

Has Gov. Vance Done Nothing for the Families of Soldiers?

We took occasion in our last issue, by facts and figures, to demonstrate that those who would injure Gov. Vance, by charging that the *blockade running operations* for the State, of which the paternity is conceded to him, have been bringing the State in debt, were greatly misinformed as to the facts of the case, or have wilfully and grossly misrepresented them. We now meet and refute a slander which has been coupled with the other—that Gov. Vance has done nothing to furnish the needy families of our brave soldiers with bread and meat. Again we offer *never-fading figures*. They have likewise been furnished us upon request from the proper office. We do not like to make assertions as some of our contemporaries do, in the dark, and we have therefore obtained a tabular statement from the office of Maj. Thos. D. Hogg, the State commissary, and Gov. Vance's energetic and efficient disbursing officer in this branch of his assumed duties. We say assumed because we know of no law imposing upon the Governor the duty of providing for the families of soldiers, except such as have been passed at his request, to aid him more effectually to carry out his plans for their relief.

Under Gov. Vance's directions, Maj. Hogg has, during the past twelve months, been diligent in purchasing bacon, rice, flour, and corn, wherever these articles could be purchased most cheaply, and storing them in safe and convenient localities for the benefit of our suffering people. The table showing how these provisions have been distributed is short and self-explanatory, and our readers will have no difficulty in understanding it:

Subsistence store issued by Maj. T. D. Hogg, to 1st June, 1864:

	Pounds of Bacon.	Pounds of Rice.	Barrels of Flour.	Bushels of Corn.
Issued and sold to hospitals, sold to City Commissioners for soldiers families,	35,000	3,705	105	41,500
	65,405	62,655	2,164	41,500
	100,405	66,355	3,269	41,500

It thus appears that Gov. Vance has issued and sold tens of thousands of dollars worth of the prime necessities of life, to hospitals for our sick and wounded soldiers, for whom, having been once a soldier, he knows how to feed, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth to county commissioners, who are charged with the distribution of provisions among the needy families of soldiers. Through the provident care of Gov. Vance in buying these provisions when and where they could be bought cheap, the commissioners for many of our counties have been enabled to buy, when otherwise they might not have been able to purchase at all, and all of them who have bought from the State, have done so at prices far below those they would have had to pay in any market in their reach. The object being merely to reimburse the State what is expended, the Governor has been able to sell to the county commissioners at a half or a third, and in some cases at not more than a fourth or fifth of what they would have had to pay elsewhere. The money appropriated by many of our counties, for the relief of the families of soldiers has thus been made to "go much farther" than it otherwise would have done, and many more families have been furnished, or those furnished much more bountifully than they otherwise would have been.

The provisions bought under the Governor's directions, have mostly been obtained from other States, or from points in this State within or immediately contiguous to the enemy's lines, and are therefore nearly a clear gain to our suffering people. The only other purchases made within the limits of our State have been from counties where a surplus had been raised, and which could spare something from their abundance to counties, that on account of labor taken from them, could not support their women and children. The burdens of the war have thus been, in this regard, in a measure equalized.

What Governor in the Confederacy has done more in this respect than the present Governor of North Carolina!

Gov. Vance's assailants should find more vulnerable points if they wish to make anything by their attacks upon him.—*Conservative*.

HON. N. BOYDEN.

The Raleigh Daily "Confederate," in a very interesting article, noticing the discussing of the *Habeas Corpus* question before the Supreme Court of this State, now in session in that city, makes the following complimentary notice of Mr. Boyden's argument before that body:

"We were present to hear Mr. Boyden. In the character of a lawyer, Mr. Boyden appears to advantage. No flight of birds enlists his fancy. No desire of imitation disturbs his natural pose and attitude, and no passion or prejudice sways his efforts as a politician, which mar his judgment and lessens his influence. As a lawyer engaged before a high Court, he is a calm, agreeable, but forcible and logical reasoner, a student thoroughly versed in his case, who puts his points with courteous but telling effect. It were invidious to withhold from Mr. Boyden the attributes of a powerful advocate, and the qualities of a strong reasoner, before a court in Bane.

In this connection, we may state, Mr. Boyden will certainly vote for Gov. Vance. His influence, with that of Gov. Graham, and all the other leaders of the Conservative party, will be used against the self inaugurated pretensions of Mr. Holden, (the only thing about him that will ever be inaugurated, by the by.) It is as impossible for Mr. Boyden to support Mr. Holden, as for water to flow up hill—or whiskey in the hand of an accustomed drinker, to keep from going down his throat."

