

Southern Watchman, May 1, (3, 5), 1861.

A CARD

The Athens Guards take this means of returning their sincere and heartfelt thanks to the merchants and citizens of Athens generally, and to the ladies in particular, for the prompt assistance they have rendered them, in making their preparations to go into the service of the Southern Confederate States. Also, for their noble-hearted liberality in contributing funds for the necessary outfit of the company.--Such kindness will not soon be forgotten by the members of the Athens Guards.--Such patriotism would awe the myrmidons of Lincoln, could they but see in it, as we do, the evidence that this people know their cause is right and are determined never to be subjugated.

The Guards, for their part, can only promise faithfulness in the work which they have undertaken, and pledge themselves, when they are confronted with the enemy in battle-array, to strike the harder for the remembrance of the many warm friends left behind them.

S. F. TENNEY, Sec. & Treas.

Athens, April, 27.

Departure of the Athens Guards.

The "Athens Guards," our oldest volunteer company--organized in 1851--having received orders to march to Virginia, took leave of their friends, and departed on the train for Augusta, on Monday morning last.

At the Lumpkin House, they were briefly addressed by Rev. Mr. Key, pastor of the Methodist church, and Rev. Mr. Butler, member of the Baptist Convention--the latter of whom offered a prayer in their behalf.

They were escorted to the depot by the Oconee Cavalry, the Home Guards, Hope No. 1, and a vast concourse of citizens.--A tender and affectionate leave-taking followed, the shrill whistle blew, and they were on their way to the field of glory.

Like the Troup Artillery, the Guards have carried away the very flower of our youthful population. May the God of Battles protect them! As an honorary member of the body, we feel proud of the Guards, and in common with the other honorary members shall hold ourself in readiness to march to their assistance if battle should thin their ranks.

The following is a list of the officers and men of the Guards. Let their names be held in perpetual honor.

OFFICERS.

Captain--H. C. Billups,
1st Lieut.--T. M. Daniel,
2d Lieut.--D. B. Langston,
Eusign--George E. Hayes,
O. Sergt--Geo. A. Carlton,
2d " --A. M. Wyng,
3d " --A. S. Mandeville,

4th " --S. L. Alexander,
5th " --J. S. Williford,
1 Corp'l---R. H. L. Hughes,
2 " ---R. A. Whitman,
3 " ---R. M. McAlpin,
4 " ---H. M. Delacey.

PRIVATES.

H. M. Aikin,
R. A. Bristol,
Willis Bone,
William Boone,
M. J. Clancey,

Daniel McKinzie,
T. G. Macon,
P. M. Neese,
J. J. Parr,
G. H. Palmer

J. S. Colbert,
W. H. P. B. Culbertson,
Charles Dean,
R. T. Durham,
G. C. Daniel,
Thomas H. Frierson,
G. C. Graham,
J. S. Greer,
J. W. Gilleland,
H. M. Gilleland,
Samuel Hayes,
H. S. Hughes,
J. W. Hallam,
J. R. Ivy,
J. J. Karnes,
W. D. Luckie,
W. R. Lambert,
William Ledbetter,
Thomas Ledbetter,
C. P. McAllister,
W. H. Morton,
J. H. McCleskey,
R. P. McWhorter,
C. W. Murray,
John P. Mason.

R. K. Reaves,
J. J. Simms,
J. W. Tenney,
S. F. Tenney,
J. F. Thurmond,
E. C. Thomas,
J. D. Thomas,
A. A. Winn,
Miller Lumpkin,
G. D. Whitman,
J. B. Burpee,
J. W. Nabers,
P. W. Hayes,
John Harris,
Warren Bearden,
D. H. Bailey,
D. P. Williams,
W. H. Vincent,
S. M. Stark,
A. C. Smith,
M. G. Simmons,
G. R. Porter,
George W. Ramey,
J. L. Buford,

BANKS COUNTY GUARDS

We are indebted to Lieut. Robert Allan for the following list of the above named spirited company, the departure of which we noticed last week. They arrived safely in Savannah, and are in excellent spirits:

OFFICERS.

Captain--D. G. Candler,
1st Lieut--W. W. Charlton
2d Lieut--Robert Allan
Ensign--M. M. Moseley,
1. Sergt--Benj. Bray,
2d " --A. J. Richey,
3d " --M. V. Estes,
4th " --Jno. W. Chastain,

1st Corp'l--M. L. McDonald,
2d " --Jas. B. Chastain,
3d " --H. M. Morris
4th " --Jas. F. Ray,
Commissary--S. W. Pruitt,
Armorer--A. W. Owen,
Treasurer--P. E. Bush.

PRIVATES.

D. A. McDonald
T. R. Dodd,
Wm. M. Ash,
W. P. House,
Charles Duncan,
Jas. H. Allen,
H. L. Chastain,
M. N. Chapman,
S. Wilbanks,
N. Harris,
J. Smith,
Willis Simmons,
Jas. M. McMillan,
G. D. Williamson,
Henry Allan,
Gaston Elliot,
D. C. Moors,
J. E. Andrews,
Wm. A. Daniel,
M. H. Scales,
B. Forbes,
W. N. Simmons,
W. J. Andrews,
W. C. Owen,
J. H. Brewer,
J. C. McDonald,
J. W. Chapman,
P. D. Gailey,
T. N. Slayton,
W. K. Brock,
J. C. Owen,
W. T. Doyl,
J. C. Allan,

J. T. Cox,
Wm. J. Boling,
Wiley Eucker,
W. E. Headen,
N. H. Moss,
C. W. Grubs,
G. A. Peak,
A. S. McKie,
E. P. Headen,
E. L. Borders,
W. C. McEntire,
Sam'l J. McKie,
Thos. J. Brown,
J. L. Bullington,
B. F. Church,
Adrian Davis,
T. J. Woods,
T. C. McKie,
B. Smith,
J. C. Richards,
H. F. Clark,
J. Parker
J. M. Arieal,
Henry Carr,
J. H. Woods,
N. P. Andrews
T. J. Hughes,
T. V. Forbes,
Absent, but expected,
W. B. Pruitt,
M. McDuffie,
L. Smith
A. J. Whitlock,

Southern Watchman, May 15 (2, 1), 1861.

A CARD

Although we are commanded not to do our alms to be seen of men, nevertheless, the public should not be informed who the generous are, and especially, where an accommodating, free hearted and patriotic landlord may be found.

From happy experience, we hesitate not to say, that on the Hill at the Union Point, in the person of Mr. J. B. Hart, is to be found the right man and the right place.

Nor was the excellent dinner he gave us all that contributed to cheer the passing soldier. The fragrance of the roses delivered by fair hands to each soldier, as we filed in front of the hotel, still lingers refreshingly in our memories. Long may friend Hart and those noble young ladies live! Prosperous may their days be! and peaceful their last end.

Many Members of the Athens Guards.
Augusta, May 3d, 1861.

Southern Watchman, May 15 (2, 5-6), 1861.

LETTERS FROM THE GUARDS.

Below will be found two letters from the Guards. We hope "the boys" will write frequently.

Head Quarters Athens Guards,
Gosport Navy Yard, Portsmouth,
Virginia, May 9th, 1861.

Friend Christy:--Some accounts of our situation and prospects in this place may not be uninteresting to those of your readers who have not personal friends in our company to keep them posted as to our movements.

We are quartered in the second story of Mast House No 28, Gosport Navy Yard.-- There are six other companies on the same floor with us, making in all about four hundred and fifty men in one room. The lower story is equally as well filled. This may seem a large number to occupy one building, but the rooms are so spacious and well ventilated that we all have sufficient space, also light and air.

Our men continue in good health and spirits, and though we see some rough times there seems to be a general disposition to make the best of every thing without grumbling.

Throughout the Yard and on the smooth expanse of the Elizabeth River which separates us from Norfolk, may be seen the still smoking ruins of the massive buildings and the blackened spars of the hugh ships which were fired and destroyed by the Federal troops when they evacuated the premises nearly three weeks since.

At the northern extremity of the yard about midway in the river lie the few charred remains of the old Pennsylvania, and the Raritan, both burnt to the water's edge and totally destroyed. A little south of these, close to the shore, is the U. States war steamer Merrimac, or rather all of her that is left, the large smoke pipe, and the iron frame, bent by the heat out of all its original shape. Still north

of this a short distance is the war steamer Plymouth, an entirely new vessel, she was scuttled and an attempt made to sink her. Her bow, however, still retains its place, and the stern only, is below water. She was not fired and the workmen are rapidly repairing her damages. South of the Plymouth, lie the Delaware and the Columbus, both scuttled and partly sunk. These two ships of war were used in the war of 1812 and have lain here ever since. They were scuttled to prevent them from being carried to the mouth of the river by the State authorities and sunk, to prevent the U. States ships from entering.

The "Old United States" lies at her wharf at the northern extremity of the Yard. Workmen are busy putting her into working order.

Several of the largest buildings in the Yard were burnt, among them, the Marine Barracks, Ship Houses and Store houses. All the small arms were taken from the Arsenal, broken and thrown into the river.

Over 1800 cannon were spiked, but so hastily that they are rapidly unspiking them.

Several large guns are planted on the Reservoir near the gate, and the walls are being pierced with loop holes for musketry in case of a land attack.

To-day, with three other members of the Guards, I visited Fort Norfolk and Craney Island, and touched at the Hospital on our return. Fort Norfolk is already strongly fortified, and when the works are finished, will be impassible by the U. States fleet. The guns now planted sweep the channel in every direction for miles.

Carney Island is about five miles north of Fort Norfolk, situated at the mouth of the James River. The Island contains an area of about thirty-five acres. It is raised a few feet above the ocean and is exposed very much to the enemy, should they attempt an attack. Sand batteries are going up rapidly and some nine or ten heavy guns have been planted. The United States blockading fleet, lying off Fortress Monroe, can be seen with the naked eye from the Island, and with a glass, the ships can be recognized, and even officers and men who are known by persons here. The stars and

strips can be seen floating from the flag-staff of the fortress. The object of the fleet seems at present to be only to blockade the port. The war steamer Monticello lies nearest our Island and can be seen stopping every vessel which approaches and bringing them back. The Island is occupied by Virginia troops exclusively.

Three Virginia gentlemen who went over with us, kindly took us in charge, introduced us to all the principal officers, and gained us permission to go where and see what we chose. It is hardly fair to particularize, for from Virginians we always meet that hospitality and open-hearted reception which makes the Virginia gentlemen a gentleman par excellence all the world over.

One of our companions was a surgeon of the Virginia army and a member of the Virginia Convention. He told us Virginia would ratify the ordinance of secession by an overwhelming majority. We have news to-day of the final secession of Arkansas and Tennessee, and if North Carolina is to be judged by the reception we met in passing through that State, she may be counted as one of us already.

We are to camp outside the Navy Yard to-morrow, and shall probably be set to work with shovels and hoes to render our encampment safe and comfortable.

Many thanks are due our kind friends in Athens for the provision they furnished us at our departure. Had it not been for their generosity we should have suffered considerably before we could get our rations and the implements to cook them with.

There is little danger of an attack on this place at present, and in a short time an attack will be impossible. Some of us are afraid that we shant have an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves after all. We get very little news here. other than local, and there is no communication northward except by Richmond.

Portsmouth contains a large Union population, most of its inhabitants having been in some way connected with the U. States Government, and have an idea that the world will come to an end when that government ceases to exist. Spies keep the Federal Government well posted as to every movement here, and the strictest watch has to be

kept for fear of treachery. All the companies in the yard are Georgians, with one exception.

About 1200 Alabama troops reached here to-day. They are fine looking fellows, and seem to be pretty well equipped.

Most of the men are now asleep and snoring, and I must bid you good night, and to my blanket.

J.W.H.

We are indebted to a friend in the "Guards" for the following:

Gosport Navy Yard,
Portsmouth, Va. May 6th.

Dear C:--I think you will be surprised to hear from us at this place; as, when we left home, our destination was Richmond. When we reached Weldon, N. C., we found dispatches awaiting us, directing us to march here. We are well pleased with the change; because here there is some chance for a little fighting.

Our route from Weldon here was very pleasant. There was a train of 16 cars, all filled with Georgia troops, and a jollier set of men you never saw--all ready for fun or fighting. The whole country came out to welcome us, and we were well treated at every depot. Boquets were showered upon us from many fair hands; and as our prince of good captains seemed to be a general favorite with the ladies, he can well say that once in his life he slept upon a bed of roses.

On the route from Weldon we passed through a small portion of the Dismal Swamp, but did not get a peep at the lake, where the song says,

"All night long by the fire-fly's lamp
She paddled her light canoe."

We are quartered in a large ship house, with five other companies, but all is very quiet and orderly. You will, I trust pardon this drum-head letter, and I will do better next time.

A.M.W.

Southern Watchman, May 15 (2, 6), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman

A TRIP TO SAVANNAH, &c.

Dear Watchman: I arrived in Savannah last Monday morning, after a few hours' ride from Augusta, where I spent a few days last week, at the Globe Hotel, with that nice, clever and very gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Austin Mallarky, from whom I received many extra civilities during my stay at his house. I here take occasion to recommend him and his Hotel to the traveling public as eminently worthy of patronage. I find this city very quiet and but little business doing from the stores or wharf. There are several large ships tied up here doing nothing--some, however, from Liverpool, loaded with salt-- some from Nova Scotia, with ice, &c., &c. I saw, at the Pulaski Hotel, Monday evening, Lieut. Nelson, Col. M. Grieve, Sen., and Mr. Perkins, who were badly wounded on the steamer Habersham that afternoon, by the explosion of a small cannon, in firing a salute. When will our people learn to quit such dangerous folly! Lieut. Nelson was struck on the right-side of the head, by which the flesh was badly torn and the skull broken in. He never spoke afterwards and lingered in a state of insensibility until he died Wednesday morning, 8th inst. Col. M. Grieve was struck on the left cheek, the flesh torn from the bone, eye destroyed and cheek-bone and skull broken. It is not thought that he will recover; however, he was thought to be some easier and better off Thursday evening. He has spoken a few words since he was wounded. Mr. Perkins was wounded in the thigh, but it is a flesh wound. I visited Fort Pulaski on Wednesday in company with several of the boys of the "Banks County Guards" and many others. I met our friend Capt. Frank Hill upon my arrival, who treated me--as he treats everyone--with marked kindness. He and his boys are enjoying good health. I enjoyed a good "soldier's dinner," by special invitation, with him, besides other things in abundance. I formed the acquaintance of Col. Williams, Commander of the Fort, Lieut. Bagley, who has mounted all the large Columbiads upon the Fort, Lieut. Lane, Capt. "Billy" Martin, and many others whom I do not recollect.

The Fort is in a fine state of defence--plenty of men, guns and ammunition--all right. Should old Abe attempt to run his boys up the Savannah river by this Fort they will have such a warm reception that it will not be healthy to them. The Fort is 14 miles below the city, and Tybee is 4 miles below the Fort, down on the Atlantic coast. You will recollect that Fort Pulaski is at the mouth of the Savannah river. There are twenty-two volunteer companies in and around the city. Among the number I noticed the "Banks County Guards" and the "Troup Artillery." Both these companies were mustered into service this week, forming part of 2d Regiment. The men of both companies are well, and all seem to be enjoying themselves finely. They are stationed in the beautiful parade ground in the upper part of the city, near the Park. I hope I will be pardoned for mentioning the "Banks Co. Guards," particularly, in this communication. I was surprised when I visited the camp to meet so many old acquaintances and school-mates, in this company. A hasty reminiscence of a few years flashed over my mind and I involuntarily recurred to days spent pleasantly with these good fellows in the school-room and social circle.

Capt. Candler and the boys kindly invited me to quarters with them during my stay in the city, which I accepted for a portion of the time. I never saw a crowd of men in any capacity enjoying themselves better "in camp life," than Capt. Candler's Company. The citizens of the city furnish them and the "Troup Artillery" with a fine lot of vegetables every day, and many other favors "too numerous to mention."

I would like to mention the names of some in this company whom I ever remember as special friends, but will not, having, as I do, the kindest regard for all, from the Captain to the humblest private. Thanks to you, my good fellows, for your kind treatment to, and your friendship for me--be assured you have the best wishes of your humble servant, and he hopes when you shall return from the field of battle there may not be a man missing from your noble company.

I left Thursday night for this city, landed early this morning, and shall leave for Athens this afternoon. More anon.

Respectfully,
Augusta, Ga., May 10, 186

M. P. CALDWELL.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Quarters 3d Reg't Georgia Volunteers,
Portsmouth, Va. May 15th.

Mr. Christy:--We changed our destination at Weldon, and found ourselves on Monday, 6th inst., quartered in Gosport Navy Yard at this place, instead of the capital of the Old Dominion. The reason of this change, it is said, was the apprehension of an attack upon the place by federal troops. This is the Navy Yard, you remember, that was recently fired and abandoned by the cowardly scamps, upon receiving information of the approach of a Georgia Regiment. They had a force of seventeen hundred men in the place, plenty of ammunition and small arms, four or five of the best war ships in the U. S. navy, well armed and in full command of the yard, and twenty-four hundred pieces of ordnance in various stages of preparation for immediate use, besides, every other facility for a thorough fortification of the place. They spiked the guns, destroyed the small arms, threw them into the river, burned all the vessels except enough to transport them away, set fire to and destroyed many of the most important buildings in the yard and scampered off in a flurry. Mortification at the thoughts of their own vile cowardice, no doubt, induced them to threaten loudly to retake the place. But there is very little probability that they will ever attempt seriously to put the threat into execution.

Portsmouth is situated on the western bank, near the head of the Elizabeth river--a small inlet flowing northwardly into the James river, at its entrance into, Chesapeake bay. Just opposite, upon the eastern side of the stream, is Norfolk. One and a half miles below stands the Naval Hospital, on the west bank and Fort Norfolk on the eastern. Five miles below is Craney Island. All these are in the possession of the Confederates and well fortified. Besides these, there are various points on the river in a state of fortification.--Twelve or thirteen miles below Craney Island is Fortress Monroe, in the possession of the Republicans, commanding

the entrance to the Elizabeth and James rivers, and impregnable, almost. So the Confederates cannot get out by the river, nor can the Republicans come up. There is some fear entertained that they may disembark on the James river, west of us and approach the city by land. When the fortifications now in progress here are completed, however, a small force will be sufficient to guard against such a contingency. Our Regiment will probably be detained here until these fortifications are completed, and afterwards we may be sent up towards the border.

We have encountered many inconveniences since we left home. But the boys seem to have all left home with the full determination not to shrink from any necessary hardship, and they undergo them with marked cheerfulness.

The election for field officers of our Regiment, resulted in the selection of A. R. Wright, Esq., a private in the Confederate Light Guards, of Augusta, for Colonel, Capt. Reid, of Home Guards, Madison, for Lieut. Col. and Capt. Lee, of the Young Guards, Covington, for Major, Yourtownsman, H. S. Hughes, has received the appointment of Commissary to the 3d Regiment, and his appointment has been confirmed by President Davis. By the way, it is to be feared that some unpleasantness may grow out of the appointment by the President of staff officers. The impression had obtained among the Regiments, that the Colonels would have the appointment of Surgeons, Chaplains, Quartermasters, Commissaries and such like; and they had accordingly selected such men for these offices, or settled upon such men as were entirely acceptable to the regiments. But it is understood now that these appointees have been superseded by favorites of government patronage. It is to be hoped, however, that the President's appointees will resign in favor of those selected by the regiments.

We have understood that the four gentlemen who deserted us in Augusta reported in Athens that our company were all dissatisfied with our captain. We pronounce all such reports to be utterly false and without foundation. There is not a man in the

company, who would hesitate to elect him to the same place if the office were vacant. In truth, we have no doubt but that he would have now been Lieut. Col. or Major of the Regiment, could he have been induced to yield to the many solicitations with which he was besieged, to run for one or other of those offices--not being willing to leave his company for any office. All of our other commissioned officers have made themselves quite popular with the company, and we believe they would be benefited by a comparison with any three commissioned officers in the Regiment.

We conclude with our thanks for copies of the Watchman, forwarded to us here.

ATHENS GUARDS.

Southern Watchman, May 29 (2, 3), 1861.

Banks County Guards.

We have been requested by Capt. Candler to publish the following:

Camp Near Savannah, May 23d.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging the many obligations which myself and company owe to the citizens, for favors bestowed while en route to this place. I should have done so sooner, but for the many cares and anxieties that have pressed upon me since my arrival at Savannah. In procuring tents and other camp equipage, arms, ammunition, rations, &c., besides four hours per day on drill; besides, I knew that our generous benefactors were prompted by higher and holier motives than the praise of men. May they find their reward in that welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." For the warm hospitality and welcome greeting of my company at Jefferson, I would that I had time and space to return thanks to each citizen of Jefferson, individually, but let it suffice to say, that Col. Millican, Major Bell, Mr. McCleskey, Mrs. Randolph, A. C. Thompson and others, are entitled to our special thanks for their kind attention. But what shall I say of the reception by the young ladies of the Martin Institute, for the soul-inspiring greeting bestowed on the Banks County Guards. The deep sympathy depicted on every face, showed too plainly that their hearts were in the great cause in which we were engaged, and that many prayers from pure hearts would ascend to heaven for our welfare. But when I come to speak of the hospitality of your little city, language utterly fails to express the gratitude of myself and company; and had I language to do justice to her, a eulogy from me would be unnecessary. Her panegyric will be written on the pages of her country's history, and on the hearts of a grateful soldiery. May God prosper and bless her, and may her history be recorded on the brightest page of the annals of our beloved South. My special thanks are due to the authorities, both civil and military, for their courtesy and liberality. Mr. Hart, of Union Point, is also entitled to our special thanks, for a splendid dinner. Mr. Hart is a patriot of the first water. May his country appreciate

his patriotism as highly as the Banks County Guards do his liberality. To the military of Augusta my thanks are due, for their great courtesy to our corps. Well, we are still under daily and weighty obligations to the ladies of Savannah, for the most choice luxuries, bestowed in such profusion that I scarcely have time to acknowledge their kindness. While writing this short letter, I have been stopped three times, to tender thanks, once to Mrs. Ross, once to Mrs. Bartow and to Miss Millen. May God bless the ladies of Savannah.--Who would not willingly lay down his life for such a cause, such a country, and especially to defend such noble and patriotic ladies as Savannah contains. Let what will come, the South can never be subdued while the pure flame of patriotism glows with such fervor, in such pure bosoms.--But I am surrounded with the beating of drums, and the eternal hep, hep, hep of the drill, and must close.

Yours, truly,
D. G. CANDLER, Capt.

From the Army.

Lieut. Langston, of the Athens Guards, reached this place the other day, and is gathering up recruits for that company. Quartermaster Dorsey and Sergeant Motes, of the Troup Artillery were here a day or two, and left yesterday morning. Quartermaster Pruitt, of the Banks County Guards passed through this place on Saturday. They all report that "the boys" are doing well.

Mr. C. M. Lumpkin, formerly of the Troup Artillery, is here also, and we are glad to learn has been appointed to a Lieutenancy in the regular army.

Southern Watchman, June 5 (2, 6), 1861.

Our Army Correspondence

Camp Gwynn, Portsmouth, Va.,
May 23d, 1861.

Friend Christy:--The third Georgia Regiment have been encamped in this place, just without the walls of the Navy Yard, a little more than a week; and although we are under stricter military discipline than before, we find the change much for the better in many respects.--The Athens Guards have the second post of honor, in the left wing of the Regiment, and our quarters are undoubtedly the most pleasant and comfortable in the whole Regiment.

Most of the men still continue in good health and spirits. Several have been and are still ailing, but none dangerously so; and our latest reports from the Hospital are, that the sick are rapidly improving, and will be with us again shortly.

Since I wrote you, we have been apparently on the eve of battle several times, and on Sunday night last, 19th inst., we came within one of being in for it, sure enough. The camp was aroused at midnight, with orders to make ready to march in ten minutes. It was anything but pleasant, I can assure you, to be awakened at midnight, in a drizzling, Northeast storm, and prepare to march, we knew not where, or for what purpose. But there was no confusion or disturbance among us, at least. Silently, calmly and resolutely, each one went to work with his preparations for the march. Beside our accoutrements, we were allowed to carry our haversacks, and one blanket strapped to our shoulders.--Some of the far-sighted ones stuffed loaves of bread and other portable eatables into their haversacks, which proved very fortunate in the end. In less than twenty minutes, the entire Regiment were in marching order; but from causes unknown to the men, we were kept waiting a long time before the start, and were detained on our route to the depot for an hour or more.--Just before we entered the cars, the rain poured down in torrents, and we barely escaped a thorough soaking. We left the depot at Portsmouth, about 3 o'clock, A. M,

going very slowly and finding the road guarded on both sides by the Louisiana Regiment, who were ordered there the evening before. When we had gone about seven miles, orders were passed through the cars, to load and get ready, but not to cap our guns, for fear of accident to ourselves, as we were packed in like a drove of cattle. At about nine miles from Portsmouth the train was stopped, and all alighted, the companies forming themselves in order. Only one-half of the Regiment were with us. The first battalion had gone on several miles in the train before us, which was probably the chief cause of our detention in getting to the cars.

Col. Wright was at his post, giving his orders to the Captains of the companies, as to the stand they were each to take.-- While we were waiting, the Colonel stationed us at ease under the trees, for the purpose of keeping our guns and ammunition, as well as ourselves, as dry as possible, under the drenching rain. Scouting and skirmishing parties were detailed from each company, in all directions, to reconnoitre for the enemy. Lieut. D-----l called for five volunteers from the Guards, to go ahead with him to act as scouts for the company. Half the company were at his disposal, before the words were wholly spoken. From these he selected five, who were fortunate enough to get there first, and started on ahead. Sergeant W-----g, with his body of skirmishers, were ordered to proceed to a bridge at some distance, and to prevent the enemy from crossing, by destroying the bridge and engaging them, if necessary. After these arrangements had been put on foot, the Colonel came to the Guards, telling Capt. Billups to march on directly ahead past all the other companies, thereby giving us the first post of honor, and the first chance at the enemy. A hearty cheer went up from our men at these orders, and, if any of us felt the slightest fear or distrust, it certainly was not shown in the compressed lip, the steady eye and firm step with which we made our advance, in momentary expectation of attack. We were, however, doomed to disappointment, for, after marching about three miles, we came to a halt without signs of the enemy, and returned a short distance, at the orders of the Colonel, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible at a farm house, until we could get some definite information of the enemy's whereabouts.

