

Southern Watchman, Jan. 22 (2, 1), 1862.

Camp near Dumfries, Va., Jan 5.

Dear Watchman--We are situated on an eminence in a beautiful cluster of natural growth, near the banks of the noted Potomac, embarked in confirming our breastworks, batteries and other parapets, that we may successfully meet the homicidal band of Abolitionists. The place designated for our protection is Freestone Point, a wharf two miles above Evansport and eighteen or twenty miles below Washington City. It is a situation of peril, and, indeed, of importance, yet romantic and novel. While standing on guard, we are entertained by clamors that are as strange to a Southerner as unwelcome, and are often cheered by the melodious music upon the north bank--the waving of the beautiful old banner--the fluxing and refluxing of the tide, and the lashing of the silvery waves from bank to bank, as does the billows of the mighty ocean. A more beautiful location for scenery could not have been selected. In the channel of this magnificent stream, are constantly seen large bomb-vessels, sailing from one blockade to the other, with their old Federal flags unfurled contemptuously to the Southern breeze; nevertheless, our gallant troops often oblige them to unhoist their banners, raise an ensign of truce and move calmly and submissively to our shores. A few days since, after the completion of the Pig's Point battery, two very large bomb-vessels laden with troops and arms, attempting to run the blockade, were sunk by the bombardment of the aforesaid battery. The loss was supposed to be heavy. From all the indications in this quarter, a grand engagement within a few days seems unavoidable; yet, we only ask for a fair fight in open field. If the enemy will but come forward far enough to afford the chance of a decisive battle, is all our Generals or their men ask or desire. This granted, they will take care of the rest; and it is to be hoped that the rampant politicians in Washington will be so much elated in consequence of the "great victory" at Drainesville, that they will encourage McClellan to rush his mighty forces immediately upon us. We have become weary of well doing, and are desirous of terminating the war, either by extermination or otherwise. We have no fear of being conquered: let them put foot upon

our soil, and we will repulse them into the pearly waters of the grand Potomac. There are not enough men in the world to subjugate a high-born race of freemen, who fight for home and right. "Jehovah nisi" is on our banners, and they shall float forever. God bless the soldiers, who bear them on to victory.

On last night much excitement prevailed throughout the encampment, in regard to having learned that three deserters from the Maryland side had taken up quarters at an old friend's near by. A committee was sent to hold a consultation. They gave us an immensity of information, concerning the situation of the Brigades, Regiments, &c. upon the north bank. They informed us that a surrender of the envoys, Mason and Slidell, had been made, but that the difficulties between England and the North had not been settled, and were not likely to be.

The boys all seem anxious for a contest, wending their way to honor or destruction, as the case may be. The immense amount of misery the present war is causing cannot be imagined; and yet, it is for our rights and the liberties of our country. We strive to enliven the dreary hours by songs and jests. The warm weather and gentle breezes which blow from the golden South, has utterly past. The weather now is blustery, rainy and snowy, and the time come we so wistfully desired. We now have the gratification of sitting around the hearth-stones of our newly-built cabins, reading the entreaties of our countrymen and singing the song of Dixie. We were, indeed, proud to learn that the Legislature had contributed so liberally to the sufferers of the lamented Charleston--that she had not forgotten a State that had gone hand in hand with her in the hour of peril, and one that blazed the way to secession.

We are assigned to Gen. Wigfall's Brigade--a man of military character, unceasing energy and bravery. He was so gallant and cunning, some time since, as to visit the enemy's quarters and examine the left wing of their forces. He did it prosperously and without mistrust, by forging Gen. McClellan's name to a permit. I must confess that forging is essential, and once approved of by every Southern patriot, I think the time not far distant when the tocsin of war no more shall be heard--

when the shout of victory shall be promulgated throughout the entire South, and when we shall have thrown off the yoke of oppression and tyranny, and shall have returned to our lovely homes, where we can sit down with our companions and our little ones, and sing the requiem of Northern fanaticism. Yes, indeed, do I look forward with pleasing anticipation to the day.

W. G. G., CO. F. 18th Ga.

Southern Watchman, Jan. 22 (1, 5), 1862.

Muster Roll of the "United Rebels,"

Company A., 5th Regiment, Georgia State Troops, stationed at Camp Iverson:

OFFICERS

Capt. . . J. P. A. Dupon, of Chatham co.
1st Lieut . . . Robert Smith, McIntosh,
2d " . . . Alva T. Bennett, Jackson.
Ensign . . . James E. Holmes, McIntosh.
1 Sergt . . . Thomas B. Blount, "
2 " . . . James Reynolds, "
3 " . . . John Raabe, "
4 " . . . Edward A. Shiver, Bibb
1 Corp . . . Alexander J. Ash, Banks,
2 " . . . Andrew J. Wilcox, Appling.
3 " . . . Peter J. Millsaps, Dawson.
4 " . . . Marcus A. Daniel, Banks,
1 Lance Corp . . . S. W. Anthony, Jackson.
2 " " . . . D. C. Anderson, Telfair.
3 " " . . . Ed. Lampkin, Jackson.
4 " " . . . J. M. Harmon, "
Color-bearer . . . William N. Burns, Banks.
Quar-m'tr . . . W. F. Parkhurst, McIntosh.
Musicians . . . Hezekiah Horton, Willis
Green, Hall

PRIVATEES

Anderson Robert C. of Telfair co.
Anderson Marion, "
Broughton Cornelius, McIntosh
Buchanan Willis J., Montgomery.
Bird Wm. F., Ware,
Butler Alfred P., Jackson.
Butler, Jesse, "
Brantly Green F., Telfair.
Brantly Spencer, "
Brock W. T. W., Jackson.
Brooks John, "
Barr Wm. J., "
Coursen Joshua W., Appling.
Crow Simeon, Clarke.
Cook Cicero, "
Dyals, Joseph W., McIntosh.
Davis King J., "
Dounelly Henry R., "
Farabee Washington C., Jackson.
Farabee Jesse, "
Farmer John, Telfair.
Gardner Jesse, McIntosh.
Hammond John, Chatham.
Handley Boney, Wilcox.

Hall William J., Jackson.
 Harris A. J., "
 Harris Thomas, "
 Little Wm. C., Franklin.
 Ledbetter Robert H., Madison.
 McAlum James O. A., Montgomery.
 Meders James H., Appling.
 Montgomery Elias, Hall.
 Montgomery, Robert, "
 Marlow John W., Jackson.
 McClellen John F., Clarke.
 Nix, Jacob M., Jackson.
 Neal John M., Franklin,
 Neal, Thomas H., "
 Nichols James C., Clarke.
 Prinson David E., Hall.
 Peterson Archibald, Montgomery.
 Parks, Moses W., Clarke.
 Pittman, John G. H., Jackson.
 Ryals, Isaac, McIntosh.
 Ray Wm. A., Jackson.
 Rodgers J. T., "
 Rampy P. B., "
 Spencer Benjamin, McIntosh.
 Stewart Barney, "
 Simmons David, Appling.
 Stanridge Isaac, Hall.
 Smith Moses, McIntosh.
 Smith Stephen M., Jackson.
 Strickland John, "
 Thomas James A., Pierce.
 Thurmond Cicero, Jackson.
 Thurmond Bolton, "
 Warren Benjamin, Appling.
 Wilkes Riley, Montgomery.
 Wells Jeston C., Catoosa.
 Wills John M. V., Jackson.

Southern Watchman, Jan 22 (1, 5-6), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Clarkesville, Jan. 10, 1862.

My Dear Christy--After a three month's absence from home and family, as you perceive by the date of this communication, I am again in their midst, enjoying their society with a zest never before experienced.

Leaving our Regiment on the 15th of December, and having a desire to look in upon Richmond, I indulged a visit to that point for a couple of days, where I was not met by the military, neither was there any other demonstration in my favor. I however met several Georgians, whose faces were welcome sights in the midst of that Babel. Among these were the honorable Howell Cobb, who I shall ever remember for the kindness shown me while there. And just as I was pushing through the busy throngs, and looking right and left for an acquaintance, one of the most pleasing and welcome of countenances confronted me in the person of Rev. Wm. M. Crumley, who looked much exhausted from his heroic and excessive labors. Having a desire to see a live Yankee, I naturally found my way to the places of their confinement. Inquiring particularly into their condition. I ascertained that they were receiving every attention consistent with their circumstances. They looked "sheepish," though they seemed to be enjoying themselves, One of them had the kindness to show me special attention, as the boys would say, by "making a face at me." Well, for an instant, my "dander riz;" but then, I thought they were of the same species of the old ape at Washington, their master, who has a habit of doing that kind of thing.

On my way to Georgia, I must here record, I found but little to add to one's enjoyment. One point, especially, in the route, deserves attention, viz: Wilmington. Here there is more confusion, and a better chance for a loss of baggage, than any other spot that afflicted travellers have to contend with. Soldiers especially, are fortunate, who do not here lose some of their "traps." Col. Vandiviere, of

this place, and Lieut. Odell, of White, will be swift witnesses in my favor. It is absolutely getting to be next an impossibility to get any quantity of clothing through at a time to the soldiers. I might mention another place before arriving at Wilmington, where, just at sunrise, a number of hungry travellers sought breakfast and got the bones left from a previous day's picking, with a little corn coffee and smoked and cold biscuit. Neither should delectable Florence be forgotten, where they wouldn't even let us sit at the table and go through the motions. The same place, by-the-by, which refused a cup of coffee to a number of recruits I was in company with some time since. I shall never forget the sensation experienced when I first stepped on Georgia soil. There was my first sleep, thanks to the kind proprietors of the "Globe" in Augusta. Starting out from Augusta, it was a special pleasure, after bidding adieu to my still stout and hearty old father, to meet Mr. Chase, of your place, who has lost none of the exact proprieties which seem to be peculiarly his. I hope he found his "wire-work" all right. Not less refreshing was the pleasant countenance of P. A. Summey, who was also a fellow-passenger. At Union Point, (which you know has a name) it was a privilege to grasp by the hand, and look once more into the handsome face of that polished gentleman and eloquent speaker, H. Hull, Jr. At the Athens depot, we felt once more fully at home, especially after a full view of that "quiet" gentleman with "attenuated" form, Capt. Dorsey. We should have doubted it being Athens if he had not been there. Well, the Capt. is a man deserving great credit. With a heart as large as his body, I see he spread his table on Christmas day, to the volunteers then in your midst. "May his shadow never grow less."

By-the-by, our Regiment, in addition to a Cavalry and Artillery Co. at the same post, were "stuffed" on Christmas day, with every species of good things, by the noble ladies. The table for the occasion commended at the gate of Mr. Grist, a wealthy and patriotic citizen of Washington, extending down the same street in front of many handsome residences. This abundant provision of good things was served up, not in coarse barbecue fashion, but shaped rather as a splendid "dination," the ladies,

with fair fingers, being waiters. Busy in their noble and pleasing task, their fair forms flitting through the ranks of appreciative partakers, was like an angel band on wings of love. When the feast had ended, and all had "well-drunk," Col. McMillan was everywhere called for, who is never wanting in material for a response to any demand in which I have ever seen him tried. On this occasion he was particularly happy, which called for the special applause of the ladies. We were not there, Mr. Editor, but we have heard from there through more than one, who all testify to abundance, enjoyment and the having an eloquent speech.

Since my arrival at this place, Major McMillan, the Colonel's son, has also been here on a short visit to the bedside of an only, dear sister,

Who is sinking softly away
As summer's light on fairest eve.

She has been an invalid since her father's absence, and will be most likely singing in the skies long before his return. A noble mother's training shows itself in this scarcely opened and sweet but fading flower.

We have in Clarkesville, at this time, Capt. Barelay and quite a number of his company, who testify to his soldierly and gentlemanly qualities. Also, Lieut. Fuller, of Capt. Stiles' Co. who, except a shake or two, has been in fine health.

I shall leave for my Regiment about the 25th. Any one desirous of joining either company in the Regiment, would do well to meet me in Clarkesville on that day, or at Athens the next day, the 26th. Bundles or boxes designed for the Regiment must be sent to Athens before the date indicated. Allow us to say to our friends of N. E. Georgia that we would like them to assist us in sending recruits to that point at that time. Severe indisposition has prevented a general visit among them by the writer.

Now is the time to commence camp life, so as to be inured by the summer season.

CHAPLAIN 24TH GA.

Southern Watchman, Feb. 5 (2, 4-5), 1862.

From the Savannah Republican 29th.

AFFAIRS AT SAVANNAH.

In common with our entire male population we spent nearly the whole of yesterday in the streets. It was a day of interest. We saw no panic or undue excitement, notwithstanding the perils that seemed well calculated to appal a people who are resolved to defend their homes to the last.

The events of Monday we recorded in our last issue. Early yesterday morning it was discovered, by aid of the glass, that the enemy had brought forward and anchored a fleet of gunboats at the mouth of Wall's Cut, on the South Carolina side, just back of the obstructions, and about two miles from the main channel of the river. The fleet at the head of Wilmington Island remained in statu quo, and within a mile and three quarters of the river. It consists now of seven gunboats, whilst the fleet of the Carolina side numbers six. It will thus be seen that each commands the channel, and they are armed with guns of the largest range. They are also about opposite each other, thus exposing vessels to a double broad-side attack.

Under this state of facts, it became evident that the duty of most pressing importance was to furnish Fort Pulaski, now about to be cut off, with an ample supply of provisions to subsist the garrison through all probable future contingencies. Accordingly, everything being made ready, between nine and ten o'clock yesterday morning, the steamer *Ida*, steamer *Bartow*, and a flat, laden with supplies, left the wharf for the fort, with the Confederate steamers *Savannah*, Com. *Pattnall*; *Resolute*, Capt. *Jones*, and *Sampson*, Capt. *Kanard*, as escort. The fleet proceeded down the river, the transports in advance, and the armed steamers a short distance in the rear. On nearing the point in the river commanded by the Federal gunboats, our fleet confidently expected the enemy to open upon them, but they passed in silence; not a shot was fired, the Yankees supposing that they would all get below, when they would run into the river and so permanently cut them off from the city.

Having escorted the transports beyond the reach of harm, and the Savannah and Resolute tacked about and made for the city, leaving the Sampson to see the unarmed steamers to the fort and back again.

No sooner had the two steamers turned their bows up stream than the Federal fleet, seeing they were about to be cheated, opened fire upon them, which was gallantly returned. A regular battle ensued, and for forty minutes the shot and shell rained around our little fleet, the latter often exploding directly over them, and the solid shot passing within a few feet of the men on deck.

The fleet kept up a return fire with its rifled cannon and other guns of long range, but with what effect could not be ascertained over the wide space of marsh that intervened on either side. Many of the enemy's shot passed some distance over and beyond our vessels. Strange as it may appear, not a vessel or a man on our side was damaged. The fleet rode safely through the fire.

The fort is now fully provisioned for six months. An officer now at the fort writes as under date of yesterday:

"All we ask is: If we are cut off, deliver us as soon as possible. We will hold out as long as mortals can stand hunger. They cannot take the fort by any attack; we can only be starved out. It rests with our friends in Georgia--on the main--to deliver us from this thralldom. This may not reach you, but if it does, tell our friends in Savannah and the interior, that we are here to hold the fort, and so long as there is a morsel left we will defend it. Georgia never disgraced herself in Virginia and must not do it at home."

The return trip of the Sampson and the two unarmed steamers was as perilous as that of their predecessors. The Yankee fleets poured their iron hail and fire upon the little craft, but with all steam on and hurling defiant shot at the enemy in return, they passed gallantly for two more miles under the missiles of the enemy. In good time, they all came up to their wharves and were welcomed by the immense

crowds that filled up the dock and balconies throughout the day.

The Sampson passed through a terrible ordeal, but without serious damage. She was struck by four English rifle shells, two passing through her, a third lodging on her deck, and a fourth exploding in her store room, breaking up things around generally, but damaging no one. Her machinery was unhurt and she plowed gallantly through.

About the time the steamers left the fort, three shots were fired from the Yankee battery at Tybee in the direction of Pulaski but they all fell short.

This feat of provisioning Fort Pulaski is one of the most brilliant of the war. It placed a large and noble garrison above want, and was accomplished under a fire from the enemy as terrific as any on record. All honor to our glorious little navy, its lion-hearted commander, and the gallant officers and men who sail under his flag.

Our friends abroad will feel anxious to know the prospect before us. Our conclusion, from the present status of affairs is, that notwithstanding the Federal vessels are still beyond the obstructions, the removal of the latter is but a work of time. This done, they can readily come in on the high tide and take their position in the main channel of the river. This will place them some five miles below the city, the passage to which will be disputed desperately by Fort Jackson, three miles below, a formidable earthwork on the opposite side of the river, and our gallant little navy. We hope these will be sufficient to repel the invaders, and if not, we shall be prepared to give them a strong fight on their approach to the city. Arrangements are progressing for this purpose and will be ready in time. They may shell us for several hours and set the town on fire in a number of places, but we apprehend no serious consequences in these respects. It is the opinion of able military men, who are entirely familiar with the situation, that the city cannot be taken, if its inhabitants will but stand firmly to their posts and do their duty. All depends upon this, and we should make up our minds to look the danger sternly in the face and prepare to meet it with all the means that God has placed in our

power. It is no time for idlers, cavillers or croakers; the sooner such people get out of the city the better will it be for us.

Southern Watchman, Feb. 5 (2, 3-4), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Interesting Correspondence.

Conceiving it would be interesting to a public who are supposed to feel pleasure in any kindness shown those who, by their partiality, have been placed at posts of responsibility, we had thought the subjoined correspondence justly claims a place in that depository of material for our future history, the public journal.

Col. McMillan, the recipient of a generous offering from the noble citizens of Washington, N. C., though not as yet the hero of any battle-plain, is one to whom many eyes are now turned, and of whom brilliant deeds are expected when the hour of trial shall arrive. Far less worthy names have received the panegyrics of the general biographer; and that a future posterity, eager for information of a worthy ancestry, may be gratified in their search, this incident is now placed upon the unrecognized but true records of passing events.

It had been the misfortune, several months since, for Col. McMillan to lose the noble beast which so proudly bore him at a parade. Citizens of Washington, appreciating the Colonel's worth as a gentleman, a citizen, and a christian, and his mealculable labors in their midst, deeming this loss a favorable opportunity to testify that appreciation in a tangible manner, indulging a most delicate and unaffected generosity, filled his empty stall with a noble charger.

The names accompanying this fully merited tender, so suggestive of "intelligence," "talent" and "virtue," are a full guarantee that this is no idle compliment, but the sincere offering of an unaffected admiration and gratitude. The cause of gratitude is assigned in the candid note first following, flowing from the pen and heart of that noble Carolinian, Dr. Tayloe, who writes in behalf of self and others attached.

The reply of the accomplished recipient is also suggestive of those virtues which he attributes to the donors. An allusion of his, which a kind public may not

understand, will but heighten their admiration for his pure patriotism when understood. While penning a graceful acceptance in a most innocent manner, he is exemplifying the full sacrifice being made. In his own Georgia home, which he has left to defend the homes of others, gasps in consumption, an only, and loving, accomplished daughter, who yearns for a father's last embrace, (and who has since died,) as the only unfulfilled wish before joining the seraphic companionship above. Paternal instinct pleads, but a superior officer cannot yield him up--his country needs his services, which none but the true patriot would persist in giving under the circumstances. Though the tomb opens for his daughter at home, he stifles his anguish, remains at his post, and bares his manly bosom to the perfidious foe that has robbed him of an opportunity to pay a debt his very soul longed to liquidate.

We record thus much, because it is a pleasure to speak of true worth.

With these feelings, we gladly submit these remarks, and the correspondence calling them forth:

Washington, M. C., Jan. 14th, 1862.

Col. R. McMillan: Dear Sir--I am requested, in behalf of the undersigned gentlemen, to present to you the horse which will be delivered to you by the bearer of this note.

Yourself-sacrificing spirit in leaving your own home, and your untiring efforts in placing ours in a proper state of defence; and above all, your lofty devotion to that cause which is so dear to every Southern heart, have won for you the esteem and confidence of our people, which no gift from us can express.

Hoping that this sincere manifestation of our regard may, in some slight degree, compensate for the many sacrifices you have made, and with our warmest wishes for your success and happiness, I am, sir,

Yours very truly,

D. T. TAYLOR.

In behalf of

John Myers,	George H. Brown,
J. R. Grist,	H. A. Ellison,
D. T. Tayloe,	Joseph Potts,
R. L. Myers,	James A. Arthur,
B. M. Selby,	B. F. Havens,
S. T. Brown,	J. A. Gallagher,
Wm. E. Demill,	Jonathan Havens,
Macon Bonner,	W. H. S. Burbank,
T. Col. R. McMillan,	John K. Ruffin,
24th Ga. Regiment.	

At Camp, Washington, N. C.,
January 14th, 1862.

Dr. D. T. Tayloe: Dear Sir--Your messenger, who has just called me to the door of my tent, has delivered to me your note of this date, and with it, from the gentlemen whose names are thereto, their present of a splendid stallion, fully equipped as a war horse.

The noble animal as he proudly treads the earth, his every look speaks defiance, as if conscious of the purpose for which he is caparisoned.

What shall I say for such a gift from such a source? My thankfulness for the marifcent present is only exceeded by my deep gratitude for the "esteem and confidence" expressed in the presentation.

At this hour, when the stern requirements of duty here, forbid my presence at the severance, I fear forever, of one of the tenderest domestic ties which bind us to earth--such renewed and "sincere manifestation of your regard" lifts up and lightens the cloud which so sadly lowers between duty and affection.

But where the heart is full, the tongue is silent and the pen moves slowly. All I can say, is to tell the grateful thanks of a warm heart, for such kindness, "confidence and esteem"--all I can do, is to endeavor to deserve it.

Next to the approval of my own conscience and of my Maker, do I esteem the approbation of my fellow-citizens.

If I can do my duty to my country in such a way as to merit the approval, "esteem and confidence" of so much intelligence, so much talent and so much virtue, I am content--I ask no more.

If by untiring efforts, I have been able to accomplish anything in the organization and systematizing of a post, and preparation of defences, I owe much of it to you. Your uniform and devoted attention, unceasing care, kindness and support, make it to me a labor of love to defend such a people, and have placed me under a debt of gratitude, which I shall never cease to acknowledge, though I can never repay. And while life shall last, the recollection of this "sincere manifestation of your regard," will be an offering which memory will ever bring up freshly upon the altar of my heart, binding me more closely to humble gratitude, and nerving me more firmly for the requirements of duty. And during whatsoever of future there is for me on earth, memory will ever look back fondly to those sincere and cherished ties of friendship and esteem which shall only cease with life, and in which I trust our children will as cordially unite in enjoying, as we have done in defending the inalienable right of self-government.

Truly and sincerely

Your obedient servant,
ROBERT McMILLAN.

Southern Watchman, Feb. 12 (3, 1-2), 1862.

From the Army.

The following letter from a member of Cobb's Legion will be read with interest. We shall be pleased to hear from friend W. frequently:

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp Marion, near Yorktown, Va.,
Cobb's Ga. Legion, Jan 31, 1862

Mr. Editor:--Supposing your numerous readers would be pleased to hear from the Legion, and the "Georgia Troopers," I take the occasion, by your permission, to say something of our brave soldiers.

Camp Marion has become quite a little town, since we all have got into our cabins. We are very comfortably situated, and have no reason to complain. We have had an immense amount of rain and bad weather this month, and have been almost unable to do anything, except perform our camp duties. We have, every Sunday morning, a company inspection, and sometimes a general inspection of the whole Battalion of Cavalry; but those inspections have not been so frequent here of late. The hardest and heaviest duty we have to perform, is that of "videtting." Every morning at 8 o'clock, twenty-five mounted men are sent from the Battalion of Cavalry "on vidette," whose duty it is, after being posted on our lines and every point available for the observation and approaches of the enemy, to keep watch and report to headquarters everything that transpires. For those who are quietly sheltered in warm bedding, and who know not what it is to be without three hot meals daily, it is difficult to realize what privations these men undergo. Without tents or shelter--in some positions dispensing with fires, for fear of being observed by the enemy--they do their duty unostentatiously, and none but those in the advance are aware of their sacrifices and dangers.

Perhaps there is no arm of the service which calls for so many manly qualities as are required by the mounted men of an army. Separated from their Regiment or

Legion, they must be brave and watchful, and withal be possessed with good judgment. We have never heard of our men being found napping on their post. On the contrary, they are complained of as being too watchful, by reporting things trivial in their character. The health of the Legion and of the company, is very good, with a slight exception of mumps and colds. None, however, have been dangerously ill with the mumps.

We lost another member of our company with the pneumonia---Wm. J. Helton. He was a good soldier and a brave man, ready at all times to perform the duties devolving upon him. His remains were sent home to his father, who lives in Lumpkin county.

We are waiting patiently for the advance of the enemy---feet able and willing to give the Yankees another lesson like that of Great Bethel, and convince them that we are not only a Legion, but Legions.

Yours, &c.

J.A.W.

A Novelty.

On Thursday last we witnessed what was to us a perfect novelty--a company of volunteers from Habersham county, under the command of Capt. L. Stephens, armed with pikes. It is said the Yankees exhibit a natural aversion to cold steel--if so, they will scatter when they see these "mountain boys."

We learn from Maj. Brown, (late of the Clarkesville Herald, who was along) that he expects to get up a battalion equipped in this style.

The following is the muster-roll of the pike-men:

OFFICERS.

L. Stephens -----Captain.
P. C. Grant -----1st Lieut.
W. H. Meeks -----2d Lieut.
E. W. Echols -----3d Lieut.
John Morris -----O. Sergt.

PRIVATEES.

L. Sisk,	M. P. Grant,
G. T. Sisk,	David Armor,
W. J. Flannagan,	H. D. Meeks,
E. Cook,	W. S. Williams,
T. J. Stephens,	W. K. Williams,
W. W. Grant,	W. W. Romans,
F. S. Grant,	H. P. McCallister,
N. M. Young,	W. W. McCallister,
J. B. McCrosky,	T. Humphries,
C. Smith,	R. W. Jenkins,
W. H. Wade,	J. Barns,
T. B. Grant,	A. LeCroy,
S. Braty,	T. J. Carter,
J. W. Norton,	H. F. Echols,
J. Chitwood,	F. B. Jenkins,
M. V. Echols,	W. S. Potts,
W. Q. Garrison,	F. C. Sorrows,
S. Jenkins,	W. C. Lomax,
N. C. Herrin,	C. H. Ivie,
John Pressly,	A. B. Ivie,
E. A. Ioper,	T. A. Loudermilk,
N. J. Smallwood,	T. Barns,
J. M. Ayres,	J. L. Echols,
J. S. Kimbrel,	H. Hays,
M. M. Landus,	W. J. Base,
D. T. Ward,	J. McCurdy,
A. J. Sisk,	J. R. White,
W. L. Sosbee,	A. J. Whitlock,
P. J. Shore,	D. F. Haygood,
H. L. Smith.	

Southern Watchman, Feb. 12 (3, 2), 1862.

Patriotic Proposition.

We cheerfully give place to the following patriotic proposition from an officer in the State service:

Camp Walker, Jan. 25th, 1862.

Ed. Watchman: Dear Sir--I have made no estimate of the amount of the wages of the recent session of the Legislature, nor of the wages of the military officers of the State; nor have I seen any estimate of the amount of either. But I am sure that the wages of a few of either would do no perceptible good to the State in paying her war tax, recently assumed by her from the people, and that the wages of all would do immense good in that way. Half the wages of all would be of great advantage to the State and people, and all the wages of half half of both legislators and military officers, would be sensibly and thankfully felt by the poor laborers, of whom most of the population of the State is composed.

Now, I propose that all of both give their wages to the State for that purpose; and propose, further, that if the rest will give theirs, that I will give mine, or if one half of them will give theirs, I will mine, or if all will give one half of theirs, I will give half of mine, or if half of them will give half of theirs, I will give half of mine.

They can report to the Adj. Gen. and Secretary of Treasury of the State, who will notify me when either of the above propositions is complied with, and I hereby bind myself to do the same.

Come, gentlemen, send in your reports. My position is very humble, but I am willing to contribute me mite.

Respectfully,

J. M. MITCHELE.

Southern Watchman, Feb. 19 (2, 5), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Hardship, Portsmouth, Va.,
February 4th, 1862.

Mr. Christy:--I will make one more effort to get a letter to you, as I conclude from not seeing my letters of 20th December and 10th January in the "Watchman," that you did not receive them. We have left our tents, and are now in very comfortable "log cabins," but unlike the ever to be remembered 1840, the "coon skins and hard cider," are not to be found. Beef hides supply the place of the former, and the meanest water you ever drank, outside of salt seas, takes the place of the latter. The location for our camp I think a bad one for winter quarters; it is too low and flat, situated about one mile southwest of our first quarters, "Camp Gwynn," and about two miles from the business part of Portsmouth, lying between "Paradise Creek," which empties into "Elizabeth river," above "Gosport Navy Yard," and a salt water marsh, which makes out from the above named river, and at high tide is often from 2 to 4 feet deep. The creek is about $3/4$ of a mile on the south, and the marsh about 200 or 250 yards on the north of our present quarters, lying too level to ditch and thus drain. It holds all the rain that falls, ^{so} we have a humid, heavy atmosphere, and wet, muddy, disagreeable streets. The only thing that could tell in its favor, is that it is, or was, well grown up in old field pines, which made the prettiest cabin poles you ever saw; and so, with little difficulty, we soon had logs sufficient to raise our cabins, which are covered with the best cypress shingles I ever saw, with good plank floors and glass windows in most of the cabins; and were you here to "slosh around" among the "boys of the Guards," you would be struck with the taste, ingenuity and skill manifested in fitting up bunks, shelves, tables, (writing and dining) benches, stools, chairs, cupboards, knife boxes, gun racks and many other incidentals, necessary to comfort, (and what is to us, after 9 months

camp life in crowded tents)luxuries. The "Guards" are great "boys;" they stand back for nothing when duty calls them either to attack the foe, build batteries or erect quarters for winter. You are no doubt aware that our Regiment had just completed winter quarter's on Roanoke Island, when it was ordered here, so we now occupy the second set we have erected, and dame Rumor says that it is very probable we will be ordered to Elizabeth City or Wilmington; but to this, for one, I give no credence, as past experience has taught me, how idly the old dame can talk sometimes. As to the "war news," the camp is the last place in all creation, (I mean Southern creation) to go to hear aught about the war. You outsiders hear more and read more about the armies, North and South, than we in camp do. On Sunday last, at dress parade, the acting Adjutant, Lieut. Hayes, of the Guards, read the act of Congress relative to the re-enlistment of the twelve months volunteers, after which, Col. Wright made a short speech, confessing that for one, he did not understand the provisions of the act; that he did not think that the twelve months men were offered much inducement to reenlist, but that it was their duty to do so, &c., and that he thought that Congress, on its assembling on the 18th of Feb., ought and would adopt some method whereby those vampires of Southern society, who are growing fat on the necessities of the absent soldiers' families, would be made to battle for Southern independence, even if it had to be effected at the bayonet's point. Since then, an opportunity has been offered in each company of the Regiment, to those who desired to do so to re-enlist; but as yet, I have not heard authoritatively of any re-enlistments. My plan is, go home, form companies there, elect officers from the companies so raised, form a Regiment, elect Staff or Regimental officers, then you go to the field with a regiment of your selection and officers of your choosing. On the other hand, if the re-enlistment takes place here, detached portions of several companies will be thrown together to form a new company, and if the Regiment is not reformed, (which is not at all probable,) the company so re-enlisting is thrown into a regiment with which they have no acquaintance, and whose commanding officers they had no part in electing; thus, in a manner, destroying the distinction between the volunteer and regular.

The health of the Guards is very good, considering the rain, snow, sleet and cold weather we had during January. The weather is not so cold here as I anticipated it would be, and I slept as comfortably in my tent, when the ground was covered with snow and drifted up sever inches all around the tent, as I ever did in my life; however, the citizens here say that this and next month are usually the most severe they experience during winter.

Christy, did you ever take a long trip from home, be gone some time, and did you notice, on your return, as you neared the spot around which lingered all your kindlier feelings, and where were your cherished ones, wife and children, your household gods, and all else you cherish as dear to you, which makes that spot "home, sweet home," an oasis in life's desert, how slow the steam horse trod the iron tract, how tardily the hands marked the lapse of time on the dial of your chronometer? Just so with us, who, for 9 months, have been in our beloved Southern country's service, as we look forward to the 24th day of April, when, conscious of having done our duty as men and soldiers, we will once more mingle with families and friends, our intercourse made nearer and dearer by long absence and dangers and difficulties encountered, escaped and overcome.

You shall hear from me again soon.

ONE OF THE GUARDS.

Southern Watchman, March 5 (2, 4-5), 1862

For the Southern Watchman.

Berea Church, 5 miles from Elizabeth City, N. C.,
Feb. 18th.

My Dear * * * I take advantage of a few hours rest to write you a few lines descriptive of our operations for the last nine days. First, on Saturday, the 9th, we heard of the surrender of Roanoke Island to the Yankees, whereupon, orders were received for companies B. L. G. H. and L., of the 3d Ga. Regiment, to take up line of march on Monday to South Hills; distant from Portsmouth 32 miles, and situated on the South-end of Dismal Swamp Canal, which connects the waters of Deep Creek, (miles from Portsmouth) with Pasquotank River, at a point 13 miles from Elizabeth City, which you are aware lies on the north bank of the above mentioned river. On Tuesday morning, the remaining companies. A. C. D. F. I. K., started at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, and reached South Hills about dusk; marching the entire distance, with knapsacks, haversacks, cartridge-box and guns; where company K. were quartered in a very fine house owned by Hon. D. D. Verebee. Here we remained until Thursday morning, when we again took up our march toward Elizabeth City.-- When within five miles of the city. Cos. K. and B. were halted, the former quartered in a Baptist Church, called Berea, a fine country building, plastered, well lighted and containing an excellent stove. The latter, (company B.) were quartered in a school-house, about 200 yards from the church--we are all still in these quarters. On Monday morning, 10th, Elizabeth city, or rather the Fort, surrendered to the Yankees--the citizens thinking that the city would be filled with the enemy's troops, fired the town, destroying 12 fine large houses, and would have done more damage had not the Federals extinguished the flames. On Friday 14th, Col Wright ordered forward to Elizabeth city, co.'s B., K. and Cap. Girardy's co., of Louisiana Artillery where we arrived, about 10 o'clock. This was for the purpose of arresting some citizens who had made themselves obnoxious to the Confederacy. We succeeded in arresting four men: Dr. Piemont, LaBoyteaux, Robert Sawyer and Jerry Wilcox. So

large a force being sent was to prevent a rescue by the Yankees should they attempt it. At night, we returned to our quarters. It has been cold and raining all the time. Our picket and police guards keep us very busy, and for 48 hours we were very short of provisions, having to buy eggs, potatoes, and just what we could get. Last night, we received 5 day's rations. How long we will remain here none of us can tell. The Yankees have taken a village called Edenton, above Elizabeth city, but at neither place have they landed any forces. There are afraid of us on land. On our march from South Mills to E. city, the road was thronged with women and children, in carriages, wagons, carts and vehicles of every description, flying from the Yankee Vandals--every house on the road is crowded with them and their effects. Here we see some appearance of war and its consequences. The enemy succeeded in taking but one boat of our little fleet, viz: the Ellis, our brave boys blowing up, burning and sinking those they could not save. I will not attempt to give you any of the thousand rumors afloat concerning the Roanoke affair, as they are as contradictory as they are numerous. Yesterday, I saw 2 Yankee officers in a buggy, with a white flag, passing up the road. What their mission was, I am not advised. A wagon is just now leaving for Portsmouth, and I must close. Love to all--Good by.

T.S.M.

Southern Watchman, March 5 (2, 4), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, N. C., Feb. 21, 1862.

My Dear Christy:--As our Regiment has been connected with the Roanoke fight and disgrace, I had thought, notwithstanding the many accounts published of that affair, that a letter from this Regiment, upon that subject, might be a source of gratification and information to those for whom my rambling and desultory epistles are intended. From all that we have been able to gather, both from our own side and the enemy, Roanoke was the victim of a base treachery.

