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Price of the Watchman.

a change in the prices of provisions, paper and other articles required to carry on business, the subscription rates of this paper will be one dollar for six months, and three dollars for a year.

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From the 4th North Carolina.

Left camp on the Rapidan—Circuitous and exhausting marching—Obstacles at Warrenton Springs—How we cross rivers—Incidents—Cannonading some distance off—Unhealthy atmosphere near Warrenton—The enemy gone—Our return labor—Winter quarters.

On the morning of the 9th inst., as the first peep of day reddened the east, we evacuated the banks of the Rapidan and took up our line of march westward. Passing through the suburbs of Orange we crossed the Rapidan (forded of course) at Union Mills; thence bearing a north west we left Madison Court-house half a mile to our left; four miles further brought us to Robeson river, from the north bank of which the enemy's outposts had been driven a few hours before our arrival; we heard the firing quite distinctly, and without taking time to undress, or so much as roll up our pant legs, we crossed and pushed on briskly several miles further, hoping to get up in time to engage the enemy that night; but it was useless, he made better time than we, and was entirely out of reach, if not out of hearing before we arrived at the scene of action. This was on the night of the 10th, the darkness was most intense, and in our exhausted condition it was impossible to go further; in the two days' marching we had come about forty five miles, and we literally fell down and slept till daylight the next morning. On Sunday the 11th, we traveled eight miles only, when for reasons best known to Gen. Lee, we went into camp five miles from Culpeper on the Sperryville road; we asked no questions about it, but were glad enough to get to rest on any terms. Rations were issued, with orders to have them cooked and everything ready to leave at 3 o'clock the next morning. When the time came we felt exceedingly loth to get up, but it had to be done and by sunrise we were far on our way towards Warrenton. The fields were covered with a frost that looked like a miniature snow, which made the air so cool that brisk walking was necessary to our comfort. About noon we came to the Hazel river, which besides being a stout stream ordinarily, was now swollen by the late rains in the mountains. When we arrived in the broad low lands bordering the river we found two or more brigades already congregated which with the addition of ours made several thousand men, all wondering how we were to get across; presently, however, we were relieved by the order from Gen. Rodes, or somebody else, to "doff our nether garments," no sooner said than done, and the scene which followed "beggars all description" as the novelists say on more delicate subjects. What we had been dreading all the morning turned out to be a regular frolic, and in the course of an hour all were over safely; and on our way for the next river, which we passed five miles further on at Warrenton (or White Sulphur) springs. This, though not so large as the Hazel, I believe is called the Rappahannock. Here we found the enemy in pretty strong force, holding the north bank and in a bad humor besides. Their sharpshooters opened on us two miles from the river on the south side, but fell back with considerable loss as we advanced, until they got over the river where they were joined by the reserves. This was somewhat in our way, but measures were taken to clear them out immediately, which was soon done when fifteen cannons opened simultaneously on them, assisted by a heavy corps of sharpshooters. Their guns replied feebly at first but were soon silenced altogether, and fifteen minutes later we saw a blue column of yankees on their winding way over the hills beyond the river. "Forward" was shouted from one end of our line to the other. The cavalry dashed on, leaving a cloud of dust and smoke behind them, through which we groped our way to the river and crossed on the bridge partially destroyed by the enemy. On both sides of

the road as we went on we saw dead and wounded men and horses, all with a few exceptions, belonging to the enemy. The darkness was getting so thick that we could not see objects distinctly, but we could see enough to observe that one whole and cavalry together had done no little mischief. Some of the boys were counting the dead yankees as we were jogging on a rate little short of double quick, when some one yelled out "There lies another," pointing at the same time to a dark object lying by an elm not more than eight steps from the road. "Nary dead," growled the blue coat. "Are you hurt?" "Yes," he replied, "I'm shot, but not dead by a hornful." His wound was severe but not mortal I learned afterwards. We traveled on till eight or nine o'clock at night when we "turned in" as we have it out here. The night was right cool, and as soon as our "lodging" was deposited we went to work building fires of such things as we could find. While at this one of our fellows picked up a rail which he thought he would break over a stump, and drawing away with all his might he hit another dead man. This is the way men are scattered over many portions of northern Virginia—"unwept," no, not unwept. I will not say that for the bare mention of their names years hence will cause tears of agony to flow,—but I will say "unknelled, unconfined and unknown."

