

# North Carolina Argus.

NEW SERIES

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1863.

[WHOLE NO. 250.]

## THE GREAT BATTLE AT CHATTANOOGA.

The latest official dispatch from General Bragg represents the enemy, after a desperate fight and heavy loss in men, artillery, small arms and colors, retreating on Chattanooga. From our Western exchanges we give such additional items as have not been given.

The Atlanta Intelligencer, of Tuesday, says:

The attack on the enemy's lines was made early Saturday morning about eight miles Northwest from Ringgold, on this side of the Chickamauga, on Frazer's farm, by the forces under the command of Generals Walker, Cheatham and Hood, and lasted all day.

On Sunday the engagement became general, and lasted all day. The cannonading was represented by those who heard it as being terrific. Our two wings drove those of the enemy back several miles but the centre of each army remained firm on Sunday at night.

We have information from a reliable source that our troops, being very much in want of water, made a desperate charge on a portion of the enemy's forces stationed on Pea Vine Creek, and routed them at the point of the bayonet, and obtained their position on the Creek. In this charge it is said we lost from twelve to fifteen hundred, and the loss of the enemy, who made an obstinate resistance, is represented as exceeding anything our informant ever beheld. It is also supposed by this success the enemy's supplies from Chattanooga have been cut off.

It is expected that Gen. Longstreet will renew the attack this (Monday) morning on the enemy's centre with a large reinforcement of fresh troops.

We have heard our entire loss up to Sunday night (we think extravagantly) estimated at from five to nine thousand. We know nothing of that of the enemy except that it is reported much heavier.

We have to mourn the loss of some of our most distinguished officers. General Preston Smith is certainly killed. Generals Walthall, Wofford and Preston are reported killed. General Hood is reported to have lost a leg. General Gregg received a severe but not dangerous wound and has been brought to Marietta.

We have taken two or three thousand prisoners, and have lost none of our men as prisoners.

All the men were represented on Sunday evening as being excited to the highest degree of enthusiasm, feeling that on this battle may rest the issue, not of the independence of our Confederacy, but of a prolongation of the war.

We can hardly believe that the report of Gen. Wofford being killed is true. He was in this city only two days ago, but had gone onward to the scene of conflict.

We are assured that a large number of Yankee prisoners have been captured—1500 ready for shipment and more arriving. The latest news is cheering indeed! The work goes bravely on!

The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, of Tuesday, says:

We learn from passengers by the Atlanta train this afternoon that a heavy fight occurred on Chickamauga creek, about midway between Ringgold and Chattanooga, on Saturday and Sunday. The fight commenced by our skirmishers driving in the pickets of the enemy—then a brigade of our forces became engaged, and the fight extending from Chickamauga, the centre, right and left, soon became general, and raged until darkness put an end to it.

It is reported that the enemy were driven back on their right and left, but the centre, said to be under the command of Rosecranz himself, stood firm.

The loss on our side was five thousand in killed and wounded, and the enemy's supposed to be about the same, with the addition of three thousand prisoners, which fell into our hands.

This fight was called a skirmish, and it is supposed was followed by much bloodier work on Sunday and Monday.

The Augusta Constitutionalist says it was reported that Gen. Bragg was slightly wounded, but did not leave the field.

**HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.**—In a group in front of a well known hotel a few days ago, a gentleman who has been a zealous and prominent laborer in the Southern cause remarked; "Having seen the horrors of this war, when it is ended, I will be for hanging the first man that ever counsels revolution again."

"Then why don't you submit to the abolition despotism?" gruffly queried an impulsive patriot.

"Never, so help me God!" was the emphatic rejoinder.

"Strange inconsistency!" commented one of his hearers.

"Not at all," said Col. B., a gentleman whose patriotism and whose eloquence are both of record. "He is not more inconsistent than a woman in her first travail, who in the hour of her agony denounces and renounces all mankind, but who, after she has kissed the beautiful lips of the smiling cherub which cost her so much pain, would endure a thousand times more, rather than be separated from it."

In the convulsive throes of this revolution—which will surely end in a happy deliverance; many petulant expressions escape the lips of true men which should be kindly consigned to oblivion.—*Atlanta Register.*

## "A STRANGE STORY."

CAMP PRICE, GREENBRIER COUNTY, VA.,  
September 13, 1863.

