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For the Virginian.

## "Ben Caudill's Army."

Who has not heard of Ben Caudill's Army? Will anybody anywhere acknowledge himself so far behind the times, and so little posted in the history of this revolution, as to deny the knowledge of the existence of Ben Caudill's Army?

Now I happen to be acquainted with the history of Ben Caudill's Army, and would consider myself as having wronged the public as well as having neglected my imperative duty, were I not to place said history on record. That the reader may understand why this noted command bears the title at the head of this communication, I will give the origin, by referring to the winter of 1861-2, when the 5th Kentucky Regiment, then under command of Col. (now Gen.) John S. Williams, was experiencing the severe campaign of that winter in its endeavors to hold possession of Eastern Kentucky.

It must be known that Capt. Benjamin E. Caudill commanded one of the companies of that regiment, which company was composed principally of men from the county of Letcher. During one of the "masterly retreats" of this regiment from Kentucky, and while passing down one of the pent in streams of Letcher county, the roads along which were at no time more than four feet deep with mud, an elderly matron appeared in the door of one of the cabins which present themselves at every point where there is a sufficiency of bottom land and level hill-sides "to justify a crap," and addressed herself in the following manner to the soldiers as they plodded along: "Is this Mister Williamses Company?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, she continued to ask, in her anxiety once more to behold a son or husband—"Can you tell me where Ben Caudill's Army is?"

These questions were received by the boys with great delight, and manifestations of that lively appreciation of the ridiculous which can always be seen in soldiers, and has since afforded the foundation of many a good joke on "Ben."

In the month of August, 1862, when the 5th Ky. was in Taxwell county, Va., "Ben" was granted the privilege of proceeding with his company to its native county of Letcher. There he remained during the campaign of the remainder of the Brigade in the interior of Kentucky that fall, and when the army of Gen. Bragg and the army of everybody else any ways Southern was under the necessity of evacuating the State, "Ben" remained, despite the master efforts of the Home Guards to force him from "the land of his birth."

"Ben" has never been troubled with the regular, genuine, blue-bellied Yankees, to any great extent, but has had more contentions with the Home and State Guards than anybody.

By this time the army under "Ben" had grown to considerable size, so large, indeed, was it, that the old women were astonished at its tremendous proportions, and were constrained to exclaim, "Well, now, I do declare, Old Kentucky has done powerful well in this war!" But notwithstanding the pride which they all felt in the reflection that the men of the good State of Kentucky had rallied to the standard of Southern rights in such astounding numbers, the said old women could not help thinking that it would have been far better for the peace of the land had "Ben" remained at home and never instigated the war!

But to the record. I have said that "Ben" had many ups and downs with the Home Guards—principally ups. Well, he did. Pardon the expression, but (alho "Ben" was a preacher of the gospel and a fervent man) he "raised particular h—l" amongst the said Home Guard fraternity, and finally succeeded in almost entirely ridding the country of them—that is, the country which he proposed to hold, viz: the line of the Kentucky river from Pound Gap to Jackson, Breathitt county.

Indeed, so great was the fear of "Ben," that whenever the "Suits" heard of his coming, they invariably stampeded. The Cincinnati Gazette styles him—"The Great Mountain Guerrilla Chieftain."

If at any time "Ben" should be absent from camp scouting the hills or visiting the fair sex, (for he's not a hater of women,) the command would fall upon Major Chenoweth, from whom Home Guards obtain no favors, and who at all times and under all circumstances administers the severest justice to said H. G's.

Since the time of his first entrance into Ky., "Ben" firmly held his ground, and continued to recruit his "Army," until ordered out by Gen. Preston, or rather by Col. Trigg, who, it is said, was at that time Acting Brigadier, for the purpose of organization and review. "Ben" is now a real Simon Pure Colonel, and has at this time a regiment of nine companies, which musters about 350 of as good soldiers as the army can produce. This regiment is styled the 10th Regiment Ky. Vol. Infantry. With a few more weeks of drill and discipline, it will compare favorably with any other regiment.

Notwithstanding the disposition of not a few of the "enlisted men" to stay at home and enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquility, (in the bushes!) and at the same time "fight for Kentucky," the ranks of this command will be full in a short time, say when the corn is laid by, and more particularly when authority is given to enforce conscription in Kentucky, and it is sincerely hoped that the time is not far distant.