Gen. Polk.—In the pockets of Gen. Polk were found, in that of the left side, his book of Common Prayer for the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in the right pocket, four copies of the Rev. Dr. Quintard's little work, entitled "Balm for the Weary and the Wounded." Upon the fly leaves of each of these little volumes, indicating for whom they were intended, was inscribed the names of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, Lieutenant General Hardee and Lieut. Gen. Hood, with the compliments of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, June 12th, 1864. Within the fourth volume was inscribed his own name. All were saturated with the blood which flowed from the wound.

A correspondent at Kinston, writes us as follows: "The secret oath-bound organization mentioned in the *Confederate* a few days ago, the object of which is to destroy the Confederate Government, is in full blast in this town.

Our weekly paper of to-day contains the speeches of Messrs. Boyden and Warren on the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and also the speech of the former on the subject of conscription and exemption.—These documents contain the pure doctrines of civil liberty. The friends of liberty and good government wherever these speeches are perused, will thank these gentlemen for the lucid, able, and manly manner in which they have presented these doctrines to the Senate and to the country.—*Standard*.

The *Standard* forgot to mention that Messrs. Boyden and Warren are staunch supporters of Governor Vance. The *Standard* compliments these gentlemen for the "manly manner in which they have presented these doctrines to the Senate and to the country." But not one word of praise has it for Gov. Vance, who has used every exertion (as will be seen from his letters to the President) to prevent the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. There is no stronger advocate of civil and constitutional liberty than Gov. Vance. The *Standard* knows this to be so; and yet it has nothing but abuse and vilification for the man, who has used his every energy to secure to the citizen his right.—*Conservative*.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

It is noticeable that during the present campaigns few battles take place on Sunday. The enemy has been thrashed into some respect for the day, and we think that General Lee is anxious to avoid any violation of its solemn stillness and repose. At any rate the announcement most generally made in regard to the

movements on Sunday is that all is quiet at the front.

It is hardly respect for the day that actuates our enemies, but most probably repeated disasters on that day have led them to regard it as unlucky. Such we think is the sentiment with the private soldiers, whatever feelings the officers may have upon the subject. But whatever causes them to keep quiet on Sunday, it is well that they do so. War is bad enough at the best, and less than any other occupation, can afford to dispense with the one day's rest in seven. Even in a moral point of view, that rest may do good and can hardly do harm.—*Wet Journal*.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Sentinel* says:

Jeremy Taylor, perhaps the most eloquent of all the divines, at the darkest period of the civil wars of England, composed the following, which I find among his forms of prayer. I copy and submit it to you, as a precious offering of humble faith, singularity suited to our condition at this, our own day of tribulation and of prayer:

A PRAYER "AT A TIME OF INVASION BY BARBAROUS OR WICKED PEOPLE"

I. O eternal God, Thou alone rulest the kingdoms of men; Thou art the great God of battles and recompenses, and by Thy glorious wisdom, by Thy mighty power, and by Thy secret providence, dost determine the events of war, and the issues of human councils, and the returns of peace and victory, now at last be pleased to let the light of Thy countenance, and the effects of a glorious mercy and a gracious pardon, return to this land. Thou seest how great evils we suffer under the power and tyranny of war; and although we submit to and adore Thy justice in our sufferings, yet be pleased to pity our misery, to hear our complaints, and to provide us a remedy against our present calamities; let not the defenders of a righteous cause go away ashamed, nor our parties, nor religion suppressed, nor learning discontinued, and we be spoiled of all those advantages of piety which Thou hast been pleased to minister to our infirmities, for the interest of learning and religion.

II. We confess, O God, that we have deserved to be totally extinct and separate from the communion of saints, and the comforts of religion, and to be made servants to ignorant, unjust and inferior persons, or to suffer any other calamity which thou shalt allot us as the instrument of thy anger, whom we have so often provoked to wrath and jealousy. Lord, we humbly lie down under the burden of thy rod, begging of thee to remember our infirmities, and no more to remember our sins; to support us with thy staff, to lift us up with thy hand, to refresh us with thy gracious eye; and, if a cloud of temporal infelicities must still circle us, open unto us the windows of Heaven, that, with an eye of faith and hope, we may see beyond the cloud, looking upon these mercies, which in thy secret Providence and admirable wisdom, thou designest all thy servants, from such unlikely and sore distresses. Teach us diligently to do all our duty, and mercifully to submit to all thy will, and, at last be gracious to thy people that call upon thee, that put their trust in thee, that have laid up all their hopes in the bosom of God, that, besides thee, have no helper. Amen.

NEW MINIE BALL.

