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Price of the Watchman:

From and after this date, and until there is a change in the price of provisions, paper and other articles required to carry on business, the subscription rates of this paper will be two dollars for six months, and three dollars for a year.

ADVERTISING, one dollar for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent publication.
April 20th, 1863.

From the 4th North Carolina. The Battle at Chancellorsville—The Charge—Destruction among men—Hospital and wounded—An affecting incident—Suffering—What becomes of the whiskey?

Soon after sunrise on Sunday morning May the 2d, 1863, the first cannon fired that announced the opening of a most terrible at Chancellorsville, ten miles above Fredericksburg. I shall not attempt a precise description of the country, or define the positions of the various brigades and divisions of the Confederate army; all I promise is an account of what came under my immediate observation, and such incidents as I can prove to be actual facts. On the two days preceding the great battle the two armies were marching about three-fourths of a mile apart and probably, each endeavoring to out-flank the other. Intense skirmishing was going on between them as they advanced in a south-westerly direction from the river. At this point our division (once D. H. Hill's, now Rhode's) being in front succeeded, by a night march, in turning the enemy's right flank, and on Saturday swept like an avalanche down on his rear. After a sharp contest the Yankees fell back some four miles to the heights at Chancellorsville where they strongly entrenched themselves during the night. On Sunday morning our division received orders to storm the heights. They advanced in solid column, presenting a scene awfully grand. The two columns met at right angles with the plank road running from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House, and the left of our brigade rested on this road. Our regiment was on the extreme left of the brigade, and as they advanced came directly in front of the enemy's batteries. The first Virginia, or "The Stone wall brigade" was in front of ours, and on Saturday evening, I am told, did good fighting; but on Sunday morning could not be induced, by threats or promises, to budge out of their position. Ours (Ransom's brigade) was then ordered to charge over them which they did without waiting for second orders. The woods through which they ran—literally ran, to the charge, was thickly set with trees of ordinary size, saplings and underbrush, and gently descending to a brook, immediately beyond which were the breastworks. As they advanced the roar of artillery and small arms was deafening, and the shower of shells, grape, canister, solid shot and minnie balls that were hurled among our boys was truly appalling. Men were falling on all sides, sometimes whole ranks were swept away, but those who were unhurt rushed on, heedless of the groans and piercing cries around them. The crash of falling timber could be heard above the combination of unceasing noises; shells bursting in the face did not intimidate men, nor impede their progress, and not until they were within ten paces of the earthworks did the hosts of the enemy turn and flee from them.

After the firing (which lasted about two hours) at that particular point ceased, I went to the hospital three-fourths of a mile back, and by 11 o'clock a. m. the wounded began coming in. Here is where we could see the melancholy fruits of war. Never since the war began have I seen so many men severely wounded, or so many amputations necessary. The work of butchery began about noon on the same day and continued with little intermission until ten o'clock the following day. Arms and legs were scattered and tossed about with the utmost indifference, wounds probed and dressed, balls extracted, and the sufferers made as comfortable as the nature of the case would possibly admit. Details were sent on the battle field to pick up blankets and Yankee tents, overcoats, and in fact anything in the world that would prove useful. Such articles lay scattered in the greatest confusion over the surrounding hills and fields. Our hospital was located at "Wilderness Church" around which was a fine grove of pines. Outside these were large fields, cultivated last year, but now fenceless, desolate, and torn into great furrows by the maddening wheels of artillery hurrying to and fro; and lying at intervals of a few rods over these fields were dead men and horses, slain in the battle on Saturday evening. The few of our own men who had been killed were buried, but

those of the enemy (and they were not a few) lay fastering in the sun. Half a dozen of these loathsome sights lay within fifty yards of the entrance of which we proceeded every day for the use of our men at the hospital. I noticed on the various battle fields that nearly all the enemy's dead were stripped of everything save their underclothes. This is a barbarous practice against which I have ever protested. Sometimes it may be excusable, but certainly not now, since our men are abundantly supplied with the very best of clothing. This hankering after "Yankee blue" is not a good sign by any means. Taking off a pair of good boots or shoes, I don't think, is an unpardonable sin, but to go farther in the stripping has struck too much of a Southern note.