Whether true or no, it is not for one in my position to insist upon too strenuously; yet, I am well satisfied, with the statements of Dr. Custis, before me, who was Surgeon to Col. Jordan's Regiment, that Col. Shaw, the commanding officer, was and is a traitor. The Richmond Blues and a company from Martin county, adjoining this, with some others, fought with a determination worthy any cause, and left upon the beach the best evidence thereof; for the Yankees admit a loss of 450 killed, while circumstances make it pretty certain that 600 is nearer the truth. Why even a Yankee Captain, after the surrender, walked up to Col Shaw and stuck in his face the very flag he had surrendered, remarking to him (Shaw) that he was a coward. Common rumor boldly accuses Shaw with having been bought. He is Yankee, formerly a mouth secessionist and a member of a Government once in existence on this continent, but really deceased a quarter of a century since. His Regiment would never have surrendered with a true leader, nor would the other forces have given up the island until now. Singular, was it not, two N. C. Regiments on the island each with Yankee Colonels? Wonder if the Government don't think it about time to inquire into a man's birthplace when putting him in authority; and if it would not be well to keep their commands a little farther apart, if they are from over the line?

The N. Y. Herald mentions ours as one of the Regiments captured at Roanoke; and a late Constitutionalist thinks we were the Ga. Regiment mentioned as the one that reinforced them. For one, I don't believe a word of our reported capture. Col. McMillan grants me the liberty of giving the whole matter an official contradiction. At any rate, if this is captivity, we shall never pine for exchange or other release. Now, truth compels us to admit the capture of Lieut. Col Sanders, Maj. McMillan, Adjt. Banks and Sergeant-Maj. Rombert, who, if you will recollect, we warned weeks ago of their rashness. They are not, however, Lincoln's captives; but their hearts, carried too carelessly, have been entangled in "silken eyelashes" "up-town."

No, Mr. Editor, Col. McMillan might conduct a reluctant and orderly retreat or surrender to overwhelming odds, after every effort had been exhausted, but he will never surrender as did the forces on Roanoke Island. Georgia will never suffer such disgrace at his hands. If it had been Col. McMillan instead of Shaw, the Yankee flag would have been placed on that island at such a cost as our enemy has but rarely paid in our present struggle.

We are yet at this point, expecting and preparing for the enemy. Our health has much improved, and there is now but little sickness. We buried, two days since, the 24th man that has died. I am sorry I cannot report the religious prosperity I had hoped for. We are just where the whole country now is: Prayerless-hence, lifeless. In our first battle, we went from our knees to our guns; but, alas! the first is now neglected, and we perceive the consequence. Our only safety is in an implicit trust in the Almighty.

Our recent disasters only draw us nearer to God, and arouse that spirit which determines "to do or die." Rather than submit to the wretches who oppose us, for one I say, "Vive la Francais" or open your arms, John Bull, as the child would fall into the arms of its parent to escape the rotten-breathed hyena. Will the different churches and communities revive their prayer meetings in behalf of their sons and daughters? That is more needed than powder and shell. Don't let us adopt the

opinions of those infidel and debauched officers, who denounce the Colporteur and Chaplain. When that is done, the day of our doom is fixed, and the author of the "Deserted Village" had best be resurrected to write our epitaph. Let us lay our foundation in that religion which is "undefiled." He who opposes it is the enemy of his God and country, and a monster fit to do the bidding of his master, the devil.

There is more than one Lincoln man not 50 miles from this place, well spotted and nearer a "tight-rope" performance than he is aware of. Forbearance has about ceased to be a virtue, and you may hear, before a great while, of "summary vengeance." One of these may be a man who boasts he will sell his cotton to the Yankees. By-the-by, not one pound of cotton should be grown this year, unless our ports are immediately opened. We have no doubt it is a Yankee scheme to get the best cotton lands, and enough negroes for their cultivation, and that she has promised England a supply in that way.

CHAPLAIN 24TH GA.

Southern Watchman, March 12 (3,2), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Berea Church, Pasquotank Co., N. C.,
February 28th, 1862

Mr. Christy: Since my last communication to you, matters have occurred, which prove that "Dame Rumor," however idly she may talk, sometimes, at least, proves a true prognosticator of even the movements of a Regiment. The "3rd Ga.," is again out of winter quarters, and stationed one or more companies at a place from South Mills, (which is the end of the Dismal Swamp Canal, 13 miles from Elizabeth City) at intervals to within about 2 miles of Elizabeth City, The quarters of Co. K. (A. G.) are at a Baptist Church called, "Berea," in "Possum Quarter District," Pasquotank county, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Elizabeth. * * *

The health of the Regiment is very good, and the spirits fine. The recent reverses that have befallen our arms, have terdered to nerve the heart and fire the eye of the gallant Southrons who compose the "3d Ga." and believe me when I tell you, that should we get into a battle with the death-deserving hirelings of Northern puritanical Fanaticism and tyranny, history will have yet another page of Spartan heroism to record, upon which, in letters of burning light, the names of hundreds of Georgia's chivalrous sons will stand in bright array, among which, not the least conspicuous will be found the names of those near and dear to fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and friends, in dear old Clarke, who daily offer to Jehovah's throne prayers for the protection of their absent loved ones. From the 11th ult. to the present writing, the road has been thronged with every kind of conveyance laden with women, children, furniture and all kinds of valuables, fleeing from Elizabeth City to places more remote and secure--every house in the country is filled--the anxious and woe-begone countenances of mothers, wives and sisters, as you meet them on the road--the wounded soldiers from Roanoke, as you visit them in the

Hospitals at Elizabeth City--the paroled prisoners from Cols. Shaw and Jourdan's Regiments, Maj. Hill's Battalion and Wise's Legion, as they pass you on this route to Norfolk, writhing under their defeat, and eager for an opportunity to avenge themselves--open to our view a new, but not unlooked-for phase in our soldier lives, which invokes all our patriotism, nerves our energies, sustains us in trials and difficulties, and determines us, by God's help, and our righteous cause--our own strong arms and brave hearts, to drive back the accused Northmen from our land of flowers, and erect an altar in our midst to the Goddess of Liberty, around which, sire and son, matron and maiden, may kneel to offer heartfelt adorations, and joyous thanksgiving to the great "I AM" for their deliverance from oppression, or to die in the attempt.

The items of intelligence gleaned from the paroled prisoners are, as a matter of consequence, vague and contradictory, but the more intelligent agree very nearly in the aggregate, and more important points. There was on Roanoke Island, 8th N. C. Regiment, under Col. Shaw, 17th Battalion, Maj. Hill, 31st Regiment, Col. Jourdan, and 3 or 4 companies of Wise's Legion, making in all, about 3100. The Federal force was 55 gunboats, 16000 troops landed. Our force had not more than 300 or 400 men engaged in the fight, the rest were held in reserve, the reserve losing more men killed and wounded, without returning a shot, than those engaged in battle with the enemy. Our loss was 23 killed, 58 wounded, 40 missing--total 121. The enemy's loss, according to the report of the Inspector General, is 910. The almost unanimous opinion of those whom I have seen from Roanoke, is that had the entrenchment commenced by Col. Wright, been carried on to completion, the Island could have been successfully defended, as the enemy's force landed south of the proposed entrenchment, and flanked the artillery works, which could not have been done had Col. Wright's ideas been carried out; all seem to think that the officers in command were wanting

in skill, tactics and quick perception. 1400 men were taken prisoners who never fired a gun, and only 400, or at utmost 500 men to stand the brunt against 16000, and when ordered to fall back upon the reserve, to see floating from their commanding quarters a white flag, instead of a firm phalanx of bristling bayonets upon which to foam, and once more engage the enemy, the paroled men said was disheartening in the extreme. The Yankee troops were said by our men who saw them to be the best armed and accoutred troops ever seen, all were armed with the Minnie musket or Enfield rifle. I have given you all of interest, that my limited time will allow. In all probability we will not remain here long. I write with a beard on my knee, amid the noise of 50 or 60 lively "Guards," have no pen or ink and very little pencil. You should have heard from me ere this, but for our migratory life. O, could this but reach you and your readers before the 4th of March, how earnestly would I entreat, yea, implore my fellow-citizens of Clarke to come up to their country's rescue, in this dark hour of her young existence--leave your homes, your dear ones, your trades, your pursuits, your professions, your ease and comforts for a time, and give your best exertions to patriotism and your country's weal, God, in his untold mercy, will hover, with protecting care, over your dear little ones, and your country and country-men will award you the need of praise, and generations yet unborn will arise to call you blessed. "More anon."

"ONE OF THE GUARDS."

Southern Watchman, March 12 (2, 6), 1862.

"JOHNSON GUARDS."

This fine company, under command of Capt. Samuel P. Lumpkin, numbering 114 men, and named in honor of our esteemed fellow-citizen, John Calvin Johnson, of Watkinsville, spent Sunday night with us, and attended the Methodist Church, where a sermon was preached to them by Dr. Lipscomb, of the University. They left on the 9 o'clock train Monday morning, for Griffin, the place of rendezvous. The prayers of our entire community will be offered up for our brave defenders.

Southern Watchman, March 12 (2,5), 1862.

MADISON VOLUNTEERS.

The company raised in Madison county Tuesday of last week spent Monday night in this place, and left on Tuesday morning's train.

We hope the friends of all the companies who have left this section of the State under the Governor's late requisition will furnish copies of their muster-rolls for publication.

Southern Watchman, March 12 (2,6), 1862.

VOLUNTEERING.

A Thousand Cheers for the Empire State!

We have learned enough to satisfy us that had Georgia been called upon for twenty-five, instead of twelve Regiments, the requisition would have been filled without any difficulty.

In this county, 94 men were called for. 124 volunteered to fill this requisition; of this number 10 were rejected by the surgeons--leaving 114 men, good and true. Dr. Samuel P. Lumpkin, of Watkinsville, was elected captain. There is not in the Confederate service a worthier man than the captain, or a better company than the "Johnson Volunteers," named in honor of our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, John Calvin Johnson, Esq., of Watkinsville--who, by the way, delivered a stirring address to the militia at Watkinsville on Tuesday last, urging the young men to volunteer in defence of their country. This company was raised almost exclusively on the other side of the river. On this side another company was raised for the Troup Artillery (company B.) and recruits enough to make one or two other companies. Old Clarke has now in the field and enlisted for the service a full regiment! Considering the size and white population of the county, this is hard to beat anywhere!

In Jackson county, where 165 men were called for, we learn that largely over the number came forward. Two full companies were organized--Maj. M. M. Mintz captain of one, and Mr. Homer Howard captain of the other. Nine cheers for old Jackson!

In Madison, a full company was organized--Mr. Gholston captain, and small as the county is, we learn another company might have been raised.

Old Franklin responded handsomely by sending two companies to the field--one under the command of Capt. Young and the other under Capt. Cooper.

Hart sends a full company under command of Capt. John McMullen, and could easily have raised another.

Oglethorpe sends a fine company under command of Capt. John H. Tiller.

Walton raised two full companies, besides an indefinite number of recruits for companies already in the field.

Hall sends two full companies, and supplies large numbers of recruits for those who have gone before.

Banks--brave and patriotic little Banks--which had already done so much, being called upon for 60 men, furnished two full companies! We learn, however, that but one will go into service at this time--the other being held in reserve for the next requisition! Mr. _____ Brown was elected captain of the company going into service. Hurra for little Banks!

Habersham and White have each raised large companies.

No doubt the work has gone equally as well elsewhere. It is true our militia is considerably thinned out, but we have in all the counties, "a few more left of the same sort"--the last man of whom will go into the field rather than see our whole county overrun by the hated invaders.

So soon as we can procure muster-rolls of the different companies raised in this section of the State, we will publish them. There are many counties yet to hear from, but we have no doubt they have all done well.

Southern Watchman, March 19 (2, 5), 1862.

CONFEDERATE GUARDS, JACKSON CO.
OFFICERS.

Abner E. Howard	-----	Captain.
Jerome C. Matthews	-----	1st Lieutenant.
James M. Horton	-----	2d Lieutenant.
William H. H. Statlan	-----	3d Lieutenant.
Archibald N. Benton	-----	1st Sergeant.
George W. Stanley	-----	2d Sergeant.
Thomas A. Berry	-----	3d Sergeant.
Middleton M. Williams	-----	4th Sergeant.
John A. Heard	-----	1st Corporal.
Charles W. Dameron	-----	2d Corporal.
William G. Lavender	-----	3d Corporal.
Eli H. Chaplin	-----	4th Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Henry H. Anglin,	Wm. B. Moon,
M. A. Anthony,	Jas. M. Murray,
William A. Archer,	Jas. E. McKern.
Stephen S. Benton,	C. W. McKern,
William H. Bray,	Daniel M. Marler,
William B. Bolin,	John E. Marler,
Leonard T. Bolton,	Wm. J. Mays,
William M. Booth,	Willis T. Matthews,
Levi L. Coleman,	Wm. J. Matthews,
David A. Clotfelter	Wm. T. McEver,
John Cook,	James C. Nabers,
Loyd Dameron,	T. Nixon,
James M. Delay,	Abner Phillips,
Elisha T. Doster,	Wm. W. Phillips,
James S. Deavenport,	Aplin Reynolds,
Russel V. Delay,	F. M. Reynolds,
Colvill Deal,	John M. Smith,
George W. Davis,	Wm. T. Sorrow,
Enoch W. Doster,	Silas B. Stewart,
Robert C. Fowler	Wm. J. Streetman,
Alonzo F. Garrard,	George P. Trout,
Joseph A. Hammond,	John C. Ward,
Harper H. Howard,	Hiram Waters,
Thomas J. Hood,	G. W. Williamson,
Lewis Harris,	Robt D. Wood,
Berry Hammond,	Wm. P. Davison,
Benj. F. Highfield,	Green S. Duke,
Thos M. Highfield,	A. E. Coffey,
Wm. H. Irvin,	Nicolas Sorrow,
Elisha D. Irvin,	John T. Watson,
Andrew Irvin,	George H. Nixon,
Charles T. Jordan,	Warren D. Holson,
Wm Jordan,	Wm. A. Brown,
Joseph A. Lescure,	George W. Boyce,
Robert R. Lavender,	Hiram Finch,
Jas. D. Mobley,	Josiah Watson,
Cicero C. Maddox,	

LADIES' VOLUNTEERS, MADISON COUNTY.

OFFICERS.

Dabney L. Gholston ----- Captain.
Nelson C. Osburn ----- 1st Lieutenant.
Isaac J. Meadors ----- 2d Lieutenant.
Francis Power ----- 3d Lieutenant.
Charles G. Crawford ----- 1st Sergeant.

PRIVATEES.

Joseph A. Glone,	James P. Hall
Young, A. Daniel,	W. Higgenbotham,
M. V. Deadyler,	O. W. Hemphill,
Jacob B. Eberheart,	John C. Kirk,
Stephen P. Morris,	E. R. Landers,
Jas B. Crawford,	Wm. A. Morris,
Walton H. Griffith,	M. D. L. Muse.
Thomas Allen,	F. C. McLroy,
Thos B. Anthony,	Jesse P. Power,
Wm. M. Allen,	Wm. J. Porterfield,
Joel S. Allen,	Jas W. Porterfield,
Jas H. Durrroughs,	E. L. T. Porterfield,
John M. Bruce,	Jesse W. Pierce,
G. W. Bray,	H. D. Patton,
Wm. B. Barnett,	James A. Pierce,
Henry Baxter,	John M. Pierce
John S. Brown, <u>Jas. F. Barnett,</u>	K. W. Porterfield, <u>Martin M. Pittman</u>
John W. Kellum,	Wm. H. Porter,
Geo. W. Culbertson,	John Russell,
Berry J. Carethers,	Wm. D. Segraves,
Thos. C. Cooper,	Wm. H. Smith,
Jas. F. Colbert,	Caleb N. Stephens,
Chas V. Collins,	Wm. J. Strickland,
Thos J. Deadyler,	Wiley J. Simmons,
Morasset David,	K. M. Strickland,
Peter David,	David T. Simmons,
Henry Dudley,	John G. Segraves,
Lawson Dudley,	Stephen Smith,
Andrew H. Downs,	Sam'l G. Strickland
Wm. G. David,	Geo. W. Scroggins,
Chas B. Dunkin,	Sam'l J. Wilson,
Isaac E. Eberheart,	James W. White,
Ed P. Eberheart,	S. R. T. White,
Geo. . . Faulkner,	Telly S. Whitworth,
Wm. P. Floyd,	Winston Whitworth,
Wm. A. Floyd,	Thos. N. Wilhite,
Jas. L. Freeman,	David Winn,
G. P. Gentry,	Wm. Wood,
J. Z. Gannels,	John P. Wood,
O. P. Griffith,	Thos. Wilson,
Jno. W. Glenn,	Jas. R. P. Tucker,
James Griffith,	Thos. C. Threath,
Jeremiah W. Hall,	Wm. A. Tolbert
Jeremiah Hall,	

Southern Watchman, March 19 (2, 5), 1862.

MIDDLE RIVER VOLUNTEERS, BANKS CO., GA.

OFFICERS.

William P. Brown	Captain.
John E. Poe	1st Lieutenant.
Michael J. Pagsdale	2d Lieutenant.
William L. Martin	3d Lieutenant.
Alvin D. Hooper	1st Sergeant.
James Acre	2d Sergeant.
William A. Segers	3d Sergeant.
James C. Brown	4th Sergeant.
Lewis Brady	5th Sergeant.
William B. Nattnors	1st Corporal.
William B. Alred	2d Corporal.
Harrison Whitfield	3d Corporal.
Nathaniel Ward	4th Corporal.

PRIVATEES.

H. S. M. Wade,	Wm. Blackburn,
James Morris,	Marion H. Coker,
John H. Willis,	Caleb Smith,
Levi Ward,	Robert J. Brown,
Jas. M. Cockeran,	James L. Murray,
P. P. Chatman,	Floyd Hambrick,
William Chitwood,	Jackson Lewellen,
John C. Moss,	Stephen D. Candell,
James W. Parker,	Berry Hambrick,
Richard Chitwood,	Job Brock,
Daniel C. Ward,	Thos. F. Higgs,
Hapton B. Morris,	John H. Higgins,
Jasper Wells,	Edward Loury,
Burton Muler,	William Whitfield,
William J. Nunly,	Rayford A. Cash,
William Smith,	John C. Alred,
Jesse J. Cunn,	Lewis Fritchett,
Rapson Purrett,	Alvin D. Brady,
Berry Whitfield,	John Lane,
John T. Darien,	William A. Lane,
Walborn M. Candell,	Robert E. Allen,
Clark H. Cash,	Benjamin Brady,
Freston Cash,	Charles H. Igne,
James H. Candell,	Thos. J. Motes,
Robert A. Dill,	Matthew Meeler,
Hugh H. Brown,	Mark Arnold,
George Lemsey,	J. S. H. Coker,
Charles Pagsdale,	Taylor Savage,
D. H. Cash,	John T. Richards,
Green W. S. Martin,	Wm. R. Austin,
Robert Stow,	Alfred J. Cash,
Jas D. Ausburn,	Almond Hulsay,

"M'NULLAN GUARDS," Hart Co., Ga.

OFFICERS.

John G. McNullan	Captain
John B. Stephenson	1st Lieutenant.
Wm. J. D. Hulen	2d Lieutenant.
W. H. Clarke	3d Lieutenant.
S. W. Richardson	1st Sergeant.
Samuel H. Cheek	2d Sergeant.
Jethro M. Snow	3d Sergeant.
Caswell Leard	4th Sergeant.
	Corporal
Martin J. Parks	2d Corporal.
Thomas Caudell	3d Corporal.
Frank Eaton	4th Corporal.

PRIVATEES.

Adams, Alfred	Latta, Alexander T.
Adams, Wm. C.	Latta, M. J.
Bebo, Wm. G.	Lecroy, Priestly
Bowers, Dr. J. B.	McCarley, Wm. M.
Barron, R. F.	McCurry, A. L.
Brown, John A.	Myers, James E.
Beggs, Thos M.	McCarry, O.
Bridges, Daniel	McCurley, J. M.
Brown, Sam'l	Morris, Rufus J
Check, D. W.	Hullinix, H. J.
Chapman, J. M.	Morris, Samuel
Craft, David L.	McClane, J. C.
Crocker, Robt P.	McDowell, Jas T.
Crawford, Joel M.	Owens, Eli C
Check, Preston V	Outys, Jas. F.
Chasteen, Cooper B.	Phillips, Joel
Chasteen, Hiram B.	Parks, Jno M.
Cleveland, Thos J.	Pritchett, Jas M.
Cornog, W. F. L	Powell, Noah T.
Decker, S. J. A.	Parks, John M.
Dooly, William	Partain, Asa J.
Dooly, James J.	Reed, Beatly
Dooly, Van D.	Ray, Thomas S.
Dyar, William J.	Rush, Richard C.
Dyar, Robert J.	Richardson, Jas M.
Eaton,	Richardson, Milton
Evans, John W.	Rumsey, John W.
Fain, James L.	Rogers, N. H.
Fain, Jr. B.	Sanders, Thornton
Floyd, H. I.	Stalnaker, H. C.
Fain, Thos J.	Sanders, Elias, Jr.
Guest, Martin	Sanders, M.
Gary, B. M.	Skelton, Noel L.

Gary, Martin V. B.
 Gaines, Jefferson J.
 Gaines, James B.
 Gaines, John L.
 Hall, E. M. D.
 Hall, H. H.
 Hunt, James L.
 Herring, J.
 Herring, Asa H.
 Isom Daniel — Jones, D.R.J.
 Kelley, John D.
 Leard, David
 Loftin, I. H. A.

Skelton, John D.
 Skelton, Wm. J.
 Sanders, A.
 Sanders, Franklin
 Stiefel, Jas W.
 Sanders, Thos. J.
 Sanders, John
 Shiflett, F. M.
 White, Wm.
 Walker, Josiah, White, Wm, Jr.
 White, D.
 White, Alex

Southern Watchman, March 19 (2, 5), 1862

REBEL GUARDS, JACKSON CO. GA.

OFFICERS.

M. H. Hintz	-----	Captain.
J. M. Storey	-----	1st Lieutenant.
C. S. Webb	-----	2d Lieutenant.
Y. J. Carr	-----	3d Lieutenant.
J. J. Thornton	-----	O. S.
T. J. Henderson	-----	2d Sergeant.
F. H. Minish	-----	3d Sergeant.
G. L. Martin	-----	4th Sergeant.
A. J. Herndon	-----	5th Sergeant.
A. J. White	-----	1st Corporal.
H. C. Hales	-----	2d Corporal.
J. M. David	-----	3d Corporal.
C. J. Espy	-----	4th Corporal.

PRIVATEES.

Y. S. Shankle,	H. F. Kidd,
W. McHancock	W. M. Brock,
N. P. Hood,	H. F. Bradberry,
W. F. Smith,	W. C. Gunter,
J. O. Madcalf,	T. W. Gunter,
R. F. White,	J. F. Thompson,
W. E. Thompson,	W. L. Butler,
R. R. Wallis,	J. F. Marlow,
G. W. Dunson,	W. L. Coker,
J. J. Sisson,	J. M. Lackey,
W. A. Ellison,	H. J. Butler,
T. A. Nunn,	F. H. Minish,
J. I. Freeman,	T. Wilson,
H. B. Henderson,	J. W. R. Coker,
J. C. Watkins,	W. B. Ivey,
J. H. Smith,	R. F. Hardy,
W. A. Whitnair,	E. Barrett,
J. W. Scott,	A. J. White,
Josiah Collins,	John Pickles,
Bird Smith,	W. E. Butler,
J. Sanders,	R. B. Marlow,
C. White,	G. L. Hill,
L. I. Colbert,	L. L. Colbert,
C. P. Hill,	H. J. Whitworth,
J. A. Stephens,	James A. Scales,
A. F. Thompson,	Jesse Carter,
W. F. Baugh,	J. W. Hartley,
Joseph Yarbrough,	Govan Garnett,
E. F. Lay,	J. N. M. Barnett,
J. W. Bennett,	A. H. Adair,
J. M. Stapler,	J. W. Lord,
J. T. White,	G. A. Greenway,
A. M. Culpepper,	W. N. Garnett,

Y. G. Anthony,
G. W. White,
N. W. Cantrill,
H. S. White,
Joel Yarborough,
Y. L. Carson,
J. W. Minish,
W. J. White,
H. C. Lipscomb,

John Cash,
W. Wilson,
J. G. Greenway,
John W. Hartley,
Reese Dunson,
T. H. Cober,
W. H. McBoe,
Barney Baugh,
D. T. Antony,

VOLUNTEERS

Our streets presented lively scenes during the latter days of last week--caused by the passage of volunteers under the late requisition to their place of rendezvous. Seven companies passed through, altogether. One from Hart, one from Madison, one from Banks, two from Franklin, and two from Jackson. Four companies were in town Thursday night, besides some hundred and fifty recruits--all of whom left on Friday morning on the regular and extra trains. In addition to these, we have two other companies here--the new company of "Troopers" and the second company of "Troup Artillery."

Below, we publish such of the muster-rolls as have been handed in:

"JOHNSON GUARDS," Clarke Co.

OFFICERS.

Samuel P. Lumpkin-----Captain.
James S. Griffith-----1st Lieutenant.
Wm. B. Haygood-----2nd Lieutenant.
John W. Heaves-----Ensign.
Patman Lester-----Orderly Sergeant.

PRIVATEs.

Astry, Willia N.	Langford, Benj. C.
Adams, Joseph A.	Lester, Talbot N.
Adams, Wm. T.	Landrum, Jas T.
Aycock, John R.	Lowe, Isaac
Anderson, E. F.	Lester Lewis, Jr.
Allen, Chas H.	McNee, Joseph H.
Allen, Andrew H.	McNee, J. H.
Beavers, Alfred L.	McNee, W. B.
Bearden, Wm. P.	McNee, R. B.
Biggs, J. L.	Miller, John W.
Bishop, Wm. H.	Miller, P. M.
Butler, Jesse H.	Miller, Francis Y.
Burger, Wm. D.	Mooney, Wm. J.
Chaderick, John A.	Moony, Marshall
Cooper, Levi C.	Malcom, David W.
Carter, Henry F.	Murray, Joseph H.
Connally, Richard	Mozley, Thos J.
Dicken, Calvin A.	Malcom, Wm. T.
Doggett, John W.	Malcom, John C.
Davenport, Jas W.	Murrough, John
Daniell, John B.	Montgomery, Wm.

Durham, N. B.
 Durham, M. L.
 Daniell, Josiah H.
 Doolittle, H. J.
 Elder, Wm. E.
 Elder, Wm. H.
 Elder, David B.
 Edwards, Wm. D.
 East, Wm.
 Gleason, Edward
 Glover, James
 Griffith, Jas. J.
 Griffith, David W.
 Griffith, Allen W.
 Giles, Wm. T.
 Gardner, Silas
 Huff, John P.
 Huff, Doctor E.
 Huff, Doctor M.
 Hunt, Wm. W.
 Hall, Thos M.
 Haygood, Wm B., Jr.
 Hunt, John M.
 Hinton, Wm. H.
 Jackson, J. H.
 Jackson, A. H.
 Jones, Wm. B.
 Kidd, H. H.
 Klutts, George W.
 Kittle, Joseph
 Lester, James
 Langford, Joseph B.
 Lester, Elijah S.

Mannally, Geo. W.
 Holun, Geo. A.
 Owens, John J.
 Owens, E. F.
 Osborn, Wm. T.
 Poss, Henry C.
 Pickerell, Andrew J.
 Foulnot, John B.
 Richardson, D. R.
 Robison, Wm. A.
 Royston, J. E.
 Stewart, P. H.
 Sanders, Chas.
 Simonton, T. J.
 Spinks, E. B.
 Smith, Sanford M.
 Stewart, Levi C.
 Thomas, John E.
 Thurman, Geo. H. L.
 Thompson, Thos J.
 Thurman, R. C.
 Thompson, D. T.
 Tiller, Gilmer
 Willoughby, D. J.
 Willcoxon, Sam'l J.
 Williams, R. T.
 Williams, Wm. C.
 Whitehead, Aaron
 Whitehead, Henry
 Whitehead, Jas E.
 Whitehead, Wm. J.
 Winn, Crawford A.

Southern Watchman, March 26 (2, 4), 1862.

3d Regiment Ga. Vols.,
Pasquotank Bridge, N. C., March 7.

Dear Watchman:--Immediately on receiving intelligence that my company, together with other companies of the 3d Regiment, had been ordered to Elizabeth City, I left home for the purpose of rejoining it. After a long and disagreeable ride on the cars to Portsmouth, and a pleasant trip on the "Flying Cloud" down the Dismal Swamp Canal, I found all the boys about two miles from South Mills, pleasantly situated in houses on the bank of the Pasquotank River, and all seemed to be gay and lively, though only a few miles distant from the enemy.

On yesterday one of the companies, stationed near Elizabeth City, had a brush with the Yankees. The Yankees, in small flat boats, were endeavoring to remove some obstructions from the channel, and were spied by the brave Capt. Griffin, of the "Governor's Guards," who took his company down and fired upon them. The Yankees returned the fire, but after a few rounds, the bullets from the rifles of Capt. G's men made them get to their boats in "double quick time." I must come to a close, as we have orders to march to Elizabeth City early to-morrow morning. You shall hear from me again soon.

Your friend,

Z. F. C.

Southern Watchman, April 2 (1, 2), 1862.

An Incident at Roanoke.

In a letter from our correspondent in the Third Georgia, which was three weeks reaching us, the following incident is detailed:

"One incident in connection with the fall of Roanoke escaped my memory in the hurry attending my last communication. An incident too, that should be ineffaceably impressed upon the heart and memory of every Southern patriot. The inhabitants of Roanoke had strong sympathies with our enemies; of this we were appraised while our Regiment was stationed there. There was one gentleman resident there in whom confidence was reposed, and with whom Lieut. Daniel's wife (the highly esteemed Miss Sallie) boarded during her stay on the Island. Mr. Chancy Meekins, whom the Federals made their attack, joined the Confederate troops as an instant volunteer. Most nobly did he stand, striking for freedom--refused to take the oath of allegiance--villiantly he fought. Six of Lincoln's hirelings fell in his yard, before his unerring aim, to rise no more, when alas! he then was killed--a hero, a patriot. An ever-to-be-remembered example, though his body has perished, to be emulated by every one through whose life's current courses one drop of Southern blood. He had a brother or nephew, who escaped from the Island, and is now a member of Company E, 3d Georgia. The rest of the Islanders, I am informed, were seen warring against their own country-- their homes--their God--by, "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," and ratified their traitorous contract with the oath of allegiance to Black Republican despotism.

No monumental shaft may mark the spot where brave Meekins lies, or where he fell, but he will ever be remembered and honored by all who may chance to learn this incident."

Southern Watchman, April 2 (1, 2-3), 1862.

Greenville, N. C., March 19th.

Friend Christy:—Doubtless yourself, with many of your readers, wish to know the present whereabouts of the 24th Ga. Some two weeks since, we were ordered, with other troops at that point, to evacuate Washington, N. C., and repair to Suffolk, Va. where they arrived during the early part of last week. From indisposition, I stopped at this point, about 25 miles above Washington, where I have been kindly entertained at the house of the soldier's friend, John Arthur, Esq. Everything from the forts, as well as Government stores at Washington, has been safely removed to other points, where we trust it may accomplish much for our noble cause. Of course we left our post with many sincere regrets, as it had become rather a second home. Many a black and blue eyed package was left there to be called for by and by. Scarcely any citizen of Washington that could get away but what has left. My dear sir, to see old homesteads of generations suddenly, and perhaps forever vacated, is heart-sickening.

The late fight at Newbern has of course been reported in your columns and ventilated by many of your readers. The cause of the disaster was about this: The Yankees fought too hard and our troops ran too quick, which latter would not have occurred if it had not been for too much whiskey at Goldsboro'. Burnside or somebody else fired a jug full into head-quarters there, at the beginning of the fight and knocked down the man that ought to have been standing. Poor fellow! he was speechless until the battle was lost, lying all the while across a bed and unable to pull off his boots. It is rumored, and we hope the rumor is true, that the chief military functionaries at Goldsboro' have so far excited the sympathies of "Uncle Jeff" that "substitutes" have been provided for them.

A stand is to be made at Kinston, about 32 miles above Newbern, where 10,000 troops are now quartered.

The military authorities in this section, aided by the citizens, are working

vigorously for the destruction of cotton and all military stores. At Washington two vessels loaded with turpentine were burned, sending up a broad and black column. On every hand may be seen the curling smoke as if so many distant cities on fire. At this place on yesterday and last night large quantities of cotton and turpentine were burned. 500 bbls. turpentine at one spot, as it sent up its smoke, was the most terrific sight of our life. The very ground was a molten mass and colled off into granite hardness. As the huge, black column curled up with the mad blaze climbing 30 or more feet and shining through like lightning flashes from the surcharged cloud, we thought of the serpent's tongue and of that smoke ascending up forever and ever, and which shall ascend from the souls of the murderous Lincoln and his crew. No doubt as Burnside witnessed it, it was the smoke of his torment. These are patriotic fires, and I see them rising from every window yet. I have never seen people more cheerful in any work than the awful yet glorious destruction going on. No doubt the individuals sending out Burnside and his crew calculated largely upon the return of those vessels laden with cotton, even though it cost a man a bag. The old Profanations, Becherites, Puritan Psalm-singers and Witch Burners, as they hear these things, will gnash their teeth in disappointment and England will begin to think it a slim chance to get that 2,000,000 of bales. Burn on, King Cotton, and slay more of the enemy with your expiring groans than you ever made in your uncoldest days. For one, we will submit cheerfully to taxation on every hair of our head for its payment. Oh, sir, Satan is once more baffled. N. Carolina may have been disgraced by bad generalship, but never for want of courage in her soldiery, She has lost upon her seaboard but she is now burning out her disgrace. Three cheers for the Old Nor State, whose fires are kindling and blazing in front of every ginhouse, and at every turpentine distillery, But all this destruction has a positive relief. The poor and cottonless among us are invited to and do take abundance, free of charge, for their family clothing. As we stood in front of the seething mass, we were struck with the

similarity of sounds between it and the falling water of the beautiful Toccoa. And again, we thought of the remedy of a good brother in this section, for a cold, which consists in filling a shovel with live coals and sprinkling upon them a little rosin, which allow to remain in your room until it is pretty well filled. Surely if the remedy is good, North Carolina will have no occasion for blowing her nose again in a twelvemonth.

It would astonish you to see how slowly cotton burns, even after the bales are opened.

But in the midst of this war, we should not forget that charity without which we are nothing. Almost, at times, we have felt that the groans of dying Yankees would be sweetest lullaby. But such feelings are wrong. We should ever remember the petition: "Forgive us our sins as we forgive those that sin against us." And the warning: "Vengeance is mine," &c.

We propose this as a suitable motto for the Southern Confederacy: "BE SOBER; BE VIGILANT,"

CHAPLAIN 24TH GA.

Southern Watchman, April 2 (1, 2), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Berea Church, near Elizabeth
City, March 13, 1862.

Mr. Christy.--In my last I wrote you that in my next I fully anticipated being able to inform your readers of some glorious achievements by the iron-clad sea-monster "Virginia." And so it has proven that my anticipations have been realized, and glorious indeed, to Southern hearts, are the triumphs of the 8th and 9th ult., gained by our "sea-monster" (as the "Virginia" is called by Yankees) and our gunboats. It would be a work of supererogation for me to attempt a description of this naval engagement, which opened the waters of the James river to Southern sails and steam. The telegraph and papers have ere now reached you, and anything that I could say would be simply an epitome of what I have learned from the latter; and some items rather immaterial, gathered from individuals who witnessed the engagement from Sewell's Point, a distance of 10 miles. I refrain from giving these items, as they add nothing to the interest or facts connected with the long to be remembered "first cruise" of the Leviathan "Virginia."

In our quarters we have nothing of material interest occurring. Once and while our pickets, at or near Elizabeth City, fire at the enemy's boats, steam and yawl, when they approach too near the wharf, or attempt to go too far up Knobb creek or Pasquotank river, the fire is mostly returned, but no damage is done, so far, on either side.

On last Sabbath, we had preaching in the church where we are quartered, by a Baptist minister, the Rev. Evans Forbes, from Camden. His text was the latter clause of the 30th verse, 16th chapter Acts of the Apostles; and a very good, old-fashioned, hard sensed sermon did he give us. He is a hale, hearty looking man, about 70 years of age--was a soldier in 1812. We are here in "masterly inactivity," and seek to employ ourselves in some way best calculated to "kill time." This is somewhat

difficult to do in the country, and bad weather to keep us in doors. Your
to us more than welcome "Watchman" is much sought after and eagerly looked for.
I hope to have material for a more lengthy communication very soon.

"One of the Guards."

Southern Watchman, April 9 (2, 5), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Hardship, Portsmouth, Va.,
March 28th, 1862.

