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[WHOLE NO. 202.]

INVITATION.

Come, come, come,
Don't delay, haste away,
To the Sabbath School to-day,
Here to meet and to greet,
All in friendship sweet;
Come while yet the dews of morn
Nature all with gems adorn,
Be in time, rain or shine,
Order is divine.

Oh, the happy, happy school,
Joyous, Joyous Sabbath School,
Be in time, rain or shine,
Order is divine.

Come, come, come,
Not a tear, naught of fear,
For of sorrow is found here here,
Faces bright, tempers right,
Oh the happy sight,
Health and beauty all around
And no harsh or jarring sound,
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.

Come, come, come,
Keep the way, do not stray,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day,
He along, join the throng,
In their grateful song,
Hither come, do not decline
Bliss is yours, and joy divine,
Pleasures pure that endure,
All may have access.

CAPTAIN W. K. BACHMAN.

The South Carolinian gave the following from a letter received in Columbia from Captain W. K. Bachman, of the Georgia Artillery Volunteers.

On Thursday, the 27th, we first came near a fight. We went through the Thoroughfare Gap, in the mountains. After some hard fighting, the enemy was routed, and we slept on the field; near us lay about 25 dead Yankees. Our company was not engaged. On the 29th we pushed on to Haymarket, and not far from the old scene of the battle of Manassas found the enemy. About 11 o'clock the enemy were seen bearing to our right in tremendous columns. Our Generals wanted them turned back to our left. The honor was given to our company, we dashed to the hill on the right of our lines, and commenced the battle. Gen. Lee and Stuart stood with us, directing the fire. Our new Napoleons did beautifully, and a long the column turned and ran back to the left, where we wanted them. After our bloody work was done, we limbered up and retired, having received no fire in return. I learn from various sources that our fire was terrific, the ground being covered with the poor devils. Those who went over the spot, describe it as fearful. Hardly had we set down to rest, when a tremendous fight commenced on the left; five of our batteries were engaged with the enemy's artillery, each party occupying high hills facing one another. We were ordered to the extreme left of all our batteries. We were compelled to pass through the whole line of fire. On we passed through a rain of shot and shell and shrapnel. We were all covered with dirt from the shell, as they threw it up near us. I rode on, so as not to drive over the dead left on the ground from Jackson's fight of the day before. Presently, I saw a ball strike and rebound; it struck again, and then took my nice little horse behind the saddle. Fortunately, it was too far spent to hurt much, and did not injure the gentle animal more than to make her pitch a little. At last, we came into position, and then a battery just opposite gave us an unmerciful shower. For two hours and a half we poured it into them, until all their batteries were silenced. We then were ordered to withdraw. They came out again, and rained their shell on us; but God was with us. We had only one man wounded—a jaw-bone broken—now doing well. Col. Walton said we might then rest.

On August 30th, we received orders to be ready, the enemy was attacking our line. The night was magnificent, as our troops went out to meet them. Victory was in every face. Our troops had routed them the day before; we were now to engage the entire army. The scene lay near the Stone House, of Manassas memory. The fight extended nearly five miles. Up we went, and at last came under fire about 5 o'clock, and remained so until after dark. As we entered a field on the left of the road, a battery opened a fearful fire. We had to pass through it and crossed the road to the right into a piece of wood. Here it was that Siegling fell. After he was shot from his horse, he looked round, saw the men sitting on their carriages, saw their danger, and ordered them to dismount. In a few seconds, a shell struck the top of the box of one of his guns, and disabled it so that we left it. He thus saved the lives of those men who were riding on the box, after he had received his wound. The fire in this field was awful. I went on to a field where the Texas brigade and Hampton Legion engaged the Zouaves. The ground was covered with the dead and wounded, so that I had actually to pilot the drivers through the bodies, sometimes stopping to move them out of the way.

each other, some of my men gave them water, and, in return, they gave them their caps, etc. We then got into position, engaging a battery which was silenced by ours and another battery. By this time, we had about twenty-five rounds left. I waited for orders. At last, after dark, I got an order to go to the rear and replenish my ammunition boxes, which we did, from the enemy's batteries taken by our troops. The rout was complete. I lost in the two days, Lieut. Siegling wounded, one man and horse, killed, and two wounded. This morning, I saw the body of Major General Kearney, a fine looking Yankee officer. The men are apparently retiring from our front. The Legion fought splendidly, and so did all our troops. You will hear of the casualties sooner than I could give them, if I knew them. I have seen many friends. McMaster is safe; Robert Rutledge, too. I saw both to day. Capt. McLeod and all his officers are wounded. McCord is doing well. Farquhar Trezevant is safe. I have seen Meighan all right, and so you may say of all the Legion cavalry. Lieut. Wagner was sick, and not, therefore, engaged. Cols. Means, Glover, Gadberry, and many other South Carolinians, were killed. Our State did her share in the great battle, and will be in mourning for the brave men who fell.

is safe, but I cannot hear of his command, because they are with Jackson, near us, but I cannot see them.

