

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

WEEKLY.

VOL. XXI.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 1, 1863.

NUMBER 2.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Price of the Watchman.

From and after this date, and until there is a change in the prices 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.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
May 16th, 1863.

All quiet up this way—Stonewall Jackson—some of his peculiarities—Universal grief—The gloomy prospects in Mississippi.

Since the late bloody battles everything has again sunk into more than usual quiet. Once only have we been annoyed with orders to march immediately, and that has been a week ago. The enemy was reported crossing the river at two points, one at or near Port Royal, the other above us some twenty five or thirty miles. The rumor, like a thousand others in daily circulation, proved to be entirely without foundation, which was ascertained before we began a march, upon which our orders were countermanded. We needed rest, and were very loth to begin another week's campaign, how gladly then did we hail the tidings, "Make yourselves easy; it is all a false alarm!" I need hardly say another word with reference to the battles fought here in the early part of this month. Ere this every circumstance, from the most important to the most insignificant, has appeared in print, and of course eagerly read by the thousands at home who feel interested. The most lamentable event of all is the death of our old hero Jackson. I should not say old either, since he was but thirty-nine, but then his name was familiar to every man in the army of the South as well as the North; to the former a word full of hope and the utmost confidence; to the latter a terror and foreboding some dire calamity. In courage and sagacity few were his equals, none his superiors. In his conduct he exhibited these qualities in a wonderful degree of perfection; hence he is called old. The last time I ever saw him was on Friday the first day of the present month, when I perceived that he had bestowed more than usual attention on his dress, a sign of an approaching battle which I never knew to fail. His coat and pants were of the usual greyish blue, but of the finest quality, and the gold lace fancy work on his sleeve looked as if it might have been put on the day before; his boots were well glossed and his spurs looked like burnished gold. He wore buck gloves with cuffs that came half-way up to his elbows. I barely got a glimpse of his hat since he carried it in his left hand as he galloped past, while I was on his right, but it was black felt, the height usually worn by officers. I would suppose him to be a little over six feet high, or that much at the least; well proportioned, but not corpulent by any means, and would weigh about one hundred and seventy pounds. He kept his hair and whiskers (very black) neatly trimmed, his mustache nicely curled to the sides of his mouth, but had not made use of a razor for months past. His complexion very fair, blue, restless eyes, in fact quite a restive temperament generally;—and a prominent though not a large nose; altogether he was a fine looking man besides being a very good one. He never would have his troops to march or fight on Sunday if it could possibly be avoided; he never failed to attend divine services when an opportunity offered, and on such occasions I have been very near to him, and of course did not fail to scan his features closely. At two o'clock on the morning mentioned above we began the memorable march; by which it was designed that we should out-flank the enemy, who thought we were gloriously retreating. A fog had settled down so thickly that we could scarcely see a man a hundred yards away, and marching very quietly we eluded the enemy, and an hour after daylight were five miles from Fredericksburg, on the Orange road, and eight from the picket lines, our starting point. The whole division was moving, and now, that the greatest danger was over, it was concluded that we halt, stack arms, and rest an hour, during which we would eat breakfast. When troops move from place to place they are marched in "close column four ranks deep," that is four abreast, and as

well closed up as it is possible to be. Marching in this manner a division extends along the road about a mile and a half, and the command "rest" is given, and when the command "rest" is given, the arms are stacked at one side of the road. Just so on Friday morning of which I speak. The arms were stacked, and the soldiers lying about at their ease; some were smoking, others washing their faces, or taking a snack of breakfast and chatting gaily over it. Presently we heard a yell in the rear end of our division;—nearer it came, nearer—nearer—nearer—"It's Jackson coming," said some one—and the next moment he emerged from the timber on the hill two hundred yards behind us, and came dashing furiously towards us. But two of his staff were with him, one of whom rode ten or fifteen steps behind the hero of a score of battles, the other an equal distance further back; all spurred their horses to their utmost speed. Hundreds of hats were flying in the air, and wild shouts from the troops, as he literally flew onward. He held his own hat in his left hand, giving it a flourish over his head occasionally, and kept continually turning his face first to the right, then the left, and as he disappeared over the hill in our front, his bald crown was the last we saw of him; little did I think that I never would see him again in this world. He often passed through the army while we were on the march last fall and winter, and his way of going through was always as I have described above. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the troops, and the most lusty cheering which moved like a spirit of the wind with him. As a general thing, other generals of equal or superior rank were cheered but very little as they passed along the lines. But the hero is gone,—may his successor prove worthy of trust.