Major Lee, accompanied by a Virginia officer, rode on ahead, determined, as he said, to go clear to the enemy, if they were to be found; meantime, our men huddled under the sheds of the farm yard, while the occupants of the house very kindly made preparations for our breakfast.

In a few hours Maj. Lee returned, with information that no enemy was to be found, and that our expedition had turned out something of a wild goose chase. As soon as our scouts could be called in, we returned to the cars, which had been kept waiting for us, and reached Portsmouth about noon, tired out, wet through, hungry and cold, and most of all, disappointed that we had been to so much trouble for nothing. Pig's Point, the place where the enemy were reported to have landed, is situated several miles north of Portsmouth, between that place and the James River, and nearly opposite Sewell's Point, which is the nearest Confederate battery to Fortress Monroe.

On Sunday evening, about five o'clock, quite a battle came off between this battery at Sewell's Point and the steamer Monticello, which has been blockading the James River. It seems that the steamer, in pursuit of a small vessel carrying negroes to work on the batteries, came unexpectedly on these batteries, not knowing that they had been erected. She immediately commenced firing into them, and they returned the fire with so much alacrity and precision, as to make several large holes in her side, some as large as a barrel head, and to effectually stop her fire and drive her from her position. The Richmond Dispatch, of the 22d inst., has a communication from a correspondent at Norfolk, who went with the wives and children of the men now stationed at Fortress Monroe, who were left behind when the Federal troops evacuated the Navy Yard; and he says that he saw himself, the bodies of six men laid out for interment, who were killed on the Monticello by the batteries at Sewell's Point, and he was informed that there were others seriously wounded. No one was hurt on the Confederate side.--The small-pox is said to be making sad havoc among the troops at the Fortress

To-day is the Ratification day of Virginia's Secession. No man is allowed to leave camp on any pretence whatever, and as I cannot get my letter off till to-morrow, I may have

time to hear how the State has gone before I forward.

Friday, May 24th.--The State of Virginia has ratified the Ordinance of Secession by a perfectly overwhelming majority. The exact majority is not yet known.

Portsmouth polled about 74 votes for Union, and Norfolk 5; the Ratification votes of the former place were 901, those of Norfolk were 1172. I. W. H.

In a private letter received from a member of the "Guards," and not intended for publication, the writer says: "It would take the pen of a Longstreet to describe the scenes in our camp. When on duty we are prompt and willing; when off, we sing--friend H-----leading--George W-----on violin, Stump G-----on banjo, and all join viva voce."

"While I write, some of the first ladies in the place are in our camp, talking to the men and offering their services to the sick. We are well treated--better than I expected. Some grumble, as you know they do at home; but if our treatment grows no worse, a soldier's life is not the worst in the world."

"Masterly inactivity" don't suit us--we came to meet old Abe's men and we want to see them."

Southern Watchman, June 12 (2, 6-7; 3, 1), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman

FLAG PRESENTATION.

The "Tugalo Blues," of Franklin county, numbering eighty-four men, assembled at Carnesville, on Monday, the 20th ult., in order to receive a beautiful Confederate States flag, as a donation from the ladies of the town and surrounding country.

At an early hour on Monday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the people from all parts of the county, began to crowd the streets of the village in such numbers as to prove beyond a doubt that the hearts of the people, both men and women, of old Franklin, are enlisted in the great cause in which our country is engaged.

Meanwhile, the volunteers were in a neighboring field, pitching their tents, preparatory to entering upon camp duty. At 1 o'clock, P. M., the tap of the drum and heavy tramp of men, betoken the approach of the brave Tugalo boys, who have declared themselves ready to march whenever the signal shall be given. Soon they were drawn up in column, fronting the courthouse square, in which the ladies had assembled, prepared for the proud and grateful occasion.

Mrs. W. M. Hunter, in behalf of the ladies, then came forward and addressed the auditory as follows:

Respected Audience:--We lament the necessity that has assembled us here--would that it were otherwise; but it inspires us with re-doubled hope and courage, when we look around and see so many of brave young men of our country coming forward so nobly in defence of our rights and our homes.

(Turning to the company,) Tugalo Blues, I appear before you in behalf of the ladies of this county, to present to you the Confederate flag of our own independence, emblem of liberty, justice, truth and love; and also emblematical of a people who are determined to sustain it at any and all hazards. Our rights are invaded, our homes threatened with devastation, not by the force or invasion of a foreign foe, but by a

Black Republican party North, who have grown and strengthened for years, by deluding the people from one ism to another, until they have controlled the electoral vote and placed in the chair of Washington a Black Republican President, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, better known as the "Illinois rail-splitter." We feel grateful that the brittle thread that bound us together as a Union, but with no greater affinity than water and oil was rent asunder, and we were spared the humiliation of ever living under Abolition rule. We are a people capable of self-government, and have acted accordingly, by choosing our own rulers and forming an independent Confederacy. With such leaders as a Davis and a Stephens, who dare molest or make us afraid. Let them talk of coercion. It would be easier to force the ocean out of its ancient channel, than coerce those who fight for liberty, justice, truth and love. Were every man in your ranks shot down, there would not be found wanting a woman who would not snatch up your weapons and freely shed her heart's blood, rather than submit to the base invaders of our soil.-- (Placing the flag in the hand of Lieutenant Young,) Accept this banner of liberty; into your care we submit its keeping. We feel assured that you will honor and protect it to the last; and oh! most fervently invoke the God of Battles to be with you in this conflict, and our prayers will follow you and cast a shield around you in the hour of danger. And when the cowardly enemy trembles with affright at the advance of your invincible leaders, let the words liberty and home nerve and animate you to strike a surer, deadlier aim, the blow of victory; and may you have a speedy and successful victory; and return in triumph and honor, to your native homes. The fair speaker, then gracefully turning to the ladies, addressed them as follows:

Ladies:--This is an important era in our lives. We occupy by far the most enviable position of any of our sex on the globe. Now, when danger threatens, is the time for us to arise, nerved and calmed by a trust in God, and arm ourselves with patriotism, self-denial, hope and courage, to cast aside all our foolish and extravagant ideas of dress and luxury, and emulate the sterner virtues of an earlier age. There is work to be done at home. Many of the soldiers are leaving families, whose only dependence was perhaps on their daily labor. Let fathers, husbands, brothers go, with the assurance from us that

we will assist the needy, cheer and strengthen the desponding. Let it not descend to posterity, that the ladies of '61 were behind the women of '76. We will prove to these brave defenders of our soil, that we are worth fighting for.

Lieut. D. C. Young received the flag, and acknowledged it in a few becoming sentences, tendering to the ladies the thanks of his company for their handsome donation, and assuring them that it should never trail while there should be left living one member of the Tugaloo Blues to bear it.

The audience was then addressed by Col. John H. Patrick and Capt. W. T. Millican, in stirring speeches, when the ceremonies were closed and the volunteers, after giving three cheers for the flag, returned in order to their camp.

Southern Watchman, June 12 (2, 6), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Washington Dist., Banks
County, Ga., May 18th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:--I write you a few lines to inform you and your numerous readers, that the citizens in "these parts" are not asleep to the importance of volunteering their services, to defend the rights and liberties of the Southern Confederacy. The spirit of patriotism is fully aroused. At a company muster, which came off to-day, Mrs. Melissa Hooper and Mrs. Julia Ann Lowry, presented a banner to Capt. Lowry, and Mrs. Hooper said, "I present you this banner, in behalf of this District, in honor of your willingness and great fidelity, so wonderfully manifest in preparing to defend the Southern Confederacy, and our fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and our sons and daughters, against the prowling ravages of the foul and malicious Black Republicans of the Federal Government." When Capt. Lowry had received the banner, he replied in a brilliant and patriotic address, saying: "In behalf of the patriotic ladies of Washington District, and in honor of the gentlemen soldiers of said District, I receive this banner at your hands. The Capt. closed his address by saying, "Sooner than we will see this banner trail in dishonor at our feet, let our blood be mingled with our Revolutionary fathers' dust." Capt. Lowry was followed by Wm. Segers, in a patriotic address, followed by R. L. Hooper, Esq., and W. T. Martin, Esq. The proceedings of the day were conducted with music, and the waving of banners, handkerchiefs and hats, and shouts of huzzas for the Southern Confederacy. Language fails me to describe the brilliancy and grandeur displayed on this day. After the above exercises were through, Capt. Lowry beat up for volunteers, and after enrolling many and counting, we find 61 men had turned out, with a prospect of considerable increase. There were some three hundred persons present at this company muster. At the close of the above proceedings, R. L. Hooper, Esq., moved that the proceedings be published in the Athens papers, which was unanimously agreed to. It was further agreed, that Capt. Lowry write out the proceedings of the day and forward them to the Athens papers for publication.

EDWARD LOWRY, Capt.

Southern Watchman, June 19 (2, 6), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman

Dear Watchman:--It might not be amiss to say, that Walton is not asleep to her duty in the existing questions to be decided by the Southern people, at the point of the bayonet, in the campaign between North and South. The two companies headed by Captains McRae and Hillyer, met at Bethlehem camp ground, on Friday, 7th inst., and partook of an excellent dinner, prepared by Camp, Treadwell, Smith, Chandler, Thompson and others, Speaking at 11 and 3 o'clock, by the aforesaid Captains. A tender of thanks went up from both companies, for the hospitalities at the hands of the citizens, so deeply interested in their welfare. On the day following, McRae's company repaired to Sorrell's Springs, at which place a warm reception awaited them. At 10 o'clock, the volunteers were called on parade--at 11 they repaired to the speaker's stand. Robert Mayfield was called on to address the occasion, which he did, announcing that he had never made a speech of the kind. In his remarks, he said if he were able, he, for one, would respond to his country's call, and had done so when young. He exhorted the boys to be obedient to God in the meantime, as well as to their country. The old man's remarks were warmly received by the audience--especially by the volunteers. Dr. Goddard was next called, and responded in a brief and feeling manner. A procession to the table was next formed, where we found a barbecue, not exceeded by anything of the kind we have ever seen, gotten up by D. J. Thompson, Wm. Kilgore and J. B. Sorrells. After dinner, three cheers were given for those who furnished the barbecue; three for 'Squire Peters, (chief cook) for the able manner in which it was served up; three for two ladies, who offered to volunteer; three for Dr. Goddard, for tendering his services, free of charge, to families left by the volunteers. Warm enthusiasm prevailed. Capt Hillyer's company left on the 12th inst., for the seat of war. Capt Anderson is in camp, waiting marching orders. Capt. McRae's company is now organized, by electing the following officers: J. H. Camp, 1st Lieut; F. Patrick, 2d; J. R. Camp, 3d. Capt McRae is now gone to Milledgeville to tender his service to the Governor, making three companies from Walton, for the war.

H. H. CAMP.

ANOTHER COMPANY.

We inadvertently failed last week to mention the fact that our respected townsman, Maj. W. S. Grady, is organizing a company for the war. Those who want to go had better join at once, inasmuch as he knows no such word as fail, and will be certain to be in the service in a short time.

ANOTHER NEW COMPANY

We learn that the pupils of the Law School, together with a number of citizens, have organized a new company, with Rev. P. H. Mell, (Vice Chancellor of the University) as Captain. This will be one of the best companies in the service.

Cobb's Legion

The Chronicle & Sentinel says:--"A letter has just been shown us from T. R. R. Cobb, in which he modestly prefers that the Regiment of Voltigeurs now organizing for service, be called the "Georgia Legion." We beg leave to differ with Mr. Cobb, and, in common with many others, had rather stick to the original title. Why not? We have "Hampton's Legion" in South Carolina, "Wise's Legion" in Virginia, &c.

"Cobb's Legion" has been accepted by President Davis, and will be mustered into service very soon. It will contain four companies of horse. Our spirited corps, The Richmond Hussars, Capt. Stovall, have been awarded the first position. They will do honorable and gallant service in the field.

Southern Watchman, June 26 (2, 1), 1861.

Maj. Grady's Company

We learn that this company will leave here this day week, and go to Col. Lee's encampment near Asheville, N. C., for the purpose of drilling some time. They have been accepted for a term of 12 months by the "old North State," with an assurance that they shall not be sent to the low country. The company is not yet full, and offers superior inducements to those who are not prepared to go during the war. There will be no trouble about arms or any thing else.

TROUP ARTILLERY.

This company, which has been stationed at Savannah for some time past, was ordered to Virginia one day last week. The Savannah Republican pays the following graceful compliment to "our boys:"

The Artillery have been encamped on our parade ground for several months, and their association with our people has been frequent and free. They have commanded universal respect for their gentlemanly and orderly bearing both in camp and out of it; and though in the midst of, to them, unusual temptations, we have yet to hear of the first breach of law or decorum on the part of any member of the corps. Their patient endurance of the hardships of camp life in a sultry climate, for the defence of our city, has won our esteem and gratitude. As soldiers, they are manly and proficient in the tactics of their peculiar arm of the service. Their drills seldom fail to draw a crowd, and but the other day we heard a member of the Chatham Artillery--a corps that boasts of being "some" itself--speak in the highest terms of their evolutions on the field, closing with the remark that they could not be excelled outside of the regular service.

Southern Watchman, June 26 (2, 1), 1861.

TROUP ARTILLERY

We learn that our artillery company, which has been stationed for some time past in Savannah, was ordered, the latter part of last week, to Virginia. The "boys" will now have a chance to make their mark, and we predict for them a brilliant career.

"TOM COBB'S LEGION,"

Will be composed of four cavalry companies, six or eight infantry companies, and one of artillery. Delony's cavalry, raised in Clarke and surrounding counties, the the "Richmond Hussars," Capt. Stovall of Augusta, will be two of the cavalry companies. We have not learned where the others are from.

The Legion will serve during the war, and we learn from the Chronicle & Sentinel will be commanded as follows: T. R. R. Cobb, Colonel, Maj. Smith, formerly of the U. S. A. Lieut. Col., and----Cross, also a late U. S. Officer, Major.

Dr. Mell's Company.

The following company has just been organized in Athens--the Mell Rifles. They are to compose a part of T. R. R. Cobb's Legion. The best arms have already been secured for the use of the company. Members are rapidly joining. In a very short time the company will be full. Any person wishing to go into service, can find the list, by calling at Mr. Goodman's store. No better opportunity can be offered, to go into Cobb's Legion, composed of some of the best companies in the State, under such a Captain as Rev. P. H. Mell. None but men of good character need apply. The following are the officers elected at their last meeting, June 28th, 1861:

Rev. P. H. Mell	-----	Captain.
W. W. Lumpkin	-----	1st Lieut.
John B. Cobb	-----	2d Lieut.
R. H. Goodman	-----	3d Lieut.
J. F. Wilson	-----	1st Sergt.
W. A. Winn	-----	2d Sergt.
W. A. Gilleland	-----	3d Sergt.
S. P. Kenney	-----	4th Sergt.
J. H. Swearingen	-----	5th Sergt.
W. F. Sewell	-----	1st Corp.
G. W. Barbour	-----	2d Corp.
R. C. Lumpkin	-----	3d Corp.
J. T. Maddox	-----	4th Corp.
James Wages	-----	Quartermaster.
W. F. Crane	-----	Sec. & Treas.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Guards.

The following letter from the "Guards," although delayed on the way, will be read with interest by their numerous friends:

Headquarters Athens Guards,
Portsmouth, Va.

Dear Christy:--Once more I will attempt to give you a "drum head" dispatch, although our duties in camp, do not allow us much time to indulge in such pleasures, for pleasure it is to us, when time permits, to scribble to you a few lines, to assure you we still live, move and have our being. The life of a soldier in camp is full of monotony. One day is an epitome of the week and the month; and, to judge by the present, the year. All is very quiet with us at present. Nothing disturbs the silence of our encampment, but the shrill notes of the fife and drum, as they call us to our daily drills, and occasionally the booming of cannon comes rolling up the river; and we can sometimes fancy that we can scent the battle afar off; but thus far we have been doomed to disappointment.

A stranger, on his first visit to this city and to Norfolk, would say we were very badly protected, and that it would be an easy matter for a few thousand determined troops to recapture this important place; but if he were permitted to sail down the bay, and see what extensive preparations have and are still being made to give our "friends" a hospitable reception, he would return fully convinced that should they attempt to recapture the "Navy Yard" and the immense amount of property here, but few of them would live to reach their homes, to tell the tale of their sad defeat, and of the foolishness of their commanders. Every man in our Regiment is anxious to have them come, and we often hear the question asked, "when will they come?" Our men seem not to think of the hardships which they endure--they well know what they came for, and are willing to dare all or lose all. It is a noble sight to see men who have been raised as some of our men have been, submit cheerfully to labors and privations, before unknown to them. But they contend for their rights,

and count not the cost; they all admit that it is a sad necessity to destroy life, but to live in peace and enjoy our own rights, seems to be impossible. We are prepared to maintain them, through we die on the field. We say again, let them come, and when they do come, we will meet them, hand to hand, breast to breast, and when victory crowns our banners, which it surely will, we can say to them, if/^{peace}can only be obtained by war, the price of liberty is blood, and we of the South have it to spare; and when we have vanquished them on a dozen fields, we will tell them to go home and tell the people of the North and their rulers,

"Now, craven Saxons, hold thine arm,
No maiden's arms are 'round thee thrown."

It is very cheering to us to see our friends from Athens walking about our camp. It reminds us of very many pleasant days that are past, and of still many more, that we trust are in store for each and every one of us, when we return from the wars.

MERTON.

Southern Watchman, July 10 (3, 1), 1861.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

For the Southern Watchman

From the Atlantic Ocean to Camp Gwynn.

The voyager from the Atlantic Ocean, bound to Richmond or Norfolk, passes directly from the Ocean between the Capes Charles and Henry into the Chesapeake Bay.

These two Capes lie in a line very nearly due North and South; the distance between is scarcely twenty miles, so that in clear weather the shore on either side is distinctly visible, the channel passing nearest the Southern Cape, Henry, which, of course, lies to the left as we enter, and on the right extends the sandy shores of Cape Charles. The bay here makes to the North, but we keep on due West, hurried on our course by the Ocean swell, the effects of which are visible many miles up the James and Elizabeth rivers.

In all probability we shall encounter, at this time, some one or more of Uncle Sam's blockading fleet, but as we enjoy one of the greatest privileges of all writers, that is, the faculty of seeing without being seen, we pass on our own way rejoicing and unmolested, sincerely wishing in our hearts for some superhuman power with which to clear our coasts and harbors of these sneaking intruders, who go prowling about by night and by day, seeking whom they may devour.

As we approach nearer, the indistinct outlines of the shore in the distance begin to ^assume shape and form, and at about twenty miles from the ocean, we come to the mouth of the Hampton Roads. On the right, and almost surrounded by water, being connected with the main land by a narrow causeway, looms up the solid walls and frowning turrets of that almost impregnable Fortress, towards which the eyes of a civilized world are turning, and whose slightest movements hasten the pulsation of millions of human hearts. Fortress Monroe is pentagonal in shape, of solid brick masonry, and is furnished throughout with everything which the ingenuity and skill of modern military science has been able to produce, to render the situation absolutely secure against an enemy however strong.

Quite a little village extends from the fort to the shore, and as the place has been much resorted to as a summer retreat, a large hotel immediately in front occupies a prominent position.

The mouth of Hampton Roads at this point is just three miles in width. Wiltoughby's Spit, on the South side, is a low sandy promontory, against which the surf beats wildly, offering very little opportunity for a successful landing of a large body of troops. Half way between Fortress Monroe and the Spit, is a small circular island of artificial construction, called the Rip Raps, on which stands Fort Calhoun, as yet unfinished, but at present fortified by the big brag gun Union, recently fished up from the river at Baltimore. This gun has been recently trying experiments on Sewell's Point, with very little effect, if we may judge from the accounts furnished by the boys stationed at that Point, who meet the futile attempts of the enemy with laughter and ridicule, and by trying to catch the spent balls in their caps to send home as trophies of war. The channel carries as between the Rip Raps and the Fortress, and silently and invisibly we pass before the long rows of frowning guns, ready to deal death and destruction to every passer by who stays not his course at their command, or hesitates to hoist at his masthead that flag once so glorious, now so dishonored.

What a scene meets the eye as we enter the broad roadstead, on whose blue waters a world's navy might ride in safety. Just on the right is the village of Hampton, a short time since the abode of peace, plenty and enjoyment, now deserted by its inhabitants, and their places occupied by the hireling bands of the Northern tyrant. Vessels of every description ride at anchor or move slowly around on the water. The huge war steamer and the little fishing smack are side by side, Yankee privateers caught in Southern seas by Yankee ships of war, pilot boats, steam tugs--all are here together, the willing and the unwilling. The shore on the right bends slightly to the Southwest, about five miles to the mouth of the James River, where we find Newport's News. This part of the coast is all in the enemy's hands, and from these points the recent expedition to Great Bethel was made,

the result of which proved at once so disastrous to them, and so encouraging to the South.

On the left shore, near the entrance of the Roads, is Sewell's Point, the nearest Confederate Battery, distant about four miles from Fortress Monroe.

Moving South three miles, we reach the entrance of the Elizabeth River. On the left, guarding the entrance of the river, which is two miles in width, is Boush's Bluff, Confederate Battery No. 2; not far from the right shore is Craney Island, its Batteries sweeping every approach to the river.

Passing between the 2d and the Bluff our course is nearly South, when we find after going two miles or more, our way obstructed by large sunken ships, but our good pilot guides us safely through, while we are admiring the beautifully wooded shores on either side, or gazing forward at Fort Norfolk, distant ahead of us about a mile and a half on the left; and as we are now among friends, we become visible, and turn our vessel's prow straight for the fort's wharf, or we shall soon receive a stopper, in the shape of a rifle ball from the sentry, or, if we are worthy so much attention, a somewhat larger ball from the mouth of one of the black war monsters staring us in the face.

We find the Batteries at the fort in order for the enemy, and the men eager for a chance to try their effect on something more worthy than the red buoys, bobbing up and down on the surface of the water.

From the fort we move across the river to the beautiful grounds of the Naval Hospital, which are situated on a narrow peninsula, the Northern side presenting a solid front of sand batteries, bristling with heavy guns. We can land here at the point and proceed through the shady avenues to the Hospital building, and from thence southward into Portsmouth, or we can turn obliquely to the left and come up to the wharf at Norfolk, the rows of warehouses of which city line the bank of the opposite side.

Landing at Norfolk, we take the ferry boat for Portsmouth, passing about midway, close to the Marine Hospital, on the point of land dividing the Elizabeth into two branches.

We land at Portsmouth, proceed up the main street a few yards, then at the Market House take a turn to the left. A straight street running South, conducts us through the Southern

part of Portsmouth, over a short wooden bridge, into Gosport, and immediately to the North entrance of the Navy Yard. This gate is in the centre of a large brick building, upon which nothing now remains but the blackened walls. We find the gate guarded by sentinels, and a hugh gun ready loaded and primed for use. As we enter, we see the ruins of two large ship houses on the left; on the right is a large green, hundreds of cannon lining each side; in the centre stands the flagstaff, from which floats the Confederate flag. The store ship United States lies at the foot of the burnt building, her port holes open, disclosing a row of bristling cannon. At the foot of the ship house ruin, we find workmen engaged in preparations for raising the Germantown, of which as yet, we can see nothing but a few spars. Following along the river side, we come upon the sloop of war Plymouth, just raised from the river, soon to be in working order. Next, we come upon the great dry dock, a wonderful piece of work. In the dock is the war steamer Merrimac, or rather the hull, for she was burnt to the water's edge, scuttled and sunk, when the Yard was evacuated by the Federal forces. The hull is thrity-eight feet in height, by over three hundred in length, and she very nearly fills the dock, being propped upon all sides to keep her in position. The ground on all sides is heaped up with her machinery, and the debris taken from her decks and hold.

We leave the Yard by the small western gate, and following the wall about a hundred yards, to the west, we come to the guard house and entrance post of Camp Gwynn. The sentinel halts us, but the lieutenant of the guard gives us admission, on being satisfied as to our character and business. We see, however, that all the soldiers and others connected with the camp, can only pass in and out with a written pass signed by their company captain, and countersigned by the officer of the day.

In the guard house we see several men under arrest for drunkenness or other misdemeanor, and one pale, cadaverous face at an upper window, is that of one, they say, who forged a pass, and was court-martialled and sentenced to wear a chain and balls attached to his ankles one week, then off one, then to wear it again another. He had been released

after the first week, and succeeded in making his escape, but was retaken and again put under arrest. What will be done with him now, we are not able to learn, and we go on our way sadly.

We find the camp ground to be a large open old corn field, the hillocks making it anything but a pleasant place for drill. Not a tree is to be seen to ward off the scorching rays of the sun, but we see that has been effected to some extent by arbors built before the tents and covered with boughs and leaves. We pass crowds of men on their way to and from the Navy Yard for water, and we see the sentinels silently patrolling their beats. At the extreme southern end of the wall, we see the long rows of tents, those of Company A. being next to the wall, and those of Company K.--Athens Guards--at the other end, on the left wing. We make for the latter camp, and are soon surrounded by Athens boys; and here we will stop for the present, reserving for some other occasion a description of what we there saw and heard.

I.W.H.

CLARKE COUNTY RIFLES.

The following is the Muster Roll of Capt. Vincent's company:

OFFICERS.

Captain -----	Isaac S. Vincent.
1st Lieutenant -----	James W. Hendon.
2nd Lieutenant -----	Joseph J. McRee.
Ensign -----	Zadoc F. Crenshaw.
1st Sergeant -----	John P. Cherry.
2nd Sergeant -----	Linsey Durham.
3rd Sergeant -----	Henry E. Jackson.
4th Sergeant -----	Anselm L. Harper, Sr.
5th Sergeant -----	Sanford Whitehead.
1st Corporal -----	Arthur M. Jackson
2nd Corporal -----	John T. Turnell
3rd Corporal -----	Joseph F. Launius
4th Corporal -----	Hillman P. Fullilove.

