

North Carolina Argus.

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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1863.

[WHOLE NO. 230.]

A NATIONAL INVOCATION.

To Southern States and Southern people!
Clasp your hands and hearts together;
Shoulder to shoulder stand: fast friends
In sunshine, or in stormy weather.
God bless in yours, and His spirit guide you;
A common foe is at your door;
Close up! Close up! in solid column;
Fight as your fathers did of yore.
Be rivals only in the battle,
Where foes are falling like the dew;
Be jealous only last another
Shall love his country more than you.
He's your great enemy who sows
Discord where there should be love;
He's the tyrant's faithful vassal,
Serving thus your hate to you.
Save the beautiful pride that places
One false State above another—
Love each other in the strife!
Each true Southern as a brother!
All have triumphed—all have suffered;
All have faced the Northern blast;
All must "sink or swim" together;
Victors all, or chained to last.
Let the standard be "our duty!"
Let the watchword be "our homes!"
Let the prayer be "God our refuge!"
Then fall the foe where'er he comes.
Crest be the first who seeks to lower
The standard of the pure and free;
His fate should be to live and cower
Beneath the lash of tyranny.

For the Argus.

HOOKESTON, N. C., April 30th, 1863.

DEAR ARGUS:—We have changed "our base" again. We are now bivouacking near the little village of Hookerton, awaiting, and hourly expecting orders to march to Kinston. Yesterday we heard that skirmishing was going on on the lines below that place; but as nothing definite has been heard since, the inference is, that the enemy have retired. If this be so, I presume our Brigade will return to Greenville, to complete the defenses. No important change has taken place in the status of affairs since my last. The enemy, which then, were reported to be advancing in force upon Kinston, seem to be cautiously inactive, with occasionally slight skirmishing between the pickets. Of the number and disposition of our forces in this section, I would like to speak, to allay any apprehension in regard to our ability to meet the vandals; but they have already gained too much through imprudence of "a my correspondents." I understand the enemy is fortifying on Core Creek, with a view of making it a line of defence. It is hardly probable that he intends occupying it permanently. In fact, I doubt very much whether Gen. Foster will ever allow Gen. Hill to meet him in "a fair old field." It is unwise to underrate the courage or ability of our enemy, but the conduct of Foster since he has been in command here, has been such as to inspire us with a supreme contempt for any pretensions he may make as a brave man, and all who have witnessed the black trail of ruin and desolation, which follows the track of this brute in human form, must regret that he has any claims to recognition as one of our race. Like a simoon, sweeping over some fair field of flowers, he leaves behind him desolation, ruin and misery. Nothing but the lonely chimney, is left, of the elegant mansion; and the tender buds of the flower garden, shooting up, tells where many a pleasant hour had been spent by the happy maiden, who now wanders from place to place, a beggarly dependant upon the cold charities of the world.

"The hospitable roof no more
Invites the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins, sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.
The wretched owner sees afar,
His all become the prey of war!
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
He strains his throat in sorrow flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain,
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.
And when the roll of battle ceases,
His blackened soul is not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel."

When Gen. Hill succeeded Gen. French in this command, he found some letters from Foster unanswered. He replied to them in his peculiarly characteristic style. I will endeavor to send you a copy of this, as well as a circular very recently addressed to his command, which are decidedly rich. "Exempts" and "skulkers," as he terms