The next day, Tuesday 13th, we moved through Warrenton, and struck camp three miles beyond the town, without coming in contact with the enemy ourselves, though heavy cannonading was heard in front and on our right flank. These days rations were prepared that night, and at 4 o'clock on the following morning of the 14th we were hurried up and off at a trot for two miles, when suddenly and very unexpectedly before it was quite light the enemy's sharpshooters opened a galling fire on us. Some four or five men in our regiment were wounded, and one killed—viz: David Hunter of Co. A. (the Fredell Blues)—Skirmishers were sent forward, artillery brought up, and every necessary preparation made for battle which seemed inevitable. The musketry grew heavier every minute, and presently some half dozen brass pieces opened like surly bull dogs, making the calm and frosty atmosphere resound for miles. The fire was kept up hot during an hour and a half when it ceased entirely and our column was pushed quick time after the fleeing yankees. The force we had engaged this morning, though pretty strong, was nothing more than the enemy's rear guard—his main body was at that time retreating towards Manassas as rapidly as their heels would let them, whither our corps followed to a point eight miles from the Junction, (Manassas.) Late this evening, the 14th, Cook's and Kirkland's brigades, of Hill's corps, engaged the enemy on the railroad near Bristo, six miles from Manassas, and a most desperate fight ensued, in which, I rather fear, the Confederates lost more than they gained,—let those who were present say. But the enemy had made good his escape, with the loss of some two thousand prisoners, some wagons, and a large quantity of baggage burned up on the railroad, besides a good many killed and wounded. During the 15th of this month we lay idle in a thicket of pines, while around us on almost every side was a vast forest of wagons and artillery, being very nearly the entire crop belonging to both corps, A. P. Hill and Ewell's. At intervals heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Danubius, sixteen miles south east of Manassas, but it occasioned no alarm in camp, and the day and night passed off quietly with the exception of a severe drenching from a thunder shower, which seems to succeed a battle or heavy discharges of artillery invariably.

On the morning of the 16th rain was falling heavily; the cedars, pines and dwarf oaks formed a labyrinth through which it was almost impossible to make our way, and those dripping with water from every leaf and twig, together with the grass and mud shoe mounds deep, soon saturated our garments from head to foot, in a way by no means comfortable; but we traveled on slowly in an easterly direction two miles, when we found ourselves on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, down which we turned towards Richmond. We made the best of our disagreeable flight, and after following the railroad four or five miles we halted, stacked arms, and proceeded to tear up the track. The very elements seemed to conspire against us; such torrents of rain as fell for two hours, and just while we were at work too, were enough to make us think another flood had broken loose upon us. By three o'clock, p. m. we were done our contract, and about the same time the rain ceased falling, the clouds broke and the

bright evening sun chased them far to the east where they were banked up like a huge black pall. For two or three days after this we loitered along the railroad, acting as rear guard for our working parties, who were a day or two in advance, until we got down on the south side of the Rappahannock, where, after destroying the bridge across that stream, the work of destruction ceased, leaving the railroad a creek from Manassas to the Rappahannock, a distance of some thirty miles. At noon on the 19th, the army of Northern Virginia was engaged on the hills between Brandy Station and the above mentioned river, and in all that vast multitude scarcely a dry thread of clothing—so incessant and terrible had been the fall of rain and hail for the preceding twelve hours. We built large fires, and by them warmed and dried ourselves as best we could till near sunset when the various divisions dispersed "to their respective places of abode" I suppose, I know nothing about any save our own, (Rodes') which moved down in the neighborhood of Kelly's ford on the Rappahannock, five miles below the railroad bridge, where we have been picketing and putting up winter quarters. We have no idea how long we will remain here, perhaps till Christmas, but we would like to stay all winter if possible, since with our sunny shanties we are well prepared for cold weather. NAT. October 24th, 1863.

EAST TENNESSEE.

