

Who is not... not possible... either in the Confederacy or out of it, who is not anxious for the close of this desolating war, and who does not pray daily and hourly, that God would in His mercy lay the hand of the destroyer, and once more bless the land with Peace. Demagogues and fools may prate of the specialtor's gains, of the chieftain's desire of fame, or of the ruler's ambition, as motives urging them to entertain a desire for the prolongation of the war; but the idea is utterly inadmissible. If really entertained by those who advance it, it only shows that their own hearts are corrupt.

There is but one way to secure peace; and that is, to conquer it. Let the Confederacy but establish its independence, and there will be indeed what we all pray for, "a lasting Peace;" not otherwise. We shall be a Power of such magnitude among the nations as to make us hasty to give or to take offence. The horrors of this war will live in the memories of generations to come as a wholesome warning against reopening the gates of Janus. If the dead, who made themselves only the more dear to their countrymen because they died gloriously in defence of their country and its rights should be forgotten; if the sleeveless arms and the wooden legs should all, as they will in time, disappear from our midst; and if the favored of Heaven, who passed through a hundred battles unharmed, should

"Sink to rest  
With all their country's honors blest,"  
there will still be enough in tradition and history, and in the ever present debt and taxes entailed by this giant war, to serve as a beacon to warn us against future wars.

Not so with the United States, and emphatically not so with the United States if the Confederate States were unfortunately re-united to her. It is our belief that this present war was permitted in part to prevent that giant power from becoming a scourge to the world. Inflated with self conceit beyond any people under the sun; powerful beyond any nation of such brief duration, and arrogant beyond any from a sense of that power, the U. States was inclined to dictate to "a world in arms," and had really come to believe, or at least to boast, that they could whip that world in arms. The amazing capacity for war which they have shown during the past four years, makes it necessary that the Confederacy shall be free, to restrain the arrogance and ambition of the United States. Re-united, and inspired with ten-fold more, if possible, of the natural and boastful conceit of the Yankees, there would be no keeping the peace of the world. In the confident expectation of conquering the Confederacy, the United States are but suspending two other wars which they do not hesitate to avow their determination to enter upon—wars with two of the most warlike and powerful nations of the earth; wars of ambition and conquest, which Seward did not hesitate to admit to our Peace Commissioners that he expected to occur.

We must "conquer a Peace" or we shall be engaged in those wars. It is idle for any man who is "tired of the war" to hope for peace in any other way or on any other terms. Submit to the Yankees; allow them to subjugate us; re-unite with them upon any terms, even if they would consent to terms, which they will not;—none of these would bring Peace. They would bring new wars—wars in which we have no interest and for which we have no inclination, and yet wars in which we should be compelled to fight. Most probably, instead of being under our own chosen officers, selected from amongst ourselves and sympathizing with us, we should be under Yankee regiments; have Yankee officers put over us, to dominate with hateful tyranny over a subjugated and inferior people. We can imagine the condition of the Confederate soldier in the Yankee army—a subjugated Confederate soldier, drafted into the service to fight in a war in which he has no concern, and under officers whom he hates and who despise and hate him. Subjected to every indignity and injury in camp, in battle he will be put in the front, as the negroes now are, to save the carcasses of the Yankees from harm. And he will have

views may not be new to our readers, but they are none the less important. We submit that they are true; that it is a miserable delusion to suppose that re-union with the Yankees would bring peace. However it may be, on the contrary, how infinitely more safe and honorable—to fight out this war for our own rights and property, rather than lend ourselves to the Yankees to fight their wars with England and France and the rest of "the world in arms." Success in this war will be our success, our safety, our honor, our independence. Success or defeat in the Yankee wars would but ensure to their benefit and glory and to our degradation and oppression.

Fayetteville Observer.

# THE DAILY WATCHMAN

J. J. BRUNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
SALISBURY, N. C.  
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1865

The Cross Mark (X) on the margin of this paper, when given, signifies the expiration of the paid term of the subscriber. Renewals always acceptable.

All papers are now published on the cash system.