On Saturday, 22d ult. Co. K. went to Elizabeth City on guard duty. On the morning of the 23d, having received orders to march, we left the City a little after sunrise, proceeded to our quarters at Berea Church, got breakfast, when we marched to South Mills; there the whole Regiment spent the night; 24th went as far as Deep Creek; halted again for the night. During this day, a member of the Burke Guards died on the steamboat between South Mills and Deep Creek. He had been sick in the hospital at the former place some time. On the 25th, Companies A., E., F., and L were left at Deep Creek, the other companies going forward to Bowers' Hill, (distant five miles from the latter place,) where the Polish Brigade from La. had been quartered. We reached here about 2 o'clock, P. M. This is a high, level and pretty encampment; 41 double cabins, built in the form of a square, with a very tall flag staff in the centre here, notwithstanding sore feet and stiff legs from the march. About a battalion, very soon after their arrival, became much interested in a game of "town ball." The enclosure, formed by the four rows of cabins, made the most beautiful place to play you ever saw; and with ball whirring through the air, men running, the loud "catch that," "throw here," "hit him," "you're out," "come home" and the many phrases peculiar to this game, gave the scene an appearance more compatible with the recess hour of a school conducted on some enormously large scale, than the quarters of a Regiment on march and tired. Here we learned that the four companies left at Deep Creek had gone on to Portsmouth, and that we would go on to the same point (Camp Hardship) on the morrow; also, that we were, or would be, ordered back to Elizabeth City. This we learned from those who were detailed with the baggage, and left some time after we did in the morning. On the 26th we were ready to sling knapsacks and resume our march at 6 o'clock, A. M., but felt assured that we would

be permitted a ride on the cars, as they passed immediately by the encampment; but in this we were disappointed, much to the chagrin of many of us, whose feet were not in so sound a condition as they were a few days before; and we were marched 8 or 9 miles to our old camp, where we found things not as we left them by any means--door-shutters from our cabins gone, glass broken out of the windows, stools, benches, tables, planks from the bunks and all our little necessaries gone, broken up, burnt or destroyed in some way. And for what this tramp? We reached the vicinity of Elizabeth City too late to prevent its abandonment, and came away too soon to prevent a sacking of the country by the Vandals. Two weeks ago last Monday night, in the counties of Pasquotank and Perquimons, N. C., there were three or four barns containing corn burnt. One farmer, a Mr. Lee, of the latter named county, had his barns, containing six thousand barrels of corn, consumed by fire. All this is no doubt the work of our Federal foes. How long we are to remain here I can't imagine--until our time expires, I hope, for I am wearied with tramping around, unless emergencies more than we have yet met should require it, and then I am willing to march at any time to any place. To-day the Young Guards, of the 3d Georgia, are re-enlisting, it is, as I understand, for the purpose of forming an Artillery company, to be attached to Capt. Girardy's La. Guard Artillery. Something over fifty had re-enlisted about two hours since, and will, I am informed, leave the Regiment in a day or two, if they enlist in a sufficient number to form an Artillery company. I regret to lose the Young Guards, even for so short a time as till the 6th of May--it is a good company. The Virginia, since our return, has been "the elephant" to every 3d Georgian's eye. She does not seem much battered by the Erricsson battery's balls, and having made all repairs and improvements necessary. Her wrought iron, steel pointed prow being in place and all right now, she is expected to go out again in a day or two, when we will have more glorious news to cheer us.

We have quite cold weather. Day before yesterday we had some snow and cold rain.

Southern Watchman, April 16 (2, 6), 1862.

Muster Roll of the Walton Blues, Walton Co.

OFFICERS.

Enoch E. McCollum	-----	Captain.
Henry B. Mickle	-----	1st Lieut.
Wm. D. Malcom	-----	2d Lieut.
John F. Crawford	-----	3d Lieut.
Ely Mayfield	-----	1st Sergeant.
Cissero W. Terrell	-----	2d Sergeant.
Hiram Edger	-----	3d Sergeant.
John W. Sims	-----	4th Sergeant.
Alvin H. Beall	-----	5th Sergeant.
David B. McCord	-----	1st Corporal.
Robert S. Mayfield	-----	2d Corporal.
Jas. M. Smith	-----	3d Corporal.

PRIVATES

Luke Pattric,
Wm. W. Austin,
Middleton Austin,
Jas G Adams,
Jas R. Akin,
Wm. H. Akin,
Reuben T. Bullock,
Theophilus Barnes,
Benj. C. Blair,
Cis N. Baxter,
John J. Baxter,
Lewis Braswell,
James P. Butler,
Leonard Boss,
Eldridge M. Burton,
Isaac M. Brantly,
Wm. Cooper,
Jas K. Caker,
Seabron J. Clack,
Geo. W. Clack,
Stephen E. Crow,
Wm. A. Craft,
Daniel W. Chandler,
John W. Davis,
Wm. G. Davis,
Jas C. Davis,
Matthew Edgar,
Elisha Edgar,
John W. Edwards,
Wiley W. Edwards,
Sam'l A. Edmonds,
Wm. D. Evans,
John G. Fuller,
Jas C. Forrester,
Sam'l W. Forrester,

David Kilgore,
Francis M. Killgore,
Thos J. Kilgore,
Robt A Landers,
Jessee D. McCord,
Geo W. McDaniel,
Robt Miller,
Mrs. M. McCree,
N. M. McGaughey,
John F. McGaughey,
Wm. Garner,
Wm. R. Mayfield,
Edwin Morris,
Aderson W. Nowell,
Jas L. Odum, Wm. E. Odum,
James W. Oats,
Calvin C. Pattric,
Wm. C. Peeler,
Jas. B. Peeler,
Edward S. Rutlede,
Jasper Reeves,
Virgil A. Stinehcomb,
Sampson Still,
Jeff V. Shepard,
Thos. Shepard,
Geo F. Studavant,
Thos V. Stone,
Jesse H. Smith,
Robt W. Sharpton,
John L. Tucker,
Roburtus T. Tucker,
Hillier Thompson,
Thomas Thompson,
Jas W. Tuck,
Benj. F. Tuck,

Wm. F. Bone,

Jas J. Gunter,
Jas L. Gillaspie,
John Harper,
Wm. G. Hails,
Wm. J. Hughes,
Rufus F. Hughes,
Wm. D. Hamilton,
Jas H. Harrison,
Gideon Hendrix,
Geo A. Ivie,

Silas W. Vickers,
J. W. S. Whitehead,
Temp Williams,
Jas T. Wiggins,
B. A. Wilson,
J. W. Weatherford,
J. C. Weatherford,
Jacob L. Warren,
Benj. M. Moore.

Southern Watchman, April 23 (2, 1-4), 1862.

The Battle of Shiloh.
The First Day's Fight.

Battle Of "Shiloh,"
(Seventeen miles east of Corinth,)
Sunday night, April 6th, 1862.

I reached Corinth yesterday, but found it impossible to get a horse to come out to the army, then encamped fourteen miles east of that place, on the road leading to Pittsburg Landing. This landing is four miles below Hamburg on the Tennessee river. I was more fortunate at 10 o'clock this morning, however, and succeeded in procuring a mule and a hard Mexican saddle without any padding in the seat. In this way I reached the field a little after noon.

It was known that the enemy had a heavy force on this side the river, and that Buell was advancing overland from Columbus with a large reinforcing column. In view of these facts, Gens. Johnston and Beauregard determined to give battle before Buell should come up. The army was put in motion on Thursday, and by Saturday evening our entire force had got into position. It was the intention of our officers to have given battle on yesterday, but some of the regiments were raw, and there was some delay in getting them ready. Gen. Johnston issued the following stirring appeal to the army before it left Corinth:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
Corinth, Miss., April 2d, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to despoil you of your liberties, property and honor. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters and your children on the result; remembering the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes, and the ties that would be desolated by your defeat.

The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you; you are expected to show yourselves worthy of your race and lineage--worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your Generals will lead you confidently to the combat--assured of success.

A. S. Johnston, General Comd'g.

We commenced the attack at sunrise this morning. Our order of battle is said to be the strongest known to military science. We advanced in three parallel lines or corps, each one in line of battle. The first or front corps was led by Major General Hardee. Immediately behind him came a full complement of artillery. A thousand yards in his rear follows the second corps or line, led by Major General Bragg. Immediately in his rear came more artillery, and behind them came the third corps, being our reserve, commanded by Major General Polk. General Johnston was in supreme command, nobly assisted by Gen. Beauregard.

The artillery was commanded by Brig. Gen. Tudeall, under the orders of Gen. Bragg. Gen. T. distributed his batteries along the roads and upon such open elevations as he could find. The batteries have been handled with consummate skill and effect throughout the day their respective officers.

The nature of the ground is exceedingly unfavorable for field operations, with the exception of two or three small fields of eight or ten acres each the battle has been fought wholly in the woods. The woods are quite open, however, much more so than they are in Georgia; but they nevertheless interfered very much with the evolutions of the army. The ground is rolling, and in many places quite wet and boggy near the water courses, several of which crossed the field, and still further impeded the operations of the day.

But Gen. Hardee has encountered the enemy in front. The sun is just rising as his division is hurled against them like a thunderbolt. The enemy was not expecting an attack, as was evident from the condition in which he received us. Indeed, he was not aware of our near presence; he never expected us to attack him, and was doubtful whether we would ever allow him to get near enough to attack us. Hardee "set his squadron in the field" with great judgment, and led them most gallantly throughout the day. I have not been able to come up with him, but hear that he escaped without a scratch.

The enemy was at length driven from his first line of encampments. Meanwhile he recovered from his surprise, and met our onset with firmness and resolution. The fighting now became hot and close, and raged with great violence and fury along our entire front. The right and left wings as well as our centre were engaged, and the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry fairly shook the earth. But on Hardee presses, backed up by Bragg and followed by Polk--each corps rolling onward like succeeding waves of the storm hashed sea. Hardee's corps advances, but it is done slowly; for the enemy has rallied his forces, and is handling them with coolness and spirit. We moved forward as it were by inches, but still we did move, and never at any time during the day did we lose one foot of the ground we gained.

At length we reached the centre of the enemy's encampment. He yielded his home in the woods with much reluctance, and disputed every foot of ground with courage and resolution. Thus far we have advanced through the woods, which are almost destitute of undergrowth. Everywhere the trees bear the marks of the terrible conflict. Limbs were carried away, and in some places trees a foot in diameter were cut off. In a few instances, the long sharp rifled cannon balls passed entirely through the trees. The traces of the musketry fire are to be seen everywhere upon the trees and bushes, and also in the numbers of the dead and wounded over whom we advanced.

At 2 o'clock the resistance had increased, and become more obstinate than at any time during the day. Gen. Johnston, in order to make a sure thing of it placed himself at the head of our attacking force, and led the charge in person. How unfortunate that he should have done so, for at half past two he received a minnie ball in his breast, and had his leg badly torn by a shell. He fell and died soon afterwards, but not until the enemy had again given way all along the lines. He died in the arms of Wm. Preston of Kentucky, his aid and brother-in-law, and former U. S. Minister to Spain, while Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, another aid, supported his head.

Thus a brave soldier and skillful officer has gone down before the red tide of battle. He fell in the very arms of victory, with our flag upraised and advancing under the mighty impetus given to our attack by his own individual heroism and daring. Let the Republic do justice to his memory, and repair the grievous wrongs which have of late been heaped upon him.

The fall of Gen. Johnston did not in the least discourage our men; for they knew the gallant Beauregard was still left to them, with many other officers of skill and courage. On they press, therefore. Bragg has long since brought his corps, composed for the most part of his seasoned Pensacola troops, and most admirably has he handled them throughout the entire day. Gallant and chivalric, yet cool and sagacious, he knows when and where to plant his terrible blows. Gen. Polk also, was many times in the thickest of the fight, and bore himself throughout the battle, whether in the immediate front of the enemy or in bringing up his reserves, with the calm courage and serene spirit of a Christian warrior. Only a portion of our reserves were ever brought into action, there being no necessity for it.

At half past five o'clock the enemy was in full retreat, and hotly pursued by the victorious Confederates. He fled back to the Tennessee, and took shelter under

his gunboats and river works, the fire from which was too heavy for our light field batteries. Night too had come on, and our army returned to the enemy's camp, and are now occupying it. The Federals left their tents standing, together with all their camp equipage, quartermaster and commissary stores, private baggage, medical stores and considerable ammunition. The attack was so furious--it came so much like the first clap of thunder when the storm begins--and the pursuit so close and unrelenting, that they had no time to remove anything, not even to gather up their records and half finished letters. The amount of property taken is immense. Our men are now regaling themselves upon the ample supplies of excellent food everywhere to be found.

I am unable to speak with certainty of the number of the enemy's forces. One of the first prisoners I encountered (a lieutenant who formerly belonged to the old army) estimated them at 120,000 men, Others put them down at 100,000; others again at 75,000, and some at 50,000. Gen. Prentiss, who was captured about 5 o'clock, says the Federal army on this side of the river was composed of six divisions, of about 7,500 each, which would make the forces of the enemy engaged about 45,000. They probably exceed this number, without including the forces on the other side of the river. At no time had we as many men engaged as the enemy.

Nor can I speak with certainty of the number of batteries or prisoners we have captured. It is too early after the battle, and too much confusion prevails, for me to get the precise facts. The number of prisoners is variously estimated, some say 2,000 and other 4,000; one report has it that one entire brigade has been captured. This is doubtless a mistake. Among the prisoners are many officers and the greater part of the Seventh Iowa Regiment who lately petitioned to the Federal Congress for permission to inscribe upon their banner the victories of Belmont and Donelson.

The number of batteries taken is said to be eighteen, which, allowing six pieces to the battery, would make one hundred and eight guns. It is more probable that parts of eighteen batteries were taken. Several stands of colors were captured--three by the first Louisiana regiment alone. I have seen them myself, and was present when they were brought in and delivered to Gen. Beauregard. I witnessed also the arrival and presentation of General Prentiss, who was taken by staff officers of Gen. Polk, and conducted to the latter, who sent, with his compliments, immediately to Gen. Beauregard. The following is the substance of the conversation that ensued after they had shaken hands:

Prentiss -- Well, sir we have felt your power to-day, and have had to yield.

Beauregard -- That is natural, sir. You could not expect it to be otherwise. We are fighting for our homes, our wives and children, for generations to come after us and for liberty itself. Why does your government thus war upon us and seek us upon our own soil?

Prentiss -- Our people have never yet been able to bring themselves to consent to see the Union broken up. Such a thing has not entered into our calculation, and cannot.

Beauregard -- The Union is already broken, and the last man, woman and child in the South will willingly perish before it shall be restored. What force have you had engaged today?

Prentiss-- Six divisions, numbering a little over 7,000 each -- the whole not amounting to more than 40,000. Gen. Grant commands, assisted by Gens. Sherman, McClernard, Hurburt, Wallace and myself. Gen. Smith is sick, and has not been upon the field. My division was the first to receive your attack, and we not properly supported; if we had been the day might have gone otherwise. There has been mismanagement somewhere. Had I been supported in time, we should have broken your centre at the time we stopped your advance.

Beauregard -- You are mistaken, General, My order of battle was such, that if you had even penetrated the centre of our front line, it would only have been to encounter certain destruction; we would have cut you to pieces. Has Gen. Buell arrived and what are his forces?

Prentiss (hesitating.) -- I do not know where Gen. Buell is, or the number of his forces. I have heard he was at Nashville and then at Columbia, and also that he was on the road. We do not look for him under forty eight hours. I fear you will capture the greater part of our army on this side of the river. You have met and overcome to-day the best troops we have.

Beauregard.-- I am glad to hear it, and trust that the result of this day's work may bring your government to a frame of mind more favorable to peace.

Prentiss.-- That can hardly be, sir. If your army had pushed on after the battle of Manassas, it might have taken Washington, and overrun the North, and brought us to peace. We had an insufficient supply of arms then, and were not prepared. The muskets purchased in Belgium by Fremont were of but little account; you could turn your thumb in the muzzle, the bore was so large. We also procured from England the old arms that have been stored away as useless in London Tower ever since the war with Napoleon in 1815 -- They are of no value whatever. It is only within the last sixty days that we have become thoroughly and efficiently armed. Our supply is now ample, and we cannot be overcome. Your government has made two mistakes -- first in not availing itself of the fruits of the battle of Manassas; and secondly in awaiting until we had become well armed and organized. We have now 250,000 men in camp of instruction, who will be brought upon the field as they may be needed. We do not doubt the final result.

Beauregard.--Nor do we. Our cause is just, and God will give us victory.

Prentiss.-- We know you have able officer and a spirited army to back them, but our confidence is firm. And permit me to add, General, that among all the Confederate officers, no one is so great a favorite with us as yourself. Such is my own feeling, and that of our army and people.

Beauregard.-- You are very kind, sir; but we have better officers than I am. Gen. Sydney Johnston and Gen. Joseph Johnston are both my superiors in ability as well as in rank, I have served under both of them most cheerfully, and know them well. I care nothing for rank; the good of my country is what I look to.

Other observations were made, but the foregoing embraces the chief points of the interview. Gen. Prentiss was easy and pleasant, and not at all depressed. Apparently, too, he was quite candid; and yet I thought I detected a disposition to evade if not to deceive, in his reply as to the whereabouts and forces of Buell. I believe that Buell is near at hand.

I am unable to approximate the number killed and wounded on either side. The loss upon the part of both must be heavy, though not so great as it would have been but for the protection afforded by the trees.

Among our wounded are Gen. Cheatham, Bushrod Johnston, Bowen, Clark and Gladden--the first five not seriously. Gen. Gladden, who commanded the right wing of Hardee's corps, lost his left arm. Gen. Cheatham received a ball in the shoulder, and Gen. Bushrod Johnson one in the side. Gen. Bowen was wounded in the neck, and doing well at last accounts. Col. Adams, of the Louisiana regulars, succeeded Gen. Gladden in the command of the right wing, and was soon after shot, the ball striking him just above the eye and coming out behind the ear. Col. Kitt Williams, of Memphis, and Col. Blythe, of Mississippi, formerly Consul to Havana, were killed. Many other officers were wounded and killed, but my knowledge of the regiments is too limited, and the confusion too great to procure reliable details. The Mississippians, Tennesseans and Louisianians suffered terribly. All the troops behaved gallantly. Never did men fight better; and many of them were raw troops fresh from their homes. The 21st Alabama regiment took two batteries, and the first Louisiana a section of artillery; other regiments did equally well.

The battle was fought around Shiloh Church, the place of worship of the surrounding country, and will be known in history as the Battle of Shiloh.

I write in Capt. Fulton's tent, Quartermaster of the 53d Ohio regiment, which Gen. Beauregard has kindly assigned to two friends and myself. Capt. F. was kind enough to leave an ample supply of paper, which I have been using freely. The tent was perforated by twenty-one musket balls.

It is now raining very hard. Up to sunset the day was lovely. The change is the result, doubtless, of the heavy cannonading kept up since early morning. The enemy is still throwing shells from his gunboats and some of them fall uncomfortably near our tent. Whether he fears a night attack, or is seeking to cover the transfer of his army to the other bank of the river, it were impossible to say.

Will Buell come? I have my fears. But let us leave the morrow to tell its own tale. Meanwhile I shall court the sweet embrace of Somnus upon Capt. Fulton's camp cot. There is many a weary soldier lying on the wet ground to-night, who is ready to join with Sancho Panza, and say, "blessed be the man who invented sleep."

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, April 30 (1, 2-3), 1862.

From the Savannah Republican.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.
THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

Battle Field of Shiloh,
(Near the Tennessee, River,)
Monday Night, April 7, 1862.

We have had another day of battle and blood. The fight was renewed this morning at eight o'clock by the enemy, who had been reinforced during the night; and with the exception of short breathing spells it raged with tremendous violence and fury until night separated the combatants. But I am anticipating the events of the day. Let me resume the narrative where my last letter left it, and rehearse the varying fortunes of the day in the order of their occurrence. This is necessary to a proper understanding of the battle; and until this general sketch or outline is drawn, it will be impossible to enter into those minor details which constitute an interesting feature in the picture.

Night alone prevented us from reaping the fruits of our brilliant victory of yesterday. It was quite dark when we chased the foe back to Pittsburg Landing, where he sought protection from his gun boats and river works. Had Beauregard possessed the power of Joshua to command the sun to stand still in the heavens for the space of an hour our victory would have been as complete as that of the great Hebrew warrior. As it was, we expected to be able to capture so much of the Federal force this morning as could not be transferred to the other bank of the river last night, unless large reinforcements should come to their relief.

The enemy received the most important aid from his gunboats. Indeed, he is indebted to these gunboats for his escape from certain destruction. They, together with his river works, answered the valuable purpose of fortifications, to which he could retire when beaten on the field. With only our light field pieces,

it was impossible to operate at night with any hope of success against these works and boats, or to prosecute during the heavy storm that followed the work of completing the victory. Our forces had reached the river in one or two places as night came on, and in this way had gained some knowledge of the ground and the nature and position of the enemy's defenses. With this knowledge, and the enemy driven into close quarters and caught between our lines and the river, there was every reason to believe we would be able to capture the larger part of his forces this morning, provided they were not reinforced during the night or transferred to the other bank of the river.

The boats kept up a constant fire during the night from their heavy guns. It appears that the enemy did not seek to recross the river. Knowing that large reinforcements were at hand, he held his position on the river bank until this morning. Gen. Beauregard knew there was a division of 7,000 men at Crump's Landing, a few miles below Pittsburg, and he gave orders last night to proceed against them this morning, and to capture them. This division succeeded, however, in forming a junction with the forces at Pittsburg, and at 8 o'clock this morning the Federals, thus reinforced, moved out from the river and offered us battle. They must have known that other reinforcements were at hand, and that they would arrive upon the field at an early hour. The fight was renewed about a mile and a half from the river or midway between the river and the Federal encampment.

The enemy came up to the work with great spirit and resolution. Appeals had doubtless been made to the men during the night, and the re-possession of their camp represented to them as a point of honor from which there could be no escape. The attack was directed against our centre; and though vigorous and spirited, and not expected, it was repulsed, and the enemy driven back with great slaughter. He rallied again, however, and this time he moved with an increased force upon our right wing. Here, too, he was repulsed and forced to

retire. His next attempt was directed against our left wing, his attacks growing more vigorous and his forces increasing with each succeeding movement. Indeed it was now evident that he had received large accessions to his ranks, and that we had fresh troops and heavy odds to contend against. But the Confederates nobly did their duty, and the attack on the left was also repulsed. The enemy again retired but only for a time; for Buell's forces had now come up and the attack was renewed all along our lines, on the right, center and left. Simultaneously with this, an attempt was made to turn both our wings.

The battle now raged with indescribable fury. I have never heard or imagined anything like the roar of the artillery, and the incessant rattle of the small arms. The deep thunder bass of the one, and the sharp, shrill tenor of the other, intermingled with the shrieks of bursting shells and the whizzing of cleaving rifled cannon balls, were grand beyond description. It was the awful Hymn of Battle, rolling upward to the skies and literally shaking the earth beneath. It was a solemn anthem, the notes of which were traced in blood, and uttered from brazen throats, that might have satisfied Mars himself.

The Confederates stood their ground against the furious onset, and for the fourth time the enemy was compelled to retire.

"As meets the rock a thousand waves--
So Inisfail met Lochlin!"

It was now one o'clock. Our men were greatly exhausted; they had fought eighteen hours, and withal had slept but little, having been engaged much of the preceding night in searching out and taking care of the wounded. It was evident, too, that the enemy had been largely reinforced, and that each succeeding attack was made by fresh troops and overwhelming numbers. In view of these facts, and in order to rest his men, and to prevent an unnecessary loss of life, Gen. Beauregard availed himself of the fallingback of the Federals to withdraw his

troops to the enemy's line of encampment, where we rested last night. This was about a mile and a half from the point where the fight commenced this morning.

The enemy hesitated for some time, but finally came up and renewed the conflict. He was met with undiminished courage and resolution by the Confederates, who displayed the greatest possible gallantry. The battle raged on, and night alone separated the combatants. At length the enemy fell back, and so did the Confederates, both sides badly worsted and severely punished. Hardee, who commanded the front line or corps, held his ground until the enemy withdrew. Our reserves had been engaged throughout the day, and Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, each in his proper position, were in immediate command upon the field, and nobly co-operated in the work of the day. They deserve great credit, as do the brigade and regimental officers, as do the gallant spirits whom they led to battle. Gen. Breckenridge particularly distinguished himself. Though not a military man by profession, Gen. Beauregard is reported to have said that he displayed great aptitude and sagacity, and handled his brigade with skill and judgment.

Having said thus much, I feel it to be my duty as a faithful chronicler of the times, to refer to a matter here which had a controlling influence upon the fortunes of the day.

Our attack yesterday was so sudden and successful, that the enemy found it impossible to remove his quartermaster and commissary stores, or even to save the baggage of the men. The temptation thus presented was too great for our troops to resist. Sunday night large numbers of them, supposing there would be no more fighting, set to work to gather up such spoils as the Federal encampment contained. There were arms, overcoats, caps, shoes, coffee, sugar, provisions, trunks, blankets, liquors, private letters, and numberless other things which the enemy had been compelled to abandon. Such of our troops as were engaged in searching out the

wounded and dead, or were not restrained by a sense of duty, wandered from their respective camps, and spent much of the night plundering. Orders had been issued by General Beauregard positively prohibiting anything of the kind, but many of the troops are raw and officers and men were alike elated at our success; and consequently, the necessary steps were not taken to enforce the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. At an early hour this morning, the men renewed their search after the spoils of victory, and many of them were separated from their commanders when the enemy renewed the battle. Some of them had even started back to their camps, loaded with such articles as they had been able to find.

After deducting the killed and wounded, and those who were engaged in removing the wounded, it would be no exaggeration to say five thousand sound and able bodied men had thus wandered out of the line, and took no part whatever in the battle to-day. On the other hand, the enemy had been largely reinforced.

Thus, with a diminished force on our part, we had to meet fresh troops and a more numerous army than that we encountered yesterday. And thus, too, the spoils have prevented us from again driving the enemy back into the Tennessee, notwithstanding the great odds in his favor.

It was well enough, while the conflict lasted, that our troops should exchange their smooth-bored muskets and shot guns for the splendid arms thrown away by the retreating foe. but there can be no excuse for the disgraceful proceedings to which I have alluded.

The spoils of victory are not less demoralizing than defeat and disaster. Such is the lesson taught by history in all ages of the world, from the time when Achan was seduced by the "wedge of gold," down to the present day. It is hoped that the experience of this day will not be thrown away either by out officers or soldiers.

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, April 30 (1, 4-5), 1862.

Correspondence of the Mobile Register.

CORINTH, April 12, 1862.

Both armies seem to have settled down into a state of quiet. There is more or less skirmishing between the pickets and cavalry, in which the Confederates invariably get the best of it. It has rained almost uninterruptedly since the battle, and the condition of the roads is such as to render them impassable to artillery and baggage trains. It is not probable, therefore, that the enemy will undertake any offensive movement of a general character for some days--perhaps not for two weeks.

The seizure of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad at Huntsville should create no alarm. It is to be regretted, of course, but it has been expected for some time. The army for the defence of the Southwest has already been more or less concentrated; and should it be found necessary to call for additional troops from the South Atlantic States, they can be forwarded by another route. The interruption of communication by the road will doubtless interfere with arrangements of the Quartermaster's Department, which has been drawing a good deal of forage from points east of Huntsville. So much greater the necessity, therefore, that every blade of fodder and every grain of corn, in the Cotton States, should be carefully husbanded. Nothing upon which man or beast can subsist should or ought to be wasted.

There is no reason to believe that the enemy will seek to move down into Alabama from Huntsville. His destination is Memphis and New Orleans. He may occupy so much of Alabama as lies north of the Tennessee river, but he will hardly venture to cross the river so far east. That portion of the railroad lying north of the river cannot be much, if any, less than one hundred miles long.

A complete muster roll of the Federal expedition to the Tennessee, was found in the battle field. It shows that the enemy had a force at and around the battle ground of 61,000 men. This includes the division of Gen. Lewis Wallace at Crump's landing, four miles below Pittsburg, and which was not engaged until early Monday morning. There were 21 batteries, averaging six pieces to the battery -- thus making the number of their guns 126. After deducting for the sick, we have force of 48,500 men. the divisions at Crump's landing, and allowing 5,000 ~~men~~ These men we fought on Sunday. The forces opposed to us on Monday, 25,000 of whom were fresh troops, were still larger. Allow 10,000 for the captured, killed, wounded and disabled on Sunday, there would still remain of the original force 38,200 men, Wallace's division of 7,500 and Buell's reinforcements, who came up Monday, roughly estimated at 17,500 -- making together 25,000 men -- would swell the Federal army opposed to us on Monday to 62,000. These fresh forces doubtless brought with them as many guns as we had captured, which would leave their artillery about as strong on Monday as it was strong on Sunday.

It would be improper, perhaps, to offer any estimate of the forces engaged on our side. When all the facts shall have come out, however, there will be found additional reason for the pride we so justly feel in Southern arms and Southern prowess. The Confederate forces were chiefly from Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. Georgia was represented by an excellent battery and a fine cavalry company, and gallant little Florida had a regiment on the field. Georgia, as you know, is very largely represented on other fields. It would be improper to make distinctions, if any really existed; and I am glad to have it in my power to state, as the result of my own personal observation on the field, and from information derived from official sources, that all our troops behaved with the greatest gallantry. They conducted themselves as men ought to do who were fighting for their hearthstones and for

liberty itself. Alabama has just reason to feel gratified with the performance of her heroic children. This is the judgment of all men. And while all the superior officers distinguished themselves, your own Gen. Withers was among the most heroic and daring, gallantly leading his men in the very thickest of the fight. He escaped, I am glad to say, without a scratch.

The dashing Gen. Gladden, who so ably led four of your own regiments until he lost an arm, has just breathed his last. A brave officer and noble soldier has gone down, but his name will long live on glory's page.

It is now stated that Gen. Johnston was not struck in the body at all, but that he was wounded in the foot and just above and behind the knee. It was the latter wound that proved fatal. The ball cut an artery, and he was so far in advance that he bled to death before a surgeon could be brought up! It was a critical moment, and he placed himself at the head of a brigade and made a bold dash at the enemy which literally scattered them to the winds. But his life was the price of our success. All honor to the fallen chief! He entered the battle with the resolution to return victorious or die upon his shield. He did both!

The battle abounded in acts of personal prowess and individual gallantry. I have already alluded to such as came to my knowledge; but the weather has been such, and the facilities for visiting the camps, which occupy an area of several miles, are so limited, that I have not found it possible to collect and verify them for publication. Many of them will reach you through private letters, and to them I must refer you for the present.

One thing I must urge upon the people at home and that is to fill up as rapidly as possible the places of the noble dead. Many of the companies and regiments have suffered very heavily, some of them have been decimated, and but few were ever entirely full. Let recruits come forward at once, and take up the arms that have been laid aside by the fallen brave. Another great battle will be fought here soon; if not here, then somewhere in the vicinity of the Tennessee

river. But whenever fought, it must be more or less decisive of the campaign in the Southwest. Cavalry are not wanted; we have too many now. The country is unsuited to this kind of service. Such is the opinion of our best officers; and I doubt whether any more cavalry would be received, if offered.

No return has been made, as far as I have been informed of the number of guns captured. The reports of the killed and wounded come in slowly also, owing to the active duty upon which many of the regiments are engaged. We still hold a part of the battle field, and troops who are thus engaged have but little time to prepare reports. Our entire loss/^{it}is now thought is quite 3,000. At least one-third of the wounded are already on their feet.

I have just heard that among the slain on the Federal side was Gen. Lewis Wallace, who commanded the division brought up from Crump's landing. The commanders of divisions were Sherman, Smith, Sick, Prentiss, McClellan, Hurlburt and the two Wallaces.

On our side Gen. Johnston was killed, and Gen. Gladden has since died. Cheatham was wounded in the shoulder, and had three horses shot under him. Bushrod Johnston was wounded in the side; Hardee very slightly in the arm and side, and horse shot, and Bonner in the neck--all slight. Major Gilmer, Chief of Engineers, had his arm broken by a spent ball--wounded not serious.

A courier has this moment brought news of the capture of Decatur.

I return to Memphis for a few days, to look after affairs up the Mississippi, and to make some necessary arrangements for the campaign.

P. W. A.

Southern Watchman, April 30 (1, 3-4), 1862.

From the Mobile Advertiser.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

Monterey, near Shiloh,
Tuesday, 10 A. M. April 8. 1862.

Meeting with an opportunity to send forward my letter of last night, I have opened it for the present hour.

Neither party has showed a disposition to renew the fight this morning. We have not sought the enemy and they have not sought us. Both sides seem to have had enough of battle. After scowling at each other, like two exhausted pugilists, with bloodshot eyes and bruised and battered bodies they have turned away and left the contest still undecided. The Confederates are quietly returning to their lines and the Federals to theirs. We have burnt a good many of their tents, and brought away a great deal of their baggage and camp property, and all the guns captured on Sunday.

The medical stores were to have been removed yesterday, but the renewal of the fight early in the morning prevented it. We took other guns yesterday and lost four belonging to Sanford's Mississippi battery. Gen. Breckenridge had ordered the battery to be withdrawn, but the officer in charge waited to fire a few more shot, and thus lost a portion of his guns. We lost no small arms or prisoners that I have heard of, except such old muskets as were thrown aside by our troops for the superior arms left by the enemy. We also brought away a number of wagons and horses, and some ambulances. But no account has yet been taken of our captives, and I forbear entering into further details until reliable data can be obtained.

For the same reason, I shall offer no opinion as to the number of killed and wounded on either side. I hope the Confederate loss is not so large as many believe it to be. I am satisfied that the number killed is not in the usual proportion to the wounded. This is owing doubtless, to the protection afforded by the trees.

6 P. M. -- The enemy ventured so far this afternoon as to send out a cavalry regiment a short distance in the direction of our lines. General Greckenridge sent the Texan Rangers and Forest and his mounted men after them, who captured about fifty prisoners and chased the remainder back and through two regiments of infantry that had come along to support them.

In the confusion that ensued among the Federals, they fired upon their own cavalry and wounded and killed a number of them. Col. Forest received a shot in the side, which passed around near the spine, making rather an ugly wound. The entire federal force engaged immediately fell back in evident disorder.

It would be premature at this time to indulge in speculation upon the results of the two days' battle, out of which we have just emerged. I may be permitted to say, however, that the effect upon the Confederates has been to inspire them with fresh confidence and renewed determination. They have felt of the enemy and themselves passed through the fire and will be the better prepared for a second great battle which is to come off at or near Corinth.

I am not informed as to the extent of the reinforcements which the enemy has received, or of his ability to undertake an early forward movement. He has been badly crippled and cut up, and has lost much valuable property, and many of his best field pieces. Moreover, the roads are in a shocking condition. It rained very hard last night and again to-day, and there is a prospect for more rain to-night. All these things will tend to delay further active operations by either party.

Southern Watchman, April 30, (2, 4-6), 1862.

"SAMUEL."

We welcome back to our columns our old friend "Samuel," who will be remembered by our readers of former years. Like a true patriot, he is satisfied with the position of a private in the ranks. As will be seen, he has lost none of his ancient vigor as a writer:

Savannah, Ga., April 26th, 1862.

John H. Christy, Esq.--It has been a long time since I penned a sentence for the Watchman, with the readers of which I used to hold voluminous converse on various subjects of public policy, ever the signature of "Samuel" and other cognomens. You and your patrons have not forgotten my scribblings, I am sure; and, with your and their permission, I now propose a renewal of old acquaintance for old acquaintance' sake.

I have been in the army, stationed at, and near this city for the defense of Savannah and the coast, near four months. I sought, and have attained, the position I desired--that of a high private in the ranks of the soldier. The Battalion of which I am a member reached Savannah on the first day of January last, and pitched their tents about one mile from the City, in its western suburbs. Here, we have remained ever since, in a state of inaction, at least so far as fighting is concerned. Our time, however, has not been unemployed, or spent in inglorious ease. The men have been engaged pretty constantly in fatigue duty--the hardest kind of labor--in throwing up breastworks, and field fortifications, for the defence of the City, at every point, where the enemy might attempt an approach by land--in felling timbers, and sinking them in the channels leading up to the City, so as to obstruct the passage up the river of the enemy's gunboats--in loading old bulks with sand and sinking them--in building rafts, to be sent down the river to impede or prevent navigation, and other labors incident to military operations in the field. The drill, in the meantime, has not

been neglected, and if opportunity offer, I am of the opinion that the boys all of whom are from Cherokee Georgia, accustomed to the use of the rifle from infancy, will cause many a Yankee thief to get peaceable possession of what he came after--a plantation--of the dimensions of three by six feet! There is much barren, waste land about Savannah--sand-bars, large and roomy--fit for nothing but the reception into its bosom of dead alligators, and wooden-nutmeg, clock-making Yankee dogs. If the City is attacked by land or water, many a Hessian will be sent to his long home--away down to the torrid regions of h-- the sunny South!