To the Editor of the Richmond Whig:

To gratify the lovers of the curious and wonderful, I have concluded to give you a short and accurate description as received from the witnesses themselves, of a strange phenomenon that made its appearance about ten miles West of Lewisburg on the afternoon of the 1st inst.

Mr. Moses Dwyer, an honest and responsible farmer whose veracity is unimpeachable; Mrs. Percy, who seems to have a very clear head and is a lady of respectability and character, as are two other ladies who witnessed the phenomenon, were the persons from whom the following account was obtained. It was also witnessed by a youth, almost grown, and by a servant girl. They all testify, substantially, to the same facts, and are perfectly willing to be sworn to the truth of the statement made to me.

The day was bright, clear and warm. The locality a hill or mountain side on which the sun was shining with full power. The first thing seen was something that the witnesses do not seem able to describe with clearness and accuracy. They say it was masses or bodies of vapor, mist or something else five or six feet high and two or three wide, floating in a perpendicular position, above the tree tops, moving on in a line with the utmost regularity and precision, then passing through the tree tops, without having the line broken or disturbed. These bodies are described as being of a whitish, green color, and passed off in the distance. Then came a countless multitude of men, dressed in white, marching in column, on the ground, through an open field, up the mountain slope, at a rapid pace, quicker than double quick time, the column only separated by a few feet. The witnesses state that they could see the men—not only as a whole but the individual parts; their heads, arms, legs and feet. Occasionally one would lag a little behind, and could be distinctly seen to quicken his pace to regain his position in the line. They were passing for an hour or more, and it is thought numbered thousands. The field over which they passed is several hundred yards in length, and they covered the entire area in passing. Their general appearance was white, and they were without arms or knapsacks.

I have given the simple facts without coloring or exaggeration, as received from eye witnesses of the strange sight. No person in this community doubts or questions the veracity of the witnesses, known as they are to be of highly respectable character and entitled to credit. All agree that they saw something out of the ordinary course of nature.

This account of a singular phenomenon [was it a mirage?] is communicated to us by an officer of rank, intelligence and character. He means no quizz, and is not apt to be the victim of one. In a private note,

he says: "I put myself to some trouble to ascertain the facts, and questioned the witnesses separately. They are above suspicion. I have given all the material facts except that the so called men were marching North or Northwest, right through the mountains. They were of all sizes, and as stout like men as if they had been real flesh and blood."—*Whig.*

Prepare for the winter, you that dwell in comfortable houses, protected from the desolation of the ruthless invader. Prepare clothing of all sorts for the soldiers. Not alone for your brothers and fathers and husbands and sweethearts, (we are appealing to the ladies now,) but to every Southern soldier, to whom you are bound by the holiest ties of liberty and home associations. Organize yourselves, our fair country women, into one grand Southern Relief Society; but without any little sub-associations to beget quarrels and jealousies; establish one grand central depot, and let every body contribute. Never mind the style, nor the quality, nor whether it be old or new—the article contributed. "Clothes for the Southern soldiers!" be the rallying cry. The chances of war may remove our brave defenders to a latitude much farther north than the borders of Tennessee, Kentucky or Virginia. Let us clothe them well if we would keep them there. What is the expenditure of a few paltry dollars compared with the loss of a whole fortune? And whose property is secure if our army be reduced by disease superinduced from scanty clothing in the wintry weather? Clothe the army, as you value your liberty, and your home comforts, and as you love your native South.

We are in for another winter campaign—in all probability the last one, for the North cannot keep up this miserable farce of subjugation another year. But we are now to deal with the momentous present. The winter is upon us almost. Think of the noble young soldier scantily clad and bare-foot upon the distant picket, and of the veteran gray-hairs shivering and warming his gun barrel over the bivouac fire.

