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[WHOLE NO. 244.]

A SOLDIER'S APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF THE SOUTH.

MOBILE, Aug. 3d, 1863.

Ladies of the South: For two months I have been on a scout in Yankee land, among the enemy, at their own homes, where I saw and heard much that you should know.

The Northern people are divided pretty equally into two parties. The one is in favor of peace with the South, whilst the other will fight you until the world comes to an end, unless prevented by some action of the peace party at home or by foreign influence.

The peace party are controlled by interest and humanity; the other by all the influence that Satan can bring to their aid. The bitterest venom, malice and hate that ever emanated from the gloomy blackness of hell is spoken against you in their councils and meetings. It is not within the power of human imagination to conceive of crime more black than is nursed in the hearts of the Northern fanatics. I know those people well. Though born in the South, I have been most of my time in the North; whole years of my life have been passed among them. From my childhood I have read their papers, and when with them I never failed to attend their meetings, both political and religious. Ten years ago I heard them with uplifted hands pray and preach what they now practice. They have been tutored and taught by their leaders to hate you. They are deranged on the subject of negro slavery; wild fanaticism has dethroned reason, and made them the accursed instruments of hell. Satan himself, were he unchained from the infernal regions and let loose in your midst, backed by all his wicked host, covered with all the panoply of war, and bearing the black flag of triumphant sin, would not inflict more misery on you than these same Northern fanatics, if they should succeed in getting military control of the South.

Southern girls, the condition of your country looks dark and gloomy. As goes your country so go you. The fall of the South will bring you down to the most loathsome pit of human woe and degradation. Your country is half overrun by the enemy; and half your people are ruined. Your friends in the North will throw every obstacle in the way of the prosecution of the war against you. The Democrats are to a man in favor of stopping the war—not another man will volunteer to fight you. Those who are in the field are there for the war. They have done the wicked deed and cannot help themselves. Lincoln called them into the field by a proclamation which said "the object was to enforce the laws of the Union." They volunteered for that purpose. I could have joined hands with them in that work, but I knew Lincoln's advisers were not honest. I volunteered against that party because I knew they would do just what they have done. I knew their purpose from the beginning was to conquer the South if possible, and their motive in so doing was to get position and plunder. They never dreamed of restoring the Union by war. The war is waged to get military control of the South, and when that is done the dread secret will be disclosed, and every home of yours from the Ohio river to the Gulf of Mexico will be confiscated. No amount of Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi swearing will avail anything. Those who take the oath, unless they join the Federal ranks and fight you, will fare no better than the soldier of a hundred battles. They will get a double kick from their masters for their motive in taking the oath. Not a man in the South will be allowed a weapon of any kind; every soul will be disarmed; every man will be driven to drudging at the point of the bayonet in the hands of a negro. Then the hate, the venom, and fiendish malice of Lincoln's hordes will search for the victims of their savage, brutal and inhuman natures, and the darkest deeds ever recorded in the calendar of crime will be done. Your beauty, purity and chastity will be desecrated by their vile touch, all over the land will be re-enacted the deeds done along the path of that most enthusiastic of Abe Lincoln's helpers, Col. Hatch, of Iowa,

whose brutal cohorts in one of his cavalry raids to desolate DeSoto county, seized one of Mississippi's fairest daughters, and in her room, where she had sought seclusion from their hated presence, made a beastly negro the instrument of the most diabolical outrage; they themselves assisting as the witnesses and ministers of a deed which the pen shrinks from describing.

And this is but one of many instances in which Southern ladies have been polluted by the vile touch of Northern Abolitionists. As sure as time rolls on these people will, if they succeed in their effort to get military control of the South, degrade you to a level with "a woman of the town," to use the language of the Beast Butler—that hideous monster who cannot look you in the face without holding his head down. He threatened you at New Orleans with disgrace because you did not choose to look love to him and his brutes, and his wishes would have been carried out then, had not policy been in the way. He only spared you to a more convenient time, when all power would insure him his desires.