Since the fall of Pulaski, everything below has remained in statu quo on the coast, and in the vicinity of the City. The people here are not apprehensive of an early attack on Savannah, believing that the Yankees are now satisfied, having re-possessed the Fort, thus enabling the Lincoln Government effectually to blockade the river, and prevent all ingress and egress to this port. I am of this opinion. To land any considerable force below the City would be to them a dangerous undertaking, and to march a heavy column against the city by land against the twenty-five thousand rifles and shot guns, lances and bayonets, in the hands of sharp shooters and brave men, fighting on their own soil, for their homes and altars, I conceive utterly impossible. There are but two or three ways for the enemy to reach the City by land, and these are studded with strong defences, in the shape of breastworks, mounted with heavy ordnance. We have, in the coast defence, and stationed within calling distance of any point where a conflict can be expected to come off, several well appointed Artillery and Cavalry companies, who would claim the honor of a place in the picture, should such an encounter happen. But, I apprehend no attempt will be made in this direction, the business being too hazardous for the quiet of the nerves of Maine, Connecticut and Michigan cut-throats, thieves, chicken stealers, houseburners and marauders. They may attack the City by the river, but in doing so they may expect rough treatment from Fort Jackson, and the batteries below; and in passing up, every inch of their progress will be contested by the Sharp Shooters of our army from its banks. As fast as the

villains would show themselves, so fast, and surely, would a minnie or musket ball, be sent with unerring aim through their carcasses. My opinion, upon the whole, is, that the reduction of Savannah forms no part of the Lincoln programme at the present time. Their demonstrations against Fort Pulaski, and on the coast, are intended and designed to retain here a large army of Confederates, and thus prevent them from being sent to reinforce Beauregard in the West and Johnston in Virginia. Time, and a few short weeks, perhaps days, will determine this question, and to this never-failing arbiter I submit its solution.

In regard to the fall of Pulaski, but little is definitely known here. That the Fort is in the possession of the enemy, and the disgraced stars and stripes of the old and now happily defunct Union are floating from its ramparts, is undeniably true; but, of the extent of injury done to the fort, or the casualties within, during the awful bombardment through which it and its garrison passed, nothing is known. From the correspondence of the N. Y. Herald, as I learn this morning, (I have not read it,) the walls of the fort did not suffer any material injury, not being perforated by the heavy balls of the enemy's guns in a single instance. The same authority says that three of the companies composing the garrison, mutinied, and the fighting devolved wholly upon two companies, to wit: the Oglethorpe Light Infantry and German Volunteers, both from this City. Two Irish companies, and one company from the interior of the State, utterly refused to take part in the action, and from this cause, the fire of the enemy in front and the mutinous conduct of the companies mentioned within its walls, the Commandant, Col. Olmstead, was forced to yield and surrender into the hands of the enemy the fort, garrison, cannon, munitions and all, unconditionally. This information, coming as it does from the filthiest of all the lying Lincoln newspapers, published in Yankeedoodlelom, should be received with doubt and misgiving by the Southern public. It is as natural for the Herald to tell lies, and whopping lies, as it is to find pig tracks round a hog's bed, or for water to run down grade. But, if the statements from that paper are

based on truth, then, all I have to say is, these mutineers, who refused to assist their comrades, in the hot ordeal through which they were passing, when they return back to their homes, ought, every rascal of them, to be treated to a magnificent reception, in the shape of a coat of tar and feathers, a ride upon a sharp edged rail, and forty minutes suspension from strong limbs in the forest, at the end of swamp grape vines. Such cowards and ingrates should never be permitted to take up their habitations again, alive, in any portion of the Confederate States, but should be consigned to the doom of the felon, and be made to fill a felon's grave, without benefit of clergy, their memories remaining for all time to come "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

The State troops, by reason of the passage of the Conscript Act, by the Congress at Richmond, have all been transferred, bag and baggage, to the Confederate Government, and are now amenable to Confederate authority. Considerable excitement followed the announcement in these parts, among both officers and men; but all this will subside, and our "machine" go on, in the performance of its work, as the provisions of the bill come to be understood and applied, practically, to the military operations and movements of the country. At present, much doubt and uncertainty exists as to the provisions of the bill, or, rather, as to their correct interpretation and meaning, and what effect the new order of things will have upon the multifarious corps now composing our armies in the field. Not having read the Act, and withal, not being a military genius, I am unable to assist those that are so much puzzled and troubled about the meaning of certain clauses in the provisions of the law, out of their difficulty. All must patiently await the action of the President in executing the law, and the orders to be issued from the War Department, at Richmond, for correct information on all the points now forming the subject matter of the general disputation.

One fact is certain, every man in the Confederate States, between the ages of 18 and 35 years, is now a soldier, subject to be called into active service in the field, any day that President Davis may see proper to call for him. There is

no room for cavil upon this point, and all men, falling within this category, may content themselves accordingly. Then, let all go to rubbing up his shooting iron, be it shot gun, musket, or rifle, for you know not what even an hour may bring forth. Our country is being invaded, and our cities beleaguered, at every point, approachable by the enemy, and all the brains, all the nerve, all the muscle, courage, bravery, endurance patience, and determination of every man and woman, in the confines of the sunny South, will be called into requisition to meet, and successfully overcome, the hordes of Northern Goths, Huns, Vandals, and Lombards, who are warring against us, and forging chains to enslave our posterity, for all time to come, in a bondage, a thousand times worse than the Israelites suffered at Pharaoh's hands in Egypt.

In view of the possibility of an occupation of the city by Lincoln's forces, many families have left, and sought shelter in the interior towns and villages, and in the country. The streets everywhere present a denuded appearance, so far as population is concerned, and business of every description presents the same lifeless, unhealthy aspect. The business of measuring tape, the dry goods part, is in the hands, and conducted principally, by cadaverous looking, cushion-footed Jews, that infest and have cursed every hamlet, village, town, and city in the land. They utterly refuse to shoulder their muskets and fight in defence of the invaded South; and as to making donations to our various hospitals, or furnishing our soldiers, or their suffering wives and children, with needful supplies, without two prices for every article, they are as clear of it as is a dog of a soul. It is characteristic of a Jew to be engaged in the clothing trade, always having old "garments" on their shelves for sale. They started this business, at Jerusalem, about 1862 years ago, upon the occasion of the crucifixion of one Jesus of Nazareth, "casting lots for his garments," and they have been persistently following up the vocation of their "illustrious predecessors" in the clothing business ever-since!

And as clothing is an item universally wanted by the soldiers, these patriotic gentry are having now, and are likely to have, a feast of fat things, in the shape of large profits "in their line." Governor Brown's system of seizure doctrine ought to have been thoroughly carried out to all its legitimate consequences. His seizure of salt was right; if he had laid his strong hands upon all the coffee, sugar, molasses, syrup, bacon, flour, clothing, homespuns, factory yarns, hardware, in fact every article, used or consumed by soldiers and their families, affixing a reasonable price to each, and continued to seize all, as fast as thrown upon the market, speculation would have been killed, much privation and suffering among the poorer classes been obviated or prevented; and the people, everywhere, would not only have endorsed his conduct in the end, but cheerfully acquiesced in it, and honored him for it. It is not too late for him to act yet in the premises; and in view of the fact that many articles of prime necessity will, in a short time, by reason of enhanced prices, be utterly beyond the reach of a large majority of families in this State, I hope he will act, and act promptly and efficiently, to put a stop to the system of pillage now everywhere afflicting and cursing our land. The times demand this course on the part of the Governor. It is nonsense to leave this matter to be adjusted by "public sentiment," Public sentiment, indeed! Who, what class, controls public sentiment in Georgia? Everybody, with a thimble full of brains, knows, that it is the wealthy capitalist, and the man well to do in the world, who manufactures public opinion, and directs and controls public sentiment. And is it human nature for a man, or class of men, to do what it is inimical to their pecuniary interest and supremacy to do? The idea is ridiculous--the very acme of absurdity. Captalists, and money hucksters, and money changers, those very men who originate, and, by aid of their funds, govern public sentiment, in this country, are the very men who are forestalling the markets, and running up and demanding two, three, and four prices for every article of

necessity demanded by their neighbors, who are less fortunate in the possession of the abundance of this world's pelf, but who must live, or starve, they and their offspring, unless a speedy termination is put to the disgraceful impositions daily, hourly, and momentarily practised upon them, by the greedy sharks everywhere infesting the community. Prices here, in Savannah, for everything drank, or masticated by man, are exorbitant beyond any thing before experienced by the oldest inhabitant--and if the city has the usual proportion of poor people within its limits, who are dependent on their daily labor for meat and breat, all trades and callings and all business being in a state of almost perfect stagnation, I cannot for the life of me conjecture how, or whereupon, they manage to sustain life, and keep soul and body together. That there must, at this writing, be actual suffering, and much of it, among the more indigent families, does not, in my opinion, admit of a doubt. In Savannah, the center of the rice culture and trade in the South, this article of prime necessity has advanced in price, and will continue to advance, at a time too, when the heavy crop of 1861 is still now on hand, unsold, and impossible of exportation to foreign markets by reason of Lincoln's blockade of our ports. Why this advance in the price of this article? There is no reason for it--neither justice nor common sense--and those who are running up the price ought not only to be denounced and frowned down, but unceremoniously ejected from an outraged community. So, of every other article in the culinary department, consumed by a family. Bacon commands from 40 to 60 cents; meal \$2.25 and \$2.50; flour \$12 and \$15; chickens 75 cents; eggs 60 cents; port 25 and mutton 20 cents, etc., etc; all kinds of vegetables, of which there seems to be great abundance on the market, maintaining correspondingly high figures. If the free air of heaven could be appropriated by certain Lincolnite speculators and land sharks that infest this and all other cities and communities in the Confederate States, the monopoly would be consummated, and what our beneficent Creator designed for the free use and

fruition of all, would have to be bought and paid for at so much for every imbibition of breath into the lungs. The water itself, and fire, with which the food of our people is made savory for the palate, would be appropriated by these patriotic gentry that are doing so much for our country in this her hour of sore distress and greatest need. These Shylocks ought to be branded with an infamy so indelibly imprinted that neither time nor circumstances shall be sufficient to wipe out the stain. The people's detestation should follow them as long as they live, and be visited on their posterity to the fiftieth generation. The tory of 1776 was of angelic character, compared with the men of the present day who are seeking to enrich themselves from this war of independence, in which all true sons of the soil are now engaged, and I accumulate property from the heart's blood of our brave defenders in the field of carnage and death, and the shrieks, lamentations, and piteous petitions of their famishing wives and little ones for bread.

I have reached the bottom of my twelfth page of foodscap, and will close, fearing that I am wearying you and this reader. I have written this hurriedly, disregarding style, and the phraseology employed to express the thoughts presented to my mind in the rapidity of composition. I have written, too, on both sides of my paper--this your compositor will not like. The paper is, however, thick, the manuscript legible, and I hope the Printer will not be sorely puzzled to decipher my chirography. The grammar, orthography, and punctuation, I warrant to be A No. 1.

Should you print this, (do as you please with it,) I may trouble you with another letter after awhile, detailing such facts and incidents, occurring in this locality, as I may think will be interesting to you and your patrons.

With best wishes for you personally, and in the hope that the farmers of Georgia may plant no cotton--that they may be visited with propitious seasons, and gather, in the Summer and Autumn, a superabundant yield of oats, rye, wheat, peas, potatoes, beans, and corn, I remain as always, so now, your and their obedient servant.

W. A. LEWIS

SKIRMISH NEAR SOUTH MILLS.

We learn that the enemy landed in a force supposed to be from five to eight thousand strong, at Richardson's Landing, some three or four miles the other side of South Mills, on Saturday last. Our information is not positive, nor have we seen any official account. By some it is said they landed lower down and marched up to Richardson's.

From the best information we can get, we gather that Col. Wright, with a portion of the 3d Georgia Regiment, and Capt. McComas' Company of artillery, in all about 500 men, met them at this point, while on their march, and that the artillery suddenly emerged from their concealed position when the enemy were within 400 yards of them, and opened a deadly fire upon them, with grape and canister. This was supposed to be about 11 o'clock on Saturday, and from this time until 5 o'clock p. m., the battle raged, our small force repeatedly falling back, until they got behind their entrenchments, where they made a stand and sent off for reinforcements.

It is said the resistance by our troops was of the most determined nature, and kept the enemy back much longer than it was thought possible to do, in view of his overpowering numbers.

The first and second videttes sent off from the scene of action reported great slaughter among the enemy, and that none of our forces were hurt. But later in the day the news came in that we had lost 15 killed and about 50 wounded. Among the killed we learn is Capt. McComas, of the artillery company, and Lieut. Harris, of the 3d Georgia. The bodies of the killed, we learn, arrived at Deep Creek on Sunday morning. Capt. McComas, we learn, was killed by a Minnie ball entering in the vicinity of his heart.

A report reached here yesterday morning that Col. Wright's forces had fallen back to the Half-Way House, this side of his South Mills, where they are being rapidly reinforced.

The casualties to the enemy are not known, but it is believed their killed and wounded will far exceed our own.

LATER.

Later accounts from the scene of action represent that the enemy landed their forces at two different points on the Pasquotank river and marched them up for the purpose of surrounding and cutting off the forces we had stationed at the South Mills. In this they signally failed, and it is said have had to pay dear for their temerity. They were met by Col. Wright's four companies of the 3d Georgia and Capt. McComas' artillery company, in all about five hundred men, and were literally mowed down by our troops.

They made three assaults on our troops and were in each instance beaten back with great slaughter. It is said that two of their most prominent officers and about five hundred of their troops have been killed and wounded. So great was the slaughter among them, that notwithstanding their overpowering numbers, they did not attempt further to prevent our small force from retiring in good order and bringing off all our killed and wounded.

The killed (20) and wounded (31,) arrived here yesterday afternoon, and the latter were taken immediately to the Hospital.

It is said that so rapid were the discharges from our artillery pieces, that they found their ammunition about to give out much sooner than what was at first anticipated, and in consequence of not having a sufficiency for all purposes our troops lost advantages of importance, one of which was the chance of charging on an almost panic stricken foe. With what ammunition they did have though, it appears they accomplished wonders; having kept at bay eight regiments of the enemy, believed to consist of at least five thousand men, or ten to one. This was from 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ a. m., to 6 p. m., or 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We have no disposition to magnify this matter, and merely repeat it as we have heard it, believing it emanates from a source worthy of entire confidence.

It is said our men fought with great bravery and determination, regardless of the enemy's vast superiority of numbers; and that so great was the slaughter among our artillery horses that most of our pieces had to be drawn off the field by the men themselves on the falling back of our troops.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Since the above was written we have been in conversation with a member of the 3d Georgia Regiment who gave us the following account:

On Saturday afternoon about 12 o'clock, eight companies of the 3d Georgia Regiment, under command of Col. Wright, attacked the enemy in an open field about two miles below South Mills.

The enemy's forces was estimated at from 3,500 to 4,000 men, but notwithstanding the great odds in point of numbers against us, we succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay for a number of hours.

Finally, owing to the fact that our ammunition had become exhausted, we were compelled to fall back to South Mills, and from South Mills to the Half Way House, where we are now waiting reinforcements.

Our informant could not tell us the exact number of killed and wounded, but says it was at first estimated to be about one hundred. Since then the number has very much decreased, and from last accounts our loss, it is thought, will not exceed fifty.

The enemy's loss is represented as being very heavy, and is put down from eight to nine hundred. The account of the great havoc made among the Federal by our artillery pieces is confirmed by our informant -- NORFOLK DAY BOOK.

Southern Watchman, April 30 (2, 4), 1862.

THE THIRD GEORGIA AT SOUTH MILLS.

We are indebted to a friend for the following extract of a letter from an officer of the Athens Guards, giving an account of the late fight at South Mills:

Bank of Dismal Swamp Canal., N. C.,
April 21st, 1862.

Just after sunrise on Saturday morning last, the men who had not awaked were aroused by the keen report of cannon. This was continued for 20 or 30 minutes, when the companies in advance of us passed by the church at which we were stationed, and we received orders to fall back with them 4 miles to an entrenchment. Halting them for a moment, Col. Wright sent an order from South Mills to fall back there instantly, that was five miles further. We had insufficient transportation even for our sick, and had to lug our baggage or lose it.

We were ordered, with the Young Guards, to remain at a bridge, under command of Col. Lee, and burn it, and thus protect the approach from E. City, while the balance of our forces were to engage the enemy then advancing up the other side of the river from Camden C. H. The firing soon commenced and we could hear it distinctly. You cannot imagine the impatience our boys felt to leave their posts and pitch in, for there was no appearance of an enemy where we were. But we had positive orders, and therefore dare not leave.

After several hours artillery fighting, and about one hour musket firing the noise suddenly ceased just as the sound died away, a shout ensued, and all noise died away. Then it was that we were ordered up to join the other companies. We met the falling back in good order, but the Yankees did not follow. We took a stand while the other companies fell back, still to the rear, and seeing a detachment of Captain Hendon's company out skirmishing in front of us, we mistook them for Yankees, and Major Lee ordered the cannon which we had kept with our two companies, to open upon them. Our boys were so anxious to shoot that they also fired upon them with their Enfields, and we had almost destroyed them before they could

get out of the way, We did not, however, (thank God) hurt any of them. But this firing and the sight of our two companies strewn out as we were when we brought up our reinforcements together with the tremendous resistance our men had made in the fight, determined the Yankees to fall back also; this they did at night, but knowing they had five thousand men and could be large reinforced before day, and not knowing they had any idea of retreating, Colonel Wright called a council of war, and finding that we had less than one thousand men and but little more ammunition, none for one of our cannon, the council desired him to fall back to a safer place and await reinforcements in as much as our position could there be turned with ease by so large a force of the Yankees had.

We fell back several miles that night and received a force yesterday so large as to make us eager to return to the contest. But just as we were about to move forward, a dispatch was received by flag of truce from the Yankees, asking permission to bury their dead, &c.--We do not know certainly how many Yankees were killed, but it is thought by those who were in the fight that at least 500 were made to "bite the dust." I suspect this is a large estimate; but our men did certainly fight like devils. We lost only about 10 or 12 killed and as many were wounded. Lieut. Wilson, from Bairdstown, was wounded and taken prisoner; a Mr. Jernigan, who refused to leave him, was also taken. Deck Elder, of Capt. Hendon's company, was, we fear, taken prisoner. He has not come in. None of his men killed unless Elder was. All Capt Billups' boys are safe, of course, as none of them were engaged but Buck Vincent. He fought with Capt. Hendon's men. Capt. Beall and Capt. Griffin's men were not in the fight, by in reserve. We did not have more than three hundred men in the fight, besides Capt. Comas' Artillery Company. We had three pieces of artillery engaged and the Yankees three. Capt. Comas was killed. I have lost all my clothes. Many of our boys had to throw away knapsacks in the rapid march; but we are all eager to meet the Yankees in anything like equal combat. Gen. Blanchard, Col. Wright and ~~xxx~~ a thousand troops have gone to the battle field --

Southern Watchman, May 7 (2, 5-(3) 1), 1862.

THE FALL OF FORT PULASKI--FULL AND INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

The New York Herald has a long account of the bombardment and capture of Fort Pulaski. After describing minutely the vast array of guns and mortars in the eleven batteries which bore upon the fort, it gives the following correspondence.

Headquarters, Department of South,
Tybee Island, Ga., April 18, 1862.

To the Commanding Officer Fort Pulaski:

Sir: I hereby demand of you the immediate surrender and restoration of Fort Pulaski to the authority and possession of the United States.

The demand is made with a view to avoiding, if possible, the effusion of blood which must result from the bombardment and attack now in readiness to be opened. The number, calibre and completeness of the batteries surrounding you leave no doubt as to what must result in case of refusal; and as the defence, however obstinate, must eventually succumb to the assailing force at my disposal, it is hoped you will see fit to avert the useless waste of life.

This communication will be carried to you under a flag of truce by Lieut. J. H. Wilson, United States Army, who is authorized to wait any period not exceeding thirty minutes from delivery for your answer.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

DAVID HUNTER,

Major General Commanding.

REPLY.

Headquarters, Fort Pulaski,
April 10, 1862

Major General David Hunter, Commanding at Tybee Island:

Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, demanding the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski.

I reply, I can only say that I am here to defend the fort--not to surrender it.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Chas. H. Olmstead,

Colonel First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia,
commanding post.

Lieut. Wilson was received at the wharf, and his dispatch conveyed to Col Olmstead. He remained in the boat until the reply was received, about fifteen minutes after, when he immediately returned to Tybee, and delivered it to General Hunter. Upon its contents--so laconic and soldierly--becoming known, signal was made for the first gun to be fired. General Hunter, General Benham, General Gilmore, Captain Roberts and others, immediately hurried out to the batteries, where a good view could be obtained.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

On Thursday morning, at 23 minutes of eight, the fire was opened by a discharge of a thirteen inch mortar from Battery Halleck, fired by Lieut Horace Porter, of the Ordnance Department, the shell exploding in the air; and this was succeeded by a thirteen inch shell from Battery Stanton, which exploded short. In a moment or two several of the mortars were discharged from the other batteries; but none of the shell were effective, the firing being too wild and the fuses too short. Three minutes after the first fire Fort Pulaski responded from a ten inch barbette gun, the shell exploding harmless over Tybee Island. The fire at noon became general on both sides, little damage being done by either for some time, as we had not attained the correct range, and the enemy were not quite sure of the position of our battery. Soon, however, we observed the dust begin to fly from the pancopy, between the south and southeast faces, and we were satisfied that the braching batteries (Halleck, Scott, Siegel, McClellan, Totten), on Goat Point, were in full play, sending their rifled balls, solid ten inch shot and heavy shell, with terrible effect against the walls. Unfortunately, through some

weakness of the iron carriages of the ten-inch columbiads, two of the columbiads which were throwing solid ten-inch shells were dismounted by recoil, jumping backwards directly off their carriage.

The rifle guns were served rapidly and with skill, and in an hour or so but one gun on the barbette was in play, and that fired only occasionally. The fire was evidently too hot for the rebels, as they did not stick to their guns very closely. They played at our different batteries from their 32's and 42's in casemate; but finding they range too short to reach the mortar batteries, they concentrated their fire upon the Goat Point batteries, occasionally giving Battery Burnside a few moments attention, when Sergeant Wilson, of the Sappers and Miners, who commanded it, had got his range, and was annoying the fort with 13-inch shells, which burst in and over it. No damage was done. At 20 minutes past eleven the flag on Pulaski came down. the lanyards having been cut by a fragment of shell from mortar n. 2, Battery Stanton, worked by Corporal Trumbull, 7th Connecticut Volunteers. The result was hailed with loud cheers, that extended from battery to battery along the line. The flag was down 20 minutes or more, and then appeared again on a temporary flag-staff, and floated gaily in the breeze. The bombardment went on all day, the fire from our batteries being more effective every minute.

The enemy, finding that our thirteen-inch shells were not so destructive as they expected, began to work their barbette guns with great energy, and give us some trouble. Our parrott guns were brought to bear upon them, and a hot fire was poured upon their guns and one or two of them dismounted. The fire from the breaching batteries became more and more disastrous to the enemy as the day advanced. The pancope began to assume a mottled aspect. It appeared to have the small pox, blotches appearing all over it. These after a while ran together and deep holes in the face of the wall of the pancope were discovered, which became deeper and deeper, and finally assumed the form of a breach. The breach at dusk,

at which time the fire was suspended on both sides, was not entirely through the wall, except at one small point, through which a gleam of sunlight was caught about sunset. During the night an occasional shell was thrown from batteries Burnside and Halleck, and from the rifled guns of battery Siegel. The enemy made no reply, but seemed to be engaged in repairing damages. We had lost not a man during the day, and sustained no damage of consequence to our batteries.

Such as were injured were repaired by the engineers during the night, and were made ready by daylight for another day's operations. At daylight on Friday fire was again opened by our batteries and quickly responded to by the enemy--who had got their barbette guns in position during the night--with great rapidity and some precision, as I can testify myself if a lame wrist, obtained in a rapid movement in dodging a shell, may be considered good authority.

A ten-inch shell entered one of the embrasures of Battery McClellan, and exploded in the battery with terrible effect. Thomas Campbell, of Company H, Captain Rogers' Third Rhode Island Artillery, was struck by splinters of the shell on the head, left leg(which it crushed,) and on the thigh. He was buried at the same instant by a load of sand thrown from the magazine. He was immediately extricated and sent to the hospital, where he died in 45 minutes, perfectly conscious to the last. He was the only man killed on our side during the bombardment.

A German by the name of Knowles, of Company H, was hit by a fragment of the same shell, but a snuff box in his vest pocket saved his life, although it inflicted a painful contusion on his side.

Another shell exploded near the Second Lieut of Company H, tore his clothes in several places, and knocked him down, but did not injure him at all.

One man was killed on our side. One rebel killed; four wounded.

During the night all our dismounted 10 inch columbiads--one in Battery Lane and two in Battery Scott--were again mounted, and opened with effect in the morning. The James shells, which had well bored and honeycombed the pancope of the fort, had prepared it well for the operations of the solid 10-inch shot, and when the columbiads from Goat Point opened the pancope began to tremble. The breach of the day previous enlarged, two others were effected, and by two o'clock, when the rebel flag was hauled down, and the white flag raised, a practicable breach, large enough to drive a four horse wagon through had been formed, and our James shells were passing through, across the terra plain, and breaching the magazine itself. This brought the rebels to terms. They unconditionally surrendered.

THE CAPITULATION.

Gen. Gilmore immediately proceeded with his staff and Gen. Benham to Goat's Point, where a boat was soon obtained to cross over the South Pass of the river to the Fort and communicate with the defeated rebels. Articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed, and Gen. Gilmore stipulated that the wounded and dead might be sent to Savannah. The troops in the fort marched out and stacked their arms, and the officers surrendered their swords and small arms to Maj. Halphim, of Gen. Hunter's staff, with a few remarks as they laid down their weapons. The officers were greatly chagrined, of course, at the result, but talked as boldly and defiantly as ever.

Terms of CAPITULATION.

The following are the terms of capitulation agreed upon for the surrender to the forces of the United States of Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, Georgia:

Article 1.--The fort, armament and garrison to be surrendered to the forces of the United States.

Article 2.--The officers and men of the garrison to be allowed to take with them all their private effects, such as clothing, bedding, books, &c. This is not to include private weapons.

Article 3.--The sick and wounded, under charge of the hospital steward of the garrison to be sent under a flag of truce to the Confederate lines at the same time the men to be allowed to send any letters they may desire, subject to the inspection of a Federal officer.

Signed this 11th day of April, 1862.

Chas H. Olmstead,

Col. 1st Vol. Reg't of Georgia, Fort Pulaski.

Brig. Gen. Vols., commanding United States forces Tybee Island Georgia.

The document was sent to the district commander, and accompanied by the following communication from the General of the attacking brigade:

Fort Pulaski, Ga., April 11, 1862.

General H. A. Denham, Commanding Northern District, Department of the South, Tybee Island, Ga.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith the terms of capitulation for the surrender to the United States of Fort Pulaski, Ga., signed by me this 11th day of April, 1862.

I trust these terms will receive your approval, they being substantially those authorized by you as commander of the district.

The fort hoisted the white flag at a quarter before two o'clock this afternoon, after a resistance since eight o'clock yesterday morning to the continuous fire of our batteries.

A practicable breach in the walls was made in eighteen and a half hour's firing by daylight.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

Q. A. Gilmore,

Brigadier General Volunteers, commanding United States Forces on Tybee Island, Georgia.

We captured with the fort three hundred and sixty prisoners, including the

commander, staff and line officers. Their names are as follows;

Col. Charles M. Olmstead, commanding post; Major John Foley, Adjutant M. H. Hopkins, Quartermaster Robert Irwin, Commissaries Robert D. Walker, J. T. McFarland, Sergeant Major Robert H. Lewis, Quartermaster Sergeant Wm. C. Crawford, Ordinance Sergeant Harvey Sims.

Officers of the Montgomery Guard, Savannah, Georgia.--Captain B. J. Gilmartin; First Lieutenant, John J. Symons; Senior Second Lieutenant, Christopher Hussey; Junior Second Lieutenant C. M. Murphy.

German Volunteers, Savannah.--Captain, John H. Stiegan; Second Lieutenant Henry Warner, Junior Second Lieutenant Charles Unbach.

Oglethorpe Light Infantry, Savannah.--Captain F. W. Sims, First Lieutenant H. C. Truman, Junior Second Lieutenant, Jams Ackerman.

Wise Guard, Macon County, Ga.--Captain M. J. McMullin; First Lieutenant T. W. Montford; Senior Second Lieutenant, J. N. Ludlow; Junior Second Lieutenant, John Blow.

Washington Volunteers, Savannah.--Captain, John McHahon; First Lieutenant, Francis Blair; Senior Second Lieutenant, J. C. Howland; Junior Second Lieutenant, A. J. McArthur.

The balance of the three hundred and sixty are privates and non-commissioned officers. With the fort we took forty seven guns ten inch and eight inch, two rifled, but most casemate thirty twos and forty-twos. Also seven thousand shot and shell, and in the magazine we found about forty thousand pounds of powder of various qualities. About three months' supply of provisions was taken, will be well used by our troops.

The fort has been badly used by our shot and shell. The interior presents a melancholy aspect. The barricades or splinter proofs are torn to pieces in many places; piece, of bricks timber, stone, cannon balls, unexploded projectiles and shells, fragments of shell, etc. strew the parade ground in the interior of the work. At the angle of the breach, the arches have been torn out, guns dismounted,

and debris of brick and timber, broken gun carriages, muskets, etc., fill up the casemates. And in one or two places where shell entered the embrasures and burst inside, you can trace the flight of each fragment as it ripped up the woodwork and shattered the brick work in the casemates. The officers quarters were badly shattered. The breach being very large several rifle balls passed through it, over the terra plain, and began to batter the magazine on the northwest corner in a manner that carried terror to the hearts of the enemy. From their experience they knew that it was possible for a rifle shell to pass entirely through the walls of the magazine and blow it up and with the fort and all its occupants. This induced a surrender and the white flag went up. It will cost \$5,000 to put the fort into the same condition of defence that it was before we opened fire. The walls are greatly shaken, and all believe had the bombardment continued half a day longer the entire wall of the pancope would have fallen into a ditch a mass of ruins. The men could feel the walls of the fort tremble and quake when a solid ten-inch shot struck it, and from that fact you can get a tolerably correct idea of the immense force with which they strike. It was terrific. Out of fifteen guns and mortars enbarbette but four of them were serviceable. The balance were dismounted, or otherwise rendered incapable of use.

Southern Watchman, May 7, (2, 3), 1862.

THE FIGHT AT BRIDGEPORT.

We are indebted to Capt. Mintz for the following account of the affair at Bridgeport, Tenn, which will be read with interest, as many of "our boys" from this section participated in it:

Headquarters 43d Reg. Ga. Vols.
4th May, 1862.

Mr. Editor: For the satisfaction of friends at home I desire to give a true statement of facts as well as can I ascertain at Bridgeport, on Tuesday 29th ult. On Monday morning, the 43d Georgia regiment was ordered to Bridgeport, and arrived there about 2 o'clock P. M. In a short time our cavalry pickets came in with the news that the enemy were advancing in strong force--the 39th Georgia regiment, Col McConnell commanding, and Lieut. Col Bell commanding ours, the 43d, were drawn up in line battle. We slept that night on our arms until an hour before day, when Gen. Leadbetter ordered the 39th to advance on to Widows' Creek Bridge, five miles from Bridgeport, they returned at 8 or 9 o'clock, and reported that the enemy had fallen back towards Stephenson. General Leadbetter, then ordered Capt. Mullin's forty men three miles above the Railroad Bridge on Widows' Creek, Lieut. J. M. Story with thirty-seven men at the Bridge, and Lieut Simmons with forty men three miles down the River; when Lieut. Story arrived at the Bridge, he found some of the Arches cut and the Bridge, ~~discovered by the enemy~~ on fire. About 2 or 3 o'clock P. M., the advance post of Lieut. Story's command discovered the enemy advancing in strong force down the Railroad and bursting out of the woods below the Bridge, our pickets fired on them and returned back towards the main company, stationed about one hundred yards from the Bridge; the ground was fine bottom land for over half a mile to the woods--my company returned back towards the woods under a heavy fire of artillery--shells bursting all around them, but none were killed or hurt, except R. H. Hardy, as he was getting over the fence at the woods a shell bursted under

under him, litterly tearing the fence to pieces under him. I have no doubt but what he is now numbered with the many brave patriots who have given their lives in the defense of our country. Lieut. Story was exhausted from the effects of Rhumatism, and ordered his men to retreat on to Bridgeport, and report to Gen. Leadbetter. They all arrived safe except Sergt. T. J. Henderson, Corp'l U. J. Espy, Privates W. J. White M. F. Smith, John Coker, and Bisby Cokrr; the last seen of Sergt. Henderson and M. F. Smith, they were going in the direction of the enemy who crossed three miles above the Railroad Bridge, I have no doubt they are either killed or taken prisoners.

Corp. Espy, W. J. White and the two Mr. Cokers, were cut off with Lieut. Story. They arrived within one-fourth mile of Bridgeport, as our forces were retreating over the bridge, which was set on fire at the same time by them. They then made their way down the river, and were out all that night, and the next day and night, before they were fortunate enough to cross the river. They came into camps Friday evening about night, worn out, with blistered feet. They saved their guns in their rounds. Capt. ^WWilliams, when he heard the firing, on Lieut. Story, marching on to his aid, he went about one and a half miles, and found the firing so heavy that he knew that Story could not stand, and made his way for Bridgeport. But the time he lost in trying to reinforce my company, I fear proved the destruction of his command. Himself, and only nine have made their escape, that we have heard of. His Lieut. Rhinhardt--a brave and gallant officer is, no doubt, killed, the last was seen of him, he was making his way to the bridge firing on them every few steps, he fell, but still firing. Our forces on this side of the river fell back, thatnight fourteen miles. On my arrival at Chattanooga, finding some dead and some dying, the question with me was whether to go to my men who were in the battle-field, or stay with those who were sick and dieing, was a question with me of deep concern, while my men were either killed or prisoners. I felt ^{disposed}

to help to recover the living, as I could do the dead no good. On the first train when called for again, I joined into make battle in behalf of my men who were left behind, being considerably fatigued and wearied out, unable to do duty, but willing to give my live for the rescue of my men. I went on to meet the enemy and after getting a portion of way to Bridgeport, we received the news that the enemy had fallen back from Bridgeport, and that Gen. Price had cut them off at Decatur, Ala. We are now in Chattanooga, ready to meet them and drive them off from Georgia soil.

M. M. Mintz.

Southern Watchman, May 7 (1, 2-4), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

South Mills, N. C., April 22, 1862.

Friend Christy:--To relieve the anxiety of our numerous friends, and especially those who have husbands, sons and brothers in the Clarke Rifles, I send you, for publication, the following account of the casualties and the part we bore in the late engagement near this place.

Early in the morning of the 19th inst., heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Elizabeth City, and about 8 o'clock we learned that the enemy had landed a large force about 12 o'clock the preceding night, and were advancing on South Mills by the Camden road, with the evident intention of cutting off the seven companies of our Regiment stationed on the E. City road and avoiding the entrenchments in that direction. Immediately knapsacks were packed, arms inspected and everything in waiting for orders to march. About 9 o'clock our company was ordered to move forward and take position about two miles Southeast of the Mills, on the Camden road. Being a little nearer we were the first to arrive on the ground. I deployed on the left of the road, with a large plantation in front, surrounded by a ditch 2 feet wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ deep, with a fence on the inside and a heavy growth of young pines in the rear. The fence was pulled down and piled up on the bank of the ditch, which afforded a pretty good protection against musketry. Shortly afterwards, Col. Wright, with 2 pieces of Capt. McComas' Artillery, arrived and took position in the road in the edge of the field. The Dawson Greys and Home Guards soon came up and were deployed on the right. Col. Wright with the eye of a veteran and a true soldier, immediately made his dispositions for the approaching conflict. Some houses in the way, on either side of the road, were burned; the ditches crossing the plantation were filled with rails and fired, to prevent the enemy from occupying them. The Brown Rifles and Burke Guards, who had been stationed at the entrenchments, came up and were deployed

on our left. Two companies, under Col. Read, were held as a reserve, and the Athens Guards and Young Guards, under Maj. Lee, were left to burn Pasquotank bridge and defend the approach from E. City. The 1st platoon of my company, in command of Lieut. McBee, were thrown out on the extreme left to act as skirmishers and prevent our being flanked in that direction. This heroic little band, in their eagerness to find the enemy, which they did, and succeeded in killing and wounding a number of them were cut off, and after many hair-breadth escapes, being fired upon by some of our own force, and wading almost impenetrable morasses, finally succeeded in rejoining the company, "all safe."