The soldiers will need more comfortable clothing this winter than the Government will be able to supply. Therefore, let every man, woman and child in the land contribute something to keep the soldiers warm. Our countrymen, go to work! Action! our country women. Up with your bristling beards of steel, and charge with balls of yarn. Be instrumental in the noble cause of your country, and reflect that every knitted stocking but clads a freeman's foot, put forward to meet and press back the invader.—*Chat. Rebel.*

It is stated that Mr. Corwin the United States Minister to Mexico, has given in his adhesion to the policy of the French authorities in Mexico, and recognized the Government established by the Congress of Notables under the guidance of the French invading army. In other words, the United States Minister; the representative of Mr. Lincoln in Mexico, has witnessed the subversion of the Government to which he has been accredited, by a foreign power; he has seen a Republican system demolished, and an Empire erected upon its ruins, and now quietly acquiesces, with an "Amen! it is good." He waits not to see whether the people sanction the action of the Notables and receive the new Emperor Maximilian, but promptly recognizes the new government.

If the Lincoln dynasty approve the course of its representative, it will stand before the civilized nations of the earth, as treacherous to its own declared policy and system in relation to the Southern Confederacy, and false to all its own expositions of international law. Its remonstrances with European governments against the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy of Southern States, will then appear unveiled, nothing more than the clamors and raving of selfishness and fanaticism. So, one by one they abandon the absurdly false positions they have taken, and every day of the war of subjugation but adds another link of testimony to the hypocrisy and deceit they have so long and successfully been practising upon the world.—*Chat. Rebel.*

## A YANKEE REBUKE.

At Adairsville we met several car loads of Yankee prisoners on last Sunday. A large number of persons were eagerly conversing with them, and amongst the items we noticed were the following:

One contemptible fellow amongst our citizens, was attempting to bargain (in an undertone) with a shrewd, intelligent looking Yankee, for greenbacks. The Yankee, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all who stood about, remarked to him: "You are a disgrace to any country. Any man who does as you have done, offer two dollars of your own money for one of greenbacks, is not entitled to a country. You are a mean and bad citizen." The cowardly scoundrel slunk off and our people applauded the Yankee. Verily, we would much rather take the open armed foe by the hand and welcome him, than to show an act of kindness or courtesy to the enemy who, at home reduces our currency. The Yankee rebuked him properly.

One fellow on being asked what he was fighting for said "the Union." A German alongside of him said, "the Union was blayed out," he "was fighting for thirteen dollars a month." Honest Dutchman. The greater number of the prisoners are dogged, mean, cut throat looking devils.

*Atlanta Intel.*

THE SURRENDER AT CUMBERLAND GAP.—  
The Lynchburg Virginian says:

An officer who was at Cumberland Gap in the capacity of Lieut. Colonel was in this city yesterday, and reports the following. He is well known to us, is a Virginian, and his statement may be relied upon. He says that we had 1800 men, were very strongly entrenched, and had plenty of guns and ammunition. When the enemy, numbering about six regiments as is believed, commanded our forces to surrender, Gen. Frazier held a council of officers and it was unanimously determined that the place should be held to the last extremity. The officers then took their positions, but it was soon rumored that a Kentucky regiment had thrown down their arms. The officer in question going to make some inquiry upon the subject, observed a white flag flying, and interrogating Gen. Frazier as to what it meant, the latter replied, "tell Gen. Jones that I have gone up the spout." The Colonel, with three hundred of his men then retired unmolested.

He considers the surrender of Cumberland Gap the most disgraceful event of the war—and so it is. Frazier, we believe, is a Tennessean, and betrayed his trust, or such a position would never have been yielded without so much as firing a gun. It is high time that some General were shot.

A GOOD HIT.—Prof. S. of — College, not a thousand miles from Bath, is not much given to joking. Occasionally, however, this vein in his disposition is excited and then his hits are of the largest kind and double edged. One morning, not long ago, he found a horse in the recitation room. The class had collected, and with very solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the Professor. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse then upon the class, and remarked, at the same time twitching at his coat collar: "Ahem! You've got a new classmate, I see. I'm glad it's a horse—there were jackasses enough here before." Horses, we believe, have not since been introduced.

*Bath Courier.*

The official vote for Governor of Virginia, as counted by the Legislature last week, is as follows: Smith 28,613. Flournoy 23,453, Mumford 7,478, scattering 353. For Lieut-Governor: Price 27,411, Imboden 21,297, scattering 1,940.

HORSES WANTED.—Maj. Pierce, at Raleigh, chief Quartermaster for North Carolina, advertises for two hundred artillery horses. He wants them immediately. If the Major has to resort to impressment he ought to take the pleasure horses first. He can find a few in every town in the State.