But to resume:—A sufficient number of portable tents were brought off the battle field to shelter all our wounded, and blankets enough to make all comfortable. The night was spent ministering to their wants as best we could, but I could very easily perceive that we were all miserable comforters; sweeter voices, gentler hands, more assiduous attention than ours were needed, and often piteously longed for. How often were my feelings hurried by such expressions as these:—"Oh, if I only were at home!" "I would give all but my life for a soft bed!" "Something to eat—can't you give me something besides meat and crackers to eat?" I thought my feelings were thoroughly steeled, and that I could stand anything unmoved, however shocking it might be; but I must confess that one man made me feel awfully bad, and ere I was aware of it I felt a warm tear rolling down my cheek. This man belonged to the 14th N. C., but by some mistake had been placed in the department of the 4th. I first saw him late on Sunday evening, but was so much engaged with others that I paid no particular attention to him, further than to see that he was resting apparently easy, and to examine his wound. I found the ball had entered an inch below the breast bone, and at a glance I felt convinced that he would die, perhaps before morning. His mind was clear, and he seemed to talk with ease; he did not consider his wound dangerous—said he felt no pain, and expressed a great desire to sleep. I carefully adjusted the blankets around his body and left. During the night I went to see him two or three times, but always found him as I left him at first. Once I drew down the blanket and felt his breast to see whether he still lived. I found that he breathed as calmly as though he was in good health and enjoying a refreshing sleep. Soon after daylight on Monday morning I called on him again, he was awake and in quite a lively humor, though much weaker than I had ever seen him. His features struck me as being very peculiar and really handsome. His face was rather long, a fine moustache, close set but short whiskers, and silky hair, all coal black, and the last, longer than is usually seen in the army, clustered in curls about his temples, and high forehead now bloodless and white as marble. From appearance I would suppose him to be twenty-three years old—I made some inquiries about his welfare, and was assured that he was doing finely. After a few jocular remarks, I was called away and did not see him again until two o'clock in the afternoon, when he called me to him as I was passing near. From the moment I first saw him he had been lying on his back with his legs perfectly straight; he had never so much as expressed a wish to change his position, but now to my question, "What will you do now?"

"Turn me on my side, please," he replied.
"No, my friend, you cannot stand it; try and content yourself the way you are."
"Well then, won't you raise my knees up, and draw my feet to your side?"
"O yes, I'll do that," and went to work; but I knew from his restlessness that his last hour had come. I put my hands under his left knee and raised it well up; when I released my hold his foot and ankle remained stationary, but the remainder of his leg slid away over it and struck the ground beyond. I was perfectly shocked; it was the first intimation I had had of a broken leg besides the other wound.

"Some how that leg won't stand," said my friend, "try the other." The other sat up very well. After a short pause, he said, "Is my left leg broken?"
"It is, but don't trouble yourself about it now."
He covered his face with his hands and heaved a sigh that seemed to tear his heart strings. A moment afterwards he locked his hands across his breast, and said in a hoarse voice, "My leg shattered—a ball through my breast—I must die—what will Fanny do?"—poor Fanny!

"Come now, be quiet; you—"
"O God! what will Fanny do when I am gone!"
I saw that he was fast going, but all I could do in console him was of no avail. He could scarcely speak above his breath. I ventured to ask,
"Say, tell me, who is Fanny?"
"She is my wife—a noble wo— I married her last winter—while I was at home on furlough."
He lay as if he were dying—he gasped for breath—then raising himself, he took my hand, and in a whisper, barely audible, said,
"Good by—you've been my best friend—"
Tell-tell her—Fanny—"
"Was the last he ever said—I have never learned his name, but he was a whole-souled man. His blanket was his winding sheet; we wrapped him in it and the next morning his body was buried beneath a tall pine that grew near by.
Towards sunset, Monday evening, a heavy thunder shower fell on us. It continued raining all night, and Tuesday, and Tuesday night, and on until Thursday evening before it slackened, and then continued cloudy and cold until Saturday. The wounded suffered sorely; we

could keep no fire, had precious little to eat, and a chilling rain falling incessantly. We divided ourselves into reliefs, one of which was ever among the wounded. The men called for gin myself for it gave me one quiet bottle full, and left two others like it; he said that was all he had—indeed, I know it was, but he should have had a great deal more. How far will three quarts go among 150 wounded men in a four-day's storm of cold rain? Temperance is a good thing in its place—so is whiskey, and on such occasions as above referred to, it should be used freely. It nerves the men, and enables them to bear up against the despondency which is almost certain to follow under such circumstances, and which, in the absence of stimulating drinks, frequently proves fatal. I don't understand how it is that for the last six months past guards have been stationed at every depot for a hundred miles around Richmond, with instructions to examine every box that passes the roads and take out any liquors which may be found—ostensibly for the use of hospitals;—and now when the hospitals need it most, scarce half a gulfon can be found. The guards did their duty well—scarce a box got through without being ransacked. But who got the liquor, the guards or the Surgeons?—How long will the people submit to such outrages? Let the men who bring cargoes to the army go well armed, and if any man dares to open one of your packages, shoot him down—every soldier will back you."

NORTHERN NEWS.