Thus arranged, with only four and a half companies and two pieces of artillery in line of battle, we calmly awaited the approach of the enemy, 6,000 strong, resolved to give him battle. We were not long kept in suspense, for soon the head of their column came in sight, advancing along the road. The ball was opened at the distance of about 500 yards, by one of our guns, which immediately stopped their advance. They were doubtless surprised to find us there. We lay down, expecting a shell in reply; and sure enough, here it came, whizzing through the air. This was the first we ever heard: it passed high over our heads, however, and fell in the woods far beyond. I passed along the lines to see how our boys took it. They were laughing and cracking jokes, as though they were going into a game of town ball. For three hours we lay thus exposed to his fire--the balls singing over our heads, tearing off the limbs and occasionally exploding near us. Our Artillery did splendid shooting; the third ball struck immediately in their front, knocking the dust in their faces, and went cochetting down their lines, driving them back and doubtless causing great destruction. One of their shells bursted exactly where the Artillery was stationed, disabling one gun, wounding one man and a piece struck a tree through the bark in Capt. McComas' face, Later in the day he was struck by a minnie ball, and died instantly. A braver and a

cooler man never lived. The Old Dominion may well be proud of such a son.

While the cannonading was going on, I walked along the lines where our noble boys were lying, and wondered to myself how many of that gallant little band would answer to roll call that night, and involuntarily uttered a prayer that God would turn aside the enemy's balls, and spare them for their country, their families and their friends.

Knowing that the enemy would try to flank us, Lieut. Crenshaw, who had come on the field with an Enfield rifle, was sent forward into the ditch to watch the movements of the enemy, and soon reported them advancing along the fence side, on our left. I looked, and sure enough there they were. One came over the fence -- he fired on him and he fell, and was consequently the first man who fired a musket. The order was given to advance into the ditch, and with a yell the boys pitched into it, and then commenced the work in good earnest. The enemy stood our fire about 10 minutes, and poured into our lines a perfect hail storm of minnie balls. I shouted to them to keep cool take good aim and throw away no lead; but it was unnecessary, for never did old and tried veterans fight with more coolness and deliberation. As they turned to load, I looked in their faces to see how they stood it--not a man flinched, not a countenance blanched nor a hand trembled. But they would spring on the bank of the ditch, and shout to each other, "Now, boys, see me flirt him," and amidst the roar of cannon, the crash of small arms and the whiz of bullets, you might hear them cheering each other, and laughing when the balls would knock the splinters and dust in their faces. The 9th N. Y Zouaves once attempted to charge our line, and came within 80 or 100 yards of us; but our fire was too sure, and they flanked off into the woods, leaving a field officer dead on the field, and nearly one third the men killed and wounded. They were three times repulsed and driven back, Our force actually engaged was only 368, opposed to 5 regiments, with 1,000 in reserve. With this immense odds, at least 10 to 1, we held our position $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, in an open field fight, and never left our position till the Artillery was out of ammunition, and we were complete flanked on our left, and

received a fire in the rear, and even then retreating in good order. There is no destruction--all fought gallantly. Col. Wright acted with the utmost coolness, walking along the lines in the hottest of the fight, cheering the boys, while the balls were whistling around him thick as hail stones. He was still Col. Wright. We fell back that night as far as the Mills, feeling unable to hold our position, which now was a line of at least 5 miles, along which they could flank us at almost any point, with but one Regiment opposed to 6,000, our artillery out of ammunition, and uncertain when reinforcements would arrive.

At 2 o'clock next morning we fell back 12 miles further, to prevent them from falling in our rear, by roads leading from their position. It appears that about the same time they left the battle field in great haste, leaving a great number of their dead and wounded on the battle field. A thousand or twelve hundred pounds of powder, some two hundred stand of small arms, knapsacks, blankets, overcoats, canteens, &c.; and in their precipitate retreat, pressing horses, carts, wagons, tearing up bridges and carrying off with them about 60 negroes. At daylight next morning the foremost had reached their boats, 14 miles distant, while the balance were scattered along the road.

Could we have known how badly we had whipped them, or had we a cavalry force to have pursued them, we could have taken a great many prisoners and munitions of war. Meeting the 1st Louisiana coming to reinforce us, we returned and reoccupied our position that evening.

Our loss, compared with the immense odds and the time we were engaged, was very small--6 killed, 15 wounded, 10 or 12 missing. Their loss, by the admission of their own men, taken prisoners, is three hundred killed and wounded, including 19 officers. We have captured between 75 and 100 prisoners. They think, and you cannot make them believe but that they were fighting 7,000 men. I think they have got such a taste of the 3d Georgia that they will not want to try us again soon.

While we are rejoicing over our success and the gallant stand we made, our hearts are saddened by the memory of the gallant boys we lost, who were decently buried this evening with military honors. Peace to their ashes! The casualties in the company are, Wm. Loving, killed; Wm. C. Wright, severely wounded in the face; Jas. M. Lecroy, slightly wounded in the spine by concussion; Walden Wise, slightly in the hand; Wm. C. Nunnally was grazed on the face; Lieut. Crenshaw had his cap knocked off and his sword bent by a ball--he took his place in the ditch and fired 27 rounds. Doctor E. Elder is missing. He was sent out before the engagement, with H. Franks and Jas. Graves, who was reported missing, but has since come in, on a reconnoitring expedition, and has not been heard of since the battle. He is either killed or taken prisoner--I think the latter.

Never did men stand fire better than our boys; and I think I may safely say, our friends at home need not be ashamed of us. And I will add, as an act of justice to the whole company, that we were first upon the ground, first in the ditch, in the hottest of the fire, and last to leave it.

Your friend, truly,

J. W. HENDON.

Southern Watchman, May 7, (1, 4-5), 1862.

3d Georgia Regiment,

South Mills, N. C., April 23d, 1862.

Dear Watchman:--After a delay of four days, I write you for the purpose of giving your readers as correct details of the battle fought between 360 Confederates and six regiments of Yankees, on the 19th inst., as can be ascertained. On Saturday morning about 9 o'clock, five companies of the Third Georgia Regiment were ordered to march down the Camden road for the purpose of meeting the enemy, the remainder being at that time at Elizabeth City. After marching about two miles and a half from South Mills, we were halted and were ordered to prepare for the contest which was soon to commence. Our brave and active Colonel Wright soon arranged things to suit him, and then patiently awaited the advance of the scoundrels. About 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, A. M., the "stars and stripes" were seen in the distance, and no sooner seen than they were cut down by our artillery. Our artillery killed a great many of them with the first four or five shots from our guns. We confused, surprised and scattered the enemy. Our boys fought gallantly for nearly five hours against fearful odds. We not only fought six regiments with about 300 infantry and three pieces of artillery, but fought New York Zouaves who had been so exceedingly anxious to fight the "bloody third" for so long a time. The 9th regiment New York Zouaves attempted to charge us--did charge about 50 yards--and were repulsed with heavy loss. Our boys were cool and deliberate and made every cartridge tell in the enemies ranks. Although our boys had never heard the "music" of so many leaden balls, yet they were undaunted. I know men never received a charge more bravely and deliberately than our boys did. Capt. McComas' artillery boys fought bravely. The prisoners which we took from the 9th New York, and the wounded they left on the field, admit they lost 19 officers in the charge--among them Col. Hawkins, Adjutant Gadsden, and others whose names I could not ascertain. They acknowledge 40 killed by the second shot from

our artillery. The people along the road say the Yanks pressed a great many wagons into service for the purpose of hauling off their dead and wounded. They buried many a one in the woods near the battle field on Saturday night, and left a great many of their wounded in some old houses near by the road. In giving the casualties on their side, we can only take their own admissions and the reports of the citizens along the road, together with the graves and pits found near the fighting ground. They say they lost a great many--some of them say about 350. The citizens say they carried off their dead and wounded by wagons full. They were burying them all along the road. Many graves and large pits were found on the field. It is generally believed we killed and wounded between five and six hundred. Besides the killed and wounded, we have taken about 40 prisoners, and about 1300 pounds powder. We took a great many small arms--rifles and muskets, and disabled two pieces of their artillery which they buried somewhere below the field of conflict.

With about 360 men fighting six regiments, well armed and equipped, for nearly five hours, we only lost six men killed, 20 wounded, one taken prisoner and two missing. The companies engaged on our side were the following: "Burke Guards," "Brown Rifles," "Home Guards," "Clarke County Rifles" and "Confederate Light Guards" Neither of these companies were full--averaged not more than fifty men. Col. Wright said to Capt. Hendon, "Captain I must compliment you and your company--you fought gallantly." The Clarke County Rifles did fight bravely--men never fought more desperately. Our brave Captain was where the balls came thickest, and proved himself to be a gallant leader, while our boys showed they were not afraid of Lincoln's hordes. All the officers and men of our company, as well as the other companies, in the language of Gen. Huger, "covered themselves with glory."

William Loving of our company was killed, W. C. Wright was badly wounded in the face, and LeCroy, Nunnally and Wise were slightly wounded. Dr. E. Elder is missing.

I do not know the names of the killed and wounded in other companies, except

Lieut. Wilson, of the "Dawson Grays," who was severely wounded in the leg, and young Deese who was killed.

We should all feel profoundly grateful to the God of all blessings for His goodness in preserving our lives. To Him we give all the glory for our safety and success. We now occupy a position near South Mills, and feel prepared to meet any number of the scoundrels. I cannot write you more at present. Hoping we may make Burnside's next expedition through the Dismal Swamp more disagreeable and unprofitable than the first, I subscribe myself

Yours friend,

Z. F. Crenshaw.

P.S.--I have just heard that Dr. E. Elder was taken prisoner. We have been largely re-inforced, and now feel able to fight any number Lincoln can send to meet us. Hoping that we may have a chance to meet them again soon, and after my love to all the friends of our company, I remain,

Yours, &c. Z. F. C.

RE-ORGANIZATION.

The Troup Artillery has been re-organized as follows, under the Conscript Act:

H. H. Carlton -----Captain.
C. W. Motes -----1st Lieut.
--- Murray -----2d Lieut.
--- Jennings -----3d Lieut.

The Athens Guards re-organized as follows:

H. C. Billups -----Captain.
D. B. Langston -----1st Lieut.
G. E. Hayes -----2d Lieut.
R. M. McAlpin -----3d Lieut.

The Clarke Rifles re-organized by the election of the following officers:

J. J. McRee -----Captain.
Z. F. Crenshaw -----1st Lieut.
Lindsey Darham*-----2d Lieut.
-----3d Lieut.

*Since resigned.

Southern Watchman, May 21 (1, 2-4), 1862.

Savannah, Ga., May 10, 1862.

John H. Christy, Esq.--Savannah, although threatened, has not yet been attacked, and, unlike New Orleans, still remains in our possession. Since the date of my last letter, things military have remained in statu quo. Our forces, in the meantime, being engaged in strengthening and perfecting the defences guarding the approaches to the city, by land and water. These are deemed by the officers in command sufficiently invulnerable to cause the enemy to hesitate long before making a forward movement, if, indeed, they do not deter him from it altogether, during the present campaign at least.

I wish, in this communication, to express my sentiments, unreservedly, on a subject which I conceive to be of some little importance in the fiery ordeal through which the soldiers are now passing. The correspondent of the Savannah Republican, in one of his graphic and unequalled letters from Richmond, last January, and denounced it as he alone is able to denounce a thing incompatible with his notions (generally just) of propriety and plain, homespun common sense. I allude to the abominable "red tape" manoeuverings, inaugurated among high officials, in the Government, at Richmond, and everywhere else, which, when followed to their legitimate results and consequences, may properly be charged with the cause of the several dire reverses that have recently overtaken our operations in the field.

The truth is, the disasters to our arms, met with since the 21st July, 1861, the day of the Manassas battle, are attributable to several causes--blunders--committed and permitted by those in authority over our armies. Had we lost that battle, I am of opinion the result would have been better for us in the end, even at this time. After that signal defeat of the enemy, our government officials and military leaders retired, apparently, from the field, so far as regarded any substantial preparations to meet the invaders, in their subsequent efforts to get

a foot-hold on exposed points of Southern soil, and thus be able to reduce our sea-port cities and towns into their possession. And when reduced, or surrounded, the Lincoln commanders express their utter astonishment at the cowardice of the Confederate forces, in abandoning positions, almost impregnable by nature, and susceptible of so successful a defence against the approaches of an enemy. This was "red tape" No. 1.

Let me instance the Roanoke Island disaster, brought upon us either by the incompetency of our officers in command there, or a wicked and wilful neglect of the use of the means necessary to have ensured to our cause not only success, but a magnificent victory, on that occasion. And hence, Gen. Wise very justly declares that whoever is to blame for that disaster, whether one or many, all ought to be unceremoniously hung for the injury thereby inflicted upon the country; and to the opinion the intelligence and patriotism of the South respond a hearty amen. "Red tape" No. 2.

The town of Fernandina, Florida, well fortified and easily defended, capable of making, under the leadership of a brave and determined commander, a long and perhaps successful resistance to the efforts of the enemy to take the city, is abandoned, surrendered, without firing a gun or burning a grain of powder, to prevent the consummation of the enemy's purpose; and when in their possession, the Lincoln General, in looking around and seeing what might have been done to prevent his approach to, and occupancy of, the harbor and city, and that absolutely nothing was even attempted in that direction, is absolutely thunder-struck with amazement. "Red tape" No. 3.

Where, and what were the South Carolina chivalry doing, that they permitted Port Royal to be disgraced by the tread of a hated, blood-thirsty, and thieving Lincoln mercenary upon her classic soil? "Red tape" No. 4.

Where were the officers in command, on the Georgia side of the river, that they suffered Tybee Island to be occupied, and heavy batteries, mounted with scores of rifled cannon, mortars, and siege guns, commanding the sides of Fort Pulaski, to be erected thereon, thereby ensuring, whenever the Lincoln commander should see proper to attack it, the fall of that stronghold? "Red tape" No. 5.

What have the authorities and people of New Orleans been doing--thinking about--that they have made comparatively no preparations to defend the city, the possession of which by the enemy, is to them the key to the entire Mississippi valley, and the gigantic North-western States? The morning's papers give the reply to this question, in the announcement, by telegraph, that the magnificent, proud, highly favored, wealthy Crescent city, the Queen Mart of the South and South-west, has fallen an easy prey into the greedy clutches of our inhuman and avaricious foes. "Red tape" No. 6.

Since the Manassas fight, in which, unfortunately for us, as I contend, we were successful, we have been bragging and boasting of our superior prowess and bravery, indomitable courage and endurance and ability to thrash out the Yankees, three to one, in any conflict, approximating to a fair fight, in open field, and we have been doing little else. The bitter fruits of this hallucination, of this unaccountable dilatoriness, and proclivity, among our high officials, to procrastinate, from day to day, and month to month, what should have been done promptly, without any delay whatever, we are now reaping in the fall of our cities and strongholds, and their immediate occupancy by hordes of Hessians, who come to pollute our soil, plunder our habitations, steal our slaves, perpetrate indignities upon our wives and mothers, sisters and daughters, desecrate our altars, reduce to ashes our happy homes, and inflict upon us, as a conquered and subjugated people, every insult, barbarity, hardship, injury and oppression that a savage, insolent, and unbridled conquering soldiery may see fit to visit upon us, now and henceforth, "Red tape" No. 7.

Now, when the enemy is in possession of Pulaski, the city of Savannah beleaguered, and an attack is momentarily expected, we wake up from the dream of our fancied security, perceive the dangers ahead and begin to cast about as to the best means to repel the approach of the enemy and drive him from our shores. And those to whom have been entrusted the defence and safety of our beautiful Savannah, the pride and boast of every patriotic Georgian, would, in all probability, have slept and dreamt on, had not some delicate and sagacious woman thought over the idea of the ruin, and destruction, and infamy threatening us, and suggested a plan of prevention of so dire a calamity in the columns of the newspapers. Even the ladies, and old grandmothers, of our State, seem to have larger notions and a more thorough appreciation of our true condition and wants, the dangers that environ and threaten us, and the appliances necessary to be brought into requisition and play, to drive back our enemies, and ensure our safety, than the minds of the lords of creation are capable of perceiving, until it is too late for action. If the country is to be saved from the horrors and untold, ineffable miseries, consequent upon subjugation, the women of the South will have no small title to the credit of the glorious achievement; and if such a thing were allowable, I would rejoice to see the glittering uniforms taken from the backs of some officers I wot of, and transferred to the more delicate shoulders of certain of our fair countrywomen whom I could name. I am certain that the cause of the Confederate States would be, in many ways, subserved by such a change in our military leaderships throughout the country. The lady commanders of our brave soldiers might not do up things according to military science and the "red tape" engineering philosophy of regular West Point ethics; but they would do something, and, as is characteristic with their sex, they would do that something promptly and with determination to succeed, in what might be essayed by them in the conduct of military operations. I know one thing the

women would not do: they would not dress out in their gay uniforms, with spurs on their sides, saddle their horses, desert their companies, battalions and regiments every day, ride up to the city, and spend their time in lounging on the fine sofas of the hotels, eating big dinners, and gulping down bottle after bottle of fine wines and brandies. They would be guilty of no such conduct as this; but would remain at their camps, and spend their time in drilling and disciplining their soldiers, encouraging them to do their duty, and how to do it, and in performing the thousand and one other offices incident to the tented field, and to which every good officer should bend his every thought and energy, and give, at all times, his constant and undivided attention and supervision, every hour he may be entrusted with the command.

Promotion spoils the majority of mankind--destroys their usefulness--I care not how slight the elevation may be. They universally lose all consideration and respect for those below them--treat their equals cavalierly and contemptuously--and frequently question the right and fitness of those above them to rule over and give law to their actions. I have, Mr. Editor, been in the service for several months, and private, as I have been, being somewhat observant in my nature, I have seen and learned much during my camp experience. I know some corporals, lieutenants and other officers, men who don't know a letter in the alphabet, and cannot write their names, who think themselves the superiors of Generals Beauregard and Johnston in every thing pertaining to the evolutions of great armies in the field, and military combinations and strategy generally. Ignorant, vain, ostentations of their yellow braided coats, striped pants, and the old swords dangling from their persons, these Napoleonic specimens of fallen humanity strut about the encampment and along the streets, as though the integrity and perpetuation of empire depended upon their deeds of heroism and valor. If a private ventures

to dispute with these disciples of Mars, his argument is met, with a gross epithet, or a jeering expression, in reply. Ascend higher into the ranks of Captains, Colonels, Majors and Generals and this disposition to threaten the common soldier with a rebuff and contempt is still more observable and glaring. To approach one of these officials, on a private or business transaction, requires that the soldier, who attempts it, should be deeply versed in the military etiquette and fashionable observances of the day; that he should pass successfully through them, ignoring not the smallest, knowing that if he commits a blunder, his application for information, or a favor, will be unheeded, and he be denounced for his attempted familiarity, and severely reprimanded for his temerity. Having passed through these "ropes" myself, on more occasions than one, I know that the evil spoken of has an existence in our very midst. To approach a General, requires the utmost ingenuity and shrewdness of intellect, in the common soldier, to accomplish. He must call at a stated hour--he calls, but the General has gone to dine with a friend--he calls again, but the general is taking a ride, walking in the garden, or attending to other business, of a domestic or private character, and does not want to be interrupted that evening. And when the poor, jaded soldier does get an audience, and is admitted into the presence of the "General commanding," his question is not satisfactorily answered, or his paper is improperly worded and gotten up, and he must go back to camp, and have the writing properly executed. I know one discarded soldier who, before he could get his discharge, walked over 20 miles back and forth, before he succeeded in attaining the written warrant of the "Commanding General," authorizing his dismissal from the army. There is too much "red tape," too much ceremony and circumlocution, among our high military officials. Instead of simplifying business transactions in their offices, and observing a kind and accommodating conduct, in their authority, they appear to study up and mystify the details of the one, and

ignore the claims of the other to any portion of their valuable attention. Officers of this disposition, and these characteristics, are a drag on the efficiency of the common soldiery--they are worse--an unmitigated curse to the service, and should be unceremoniously kicked out of the army everywhere, and their places supplied by others who know, and knowing, would perform their duties, after the fashion of educated, conciliatory, well-bred gentlemen.

The mere private, though generally so regarded, is not always an ignoramus or a vagabond in his feelings, impulses, hopes and aspirations. The majority of them are esteemed gentlemen by their neighbors at home, and their opinions are often consulted in matters affecting the welfare of community. To observe a contemptuous treatment towards, and disregard of, such men, on the part of commanders, argues in them a very slender knowledge of human nature; breeds disgust and hatred towards those who wave the sceptre of authority over them; generates insubordination in the ranks, inefficiency in the drill, and too often enervates and paralyzes that sentiment of bravery that gives dash and impetuosity to their actions on the battle field. When soldiers respect and love their commanding officers, they do and dare anything, the accomplishment of which may seem possible, when the solemn hour of battle is upon them, knowing that, like their leaders, their own reputation is in the balance, to be weighed and judged by the page of enlightened, impartial history; but when soldiers have been roughly and cruelly treated by their commanders, and a () insubordination and ill will is engendered in their bosoms towards them, they go into the encounter with a reluctance bordering on absolute indifference as to how the conflict may result.

I have made this letter sufficiently lengthy. I hope that all officers in our army into whose hands the Watchman may fall, will condescend to read what I have written, make a note of the thoughts and suggestions, adopting and observing such deductions as are consistent with reason and common sense, and rejecting those

that they may consider crude outcroppings from the ignorant, untutored and undisciplined brain of a mere private in the ranks. I charge nothing for the advice given; and if it should be the means of reforming the evils and abuses mentioned, I shall consider that I am abundantly rewarded in the performance of what I believed a duty I owed to the cause of the Confederate Government, in this her day of severe trial and adversity.

W. A. LEWIS.

Southern Watchman, June 1 (2, 3-4), 1862

Evacuation of Corinth

That the evacuation of Corinth had become a "military necessity" at the time it was done, appears to be well established, as will be seen by the following letter from P. W. A., the intelligent correspondent of the Savannah Republic. Whether it might not have been prevented if timely measures had been adopted, is a different question. We are not disposed, however, to call in question the skill, ability or patriotism of our Generals. They have had great difficulties to contend with, and have, perhaps, done as well as could be done, under the circumstances. The wisest men, though, sometimes make great blunders:

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Southern Watchman, June 1 (2, 3-4), 1862

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

EVACUATION OF CORINTH

Mobile, May 29.

You will probably have learnt by the telegraph, before this reaches you, that Corinth has been evacuated by the Confederate Army. At least, I infer from what I saw before leaving that place, and from news that has reached me today, that our troops will be withdrawn down the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, probably tonight or to-morrow. I am not informed of the precise locality where they will "pitch their tents," but have heard it is about forty-five miles below Corinth, and a short distance above the Okalona Station.

I endeavored to prepare your readers for this movement by an intimation thrown out in the concluding paragraph of my last letter. I refer to the subject again merely to say, that the evacuation of Corinth, under the circumstances which environed the army, was both wise and necessary, as a brief statement will suffice to demonstrate.

The soil around Corinth is of that peculiar character which is very wet in winter and very dry in summer. As I stated in a former letter, I saw a mule drowned in a small branch near the town, where, two weeks afterwards, there was not a drop of water to be seen. The consequence was, at the time of my departure both the troops and horses were suffering for water to an extent you can hardly imagine. The chief supply was obtained from the standing pools in the beds of exhausted streams. Steps had been taken to bore a number of wells, but it was ascertained that there was no rope or tools to be had in the town, and that it would be necessary to send to Columbus, Miss., for the particular kind of rope desired. The rope had not been received up to the 26th, and but for timely showers, which renewed the supply

in the water courses, and the wells dug by the men in low, damp places, the army could not have remained there as long as it has. The citizens use rain water, caught in cisterns, from the first of October to the first of May; but the supply in the cisterns was not sufficient to last the army one week.

In the neighborhood of Pea Ridge, the locality of the enemy's chief encampment, the water is better and the supply more abundant.

But it was not the want of an inadequate supply of water alone that rendered it necessary for our army to retire from Corinth. Our encampment was bounded on three sides by Bridge creek and a dense swamp--in front, on the right, and in the rear--and our breastworks were just behind the swamp and ran parallel to it for a considerable distance. The swamp was crossed by four or five roads, near which we had planted formidable batteries to cut off all approach by the roads. It would now appear that the same thing has been done by the enemy, who has advanced near the swamp on the other side, thrown up breast works and posted heavy siege guns, which not only command the roads leading from our side, but are of sufficient calibre to shell nearly every part of our encampment. He has also thrown up strong works near Farmington and Pea Ridge, and erected heavy batteries at commanding points along the several routes to the rear. Indeed, the Federal works are superior to ours, and their position equally strong, if not stronger, while their force is one-fourth, if not one-third, stronger.

It was hoped and expected that Halleck would attack us in our position; but this he was too sensible to do; for defeat would have been the certain result. Could we expect a different result, if we should attack him behind his formidable works and with superior force? It was never intended to allow

him to approach so near, and to get into position, without first offering him battle. This we did at Farmington, when he declined to pick up the gauntlet thrown down to him, and this we sought to do on the 22d, when it was found impossible, because the ground had not been properly reconnoitered and mapped, to get our right wing, which was to lead the attack, into position. Had we encountered the enemy on that day, in accordance with the order of battle agreed upon by our officers. I do not see how we could have failed to win the greatest and most decisive victory yet achieved in the war. That night, however, and the next day, the enemy moved up and got into position, where it would be as great madness for us to make the attack as it would be for him to attack us.

Why, then, it may be asked, should we, and not Halleck, retire? Because Halleck is provided with guns of long range and heavy calibre, with which he can throw shot and shell into almost every part of our encampment, every two or three minutes, day and night, as long as he pleases; and because he has better water and more abundant supply than we have.

The chief advantage the Federals will gain by the change, will be the use of the entire line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad from Stevenson to Memphis. They are good workers, and will soon rebuild the bridges over the Tennessee and Bear Creek, and those over the Hatchie and other streams west of Corinth, which the Confederates will doubtless destroy. As soon as these lost bridges can be rebuilt, Memphis and Fort Pillow will be occupied, as well as those sections of the Mobile & Ohio and Tennessee & Ohio Railroads, which lie north of the Memphis & Charleston road.

The withdrawal down the Mobile & Ohio road will diminish our transportation and bring the army into a more healthy section of country, where all kinds of supplies are more abundant and the water much better. The enemy, on the contrary, should he follow us up, will have to march sixty-five or seventy miles into the interior, where, in case of disaster, he would be cut to pieces and destroyed.

Southern Watchman, June 5 (2, 3), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp McDonald, May 27, 1862.

Mr. Editor:--Thinking our friends in North Eastern Georgia might be somewhat interested in a short account of the Jackson Farmers, since they left home, I shall ask the privilege of occupying a short space in the Watchman. We left Athens on the 9 o'clock train, of Wednesday morning, the 14th inst. and save the pain of parting with the beloved ones at home, all seemed to be in high spirits, and proud of the position which they had assumed, to meet the Vandal hordes who now desecrate our soil.

Arriving at Atlanta, on the 7 o'clock train, we lay over until 10 o'clock the following day, when, just as the dark inky curls of a Government store house was sending its smoky columns heavenward, we steamed away for this place, no incident worthy of note occurring by the way. The name of Camp McDonald, familiarly known as "Big Shanty," has been generally a terror to "our boys," and upon our arrival here, we were agreeably disappointed by finding it a fair, open country; the camps being situated upon elevated eminences, where the pure air of heaven can reach from all quarters. Water is good and plentiful, and with a proper degree of cleanliness, I can see no reason why this should not be as healthy as any location in Georgia.

Upon our arrival we found one Regiment organized and another in process of formation; and after fluctuating from one point to another for the space of an entire week, we finally succeeded in forming a Regiment, by electing Johnson, of Whitfield, Col.; Bradley, of Coweta, Lieut. Col; Capt Dorough, of Banks, Major, and McClendon, of Coweta, Adj. Drs. Watson, of Franklin, and Long, of Jackson, are the Regimental Surgeons; and I am happy to state, that up to this time they have had very few cases of sickness, and I believe none of them serious. Col. Johnson's Regiment is composed of two companies from Franklin, one from

Jackson, one from Whitfield, one from Cherokee, one from Coweta, one from Dade, one from Heard, one from Chattooga and one from Banks, all of which are composed of stout and able-bodied men generally; and when the time comes for us to meet the foe, I doubt not that all will give a good account of themselves. The Commissary and Quartermaster's department is well supplied: our rations are of good quality and sufficiently plentiful. In short, I see but little to complain of here, excepting an intolerable mania for office and money. Anything purchased is paid for at ten-fold its value, and any risk is run for the sake of gaining office. In this chase two weeks have gone by-- thousands have been expended, and yet nothing for the general good has been effected, but on the contrary, we hear of a disappointed office-hunter, who a few days ago started to Richmond for the purpose of effecting a rupture in this Regiment, and so long as mere civilians are allowed to lead our armies, just so long will the enemy press hard upon our homes. The sturdy sons of Georgia have now buckled on their armor; and, girdled as they are, in the panoply of political righteousness, they will, if led by competent officers, never return to the peaceful delights of a pleasant home, until the last enemy has been driven beyond the borders, howling to his den, or falls, biting the dust at their feet. Like the lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm, we for a moment may hear the rustling of its leaves; but the spring time of freedom will come, and when the cold blasts of winter have passed by, and the hoarse and howling demons of war shall have glutted themselves upon the blood of the faithful sons of the South; then, when the smiling Goddess of peace has thrown her mantle around the struggling sons of the South, her plains shall bloom anew in all things that can charm the eye or gratify the mind. Then shall the war-worn veterans of this struggle for Southern independence, raise a shout, the reverberations of which shall roll on undying to freedom's distant mountains. And when the Jackson Farmers, under command of our gallant Captain Bennett, shall be called upon to fly to the rescue,

the loved ones at home shall never say that our banner has trailed in the dust, but that it shall either float over a free people, or be stained with the life-blood of the last man who bears it to the struggle.

G. J. N. W.

MUSTER-ROLL OF THE JACKSON FARMERS.

No.	Names	Rank	Age	Remarks.
1	Alva T. Bennett,	Captain	33	
2	Z. W. Hood,	1st Lieut	29	
3	G. E. Deadwyler,	2d Lieut	26	
4	M. M. Sanders,	3d Lieut	32	
5	G. J. N. Wilson,	1st Serg.	35	
6	J. M. Hamman,	2d Serg.	22	
7	S. W. Anthony,	3d Serg.	18	
8	Valentine Harlan,	4th Serg		Absent.
9	P. B. Rampy,	1st Corp,	25	
10	John F. Evans,	2d Corp	29	
11	J. G. H. Pittman,	3d Corp.	24	
12	S. A. Harris,	4th Corp.	31	
13	Atkins Hugh,	Private		Absent--sick
14	Aaron, E.	"	22	Rejected
15	Adair J. O.	"	20	
16	Anthony M. C.	"	29	Rejected
17	Anderson R. B.	"	32	
18	Brock W. T. M.	"	31	
19	Brooks S. M	"		Absent.
20	Bolton E. S.	"	31	
21	Bray D. S.	"		Absent.
22	Bailey S. T.	"	24	
23	Bacon W. H. H.	"		Absent.
24	Canthen W. J.	"	26	
25	Chandler R. N.	"	18	
26	Colquitt W. J.	"		Absent.
27	Chandler, R.	"	28	
28	Carter O. G. W.	"		Absent.
29	Dunnahoo J. B.	"	33	
30	Dunson J. M.	"	30	
31	Esco J. M.	"	28	
32	Esco John	"	29	
33	Garrison J. W.	Artificer,	29	
34	Garrison B. S.	"	28	
35	Gunnin J. J.	Private,	35	
36	Glenm J. G.	"	25	
37	Gober F. S.	"	24	Rejected.
38	Garrison C. P.	"		Absent.
39	Harris T. W.	"	22	
40	Hardy R. M.	"	34	
41	Highfice J. J.	"		Absent
42	Henry F. P.	"	23	
43	Hardy F M	"	21	
44	Holliday D. H.	"	32	
45	Hawks W. T.	"	20	
46	Harris A. J.	"	21	
47	Ivey J. S.	"	33	
48	Ingraham E. H.	"	24	

No.	Names	Rank	Age	Remarks.
49	Johnson J. D.	Private	33	
50	King Perry	"	23	
51	King Macintee	"	30	Rejected.
52	Lord Timothy	"	32	Rejected.
53	Lampkin Edward,	"	24	
54	Long A. C.	"		Absent.
55	Luchman Carlos	"	18	
56	Lord M. G.	"	20	
57	Marlow R. A.	Artificer,	27	
58	Marlow F. W.	Private,	19	
59	Moore W. T.	"	24	
60	Mangum W. P.	"	25	
61	McCarty Jesse	"	22	
62	McCarty John	"	28	
63	Mann W. L.	"	31	
64	Nunn J. E.	"		Absent.
65	Nix J. M.	"		Absent.
66	Nunn A. L.	"		Absent.
67	Patrick T. W.	Artificer,	33	
68	Patrick W. H.	Private,	24	
69	Pinson W. A.	"	31	
70	Pittman M. M.	"	33	
71	Pharf James	"	34	
72	Riden J.	"		Absent.
73	Roberts P. J.	"	18	
74	Roberts D. H.	"	21	Rejected.
75	Randolph J. C.	"	32	
76	Rogers J. T.	"	20	
77	Reed Z. M.	"	25	
78	Strickland John	"	26	
79	Strickland E. G.	"		Absent,sick.
80	Strickland E. W.	"	29	
81	Strickland J. G.	"	33	
82	Stephens W. C.	"		Absent.
83	Sailors J. M.	"	26	
84	Sailors Isham	"	20	
85	Sailors Andy	"	33	
86	Stapler G. J.	"	20	
87	Stapler T. L.	"	20	
88	Tiller Sanford	"	29	
89	Thurmond C.	"	19	
90	Thurmond B.	"	22	
91	Voyles Ira	"	27	
92	Voyles F.	"	22	
93	Wood W. R.	"	22	
94	Williams J. F.	"	34	
95	Wills A. J.	"	32	
96	Wilson M. M. C.	"	28	
97	Wilson G. C.	"	26	
98	Wilson J. E.	"		Absent.
99	Westbrook C. M.	"		Absent.
100	Wilson R. M.	"		Absent.
101	Wilson Posey	"	27	
102	Yeargin J. G.	"	34	
103	Yeargin W. S.	"	22	
104	Yeargin J. C.	"	22	
105	Yeargin S. R.	"	25	
106	Aroner Isaac	"	20	Rejected.

Southern Watchman June 11 (4, 1-2), 1862,

Near Richmond, May 27th, 1862.

Friend Christy:--Thinking you and the numerous relatives and friends of the Troup Artillery, would like to hear what disposition the Yanks have made of us, I scribble you a few lines. We (the recruits) arrived safe the 6th day from the time we left your town. We had a very disagreeable time upon the road, being very much crowded all the way.

The crops through South and North Carolina look fine. The wheat and oat crop looks well--much better than it looks in Georgia--very little rust--none to injure it. Large fields of potatoes and peas are planted in both of the above named States, in place of "King Cotton." This is just as it should be. We were greeted all along the road by ladies, with the waving of their handkerchiefs, wishing us success. Even little girls, (God bless them,) not more than 6 or 7 years old, were standing at different points along the road, waving too their little handkerchiefs. Next were our old fathers, whose heads were blossoming for the tomb--fathers who, no doubt, have sacrificed the cotton they had in defence of their country. Can such a people be conquered? No; never--never!

We found our old company generally well. They welcomed us as brothers. They participated in the fight on the Peninsula. Nobly did they stand their ground.