## ONE OF BEN'S ARMY.

Camp at Gladeville, June 21, 1863.

## The Murder of Doctor Harvey Baker by the Yankees.

We have learned all the particulars of this cold-blooded and inhuman murder of one of our most estimable citizens by the East Tennessee Tories and their allies, the Yankees.

Dr. Baker's house is about ten miles below Knoxville, on the main Western road. On Friday afternoon last he told his wife and family he could do no good staying at home, and believed he would come up to town where he might be of some assistance in its defence. He got his gun and was in his yard when a Yankee rode up and presented his gun at him. Dr. B. told him not to shoot, that he was a citizen and did not belong to the army. But the soldier in place of desisting raised his gun to his face to take sight, and fired. Dr. B. firing at about the same time. Dr. B. then went into his house and locked the doors, sending his family up stairs. His wife insisted he should go up stairs with them, which he did soon after. In a short time the soldier who had fired on Dr. Baker brought up a large number of men who surrounded the house and commenced firing through the windows on both sides, demanding that the men in the house should surrender. Mrs. Baker came to the window and told them there was no man in the house but her husband, and if they would cease firing he would surrender—they continued firing, and Doctor Baker came to the window once or twice, and told them there was no man in the house but himself, and if they would cease firing, he would surrender. But whenever he presented himself at the window, they fired on him, and he returned the fire with his pistol. In a few minutes a number of them broke open the lower doors and entered the house, and commenced firing through the ceiling into the room where Dr. Baker and his family were. They then went up the stairway and demanded that the men should come out and surrender. Mrs. Baker came out and told them there was no man in the house except Dr. Baker, and if they would not fire upon him he would come out. They ordered her to go away from the door or they would shoot her. Dr. Baker then pulled his wife in the room and threw the door open. They fired upon him with their guns and he returned the fire with his pistols. The Yankees present having exhausted their ammunition, threw their guns with fixed bayonets at him—he throwing the guns back again at them. A number of Yankee reinforcements then came up with loaded guns and fired a volley at him, inflicting two mortal wounds. Dr. B. said to his wife—"They have killed me," and fell; his wife in endeavoring to support him, fell with him.—The Yankees then entered the room—one of them who had no bayonet on his gun, jobbed him in the mouth with the muzzle of his gun—another ran his bayonet through his cheek—others struck him on the head—one ruffian pushed Mrs. Baker aside from her husband with his bayonet.

Dr. Baker asked to be turned on his side, and asked for water. After he drank, he observed to the crowd of Yankees around him that they were a cowardly set of scoundrels, so many of them to assault and murder one man.

Two of the Yankees were dangerously if not mortally wounded. They went on to the next house and had their wounds dressed, and said Dr. Baker was the gamest man they ever saw.

Dr. Baker was one of the earliest of our citizens to espouse the cause of the South, and was an ardent secessionist from the beginning. We have no doubt some renegade Tory from East Tennessee had given the Yankees full information about Dr. Baker's sentiments and his activity in the cause of the South, and that they intended to seize upon some pretence to murder him.

After the cowardly scoundrels had murdered her husband, they commenced robbing his wife of her jewelry and carried off everything they could find of value that was easy to be concealed. Among other things, they took a breast pin containing a miniature likeness of Dr. Baker set in gold.—Knoxville Register.

## Horrors of a Yankee Prison.

A member of General Bragg's army gives the Memphis Appeal some account of his experience in the Federal prison at Alton, Illinois. It is the most vivid picture of the horrors and cruelties of life in a Northern prison that we have yet seen, and deserves to be placed on record as an example of the infamy and depravity of the Yankees in this war.—Let no one fail to read it, or that the editors doubted his veracity, he could add the testimony of many as reliable gentlemen as live, that the statements made by him are plain and truthful. In reading this, let not the reader fail to remember that, while our men are thus barbarously treated, our homes ruthlessly violated and plundered, our men shot down like dogs, our wise and great Government has never dared to retaliate, but sits with folded arms over the harrowing spectacle, and our army goes into their territory and is kind enough to even "respect private property!" Look on that picture and then on this:

The Alton penitentiary was, some three or four years ago, condemned by the State authorities as totally unfit for criminals even.—Yet thirteen hundred officers and privates, two hundred of which had the small pox, were confined in the basement, five feet below the ground, almost shut off from daylight, sunshine and air—stone floor covered with water, trickling from the walls on either side, and mid winter as it was, the only provision for fire was a small stove to eight men. The berths were after the fashion of horse stalls, one above the other, with a passage so narrow as barely to admit of one person passing at a time, and soon there was an average of more than every other berth occupied by some unfortunate Confederate with small pox, and as fast as they died others from St. Louis prisons supplied their places. During January the average of deaths reached for a time eight, and eventually thirteen per day, and in February the mortality became so great, and burying Confederates became such a tax to the Government, and so lucrative to the undertaker, that the commander of the prison advertised in one of the Alton papers: "Proposals for burying the Confederates will be received and let to the lowest bidder." This same enterprising undertaker was detected by one of our number, who suspected him, and privately marked one of the coffins, in the work of "Yankee swindling," by closing the coffin in the "dead room" and on arriving at the cemetery would dump the corpse into the grave and return the same coffin for another subject until nine had been thus buried, and he of course receiving pay for nine coffins, when he had really supplied but one.

The quality of rations supplied was altogether unfit for the sick. Well men (I've seen it) would go to the sweepings of the prison dining room and gather up scraps of bread and meat and eat them with a perfect relish; and of the sick, those of them that were fortunate enough to recover, were supplied by their fellow prisoners with rats which they killed and prepared with their own hands.

No record of the dead was kept until February. One of the officers of my room wrote to General Curtis, commanding at St. Louis, requesting that inasmuch as the small pox was raging to such an extent, would he not order that we might be sent to some other prison? His reply was that, "under the circumstances, he would advise immediate vaccination." During the prevalence of small pox, besides pneumonia, erysipelas and diphtheria, the scoundrels would propose to release any who would take the oath. Many believing it to be between the oath and death, availed themselves of the devilish proposition, and had most of us under such circumstances been offered the oath to the African or "Yahoo" Government, or any other heathen or ungodly Government than the United States, might have swallowed it to have escaped a death which seemed inevitable. President Davis may rely with certainty upon the true allegiance of the men who passed such an ordeal.

The small pox having done its work, we were sent to Camp Chase, where we were somewhat better provided for, and free from contagious diseases. We were then ordered to Fort Delaware, Pennsylvania. The day previous to leaving we were ordered to place our baggage in their hands for examination, which consisted of a very scant supply, some of the fortunate having received clothing from friends in Kentucky and Missouri, while in prison, but the most of the stock had been purchased of the prison sutler. The result of the examination was not known till we reached Fort Delaware. Each dressed himself in his best, but after robbing our baggage under the plea of examination, we were marched out upon the commons, where we were surrounded by Yankee soldiers, and there required to give up coats, blankets, sashes, spurs, gloves, and in every instance the best shirt whers twis were worn—even requiring the rebels to strip to the skin in order to get the best of his shirts, and this disgusting sight was witnessed by ladies who sat in their carriages and enjoyed the spectacle with seeming delight.

## Resistance to the Draft.

A public meeting was held in Montgomery county, Indiana, on Saturday, at which a resolution was passed, declaring that no enrollment of the militia in that county should take place. A committee was appointed, and read the resolution, and notified him that an attempt to enroll would be at his peril.

## Mosby Again.

We learn from the Richmond Sentinel, that when Mosby captured Hooker's two aids, and brought them in to Gen. Stuart, he was on a scout at the head of forty men. With his little company he is said to have gone all around Hooker, passing through Dranesville, in Fairfax, etc. It seems as if he can go where he pleases, and do what he chooses.—Petersburg Express.

## Official Report of Brigadier Gen. W. E. Jones.

### Cavalry Engagement at Brandy.

The report of Gen. Jones of the battle of Brandy Station is published. After sketching the skirmishing and early portion of the engagement, resulting in advantage to the enemy, he says:

About this time Gen. Hampton took position on my right, and W. H. F. Lee notified me that he was on my left. He was requested to keep up connection with me, which was for some time done, our lines making a right angle at the junction. The enemy now made his appearance in our rear, at Brandy Station and Miller's house. This was the force which, early in the day, was reported by Capt. Grimsley, through me to Gen. Stuart, as advancing from Kellysville. Two regiments having been called for to meet this force of the enemy, the 11th regiment and 35th battalion were sent, and the 6th regiment soon followed in support. Gen. Hampton having withdrawn to the east side of the railroad, this part of the field was left in my charge with only a section of artillery and one regiment of cavalry, (the 11th,) the 17th regiment being well to the left, more in connection with Gen. Lee than myself. My position becoming isolated, and my force inadequate, I had started to make closer connection with Gen. Lee, on my left, with the view of extending his line to join our forces with those near Brandy Station and Miller's house. The artillery was moved on the Jefferson road so as to secure the heights between Barbour's and Thompson's houses.