The retreat of Hooker's army is pretty sharply commented on by the North. We prefer to give the strictures of the *Tribune*, as that paper may be regarded the organ, par excellence, of the Blacks. Speaking of it the *Tribune* says:

General Hooker's recrossing the Rappahannock has given the loyal millions of the North a very disagreeable shock. His advance across a deep and rapid river had been so admirably planned and effected with so little loss on his part that the country looked confidently to see it crowned by a decisive victory. With the railroads dismantled by Stoneman's cavalry raid as to render them impossible for trains of supplies and for the transportation of men, it would seem that he ought at least to have been able to hold the ground he so easily gained until abundant reinforcements could reach him from Washington, Baltimore and the vicinity of Hampton Roads. But he decided on placing his army again in safety on this side of the Rappahannock, and effected it with little loss.

General Hooker was doubtless keenly disappointed and greatly disconcerted by the panic flight of the eleventh corps, by which victory was snatched away when it seemed already within his grasp. It would seem that he did not afterward trust his men so thoroughly nor risk daring movements so freely as he had previously done, and as was indispensable to decided success. If he made any grave mistake, we should say that it was his inaction on Monday. On that day the rebels, finding that Sedgwick was close in their rear, having successfully stormed the heights overlooking Fredericksburg, appear to have turned upon him with the bulk of their force, overwhelming him with superior numbers after a gallant resistance, and driving him across the Rappahannock at Banks' Ford. Of course, Hooker must have heard the roar of the cannon and known that this fight was going on with the odds fearfully against Sedgwick, and it would seem that he should have thrown himself in full force on some portion of the rebel lines confronting him, as Sedgwick had pressed upon their rear the day before.

The rebels seem to have acted with signal energy and skill from the moment that they found Hooker in force on their right flank. Never troubling themselves about communications or lines of retreat they massed their forces rolled them up into a hard ball, as it were, and threw it with deadly aim upon whatever portion of Hooker's largely extended lines they from time to time found weakest. Notwithstanding their heavy losses in killed and wounded, the rebels will claim, and justly, a great triumph in that they have checked and turned back the advance of the army of the Potomac.

The rebel losses in killed and wounded probably exceed our own, and in prisoners are scarcely, if at all, inferior. As to the effect of this repulse on the progress and issues of the war it is too early to speculate.

PANIC AND FLIGHT OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS.
With all their lying, the Yankees are not able to conceal the panic and flight of a portion of their army (the eleventh corps, formerly Sigle's,) in the battles about Fredericksburg. A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who witnessed the "stampede," writes:
"The flying Germans came dashing over the field in crowds, stampeding and

running as only men do run when convinced that sure destruction is awaiting them. I must confess that I have no other words to describe the panic that followed.

It was my lot to be in the column of men when the panic burst upon us. May I never be a witness to another such scene. On one hand was a solid column of infantry retreating at double quick; on the other was a dense mass of beings who were flying as fast as their legs could carry them, followed up by the rebels pouring their murderous volleys in upon us, yelling and hooting, to increase the confusion; hundreds of cavalry horses, left riderless at the first discharge, from the rebels, dashing frantically about in all directions; scores of batteries flying from the field; battery wagons, ambulances, horses, men, cannon caissons all jumbled and tumbled together in one inextricable mass—and the murderous fire of the rebels still pouring in upon them! To add to the terror of the occasion there was but one means of escape from the field, and that through a little narrow neck or ravine washed out by Scott's creek. Towards this the confused mass plunged headlong. For a moment it seemed as if no power could avert the frightful calamity that threatened the entire army. On came the panic-stricken crowd, terrified artillery riders spurring and lashing their horses to their utmost; ambulances upsetting and being dashed to pieces against trees and stumps; horses dashing over the field; men flying and crying with alarm—a perfect torrent of passion apparently uncontrollable. The men ran in all directions. They all seemed possessed with an instinctive idea of the shortest and most direct line from the point whence they started to the United States Mine Ford, and the majority of them did not stop until they had reached the ford. Many of them, on reaching the river, dashed in and swam to the north side, and are supposed to be running yet. The stampede was universal, the disgrace general.

FROM THE DAILY PROGRESS. A Brilliant Achievement—Two Yankee Steamers Captured in North Carolina Waters—All honor to our Partisan Rangers.

We have one of the most daring and brilliant feats of the war to record. On last Saturday the 16th, Capt. E. T. Elliott, commanding a company of Partisan Rangers, with thirty men, captured two Federal steamers in the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, and brought them through the Sound to Franklin, on the Blackwater passing on the way a number of the enemy's gunboats. Capt. Elliott arrived in this city with his prisoners, some thirteen in number, on yesterday.