We are now stationed 5 miles from Richmond, near the Chickahominy river. (This is a very small river.) The distance between the Grand Armies is about two miles; both sides are on an elevated position. On last Saturday there was a heavy skirmish; the result we do not know. Yesterday morning there were three guns fired--no damage done on our side. This morning there have been three more fired; one has fired since I commenced penning these few lines, the shell bursting over my tent.

We are expecting a general attack every hour. Our army are in fine spirits. We are all willing to shed the last drop of our blood, rather than see the capital of our Southern Confederacy fall into the hands of the scamps. We have sacrificed our homes, our loved ones, our all; and we are willing to sacrifice our lives in defence of our country, our liberties, and all that is sacred to us as a human race. Since the proclamation of Butler you can see vengeance imprinted upon the countenance of every soldier. One more such a proclamation, I believe, will induce the entire army to hoist the black flag. Friend Christy, it is enough to make the blood in every Southern man's veins boil, to read such threats from such a low, degraded scamp.

The scoundrels are very sanguine of taking Richmond. Well, they may, but we entertain no such an idea. It is true, it will be the bloodiest fight that has ever been recorded in history; but the victory will be ours; mark my prediction. I took a view of their camps a little while ago. Our pickets are in a half mile of them. We have no breastworks; Gen. Johnston don't want any. He wants to take the open field for it, and then charge.

Ere this reaches you, in all probability, the great battle may be in motion. You will hear a good report of the Troup Artillery. They are just the boys to do the work. The company are generally well. Some of the recruits are complainig ; nothing serious, I hope. Among those are your humble writer . You shall hear from me occasionally, if life is spared.

Your friend,

R. H. B.

Southern Watchman, June 11 (4, 1), 1862

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Southern Watchman.

Headquarters Camp at Fair Ground,
Co. C, Col. A. A. Hunt's Regiment,
Atlanta, Ga., May 27th.

Mr. Editor:--Allow me to state through your paper, for the information of the relatives and friends of those under my command, that we arrived safely in Lawrenceville, on Monday night after leaving Jefferson, where we were kindly entertained, 22 of us by J. E. Craig, at 80 cents man and horse; 9 of us by Judge K. T. Terrel, ^{at} ~~and~~ 80 cents man and horse; 5 of us by B. E. Strickland, gratis; 2 by Rev. P. Hotchkiss, gratis; 2 by H. Moffett, gratis; 1 by G. T. Rakestraw, gratis; 4 men and eight horses by E. Steadman, gratis; 1 by Mrs. H. W. Strickland, gratis; 1 by A. Sutherland, gratis; 4 by S. W. Davis, gratis; 4 by Mrs. D. W. Spence, gratis; 2 by Dr. Moore, gratis; 1 by Dr. Russel, gratis; 4 by Elisha Martin, gratis; 16 by Maj. R. D. Winn, gratis; 7 by Dr. Freeman, gratis, and 5 by M. L. Adair, gratis.

Tuesday morning F. M. Holliday's horse had been foundered, and he had to be left. We took up our march at 8 o'clock for this place, when the boys sung most beautifully the old hymn, "How firm a foundation, &c." Our baggage wagon was furnished by J. G. McLester, whose assistance to the company has been large, and which, with others, I will give you a list of next week. F. M. David took charge of the wagon and rendered us great assistance, which I stood much in need of, as I am now, and have been ever since before leaving home, suffering with diarrhoea. I bought corn of Mrs. Carroll, 18 miles from this place, at \$1.25 per bushel, fed, and again took up march and arrived here at 6 o'clock. We were met by Quartermaster Blanchard and furnished with forage. Last night we lay in the Fair house, I with a sheep-skin for my pillow. This morning one of the boys is sick with measles--I. C. Holliday. I have him in a private house, doing very well.

We leave Atlanta at 4 o'clock in the morning. The enrolling officer, or conscript man, Col. Dunwoody, is here. When he commences, or what his plans are, I can't say. I hear he claims much greater authority, by virtue of his office, than many expect. The Militia officers, with many others, will fare just as I would, if at home. Time, at least, will soon show.

Camp McDonald, May 31st, 1862.

We got here day before yesterday, at 2 o'clock. Nothing serious occurred on the way, except when leaving Atlanta, private Thomas Neal came in contact with a set of beautiful black eyes and rosy cheeks, bearing the Confederate flag, which he was not troubled near as much in obtaining as I may, getting him to leave its former possessor. Again, in Marietta, he had a similar conflict, when he was again immoveable, until a beautiful boquet decorated his flag-staff. The sun and dust was very severe on us, but not so severe as some miserable gold-thirsty souls, who charge us double price for everything we get. In Lawrenceville tin cups were worth ten cents, in Decatur the same were worth twenty! To-day ~~the~~ we have another case of measles--Bob Whitehead--he is breaking out and doing very well. Several others are complaining with diarrhoea--the most of them improving. To-day, we had our election for Lieut. Col. and Major. Capt. Nix and S. J. Winn were the successful candidates. I see no reason why this place should not be as healthy as any in the up-country; it is high and rocky, supplied with a large number of springs of as clear, cool water as I ever saw. We are all well satisfied with it. To-day a young man, a member of Capt. Nix's company, was drowned in a mill-pond near this place. I would still like to have a few more clever young men, who are unwilling to go with Capt. Conscript. The whole company is agreeable, not a difficulty has occurred, and I will venture the assertion that there is no company in any Regiment who are kinder and more obedient to their Captain than mine. The citizens, wherever we stopped, gave them the name of being the most orderly and well behaved company they ever saw. I have seen no drunkenness and heard but little swearing. If you consider this worth publishing, you shall hear from me again. Is there any chance to see the Watchman while I am here? Yours, W. L. MARLER. C pt.

Southern Watchman, June 25 (2, 3), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp on Mrs. Christian's Farm,
near Richmond, June 6th.

Dear Sir:--Please announce, for the benefit of the families and friends interested, the deaths of the following members of the Mell Volunteers, Cobb's Georgia Legion. I give the places of their decease, that their friends may understand why I have not sent them home for interment, as specially requested. All of them died far in our rear; and, from our constantly changing position, it has been impossible for me to know the time of their decease:

Died, at Williamsburg, April 11th, 1862, of pneumonia, Calvin Talbot.

Died, at Williamsburg, April 25th, 1862, of pneumonia, Riley Nix.

Died, at Richmond, of consumption. April 26th, 1862, H. C. McCune.

Died, at Richmond, May 18th, 1862, of typhoid pneumonia, H. H. Freeman.

Died, at Richmond, May 28th, 1862, of typhoid fever, S. T. Ivey.

Died, at Richmond, May 29th, 1862, of dysentery, John S. Walker.

Died, at Lynchburg, Va., May 31st, 1862, of erysipelas, John E. Craft.

Fied, at Richmond, June 1st, 1862, of typhoid dysentery, () C. Tiller.

THOS. CAMAK

Southern Watchman, June 25 (2, 3), 1862.

The following extract from a letter of a Dawson county volunteer to his mother, which we have been permitted to copy, shows that our brave boys can keep up their spirits amid all their trials and difficulties:

Trenton, Ga., June 1st, 1862.

My Dear Mother:--On this day before yesterday I wrote to you in Alabama--to-day I write to you in my native State. We encamped in ten miles of this place last evening, after a long march over the Lookout mountains. We are here awaiting the arrival of our wagons from Russelville, Ala., when it is likely we will return into Tenn. My opinion is that if some step is not taken soon at Corinth, that the enemy will march upon Chattanooga and take possession of the Railroads in East Tennessee and North Georgia, and will ultimately make for Atlanta. If so, I shall not be surprised if our Regiment goes to that point. The sound of war comes closer and closer to our mountain homes. The next sixty days will develop things startling indeed. We will either whip the enemy shortly, or they will make terrible inroads upon our territory. This war is assuming an awful aspect, and terrible results must soon follow.

My health is good--as good as ever it was in my life. My wardrobe is by no means extensive; it consists of a hat with a very large hole in the crown, a pair of shoes with some pretty extensive holes in them, a pair of pants made of quite a gay piece of bed ticking, no drawers, a () pair of socks and a flowered shirt. It won't be long until I will wear the uniform of a Georgia Major--a pair of spurs and a shirt collar! Would you like to see me come home then? I would ask you to send me something, but I cannot tell you where to send them forward to, not knowing one day where we will be the next. You must not be uneasy concerning me--I am doing finely.

Southern Watchman, July 9 (1, 2-5; 2, 1-5), 1862.

From the Richmond Dispatch of Friday

OPENING OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

Heavy Engagement on the Left of our Lines

Our city was started, late yesterday evening, by reports of heavy ordnance, and by one consent it was universally announced that the Great Battle had at last opened, and that the greatest and most momentous conflict of the age was fully inaugurated. As far as we can ascertain, at a late hour of night, it appears that our forces attacked the enemy with unparalleled fury at Mechanicsville, and from the suddenness of the attack, the enemy were and driven from three large redoubts in rapid succession, seizing the guns and turning them with terrific effect upon the foe. This accomplished, our forces advanced and captured two lines of entrenchments and field works, taking everything before them in gallant style. Co-operating with the movement on the extreme right and rear of the army, our Generals crossed at two points, viz: by the Mechanicsville bridge and Meadow bridge, attacking the enemy with great dash and ardor, driving in their outposts, and descending the opposite hills, siezed the batteries erected thereon, and fully commanding the future movements of our forces in crossing the stream. In doing this, the rapidity of movement was such that the enemy was unprepared, and lost a monster battery, which has long annoyed our troops to the right and left of the York River Railroad. This achievement in itself is of incalculable value, and is equivalent to the saving of five thousand lives. Gen. Branch, we understand, led the advance down the Meadow Bridge road with a brigade of North Carolinians, and on crossing, were instantly reinforced by other troops of Gen. Hill's division.

The numerous field works and batteries opposed to their advance were assailed by our men in the coolest and most nonchalant style imaginable, and while driving the heavy masses of Federal infantry before them, were ably seconded by our heavy guns, which thundering with terrific noise, threw large shells thick and fast upon the enemy's chosen positions and camps, thus preventing our first forces from being overpowered by the swarming hordes of McClellan's hirelings. While these brilliant

movements were progressing in the neighborhood of Meadow Bridge, our troops beyond the Mechanicsville Bridge formed a junction with them, thus forming a perfect cordon with others operating from the village of Mechanicsville itself. Our line being perfect, a general advance took place, but the brave Confederates had not advanced far, ere they were encountered by the Federals in great force, and a terrific fight ensued; but onward pressed our infantry and artillery, until 9, P.M., when the heavy cannonading ceased, it was generally known that the enemy had been driven fully three miles, having experienced great loss in every shape, but particularly in artillery, Purcell's battery, we are informed, immortalized itself, and was the first corps that crossed Mechanicsville bridge, and opened fire on the enemy. At Mechanicsville, the heaviest fighting is said to have taken place on Watt's farm, but resulted magnificently to us. All the heights beyond the Chickahominy are in our possession, thus ensuring the speedy transportation of troops and munitions to the other side.

From the late hour at which we write, it is impossible to obtain particulars of the sanguinary engagement of yesterday, but the facts stated are substantially correct, while much more was effected by the forces engaged than the most sanguine could have expected or predicted. The enemy were totally routed whenever they made a stand-- batteries, entrenchments, fieldworks, camps and arms were captured with great rapidity, and our loss is much less than could have been imagined. In all likelihood, the engagement to-day will prove a general one at all points, and let us reverently hope that the God of Battles will smile propitiously upon our efforts, and crown our forces with a complete and glorious triumph over malignant and relentless enemies.

The more we learn of the fight near the old battle ground of Seven Pines on Tuesday, the greater are we satisfied that it was one of the most brilliant affairs of the war, redounding greatly to our honor, and worthy of fitting memory and commendation.

From the best information, we learn that the 1st Louisiana and 3d Georgia had brought upon themselves the especial hatred of the Yankees, while on picket service near Barker's farm; for on one occasion last week these two regiments suddenly appeared before the affrighted enemy, (Sickles's Excelsior brigade,) and, without much ceremony, drove them from their picket posts, and chased them through adjacent camps, inflicting much loss. From deserters and others, it was ascertained that the officers of Sickles' brigade had offered \$100 to any one bringing in any man of the two named regiments, whether dead or alive, and vowed eternal vengeance against them, determining to lay some share to entrap them. At 8 a.m. Tuesday the pickets along the Williamsburg road, near the old battle ground, gave warning of the enemy's approach in force, and retired, as usual, to their supports.

Believing an attack was imminent, Gen. Wright ordered up the 48th North Carolina (Col. Rutledge's regiment,) which moved up the road and took position to the left of, in an open field, with dense woods on their left flank. The right of the road was occupied by the 1st Louisiana, and to their right were the 22d and 4th Georgia. The North Carolinians were in an exposed position, but maintained their ground without flinching, losing not less than 100 killed and wounded. The position of the 1st Louisiana was equally disadvantageous. Before them was a thick chapparel, in which the enemy were strongly posted. Behind this, also, several brigades were drawn up, their flanks extending beyond, so that they kept up a continual fire upon the Louisianians, inflicting sad loss. Being ordered to charge, the 1st advanced nobly, with the cry "Butler! and New Orleans!" and at the first dash drove the enemy forth with great havoc. But emerging into the open field behind, they were astonished to discover not less than three brigades opposing them, viz: Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish brigade, Sickles's Excelsior brigade and another one the name of which we could not ascertain. Bravely holding their ground, the Louisianians maintained the unequal contest with great dash and boldness, the enemy quailing and retiring before their steady and deadly fire.

To their right, however, things were progressing favorably, where the 4th and 22d Georgia were hotly engaged with the enemy, who, after some two hours' hard fighting, slowly and reluctantly retired. Comparisons are odious, but it is admitted that the conduct of the 48 N.C., 1st La. and 4th Ga., was beyond all praise. The first of these regiments was perfectly fresh from home, and had never been under fire before; yet there they stood, in open field, waiting for the cowards to advance, and although Col. Rutledge reports a loss of 100 killed and wounded, his brave fellows never gave an inch of ground, but kept up a murderous fire upon the foe, who suffered so much that, although five to one, they did not dare to leave the woods. The Louisianians went into action with 300 and lost 144 killed and wounded. These figures are more than enough to demonstrate their conduct in the fight--for every second man fell! The 4th Georgia, it is said, acted like very devils, and fought and charged three regiments three several times!--and, more than this, routed them, losing not less than 50 in killed and wounded. The 22d Georgia lost some ninety odd in killed and wounded, and behaved splendidly.

Among the Yankee brigades engaged were Meagher's Irish Brigade, Sickles' "Excelsior Brigade" and another, unknown, some of their other regiments being the 15th and 19th Massachusetts, 2d New York, 20th Indiana, 9th New Jersey, &c. Sickles' Brigade had five regiments, Meagher's the same number. Our force engaged consisted of but four regiments. Being signally repulsed, the enemy withdrew under cover of their guns, but Capt. Huger's Battery, galloping forward engaged them in gallant style, driving them ignominiously from the field with heavy loss. The enemy sent in a flag of truce yesterday to bury their dead, and admit a loss of 1,200 killed and wounded. Our casualties in killed, and wounded and missing will not be more than one third that loss. Among the casualties in the 1st Louisiana we may add the names of Lieut. Col. Shivers, wounded in the arm and rapidly recovering; Major Nelligan, Adjutant Cummings, and Sergeant Major Entzinger.

Towards evening of the same day, the 25th North Carolina were sent out on picket, on the conquered ground, when the enemy endeavored to flank and cut them off. Several Federal regiments advanced stealthily for this purpose, but the North Carolinians met them with heavy volleys, held them in check, when the gallant fellows of the 4th Georgia opportunely arrived upon the ground, and attacking the enemy in flank, routed them with great slaughter, following them up for more than a mile in the woods, mercilessly butchering the Yankees at every turn. The ground conquered by us on both occasions during the day was occupied by our troops, and together with many trophies, they brought in sixty or seventy prisoners. The prisoners confess that a deep scheme had been planned by Meagher and Sickles for the destruction of the Louisianians and Georgians, but think the loss inflicted upon their forces was so severe, and the gallantry of our men so irresistible, that the Federals were only too happy in effecting their escape. The prisoners, themselves, were particularly jovial, and seemed to regard their capture as a great blessing.

From the Examiner of Friday

The general engagement between the two great armies facing each other on the Chickahominy did not take place yesterday to the extent which was generally expected.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Wednesday morning Gen. Reader's brigade, containing a North Carolina regiment and Capt. Snowden Andrews' battery of Maryland Artillery, the enemy being posted in entrenchments on a bluff beyond the swamp. After it had continued awhile, the noted "Long Tom" was opened on the enemy with dire effect, tearing great holes through the breastworks, as could be seen with the eye, dismounting the guns and driving the Yankees in confusion to their next work. Not a single casualty occurred on the Confederate side. though the shells fell rapidly, and the personal injury, inflicted on the Yankee side is unknown.

About two o'clock yesterday morning a portion of Gen. Rhodes' brigade engaged with the enemy on the same wing of the army. The enemy, at the time, was changing his position,

evidently with the design of retreating. The firing of musketry and shell was quite heavy for nearly an hour, with what results we have not learned.

About sunrise yesterday morning it was resumed again, but as there were no fresh arrivals of wounded at the hospitals yesterday, the sacrifice of life and limb must have been inconsiderable. The early portion of the day passed with occasional firing.

It was stated yesterday by parties who have a right to be well informed, that heavy reinforcements from Burnside's army are on their way to McClellan. They say 5,000 men were landed in one day, and 6,000 another, with 600 cavalry. The remainder of Burnside's forces were to operate against Weldon, North Carolina, and attempt the cutting of the railroad communication with Richmond.

In the skirmish, Wednesday, of Wright's brigade with the enemy, the Richmond Greys were engaged, and had a few wounded, among them Sergeant William Woodson, in the knee, and David Wilson in the foot.

A Battle in Progress Yesterday.

The result of the movement across the Chickahominy, yesterday afternoon, of several divisions of the Confederate army, was first made known in Richmond by heavy discharges of cannon off to the right of the Mechanicsville turnpike, which gradually moved up towards Mechanicsville, the sound of the artillery growing in intensity and rapidity of discharges. About 4 o'clock the sound hung stationary over the village until after 8 o'clock in the evening, when it apparently bore off to the left as though one column was pushing the other.

During the evening hundreds of the citizens of Richmond, whose kindred were mingling in the fray, flocked to the high hills east of the city, and listened to the dull "thuds" of the guns filling every second of time, some loud and full, from the siege pieces, and others light and quick, from the field pieces. The smoke of the battle could be seen rising behind the woods, behind which the conflict was going on--not more than four miles distant at least. Occasionally the shells could be seen ascending and bursting over the

wood, above which hung a balloon; but about 5 o'clock the smoke and haze increased so that everything of the field of conflict was shut out from view, and the sound of the conflict alone was ^{heard} ~~heard~~. What was remarkable, the smoke from the field, borne on the wind, floated down the valley, and last evening the eastern portion of the city was sensibly impregnated with the smell of gunpowder.

At nine o'clock the firing in the direction of Mechanicsville had dwindled to the occasional explosion of a shell gun. During the whole progress of the firing the citizens of Richmond exhibited that heroic composure that marked their conduct through the two day's battle of the Seven Pines.

The ambulances were sent out in considerable numbers and their return will furnish us with some particulars of the battle, with the divisions and regiments engaged, &c.

Particulars of the Battle at Mechanicsville.

Of the fight of yesterday we have obtained a few details. Gen. Jackson contrary to his usage, was not up to the time appointed for his engagement in it. Major Gen. A. P. Hill, of Virginia, at 3 o'clock precisely, crossed the Chickahominy, The Yankees seemed perfectly aware of his coming.

General Hill, with 12,000 men (General Branch did not arrive till nightfall,) engaged the whole of McClellan's forces, until night put an end to the undecided contest. While Gen. Hill did not succeed in that limited time, in routing the enemy, his forces stubbornly maintained the possession of Mechanicsville and the ground taken by them on the other side of the Chickahominy.

During the whole time of the contest large reinforcements were passing the Chickahominy under Gen. Lee; but none of these forces engaged in the battle or were under fire; and Gen. Lee did not reach Mechanicsville until nine o'clock at night, when the fight was over.

Gen. Hill is the hero of the battle of Williamsburg. He was then a Brigadier, and won on that field his title of Major General. In the battle of yesterday he displayed, in the highest degree, all the talents of a commander, with the exception of the proper caution of his own life, which he exposed from the first shot to the last, with the

recklessness of a trooper.

The cannonade was the most fearfully rapid and close yet witnessed. General Anderson was ordered to take one of the chief Federal batteries. It is said that one regiment from North Carolina gave way in the charge.

To-day a decisive battle will be fought

Particulars of Wednesday's Fight

We have some additional and reliable particulars of Wednesday's fight on the Williamsburg road.

The regiments engaged were the first Louisiana, the Fourth Georgia, the Third Georgia, the force being under command of General A. R. Wright. This force was supported in the engagement by a portion of General Ransom's brigade, consisting of the Forty-Eighth North Carolina and the Twenty-Fifth North Carolina, commanded by Col Rutledge.

We attacked the enemy's centre, driving his pickets in. The first Louisiana regiment made a brilliant charge, encountering three regiments of the enemy on the right of the road. This gallant regiment and the Twenty-second Georgia fought the enemy's centre for several hours, and when forced to retire fell back in good order. On the left Col. Rutledge led the advance with his regiment, supported by the Third Georgia. On the extreme right as well as on the centre, the fighting was extremely fierce, this portion of the field being gallantly contested by the Fourth Georgia, which three times ~~it~~ repulsed the enemy, and was supported by Col. Hill's Forty-Ninth North Carolina. During the engagement the enemy brought up two pieces of artillery, from which our men suffered badly.

The enemy engaged were Kearney's division, and for some portion of the time the brigades of Roberts and Sickles. The prisoners taken by us are quite sure that Sickles was killed. Our marksmen had picked off an officer on a white horse, who was quite conspicuous, and our Yankee prisoners state that the only officer who was mounted on a white horse was the redoubtable Sickles. It is reported that the number of prisoners taken by us is seventy-odd.

Our loss is much larger than at first reported. We have the following partial list of casualties:

First Louisiana, killed and wounded, one hundred and forty-four; Twenty-second

and Georgia, eighty-nine; Forty-eighth N. Carolina, one hundred; Third Georgia, six; Twenty-fifth North Carolina, loss small. The brunt of the fight is said to have been borne by the First Louisiana and Fourth Georgia. The first named regiment, to whose gallantry there is universal testimony, had never been under the fire of an enemy till three days before the fight. We have no account of the casualties in the Four Georgia.

The loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, is conjectured to be at least one thousand. A little past noon yesterday a flag of truce was sent from the enemy's lines, with a request for permission to bury their dead, an answer to which, under the circumstances, was delayed.

From the Examiner, of Saturday,

The splendid contest of Thursday afternoon, which resulted in the wresting, by Gen. A. P. Hill's division, of Mechanicsville, though without decisive results, except the possessing of the place served to attract the attention of McClellan from a movement in his rear which overwhelmed him. There Hill's division of 12,000 men stood successfully, opposed to at least four times their number, behind earthworks, which they, one after another, evacuated, carrying off their guns, which mounted on wheel carriages, were not captured, as some of our contemporaries announced yesterday, though their positions were gained and held. Many valuable lives were lost at Mechanicsville, but they received immortality there.

At 3 o'clock yesterday the grand coup de main of General T. J. Jackson was accomplished. With his army, which failed to get into position the previous evening, he, fresh from the fields of exploits in the Valley, came down the Chickahominy on the right flank of McClellan's army, to Coal Harbour, in the enemy's rear, and put his front upon it at Old Church. The enemy had fallen back still further during the night, and Hill's and Longstreet's divisions pressed him in front and left flank early yesterday morning. Thus, by a strategy unparalleled for its brilliancy, was McClellan

circumvented. Up to this writing we have no accounts of the battle that has been progressing that would justify particulars, but McClellan and his main army was reported retreating down the Chickahominy, bearing off from "Old Stonewall's" guns in the direction of West Point, where the gunboats were lying ready to cover him.

It was six o'clock when the enemy gave way, after leaving their last breastwork battery of 14 guns, which was their best, mounting heavy siege guns, McClellan retired, burning up his stores, at the depots of his lines. From the top of the Capitol, in the square, shafts of white smoke could be seen rising in the direction of Old Church and the White House. At first, this was thought to originate from the firing of cannon, that could not be heard from the distance, the wind also being contrary; but later in the day it was ascertained to have been caused by the destruction, by the enemy, of his immense stores off to the right of the Mechanicsville pike on the farm of Doctor Gaines.

The mutterings of the fight could be occasionally heard through the report of heavy guns, but it died entirely away as the scene of the conflict was removed by the retreat of the enemy, and the advance of the Confederate forces.

The retreat of McClellan's army, and the pursuit of the Confederate army has moved our base of information concerning the fight, which, we learn was kept up at intervals with great severity; but through the kindness of an officer from our lines, we have been supplied with a very intelligent pencil, diagram, furnishing the positions of the retreating and pursuing forces.

Jackson's army as represented is moving down considerably this side of the Pamunkey for a trussle bridge spanning it at the railroad, with the intention of outstripping McClellan, whose forces were making for the same bridge to secure it as a crossing before it was seized or burned by Jackson. Gen. Longstreet's, A.P. Hill's and D. H. Hill's divisions were pressing hard upon McClellan's rear, while Magruder and Huger, on the Chickahominy, held our right wing in the direction of New Bridge, with a portion of the enemy in front of them. This was the supposed situation of the armies up to yesterday

afternoon. As regards the battle or series of battles that closed the eventful day, we have little that is reliable. So, too of our loss and that of the enemy, but it has been heavy--that on the enemy's side very great; but we will not venture on figures.

It appears to be conceded, that the enemy successfully withdrew their forces from the position held by them on Thursday night, after the capture of Mechanicsville, leaving behind, as a blind, some skirmishers and a battery, which, when charged upon by the advance yesterday morning at daylight, and was found to be empty of men and guns. A pursuit of three hours brought our forces upon a formidable battery of thirteen guns at Gains' Mill, near the New Kent road. Here occurred our heaviest loss. The breast-works were situated on a bluff, across a mill-dam, canal and swamp, with rifle pits in front. Our troops charged through and over all with a valor and determination that swept everything, clearing rifle pits and battery at the point of the bayonet. The troops that did this splendid act of gallantry were from North Carolina--the Brigade of Gen. Pender. This was accomplished through terrific volleys of musketry, shell, round shot, grape and canister, that piled the ground with the valorous dead and wounded.

In the retreat, bodies of cavalry were thrown forward on the Prospect road and the Tuckertown road to intercept them, but it failed to succeed. We hear it said that McClellan's retreat was conducted in good order, and that the enemy carried forward all their dead and wounded. It was said few prisoners were taken; however that may be, but few have arrived in Richmond. As far as our limited knowledge extends at this moment, there is a very fortunate lack of general and commissioned officers killed.

We hear the light batteries suffered severely. Purcell's battery of Richmond, Col. Lindsay Walker, went into the action of Thursday evening with above ninety men, and brought out only thirty or forty. Seventeen of their horses were killed. The Maryland battery, Capt. Snowden Adnrews, in the same battle lost five men killed and wounded, and several horses. Dr. Hunter, of Maryland, surgeon, was killed. The Chesapeake Artillery was ordered to join Gen. Longstreet's division, on the right, and was not engaged.

We hear from the Appomattox river, near Petersburg, below Fort Watthall, that fighting between some of the enemy's gunboats and our forces had commenced. The enemy had destroyed all the shipping at City Point. Several lives were lost.

LATER--THE ACTION BECOMES GENERAL--THE SITUATION OF THE TWO ARMIES AT NIGHT.

We learn from Major John M. Daniel, of the General's staff, serving with General Hill in these battles, and who about 4 o'clock last evening, was obliged to leave the field in consequence of having had his right arm shattered by a Minnie ball, that at the time he left the field, Hill's division, which had been engaged the whole day, and victorious throughout was engaged in a terrific battle with the enemy near New Coal Harbor, and were overmatched by large masses of the enemy. Just as the Major was wounded several large bodies of troops were appearing on the field, which were supposed to be reinforcements under Jackson.

Later accounts brought from the field of battle are deeply interesting. The reinforcements that reached the field, and which were supposed to be under General Jackson were troops of General Longstreet's division. General Jackson was engaged on General Hill's left during the day, but was also in time to join the general engagement which ensued about five o'clock in the evening.

At this hour the action became general for the first time on the Richmond lines. No such collision of numbers has yet occurred in the history of the war. It is estimated that seventy-five thousand Confederate troops were engaged with an equal, if not superior force of the enemy. The scenery of the battle-field is described as awfully sublime, and its carnage as exceeding in ghastliness the worst imaginations of the horrors of war.

Night has caused an intermission of the terrible conflict. From the best and most reliable information we can obtain, the field was undecided, when the action was intermitted to be resumed this morning.

The field of the imposing battle, on which the grandest fortunes ever contested awaits decision, is about twelve miles from the city of Richmond.

The enemy's retreat was certainly not a route, as it has been described on the street corners. He left his ground at leisure carrying off all his dead and wounded, leaving no marks of disorder on the route of his retreat but such as are incidental, of course, to the movements of large masses.

There is occasion to apprehend that McClellan in falling back on his present line of defence, has improved his position. The advantages of his present position are mainly artificial, but they are considered important and serious, although he gave up yesterday several positions of great mutual advantage, especially that at Mechanicsville, upon which he had expended every resource to make it impregnable.

It is impossible to estimate the loss in yesterday's engagement. The only statements we can get of the casualties of the terrific battle of the evening are vague and ghastly messages that ~~XXX~~ "the ground is covered with dead." The spirits of our troops are undiminished. There was no stragling but from excessive fatigue. The issue, which is yet undecided, is solemnly entrusted to our troops and the providence of the Almighty.

From the Richmond Examiner, June 30.

THE BATTLES ON THE RICHMOND LINES.

The Battle of Friday Evening.

It appears, from such information as we have, that about eight o'clock on Friday night the action ceased, the enemy having been pushed over the hill by a succession of brilliant and desperate charges, in which his foremost batteries were taken. In this engagement Gen. Pickett's brigade, which was detached as an advance to support Gen. Hill's assault, suffered severely. The loss in killed and wounded in the Twenty-eighth Virginia, which were part of this brigade, is said to have been nearly half of its members. Col. Withers, of the 18th Virginia, was mortally wounded.

It is impossible to state with precision the number of prisoners taken by us. During Saturday morning numbers of Yankee prisoners were constantly arriving in the city. About noon 1,083 arrived at the Libby Prison. Scores of officers were included among them. The entire Fourth New Jersey regiment was captured and sent in, with others, unnumbering in all about two thousand men. It is stated that portions of whole brigades were captured, and that the number of prisoners taken in the series of battles is four or five thousand.

Three Yankee generals--Major General Reynolds and Brigadiers Simpson and Rankin--were brought in, and, after being taken before Gen. Winder, Gen. Reynolds was allowed to take up his quarters at the Spotswood, where he was soon surrounded, of cour, by a crowd of dirt-eaters.

We understand that the favor of a parole was shown to Gen. Reynolds on account of his kindness in releasing a number of our own prisoners and caring for ~~the~~ their wants when he was campaigning in Western Virginia.

We can obtain no explanation, however, of the enlarging on parole of the two Yankee brigadiers, at the time that Southern officers of equal grade are confined in military dungeons and made a show to the populace.

It is impossible to compute our loss in killed and wounded in Friday's engagements. It is variously estimated at from three to eight thousand. In the assault of the works on the enemy's right wing nearly the entire mass of our forces on the field were engaged; and the casualties must have been frightful, as the assaults on some of the enemy's batteries were several times repulsed before they were finally carried.

There is no doubt that Friday's victory on the north side of the Chickahominy has been achieved by a great sacrifice of life on our side. The visible fruits of our victory are said to be large. Several thousand prisoners have been taken, between thirty and forty pieces of artillery, and about ten thousand small arms. The enemy, in retreating, burnt up the equipments of three camps. The pieces taken are principally Napoleon, Parrot and Blakely (English) guns. We have captured large quantities of army wagons, tents, equipments and shoes.

The forcing back of the enemy's forces from the north side of the Chickahominy, is a serious blow to his resources, as it puts us in possession again of the Fredericksburg and Central Railroads, and cuts him off from his chosen routes of escape.

During the whole of Saturday trains of ambulances were bringing their suffering and ghastly freight into the city. The Central depot, where all the wounded from the battle field arrived during the day presented a curious as well as effecting scene. Numbers of hacks and vehicles, voluntary and impressed, crowded the space, and as several trains arrived freighted with wounded, they were as soon as possible claimed by regiment agents and friends and conveyed to hospitals and private residences. The wounds of the majority of them were slight--in the limbs--but others were terribly mangled, apparently by the explosion of shell. One man ~~shot only once in the head~~ whom we saw in the cars had both eyes shot out, and another had his jaw carried away by a round shot. Several died in the cars as soon as they arrived at the depot. One of the wounded as he was being carried from the cars on a stretcher, implored those around to send for his mother.

That was all he could say. No name, no regiment, nothing--it was "mother." He was shot through the lungs with a Minie ball. The young man before mentioned, who had his eyes shot out, lay on a stretcher in the cars, waiting his turn to be removed. A spectator approached him and said, "How do you feel?" "Oh, I don't feel at all, my eyes are out, my eyes are out, I will never see again." He was assured that perhaps they might be saved. With a tone seemingly animated by the question, he answered, "I lose my eyes, I lost them in the service of the Confederacy, I can hear of, if I do not see, its prosperity."

Engagements of Saturday

There appears to have been no regular battle on Saturday, but a series of charges and assaults of batteries, with various fortune. The enemy still kept in front their retreating line down the Chickahominy, our forces pursuing and attacking as opportunity occurred. It would be impossible to enumerate all the desultory contests of the day.

Gens. Magruder's and Huger's divisions were engaged during the day, with a portion of the enemy's force left in position on our right wing on the Nine Mile road, with the expectation of getting into Richmond, when the main body of our army was drawn off.

Early in the morning an attempt was made by a portion of Gen Tombs' brigade, consisting, it is said, of only two regiments, to capture a battery on the Nine Mile road. The battery was taken by our men, after a bloody contest, but owing to the want of support, and a galling fire from a strong battery of howitzers in the rear, they were repulsed with the loss of some two or three hundred in killed and wounded, and the battery left in the hands of the enemy.

It appears that the regiments engaged in this desperate contest were the 7th and 8th Georgia. Col. Lamar, commanding the latter regiment, is reported to be killed. After getting within the outer line of the battery, our men found themselves exposed to an enfilading fire from three other batteries, which were masked, and retreated, leaving most of their killed and wounded in the hands of the enemy.

Incidents of the Battle

From one of the participants on the field of battle we learn the annexed particulars of the battle of Friday. Col. Campbell, of the Seventh North Carolina, was killed, and Major Blunt wounded. Five companies out of eight were placed hors de combat. Two hundred are missing out of the regiment. The brother of Lieut Col. Hayward, of the regiment, was killed. The Yankees left numbers of dead and wounded on the field; dead unburied, and wounded in the way of their retreat. From Mechanicsville to Gaines' farm it was one scene of havoc and devastation. Our forces, after beating them back from Ellyson's mills, came upon another strong position at Gaines' mills. From here, for a mile and a half beyond, the fighting was terrific.

The enemy burned their pontoon wagons, but not so effectually but all the vehicles and running gear will be saved. We are assured that we captured one battery of field artillery at Gaines' farm. They are splendid guns, and are well mounted.

Many of the prisoners taken were drunk. At Gaines' house, Saturday evening, two hundred and fifty wounded Yankees were lying, with five of their own surgeons attending them, under the superintendence of a brigade surgeon. The surgeon said that our fire was terrific and deadly.

The field presented the most remarkable and singular appearance, being thickly dotted with red breeched Fire Zouzves. The water was plenty and good, and our trains following the army were put in fine condition for transporting provisions to our men.

The destruction of horses was terrible. One shot is said to have killed no less than sixteen in a single battery. Capt. Dabney's artillery worked the "Long Tom" and "Long Charles," and Capt. Dabney was hurt in the knee by a shell.

Assistant Adjutant George W. Alexander, Assistant Provost Marshal, who was an old shipmate, took the place of Capt. Dabney, and worked the guns with telling success, especially the "Long Tom." From the accounts this gun did fearful havoc.

THE EVENTS OF SUNDAY--M'CLELLAN ELUDES US AND RETREATS TOWARDS JAMES RIVER.