Orders coming now from Gen. Stuart to move my artillery and cavalry on Miller's house, the 11th regiment was at once put in motion and the artillery recalled to follow.—The 17th regiment was ordered across the hill to the same point, and Gen. Lee notified of the movement. I arrived in time to see the 6th and 12th regiments and the 35th battalion clearing Miller's hill of Gen. Pleasanton's division of Federal cavalry. This charge was followed up by the 11th regiment under Col. Lomax. In this he captured the third and last time, a battery of three pieces, the 6th regiment and 35th battalion having done so before him. Pushing his success, he divided his regiment, sending Captain McDonald with a squadron after the fugitives east of the railroad, while, with the remainder of his regiment, he assailed three regiments of cavalry awaiting him near the depot. He routed this whole force completely. Having driven them off, he sent, by order of General Stuart, 200 men to Culpeper Court House, and went himself with the remainder of his command to guard against another attack from the direction of Stephensburg. The 12th, 6th and 7th regiments were, from this time on, held in reserve, alternately supporting the artillery at Miller's house and reinforcing General Lee on our extreme left.

The serious fighting being over, the brigade took no farther active part. It resumed its picket post by nightfall. My brigade bore the brunt of the action, both in the morning and evening, and lost severely in killed and wounded, but had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy worsted in every particular more than ourselves. We ended the fight with more horses, and more and better small arms than we had in the beginning. We took two regimental colors, many guidons, and a battery of three pieces. We took many prisoners—probably 250, as one regiment reports 122. To my personal staff I am under the greatest obligations. Lieutenant W. M. Hopkins entered the fight in the morning, killing his man in the charge near the brick house.

Your obedient servant,  
W. E. JONES,  
Brigadier Gen. Commanding.

## The Result of the Invasion if Successful.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, commenting on the invasion of that State, has a very warm sermon—"I told you 'twould be so," being the text. It thanks Heaven that it never derrated the strength of the rebels—it never credited the reports about their being ragged and half starved, and tired of the war—and now, in spite of its warnings, here's the thing itself come at last. It draws the following very sad picture:

If it is made apparent to the world that we cannot overthrow the rebellion that seeks to secure its end by "rendering certain the breaking up of the Federal Union," then we stand before the world shorn of all our national dignity. If twenty-one millions of men, with resources and facilities such as ours, cannot conquer a rebellious faction of five and a half millions of men, holding some four millions of slaves, then is our national banner trailed in the dust, and every American citizen humiliated in the eyes of the world.

## From Fredericksburg.

Our readers have already been informed that Hooker left undestroyed the railroad from Fredericksburg to Aquia creek and the extensive wharves and warehouses which he had caused to be constructed at the latter place. The railroad he did not destroy, because its destruction would have consumed time, which latterly has been precious with him, and because he thought it could be of no service to us. His property at Aquia creek he considered secure under the guns of his gunboats, two of which he left to protect it. In this he was considerably wrong in his reckoning, as he has already learned, if his thoughts are not wholly occupied with weightier matters. On Monday night, a detachment from the Fifteenth Virginia cavalry, under cover of the darkness, proceeded to Aquia creek, and fired the depot and the village of warehouses thereabouts. On the appearance of the flames, the gunboats opened a terrific fire upon the vicinity of the burning buildings, but we are glad to say, without any other effect than contributing to the destruction of the houses. Every house and shanty

was consumed, and a greater part of the magnificent wharf, recently constructed by the Yankees. Our men report that the only property of value in the buildings was a vast quantity of Yankee soap.

The two railroad bridges built by the Yankees will, at least for the present, be permitted to remain. The one over the Potomac creek is said to be one of the most superb structures in this country. It is built upon a new plan, and is six hundred feet long, and between seventy and eighty feet high. The abutments are of substantial and elegant masonry. The bridge over the Brook is also a fine structure, but of much smaller dimensions.—Richmond Examiner.