ANOTHER TERRIFIC BATTLE.

A member of the "Black Horse" Cavalry Company writes from Camp at Sharpsburg, Md. Sept. 18, to a friend in Warrenton, Va., the following items, which have been telegraphed to the "Enquirer," from Warrenton:

WARRENTON, VA., Sept. 20, 1862.

A correspondent of the battle field at Sharpsburg writes us as follows:

"We had a most terrific fight yesterday, (Sept. 17.) The advantage is on our side. There have been hosts of killed and wounded. Gen. Starke, Manning and Branch were killed. D. R. Jones, S. H. Jones, Ripley and Brown, were wounded.

"The whole strength of both armies was engaged in the fight. The fight is expected to be renewed on Thursday, Sept. 18th."

Rumor to day says the fight was renewed near Sharpsburg on Thursday, and the enemy routed and driven into retreat. The enemy's cavalry (a regiment,) was yesterday scouting the field at Groveton, and arrested a citizen there; they were after Gen. Ewell.

AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS.

A DECISIVE BUT DEARLY BOUGHT VICTORY.

We have received authentic particulars of the sanguinary battle at Sharpsburg, alluded to elsewhere, and concerning which so many painful rumors were afloat on yesterday. We have the gratification of being able to announce that the battle resulted in one of the most complete victories that has yet immortalized the Confederate arms. The ball was opened on Tuesday evening about six o'clock, all of our available force, about sixty thousand strong, commanded by Gen. R. E. Lee in person, and the enemy about 150,000 strong, commanded by Gen. McClellan in person, being engaged. The position of our army, was upon a range of hills, forming a semi circle, with the concave towards the enemy; the latter occupying a less commanding position opposite, their extreme right resting upon a height commanding our extreme left. The arrangement of our line was as follows: Gen. Jackson on the extreme left, Gen. Longstreet in the centre, and Gen. A. P. Hill on the extreme right.

The fight on Tuesday evening was kept up until 9 o'clock at night, when it subsided into spasmodic skirmishes along the line. Wednesday morning it was renewed by Gen. Jackson, and gradually became general. Both armies maintained their respective positions, and fought desperately throughout the entire day. During this battle Sharpsburg was fired by the enemy's shell, and at one time, the enemy obtained a position, which enabled them to pour a flanking fire upon a portion of our left wing, causing it to waver. At this moment, Gen. Starke of Miss., rushed to the front of his brigade, and seizing the standard, rallied them forward. No sooner did the gallant General thus throw himself in the van, than four bullets pierced his body, and he fell dead amidst his men. The effect, instead of discouraging, fired them with determination and revenge, and they dashed forward, drove the enemy back, and kept them from the position during the rest of the day.

It being evident that the "Young Napoleon," finding he could not force his way through the invincible ranks of our army in that direction, had determined upon a flank movement towards Harpersburg. He obtained a position in our rear. Gen. Lee, with ready foresight, anticipated the movement by drawing the main body of his army

herdstown, Va., whence he will, of course project the necessary combinations for again defeating his adversary.

The enemy's artillery was served with disastrous effect upon our gallant troops; but they replied from musket, howitzer and cannon with a rapidity and will that carried havoc amidst the opposing ranks. The battle was one of the most severe that has been fought since the opening of the campaign of our brave men fell. At dark the firing ceased, and in the morning (Thursday) our army were ready to recommence the engagement the enemy having been forced back the evening before, and the advantage of the battle being still on our side.

Firing was consequently opened upon the new position supposed to be held by the enemy, but no reply was obtained, and it was then discovered that he had disappeared entirely from the field leaving many of his dead and wounded in our hands, and about 300 prisoners. The report current on yesterday that a truce occurred on Thursday for the burial of the dead, was unfounded. The prisoners stated that their force was more than 100,000 strong, and that McClellan commanded the army in person.

Our loss is estimated at 5,000 in killed, wounded and missing. The prisoners state that their ranks were greatly decimated, and that the slaughter was terrible, from which we may infer that the enemy's loss was fully as great, if not greater than our own.

The Dispatch, in mentioning the re-crossing of our army into Virginia, accounts for it in a different way than we do.

After the battle of Wednesday, as above stated, our army held the battle field. On Thursday night the wearied and almost starving condition of our men rendered a movement necessary. In some divisions of the army our men are said to have been without provisions for three days and were struggling with an enemy more rigorous and disheartening than the Yankee hosts they had so gallantly confronted. To obtain supplies in Maryland was out of the question, and to advance into Pennsylvania, in the presence of the three armies of the enemy, without adequate provisions for a single day, was deemed too hazardous an enterprise by General Lee. Accordingly, on Thursday night, he determined upon the re passage of the Potomac—made necessary, not by any reverse in battle, but by the stern exigencies of the absence of commissaries.