Yesterday it was announced in the streets that, during Saturday night McClellan had eluded us and had crossed the Chickahominy with the main body of his forces, making

a rapid movement in the direction of Dutch Gap, on the James river.

At a later hour of the day the news was confirmed, and it was known that our forces, ~~making~~ were in pursuit of the retreating columns of the enemy. It is reported that General Hager's division, which was on the flank of the enemy, was charged to watch him, but that, when morning came, the enemy was nowhere visible.

It is supposed that McClellan's movement is to reach his gunboats and effect his escape by the James river. Sixty transports are reported to be lying in the stream about fifteen miles below this city; but McClellan must have been a wiser and more provident commander than we are willing to believe, if he has prepared transportation in advance for this avenue of escape.

At a late hour last evening our advancing columns had not come up with the enemy's rear, but it was probable that advance parties of our cavalry had come up with the enemy's rear, and were harrassing him. The enemy could not have been more than twelve hours in advance, and we are assured that the roads taken by our pursuing columns and the disposition of our forces between him and the river will cut off his retreat, and enable us to complete our victory by demoralizing his whole command or capturing a large portion of it. In any event, however, it is mortifying that the enemy has eluded us, when we had him in a critical situation, all the advantages of which it will be impossible to renew.

It is impossible to ascertain the precise manner in which McClellan has managed to elude our guard.

Six miles from Richmond, on the York river road, the enemy were in force on Saturday night. During the night our pickets heard them busily engaged at hammering, sawing, &c. The rumble of cannon carriages was also audible. Yesterday about noon our troops advanced in the direction of the works, which were found deserted. Their entrenchments were found to be formidable and elaborate. That immediately across the railroad, at the six miles post, which had been supposed to be a light earthwork, designed to sweep the railroad, turned out to be an immense embrasured fortification, extending for

hundreds of yards on either side of the track, and capable of protecting ten thousand men. Within this work were found great quantities of fixed ammunition, which had apparently been prepared for removal and then deserted. All the cannon, as at other entrenchments, had been carried off. McClellan doubtless imagines that if he can keep his guns from falling into our hands it may furnish him with grounds for a future boast. He will claim to have "retreated in good order, carrying off all his guns." These guns he will probably find it convenient to cast into the James river or the Chickahominy.

After passing this battery, our forces cautiously pushed their way down the railroad and to the Seven Pines. At three o'clock a dense column of smoke was seen to issue from the woods two miles in advance of the battery and a half a mile to the right of the railroad. The smoke was found to proceed from a perfect mountain of the enemy's commissary stores, which they had fired and deserted. The pile was at least thirty feet high, with a base sixty feet in breadth consisting of sugar coffee and bacon, butter, prepared meats, vegetables, &c. The fire had so far enveloped the heap as to destroy the value of its contents. The field and woods around this spot was covered with every description of clothing and camp equipage. Blue greatcoats lined the earth like leaves in Valambrosa. No indication was wanting that the enemy had left this encampment in haste and disorder.

There was some fighting yesterday, but only, we believe, with scattered detachments of the enemy. One of the principal engagements of yesterday was participated in by the cavalry of Colonel Baker. (Colonel Ransom's) at a point about six miles from the city, between the Bottom's Bridge and Nine Mile road. The gunboats on the James had all moved up in the direction of Dutch Gap, and it is the general presumption that the base of McClellan's retreat is to be located there.

Our Loss in Killed and Wounded.

We have been at great pains to ascertain the number of our wounded in the engagements, commenced last Thursday evening, and continued almost uninterruptedly since, and

are glad to announce that it has fallen far short of our fears and expectation. At 5 o'clock yesterday evening all of our wounded had been removed from the field either to the roadside hospitals or to the city. Two thousand have been received at the city hospitals, and, gentlemen who have been on the different battle fields engaged in the removal of the wounded since the beginning of the first fight informs us there^{are}/at most, not more than from four to five hundred in the roadside or field hospitals.

Of the number of our killed, we have no means of making an estimate, but it will be seen that our wounded fall short of those of the Seven Pines by several hundred.

Our last accounts of "the situation" are that McClellan's forces were all across this side of the Chickahominy, with our forces pressing them on the rear and flank. Gen. Jackson was on the east side of the Chickahominy, with his army. He yesterday seized the York River Railroad, and tore up the track for some miles. If McClellan is retreating, we are assured that he will meet with serious obstacles in his way.

We regret to learn that Maj. Austin E. Smith, of Major General Whiting's staff, a son of Ex-Governor Wm. Smith, of this State, but lately of California, received a mortal wound, in an attack on a battery during the severe fighting of Gen Jackson's army on Friday evening.

Capt. Geo. C. Lewis, who was reported dead, was wounded in the thigh.

We regret to announce that General Arnold Elzy, of Maryland, commander of the Maryland brigade, was dangerously shot through the face, the ball coming out at the back of his head. He is at the Exchange Hotel. His wound is serious. Elzy achieved a reputation at Manassas and his friends will most earnestly look for his recovery.

General Ewell had his horse shot from under him but was not wounded.

Col. John Marshall, editor of the Texas Gazette, and commander of the Fourth Texas Regiment, was killed at Cold Harbour.

Lieutenant Colonel Bradfute Warrick, of the Fourth Texas, was shot through the lungs, He is yet living.

More of the Yankee Prisoners--scenes and Incidents in the City.

During Saturday between twenty-five hundred and three thousand Yankees, taken on Friday evening at Gains' mill, in Hanover, thirteen miles east of Richmond, were brought in and lodged in prison. The Pennsylvania 11th (Reserves) and the Fourth New Jersey were taken entire, every commissioned officer, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, surgeons and assistant surgeons falling into our hands. Beyond these two regiments the prisoners were mostly United States regulars, with slight sprinkling of blue Connecticut Yankees.

From Richmond Examiner, 1st

THE RICHMOND LINES.

Review of the Situation.

To keep the track of the battles which have swept around Richmond we must have reference to the principal points of locality which have become familiar in these accounts. It will be recollected that on Thursday evening when the attack was commenced upon the enemy near Meadow Bridge. This locality is about six miles distant from the city, on the line almost due north. This position was the enemy's extreme right. His lines extended from here across the Chickahominy, near the Powhite creek, two or three miles above the crossing of the York River ~~across~~ railroad. The distance along the Chickahominy on the north side is about ten miles. The different stages between the points indicated, along which the enemy were driven, are Mechanicsville about a mile north of the Chickahominy; further on Beaver Dam creek, emptying into the Chickahominy; then the New Bridge road, on which Cold Harbor is located; and then Powhite creek, where it will be recollected, the enemy was pursued after have been driven from his strong position behind Beaver Dam creek.

The York River railroad runs in an easterly direction intersecting the Chickahominy about ten miles from the city South of the railroad is the Williamsburg road, connecting with the Nine Mile road at Seven Pines. The former road connects with the New Bridge road, which turns off and crossed the Chickahominy. From Seven Pines, where the Nine Mile road joins the upper one, the road is known as the old Williamsburg road and crosses the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge.

With the bearing of these localities in his mind, the reader will readily understand how it was that the enemy was driven from his original strongholds on the north side of the Chickahominy, and how, at the time of Friday's battle, he had been compelled to surrender the possession of the Fredericksburg and Central railroads, and had been pressed to a position where he was cut off from the principal avenues of supply and

escape. The disposition of our forces was such as to cut off all the communication between McClellan's army and the White House, on the Pamunkey river; he had been driven completely from his northern line of defences; and it was supposed that he would be unable to extricate himself from his position without a victory or a capitulation. In front of him, with the Chickahominy, which he had crossed, in his rear were the divisions of Gens. Longstreet, Magruder and Huger, and in the situation as it existed Saturday night, all hopes of his escape were thought to be impossible.

On Sunday morning it appears that our pickets, on the Nine Mile road, having engaged some small detachments of the enemy and driven them beyond their fortifications, found them deserted. In a short while it became known to our generals that McClellan having massed his entire force on this side of the Chickahominy, was retreating towards James river, having stolen a march of twelve hours on General Huger who had been placed ~~in~~ position on his flank to watch his movements.

Incidents of the Contest--scenery of the Battle Fields, Etc.

There appear to have been some imperfect statements as to what forces were engaged in Friday's assault on the enemy's works at Gains' farm, where was, in fact the great wrestle of the contest. From the best information we can obtain, it appears that General A.P. Hill's Division, supported by General Pickett's brigade from General Longstreet's division, made the first assault upon the enemy's works, and were afterwards reinforced by General Whiting's division, composed of the Fourth Alabama, Eleventh Mississippi, Sixth North Carolina, Second Mississippi, First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, and Tenth Georgia.

A hill east of Mechanicsville offered an eminence, from which could be observed much of the progress of the three days' combat, the smoke of the battle affording the outlines to the positions of the forces engaged.

All day Friday and Saturday, as well as yesterday, there could be seen hanging over the woods a heavy haze, welling up from the scene of the fight below. The shells often went up to a great elevation, and falling and exploding were generally harmless.

In the woods beyond Mechanicsville some of the trees as thick around as a man's body are shot through and through by round shot, and the bushes are everywhere cut and nipped by the bullets.

Signs of human habitation, fences, and fruit trees, have been swept from the face of the country as far as our army or that of the enemy has progress in Hanover County.

The woods and swamps are represented as full of Yankee deserters, and they could be brought in any number if our troops desired to leave the regular lines and go to the front for that purpose.

The farmers residing in the neighborhood of the battle fields have, with great unanimity and patriotic devotion, responded to the demand made for hospital accommodations, and have opened their dwellings and out-houses for the use and occupation of the wounded.

Among the trophies of our victory are several very fine Federal flags taken from the enemy on Saturday and Sunday. One belong to the "Bucktail Rifles" of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserves, and two others to the Fourth New Jersey regiment.

Around Mechanicsville the houses had been occupied by the troops of both armies and the desolation is very great.

Throughout the whole country the houses are shattered, and nearly shot into pieces by the cannon balls of the opposing armies. At Mechanicsville the explosion of a shell knocked a large house into fragments, and killed six men who were resting there.

In Hanover county the scene of destruction is wide and appealing. At Ellis' mills the wounded of both sides were lying through Saturday and Sunday. A great many of the dead were ~~expick~~ picked from the canal at the mills. One poor fellow was found lying on the side of the hill with his musket beside him and a shot through his breast.

At Dr. Atkinson's farm from which the enemy bore off after the fight at the mills, the fighting was terrific and the loss heavy on both sides. The house of his gentleman is filled with the dead and wounded, and for enemy's surgeons were among them, being furnished with every facility. They lay unattended for miles, sick, prostrated, and

wounded. The Yankees have their hospitals in the woods, and thousands are lying around, under the attention of their surgeons. Amputation is going on at all relief to the wounded. The demand for coffins is so great that some of the houses were torn down on the route to make coffins for the dead.

Some fifty bodies were taken out of the canal at Gains' mills. Over 500 horses were lost, belonging to the several batteries, and their careasses are now infecting the air.

Among the prisoners taken yesterday, was Mr. Thomas Corts, proprietor of the Yorkshreman's Newspaper, Yorkshire, England, whose arrival in this country was noticed several days ago. He arrived on McClellan's lines not long since to report the proceedings of the war for the London press. He is at one of the city prisons.

To the list, published yesterday, of the conspicuous dead, who have fallen upon the field, we have to add the name of Col. Robert Wheat of Louisiana. He received a mortal wound in the head in the fight at Gains's Mills, and expired on the field. Col. Wheat earned a famous name at Manassas, where he was severely wounded, and where his Louisiana Battalion achieved some of the most conspicuous distinction of the day.

Operations of the Pamunkey--Twenty-five Hundred Prisoners Reported to Be Taken.

A report was received here last evening that Gen. Stuart's cavalry had succeeded in getting in the rear of the enemy on the Pamunkey, near the White House, and had captured twenty-five hundred prisoners. A number of the enemy's transport's were also burned here.

Gen. MAGruder's Affairs with the Enemy on Sunday.

We learn that sundown Sunday Gen. Magruder's division came up with the rear of the enemy and engaged a portion of his forces for about an hour and a half.

After passing the enemy's camp, on the York river railroad, our troops pushed after the enemy, and came up with him on the Williamsburg road, a mile east of the Seven Pines, opposite Mr. Wm. Sedwick's farm. The enemy were posted in a thick piece of

pinetrees north of the Williamsburg road, behind entrenchments of strength and elaborate finish. The Howitzer battallion began the fight by shelling the woods. From the direction of the railroad, Kershaw's brigade and other troops marched down the Williamsburg road and dashed into the woods by a flank movement to the left. Here the fight raged furiously until darkness put an end to the contest. Our men laid on their arms, with the design of renewing the battle with the return of daylight.

When the day broke the enemy had again disappeared. Magruder's division followed in pursuit, captured a large number of prisoners on the way. The demoralization of the retreating army was attested by the large number of stragglers which had left the main body, surrendering themselves as prisoners to our men. Yesterday it was reported that the number of prisoners taken on the track of the retreating enemy amounted to several thousand.

The deserted camp of the enemy near the railroad was filled with valuable booty. Their splendid grey canvas tents, pitched over two miles of country, were left standing in good order. The military chests of officers, which were left in great number, indicated that the encampment had been occupied by Meagher's Irish brigade, a Pennsylvania, a New York, and a Massachusetts brigade. As our men passed hastily through the camp, they helped themselves to such articles as suited their fancy. There was a variety of booty sufficient to gratify the most varied tastes.

Our loss in killed and wounded in Sunday's affair is reported to be inconsiderable--about a hundred men.

Movements of Yesterday--M'Clellan's Retreat Intercepted.

Yesterday every one seemed lost and bewildered in their imaginations of what had become of McClellan's army. There was no certain announcement that he had yet reached the river. As the day progressed, it became known that Jackson's division had crossed the Chickahominy, and that there were strong hopes that Longstreet's division would intercept the retreating enemy. General Holmes, commanding a division, was said to be

between the enemy and the river with a force of 15,000 men. Every effort seemed to be made by a new disposition of our forces to repair the unfortunate circumstances by which an enemy with three divisions in his front had effected at least a temporary escape from a position in which it was a paramount object of the contst to hold him.

The last accounts we have of the situation of the enemy, and which we can recommend to our readers as reliable, leave doubt that his retreat has been intercepted. We are able to state positively that we have forces between him and the river, including Gen. Holmes' command of fifteen thousand men. It is also certain that Gen. Jackson crossed the Chickahominy yesterday morning, and that the main body of McClellan's forces is on this side of the Chickahominy, in Charles City county, where his retreat has been intercepted and he has again been challenged to battle. The condition of the enemy excites hopes of a most favorable result to our arms.

Information of the progress of our arms yesterday were meagre on account of the movements being conducted further away from the city.

It was stated by persons who left our lines yesterday afternoon that general fighting was progressing. These statements, however, we believe to be unreliable to the extent to which they go. There was some action in the afternoon preparatory to the great contest; our troops are busily marching and countermarching to effect the contemplated investment of the enemy's position.

The Latest From Our Lines--Yesterday's Battle

The latest accounts which we can get from the critical portion of our lines and recommend to our readers reliable, ~~unreliable~~ represent that late yesterday afternoon the enemy was in position near White Oak Swamp; that all the roads on the Chickahominy were in our possession, Jackson's division having a position at Bottom's Bridge; that a portion of our forces had got in the rear of the enemy and were driving him back, and that late in the evening our forces in his front had drawn up in two lines of battle for a general action which the enemy was endeavoring to decline. The attack was made

by Gen. Hager on the front of the enemy, who at that time was in the angle formed by the intersection of the New Market and Quaker roads, with Gens. Holmes and Magruder in his rear.

After a short and desultory contest the divisions of Gen. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were moved up, and attacked the enemy with great fierceness, and the action became general with terrible loss on our side, but terminated with the result of driving the enemy back for about a mile and a half, and putting him in a position where he will be forced to fight in the morning with every prospect of the rout of his forces, as it is supposed that our attack will be made this morning on his front and both flanks. Longstreet's division is reported to have been badly cut up, particularly the brigade of Gen. Anderson, of South Carolina, and Gen. Kemper, of Virginia. It is supposed that an inconsiderable portion of McClellan's army may have reached James river.

Southern Watchman, July 16 (3, 1), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Casualties in Clarke Rifles
Richmond, Va., July 5, 1862.

Mr. Christy: Please publish the following list of casualties in the Clarke Rifles in the engagement on Tuesday, the 1st instant:

Thomas A. Wright, killed.
Lieut. Crenshaw, wounded severely in the bowels.
H. Launius, wounded in the wrist.
John M. Allgood, slightly in the back.
E. E. Carter, right arm shot off.
Joseph C. Elder, severely in the bowels,
A. B. C. Delay, in the leg.
W. H. Hail, in the hip.
Zach, Jackson, in left knee.
Asa M. Jackson, slightly, in the arm.
E. Michael, in the hand.
Joseph S. Jones, slightly, in the hip.

The wounded, I am happy to state, are all doing well, except Lieut Crenshaw and Joseph C. Elder--I fear their wounds are mortal. The following casualties occurred in the company in various skirmishes, before the fight on Tuesday: John M. Bradberry, James H. Hardigree and Franklin G. Eblin, killed, Isaac V. Bradberry, flesh wound in the thigh by the same ball that killed his brother, John M. Bradberry.

Respectfully, yours,

JOSEPH J. McREE,

Capt. Clarke Rifles, Co. L. 3d Ga. Vols.

Casualties in Capt. Grady's Co.

We are indebted to Capt. W. S. Grady for the following list of killed and wounded in his company:

KILLED

Alfred A. Atkins, of Rabun Co., Ga.
James E. Price, " " "
James D. Cabe, Macon Co. N. C.
Henry C. Long. " " "
Daniel W. Brooks, Hall Co., Ga.

WOUNDED.

Thomas C. Tolbert, Clarke Co. flesh wound in thigh.
John Tolbertt " " " " very slight.
Thomas Lilly, " " in breast, slight.
George W. Bone, " " hip, not dangerous.
Felix H. Sellars, Clay co., N. C. face, dangerous.
Harvey O. Arael, Greenville Dist, S. C. in arm.
Jacob Peeler, of Clarke co. in hand, slightly.
G. M. Netherland, of Rabun, dangerous.
James Gillespie, " slightly.
Gen. W. Smith, Clay co. N. C., neck and legs, dang.
George W. L. Kelly, of Rabun co., leg, slightly.
William C. Lockaby, of Towns co., Ga. "
J. Seymour York, of Rabun, in back, not dangerous.
Jacob Blackman, of Clarke co. flesh wound, in arm.

Of the wounded, I will not lose more than two or three, or may not lose any. I have seen a good many of them, and they are all doing well. Most of them will be able for duty in a few days.

Southern Watchman, July 16 (3, 1-2), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 30th.

Mr. Editor:--The sudden movements of the Jackson Farmers, Capt. Bennett, has again induced me to ask the use of your columns. We left Camp McDonald on the 15th inst. for this place, where all safely arrived, without any incident worthy of note. After staying here a few days we were ordered to meet the enemy about 16 miles below here, at a place called Shell Mound, on the Tennessee river, 12 miles above Bridgeport. By 10 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, our boys, most of whom had never heard the sound of an enemy's gun on any former occasion, heard the firing of the pickets immediately in front of them, and marching within two hundred yards of the river, the balls began to make the dust fly, when we called a halt, awaiting orders from Gen. Ledbetter to cross over and try our inexperienced hands with the Feds. The General, who on this occasion appeared to discharge his duty, was just upon the eve of ordering us to cross when the order was unfortunately countermanded by Gen. Smith. I say unfortunately, from the fact that recent developments have shown that the whole force of the enemy could have been captured or cut to pieces; a fact that the Yankees by some means ascertained, as by 12 o'clock their pickets has ceased firing across the river, and nothing but the rippling of its turbulent waters, and the dull murmur of the forest leaves could be heard to break the ominous silence; and the valley beyond, which had been chosen as the scene of conflict, now only presented a solitary aspect, upon which thousands of our boys had looked that morning without flinching, as the boundary of their lives, for the force of the enemy at that time was thought to be 15,000 strong and our own 7,000; but it turned out that the enemy had only 2,000 while our own forces were over 8,000 troops, sustained by nine pieces of heavy artillery; but notwithstanding this favorable opportunity "to make an impression," our boys reluctantly took up the line of march to camps, and I believe there was not one of them who did not have fight in his eye. This portion of Tennessee is a

dreary looking region, and a few refugees from the other side of the river, may be found scattered among the mountains. Their story of what the Doodles are doing on the Alabama side is truly lamenting. Every house and farm is left desolate, and the marauding parties are scouring the country in every direction.

Our Regiment was allowed to rest only a few hours before it was ordered to Knoxville, and on the 25th inst., we arrived at that place, and found it environed with about 40,000 troops, with a current rumor that a bloody fight was on hand; but we waited for it only one day, before we were ordered back to this place, where we have been in comparative repose for several days.

That portion of East Tennessee through which we passed is an exceedingly fine country. The wheat crops are far superior to any that I have ever seen in Georgia. A vast amount of corn has been planted, and I have never seen a more promising prospect for a large yield of this important article. Clover fields, almost as far as the eye can reach, are almost literally covered with fine horses, hogs, and cattle, and the fruit trees are bending with rich luxuriant fruit. Plenty seems to reign in every household, but alas! all of this is cursed with the blight of what are here termed Union men, and surely the sturdy sons of the South will never allow the desolating footprints of the enemy to lay waste this important section. At the corner of every street in Knoxville you may hear some croaker preaching up the doctrine that East Tennessee is now in the hands of the enemy. Such must be driven out or they will ruin our cause, and for this reason I appeal to my countrymen, to move onward to the conflict and free their country from this desolating pestilence. All the ladies, however, are secessionists. I have seen a lady saluting our troops as they pass upon the train, and her husband run up and snatch her snow white handkerchief from her hands; but nothing daunted, she would still wave her hands, while the brute was endeavoring to pinion them.

During our short stay in Knoxville I notice the former residence of the famous old traitor William P. Brownlow. It is now entirely deserted, and in one corner I saw a large leather winged bat, snugly ensconced in a crevice, no doubt chitting over the absence of its former companion in fear, lest the howl of the wolf should be his funeral dirge, and the scream of the vulture his last requiem.

There is a vast amount of what is sometimes called "nothing" done in our army. It is a well known fact that our forces here are sufficient to break through the enemy's lines somewhere about Huntsville. But the drift of the game seems to play around the enemy in such a way that we will be continually ditching and throwing up breastworks, only to be abandoned upon their approach. Even now, two regiments are engaged in throwing up breastworks upon the Lookout Mountain, within three hundred yards of our camp, and the men are calling out to be led in front of the enemy, for it is reported that the Federals are advancing in force upon Chattanooga, and some of the women and children have fled to the country. But, Mr. Editor, we can never achieve our independence until the bayonet is substituted for the pick, and dry powder for the spade. Our army is calling for this, and they should be gratified; and then, and not till then, will the advancing columns of Lincoln be driven beyond the borders, and the dark and dreary night that is now spreading its gloomy mantle over this once happy land, will give way to the sunlight of freedom, and the dear ones at home, who are now so lonely, will again be happy in its noonday splendor.

I have only a few more words to say, and these are especially directed to the families of our Company at home. You full well know that your homes are invaded by a cruel foe--that all which is near and dear to a free people, struggling for their rights, is at stake--that our beloved country is bleeding at every pore, and that if we do not gain the victory, the clank of the iron

chain of a tyrant, will be forever tingling in the ears of you and your descendants, when all the future will be clouded over by the dreary night of perpetual darkness, the gloom of which can never be penetrated by a single ray of freedom, unless your husbands, sons and fathers, go forth to defend their dear ones at home. Then be not discouraged, nor lonely in their absence; rather rejoice in their patriotism and their valor. I know that it is hard, cruelly hard, to leave a pleasant home; but what a few months or years of loneliness and anxiety to a lifetime of freedom? Echo answers there is no comparison. And when our company returns, it shall return with honor, and the flag which it bears (being the color Company) shall freely float over an independent people, or be the morning sheet of him who bears it.

G. J. N. W.

For the Southern Watchman.

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, by whom our armies fight,
And honor to our heroes true, who've conquered through His might.
Though far and wide, in bannered pride, at dawn the heathen lay,
Ere evening's fall that mighty host, like mist had passed away:
Glory to the Lord of Hosts, for in our deep despair,
To Him we cried and He bowed down, and heard our trembling prayer."

"When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses and chariots, and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them. For the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies-- to save you."

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad"--"Hath saved us from the hand of him that hated us, and redeemed us from the hand of the enemy."

"Come, let us sing unto the Lord--let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms."

Mr. Christy:--The Bible assures us all things have their appointed time-- a time to weep, to laugh, and also a time of war. God orders war, strengthens His people for it, and gives them victories. Secession from and war with the North, God ordered, and a glorious victory he has given; shall we "Rejoice in Him, as we have trusted in His Holy name?"

Richmond, the beautiful capital of the South, has twice been threatened by powerful enemy, and that enemy has twice been defeated, "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about."

Daily we pray for our support; over public calamities; in our adversity; and now, when an All-wise Providence has ordained the annihilation of the

"Grand Army"--if our expectations are realized and our desires granted--in short, if pleased with our prosperity and wish a continuance of Divine favor, should not thanks ascend from every heart?

"To Thee, O! God, be all the praise. Thy strength, manifested and exerted through men whom Thou hast endowed with wisdom, skill and valor, has accomplished the overthrow of our enemies."

About Richmond a large force had collected, crowding our rivers with gunboats, our hills with batteries, the air above with balloons. Our men were murdered, our women ravished, our negroes stolen, and examples of cruelty, meanness and perfidy daily enacted. McClellan marshalled his forces--troops that had served in the old army; regiments that had drilled for months; guns, all of the most improved kind; cannon guarded by iron railings; men led by experienced officers; a press and a people claiming a victory in advance. But it availed nothing; "The Spirit of the Lord raised up a standard." "He who dwelleth in the clouds, and whose palace is in the Heaven of Heavens, has enabled us to chase a thousand, and put ten thousand to flight. The Lord of Hosts was on our side--the God of the armies of Israel."

Mr. Christy, in the church, in the prayermeeting, in the Sabbath school and in private, are we doing our duty in giving glory and praise, and thanks to God for the defeat--the disgrace and overthrow of the "Grand Union Army?"

List of Casualties in the Jackson Co. Volunteers, 18th Regiment Ga.

Killed

1st Lieut. L. A. McCulloch,
Private H. W. McElhannon,
" J. J. Moore.
" Willis Anglin,
" J. H. Thurmond,

Seriously Wounded.

2d Lieut. J. B. Sillman,
Private A. Harvill, leg amputated.
" J. T. Appleby, through lungs.
" R. T. Rogers, in breast.
" W. P. Potter, in foot.

Slightly Wounded.

O. Serg. H. W. Bell, in arm.
3d " E. M. Eustace, in side.
Corp. J. W. Doster, in breast.
Private T. C. Bowles, in hip.
" J. M. Orr, calf of leg.
" J. M. White, breast.
" B. D. Morgan, breast.
" J. H. Oliver, arm.

The above company was in the fight of Friday, 27th June, near Gains'
Mills.

H. W. BELL, O. S.

Southern Watchman, July 23 (3, 1), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp Near Graham, Jackson co., Ala.,
Headquarters 59th Reg. G. V., July 17.

Mr. Editor:--Again I ask a short space in your valuable paper, that the friends of the Jackson Farmers, Capt. Bennett, may hear something of us. Perhaps no Regiment in the Confederate Army has been so hurriedly run into active service as the 59th Georgia; and none have felt the effects of such service to a greater extent, in so short a period of time. Of 900 men only 475 are reported for duty to-day; of the others, 304 are in various hospitals, and the remainder, 121, excepting a few who are at home, now lie sick in camps. The fatal cases, however, have been few in proportion to the number sick, 15 only having died in the Regiment. Measles, that common scourge of the camps, has been the prevailing disease, the severity of which may, to a great extent, be attributed to the many sudden and laborious movements which we have been called upon to make. We have been in service only two months, during which time we have moved our camp seven times, and for the life of me I cannot see the necessity of one of them.

In sickness our company has come in for a full share. Of 110 men only 44 report to-day able for duty. But thanks to the ever kind Providence, we have lost only one--Perry King--who died at Chattanooga, of measles, on the 12th inst., after a sickness of only a few days. The company deeply sympathizes with the friends and relatives of the deceased, who in camps was ever found at his post, willing to perform all the arduous duties devolving upon the soldier. Though occupying an humble position, (in the eye of the people) his name should be as deeply engraven upon the hearts of his countrymen, as if a golden star had been dazzling from his collar. Capt. Bennett made an effort to visit Chattanooga, and have his remains sent home, but this was refused him, and Perry King was there buried, unhonored and unsung. Another martyr has thus been added to the long list of heroes whose bones now lie

scattered from the blood stained borders of Virginia to the turbid waters of the Ocean Gulf, and when the sea and the land shall be called upon to deliver up their dead, we find consolation in knowing that so great a distinction will not take place between the high and the low, as when they first opened their cold and hollow caverns to receive them.

The following is a list of the names sent to various hospitals from our company: J. M. Harmon, J. F. Evens, Jesse Adams, J. T. Adams, E. F. Bolton, S. T. Baily, William Bone, J. W. Bradley, W. H. Chandler, P. Culbertson, J. M. Esco, J. G. Glenn, C. P. Garrison, F. M. Hardy, W. T. Hawks, J. A. Ivey, E. H. Ingraham, J. D. Johnson, Pery King, Carlos Leechman, W. S. Mitchell, John McCarty, W. L. Mann, J. E. Nunn, J. M. Nix, E. G. Strickland, J. M. Sailors, W. S. Sailors, David Smith, W. R. Wood, G. C. Wilson, R. M. Wilson, Posey Wilson, D. M. Westbrook, J. G. Williams, J. E. Wilson, W. S. Yeargin and S. B. Yeargin. Of those sick in camp, none of them are dangerously so.

Our camp is located in a pleasant wood, within one mile of Bridgeport. Every morning our ears are saluted by the sound of Yankee drums, and the curling smoke of their camp fires are ominous tokens of their close proximity, and many of our boys are asking an opportunity to go over the river, the only barrier between us, and kindle up fires of another kind, Their forces are variously estimated at from 5 to 7,000, and our own about the same in this immediate vicinity, under command of Gen. Heth. As to the movements of either party nothing is certainly known, but indications go to show that a decided movement will be made by our forces, in an important direction, at an early day. No disposition is shown by the enemy to cross the river; our pickets, however, frequently cross, and never fail to bring back from four to five prisoners. These prisoners invariably represent their army as being tired of the war; and one Capt. Ballard, who was captured yesterday, swore in the presence of our entire Regiment, that he would never again raise an arm against the South. Our boys frequently talk with the enemy's pickets, and a few days

ago Col. Davis asked one over to read the dispatches from Richmond; whereupon reaching the bank he eagerly read the telegram, remarking that it was d---d hard, but nothing more than he expected. The citizens who are left here are the blood-suckers of society, most of whom are Unionists of the most malignant type, and play a full game into the hands of the enemy, and are detested by our boys more than the Yankee himself.

Corn, the principal crop here planted, looks extremely well, and fine showers of rain keep it in good growing order. This grain is here selling at \$2.50 per bushel. Irish potatoes at \$1.00 per peck, and everything else in proportion. Of flour and bacon we get plenty, though not always of good quality. As to luxuries of any kind we neither see nor hear of any, everything of the kind being consumed by the many thousand who have come before us.

The natural scenery of this region is picturesque and interesting, but the soldier now has no time to view its peculiarities. The hours of drill and marching consume all his time, and he thinks of nothing now but striking for the freedom of his country, and again breathing that free air which makes glad the Southern heart, and whose every pulsation shall thrill alone for this, until a shout that they are free, shall reverberate through every Southern home, and proclaim to the world that the countrymen of Washington live only to free.

The friends of Capt. Bennett, will be gratified to learn of his continued good health, and of his entire capacity to discharge all the arduous duties incumbent upon his station. Our field and staff officers are able and efficient, and when our friends hear that we have met the enemy, I feel confident that all will give a good account of themselves, leaving nothing undone, that is given them to do.

G. J. N. W.

Southern Watchman, July 23 (1, 2), 1862.

STORMING A BATTERY.

The Third Georgia in the Fight.

The following extract from a letter written by Captain R. B. Nisbet, of the Brown Rifles, Putnam county, gives a vivid and terrible idea of the storming of the Federal battery on the 1st inst. Captain Nisbet was acting Lieut. Colonel of the 3rd regiment in the beginning of the action, but by the death of Colonel Sturgis, the command devolved on him.

After detailing some of the particulars of the hard contested fight of Monday, the 30th ult., he says: This was on Monday evening. On the next morning the enemy fell back to James river and took a position on a high hill, with four hills lower and in front of it. These four hills were entirely bare. Gen. Longstreet ordered Olmstead's and Wright's brigades to take the batteries of the enemy, which crowned this hill, numbering, it is supposed, fifty pieces. We started, Bob Dennis, my brother-in-law commanding my old company in the 3d Georgia. We went across the first hill; Dave Adams and Johnnie Dennis were wounded here. I carried the right of the regiment over two of the ridges. General Wright sent an order for me to fall back--then came an order to take the batteries if every man was lost. Wright, on foot, formed the remnant of his and Olmstead's brigades, and crawling on our hands and feet, we crept along over the hills, reaching the last hill next to the batteries with only 600 men left out of the two brigades. We drove the guns over the hill. Here regiment after regiment of the enemy--whole divisions of them--under old Kearney rose up. I thought nothing could equal the storm of shell and shot, cannister and grape, which we had met crossing the hill; but it was the musketry which slew us. Sturgis was shot dead leaving me in command of the regiment, now about one hundred and fifty strong. We had made up our minds that we must die there; but not a man faltered. It was awful. A ball passed through the back of my cap, stunning me so that I had to lie down, but I soon got over it. Brigade after brigade came up to relieve us, but were

driven back by the artillery as fast as they came; still we stood. Toombs' Ransom's and Cobb's brigades finally got near enough to engage the enemy as we were about to be surrounded. 'Twas whilst we were cheering them, as they came to our relief, that I received a shot in the wrist. I was stunned and very faint. Bob Dennis came to me--poor fellow, he was shedding tears, "Brother, said he, "I brought 18 men with me. I cannot find one--not one." He was the only one among the field officers or commanders of companies in the 3d who was not either killed or wounded. I was carried, fortunately, to Dr. Sam White's Hospital and had excellent attention. I got here to-day, am at Nelson's rooms, where I was brought with Lieut. Claiborne Sneed, of Augusta, by J. C. Sneed, Edq., his father. Don't be uneasy about me. I've a clean shirt on, have had something to eat and shall go back to my regiment in a day or two. * * * *

In Monday's fight, from the looks of the battle field, two Yankees to our one were killed. In Tuesday's fight, I think our killed and wounded far exceeds theirs. I have read of storming batteries, but I have never heard of infantry, without cannon, crossing fields half mile wide, to take whole parks of artillery. Such a scene as the battle field presented, you can't imagine. Legs, arms and heads, were lying all over the field, and now over the two battle fields of Monday and Tuesday, for nearly four miles, under the trees, in the ditches, down in the gullies, and everywhere, the dead are lying.

The 3d and 4th Georgia, 1st Louisiana and 14th and 38th Virginia, (the Last Powhattan Whittle's Regiment,) I understand, suffered most in Tuesday's fight. Our regiment, from sickness and constant labor, was small, covering only 380 men in the fight, and about 200 in the last charge.

Southern Watchman, July 30 (2, 2-4), 1862.

FIGHT BETWEEN THE RAM ARKANSAS AND THE FEDERAL FLEET AT VICKSBURG--A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following graphic and truthful description of the recent encounter between the Confederate ram Arkansas and the Federal fleet at Vicksburg, written by an officer in command there to his wife in this place. We have not met with so full, satisfactory and thrilling an account of the adventure elsewhere:

Vicksburg, July 16th, 1862.

My Dear _____:--Yesterday was one of excitement from daylight to midnight, embracing one of those thrilling events that astound after all is over. We had been for two nights on the lookout for the advent of the "Arkansas," with guns shotted and pointed, cannoniers at their posts, banks lined with sharp-shooters, and every precaution taken to help our friends and destroy our enemies, if they pursued her under our guns, that was practicable.

The upper fleet, consisting of at least twelve heavily armed vessels and rams, (deserters say thirty,) had apparently been on the lookout for her for several days, as they had some vessels in the Yazoo, some at anchor at the mouth, and the remainder of the fleet between us and the mouth.