## Yankee Testimony on the Negro Question.

Willingly or unwillingly, the Yankees are giving the expressive and significant testimony against their own themes and pretensions, and in favor of the South. The following account of the horrible condition of the slaves in Nashville, is from the charge to the Grand Jury by Judge Brien, on the act for the punishment of slaves:

We of the city of Nashville are absolutely cursed with the presence of a negro population which we find it impossible to control.—Nashville is made the general rendezvous for all the runaway negroes in this and some of the adjoining States. They thrust themselves into the houses of our citizens and defy the owners to oust them. They pilfer, they steal, they scruple at nothing; they respect nobody; they regard no law, human or divine. Some of them are engaged in hospitals, but they are so numerous that this is perhaps only a fractional part. They promenade our streets; they crowd our sidewalks; tread our alleys; they fill our houses, cellars, garrets. They are too lazy to work; too ignorant to distinguish between liberty and license; too shameless to respect common decency, and too degraded to observe the ordinary rules of morality. The men are thieves and burglars, the women prostitutes and vagrants. There is scarcely a stable, a hog pen or a hen roost that does not bear the impress of a long heel and hollowless instep. These negroes are a curse to the army, a cancer to society, a blight upon honesty, morality and decency, and a leach upon the Government.

## Sharp Practice among Blockade Runners.

Some days since a blockade runner, named Richard N. Brown, took into his financial confidence a partner, and loaded a vessel in Baltimore with goods for Richmond. While Brown was busied elsewhere, his partner left Baltimore with the vessel and cargo, and, rushing the goods to Richmond, sold them here at an enormous sacrifice, in advance of Brown's arrival, and started off further South with the funds. On Brown's arrival, several days since, he instituted a search among the auction and commission houses, and succeeded in recognizing and laying claim to a portion of his goods. As an instance of the sacrifice the partner had made in his haste to get rid of the goods, Irish linen, that would have readily commanded six dollars per yard, was sold for seventy-five cents.

Brown, once on the track, traced his unfaithful partner to Atlanta, Georgia, where he found had laid violent hands on him, and recovered eighteen hundred dollars. To excuse his dishonest transaction he told a lame story about being ordered away from Baltimore with the goods under penalty of arrest and confiscation, &c. Brown estimates the value of his goods in the Richmond market at between thirty and forty thousand dollars.—He will endeavor to recover by law any lets he can recognize in other hands.—Richmond Examiner.

## Federal Opinion of Gen. Lee's Movements.

The New York Times, of the 17th, has the following speculations as to Lee's movements: It is altogether likely that Lee will move very rapidly in the execution of his plan, whatever it may be. He knows already that Pennsylvania and the whole North are rallying to drive him back, and he knew before he advanced that they would do so. He knows that Hooker will become stronger every day, and that every day will also add immensely to the strength of any position that Hooker may take up. He knows that every day he remains in the North Richmond is put in the most imminent peril from an advance of our troops stationed on the Peninsula and at Suffolk. He knows that a Northern campaign, lasting even as long as months, is impossible. He will be likely, therefore, to strike out very quickly and with his whole force. If it is invasion in force, we shall have it this week.—If it is a battle with Hooker, it will not be delayed. If it is an attempt to get into Baltimore, and thus into the rear of Washington—which would be the work of a madman—it will be done with the hot haste and fury of a madman.

## Napoleon on an Amicable Separation.

A Paris letter to the New York World contains the following paragraph, which we reproduce:

In a recent conversation held with the Emperor, (no matter by whom,) his Majesty let fall the following Napoleonic remarks on the American question: "An amicable separation between the North and South would have been the grandest triumph ever achieved by republicanism; it would have compelled the admiration of the world. As it is, republicanism has never been so dead in Europe as now. The people see that republics, or the men who administer their Governments, have the same pride, passions, and lust of empire, that influence sovereigns; while, being always unstable in their position, they have not the responsibilities that we have, who seek to consolidate dynasties by pacifying the masses. The monarchies of Europe do not find your American war an unmitigated evil. We can afford to suffer much in our material interests while the revolutionary dream of republicans is dissolving in blood."