

### INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

[A wounded soldier—a Lincolnite lying prostrate helpless and hopeless. He tries to rise, but cannot and sinks back exhausted, crying.]

Water—water.

[Enter hurriedly, a Confederate Soldier, panting with exertion. In one hand he carries his musket, in the other an officer's sword, wet and scabbard. He looks about him (not perceiving the wounded Lincolnite)—resting upon his sword and gun.]

Well, I'm in a pretty fix! Cut off from my comrades and left alone in my glory! How I'm to get back, is a question more easily asked than answered. I've got a whole skin, that's comfortable, under the circumstances! The rascals surrounded me! How I escaped is a mystery to me! Thank God it is no worse. Help, me Lord, for in thee do I put my trust. The promise is that they who trust in thee, shall never be confounded! I wish I had some dinner—a leg of mutton, stuck round with turnips—or, beef steak and onions or bacon and collops, any thing in the shape of victuals. [Shakes his canteen to find if there is anything in it. Places it to his lips, but just as he is about to swallow, the wounded soldier cries]

Water—water!

[Looking round, he sees and hastens to him—raises him up, places his canteen to his lips, and bids him drink. He then examines him, binds up his wounds, stops the flow of blood and renders him as comfortable as he can. While he is thus engaged]

[Enter a Lincoln officer, driving before him a wounded Confederate—threatening him with the point of his sword, and striking him with the flat. "You infernal rebel—move on; I tell you—faster, sir, (striking him) faster, (a blow)—

SOLDIER. I can go no farther, (sinks down)

OFFICER. You miserable rebel. What will you give for your life?

S. Nothing! It is not worth preserving! O for strength, and a weapon! God help me! While this is going on, the Confederate who is ministering to the sick soldier, hastily buckles on his sword, and seizes his musket. He stands watching—and when the wounded Confederate says "God help me"—cries out, with a loud voice—

"Amen."

[Officer starts back, exclaiming: What was that? The Confederate exclaims.] Look and see!

[He does look, and finds himself confronted by the Confederate, with his gun at the position of "ready"—who says to him—

"What will you give for your life?" Mr. Abolition.

O. Who are you?  
C. Your enemy!  
O. Do you seek my life?

C. I'll have your ghost certain!

O. Suppose you can't. You see I have a sword!  
C. A *ug* for your sword and you too!

O. You seem very confident!

C. I have a right to be.

O. Who gave you the right?

C. Him (pointing upwards) in whom I trust.

O. Is that all you hope. Come on!

C. Don't be in a hurry. I'll be there soon enough. There is only one reason why I do not put a bullet thro' your cowardly heart, and end your miserable life. Perhaps you'd like to know that reason.

O. I would.

C. Because my gun ain't loaded. A good reason ain't it?

O. Excellent. I like it exceedingly.

C. Are you prepared to die?

O. About as fit as I ever shall be, I fancy. But I don't intend to die, just now.

C. If you can help it!

O. I think I can.

C. There's one thing you can do, I expect.

O. What's that?

C. Run!

O. Indeed!

C. Yes—do you know such a place as Bull's Run? O. I wasn't there!

C. Ain't you sorry!

O. Not particularly.

C. I am.

O. Why are you sorry.

C. Because you'll never get there, and there is one peculiarity about the place that I wish you had seen, because I know you would have remembered it!

O. What might that be?

C. The horns!

O. You are foolish!

C. I am cheerful. It is my habit. You, I take it, are far from being cheerful. You are unhappy in your disposition and have the unenviable faculty of making others miserable. You are one of those whose presence is a perpetual bar to enjoyment—unlovely in character—in practice cruel—your absence always a blessing—your presence, a blight. Thus I read you, is it not so? Tell the truth, for once in your life, and shame the master whom you serve.

O. My master!

C. Yes, your owner.

O. I have no owner or master.

C. You are a slave!

O. To whom?

C. The devil, who owns you body and soul.

O. He is a good paymaster.

C. Then you don't deny your relationship to Apol-

lyon?

O. I'll not deny it, if it please you.

C. Have you a mother?

O. Yes.

C. Sisters!

O. One!

C. Brothers!

O. Yes!

C. Step this way. Do you know that soldier?

[The wounded Lincolnite raises up upon his elbow, as the officer approaches, and exclaims—"Captain!"

