. The girls were hurt, but not so badly, falling somewhat upon the insensible form of their brother. Had not the beast broke loose from the buggy on hitting the garden post, I fear it would have been worse with them. As I gazed upon the shattered buggy, and the position in which they had fallen, I could but exclaim, Providence saved them! Let this be a lesson to little boys and girls. J. B.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR CHILDREN.—An interesting little girl, of Columbia, aged eight years, who is not without a deep sense of the condition of the country, resolved to observe the fast prescribed by the authorities of the town for Friday, the 21st instant. Her mother, apprehensive that so long an abstinence from food would be injurious to her health, which is delicate, endeavored to dissuade her from doing so, but for some time without success. It was not until the afternoon that the little ascetic was induced to partake of anything, when the mother at last prevailed upon her to break her fast by the following quaint illustration: "Fasting, my daughter, is like tickets to a Concert—grown people full price, children only half."—Chas. Courier.

CRUELTY.—In the last six weeks, Gen. Jennison, at the head of a band of brigands, entered Jackson and Cass counties, Missouri, and laid waste the whole country in their route. More than seventy farm houses have been destroyed by fire—women and children have been turned out in midwinter, one refused even a blanket to protect him from the cold—towns have been burned, after robbing the stores of everything they con-

Lilesville, N. C.

MARCH 1, 1862.

Mr. FENTON: In compliance with numerous requests, as well as my own desire to correct several misstatements, I proceed to give you for publication, a correct account of the battles of the 7th and 8th of February at Roanoke Island, and especially of the part taken by the "O. K. Boys." About two weeks before the enemy made his appearance, my company and the "Hatteras Avengers," Capt. Chas. W. Knight, of Martin county, were ordered to Ashby's Landing, a distance of eight miles, by road, from our camp, and near two miles below our lowest battery, Fort Bartow. Two brass field pieces, a 12 and 18 pounder, were put in my charge, and I was ordered to defend the Landing, and, at every hazard, to save the artillery. An officer of the 8th regiment was detailed to drill squads from Cap. K's and my companies on the cannon, but he only visited us twice, spending each time about half an hour. All that our men really learned of Artillery drill was taught them in an hour, by Col. Jordan, and one or two short lessons by Lt. Kinney, of Wise's Legion, who came to the Island about three days before the battle. I had no horses, and the midget "Bank ponies" which Col. Shaw ordered me to press into service, were untractable and of little use. We felt that our position was an important and responsible one. This Landing, where vessels drawing eight feet could land at any time, had been neglected to the last moment, and then ninety men, badly prepared as above shown, were placed there to defend it as long as possible, with strict orders to carry away the artillery, in case of a retreat being unavoidable. On Thursday morning, the 6th of February, at a very early hour, W. Riley Diggs, of the O.K's, being on the lookout, discovered two of the enemy's vessels coming up the Sound, some ten or twelve miles away. By aid of a glass, I soon made out four large steamers, and immediately despatched a messenger to convey the news to camp. One by one, the vessels, of all sorts and sizes, rounded a point and came in view, until the number reached sixty-four. They were drawn across the Sound in a long line. One of our little gun-boats went down to take observations, but did not, of course, venture within shot. There they lay, forming a picture rare and beautiful, though probably not so fully appreciated by us as it might have been under different circumstances. At 8 o'clock on Friday morning, they began to move, and coming cautiously along, by 10¹/₂ were nearly abreast of us, when the "ball opened." The men under my command were ordered to keep concealed, so as not to draw the enemy's fire, but it seemed impossible for them to do so. Look we must, and in looking, the wild grandeur and sublime novelty of the scene, drew us unconsciously from our hiding places. The Yankee vessels lay from one to two and a half or three miles from us, and a few shells would have played havoc with us. But we received no attention, and had nothing to do for several hours, but eagerly watch the conflict. Fort Bartow replied most nobly to the thunders directed against her, and our little fleet did good service. From my position I could see the effect of nearly every shot. I saw many strike the vessels, and often found myself hurraing for the gallant Hill and his men at the Fort.