Notwithstanding the daily rumors of the advance of the Yankees from toward Zollicoffer and Blountville, there is not, as far as the Abingdon Virginian can learn, a single blue-belly this side of either place. The Virginian of Friday last says:

There are none, we believe, in the Holston Valley this side of Rogersville, and the nearest point at which they may be found on the railroad, Carter Depot, some 20 miles below Bristol. Since their late raid to this vicinity and their return to the Watauga, they have occasionally sent scouting parties as far up as Zollicoffer. But Col. Wither handled them so roughly at the latter point last week, they have not advanced that far since. It may be said at present, that Burnside's forces, under himself, Shackelford and Hartsuff, occupy East Tennessee from the Watauga to Loudon, a distance of about 140 miles. East of the Watauga our forces hold them in check and will very soon hurry them toward Knoxville, and west of Loudon. Morrison's Georgia cavalry occasionally stampede them into their fortifications on the bank of the Tennessee. Even this limited space will be too hot to hold them much longer, if we can draw proper conclusions from evident indications.

For some time, until within a week past, Burnside held East Tennessee from the Virginia line to the Hiawassie, a distance of about 200 miles, and some of his menials issued a few numbers of newspapers at Athens, filled with strong appeals and false assumptions as to the present as well as the ultimate designs of the invader. From the proceedings of Union meeting at Athens, we were surprised to see that a number of persons were silly enough to be gulled by the blandishments and false promises of the tyrants among them, and if their pillows for all the future are not filled with thorns, it will not be because they do not deserve such a fate, nor for the want of a disposition on the part of their task-masters to afflict and degrade them. The first number of the paper they issued was filled with "raw head and bloody bone" stories of the cruelties of Confederate soldiers to the unprotected, but not a word of the barbarities of the Yankee brutes all over the land. But their paper was short-lived, for Forrest and his command rode in among them, and Yankee legs soon showed what Yankee legs were made for. That portion of the country, therefore, from the Tennessee to Hiawassie, is now in our possession.

A great many of the citizens of Tennessee, it is said, took the oath of allegiance to the Lincoln Government. Many of these are Southern men, whose sympathies are all with the South, and their weakness was

prompted by the fear of the loss of property and the hope of protection. This, however, is no excuse, and we are neither sorry nor disappointed to learn that every man of the class to perform services, between the ages of 18 and 45, have been put into the Yankee ranks.

Our force from this direction are now on the march westward, and we expect to know by the time of our next issue, that we will have a cavalry force alone in Tennessee to clear it of the Yankee rabble that now infest it.

THE FRENCH TOBACCO AT RICHMOND.

The Courier des Etats Unis thus explains the recent statement, relative to negotiation for the export of tobacco in Richmond alleged to belong to the French Government:

The Washington correspondents of the News Press have been greatly exercised for some days past, in relation to certain negotiations in reference to the exportation of a considerable quantity of tobacco belonging to the French factories, and stored in Richmond since the commencement of the war. As nearly all the versions published on this subject are but so many errors, we deem it opportune to replace the facts upon their right footing.

The negotiation referred to date back about four months. They had, without great difficulty, arrived at a double consent given by the Cabinets of Washington and Richmond respectively, for the export of the tobacco in question. One condition only had been imposed by the Federal Government, viz: That England should be notified, and should pledge herself not to convert the concession to France into a precedent to be invoked by her hereafter. The promise having been easily obtained at London, everything appeared to be settled, and the vessels of our navy charged with the duty of presiding at the embarkation of the tobacco, were about repairing to City Point, when the Washington Administration suddenly withdrew the consent it had given. We are not acquainted with the real or alleged motives of this unexpected change of attitude, but think ourselves entitled to affirm that things have gone from step to step as we have just stated.

It is a mistake also, to connect with this affair the recent presence at Richmond of a tourist named M. De Saint Romain, to whom has been ascribed the quality of special agent of the Imperial Government. M. De Saint Romain was charged neither with this negotiation nor any other, and had neither official position, title or mission. The object of his excursion to the Confederate Capital was connected with questions of private interest exclusively, in which the French Government had absolutely no control whatever.

MOSBY ON ANOTHER RAID.

