

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

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Southern Watchman.

Headquarters, 59th Reg. G. V.,  
Boston, Kentucky, Aug. 21st.

Mr. Editor:--Since my last communication the career of the Jackson Farmers has been quite an exciting one. We left Clinton on the 14th inst., for Big Creek Gap, where we arrived at noon of the 15th, and immediately received orders to prepare three days rations, and be ready to march at moon up. During the evening the valley in front of the gap presented a lively scene. Ten thousand soldiers, consisting of heavy and light infantry, artillery and cavalry, all in commotion, furnishes a view to the beholder, which is not easily forgotten, and impresses the mind with a vivid picture of what may be going on, could he at one view, behold the two vast armies that now occupy this continent. Just as the golden sun was hiding his last rays behind the Cumberland mountains, we were ordered to load our pieces, and have them ready for use in a moments warning, when we retired to rest, not however, until a petition to the Throne of Grace, had been made for Divine protection, in the perilous march we were upon the eve of making, for the shout had been raised "On to Kentucky," which a short time ago would have been been a bold undertaking.

Big Creek Gap is a pass in the Cumberland Mountains, sixteen miles in extent, and over which it is almost impossible for an army to pass. It derives its name from a large creek which runs down its Eastern declivity, and in whose bed we have to march most of the way, while the lofty peaks on either side seems to shut out the beholder from all other parts of the world. Both the eastern and western sides are at an angle of about 45 degrees, and this being obstructed by short turns and immovable rocks, makes its passage still more difficult. It will be recollected that our forces blockaded this

pass last year by falling immense quantities of large timber across it from both sides, which has been since removed by the Yankees, and in the present case was greatly to our advantage.

At 12 o'clock at night, just as the first pale rays of the moon appeared above the Eastern horizon, our army, headed by Gen. Heth, in silence entered the steep and narrow passway, where the moon could give us no light, and where only a few stars could be seen twinkling over our heads. On we went, and daylight found us only two miles from our camp, when we halted, and went back for the purpose of pulling the Artillery over the rugged mountain passes. Eight horses to the piece had not been found sufficient, but the soldiers, though nearly exhausted, and with a shout heaved away until the last piece was carried to the top. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, but on they toiled until 10 o'clock, when the heavy wheels again began to move, and our army took up the line of march, and I could not but wonder at the scene which had just been witnessed. Talk about the South being subjugated--talk about our army being overwhelmed by superior numbers--talk about the chivalry and stern determination of the North, and all amounts to insignificance when we behold the energy of a Southern army. There are croakers in Georgia, who long ago said we were whipped--who were ready to give up the struggle upon the first defeat, and kneel beneath the feet of a Northern tyrant. Were one of these characters, which is not probable, to stay in our army for one month, they would be ashamed of ever having preached such a doctrine, and soon learn that for Southern subjugation there is not even a remote probability. But say they, where are the arms for the Southern army? Let me inform you that the South has now more arms than she has men, a large proportion of which are as good as the world can produce, and are in the hands of half a million of men, whose valor can never be overcome.

Dark found us going down the Western declivity of this pass, which was different description, at the foot of which we camped on the night of the 16th. Early on the following morning we were in line, and in two hours march we were in Kentucky. Our Regiment formed the advance guard, and we had gone but two miles, when we were attacked by a company of Home Guards, while passing through a lane, from both sides of which we were fired upon. We found six of the enemy dead among the thick weeds on our right, but no body was hurt on our side. Though this was but a small affair, it served to show that we were led by brave officers, and that they were followed by men, not one of whom was seen to flinch. Just as the vile scamps had been routed, Col. Starns' Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry come up at a full gallop, by whose assistance we captured twenty-six prisoners. Had this fine regiment come up five minutes sooner, the entire company, which consisted of about eighty men could have been taken.

Half an hour's march brought us to Boston, a small village which we entered without opposition, all the inhabitants having fled, except a few women and children.

Here we captured several thousand dollars worth of public property, the most important part of which was several barrels of salt. In the woods surrounding this village, we found guns, swords and knapsacks scattered in wild confusion, where the bushwhackers had thrown them upon our sudden arrival, the most astonishing feature of which was the inferior quality of the guns, some of which in Georgia would not sell for fifty cents, and upon examination were found to be loaded with slugs, from the size of a pea, to an ounce in weight. We find no secessionists in this part of the State, and as we can buy nothing, we are compelled to "press" all our provisions, except beef, a large number of cattle being driven in our rear from Knoxville.

Our force in Kentucky are numerous, and as the great ball of which is I have formerly spoken, now in motion, you may expect to hear of stirring times in this quarter at an early day.

G. J. N. W.

Southern Watchman Sept. 17 (2, 1-3), 1862.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS NO. 2

Revised and improved Edition,

Another Brilliant Victory--Enemy Routed at all Points--Heavy loss--Bartow and Bee Avenged--McClellan and Halleck on the Field.

Battle Field of Manassas, Aug. 31st.

Another great battle has been fought on the bloody Plains of Manassas, and once more has Heaven crowned our banners with the laurels of victory. The conflict opened Friday afternoon, and last night not a Federal soldier remained on the south side of Bull Run except the prisoners we had taken and those who sleep the sleep that shall know no waking until the great day of Judgment. The people of the Confederate States--those at home no less than the invincible heroes in the field, and the friends of Justice and the lovers of liberty every where--assuredly have cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving. Never since Adam was planted in the garden of Eden, did a holier cause engage the hearts and arms of any nation; and never did any people establish more clearly their right to be freemen.

I did not arrive in time to witness the battle Friday, the 28th. Leaving Gordonsville at 9 o'clock that day, on a freight train I reached Rapidan Station, the present terminus of the railroad, at noon. There I took horse, forded the river; struck for the Rappahannock--forded that river also got--to Warrenton at one o'clock yesterday--rested my horse, and then took the turnpike for the battle-field, fourteen miles distant, where I arrived in one hour and fifteen minutes, and just in time to witness, for the second time, the triumph of Confederate arms on these ever memorable plains.

I cannot undertake to give the number of men engaged on either side. It is probable, however, that the enemy had not more than 75,000 troops on the field. Our own forces were considerably less, a large part of the army not having arrived in time to participate in the fight. Longsteets's corps d'armee held the right, A. P.

Hill's and Anderson's (late Huger's) divisions the centre, and Jackson's veterans the left. Jackson was the first to reach the plains below the blue Ridge; Hill came next and then Longstreet, who entered at Thoroughfare Gap. The enemy occupied the Gap with a full division, and seemed disposed to dispute the passage of our troupes. Toombs' and Anderson's Georgia brigades which led the corps, made a bold dash and soon drove them away with but little loss. That was on Thursday, the 28th. Jackson had brought the enemy to bay between Gainesville and Groveton, two miles from the old battle-field, on the Warrenton turnpike. Knowing this Longstreet pressed forward and succeeded in getting into position on the right of the turnpike, in time to hold that part of our lines while Jackson engaged the enemy on the left.

It should have been stated that Longstreet played the enemy a clever trick before he left the south bank of the Rappahannock. Jackson and Hill having moved around by Sperryville above, he made feints at several fords on the Rappahannock as if he would cross over, and thus drew the attention of the enemy to those points, whilst he put his forces in motion and marched rapidly to the northward and around to Gainesville. So successful was the manoeuvre that a late northern paper now before be congratulates its readers upon the brilliant victory achieved by the Federals in driving us away from the fords!

The enemy advanced to the attack on Friday. He was probably aware of Jackson's comparative weakness. He soon discovered, however, that a heavy Confederate column (Longstreet's) had got into position on the right, and immediately commenced a retrograde movement. The battle, which was hotly contested for a time in which the artillery took a prominent part, continued through the afternoon, and resulted in the repulse of the enemy along the entire line. Jackson's forces were chiefly engaged, and behaved with their usual gallantry. The scene of the conflict was just in front of Gainesville and on the left of the Warrenton turnpike as you look towards Washington.

The enemy were driven back to the edge of the old battle field of Manassas. The Confederates slept upon the field, and there awaited a renewal of the attack on yesterday. They were not disappointed, for the enemy again advanced against our left at 2 o'clock P. M., and engaged Jackson first. By three the engagement became general, and the battle joined. Gen. Lee was in command, having come to the front some days ago. But a word of explanation in regard to the field and the position of the combatants.

The Warrenton and Alexandria Turnpike runs nearly eastward, and the road from Sudley ford on Rull Run to Manassas Junction north and south. These highways intersect each other in the centre of the old battle ground. Advancing down the turnpike, our forces faced to the east and in the direction of Washington, while the enemy faced to the west, but not exactly towards Richmond. The line of battle, about three miles in length, extended across the turnpike almost at right angles and nearly parallel with and just west of the Sudley road. The battle of Manassas was to be fought over, and the point to be decided was, whether we should advance upon Washington or the enemy upon Richmond. This was the issue, and this the battle ground.

We learn from prisoners that Halleck, McClellan and Pope were present. McClellan had brought up his old United States Regulars, eighteen regiments, under Fitz John Porter, Heintzleman's division, and other corps of his James river army. It was evident that the enemy was confident of victory. They were aware of Jackson's weakness, and of the fact that not more than half of our army had come up; and by precipitating the battle, they hoped to avenge their shameful defeat on the same ground a little more than one year ago. Indeed, we hear that McDowell, the most civilized officer in the Federal service and the commander at Manassas, last year, made an urgent appeal to his troops to wipe out the disgrace which then befell their arms, and never to leave the field but as conquerors.

As I have already stated, the enemy opened the battle by an attack upon our left. A heavy column, with a full complement of artillery was launched against Jackson's veterans, but there, as elsewhere, they encountered a "Stonewall" as immovable as the Blue Ridge. The onslaught would have been fearful to any other but Confederate troops struggling for the dearest rights known to man. The attack was repulsed, however, and the enemy forced to retire.

In the meantime a heavy force was moved up against A. P. Hill and Anderson in the Centre, and Longstreet's splendid corps on the right. The attack upon the centre was not characterized by much vigor, but on the right it was made by McClellan's Regulars, and was furious. After the first movement against the left was repulsed, Jackson found but little difficulty in advancing his lines. The infantry were very reluctant to engage the stern chieftain again, and their artillery alone resisted him with spirit. But on the right the conflict raged with great violence for more than an hour before we had made any impression upon the serried ranks of the Regulars. When they did yield, it was slowly and in perfect order. It could hardly be called a retreat; we pushed them, as it were, from one elevation to another, gradually following them up and firmly holding the ground they had been forced to abandon.

In this way the contest continued until near sunset, the retrograde movement of the enemy growing more rapid and less orderly as the battle proceeded. Jackson pressed forward vigorously on the left; Hill and Anderson did the same in the centre; and as the foe retired faster in that part of the field than on the right, our line finally assumed somewhat the form of a crescent.

Jackson at length bent his line around to the Sudley road, near the church of that name, and about the same time the centre and right reached the old battle ground. Then followed as splendid fighting on the part of the Confederates as the world ever saw. As the fact broke upon them that they again stood upon that glorious field, and that the enemy sought a reversal of the decision rendered there one year ago, they swept on as if they were borne onward by the fiat of fate. The



eye grew brighter, the arm waxed stronger, and catching the inspiration of the place, and of the children of glory who sleep upon its hills, they sent up shout after shout, that rose high above the mighty din and uproar, and sounded in the ear of the already retreating foe like a sentence of judgment.

About the same time, Gen. Toombs, who had been absent under orders, reached the field at the top of his horse's speed. His appearance was greeted with the cheers of ten thousand Georgians in Longstreet's corps. The shouts were caught up along the valley and over the hills as his splendid form swept across the field in the direction of his brigade. He found it at length and led it immediately forward in the thickest of the fight. Dashing down the hill not far from where Bee and Bartow fell, he got within forty paces of a Federal brigade, which saluted him and his men with a terrific fire. The men called to him to dismount, as otherwise he would certainly be killed. His only reply uttered in trumpet tones, was; "President Davis can creat Generals; God only makes the soldier--ON.

Finally our centre line crossed the Sudley road, and swept past the stone house at the intersection of the roads, the Henry and Lewis houses on the right, on towards Bull Run. But the enemy managed his artillery with great skill and judgment. His firing was superb, and I must admit superior to our own. His batteries were posted at commanding points and enabled him to cover the retreat of his infantry by delaying our advance. Night, too, came to his rescue, and to Nature and not his own arms, was he indebted for his escape from utter destruction. The pursuit was kept up until darkness prevented further effort, and the order to halt was given.

The enemy escaped across Bull Run during the night, and morning found him in a hurried retreat, for the second time over the same road and from the same battlefield, back to Washington. Thus the issue has been decided for the second time in our favor, and the judgment of July, stands affirmed before the world, and a gracious God and our own right arms have given us the victory.

Gen. Stuart advanced to Centreville and beyond this morning, but saw nothing of the enemy, except stragglers who were waiting to be taken.

It is too early to enter into details, either as to the part performed by individuals or the extent of the victory. Gen. Drayton was not entirely successful in bringing his excellent brigade into action in time, but otherwise, the battle was complete success. Every officer and man from Gen. Lee down to the humblest private, with exceptions too unimportant to justify particular notice, performed his whole duty. But our triumph however, has been purchased at the cost of much precious blood. Our loss has been heavy; not less, I fear, than six or seven thousand. The casualties of the enemy, including killed, wounded, and probably fifteen hundred or two thousand prisoners, will not fall much short of ten or twelve thousand men. Among the slain on the part of the Federals is Gen. McDowell, Col. Webster of Massachusetts, and many other officers; at least such is the report of prisoners. On our side we have to lament the death of Gen. Ewell\* who was wounded yesterday and died this morning. Gens. Mahone and Jenkins were wounded--not dangerously; whilst a number of field officers were killed including Col. Means, (formerly Governor) of South Carolina and Col. Wilson of the Seventh Georgia. Gen. Prayor was captured, but soon effected his escape.

Among our captures, are several thousand stand of small arms thrown away by the flying foe, some eight or twenty pieces of artillery, many wagons, a large amount of stores and other valuable property. It is reported that Stuart destroyed 17,000 pair of shoes, by a sudden descent upon Manassas Junction on Friday and that Jackson destroyed several railway trains loaded with provisions, after filling his own wagons, the day before.

The strategy of the enemy was clever, and deserves attention. He had attacked Jackson on Friday, and was repulsed. He renewed the attack yesterday, and thus sought to create the belief that his chief object was to turn our left. Having as he supposed, produced this impression upon Gen. Lee, he suddenly precipitated upon our right a very heavy force, including the old United States Regulars and other

picked troops, under Fitz John Porter and Heintzleman. His object doubtless was to turn our right, throw us back against the Blue Ridge, keep open his communications by the Alexandria and Orange railway, and Fredericksburg, and his Gunboats to the South, cut us off from the base of our supplies. The conception was excellent, but the execution was faulty.

Bee, Bartow, and others who fell on this field last year, have been amply avenged. The shaft erected over the spot where Bartow perished has been removed by the vandals, but the ground around the place is marked by the Federal dead. The Henry house, which was riddled by the artillery shot of the enemy last year, and where its aged owner, Mr. Henry was killed, has also been removed piecemeal by the enemy, and probably sold as relics; but before its very doors, and within its demolished walls, sleep to-day and the miserable myrmidons of the North.

Batteries were planted and captured yesterday were they were planted and captured last year. The pine thicket where the Fourth Alabama and Eighth Georgia suffered so terribly in the first battle, is now strewn with the slain of the invader. We charged through the same woods yesterday though from a different point, where Kirby Smith, the Blucher of the day, entered the fight before. There are remarkable coincidences; and they extend even to my own experience. In the road way where I relieved a wounded Irishman from Wisconsin late at night last year, I to-day ( ? ) another Irishman crying for succor. As I rendered it to the first, so I gave it to the second.

Is not the hand of God in all this? Who but He brought us again face to face with our enemies upon those crimsoned plains, and gave us the victory? When before did the same people ever fight two separate battles upon the same ground, within so short a period? For the second time the God of Battles has spoken by the mouth of our cannon and told the North to let us go unto ourselves. Will that ill starred people require him to repeat the command after the manner of Pharoah and the perblind Egyptians? We shall see.

P. W. A.

\*In a subsequent letter our correspondent corrects this statement and reports Gen. Ewell doing well.--Edr.

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

We are indebted to an esteemed friend in Habersham for permission to publish the following letter from a member of his family now in the army. Though not intended for publication, it will be seen that it is well written and highly interesting:

Camp Between Leesburg  
and Winchester, Sept. 14, 1862.

Dear Willie:--I think I can appreciate the intense anxiety that you at home labor under in reference to us. The first meagre accounts of the second great battle of Manassas are just beginning to reach you, and of course you look anxiously forward for details of conflict, and for intelligence from friends who were known to have been engaged.

I promised to write a full account of the march from Gordonsville as soon as I had time. I have forgotten a good deal about the journey, and regret very much that I did not keep a diary and set down the events of each day. It was a journey replete with excitement, and startling events crowded in upon each other with such rapidity that the mind becomes confused, and anything like a clear and accurate statement of occurrences cannot be made.

We received orders to leave our camp five miles from Gordonsville, at 8 o'clock one night--I forget the day of the month. We marched, I remember, the whole of that night and the next day, and until 11 o'clock the next night in the direction of Fredericksburg, leaving Orange C. H. to our left and crossing the Rapidan river at a place called Raccoon Ford, when our advance first came up with the rear of the enemy, who were in full retreat, and accelerated their movements a little, taking several prisoners. We kept the road to Fredericksburg, and advanced to within twenty miles of that place. Here a spy was taken and executed. Several of our Legion saw him hanged. I saw him as they carried him by us on the way to the place of execution. He had killed one of Jackson's couriers and possessed himself of important dispatches. Upon

his person were found notes of the information he had gathered while within our lines. He had written down "so many troops and so much artillery, arrived at Gordonsville on a certain day," specifying the number. He was evidently an old offender, and if he had escaped to the enemy, would have furnished them with much valuable information. He was a very intelligent man, and met his fate with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. It was at this point on our route that Wm. Nichols, who had been very well before that was taken sick and put in a wagon. We then retraced our steps for a short distance, and took the road leading to Culpepper and Warrenton, crossing the Orange & Alexandria Rail road at a place called Brandy Station; and two or three miles beyond, Wm. Nichols was left in a house where he had every attention, with Whitehead and free Alf to wait on him and others of our company, who were not very sick. He had medical attention; but Dr. McConnell despaired of his recovery almost from the start, the attack was so violent. We went on then further to a place called Jeffersonton, where we heard of his death. He was decently buried and his name placed over his grave. Oh, how his mother suffers. I know with what fond devotion she doted on William; and deeply do I sympathize with them all in their deep affliction.

Sept. 15th.--This place (Jeffersonton) is near where the railroad bridge crosses the Rappahannock. This bridge the enemy burned, and made a stand with a part of their forces on the opposite bank, in order to cover the removal of their trains and the retreat of the rest of their forces. Here was the first place that we were even shelled. Our Brigade was ordered down near the river to support a section of the Washington Artillery, which pitched into the enemy very unceremoniously, as soon as we got there. The Yankees replied with two batteries, and we were subjected to a cross fire for several hours. Their shells make a terrible hissing noise, as they come crashing through tree-tops, You can hear them coming some time before they get to you, and when one starts, every man in the whole regiment will think it is coming right towards him. They

are an infernal contrivance; and although they make a terrible fuss, they generally frighten without doing much harm. I have seen them filled with balls emphatically charged with destruction, to burst seemingly right among a company of men and none get hurt. Of course they are generally further from one when they explode than they seem to be. If they go in forty feet of a fellow, he will be ready to swear almost that they were not more than a yard from him.

The Legion here had its first men killed. Two of the Blue Ridge Rifles (one of them a brother-in-law of Alick Church, McAfee,) were killed and several wounded. The engagement, or rather artillery duel, was, I think, a demonstration to engage the enemy's attention while Jackson crossed the river higher up. The rascals poured such a murderous fire into our artillery there, that it got away in quick time, with the loss of several men. The next morning early we moved up the river higher to a bridge, which had been hastily constructed, and where Jackson had been vainly endeavoring to cross the day before. The enemy were in such force and position that they could not be dislodged without a great sacrifice of life, without any corresponding advantage. So we went to work there to engage the enemy's attention, while Jackson went still higher up four miles and effected a crossing. They shelled us a little at the bridge without any damage to our Legion, and very little to the Brigade. The next morning we following Jackson, and crossed the river at the same place. The river there is the line between Culpepper and Fauquier counties. We proceeded on our route, Jackson about a day in advance, without any adventure until we arrived at Thoroughfare Gap--a gap in the mountains, through which the Manassas Gap Railroad passes; and the position was one of the strongest natural positions that I ever saw to check the advance of an army. The enemy came in here between Jackson and Longstreet (to whose corps we are attached, and not to Jackson's, as you at home think,) but Longstreet was so close behind Jackson that the Yankees did not have time to complete their preparations for our

reception, having arrived just a moment before we did. Our division, (D. R. Jones') consisting of Toombs', Anderson's and Drayton's Brigades, was in the advance. Anderson's Brigade got through the gap and drove the Yankees off just as they had fired a few shots from one piece of artillery, and were just getting another piece into position fire. A sharp musketry fight took place, lasting about an hour, resulting in our driving the enemy back and getting through the gap. John Patton distinguished himself here. His company took a position behind a large rock. As the Yankees came up in a few steps of them, John killed three with his repeater, one of them a Captain. They were left on the field with about thirty others of their dead. The Yankees suffered a good deal, leaving thirty dead on the field. Our loss was not more than twenty killed and wounded. Theirs must have been a hundred and fifty or two hundred. We stayed that night (the 30th of August) just beyond the Gap, and moved the next morning early, via Gainesville, in the direction of Manassas. Jackson and Ewell and A. P. Hill had a severe fight with the enemy that day, of which you have seen accounts. We arrived near the old battle field about noon that day, and took our position on the right of our line. Our Legion was thrown out in advance of our lines at that point, and our company and the Dalton Guards were thrown forward as skirmishers in front of the Legion.