In Capt. Elliott's report to the Governor, he says:

"I have the honor to report the capture of the steamers *Emily* and *Arrow*, yesterday, the former a fine sailing side wheel steamer, and the other a propeller, used on the canal between Norfolk and the Albemarle Sounds, Roanoke Island and other points. I had conceived a plan of capture sometime ago, and yesterday found an opportunity to execute it. About 6 o'clock p. m., at the usual hour, the *Arrow* hove in sight in the Currituck Canal. I made the proper distribution of my men, thirty in number, and when she came along side we halted her and demanded a surrender which was complied with without resistance. After capturing the *Arrow* and knowing that the *Emily* was lying about two miles below awaiting the arrival of the *Arrow*, I took twelve men aboard, determined if possible to secure this prize, and believing that it would require a good deal of caution I placed the Captain of the *Arrow* in the wheel house and required him to steer up along side of the *Emily* as if nothing unusual had happened. My plan succeeded, and she surrendered without resistance. We captured on board the *Arrow* the officers and men, numbering seven, and thirteen on the *Emily*. Among those captured on the *Arrow* was a Surgeon U. S. Navy. The great haste required gave me no opportunity of reporting their names. We found no guns on the boats, but a lot of mail bags which are forwarded to you. After 8 o'clock I started for some port to secure my prizes. We steamed all night passing a large gunboat (the *Whitehead*) mounting six guns; we passed Edenton about daylight, the people believing we were Yankees. In passing up the Chowan five negroes hailed us believing us their Northern allies. I received them on board and immediately dispatched them to their owners who no doubt have them now in a more available and certain shape. After a good deal of

embarrassment, I concluded to run up the Blackwater river arriving at South Quay about one o'clock to day. I was met by Major [Name], after which [Name] was assigned Capt. [Name], an [Name] of the Navy, to the command of the boats, and sending my prisoners to Franklin, we started to the latter place arriving there at about 10 o'clock. But few articles, except supplies for the crew, were found on board. The *Arrow* is valuable on account of her machinery which is said to be fine by the Engineer, who was assigned me by Maj. Boggs. The *Emily* is valuable for her machinery as well as hull, which in my opinion and that of officers stationed here, would make a valuable gunboat."

The following are the names of the prisoners as registered at the Provost Marshal's Office in this city: Geo. W. Howland, Peter Ford, Wm. Salt, Ambrose Brown, Albert Brown, Seneca Young, Edward Van Aken, J. Jenfer, Albert Parsons, of New York, Levi Bennett, Hyde county, Buffalo; Robert E. Taylor, Joel Jones, Geo. H. Everett, Pennsylvania.

PARTICULARS OF VALLANDIGHAM'S ARREST.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* furnishes the following particulars of Vallandigham's arrest:
A special train left this city at 12 o'clock Monday night, with a company of the 13th U. S. Infantry, 67 men, with directions from General Burnside, commanding the Department of Ohio, to arrest C. L. Vallandigham at his residence in Dayton. The train reached Dayton at 2 1/2 o'clock, and, proceeding to Vallandigham's house, placed guards on the streets in the vicinity, and the captain, with a squad of men, surrounded the house.

The door-bell was rung, and Vallandigham appeared at the window and inquired what was wanting. The Captain told him, but he was not disposed to go along peacefully. He shouted for the police loudly, and the female members of the family joined their cries to his. The Captain told him he might as well stop the disturbance as he had the force to arrest him and would certainly do so.

Vallandigham then said he was not dressed. The Captain told him he would have time to dress himself; but he redoubled his shouts for the police, when an attempt was made to force the front door. The door resisted the efforts of the soldiers, and Vallandigham flourished a revolver at the window, and fired two or three shots without effect.

A side door was then forced, and the squad finding all the doors in the house fastened, broke open four of them before they reached the apartment occupied by the individual with whom they had business, who was soon taken and escorted to the train, which was in waiting.

Some of Vallandigham's friends, hearing what was going on, rung the fire bells, with the intention of gathering a crowd to rescue him. But few persons appeared, and they gave no trouble. Vallandigham was brought to the city and lodged in the prison on Columbus street, between Sycamore and Broadway, where no one was permitted to see him without an order from Gen. Burnside.

The official charges against Vallandigham set forth that on or about the 1st of May, at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, he publicly addressed a large meeting of citizens, declaring that the present war is an injurious, cruel and unnecessary war—a war not being waged for the preservation of the Union, but for the purpose of crushing out liberty and establishing a despotism—a war for the freedom of the blacks and enslaving of the whites, and that if the administration had so wished the war could have been honorably terminated; that peace might have been honorably obtained by listening to the proposed mediation of France; that propositions by which the Southern States could be won back, and be guaranteed their rights under the Constitution, were rejected the day before the battle of Fredericksburg.

He is also charged with having said that order No. 38, of Gen. Burnside, was a base usurpation of arbitrary authority; and that the sooner the people informed the minions of usurped power that they would not submit to such restrictions, the better. He declared also his purpose to defeat an attempt to build up a monarchy on the ruins of our free government, and that he believed the men of power were trying to establish a despotism.
The decision of the court martial in the case of Vallandigham was submitted to Burnside—by whose order he was arrested—on the 8th. It will not be made public until published in general orders.