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[WHOLE NO. 206.]

THE DESPOTISM IN LINCOLNDOM.

In the editorial columns of the New York Weekly *Caucasian*, under the caption "A Government of Favoritism," we have the following slashing exhortation of the present Lincoln, Seward dynasty:

It would seem from recent occurrences that we are just now enjoying the blessings of a Government which has one set of rules (for laws are obsolete) for one class of people, and another set for another class. A few days since some Black Republican speculators in the substitute business, who had violated the orders of the War Department, were sent to Fort Lafayette. The abolition papers, however, made a great howl over it, and they have been released. There are however scores of better men and truer patriots in there than those released, in whose behalf not a word is uttered. There is Judge Carnicheal, of Maryland. Guilty of what? Why, of the gross crime (?) of telling the Grand Jury of his county what the law in relation to arrests was. For months has Judge C. suffered the horrors of the Bastille for simply doing his duty. Is it possible, therefore, that the recent Republican outburst of indignation against arbitrary arrests proceeds from any regard for the principles of civil liberty? No, it is the grossest hypocrisy. They wish only Democrats to be imprisoned. If they are sincere, why do they not ask for the release of Dr. Edison B. Olds, of Ohio, now in the fort for simply expressing an opinion against the Administration. How many more good and true men are also in the same gloomy prison walls, against whom no charges are preferred, we can only conjecture. We hear every day of men arrested in different parts of the country. They are spirited away, their friends and their families know not whither. Some dark and noisome prison vault receives them, and they are buried alive! Where is D. A. Mahoney, Esq. of the Dubuque Herald, the central organ of the Iowa Democracy? Where is Mr. D. Sherwood, editor of the Fairfield, Iowa, Union, recently snatched from his family by the Lincoln kidnappers? Where is Judge Allen, member of Congress recently elected from southern Illinois? We might increase this list indefinitely, but it is not necessary. If there is but one man unjustly deprived of his liberty, it ought to arouse every American to instant action. The principle is the same. Our liberties are overthrown and the rights of the individual are left to the whim or caprice of some upstart official. There is a day of retribution coming, however, for the murderers of liberty, and the persecutors of Democrats amongst us. As Mr. Vallandigham says in his excellent speech, which we publish this week, "the measures they have meted out to us shall be measured them again." Yes, that it will, "shaken down and pressed together." "The arrest of Dr. Olds," chuckles the Abolition tyrants of the Evening Post, "and the summary squelching of Charles J. Ingersoll, show that the Government is wide awake!" Yes, indeed, it is wide awake. It can conquer unarmed men, and that seems to be about the extent of its victories. It can send possies of kidnappers to the houses of quiet citizens in the North, bind them and gag them and immerse them in forts and fortifications, but it has not the ability, with hundreds of thousands of troops, to keep the Confederates from besieging the National Capital. It can wreak a petty vengeance upon some individual, who has had too much honesty to bend before its usurpations. But it is incompetent to save the country from the calamities which menace it. It loves duplicity and deceit, and pays a high premium for them, in the person of the renegade Democrats who go over to it for plunder and pelf, but it especially hates manliness and honesty, and persecutes every individual who possesses enough of these qualities to tell it of its faults, or rebuke its follies. It has finally convicted itself of party favoritism by releasing from imprisonment members of its own party, and retaining Democrats in custody, though the offences charged were the same in both cases. Dr. Olds, of Ohio, is charged with discouraging enlistments, yet he is imprisoned, while Black Republicans are released. It is no wonder that some of its own party papers are calling for the resignation of a President who has allowed the government to degenerate into an organization which would seem to exist, just now mainly for the persecution of those who have intelligence enough to see the truth, and manliness enough to utter it.

There are many other articles in the number of the *Caucasian* now before us, which would well pay perusal, and which we would gladly place before our readers in preference to anything that we might write, but we must close our selections for the present with the following:

THE SECRET PRISON HOUSE.

Few people know, or even think, of the suffering men, pining for liberty, in Fort Lafayette, and none realize how cruelly and harshly they are reported to be treated. The *Express* states that Messrs. Soule and Mazareau, of New Orleans, "are not even allowed to leave their cells, and the privilege accorded to other captives, of taking exercise in the yard, has been denied them. No writing utensils are in their reach, and they are under constant surveillance." Dr. Olds, of Ohio, it is said, has been placed in close confinement, and what is most remarkable of all, the *Express* report also states that "every prisoner released from Fort Lafayette, and every visitor thereto, is bound not to reveal anything of the discipline of the prison or the names of those confined, and hence the press knows nothing, and can report but little of what is going on."

Was there ever anything in Austrian or Neapolitan dungeons that could exceed the despotic character of such regulations? "The names of those confined" must not be revealed. Who knows, then, how many people are languishing there, or for what trivial offences? We know of one man who was kept in Fort Lafayette last year for some six months, because his children raised upon a pole a rag through which he had been straining blackberries! Some neighbor, who was at enmity with him, started the report that he had raised "a secession flag," and suddenly he was arrested, hurried off hundreds of miles, (he resided in Michigan) and incarcerated in Fort Lafayette and kept there for more than half a year, without any attention being paid to his case. He was finally informed that there was no charge against him, and allowed to go. Six tedious months of cruel imprisonment, simply on account of a little harmless playfulness of his children! Can that be called a free or just government, under which such shameful outrages are perpetrated? And yet this is but a sample of what arbitrary arrests must and will ever be. If any persons have committed offences, let them be tried and punished. It is all folly to say the law is not adequate to reach all cases. It is adequate to punish all real offences. It is only because the powers which be wish to torture into terms acts that are not crimes, that they resort to the high-handed measures they do.

