

THE WATCHMAN.

SALSBURY N. C.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL, 12. 1865.

Good morning, my kind and chivalrous readers of the SALSSBURY WATCHMAN. We appear before you this morning, codsiderably diminished in size; and as an apology for the Tom Thumb dimensions of our paper, and the very sudden and necessary disappearance of the senior editor, will impart the awful and truly terrifying intelligence, that Stoneman, with a large force of cavalry, is within a few miles of this pece, and marching on confident of their ability to capture it. Already the booming of cannon is heard, and soon our streets will resound with the clash of arms. Let every man nerve himself for the struggle, and help teach these vandals a lesson in warfare, that will not soon be forgotten. Our readers may think it strange, that we while urging the necessity of every man girding on his armor, and battling against the invader, do not ourselves take the ditch. But the senior editor, who is the devil for strategy, took the first train for Morgantown, and we have to assnme the responsibility of the office; and which renders our duties so arduous, that it will be impossible for us to make any physical exertion towards driving the invaders back, and as a further excuse for our Quakerish conduct, will refer them to the old motto that the "pen is mightier than the sword.

But kind readers the near---and still nearer approach of the Yanks, admonish me that their is no more time for writing, and all our printers having imbibed the same spirit of chivalry as the senior, it would be madness for me to remain. But one last appeal---"Fight on, fight ever." We leave you for some spot on earth where Yankees cannot come. Adieu, kind friends and patrons---all adieu. We are going---gone.

This paper was printed by the Soldiers of the Union Army on the Capture of Salsbury N. Carolina and the fleeing of its Confederate Editors and Compositors