Everybody mourns the death of Thomas J. Jackson, "Stonewall," and the melancholy is made deeper and more lasting, when we reflect that his wounds were inflicted by his own men. It seems that Providence has so decreed, and we bow submissively to His will. A mighty pillar is taken from under us, but his death will be bitterly avenged by the thousands of devoted hearts suit in the field. We know not what the result of these battles will be; it appears that our foes are only exasperated by their repeated misfortunes, and now instead of visible signs of a peace feeling at the North, that government, "in its great agony," calls for 500,000 more men! Instead of contentions factions of a nation, we find them more consolidated than ever! Affairs about the capitol of Mississippi look gloomy; a terrible battle will be fought there, —I cannot see how it is to be avoided; and if the Confederate forces should be defeated, and Jackson taken, then Vicksburg must be evacuated or surrendered.—God, defend us! NAT.

DISAFFECTION IN THE NORTH—GOV. SEYMOUR'S LETTER.

We attach no importance to the indignation or protest meetings in the North, for really there is nothing in them.—The people that make up the population of the great city of New York, are the most unstable, unreliable and unprincipled on the continent, and the very men who applauded and threw up their hats at the late Vallandigham sympathizing meeting, when Lincoln was denounced, would applaud his eulogizers to-day. The letter of Seymour is creditable, and provided he could carry a majority of the people with him, would amount to something.

The New York Tribune publishes the subjoined letter, addressed by Gov. Seymour to the "Vallandigham Sympathy Meeting," held in Albany, on Saturday evening last:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
May 16th, 1863.

I cannot attend the meeting at the capitol this evening, but I wish to state my opinions in regard to the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham. It is full of danger to our persons and our homes. It bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice. Acting upon the evidence of detailed informers, shrinking from the light of day in the darkness of night, armed men violated the house of an American citizen, and furtively took him away to military trial, conducted without those safeguards known in the proceedings of our judicial tribunals. The transaction involved a series of offenses against our most sacred rights. It is interfered with the freedom of speech; it violated our rights to be secure in our homes against unreasonable searches and seizures; it pronounced sentence without trial, save one which was

a mockery, which insulted as well as wronged. The perpetrators now seek to impose punishment, not for an offense against law, but for the disregard of an illegal order, put forth in the utter disregard of the principles of civil liberty.

If this proceeding is approved by the Government, and sanctioned by the people, it is not merely a step towards revolution; it will not only lead to military despotism—it establishes military despotism. In this respect it must be accepted, or in this respect rejected. If it is upheld, our liberties are overthrown, the safety of our persons, security of our property, will hereafter depend upon the arbitrary will of such military rulers as may be placed over us, while our constitutional guarantees will be broken down. Even now the Governors and Courts of some of the great Western States have sunk into insignificance before the despotic powers claimed and exercised by military men who have been sent into their borders. It is a fearful thing to increase the danger which now overhangs us by treating the law, the judiciary and the State authorities with contempt. The people of this country now wait with the deepest anxiety the decisions of the Administration upon these acts. Having given it a generous support in the war we pause to see what kind of government it is for which we are asked to pour out our blood and our treasure. The action of the Administration will determine in the minds of more than one half of the people of the loyal States whether this war is waged to put down rebellion at the South, or destroy free institutions at the North. We look for the decision with solemn solicitude. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

The resolutions adopted by the meeting point to the devotion shown by the Democrats during two years of civil war, and a determination to devote their energies to the cause of the Union; denounce the assumption of military power in the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham; assert the right of free discussion. They say that in the election of Mr. Seymour the people condemned the system of arbitrary arrests, and call upon the President to restore Mr. Vallandigham to liberty. They direct a copy of the resolutions, to be sent to the President, with the assurance of the desire of the meeting to support the Government in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the rebellion.