The army correspondent of the Atlanta Intelligencer, writing from the front, gives the following description of a new minie ball which the Yankees are using against us:

It is made of two separate halves, one of which is a hollow shell and the other a kind of cap from which issues a short leaden screw. On this screw is placed a loose fitting piece of tin, wider than the ball itself, and very sharp. This is then fitted in the hollow shell. The object of this appears to be, that where an artery may yield to a ball it will almost to a certainty be cut by this piece of tin. But if the ball should enter a man without taking off the cap, the chances are that when it is being extracted, the tin will remain in the wound, and by constantly irritating the wound, eventually poisoning the flesh and render the sufferer incurable. Such is the last devilish invention of the Yankees.

LETTER FROM PETERSBURG.

Petersburg, Va., June 18, '64.

You are no doubt aware that Grant has moved his army to the front of Petersburg. The fighting is now raging furiously (Saturday 9 o'clock, P. M.) within two miles of the city. On Thursday it appears that Grant's advance guard made an attack on our breastworks and batteries, which was defended by Wise's Virginia Brigade, and succeeded in taking the batteries and breastworks, or at least the most important ones, by 7 o'clock, P. M. Hoke's noble Division, at this time, was passing through our city at a "double quick," and appeared to be anxious to get into the fight. After the Yankees had captured our breastworks and batteries, they came to the conclusion that they could walk into the city, but it was a very sorry attempt to them, for in fifteen minutes Hoke's Division impeded their progress, and gave them a hearty welcome, and it did not take the noble Division more than half an hour to regain all the ground Wise's Brigade lost, (with the exception of the batteries) and captured 400 prisoners, which you no doubt saw pass through Salisbury about Sunday, on their way to their residences in Americus, Georgia. The Yankee loss was very heavy indeed. So ended Thursday's proceedings. Friday morning we all had come to the conclusion that Petersburg had "gone up," for the Yankees had reinforced so heavily,

it was thought doubtful Hoke could hold them at bay until reinforcements could arrive, but the brave fellows did their duty, and they deserve to be crowned with glory throughout the Confederacy. No troops ever fought better. About 8 o'clock, P. M. the enemy made a desperate charge on our lines, and succeeded in breaking the right, at which were stationed, so I learn, Wise's Brigade, which gave way. I was at my work at the time, making up the form for the daily, and I never in my life heard such a continual firing of musketry and artillery. I could not hear the boys in the office talking, for the report drowned their voices. Longstreet's Corps crossed the Appomattox, into the city, and went to the field in "double quick," and then still warmer work commenced. Led by the noble old hero, Beauregard, "they made the Yankees run," and captured several hundred prisoners—the exact number I do not know—and regained more than was lost during the day. Grant's whole force is now against us, and Lee is against Grant. After the repulse Friday evening, everything remained quiet during the night, until just before day-light this morning, and then a furious cannonade was kept up for about an hour, but I learn it was merely an artillery duel. Everything is working well now. Petersburg is safe, for Gen. R. E. Lee is here, and he says so, and when he once says anything, you may rely upon it being correct.

To-day there has been heavy fighting all along our whole line, but I cannot say as to the result, it seems as though all the fighting is to be done mostly in front of this city. I wish I could give more particulars but my time will not permit.

The militia I hear have been honorably discharged from the field by Gen. Beauregard, and are now on Provost duty. They lost a great many in killed and wounded. I mean a great many for the militia, for as a general thing, they never fight well, but Gen. Balston, complimented them on the field and said "they fought, equally as well as veteran soldiers." Our regulars have suffered severely, but nothing to compare to the enemy's loss. Clingman's Brigade I learn lost very heavy.

Gen. Lee arrived in Petersburg to-day, and if there were any gloomy faces, they put on a pleasing countenance when they saw the chief. The fighting is continually kept up, with a little suspension now and then.

WANTED—A PRINTER.

"Wanted—a printer," says a contemporary. Wanted—a mechanical curiosity, with a brain and fingers—a thing that will set so many type a day—a machine that will think and act, but still a machine—a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery, yet one the ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically—that's a printer. A printer—yet for all his sometimes disipated and reckless habits—a worker, at all times and hours, day and night; sitting up in a close and unwholesome office, when gay crowds are hurrying to the theatres—later still, when the street revelers are gone—and the city sleeps—in the fresh air of the morning—in the broad and gushing sunlight—some printing machine is at his case, with its eternal, unvarying click! click!

Click! click! the polished types fall into the stick; the mute integers of expression are marshalled into line, and march forth as immortal print. Click! and the latest intelligence becomes old—the thought a principle—the simple idea a living sentiment. Click! click! from grave to gay, from item after item—a robbery, a murder, a bit of scandal, a graceful and glowing thought—are in turn closed by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine, and set adrift in the sea of thought. He must not think of the future, nor recall the past—must not think of home, of kindred, of wife or babe—his work lies before him, and thought is chained to his copy.