The Yankees threw some shells into us here, killing one of the Greene Rifles and another of the Blue Ridge and wounding several in both companies. We were on picket that night, and the next morning went back a short distance and ate breakfast and rested until about one o'clock, when we were marched down near the old battle field, about a mile from it, on the extreme right and formed in line of battle. The fight opened about this time on the left, where Jackson was, on the centre, where Ewell and A. P. Hill were and on the right, where Longstreet was. All of Longstreet's forces were engaged then except our Brigade, which was kept on the right in anticipation of a flank movement of the enemy. We stayed there for several hours until nearly dark, with the din of the mighty conflict thundering in our ears, when Longstreet, not fearing a flank movement at that late period,

ordered us on the left. We double quicked nearly all the way, and arrived on the plains of Manassas about an hour before dark. I remember distinctly the scene that presented itself to our view; dark clouds of smoke hung all over the battle field and almost obscured the contending hosts. Shells were bursting in the air on all parts of the field, and the rattle of small arms was incessant. We met scores of wounded retiring from the field, all of them cheerful and telling us to go in and give it to them. The enemy had fled from all the other parts of the line, and had been driven back for miles at this part. They brought in some fresh troops here, who made a temporary stand in some woods, while they drew off their forces, which they did in a hurry. Gen. Toombs rode up to our Regiment just as it was going in, and waving his hat, in language more plain than proper, told us to "Go in, boys and give the d---d invaders hell," We immediately marched up to the woods I spoke of and started in at two or three points, when some fellow would come out and tell us not to fire there, they were our own men, right in front. We, after some delay, found a point lower down on the right, where we had no troops, and with our Regiment alone (Drayton, for some cause, not sending up the other Regiments of the Brigade to support us,) marched up on a whole Brigade of Yankees supporting a battery. Our Sergeant Major asked them what Regiments they were, and they told him some N. Y., Mass. and Penn. Regiments. He replied, "All right." It was nearly dark, and we would probably have been used up pretty badly if they had known we were enemies. We, without any confusion, marched quietly past them under a shower of balls from other parts of the field, and stopped just out of sight of them in the woods. If we had been supported by the rest of the Brigade, we could have driven their Brigade off and probably taken their battery. -- Drayton's conduct is severely criticised by all who know anything of the officer. We were in a tight place certainly, but Providentially got out of it without much loss. The Yankees, who had left before all other parts of the field, left this part also at this time. I heard them distinctly as they drew off their



forces. It was about nine o'clock when the firing ceased. We remained on the field the night, and the next morning early I walked over the scene of the conflict. Never will I forget the sight I saw that day. Strewn in thick profusion-- in every position--wounded in every place--the dead and dying lay. At least five to one (that is indeed a low estimate) were Yankees. They left thousands of them on the field. and four days after the fight, they had three thousand wounded who had not received attention. Pope, notwithstanding his lying dispatches claiming a victory, sent in a humble request to Gen. Lee, asking a truce in order to get his dead buried and his wounded carried off. Gen. Lee gave him permission to send his ambulances and Surgeons within our lines to attend to them, but would not consent to a suspension of military operations. The battle was one of the shortest, but by far the most desperate of the war. The enemy lost probably as many as they did in all their fights before Richmond. The fight lasted from about 2 until 8 at night, and was, without doubt, a glorious, decisive victory for us. The enemy's army was completely broken up and disorganized, and fled to the fortifications around Washington.

On the 31st we marched out and camped at Sudley church, from which point I wrote you. You will see the place often designated as "Sudley Mills," and "Sudley Springs;" it is on the road to Centreville. We moved the next day in the direction of Fairfax C. H. and Jackson, who was ahead, fought the battle of Germantown-- we got to Germantown--went from thence to Drainsville. The enemy in the meantime having disappeared and from Drainsville to Leesburg. Gen. Longstreet issued an order here that all the barefooted, weak and inefficient troops of each regiment be left with the baggage in charge of an officer. I was detained for that purpose and left at Leesburg with about one hundred and fifty of our Regiment. The detail suited me very well as I had blistered my feet so that I had been riding in the wagon for several days and could not march--so I took charge of them and have a good deal of trouble attending to my present duties. They then ordered all that were left, about five thousand in all, to Winchester, where we now are. We

expect to start tomorrow for Harper's Ferry to rejoin the army, who, at last accounts, were "cooking and eating" near Frederick city, Maryland, with no army in his front. There are a great many persons here who I know, Bob McMillan, Dr. Starr and Jordan our tobacco friend. I saw Col. Bryans, name on the register the other day at the Hotel, but have not seen him.

Capt. Walton, the commissary of the Legion, was made commissary of all the troops left, a mere temporary appointment, and he got Josey to assist him in issuing rations. None of our company who were left were much sick. I received letters yesterday from home as late as the 2d and was very glad to hear from you all. This letter is long and written in great haste. I cannot take on the trouble to look over it and correct it. We will write as often as possible. You must not expect letters though, even every week. This letter from where you see I have inserted Sept. 15, is written from Winchester, which is a considerable place and inhabited by a refined, intelligent and patriotic people. It is thirty miles from Harper's Ferry, where a small force of Yankees have congregated. Jackson, I hear, has been sent up there to dispose of them from the Maryland side of the river, he is therefore in their rear and will bag them to-day I think. Kirby Smith, I have no doubt, has Cincinnati. What wonderful success our arms have had lately. The proclamation of the President appointing a day of thanksgiving is eminently proper at this time if it ever was. Give my love to all.

A. S. E.

Southern Watchman, Oct. 8 (2, 6-(3)-1), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Winchester, Va., Sept. 27, 1862.

My Dear Watchman:--Many months have elapsed since addressing you from the old "24th!" During that time great changes have occurred with us: much suffering has been endured; long marches have been made; battles have been participated in, and many of Georgia's noble sons have fallen from their places in our regiment never to rise again. Very many, now in hospital at this place, though they bear all heroically, are badly wounded, and far from home, time comes and goes to them with leaden wing. The writer has given many assurances in time past, that the hour of trial would find the 24th Ga. at her place, and that she would leave her mark. It was but anticipating such results as were but recently unfolded to us. Though we lost heavily in killed and wounded, few, if any, were taken prisoners. Being at the most exposed points, the 24th Ga. and 15th N. C. could expect little short of annihilation under a murderous crossfire. How it was they occupied such a position and escaped with so many of their number, is a great wonder, only accounted for by the Providence of God. It may have been necessary, but the sufferers conceive themselves the victims of a useless sacrifice. Surely a more careful reconnoitering would have produced a different result. At any rate, had as these regiments suffered, not a man among them fell that was not atoned for by more than two of the enemy. Our men, under the circumstances, shot with great deliberation and did immense damage. Of course we do not ignore the great sufferings of the gallant men of the 16th Ga., one incident connected with which is worthy of record: Lt. Col. Thomas, in the midst of the carnage and in face of the enemy, was called upon to halt and surrender.

His reply was, "Hell and damnation; this is no place to halt;" when he marched right off with and saved a large part of the command. To be sure we do not admire the expletives, but we do his noble spirit and daring. We should have been delighted if the Legion could have put forth its strength, before so many of them fell into the hands of the enemy. We refer, in these remarks, to the Sunday's fight.

On Wednesday the remnant of our Regiment was most gallantly led into the fight by our noble Major, son of Col. McMillan, Lt. Col. Sanders being in charge of the Brigade. Of course the casualties were trifling in comparison with the Sunday's fight. We regret that we have to record among them, as the price of his daring, a most painful wound in Major McMillan's ankle joint, but which is now doing well. His men give him universal praise for noble daring and cool courage.

Below we append a list of our killed and wounded, as far as ascertained.

Winchester is a well watered, ancient, and, we suppose, quite a healthy town of 2500 inhabitants. Its foundation is limestone, which is made free use of for building and fencing. The water of the town is brought from a large limestone spring, made accessible at every few steps by admirable pumps. The footprints of the destroyer are seen in many a bare wall and lone chimney. They have left, also, unmistakable testimonials of their presence in the shape of extensive fortifications and large guns. The fortifications are absolutely astonishing in extent and efficiency.

My dear sir, this is a glorious portion of the Old Dominion. Macadamised roads unsurpassed; tasteful and lovely residences, hiding just behind the hill, or standing boldly on its brow; fields, rolling it is true, but smooth and extensive; here a wilderness of corn, yonder an ocean of clover, and again the

thick-standing stubble of a late abundant wheat crop--all suggestive of hospitality, fat cattle, fat swine, rivers of milk and mountains of butter. This is in part true of the Blue Ridge section as well, for Winchester lies between that range and the Alleghany. It is much cooler, as we painfully experienced, immediately on descending this side the Blue Ridge. For one, however, with all this profuseness, give us the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. for as we sit and write big fires and thick blankets are suggested by the temperature of the atmosphere.

Let us say one thing to our Georgia mountain farmers: Put a yoke of oxen and a horse, or three horses to a large plow and turn everything upside down. Don't say it won't do for "thin land." By this system you make thick land, and in a few years you rival Virginia, whose mountain sides and heights are more productive than your bottoms.

"Blow deep while sluggards sleep;  
You'll have corn to sell and keep."

Land cannot be plowed too deep. Break up the fallow ground, and you need not be afraid of drouth or wet. We are no farmer, but Poor Richard said so; the Bible says it, and the productive lands on these unwashed mountains proclaim the exhortation: "Plough deep."

Our regiment is now about 23 miles from this place close to Martinsburg, where we shall start directly. Our army is on this side the Potomac. When this meets the public eye, however, no human can tell where it will be, in the bosom of Abraham or among the stump tail Dutch of Pennsylvania. At any rate, it will be just where the Yankees do not want it.

We have met many familiar faces here: that best of men, Rev. Wm. Crumley, Dr. Hill and brother, Lt. McAlpin, young Mr. Crane, Geo. Newton. &c.

But a full heart, a free pen and exhaustless incident make us occupy too much of your space. Here is the list referred to in a previous paragraph; which is by no means full, and perhaps somewhat inaccurate:

Sunday's Fight.

Co. A.--Lieut Turk, wounded; Corp. M. S. Porter, severely in eye, privates J. C. Meeks, H. Stowe, T. Jordan, A. V. Hill, C. H. Dalton, H. Whitfield.

Co. B.--Lieut. Gordon, wounded severely in back and shoulder; Sergt. Dickson, privates J. T. Holbrooks, D. C. Hinton, Francis Brown, Francis Way, Jerry Mize, wounded.

Co. C.--Capt. Sumpter, killed; also, Corp. J. Standridge, private Wm. Whitehead, R. J. Kennigore, Jas. Wilkerson.--Wounded--Henry Dorsey, left on field; A. Rothel, left on field; Wm. Boggs, A. W. Payne and James Black, wounded on Wednesday.

C. C.--Wounded--Serg. McClure, breast; private C. T. Smith, arm; D. J. Coker, thigh; J. C. Seef, D. Deaton, B. Holland, A. J. Holding, J. M. Hooper, J. Garrett, D. Burch.

Co. E.--Capt. Cannon, Lieut, Beck, privates J. B. Wall, W. S. Richards, A. J. Turpin, killed. Wounded--Serg. A. W. Young, slightly; T. Stonecypher, John Wall, J. I. Lankston, W. S. Mosely, all slight. Missing--Corp. J. R. Lambert, J. B. S. Wall, M. D. C. Wall.

Co. F.--Lt. Patterson, wounded slightly in breast. Wounded--privates J. B. Rice, N. Stephens, N. Bramlett, C. C. Carr, Wm. Boggs, A. W. Payne, J. Black, W. Kimbro, T. Gower, J. M. Davis, J. W. White, J. W. McDaniel, T. Erwin F. Childers. Missing --B. Childers, N. Mattox, K. Stephens, W. B. Sherwood, D. Harris, G. Barnett. H. Cross, W. Bonds, Serg. Wardlaw and Corp. Robertson. Killed--S. B. Wardlaw and J. B. Davis.

Co. G.--Wounded--W. Youngblood, F. M. Youngblood, D. A. Meaders.

Co. H.--Capt. Dortch and Lieuts. Dortch and Farmer wounded; killed, privates W. Smith, E. Wiley, Wounded--P. Vandiver, T. Wiley. Missing--Sergt. Cleveland, J. L. Whiten, T. Dunn, T. C. Farmer.

Co. I.--Capt. Pool, wounded slightly; Lieut. Bell, killed. Wounded--T. B. Greer, J. O. Little, E. Martin, W. R. Harris, L. Parker, A. H. Hollis.

Co. K--Lieut. E. Fuller, slightly; Serg. S. McClure lost right arm, Corp. Loggins, N. Weaver, J. S. James.

Respectfully,

"24TH GA."

Southern Watchman, Oct. 8 (2, 1-4), 1962.

THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG

Sharpsburg, Md., Sept. 18, 1862.

The fiercest and most hotly contested battle of the war was fought here yesterday. It commenced at early dawn, the enemy being the attacking party, and lasted with occasional breathing intervals until it was quite dark. Whether we consider the number engaged, the fierceness of the assault, the dogged courage of the Confederates, or the almost unparalleled duration of the fight, it must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary battles of modern times. In no instance since the revolution was inaugurated, had either party had engaged as many a 100,000 men at any one time. At Richmond, each side had all counted, perhaps as 100,000; but in no one of the series of battles fought around that city was anything like that number engaged, either on the part of the Confederates or the Federals. I had estimated the force of the enemy here at too high a figure probably; but if it be reckoned at 125,000 men and our own at two thirds that number--say 80,000--we have two tremendous armies such indeed as have not been seen on any battlefield in this war. The enemy had brought up the last man he could get. The coasts of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, had been stripped of the troops sent to desolate them. Northwestern Virginia had been abandoned by Cox and his command, and all the new volunteers except enough to garrison the works about Washington, had been sent to McClellan. These, with the army he brought with him from the Peninsula, now recruited and prepared for the fresh labors, and Burnside's seasoned corps, gave him an army formidable alike in numbers and material.

His artillery was on a scale commensurate with the great army he commanded. It was really superb, whether we regard the number of batteries engaged and the



range and calibre of the guns or the splendid manner in which they were handled. The men fought well too--better in fact than the Federals had ever done before, except at Shiloh; and the new volunteers did about as well as the older troops. They are of a better class of men, and make up in spirit and intelligence, what they lack in drilling and discipline. There can be no doubt upon this point, since we took some of them prisoners and know they fought well before they yielded. The Federals doubtless, had been taught to feel that our movement into Maryland was an invasion of their soil, and that every blow struck within its limits was a blow in defence of their own homes far away in New England and along the banks of the Hudson and the Schuylkill. There are but few if any races, however cowardly and despicable, that will not fight the invader of their homes; even the worm we tread upon turns to sting the heel that crushes it to death.

McClellan commanded in person the enemy's right, (our left) besides exercising a general supervision over the whole field; Burnside on the left, and Sumner in the centre. On our side Longstreet commanded the right wing Jackson the left, D. H. Hill the centre--the whole being under the calm and watchful eye of Gen. Lee. This order of the battle brought McClellan and Jackson face to face. Longstreet and Burnside, and Hill and Sumner. Thus pitted and marched, the battle was opened as soon as there was sufficient light to point a gun, and continued for fourteen long weary hours. It was dry and dusty beneath, but cloudy and pleasant above. The enemy had availed himself of the darkness of the preceding night to post his batteries at commanding points. This he was the more able to do, since he had subjected us to a heavy cannonade the day before, and thus forced us to develop our lines and positions.

The battle-ground was along the banks of the Antietam river, just in front of Sharpsburg. This lovely stream runs due south along the foot of the Blue Ridge, and empties its crystal waters into the Potomac a short distance above Harper's

Ferry. The Confederates held the western side of the river except for a short distance on the left and above, where the enemy's lines crossed it, and the Federals held the eastern side next to the mountain. Indeed the general configuration of the country, as well as the positions of the two armies, recalls to mind the Chickahominy and the James river, and the position of the combatants in front of Richmond except that the enemy had the Blue Ridge at his back here, whilst his lines were thrown forward across the Antitam on our left instead of our right as on the Chickahominy. With this exception, the lines of the enemy closely hugged the east bank of the river, which is shallow, easily fordable except for artillery, and not more than thirty feet in width. On the swelling elevations between the stream and the Blue Ridge the Federal batteries were planted, whilst our occupied the hills on the Sharpsburg side. The distance from Sharpsburg across to the base of the mountains doesnot exceed a mile and a half, and the river is about midway between the two. On our right was a wide stone bridge, which it was important that we should hold. The ground was mostly open, but very uneven.

The respective positions of the two armies were equally strong, except in this, that the enemy had his back against the Blue Ridge, which would under almost any circumstances prevent a rout on his part or pursuit on ours.

The battle was opened by McClellan both with artillery and small arms on our left, where a fierce and nearly successful assault was made upon Jackson. Column after column was brought up and hurled against the Stonewall corps, which had been marching and fighting almost daily since it left Richmond, and for two hours or more our ranks were slowly forced back by the overwhelming numbers brought against them. Jackson reached his position the night before when it was quite dark, and consequently was entirely ignorant of the topography of the field. The old Stonewall brigade yielded the ground inch by inch, and Ewell's division, now

commanded by Lawton, the best officer probably under Jackson, fought desperately. This division embraces some of the best regiments in the army, including the unconquerable Twelfth Georgia. Our ranks suffered terribly, and many a brave spirit was made to bite the dust. Among others, I may mention Brigadier General Lawton, who received a painful wound in the leg, and Colonel Marcellus Douglas, of the Thirteenth Georgia, commanding Lawton's old brigade. Seeing he was mortally wounded, Douglas refused to be removed, preferring, as he said, to die upon the field. His body was subsequently recovered and taken to the Virginia side.

Meanwhile, and almost simultaneous with the attack on the left, Sumner opened a terrific fire on the centre, which was followed by a like assault on the right by Burnside's corps. It was an indescribably sublime scene, when the tide of fire and smoke swept slowly and majestically from the left down the valley, past the centre, and on to the extreme right. The solemn Blue Ridge formed an appropriate background to the awful spectacle. The elevations upon which the batteries were planted were crowned with wreaths of smoke of most fantastic shapes, nearly concealing "the valley of death" below where the infantry were engaged in a fearful struggle. Each party had probably as many as two hundred pieces of artillery on the field, though but little over half that number was brought into action at the same instant, either by the Confederates or Federals. But think of two hundred cannon, of every available calibre, engaged in deadly conflict at short range! The Federals directed their pieces chiefly at our batteries, and sometimes the latter were so enveloped in smoke from their own discharges, and the bursting shells from the enemy's guns, that they were completely lost to sight. Our own pieces, on the contrary, were pointed at the infantry columns of the Federals, by special order of Gen. Lee. Artillery duels, so called, accomplish little, except to enable the parties to display their gunnery. In the present instance, the departure from the old rule was productive of most beneficial results, in that the enemy's assaulting columns were repeatedly repulsed by the well directed fire of our artillery.

The great object of McClellan was to reach the Potomac on the left, distant not more than a mile and a half from the Antietam, and thus to close us, as it were, in a cul de sac. The two streams make a sudden curve towards each other at this point. Knowing that we would hardly attempt to cross the Antietam, along the banks of which, with slight exceptions, the two armies were engaged, he had massed an enormous column on the left and another on the right. Owing to the great inequality of the forces engaged, Jackson found it necessary to yield the ground he held at the beginning of the fight, and to call for assistance. Fortunately, McLaws' division had arrived from Harper's Ferry sometime during the previous night, and was sent to the relief of Jackson about 8 o'clock. It arrived just in the nick of time. The enemy already badly worsted by Jackson, were compelled to fall back with great slaughter before the impetuous charges of the fresh regiments, until the parties occupied their original positions in the morning. The fighting was continued, however, until night, with occasional intervals, tho' without any particular advantage to either side.

The conflict along the centre was severe, but owing to the nature of the ground was confined chiefly to artillery. Indeed, the artillery took an unusually prominent part in the battle in every part of the field. The small arms were not warmly engaged for some time, early in the day, after a few volleys, except on the left. The Washington Artillery behaved splendidly; and so did Cutts' battalion. The former is attached to Longstreet's corps, the latter to D. H. Hill's. The other batteries, and the heavy reserves under Gen. Pendleton, performed their parts handsomely.

The most formidable assault on the right was made about 9 o'clock and continued until after two. The object of the enemy was to gain possession of a stone bridge just in front of Toombs' division; which occupied the extreme right in

Longstreet's corps. The Second and Twentieth Georgia, Lieut. Col. Holmes and Col. Cumming belonging to Toombs' old brigade, and now commanded by Col. Benning, were entrusted with the duty of defending the bridge. The regiments were very much reduced, but they discharged their duty most heroically. Regiment after regiment, and even brigades were brought against them and yet they held their ground, the the bridge too, until they had fired their last cartridge. The men were clamorous for fresh ammunition: for it had now become a point of honor with them to maintain their ground, even if it cost the life of the last man of them. But owing to the furious onslaught made against the entire right wing, it was found impossible to supply them in time; and consequently they had to retire, with the loss of even McIntosh's battery. This was fifteen minutes after 2 o'clock, when a strange silence, broken only by a random shot, ensued for the space of two hours along the whole front of the army. The accomplished and chivalric Holmes of the Second, fell pierced through the body a few minutes before the firing ceased, and died instantly. An effort was made to remove his body, but the persons who attempted were wounded and compelled to leave it on the field. Maj. Harris assumed command, and with Col. Cumming of the Twentieth, displayed great coolness and valor. The enemy lay in heaps in front of the bridge, as they did on the left in front of Jackson. An officer who examined the ground over which McLaws and Jackson drove them, says the enemy's dead lay so thick at one place over an area of three acres, that he could walk over every yard of it on the bodies of the slain!

The silence which followed at a quarter past 2 o'clock was all the more profound and impressing from the stunning fire that raged so furiously since early dawn. Was the enemy content with the possession of the bridge and the ground in front of it?

Had both the combatants had enough of the bloody work? Or did they stop by mutual consent, in order to allow the exhausted fighters time to recover their breath? For hours the Confederates had been turning in hope of seeing the head of A. P. Hill's advancing column. Would the Blucher of the day come up in time?

At length about 3 o'clock, Hill made his appearance, and his brigades were quietly distributed along the lines where they were most needed. The enemy were hardly aware of his arrival; for his forces were advanced behind hills and thickets to their proper positions. Everything being ready the Confederates renewed the conflict at 4 o'clock, and from that hour until night it raged with interruption. The Fifteenth and Seventh Georgia, commanded by Col. Milligan and Capt. McGregor, and a portion of the Eleventh Georgia, which had just been brought up from the rear where they had been on detached duty, united in the charge. Col. Milligan, addressing his men told them to follow their officers, and if they fell, to march forward over their bodies--an injunction that was literally fulfilled, for the brave Colonel was killed, and his command dashed on over him as if nothing had happened. Toombs had dismounted and placed himself at the head of his small forces, and led them like a captain to the encounter. He and they soon placed themselves in front of the remainder of the line and dashing forward in the most impetuous manner, soon re-captured McIntosh's battery and drove the enemy pell mell across the bridge. The ground was strewn with the Federal dead, but our own loss in this charge was not very heavy, owing to the furious rate at which the men moved. The conflict of infantry on the right at this point as on the left early in the day, was unusually severe--probably as severe as any that has occurred since the war. Pinder and Field's brigades, of A. P. Hill's division and other forces co-operated gallantly in the charge.