Passengers who reached Lynchburg by the Orange and Alexandria train Thursday night state that the ubiquitous Mosby made a foray up on the Yankees, within a mile of Meade's headquarters, near Warrenton, on Thursday last, killed three, wounded seven and captured thirty-six white Yankees, some eighteen or twenty black ones, and one hundred and thirty mules and horses. The Republican learns that the enemy were on the march at the time of the attack, and though numbering twenty to one of our gallant band, were so completely taken by surprise that they scampered in all directions. Mosby lost not a man killed or wounded. The prisoners, mules, and horses had all reached our lines on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Buchanan in London.—A London newspaper has the following report: "Mr. James Buchanan, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. James from the United States, and afterwards President of the Republic, arrived in London a few days ago.

It is scarcely time to form a correct estimate of the late events on the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. No full disclosure of the facts, or explanation of the causes which led to the failure, has yet been received from a Confederate source. The enemy's accounts are equally minute and exultant, and they are so far confirmed by the abbreviated and despatched telegrams sent under "military censorship," that we are only justified in describing the late affair as an attempt by Lee to interpose a corps of his army between a large portion of Meade's force in Culpeper, and Washington. If he had succeeded, the result would have permanently cured the army of the Potomac of its chronic disease, the Præterite Richmondensis, or Itch for Richmond. Unfortunately the enemy became cognizant of the plan at the moment of its execution, and retreated with sufficient deliberation to destroy all the stores that they did not carry off, to the fortifications of Centreville. It is impossible to follow them, for the country is a desert in which our army could not live, while the enemy would be at the door of the magazines in Washington.

One fight—apparently between a division of the Confederate army and a larger body of the enemy—occurred during this movement, in which we lost four hundred and fifty prisoners, five pieces of cannon, and were generally worsted. Why such a fight occurred cannot now be said. It can scarcely have been the intention of Lee to pit one division against two army corps. At present the collision bears the appearance of an ambuscade, or of a blunder, which was not redeemed by energy or conduct. There are generals who have the gift of inspiring their troops with their own gallantry, and there are generals who have not that gift. It would appear that Lewisburg, Gettysburg, and Bristow Station are illustrations of this truth.

In the meantime, the loss at that place was far more than counterbalanced by successes elsewhere. Against Meade's 450 prisoners, Lee has placed 1,200; and the campaign in Northern Virginia has closed, for the season, nearly at the spot where it began two years ago, with the enemy in retreat, and our own army victorious though baffled.—Richmond Examiner.

WESTERN NORTH-CAROLINA.

We had information a day or two since that a movement had been made by the enemy towards Asheville, by way of the Warm Springs, about 36 miles west of the former place. It is stated that Col. John W. Woodin, who commanded our force of mounted men in the fight at Warm Springs, was killed, together with several of his command, and several wounded. Intelligence from Asheville, under date of the 26th, received on Thursday, is to the effect that another fight had taken place at Warm Springs, Gen. Robt. B. Vance in command of our forces. Several killed and wounded on each side. Full particulars not received.

Gov. Vance left this City on Tuesday for the scene of operations. His presence will be valuable in embodying the Home Guard, and adding to the regular forces under Gen. Vance. The force of the enemy is not known, but we have every confidence that he will be checked and driven back.

Gov. Vance will probably be absent some ten or twelve days.—Ral. Standard.

From the Tennessee Valley.

A despatch to the Atlanta Appeal, dated Tennessee Valley, October 22nd, says the Federals have completed the repairs on the Memphis and Chattanooga Railroad as far east as Bear Creek, and are now engaged in building trestle bridges over that stream. Their working parties are protected by two divisions of Sherman's corps in advance. The entire corps is supposed to be on the road. Gen. Stephen D. Lee is engaged in retarding the advance, and also in effectually destroying the road in their front.

Lincoln's Body Guard.—A gentleman who left Washington City on the 18th October, informs the editor of the Abingdon Virginian, that Lincoln never leaves the White House without a body guard of 16 soldiers. When he rides in his carriage the guard are mounted on handsome black horses.

Made Brigadier.—Col. John T. Cox, of Gen. Wharton's cavalry, has been made Brigadier General of cavalry.