them, receive their proportion of his attention on all occasions. During the enrollment of conscripts in Beaufort county—one, who claimed to belong to the former class, came before him, and stated that he was subject to rheumatism. After listening patiently to his various complaints, the General remarked: "Yes, sir, I have had the rheumatism about thirty years, and it was sometimes extremely painful; but I went into service about two years ago, and I believe it has improved me considerably, and I would recommend to you the same remedy." It is needless to say the poor fellow urged his claims no further. A great deal of complaint is made of him, in that section, for he enforced the conscript law, "without fear, favor or affection." Since our troops fell back from Washington, numbers of the citizens have left, bringing what they could with them. Many of them are in a distressing condition. The authorities in Washington, some days ago, gave notice to the citizens that all who would not take the oath, had to leave within five days. I learn that a great many of them gladly availed themselves of this chance to escape the tyranny of the oppressor. Large numbers of them are in the vicinity of Greenville, but will doubtless go further up the country. I have been permitted to read a letter from a lady, who lived near where our troops were stationed. It was written the day after they came out on their plundering foray, at which time our cavalry pickets had a skirmish with them. The statements made are enough to shock us; but the lady is a high toned, intelligent Southern woman, and "would not exaggerate for," as she says, the "truth is bad enough." They broke locks, took mules, horses, poultry, corn, meal, meat, and in fact everything they could appropriate either to their own use or to the negroes, giving the latter beds and clothing belonging to their mistress, and "left nothing untouched or unharmed." They shook their pistols, defiantly, at her and other young ladies. "Oh, how I prayed" said she, "for the familiar gray coats of our rebel soldiers to appear." The ferocious barbarity of this modern race of Sepoys is vividly pictured in the letter and confirmed by every one who escapes. In the skirmish we had one young Georgian was killed, when our forces retreated leaving him in their hands. They would not bury him, and during the night some of the citizens interred him hurriedly. Alluding to it she says, "in the pale moon-light, was thrown up the mound, which, perhaps, in the future, will point out to some old comrade, the resting place of the sweet soldier. It is a monument to patriotism, but it grieves me to think that not one loving hand was there to wipe the cold death sweat from his pale brow." After reviewing their condition, she says, "Oh where will our troubles end, and what will befall us more? We have expected, looked, hoped and prayed for our dear rebel soldiers to come to our relief; but it has all been in vain; for sorrow, bitter and heart rending sorrow, hangs over every household, and we are in oppressive bondage. I shall run the blockade if possible." Fortunately she did "run the blockade" and is now in Greenville.

We would like very much if we were stationed long enough to get our letters. We want to hear often from our friends. Some of our boys seem to be carrying on a military correspondence with the girls. One wrote three to his dulcinea, before he heard anything from her. Finally the "long looked for came at last." With "throbbing heart and blushing brow," he opened it eagerly, when to his utter surprise and astonishment, he found his three letters neatly wrapped in a piece of note paper, with these simple but comprehensive words written on it, "Disapproved and Respectfully Returned," with as much of a military flourish as some of our applications for furloughs are decorated with, after coming from the hands of the Commanding General.

The boys are in good health and fine spirits.

FORTY-THIRD.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

A man can no more believe with another's faith than he can satisfy his hunger by seeing another man eat.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

I was conversing not long since with a returned volunteer.

"I was in the hospital as nurse for a long time," said he, "assisted in taking off limbs and dressing all sorts of wounds; but the hardest thing I ever did was to take my thumb off a man's leg."

"Ah!" said I, "how was that?"

Then he told me.

"It was a young man, who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball passed completely through, and amputation was necessary. The limb was cut off close up to the body, the arteries taken up, and he seemed to be doing well. Subsequently one of the small arteries sloughed off. An incision was made, and it was again taken up. It was well it was not the main artery," said the surgeon as he performed the operation; 'he might have bled to death before we could have taken it up.' But Charley got on finely, and was a favorite with us all.

I was passing through the ward one night about midnight, when suddenly as I was passing Charley's bed he spoke to me: 'H—, my leg is bleeding again,'

I threw back the bed clothes, and the blood spirted in the air. The main artery had sloughed off.

Fortunately, I knew just what to do, and in an instant I had pressed my thumb on the place and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to the body that there was barely room for my thumb; but I succeeded in keeping it there, and arousing one of the convalescents, I sent him for the surgeon, who came on the run.

"I am so thankful, H—," said he as he saw me, "that you were up, and knew what to do, for he must have bled to death before I could have got here."

But on examination into the case he looked exceedingly serious, and sent out for other surgeons. All came who were within reach, and a consultation was held over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all. There was no place to work save where my thumb was placed; they could not work under my thumb, and if I moved it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up. There was no way to save his life!

Poor Charley! He was very calm when they told him, and requested that his brother, who was in the hospital, might be called up. He came and sat down by the bedside, and for three hours I stood, and by the pressure of my thumb kept up the life of Charley, while the brothers had their last conversation on earth. It was a strange place for me to be in, to feel that I had the life of a fellow mortal in my hands, as it were, and stranger yet to feel that an act of mine must cause that life to depart. Loving the poor fellow as I did, it was a hard thought; but there was no alternative.