Leaving the city for the hills that overlook the Yazoo valley early yesterday morning, the first glance revealed two smokes, evidently from boats, some seven miles up the river; further, that they were approaching each other from opposite directions. My point of view was distant about the same number of miles. A minute more and there came the heavy report of a cannon from the lower one, then another, and another, and so on, the two smokes constantly nearing each other. Now the upper one has evidently opened; now come two reports together; now two, three and four in rapid succession; for a minute or two there is a pause, the two smokes appear together; and the vessels ceasing to fire have perhaps made a rush at each other, and are being crushed by masses heavier than 8 and 10 inch projectiles. No, this is not so;

heavy reports are again heard, the smokes separate, and both move down the river. Which is in advance? Has the "Arkansas" passed, and is she fairly in the gauntlet which, sink or swim, she cannot turn from, or has the boat that so boldly met her turned, and keeping up a running fight, is making the best of her way to the Mississippi where it is plain there are more waiting to join the combat as they come out.

Down the two go with increased speed, the white smoke curling upward to the tops at every discharge, from the bow guns of the one and the stern guns of the other. At this point I am joined by two other officers. "Gentlemen, was there ever anything more gallant? was there ever more fearful odds than our sole representative of the Confederate Navy in Southern waters has deliberately started to encounter? God grant that the brave Capt. Brown, with the Arkansas and crew, may come safely out of this!" The heavy reports continue; now they must be near the mouth, where the fearful contest really commences, and where four smokes are now visibly moving to prepare for those descending. No one knows precisely where the mouth of the river is, or where the more open water is reached; the turnings of the Yazoo, too, brings the smokes apparently together, when really they may be some distance apart. The firing seems to slaken, not more than two guns per minute--now not more than one--now it stops--can it be that the three have overpowered her and are having her under water, as three or four bull dogs might pitch upon a watch dog and worry him to death? Heaven grant that we may hear the cannon open again, for as long as their booming reaches us the Arkansas still floats. Well, hers has been a brilliant fate, even if she has gone down, and boldly met. What would not her brave Captain give to have one of the boats so ignominiously burned by Capt. Pinckney, to assist him? Are not those smokes moving some--don't they begin to separate a little? There goes another gun, another and another--they have not overpowered her yet; now she must be in the Mississippi and have some room to take care. Yes, they are all in it now, and begin to

move towards us; and the regular roar of the guns shows them fighting as they get nearer. The main fleet in the bend above us, some eight, ten or twelve vessels, nobody knows how many, begin to show signs of activity, and are steaming up in haste; lookouts are visible on the tops, masts and chimneys, and occasionally dark hull's are seen through the tree-tops, moving into position. Now a line is formed entirely across the Mississippi. 'Tis no longer the iron-clad rams and boats of the Western waters that are to be encountered, but Com. Farragut's fleet of regular vessels of war, manned by the choice Federal officers and sailors of the Navy, and carrying the very heaviest armament.

How hard, that after having fought continuously and successfully for an hour and a half against fearful odds, that the gallant craft has but commenced her battle, and is soon to encounter odds four-fold greater.

On they come, nearer and nearer, even now we begin to hear the whizzing of the shot through the air; ten minutes more and they will be around the point in view. What would we not give were she under our batteries, so that we could drive the pack off and give her some assistance? Can it be possible for her to endure the iron storm that awaits, and successfully pass that line? There comes something around the point that must be her: no, I see two chimneys--she has but one; there comes something else, is that her? Both are firing, but apparently not at each other. That smoke still behind the point must be the one; on it comes, rather slow, apparently returning shot for shot, well in the bend of the river, everything ahead, nothing following. Yes, that must be the Arkansas, for now the first shot from the vessels that are waiting for her is fired, and she is just getting in range. What will the Captain try and accomplish? Make a dash at the Brooklyn or Richmond, sink one, then take the chance of being run into himself and lose his vessel, and thus sell her as dearly as possible, or will he run the line and endeavor to reach our batteries, now so near him? One, two, half-a-dozen more guns--the whole

line has opened on him. The white smoke curls in masses above the tree tops; now whole broadsides are poured in, in rapid succession. Nothing is visible but the smoke, and nothing heard but a continuous explosion of heavy artillery. The roar is incessant--shells bursting in the air--shot crashing through the tree-tops--some hissing off a mile or more, and spending their fury there. The firing goes on in all its fury. It cannot be heavier, unless the remainder of the fleet, lying below Vicksburg, should be magically transported across the neck of land separating from the bend above, and join her voice to the mad howling going on around the point.

Did you hear that peculiar noise? Yes, it was a decidedly different sound; she must have struck some vessel. If she can but sink one of those sloops of war before they crush her, she will be well avenged. The battle still rages; they have not got her yet.

Is not that the same black smoke now slowly emerging from the volcano and moving on down? God grant that it may be so! One mile more, and whatever it is comes in view. 'Tis almost too much to believe possible that the gallant craft should come out of that terrible contest. That smoke is certainly descending. On it comes, more and more distinct. Now the wind lifts the dark curtain, and it is by itself. It increases its distance from the main noise, there plainly goes a shot back, returning the fire aimed at it. A huge mortar shell is hurled forward and explodes high up in the air. The Arkansas has no mortars--the smoke must be hers. Are our batteries all ready? The fight must soon move around the point. A rapid glance shows everything ready--() at their posts. There goes a cheer in the upper battery--another and another. Three hundred men have mounted the parapets, waving their hats and making the air resound with their hurrahs. We do not see her yet, but the enemy's shots are dashing up the water in plain view ahead.

One minute more--the point is reached. That is her--there she is. Now she comes in plain view, her flag--the Confederate flag--still flying, but torn

and rent to shreds. Slowly she moves, as if wearied and exhausted with her great combat, yet still dangerous and determined. The Captain is seen standing alone near her chimney, motionless, the only human being visible, still guiding his noble vessel, regardless of the maddened frenzy of those seeking his destruction. Look at her chimney! Oh! what a sight! literally torn to fragments! It tells its own story--a shot, shells, grape and everything in the shape of missiles has been encountered by it. One boat hangs dangling by one end, all the others have been shot away. At last the point is rounded, the goal is gained, and the Arkansas has passed the line within which the contest can be taken up by others. One boat attempts to pursue or makes a show of doing so, but a few well-directed shots from the upper battery on shore, and she disappears.

The fight is over, and all now rush to greet the gallant band that has passed through such an iron tempest. The crew are seen swarming on deck, exhausted by their efforts and the confined heat of their iron clad home. Soon they are within hailing distance, and Capt. Brown is again enthusiastically cheered. There he stands, calm, unmoved, pale, bloody, but the light in his eye yet glittering from the excitement. A cut over the left eye and a wound on the head, which left him senseless for some minutes, have been received; but in other respects he is himself.

Now for the news of the battle.

The boat that met him up the Yazoo was an iron clad ram also; but after firing several shots, as the Arkansas approached, turned and fled, the latter playing upon her with the bow guns, with such effect as to drive the men from the guns and finally silence her. Running alongside at last, Capt. Brown, with depressed guns, gave a broadside, which he thinks must have sunk her, as the flag was hauled down and the boat run ashore. Passing directly on, three other iron-clads were attacked. One was blown up by the first shot, and the crew driven into the river or killed by the steam. Turning attention to the

other two, who hesitated on seeing the fate of their two consorts, a few broadsides sent them away so severely crippled that they got out of the way, and made no attempt to follow down the Mississippi.

This success cleared his passage out of the Yazoo, and what was left fled before him down to the main fleet, closely pursued and hotly fired on.

On coming up to the fleet, the vessels were found ranged across the river as if to completely bar her passage, and every one of them opened on her. Keeping straight on, firing as rapidly as she could, she broke through their line, despite the enormous calibre of the guns pointed at her, and arrived safely at the city. Capt. Brown thinks he set one vessel on fire in passing. Certain it is, there was a large conflagration up in the bend soon after, which burnt all the afternoon and late into the night.

And now commenced a furious bombardment of the town again, apparently out of pure rage that the ram had beaten them, which lasted the remainder of the day, increasing in rapidity as the sun set, when suddenly I hear from my upper battery a shot--then another--then two more, and immediately a broadside. It is at once apparent that the upper fleet have started to pass our batteries and get back to their old position. In a few minutes every available gun on their side and ours had opened, and it seemed as if the heavens had come together, the explosions were so heavy and so continuous. The air was fairly filled with every imaginable projectile, shot and grape hissing, rifle projectiles, and shells crashing through houses, then exploding with reports almost deafening, from their proximity. The night was cloudy, and they were firing by each other's flashes, the whole scene being intensified by some houses burning up, which the shells set on fire. This pandemonium lasted until about 10 o'clock, when the fire at last ceased. How much the enemy suffered in this, their second passage, we will not know. One vessel drifted on to shore and was towed off by two others. There is but little doubt they are much injured,

both in men and in their vessels; at all events, we are quite willing for them to try the passage as often as they choose. On our side three wounded by the bursting of a gun, but none by the enemy.

The Arkansas again played her part and had two killed and one wounded, making twelve killed and nine wounded during the day.

I am too tired to write more, and only wish it were possible to depict the scene as it was seen, and impart some of the feelings that possessed us as the drama progressed.

Yours,

_____.

Southern Watchman, August 20 (4, 1-2), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Headquarters, Camp Smith,
Near Knoxville, Tenn., August 2.

Editor Southern Watchman--Will you do me the favor to publish the following, to my old and faithful friend, Hon. James Lindsey:

Dear Sir:--I promised you, with many others, I would write, but I am so closely engaged I do not have time to execute my letters to my wife, only in a hasty manner, as I shall have to do this. My reason for addressing you through the papers is this: I have promised to write to so many, and am receiving so many letters, in reference to their sons, wards and friends in my company, that I find it utterly impossible to answer them all; and knowing your inability, at the time I left, to get about, I therefore address this directly to you.

The general health of my company since leaving home, and also that of Capt. Camp's, has been very good, except measles, and in the camp neither of us have lost a single man, either from measles or anything else. Two of mine, whom I sent hom on sick furloughs, I learn by letters from my wife, have since died at home, and a third, I fear, from latest accounts, is also dead, to-wit: those dead, W. P. Chandler, of Franklin county, and F. M. Page, of Jackson, and the one I suppose to be dead, H. G. Cansby, of Gwinnett county. They were all three good and faithful solfiers, They were never lacking in the discharge of their duties.

On the 4th of July last, Col. Hunt and Gen. J. H. Morgan having joined their forces together, we left this place just before daylight. On the 5th we struck the Cumberland mountains, and in crossing them the advance guard of our command was fired on by bushwhackers, and one man, by the name of O'Brien killed, a member of the Texas Rangers. We scoured the country all around and captured some 3 or 4 of them. On the 8th we crossed the Cumberland river at Butler's

Point, just before night, when we fed and rested until 8 o'clock in the night, when we took up our march for Tompkinsville, in Monroe county, Ky., where we met Maj. Jordan with about 350 men, well armed and disciplined. About 6 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, their line of battle was as straight and smooth as an arrow. The fire was opened on my company and Capt. Camp's by the enemy, and continued about 10 minutes, quite regular. Our men were only partially armed, and that with old muskets. Some of the companies of the Regiment were armed with rifles. Our men were ordered by Col. Hunt to dismount, and No. 3 hold the horses of Nos. 1, 2 and 4. The enemy were on a hill, more like the one on which is situated the grave yard in Jefferson, than any I ever saw, and the Georgia Regiment were on the east side of it. The firing soon became too hot for the enemy, and they fled in every direction, like sheep. They fired entirely too high and we rather low. We formed our line of battle in the road, about one hundred and twenty-five yards from the enemy; and being in an old field, there was nothing whatever between us, except their wagons, which some of them got behind when they first began to flinch. The captures of horses, wagons, killed and wounded, which I see in the papers, I believe to be about correct, except the killed, which I learned from citizens as I came on back was 63. We did not stay to bury the Yankee dead, as we had none of our own, and but two wounded, Col. Hunt being one, of which he died on the 25th, or, as I am informed by Joshua T. Elder, who remained with him and waited on him, that the Colonel believed he was poisoned.--Maj. Jordan, the commander, was one of the prisoners we took. His sword, or the one used by him in the battle, you can see at my house, as I have sent it home. It was taken from him by Lieut. W. H. Holliday and presented to me. More bravely than my men and Capt. Camp's behaved, I never expect to see. We burnt their tents, with all they had, except one wagon and one ambulance, with a wagon load of their property, which was sent back, in charge of J. R. Shields, J. H. G. Perkins and others, with 12 or 15 horses and mules.

There were nine six-horse wagons and two two-horse wagons. All our command, I am informed, behaved well; my company and Capt. Camp's were under my own eyes, and therefore I speak individually of them. At Glasgow the enemy fled, and we captured the Arsenal with all its contents, together with large quantities of army stores, clothing, &c. After marching almost day and night, we reached the Turnpike bridge, about 8 miles from Lebanon, Marion county, on the second night after leaving Glasgow, about an hour after dark, where we were fired on, and skirmishing continued on into town. The Yankees and Home Guards, or Lincolnites, strewed the road with coats, hats, &c., on to town.--About half past three, on the morning of the 12th, the Georgia Regiment was ordered up to charge on the town, when, just as we had formed in battle array, the town bell was rang and the white flag hoisted, which, I, of course, was quite willing to. Just at daylight we got into town, where we were met by Southern Rights' men, women and children. They invited us to their houses, where as good hospitalities as I ever sat down to, was spread in almost every house, with forage in abundance. Here the Arsenal and its contents, and they were great,) with thousands of clothing, saddles, bridles and harness, with great numbers of wagons, all fell into our hands. After arming ourselves with the best Enfield and Belgium Rifles, with ammunition as much as we could carry, and loading a wagon or two with arms for recruits we expected to join us, we burnt up the remainder, consisting of almost everything to eat, or drink, from the meanest red eye whiskey to the best lemon syrup, or to wear, consisting of hats, caps, boots, shoes, socks, coats, pants, &c., with all qualities of arms, except Navy pistols.

Our next fighting was with the bushwhackers, near Maxeysville, and there I came very near losing two men and Capt. Camp two. Matt and Joe Wills, of my company, and Harrison Bridges and James Clark, of Camp's company, had been detailed as forage guards, and were some distance ahead of the brigade, when they

suddenly came on some men, who ran. The Wills' pursued one crown and Bridges and Clark another. They continued the chase through town, and on the opposite side encountered a force of about 40 men, all armed. The boys fired, faced about and put spurs, but Clark's horse, being much slower than the others, was cut off and taken prisoner without being hurt, although about thirty guns were fired at them, nothing but bad marksmanship saved the lives of the Wills' and Bridges, the balls whistling all around them, and one cut a lock of Matt Wills' hair out. The command coming up, the Tories fled. Scouts were sent out, and some killed, others wounded and still others taken prisoners. We remained just in the edge of town, on our horses, until between midnight and day, when we were ordered to hitch our horses to the fence on each side, with saddles on, and rest until day.

Next morning Gen. Morgan told them our men had to be produced, or he would burn the entire neighborhood, when Clark was brought up. At Harrodsburg and Georgetown the Tories and Yankees fled, and the citizens received us with loud huzzas, and men and horses were furnished with everything necessary and good to eat; and, as at other places, many young and brave men joined us. At Cynthiana, on the 17th, we encountered a force of 950, under command of Lieut. Col. Landrum, with one piece of Artillery, a long, beautiful brass 12-pounder, engraved "U. S., 1862," which, after a 2 hours' fight, fell into our hands, with 463 prisoners, among them Lieut. Col. Landrum himself, with ammunition, arms, army stores, &c., with about 400 horses and mules, among them six of as good horses and as fine harness as I ever saw in Athens to an omnibus or coach. The piece was taken by Capt. Jones' company of our Regiment. Our loss was 8 killed and 29 wounded; that of the enemy was 94, according to their own showing. We continued our course on by Paris, Winchester, Crab Orchard, Richmond and Summerset, capturing numerous trains of wagons, teams,

arms, army stores, &c.,; and at Summerset, which is in the neighborhood of Fishing Creek, we captured, with a great number of others, the arms taken from the lamented Zollicoffer. We were attacked by bushwhackers several times, from Cynthiana on to Knoxville, in all which we lost but one man and one horse. In the Cynthiana battle, how it was we lost no more than we did, I am unable to say. It could have been only by bad marksmanship, as the enemy fired on us, after being routed from behind houses, and from windows, and from behind stone fences, &c.

At Tompkinsville Col. Hunt acted the part of a brave and skillful officer. He was wounded in the leg by an accidental shot, while leading his gallant Georgians in a charge, which drove the enemy from their camp and ended the battle. Lieut. Col. F. M. Nix was left in command, and at Cynthiana, our next general engagement, he proved himself a skillful officer and a brave man, and as he remarked to them the next day, after the battle, "feels proud of the brave Georgians which I (he) command: they fought so well." Maj. S. J. Winn is a young and gallant officer, and proved himself well worthy of his post in each engagement. No officer or private within my knowledge in either engagement, or in our skirmishes with the bushwhackers, was lacking, or showed any want of cool moral courage, known only to the truly brave in an hour of trial on the battle field. To call especial attention to any might do injustice to others; but the generous mind will pardon me for mentioning a few inexperienced boys, to-wit: James Fulcher, James M. Johnson, R. W. Neal and George L. Carson of my company, and Thomas Deaton, of Capt. Camp's company. They loaded, shot and obeyed and executed the commands given, with the coolness and bravery which would have done credit to any soldier. Those in other companies of the Regiment, I doubt not, behaved with equal courage. I speak only of them, because their conduct came directly under my own eyes.

To any who are fond of an excitable life and of moving often, this is the service; but it has its hardships. To march as we frequently have to do, in

order to surprise an enemy, or to save our bacon, for two days and a night, or for two nights and a day, without rest or sleep, or anything to eat almost, I believe will make the most stern and determined think of home, though humble it be, and of the pleasures he has enjoyed with many a kind friend. When I have been fatigued and almost worn out for want of sleep, nearly stifled with dust, and my hair and clothes stiff with it, I could not help going back in my imagination to my own peaceful fireside, and the many hours of pleasure I have enjoyed with numerous kind friends. Among them, my mind often rested on Rev. Jackson Oliver, of Banks Bounty, commonly called "Uncle Oliver." I thought of his good advice to many a young man, of his pleasant manners, and frequently of the large and delicious watermelons which I have several times eaten at his house; but these are among the things remembered, with many such friends, in "Old Jackson" and other counties.

In Kentucky the wheat is standing in stacks like oats, only much larger, corn in pens in the shuck, and many large cribs full of ready shucked, with as good oats as I ever saw grow. In short, Kentucky has the most milk, the largest cows, the fattest horses, the least timber in some places, and the best fences (because they are stone) I ever saw.

In connection with what I have said of the Tompkinsville battle, I forgot to mention the conversation of the Yankee Major Jordan with J. K. Shields and J. H. G. Perkins, who, with others, brought him to Knoxville. He said when he heard us hallooing and whooping, he "knew we were Georgians, and as to being scared to see a Regiment of men coming whooping and hallooing, like a parcel of negroes going to a corn-shucking, for it reminded him more of that than anything else, it was enough to scare the Devil. They looked like they did not value their lives more than chicken roosters."

There was no other troops engaged except the Artillery company, until the flight of the Yankees; and owing to the measles, which many of the troops had, our Regiment was reduced until the forces actually engaged were about equal.

There were several cases of measles in each of our companies after we started. At the Cumberland River I sent back John H. Seymour, Joseph M. Lyle, Isaac H. Lyle and W. H. House, and Capt. Camp Sergeant J. N. Flanagan and M. G. Stewart. Several other cases broke out after leaving Tompkinsville, but all were able to travel except Samuel M. Cato, of Capt. Camp's company, who had to be left at Georgetown. As you have become tired of this long letter, as I suppose, I will close.

Yours, most truly,

W. L. MARLER,

Capt. Co. "E," 1st Georgia
Regiment P. R.

Southern Watchman, August 6, (1, 2), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

TO DRS. WATSON AND LONG, SURGEONS 59TH GA.

In days of yore, when mother earth
Teemed with a race of loftier birth,
When poets, like our modern kings,
Made lofty persons out of things,
And with a flourish of the pen,
Converted ideas into men: --
Unlike them, I now shall sing
Of men more worthy than a king.

When Galen in his ancient day,
Chased disease and pain away;
And Aristotle, too, could find
An antidote for every mind;
Why not praise our worthy sons
As long as time and water runs
And give to Watson and to Long,
The meed of praise in this our song.

Say, soldier, say! when racking pains
And aching brow and fever's brains,
Doth lay thee on thy lowly bed,
Then who shall soothe thy aching head?
Then who thy pillow softly down
And put a smile upon the frown,
And turn the frown into a song?
We answer Watson and for Long.

Go, soldier, go, thy country bleeds,
And write thy name in worthy deeds--
And if the ball should make a wound,
Don't tremble at the hurtling sound;
But onward press--we'll gain the day,
And drive the Vandal hordes away,
While ever onward in the throng,
We'll shout for Watson and for Long.

And now the battle rages round,
And freely bleeds the painful wound;
The mournful groan, the painful sigh,
Comes startling ev'ry passerby;
Its thunders roar, its lightnings peal,
Then who shall all your sufferings heal?
We'll fly to Watson and to Long,
And then continue with our song.

Near Bridgeport, Ala., July 20.

G. J. N. W.

Southern Watchman, August 20 (2, 5-6, (3) - 1), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Headquarters 59th Reg. G. V.,
Clinton, Tenn., Aug. 8th, 1862.

Friend Christy: Ours has been very appropriately styled the flying Regiment; and since my last communication this appellation has been quite appropriate, as we find it quite difficult to keep up with ourselves. I last wrote to you from Bridgeport, Ala., at which place the Jackson Farmers had quite a lively time, being out on picket, within speaking distance of Buell's army, upon Long Island, over which the famous Bridgeport was once suspended, and whose lonely pillow now stands a sad memorial of the devastations of war. This island, in the Tennessee River, which contains an area of about 500 acres of the most fertile soil, is a very interesting feature in the geography of that country; the natural scenery presenting the most romantic features. Giant trees, whose boughs seem to touch the clouds, and whose diameter is fifteen feet, was quite a novelty to us, as we stood beneath them and saw thousands of blue coats, within speaking distance. The general tenor of the conversation of these yankees, showed them heartily tired of the war, and that hundreds of them were seeking opportunities to join our ranks, and on several occasions a few of them have made good this promise. After feasting here for eight days upon fish and turtle, we joined our Regiment, soon after which we were ordered to repair to Lyon's Station, a little village nine miles above Chattanooga, on the Knoxville Rail Road, at which place we were pleasantly situated for two days, when we were ordered to Knoxville, where we arrived at night on the 1st inst., finding thousands of soldiers in here before us, among the most conspicuous of whom were Col. Morgan, and his aid, Col. George St. Leger Greenfelt. Of the former I must say nothing; but to the latter, whose merits are not so generally

known, I must make a hasty reference. Like the immortal Lafayette, he laid aside the price and splendor of a foreign court, to take part in the grand struggle that is now going on for our independence. A distinguished officer in the British army, he travelled all the way from India, and succeeded in running the blockade in the Nelly, at Charleston, last April. He accompanied Col. Morgan's command on its late expedition to Kentucky, and for his undaunted bravery returned with a crown of laurels. He was commissioned in the British Army thirty-three years ago--has participated in the wars of both hemispheres, and must be considered a valuable acquisition to our army.

An interesting drama is now being enacted in East Tennessee. The concentration of the forces under Gen. Smith and Bragg in this department, cannot fail to produce a decided effect upon the state of affairs in Tennessee. And yet another feature for our congratulation is in operation here, which, had it been carried out twelve months ago, would have decimated Lincoln's Tennessee Regiments. Popular orators are now canvassing the country, showing the condition of the people and the progress of the war. It will not be forgotten how the people of Tennessee in the beginning of the present troubles were deluded by the most unblushing falsehoods in order to harness them to the car of suspicion and Federal Union. The lying assumption of Brownlow and Johnson are now being met by men, good and true, which can not fail to strengthen our cause and cause hundreds to join our ranks, whose views have hitherto been differently directed. As to the miserable renegades, East Tennessee Tories, congregated at Cumberland Gap, under the name and style of Federal troops, no one here counts but little, either for or against, and we may soon look for a complete emancipation of this interesting country.

Having staid in Knoxville only one day, we were ordered to throw away all surplus baggage and prepare to march to this place, where we arrived on the 5th inst. This was our first march on foot; and the Jackson Farmers entered upon the hardships of war. But with a weary load on their backs--a scorching sun booming down upon their heads--and clouds of dust obscuring every other object, they onward marched, whistling and singing by the way. Clinton is quite an ancient looking village, on the Western bank of Clinch River, and now contains but few inhabitants; many dwellings being entirely deserted, the lords of which are now said to be in the Federal army. We got no refreshments here, and since we left Knoxville no demonstrations have been made to welcome our appearance. Even the women, who upon all former occasions have manifested pleasure at our arrival, here timidly peep at us around the door posts, and then dodge back as if some one had fired upon them. However, there are a few secessionists here, and their number is said to be daily increasing. It may not be improper to here state that our forces are sufficient to repel any attack that is likely to be made, and they consist chiefly of Georgia troops.

We had been here two days, when on the morning of the 7th, we were ordered to re-inforce Gen. Stephenson at Tazewell, 45 miles north of Clinton. Immediately we took up the line of march, over a rough mountainous country, and found fine fun in wading of rivers, and but little in the clouds of dust that we had to encounter, and the long and burning lanes through which we had to go. Early on the morning of the 8th, Gen. Ledbetter, who commanded the expedition was met by a courier with dispatches to the effect that the enemy had been repulsed, and that our assistance would not be needed. With a pang of regret we retraced our steps, and reached our former camp ground, late in the evening, where we are now located in a healthy position, but are daily looking for orders to march to some point unknown to us.

The condition of our Regiment has improved since my last communication. Today 738 report for duty, being an increase of 262 men. The number sick is 192, and 17 have died. Our company report 50 men able for duty today, and several are returning convalescent, in compliance with the recent General orders of this division of the army. Of those who have died, if any, we have received no official report. We have, however, received the painful intelligence from home, that J. W. Garrison and J. G. Wilson had died, and in behalf of the Jackson Farmers, I extend a heartfelt sympathy to their bereaved families and friends, and as a company, sadly mourn their loss. Since our last report we have sent, of our company, to the hospital, R. B. Anderson, J. M. Dunson, B. D. Garrison, F. P. Henry, P. A. Marlow, F. W. Marlow, W. H. Patrick, J. Strickland, J. T. Streetman, John Smith, Sander Tiller, Berry Croos, W. J. Carithers, J. D. Yeargin, W. T. M. Brock, John Esco, and J. F. Williams. Of the former list. P. J. Roberts and P. G. Wilson have returned to duty. We have only four on the sick list to-day--none of whom are seriously ill. It is a fact that none in our company are allowed to perform duty who are in the least indisposed for which we are under great obligations to Capt. () who, upon all occasions has shown himself the man for the times--a good disciplinarian--a thorough gentleman, and closely endeared to all under his command. Dr. H. J. Long, our assistant Surgeon has resigned his position, in consequence of ill health and Capt. Brock, of Dade county, has been appointed to fill his place. We regret to lose Dr. Long, who during his stay among us has discharged his whole duty, but in the services of Capt. Brock, find a man equal to any emergency which as yet has come before him.

We have now entered the service in real earnest. Without tents and but little camp equipage, we have the broad heavens for our cover, and the earth for our bedding. Like horses we lie down in the weeds with our shoes on, and get up ready dressed--prepared to undergo all the trials and hardships of

camp life, or die for the freedom of our country. War and the exploits of its heroes is an interesting thing to talk and read of, but it requires something more than child's play to carry it into practice. In all ages of the world the soldier has been honored by his countrymen; and when, in the future, the historian shall record the many brilliant exploits of the gallant and true, we glory in the thoughts that Georgia contains not a son over whom Federal dominion can ever bear rule.

G. J. N. W.

Southern Watchman, August 27 (1, 3-4), 1862.

From the Southern Presbyterian.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Camp Near McMinnville,
July 18, 1862

Mr. Editor.--Dear Sir: I wish I had time and opportunity to give your readers a full account of the late brilliant affair at Murfreesboro, but under present circumstances must content myself with the briefest account possible.

On Saturday, the 12th, we broke up our camp (if camp it can be called, when there is neither tent nor shelter of any kind) at twelve o'clock at noon, and moved rapidly towards Murfreesboro, forty-nine miles distant. Our force consists entirely of cavalry, and hence is able to move with great rapidity. All night long we continued the march, halting only once to rest and feed our horses. The morning of the 13th broke upon us as bright and beautiful a Sabbath as ever dawned upon earth, but soon to be disturbed by the clash of contending arms. When about two miles from town we again halted for a short time while the enemy's pickets was disposed of. Soon the order was given to advance, and off dashed the entire brigade in full charge upon the slumbering city. Picture to yourself, reader, if you can, a thousand horsemen and more dashing at full speed over the hard and rocky turnpike--imagine the roar of the horses' iron hoofs--fancy the astonishment of the citizens awakened in the gray dawn of the morning by the noise of our army, and their wild manifestations of joy as they sprang from their couches to welcome their deliverers, and you will have some faint idea of the charge of our brigade upon Murfreesboro. About a mile from town we passed the captured pickets of the enemy going to our rear, and with difficulty our officers restrained the shouts of joy as our men beheld the only barrier to a complete surprise within our power, and unable to warn our foe of approaching danger.

Onward we rush. But the noise of the rushing host has already alarmed the lumbering foe. We approach the court house in solid column, which commands the street up which we are charging. Suddenly the sharp rattle of musketry is heard as our van comes within a few yards of the fatal building, and the contest is opened. Around the court house square we charge, the Texas Rangers discharging their pieces as they rushed by. This mode of contest proving ineffectual, later in the day the building was taken by a charge made by a portion of the second Georgia regiment, in which several of our brave fellows were slain. The main body of the foe, however, were still to be attacked. We ascertained that they were divided into two camps about two miles apart--one camp composed of infantry and artillery, and the other infantry and cavalry. The Texas rangers charged the latter camp and did it gallantly, killing and wounding numbers of the enemy, and losing several of their own men. The second Georgia, was sent by our general to the other camp, with instructions to hold the enemy in check, but on no account to commence an attack until ordered. This duty we undertook to perform, but found that a difficult task had been assigned us. The enemy alarmed by the firing at the court house, were already in line of battle--their artillery, consisting of four pieces, occupying an elevated position, and this supported by a regiment of infantry. Col. Lawton's orders were to form our regiment in line of battle in front of them, and wait until he heard the guns of Gen. Forrest in the enemy's rear when he was to charge them by squadrons. Our line of battle is formed, and anxiously we listen for the signal guns. In the mean time the enemy have discovered our position and opened upon us with their artillery. Minutes lengthened into hours, and still the guns in the rear have not been heard. Hours pass by, and still the guns and the whirl and crush of shells bursting around us is heard. Closer and closer they advance, nearer and nearer do their shot and shell fall around us; now their sharpshooters are creeping close upon us under cover of bushes, and their fire becomes extremely galling. An order is given by

our colonel for one squadron to charge the sharpshooters and rid us of their annoyance. And here, Mr. Editor, let me record as gallant an affair as has occurred during this war. Our friend and brother James E. Dunlop commanded the squadron which was to lead this charge. Through some mistake in transmitting the order he was directed to charge the battery. Desperate as the undertaking seemed, he started off as coolly as if setting out on a pleasure ride. We were upon an elevation protected by woods; the enemy upon another in an open field, where artillery could have fair sweep. As soon as Dunlop's squadron passed the woods and rushed into the field a most terrific discharge of grape, canister and shell opened upon them. The effect of such a discharge can be better imagined than described. The road was strewn with riderless horses and unhorsed riders. And now the whole line poured in through (torn). Is it possible that one can escape? Yes, the leader of that squadron, though his forces are torn and scattered like forest leaves, rushes on amid the lead and iron hail, and leads seven of his own company directly through the enemy's lines, killing one of his foes with his sabre as he passed through. On the other side he again formed his little company of seven to charge back, but was prevented by the prudent remonstrance of his men. Thus, Mr. Editor, was performed as gallant and daring an act as has occurred during this war. And indeed I challenge history to produce a more daring feat than leading seven men through such a fire and over such a battery. For a time we were in a state of dreadful suspense as to the fate of our brave comrade, but soon he relieved our fears by making his appearance and is now cheerfully acknowledged by all as the bravest man in the brigade. The moral effect of this charge I doubt not tended greatly towards inducing the enemy to surrender without firing another shot on our side. They surrendered unconditionally, artillery, infantry and cavalry. The loss of the enemy was 103 killed and wounded, ours 35. Let me briefly sum up the result of the day's action. We captured one major general, viz: Crittenden, two brigadier generals

four colonels, and between twelve and fifteen hundred troops, a vast amount of stores, over seventy-five wagons, three hundred mules and horses, a splendid battery, besides small arms without number. This was done by cavalry, unassisted by infantry or artillery and opposing equal, if not superior numbers of the enemy.

Yours, in haste,

H.

Southern Watchman, August 27 (1, 2-3), 1862.

From the Southern Federal Union,

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

REMINISCENCE OF AN INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED AT A BOARDING HOUSE IN SAVANNAH,
SOME FIFTY-ODD YEARS AGO.

"Music hath charms," &c.

I called at Col. Shellman's boarding house late in the evening of a cold December day, on a visit to Mr. R., of L----- county, and found him with a number of other gentlemen, sitting around a comfortable fire in the dining room, among whom was the Rev. M. L. Weems, the author of a life of Washington and also that of Marion; a peddler of books and distributor of bibles, hymn books and religious tracts; an eccentric, elderly gentleman who was sometimes supposed (I believe erroneously) to draw the long bow; but certain it is he always carried about with him a fiddle, the bow of which he was in the habit of drawing with delightful effect, making his fiddle discourse excellent music. This was in addition to his preaching and praying propensities and habits, for he was equally skilled in the several practices of spinning yarns, praying, preaching and fiddling.

Mr. Weems was engaged in telling and the company in listening to a very interesting story of a happy man--happy in a second marriage--a cause which he always advocated, because, he said, as he had often said before, had it not been for a second marriage the great, the immortal Washington would never have been born to free and bless this happy, this glorious and great country. Suddenly entered the room, in a rough, blustering manner, a tall, stout, burly, florid gentleman, well clad and cloaked, who, divesting himself of overcoat and extra cravats, took a seat by the fire nearly opposite my friend Mr. R. There he sat warming himself and occasionally rubbing his hands, apparently a stranger to all the company. Mr. Weems after a slight interruption resumed, continued and finished his story, and then words of recognition and salutation were interchanged between him and the stranger, who announced himself in a foreign accent, as Maj. F. P.----- of -----, Georgia.

I believe there was not an individual in the room who did not know by sight or reputation Major. F. P., of -----, Georgia.

After awhile the Major, being warmed up, began to look about him, and recognized Mr. R., to whom he addressed some words in broken or bad English, not distinctly heard, perhaps not understood by the majority of the company, but it was noticed that they had a sensible effect upon the long, placid, pale countenance of Mr. R., which became instantly suffused, and a quarrel or war of words ensuing, the field was left clear to the disputants, no person present knowing the cause of the noisy outburst. Mr. Weems, coolly and quietly rising, took his fiddle from the side-board where he had placed it after dinner, not waiting, as is usual with musicians, to tune it up, and began to play violently and vigorously, "sounds full of noise and fury," evidently intending by the discord of words in exchange between the disputants gradually became less noisy and violent, and violin less crazy and cracked in its notes, and the gallant Major was distinctly heard to say to Mr. R., "You are no gentleman," to which Mr. R. as distinctly replied: "Pooh! pooh! you are no judge." Mr. Weems, during the lull, tuned his fiddle and began in a less boisterous and more agreeable strain to draw his bow full, clear and strong--the room was filled with melody, and harmony and peace once more began to reign in the hall and around the fire-side. Mr. Weems continued, the while, walking up and down the room, apparently unconscious of the presence of his hearers. From pleasing, agreeable lively tunes he came to the severe and grave, ultimately rising to an almost divine old psalm tune, by which the storm of passion was lulled--a sweet thrilling sense of propriety and decorum seemed to pervade every bosom; and Mr. Weems, crossing his bow over the bridge of the fiddle and putting it down on the table for use, addressed the company, "come, let us pray;" and pray he did. The whole company, impressed with a solemn, religious awe, on their knees, joined in the devotion.