TERMS OF DAILY WATCHMAN.  
Five Dollars per month or twenty-five dollars for six months. No subscription received for a longer time than six months.

Synopsis of Exempts from the Home Guard in Rowan county:  
Teachers 7, Millers 6, Wheelwrights 2, Physicians 5, Blacksmiths 4, Shoemakers 14, Postmasters 1, Tanners 1, County Surveyor 1, County Trustees 1, Contractors with Government 4, Editor 1, Commissioners 3, Pressmen 1, Mailing Clerk 1, Contract Physicians with Government 3.

New Organization of the Home Guard of Rowan county.  
List of officers of the 1st Class.  
R. J. Linn, Captain,  
R. J. Klatts, 1st Lt.,  
E. P. Parker, 2d Lt.,  
John C. Benson, Jr. 2d Lt.  
List of officers of 2d Class.  
FIRST COMPANY:  
J. P. Martin, Capt.,  
P. N. Helig, 1st Lt.  
SECOND COMPANY.  
H. B. Casper, Capt.,  
1st Lieut.,  
D. D. Peeler, 2d Lt.  
Jesse Barger, Jr., 2d Lt.  
Third Company of 2d Class not yet organized.

The Piano is Sold.—the Piano advertised for sale, in this paper, sometime since, and about which we have received high unto one hundred interrogatory letters, is sold. It has been sold these many days. This is our excuse for not answering the many letters addressed us on the subject.

From the Daily South Carolinian.  
LAST HOURS IN COLUMBIA.  
The evacuation of Columbia not yet having had its historian, we gather, to-day, some of the tangled threads of experience that will bear weaving into the fabric of a connected narrative.

Every one present in that city, anterior to the event, is aware that until a late hour, Sherman was not generally expected to appear. Public opinion, fostered by the expressed convictions of officials, had come to regard the movement of the Federal army as one designed to operate principally on Kingsville, from which point it was confidently believed it would file off towards Florence, Wilmington, or possibly, Fayetteville, via Cheraw. The fall of Orangeburg, however, and the steady advance of the Yankee column along the State Road leading to the capital, quickly dispelled the illu-

sion. Those with large interests at stake, began to look out for a place of safety, and a change of Government property, as they fled to Richmond and elsewhere, to their superiors, for instructions. The invariable reply was—"Until further orders, stay where you are." Families began to pack their goods and chattels, and long-headed men to set their houses in order to meet the impending event. Time moved on—so did the enemy. Monday, the 13th, found them pressing back our thin lines within twelve miles of the city. At every creek, on every hillside, our brave cavalry, under Hampton, Wheeler and Butler were holding them in check, and our infantry were rendering such support as was practicable, under the circumstances; but it was like an effort to stay an avalanche. The great superior numbers of the Federal afforded them every advantage, and they used it. In town, astonishment soon gave way to excitement. The distant booming of artillery was not to be mistaken. The enemy were already knocking at the gates. Orders now began to be issued with some promptness, and men to move with more celerity. Government transportation was called into requisition, and night and day the streets gave back the echo of a thousand wheels. Col. Wm. Johnston, the President of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad, had arrived, and in person was superintending the active exertions of those connected with his department. A vast amount of rolling stock had been accumulated for the purpose, and train after train, heavily burdened with the supplies of the Government, whirled away, to return and be freighted again. Families congregated at the passenger depot, and there waited for hours to secure seats. Ladies piled themselves among the bacon and salt of box cars. The rain poured, the streets ran mud, and the town looked blue.

On Wednesday, the 14th, the city was placed under martial law. The stores were closed, detailed men, militia, and volunteers assembled under arms, and prepared to go to the front. The Fire Department was ordered out, a patrol, and all ordinary business generally suspended in anticipation of the event near at hand. The enemy were within three miles; the smoke of their camp-fires could be seen from the house-tops, and the sounds of musketry along the skirmish lines, as they rolled back, filled hearts which had never heard the like before, with fearful forebodings. Still the work of evacuation went bravely on. The scenes at the Charlotte depot from brisk had become bustling. The cars and engines from the South Carolina and Greenville Roads having been shifted to the Charlotte depot track, were taking part in the removal. The platform of the depot was loaded and unloaded during day and night as fast as hands could move, and yet the mass of trunks, boxes and bales seemed never to grow less.