The *Caucasian*, we understand, is published by the former proprietors of the Day Book and Daily News, both of which, it will be recollected, were suppressed soon after the commencement of the war. The *Caucasian* is not allowed to circulate through the mails, but the proprietors state that their weekly edition is already many thousands, and rapidly increasing.

Battle of Corinth—Full Particulars.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss.)
October 11, 1862.)

Editor's Appeal:—Truth, justice, and the holy cause of independence for which we struggle, demand that some corrective should be given to the stuporous and mischievous errors, rife in the country and the press, touching the late battle of Corinth, and the retreat of our army from that memorable field. It is enough to chill the valor and patriotism of the soldier to find his most skilful and his bravest deeds set down to the account of a blundering and stupid inefficiency, and bruited by the press over every hearth-stone in the land.

I fear that the lamented and immortal Albert Sidney Johnston is not the only General sacrificed by croakers who hate the smell of gunpowder! It may be true, as he said, "that the people are right in demanding success as the only test of merit," but our fathers acted on a different idea, or else George Washington could not long have remained Commander-in-Chief of the army of the revolution. Indeed, no General of that day could have escaped banishment. The Conway cabal did not triumph over the good sense of our ancestors, and we may hope that the factions of our day may not with but resistance blur the fame of officers whose military achievements deserve the nation's gratitude.

Of the battle of Corinth, history will say it was not a victory. In all the elements of military science—conception, plan of attack, and execution of design—it reflects the highest credit on the general who commanded our forces, and it covered with glory the subordinate Generals, officers and men engaged in the terrific struggle. On the close of the contest, on the night of the first day, (Friday), Gen. Van Dorn received the congratulations of every general officer under his command, and in the hearts of his men, lying prostrate, parched by thirst and weary from excess of valor, there was but one feeling—pride that they served under a commander who had taught them, that day, his capacity to command and guide the currents of a wide-spread battle field.

Price on the left and centre, and Lovell on

the right, each received on the field, amid the terrible contest, written congratulatory orders, for their skill and prowess in carrying against superior forces the entrenchments of the enemy—not forgetting the noble men they led.

At the close of the fight on Friday, Villepigue, Bowen and Rust, under Lovell—Maury, Cabell, Phifer, Hebert, Green, Gates, Martin, Moore, Irwin, and all others under Price—received the universal meed of applause, so grateful to the soldier's heart, when it follows heroic deeds.

Two hours of daylight on Friday would have made us masters of Corinth. The place was saved by the extraordinary exertions of Rosecranz, who, working with indefatigable labor until daybreak brought reinforcements of eight thousand men—not, as the "very intelligent gentleman who enlightens the Mississippian declares, from Cairo and Columbus, by the oversight of our General in not cutting the railroad"—but from Jacinto, Rienzi, Iuka and Kossuth.

This force was concentrated at daylight, among the strong central fortifications of the town, before which the centre and left of our army lay, and where our gallant and noble soldiers threw themselves with the early dawn into these formidable works. They were too few to hold the place their valor had won. These were the forces under the gallant Price. On the right, Lovell's division having taken the exterior line of intrenchments, and after hard fighting captured a fort, found his wing confronted by the last strongholds which guarded the town on the West. His troops, not having been once repulsed in their victorious march, were in the act of storming these last works, when he received orders to retire and form the rear guard to protect and cover the retreat.

General Van Dorn had cut off all reinforcements from Bolivar, by so maneuvering to menace that point, and by cutting the railroad between it and Corinth.

Rosecranz, on Friday night, expected to lose Corinth. He started his train in retreat towards Farmington, and burnt some of his military stores. He has deservedly won a right to promotion by the toil, skill and energy of his defence.

As to the casualties of the fight, we have every reason to conclude that in the killed and wounded, and in prisoners taken on the field, the loss of the enemy was greater than our own. The stragglers of our army, worn out by the excessive heat and thirst of a two days' struggle, after rapid marches, may swell their list of prisoners.

We captured at Corinth three pieces of artillery, and lost one piece by a mistake of the driver, who ran it into town.

THE RETREAT.