C. I found him dying from loss of blood, and calling for water. I took my canteen from my own lips, and gave him drink. I bound up his wounds, stanched the flow of blood, and made him comfortable as I could. He was my enemy, and I was his. But he was wounded! My countrymen war not against the wounded and helpless. Our cause is too sacred to sulky by such pitiful conduct. I mention this not boastfully. I should be ashamed, and my comrades would despise and shun me, if I failed in the performance of so sacred a duty—but I do mention it as a comment upon your conduct to my wounded comrade, and upon the general practice of your countrymen, whose tender mercies are cruel.

O. I am, and my countrymen are, what God made them.

O. That is false. God made you innocent. As a nation, you have perverted the end of your being. You have deserted the God of your fathers—left behind you the simplicity of those primitive times—turned noon's sun into guilt—the milk of human kindness into gall and wormwood. Prosperity has made you mad. Your fathers fought for liberty—you, fight to conquer, and enslave the descendants of those who fought shoulder to shoulder for freedom.

deserted of God and man. In your individual person, you stand before me the representative of a people whom I hate—the enemies of God and man—the persecutors of those I love—the spoilers and executioners of innocent homes and peaceful abodes—calumniators, slanders, the personification of everything mean and contemptible. I hate you. Look! (Throws his musket to the wounded Confederate, who catches it, draws his sword and advances) Look to your guard.

[They engage.]

[For some time, neither gain an advantage. They appear to be testing each other's skill and mode of attack and defense. Apparently satisfied—the Confederate goes sharply to work and succeeds in delivering a cut upon the head, (cut one in front) which staggers O., and makes him give back, leaving his bosom exposed to a thrust. C. notices but declines to take advantage of it. They prepare to engage again, but before doing so, however, C. says: C. Hit No. 1. That was the *Jef Davis* touch. Who taught you to fence, Old Scott?

O. Yes, (makes a desperate thrust) his compliments to you. (The thrust is parried.)

C. His compliments, like himself, are good for nothing. What do you think of that, ha! (Makes a thrust which touches him deeply in the shoulder). That's Johnson. O. now becomes desperate, cuts and thrusts wildly and desperately, while C. remains cool and collected, parrying all his efforts. After a little he, in turn, attacks O. furiously, wounding him in several places. O. gives back and at last makes a desperate rush at C. and is disarmed and run through the body—as he falls, C.'s sword is withdrawn from his body, and he dies. O. removes his belt, and takes his sword as trophies—exclaiming:

Thus perish all of the enemies of my country:

[Curtain falls slowly, to solemn music.]

By the Governor of North Carolina.

### A PROCLAMATION.

North Carolinians! Our Country needs your aid for its protection and defense against an invading foe. The President of the Confederate States has made a requisition upon our State to complete her quota of troops in the field. Our own borders are invaded by the enemy in force, now threatening an advance to deprive us of liberty, property, and all that we hold dear as a self-governing and free people. We must resist him at all hazards and by every means in our power. He wages a war for our subjugation—a war forced upon us in wrong, and prosecuted without right, and in a spirit of vengeful wickedness without a parallel in the history of warfare among civilized nations. As you value your rights of self-government and all the blessings of freedom—the hallowed endearments of home and fireside, of family and kindred, I call upon you to rally to their defense, and to sustain the noble and sacred cause in which we are engaged. North Carolina has always proved true, constant and brave in the hour of trial and of danger. Never let it be said that in the future she has failed to maintain this high renown. If we are threatened now more than heretofore, let our exertions be equal to every demand on our patriotism, honor and glory. No temporary reverses dampened the ardor of your ancestors, even though the enemy marched in columns through the State. The fires of liberty still burned brightly in their breasts. They were moved to new energy, and resisted by gallant deeds, with abiding hope and unfailing courage and perseverance, bravely contending with enemies at home, as well as the foreign foe, until, after a struggle of seven long years, our Independence was achieved and acknowledged. Let us imitate their glorious example. The enemy is redoubling his efforts and straining every nerve to over-run our country and subjugate us to his domination, his avarice and ambition. Already it is proposed in their Congress to establish a territorial government in a portion of our State. Now is the time to prove our zeal and animate by example.

I call upon the brave and patriotic men of our State to volunteer, from the mountains to the sea. You are wanted to fill up our quota in the Confederate Army, and for the special defense of the State. I rely, with entire confidence, for a prompt and cheerful response to this call, upon your patriotism and valor. Tender yourselves in companies and in squads under officers of your own selection. You will be at once accepted and organized into regiments under the laws that are or may be made, and which it is my duty to execute. The Adjutant General of the State will issue the necessary orders for this purpose.