I am telling no idle dream—depicting no fancy sketch, drawn by a deceitful imagination. I know what I say when I tell you all is lost if those people should get control of your country. You have done much in this war. If "Southern Chivalry" had been half so earnest as you; not a foeman would now tread the soil that is sacred to you. Your smiles have always been a glad welcome to the soldier. By word, look and deed you have encouraged the defender of your virtue. But you are doing much unconsciously to discourage him, and to work your own ruin. You are keeping from the ranks many thousands who should aid the poor soldier of a hundred battles; men who have never fired a gun or been in the way of danger; and many legions too who are barely in the service wearing gay uniforms that are continually displayed before your eyes, but never in battle. I see in the interior of your land, where the enemy has not been, much to discourage the soldier in the field. You are indulging in all the gayety and frivolity of past times, when no enemy was near, and there were none to make you afraid.

Such a course on your part will make more parlor soldiers than recruits for the army. In this hour of your peril whilst the foe is dancing in wild joy over the grave of the lamented Jackson, who, unaided and alone, fell in strife at Alexandria against Elsworth and his Zouaves—noble patriot and soldier, there and thus to die! May Heaven spare me to make the pilgrimage of Virginia's land that I may plant the evergreen and rose tree, the ivy and the myrtle over the sacred spot where thou sleepest, and water them with the sad tears of grief for thy fate! And the brave and immortal Stonewall Jackson, and his comrades in arms, who died for you, whilst their death sleep is disturbed by the shouts of their enemy; and others too, the legions of the "unrecorded dead" all over the land; whilst their graves are being trod by a merciless enemy, you are indulging in gayety, and wearing the robes of hilarity! Respect and love for the sacred dead should cast a gloom of sorrow over every face in the South. The habiliments of deep distress would be more befitting robes than the butterfly costumes from the blockade. If you would survive and preserve your purity from the sacrilegious touch of the foe, you must drive from your presence the many thousands of dandy-dressed parlor braves, who have raised themselves above the dignity of a soldier's duty, by hiring some worthless and unconcerned vagabond to represent their chivalry on the battle-field, and who throng the hotels and pleasure grounds and walks, ever ready with tender bleached hands to do you service, where there is no danger! Far better, when you see the weary soldier trudging along clothed in dirt and rags, to call him to your door, invite him to a seat, encourage him by kind looks and words to fight for you. Give him from your own hand some little of the delicacies of the table you may have; let him see that he is remembered for the battles fought, for the long marches made through heat and drought, through mud and rain, and for the

many long "nights of rest" on the cold earth, pelted by the storm with no other covering than the dark flying clouds above; and, though poor he may be, though unlearned and ignorant, he will leave you with a heart lightened of its grief; and when the shock of battle comes, and the strife is wild and furious, memory, delighted at the recollections of your kindness, will fly to his relief and nerve his heart and arm for the fierce encounter. The soldier with his gun only can save you. If your country is saved 'tis he that will save it.

Exempts and parlor soldiers are not dangerous to your enemy. They do not fear them as in the days before the war. Now, they are not even honored with the dignity of arrest. If you would be saved from ruin you must frown with indignant scorn upon every popinjay in the land, and turn with words of encouragement to the soldier in the field. Scorned and driven away by you, they may, if they have not courage enough to commit suicide, as a last resort, seek a place in the army, where to some extent, they might redeem themselves or get shot. There are also hundreds of officers of some grade and rank who are off duty three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, dressed in superb style, who throng the hotels, drink to kill sorrow for the lamented dead, and make calls. Drive them from you, for they encourage the enemy.

If Major M. D., with glossy collar, kid gloves, fine cloth and polished boots, sends his card, just write upon it that some poor soldier who is willing to fight for you needs attention. If Captain Commissary asks permission to do the agreeable, remind him that the soldiers in the field suffer with hunger, and in many places supplies are seen wasting at the depots for want of care and industry on somebody's part. If Captain Quartermaster wishes you to hear of his intensity of hatred of inefficient officers, whisper in his ear that thousands worth of Government property is daily lost and destroyed for want of attention. If Mr. Officer, of the consolidated regiment, "happens in," tell him the enemy are coming, and in the distance you hear the cries of tender loveliness praying to be spared, and ask him to please excuse you until you can get to some safe place. If Mr. Staff wishes to show his patriotic uniform, treat him kindly, pity him and pray for him, for he has no employment and nothing to do but to preserve himself for future usefulness. Do these things, and ask God in the plenitude of His goodness and wisdom, to lend a helping hand to the soldiers who are fighting for you and all will be well.