Was conducted in a masterly manner as its results proclaim. A baggage train, six or seven miles in length, was brought off in safety. The small loss of ten or twelve wagons was occasioned by the silly panic of the drivers. There were but two contests on the retreat. The first occurred at Davis' bridge, on the Hatchie river, near Poca-hontas, where the forces of Hurlbut's division from Bolivar—afterwards reinforced by Ross' division, from the same point—disputed the passage of the Hatchie. The contest was short and bloody. Morris' brigade was in the advance, a portion of his force—about five hundred in number—crossing the bridge. A part of Phifer's and a portion of Cabell's brigades were pushed up in support, making altogether about 1,000 men engaged on our side. At that point the noble high-spirited, gallant soldier and gentleman, Major Balfour, on Van Dorn's staff, fell mortally wounded in the effort to rally our men, pressed and overpowered by really superior numbers. The enemy succeeded in gaining the bridge, but withdrew after a sharp contest, on the approach of Hebert's division, commanded by General Green. During this combat at the Hatchie bridge, the forces of Rosecranz, from Corinth, attacked our rear guard, six miles distant; at the bridge across the Tuscumbia. Bowen's brigade at this latter point repulsed the enemy with great slaughter, and that was the last contest of the retreat. Van Dorn retired Price's division up the Hatchie mill, preceded by his immense train of baggage, unobscured; repaired a bridge at that point, which had been burnt by Gen. Armstrong that morning—crossed and camped. Lovell's division followed the same route, unobscured—and in this order our entire army has marched to this point. "The very intelligent gentleman," of the Mississippian, puts down as one of the two "causes of our reverses," the burning of a bridge across Cypress creek ten miles from Corinth—at which point the enemy held a commanding position where our men had to run down the creek and cross over a mill dam, etc. There was no bridge burnt or injured, on our entire route, from Corinth to near Poca-hontas on the Hatchie—that bridge was not burnt—its passage was disputed by the enemy in position—but the contest cost them dearly. They lost upwards of one hundred killed, and between four and five hundred wounded, among whom were

Generals Ord and Veitch—while our loss was in prisoners

between four and five hundred, and about forty or sixty killed and wounded. At Tuscumbia the bridge was perfect—Price's division had crossed it, and Lovell's division was approaching it. The enemy were not in position at it—but were sent howling back before they reached it. Bowen destroyed it after he crossed.

I have spoken in warm, but merited praise of all the officers and men engaged in the bloody field of Corinth. There is a class of soldiers of whom I have not spoken—a large class—would it were smaller!—a class, in numbers sufficient to form a brigade—a class of stragglers who were not at Corinth, on either of the long to be remembered days of Friday and Saturday—who deserted our advancing columns—who learned the currents of the fight only by those cannonades whose distant thunder made the earth tremble under their feet—whose coward footsteps turned away from the fields of carnage, and whose lying tongues spread a panic on every mile of their ignominious flight. It is a pity to find their catfif stories of blundering Generals and terrible disasters stiffened into type.

Whatever may be the sum of hurtful and erroneous criticism heaped upon some of the Generals who fought at Corinth, by those ignorant of their action on the field, it ought to be a solace to officers thus defamed to know that they are cherished by the soldiers they led in so much that even retreat could not stifle their cheers of admiration.

Rosecranz is, of course, inferior to the military critics, who denounce the action of Van Dorn; but it is safe to say that he would not readily undergo again the toil by which he saved Corinth.

As to Lovell, so bitterly and undeservedly assailed—his cool courage, self-possession and skill in handling his force attracted the admiration of the army.

I see that in the list of the meritorious I have failed to mention Gen. Armstrong and Col. Jackson, who commanded our cavalry. Each of those gallant officers greatly distinguished themselves by their admirable use of their respective forces in protecting the flanks of our line. Indeed, without exception, the conduct of all our officers, of every grade, was worthy of all praise. And Adams, in his vigilance in watching the enemy advancing from Bolivar to Hatchie bridge, commanded the thanks of the Commanding General.

The following little motto of Virginius Hutchen, of Graves' battery, has a good deal of pith:

"Jump over all the ifs and buts—
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon from the ruts,
Or poke away the sand.
"Push on! You're rusting while you stand—
Inaction will not do;
Take life's small handle in your hand,
And frudge it briskly through."

Rev. Mr. —, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you can go." The sinner stopped and reflected for a moment, and saying respectfully, "Well, I believe I would," went on.

MONEY-MAKING IN VIRGINIA.—"Hermes," writing to the Mercury from Richmond, says:

I have heretofore spoken of the money-making spirit in this State. Here is an incident in proof of its effects. In the town of B—, a great revival was going on: One night the minister of the church in which the revival occurred, publicly rebuked his elders for not attending except on Sunday. Brother Diggs excused himself on the ground that his business had increased so much that he could not possibly leave it on week days. Brother Piggs then rose and said: "Diggs has stated my case exactly. He sells tobacco and I manufacture it, and you all know that tobacco is a big business at this time. Why, brethren, even lugs is eight dollars, and how kin I leave my factory." This really occurred.

AN EDITOR WANTS MEAT FOR HIS FAMILY.

The editor of the Cleveland (Tennessee) Banner has the following in his paper. We are not requested to copy, but his case has so worked upon our sympathies that we cannot refrain from inserting his advertisement. We hope somebody will see this, who can supply his wants and hasten to do so:

WANTED.—We want to buy a coon and 'possum dog, to hunt our meat with during the coming year. It is foolish for a man to think about buying hog meat who is printing a paper at \$2 a year. A dog that will hunt coon, 'possum, and kill a sheep occasionally, will command a good price at these "headquarters."