You know him by his works who read the papers and are quick at typographical errors—whose eye may rest on these mute evidences of ceaseless toil; correspondents, editors and authors, who scorn the simple medium of your fame, think not the printer is altogether a machine—think not that he is indifferent to the gem of which he is, but the enterprising noble may penetrate the recesses of his brain, or

the flowers he gathers may not have some of their fragrance upon his mental workings. But when you see a friend, companion, adviser—when you would advise one who, for sympathy, may represent either or both—when you wait on Judges, Legislators, Governors and Presidents—O, ye people, advertise: "Wanted—a printer."

Laugh when you can.—Fun, says Quilp is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry.—Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal and friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect.

When you see a young man and a woman walking down the street, leaning against each other like a pair of badly matched oxen, be assured that they are bent on consolidation.

Wool Notice.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT. Raleigh, N. C., June 9, 1864. I AM now prepared to exchange Cotton Yarn for Wool, upon the following terms, viz: One bunch of Yarn for three pounds washed Wool, and one bunch for four pounds unwashed. Agents have been appointed to make the exchange at the following places: Oxford, Tarboro', Kinston, Catherine Lake, Concord, Rockingham, Hendersonville, Statesville, Roxboro', Asheville, Pittsboro', Lenoir, Fayetteville, Coleraine, and at this place. Persons shipping Wool to this place will please mark on the packages who they are from, and the cotton yarn will be forwarded immediately. I hope the people will patriotically respond to the above notice, as the Wool is for clothing the N. C. Troops. H. A. DOWD, A. Q. M., N. C. A. 28—17 July.

The papers in the State will please copy until July 1st, and forward accounts to the office.

NOTICE.

THE firm of Graham & McElwee is dissolved by mutual consent. We will have a large lot of Sole, Upper and Kips ready for the Fall market. We have a Tanager for sale. W. F. GRAHAM, J. H. McELWEE.

We notify all those who owe us to make payment by cash or note, and all those who have claims against us to present them as prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. W. F. GRAHAM, J. H. McELWEE. June 15, 1864. 21p4

NOTICE.

10,000 Lbs Rags Wanted. WE will pay the highest prices for the amount. We will pay you in goods at the moment just as you choose it. Bring them in as soon as possible. SMITH & SMITHDEAL. November 16, 1863. 172C

Wanted—Lumber.

I WISH to contract for a quantity of F.O.P. LUMBER, say FIFTEEN THOUSAND feet per month, delivered on the Rail-road. Proposals will be received at this Office. A. G. BRENZER, Capt. Art'y Com'd'g. Office C. S. Ord. Works, Salisbury, Dec. 28, 1863. 1132

FARMERS.

I WILL pay liberal prices for a supply of Pork, Beef, Lard and Tallow for the use of the North Carolina Rail Road Company. I will receive either of the above articles at the several Depots on our Road and on the Western North Carolina Rail Road. Persons wishing to sell either of the above articles, will address me at once at this place, and T. J. SUMNER, Company Shops, shall have prompt attention. T. J. FOSTER, Purchasing Agent N. C. R. R. Co. Salisbury, Dec. 21, 1863. 117C

RAGS! RAGS!!

COTTON AND LINEN RAGS—wanted at this Office, for which we will pay the highest cash prices. By bringing their Rags to us our friends will aid us greatly in procuring a supply of Farna to print the Watchman on. Bring them in at once. January 25, 1864.

\$300 REWARD.

RUNAWAY from the subscribers on Monday 4th instant, our three Negro fellows, named DAVE, ROBERT and JACK. At the time of their escape, they were in the employ of Grafion Gardner of Joplin, N. Carolina. These boys were purchased by us at Columbia, S. C., about two months since. Dave is twenty-four years of age, 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, thick lips, very black, upper teeth gone, and professes to be something of a machinist, and says he can run an engine, and formerly worked in the Rail Road Shops of Mobile and Augusta. Robert and Jack are brothers. The former about 16 years, rather tall, good looking and intelligent. Jack is about 15 years, smaller than his brother, good looking, remarkably quick spoken and smart. We will give the above reward for their apprehension and delivery at any Jail in the State, or \$100 for the arrest of either of them. G. V. ANCKER & CO. April 25, 1864. 174C

WOOD and CHARCOAL WANTED!

I desire to make contracts with responsible parties for a supply of WOOD and CHARCOAL, for the C. S. Ord. Works, Salisbury. Parties desiring to contract will please address, or apply to, A. G. BRENZER, Capt. Com'd'g. May 24, '64.