PRIVATEES

Allan, V. E. B.	Hill, Edward
Burger, Jacob.	Haile, William H.
Banter, Thomas.	Harris, Robert B.
Berryhill, James W.	Hinson, John L.
Bradburry, P. W.	Herod, James W.
Bradburry, Isaac V.	Jones, Jabez
Carter, B. F.	Jones, Joseph S.
Carter, E. E.	Jones, James D.
Davis, Josiah.	Jones, Richard S.
Doggett, John W.	Jarrell, George A.
Doggett, Young W.	Jackson, Asa M.
Davenport, Thos. W.	Jackson, Hillman
Dunnahoo, James W.	Little, Cyrus W.
Delay, A. B. C.	Lowe, Wm. H.
East, Silas, Jr.	Maxey, Augustus R.
Elder, Andrew J.	McRee, Thomas P.
Elder, David M.	Middlebrooks, Z. B.
Elder, David S.	Middlebrooks, T. E.
Elder, Doctor E.	Nunnally, Wm. C.
Elder, Wm. M.	Peeler, John.
Epps, Wm. P. H.	Robertson, T. J.
Elder, Joshua T.	Redmond, Geo. W.
Elder, Dawson, J.	Rutledge, Wm. A.
Eblin, Franklin G.	Stephens, David
Elder, Joseph.	Spencer, William
Elder, Joseph C.	Stewart, James M.
Fielding, Wm. H.	Smith, W. H.
Griffeth, Edward A.	Turnell, Wm. F.

Griffeth, David H.
Gober, Wesley A.
Graves, J. S.
Giles, J. F.
Giles, John H.
Harper, A. L., Jr.

Thornton, Wiley A.
Thompson, B. S.
Turnell, James
Thrasher, W. H.
Veaf, M. D. L.
Whitehead, John P.

Southern Watchman, July 17, (2, 3), 1861.

CAPT. GRADY'S COMPANY.

We find in the Franklin, (N.C.) CAROLIAN, of the 9th inst., the following paragraph in reference to Capt. Grady's company. Some thirty-odd of them accompanied him from this place, and as will be seen, our boys have been fortunate in their election to office:

Capt. Grady's Company of "Blue Ridge Guards" are passing through Franklin as we go to press, amidst the greetings and cheerings of citizens, male and female.

This company of hardy mountaineers, gathered up from several adjacent counties, has been quartered near our village, since Saturday evening, preferring to rest and attend Church rather than travel on the Sabbath. On Monday morning all the company officers were elected, and in marching into the village received a flag from the hands of Mr. J. R. Siler, with appropriate compliments.

The company marched to the front of the Hotel, where they were met by a good number of ladies and gentlemen, and addressed by one of our citizens, to which Capt. Grady responded in behalf of the company. The principal officers are

Wm. S. Grady,	Captain.
J. R. Hays,	1st Lieut.
J. M. Phinizy,	2d "
B. F. Jackson,	3d "
Clinton Jones,	O. Sergt.

Southern Watchman, July 17 (2, 1), 1861.

Mr. Joseph Jackson, of Hart county, sixty-two years of age, was a member of Capt. Poole's company--but "the boys" insisted that he should not, at his time of life, expose himself to the hardships of camp life, and prevailed upon him to stay at home. This he might well afford to do, as he has seven sons and about thirty other relatives in the Confederate army! Again we raise the ancient battle-cry, "Hurra for Jackson!"

Southern Watchman, July 17 (2, 1), 1861.

HON. JOSEPH H. LUMPKIN

The Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript of the 8th instant announces the presence in that city of the venerable and esteemed Judge, Joseph H. Lumpkin, of this place. The 3d Georgia Regiment paraded and presented their arms in honor of him, when he addressed them in a soul-stirring and patriotic speech.

MADISON GRAYS.

This fine company, one hundred strong, save one, reached this place on Wednesday evening last. On Thursday morning, they were mustered into service and left on the 11 o'clock train, escorted to the depot by the Oconee Cavalry, Mell Rifles and a large concourse of their fellow-citizens.

Our friends in Madison have just reason to feel proud of the "Grays." They are, physically, a very remarkable company. Large, strong, robust and brave, they will be sure to make their mark, if they ever have an opportunity.

We understand that J. N. Montgomery and Woodson Daniel are raising another company in Madison, which will be fully organized in a few days.

OFFICERS.

James S. Gholston	-----	Captain
W. J. Pittman	-----	1st Lieutenant.
C. B. Sims	-----	2d Lieutenant.
Henry C. Nash	-----	Ensign.
W. J. Gholston	-----	1st Sergeant.
James M. David	-----	2d Sergeant.
John W. Collins	-----	3d Sergeant.
Nathaniel Fitzpatrick	-----	4th Sergeant.
John M. Simmons	-----	1st Corporal
John F. Smith	-----	2d Corporal
Allen H. Daniel	-----	3d Corporal
Ezekiel Bray	-----	4th Corporal
John M. Matthews	-----	Secretary.

PRIVATES.

Thomas D. Aaron,
J. T. Antony,
Burdy R. Banter,
Willis H. Bennett,
Joel N. Bird,
John Black,
James W. Bradley,
Hanon Bray,
James H. Bulloch,
Wm. H. Carithers,
Thos. H. Chandler,
D. C. Chandler,

William A. Martin
William C. Muse,
J. H. Montgomery,
George W. O'Kelley,
Stephen C. O'Kelley
John R. Patterson,
James B. Parton,
George W. Parham,
James B. Pemberton,
James W. Payton,
Robert Pinson,
B. F. Porter,

James A. Chandler,
 Allen M. Chandler,
 Bethel B. Chandler,
 Wm. D. Chandler,
 Jabez E. Chandler,
 Williamson Clemons,
 William C. Collins,
 John C. Collins,
 Gilbert B. Cheek,
 William A. Epps,
 T. M. Faulkner,
 Jefferson M. Floyd,
 James R. Gholston,
 Wm. D. Gholston, Jr.
 John H. Graham,
 Isaiah G. Graham,
 Gabriel W. Grimes,
 Benj. F. Herring,
 Elisha Herring,
 Newton J. Herring,
 James M. Hull,
 Joel Hunt,
 George S. Key,
 Nicodemus R. Kidd,
 W. J. King,
 John S. King,
 James W. King,
 James W. Kirk,
 J. W. Leadbetter,
 James R. Lawless.

James C. Segraves,
 Wm. C. Simmons,
 Isaac B. Simmons,
 Turner Simmons,
 George Sims,
 Thomas J. Stovall,
 John R. Stovall, Jr.
 Tolbert Strickland,
 R. J. Sorrells,
 Henry R. Smith,
 Joseph W. Smith,
 William L. Smith,
 Josiah T. Tolbert,
 Samuel Thompson,
 Jas. W. Thompson,
 Hartwell S. Watson,
 John P. Weaver,
 Elijah G. Williams,
 Birdy C. Williams,
 Obediah N. White,
 James Wilkins,
 Daniel H. Witcher,
 Chiles McGee,
 Jasper N. Lacy,
 Leroy H. Stephens,
 William Pinson,
 Robert G. Williams,
 Wm. H. Carithers, Jr.
 Hezekiah Patton,

Southern Watchman, July 17 (3, 1), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Meeting in Jackson--The Spirit of '76 Revived.

Harmony Grove, Ga., July 4th.

Agreeably to previous notice, the citizens of the 255th District, G. M., met at Harmony Grove, on Saturday last, for the purpose of a company drill, at which time and place the ladies of the District had assembled, for the purpose of giving in their donations for volunteer clothing. At 10 o'clock, the roll of the drum called the company on parade, when Capt. Wilson marched them in front of the Butler House, for the purpose of being presented with a banner, by Miss Rebecca Josephine Carter, in behalf of the ladies of the District.

The company being brought to a rest, a column of ladies appeared, preceded by a band of music, with Miss Carter at their head, bearing a beautiful silk banner, who, upon being introduced by Dr. W. B. J. Hardeman, addressed the company with the following chaste and well delivered address:

Respected Friends: In behalf of the ladies of our District, I appear before you to present you the Confederate flag of our independent States--emblem of "TRUTH, LOVE AND LIBERTY." In giving you an address, it would be useless for me to go over the long catalogue of grievances, which we, as Southern people, have suffered from the North. They have placed in the Presidential chair, one to whose government we are not willing to submit; they have violated the Constitution and trespassed upon our rights; and we, as a people, have withdrawn from them, and now we ask liberty, and we will have it. They may talk of forcing us back, but they might as well talk of removing mountains. The sons of the South are too independent for this--they love liberty too well to submit to Black Republican rule.

But while they are not willing to submit, we fear many of them are now exerting all their power to gain this liberty for which we sigh. Even in the duties of today,

I fear some of you do not feel that interest which you should, and were it not that you were rather compelled, you would stay at home. But, my friends, shrink not from your duty in the present crisis; be courageous--be brave! "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!" If it be to fight for your country, go, and stop not to offer small excuses. Do not say "I cannot leave my friends, to fight the battles of my country during the war." Compare the pleasures of your dearest friend's company during this time, to a lifetime without liberty, and what a contrast! And while you attend to the duties of today, be interested in them; do your whole duty, and let your motto be, "Give me liberty, or give me death;" and I assure you, on the part of the ladies, if any of you should go to fight for your country's standard, we will render you all the assistance we can, by our industry and our prayers.

And now we offer you this banner. (placing it in the hands of Ensign H. A. Bennett,) hoping you will accept it; and though you may never be called into active service, we ask you to honor it, and never let trail in the dust; but let it be borne erect by brave hearts and stront arms, until independence perches upon its folds, as the eagle upon the lofty cliffs of the mountain top, and the sound shall go forth to all nations, that the Confederate States are a free, independent and virtuous people.

Capt. G. I. N. Wilson was then called upon, who, owing to the indisposition of Ensign Bennett, made the following reply:

Miss Carter: Characteristic of the ladies of the South, you have come forward in an eloquent address, to present my company with a beautiful flag, and I appear before you in behalf of the same, to proffer you our most grateful thanks for the honor thus bestowed, and to give a manifestation of the pleasure which we feel in receiving, from the ladies of this District, this invaluable memento of their patriotism, as heard in the silver tones of the fair orator, to whom it is my pleasure to respond.

The motto which you have inscribed upon its silken folds, "God and Liberty," shall be the talisman to protect the brave hearts that struggle beneath it. "God" shall be our shield and buckler and "Liberty" shall be our battle-cry, from the tomb of Washington to the "Ocean Gulf," until we are free; and ever after, shall be inscribed upon the portals of our pleasant home. in the sunny South.

You tell us to shrink not from our duty. Suffer me to say, that we will not. Though many of us are not yet gone to the scene of action, I am proud to say that the will is not wanting; but just as soon as the cause of the Southern Confederacy calls for our service, the patriots of this District, who have not already gone, will snatch the banner just received from your hands, and fly on the wings of the wind, to meet the invaders of our sacred soil; and it shall trail not in the dust, until the last man shall have fallen, and none shall be left to bear it farther onward.

We would search the history of the world in vain for a parallel to Southern female patriotism. Even the stern and iron-willed daughters of Sparta, with all the rigid laws of Lycurgus, have never produced a more loyal band. I verily believe, that were the last man in the Southern Confederacy now slain, her daughters would fly to arms, and all likewise die or be free. But I thank my God that her sons are also true, and they have sworn that every Northern traitor shall bite the dust and have his foul foot prints washed out with his own blood, or we will be free.

You truly say that Northern Vandals need not talk of forcing us back into the old Union. They threaten us with the gibbet. They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land--they may turn every rock into a scaffold--every tree into a gallows--every home into a grave, and yet the words on our banner will never die! They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drips on the saw dust of the block, a new spirit for Southern independence will spring up, and their loud, long, transporting shout, shall roll on, undying, to freedom's distant mountains.

In presenting the Confederate flag, of which we are truly proud, you said 'never let it trail in the dust,' to which I answer, never! no, never! while there is one left to bear it aloft; and when the last one shall have fallen, others still will

fill our places, and bear him back to you, wrapped in its folds, with the name of Josephine Carter emblazoned on its crest; and then you may point to a low mound on the borders of Virginia, where the howl of the wolf will be our funeral dirge, and the scream of the vulture our last requiem, or we will be free; and death to the traitor who would have us slaves.

After this address, the company formed the line of march to the field, and after going through the usual company drill, a procession of ladies again led the way to the Butler House, where the ladies' meeting was organized by calling Dr. W. B. J. Hardeman to the Chair, and G. I. N. Wilson requested to act as Secretary.

The Chairman, after having, in a very appropriate manner explained the object of the meeting, introduced J. B. S. Davis, Esq. of Jefferson, who delivered a thrilling and effective speech to the ladies, showing the true mission of woman, and in vivid colors, pointed out the way and manner in which she was now called upon to display all those angelic qualities, for which the women of the South are so justly celebrated. When Prof. Davis had concluded, William L. Marler, Esq., also of Jefferson, was called, when he appeared and made a feeling and impressive address. His allusions to Revolutionary memory were truly pathetic, and his appeal to the audience to maintain those liberties for which our fathers bled, against the invasion of Northern traitors, will remain glowing in the mind of the patriot, long after Lincoln has rotted in infamy; upon the conclusion of which, the Chairman addressed the audience at some length, upon subjects of general interest, dwelling chiefly upon the contrast between the old and new State Constitutions, which gave satisfaction to the large and attentive assembly which was present. Scrips were then sent out among the ladies, which soon returned with donations for our volunteers, that were astonishing even in the present crisis. All honor to them for their generous contributions.

The meeting then adjourned, after which the militia again paraded, and were most effectually drilled by Capt. Chandler, of the Banks County Independent Volunteers, who acquitted himself as a good officer and an accomplished gentleman.

W. B. J. HARDEMAN, Ch'n.

G. I. N. Wilson, Sec'y.

MORE TROOPS.

On Sunday evening the "Hart County Infantry," Capt Skelton, arrived here. On Monday morning, the "Tugalo Blues," Capt. Milligan, from Franklin county, and Capt Poole's Hart company reached town. The "Blues" and "Hart Infantry" left on the 11 o'clock train--Capt. Poole's company did not get off till Tuesday. These two companies, it will be remembered, returned some time since from Big Shanty, in consequence of some misunderstanding. They have now enlisted for the war, and the three companies named are going in Judge Thomas' Regiment. Four companies have passed since our last issue, and numbers more are now in readiness in the counties lying above this place, in addition to Col. McMillan's Regiment.

All these companies are composed of the very best material, and "the boys" will give the Lincolnites fits, if they get an opportunity.

We publish below such of the musterrolls of companies as have been furnished us.

POOLE VOLUNTEERS, HART COUNTY, GA.

OFFICERS.

Wm. R. Poole	-----	Captain.
John Linder	-----	1st. Lieutenant.
Michael Johnson	-----	2d Lieutenant.
Wm. Knox	-----	3d Lieutenant.
Thos. H. Jackson	-----	1st Sergeant.
Wm. Smith	-----	2d Sergeant.
B. F. Sheppard	-----	3d Sergeant.
Thomas Fisher	-----	4th Sergeant.
John E. Grubb	-----	5th Sergeant.
Wm. Bailey	-----	1st Corporal
W. F. Price	-----	2d Corporal
W. M. Sherley	-----	3d Corporal
W. J. C. Hunt	-----	4th Corporal.

PRIVATEs.

Ayers John W.,
Burroughs, F. W. A.,
Bailey Paschal,
Brown A. R.,

Hues Thos.,
Jones, J. A. H.,
Lucroy Jesse M.,
Linder Lee,

Buffington J. W.,
 Burton Joseph T.,
 Byram Samuel T.
 Bowers N. W.,
 Cornog W. L.,
 Carrol Clemment,
 Carrol G. W.,
 Carrol Nelson,
 Carrol A. J.,
 Carrol L.,
 Estes J. W.,
 Eskue Martial,
 Eskue Samuel,
 Elrod Ezekiel,
 Fisher H. L.,
 Fleming Thos. W.,
 Fleming L.,
 French J. J.,
 Fowler Silas,
 Grubbs W. M.,
 Gable H. F.,
 Holland John T.,
 Hollan d B. F.,
 Harris John D.,
 Henley Jas. E.,
 Harrison E. L. A.,
 Hall W. M.,
 Harris W. P.,

Madden J. T.,
 Moore Robt F.,
 Obar Whitner,
 Pearman, C. C.,
 Richardson Milton,
 Reed R. F.,
 Robertson G. C.,
 Reed W. A. P.,
 Roe C. W. J.,
 Roe Samuel,
 Rowland A. M.,
 Rowland Wm. Sr.,
 Rowland Wm. Jr.,
 Sherley J M.,
 Sullivan Jas.
 Thrasher C. T.,
 Thrasher T. J.,
 Usery Charles,
 Victory Jas. P.,
 Victory Jas. Perry,
 White M. D.,
 Walters B. W.,
 Walters D. W.
 Walters H. F.
 Walters John F.,
 Yate Elihu,
 Yowe Thos. A.,
 Walters, J. C.

TUGALO BLUES--FRANKLIN CO.

OFFICERS.

Capt. Wm. T. Millican,
 1st Lieut, P. A. Jones,
 2d " G. A. Pace,
 Ensign, J. M. Carson,
 1st Serg. H. L. Beacham,
 2d " J. T. Holbrook,
 3d " James McFarland,

4th " Wm. J. Ariail,
 5th " Wm. R. Ayres,
 1st Corp. H. S. Chappellear,
 2d " J. D. Shannon,
 3d " J. W. Stephenson,
 4th " -----
 5th " M. M. McMurry,

PRIVATES.

A. C. Aderhold,
 J. H. P. Aderhold,
 J. R. S. Ayers,
 M. J. Aaron,
 J. Adams,
 Wm. A. Bagwell,
 S. Bailey,
 R. J. Bailey,
 T. L. Beachum,
 J. R. Brady,

W. D. Cheek,
 J. A. Crow,
 Wm. Y Holbrook
 H. F. Smith,
 H. W. Baird,
 A. W. Stephenson,
 Samuel Vaughan,
 J. H. Howell,
 Elijah Dodd,
 D Farrell,

Wm H Byce,
A P Carson,
J. M. Carter,
U W Clark,
T J Harrison,
V M Harrison,
J T Harrison,
Robt B Haynie,
Kendrick Hill,
J C Langston,
J W Leach,
Wm McFarland,
T A McFarland,
Wm M McDougald,
A McGregor,
W. L. McGregor,
J. F Mauldin,
Wm E Mitchell,
J. B. Payne,
J W Payne,
B F Shannon,
W J Shannon,
J. M Shannon,
Wm W Smith,
Wm W Willis,
Wm H. West,
Elijah Hunt,
B. F. Starrett,

W T Brawner,
J F Thomason,
O W Ayres,
J P Parker,
J P. McCall,
J C T Thomason,
A Knight,
W N Griffin,
J H Lothridge,
A C Ritchie,
F J Brock,
J T Stovall,
R G Isbell,
Wm B Demmond,
W F Sewell,
J. B. Massey,
R. J. Burgess,
R Mitchell,
L M Norwood,
B C Scales,
J DeFoor,
T S Westbrook,
D Knight,
A W Vess,
J P Hamby,
T P. Swilling,
E W Edwards.

Southern Watchman, July 17 (2, 1), 1861.

...The Ninth Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers is commanded by Col. Richard Taylor, a son of the hero of Buena Vista.

...Arkansas has called out ten additional regiments for immediate service on the border.

Southern Watchman, July 17 (2, 1), 1861.

PROMOTED

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Robert Flournoy, (son of H. C. Flournoy, Esq., of this town) a private in the Troup Artillery, and late of the Naval school at Annapolis, has been appointed a Midshipman in the Navy of the Confederate States.

Southern Watchman, July 31 (3, 2), 1861.

"COBB INFANTRY" --HABERSHAM

This fine company passed through this town on Saturday last en route to Virginia. The following is the muster-roll:

OFFICERS.

B. E. Stiles -----Capt.
E. G. Williams -----1st Lieutenant
G. A. Witt -----2d Lieutenant.
H. A. Fuller -----3d Lieutenant.
W. H. Griggs -----Orderly
J. B. Ivester -----2d Sergeant.
Wm. Hames -----3d Sergeant.
E. H. McAfee -----4th Sergeant.
J. H. Grant -----1st Corporal
J. C. Smith -----2d Corporal
W. N. Laprade -----3d Corporal
T. J. Edwards -----4th Corporal.

PRIVATES.

G. W. Anderson,	W. F. King,
R. J. Brock,	J. E. Laprade,
P. L. Blackburn,	W. H. Lyon,
J. K. Blalock,	A. W. Miles,
W. H. Cross,	E. Magness,
H. J. Culbertson,	W. D. Monroe,
T. Clark,	J. G. McAfee,
Noah Deal	T. R. McAfee,
J. A. Davidson,	Robt. McCroskey,
E. Davidson,	T. L. McKinney,
H. A. Davidson,	J. M. Nix,
A. M. Dawkins,	J. W. Nix,
J. W. Engle,	W. R. Nix,
J. Fry,	A. Nichols,
H. Forester,	H. H. Perry,
Alfred Foster,	J. C. Smith,
J. P. Goslin,	R. B. Smith,
J. W. Harris,	W. S. Stansell,
Joel Harrison,	W. S. Sisk
James Harrison,	A. Sherley, Sr.,
S. Harrison,	A. Sherley, Jr.,
J. M. Hughes,	B. Sherley,
W. Ivester,	C. Tankersley,
T. R. Ivey,	J. G. Tankersley,
S. G. Ivey,	J. M. Taylor,
J. W. Ivey,	John Umphry,
J. Jones,	T. M. Vandiver,
H. C. Jones,	G. Wilbanks,
W. N. Jones,	R. S. Wheeler,
L. Kennedy,	J. A. Wyly,
Wm. Kennedy.	

The friends of the brave mountaineers will be pleased to learn that they reached Augusta in safety, and that all along the road they were welcomed with waving of handkerchiefs, &c., and on the line of Clarke and Oglethorpe the Ladies' Home Guard fired a salute in their honor.

Southern Watchman, July 31 (1, 2-3), 1861.

THE SOUTHERN WATCHMAN

For the Southern Watchman.

Homer, Banks Co., July 13th, 1861.

The Sessions of the united Presbyterian Churches of Hebron and New Lebanon, convened according to previous appointment, in New Lebanon Church. Present, Rev. Groves H. Cartledge, Moderator; Elders from Hebron Church, Messrs. P. C. Key, James M. Mayes, Walter Carson and Archibald McDonald; New Lebanon, Samuel Johnston, James Norwood, James McDonald, Daniel Morgan, James M. McDonald and William Turk--when the following paper was adopted:

Whereas, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at its late Session, held in the city of Philadelphia, passed the following resolution by a large majority.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this General Assembly, it is the duty of ministers and churches under our care, to do all in their power to promote and perpetuate the integrity of the United States, and to strengthen, uphold and encourage the Federal Government, in the just exercise of all its functions under our noble Constitution.

Therefore, the united Sessions of Hebron and New Lebanon Churches, feels called on to give a full and free expression of opinion, relative to the action of the said General Assembly, and do hereby declare that these churches cannot, from a sense of duty to themselves, their country and their God, support or obey said resolution; and whereas, said resolution was adopted with a full knowledge of the existence of the Government of the Southern Confederacy; and whereas, our Presbytery declined to send delegates to said General Assembly; and there being but few delegates from the Southern States, and from the sectional spirit manifested by the members in passing said resolutions, we do hereby absolve our churches from all obligation to obey said resolution, in supporting and upholding the Federal Government, but solemnly pledge ourselves to the support and defence of the Southern Confederacy; and we do hereby recommend Hopewell Presbytery to take steps for

forming a General Assembly in the bounds of the Confederate States; and further, in our judgment, it is a favorable time to bring together all the sound Presbyterian elements in the bounds of the Confederate States, into one General Assembly; and that a copy of the foregoing be sent to the Moderator of the Hopewell Presbytery.

On motion, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Southern Presbyterian, and the Athens papers.

One motion, Session adjourned, by prayer.

G. H. CARTLEDGE, Moderator.

William Turk, Clerk

Southern Watchman, July 31 (1, 2-3), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Jefferson, July, 23, 1861.

Mr. Editor: Enclosed you have the Address of Miss N. P. Worsham to Capt. A. C. Thompson's company on presenting them, on the 13th inst., a flag made with her own hands, and also, the response of Captain Thompson--please give them a place in your valuable paper. On the 20th inst. Capt. Thompson's company were mustered into service by 2d Lieut. James Barrow and left for the seat of war on the 21st. At an early hour, the people began to gather into Jefferson, and soon the streets appeared to be a mass of human beings. At 9 o'clock the company paraded at the tap of the drum and marched in front of W. S. Thompson's store, where they were preached to a short time by the Rev. G. H. Cartledge. After the close of the services, Captain Thompson arose and said that he would remark, for the satisfaction of those they were to leave behind, that there were many of his company who professed to be, and he believed were, pious and christian-hearted men, and that they would try and exercise such an influence over those more careless as should cause them, whether in the silence of the camp or the rage of battle, to recognize their dependance and duty to God, their protector and benefactor.

The company was then dismissed for one hour to go to their dinner, which had been prepared by the citizens of Jefferson. At the tap of the drum, the company paraded--the air vibrated with martial music, as the deep-toned bass drum marked the time to the old tune "Goodby"--the husband and father felt that he was engaged in a righteous cause as he took his leave of those he loved--the hearts of old fathers felt solemnly proud as they saw their sons about to follow in the footsteps of Washington, but the more tender and nicer feelings of devoted wives, of fond mothers and lovely sisters could not be suppressed while bidding adieu to those they held dearest on earth. At the head of the gallant little band, amidst the promiscuous

crowd, could be seen the tall erect form of Capt. Thompson, whilst his loud strong voice cheered the feeling of friends and relatives with the assurance that no misconduct, no want of valor, should ever blacken their fair escutcheon-- that he believed they should all yet return safe, when your tears of sorrow will be turned into tears of joy and your prayers for our protection to thanks for our deliverance. Thus leaves us a third noble company. Yours,

FLAX.

Capt. Thompson and Soldiers of the Oconee Guards: It is with no ordinary emotion that I appear before you, and as one of the ladies of this community, I tender you this memorial of my affection and confidence.

These are indeed perilous times in which we live, but there are many brave and valiant hearts ready to meet the crisis and its perils. We recognize among this noble band, our associates and friends--you who have made our homes happy and rendered joyous our existence; and as the thought rushes upon our minds, that you are willing to encounter the maddened enemies of our sunny South, in our behalf and our defence, how can we express all such gallantry and patriotic devotion merits? You say to us to-day that you are willing to tear yourselves away from your business, from your peaceful homes and loving companions and friends, and risk your honor and your lives upon the bloody field of carnage and death, in defence of our country.