The meeting in New York was largely attended and violent resolutions were passed, and the speakers were very severe on the administration:

Letters were also read from District Attorney A. O. Hall, Richard O'Gorman, Amasa J. Parker, Henry C. Murphy, Washington Hunt, Nelson J. Waterbury, and C. J. Ingersoll—all sympathizing warmly with the objects of the meeting, and most of them indulging in the strongest terms of denunciation of the arrest of Vallandigham. The most distinguished New Yorker among them is Mr. Washington Hunt, whose letter is remarkable. He says:

"While we are willing to submit to the greatest sacrifices in a patriotic spirit for the preservation of the Constitution and the Union, it may as well be understood that we will not consent to be bereft of any of our constitutional rights. We have lost none of these rights in consequence of the Southern rebellion.

"The Administration ought to comprehend that it is amenable to public opinion, and that its conduct and policy are a legitimate subject of popular discussion and criticism. It is for the perpetuation of free constitutional government, and for this only, that the country has been so willing to exhaust its best blood and place its vast resources at the disposal of the national authority. God forbid that the American people should allow the strength thus imparted to be turned against themselves, and a military despotism erected on the ruins of public liberty! So far as New York is concerned, let it be proclaimed from the housetops that no man within her borders shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

"With great regard, yours, truly,

"WASHINGTON HUNT."

Mr. Waterbury declared in his letter: "It is sufficient to say that these (V.'s arrest, trial, &c.) and all similar acts must be boldly denounced and resolutely resisted, or we are no longer a free people."

What Jackson Did Not Do.—The Richmond Enquirer says:

General Jackson did not accumulate a fortune in this war. He did not speculate in sugar or molasses; in tobacco or in flour; he robbed no houses; stole no plate, nor jewels, nor pictures, nor wines; sold no passports; extorted no black mail.

THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER AND THE NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.—We are glad to find the following handsome letter from Gen. Ramseur's brigade went into the hands of the Enquirer. It is a consolation to know, that however some of the Richmond papers may ignore the existence of the troops that bear the brunt of the battles and suffer the severest losses, Virginians, who fight by their sides are more just, and volunteer to give our troops their proper credit.

But the Enquirer accompanies the letter by a very mean editorial. It says:

"The whole matter is a small—a little affair; and if the statement has been made, what wrong, what injustice has been done? If there had been Marylanders and Virginians in the division, would their presence have detracted from the North Carolina troops?"

Now this is an utter perversion of the truth. The gist of the complaint was not that Marylanders and Virginians were falsely stated to be in the division that did such glorious fighting, but that North Carolinians, 13 regiments of whom were in the division, were not mentioned at all.

The Enquirer endeavors to get out of the scrape by stating that its own correspondent did not write the article complained of. In this we believe it is right. It was the Dispatch, but the Enquirer copied the statement from the Dispatch.

The Enquirer says too that Gen. Rodes, a Virginian, "commanded and led the North Carolina troops," and that "all the country will ask of the N. C. troops is to follow where Gen. Rodes leads." He commanded them, it is true, but if "A Virginian" is to be believed, he did not lead them—our own Gen. Ramseur did that.

The N. Carolinians at Chancellorsville.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,
May 13, 1863.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:—Gentlemen:—There appears in your paper of the 5th inst., if I mistake not—I have not the paper before me now—a communication from one of your correspondents, giving an interesting account of the late battles near Fredericksburg. Gen. D. H. Hill's division, now Gen. R. E. Rodes', is properly mentioned, as having sustained the brunt of the conflict near Chancellorsville. It occupied the front of the line of battle, on the right of the plank road, looking towards Fredericksburg, and immediately opposed to that portion of the Federal line most strongly fortified. There was an error in the communication, no doubt unintentionally made, which, for the honor of a great State, that has most nobly borne her part in this great struggle for our independence, and has expended most lavishly her treasures and the blood of her noblest sons, I will endeavor to correct, confident that you will take pleasure in aiding me to perform this act of simple justice.