It was now near night. The combatants with slight exceptions in our favor,

occupied the position they did in the morning; and when it had become quite dark, the firing ceased on both sides. It is probable that the enemy would not have renewed the contest at 4 o'clock, had the Confederates remained quiet. Many of the houses in Sharpsburg were riddled by the enemy's balls, which passing over the heads of our men, entered the buildings on the raising ground behind. Many of the women and children had sought refuge in cellars and behind stonewalls of the houses and enclosures, others had fled to the country on horseback behind husbands and parents; whilst others boldly stood it out, saying their Federal friends were not ignorant of their sentiments, and would spare them as far as possible. Some of the houses, and many hay ricks and stacks of wheat straw, were set on fire, and added no little to the sublimity and fearfulness of the scene. During the combat, three pigeons wheeled wildy over the battle field, and raising higher and higher, disappeared in the clouds and ascending smoke. Alas! how many spirits did they accompany on their upward flight from that bloody field of death!

The results are easily summed. It was McClellan's battle. He made the attack and was repulsed with very heavy slaughter. His losses are variously estimated at from 15,000 20,000 killed wounded and missing; ours from 5,000 to 10,000. These figures may be wrong; I am disposed to think they are too flattering to our own side, and offer them as rough estimates of others. We took but few prisoners--not more than six or seven hundred. The enemy captured as many, as you will see hereafter. Indeed it was nearly a draw battle--the enemy having the advantage in position and numbers; we the superiority in fighting and in repulsing his assault. The only prisoners of distinction we took was Col. Palfrey of Massachusetts, who was wounded and fell into our hands.

But I must close for the present. I write at a hospital, in the midst of the wounded and dying amputated arms and legs, feet, fingers, and hands cut off, puddles of human gore, and ghastly gaping wounds. There is a smell of death in

the air and the laboring surgeons are literally covered from head to foot with the blood of the sufferers. The wounded are lying in the house, on the piazza, under the trees, in the sun. Some have died; others are begging for water, though few complain of their sufferings.

I turned aside yesterday in the midst of the battle to see how a true soldier can die. He was of twenty-two or three summers--of clear skin and mild blue eyes--John S. Hudson, of Elbert county, Ga. His thigh had been torn off by a shell, and hung only by a thin piece of skin. He was calm and resigned, though his struggles were severe and protracted. Finally, as the dread hour of dissolution approached, he gathered up all his remaining strength and turning to his brother, who hung over in dumb agony, he said, "Tell mother I die rejoicing and die a soldier's death." There was not a dry eye among the dozen spectators who, strangely enough, had stopped to witness the last moments of the youthful hero. May Heaven have mercy upon his soul, and upon our bleeding land!

Instances of sternest heroism occur every hour, not among the troops of any one State, but, of all of them. I more frequently mention those among troops from own State, because being known to officers and men, they come oftener under my observation. A case of this kind is that of Brig. Gen. Wright, who having been disabled by a painful, though not a serious wound begged his men to carry him on a litter at the head of his command, that he might still participate in the fray.

The battle has not been renewed to-day as we all expected it would be. McClellan has been busy shifting the position of his forces, preparatory, perhaps, to a renewal of the conflict to-morrow. We shall see--that is, if the army remain on this side of the river.

P. W. A.

P.S. -- I sent you yesterday, with the names of such officers and men killed and wounded, as I could gather up. It is now reported that Maj. Dingle, of Hampton's Legion, and Col. Aiken, of South Carolina, were killed. Also Lieut. Dallis of the thirteenth Georgia.



Southern Watchman, Oct. 15 (3, 1-2), 1862.

Army Correspondence of the Augusta Constitutionalist.

Letter From General Bragg's Army

Bardstown, Ky. Sept. 26, 1862.

I write you my first letter from the headquarters of the army of the Mississippi. A glance at the map will show you that Bardstown is north of the centre of Kentucky. With Gen. Kirby Smith at Lexington, Gen. Marshall at Paris, and Gen. Stevenson, just arrived, at Danville, from the Gap, we occupy all of Kentucky, except Louisville and Covington and their suburbs. We are here, thirty-nine miles from Louisville, and, according to our best information, that city is ours whenever Gen. Bragg chooses to put our division of the army in motion to occupy it. The scare there is very great; heavy artillery and goods have been moved to the Indiana side, and the Livery Stables have sent their horses one hundred and fifty miles into the interior of Indiana for safety. It is no part of Gen. Bragg's present plans to occupy Louisville. He foregoes the empty glory of that conquest to pursue a more comprehensive plan.

The march of this army from Chattanooga has been an extraordinary one. In a little over two weeks Gen. Bragg has transported his great train of ordnance and supplies over two mountains and two rivers, and marched 300 miles. At every move he has deceived, out-generalled, and out-flanked Buell, who is now making his way to Louisville. On the march he compelled the surrender of Munford's Hill with 4,500 prisoners and valuable stores of medicines and food. He has freed North Alabama, and if Gen. Price has done his duty and executed his part of the programme, the whole of Tennessee should be liberated. The enemy occupies but a small part of Kentucky, and when Price shall have secured our rear by holding Nashville, we are strong enough, if Kentucky does her duty to maintain Kentucky, and thus defend the more Southern States of the Confederacy on a frontier three hundred miles removed North from the fighting ground of the last campaign. We are in an abundant country. The quarter masters buy

corn at 30 cents, and beef and bacon at from 5 to 7 cents. So you will perceive our army is cheaply subsisted. The country is full of provisions, and we hear that Kirby Smith has already collected large army stores at Lexington.

Gen. Stevenson, as I have said, has reached Danville, 40 miles hence, and between us and Kirby Smith, with from 7 to 10,000 men for the Gap. He was in pursuit of Gen. Morgan and his refugees. The latter took a more Northwardly route, and Kirby Smith is after him with fair prospects of bagging him. The stragglers of the army, left on the toilsome march, are coming in in numbers to Danville. The great problem of the campaign, to-wit: what Kentuckians will do in their own liberation, is yet to be solved. It is painful to acknowledge that the marks of the Federal yoke are too visible in the temper of the men. But the spirit of the women, is irrepressible. Our troops are everywhere met with the smiles and tears of the women and they display the Southern flag and wave their handkerchiefs wherever we go. I have no doubt of the Southern sympathies of the men, but time and a large exhibition of the Southern ability to defend them are necessary to arouse them.

We should not be surprised at this. The Federal hoof has pressed heavily upon them, and liberty, life and property are all at stake. Meantime, some Kentuckians are joining Smith and Marshall--how many, we know not with certainty. If Bragg can hold Kentucky during the winter, I am inclined to think we shall have the aid of 20,000 or 30,000 Kentuckians in arms. If they knew their true interests they would give us at once 50,000 men, which they can easily do. Their liberation would be secured forever. With this reinforcement Gen. Bragg can whip anything the enemy can bring against him. The spirit and fortitude of this army on its long march is beyond all praise. The army feels its strength and believes that it can go anywhere and whip anything.

Of future plans and movements it is not prudent to speak. All correspondence goes by couriers, and is liable to fall into the enemy's hands.

Col. John Forsyth, of Alabama, Volunteer Aid to Gen Bragg, Maj. Hicks of General Hardee's staff, Surgeons Saunders and Mix, and several other officers, have lately come in, having left Chattanooga to join the army some ten days after its march. The gentlemen were made prisoners by a scouting company of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry and carried into Buell's camp near Cave City. After some pretty hard experience, and being stripped of horses, arms, and servants, they were paroled, turned loose on foot, and sent to the first Confederate picket. Their troubles did not end there, for they had hardly been left by the flag of truce before fighting began between our cavalry in the rear and a pretty strong force of the enemy's foot, horse, and artillery. The skirmish ended in a pretty sharp fight at Mumfordsville, in which Col. Hogan's Third Alabama cavalry, Colonel Crawford's Georgia, and a part of Forrest's men were engaged. Our men fought well, got the best of it, and accomplished their object of protecting Gen. Bragg's rear--his army being then in motion for this place. Buell then pushed in by another pike to Louisville. His friends there had impeded his march by burning some bridges in his front to keep Bragg back.

Under order from Gen. Bragg, Col. Forsyth is making arrangements to public an army journal, for the entertainment and information of the troops, and for the enlightenment of Kentuckians who have been groping in Yankee darkness for the last year or more.

Southern Watchman, Oct. 15 (2, 3), 1862.

For the Southern Watchman.

Mr. Editor:--As there appears to be various reports with regard to the casualties of Gen. Howell Cobb's Brigade, I feel it my duty to set it right, as I was participant in the fight at Crampton's Gap on Sunday evening, 14th Sept., being the commander of company I, 24th Ga. My company was at least an average company in that regiment, and I think the 24th an average regiment in the Brigade. The Brigade consisted of three regiments and Col. T. R. R. Cobb's Legion, viz: 24th Ga. 16th Ga., 15th N. C. and Col. T. R. R. Cobb's Legion. I went into the fight with thirty-three men. Left on the field, Lieut. G. L. Bell, killed, Serg. Robert Coffee, M. Winters, W. R. W. Briant, Wm. L. Smith, W. H. Harris, and Oliver Whitter, none known to be dead except Lieut. Bell. Severely wounded and made their escape -- L. B. Greer, S. Parker, J. O. Little, slightly wounded -- Capt. A. J. Pool, W. R. Harris, E. Martin, A. Watts, being 14 killed and wounded out of 33.

Casualties of Co. I, 24th G., at Sharpsburg, on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, up to 2 o'clock. Severely wounded -- Wm. Hawkins, James Henry, J. S. Brown, Joseph Brown, leaving me in the two fights, up to 2 o'clock P.M., 15 out of 33. I am of the opinion, from every report, that company I suffered as little in proportion as any other company in the 24th regiment, and from all I could learn, as little as any in the Brigade. The casualties of any of the companies except my own on Wednesday, the 17th, I know not. My own I learnt from Wm. Hawkins, who was severely wounded about 2 o'clock and brought to Charlestown Hospital, where I was carried from the Sunday's fight.

You will please give the above a place in your paper, for the satisfaction of those who may have friends and relatives in my company.

A. J. POOL.

Southern Watchman, October 15 (1, 3-4), 1862.

Our Army, its Great Deeds, its Trials, its sufferings,  
and its Perils in the Future.

Winchester, Va., Sept. 26, 1862.

My condition is such as to render it impossible for me to rejoin the army for the present. I was not prepared for the hardships, exposures and fastings the army has encountered since it left the Rappahannock, and like many a seasoned campaigner, have had to "fall out by the way." Indeed, I can recall no parallel instance in history, except Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow, where an army has ever done more marching and fighting, under such great disadvantages, than Gen. Lee's has done since it left the banks of James river. It proceeded directly to the line of the Rappahannock, and moving out from that river, it fought its way to the Potomac, crossed that stream and moved on to Fredericktown and Hagertown, had a heavy engagement at Boonsboro' Gap, and another at Crampton Gap below, fought the greatest pitched battle of the war at Sharpsburg, and then recrossed the Potomac back into Virginia. During all this time, covering the full space of a month, the troops rested but four days! And let it always be remembered to their honor, that of the men who performed this wonderful feat, one-fifth of them were barefooted, one-half of them in rags, and the whole of them half famished. The country from the Rappahannock to the Potomac had been visited by the enemy with fire and sword, and our transportation was insufficient to keep the army supplied from so distant a base as Gordonsville; and when the provision trains would overtake the army, so pressing were the exigencies of their position, the men seldom had time to cook. Their difficulties were increased by the fact that their cooking utensils, in many cases, had been left behind, as

well as everything else that would impede their movements. It was not unusual to see a company of starving men have a barell of flour distributed to them, which it was utterly impossible for them to convert into bread with the means and the time allowed to them. They could not procure even a piece of plank or a corn or flour sack, upon which to work up their dough.

Do you wonder, then, that there should be stragglers from the army? That brave and true men should have fallen out of line from sheer exhaustion, or in their efforts to obtain a mouthful to eat along the roadside? Or that many seasoned veterans, the conquerors in the valley, at Richmond and Manassas, should have succumbed to disease and been forced back to the hospital? I look to hear a great outcry raised against the stragglers. Already lazy cavalry men and dainty staff officers and quartermasters, who are mounted and can forage the country for something to eat are condemning the weary private, who, notwithstanding his body may be covered with dust and perspiration, and his feet with stone bruises, is expected to trudge along under his knapsack and cartridge box, on an empty stomach, and never to turn aside for a morsel of food to sustain his sinking limbs. Out upon such monstrous injustice! That there has been unnecessary stragglers, is readily admitted; but in a large majority of cases, the men have only to point to their bleeding feet, tattered garments and gaunt frames for an answer to the unjust charge.

No army on this continent has ever accomplished as much or suffered as much, as the army of Northern Virginia within the last three months. At no period during the first Revolutionary war--not even at Valley Forge--did our forefathers in arms encounter greater hardships, or endure them more uncomplainingly.

But great as have been the trials to which the army has been subjected, they are hardly worthy to be named in comparison with the sufferings in store for it this winter, unless the people of the Confederate States, everywhere and in whatever circumstances, come to its immediate relief.

The men must have clothing and shoes this winter. They must have something to cover themselves when sleeping, and to protect themselves from the driving sleet and snow storms when on duty. This must be done, though our friends at home should have to wear cotton and sit by the fire. The army in Virginia stands guard this day, as it will stand guard this winter, over every hearthstone, throughout the South. The ragged sentinel who may pace his weary rounds this winter on the bleak spurs of the Blue Ridge, or along the frozen valleys of the Shenandoah and Rappahannock, will also be your sentinels, my friend, at home, It will be for you and your household that he encounters the wrath of the tempest and the dangers of the night. He suffers and toils and fights for you, too, brave, true hearted women of the South. Will you not clothe his nakedness then? Will you not put shoes and stockings on his feet? Is it not enough that he has written down his patriotism in crimson characters along the battle road from the Rappahannock to the Potomac? And must his bleeding feet also impress their mark of fidelity upon the snows of the coming winter? I know what your answer will be. God has spoken through the women of the South, and they are His holy oracles in this day of trial and tribulation.

It is not necessary to counsel violent measures; but it is not expected that any person will be permitted to accumulate leather and cloth for purposes of speculation. The necessities of the army rise up like a mountain, and cannot, and will not be overlooked. It was hoped, at one time, that we might obtain winter supplies in Maryland. This hope was born after the army left Richmond, and has now miserably perished. The Government is unable to furnish the supplies; for they are not to be had in the country. If it had exercised a little foresight last spring and summer (torn) vessels were running the blockade (torn) of calico, linen and other (torn) importance, a partial supply at least of hats, blankets, shoes and woollen goods might have been obtained from England. But foresight is a quality of the mind that is seldom put in practice in these days.

But whatever may be done by the people, should be done immediately. Not one moment can be lost that will not be marked, as by the second hand of a watch,

with the pangs of a sufferer. Already the hills and valleys in this high latitude have been visited by frost, and the nights are uncomfortably cool to the man who sleeps upon the ground. Come up, then, men and women of the South, to this sacred duty. Let nothing stand between you and the performance of it. Neither pride, nor pleasure, nor personal ease and comfort, should withhold your hands from the holy work. The supply of leather and wool, we all know, is limited; but do what you can, and all you can, and as soon as you can. If you cannot send wollen socks, send half wollen or cotton ones; and so with underclothing, coats and pants. And if blankets are not to be had, then substitute comforts made of dyed osnaburgs stuffed with cotton. Anything that will keep off the cold will be acceptable. Even the speculator and extortioner might forego their gains for a season, and unite in this religious duty. If they neither clothe the naked, nor feed the hungry, who are fighting for their freedom, and for their homes and property, what right have they to expect anything but eternal damnation, both from God and man?

If the army of Virginia could march through the South just as it is--ragged and almost barefooted and hatless--many of the men limping along and not quite well of their wounds or sickness, yet cheerful and not willing to abandon their places in the ranks--their clothes riddled with balls and their banners covered with the smoke and dust of battle, and shot into tatters, many of them inscribed with "Williamsburg," "Seven Pines," "Gaines' Mill," "Garnett's Farm," "Front Royal," "McDowell," "Cedar Run," and other victorious fields--if this army of veterans, thus clad and shod, with tattered uniforms and banners, could march from Richmond to the Mississippi, it would produce a sensation that has no parallel in history since Peter the Hermit led his swelling hosts across Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepalchre.

I do not write to create alarm, or to produce a sensation, but to arouse the people to a sense of the true condition of the army. I have yet to learn that anything is to be gained by suppressing the truth, and leaving the army to suffer.



If I must withhold the truth when the necessities of the service require it to be spoken, I am quite ready to return home.

There is nothing new from the front. It is reported that Jackson crossed the river at Williamsport a few days ago to repair a road, which he might have occasion to use, and then returned. I see nothing, however, to change the opinion heretofore expressed, viz: that the heavy work of the campaign is over, unless McClellan should seek us on the south side of the river. This, some believe, public opinion at the North will compel him to do. It may be so: though I doubt it.

I had made arrangements to procure full official lists of the casualties in the Georgia, Alabama and Florida regiments, as well as some account of the performances of the troops from those States, and regret that sickness should have prevented me from carrying them out.

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, Oct. 15 (1, 5-6), 1862.

Further from Sharpsburg and Shepardstown.  
Future Movements of the Two Armies.  
Winchester, Va., Sept. 23, 1862.

A surgeon of one of the Louisiana regiments who was wounded and left behind at Sharpsburg, arrived here last night, and brings some interesting information in regard to the late great battle at that place. He says the enemy lost three generals killed and ten wounded. The names of the wounded he did not get, but the killed are generals Reno, Mansfield and Williams. The Baltimore papers, containing accounts of the battle had been received, and, strange enough, they do not claim a victory, but admit that the Federal loss was quite 20,000. They doubtless changed their tune when they learned the Confederates had withdrawn across the river. When you remember that we took only a few hundred prisoners, you may form some idea of the terrible loss sustained by the enemy in killed and wounded, as confessed by his own press.

The surgeon through whom this information is obtained, states that the Federal army was in a condition approaching demoralization and he thinks, if we had renewed the fight, an easy victory would have been the certain result. He forgets, however that our own army was not in as good fighting condition as it might have been. The want of confidence in our currency among the people of Maryland, and the utter impossibility of supplying such an army as ours at a point so far removed from its base, and by wagon trains alone, constituted another element of weakness on our part. The enemy, moreover, stood with his back against the Blue Ridge, through which there was but one turnpike and that easily defended; so that if we had driven him from the field, we could not have pursued him with any hope of inflicting additional injury. This was not all. In our rear was the Potomac, which is subject to heavy freshets at this period of the year, and when they set in, the river ceases to be fordable for the remainders of the fall and winter. The night preceding the battle and the day on which it was fought the weather presented all the appearances of an approaching equinoctial storm.

These considerations, doubtless, had their influence upon the mind of Gen. Lee in bringing him to the resolution to conduct his army back to Virginia. But it may be asked why he decided to make a stand at Sharpsburg? It was done, I suppose, to cover the operations at Harper's Ferry and to occupy a position where different and scattered wings of the army could be concentrated in the event of a general attack, as well as to be convenient to a good ford on the Potomac. It must be admitted, however, that McClellan had displayed unexpected energy and coolness in his movements. He put his army in motion as soon as possible after we crossed into Maryland, and moved boldly on in our track. At the time the main body of his forces encountered our rear guard under D. H. Hill at Boonsboro's Gap, Jackson had not effected the reduction of Harper's Ferry. McClellan had also sent heavy reinforcements to the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Harper's Ferry; and but for the disastrous check he received from Gen. Cobb at Crampton Gap, they would have arrived in that time to afford the desired assistance. The object of the wily Federal commander was, doubtless, to save the garrison at the Ferry, if possible, and to prevent a re-union of the Confederate forces; in both of which he was disappointed. If he could have detained Jackson, A. P. Hill and McLaws below, while with the chief strength of his army he engaged Longstreet and D. H. Hill above, he had good reason for believing that he would be able to inflict upon us a very heavy loss. Fortunately, we were led by an officer of equal sagacity and genius, who penetrated his designs and combinations and defeated them all.

It may not be improper to suggest here, that the people of the Confederate States have been led to underestimate the abilities of McClellan. In my judgment he is incomparably the best officer in the Federal army, if not the equal of any in the Confederate; and if he had such troops as ours to command the world would not be long in finding it out. His disasters are not justly attributed to his lack of generalship so much as to the character of his troops. The manner in which he

conducted his retreat from Richmond and his conduct of affairs thus far in Maryland, are enough to entitle him to be ranked with the ablest commanders on either side. Officers tell me that a close inspection of his position and works before Richmond, and a thorough examination of his movements from the day after the battle commenced did not disclose one solitary mistake or blunder on his part. He did the best that could be done at every point, under the circumstances, and with the material he had around him. It is safer to give our enemy credit for too much ability than too little.

Some additional particulars have been received of the affair at Sheperdstown ford. It was A. P. Hill and not Jackson commanded on the occasion. It is said (and this is confirmed by the surgeon alluded to above) that about 2,000 Federal infantry attempted to cross after us, and out of that number only ninety lived to return. Such as were not killed and drowned were captured. ~~These prisoners were~~ ~~sent to our hands at Sharpsburg.~~ Those who were taken, as well as the prisoners who fell into our hands at Sharpsburg, have not been paroled, but sent on towards Richmond. Among the latter, it is said, were several who were captured at Harper's Ferry, and paroled two days before the battle. If such be the case, there is but one course open to us, and that is to hang every one of them.

The heavy work of the campaign is probably an end. Jackson may be left in this valley, but the greater portion of the Confederate army will, it is thought, take up its position behind the Rappahannock preparatory to going into winter quarters; while the main body of the Federal army will return to Washington, leaving a division at Fredericktown and another at Hagerstown. From the Rappahannock to the Potomac, the country has been laid waste. Corn, wheat, hay, bacon, hogs, beef cattle and milch cows were either destroyed or appropriated by Pope's army, and there is not food and forage enough in the country to meet the wants of the few inhabitants left behind. Mill houses, thrashing machines manufacturing establishments, wagons, carriages and farming implements were burnt or rendered useless, bridges were blown up, horses and stock killed or carried off, and furniture and private libraries

and papers wantonly mutilated or committed to flames. With these facts before him, the reader may form some adequate idea of the difficulties the army encountered on its march, though this blasted wilderness, and at the same time see how impossible it is for it to go into winter quarters north of the Rappahannock. The conditions of the people in the Valley of the Shenandoah, where we now are, is somewhat better, though far from good, whilst the climate is more severe and the transportation of supplies wholly dependent upon wagons. Below the Rappahannock, we would have two railways, that from Richmond and that from Lynchburg, which meet at Gordonsville.

But I must stop. Thought much better, I write in no little pain.

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, October 29 (3, 2), 1862.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Winchester, Oct. 18th, 1862.

My Dear Christy:--We are yet at the point indicated by this date. As Capt. Frank Hill replied to a private in quest of information from him a few days since, "Gen. Lee has not yet informed me when or where we are to move." Speaking of "Frank," I would remark that he is the busy man of Winchester. He has a barefoot camp hard by, where he daily gathers in the stragglers as they reach this point. With flowing hair and beard, he may be seen briskly each day charging the various hospitals and street corners hurrying laggards to their regiments or the foot-sore to his own headquarters. Dr. Camak I have also observed here rendering noble service in a hospital of his own getting up for Georgians. Rev. Mr. Crumley is also still at this point, handing out garments to the needy and shispering words of comfort to the sick and wounded. Capt Grady is likewise in this place, suffering from a severe attack.