Our Country! Oh, our country! What are friends, home, or kindred without a country? What is wealth, honor or fame with^{out} a country? Yet this goodly land is invaded. Soldiers, through you throbs the heart of a mighty nation. All eyes in this and other lands are turned to the Southern soldiers. The lovers of liberty in every clime feel that in him they have a friend of liberty and free government. Your mothers, your wives, your sisters and daughters look to you in this extremity.

The cause is a great cause; it demands a great sacrifice; it is committed to great hearts.

Brave men, I present you this beautiful banner, and ask, when peace shall perch on its folds--when this bright land shall be free, and when infuriated invaders shall be driven reeling and howling back to their dens--return it. Till then, I say:

"Press on! there's no such word as fail,
Press nobly on, the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain--breast the gale,
Look upward, onward, never fear."

At the conclusion of Miss Worsham's address, Capt. A. C. Thompson responded as follows:

Miss Worsham and Ladies: How shall we thank you for this beautiful banner. You are pleased to say we have torn ourselves from our homes and companions to go in the defence of our country. Ah! it is hard to say farewell to those we so fondly love; to those with whom we have been raised, and with whom we have spent so many pleasant hours. It is hard to say farewell to our good old fathers and mothers, whose tender cares have ever been over us; whose prayers are to-day ascending up to a throne of Heavenly grace in our behalf; and harder still is it, to say farewell to our beloved wives and little ones--those who look to us for protection--those with whom the most pleasant part of our lives have been spent; but our country calls--your safety calls, and there is no sacrifice we are not willing to make, to defend our country and her devoted, patriotic ladies. The heart is ice which cannot, under circumstances like these, feel willing to go and meet the most bloodthirsty foe. Our language, the language of the Oconee Volunteers, is come on! come on! go with us in defence of the rights of our glorious sunny South; and if there is a fault in the Southern soldier, it is a burning, overwhelming zeal to meet the enemies of our Southern home. Their foul tread shall never pollute this soil.

We only ask of you to feel that you are safe in your homes, and when we are gone and have to face the enemy on the field of conflict, to remember us in your prayers to the God of Battles. We'll bare our breasts to the storm, and though it rages in wildest fire and fury, in your own language, we'll look upward, onward, and never fear. This is the most unjust and unrighteous war that ever disgraced humanity; and the bloody perpetrators shall know that we are not degenerated sons of noble sires and noble mothers, that know their madness and folly never frightens a son of freedom. They shall know that the lives of helpless women and children, butchered by the knife of the vile assassin, is revenged. We know the God of Battles will fight for us; we know that your prayers will ascend to that God in our behalf. We go to do or to die. We are determined never to stay our revenge, or turn our faces homeward until the last enemy is driven from our land, or become food for the creeping things of the earth, or vultures of the air. We accept at your hands this beautiful banner. We will bear it when the battle burns hottest, and where the war whoop is loudest; and if our hearts grow faint or nerves weak, from the carnage around us, one glance at its beautiful folds will remind us of this hour, and of the loving hearts of fair donors. It shall kindle fresh courage and renerve the arm to deal the death blow, until the last foe bites the dust, or is driven from our soil. And ladies, if we fall, as fall we may, we will fall as freemen, with our swords unsheathed, our hearts fixed, our faces to the foe. And permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to return to you the sincere thanks of the company, to those who have been so energetic, and so incessantly engaged, for the past two weeks, in preparing us for the duties of a campaign. The aid you have given us and the services you have rendered us, shall never go unrewarded. For every aid given us by the gentlemen, and every stitch taken in our clothing by the ladies, we will, to the utmost of our ability, try to demolish a Black Republican.

And here, Mr. Steed, receive this flag, and let its motto, as expressed by the colors, be ever yours--the red, white and blue, expressive of love, purity and fidelity --love to your country, purity of intention, and fidelity to the principles of your Government.

Presentation of a Sword to the Oconee Volunteers.

Gen. C. F. Hardy presented Capt. Thompson of the Oconee Volunteers of Jackson county, with the sword worn by his father in the service of the country during the late war with England. The following were his remarks on the occasion:

Captain, Officers and Privates: Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in having the honor of appearing before you for the purpose of delivering to your captain's care this sword of my father's, which has been in the earlier age of our country wielded by him for our liberties and the freedom of our common country.

Reposing a like faith in the valor and fidelity of your captain and yourselves, I shall commit this sword to your care, for the purpose of driving back the invaders of our soil--those who without cause are attempting to subjugate us and deprive us of our liberties. I know of no person who is more worthy, more able or more willing to wield this sword to the perpetuation of those liberties which it once assisted to achieve, and to the honor of him who first wielded it, and to the honor and glory of his country's cause, than your captain.

Capt. Thompson, thus believing, I commit this sword to your charge, that should you come in close contact with the foe, the invaders of our soil, you will not permit it to return bloodless to its scabbard; thereby showing to our foes that come weal or come woe, you are determined, by the assistance of your God and the God of our father's, to sustain that liberty so dearly won by them, and to have our constitutional rights or die in the struggle for them.

Captain, Officers and Soldiers: In parting with you, I commit you to the care and keeping of that God who is so able to take care of you, though bullets may fly thick around you. May His arm uphold you, and His Almighty arm sustain, shield and strengthen you, and may He preserve you all and return you safe to the embraces of your families and friends.

DANIELSVILLE GUARDS.

This fine company from Madison, numbering more than a hundred men, under the command of our old friend, Capt. John N. Montgomery, reached this place Monday afternoon and left for Virginia on Tuesday morning's train. We shall publish the muster-roll next week.

Southern Watchman, August 7 (2, 1), 1861.

DELONY'S CAVALRY.

This fine company, belonging to "Tom Cobb's Legion," is now encamped at the Fair Grounds in the neighborhood of this town, and drilling daily. Numbers of citizens go out every evening to witness their drilling, as cavalry drill is rather a novelty here. They will go on to Virginia shortly.

Southern Watchman, August 7 (2, 5-6), 1861.

Headquarters 3d Reg., G. V.
July 22d, 1861.

My Dear Brother and Sister: I received your very kind letter and perused it from top to bottom. This is Monday morning. I feel very sad, for I have just returned from the depot, where one of the most loved of our company was put upon the cars and sent home a corpse--Johnny Tenney, one of the best young men I ever saw. He died yesterday. He was taken ill seven or eight days ago, remained in camp and did duty when he could hardly stand up. Our officers would try to prevail upon him to leave ranks, but he would not; he would tell them he thought he could stand it; but poor fellow! he is gone. I loved him dearly. His tent is next to mine. He was finally sent to the Hospital, where he very rapidly grew worse, until his friends and physician soon despaired of his recovery. He had inflammation of the bowels. Yesterday I obtained permission of my Captain and went over to town. I stopped at the Hospital and there learned that he was dying. I could not then bear the idea of going in to see him, but directed my steps towards the church in Norfolk, (where I listened to as good a sermon as I have heard in a long time.) After proaching, I leisurely walked back to the Hospital, all the time feeling very sad, for I fully expected I would hear that Johnny was dead. I arrived there and advanced up the steps, where I soon met with one of the dear ladies who volunteered themselves all their time to wait on the sick at that house. I hesitatingly asked her how he was getting, I noticed the tears gathering in her eyes; that was answer enough, had she not spoken a word, but she made out to tell me he was dead. It affected me very much, and my sympathies were more aroused when I saw the tears streaming from a lady's eyes that had never seen him before he was sent there. They wept over the deceased soldier as much as any of us. I wish that the men generally were as sympathetic as the women. This morning at five o'clock, our company, together with eight members from each of the other companies, were marched to the Hospital, where we paid him

the last tribute of respect. He was sent to his parents in Athens. His brother and a friend are gone with the corpse on a nine days furlow. Johnny was a professor of religion, and I believe was all he pretended to be. I never saw him do anything wrong in my life, that I know of. He talked about the realities of eternity with as much composure as he would about anything else. He said he was ready, but would rather die among his folks at home. He said he had prepared himself for death four years ago, and now he was willing to go. I wish I was as well prepared. I know he is ⁱⁿ a Heaven of rest, if there is such a place, which I do not doubt. But I must drop this subject--it makes one too sad. I deeply sympathize with his parents and friends. I received the letter that you wrote for my mother, and noticed it very particularly. I am much obliged to you for the compliment passed upon my letter; but to be honest, I was very much surprised. I thought my letters hardly passable, but I try to write the truth, though I fail sometimes, by writing what I hear. I do not pen a falsehood if I know it to be such. You wrote of having my letters published; do not, if you please. I would not have it done by any means, though, if you do, please make the necessary corrections and fix the stops. But keep them out of the papers.

Beauregard has fought two battles at Manassas Junction, and victory, yes, glorious victory, has perched upon his banner both times. The news of the last battle was telegraphed to this place this morning. The report is that he fought the enemy yesterday at the above named place and killed thousands. I wish I was under Gen. B., and I would not be surprised if we were put under him, for I learn Col. W., is going to Richmond this week to see if he can make such an arrangement. I hope he can, for I want to be there. You wrote of the trouble in this regiment. It is true we have had and are still having some trouble, but I hope for a speedy adjustment of the difficulty. Myself nor company have had anything to do with it, and it is not for me to say who is in fault.

Capt. Blodget is a very nice man, and makes one of the best Captains in the regiment. I think Col. W. is rather disposed to be tyrannical, but I think he will after awhile make a very good military officer. The trouble with him is, he has never been a private. I had rather be under a man who had worked himself up from private to Colonel.

The court-martial is now in session, and has been for several days. It will take two weeks to try the case. It is generally thought Capt. B. will flirt him. If he does Col. W. will be left in rather an awkward position. My own opinion I will not give, for it is worth nothing. I would be very glad to be in Georgia and see you all; but if I were there I would not stay two days, for duty would call me to the Old Dominion, and there I would hurriedly go. I may lack bravery, but I think I am willing. The cakes I am glad you did not send, for it costs too much, and we live very well anyhow. When I wrote, I thought there would be no freight on them. This letter leaves me well. We were at Pig's Point on the fourth of this month. For a history of our trip down there and back, see the letter I wrote to W-----. I could see Fortress Monroe very plainly; also, Lincoln's vessels, and the camp, tents and some of the Yankees, the Rip Raps, &c. We are having plenty of watermelons, muskmelons and apples. There are no peaches in this country this year--the cold weather killed them all. They are sent here, however, from Columbus, Ga. They are sold at \$8 per box. I do not know how large the boxes are, for I have not seen one yet. It is said we can buy fine watermelons here in a short time for four or five cents apiece, though they are very high yet. I have never seen such a wet summer in my life; it rains nearly every day. Night before last it rained as hard as I ever saw it in my life. Corn is as good as the land can make it, but is not so forward as it is in Georgia. It is now beginning to silk and tassel. I never saw the prospect for provisions better in my life. I have seen large fields of Irish potatoes, tomatoes, asparagus and vegetables of all kinds. I have not seen any tobacco yet. I understand they do not raise much in this part of Va.

Mr. B----I am satisfied that our cause will prevail. Our liberties may cost the blood and lives of thousands of our countrymen, yet I do not think the price too dear. I know that nothing but the interference of Divine Providence will cause us to fail, for we are determined; and such a people as we are, when determined, cannot be whipped. We do not ask them to meet us with an equal number, for we are perfectly willing to meet them two to one; and I firmly believe that we will always come off victors. Lincoln's last war bill does not trouble us at all; we know he is barking up the wrong tree. We do not believe he can get the 400,000 men, much less the \$400,000,000.

I feel that every drop of blood in my body can be split, if necessary, to sustain the flag of my Southern country. It is a cause I love, and I go at it with all my might, yea, all that I have, and all that I am, is at its disposal. If I were in Georgia at this time, I don't think I could hold up my head, for I would feel that I was imposing upon my country.

I learn that the ladies in Georgia hiss at the young men who have not volunteered if they are able to serve their country. I am glad of it. God bless the dear creatures, they are doing all they can, and I verily believe they are doing a great deal. Our cause is their cause, and I think they are equally patriotic, if not more so. Dick wrote that B----was in Richmond. I hope I will see him while I am in Virginia.

Large companies of ladies congregate out here every evening at dress parade--some very beautiful ones--but as a general thing, the ladies in Georgia can beat them all to death. I am quite well, and more fleshy than you ever saw me.

I am, as ever, yours, &c.,

W. H. B.

THE UNFORTUNATE DISASTER IN NORTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

We are permitted by Mr. Richard Boggs, of this county, to publish the following letter from a member of the Gate City Guards, who was among those cut off from their regiment in the Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain affair. The writer (Mr. King) was raised in the county, and his letter will be read with interest:

Monterey, Va., July 22d, 1861.

My Dear Little Cousin: It is with great pleasure that I have the opportunity of writing to you. One week ago, I thought it doubtful whether I should ever be able to write to you again. Yesterday two weeks ago, we were attacked by the enemy at Laurel Hill, and we kept them back for four days, the number against us being about three to one. On Thursday after we were attacked on Sunday, we found out that we were being surrounded by other forces from all sides, and our only chance was to retreat, or be all killed or taken prisoners. On Thursday night we were ordered to pack up and leave. We travelled all night Thursday night intending to go to Beverly, but when we got in five miles of there, we found that the enemy had taken possession of Beverly, and had at that time about 12,000 troops, to capture our army of about 3,000.

We then turned our march towards Winchester, Va., and travelled all day, without anything to eat. We struck camps for the night, in no better condition than we had been during the day, with nothing at all to eat. About 9 o'clock the next morning, our scouts came up and said we were pursued by about 10,000 of the enemy. Our Regiment was in the rear, and we were drawn up in line of battle to receive the villains. Several fires were exchanged, but without any loss on our side. We then retreated to a stronger position, and awaited for them to come again. When we found they would not come, orders were given to retreat again, but the left wing of the regiment did not hear the command, and stood their ground. While we were waiting for orders, we found that the enemy had flanked us, and completely cut us off. We had no chance then, of ever getting to the army again,

so we were compelled to do the best we could, to save our own lives. It had been raining for two days and we were just as wet as could be; and being very hungry, we were desperate enough for any emergency. To follow the enemy with 300 men, would be nothing but death, and to remain where we were, right in the mountains, with nothing to eat and nothing to sleep on, would not be any better. After taking everything into consideration, we thought it would be best to strike across the mountains for Staunton. We walked the balance of that day. (Saturday,) and all day Sunday, and until Monday 1 o'clock, without finding any house, or anything to eat, or any sign of a settlement. The mountains were getting higher, and the laurel bushes were so thick that we had to cut our way before we could walk, and we were then getting so weak we could hardly stand. When we had lost all hope and had nearly given up to starve where we were, the joyful news of a guide was announced in the rear. The man came up and told us he had been living in the mountains for years, and that he was near where the battle was fought, and as he was going home he saw our trail and knew we would perish before we could get out, if we had not a guide. When he overtook us, he said we had gone where human being had never been before, and where he thought was impassable. He said if we had continued our course, we would not have struck a settlement for 100 miles. He led us out of the mountain that evening and the next morning we found some cattle and a house, where we got salt and bread, which was the first we had had in four days and five nights! It was nothing but the kind Providence of Heaven, which sent that good man to save us from starving. Through him 350 lives were saved, which would have certainly been lost in two more days. After we found that we were safe, many were the prayers of thanks which were wafted to Heaven from those mountain sides, for the kindness of God, for saving us from such horrible deaths. The man who found us was named Parsons, and never will he be forgotten by the First Georgia Regiment. He will always have a place in my heart, as being my preserver, and my prayer to God is, that his days may be many.

We are also due many thanks to the kind people we met after we got out of the

mountains. When we would go to their houses, nothing in the world they had was too good for the soldier, and to pay them for anything was impossible. Often, when we stay all night at a house, when we would start to leave the next morning, they would shed tears as though we were their relatives. They would tell us they knew we had friends at home, and while we are here they will supply their places. I am now out of the wilderness again and one day behind my regiment, on account of not being well, but I will join it to-morrow and be ready for duty again. The result of the fight in which we were cut off, was sixteen killed on our side, one of which was General Garnett. The loss of the enemy is estimated from 400 to 1,000--the exact number not known--but we know it to be great.

I must close, for dinner is ready. I will write again in a few days. I remain, your cousin, as ever,

J. J. KING.

DANIELSVILLE GUARDS.

Officers.

J. N. Montgomery	-----	Captain.
J. W. Daniel	-----	1st Lieutenant.
James Daniel	-----	2d Lieutenant.
J. A. McCurdy	-----	3d Lieutenant.
G. L. Rice	-----	1st Sergeant.
W. R. Collins	-----	2d Sergeant.
M. D. Looney	-----	3d Sergeant.
S. C. Cartledge	-----	4th Sergeant.
W. A. Thompson	-----	1st Corporal.
A. J. McWhorter	-----	2d Corporal.
T. J. Scott	-----	3d Corporal.
R. J. Porterfield	-----	4th Corporal.
B. Sanders	-----	Sec. and Treasurer.

Privates.

Aaron, R. S.	Hicks, J. B.
Bragg, W. D.	Hill, J. W.
Bradberry, S. C.	Key, J. J.
Brannon, W. G.	Langford, W. H.
Bone, J.	Montgomery, W. W.
Bond, E.	Morris, C.
Bond, J. G.	Martin, S. A.
Bond, J. H.	Martin, B. F.
Bone, M.	Martin, J. S.
Butler, R.	Owen, B.
Bird, H. J.	Patton, F. J.
Banter, E. B.	Payne, J. H.
Bradly, G. W.	Porterfield, S. N.
Bird, J. P.	Patten, H. P.
Bird, B. W.	Page, J. E.
Bird, J. G.	Stephens, W. C.
Barnett, J.	Stephens, J. A.
Bryant, J.	Sims, W. W.
Brown, G. W.	Stephens, J. E.
Caruth, R. M.	Smith, J. S.
Chandler, D. L.	Streetman, J. B.
Critdenton, S. G.	Smith, S. C.
Cambel, J. C.	Swindle, S. M.
Carnthers, W. A.	Shields, S. J.
Collins, J. O.	Sartain, G.
Collins, T. L.	Smith, M. J.
Colbert, J. W.	Segraves, H.
Chandler, J. L.	Sailors, John,
Chandler, S. S.	Sailors, John, Jr.
Cartledge, J. W.	Thompson, L. B.
Cleghorn, J. W.	Thompson, W. S.
Clements, N. J.	Threlkeld, T. H.
Coker, A. C.	Vaughn, G. F.
Dean, H. O.	Watson, J. H.

David, S.
Evans, H.
Fulgeon, J. O.
Fulgeon, J. A.
Fowler, G. W.
Graham, W. D.
Gannels, W. D.
Gunnels, W. J.
Grim, W. J.
Grim, J.
Gordon, A.
Fleming, J. R.
Hutcherson, T. J.

Witcher, J. F.
Williford, W. W.
Wynn, John,
Wynn, J. B.
Williford, J. A.
Woods, S. N.
Williams, P. C.
Woods, W. H.
Watson, J. T. W.
Williams, J. H.
Woods, J. W.
Williams, N. H.
Zachery, T. J.

GEORGIA TROOPERS.

This fine cavalry company leave on the 11 o'clock train this morning. It is an excellent company, numbering in its ranks citizens who are capable of filling almost any position. The following is the musterroll, from which it will be seen that they are gathered in from several counties:

GEORGIA TROOPERS--MUSTER ROLL.

Officers.

W. G. Delony	-----	Captain	-----	Clarke county.
J. R. Lyle	-----	1st Lieutenant	-----	" "
T. C. Williams	-----	2d Lieutenant	-----	Jackson county.
J. E. Rich	-----	3d Lieutenant	-----	Clarke county.
John A. Wimpy	-----	1st Sergeant	-----	Lumpkin "
J. C. Rutherford	-----	2d Sergeant	-----	Clarke "
D. E. Smith	-----	3d Sergeant	-----	Hall "
M. Simmons	-----	4th Sergeant	-----	" "
E. D. Cowan	-----	1st Corporal	-----	Jackson "
W. D. Simmons	-----	2d Corporal	-----	" "
S. T. Whelchel	-----	3d Corporal	-----	Hall "
Willie E. Church	-----	4th Corporal	-----	Clarke "

Privates.

Geo G. Bowman,	Hall.	W. J. Helton,	Lumpkin
J. J. Bishop,	"	J. J. Turner,	"
J. J. Head,	"	M. M. Bell,	"
F. M. Whelchel,	"	F. Chandler,	Jackson
A. R. Thompson,	"	John H. Cowan,	"
W. H. Read,	"	N. B. Nash,	"
B. T. Gundle,	"	J. W. David,	"
J. T. Glenn,	"	R. L. Nash,	"
R. W. Goude-lock,	"	C. T. Nash,	"
N. M. Anderson,	"	J. R. Nash,	"
M. W. Anderson,	"	J. G. Sharp,	"
J. H. Garner,	"	F. J. Whitehead,	"
J. M. Cooper,	"	H. S. Bradley,	Madison
A. S. Whelchel,	"	S. J. Johnson,	"
E. P. Bedell,	"	M. D. L. Pitman,	"
E. S. House,	"	S. Bailey,	Clarke,
M. V. B. House,	"	W. C. Bone,	"
T. Gower,	"	C. R. A. Harris,	"
D. O. Connor,	"	Richard More,	"
J. S. Blackwell,	Lumpkin	M. W. Riden,	"
J. T. Fields,	"	Phillip Wray,	"
J. Blackburn,	"	Walter Wray,	"
R. Barrett,	"	J. P. Cherry,	"
W. T. Barrett,	"	A. L. Harper,	"
Wm. H. Earley,	"	W. C. Howard,	Oglethorpe.
Wm. F. Earley,	"	W. R. Lord	"

A. W. Earley,	Lumpkin	T. R. Tuck,	Oglethorpe
J. M. Anderson,	"	H. F. Jones,	Thomas
W. E. Anderson,	"	B. R. Moseley,	Madison, Fla.
T. J. McCurray,	"	L. P. Thomas,	Greene,
S. M. McCurray,	"	O. H. Prince,	Cass.
D. R. Parks,	"	Madison Bell,	Banks.
A. B. C. Densmore,	"	J. B. Riley,	"
A. D. Bruce,	"		

Southern Watchman, August 14 (2, 1), 1861.

WAR! WAR!

The Mell Rifles have been accepted by Col. T. R. R. Cobb, and will leave for Virginia in ten days, as a part of his Legion. A few more recruits will be accepted. All who desire joining, can do so by calling immediately at R. H. Goodman's store, where the company list can be found. Any who desire visiting Washington soon, had better call immediately.

L. H. LAMPKIN, Sec'y.

Southern Watchman, August 21, (2, 1), 1861.

Georgia Troopers.

This fine cavalry company, under command of our townsman, Capt. Wm. G. Delony, left this place on an extra train on Thursday morning last, on their way to Virginia. We expect to hear a good account of them as soon as they have an opportunity to show the stuff they are made of. They had been encamped some two weeks at the Fair Grounds in the vicinity of this place; and their good conduct had won the admiration of all our citizens.

Southern Watchman, August 21 (2, 6), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Harmony Grove,
Aug. 3d, 1861.

Col. Christy:--We propose to give, through your valuable paper, a short notice of a large and respectable meeting of ladies and gentlemen, of Jackson and adjacent counties, on Saturday, 3d inst., for the purpose of having speeches, and to witness the performance of Maj. Mintze's volunteer company, known as the Mintze Volunteers. At an early hour there was quite a large crowd assembled at the Butler House, to which place the volunteer company was marched in double file to participate.

On motion of Maj. Mintze, the meeting was organized by calling Dr. W. B. J. Hardeman to the Chair, and M. H. Thomas requested to act as Secretary.

The Chairman, before taking his seat, said the principal object of the meeting was to solicit further additions to the volunteer company now forming in this part of Jackson county, and after a sufficient number shall be added to organize said company forthwith.

W. F. Stark was then called on, when he came forward and addressed the crowd in a short, pointed and eloquent speech. Other gentlemen were then called upon. Maj. Mintze, Gen. D. M. Burns, Judge H. A. Gideon, of Jackson, and Judge J. M. David, John J. J. Sheppard, of Banks county, addressed the assembly in short speeches, with good effect.

Maj. Mintze marched and countermarched his company a few minutes between each speech, when a number of our noble boys united themselves to his company.

The ladies also showed zeal and patriotism worthy of note. The young ladies who were willing to volunteer and aid during the war, were requested to form a separate line, when about fifty marched out immediately into line, conducted by Gen. D. M. Burns.

In the afternoon the volunteer company marched to the court house for the purpose of organizing said company, which organization was conducted with the most unanimity and good feeling. The result of the election for the officers of the company was as follows:

M. M. Mintze	-----	Captain
A. T. Bennett	-----	1st Lieut.
W. F. Stark	-----	2d Lieut.
J. L. Park.	-----	3d Lieut.
S. M. Shankle	-----	1st Sergt.
D. T. Bradley	-----	2d Sergt.
J. J. Thornton	-----	3d Sergt.
T. J. Carr	-----	4th Sergt.
J. T. White	-----	5th Sergt.
C. K. Webb	-----	1st Corp.
W. K. Thompson	-----	2d Corp.
W. C. Farabee	-----	3d Corp.
E. Lampkin	-----	4th Corp.

W. B. J. HARDEMAN, CH'N,

M. H. Thomas, Sec'y,

Southern Watchman, August 21, (2, 3), 1861.

Col. McMillan's Regiment.

We are pleased to learn, that notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, Col. Robert McMillan, of Clarkesville, has succeeded in getting his Regiment of mountain boys into the service. They will leave for Virginia on the 24th inst., as we stated last week.

We feel a peculiar interest in this Regiment. We know something of the difficulties which have been overcome by its indomitable Colonel--we know something of the men who will compose it--and we venture nothing in predicting that whenever the opportunity is presented, they will clearly demonstrate that no better troops are in the Confederate service than this regiment of hardy mountaineers from Northeastern Georgia.

Col. M., we are informed by some of our friends, has sacrificed much and spent his money freely in equipping this regiment, and justly enjoys the unlimited confidence of his men. We expect to hear a good account of them from the battle-field.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from Col. McMillan to a friend in this place:

"On the 24th inst. I expect to leave for "the field." * * * * *
Companies enough to form a Regiment were tendered to me for the war, provided I would consent to lead them. I hesitated not to do so, and now have the offer of twenty-six companies--more than enough to form a Brigade.