The last words were spoken. Charley had arranged all his business affairs, and sent tender messages to absent ones, who little dreamed how near their loved one stood to the grave. The tears filled my eyes more than once as I listened to those parting words. All were said, and he turned to me.

Now, H—, I guess you had better take off your thumb.

"O, Charley! how can I?" I said.

"But it must be, you know," replied he cheerfully. "I thank you very much for your kindness; and now, good bye."

He turned away his head, I raised my thumb, once more the life current gushed forth, and in three minutes poor Charley was dead!

THE ENEMY CAPTURED.

We have just had an interview with Mr. J. Noble, Jr., who came down on the train this morning, from Rome; who says that on Sunday, about 2 o'clock, the vanguard of the enemy, about two hundred in number, reached the plantation of Mr. Shorter where they were met and forced back by the citizens and some soldiers at Rome, who had marched out to meet them in accordance with instructions sent by Gen. Forrest by a courier. Upon the force approaching under Gen. Forrest, finding themselves in a trap, they surrendered unconditionally. Previously the main body, mounted infantry,

between thirteen and fourteen hundred in number surrendered to Gen. Forrest, about 20 miles West of Rome; whose entire command, numbered but little over six hundred. We learn that the capture was effected by causing the enemy to believe that he was flanked on both sides, as well as pressed by a superior force in the rear. The officers were permitted to retain their side arms. The prisoners were very indignant when they discovered they had surrendered to an inferior force. The story about the contrabands proved untrue, as only seventeen were captured.

The captured forces comprised the Third Ohio, the Eighteenth Illinois, and the Fifty-First and Seventy-Third Indiana, together with three companies of North Alabamians. The latter will be sent to Richmond—the former will be paroled. Mr. Noble saw them all in the public square at Rome, and says that the conquerors and conquered, as well as their horses, looked very much jaded. The prisoners were very defiant and impatient.

General Forrest had followed and fought the enemy for five days, almost without intermission, and but for the indomitable energy, perseverance and tact of this daring and gallant commander and command, the result would have been very serious. The main object of the incursion was to reach the State Road, burn the bridges, and tear up the track. It is alleged that their capture was considered certain, but that the loss of two thousand men would be more than compensated for by the injuries they would be able to inflict on the State Road. But, thanks be to God, and General Forrest, under His protecting Providence, that the invading vandals have been captured and their nefarious designs thwarted. Yesterday was a gala day in Rome, and the city was crowded by people—young and old, men and women, and negroes, too—from the surrounding country, to get a glimpse of the ruthless prisoners. When General Forrest entered the city, his pathway was fairly paved with flowers by the fair women of the rescued city.

The enemy lay waste the country they passed over, but excepting the destruction of the Round Mountain Iron Works, no serious damage was done. The burning of Gadsden is not confirmed. The report of the destruction of the Messrs. Nobles' Iron Works, we are gratified to learn, was erroneous. The prisoners, it is understood are to be sent here.

The various rumors abroad this morning in reference to the raid upon the State Road and the damage done it, proved to be almost groundless—having originated with a courier sent from Calhoun, who seeing a large number of horses in a wheatfield, (probably some of those captured by Forrest,) without making a careful enough survey, returned and reported the enemy as approaching. Considerable alarm prevailed—messengers were sent to Dalton, the troops which were on the point of returning to this place were detained, the trains here and there stopped, and all communication cut off until the truth was ascertained. The feverish excitement of the public mind has now entirely subsided, and the timid breathe more freely.—Atlanta Commonwealth, 6th.

IMPORTANT ITEM.—A correspondent of the Fayetteville Observer communicates the following facts:

"Our excellent Governor, acting under authority given him by the Legislature, has bought and has now on hand 300,000 pounds of bacon, 2000 casks of rice and about 80,000 bushels of corn. This is to be distributed among the different counties for the benefit of the poor. I learn that but two counties have so far applied for bacon." Committees and county commissaries who are buying for the relief of the poor can be supplied, to some extent, from this stock of provisions owned by the State, though we learn that the authorities refuse to sell to the Mecklenburg Relief Committee on the ground that provisions are abundant in this section.