I understand "Stonewall" is again on the war path, and you may hear from him by the time this reaches you. Prisoners are brought here daily. They generally express themselves as "sufficiently amused," like nine-tenths on each side feel. But they say we are sure to be crushed this winter. I have seen daily more suffering for a few weeks past, than I ever wish to see again. My God! how cruel is war! I don't think a human being could be maimed by any other variety of wound than I constantly witness in the miserably offensive, crowded and badly managed hospitals at this point. O, how cruel I find some of the nurses! Small pox is being sprinkled among us to a considerable extent. One case lay in the street all night, within fifty yards of our hospital. Is it possible our brothers and fathers are to lie in the field this winter? God forbid. But hopes to the contrary are exceedingly slim, despite the many rumors here of mediation, lords in the camps, flags of truce between Richmond and Washington, &c., I think there is to be another tremendous battle about the lines, perhaps in forth-eight hours; rumor says so. If it can be done honorable peace could be secured now. Let posterity work for itself.

Gen. Cobb, I understand, is at present on a visit to Richmond, and perhaps to Georgia. Col. Cobb is in town sitting in court martial and Col. McMillan is in command of the Brigade. It is our ardent hope that Gen. Cobb may have successfully interceded for the removal of his Brigade further South.

Who can say how long it may be ere Lee in the East and Bragg in the West shall complete an arch touching outermost on the Lakes and with its bases in the Gulf. Like two healing streams may they continue shooting up their broad columns until they gracefully blend and flow through a people lost to a sense of justice or oppression.

"24TH GA."

Southern Watchman, October 29 (3, 1), 1862

Maj. Robert E. McMillan.

Camp 8 Miles East of Winchester,  
October 8th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:--That merit may have its reward and true valor be justly commended. I beg to pay through your columns, a feeble tribute to the chivalry and manliness with which the gallant young officer, whose name is above, bore his part in the great battle of the 17th of September. In doing this I will but add one to the many plaudits which his skill and bearing excited from all who saw and were with him on the field. I may here remark, that shortly after the battle of Malvern Hill, which closed the series of struggles on the lines about Richmond, and in which also he participated, leading more than once to the charge, he was prostrated by severe sickness, occasioned by heavy marches and fatigue, which unfitted him for duty for several weeks. Hearing however, that the army, after leaving Richmond, had proceeded through Maryland towards Harper's Ferry, he set out for his regiment, the 24th Ga., which he reached after travelling about eighty miles on foot. He immediately assumed command of the regiment, the Lt. Col. being senior in the Brig. General's absence, marched the next day and night, and at day-dawn following, led them on the field of Sharpsburg, where was fought what the enemy terms the great battle of the war. Until 2 o'clock P.M., he acted with the coolness and courage of a veteran, when he was wounded by a musket ball and carried from the field. His self-composure and deliberation was above all praise. In the midst of an iron hail, and while his comrades were falling on every side of him, he remained the same, self-possessed and cool as at battallion drill. His friends will be pleased to learn that he is now doing well and strong hopes are entertained that his wound will heal without amputation of the shattered limb. As is the universal remark of those who fought by his side, a braver man than Maj. R. E. McMillan never commanded on a battle-field. Should he fully recover, I predict for him a brilliant future.

K.



What the Government has done and is Doing for the Sick, Wounded and Destitute Soldiers.

Winchester, Va., Oct. 12th, 1862

In my letter of yesterday I endeavored to show what may be accomplished by the intelligent and well directed effort of one State in the matter of providing for its wounded soldiers and relieving its sick and destitute. The State referred to was Georgia, and the agency through which its charity and benefactions distributed was the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association. It was shown that the State, in addition to large individual contributions of money, clothing, medicine and stores, had appropriated the sum of \$200,000 for the relief of the sick and wounded; that the Association had established four large Hospitals in Richmond; that these Hospitals were provided with surgeons, matrons, nurses and chaplains; that an ample supply of bed sacks, sheets, towels, bandages, splints and medicines had been procured; that a large store room had been rented, where clothing was kept for gratuitous distribution among the troops from Georgia and the very needy from other States, and where extra baggage and express freight might be stored free of charge; and that the Association had in its employ a number of agents, active and zealous agents, who, upon the occurrence of a battle, repaired immediately to the scene of action carrying with them a supply of medicines bed sacks, sheets, towels, bandages, clothing, &c., collected up the wounded from their State, and rendered every assistance, moral and physical, it was in their power to bestow. It was shown also that these agents, were industrious and good feeling, who did not wait for the sick and wounded to come to them, but went out in search of the sufferers, got them into as comfortable quarters as possible, hut beds of straw under their weary limbs, furnished them with a change of clothing, and nursed them like brothers -- as they are.

To-day I propose to show what the Government is doing for the sick and wounded under the same circumstances -- not with a view of finding fault, but to indicate the defects in the system it has adopted, to the end that they may be corrected.

It is customary after a battle has been fought, to collect the wounded together in temporary hospitals or send them to the rear. At Richmond, they were placed in the hospitals in that city; after the second battle of Manassas they were sent back to Warrentown and other towns in the vicinity, and at Sharpsburg they were sent across the river to Shepardstown and thence to this place and Stanton. The regimental surgeons dress the wound, and set or amputate the limb, as the case may be, before the patient passes from their hands to the rear. Some of these operators perform their work skillfully and conscientiously; others do it hurriedly and ignorantly; whilst a few do it in a manner that can only be properly characterized as brutal. I have known of cases of amputations where the lapping part of the flesh was sewed together over the bone so stupidly, that the thread would disengage itself and the bone be exposed in less than twenty-four hours. The object of many of the field surgeons seems to be to get through with their work, in some sort of fashion, as soon as possible, and turn their subjects over to the hospital surgeons. While engaged at the solemn duty, every time they administer brandy to the patient, they take a drink themselves. This part of their work is performed with great unction and conscientiousness. In a majority of instances however, I am glad to say, the field surgeons do quite as well as could be expected of young men who have had but little practical experience in the art of surgery. In cases of ordinary sickness they have but little to do, inasmuch as the Government has been able to furnish them with but few medicines, and they have consequently but little to administer.

But it is when the wounded fall into the hands of the hospital surgeons that his greatest sufferings just begin. I do not mean such surgeons as those in the Richmond hospitals, which are located in a large city under the eye of the Government and are provided for with careful matrons and nurses and an ample supply of hospital stores; the circumstances surrounding the officers, if nothing else would constrain them to perform their duties. But I allude to the surgeons in those hospitals which

are improvised in the rear of the army, as at this place and Warrenton, and who being of but little value at Richmond and other central points, are sent to the country. Shall I daguerreotype two of the surgeons for you? Sam Weller would call them "Sawbones," and perhaps that is a more appropriate term for them than surgeon.

Nearly two weeks after the battle of Sharpsburg, two young gentlemen of irreproachable moustaches, were introduced into my room at a hotel in this place by the landlady, who informed me that they would be my room mates for present. It appeared from their conversation that they had just arrived from Richmond -- that they had been acting in the capacity of assistant surgeons there for nearly a year, and that they had been dispatched to assist in taking care of the wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg. Two questions of much magnitude occupied their attention for half an hour or more -- to wit: 1st, whether they should report to the surgeon of the post in person or by note; 2d, whether in the event they reported in person they should "dress up," or go as they were. They finally decided to dress first and then send up their report in writing. The consideration which brought them to this conclusion arose from the fact that they were without paper, and the idea of going into the street to purchase a supply in their present plight, could not be entertained for a moment. After washing and scrubbing ever so long, their hair and moustaches had to be carefully cleaned and oiled, their uniforms, covered all over with gold lace, neatly dusted, and their boots duly polished. One of them put on a ruffled calico shirt with a large diamond pin and immense gold studs, a pair of white pantaloons, and a handsome black cloth coat, made up in the extreme military style. He first thought he would wear a pair of gaiter shoes, but on consulting "Jim" (his companion,) it was finally agreed that boots would become the set of pants better. So he put on the boots,

Having finished their elaborate toilets and started out of the room, the following laconic dialogue ensued:

Boots--I say, Jim, don't you think we had better take a drop before going down?

Jim--Yes, I do think we had. I feel rather shaky after last night's affair.

They courteously inquired, after a moment's hesitation, whether I would not join them; but I was suffering at the time from fever consequent upon a chill, and a still fiercer fever of indignation that such stupid creatures should be sent here to attend to the wounded, and I declined to participate. They returned to the room after an hour's absence, complained that they had to walk so hard so far through the heat and dust to get a little paper, prepared their note to the Chief Surgeon, who is represented to be a man of industry and energy, replied promptly, ordering them to a certain hospital which they proceeded to take charge of the next morning--nearly twenty-four hours after their arrival in town!

You are ready to inquire, of what use can such dainty gentry be in a dirty hospital filled with stern suffering--men with nothing to lie upon but a little straw, and the air they breathe poisoned by exhalations from the festering wounds and feverish bodies around them? The answer is, they are of no use whatever. If ever so skilled in their profession, the neatness of toilet and the delicacy of their noese would totally disqualify them for such work as this. A hospital at best is not a desirable place to abide in; but when filthy and filled with vermin, and crammed with sick and wounded men, whose wounds are seldom dressed and whose necessities require them to submit to the most disgusting practices, they fall but little if any short of purgatory. The buildings selected for hospitals, instead of being in a quiet, pleasant locality, are almost invariably located in the most noisy, dusty and dirty part of the town. It was so at Corinth, and it is so in Winchester. In the former place, they were located immediately around the depot, where the cars were running day and night, and where the wagons from the camps were constantly arriving and departing, whilst the houses in the rest of the town, which the owners had been required to vacate, were occupied by Generals and their butterfly staff officers.

There are several hundred sick and wounded men here; and yet, if I am correctly informed, the Surgeons did not bring with them a single cot, bed-sack, sheet, or

towel, or a solitary change of clothing for the wounded! Some of the men are now lying on a scant supply of straw, with a foul blanket over them, who are otherwise as naked as when they first came into the world! The little clothing they had was torn off when their wounds were dressed, and it was impossible to recover their knap-sacks after they were wounded. But for a few cots in the York hospital, (which is very well kept) said to have been the wounded as could not get into private houses is as deplorable as it can be.

The Surgeons were late in arriving here and equally slow, as you have seen, in reporting after they had arrived. The agents of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association reached Warrenton with their supplies nearly a week in advance of the Surgeons sent up from Richmond. The same is true as to this place. In less than twenty-four hours after their arrival here (the time required for some of the government surgeons to arrange their toilets and report for duty,) they had visited every hospital in the town, gathered up many of the wounds, furnished them with a change of clothing, and gone to work to secure separate hospital buildings for their accomodation. Why cannot the government Surgeons show equal acticity and humanity?

One thing has impressed me more painfully than all others connected with the army. It is the little concern which the government, its officers and surgeons show for the lives of their troops. A great parade is made over a single piece of artillery captured from the enemy; and yet what is such a trophy compared with the life of an able-bodied man, even when considered as to its military value? We have none too many men in the South that we should adopt a system so disregardful of life. The whole country is interested in the life and health of every man in it, and if some of the energy displayed in forcing feeble and unhealthy conscripts into the service were shown in taking care of the sick and wounded, the army would be all the better for it. A planter who would take as little care of his slaves as the government does of its soldiers, would soon have none to care for, while he would be driven out of the community by his indignant neighbors.

Southern Watchman, October 29 (1, 2-3), 1862.

Army Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

Winchester, Va., Oct. 8th, 1862.

A renewal of chills and fever, in consequence of too early exposure, has prevented me from writing you for some days past. Fortunately, there has been little of interest to communicate. The two armies still confront each other -- one on one side of the river, and one on the other. The enemy reoccupy Harper's Ferry because we had abandoned it, it being no part of Gen. Lee's plans to hold it after he had caught the garrison, with their arms and supplies. The enemy has also sent scouting parties up the east bank of the Shenendoah, and across the river from Williamsport, whilst on the other side of the Blue Ridge he has pushed forward his reconnoissance as far as Manasas, Middleburg and Warrenton. But it is not believed that he has any considerable force anywhere on the south side of the Potomac. On the contrary, the best opinion would seem to be, that his troops are distributed along the north bank of the river at Williamsport, Shepherdstown, and such other fords as the Confederates would be likely to use in the event of another advance into Maryland. The force at Harper's Ferry is, probably, designed more to protect the workmen engaged in rebuilding the railroad bridge at that point, than to take part in any contemplated offensive movement. McClellan may hope that our army will retire up the valley as winter approaches, and thus enable him to regain possession of that portion of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad lying in Virginia. This road will be almost indispensable in subsisting his army and the inhabitants of Washington city during the winter, especially should the navigation of the Potomac, which is frequently the case, be obstructed by ice. It will require a great deal of work to repair the Chesapeake and Ohio canal--another important channel of supplies cut off by our army when it passed into Maryland.

Thus you will perceive there is no foundation for the rumors of a Federal advance, set afloat by the sensation journal in Richmond. If McClellan has thrown any considerable body of troops across the Potomac, the army sent to watch him is certainly ignorant of the fact. The reports brought by "passengers on the cars," so frequently relied upon by those journals, like the reports brought in by cavalry pickets, deserve very little consideration, ninety-nine out of every hundred being idle as the wind. The two armies have never been more quiet; though how long this calm will last it is not for me to say. It may break to-day or to-morrow, or next week; but at this time there are no indications to lead one to anticipate an early renewal of hostilities in this quarter.

If, instead of crossing into Maryland, we had remained on the south side of the Potomac, is it probable that McClellan would have come out and offered us battle? Not at all. Having crossed and recrossed the Potomac, is there any reason that would not have existed if we had never gone into Maryland, why he should do so now. I can see none. Is it then, Gen. Lee's policy to remain quietly where he is or to advance a second time into Maryland? I am not in his councils any more than I am in McClellan's. Gen. Lee is a wise and cautious man, who "refraineth his lips," in accordance with the proverbs of the wise man. If he has any confidants, they are but few -- Jackson and Longstreet; sometimes, it is believed, Toombs' great intellect is needed and he is called in. One can only judge of Gen. Lee's plans therefore, as he does of McClellan's -- by what he sees and hears. And thus judging, one finds but little reason, except in a contingency but now anticipated, for believing we shall return into Maryland.

Indeed, it is not improbable that both Generals are waiting for the usual autumnal floods in the Potomac. A drought of many weeks has prevailed through the region whose waters it drains, and consequently it is now very low and easily forded at many places. If, therefore, McClellan should retire to Washington, the way into Maryland would be left open and undefended. So, if Lee should withdraw in the direction of the Rappahannock, the Federals could proceed to occupy this

Valley and all the country in front of Washington; or, should he retire, leaving Jackson behind, they would probably throw an overwhelming force across the river, before which he would find it necessary to retreat. After the advent of winter, however, and the rains and floods it invariably brings in its train in this latitude, Jackson might be kept here with impunity; whilst Lee, with the main body of his army, might safely go into winter quarters behind the Rappahannock.

So long, therefore, as the Potomac remains at its present low stage, so long is it probable that the two armies will confront each other from its opposite banks. Neither side can afford to retire and leave the way open to an invading force.

A lady who lately came through from Harper's Ferry, says the Federals in large numbers are busily engaged at work upon the railroad bridge at that place and the fortifications necessary for its defense. They are erecting a series of elaborate works on both sides the river, embracing all the heights which command the town, as well as the fords, roads and mountain passes by which it is approached. This looks more like defense than invasion. And yet, according to this lady, the Federals were still boasting that they would soon be in Richmond -- they were certain of success this time, but upon what particular ground, they could not, or did not, state.

Large numbers of persons have arrived here from the South in search of friends reported to have been killed or wounded in the late battles of Sharpsburg. Many have found their trip urgent and particular that will induce Gen. Lee to grant permission to pass his lines, And when they cross the river, it is only to fall into the hands of the enemy by whom they are detained as prisoners. Some have passed their friend on the road; some have found them only wounded when they were reported killed, whilst some had received only slight injuries, who were reported to be mortally wounded. All accounts concur in one respect that cannot be otherwise than gratifying to absent mothers and fathers--viz: the kind treatment extended to our wounded who fell into the hands of the enemy.



The Federal army is provided with a full complement of Surgeons, who have ample supplies of medicines, ice, lemons, bandages, &c., and who are in a condition to give our wounded better treatment than we can ourselves. A few of the Confederate Surgeons have been allowed to visit our wounded at Sharpsburg, and such is the report they bring back. It is reported, also, that flags of truce have been passing between Gens. Lee and McClellan, for what purpose, I am not informed. It may be, however, that some of our Surgeons will be furnished with a statement of the condition of our wounded in the hands of the enemy, which will doubtless be published for the information of the public.

P. W. A.

Southern Watchman, November 5 (2, 5-6), 1862

Amy Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

The Policy of the Enemy.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 25th, 1861.

The weather which has been cool and frosty for some days past is now quite pleasant, and if McClellan has any idea of again trying his fortunes "away down in Dixie," he could not ask for better roads or brighter skies. The Potomac is still low and all the fords are open to his army. Will he come? The Northern papers are clamorous for an advance and at the same time abound in excuses for his delay. Some of them even assign a want of clothing and shoes as the true reason of his inactivity. Others think they begin to see a repetition of the policy of last year, when he kept his large and well appointed army drilling about Washington until it was too late to undertake an offensive movement before spring.

In the course of a long interview yesterday with one of the greatest intellects in this State, he expressed the opinion that McClellan's inactivity was constrained and the result of instructions from his government, which, he thinks, is indisposed to after the 4th of November, the day set apart for the election of Governor and Congressmen in New York. The Federal Administration is believed to be exceedingly solicitous for the election of Gen. Wadsworth the Abolition candidate for gubernatorial honors, and of a sufficient number of Congressmen to insure a majority in the House for the government; and animated by this feeling, it has postponed the draft in that State, and has not yet ordered the new volunteers from their places of rendezvous to the seat of war. Corcoran's brigade alone numbers some 5,000 men -- quite enough, in a closely contested election, to turn the scales in favor of the Administration candidate.

As soon as the elections shall have been held, the gentleman to whom I have alluded is of the opinion that all the available forces at the North under the late call will be sent immediately to McClellan--that he then will attack Lee in great numbers, if he remain where he is; or, if he should retreat up the Valley of the Shenandoah towards Staunton, that he will follow him, harrass his rear, and try

<sup>to</sup>precipitate his columns upon him at an opportune moment and cut him to pieces. Meanwhile, he considers it not improbable that at least a corps d'armee will be dispatched in the direction of Culpepper and Gordonsville, on the east side of the Blue Ridge, to intercept our egress from the Valley through any of the gaps by which the mountains are penetrated.

Should this not be the plan of the enemy, then he thinks a third and last effort will be made before winter sets in to capture Richmond. The routes by Manassas and the Peninsula having been found impracticable the next attempt, in his judgment, will be made from Norfolk and Suffolk, the object of the enemy being first to cut our communications over the Weldon and Lynchburg railroads and occupy Petersburg and next to invest Richmond from the south side. A movement of this kind if successful, would completely isolate the capital, and cut off all its supplies except such as might be obtained from the north side of James river.

These speculations are given because they are plausible in themselves, and proceed from a man of great abilities. They look formidable enough on paper, as did the campaigns projected from Washington and Fortress Monroe; and yet our leaders penetrated the designs of the enemy, and by the aid of their own genius and the valor of their troops, not only defeated them but drove the invader from the State. What Lee, Beauregard and Johnson have once done, may, by the blessing of Providence, may be done again.

That a desperate effort will be made by the enemy to gain some decided advantage over us at an early day there need be no doubt; but I had supposed that his formidable preparations were designed chiefly for Charleston, Savannah and Mobile. It was useless longer to disguise it, that the belief prevails among intelligent men in the North, and even here that our independence will be recognized by the leading powers of Europe by the first of next January. The Federal government probably shares in this opinion, and hence, possibly, the immense preparations it is making for an early movement, and the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln emancipating our slaves on our next new year's day. It may be also, that some official

intimation has reached Washington from European powers, that final action in regard to our status as a nation cannot be postponed beyond the beginning of a year, except in the event of some great and vital advantage being gained<sup>by</sup> the Federal arms.

If these opinions, which are given for what they are worth, be well grounded, so much greater is the necessity on our part of exerting ourselves to the utmost to maintain the existing status and if possible of winning fresh victories. Recognition should it come, would paralyze the Federal government, and in the end be followed by intervention, unless the parties to the war should in the meantime themselves cease hostilities.

I am in possession of the facts upon which these opinions are founded, but do not yet feel at liberty to give them to the public. We have been disappointed so often however, in regard to the action of foreign governments, and that action, like the wind, is dependant upon such a variety of circumstances, that we should not suffer such reports to influence in the least our determination to prosecute the war with all the earnestness and energy of which we are capable. "Fortune follows the brave," and "the gods help those only who help themselves."

The weather not only invites to military operations, but is quite favorable to such of our soldiers as are still barefooted. It gives me pleasure to state, as it will your readers to hear, that the government continues to send forward supplies of shoes and clothing to the army as fast as they can be manufactured. Nearly all of the most destitute, I hope, have been or soon will be partially relieved: but this should not induce the people to relax their efforts; a vast amount of work will still be left for them to do, if they would save their friends from suffering this winter. A different opinion I know has been advanced by persons whose observations are limited to one or more regiments or brigades which happen to be supplied, or who have heard that supplies have been sent forward, but to what extent they are unable to tell. But I examined closely into the condition of the army as a body before I appealed to the country to come to its rescue; what I said was written reluctantly, but under a sense of duty, and I have seen no cause to change one line or syllable of it.

Southern Watchman, November 5 (4, 1-3), 1862.

From the Atlanta Intelligencer.

The Doings of the Army in Kentucky.

When the army began to cross the mountains in August, many expressed their fears as to the propriety of the move; all regarded it as a "bold and hazardous enterprise." The troops under Gen. Smith marched over the mountain with the most scanty supply of food and water. They met, fought, whipped and routed superior numbers, driving the enemy from the heart of Kentucky. The campaign under Gen. Smith was remarkably successful.

Reaching Lexington, Gen. Heth was sent to threaten Cincinnati. He would doubtless have taken the city, but for positive orders to the contrary. But this feint movement, it was designed to call away the Federals from Louisville, so that Gen. Bragg, the commander of the army of Kentucky, might have little trouble in taking this latter place. But, though the city might have been captured with little or no resistance, Bragg was not on hand to take it; and hence it availed nothing that Cincinnati was threatened. Why Gen. Bragg was so far behind the time, the writer does not know.