"Our Citizens of Northeast Georgia, with honest heads and loyal hearts, clung to the "flag of the Union" as long as there was a shadow of hope that a returning sense of right in the North would save the Constitution. But star after star has shot from its orbit in the former bright cluster upon that flag, dimming its splendor and lessening its light, until eleven have now formed a bright constellation that has flashed upon the world among the family of nations, and

stands out to-day as a beacon light and guide to liberty and the rights of man. This is emphatically the last great struggle which is to determine on this continent whether or not the Divine right of self-government, asserted by our Declaration of Independence, can be maintained. Eighty-five years ago Old England denied to the colonies the right to "secede" and govern themselves--to-day New England takes the same ground, and makes the same effort to "conquer the rebels."

"At the end of the struggle, the North will be at best but a limited monarchy in fact, if not in name, and the people there as abject vassals as the serfs of Russia. Is not this evident from the fact that they fully sustain Lincoln in trampling under foot the Constitution by declaring war, raising and increasing the army and navy, suspending the great charter of liberty, the habeas corpus, &c., &c., acts which the people of England and France would not now tolerate one day, and which would cost Victoria or Napoleon their thrones, if not their heads. Is it any wonder that our remonstrances, and reasoning, and arguments have been lots on such a people?--but I find I am running into writing a political letter. We go, a thousand true men from Northeast Georgia, to reason with them through the mouths of our muskets, and impress our arguments with the points of our bayonets.

Sincerely and truly yours,

ROBERT MC MILLAN,

Northeast Georgia Moving.

Mr. Christy:--Everything seems to smack of the military in and around Clarkesville. The officers of Col. McMillan's Regiment have been in drill for the past eight or ten days at "Camp Bartow," under the superintendence of Major Sanders and others. The Regiment will be mostly composed of our sturdy mountain boys, who property understand how to handle a rifle. Many a buck and gobler has shuffled off the stage of action by their unexpected appearance.

The McMillan Guards have been uniformed at the individual expense of Col. McMillan--a man, by the way, who is well worthy to head a noble Regiment. They leave on the 24th inst., direct for Richmond, Va.

As another item of news, I will state that our crops are flourishing--more so than we have seen for several years--but every "sweet has its bitter," and our hogs are dying up by the hundred, with some unexplainable disease. It seems to be general so far as I have heard.

S.

Southern Watchman, August 21 (2, 1), 1861.

Recruits for the Centre-Hill Guards.

The following list of recruits for the Centre-Hill Guards of Jackson county, who passed through this place on Wednesday last, was handed us by D. R. Lyle, Esq., who, we understand, had been authorized to raise the recruits, and who, in good faith expected to go to Virginia with them, until he was superceded. He desires us to say that it was no fault of his that he did not go.

James R. Crosby,
Joseph H. Bone,
F. M. Bradly,
Robert T. Harvel,
John V. S. Hase,
Wilburn L. Lott,
J. E. Lyle,
Wm. E. Hill,
Richard S. Martin,
Elijah Murphy,
Teral Murphy,
Joel Johnson,
M. J. C. Statham,
W. R. Randolph,
Wiley J. Wright,
Abner Wills,
James J. Melton.

Benjamin King,
L. D. Bowles,
Joseph A. Garrett,
W. N. Bates,
John D. Dalton,
William H. Dalton,
John Ferguson,
D. W. Spence,
W. W. Jackson,
Levi W. Williams,
A. H. Boles,
John C. Straynge,
John W. Sprewel,
T. H. Arnold,
M. J. Pentacost,
Jas. C. Carlisle.

The Seventh and Eighth Regiments at Manassas.

The time has not come, and will not in our day, when the people of the Confederate States will become tired of reading or hearing of the battle of Manassas. As has been justly observed, it is the Thermopylae--the Marathon--of our history.

In the various accounts which we have published, no one has done justice to the glorious 7th and 8th Regiments of Georgia. It is true they have been honorably mentioned by all as being among the bravest of the brave, But this is not enough--this is not doing them justice. Few persons, perhaps, are aware of the hardships and privations they suffered in their forced march from Winchester to the battle-field. In estimating the achievements of troops, these matters should be taken into the account. We make the following extract from a letter from Manassas in a late number of the Atlanta Confederacy. Reader, examine the facts and then say if you do not agree with us in the opinion that no troops on any field either in ancient or modern times, have ever exhibited greater valor or gallantry than the noble 7th and 8th Regiments of Georgia. Our adopted State has many things of which she may feel justly proud--but her crowning glory, and the brightest page in her history is the heroic conduct of those two Regiments on the Plains of Manassas, on Sunday, the 21st of July.

The Great battle, so greatly interesting, seems to have swallowed up all idea of the condition of the troops about the time they entered the engagement.

Gen. Johnston, with about ten thousand troops, left Winchester on Thursday about 6 o'clock, P. M., and marched towards Piedmont. About midnight they reached the Shenandoah river, where I am told, a most interesting and laughable scene occurred. The command was "Halt; untie, take off shoes; and wade or swim, according to emergencies." 'Tis said that the appearance of the army was at that time entirely uniform. Just think of it: ten thousand men with their knapsacks and

clothing on the point of their bayonets, crossing the beautiful Shenandoah at the silent hour of midnight, in the clear light of the moon. The distance from Winchester to Piedmont (a station on the railroad leading from Strasburg to Manassas Junction) is about 30 miles.

This march was made in 20 hours, including all stoppages, and without food or rest; and about 2 o'clock, Friday afternoon, they were jammed, rammed, crowded into a train of cars with little ventilation and some without seats. They reached the junction during the early part of the night, and marched 3 or 4 miles out to camp and slept in the open air, too tired to cook. Many fell asleep without a mouthful to eat. Early next morning they were ordered to march to the extreme left of the main forces at the Junction a distance of 5 or 7 miles. The next morning, Sunday, the enemy making a feint attack by firing cannon on the extreme right, Gen. Bartow went forward to meet the enemy with all possible speed, making the distance of ten miles in double quick time. It seems too much, but it is true. I mention this to give you an idea of the condition of the 7th and 8th Ga. Regiments, when they entered the fight on Sunday. They fought all day without food, and very little water. Such endurance, such fortitude, such bravery and fighting, and such a victory as they won, has not a parallel in history. The conduct of the 4th Alabama, 7th and 8th Ga. Regiments deemed the fate of the day without a doubt.

It is reasonable to suppose that those Regiments whose losses were the greatest were in the thickest of the fight; such is the case with the above.

Southern Watchman, August 28, (2, 2-4), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp Gwynn, Portsmouth, Va.,
August 20, 1861.

Dear Editor: Thinking that a few words from one of the "Guards" would be accepted by you and read with interest by many of your subscribers, and especially by those that have dear relatives and friends in the company, I have, there^{fore}, concluded to give a few words, which you can do as you please with, publish or not.

This is truly a monotonous life, the same thing daily. Our company drill in forenoon, and afternoon our Reg-drill comes, which we have had now for nearly 4 months. We though, for some time, have had a drill at five o'clock in the morning, known as the abominably "Green Squad," but looks very much like a company; and many of us that have been so unfortunate as to be careless enough in ranks to be put in that squad, would much prefer to hear it called company, and then the squad has forty odd members. Our 3d Lieutenant, George H, officiates for the squad. Most of us hope soon to be released from it, as it is a great punishment, since it comes off at an hour that we would all like to enjoy a sweet nap. Our drills have become very tiresome to most of us, since they are the same every day, only every Sunday evening, when Col. W., for variety, causes us to load and shoot lying down. Many of us would like to suggest Saturday in place of Sunday to play hog, as some call it. Most of us put on a clean shirt Sunday, and dislike wallowing in the dirt; and why he should cause us to go through with such a movement on Sunday I can't imagine. He has the authority, but it does seem to us that Saturday would be better.

Our guard tent is very near filled with prisoners, some for one thing and some for another. Some are tied, some handcuffed, and Saturday three were sent to the navy yard to be confined in cells. Col. Wright has introduced in our Regiment cannon balls to be "toated" by those that are arrested. The balls weigh about sixty lbs., and it is a question with the prisoners whether he had the authority to make them

"toat" them before they have been court-martialed or not, and a great many of them refuse to carry them, when Col. W. causes them to be tied, handcuffed, and some put in cells. I think that when they call for or demand a court martial that they ought to have it, and give them a chance to prove themselves clear of the charge. The three that were sent to the yard and put in cells broke out Saturday night--the locks were broken by some one in the yard, and the prisoners came out Sunday morning, the news came to our camp, and fifteen men were detailed from the Regiment to arrest and guard them; and now we have to furnish a guard for our regular lines and also for the prisoners in the yard. Livingston, the man who has been in prison so long, has been court martialed, but his sentence is not known to us. I wish the poor fellow could know his doom; he seems to be a good fellow, and I don't think that he thought his crime such a grave one when he did it. I hope the sentence is not a serious one.

I will now endeavor to describe a scene in our camp. At the lower end of the camp of the "Guards" is a plank floor, put there by those that love the exercises of dancing. It is large enough for a cotillion, and when there are many wishing to dance, we have one on the ground at the same time, with Stump G. to perform on the banjo, and either drummer W. or William B. to play the violin; and after the boys get tired of dancing, they always break up with "Dixie's Land," when all sing, dance and keep time with the music. We generally give "Dixie" fits. It is generally time for roll call by the time we get through with "Dixie," when we all have to answer to our names; and if Sergeant W. calls it, we generally have some little laughing, as he humors it very well.

Our life is much easier than I expected. We all have cooks or hire our cooking and hire our washing done, and get a plenty to eat, and that that is good. Our beef is as good as the best I ever saw. I will give you the amount we destroy a week for Master Jeff. Probably some would like to know. I will give it to you as

furnished by our good Quartermaster, Mr. A.: Six hundred lbs. flour, one hundred and fifty lbs. bacon, six hundred fifty lbs. beef, two hundred sixty lbs. meal, fifty lbs. rice, sixty lbs. sugar, thirty-five lbs. coffee, seventeen lbs. soup, seven lbs. of candles, three gallons salt. Those that think we are not well fed, let them look over the above and see what we have. Besides what we draw from the Government, we have a chance at one of the best markets in all the country. Corn at one cent an ear, and all kinds of vegetables at reasonable prices. Water-melons and cantelopes have been very plentiful for some time. Largest melons for 12 cents. Chicken pies have-not been uncommon in our camp for some time. Some times I am almost ready to forget that I am a soldier.

We are all well satisfied, but I think the most of us are getting tired of being inactive soldiers, when so many of our fellow-soldiers are gaining laurels every day. Many that go into the battle-field are slain, but their names will always be cherished no doubt. Many left their dear homes in the good old Empire State to fight the battles of our country that will never return. Many go into the battle-field, no doubt, with hearts big with victory, that fall victims to the enemy; but as the great ones said, "We will stop to drop the sympathetic tear on the graves of those that fall, and go forth to avenge their blood." Our cause is a great one. All is depending--our lives, our homes, our fortunes--yes all that is dear to us, is either to be gained or lost. Though I have no fear about being subjugated--the word subjugate means too much--we will not be conquered. I am persuaded to think that an all-wise God, is on the side of our dear Southern Confederacy; I sincerely believe that an out-stretched arm of the Gracious Being was extended over our troops in the battles that have already been fought. I trust that our brave Generals have the same polar star and Sun of Righteousness to guide them that the great Washington had to guide him. Our company is tolerably healthy--only two or three in the hospital. We have had much rain here for the last ten days. Last night it rained nearly all night, and for several hours of the time it rained as hard as I ever knew it to rain.

Our tents, which do finely in dry weather and when it rains moderately, were compelled to give way to the water last night, and our blankets got tolerably well drenched, and some of the boys that went to sleep with their feet a little too far out were awaked with their feet a little wet. Crops are as good as the land can make, especially the corn crop. When I look or think of the many instances in which we have been favored by the great Ruler of the universe, I think we have great reason to be thankful to him for his watchful care.

One of our boys has just returned from the city (Norfolk) and brought the news that the Federals at Fortress Monroe had fired into a French vessel that was passing the Blockade at that place, and ran it ashore and took the vessel and crew. He said that was the current report in the city. We heard the report of a great many cannon this morning, and would not be surprised if it is true. I hope it is. If they have incurred the displeasure of the French Government, and if she brings some of the many war vessels she has to operate against the wicked blockade that the wicked Lincoln has caused to be established, the old scamp will need more soldiers and money than he will ever be able to get. This morning we were all called up and caused to form in line. When Lieutenant L. told us that one from our company had to be sent home to see about our winter suits, and said it was for us to appoint him. Some one moved that Lieutenant L. be sent, which move being seconded, the ayes and noes were called for, and no noes being heard, Lieutenant L. was announced elected; but he said that he did not know that he could go, and we had better appoint one to go in case he should fail. Some said one and some said another--great many urging that a married man be sent. Others said, leave it to Capt. Billups, which I was very willing to do--believing that he would do right, for he is a better Captain, in my opinion, than any one else. I would not give him for any one I ever knew. He is kind and obliging to his boys, and I think all love him and will be willing to go wherever he says go. Our officers are all high-toned gentlemen.

There is a vacancy in our Regiment caused by Capt. Blodget and company leaving. We have been hoping that Capt. Vincent would get the place. If that company could

get in this Regiment I would be very glad and think the Regiment would be complete. I fear though, that there is no chance for his company to get it. I learn that they are without arms, and that President Davis will not receive unarmed companies. I guess Charlie L. is enjoying himself finely, but I reckon he will want to be with his company before his furlough is out. We miss him a great deal. I would like to get a furlough after a while, so that I could go to my dear Georgia home and see some of the loved ones left behind. I think there is no chance though.

I will close this letter by saying a few words in regard to the fair sex. I have seen some that I thought beautiful, and the Virginia ladies have proven themselves very patriotic, but the Georgia ladies have not proven themselves less so, and I honestly think them, as a general thing, the most beautiful, and think that the most of the "Guards" will be satisfied to return home to get them a better half. Excuse this letter. Probably you will hear from me again one of these days.

One of the Athens Guards.

Southern Watchman, August 28 (2, 1), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Hog Mountain, Ga. August 15th.

Mr. Editor:--A splendid company has been raised in this section of Hall and Gwinnett counties. The services of the company have been tendered to the Government for the war. Should the company be accepted, look out for a good report from them, if they ever come in contact with the enemy. The name of the company is "County-Line Invincibles, of Hall and Gwinnett. The following are the commissioned officers:

Captain -----A. K. Richardson.
1st Lieut.-----C. M. Tuggle.
2d " -----James M. Roberts.
3d " -----John Wheeler.

Recruits.

The following recruits for Capt Styles' Habersham volunteers, passed through this place on Friday last. They were enlisted by Mr. D. S. Oliver, of Habersham:

F. M. Absher,
Alex Bradberry,
W. T. Teuch,
John Walker,
Caswell Cross,
James English,
J. C. R. Gunn,
L. D. Harper,
J. W. McAfee,
J. C. Willis,

John Clark,
Johnson Harper,
B. F. Linch,
Wm. Ivester,
John Ivester,
Wm. Jackson,
J. W. Robertson,
Jeremiah Pressley,
Jasper English,
P. S. Blackburn.*

*Deserted at Augusta, but gone back.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 4 (2, 1), 1861.

Capt. Vincent's Company.

This fine company bid adieu to old Clarke Tuesday morning, and set their faces towards Virginia. We have heretofore published the muster-roll of this company. We doubt whether there is in the service of the Confederate States a company composed of better material than this. The Captain has seen service before, and is capable of commanding a Regiment or Brigade with distinguished ability.

The Mell Volunteers, Capt. Camak, will leave on Thursday. Including Capt. Hill's company of regulars, this will make seven companies from our county--with a voting population of 1000!!

More Troops.

On Wednesday morning last, two more volunteer companies--one from Banks and the other from Hart--passed through this place--stout, healthy, fine-looking men. We publish the muster-rolls of both companies:

MUSTER ROLL--THOMAS GUARDS.

Officers.

P. E. Davant -----Captain.
A. S. Turner -----1st Lieutenant.
R. J. Gordon -----2d Lieutenant.
James L. Johnson -----3d Lieutenant.
Wm. McCurry -----1st Sergeant.
W. C. Prewitt -----2d Sergeant.
W. H. Haynes -----3d Sergeant.
Wm. H. Stephenson -----4th Sergeant.
Wm. S. Jones -----5th Sergeant.
Isaac M. Ginn -----1st Corporal.
T. J. Flemming -----2d Corporal.
T. M. Johnson -----3d Corporal.
Wm. J. Teasley -----4th Corporal.

Privates.

Thos Allen,	D. C. Hinton,
J. F. Allen,	D. G. Johnson,
James Allen,	D. F. Johnson,
Asa Bowers,	B. W. Johnson,
J. C. Bray,	G. R. Jordan,
W. F. Brown,	M. Jackson,
S. Bobo,	J. B. Jordan,
B. Bowers,	J. J. Jones,
D. L. Baker,	E. T. Maxwell,
W. B. S. A. Brown,	H. McClane,
A. A. Brown,	N. H. Nelms,
M. M. Brown,	J. L. Pritchett,
L. D. Brown,	A. Prewitt,
George Cawthron,	A. Fearson,
J. A. Cobb,	J. Philips,
W. J. Cobb,	P. Pritchett,
W. J. Caldwell,	B. F. Philips,
S. M. Caldwell,	J. Partain,
J. M. Caldwell,	E. W. Philips,
A. Colston,	L. C. Payne,
J. B. Dean,	J. W. Roberts,
W. H. Dickerson,	L. H. Roberts,
D. D. Dickerson,	W. Fussum,
Gaines B. Ginn,	L. B. Smith,

R. Ginn,
 W. A. Gaines,
 J. R. S. Gaines,
 James Ginn,
 J. H. Goss,
 W. P. Grant,
 Samuel Hoghes
 B. M. Holmes,
 J. M. Hindricks,
 J. F. Hicks,
 J. M. Haynes,

J. Steifel,
 B. M. Scott,
 S. Shiflet,
 L. Scott,
 J. F. Smith,
 W. B. Smith,
 J. E. Tyner,
 D. Varner,
 J. W. Wooden,
 Marion Wooden,

BANKS VOLUNTEERS.

I. W. Chandler -----Captain.
 J. M. Turk -----1 Lieut.
 F. M. Owen -----2 "
 J. M. Little -----3 "
 T. R. Griffin -----1 Serg't.
 J. W. Brewer -----2 "
 W. M. Bowlin -----3 "
 E. A. Rucker -----4 "

Privates.

Jefferson Adkins,	W. D. Massey,
W. B. Anderson,	Cleyton Massey,
H. R. Anderson	W. S. Mize,
J. L. Anderson,	D. J. Murray,
W. A. Arnold,	I. P. Oliver,
W. J. Bowlin	M. J. Porter, Wm. Peyton,
G. T. Tucker H. H. Barnes,	J. T. Phillips,
M. J. Brady,	J. H. Peyton,
D. H. McDonald,	S. A. Ariel,
W. W. Barnes,	J. M. Smith,
E. H. Chandler,	Moses Rucker,
Wm. Chambers,	A. M. Rucker,
W. M. David,	L. R. Smith,
J. I. Chambers,	S. H. Saunders,
W. J. Chandler,	Harris Stowe,
A. D. S. Chandler,	J. C. Smith,
F. T. Cape,	A. C. Saunders,
E. A. Cape,	James Stowe,
Emariah Dodd,	J. R. Stowe,
James Dodd,	J. F. Smith,
T. A. Dodd,	E. G. Segars,
C. C. Dodd,	H. P. Skelton,
T. B. Dalton,	G. M. Thomas,
Leonard Dalton,	R. P. Varner,
Samuel M. Davis,	J. C. Williamson,
James Fagins,	W. C. Williamson,
Littleton Fagins,	J. C. Wade,
Christopher Garrison,	J. F. Walker,
Thomas Garrison,	J. S. Wells,
W. R. Hill,	Luther Weld,

W. B. Hardy,
A. L. Hider,
J. M. Hider,
R. L. Hooper,
Floyd Jordan,
Thomas Jordan,
Newton Jordan,
H. A. R. Knight,
G. A. F. Keepee,
B. E. Lord,
W. F. Lord,
James Lewellen,
J. L. Land,
W. E. Learoy,
W. G. Lorg,
James Lynch,
James M. Laurance,
T. A. Mayes,
W. H. Meeks,
J. C. Meeks,
B. C. Mize,
John E. Strange,
H. C. Mize.

Emanuel Watts,
S. W. Bradley,
D. S. Watson,
Riley Hatchcock,
J. W. Hatchcock,
W. D. Hix,
Hiram Allan,
Newton Dill,
W. A. Bradley,
Wm. Pool,
C. C. Saunders,
E. C. Pool,
Cleaveland Smith,
W. G. Westbrook,
A. S. Stevens,
W. Parsons
J. Bowlin,
T. T. Dorrough,
Elias Soseby,
James Soseby,
Henry Whitfield,
Thomas Riley,

MUSTER ROLL--WHITE MARKSMEN.

Officers.

William L. Sumpter -----Captain.
Elijah F. Starr -----1st Lieutenant.
Milton B. Odell -----2d Lieutenant.
Andrew R. Jarrard -----Ensign.
John C. Singleton -----1st Sergeant.
Charles Potts -----2d Sergeant.
Jacob Tate -----3d Sergeant.
Thomas W. Story -----4th Sergeant.
Peter Woody -----1st Corporal.
Isiah Standridge -----2d Corporal.
James A. Pitchford -----3d Corporal.
Isaac W. Kelburn -----4th Corporal.

Privates.

Wm. A. Alexander,	Wm. R. Mayfield,
Dan'l H. Alexander,	Miles A. McKinney,
F. M. Adams,	Watson McKinney,
James W. Adams,	Alfred Meritt,
Wm. Adams,	Andrew Meritt,
John L. Anderson,	Chas. A. Masters,
Isaac Anderson,	C. C. Nix,
Joshua Anderson,	Ira C. Nix,
Benj. Allen,	Wm. W. Odell,
Marshal L. Allen,	Thomas H. Odell,
John M. Black,	J. E. Pinion,
Wm. L. Anderson,	Jacob Pinion,
James D. Black,	Daniel P. Pitchford,
David C. Black,	Enoch C. Payne,
Rufus Bramlet,	Wm. J. Payne,
Wm. H. Boggs,	Wm. F. Quillain,
John H. Conly,	Maligan Quinn,
George H. Conly,	David Roe,
Joseph Colley,	A. W. Rothell,
Albert Dodd,	John A. Roberson,
D. H. W. Dorsey,	W. P. Kimbert, Jr.,
John Dean,	Samuel Standridge,
Andrew J. Elliott,	Fredrick C. Smith,
Thomas J. Edwards,	Wm. E. F. Shelton,
John Freeman,	Ireas W. Saterfield,
James Glenn,	Fedrick G. Saterfield,
Slone B. Hamby,	Joseph K. Standridge,
Em. M. Halcomb,	James T. Smith,
Newton Higgins,	Joseph H. Story,
Thomas Hoopper,	Joshua Turner,
James M. House,	Alfred P. Williams,
Marion Haynes,	Church E. Williams,
R. L. Jackson,	James E. Williams,
E. M. Jackson,	James H. Williams,
F. M. Jackson,	James F. West,
Alfred T. Jackson,	James E. West,
Gen. M. Jackson,	Wm. N. Norwick,

Curtis A. Jackson,
Caloway Jackson,
Josiah D. Jarrard,
R. T. Kenamer,
R. C. Little,

James Wilkerson,
George W. Whitley,
James A. Whitehead,
James W. Wheeler,
Seaborn Youngblood.

For the Southern Watchman.

CLARK COUNTY RIFLES.

Mr. Editor and others: Dear friends, I met the gallant Riflemen, commanded by Capt. L. S. Vincent, at Woodville, at 1 o'clock, on Tuesday last, soon after they left their loved homes and county. In the company, I have one son, a brother-in law, and many other relatives and friends. I went with them to Augusta. As we went they were cheered at nearly every house by the ladies and others. The shouting ladies, the waving flags and handkerchiefs, the flying boquets and up-lifted hats, caused the fast-moving soldiers to send back the loud huzza. And just as the sound would die in the rear, fresh notes were heard in the front. Thus, my friends, did your husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and beaus, pass that long-to-be-remembered Tuesday afternoon. They dined at Union Point, from the food which had been cooked at their loved homes. They changed cars at the point--were put into good and comfortable passenger cars, such as the Georgia Road usually furnish on such occasions. I am sorry to say that the chivalrous band received no water, that hot afternoon, from the RailRoad attendants. They tried, at great danger, (of being left) to get a supply from the wells and dripping tanks, by the way, yet they could not. This was their first cup of privation and suffering. They reached Augusta about six, and were escorted to a suitable place, where a good supper was served them by the patriotic ladies and gentlemen of Augusta. We all slept that night at Sprawl's (Georgia Depot.) The next day was spent in the beautiful city of Augusta. At an early hour they formed and marched to a quiet place where the roll was perfected, numbering 115. A short address was made to the company and prayer offered for their preservation and protection, and that they may be victorious if they ever go to the battle field. Numerous articles, for the supply of the company, were procured. Breakfast and dinner were taken from the home preparations. Supper was given them by the same faithful hands who fed them the first evening. At seven, one of the company, in a beautiful little speech, thanked the ladies and others, for their kind attention

to them. The Augusta people have erected tables at the depot, and from it, feed nearly all the soldiers who pass their city. Noble people! long may they live to enjoy the peace doubtless soon to be gained by our armies. At 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ (about night fall) Capt. V. and his noble band entered the cars. I went through and took the parting hand. My own dear son, and a few others, lingered on the platform till the last loud whistle. Then we said good-by. He and they entered the cars and off they went. I watched her light till she crossed the Savannah river. The people of Hamburg greeted our noble company, they sent back the loud huzza. Loud did I hear their voices, mingling with the roar of cars, as they moved off in the distance. When I could hear them no more, I sat along on the platform and wept, and tried to commend them to God. Yours, &c.,

F. M. HAYGOOD.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

A few days before their departure, the ladies presented a handsome flag to Capt. Vincent's company--Miss Price, of Salem, delivering a beautiful address, which was responded to by Ensign Z. F. Crenshaw. Both addresses have been furnished us for publication, and will be found appended.