About 3 o'clock p. m., when three or four vessels had been disabled and hauled off, a small boat, containing some twelve or fifteen men, left one of the steamers and made for the shore at a point nearly half a mile above us, evidently with a view of trying the soundings and the landing, which had been represented to us as utterly insufficient for any but very small boats. Col. Jordan, who had arrived at our post some time before, ordered Lieut. Lindsey and myself to take twenty men each, and proceed through an intervening swamp, and capture or kill the boat's crew. This marsh was almost impassable; but we got through at last, and were advancing cautiously, in sight of the Yankees, who had just landed, when two men, one attached to the 31st Regt., and the other unknown to me, rushed forward, ballooning loudly, firing their guns at the enemy, and, of course, giving them the alarm. Lieut. L's detachment and my own, (all O.K's,) were now together and within a hundred yards or less of the enemy, and but for this piece of imprudence, we would have easily captured them. As they turned to flee, we rushed forward, through mud and water, firing as we went, but all were got into the boat, and the living pushed off, and were soon out of range. We killed four and

at the flag-ship, two very large steamers, having some thirty small boats in tow, all packed with men, started for the landing above us. Knowing they must cut us off from the rest of our forces, it being impossible to get our artillery through the marsh, and considering it folly for his small force to attack the thousands of the enemy with musketry, Col. Jordan ordered a retreat. Our heaviest gun was hauled off by two ponies and two old mules—the other we carried off by hand under a storm of shell and shot from vessels in the Sound, none of which, however, did any damage.

We retreated about one mile and a half, to the small battery or redoubt across the road, and placed our cannon, together with a brass six pounder, in battery. It was then near night, raining slowly, the men weary and hungry. We bivouacked there for the night, having some refreshments sent us from camp.

Early on the morning of the 8th, the advance guard of the enemy made its appearance—the "Richmond Blues," and McCullough Rangers, were thrown out on either flank as skirmishers, and firing commenced. Several Regiments of the enemy were now drawn up at three or four hundred yards distance, upon which our artillery opened, and as they came nearer, our small arms. There were in the battery, my company, numbering 43, Capt. Knight's about 50, (including detachments from each of the artillery,) a detachment from the 8th of, say 10, in charge of the 6 pounder, and about 40 Ranger's from Wise's Legion, Col. Shaw in command, and Cois. Gordon, Anderson and Price being also present. Gallantly, nobly, gloriously, did every man fight, (except M. who ran like a whipped dog!) As far as the eye could reach, the enemy stood in compact mass and we mowed them down by hundreds. Often did they attempt to advance, but as often was death spread in their ranks, and they were repulsed. Like a hail-shower, their minie-balls fell around us while shell and shot hurled o'er our heads going far from their mark, and placing our reserve force—portions of the 31st, and 8th, half a mile in our rear—in more danger than ourselves. Not a cheek blanched among us with fear, and as I watched most particularly my own gallant boys, not a trembling hand or faltering eye could I see. Nor was it different with the "Hatteras Avengers," who fought with the spirit and determination of brave men, under a brav leader, and a braver than Capt. Knight no men ever fought under. His voice was heard at all times cheering his men, and his example, with that of his 1st Lieut. Latham, inspired all with courage. After about two hours, our skirmishers being hard pressed by overwhelming numbers were gradually falling back fighting most gallantly, when the lamented Wise fell. His men bore him off and I saw them no more. The enemy pushed Regiment after Regiment into the swamp on either side to flank us, but they were for a long time driven back. For over three hours the numbers above mentioned, kept at bay at least ten thousand of the enemy (as acknowledged by themselves,) and when at last we were flanked, as a Major of one of the Regt's who did it, told me, they crossed that miry-swamp on a bridge of dead men! Only three men of ours were killed at the redoubt—one of them, the brave Selden who fell near me, shot through the head. He, Capt. Schemmerhorn and Lt. Kenney (all of Wise's Legion,) had command of our three guns. Capt. S. who has been fighting ever since he was old enough, and has five balls now in his body, had charge of the "O. K." detachment and complimented them very highly, particularly Jas. Flowers, who, he said, though much exposed, fought with the firm courage and unflinching coolness of a veteran. A compliment from such a man is worth something. But all did well, and their country ought to be proud of them. Probably had others been in their places, the same might be said justly, but this is certain: The "O. K. Boys" of Anson, and the "Hatteras Avengers" of Martin, fought four hours and twenty minutes, and only retreated when the whole Yankee force was close upon them, and the field officers had left the battery. In ten minutes more the enemy would have surrounded us and cut us to pieces. Just before the retreat re-inforcements arrived, swelling our numbers to probably 400 men, who did but little good. The retreat was conducted in good order, no guns were thrown away, as has been stated, and our whole force, except a few stragglers, proceeded slowly up the road expecting every minute to hear the order to "fall in" for another fight, than