Be it said to the credit of the officers of the roads and the officers of the Government, amid all this apparent condition, perfect order prevailed.

It has been the fortune of the writer of these lines to have been in several cities in process of evacuation, and in none of these instances was there observed more coolness, system and regularity than marked the present occasion. Thirteen hundred prisoners were to be suddenly moved. In two hours Capt. Sharp, the Chief of Transportation had the cars ready for the purpose. Six hundred (more or less) ladies of the Treasury Department, with boxes, bags and baggage required passage for Charlotte "by order of the Government." The scene of packing in some of its aspects, was worthy of the pen of a painter, but we cannot linger. In a few hours, Capt. Sharp had them in transports in a double sense; and all the while the work of shipping valuables thus went on.

On Wednesday evening it became evident that the end was not far distant. Our troops had begun to drop back to the limits of the town, and three or four shells had lodged within its precincts. The bridges over the Congaree were in flames; army wagon trains, with their attendant shouts, curses, and cracking of whips began to move rearward through the city; and amid the ringing of fire-bells, the hurried tramp of men, the fright of women, the hasty packing

here and so far away there, the scene after night fall was as nearly like an Infernal Pandemonium as we first Providence will ever permit us to witness.

On Thursday, without warning, without provocation, and in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, the enemy opened on the city with shells. The State House, Nickerson's Hotel, South Carolina Office, and other public and private buildings, were visited by these iron messengers, and, as we have since been informed, one or two citizens were killed or wounded. Preparations for an immediate evacuation of Columbia were now consummated. Cotton was hauled into the streets and there left for a funeral pile. Government property could not be removed was given to the poor, and to such soldiers as chose to carry it away. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods were destroyed, and much, if not as much as possible, made useless to the enemy. It is unquestionable that had the proper authorities, controlling the respective Bureaus, been alive to the situation, and acted promptly in the premises, every pound of valuable stores in Columbia could have been saved; but by remaining from instructing their subordinates until the last moment, when wagons, negroes and cars could not be had to aid in transportation, they lost millions. The truth should come out some time, and it might as well be told first as last.

Of the disgraceful episode in Thursday's proceedings, when the stores of merchants were ruthlessly broken open and robbed by our own soldiers, we have but a single word to say. Officers who will not restrain their men under such circumstances deserve the severest punishment that civil or military law can inflict; while the privatea should, on all subsequent occasions of similar character be reminded of the rights of men, and by such a reputation as is accorded to robbers and assassins.

Of the incidents of Friday we yet know nothing reliable. Our forces marched out, the Federals marched in; and we suppose the city, as is customary in like cases, was formally surrendered. Large fires almost immediately ensued, the varied reports about which have occasioned the most painful anxiety, but how they were caused, whether by accident or design, we are uninformed.

Dr. Glover, of Orangeburg, who was captured by the enemy on the 13th inst., between Orangeburg and Columbia and held a prisoner in the 17th corps until the 30th, and has just reached this city, states that the Federal officers pretend not to have designed the destruction of any other than public property, and that the fires were the result of whiskey given to the Yankee soldiers by one of our own officers. Dr. Glover's statement is confirmed by citizens with whom he conversed. The burnt district in general terms embraces both sides of Main street, from, and including the State House, to Boundary street, and a portion of Cotton town. The new capitol is partially demolished by powder. The Court House, City Hall, both hotels, South Carolina and Charlotte depots, both of Evens & Cogswell's lithographic and printing establishments, Keatinge & Ball's, the Saluda Mill, the Convent and South Carolina office are among the buildings said to be destroyed. The residences of Hon. Geo. A. Trenholm, Hon. Wm. DeSaussure, Gen. Hampton, and Major Green, Commandant of Post, are described as burnt. Those known to have escaped the conflagration are the South Carolina College, Lunatic Asylum and Female College. One of the Episcopal Churches is also thought to be unharmed.