MISS PRICE'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Clarke Rifles:

Truly we are in the midst of stirring scenes. This martial array, so unusual heretofore; these anxious, earnest faces; these palpitating hearts; this hurrying to and fro all over the land--all these bespeak events deeply interesting. The mementous present, burdened with the fate of millions of people, looms up so conspicuously before us, that the past is entirely obscured, or seen only in fleeting vision.

We contemplate our forefathers--the heroes of the revolution, battling against aggression and tyranny--those noble sires, whose invincible bravery and unconquerable endurance, secured to us the rich legacy of freedom; and at the thoughts of Republican fanaticism invading our firesides, the same patriotic blood bounds through our veins. We turn to the Constitution, the charter of our rights and liberties; its voice is hushed amidst the clamor of tyrannical usurpations--the spirit which began with en-croachments and misconstructions has calumniated in audacious defiance, and the statesman who dares raise a warning voice is wantonly abused by shameless insolence.

We behold the "stars and stripes," once the synonym of liberty and equality, now the badge of cowardice, usurpation, tyranny and oppression. It is now unfurled to the winds by a military despot whose dissolute myrmidons glory in its prostitution.

The emblem of perfidy--borne by unsanctified hands--stained with the blood of oppression, you can no longer rally under its folds, Brave men and true can only gather around a flag which is unsullied and pure--and such a one it is my privilege now to present to you--gentlemen of the Clarke Rifles--in behalf of the ladies of this county. It is the National emblem of the Southern Confederacy, and although of very recent origin it has already won a fame which is permanent, giving assurance that its future career will not be inglorious. Unknown to history--without the prestige of ancient renown, it has been unfurled to the breeze by a nation of freemen who know their rights " and knowing, dare maintain them."

Upon its folds you see the immortal words,"I go to illustrate Georgia," While they will remind you how beautifully, how sublimely the heroic author fulfilled his own declaration, they will also call up before you your beloved State, with its inallowed scenes--the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, whom you have taken up arms to protect--you will then remember this occasion--remember with what pride and exultation we committed this banner to your keeping, confident that each one of you, should you fall upon the battlefield, will with your expiring breath exclaim, in the language of the lamented Bartow, "they have killed me, but don't give it up." Go forth then, bearing it aloft, the terror of our enemies. Be assured we will ever be with you in our solicitations and prayers.

We know your arms are strong to strike and your hearts are brave to endure, and we feel certain that on your return this flag will be borne back in triumph. It may be riddled with balls--torn and tattered amidst the strife of the battle-field, ensanguined by the mingled blood of friend and foe; but all these will be illustrations far more glorious in our estimation than the most elaborate works of art. We feel that you go out, not to the enjoyment of ease and luxury--not for the purpose of military parade, but you go to brave toil and hardships--go as soldiers, despising effeminacy and ease--conscious that the Sumters are not all taken--the

Manassas' not all won, but we bid you look with hopeful eye beyond all this, to the time when the victory being won, the brave soldier, scarred and wounded, perchance, shall once more around his peaceful fireside meet the smiles of dear ones, in joy to recount his victories, and forever in peace and safety enjoy the gratitude of a great and virtuous people, and the abundance of a smiling Providence.

Why not go cheerful and expectant? A great and generous nation sustains you. God supplies and protects you--He will restore the happy days when the sword shall be beat into the ploughshare. May Heaven protect you--be your shield in the day of battle--restore each one of you to your friends and families to cheer their hearts and homes.

ENSIGN CRENSHAW'S REPLY.

Miss Price and the Ladies whom you represent:--Progression and advancement appear to be the peculiar characteristics of the age in which we live, considered either in a literary, religious or political point of view. The world is approaching a crisis fraught with deep interest to mankind, alike eliciting the profoundest attention and scrutinizing observation of the philosopher, the christian and the statesman. Whilst the first is beholding with deep emotions of wonder and astonishment the omnipotent and onward march of science, in its developments of the deep and hidden mysteries of the moral and physical creation, and their connection with man in his three-fold relation to himself, his God and his country; the second sees more distinctly the soul-cheering and heaven-descended rays of the Sun of Righteousness which have pierced the thick darkness which has for ages hung over every land which has felt the blighting, mildewing, withering and cursing influence of the assumed vicegerency of Christ on earth, and feels that he lives in a country where the Sun of Righteousness, as well as the sun of science has arisen upon us in all his majestic splendor and effulgent glory, and the light mists of darkness, superstition and intolerance in a degree unknown to our ancestors. But whilst the philosopher and christian see mighty and important changes in the scientific and religious world, the

statesman sees developing and fermenting the principles of a mighty epoch in the interests and destinies of the civil world, which our forefathers viewed and maintained as the germ of political regeneration, which should ultimately remodify, reorganize and renovate the civil polity of nations, until the heaven born and heaven bound principle of liberty should envelope the globe as a flood of truth and light, and consign to the shades of darkness and oblivion all the retrograde principles which have ever been the stronghold of misrule, tyranny and despotism since the world began. There is now being enacted, on the political stage of America, a drama, the last act of the last scene of which, will fix the result of these principles and decide our destiny as a nation. Already the actors are upon the stage and the curtain has been raised. 'Tis a bloody scene. The belligerent parties have met in awful conflict upon the field of slaughter, and the plains of the fairest portions of our country are already white and bleaching with the bones of fallen thousands. How the drama shall end the last act of the last scene must tell. The end is far from human sight. But this we do know--we are acting the part of Truth, Justice and Holiness. Never did a people engage in a better cause God has shown himself, by unmistakeable evidences, to be on our side, therefore let us do our duty, and leave the result to Him who does all things well. But we come now more especially to speak of the occasion which is peculiarly interesting to us all. We have met for the purpose of receiving from the fair daughters of Clarke this beautiful banner of the Confederate States of America.

'Tis but a just tribute to the ladies of the South to say that they have always been the advocates of everything which tends to advance the cause of liberty, religion, and education. They have ever been the civilizers, christianizers and beautifiers of the world. Woman has ever been the blesser of man. When Adam opened his eyes in the blissful garden, and the glowing beauties of Paradise met his wondering gaze, his soul was filled with transport at the scene. The proud rose raised its blushing petals, and the modest lily hung its head with sweet, contrasting whiteness; while above fruit of every taste hung in clusters thick, and zephyrs stole

perfume from every flower. The harmless animals lay silent or gambled in his presence. And thus intent on nature, he felt his soul o'er-charged with bliss too much for one to feel, or feeling, still enjoy. He looked around for a partner who would with him enjoy heaven. The brutes were listless to his tales of bliss. The beautiful rose heeded not his entreaties; the fair lily turned her white face from him in silence, and he turned disconsolate to ramble through flowery paths and clustering sweets, heedless alike of both. But--

Nature, in pity to his anguished heart
and to complete what uncomplete remained,
As the last touch and polish to her work,
Of fairest mould formed--woman!"

But Southern women have shown themselves in all their loveliness goodness and greatness during the present crisis. They have manifested a zeal, patriotism, self-sacrificing spirit--a devotion to their country's cause unknown in the history of the world. Many of them have even offered their services to go where the mad battle burns, and minister to the wants of the wounded sons of liberty and independence. Some have already gone and are performing their works of love. Others have even dared to risk their own lives to secure the success of the Confederate army. They are the heroines of the world. Their patriotism and fame and glory have gone out into all the civilized world. Sweet bards will write their kindness in poetry, all nations will respect and esteem them for their patriotism, and the God of the Universe will reward them for their works of love to the soldiery of our country. They will ever live in the affections of a truly brave and grateful people. Time will but serve to bind them closer to our heart--to make the garland of glory which encircles their brow more green and fresh than ever. To the ladies of Clarke county we are especially grateful. You justly share a portion of the love and esteem, the glory and honor conferred upon the ladies of the South. Since the organization of our company, you have ever manifested an interest in our welfare. You have ministered to our wants and necessities. You have ever been willing to assist us when your services have been required. Your hearts and your hands have been interested in our welfare. Your kind and patriotic hearts have dictated works of

benevolence, and your lily hands have willingly performed them. Ladies, accept our sincere thanks for the kindnesses and favors shown us, and rest assured you'll never be forgotten. Yes, even amid the thundering of cannon, the clash of swords and the rattling of musketry, you shall be remembered. Yes! we'll ever cherish with fond recollection the pleasant hours we whiled away at Camp Ma'ruder and Camp Bartow, and Watkinsville. Your images and good deeds are indelibly engraven upon the tablets of memory. Yonder sun may forget to ride his golden chariot across the blue field of heaven--pale-faced Cynthia may forget to shed her silver rays upon sleeping nature--the diamond stars may cease to twinkle in the cerulean vault of heaven--the little rivulet may cease to wind its meandering course to the great mother of waters--but while the fluid of life continues to circulate through these hearts of ours, we will never forget your kindness and patriotism, nor cease to love and esteem you.

More particularly would we thank you for this beautiful manifestation of your patriotism:

Respected Miss:--Allow me to thank you for the beautiful, impressive, patriotic and eloquent manner in which you have presented this banner. Be assured your remarks are appreciated, and have made a deep and lasting impression upon our minds. With the profoundest respect and esteem for you, and hoping your future life may be as free, happy and useful as your heart is kind, patriotic and pure, I proceed to thank the fair donors for this banner. While gazing upon this flag which waves over us, our mind is involuntarily carried back to other days, when we used to look upon the "stars and stripes" with holy veneration. We used to feel like lifting our hat when that once glorious old flag was unfurled to the breeze. But since its hitherto untarnished folds have been polluted by the storms of an unrelenting and damnable fanaticism of a horde of petty despots at the North, and one, two, three, four, yea, eleven of the most brilliant stars have been plucked from the galaxy, the old rag hath lost its charms! When we reflect that it was under that

ensign that our revolutionary fathers fought, bled and died to free us from the galling yoke of tyranny, and now realize the fact that it has been made the ensign of a more despicable tyranny and baser despotism, by a man who is mean enough to filch the last feather from the bolster of a sleeping innocent babe, and spit upon the last diadem in the crown of virtue, it becomes superlatively contemptible in our sight! When we reflect that the immortal Jasper, and hordes of other brave and kindred spirits, lost their lives in defending it, and now know that it floats over a horde of unprincipled, black-hearted, little souled abolitionists, who would divest us of the last right and privilege as freeman, we wish the contemptible and insulting rag torn from the breeze of heaven and buried in the grave of eternal oblivion. It now commands no longer the respect and admiration of the true-hearted Southerner. We have substituted in its stead the "Stars and Bars," which shall continue to float over the Southern people so long as there is a Southern man to raise and unfurl it to the breeze. Never shall it trail in the dust--never shall it be polluted or dishonored by cowardice or despotism--never shall it be lowered at the approach of the cowardly, peaked-nosed, rotten-hearted people of the North--but wave, and proudly wave, in the breeze of heaven as unpolluted, untarnished and unsullied as the hearts of the fair donors are brave, patriotic spotless and pure.

Fellow-soldiers, this banner has been entrusted to our care. We are soon to leave for field of battle. Let us go forth with strong arms and brave hearts in defense of these Stars and Bars--in defence of our country--her rights--her institutions--her honor. Let us go under this beautiful banner--live under--fight under it, and, if need be, die under it, in order that these fair beings "whom angels are painted to look like" may live independent, happy and useful lives, in a free and independent country! The immortal heroes, Bartow and Garnett, died under it, and

Although they now sleep in the grave,
 And their deeds are remembered in story,
 Though peaceful they lie in the home of the brave,
 And names are encircled with glory,--

Yet, their blood seems rising from the ground and loudly calls for vengeance!

The youthful but brave and immortal Pegram, now in the shackles of the despot, invokes our retribution! The graves of our brave countrymen--trampled by tyranny, where they died for freedom, are clamorous for revenge! The spirits of departed heroes urge us onward! The long vista of predicted success--its flowery savannas and its delectable mountains--its living fountains and its bow of peace, invite us onward! Let us go, The way is not untried, for others have arisen early and gone into the field before us and already have their bosoms been made to swell with joy at seeing victory perch upon the Southern banner! Go forth with our weapons wreathed with the flowers of liberty, and patriotism will give them an immortal bloom, and peity breat them an undying fragrance. Let us go forth, relying upon the strong arm of the God of Battles, making use of the means He has given us for our defence. We have all the characteristics of a great nation--wisdom, strength and beauty. We have wise men to dictate, brave and strong men to defend and beautiful ladies to adorn it. Under these circumstances, we are bound to succeed. Only let us be true to ourselves, true to our God and true to our country-- resolve to be free and independent--and ere long victory will perch upon the banner of the Confederate States, and she will be recognized and respected as the most glorious nation under the heavens.

Thanking you, fellow-soldiers, for the honor you have conferred upon me, in selecting me to accept this banner, and you, Miss, for the beautiful and impressive manner in which you presented it--and the fair donors for their kindness in giving it--and to the citizens of Clarke generally, who have lavished their kindnesses upon us since our existence as a company--we bid you a long, and, perhaps, a last farewell!

Yes, the illustrious Bartow, who uttered that beautiful and patriotic sentiment (I go to illustrate Georgia)--one of Georgia's noblest sons, and who will ever by the pride and glory of the Empire State of the South, died under it. Died, did I say? His body was pierced by the bayonets of the enemy, while charging at the head of his brave regiment of death defying Georgians upon Sherman's battery, but Bartow still lives in the heart of every true Georgian. His brave and patriotic spirit will live amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, and his name, chivalrous deeds and patriotic sentiment be handed down to the latest generation known to time.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 11 (2, 1), 1861.

"MELL VOLUNTEERS."

This company left here on the train for Augusta last Thursday morning. We regret that they forgot to leave with us a copy of their muster-roll. We believe that with this single exception we have published a list of all the companies from our own county and all that have passed through this place from the counties above. We hope the list will yet be furnished.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 11 (2, 5), 1861.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

For want of space, we are compelled to omit the introductory portion of the following interesting letter from the "Guards:"

Camp Rescue, Roanoke Island, N. C.
September 3d, 1861.

* * * * *

After passing through Albemarle we came to Pamlico, and while in the upper end, and a little after sundown we came up with Capt. Hunter, who was captain of the fleet that brought us down. He said for us to halt there during the night, that he would join us again in the morning, and that the last steamer he met brought news that four Federal steamers were firing on Fort Hatteras. We went a little further--met a sail boat--the Captain of her steered her close up to our boat--told us that we were too late--that the Confederates had surrendered the fort--that the Federals had about 25 vessels there, and that they had killed, wounded and taken all of the Confederates prisoners. It made all of us very sad for our cause to be so much crippled, and would have been glad to have met them on land and given them battle. We were not prepared to meet them on water and of course would not have liked to have done it. Capt. Hunter and Col. Wright stopped and counselled about what was best to be done. They determined for us (the Regiment) to stay there during the night, and for Capt. H. to take his steamer and go down to Oregon Inlet, where there were over two hundred Confederate soldiers and a fortification nearly finished, and see if there was any chance for us to effect a landing. Capt. H. left and Col. W. ordered our barge to be drawn up beside one that another company was on, and also 3 horses and a cannon--ordered the horses to be put on our barge so as to give us a chance to use the cannon in case the Yankee villains should learn that we were there and come to take us, (for the Sound was full of little sail boats) and we did not know but what some of them were spies. Col. W. then called upon Capt. Billups for four men that would make a good fight---preferring those that knew something about loading and shooting a cannon; but before he could pick them, several, or nearly all, volunteered to go on the boat with the gun. I think then he took

those that happened to be first. Capt. Hunter returned a while before day and said that all was quiet down there, and that there was no Federal steamer in sight of Oregon. As soon as day we started for Oregon--went several miles-- met a sail vessel loaded with lumber for Hatters--had seen a part of the fight--tried to land--his boat was fired at, and had to leave--said the fort had been taken--said we had better keep a close look out--that the lower end of the Sound was full of war steamers. When Col. W. and Capt. H. held another council, thought it safer to turn back and land us higher up, and let us get dinner; for all of us were beginning to suffer. But I never heard a murmur. All were carried in about one hundred and fifty yards of land, that being as close as they could get the steamer with such a heavy load. All were carried to the shore in small boats but the Athens Guards and Dawson Grays. By this time it was getting late, and Col. W. had already got wet all over pulling boats ashore. I saw him pitch in up to his soulders. He then halloed to Capt. Billups and Capt. McWhorter to bring their men off the boats. No sooner said than the water was crowded with Athens Guards, and Dawson Grays. We jumped out of the boat where it was up to our chin and had to jump up to keep the waves from covering us over. Some of us carrying our guns and cartridges with us without getting them wet, by holding them above the water. We got dinner--saw some of the citizens--got a few watermelons and went back to the boat. Col. W., Major Lee, Capt. H. and a few of the boys again went to Oregon to get some soldiers and negroes that were there. I think now that we cannot speak in too high terms of Col. W. He has been vigilant, industrious and cool all the time. They got back Sunday morning, before day, but did not bring the soldiers or the two hundred negroes down there at work, but they have since been brought, and the soldiers are camped here and the negroes will be put to work, I reckon, as we have a heap of it to do. Sunday morning, as soon as day, we were landed, and put to cleaning up our camp. We worked hard--cleaned out a camping place, and pitched our tents that day. Capt. R. expresses himself as delighted that none of the boys try to get around doing their duty. If we should ever live to get back to Georgia, then the people can tell something about how much the boys think of him. We are here on Roanoke Island at this time, and have several cannon--are

throwing up entrenchments, and if the Yankees don't interfere with us in a few days, we will be in a fix to defend ourselves.

We are divided in messes of ten men, 4 appointed to cook for us all, with the assistance of the negroes in the company. Our cooks are R. K. Beaves, Tom Frierson, George Graham and Quartermaster Akin who is foreman of all. I think the appointment a very good one. Yesterday fifty men were detailed from our company (myself one of them) to go down the beach 4 or 5 miles to launch a vessel we needed.

I never saw so many grapes in my life as there are on this island. They are just getting ripe. There are about five hundred people on the island--some of them very well off, as regards property. There are two churches, and one little store kept by a preacher. Our friends will have to pay our postage while we are on the island, as there is no post office nearer than forty or fifty miles. We get fish a plenty and the best kind, at five cents apiece!

Where is Capt. Vincent and company? We would give him a welcome reception. I will close. We are planting cannon about 3 miles nearer the enemy than we are camped. We will move there in a day or two. All of the Guards are well--stood the hardships finely. I am, yours, truly,

W. H. B.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 18 (2, 2-3), 1861.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 6th, 1861.

Mr. Editor--Agreeably to promise, and in consonance with my own feelings, I seat myself for the purpose of writing you a short letter. After bidding our friends an affectionate, and perhaps, a last farewell, we started for Augusta, where we arrived at about 7 o'clock, P. M., All along the road we received the smiles and patriotic cheers of the fair daughters of Georgia. I could not refrain from shedding a joyful tear when I saw the fair beings, young and old wave their handkerchiefs and cheer us on our mission of liberty and independence. "God bless you, and give success to your arms," seemed to be the outburst of every heart. When we arrived at Augusta, we received a kind invitation from the fair ladies of that place, to take supper at the depot. I had often heard of the kindness, liberality and patriotism of the Augusta ladies, but never did I realize it till that night. They justly deserve the love and esteem of all the soldiers of the South who have passed through their city, We were detained in Augusta till the next evening, when we were again invited to sup with them. After supper, I was called upon, by the company, to make them a short speech, and then we took our seat in the cars bound for Columbia, S. C. We arrived there about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock yesterday morning. Up to this time we had a pleasant trip, and were kindly treated by citizens, passengers and conductors. At Columbia we were placed under a conductor who was wanting in politeness, gentility, accommodation, and the other necessary qualifications for his office. Lest these remarks should cast a slur upon innocent conductors of the road, I will just state that I ascertained his name to be Murray. He locked both officers and soldiers out from the cars ahead of us, as if he thought us a horde of unprincipled scoundrels. This act was exceedingly insulting to honorable and high-toned gentlemen, but we tried to bear it. One of the company being sick, I had to crawl through the window in order to procure the services of a physician on board. He insulted several of the boys, and I took occasion to inform the fellow (I won't say gentleman) that we were a company of gentlemen, and should be treated as such. I am sure he is a native of neither North nor South Carolina, because he

has not that politeness, accommodation and patriotism so common among the people of these States.

I am now at Charlotte, waiting upon a sick member of the company. He is getting better and will be able to travel in a day or two. The kind and patriotic citizens of this place invited our company to take supper at the Mansion House, and the gentlemanly proprietor fixed everything up in style and great abundance. We feel profoundly grateful for the kindness and favors shown us since we left home. The remainder of the company left here this morning at 5½ o'clock for Portsmouth, where I hope to see them in a few days.

The North Carolinians have fully imbibed the war spirit, and are determined to retake those forts which were recently taken by the Federalists. I saw about 3500 troops on camp drill a few miles from Columbia. They will soon be ready for the field.

I was informed by a gentleman this morning, that there was 150 cannon now on the way to New Orleans, to be used in fortifying that city. In fact, I saw about twenty of them yesterday. They are principally 32 and 42 pounders.

I understood also, this morning, that there are now about 20 thousand N. C. troops near Cape Hatteras, and that they are making ample preparations to retake those forts.

Capt. Camak and his company passed through here this evening. His men were all well and in fine spirits.

Our company left here this morning in good health and good spirits. I think the sick member of the company detained here will be able to travel in a day or two, and we will meet them in Portsmouth. Nothing more at present. Yours, respectfully,

Z. F. CRENSHAW.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 25 (2, 304), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman

Mr. Editor:--I am just from the camp of Col. A. H. Wright's Legion, four miles from Atlanta. Four companies have already gone into camp; they also have subsistence and equipage, tents, &c. for completion of the Legion, and have the best arrangement for camping that I have seen in my travels. This Legion is organizing for the coast of Georgia, and will repair to the coast as soon as sufficiently drilled. They are to be armed with large and small breach-loading rifle cannon, spring sabre, lance, Colt's revolver and sabre-bayonet rifle. This Legion is under the immediate supervision and patronage of the Confederate Government. Two more good infantry companies can be admitted, by immediate application to Lieut. Col. G. W. Lee, or Maj. J. J. Parr, Atlanta, Ga.

C. HUGHES.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Yorktown, Va., Sept. 19th, 1861.

Mr. Christy:--I have concluded, with your permission, to trouble your numerous readers with a few lines, to let the friends of the Mell Volunteers know where our company has been placed. We had a very pleasant trip from Athens to this place. We arrived at Augusta at 7, P. M. (the 5th of Sept.) and were marched to the South Carolina depot, where the ladies of Augusta had a very nice supper provided for us. It is very encouraging to a company of soldiers, to be furnished with such a nice supper, and it attended by the beautiful ladies of Augusta. At 8 o'clock we left Augusta, and arrived at Columbia, S. C., at 5, A. M., Friday, and at 8 o'clock we left for Charlotte, N. C., where we arrived at 3, P. M. Here we laid over about 7 hours. The citizens of Charlotte had an excellent supper provided for us at the Mansion Hotel, which was very acceptable to the members of our company. At 10, P. M., we were on our way to Raleigh, where we arrived at 6, A. M., Saturday. Here we overtook Capt. Vincent's company, and travelled with them to Weldon, where we separated. We left Weldon as soon as we could change cars, and we arrived at Petersburg at 7, P. M., and were directed to the lawn, where the citizens have erected a very large and comfortable house for the benefit of the soldiers passing through. Here we laid over until Monday morning, and were provided with good victuals all the time by the citizens. Sunday Capt. Camak permitted us to attend the churches. A portion of us went to the 1st Presbyterian church, and heard a very able sermon from Dr. Labou, who has recently returned to Virginia.

We arrived at Camp Cobb at 11, A. M., Monday, and after getting dinner, we spent the remainder of the day in putting up our tents. And after spending a week in drilling, the Legion was ordered to Yorktown. At half after three, Monday morning, (the 16th Sept.) we were up and preparing to leave, and about day we were on the march to the other side of Richmond, where we got aboard the York and Richmond river

Railroad, which took us to West Point, where we were changed from the cars to a steamer, (the Logan.) We traveled very slow down the river on account of the number aboard. York is a very beautiful river, it is three miles wide here. When we arrived at Yorktown it was raining, but we marched out, formed our line, and marched to our camp ground. We are encamped on the field where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington. There is a small monument, about ten feet high, erected on the battle field to mark the spot where Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword. I noticed a brick house where two cannon balls had went through--one in the wall and the other through the wood near the eaves. We are using water from the yard of the house where the articles of capitulation were signed between Lord Cornwallis and Gen. Washington. We have not had but one death in Cobb's Legion up to this time.

Yours, respectfully,

MELL VOLUNTEERS.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 25 (2, 3), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman

The Walton Sharp Shooters

Mr. Editor:--This fine company left for the seat of war on Monday, the 16th inst. This is the fourth company from Walton. It is a fine company, and I trust will prove worthy the name it bears. They left Walnut Grove at 2 o'clock, arrived in Oxford half past 5, P. M., where they were met by the citizens, who offered them refreshment. After supper the company was called together in front of the post office, and entertained for one hour upon their praiseworthy undertaking, by the Rev. Dr. Means. The beauty of the night, together with the Dr.'s. eloquent voice, rendered the scene delightful. As the moon, with all her beauty, was touching the starry heavens, not a whisper could be heard in that little band. The smooth and gentle voice of the speaker, the occasional applause from the company could be heard, as it passed away that pleasant night. In closing his remarks, he presented a beautiful flag, in behalf of the ladies of Oxford. Well done, fair daughters of Oxford! long may you live to enjoy life. May all the blessings gained by Southern chivalry crown your path with happiness and peace. There is not a soldier in that little band who ^{will} ever forget those patriotic ladies of Oxford. When they meet the Vandal horde upon the battle field, their every arm will be nerved by the recollection of that night. When the battle rages highest, the heart will swell, knowing that the handiwork of those beautiful ladies is waving over them. Next morning after breakfast, the company was collected at the depot, and in a short time they were under full headway and fast disappearing from sight.

Onward, onward! be your watchword,
Victory be your battle-cry;
Avenge the death of Francis Bartow,
Win the field, or nobly die.

WM. B McRAE.

Southern Watchman, Oct. 2 (3, 1-2), 1861.

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

Army of the Potomac,
near Fairfax, Sept. 28.