hour after our arrival, to our indignant regret, we saw the white flag borne by us to meet the enemy. The surrender of all the forces on the Island was made and a strong Federal guard placed around us. The victorious army treated us with kindness, particularly Gen. Foster and the officers of the 9th and 61st New York, the Pennsylvania, New Jersey and 21st Massachusetts Reg'ts. We were deprived of all small arms, upon a promise of having them returned whenever we should be exchanged, which promise was only partly complied with on our release. We had the mortification of seeing many of the articles prepared for the use of our sick and wounded by the kind women of Anson, seized by the rascally Zouaves, but as soon as complaint was made to Gen. Reno, he promptly ordered any man found trespassing thus to be placed in irons.

Our beautiful flag was gallantly borne away from the battle field by Corpl. H. M. May, but to our great regret was taken by the enemy after the surrender, and as Dr. Cutter, Surgeon of the 21st Mass. Regt. informed me, was sent as a present to the Governor of that State—a brother-in-law of my informant. It was never disgraced, and bore many marks of the conflict in the shape of bullet holes. We remained on the Island, much crowded, and closely guarded, until the Wednesday morning following, when we were removed, (the officers only,) to the steamer Spaulding, in the Sound, fully expecting to start immediately for New York. We were allowed to take our baggage and servants. The ten days following were the most miserable I ever passed. Confined to the damp, dark and dirty lower deck, greatly crowded, fed on hard crackers, fat pork, (which they said was cooked before leaving the North, but which seemed to us raw,) and coffee twice a day—you may imagine our condition. On Sunday, the 16th, Gen. Burnside came aboard and announced that we could all be released on a parole of honor, of which the following is a copy: "Having been taken a prisoner of war by the forces of Gen. A. E. Burnside, on Roanoke Island, I do solemnly pledge my sacred word and honor, that if released, I will give to no one any information I may have derived, nor mention anything I may have seen or heard since my capture, that might injure the Government of the United States of America, and that I will not take up arms against the United States of America, or aid their enemies by word or act, until I am regularly exchanged according to the usages of war, the information, to me, of said exchange to be beyond the possibility of a doubt."

This was about the first intimation we had of any thing of the kind, and upon the assurance that the same privilege should be offered our men, we gladly accepted the proposition. But it was not until the next Thursday that they moved with us—then, steamers, bearing all the prisoners taken, started for Elizabeth City, where, on Friday, we landed, and after a very tedious process of verifying rolls, we were released. The meeting here, between officers and men, was, in some instances, very affecting. You may be sure that we gladly took up our line of march homeward, and bore the many hardships and privations of the journey with more cheerfulness than under other circumstances. I must say, however, that I cannot, by any process of ratiocination, arrive at a conclusion which justifies a commissary in refusing to give released prisoners anything to eat, particularly when telegraphed to of their wants, as in the case of that official at Wilmington. At Portsmouth we were furnished with a good meal. At Weldon, Col. O. H. Dockery most kindly prepared for and entertained my company, on Tuesday morning, from which time, until our arrival at Florence, (86 hours,) we had nothing to eat. At the latter place, a bountiful repast was spread for us, Col. Gumble, the proprietor of the hotel, only charging us half price—to his credit be it spoken. We are all now safely at home, with one exception, and impatient to hear of our exchange. Joseph F. Liles has not been seen nor directly heard from since the fight, though we have the strongest reasons for believing that he was alive on the Island, tho' sick, when we left. He was quite unwell, with mumps, on the day of the battle, though he fought most bravely, and was with us when we started to retreat. He was doubtless taken prisoner, and I fully hope and believe, for various reasons, that he will soon be returned to his home and friends. May this be so—for a nobler boy, or one more beloved, never pulled trigger on an enemy. I had several men wounded, though none seriously. Our whole loss, killed and wounded, is about 40—that of the enemy but little, if any, under