That night the return of our army to the soil of Virginia was commenced, and during the day of Friday the passage of the Potomac was completed—part of the army crossing at Shepherdstown and part at Williamsport. From the fact that the enemy did not attempt to harass our forces in crossing, we are led to infer that they were in no condition to renew the fight after Wednesday.

Information Wanted of Andrew Waston, of Moor county, North Carolina, a private in the army, who was put on board the cars at Richmond, some ten days ago, in a sick and helpless condition, on his way homeward. He had left Richmond but a day or two before his aged and distressed mother arrived in that city in quest of him. Should this meet the eye of the object of her affections and pursuit, or of any person cognizant of his whereabouts, he would be instrumental in binding up a broken heart, by communicating immediately with this office.

PROMOTED.—We learn that Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, of the 9th Virginia cavalry has been commissioned a Brigadier General of cavalry, as a reward of merit, and distinguished services in the war. Colonel Lee is a son of General Robert E. Lee.

SHOES.—The army correspondent of the Charleston Courier says:

I suppose that at least forty thousand pair of shoes are required to-day to supply the wants of the army. Every battle contributes to human comfort in this respect, but it is not every man who is fortunate enough to "foot" himself upon the field. It has become a trite remark among the troops that "all a Yankee is now worth is his shoes," and it is said, but I do not know how truly, that some of our regiments have become so expert in securing these coveted articles, that they can make a charge and strip every dead Yankee's feet as they pass without coming to a halt.

SUGAR AND COFFEE.—We observe it stated by several of our exchanges, that according to private accounts from Virginia, there is a panic in the sugar and coffee market, and prices are going down rapidly. Honest poor people will fling up their hats when every thing of necessary consumption takes a tumble. If extortion and speculation hold on their way a little longer, we may conquer the Yankees, but the extortioners will conquer the

BITE BIGGER, BILLY.—Walking down the street we saw two ragged boys, with bare feet, red and shining, and tattered clothes, upon which the soil of long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between;" only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the Autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was perfectly jubilant over a half withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away.

"I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop these ere posies jest where I could find em, and they're so poety and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find something limeby. Oh, jolly! Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and 'tain't much dirty neither. Come, you hain't got no peach, you may bite first. Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another fore long.

That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if man and woman forsake him, the very angels will feed him and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another fore along." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his usefulness ills repaid, he will not remain an anthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burden uncomplaining, and help his fellows besides. Want cannot crush such a spirit, nor filth stain it, for within him and about him the spirit of the Christ child dwelleth always. [American Agriculturist.]

A REGIMENT AT A LITTLE GIRL'S GRAVE.—At London, Tenn., few day since, a little girl of fourteen, who had been very kind in waiting on the sick Confederate soldiers in the neighborhood, died of fever contracted in the camps. A letter says:

A letter was addressed to her mother expressing the deep regret of the whole command at the death of her daughter, tendering our warmest sympathies in her sad bereavement, and asking permission for the infantry battalion to attend her funeral services and burial in a body, as a mark of our respect for her character. Her mother kindly consented, and at 3 o'clock this evening the funeral services were performed. The different companies were drawn up in a grove in front of the house, and after a few touching words from the minister, the corpse was placed in the hearse, and was moved in the direction of the grave, the whole command following with reversed arms and solemn step. A more touching sight I have seldom witnessed. Tears were seen stealing down the manly cheek of many a sun-browned soldier unaccustomed to weep. Her body having been deposited in its last resting place, they returned slowly and sadly to camp, having witnessed another illustration of the truth that

"All that's bright must fade;
The brightest—still the fleetest."

HARD SWEARING.—Hon. R. B. Stanton, in his Brooklyn speech the other day, startled his hearers with the following outburst. "When this nation begins to go to pieces, nobody but the Almighty could tell where it would split—for so far from breaking in the centre and leaving us a North, which we would call the United States, there was far more danger, like a rotten cake of ice dashing over a rotten cataract by the furious irisheset, of its going utterly to pieces, than there was that it would break in two in the middle."

To avert this awful catastrophe the speaker said that it would be necessary for the Yankees to take two additional oaths to that of their allegiance to Lincoln. In the first place they should "swear by the Eternal that the Star Spangled Banner should wave authoritatively and in triumph," and in the second place, that they should, in the words of Daniel Webster, swear that there shall be in this Republic only "one country, one constitution and one destiny forever." This is certainly a very cheap and simple preventive, nothing being easier than swearing that a thing shall be done. But the great difficulty is, doing it after the oath is taken. And besides, suppose that the Almighty wills the reverse of Stanton's recommendation, what will become of the swearing?—Petersburg Express.

The New York Herald states that the Confederate General Florida, Lieut. Marshall, had succeeded in destroying several United States ves-