Remaining several days in front of Covington heights, Gen. Heth returned to Georgetown, where he met other forces under Gen. Smith. These forces, combined, were then sent to cut off the Federal Morgan's retreat from Cumberland Gap; but before they had proceeded far enough to accomplish this object, they were ordered to countermarch to Georgetown, and thus, Morgan was allowed to escape. It is believed that Gen. Bragg give this last order; if so, he is responsible for Morgan's escape. If it was in accordance with Gen. Smith's orders, it was his first blunder.

Meantime every one was expecting to hear of Gen. Bragg's cutting Buell to pieces, and taking possession of Louisville, but in this all were disappointed. Instead of meeting and whipping Buell's forces before they reached Louisville, he allowed them to pass within four or five miles of him, and did nothing, as I am informed, to prevent it! This is still more astonishing, when we consider

that he had a force equal if not superior to that of Buell. For three or four days the two armies were within four miles of each other, Gen. Bragg knowing all the time that his own force was amply able to meet and vanquish Buell's forces. Had he done this, which was but his reasonable duty, our forces could have crossed the Ohio, and with our cavalry we could have scattered all the new recruits the enemy had in camp of instruction. It is difficult to see how the enemy could have recovered from this blow. If it was a bold move, it was within the bounds of probability, and by no means too daring for the troops at Gen. Bragg's command. The General alone is responsible for the sad consequences that may follow a failure to do what he had the power to do. This was Gen. Bragg's greatest blunder.

Then Gen. B. makes his appearance at Lexington; publishes a flaming proclamation, which, by whomsoever it was composed, was a fine composition: and had it been issued by Gen. Bragg on the Ohio, instead of by Gen. Bragg in Lexington it might have been more appropriate. Next came his proclamation, notifying the Kentuckians that if they did not immediately volunteer, they would be conscripted. A day or two after this, he has a Governor inaugurated. Before these solemn exercises were fully over, a courier announces the near approach of the enemy. A retreat is ordered, and the line of march is taken up for Versailles, leaving the capital to fall into Federal hands without any resistance. Then began marches, counter-marches, and angular marches, enough to try the constitution of the stoutest soldier.

Finally an order came for Gen. Smith's forces to form a junction with Gen. Bragg at Harrodsburgh, with the reason assigned, that all depended upon it. Eager for a fight, and more eager still to assist their brethren, who were in danger of being overpowered by superior numbers, Smith's forces left their fires at 2 o'clock, A. M. and hastened to Harrodsburgh, a distance of about fourteen miles. But when they reached this place, strange to say, a large part of Gen. Bragg's army had fallen back towards the mountain. Many were astonished that Smith's

forces should have been thrown into Harrodsburgh, after Bragg's forces had begun to leave it! The next morning all the forces left Harrodsburgh, mad, because they were not allowed to fight. They kept falling back gradually till they reached the mountains, when all hope died away, and indignation filled nearly every heart. "Will we leave Kentucky, just as our forces have been concentrated; will we leave without a fight? Better lose half of our army than to act in such bad faith to Kentucky. Would to God we had never come to Kentucky, if we are to leave our friends ruined. We have put the torch to our friends' houses, and the halter around their necks," and such like expressions filled every man's mouth.

Even after the mountain was gained, did some contend that there was sublime strategy at the bottom of the move; alleging that the honor of the Southern army required us to make an effort, at least to hold the State; that Gen. Bragg's proclamation to Kentuckians, and his reputation as a general, absolutely required him to fight. But however potent these reasons, the army was rushed out of the State without a fight. Never was an army more astonished, or soldiers more disappointed. But what shall we say of those Kentuckians, who, by the proclamations of Generals, and the universal expression of the army, were induced to commit themselves to the Southern cause? Left to the malice of their oppressors, without the slightest warning that our army would leave the State, their property will be greedily confiscated, women will be insulted, or imprisoned, and the men hung as traitors, or cast into loathsome prisons to die!

Does some one say, "We could not hold the State, and hence we ought to have fallen back!" I reply, if such was the case, we ought to have acted on this supposition from the first, and, in that event, we should have injured our enemies instead of our friends. We should have warned our friends to send their families South. We, if rob we must, should have taken the effects of Union men, who are

now busy in giving information against Southern men, and helping to dispoil them of everything dear to freemen. Moreover, we should have warned such of our friends in Kentucky, as could not go South, to do nothing for the Southern army that would cause their ruin on our departure. But if we forced them to take our money, giving them what we pleased for their produce, assured them in every way possible that we intended to hold the State, and then gaining their confidence, we left them in the hands of their enemies without the slightest effort to relieve them! I have lost a brother in the war, meantime my father has died, and, in general, I have been a child of bereavement; but never has anything fallen to my lot which I have been so illy prepared to bear, as the treatment we have given Kentuckians! How a God of justice can prosper a people who would act with such duplicity, is a mystery to me.

Had Gen. Bragg done his duty, as well and promptly as Gen. Smith did, Louisville would have been ours, Cincinnati would have furnished us supplies, while Columbus, Ohio, might have been our headquarters. Then would the Vallandingham of Ohio, and the Brights of Indiana, have rallied to the issuing of Gen. Bragg's noted proclamation; then would many thousands of friends in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, have joined the Southern army; then, too, could Gen. Bragg, having cut off the Western from the Eastern States, have whispered terms of peace into the North-western ear; and then might we have reasonably hoped for peace. But now all hope of peace is indefinitely postponed, and our prospects are gloomier than when we began to cross the mountain, because our appearance near the Ohio has caused many a man to be added to the Northern army, that had we remained South of the mountain, would never have taken up arms against us.

But, as the matter now stands, our friends in Kentucky are ruined. Kentucky will be a free State very soon. We have to fight an enemy whose strength is much augmented, and the Southern army is none the better for having taken all the corn, meat, everything to eat, from the citizens on our retreat. I hope I shall never again witness such wholesale robbery as that of which our army was guilty while



returning from Harrodsburgh to the Gap. I blush to record such enormities! There is one thing which I hope will be examlned into. It is this: Not every loan of corn, not every beef, not every horse or mule, was paid for. Whether Quartermasters have made fortunes or not, depends wholly upon their being honest men. My own impression is that many a loan of corn, many a beef, and many a mule, have been charged to the government for which the rightful owner never received a cent. I do not say that all have done this; but I am satisfied that some have. Will not the Government look into this matter as soon as possible?

I could write much more, but I will close, praying that God, will not crush us for our multiplied iniquities, and that, in future, our honor may forbid our acting so treacherously towards others as we have to Kentuckians. But it was not the army, as such, that did this, and from this I draw my consolation.

"Vidi."

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE  
For the Southern Watchman

Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 17, 1862

Mr. Editor.--A participant in an engagement, though unable to judge accurately of the generalities, can detail the specialties, as they may have occurred, in his own part of the scene of action. While military men might prefer a narration of the former, yet in the home circle, to mothers, to fathers and to friends, these latter would prove a source of higher and more immediate interest. I shall endeavor, therefore, to give briefly an account of the ~~the~~ battle of Fredericksburg, writing only what I saw, that what is written may be relied on as a just and faithful representation. In point of position chosen for our troops, their burning eagerness for the onset, and the terrible slaughter of the enemy, this may truly be styled one of the most brilliant battles of the war. At early dawn on Thursday, the 11th inst., the quietude of slumber was broken by "the cannon's opening roar." The Brigade of our lamented General, Cobb, was immediately formed into line, but as the successive attempts of the enemy to effect a crossing of the river, were opposed as often as they were made. Gen. Barksdale's troops were found sufficient without our aid until near nightfall, when intelligence was received that the enemy had crossed on their pontoons, occupying the lower portion of the town, and that Gen. Barksdale, with his Brigade, was at the market house. Gen. Cobb, with all his Brigade except the 16th Ga., and Ga. Legion, set out immediately for the city. It was [ ] [ ] refugees, men, women and children, thus at night plodding their way through mud and water, leaving their homes and effects to the hands of ruthless plunderers, rather than dwell among them. How often, in passing, did they catch from some feeling soldier the words, "We will restore your homes to you!" The day following was occupied in skirmishing at long range. The pickets moved nearer to each other on Saturday, and continued a sharp fire until near 11 o'clock, when a heavy column was seen advancing in our front. The celebrated New Orleans battery, the Washington Artillery, established on a hill just in our rear, opened fiercely upon them, but the column moved steadily forward. Passing a depression in the ground, and ascending

to the level in our front, they planted their colors and the work began. The steadiness of their advance and perfect preservation of alignment, could not but excite admiration. Under our well directed missiles they presented an unbroken front, clinging to their standard till their withering ranks told that resistance was death. But a short time after, it was glorious to behold them, falling in their retreat, like autumn leaves, before our death dealing fire. But the rejoicing ceased for a time and mourning sat on every countenance, as four grief-stricken litter bearers passed down the lines, bearing the heroic Cobb, who had fallen in this, the first attack of the enemy. Lt. Col. Cook, commanding Phillips' Legion, was killed at this time. A fixed resolve seemed at once to possess every heart to avenge the death would given to their General, and it devolved on Col. Robert McMillan, of the 24th Ga., to lead them in the effort. An opportunity soon offered. Some four hundred yards before us, a dense, blue mass was seen approaching. The artillery continued its thunder. Flash after flash was seen upon the opposite river bank. Shell after shell fell around us, which were responded to from the heights in our rear. Col. McMillan ordered the small arms to cease, directing the men to reserve their fire until the enemy should get near them. The artillery still continued, till the enemy came within musket range. Soon, a death hail commenced pouring from the clouds of smoke in our front. The enemy had now come within reach of our shortest range guns, when our troops no longer able to restrain themselves, and emboldened by the daring example of their new leader, sent a storm into their ranks which carried ruin in its way. The foe turned and fled, but were met by a brigade of their comrades, advancing to their relief. These were treated in like manner as those before them.

Throughout the action, our men behaved with the utmost coolness and courage. In the thickest of the fight, as the Colonel passed down the lines, his own regiment turned and gave him three hearty cheers.\* Col. McMillan indeed possesses the confidence of his troops. His men love him, and if need be, will follow him to their death. In the battle of Fredericksburg he has won laurel wreaths to which fresh leaves will be added when the tocsin again shall summons him to the conflict. It is estimated that in front of Cobb's Brigade, thirteen hundred of the enemy were killed. The number of wounded is not ascertain

The battle continued through the day, the enemy retiring only after a furious night assault upon our works, which was gallantly resisted. The Brigade continued under arms four days and three nights successively. Two hundred and twenty-five will cover all the casualties in the Brigade, a statement of which is given below, as far as can be ascertained. The engagement was general along the lines. I have only given an account of so much of it as came within my personal knowledge. J.H.

-----\* He was struck by two balls, the force of which were well nigh spent, a third inflicting a slight wound on the right arm.

List of casualties in Cobb's Brigade, in the engagements near Fredericksburg, Va.,

~~December~~ Dec. 11th and 13th, 1862

[The list follows]

Field and Staff--Brig. Gen. Thos. R. R. Cobb mortally wounded, since died; Capt. J. M. Berrien, Ordnance Officer, wounded in hip, seriously; courier A. Schlesinger, mortally wounded, since died.

18th Ga. Reg., Lt. Col. S. F. Russ com.

Co. A., Lt. Lemons com.--Wounded: Privates J. W. Gresham, seriously, G. M. Potter.

Co. B. Capt J. A. Steward com--Wounded: Privates H M Turner, seriously, J F Ellis, do; J M Overton, slight, Jas Shaw, W B Smith, C Humphries do.

Co C, Lt Callahan com--Killed; Priv'ts G D Morgan, J M Potts. Wounded: Serg. J H Callahan, slight, Privates J S Lord, mortally, J A Kenney, slight.

Co B, Lt Macon com--Killed: Private E S Saunders. Wounded: Serg H Cain, Privates Jas McCray, J M Dancer, seriously, J E Green, J A Marchman, slight.

Co E, Lt M Crawford com--Wounded: Privates M ~~Kufford~~ Ledford, F R King, slight.

Co F, Lt A F Wooley com--Killed: Serg. A J Earp, Privates Thos S Hackett, D M Nowlin. Wounded: Corp F M Durham, Privates Kay, Jas Pinson, slight.

Co G, Lt Maddox com--Killed: Private W V Davis. Wounded: Private J Aters, slight.

Co H, Capt F M Ford com--Killed: Privates W D Adington, R N Saye, M B Cotton. Wounded: Privates S Owens, Wm Rich, W H Eddleman, seriously; C P Anthony, A H Anthony, A Fox, E Jenkins, Wm Collum, H Abernathy, J Leachman, D M Saye, J V Forddo, Serg M Ford, slight.

Co I, Capt Armstrong com--Wounded: Capt J Armstrong, slight; Privates J M Warren, J A Lockerman, J A Harward, D Nowlin, seriously.

Co K, Lt N T Wofford com--Killed: Lt N T Wofford. Lt W Brown, slight; Privates Jas Nowlin, F Hardis, W H C Smith, J W Williams, F M Spikes, Jas Reagan, seriously. Phillips' Legion, Lt Col R T Cooke com.

Field and Staff--Lt Col R T Cooke, killed, acting Major J A Peck, wounded.

Co A--Killed: Privates R T Parkott, W A Jekall. Wounded: Privates J A Reynolds, L C Perdue, Wm Bass, Serg J D Champion.

Co B--Killed: Private Frank Eldred Wounded: Lt Wm Hamilton, Privates A M Crow, Thos Jolly, John Adams, S Whitaker, Geo Blanton, S Stinson, W Bryant, M E Gamble.

Co C--Killed: Privates C O Wyly, F J Perry, S M Sprewell, W A Tennent, John Elliott, J T Mitchell, Corp J Richardson. Wounded (?) Phillips, J M. Manning, Privates (?), D W Henderson, L W Hicks, E Trotter, D R. Jones, C Heaton, J N Rich, Jos Hockenbull, J H Billeh, J D Kissleburg, W H Kissleburg, D B Thomas, G F Love, L C Bradbury, J W Edwards, J W McCracken, B.N Carter.

Co D--Killed: Private M G Simms.--Wounded: Privates R F Wimper, E C Williams, J W Simms, W T Hedrick.

Co. E--Killed: Private Samuel Lowry. Wounded: Lt H D Price, Segg Davis, Privates J Fields, J Grizzle, J Bates, R J Fields, J Blackwell.

Co F--Wounded: Privates T Faber, W M Geary, P Furlong, P McGuire, Neal Daggan, J Flanagan, R Gillespie.

Co L...Wounded: Capt J N Johnson, Private N Sherman.

Co M...Wounded: Private S Drake.

Co O...Wounded: Private I H House.

24th Ga. Reg., Col. R. McMillan, com.

Field and Staff--Col R McMillan, (commanding Brigade) wounded in right arm slightly.

Co B... Wounded: Serg W Dickerson, slightly in shoulder, Private B. M Scott, severely in face, M Pruitt, slight.

Co C... Wounded: Corp J A Pitchford, Private J G Stokes, slight.

Co D...Wounded; Privates W H Carter, D Burch, slight.

Co E... Wounded: Privates C J Wall, W Justice.

Co F...Wounded: Lt J M Patterson, Corp J A Mauldin, slight.

Co G...Wounded: Capt W S Brewster, (mortally -- since died,) Privates M. Smith,  
----Barton, slight.

Co H...Wounded: Privates R B Vaughn, J A Cleaveland, J Farrar.

Co I...Killed: Privates A Loggins, A J Yancy, J S Sargent, Wm B W Bryant Wounded:  
Privates John Norris R L Harris, severely; Sergs J B Pool, W H H Pool, W F Smith,  
Corp J N Bolen, Privates N Martin, A W Williams, slight.

Co K...Wounded: Lt Garnett McMillan, slightly in face; Privates W Morrison F L  
Daniel, A J Whitehead, A Shirley, slight

[The casualties of the 16th Ga. were also furnished us, but are omitted, as we  
published them last week.]

	RECAPULATION.		
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Field and Staff,	00	3	0
18th Ga Reg.,	11	47	0
Phillips' Legion,	13	55	0
24th Ga. Reg.,	4	31	0
16th Ga. Reg.,	3	63	4
Grand Total,	<u>31</u>	<u>199</u>	<u>4</u>

D. E. BANKS, A. A. A. G.

Southern Watchman, December 31 (2, 1-4), 1862

From the Richmond Enquirer.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF SATURDAY'S FIGHT.

Battle Field, Saturday, Dec. 13.

This morning the sun struggled up through the obscuring mists which ~~xxxxx~~ overhung the landscape, but his rays were for an hour or two interrupted by some ashen clouds slowly drifting overhead. Everything was still as on any December morning. Scarcely a breath of air wafted the falling leaves or stirred the fringes of the pine. The fog and smoke thoroughly mingled through the night, and shrouded hill and plain in a greyish dim could.

As this began to rise, about eight o'clock the roar of the enemy's artillery woke the stillness of the scene, and signalized the coming great battle. Hastening to the front I obtained a

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

The observer, who stands on the heights that rise abruptly from the suburbs on the western side of Fredericksburg and casts his eyes to the southwest, sees stretching before him a level plain, to where the Rappahannock, making a broad curve, with the rising hills on the north bank forms the horizon. This plain is about six miles long, with a mean breadth of two and a half miles. On the right the plain is scolloped by spurs of hills, gradually sloping down into the bottom land, at intervals of about a mile, clothed with dark pines and leafless oaks. On the left, where the Rappahannock sweeps along hid by its high banks, a succession of hills rise much more abruptly than on the right, the face of the hills bare or clothed with straggling pines, and the summits crowned with dense timber. These hillsides are white with the enemy's tents and trains, and from the crests his batteries bristle in countless profusion as far as the eye can reach.

Now, let us cast our eye again down this broad stretch of bottom land and note what a bird's-eye view affords. First is the town of Fredericksburg, some of the

ruins still sending up wreaths of pale blue smoke, but the town is not so much demolished as some excited imaginations may have supposed, and hardly enough to attract the attention of the casual observer. Then the plain is seen seemingly lowest in the middle, but actually nearly level. A few long narrow groves of leafless oaks breaks the monotony, and here and there some clumps of cedars are seen. The fields containing, on an average, a hundred acres, are separated by worm fences and ditches, the latter indicated by lines of low hedge. The enemy's line occupies the left of this plain, and in some places their columns, which the casual observer, from this point, would take to be dark clumps of cedar, spot far out in the fields. In the centre of their line, near the river, on rising ground, is posted a battery of twenty-one heavy guns--there may be more--but these only are distinguishable by the eye.

Just in the rear of these, so far as one is able to judge by the long line of ambulances which disappear on the opposite bank of the river, and emerge near by, a pontoon bridge spans the river--a single bridge, I am told. This battery forms a prominent part of the picture, especially when it fires regularly by sections, sending its shells across the plains and into the rising hills on the right. A short distance above this battery, that is next to the observer, a narrow grove of oaks extends diagonally into the plain, half a mile perhaps, terminating in low marshy ground. A deep gully extends the length of this grove and is spanned in the middle by a railroad bridge, the line of the railroad indicated here and there by patches of red earth which marks its length down the left side of the valley. (In this grove the enemy find concealment for a brigade, which keeps up a random fire on our troops until dislodged by a regiment sent from Hood's division.)

Nothing but pale clouds of smoke struggling up through the undergrowth and forests on the hills to the right, indicate the presence of our forces.

#### THE BATTLE.

Now the fog has lifted, revealing the dark and heavy columns of the enemy moving down the opposite bank of the river. Far down near the lower part of the valley, they are seen debouching. Whole fields are gleaming with bayonets. They continue to



pour out upon the plain in a stream which seems to come from an inexhaustible fountain. The meadows are black with them, tens of thousands in solid columns. We can only vaguely conjecture at this distance, the number. Old soldiers think there are sixty thousand. Where are our men? A solitary battery of four guns, commanded by Captain Carter Braxton, is to be seen on the plain. The fire from the enemy's battery of twenty-two ~~guns~~ guns, opens upon it, but it makes no reply. Other batteries direct their shot towards it, but it has made up its mind not to be hurried.

The enemy, now formed in three heavy columns, advances to attack our right; on they go at double quick towards the woods making the earth shake under their tread, with colors flying and arms glistening in the sunlight. Where are our men? A long sheet of flame from the skirt of woods, at the foot of the hills, a cloud of smoke, a roar and rattle of musketry tell their whereabouts. The advanced column halts, delivers a hasty fire. A continuous stream of fugitives from the front scour across the fields rearward; some are halted and formed in squads, but can never be forced again to go to the front except at the point of the bayonet. The smoke now, mostly shuts the combatants from the view of the distant spectator. There is breaking of ranks among the enemy, rallying and re-rallying, but to no avail. They cannot stand the murderous fire. They give it up as a bad job. Meanwhile the battery in the field (Braxton's) has opened, after long endurances, and at the right moment makes its ~~mark~~ mark. The coolness and precision with which it is handled, wins the admiration of all observers. The manner of its action will be noticed hereafter in complimentary terms in official reports. Other batteries did their work nobly, but they, with other particulars of the engagement on the right, must be noticed where each can have justice done in an extended account.

#### THE STORMING OF THE HILL.

The Yankees commenced the storming of the hill at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock a. m., with six brigades, and were repulsed four times with immense slaughter. They were mowed down by hundreds. Two hundred and fifty bodies were counted on a space occupied by only one

regiment. The firing was kept up incessantly until 3 o'clock. Col Walton's battery held the heights, keeping up a continual stream of fire, each volley thinning the ranks of the enemy in a terrible manner.

The battery of Capt. Miles C. Macon, of Richmond, covered itself with glory. The fire was opened on the storming regiments by this battery. The railroad gap, at one time, was filled with Yankees, when a well-directed shot from the battery exploded in their midst, killing about fifty of the hirelings. Capt. M.'s battery was hotly engaged on the 11th, 12th and 13th, and won the admiration of all the commanding officers, by the coolness and precision exhibited by the men in handling their guns. Astonishing to say, not a man of this company was killed or wounded.

One rifle piece of Captain Ewbank's battery, near the centre, has been engaged. On Saturday afternoon it played upon the Yankee brigade driven by Hill's men from the woods, in front of Bernard's. This portion of the battery has been under a heavy fire for three days past, but has fortunately suffered no loss. The remainder of Capt. Ewbank's guns are so disposed that they will perform efficient service when called upon, in which event we expect to chronicle a brilliant achievement on the part of this gallant command.

Late in the afternoon comes the magnificent charge of a regiment of Hood's Division, across the plain, routing a brigade from the line of the railroad, and while under the concentrated fire of a battalion of artillery, driving the enemy from the skirt of woods before mentioned, capturing 41 prisoners, representing six regiments and on the whole, covering themselves with ineffaceable glory.

The First Company Richmond Howitzers, Capt. McCarthy, was engaged near the centre on Friday and Saturday. Private Maury, of this company, was slightly wounded in the arm.

The loss in killed and wounded, in Cook's Brigade, in the fight on Morris and Willis' hills, may be estimated as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.
27th North Carolina,	3	15
15th " "	17	113
46th " "	5	75
48th " "	15	140
Total,	<u>40</u>	<u>343</u>

PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF GEN. COBB.