Ladies of the South, for more than two years I have held various positions in the Confederate army, from a private soldier to an officer of high rank, and never during that time, in daylight or darkness could I find a moment for pleasure. Every moment a Confederate officer gives to idleness or pleasure, is just as much time given to the enemy, and you should treat him accordingly. Every hour is big with danger. Your influence and tyranny—God bless such tyranny!—rules the world. If you will you can drive a half million of men into the field in sixty days. But few men of the South are so lost to all sense of shame and so given-over to cowardice that you cannot by some means influence them to fight for you.

I have no hope but in you. The recruiting officers of the armies cannot do in one year what you can do in one day. It is victory, or disgrace and dishonor with the South. The men must seize their guns and hasten to the field to fight for you. To-day you must commence recruiting, and never cease the work as long as an exempt can be found. There are none to spare. I wish I could persuade you that every soul in the land is needed for your defence. The men of the South will not be convinced that such is the fact so long as you allow them to remain about you. I have been sadly deceived about Southern Chivalry. With no property interest in the South, I was among your earliest defenders, believing that Southern men would by one grand-rush to arms maintain their title of noblemen. Kentucky, is my native State. I have ever loved the South but interest took me to the Prairie State. Illinois claims me as her own. All that

I have is there. For two and a half years I have toiled for the South. Her women I have ever boasted of with pride, and for them I will not fail to work. Whilst I live I will strike the blow of the avenger of the innocent that has suffered. I have separated from the large armies in the field and henceforth the forest wood and cane-brake will be my home. Along the banks of Old River will be avenged the fate of the fair daughter of De Soto; and deep, deep beneath the wild waves of the Mississippi the vile forms of her cruel destroyers shall be hid from the light of day. Then will I be satisfied with myself, and the Rebel Scout will once more return to

ILLINOIS.

ADDRESS OF LIEUT.-GEN. D. H. HILL.—The following address was issued by Lieut.-Gen'l. Hill on taking command of Gen. Harlee's corps, to which he has been assigned:

HEADQUARTERS CORPS,
July 24, 1863.

General Orders No. 31.

With unfeigned diffidence the undersigned succeeds to the able and distinguished soldier who so long has commanded this gallant corps, honoring it with his name and leadership, and being in turn honored by its noble bearing and glorious achievements.

The example set makes plain my path of duty, and the corps has but to continue the same consistent line of good conduct and propriety which has always characterized it. Believing as I do that rowdiness and insubordination are fruitful sources of trouble in camps and bad behavior in battle, I will insist upon strict discipline. All will be expected and required to render a prompt and liberal compliance with the requirements of law and authority.

Soldiers! a brutal and ruthless enemy, flushed with success, is pressing everywhere upon our wasted territory, seeking to carry fire and sword to our once happy homes, and instead of rising with renewed energy to drive off the invaders, thousands and tens of thousands of able bodied young men have skulked from the field under the provisions of the exemption bill, regardless of the interest, the safety and honor of the country. These miserable creatures are only concerned about screening their worthless carcasses from Yankee bullets.

Let these poor politicians go! The Confederacy looks in her hour of trial to your shattered ranks, and appeals to your manhood for that grand exhibition of courage, fidelity and patience which won for our forefathers the priceless boon of liberty. You will have many and sore trials, but with an unwavering trust in a God of truth and justice, and with an unconquerable determination to be free, you will be able to transmit the same inestimable blessings to your descendants.

(Signed,) D. H. HILL, Lt. Gen.
Official:

R. H. Hatcher, A. A. G.

DANGER OF NEGLECTING CHRIST.

A dread and solemn hour
To us is drawing near,
When we, before the throne of God,
All present shall appear.

What answer shall we give,
When God himself demands,
The uses of such times as these,
In judgment at our hands?

And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain;
The seasons that were once our own,
But cannot be again?

This will be wo indeed;
To regions of despair
Our own neglect will sink us down,
To mourn forever there.

A letter has been received by one of his parents from Lt. W. L. Battle of the 37th Regiment, in which he says his left arm was shattered by a ball just below the shoulder, and that three or four inches of the bone have been taken out. A note was kindly appended to the letter by Lt. Battle's attending surgeon, who says he is doing well and unless something unforeseen occurs, he will be able to leave the hospital at Gettysburg in a few weeks.

RAGS.

FIVE CENTS PER POUND WILL BE PAID FOR clean Cotton or Linen Rags, delivered at the Registers' Office, Rockingham, Rich. and N. C.