Your correspondent, after awarding just praise to this army, and particularly to this division, mentions that the latter is composed of Georgians, Alabamians, Marylanders and Virginians. It is in this statement that the error spoken of exists. Five brigades compose this division, commanded respectively by Generals Doles, Colquitt, Iverson, Ramseur and Col. O'Neal, the latter commanding the brigade formerly Gen. Rodes'. Doles' and Colquitt's are composed entirely of Georgians; Col. O'Neal's of Alabamians, Iverson's and Ramseur's of North Carolinians. There is not a regiment from any other State in the division. There is not a company or squad, so far as I can learn, from either Maryland or Virginia in any of the regiments composing it. Far be it from me to say anything which even by implication can tend to the disparagement of the brave troops from the last mentioned States, their prowess has been exhibited upon a hundred bloody fields. Nothing

I can say can add to or detract from their deserved and well merited fame. But I thought it just that the credit due to the brave North Carolinians, in consideration of their unsurpassed heroism and unrivalled loss in the late contests, should not be given to others, and therefore I send this communication.

Of the conduct of the whole division, in the late battles, I have heard naught but praise, and I will mention the part borne by a single North Carolina brigade, as an evidence of what the brave sons of that noble State have done. I mention this brigade particularly, because it is the only one of whose conduct I was in a great

measure an eye witness, and, therefore, am confident of the truth of what I report.

Gen. Ramseur's brigade went into action over fourteen hundred men, and assisted some of the other brigades of the division in attacking the enemy and driving them from their entrenchments. The conflict lasted here some two hours or more, and was most terribly severe. Any one who has been the portion of the battle ground, must be struck with the tremendous advantage the enemy had in position. They fought behind breastworks formed of layers of timber, filled in with earth. The ground for a considerable distance in front of them covered with timber forming an almost impenetrable abattis. It is really wonderful that they could ever have been lodged and driven out, but they were.—The brave North Carolinians advanced steadily under a most galling fire of musketry and artillery, surmounted all obstacles in front of the breastworks of the enemy, and compelling them to flee in rout and disorder, leaped over their parapets and stood in their strongholds. Now came a pause; of the fourteen hundred composing this gallant brigade, when it entered the action, eight hundred and four had fallen upon the field! The gallant Ramseur and other officers, looking around upon their thinned ranks, grasped each other's hands in silence and burst into tears.—Surely such officers and such men deserve, at least, their just meed of praise, and North Carolina may ever be proud of such heroes.

Gen. Ramseur, not yet recovered from severe wounds, received at Malvern Hill, which deprived him of the use of the right arm, led his brigade into action, and although painfully wounded again in the foot, remained the entire day with his command. That night faint and prostrated with pain and fatigue, unable to sit on his horse, he went to the rear by order of his superior officer.

I have now, Messrs Editors, endeavored, very imperfectly I know, to correct the error of your correspondent. The entire Confederacy can justly be proud of the army of Northern Virginia, and of no portion of it more than that which hails from the Old North State.

A VIRGINIAN.

CONFEDERATE MONEY.—We learn that some persons are pretending that after the 1st of August next Confederate Treasury notes will be worthless. This is of course either a mistake or a pretence. They will be just as good after August as now—and perhaps better—with this exception, that after that date one kind of those notes viz: those dated Sept. 1, 1861, will not be fundable, that is, a holder of such notes will have no right, as he now has, to invest them in Confederate bonds. The effect of this will be, not to make the notes worthless, but that they will not circulate, as people will prefer to take notes issued since Dec. 1st 1862, which by law are fundable. The government has made notes of previous dates uncurrent, (not worthless,) because it wished them all withdrawn from circulation by funding before August 1863. From present appearances they will be mostly funded by that time; and the alarm in regard to them will do that much good.

Let us hear no more about the worthlessness of Confederate notes. If anything in the Confederacy is of worth, these notes are. Destroy the Confederacy, and you destroy the value of Confederate notes.—Maintain the Confederacy, and you maintain the value of its notes. He is an enemy to both who depreciates either.

BARN BURNT.

We learn that the barn of Mr. Henry Sharp, 4 miles South East of Greensboro was destroyed by fire last night. One of his horses and a wagon were burnt; and he made a narrow escape while rescuing his other horses.

It was the work of an incendiary.—The World.

ATTEMPT AT ARSON.

On Tuesday morning last, some incarnate devil coolly and deliberately kindled a fire under the first floor of Mr. Sears Cabinet shop in this place. The building is of wood, very old and combustible, and surrounded by several dwellings, one being within four feet of the shop. Had not the villain been accidentally discovered by Mr. Ledbetter, of Garrett's armory, in time to prevent the flames from communicating to any extent with the floor, the loss of property would have been serious. Greensborough Patriot.