Fellow-citizens!—Your first allegiance is due to North Carolina. Rally to her banners. Let every man do his duty, and our country will be safe.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at Raleigh, this 22nd of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

HENRY T. CLARK.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA.  
Adjutant General's Office,  
Raleigh, Feb. 12th, 1862.

FIVE REGIMENTS OF VOLUNTEERS FOR THE war are wanted to make up North Carolina's quota of the Army of the Confederate States, to whom a bounty of fifteen dollars per man will be paid by the State, and fifty by the Confederate States.

This number is expected to be raised with as little delay as possible; and companies at present organizing will immediately report themselves to this office. They will be received by companies or individuals, and when a full company is tendered, four officers will be commissioned; with a less number, appointments will be given as follows: A Captain for forty men; First Lieutenant for twenty-five; Second Lieutenant for fifteen.

The Militia who have been ordered on duty, and to be in readiness, can still avail themselves of this opportunity of getting into the volunteer service, and the number so doing will be credited to their respective counties.

By order of Governor H. T. CLARK.

J. G. MASON, Adjutant-General.

### TO THE FAMILIES OF ANSON VOL UNTEERS.

The County Court appointed the following gentlemen as Agents of the County in their respective districts, who are authorized and requested to furnish such families of Volunteers from Anson, as reside in their districts, with such aid, either in money or provisions, as, in the judgment of such Agents, they may need, which is paid by the County, after being allowed by a Committee, or Board, which meets at Wadesboro once a month, viz. the last Saturday.

Edward Hutchinson, for Wadesboro District.

James A. Liles, Lilesville do

Richard Buchanan Morven do

John P. Ratcliff Gulledges do

Wm. L. White Gum Spring do

Townly Redfern Neiltonsville do

William Allen Lanesboro' do

John Broadway Diamond Hill do

Julius Burns Burnsville do

Wm. G. Smith Cedar Hill do

Henry W. Ledbetter Beverly do

Rowland Crump Smith's do

Families requiring aid, must apply to one of the above named gentlemen, who will supply what may be needed:—not, as some seem to suppose, a *certain* allowance per month—but what is *actually needed*, whether it be more or less, one month than another.

### THE COMMITTEE.

March 25, 1862.

### Hides Wanted!

WE ARE PAYING THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR DRY HIDES, green in proportion, delivered at Cedar Hill, Anson county,

TALLOW WANTED, a large quantity—delivered at Cedar Hill Tannery.

HAMMOND KENDALL & BROTHER.

Jan. 28, 1862. 164-75.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
STANLY COUNTY.

In Equity.

Robeson Lisk, William J. Lisk, John P. Lisk, Thomas B. Haskell and wife, and Susan Lisk, Against

D. N. Patterson and Hampton Legrand, Executors of Clinton Lisk, deceased, and Martha Ann Vaughan. It appearing by affidavit, that the Defendant, Martha Ann Vaughan, resides beyond the limits of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made in the North Carolina Argus, a newspaper published in this State for 5 weeks, notifying t. e said M. A. Vaughan to appear at the next Court of Equity to be held for the county of Stanly, at the Court House in Albermarle on the first Monday in September next, then and there to answer, plead to, or depose to said bill, or judgment will be taken, pro confesso, as to her.

Witness, Eben Hearne, Clerk and Master in Equity, in and for said County at Office, in Albermarle, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1862.

EBEN HEARNE, C. M. E.

By J. D. HEARNE, Deputy

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### Hides! Hides!!

I WILL PAY 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  CENTS CASH FOR DRY HIDES, in proportion for Green, delivered at Captain J. C. Caraway's yard. J. C. STAFFORD. 161-73

Roll of the "O. K. Boys," Com. B, 31st Reg't. N. C. Vol.

E. R. LILES, Captain.

C. B. LINDSEY, 1st Lieutenant.

STEPHEN CRUMP, 2d

M. T. BALLARD, 3d.

J. F. Bradley 1st Sergt.

W. C. Staten 2d

B. F. Clarke 3rd

Jesse B. Staten 4th

H. J. Flake 4th.

PRIVATE.

Adcock W. Kinzel J.