A group of officers, consisting of General Cobb, his Adjutant, Capt. Herring, Gen. Cook and his Adjutant, Capt. Butler and Capt. Brewster were standing in the telegraph road, near the scene of action, when a shell exploded in their midst, a piece of which struck Gen. Cobb on the thigh, the same piece also striking Gen. Cook on the left temple, fracturing his skull. By the same explosion Capt. Brewster was badly wounded just above the knee, and Capt. Herring seriously in the hip. Gen. Cobb, on being struck, quietly asked for a tourniquet. A silk handkerchief was made to serve the purpose as far as possible, but to little avail. He was led from the field, and all the aid rendered that medical skill could devise, but in vain. He died in a few hours, freely giving up his life in defence of his country's freedom.

ION.

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Tuesday--12 O'Clock

On Monday afternoon the Yankee forces in the field, on their left, near Fredericksburg, were reviewed their entire length by Burnside. The column appeared about a mile in length. Some of their big guns to the left threw a few shells to add to the display.

ION.

Special Correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer.

Howison's Farm,  
1½ Miles From Fredericksburg,  
Dec. 16, 10 P.M., 1862.

The great battle of Fredericksburg has been fought and won. To-night those of our victorious troops who have escaped unharmed from battle, bullet and disease,

rest quietly and confidently on their well earned laurels, whilst nearly, if not quite, all of our wounded are in your comfortable hospitals, where, as far as it is possible, let us hope that human skill and attention will be readily afforded. Many a brave spirit has sealed his devotion to our cause by the sacrifice of his life on this glorious but fatal field. Let the memory of such be ever cherished by our people with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and thankfulness, as men who have given themselves as martyrs in this revolution.

The rumor in my letter of yesterday that Fredericksburg had been evacuated by the enemy, and again in our possession proves true.

So soon as I finished my letter at the cars yesterday, I hastened back to visit the town, but getting thus far so late at night, I have concluded to hold on here and give you what I have gathered from citizens who have been to town during the day.

#### THE EVACUATION OF FREDERICKSBURG.

The work of "evacuation," "skedaddling" or "change of base," which ever it may be called, was commenced about sundown last night, and was concluded about day light, at which time they took up the last of their pontoons, and once again achieved a great victory by "falling backwards."

Their departure gives unmistakable evidences of panic and haste. About the town are found large numbers of guns, knapsacks, haversacks, crackers, salt, port, and at least one hundred thousand rounds of good cartridges. They also left behind them in and about the town at the very least, some six hundred of their dead. There are one hundred and three of these dead on a space of less than an acre of ground. The town was largely used for hospital purposes by the Yankees, and in the haste of departure, some twenty of their wounded were left behind.

#### THE EXTENT OF OUR VICTORY.

As the ~~m~~ mist rises from the fight, and the clouds clear away from the battle, the extent of our victory, and the Yankee defeat begins to show itself. Intelligent citizens of Fredericksburg say that the Yankees admit a great defeat, and a loss during

the whole engagement, at the passage of the river, and ending with Saturday's great fight of 15,000. It is also said upon what I regard as trustworthy authority that the Yankee officers were anxious to renew the fight on Sunday, but that the men were demoralized and could not be gotten up to the mark. Some of their prisoners likewise confirm the report that bayonets and sharpshooters were used in forcing up the men to the terrible [? ] of Saturday, and they further say that they were threatened with the fire of their own batteries should they falter. I think it cannot be questioned that whiskey rations were freely supplied on Yankees previous to their going into action. But all this was to no purpose. The Yankees had essayed a task which no army ever marshalled or that ever will be organized, could have accomplished. To have driven our men from their position and to have taken it, was a work compared with which the storming of Gibraltar would be as child's play. To appreciate the strength of our position it must be seen; suffice it to say, that we had "Stonewalls" at both ends of the line--Jackson on the right, and the stone fence on the left, at Fredericksburg. No other man than Burnside would have attempted so difficult or so fool-hardy an adventure.

Truly may it be said the Yankees slain in battle have been "butchered to make a Lincoln holiday." They have failed here most signally. They may try the Port Royal route; if they do they will find the same character of obstacles there as here, the same advantages to our side, of brace spirits to oppose them, and choice positions in which our men can arrange to dispute their march. The results are glorious. Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, as well as the gallant men under their commands, deserve our never ceasing thanks.

#### THE YANKEE WOUNDED.

At the Summit, to day, ranged side by side with our men, were the Yankee wounded, receiving the same care and enjoying like kind treatment with our unfortunate defenders. Surely any but men dead to honor and lost to all principle and sentiment would

appreciate this. But upon a Yankee such acts of kindness make no sort of impression. Indeed, it is a shining light in the darkness, a bright page in our history, that we can hereafter proudly point to as illustrating our character, tone and Christianity. That when our people were driven from their homes, which were shelled and burned over their heads, and their abandoned property was destroyed amid wild riot and unjustifiable license, they who were the victims of their injustice, could forget their wrongs and injuries, and bear the cup of cold water, and the wine of nourishment to their enemies.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

The wanton destruction to property in ~~town~~ town can neither be imagined nor described. Had so many demons from perdition been unchained and commissioned to wreak vengeance, the illfated city could not have fared worse. All that was edible has been devoured by the hungry Yankees, whilst clothing has been stolen from every house, the furniture recklessly destroyed or thrown into the streets, beds ripped open, pictures disfigured and destroyed, pianos ruthlessly robbed of the keys. Indeed, every conceivable injury that devilish malice or thieving lust could invent was freely resorted to during the memorable four days of the last occupation--a time which will never be effaced from the memories of the gallant few who stuck it out. The Baptist Church has been nearly riddled by shells, while all the pews have been torn out to make room for the sick who were spread upon the pew cushions. The same condition of things was visible ~~in~~ in the basement of the Episcopal Church; our informant did not visit the main body of the edifice. The Orphan Asylum, Dr. Scott's, F. Slaughter's, and S. S. Hawison's houses were used as hospitals. In all, some twenty houses have been destroyed, and the loss of property of one kind and another cannot fall much short of \$25,000.

A citizen who was in town during the shelling estimates that not less than 14,000 shot and shell were thrown into the town by the Yankees during the bombardment on Thursday last. This informant is one in every sense trustworthy.

Brompton the elegant mansion of John L. Mayre, was well nigh destroyed. There are some fifty cannon-ball holes through the parlor alone.

### NARROW ESCAPE OF GEN. JACKSON

Gen "Stonewall" Jackson, who many almost believed leads a charmed life, had a very narrow escape. He was watching the battle, and standing at the time near an oak tree when a bullet struck not more than two inches above his head. The old Hero continued his observations, unmoved by the incident.

An incident occurred at the Summit, on yesterday which is worth recording. A Frenchman in our service rode up to this point just as an amputation was about to be performed upon a Yankee, who was suffering great pain. Said the Frenchman in the impulse of the moment, which fully overcame him, "By Gar--what a warfare! medicine's a contraband article--a shame! who ever heard the like? Hottentots would not do worse. If our surgeons had chloroform, that operation could be performed with little or no pain to the sufferer. Lincoln, one dong, oh, that he could see this suffering!" The force of this remark needs no comment to show ~~ix~~ its pertinency.

### MORE PRISONERS.

There were some eighty-five prisoners captured on the out-skirts of town yesterday morning, and some twenty more were found asleep and concealed in private residences late in the day. When brought out they looked like so many sheep killing "dogs" caught in the act of transgression.

### A YANKEE TRICK.

As one of the magnificent ruses practiced by these "immaculates" to deceive our men, while getting off Sunday night, they dropped their dead in front of our pickets, so as to make them resemble pickets. They used their dead basely, rather than bury them, leaving this work to our men. What a people! How little do they respond to the claims of humanity.

It was my province to report more especially as to matters transpiring on the right, and it is with unfreigned regret that I acknowledge how imperfectly the task has been performed. It was your correspondents intention to have gone over the field with a

capable and intelligent officer disposition of our forces and the parts which were borne respectively by regiments, companies, brigades and divisions. Nothing would have afforded him a greater pleasure, and the regret is sincere that pressing duties and the necessities of the hour, should have interfered to have prevented this. However the battle sketched so imperfectly will, let us hope, yet be written in detail, and the need of just advise, though withheld for the present, [ ] come to light, to the satisfaction of those who now know that they deserve more credit than the uninformed journalist of the hour can accord them.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Dec. 17. --8 A. M. -- Everything perfectly quiet this morning.



From the Atlanta Intelligencer.

Cobb's Legion

The war has been going on for more than two years. During this time, how many changes have occurred in companies, regiments, Brigades, squadrons, &c., by death resignation, promotion, and other causes! A friend handed me this morning, a slip cut from a Georgia paper, in August, 1861, which give the following as the organization of Cobb's Legion, at that time in camp near Richmond.

COBB'S LEGION

Colonel . . . . .	Thomas R. R. Cobb
Lieut. Colonel . . . . .	R. H. Garnett
Major . . . . .	E. F. Bagley
Adjutant . . . . .	P. M. B. Young
Sergeant Major . . . . .	J. C. Floyd
Quartermaster . . . . .	F. Watkins
Commissary . . . . .	T. M. Lampkin
Surgeon . . . . .	S. G. White, M.D.
Assistant Surgeon . . . . .	Jos. Hatton, M.D.
Chaplain . . . . .	Rev. R. K. Porter

COMPANIES

CAVALRY BATTALION

Name of Company	Captain
Richmond Hussars . . . . .	T. P. Stovall
Fulton Dragoons . . . . .	B. C. Yancy
Georgia Troopers . . . . .	W. G. Delony
Dougherty Hussars . . . . .	W. G. Lawton

INFANTRY

Lamar Infantry . . . . .	J. M. Lamar
Tom Cobb Invincibles . . . . .	F. S. Powell
Stephens Rifles . . . . .	L. J. Glenn
Poythress Volunteers . . . . .	W. S. Morris
Bowdon Volunteers . . . . .	C. A. McDaniel
Mell Volunteers . . . . .	T. Camak
Panola Guards . . . . .	C. B. Knight

ARTILLERY

Troup Artillery . . . . .	M. Stanley
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It will perhaps be interesting to the friends of the organization, to have noted briefly, some of the many changes that have occurred among the Field and Company officers. Alas! how sad and melancholy have been some of these changes.

The lamented Cobb retained the Colonelcy, until November 1862, when he was appointed a Brigadier General, on the recommendation of Gen. Lee, himself--receiving his commission while the army was in camp at Culpepper Court House, awaiting the movements of the enemy.

He fell mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, an irreparable loss to family, friends, and society, the Church, army and country. But I leave to others, the pleasing, though melancholy task of commemorating his many virtues, in all the relations of life.

The following just and beautiful tribute to his memory is from the commanding General of the "Army of Northern Virginia." It was furnished me by the Rev. Mr. Porter, and though not intended for the public eye, I cannot forbear inserting it:

Camp near Fredericksburg,  
13th December, 1862.

"General Howell Cobb:

"General: --I beg leave to express my deep sympathy in your great sorrow. Your noble and gallant brother has met a soldier's death, and God grant that his army and our country may never be called upon again to mourn so great a sacrifice.

"Of his merits, his lofty intellect, his accomplishments, his professional fame, and above all his christian character, I need not speak to you who knew him so intimately and well. But as a patriot and soldier, his death has left a deep gap in the army which his military aptitude and skill render it hard to fill. In the battle of Fredericksburg he won an immortal name for himself and his brigade. Hour after hour he held his position in front of our batteries, while Division after Division of the enemy was hurled against him. He announced the determination of himself and his men never to leave their post until the enemy was beaten, and

with unshaken courage and fortitude he kept his promise.

"May God give consolation to his afflicted family, and may the name and fame of the christian statesman and soldier be cherished as a bright example and holy remembrance.

"With great esteem,  
 "Your obedient servant,  
 R. E. LEE

But I proceed, Lieutenant Colonel Garnett was made a Brigadier General in November, 1861, while on the Peninsula. He was a captain in the old army and a Virginian. A more perfect gentleman never lived, and though connected with the Legion but a brief period, by his urbanity of conduct and kindness of disposition, and soldierly bearing, he attached all, officers and men, to himself, not with "hooks of steel" but by the links of affection.

Maj. E. F. Bagley was likewise an officer in the old army--a native I think, of Augusta, Ga. He was accidentally killed in November, 1861, on the Peninsula, near Newport News. He was a brave man, a social companion, and a good officer.

P. M. B. Young, the first Adjutant, became Major of Cavalry. On the promotion of Col. Garnett, he was appointed Lieut. Col. of the Legion, and has, since the death of Gen. Cobb, been made the Colonel. He is a native Georgian, graduated at the Marietta Military Institute, and wanted but a few months of graduation at West Point when the war broke out.

On the promotion of Adj. Young, Sam C. Williams was appointed to fill the vacancy. He resigned in Nov. 1862, and J. C. Rutherford became Adjutant.

Oliver S. Porter, of the Panola Guards, is acting Adjutant for the Infantry, and Willie Church, of the Georgia Troopers, Adjutant of the Cavalry.

Serg. Maj. Floyd has since become 2d Lieut. in the Lamar Infantry, and Wm. T. Wimberly, of the Poythress Vols. succeeded him.

Qr'mr. Watkins, on account of ill health, resigned at an early day, and was

succeeded by Y. J. Anderson, of the Richmond Hussars, who afterwards became Qrm'r for the Cavalry, and Ben. E. Crane, of the Artillery, was appointed for the Infantry. Miller Lumpkin is Commissary for the Cavalry. Commissary Lampkin resigned in Sept'r, 1863, and Lieut. Fitzpatrick, of the Panola Guards, appointed.

Surgeon White resigned in Oct. 1862, and the army lost one of its best surgeons. He was succeeded by Dr. E. J. Eldridge.

Ass't Surg. Hatton, a faithful and competent officer, resigned in July, 1862, and Dr. E. D. Newton has since been assigned to the place. Rev. Mr. Porter alone, of all the officers, field and company, still holds his original position as Chaplain, respected and beloved by the whole command.

Capt Stovall, of the Richmond Hussars, resigned in May last, and was succeeded by Lieut. Archer.

Capt. Yancey, of the 'Fulton Dragoons,' was appointed Major of Cavalry in Nov., 1861, and resigned in June 1862. Lieut. Z. A. Rice succeeded him as Capt. of the co.

Capt. Delony, of the 'Georgia Troopers,' succeeded Maj. Yancy, and Lieut. Williams became Capt. of the company. Maj. Delony has since been made Lieut. Col. of Cavalry.

Capt Lawton, of the 'Dougherty Hussars, resigned last spring--raised a regiment of cavalry, and served for some time under Gen. Forest in Tennessee. Lieut. G. J. Wright succeeded him as Captain, and has since been promoted to Major, and Lieut. Campfield became Captain of the company.

Capt. Lamar, of the 'Lamar Infantry,' on the death of Maj. Bagly, was appointed Major in Nov. 1861, and was promoted to Lieut. Col. in July, 1862, on the resignation of Lieut Col. Knight. Col. Lamar was mortally wounded at the battle of Crampton Gap, Md., Sept. 14th, 1862, and died the following day. A more gallant spirit has not fallen in this great struggle for Southern independence. Lieut. Conyers succeeded

him as Capt. In the same battle, Lieut. Rich'd Simms, a young and chivalrous officer of this company, was killed dead upon the field. Serg. S. D. Banks was elected in Sept. 2d brevet Lieut. to fill the vacancy thus created.

Capt. Powell, of the 'Tom Cobb Invincibles,' resigned on account of failing health, in June, 1862, and was succeeded by Lieut. G. W. Moore. Capt Powell is a minister of the gospel, and a more conscientious and faithful officer has not been in the service. I could relate many laughable anecdotes in which he figured during his military career did time and space permit. All regretted his resignation.

Capt. Glenn, of the Stephens Rifles, was promoted to Major in July, 1862, and to Lieut. Col. in Sept. Lieut. M. F. Liddell succeeded him as Capt. of the company. Lieut. O M Amoss, an accomplished young officer in this company, was mortally wounded in the battle of Crampton Gap. Serg. M. Brown was elected on 25th Sept. to fill the vacancy.

Capt. Morris, of the Poythress Volunteers, resigned in August, 1862, and was succeeded by Lieut. T. B. Cox. A "jolly old soul" was Capt. Morris, and many are the pleasant reminiscences connected with the Peninsular campaign, in which he bore a conspicuous part. "Long life" and no trouble to him.

Capt. C. A. McDaniel, of the Bowden Volunteers, was elected Col. of the 41st Reg. at Big Shanty, in March, 1862. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862. He was a minister of the gospel, and no purer and better man has given up his life a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country in this unholy war. He was succeeded by his nephew Lieut. W.W. McDaniel, as Captain of the company.

Capt. Camak, of the "Mell Volunteers," was promoted to Major, September, 1862, and was succeeded by Lieut. W. A. Winn, as Captain.

Capt. Knight, of the "Panola Guards, " was appointed Lieut. Col. of infantry in June, 1862, and resigned on account of ill health in July. He was succeeded by Lieut. Barnet as Captain. Col Knight was a deservedly popular officer. He was

brave and generous to a fault. His whole soul was enlisted in the great cause of Southern rights. "The spirit was willing but the flesh weak." Many pleasant hours has the writer passed with him, in the cabin, the tent, and bivouac. But

"Those joyous hours are passed away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the Tomb now darkly dwells."

Martin Dye, a half brother of Colonel Knight, and a Lieutenant in this Company and one of the best officers connected with the Legion, was killed at Crampton Gap. The vacancy was filled by the election of S. W. Burney.

The "Troup Artillery" was originally mustered into service for twelve months.

At its organization, in April 1862, Capt. Stanly declined a re-election, and Lieutenant Carlton was elected by an almost unanimous vote. This company has probably performed more and harder service than any artillery in the army. They were in the campaign of North Western Virginia in the winter of 1861--thence they were ordered to the Peninsula, and were in the fight at Dam No. 1, April 16th, 1862. They were in the retreat from Yorktown, in the battle at Savage's Station and Malvern Hill, went through Maryland, were in the battle of Crampton Gap, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg.

Thus, Mr. Editor, have I rapidly noted some of the changes that have occurred among the field and company officers of Cobb's Legion. Would that I had the means and leisure of enumerating all that had taken place both among officers and men. Should this meet with a favorable reception at your hands, I may hereafter, at a more convenient season, resume my pen for that purpose.

QUISQUE.

P.S.--It is proper to say, that in the summer of 1862, five companies were added to the cavalry. The two commands being widely separated ever since, I am not familiar with their organization; and hence cannot speak of any changes that may have occurred in them.

Q.

Southern Watchman, March 18 (2, 3), 1863

For the Southern Watchman

Camp Helen, Caroline Co. Va.

March 2, 1863

At a meeting of the Troup Artillery, held this day, a committee consisting of Lieut. H. Jennings, Serg't James F. Dillard and Private Charles J. Oliver, was appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of the company in relation to the death of Brig. Gen T.R.R. Cobb at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

The resolutions annexed, were reported and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, 1st, That, in the death of Gen Cobb, this company has lost, not only a trusted and beloved commander, but a friend and father. One in whose friendship there was "no variableness nor shadow of turning;" but who was ever watchful of our comfort; ever zealous for our welfare and honor; and ready, at all times and under all circumstances, by voice and influence to aid us individually and as an organized body, in any and every way. As orphans we stood in agony of grief over his breathless corpse; as orphans, we have never ceased to mourn his loss; and as orphans we offer, this day, through the cold medium of these resolutions our humble tribute to his virtues and his memory.

Resolved, 2d, That we have read, with mournful pride and gratification inexpressible, the touching letter of the General commanding the Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. Howell Cobb. As a tribute from the first military genius of the age to the approved soldier; the pure patriot; the gallant, chivalrous gentleman; the devoutchristian--to our father, we will cherish it in our "heart of hearts" while life and memory lasts.

Resolved, 3d, That the name and rank of Gen. Cobb with the date and place of

his death to be entered upon a blank page of our company Order Book, and that Gen Lee's letter and these resolutions be written below.

Resolved, 4th, That, to that desolate household whose hearts are bleeding under the stroke that has taken from them a husband so fond and devoted--a father so kind, so gentle, so loving, we respectfully proffer our heart's tenderest sympathy. May the "God of the widow and fatherless" be with, and sustain them in all present and future trials.

Resolved, 5th, That these resolutions be forwarded to the Southern Banner and Southern Watchman at Athens, Ga. for publication, and that the press of the State be requested to copy them.

Lieut. H. Jennings,        )  
 Serg't James F. Dillard    ) Com.  
 Private Chas. J. Oliver    )



Southern Watchman, March 25 (1, 2), 1863

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp at Kenan's Camp Ground,  
3½ miles from Clayton, March 14.

Mr. Editor:--It has been some time since I offered you anything from our company. The health of my company is good. All who are with me are in fine health and spirits. It is said that some who are at home have small pox. I do not know that they certainly have, but from latest advices from R. L. Johnson, I suppose he has, and is recovering.

On the 19th January, under command of Maj. Sam. J. Winn, we left East Tenn. for Ga. Our operations in upper Georgia are so well known, I say nothing of them. I, with a part of my company, was stationed at Gainesville for a while, and while there, were treated with great kindness by Mrs. Banks, E. N. Gower and lady, A. Whelchel and lady, Mr. Hall, W. P. Smith, N. Smith and our old friend, Maj. Caldwell. Those who were sick will long remember the above named ladies and our friend Hall, and no soldier passes the house of E. N. Gower without finding a home. Some, however, in Hall county, are not doing their duty to the country and the poor soldier, as he wends his way along his rugged path of duty, fatigued and hungry, as he often is. Mr. R. Young, I think, has greatly failed. I am unacquainted with him, and have no unkind feelings towards him. A scouting party who had been out over night stopped at Mr. Young's and called for their breakfast, and failed to get it. That is their statement to me and I'll vouch for them being men of truth.