Nine weeks ago yesterday the battle of Manassas was fought. The Confederates won the victory; but where are its fruits? Has the Government--has the commanding General, done the best that could be done? If they have, the country ought to be satisfied. If they have not, the country may overlook, though it will not forget, the shortcoming.

Our effective force here is very little, it any greater than it was two weeks after the battle. The number of regiments is considerably larger, but owing to sickness it may well be doubted whether the number of fighting men is much greater. Our means of transportation have been increased, and the Commissariat department is somewhat better supplied. Our supply of ammunition is ample, and a number of field batteries have been organized and brought into service. Another object of great importance which it would be imprudent to name at this time, has been accomplished. Meanwhile, the moral effect of the victory in the United States has been most beneficial, while its political effect in Europe has been all we could desire. A wholesome lesson has been administered to the enemy, and European nations have been taught to look upon the Confederate Government as a fixed fact--a power in the earth which will make itself felt and respected. This much, at least has been accomplished.

On the other hand, time has been given the enemy to supply the places of his retiring regiments, to reorganize his demoralized forces, to recruit his broken columns and to recover, in part at least, from the panic with which he was seized at Manassas. He has time, also, to surround his captial, both on the Virginia and Maryland sides, with defensive works of the most formidable character, and to accumulate vast amounts of provisions, clothing, ammunition and stores of every kind. It may be doubted whether the works this side of the river can be carried, except at a sacrifice of life too great for the object to be accomplished. No apprehensions

need be entertained as to the result of a conflict on the open field. Behind entrenchments, however, and protected by fortifications, the enemy may stand his ground against equal numbers, and inflict heavy loss. But should our men ever get near enough for him to see their gleaming eyes, neither his breastworks nor the Potomac river will be sufficient to stay his flight.

Such is debit and credit account of the battle of Manassas. The reader must decide for himself upon the wisdom of the policy that has been pursued. That we could and should have entered Washington within ten days after the battle, is now conceded upon all sides. Indeed, it has seemed to me that the way has been open to us at any time since the 21st of July. If Napoleon had been at the head of our forces, or any other commander who possessed this confidence, and understood the aggressive spirit of the volunteer, the Army of the Potomac would today have been thundering at the gates of Philadelphia and New York. And yet, I do not wish to be understood as finding fault with Johnston and Beauregard. The latter yielded up the command the day after the battle, and since that time Gen. Johnston has had the direction of affairs. He is believed to be a good strategist, and he certainly possesses great coolness and courage. He knows, too, that the Government is in its infancy--that, like a child beginning to walk, we are just taking our first steps among the nations of the earth--that the whole world looked upon us with more or less distrust, and that many of our own people even felt some misgiving as to the result.

In view of these facts, and knowing how much depended upon our success in our first endeavors, he may have felt that he could not be too cautious, and that even where chances, were in favor of success, it was hazarding too much to make the attempt, unless he were doubly sure of victory. An empire is the stake, and the happiness and liberties of unborn generations tremble in the balance. Who would not feel oppressed with the tremendous responsibility resting upon his shoulders?

It may be presumption in a mere civilian to criticise the military movements of the army. Thus far, you will bear me witness, I have abstained from doing so. And even now I wish to be understood as merely expressing the opinion of one who disclaims all pretension to military science. I certainly do not sympathize with those whose daily cry is, "On to Washington!" We have all seen the disastrous result of a similar utterance on the other side of the Potomac--"On to Richmond!" There are abuses and defects in the army which I shall claim the privilege of exposing at the proper time. But for the present I am willing to trust our officers. They are in a position to judge what is wisest to be done. There is but one proviso I would insist upon, and that is--the Army of the Potomac must winter in Washington, or Baltimore, or make an effort to do so. Short of this neither the army nor the country will be satisfied.

Southern Watchman, Oct. 2 (3, 1), 1861.

News Department

Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.

Richmond, September 21, 1861.

Advices from Western Virginia today are not encouraging. Our Generals have not profitted by the blunder of Garnett, and after eight or ten weeks of preparation, manoeuvring and advance, the entire Confederate force under Lee, Floyd and Wise has fallen back to the positions occupied previous to the fall campaign. The work must be done over again, and for the third time. The causes of this failure are twofold. First, the inadequacy of our military strength in that section; secondly, the superior Generalship of Rosencrantz. Lee, Floyd and Wise have at the present time less than 15,000 men. The enemy know it, and the fact is talked of here, so I am divulging no military secret. Rosencrantz, Cox and Reynolds have under their respective commands not less than 50,000 men. Even this disparity of number, however, would avail the enemy nothing, if they had a poor leader. They have in Rosencrantz, probably, the best General in the Northern armies. What credit McClellan won in Western Virginia was due rather to the active genius of his subordinate.

Our army officers admit that the late manoeuvres of Rosencrantz, in which he succeeded in surprising Floyd, was the most brilliant Federal feat of the war. Leaving his army in the mountains intact, Rosencrantz proceeded to the Kanawha Valley and raised a fresh force of fifteen thousand men. With these he suddenly and unexpectedly precipitated himself upon Floyd, and though our General fought a splendid battle and gained a technical victory, yet the ultimate result was disastrous to the Confederates. Previous to Rosencrantz's appearance Floyd and Wise had actually surrounded Cox, and he was on the point of surrendering. The relief afforded to him by Rosencrantz completely changed the aspect of affairs. The two Federal forces effected a junction, and both Floyd and Wise were forced to retreat.

Luckily they managed to unite their armies and at the last accounts they had reached Meadow Bluff, a point ten miles West of Lewisburg. The last named place

was where Wise retreated after Garnett's disaster. It is also stated that Gen. Lee has fallen back to his former position. This leaves our army pretty much where it was before the commencement of the campaign. Rosencrantz was in pursuit of Floyd and Wise. He had nearly 12,000 men. The two Confederate Generals can probably muster 4,000 effective troops. I think they will make no farther retreat, but give Rosencrantz battle at Meadow Bluff. The result is hardly doubtful. With the choice of position, the Confederates ought to whip thrice their number easily.

The fact is patent that reinforcements should be sent to Western Virginia. There are several thousands of soldiers, around Richmond who can readily be spared, and there are regiments stationed at Lynchburg and Staunton that are now well drilled enough to take the field. I do not apprehend that the Federalists can penetrate far into Central Virginia, but unless our Generals are adequately supported, it is useless to suppose that we can make an advance on Wheeling.

The Virginia Tories are said to be the most effective soldiers in the Federal armies. The mountaineers are excellent shots, and are quite as good guerillas as ours, and in view of their perfect acquaintance with the topography of the country, they may be better. Col. John A. Washington, of Mount Vernon, was killed by one of these expert marksmen. He was a brave, head-strong man, and rashly exposed himself against the remonstrances of his brother officers.

Germantown, Sept. 18th.

The Georgians are generally stout, able-bodied men, and look as fierce as lions, appearing eager for the fray to commence. There is some sickness among them, too, and the South Carolinians seem to suffer worse than any others. I have conversed with several belonging to the 8th Georgia regiment, which behaved so nobly and fought with such intrepid courage and bravery in the memorable battle of Manassas Plains.

They all take occasion to speak of their gallant General Bartow, and seemed to lament deeply his unfortunate and untimely death. They remember well and often repeat his dying words: "They have killed me boys, but never give up the fight." He was first a Captain in that regiment, then promoted to the Colonelcy and afterwards

attained the rank of Brigadier General. Truly in him we have lost an efficient officer and a worthy man of the Confederacy. One fact worthy of relation about the Georgians, is, they seem nearly all to have volunteered for the war. This brigade encamped here, consisting of four Georgia regiments and one from Kentucky, is in for three years or for the war. They say they have helped to commence the fight and they intend to stay and see the end of it.

Southern Watchman, Oct. 9 (2, 2), 1861.

OFFICERS 16TH REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Howell Cobb, Colonel.
Goode Bryan, Lieut. Colonel.
H. P. Thomas, Major.
James Barrow, Adjutant.
Lamar Cobb, Sergeant Major.
R. M. Smith, Surgeon.
E. J. Eldridge, Ass't Surgeon.
Robert Thomas, Quartermaster.
S. B. Wight, Commissary.
John A. Cobb, Q. M. Sergeant.
Rev. Wm. Flinn, Chaplain.

Company A.--Madison county--Capt. Jas. S. Gholston; 1st Lieut Wm. J. Pittman,
2d Lieut Chas B Sims, 2d Lieut Henry C Nash.

Company B.--Jackson county--Capt A M Reynolds; 1st Lieut Robt White, 2d Lieut
John M Venable, 2d Lieut Owen T Davis.

Company C.--Hart county--Capt John K Shelton; 1st Lieut Horatio G McMullen,
2d Lieut Elias S Dyar, 2d Lieut Griffin Bailey.

Company D.--Madison county--Capt John N Montgomery; 1st Lieut Jas W Daniel,
2d Lieut James Daniel, 2 Lieut John A McCurdy.

Company E.--Habersham county--Capt B E Stiles; 1st Lieut, G A Witt, 2d Lieut,
H A Fuller, 2d Lieut, W H. Griggs.

Company F.--Walton county--Capt J H D McRea; 1st Lieut, J H Camp, 2d Lieut,
F Patrick, 2d Lieut, J R Camp.

Company G.--Jackson county--Capt A C Thompson; 1st Lieut, Thomas L Ross, 2d Lieut.
Starke Hewit, 2d Lieut, W G Steed.

Company H.--Gwinnett county--Capt Nathaniel Reeder; 1st Lieut, E. T. Gober, 2d
Lieut, Wm T Smith, 2d Lieut, James M Liddell.

Company I.--Gwinnett county--Capt N L Hutchens, Jr; 1st Lieut, W E Simmons, 2d
Lieut, J S Bowring, 2d Lieut, J A Mitchell.

Company K.--Columbia county--Capt Robert J Boyd; 1st Lieut, R A Lansdell, 2d Lieut,
G R Magruder, 2d Lieut, N E Benton.

The Regiment is still in Richmond, and, we are glad to hear that its health is splendid, and that it is now excellently organized and proficient in drill.

Oct. 11
Southern Watchman, Oct. 16 (3, 3), 1861.

FROM COL. McMILLAN'S REGIMENT

Washington, N. C. Oct. 6th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:--Allow me room in your deservedly popular journal to address a short letter for the information of the friends of Col. McMillan's Mountain Boys.

We were ordered from Atlanta to Lynchburg, Va., where we struck up camp for a short time, which we spent in drilling. We had good water and good health. We got orders to move to Goldsboro', N. C., where we found orders to remove to this place. We stopped a few days at Newbern, and were treated with great kindness by the authorities and citizens, especially the ladies. The location is one of the garden spots of the sunny South.

From Newbern we packed our knapsacks, cooked our grub, took a steamboat 10 miles and landed in the edge of a swamp on the river side, where was an old deserted house and a ferry on the road from Newbern to Washington. We found some 10 two-horse wagons to haul our baggage. We loaded up what the wagons could carry, and left the balance under guard, and shouldered our knapsacks, haversacks, guns, cartridge boxes, and marched a distance of 30 miles.

Some few of our boys took the measles at Lynchburg, others on the way. We arrived at this place in the evening, where we found accommodations prepared by the ladies, which could not be surpassed in the Confederate States. After supper, we were marched in front of a beautiful house, and an eloquent citizen welcomed us to town.

Does the kindness of the ladies stop here? By no means. The measles broke out in our regiment--the ladies met and procured comfortable houses, and nurse us like our Georgia mothers would do. I have been assisting in nursing the sick in the hospital for ten days; we have nearly two hundred men sick with measles, and not a man can suffer for lack of any temporal blessing. No soldiers were ever better treated.

I left my home, my wife and children, and enlisted for the war, and have not regretted that I pledged myself thus to do--feeling, at the same time, that the God of Heaven will sustain those who fight for their homes and firesides and the sacred cause of human liberty.

J.D.J.

A list of the officers and privates belonging to 'Henry F. David's Equal Rights':

OFFICERS

Captain -----	T. F. Cooper.
1 Lieutenant -----	C. H. Little.
2 Lieutenant -----	W. M. Bagwell.
3 Lieutenant -----	R. G. Gordon
1 Sergeant -----	J. T. Ferrell.
2 Sergeant -----	J. C. Tucker.
3 Sergeant -----	H. T. Burris
4 Sergeant -----	Henry Burris.
5 Sergeant -----	J. C. Wilson.
1 Corporal -----	W. P. Storry.
2 Corporal -----	J. A. Sewell.
3 Corporal -----	Wm. Brackett.
4 Corporal -----	J. R. Cromer.

PRIVATEES

W. T. Wheeler	W. F. Burgess
W. T. Cochran	F. W. Burgess
W. G. Lester	G. H. Parr
Asa Vaughn	H. C. Bird
J. M. Bagwell	A. G. Bagwell
C. H. Stribling	J. W. Crenshaw
Robert Smith	J. T. Crenshaw
H. M. Childs	R. G. Smith
John McCall	J. Y. Burgess
J. A. Miller	J. A. Vinson
W. T. Stribling	W. H. Keesler
J. D. Langston	W. M. Balenger
M. P. Dobbs	J. W. Varner
P. C. Casy	T. W. Wheeler
W. H. Alexander	F. M. Chatham
J. M. Neal	T. R. James
J. C. Crow	Coda James
W. C. Little	J. M. Bennett
W. H. Parr	B. P. Osborne
C. T. Haley	H. P. Osborne
J. C. Jordan	I Bennett
J. C. Phillips	S. A. Roach
Marion Atkinson	R. B. Beatenton
T. N. Neal	B. C. Scales
David Vaughn	H. M. Cromer
W. C. Vaughn	John M. Crumb
John Vaughn	J. R. Tucker
M. W. King	E. L. Bennett
D. M. Looney	Chesla A. Payne
J. M. Blackwell	W. C. Brackett
E. G. Leach	S. V. Davenport
B. C. Payne	Joseph N. Burris
B. F. Popham	Thos C. Neal
William Burns	

Southern Watchman, Oct. 30 (3-1), 1861.

FROM HARBIN'S REGIMENT.

Special Correspondent of the Southern Watchman.

Camp Harrison, No. 7, Gulf Railroad.
Screven P. O., Appling Co., Ga.
October 26, 1861.

Dear Watchman: I had the pleasure of accompanying Capt. Cooper's and Capt. Chitwood's Companies from Athens to this Camp, and I hope that a short account of our trip and whereabouts, will not weary your many readers.

We had quite a pleasant trip to Augusta, and there, at the depot, it was announced to us that the ladies of the city had prepared us a warm supper at the Carolina depot, whereupon we marched over to it, and lo! a long table, loaded with the substantials of life and lined with fair ladies to wait upon us weary soldiers. Thanks to those kind ladies. Mr. Boone and I were honored with a position at the head of the table, and Mrs. Carter detailed ladies to wait upon us--never were two waited on better and more tenderly. After returning special thanks to the ladies, we all left for Waynesboro depot. We landed in Savannah, all safe, but nothing prepared for us to eat, like the ladies of Augusta prepared, so we had to pass through the city to the Gulf depot, which place we left at nine o'clock for this camp. All that happened of note to our two companies was--Capt. Cooper lost his over-coat and blanket--Lieut. C. H. Little lost his over-coat--Marion Bennett and Henry Read lost their hats, while on the cars.

When we arrived at the camp we found Capt. Mintz and Capt. Alexander, with their companies, encamped in a beautiful pine forest--all well.

Our camp is at No. 7, on the Railroad leading from Savannah to Brunswick, 68 miles from Savannah and 65 or 70 from Brunswick, in a vast, beautiful and level pine forest, with good water--much better than I thought was ever seen this low in Georgia. We have plenty of wire-grass beef, some bacon, and other things, to make out on at present. There is nothing to burn here but pine, so we are all getting so black we doubt whether home folks would know us--at any rate, we expect such will

be the case in two or three months. I expect to write a letter every week from our Regiment, if I have time and matter and you can correct, revise or reject, as suits you. I will describe our condition, and matters and things in general, hereafter more minutely. I hope to see the Watchman soon. More, anon.

Respectfully,

M. P. C.

Southern Watchman, October 30 (3-2), 1861.

Muster Roll of Mintz Invincibles.

M. M. Mintz	-----	Captain.
A. T. Bennett	-----	1st Lieut.
W. F. Stark	-----	2d Lieut.
J. L. Park	-----	3d Lieut.
S. M. Shankle	-----	1st Sergt.
D. T. Bradley	-----	2d Sergt.
	-----	3d Sergt.
T. J. Carr	-----	4th Sergt.
J. T. White	-----	5th Sergt.
C. R. Webb	-----	1st Corp.
W. K. Thompson	-----	2d Corp.
W. C. Parabee	-----	3d Corp.
E. Lampkin	-----	4th Corp.

J. M. Nix,
J. A. Stephens,
A. F. Thompson,
T. J. Thompson,
L. V. Shankle,
E. A. Shankle,
T. S. Shankle,
B. Thurmond,
A. M. Thurmond,
C. Thurmond,
J. A. Venable,
A. Lay,
E. J. Lay,
W. J. White,
H. S. White,
E. W. Dunson,
W. N. Dunson,
E. H. Dunson,
J. M. Danson,
J. T. Rogers,
W. J. Barr,
A. J. Harris
J. E. Butler,
E. M. Butler,
A. P. Butler
M. R. Butler,
W. P. Butler,
G. W. Lowry,
H. B. Henderson
H. J. Henderson
T. H. Gober
J. G. H. Pitman
G. T. Pitman
J. Riden
S. M. Smith
Gideon Smith
J. A. Smith

Albius Smith
D. M. Anthony
S. W. Anthony
J. W. Moon
W. J. Hall
R. T. Johnson,
T. M. Willbanks,
John Strickland
Posey Wilson
B. F. Carr
S. J. Roberts
J. D. Catlet
B. L. Catlet
H. F. Kidd
J. W. R. Kidd
M. L. Latty
W. H. Culpepper
W. R. Randolph,
J. M. Barnwell
R. A. Marlow
J. W. Marlow
John Lord
P. B. Rampy
D. A. Crisler
T. Willbanks
J. W. Hartly
P. D. Garrison
J. W. Strickland
W. B. Parks
H. J. Whitworth
Adam Wheeler
J. W. Prickett
J. J. Bryant
F. M. Page
J. M. Harmon
Green, a free col'd boy.

Southern Watchman, Nov. 6 (4, 1), 1861.

ADDRESS OF COL. THOMAS.

To the 15th Regiment Georgia Volunteers, after the morning drill on the 17th October, 1861, at the Camp near Centerville.

Soldiers:--The appearances surrounding us indicate we will have a fight in a few days--perhaps in one day. We have been mistaken so often, however, that I will not venture to prophesy with perfect certainty.

I, like yourselves, have never been in a battle. It will be a novel sensation to me as to you. But inquiring among those who have seen and felt it, I have learned something that perhaps would be useful and interesting to you. The great object our enemies seem to have in view is to invent some means or to find some plan by which they can kill us without being hurt themselves. If we adopt some method to circumvent this single feature of their tactics, they are helpless, and we have them at our mercy. The sole thing, therefore, necessary is to go up close. We are told some of the rifles in our hands will kill a man a half a mile. Don't you believe it--it is all stuff. No gun will kill a man that far, and if they could, no one can hit a man three hundred yards with any certainty. You go up within a hundred yards or less, and then your marksmanship will tell. Get close to them, stand firm, aim well, and not a single regiment they have will stand before you five minutes.

But their artillery--their terrible big guns--we hear they have two hundred of the finest pieces of artillery in the world. Well, I hope it is true--we want the guns--we are entitled to them--we know how to use them, and they don't--and Providence never intended that fine cannon, nor anything else, should be held by those who understand not their use. After diligent inquiry, I can hear of but one single man on our side killed by their cannon at the battle of Manassas Plains. Providence fought with us at Manassas. He will fight with us again if we are brave. He loves valor, and he loves a valiant soldier. He will help us, but He will not drop cannon down to us out of the skies. He expects to help us by putting it into the hearts of our enemies to bring the cannon in our reach, and there He expects us to take them.

Another marked feature of the fight, if we get into one, you will find to be the whistling of the shells. Our enemy have succeeded admirably in constructing a harmless instrument, which makes a curious and unpleasant noise, and it has this wonderful peculiarity: it seems to be coming straight at every man who hears it. Now, we know it can't be coming at but one man, or, at most, two: and the truth is it is coming at nobody. You have nothing to do but to pay close attention to your hind sight, and the whistling of the shell will after a little, become rather a small matter in the grand drama you are acting. The man who hears thunder is never struck by the lightning. The great implement of death in war you hold in your hands--the musket and the bayonet--and your enemies have none better or more terrible.

Another feature of the fight will be the falling of the killed and wounded. It is a trying thing to a man to see his friends fall side by side, and our first impulse is to carry them to the rear. But remember, the best way to save your wounded friend is not for five or six to leave the ranks, and thus weaken and break your line. This will insure his destruction and your own by the rampling and bayonets of your enemies. Your wounded friends ought to be in the rear, and you ought to be between them and the foe. Now, the plainest and most effectual way to do this, is to close up your ranks and advance on the enemy.

Soldiers, you fight for your liberty, your country, your wives and your children. You cannot afford to be defeated. Your fate would be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to an enemy you abhor. Your enemies are bought with a price--fifty dollars per head bounty and large pay inducethem to enter the ranks to destroy your rights. Can you yield to such a foe? With one powerful blow let us crush them, and return home to our families and friends.

Southern Watchman, Nov. 13 (2, 6), 1861.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, N. C., Nov. 2.

Friend Christy:--I am sitting this (Saturday) morning, behind a poor cigar, in the house of the kindest gentleman, except his wife, in this unusually and uniformly hospitable community. My host and hostess bear the rather pleasant name of Arthur. Their house is within thirty steps of the stream aforesaid bearing the poetic nomenclature of Tar River. Now I would not have your readers suppose, as did one of the recruits who came in company with me from our own mountains, that this stream is absolutely made of tar, for such is not the case; the water being of the ordinary kind bearing the saline taint received by its connection with the Sound, (Pamlico) which, you know, is a near relation of the "broad expanse." I say my host's house is within thirty steps of this river--now called Taw--that is, when confined to its natural channel, thirty steps if the distance, but this morning we found it within about five or ten feet, the tide having risen very much during the night. Ordinarily this would be rather uncomfortable, but as the Hessians are occupying Hatteras, we are very glad to see it, inasmuch as that point is thereby very largely submerged. I would have been glad to see them "wading" around last night. How they remained, is their own affair. They certainly were compelled to leave or take the trees.

Washington is about forty miles from Pamlico Sound, and one hundred from Hatteras. In time past, it has been an important commercial point--about the third in the State--containing a population of perhaps 3500 or 4,000. A large number of different kinds of small craft, in ordinary times, dot this beautiful sheet of water; indeed vessels of twelve or fifteen feet draught.

The character of the country, usually in this section, is very flat and marshy. There is, however, beautiful farming land in abundance, which yields bountifully the cereals and cotton. In Hyde especially, the Egypt of N. C., vast quantities of

corn are made. The yield there, per acre, is from forty to fifty bushels, and even as high as seventy. This article, now, is commanding from twenty-five to thirty cents.

My opinion of this portion of the world has wonderfully changed since I have visited it. I had formerly thought it a barren and unproductive part of the State, fit, at best, only for its turpentine. By the by, that is a most lucrative business. Peculiarly shaped knives on long poles are used for "barking," as far up as tancy may dictate and at the bottom a large notch is made and scooped out, which receives the rosin as it flows to the base, though a majority of that article hardens as it flows, creating large white cakes, large pieces of which I saw after it had fallen and was lying on the straw on the ground. The trees, of a light night, while travelling on, present the appearance of so many white ghosts.

The 24th Ga. Reg., as yourself and readers are aware, has been stationed here for some time past. As Chaplain of this Regiment, I desire to say a word or two with reference to it, for the benefit of those parents and friends who are represented in its ranks, and who compose a large number of your readers.

In the first place, there has been a great deal of sickness amongst us, chiefly measles, but now and then a case of mumps and typhoid fever. About half, and perhaps more, of the Regiment has been down; and yet, thanks be unto God, but three have died, so far. There are about three cases more--Mr. Kilburn, of Capt. Sumpter's Co., Mr. Lynch, of Capt. Porter's Co., and Mr. Gaines, of Capt. Devant's, who are very low, but of whom we are hopeful. The rest are recovering rapidly. Our move from Lynchburg was most fortunate. They are a very different community from this. There they seemed utterly indifferent; here, as our beloved Col. has remarked, "we have all found mothers and sisters." The 24th will never cease thanking this dear people for their great kindness. Under God, their motherly nursing in their own houses, where the sick were conveyed and welcomed in numbers, has saved, we will

venture, a hundred lives. Let our parents thank God and ask his blessings upon this people, for they have left nothing undone that would add to our comfort. And God helping, if an unprincipled foe, for whom we constantly look, should present himself, the defence of Washington, at every hazard, will be our loving, joyful task. The honor of her women shall be as sacred with us as the honor of our own mothers and wives. Her firesides can only be invaded over our dead bodies. We find here, in its uncooled warmth, the genuine hospitality of an old Virginia planter.

Compliments from such a people are worth something; and they have seen fit, more than daily, to compliment us for our good behavior. They tell us they never saw such a body of men together for piety, sobriety and general decency. No matter how many of them are seen together on her streets, no one, black or white, need fear insult or injury. I have not yet heard any swearing upon our encampment. There is always a large, respectful and serious attendance at all of our meetings. I consider this well nigh a full receipt for the separation of friends and the absence of comforts.

Now to what is all this attributable? In the first place, there is a large proportion of our men professors of religion, who are not ashamed of their Master. Our noble Col. is of this class, as well as the majority of the principal officers. I have my preaching and prayer meetings in front of his tent, and his voice is often heard leading in supplications to the Almighty. Col. McMillan, in every way, possesses the confidence of his men, the community and Administration. As Commander at his post, his duties are arduous and responsible, requiring all that industry and talent, military and legal, for which he is so distinguished. Since my acquaintance with him, I have more than once remarked that Col. McMillan seldom meets his peer, and I enjoy with him the honor recently conferred upon him by a company, who have adopted the name of "McMillan Artillery." More anon.

CHAPLAIN 24TH GA.

Southern Watchman, Nov. 13 (1, 2-3), 1861.

SOUTHERN WATCHMAN

For the Southern Watchman.