Dr. G. states that he saw many white flags flying from private houses as he entered with the three or four hundred prisoners, who accompanied the 17th corps, (Gen. F. P. Blair, commanding) and that several families accompanied the Yankee army in wagons, ambulances and carriages. Whether they were driven to this extremity by the want of food he does not know. The treatment of ladies as far as his observation extended was considerate if not kind, and houses were guarded night and day.

After leaving Columbia, all deserted property and gun-houses were given to the flames on the line of

March, but when a house was looted, the plunder was as nearly as possible like an Infernal Pandemonium as we first Providence will ever permit us to witness.

Prisoners who brought up on the way from sickness and fatigue are said to be in a bad way; at least, so one of the Yankees told him; but citizens picked up on the road who show they are non-combatants are released. Among the companions of this durancy vile of Dr. G. were Albert Labor and Dr. Stinart. Federals are represented from manner in which they treat prisoners to be on short rations, like most hungry men, anxious for a fight—a curious deprivation which they have complained of since they left Atlanta. When Glover was informed that he might "make distance" between his good friends and himself, they were near Liberty Hill, heading, as of their captains told him, for Georgetown S. C., which they expected reach in ten days.

DEEP RIVER.—The bill to authorize the Secretary of War to acquire and establish in the valley of the River, in N. C., an Arsenal and Foundry, has passed the Senate, and awaits the President's signature to become a law. This act authorizes the purchase, loan or impression of property necessary for the purpose, but in the purchase of real estate the permission of the General Assembly is to be first obtained.

Hon. John A. Gilmer deserves the thanks of all friends of the development of the resources of the State for the energy and intelligence displayed by him in carrying through the above project.

Conservative

**Negroes for Hire.**  
I WILL sell to the highest bidder, at Salisbury, on Tuesday March 14th, the following Negroes, viz:  
Matt, 23 years old No. 1 field hand.  
Rhoda, Matt's wife, 22 years old, No. 1 hand.  
Rhoda's two children, 3 and 2 years old.  
Amy, 37 years old, good field hand and good cook.  
Amy's son, Nelson, 18 years old, good hand.  
Amy's son, Daniel, 3 years old.  
These slaves are all sound, and will be rated as such. Terms, cash in current money. Apply to Rev. T. B. Justice, Salisbury, who knows the negroes, or to the advertiser at Asheville.

T. D. BAILY, Attorney.  
Feb. 23, 1865. 3td247.

**Wanted.**  
A competent man as overseer of a farm two miles from Mocksville. Must be exempt from military duty and without incumbrances. Apply on the premises to L. L. LANIER.

**WANTED.**  
Desires to purchase a No. 1 negro fellow a friend between the ages of 30 and 40 years of age. Apply to me immediately.

THOS. F. BROWN.

**Post Quartermaster's Office,**  
Salisbury, March 7th, 1865.  
ALL parties having unsettled claims against this office, will present them at once for settlement.

JAS. M. GOODMAN,  
Capt. & A. Q. M.  
March 7th, 1865. 6td247.2d41

**Real Estate.**  
A SMALL farm in Davis county, the miles from Mocksville, containing about 150 acres; 60 acres cleared and in cultivation, the balance well timbered, with some excellent land to clear.

**ALSO**  
two Houses and Lots in the town of Mocksville; the lots adjoin and contain about acres. For particulars address  
Dr. W. H. HOWERTON,  
Salisbury, N. C.  
or L. D. HUMPHREY,  
Goldens, N. C.  
March 2d, 1865. 10td243

**Administrators Notice**  
HAVING taken out letters of Administration on the estate of George P. McCaughy, notice is hereby given to all parties having claims against the estate to present the properly authenticated within the period prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate by contracts made within three years last past requested to make payment.

JAMES MCCONNAUGHY, Adm'r.  
Feb. 11, 1865. 1td228.1tw38

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