On the 9th inst. while at home, I received orders from Col. Nix to report to Hiwassee, and the next morning I started with ten men. I started, intending to cross at the Seven Islands, but learning I could not cross, I turned down by Mrs. Clark's bridge, and stopped that night with the two Mr. Davis's, just below Gainesville,

and E. N. Gower at Gainesville, and were treated most kindly. The next night we all stopped with Mr. F. Logan, above Mount Yonah, and were hospitably entertained. The next day (the 12th inst.) we learned the command had left Hiwassee, and that night five of us stopped with Judge Martin, two and a quarter miles from Hiwassee, and were well cared for. The other six went on to Mr. Kimsey's, said to be a preacher. We asked him to take us in for the night. He said he could not. It was then getting dusk, and we told him we were cold and hungry--our horses had eaten nothing since morning--and we must stay. He said his sons had sons-in law were all gone to the war; he had their families to take care of, and all they had to depend on was what corn we saw in the crib; that Mr. Parker and Mr. Burch, just ahead, had more corn than he, and no one in the army. But getting to Parker's, we learned that he starts to the army on the 17th inst, and had no one to work except his wife and children, while Kimsey had two stout negro women and a good mill. Yet Parker took in two of us and Mr. Burch the other four, and had let his corn go to the troops while stationed at Hiwassee; had one son-in-law in the army, and had to take care of his wife while gone. Kimsey had not let them have a grain, and yet he was the delegate to the State Convention in 1861. Mr. Burch is a Missionary Baptist preacher, and has raised an orphan boy who went to the war before he was 18. He also has his old widowed mother, now 75 years of age, to take care of. Old Mrs. Burch moved from old Pendleton to Georgia many years ago. She says she and her husband raised twelve children to be men and women grown. She lost one son in the Mexican war and has lost one in this; has twenty-nine grand sons and grand sons-in law in the confederate army, and proudly says not one of them has been conscribed. She says she can now get on a horse and ride anywhere she wants to go, 8 or 10 miles around. It is needless to add that Rev. Mr. Burch took us in, and that we were kindly treated by himself and lady and his old mother, who sat at the head of the table and waited on us.

We are ordered to report to Gen. Pillow at Asheville, N. C., or Greenville, Tenn.

Those who are behind had better come by way of Clayton to Asheville, where they will either find us or learn our whereabouts; but all letters had better be addressed to us at Greenville, Tenn., until otherwise directed. In reply to the many requests made of me, by letter and verbal, those whose sons have just become 18 and joined me, I promise you I'll do the best I can; but look not for perfection in me, nor set your expectations too high. All letters about my professional business should be addressed to me at Jefferson, in the care of P. F. Hinton. When I get the chance and have anything to write, you shall hear from me again.

W. L. MARLER  
Capt. Co. E, 16th Ga. Battalion

Southern Watchman, April 15 (2, 2), 1863

A Private's Opinion

Camp near Vicksburg, Miss.  
February 15th, 1863

Eds. Columbus Sun: Most of the citizens of this beleaguered little city, are in exile, and their beautiful houses are occupied by a set of fine gentlemen, who, "dressed up in a little brief authority," assume a pompous air of official dignity, that would render any of our great generals ludicrous. They are called staff officers, and to look at their fine clothes, one would suppose that the blockade had been raised, or at least that they had been where some vessel had run it.

I saw Lieutenant General Pemberton, attended by two Major Generals and several staff officers, riding along the street the other day, and any one of the staff officers had more gold lace on his coat than all the three Generals had on theirs. It is a rare thing to see a staff officer, who is not dressed in the most costly and showy material. Gentlemen of the commissary and quartermaster's departments are especially noted for their pomposity and fine clothes. The army depends upon them for their pay, its clothing and its meats and bread. They know the power this dependence gives them, and use it. To the Colonel and Generals, however, from who they received their appointments, they are very obliging. Look upon this picture and then upon that. Here is a soldier in camp. He rises from his hard bed in the morning at the beat of the drum at early dawn, and puts on his dirty and filthy, lousy clothes-- clothes dirty, lousy--not because the soldier is slothful and lazy, but because the commissary in his fine clothes and quarters in town, has failed to get him any soap for three weeks; and he had not the money to pay fifty cents a garment, to have them washed in the neighborhood, and perhaps could not have had it done if he had the money.

His breakfast is soon cooked and he sits down to corn bread, beef, molasses and rice. His bread is made of meal almost as coarse as grits. He could not sift his meal for want of a sifter. His beef is so poor that it looks blue. He breaks his

bread, picks out the half and whole grains of corn, remarking that they will do to parch, brags about old buck being more tender and sweet than usual, wonders if the old fellow had fat enough in him to grease a pair of shoes, rises from his breakfast singing Dixie, and shoulders his gun for a twenty-four hours on guard.

How different is the situation of the quartermasters in town. The sun is far on its way to the West and still the quartermaster lingers in his warm feather bed. No wonder he lingers, for he was engaged late last night in a little game of cards with his neighbor, the commissary across the street, with a bottle of brandy and a small stake of fifty dollars to make the game interesting. His servant comes into the room, sets his brightly polished boots by the bed and remarks that breakfast is ready. The quartermaster yawns, looks around his comfortable room with an air of dreamy satisfaction, makes his toilet, takes a drink from the remains of last night's bottle, and sits down to hot biscuit, butter, old Rio coffee, old ham and fresh pork. But he has no appetite and cannot eat. A clerk enters to say that Captain ----- has come for shoes for some of his men, that he says are entirely barefooted.

The quartermaster says he is unable to attend to business to-day, and Capt ----- will have to call some other time; rises from the table, picks up the morning paper, and goes back to his room, telling his servant that he must not be disturbed during the day. These pictures do not do justice to the soldier. He should be seen after standing on picket a day and night in the swamps in the rain and the rain still pouring down on him, and his dirty clothes saturated with mud. The previous day should have been issue day, but the commissary could not leave his comfortable quarters in town and go out in the rain with his fine clothes to procure rations, and sends word to the regiment that he has failed to get any beef. Hence the soldier breakfasts on wet corn bread, or perhaps nothing at all to eat. There are few soldiers in the army who have not witnessed all I have described, and yet few grumble, so little as the soldiers of the Southern army. I am happy, however, to be able to state that there are many noble exceptions to all this.

Southern Watchman, April 29 (2, 3), 1863

Camp near Fredericksburg, April 15.

Mr. Editor:--This being a day preventing drill, &c., I will write a short letter, thinking it might not prove uninteresting to your numerous readers. Rain has been falling steadily for several hours, and the boys have gathered close to their fires, enjoying themselves apparently very well, smoking, singing and telling jokes. Could old Abe but peep in at us, he would behold a noisy set of rebels, seemingly unaware of the presence of his countless minions just over the river. The weather, with the exception of to-day, has been beautiful for some time past. The roads are fast drying, and indications are that the campaign of eighteen and sixty-three will soon commence in this quarter. Some time since we received orders to send all heavy baggage to the rear. This looks as if our General had an idea of either doing something himself, or making ready for some one else to commence. Balloons are up more frequently than usual over in Yankeedom, and their pickets less sociable. "Fighting Joe" is evidently going to move soon, in some direction, but in my opinion not directly to the front, without some trouble with his followers, not to speak of the obstructions we might throw in his way. Fredericksburg, I imagine, is still green in most of their memories. Should they attack us again here and persevere in their efforts to gain the hills, which, to accomplish anything, they will have to do, I predict you will have the pleasure of reading the last from the Grand Army of the Potomac. Our regiment (the 23dGa.) has just returned from picket. Notwithstanding conversation is strictly forbidden on both sides, a word will slip now and then. One of their pickets, getting the attention of

ours, bawls out, "I understand you have a new General on your side," Upon asking who? "General Starvation," was the reply. Our man made no reply, but I should think he felt like shooting. Finding they can't whip us, they glory in the prospect of starving us out. In this they will also fail, if our farmers do their duty, and Forrest, Van Dorn and Stuart draw as regularly and successfully of their rations as heretofore.

H.W.B.

Southern Watchman, May 13 (2, 4-5), 1863

Camp Reeve Below Vicksburg, Miss.

April 23, 1863

Editor Watchman:--Thinking that a word from the 43d Georgia Regiment encamped near the city of an hundred hills, might not prove uninteresting to your readers, I now spur myself to the task of dropping you a line. And although I write on both sides of the sheet, I hope be to pardoned by your "compositor," upon consideration of the high price of stationery.

All has been quiet here for the past 48 hours, though for several consecutive days previous to that time, the Yankees were engaged in slowly throwing (at regular intervals) shells in the direction of the city, from a battery which they have planted behind the cross levee below De Soto on the Peninsula, (La. side.) A few houses in the city have been struck, but very little damage done. On the night of the 16th inst. ten Yankee gunboats and transports attempted to run the gauntlet by our batteries; one (the Silver Wave) was burned opposite the city, and two more have been reported sunk, which I doubt. At last accounts, the part of the fleet which succeeded in passing was lying near the confluence of the Mississippi and Big Black rivers, in the vicinity of Grand Gulf. That the enemy's present intention is to attempt to turn the rear of Vicksburg by way of Big Black river seems probable. Let him come what direction he will he'll find "Jordan a hard road to travel."

On the 7th inst. this brigade (commanded by Col. Abda Johnson, of the 40th Ga. started to Deer Creek, up the Mississippi swamp. Our way lay up Yazoo river 65 miles, thence up Sunflower 45 miles, to Boiling Fork, a small



stream connecting Deer Creek and Sunflower river. The stream was exceedingly slow and difficult of navigation, flowing in tortuous, serpentine windings. The winter inundations are at their height, and the entire country from Yazoo to Mississippi river, 100 miles in width, is overflowed. Farms were submerged and houses erected upon posts with only "dug outs" for transportation were of common occurrence. The stock were kept on rafts or artificial mounds, and brought up and milked or fed in flat boats. The currents of the streams of this valley are strange, sometimes crossing each other at angles, and again running in one direction in winter and precisely the opposite in summer. Game and fish are said to be abundant in summer, but as for me, all possible summer blessings could not repay for the sloppy weather in winter. Ere we reached Deer Creek, the Yankees had gone into a hole, and taken the hole in after them, so we returned to Vicksburg on the 16th, time enough to see the boats pass our batteries.

When I write you again. I will endeavor to write more at leisure.

Respectfully,

J.C.M.

Vicksburg, April 24th.

Night before last the enemy succeeded in running six boats past our batteries. Two hours were occupied in their passing, our batteries meantime firing rapidly. Two of them were said to be damaged. During the firing, our pickets on the Peninsula set fire to several houses, lighting up the entire river so that the boats could be plainly seen. The boats have gone on toward Port Hudson, and will probably meet the Monitor fleet from below, when that place will be attacked.

J.C.M.

Southern Watchman, May 13 (2, 5), 1863.

Headquarters 16th Ga. Batt.,

Zollicoffer Station, Tenn., May 1st, 1863

Mr. Editor:--This being the usual day taken up by the young ladies and gentlemen in mirth, my mind seems naturally to go back to times and places when I spent the day more pleasantly than I now do; and were I at home, I think I should like very much to take a trip by way of Gainesville, Mount Yonah, Hiwassee and Clayton, Ga., and Franklin, Webster, Waynesville, Asheville and Marshall, to the Ward Springs, N.C. On our way to Greeneville, Tenn., we travelled that route. There is mountain scenery in it sufficient to satisfy the ambition of a reasonable mountain gazer; at least it so strikes me, after being in the mountains of Tenn. and Ky. for nearly a year. The French Broad river is itself a natural curiosity. If I felt in a writing mood I would like well to describe its passage through the mountain gorges and cliffs, for the mountains shut in so closely on each side, from Asheville down to the Warm Springs, that the river seems almost to force its way, as it goes leaping and foaming from rock to rock. The Warm Springs are blood-heat, and burst out of a narrow neck of land just between the river and a creek, the name of which I know not. The Springs are well improved--an excellent bathing house, a large hotel one hundred and seventy-five feet long, good outbuildings, gardens, &c. But I will say no more, as the speculators at home are too busy fleecing the soldiers' families to go, and all others cannot, because of the responsibilities they are trying to discharge in behalf of their bleeding country, and the soldier must, of necessity, wait until he gets home.

We have been engaged as scouts over since we entered the State, after bushwhackers, deserters and disloyal persons, but have seen no Yanks, although,

on Saturday, the 21st ult., some three or four hours after we had got in from a scout up in Johnson and Carter counties, we were ordered up to this Station hurriedly, expecting to find a foe near at hand, but none came. Gen. Jackson received information that the enemy, in strong cavalry force, had crossed the Cumberland mountains and were approaching the bridges again; and he, with his staff and all the troops at hand, were quickly en route for Carter's Depot and Zollicoffer Station. At Carter's Depot lies, just in the edge of the water, the tender of the engine, and about the length of it in the water lies the engine itself, on the West bank. As to any means of defence at either bridge it is not my business to mention, but should Abraham's boys come again, they will find more to do, or something to do besides burn the bridges.

On the 22d ult. the recruits to my company organized another company by the election of the following gentlemen as officers:

F.J. Whitehead, Capt; Wm. Thurmond, 1st Lieut; J.M. Potts, 2d Lieut; J.M. Osborn, Brevet 2d Lieut; Wm. Simmons, 1st Serg.; L.G. Willbanks, 2d Serg.; A.J.L. Statham, 3d Serg.; G.W. Stanley, 4th Serg.; C.M. Breck, 1st Corp.; Wm Woods, 2d Corp.; B.O.W. Rose, 3d Corp.; G.M. Knight, 4th Corp.

This is the second company which has been formed from my company, and I yet have sixty-eight men, and have lost eight from sickness and one from wounds. The 14th of this month we have been in service one year. On starting out, many of us had to purchase horses and had but little to purchase with. J.F. McLester, Samuel Watson, A.M. Park and T. P. Harrison shelled our their money liberally to us, without note or receipt, except in one instance. Others proposed to furnish us horses or money. Among them was one man in Jefferson, who subscribed two hundred dollars or a horse, and furnished neither. He is a man of wealth; was

a warm secessionist; did not believe there would be any war; and, I suppose, thought there was not enough then to induce him to furnish a horse, to be paid for when the rider drew wages enough to do so. There are three horses on which we still owe a small amount, which I think will soon be settled-- at least, those are all except those bought at private sale. We are all in good health. J. F. McElhammon is slightly complaining.

We would like to have a few more good recruits, able and willing to do service, but we want no other sort. We now have permission to raise our Battalion to a Regiment, and I may come home after a while to raise another company. If so, you shall hear from me.

W.L. Marler, Capt  
Co. E, 16th Georgia Battalion

Southern Watchman, May 20 (2, 5), 1863.

For the Southern Watchman.

In the Field, near Fredericksburg, May 5, 1863.

Mr. Editor:-- Please publish the following casualties in the Clarke Rifles up to this morning:

Killed--Privates E. N. Gunnin, J. H. Carter.

Wounded--Lieut. W. H. Beardin, Sergt. J. M. Hill, 1st Sergt. J. T. Turnell, Privates W. J. Allgood, T. W. Davenport, J. Holland, W. H. Hale, S. J. Hale, J. W. Turnell, W. T. Turnell, W. H. Carter, S. M. Starke, R. J. Delay, B. B. Lanier, J. P. Millican, J. M. Stewart, E. H. Hale, very slight--since returned to duty.

None of the wounds are serious.

JOSEPH J. MC REE,  
Captain Clarke Rifles.

Southern Watchman, May 20 (2, 5), 1863.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY....ATTENTION, SPECULATORS!

At the request of a citizen of Hart county, we give place to the following letter from an intelligent soldier in the army:

For the Southern Watchman.

Fredericksburg, Va., April 28th, 1863

Dear Friend:--As I am again safely established in camp, I have concluded to send you a few lines, which may give a faint idea of how we are getting along, though you must give some allowance for a very melancholy state of mind, under which I have been laboring ever since I returned from home. To tell you the truth, I have nearly despaired of our independence during our present generation. From all the observations I have been able to make, it does not appear that we are sufficiently aroused to a sense of our danger, nor calculated fully on the strength and perseverance of our enemies for our ruin. It is not to their interest to make peace with us on our terms; and rather than do it, they will continue to make war upon us as long as they can keep an army in the field, which it appears to me they can do a great while longer than we can. I know that we have a splendid army in the field, and as good fighting material as ever composed an army; but armies are nothing unless they are fed, and not only the soldier himself must be fed, but his family must not suffer, or desertion and demoralization will follow as certain as day succeeds night. As long as the soldier is individually concerned, he will suffer almost anything, but there is a point at which patience ceases to be a virtue. A majority of our soldiers have suffered, and will suffer, any privations for the cause in which we are engaged--they will lay down their lives for it--they are now living upon half rations, and some of that so bad that even a negro would turn up his nose at it; and serving for wages barely sufficient

to keep him in tobacco, while he knows that his well-to-do neighbor at home is living as well or better than in times of peace, and making money a great deal faster than he ever did before, although he grumbles as loudly of hard times as anybody else. The soldier does not expect to make money out of the war; he is satisfied to do his duty, and come out of the war with nothing but life and liberty left, which is the only spirit that can carry us successfully through our present difficulties; and that, to be available, must pervade the citizen as well as the soldier. Instead of this, a contrary spirit seems to have sprung up in the country. The demon Speculation stalks defiantly through the land unrebuked, and a tenfold worse enemy than are the hosts of Lincoln, carrying every thing and every body with it in its destructive course. Professor and wordling, priests and people, are all alike infected with it; and think you not that God will visit us in His wrath for all these things.

What has become of all those boasted deeds of charity that were to divide the last grain of corn and ounce of meat with the poor soldier's family, that were heard from every stump and cross-road in Georgia, and upon the faith of which hundreds of poor men left their homes, their wives and children, and everything that was dear to them, and for two years have stood boldly between you and your enemies, sending every dollar they could spare out of their wages home, to make their families as little chargeable to you as possible? How have the people stood up to them at home? I leave the tales of destitution and distress that reach us by every mail from these poor families, to answer. And when we come to enquire into the cause, it is not from the scarcity of provisions altogether, but because the speculator will give a price that you are ashamed, and your conscience will not allow you to take from a soldier's wife or widow. It is well known in Hart county. I think that women have made application to some men in that county for provisions, with their

money in their pockets, and were refused, while they were running corn and meat to Athens and selling it to speculators; and were it not considered too personal, I could put their names in black and white. One of them can ever preach a little sometimes. Where is public opinion in that county, that it don't hiss such a man out of the pulpit and out of the country? Would not I as soon sit down and hear one of Lincoln's parasites declaim on our duty to the Federal Constitution, as to hear such a man go into tantrums about the joys of Heaven, when every action of his life goes to prove that he don't intend to go there himself, unless he can get a better price for his bacon there than he can in Athens. I warn such men seriously that they are slumbering on the crest of a volcano, which, if things don't change, will break through and envelope them in ruin. Our soldiers are a patient set of fellows, and easily gulled; but there is a point at which stupidity itself takes a turn. I say, let the army become demoralized through distress at home, or any other cause, and your ill-gotten gain will disappear like frost before the rising sun. No man is going to stay here and fight for your property, (which you are so desirous to accumulate, at the expense of your liberties,) while his family is suffering at home, through your neglect. I know there are honorable exceptions. You, my honored friend, have the warmest thanks of the soldier for your efforts in behalf of dependent families at home. Several others that I could name have acted equally praiseworthy. God grant that the number may never grow less, for only such will ever know the pleasure of looking a soldier honestly in the face, from a consciousness of having done your duty to him and his family, as he has done his to you and his country, while those who have acted differently may be consigned to that disgrace and oblivion they so richly deserve. The war news here is unimportant. We are quietly watching the movements of the enemy. The health of our troops is very good--our company all well. Hoping this may find yourself and family in good health, I close by subscribing myself, as ever, your friend,





give back one foot of ground--but, cool and deliberate, the boys poured in their fire with terrible effect. The dead Yankees lay thick enough to do any man's heart good to see. A more gallant stand has not been made during this eventful war. Courage is a virtue, I am proud to say, very common in the Confederate army, and in this fight, this gallant band of Georgians, not only evinced the highest degree of courage, but also every attribute of the perfect soldier.

Again, on Sunday, this single regiment charged the enemy at Chancellor's house, strongly entrenched and supported by the finest batteries of artillery--drove them out, captured three guns, a large number of caissons and the entire 27th Connecticut regiment. So terrible was the charge that the enemy fled panic stricken--running off with the guns without stopping even to "limber up." It was in this charge that Major J. F. Jones was wounded, (his arm was amputated near the shoulder.) Cool, and collected, he led the men with a determination that nothing could check. By his bravery and kindness he won the love and admiration of the entire regiment. Young, brave, ardent, he entered with his whole soul into the great struggle, and the Southern cause boasts not of a purer, braver, kinder, better man. We can but wish that he may take the field again, and I, for one, hope to see him our Colonel.

Thus had we taught the enemy what they had to overcome before they could conquer a people fighting for their homes, their independence, their all.

We had been engaged for three successive days, and thought that it was over, but there was more fighting yet to be done, and the 3d Georgia was called upon again. Nobly did it respond. Sedgewick, with a strong column, was in our rear, with only a few brigades to oppose him. The divisions of McLaws and Anderson were ordered to join Gen. Early and fall upon this Yankee column and drive them across the river. They did so. In the celebrated charge at Downman's house, the 3d Georgia bore a conspicuous part. Indeed, throughout the entire week wherever the thickest fire was seen and heard and cannon pealed the hoarsest strain, there was the battle flag of

the 3d Georgia ever seen, and around it as noble, as brave men as the old Empire State can boast.

So splendid was the behavior of this regiment in all its fighting that they were complimented by General Lee himself. With such an army and such a leader, this is no ordinary compliment.

We ought indeed to be thankful to a merciful God, that so few suffered in three days hard fighting and in which none behaved more gallantly than the "old Third." While we are grateful to the Giver of all victories for that which has just crowned our arms with success, yet we can but feel sad for the brave spirits who have offered up their lives, glorious martyrs in our holy cause. Though no mausoleum marks out the spot where they repose--though at best they have but a board with their names carved in rude letters by the hand of a fellow-soldier--yet they possess a place in the memories of those who shared with them the common dangers, that the waves of time can never wash out. Yet some sculptured marble must yet rise and tell how those brave southern heroes fell.

But the war is not yet over, and again may we be called upon to "illustrate Georgia." Rest assured that we will never disgrace the State that we are proud to claim as our homes--but rather, with fresh laurels will we deck our brows and increase the lustre of that name which has been raised so high on every battle-field by her citizen soldiery. Know, that when the battle-flag goes to the front we will keep it there with its folds untarnished, its glories undiminished. Animated by the spirit of liberty, we will never yeild it to a vandal foe. But rather:

United in spirit, in heart and in hand,

Around it, a circle of steel we will stand.

With God as our trust, our descendants shall see

Still aloft and unconquered, this flag of the free.

Respectfully,

A SOLDIER.

So. Banner, May 27(2, 3), 1863

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SOUTHERN

BANNER.

Camp "Paulina," near Fredericksburg, Va.,  
May 11th, 1863.

After more than a week of marching and fighting—alternately shivering in the cold rain, and well-nigh broiling in an almost tropical sun—of short rations and broken sleep—the Troup Artillery again rests and recruits for the next act in that grand drama which closed so bloodily for Joe Hooker and his hirelings one short week ago. The Richmond dailies will have given you, long since, much fuller and more graphic details of the general fight than I can furnish, so I propose to confine myself to what took place at this point, and in which our battery acted so gallant and conspicuous a part. Nobly indeed has it "illustrated Georgia," and added fresh laurels to the chaplets gathered at Dam N. 1, Crampton Gap, and Sharpsburg.