Mr. Christy: Dear Sir:--There will without doubt, be a great deal of inquiry about the return of the Mintz Invincibles, and I beg leave to have space in your valuable paper to lay before our people the whole facts in relation to the whole matter, just as they exist.

We left home on Monday, 21st October, under orders from Gov. Brown to rendezvous at Savannah, (or some other place to be designated thereafter.) We camped at our friend, Archibald Moon's, where he and the neighbors had served up for us a fine supper, for which we return our heartfelt thanks. Next morning we arrived in Athens, and were greeted at the Depot by an eloquent address from our esteemed friend, Col. John Billups. We went on board the train with Capt. Alexander's company from Hall county, on our way to Augusta--where, on our arrival, we found provided for us an excellent supper, served up by the ladies of the city, to which we did full justice, and returned our hearty thanks--after which we went on to the Waynesboro depot, and embarked for Savannah, which place we reached without any incident worthy of note.

From Savannah we proceeded to Camp Harrison, in Appling county, the place designated by the Governor. Upon our arrival we found Gen. Harrison in no condition to supply us with tents, camp equipage, cooking utensils, &c., not being able even to furnish the men of his own Brigade fully, in consequence of the number of men sent to him being more than he anticipated.

Camp Harrison was established for the instruction of State Troops, and our company was ordered out for Confederate service--so it could not be expected Gen. H. would disfurnish his own men for us. I was acquainted with Gen. H, and he was kind enough, upon my application to him, in person, to supply us with tents and provision

for that night, and some cooking utensils, and he continued to supply us with provisions while at the camp.

On the day after our arrival, the companies of Capts. Cooper and Chitwood joined us at camp. Upon arrival at the camp, my friend, Mr. Langston, who was with us, found that Gen. Harrison was not authorized to receive us, took the return train to see Gov. Brown in relation to the matter and got further instructions from him. Before his return the companies became restless, and it was the unanimous vote of my company that I should go to see the Governor. In compliance with which request, I left the camp on Friday, the 20th. Upon arriving at Gordon, I met Mr. Langston, who told me of the arrangements he had made, and I was perfectly satisfied. He had a letter from Gov. Brown to Gen. Lawton, requesting Gen. L. to muster the men in at Camp H. and for him to proceed to Savannah and report himself to Gen. Lawton for instructions.

I went on to Milledgeville with Col. Harben, who came on the train from Macon to attend to some business with the Governor connected with the Battalion. Next day started on my return to the camp, and found Mr. Langston had instructions from Gen. Lawton for the companies to elect a Major, and tender the Battalion, which would be immediately mustered into service.

A meeting of all the commissioned officers, except myself, was held upon my arrival at the camp, and it was unanimously recommended by them that Mr. Harben should be elected Major; and the election was held the next day. He was elected without a dissenting voice.

About this time one Capt. _____, of a six months company, finding there was dissatisfaction among some of the men, used every inducement to steal away enough men to make out his company, by bribe, and succeeded in getting so many of Capt. Alexander's company that it left him too small a number to be mustered in. And also I understood that the said Capt. _____ offered to bribe some of my men, and I gave them to understand if any member of my company left me to join any other company

in State service, they should be arrested and brought back, at whatever cost.

In the meantime, the companies all became restless and dissatisfied, and it was determined to move them back to Savannah, beyond the influence of the six-months' captains. Col. Harben proposed to the companies that he would go or send to Savannah, and have arrangements made--tents and provisions for them--and if he did not succeed in making the arrangements they were to be honorably discharged, as far as his connection with them was concerned; and on the other hand, if provisions were made, they were to be mustered in. Mr. Langston went to Savannah and made all necessary provisions--having on the ground where we were to camp, tents, cooking utensils, and an abundant supply of provisions. The companies were to have gone to Savannah the day after Mr. L. left, but there were not cars enough to take them. Lieuts. Bennett and Stark, and Mr. Harben went to Savannah on the train that was to have taken the companies, to see about the arrangements. Mr. Harben and Lieut. B. returned to the camp next morning to assure the men that the arrangements had been made. The companies took the return train, and on their arrival at Savannah found on the ground for the camp everything that was necessary for their comfort, such as tents, provision, &c.

The next morning (Nov. 1st) Capts. Chitwood and Cooper's companies, upon a vote taken, determined to leave--Capt. Chitwood's company having determined to return home before leaving Camp Harrison--which broke up the Battalion. I then proposed to my company that, as the Battalion was disorganized, to go into service for twelve months as an independent company, and connect with some regiment. Upon vote, all the company, except two or three, were willing to stay. I immediately telegraphed to Col. Phillips at Columbus, to ascertain whether I could get into his regiment, a portion of which was then in Savannah. I made application also to Gen. Lawton, and he consented to put my company in Col. Wilson's or Col. Phillips' regiment, if Col. P. should consent. The next morning I received an affirmative answer from Phillips. I laid the matter before my company on Saturday morning, and took the vote to see which

place we should accept, and how many would agree to be mustered in, and the following men were willing:

2d Lieut. W. F. Stark,	J. A. Venable,
3d " J. L. Park,	Posey Wilson,
1st Sergt. S. M. Shankle,	A. P. Prickett,
2d " D. T. Bradley,	F. S. Garrison,
4th " T. J. Carr,	W. D. Hall,
1st Corp. C. R. Webb,	Gideon Smith,
2d " W. K. Thompson,	A. F. Thompson,
E. A. Shankle,	J. M. Barnwell,
J. S. Shankle,	T. J. Thompson,
E. H. Dunstan,	W. A. Ray,
W. N. Dunstan,	J. M. Dunstan.
L. V. Shankle,	

1st Lieut. A. T. Bennett took no action in the vote--having leave of absence on furlough for 18 days.

I hope the above will be sufficient explanation to all who may wish to know the history of our travels and the cause of our return.

M. M. MINTZ.

Southern Watchman, Dec. 4 (2, 5-6), 1861.

For the Southern Watchman.

Mr. Editor:--In consequence of some statements in the communication of M. M. Mintz, which appeared in your paper of the 13th inst., and on account of the constructions placed on those statements, both unfavorable and untrue, as relates to the companies from Franklin county, commanded by Capt. Chitwood and myself, I think it due to those and to truth to place this article before the public.

By order of the Commander in Chief, H. H. Waters, Aid-de-camp, of Sept. 17th, my company was ordered to rendezvous at Savannah, Ga. (if no other place near there be designated hereafter,) on the 24th Oct. to be mustered into the service of the Confederate States for 12 months, The order directed the company to take with it all the arms and camp equipage in its possession, fit for service; and after rendezvous, such articles as were lacking to be supplied, as far as practicable, by the Quartermaster and Commissary of the Confederate Government--the camp to be under the direction and control of the Secretary of War. Under this order, and a letter from T. B. Harben, of Oct. 9th, the two companies left Carnesville on the 21st, with 80 rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns, boxed up, as we supposed, to be left at some point to be prepared by the Government for effective service, (most of them being wholly useless for that purpose.) At Cromer's Mills, 7 miles from Carnesville, we partook of a real good and substantial dinner, prepared by the citizens near there. Although in the midst of a pouring rain, at the urgent request of the citizens, we took what provisions we wanted with us, and camped that night in Madison county, at Liberty Church. On the evening of the 22d we reached Athens, and were conducted, by Mr. Caldwell, to the Fair Ground, where we were visited at night by T. B. Harben, who informed the companies that they would be mustered into service for twelve months. On the morning of the 23, we left Athens, and reached Augusta about

6 o'clock, A. M., where we were conducted to a supper of the very right sort, furnished and attended to in person, by the ladies of that city, and which we left about 12, A. M., and reached Savannah on the morning of the 24th, where we would have been mustered into service, but for an order to us at Athens by Mr. Harben, to proceed to Camp Harrison, about 70 miles beyond Savannah, to which place he said Gov. Brown had ordered us to be encamped, for the purpose of being mustered into service, and of undergoing military instruction, and to avoid the yellow fever in Savannah, and at which place we were to be met by Mr. Langston, who was to have us properly provided for and attended to; but, on our arrival at Camp H., about 2, P. M., of the 24th, we learned that Mr. Langston had been there, and that Gen. Harrison had refused to muster us into service, and that Mr. L. had gone to see Gov. Brown on the subject. After piling our baggage on the road-side and leaving a guard over it, I went to learn where we should camp, and where we could get camp equipage and provisions for the night. Having found Capt. Mintz and Capt. Alexander's companies tented and provided for, we moved near them--went to the Quartermaster, borrowed 4 kettles for the 150 men and 14 axes, (the Quartermaster refusing us anything else) with which we put up our bush tents. I then went with a squad of my men to the Commissary to draw rations, and drew one-third bacon, corn meal coarse, wormy and unsifted, with one kettle to 40 men, to carry water, cook and wash. We remained in this situation till the 29th, when Mr. Langston, in company with Messrs. Harben and Mintz, brought instructions from Gov. Brown to us to organize a Battalion, by electing a Major, as the number of companies there could not form a Regiment, and report to Gen. Lawton at Savannah for further instructions. The commissioned officers of the four companies, Capt. Mintz excepted, met that night and agreed to vote for Mr. Harben, if they found on inquiry that their men concurred. On the next day the men of the four companies cast their votes unanimously for him, when he sent Mr. Langston to procure cars to

transport the men, &c., and to have all camp equipage and provisions ready for them on their arrival at Savannah; and, in the event he made such preparation for them at Savannah, the companies of Capt. Mintz and myself, and what of Capt. Alexander's that had not joined the Six months' State troops, agreed to be mustered into service--a portion of Capt Chitwood's having determined, as I was informed, not to be mustered in. But to the great disappointment and mortification of all, when the train came down it brought no cars to take any troops to Savannah. This disappointment, added to the many that had occurred, so exasperated the men, that they came well nigh disbanding. But, on reflection, they carried their entire baggage from the Railroad back to their camp, when the tentpoles of Capt. Chitwood's and my company had been taken by the State troops for firewood, leaving them nothing to cover, warm or cook with, so they had to go and borrow the two aforesaid kettles and 6 axes, and go to cutting and carrying wood and water, and cooking for the night, which occupied the most of it. These facts, together with the fact of their having had to stand at the Commissary's till 10 or 11 o'clock at night, waiting till the State troops drew their rations, and then drawing the poorest quality as to beef and meal, so infuriated my company that a number of it became ungovernable--three of them leaving for home, the rest determining to await the return of Mr. Harben. Lieuts. Bennett and Stark, of Capt. Mintz' company, who had gone to Savannah to learn why cars had not been sent for the troops, and to know if equipage, provisions, &c., were ready at that place for them. Mr. H. returning with Lieut. B., assured the men that all things were prepared for them at Savannah, and that they could be mustered into service on the next morning, Friday, Nov. 1st; but on arriving at camp in Savannah, I found for my company 14 picket tents, (and one of this number was taken off afterwards) large enough for four or five men to crawl into, so that part of my men,

together with myself, had to be out by the fire, which was made of gum swamp wood and not half enough of that, and not a splinter of pine to kindle with. With this and one or two kettles and some camp wash-pans, made of some kind of metal that rendered what was cooked in them not only very unpalatable, but decidedly unhealthy, I think. So far as our rations to eat were concerned, we drew plenty that was good, but many of my men did not pretend to cook while in Savannah. The chance being so bad, in consequence of this additional disappointment, my company again became dissatisfied, and I, wishing to know how they stood, took a vote, when 35 voted to return home and 34 to remain, the remainder being either in town getting breakfast, or in their tents, too sick to be safe in ranks in a rain such as was at that time driving on us. A part of my men, sufficient with some from Capt. Chitwood's company to recruit on, having remained with Lieut. Little and myself, to know if Capt. Mintz's company would enter service, my other men leaving for home after satisfying themselves, as they told me, that Capt. M's company would disband next morning. And as was anticipated by them, Capt. M's company voted on the next morning (4th Nov.) all to leave for home, but 16 privates and 8 officers, which rendered it useless for any of us to try to hold the Battalion together long, which was therefore disbanded instantly. And though all of my officers and many of the men, (and the other officers too, so far as I know) did all they could to enter the service, yet those who left sooner than the others, had good reasons for being perfectly worn out by broken promises and disappointments, brought about by men who ought to have done otherwise. And though my company held out longer and stronger than any other, still I am sure all in the Battalion would be now in their country's service, acting the part of soldiers and patriots, had they been put on an equality with other troops.

T. F. COOPER.

Southern Watchman, Dec. 4 (2, 4-5), 1861.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Washington, Nov. 20, 1861.

Friend Christy:--The arrival of the Watchman, a copy of which is hereby acknowledged, was like the presentation of the face of some old friend; and for the time being, as I sat "reading" you, I was once more in your santum, "in the cloud" (of smoke) as in days lang syne; and as I ran my eye over your advertising columns, I perambulated once more the dear old streets where I have suffered my hours of sorrow, and enjoyed my seasons of pleasure. As my eye took in that letter-list like advertisement of I. M's I imagined I could see him standing in his store door, with his hands pressing the very bottoms of his pockets, anxiously looking out for a "cash" customer. Well, he is a clever man, and I wish he may find many such. And then, as I read, "Wagons! Wagons!" M. E. McW's. peculiar "squint," suggestive of "bargains", (of course to his customers) my mind involuntarily ran to the "town-spring" and thence, a little farther up, where used to stand the little house where that most respected of all Dominie's (James Fulton) used to dust our jackets with well-trimmed hickories. Again, at the bottom of next column, as I saw that old signature suggestive of order and punctilio, T. B. & S., I mused thus: How would an Athens paper appear without the name of that firm in its columns? I saw the senior of it, when less than two little boys who now call me father, open for the first day, on what is now vulgarly called "Cat-Alley," with a stock scarcely exceeding his sales of a single day often since. His life is worthy of an imitation, which would rid the world of idlers and drones. And there, again, about midway of that column, under the announcement of "Clothing! Clothing!" appears a name "W. H. H. W." that has given Athens many a "fit," and the owner of which is one of the few men I have ever met, that I have allowed the same amount of price with myself. A life of persevering industry has enabled him to be associated with, and almost called Ri(t)ch. Here I had stopped to indulge (not a nap) but a sober reverie, but hark! 'tis Maggie, the wild but noble little Maggie, second daughter of my kind host, indulging a talent in music but rearily equalled. Listening, drinking the melody of the moment, naturally

my eye elevates and alas! I awake from a journey through scenes of the past, with the calls, "Volunteers for the War!" "Coast Defence!" I remember me: I am still in view of old Tar, where the Yankees are not expected.

Notwithstanding their absence up to the present, and probable absence in the future, we have around us, and at various points on the river, all the paraphernalia of war: infantry, cavalry, light artillery, forts, big and little guns, sandbags and intrenchments. A few days ago Martin county "swarmed" and "lit" in the streets of Washington. Notwithstanding Martin had done well before, at the call of the Governor, her militia, to the number of perhaps 800 or 1,000, presented themselves at the time and place appointed, with the largest string of dumps and dug-outs, two-wheeled and four-wheeled, drawn by horses sorrel and speckled, long-tailed and shorttailed, mules and muzzles, and the biggest cloud of dust that we ever had the privilege of witnessing before. Just set it down that Martin will do. Her men, as thus seen, presented a fine appearance. And faith, If I was a single man, and was not engaged, I'd certain to go fishing among them. By-the-by, speaking of fishing, did any one ever see such a patch of "poles" as line the track through Great Pedee Swamp in South Carolina? And just about the same place, it looked as though all the squirrels had collected, with nothing but their tails on exhibition. Guess, after all, the trees were only imitating men in these times and had turned our their beard.

Quite an excitement was raised in camp a short time since by a messenger, who brought news to the Colonel that the Federal fleet were in sight at the forts. The Col. announced the fact to the Regiment, who immediately, with great enthusiasm, fell into line ready for marching. The fleet turned out to be six of our own little steamers, among them the "Fanny," which "Our Ranso" captured awhile since. Each of them took position immediately opposite our town, where they were visited by numbers of ladies, escorted by the young tars, who showed their skill with the oar, and on board the "Fanny," presented the ladies with packages of candy taken in her at the time of her capture. We have seen quite a number of the red caps. (if they can be called such) that were a part of the "spoils" of that famous lady of the "briny

deep." Speaking of ladies, I may remark with entire truthfulness, that there are some of the handsomest women, married and single, in Washington that any market ever afforded. The sight of them often inspires me with just the feeling of a most intelligent and proper gentleman once sitting opposite a beautiful lady at table in Milledgeville. Said he, "I wouldn't hurt her for the world; I would like very much though to bite her."

Our Regiment has very much improved in health since I last wrote, though all the names I then mentioned as dangerous have since died; we are satisfied, with the assurance of their acceptance with God. The "measly ailment," with the mumps, has given the majority of us a benefit. We have plenty to eat. I could not help thinking, as I passed our elever Commissary's tent, with piles of beef around, of "Keno."

As a Regiment, we have lost sight of the "Feds" in the absorbing question, "When will the paymaster be here?" Answer, "To-morrow" for exactly five weeks and four days.

I am happy to say that religion is not only tolerated but is being successfully sought by some, and some are being added to the church. Very large crowds, of both sexes, visit our camp at preaching hour in the afternoon. I usually occupy a pulpit in town in the morning. Our Col. is unabating in his efforts in every way, and this community are free in according to him that high praise which is his due. He is a noble man, and I am proud to be his "prophet."

Quite an accident has occurred to our exceedingly clever Staff. They had formed the habit of going from camp of evenings, and one after another has fallen a victim to some overpowering influence. We have not made special inquiry as to the names of the perpetrators, nor are we sorry for the victims. The first to fall in this manner

was our impressible and gallant Major, then our accomplished Lieut. Col., whose tactics were utterly at fault in the encounter. Speedily our reticent Adjutant, and finally the dignified Sergeant Major, who I least suspected, is showing most alarming symptoms that his is to be the same end. Well, I cannot blame them--the truth is the Washington ladies are irresistible--they are all Beauregards; we mean the single ones, and the married ones are cleverer than they are, for they belong to my class. With me the dearest wish of our whole Regiment is to press loved ones to our bosoms once more

CHAPLAIN 24TH GA.

Southern Watchman, Dec. 25 (2, 5-6), 1861.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Washington, N. C., Dec. 11, 1861.

Friend Christy.--Our Regiment is yet at this point, and I again address you from the banks of the Taw, the classic stream formerly alluded to, and so suggestive of "tar, pitch and turpentine." After dinner, I believe, is the hour when man is in thought in the best humor, and most approachable. As I have just arisen from a most satisfactory "dination" at friend Arthur's, who has proven himself a "friend in deed" to so many of our Regiment, I had thought to avail myself of a short talk with yourself and readers, especially the friends of the "24th Ga."

We still have considerable sickness, tho' not so much as when I last wrote. About five, I think, have died since then. The bad health of our soldiery, so far as my observation extends, is mainly attributable to two causes: Want of self-discipline and tender age. Boys cannot stand the hardships of camp life. They have not prudence if they had toughness. They will eat every species of trash they can lay their hands on by the time they are able to sit up, from a spell of sickness, unless closely watched. For instance, a young man who Mrs. Clark has taken to her home and nursed as her own child, after partially recovering from one of the severest attacks of dysentery, asked for a walnut, and but a day after, had a long row of chestnuts ranged before the fire preparatory to eating. I have seen even men of age eating heartily from rawturnip. Hence you hear of men taken with sudden and severe relapses. The corpse of every man but one who has yet died has been sent to their friends. The last, a Mr. Farrar, of Capt. Maddox's Company, was burried here to day, after every arrangement had been made for its transportation. Col. McMillan has received a very recent dispatch which forbids transportation of corpses for the present, owing to the vast amount of business on our thoroughfares. We think the regulation a wise one.

By-the-by, speaking of Colonel McM. we will relate, just here, a rather laughable incident in connection with him. Being one of the Court, who sat in Col. Singletary's case, (who had been guilty of transcending orders in the Hatteras affair at the cost of the Winslow's complete wreck, and which has since cost him the loss of his commission for two months, and a reprimand,) he had occasion to go to Newbern in his buggy. At a certain point in the road there suddenly appeared two men in buggies, with their horses' heads fronting, thus causing rather a "blockade"; (not of the stone-ship pattern;) whereupon the Col., who was totally unarmed, the blockaders in the mean time ordering a "halt," ordered his boy Stephen to stimulate his horse who ricocheted through the gauntlet thus created in "double quick;" the Colonel, as he was passing, however, ran his hand into his bosom and drew out his spectacle case, pointing it at his assailants, which had the effect of so frightening them that he passed them without further molestatation, leaving them pale and speechless. Not on account of this little incident, but because of his great fitness and ability, the day cannot be far distant ere Col McMillan will be at the head of a Brigade, the duties of which office he is now more than discharging, without either its emolument or honor.

Rumor has it that the Apites have landed a Regiment of men at Portsmouth, which may be true. You have heard of a Convention--a Union Convention, in this State, represented by 35 counties. These counties all have the same existence with "water lots" embraced in the damp land out from Hatteras. They have made, as Gov. of that collection of counties, a Mr. Taylor, who was sent down to that Methodist "penitentiary," for lack of brains and other little things, just like I have heard it said the Georgia Conference sends its hard cases to its penitentiary, in a region where air gets thin and a railroad will run if it don't get lost. That respectable body, the Ga. Conference, which has been in session but recently, we perceive has no one incarcerated this year. But perhaps I had best not pay this subject too must attention, lest my church authorities handle me for "doing something,"

and marking me to that spot where cabbage, apples and fresh air are the principal products.

I got aboard the Col. on yesterday (not Col. McMillan, but the Col. Hill,) not a fast boat, flying between this point and nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general," and paid a visit to Ft. Hill and Swan Point. At the former fort we had the pleasure of hearing a couple of reports which are so common in these days, one a 32 and the other a 24 pounder, smooth. $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ elevation, pointing toward a body of woods a mile and a half or two miles distant, sent its ball--I never have been able to find out where. The 24 was aimed at a stake over 1400 yards distant, which placed its ball beyond, but in very good range. Several matrons were present, who had never before heard that kind of a report and so close by, (though their class are given to making other reports less noisy and sulphurous, a result of tattling,) and it was sometime before some of them fully made up their minds whether to run and scream or stand and scream; or they were like a lady on board the Macon road in the same car with myself. During the trip, the baggage car ran off without injury to the engine or passenger car. After the engine had been stopped and the danger was all over, the aforesaid lady gave a loud scream, made a rush, and with clasped hands fell out at the door. (She was a young widow.) At Fort Hill, there are three 32 lb. rifled pieces, and three or four smooth bores. Just below is a very pretty bay which receives and throws back the explosion, reverberating like loud pealing thunders in mid summer. Opposite this fort is another called Swan Point, a most admirable fortification, embracing 10 mch Columbiad with iron carriage, all made at Richmond, a rifled 32 and four smooth bores. There are also, just here, other means of defence that you may hear from after being tried.

Our Regiment, within the past two weeks, has exchanged the tent for the barrack, which adds greatly to their comfort. We present the appearance of a well formed village, with very few vacant lots. Capt. Pruitt, our heavy Quartermaster, though not their maker and builder, is the architect of these houses. He has, at present, taken rooms at the residence of Capt. Chandler, who for a while joined

the "Shakers," but has since been turned out of that Society by Mr. Quinine. He is the Senior Capt. of the Regiment, and a good officer. There is one Capt. in the Regiment, though always Corn-ed, is a mighty good man--Capt. Corn of Thowms Co. Capt. Sumter, of White, has the blood of that worthy name of revolutionary memory, and we have no question, in the hour of battle, will prove himself a true man. Capt. Leonard, of the same county, though white headed, is as full of vigor as patriotism, and ready to play the soldier. Capt. Porter, from Habersham, a commanding and noble gentleman, we are sure, will never disappoint his friends. Capt. Mosely, from the line of Habersham and Franklin, is always at his post, and will not be the last ready for attack. Capt. Maddox, of Gwinnett, has the appearance of a gentleman who holds himself ready to prove his faith by his works. Capt. Davant, is a nice looking gentleman, a good officer, and just the man, with his competent Lieut., Turner, to execute a desperate order. Capt. Cannon, is a man of pleasing countenance and a goodeye. If he fights as well as he looks, it is likely the writer of this would leave him on the field, as his heart and legs are of the same kind with Pat's. But we will see how we will all stand when we get a chance to run.

That oft heard of animal, the Unicorn, was never yet in any menageric exhibition, albeit the "little dog" might have been. There is another character, of frequent mention hereabout, may be in existence, but we as yet, have no ocular demonstration thereof. We allude to the "Paymaster." We never expect our doubts dispelled with reference to the Unicorn, but may with the "Paymaster"--to-morrow. I do hope, for the credit of naturalists, that this last specimen of the genus homo, may yet "turn-up." We do not expect, like Miss Flite, to confer estates upon its occurrence, but we intend, when the "Paymaster" does arrive, to pay off old scores and dress up in regimentals.

It would amuse you to witness some of the scenes daily transpiring among us. A few days since, just as provisions had got at "low-ebb," and the stomachs of the boys were making their demands, several cart loads of fine beef drove up, whereupon a number of the boys got on "all-fours" and commenced bellowing and tearing up the

ground for dear life, making one forget hardship and deprivation in the ludicrousness of the scene. There is plenty to eat, however, and of very good quality, under the management of our clever Commissary for the post, Capt. Myer. We have, also, a most gentlemanly and active Quartermaster, Captain Brown.

Oh dear, don't I wish the war was over. But I see no prospect for anything for a sanguinary and protracted struggle. I had thought that by Spring or Summer, we would have peace, but that hope is rather dissipated. Well, for one, I am in for the fight until the old Ape is caged, let it be long or short, and such, I think, is the settled determination of our Regiment, which is getting on as harmoniously, we dare say, as any in the service. We sincerely thank you for the privilege, thus, of speaking to the friends of the Regiment, who may rest assured that all is being done for the comfort of their sons and brothers that can be done. Permit me, also, to acknowledge the flattering notice of us, and more especially of our Colonel, which appeared in the last issue of the S. Banner.

Up to the present time, I see no prospect of an early collision with the enemy, though no one can tell "what a day may bring forth." At any rate, we trust we are ready, relying, as we do, upon the blessings of a kind Providence, which has been so signally favorable to us in the past.

I would discuss briefly the claims of Chaplains to higher salaries, but will not try your patience farther.

CHAPLAIN 24TH GA.