Leaving camp in Caroline county, on the 29th ult., we reached this vicinity the next day about sunset, and next morning took position to the right, but very near our old position in the battle of December. Nothing worthy of mention occurred during that day nor next, although the enemy had crossed in our front, and their skirmishers were in full view in the plain below. An occasional shot was fired, but no demonstration in force could be observed. Meanwhile, the battle above, in and around Chancellorsville was raging, and we waited in painful suspense for news of the result. The entire army of Northern Virginia, except Gen. Early's Division and Barksdale Brigade of McLaw's Division was engaged in that part of the field, leaving our line here from Falmouth to below Hamilton's Crossing, to be guarded by this one Division and Brigade—numbering not more than 10,000 men and some 30 pieces of artillery.

Barksdale was on our left, occupying Marye's hill and the famous stone-wall at its base. Early's Division was on our right, stretching out away down to the extreme right of the line of December, below the railroad. The Artillery was posted at intervals along the line. Thus stood matters on Sunday morning the 3d inst.

Early that day the enemy seemed to be massing his forces for an attack on the right, and very soon our battery and others on our right, opened upon the dense blue columns moving across the valley. Skirmishing commenced, and every indication pointed to an attack upon Early's line. It was of short duration, however—the skirmishers were driven back upon the first line, and it fell back, as we could see, in great disorder. Their batteries, too, limbered up, and galloped back towards the river, as if hopeless of making any impression. All this time there had been some desultory firing in front of Barksdale, and the injudicious reception of a flag of truce by the officer commanding at the stone-wall revealed our weakness at that point. In five minutes, or less, the firing ceased altogether in Early's front, and two heavy lines were thrown forward immediately in front, and to the left of the stone-wall, while a Brigade debouched from the river bank, and obliqued to the right immediately in our front to attack it upon the right. The struggle was short, and the brave Mississippians behind the wall were soon all killed or captured, and a company of the Washington Artillery on Marye's Hill—guns, men and horses—fell into the enemy's hands. We paid our respects to the Brigade moving across the plain below, and did terrible execution. Several times the line wavered and almost came to a dead halt, and the colors fell back, but rallied and marched forward again. All this time the batteries across the river, in the town, and at two or more points along the river bank were concentrating their fire upon our four guns, but we still held our position and poured our shot into the infantry below. But it was not until the enemy were almost upon us, having completely flanked us on the left, and every other battery on our left had been captured or withdrawn, that we ceased firing, and retired in good order and without confusion. We fired the last shot <sup>at</sup> of the enemy before they gained complete possession of the heights, and then fell back about half a mile on the telegraph road.--The enemy still came on advancing down the road, and after a short halt of the battery, was ordered forward to check them. Moving down a few hundred yards it unlimbered and went into action again. The infantry advanced was soon checked, and then, for ten or fifteen minutes, one of the fiercest artillery

fights of the war ragel.--The Yankee batteries were planted near a brick house formerly used by Gen. Cobb as a stable, and not more than six hundred yards distant, with every advantage in elevation and number of guns. Notwithstanding these desperate odds, it was not until we had lost one man killed and seven wounded, and not completely exhausted our ammunition, that the battery again fell back about half a mile further. The great object of checking their advance had been accomplished, however, and the day saved in that direction. The Yankee pickets occupied our last position during the night, but before next morning their whole force fell back on the plank road in the direction of Chancellorsville, where they were whipped so badly next day (Monday) by McLaws, Anderson and Early, and driven in the wildest confusion across the river at Banks' Ford.

Such is a brief account of the part played by the Troup Artillery in this, the last and most glorious victory achieved by Confederate skill and valor. This it is imperfect, I am well aware, but under the circumstances, I trust it will be pardoned by your readers. Of the gallantry displayed by both officers and men, I could not, if the vocabulary of praise was searched, speak too highly. Our officers--than whom braver, cooler men do not live--were on horseback during the entire time, amid a storm of shell, canister, and case-shot, that, for the same length of time, has not been more terrific during the war. The men stood to their posts like heroes, and worked the guns with cool rediness that has never been excelled. As the battery went out of action the last time, Gen. Barksdale who with Gen. Early was on horseback immediately in rear of it, pulled off his hat and shouted, "Hurrah! for Troup Artillery!" Gen. McLaws, Gen. Early, Col. Cabell and other officers of high rank are loud in their praises. Whatever may be said or thought of the temporary loss of the ~~high~~ heights, no laurels were lost by our brave boys.--When the history of the affair comes to be written, the brightest page will record the achievements of the Troup Artillery--the most prominent group in the picture, will be their four guns and the gallent men who manned them.

[ Here our correspondent furnishes a list of the casualties in the company, which we published last week. He says all have been cared for, and are comfortable as possible.]

I have no means of ascertaining the loss on both sides, so will not trouble you with my crude guesses on the subject. You will find out before this reaches you from the Richmond dailies--approximately, at least. It is regarded in the army, however, as the greatest victory of the war. I have seen many prisoners, and not one who is not heartily sick of the war--not one who will re-enlist. One Dutchman said his time was out the day of the fight (Monday) and that his regiment was forced into the field by another regiment, at the point of the bayonet!

What will be our next move, there's no guessing, scarcely. Gen. Longstreet came up from Richmond yesterday, and Hood's Division is en route here, I understand.-- So it may be "forward, march," soon.

You will perceive we have named this camp in honor of the accomplished and patriotic Secretary of the "Ladies Volunteer Association" of Athens. It is a compliment richly merited, not only by her indefatigable energy in our behalf, but by the graceful and eloquent terms in which she has been pleased to convey to us the willing zeal of the Association to aid us with all their resources. She and her fair co-workers have nobly "illustrated Georgia, at home. May heaven's choicest blessings rest upon them all, and may all survive to see and enjoy the glorious fruition of their prayers and works in a free, happy, prosperous people--with their sons, their husbands, their sweethearts safely returned to the loving voices and bright smiles of "Home, sweet Home!"

Yours, &c.,

A. W. R.

*The Southern Banner (Athens, Ga.), May 27 (2-3), 1863.*

Southern Watchman, May 27 (3, 1-2), 1863.

The Recent Movements on the Rappahannock  
--Battle of Chancellorsville--Its Results--  
Col. Robert McMillan--Prospect of a Forward Movement.

Camp Near Banks' Ford, May 8th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--When the student of history in after years shall come to examine the record of events in our own land and day, he will find none more striking, more bold, or more dreamlike to be real, than the occurrences since the Army of the Potomac set foot the second time upon the South bank of the Rappahannock. In the brief period of six days, the feet of an invading host have defiled our soil--that host has been confronted, engaged defeated, routed and driven back in dismay. The wounded, the dying and the dead, have been left on the hill-top and in the vale, and the blood of the foe has atoned for the wrongs which we have suffered at his hands. The right arm of the Lord hath wrought valiantly in our midst. This is His doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

The movements of our troops have been so rapid, the points of attack so numerous, the field of action so extended, that no one save the General-in-chief is knowing to the plan, and perhaps not he to the minute particulars of the issue. Like the philosopher Locke, we compare ourselves to the inhabitants of a certain island who, surrounded by an unnavigable sea, know nothing of the rest of the world or the beings with whom it was peopled. Three days ago, when our brigade (Gen. W. T. Wofford's) paused upon the river bank, we were along and unsupported, but unlike the islanders with whom we have compared ourselves, we knew there were others in the world--we had seen them, but they were not like ourselves. From the swiftness of their speed, it seemed they belonged more properly to the feathered tribe than to the race of man.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, which resulted so gloriously to our arms,



and where disorganization was first thrown into their ranks, it was the privilege of our brigade to occupy the post of honor. The 18th Ga. on the right, the 24th under the brave McMillan hard by its left, the 16th and two Legions extending the line, formed a living wall which that day the most desperate bayonet charge would have found difficult to scale. The enemy had entrenched himself in a thicket, and felled the trees toward us to prevent the storming of his works. Skirmishers had been prudently thrown forward to feel his position and draw his fire. Discovering his stronghold, the brigade moved forward to the work. To an observer, its stepplings were stately--sublime. Freedom and subjugation had met, but we felt that the ardor and spirit of the cheers which shook the hills around us, were well nigh as loud and potent as the trumpet blast of Israel's priests. And so they proved, but not without a stubborn resistance. Supported by a powerful battery in the rear, and sheltered from the fury of our storm behind defences of admirable structure, they hurled their death-shafts into the midst of men who fought them without faltering on exposed ground, until a height some fifty yards behind us was chosen for our line. From this, a fair view for two hundred yards in front could be obtained, and the firing continues fiercely till the walls tumbled down and another victory perched upon our blazing standards. It was indeed an hour of triumph and of joy, saddened only by our gallant and heroic dead, who perished in its winning.

Illustrative of the calm composure of the men at a time calculated to try their souls, we will here relate an incident that occurred while the battle was going on, The enemy finding themselves hard pressed in front, endeavored to escape in squads by a road leading to the left of their fortifications. These were seized as they passed, by the 18th Ga., stationed for that purpose near the road by which they endeavored to retreat. Col. McMillan, desirous as at all proper times to apprise his regiment of what was progressing, told them that the enemy were flying through the woods, and that we would soon drive them, like the devil-possest swine of old, and

drown them in the waters. Though silence had been ordered, he could scarcely restrain the men from giving vent to their enthusiasm, and in a few minutes thereafter, when a white flag in our front told that the stronghold and its garrison were ours, their cheering could no longer be suppressed. The prediction of the noble Colonel was verified, when on the following day, with his regiment, joined by those who also hadbreasted the tide of battle on the day before, they charged the heights in their front, and, unsupported, drove the enemy to the river bank. According to the statements of citizens, many were drowned in their haste to get across.

If the name and fame of Col. McMillan were not already established, we could pronounce him a rising officer, for his course and conduct in the few days just past, have added fresh laurels to the wreath that already encircles his brow. Shortly before leaving camp, while on battalion drill, his foot was severely injured by his horse, which unfitted him for the discharge of his duties. When the order came that the enemy was to be met, the hour found him in the saddle and at the head of his command. In the bloody battle of Sunday, the 3d. and the successful charge at twilight the following evening, he was ever to be found either in front or in the midst of his men who, emboldened by his example, breasted the storm with the courage of veteran heroes. His valuable services have already been felt and realized, and his name will be venerated and loved when the present generation shall have passed away.

In recounting the perils through which we have passed and the results to which they have led, we are lost as in the bewilderment of a dream. We are now within a hundred yards of the banks of the Rappahannock. We know not where will be our next move. Longstreet is said to have arrived with two divisions, and when heard from again, we may be marching to the Potomac. Let our course be as it may, we feel that in the wisdom given to our Generals, and under the guidance of the Supreme Ruler, all will be well.

RAPPAHANNOCK.

Sixteenth Regiment

Camp 16th Georgia Regiment,  
Near Fredericksburg, Va., May 8, 1863.

Casualties in Co. A. Madison Greys--Capt. H. C. Nash Commanding.

Killed: Private Geo. S. Key, John S. King, Joshua Mason, Geo. W. Bradley.

Wounded: W. J. Strickland in groin, since died, Corp. R. T. Aaron, hand, slight, Private Henry Baster, head, serious; J. A. Burroughs, arm, since amputated; S. S. Chandler, leg, serious; W. L. Glenn, groin, serious; E. J. Herring, chin, slight; H. L. Herring, arm, slight; W. H. Hunt, hand, slight; J. J. Key, arm, slight; G. W. O'Kelly, leg, serious; S. C. O'Kelley, mouth, serious; J. R. Patterson, arm, slight; J. B. Simmons, arm, slight; G. A. Sims, arm serious; R. J. Sorrels, back, serious; H. R. Smith, shoulder, serious; P. O. Williams, arm, serious; S. Davis, hand, slight.

Casualties in Co. D. Danielsville Guards--1st Lieut. John A. McCurdy, Commanding.

Killed: none; Wounded: Private J. A. Stephens, in thigh, since died; Corp. T. B. Thompson, head, serious; John W. Cleghorn, arm, serious; Private "M. Caruth, thigh, slight; R. D. Nunn, arm, slight; J. W. Cartledge, breast, serious; J. D. Williams, shoulder, serious; J. D. Martin, shoulder, serious; J. G. McCurdy, arm, slight; W. D. Bragg, breast, serious; J. S. Watson, arm, slight; W. B. Owen, breast, serious; J. V. Gorden, thigh, serious; B. M. Bird, arm, serious; Wm. Patton, shoulder, serious; B. T. Martin, finger, slight; R. J. Porterfield, hand, slight.

Southern Watchman, August 5, (2, 3), 1863

Camp Near Culpeper Court House,  
July 25, 1863

Dear Sir:--As some of our friends at home would like to hear from us and know our whereabouts, I shall drop you a short sketch. We crossed the Potomac the morning of the 14th inst. I tell you I felt good when I got back on Virginia soil once more. Gen. Lee, (old grand pa, as the boys all call him,) was on his horse on the Virginia side, superintending the crossing of his army in person, most of the boys cheered him as they passed him; he looked as cool and as calm as a frosty morning. We crossed on a pontoon bridge, six or seven miles below Williamsport, and encamped six miles from Martinsburg, where we rested for the night and drew something to eat, which is very essential, here, to keep up our army. We get tolerable plenty of beef and flour now, though two or three days ago we suffered some, we only got one meal a day, but that is but a trifle in time of war.

July 15th, we left camp and marched through Martinsburg, on through Dartsville and encamped at Bunker Hill 12 miles from Winchester, on the turnpike road from Winchester, to Martinsburg, staid there until the 29th inst., when we took up the line of march in the direction of Millwood, a little town some 3 miles from Paris Gap. We reached Millwood about dark and encamped for the night. The Yankee cavalry beat us to the gap, so we took up the line of march next morning, 21st, for Front Royal, which place we reached about midnight, crossing the Shenandoah river on a pontoon bridge, and encamped for the night on the east bank. About sun up next morning, 22d inst., took up the line of march for Gains Cross roads, crossing the mountain at Chester gap, the Yankee cavalry were in the gap, in our front. As soon as we reached the top of the mountain, we could see some Yankees on a hill to our left. We sent out some skirmishers which engaged them but did not attempt to drive them from their position. As soon as our wagons came in range of their cannon, they fired at them. Wofford's brigade (Cobb's old brigade,) was ordered out to attack them,

which we did about ten o'clock, P. M. and charged them, Gen. Wofford, with his hat off in front. It turned out to be a brigade of cavalry, we made them skedaddle in a hurry, and if they had not had fleet horses we undoubtedly would have captured the whole of them, but they outrun us; we then fell back to the pike road and encamped for the night.

July 23d, we took up the line of march, passed through Flint Hill and Gains' Cross Roads, stopped an hour or two to rest and cook something to eat, marched at twelve o'clock, M., crossed Hazel river and the Rappahannock, and encamped for the night. Left camp next morning, 25th inst., for Culpeper Court House, which place we reached at 11 A. M., passed through and encamped near the railroad, at which place we are now resting and recruiting up, for I tell you we need it. We all have heard of the downfall of Vicksburg, and a great many soldiers are very much disheartened on account of it, but the darkest of the night is just before day. I hope that the dawn of freedom will soon break forth and dispel the gloomy clouds of futurity which now overhang our sunny South. We are determined to never submit to Old Abe and the negro worshippers, let come what will.

Yours respectfully,  
J. H. REINHARDT.  
Co. G. 15th Ga. Regiment.

Southern Watchman, August 19 (2, 2), 1863

Twenty-Fourth Georgia Regiment.

When we copied P. W. A. 's account of the battle of Gettysburg, we entertained the hope that the brave volunteers of the gallant Twenty-fourth Georgia would be able to relieve themselves from the imputation cast upon them. We did not believe then, or now, that P. W. A., would intentionally wrong them. He was only misinformed, and will no doubt hasten to make the amende honorable:

Camp 24th Ga. Regiment, Orange Co. Va,  
August 6th, 1863.

Editor Watchman--Sir:--I discover in your paper, of July 29th, a letter copied from the Savannah Republican, headed Gettysburg, Pa., July 4th, 1863, in which I beg leave to make some corrections.

P. W. A. makes this statement that the 24th Ga. Regiment, whose Col. (McMillan,) was absent on furlough wavered for a moment, but Gen. Longstreet placed himself at the head of it and had it lead forward, when the men gave him three loud cheers.

We assume the responsibility in asserting in most positive terms that the above statements are wholly untrue and without foundation. First, the officers and men never hesitated one moment in making the charge. Secondly, Gen. Longstreet was not present with the 24th Ga., when the charge was ordered, but was seen by some of the men and officers riding in full speed along the lines after the regiment and brigade had charged, some half or three quarters of a mile, and that was the only time he was seen by the 24th Ga., during the night. Thirdly, there was no cheers given by the 24th Ga. to Gen Longstreet at all during the battle. The regiment was never known to make a more gallant charge, without the least wavering whatever.

The statement made concerning the 24th Ga., is not only false, but unbecoming the character of the gentleman who made it.

We hold ourselves responsible for the above correction. Hoping this will find space in your columns at the earliest moment.

J. N. CHANDLER  
Capt. Commanding 24th Ga.  
Capt. Thos. E. Winn, Acting Major

Southern Watchman, September 16 (2, 3), 1863

Camp near Waller's Farm, Va.

Sept. 3, 1863

Mr. Christy:--Perhaps you and some of your readers would like to hear what is going on here, in our brigade. As to war news there is none, with the exception of an alarm we had on the 28th Aug; we were ordered to cook up two days' rations and be ready to march the next morning at daylight, which we did, in the direction of Bumpar's Station, which place we reached at about 11 o'clock, A.M. and encamped near by. At night four companies from our regiment (16th Ga.) were sent some 3 miles south of the railroad, on the road leading from Hanover Junction to Gordonsville. Sent out pickets on both ends of the road, watching for the approach of the enemy all night. At daylight next morning, (30th) we returned to camp, without seeing or hearing anything of the enemy. Remained in camp until the 1st inst. when we returned to this place, where we are drilling twice a day and preparing ourselves for another battle with our old enemy and bated foe, should he attempt to advance. While resting here there has been a great many of the absentees returned to their commands. And strange to say, almost all of them tell us that there is a strong talk of re construction in Georgia. And I hear, even in my own county, (Jackson,) there is getting to be considerable interest felt in the cause of re-construction and peace conventions. Well, all I have to say is that they are a little too late, the time for re construction is past. You cannot find a man here who is willing to go back into the Union. All say, and so do I, that as long as we have undergone so many hardships and privations, we will never go back under the rule of Yankeedom. And we will have no reconstruction, but a separate, independent Confederacy of our own, or we will fight on as long as we can raise a corporal's guard. We soldiers here, from Jackson held a meeting and nominated Capt. John H. D. McRae to represent us in our next Legislature. We feel that the crisis

of the cause is upon us and that it behooves us more than ever to be careful that we choose wise men, discreet men to entrust with the management of our affairs. To the State Legislatures are confided in trust for the public weal the dearest rights and all the hopes of a great and generous people. As Capt. McRae was one among the first to step forward in defence of our Confederacy, and shared the hardships and dangers with us, we feel willing to entrust him with the management of our affairs, and will support him at the approaching election and hope our friends at home will aid us in electing a man who will be an honor to our county and State.

Yours respectfully,

J. H. REINHARDT



Southern Watchman, Sept. 23 (2, 4), 1863.

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

Army Northern Virginia,  
Sept. 7, 1863.

Ten men were shot near Orange Courthouse Saturday for desertion and murder. They were from North Carolina, and were arrested near James river on their way back to their homes. They resisted the officer who arrested them, and inflicted a mortal wound upon him, from which he subsequently died--thus adding the crime of murder to the crime of desertion, and thus proving that one step in crime invariably leads to another and to another until the poor wretch is lost forever. Indeed, when a soldier makes up his mind to abandon his flag, he makes up his mind, though he may not think so at the time, to commit all the crimes known to the penal code. Having forfeited his life and incurred the condemnation of the law and of society, he must prepare to defend himself with any weapon that comes to hand, whether murder, arson, forgery or perjury. Having by the acts of desertion declared war upon his government, and his government having placed the brand of DESERTER upon his brow, as long as life shall last every man's hand will be against him, because his hands have been raised against all mankind, because crimes such as those named above, wherever and whenever and by whomsoever committed, are crimes against all men, since it is the interest of all men that there should be no such thing as desertion, arson, murder, forgery or perjury.

Into what an abyss, then, does the soldier plunge who deserts his post? Tired of fighting the enemies of his flag, he enters upon a lifelong conflict with his own kindred and country, his own government and society, and indeed with the good and virtuous in all lands and climes. Instead of a war of a few years' duration with the invaders of his soil, he invites a conflict with his own friends which must last as long as life, and in which he cannot possibly be successful.

For if he should escape the judgment of a court martial, he need not expect to escape the judgment of society and of his own conscience. He may hide from the law, and from the face of men, but not from conscience.

What is here said of the North Carolina deserters will apply to the deserters from all the other States. Let wives and mothers, then, who write to their husbands and brothers beseeching them to come home, remember this, and the sad fate of ten men who have just been shot. It is natural that friends at home should desire to see the loved ones who have gone forth to battle: but they should be careful not to write them letters which will unsettle their minds, and tempt them to commit the greatest crime of which a soldier can be guilty. Those who are at home should forbear and suffer as long as possible, and withhold their troubles and embarrassments from the soldier who already has enough to occupy his hands and heart.

But what shall be said of the Raleigh Standard and other papers, whose course has been calculated, if not designed, to produce disaffection among the troops from North Carolina? North Carolina is one of the staunchest States in the Confederacy, and her people among the bravest and most virtuous in all the world. Why, then, do they tolerate these vipers in the bosom of their noble old Commonwealth. The bitter fruits of such teachings may be read in the records of the courts martial of the army, and in the awful sentence which has just been executed upon those ten unhappy men who perished on Saturday.

You will not be surprised to hear that deserters will be treated with more severity in the future than they have been in the past. Mild means having failed, Gen. Lee, like the old man in the spelling book, is disposed to try what virtue there is in stones. Hereafter, when a man deserts his colors, he may make up his mind to be shot, if caught, and caught he will be some time or another. It may be that the system of the furloughs recently instituted will have the effect of

checking desertion. If it do, then its effect will be doubly beneficial in this, that it will banish this heinous crime from the army, and at the same time encourage the men to become good soldiers, since by the terms of the order, furloughs will be granted to those only who conduct themselves well.

In the course of a recent letter attention was called to the injurious effect upon the discipline of the troops resulting from the practice, now quite common, of running officers holding commissions in the army for civil stations at home. The object of that letter was simply to point out one of the causes of any want of discipline that might be apparent, and not to condemn such officers as might have announced themselves as candidates for the State Legislature or Congress. It was to the policy of the law or practice, and not the officer who might become a candidate, that public reprobation was intended to be directed. So far as I am informed, the army candidates are worthy men. Their services in the field certainly entitled them to the favorable consideration of the people. The rule should be to elect the man who can render the country most service, whether he be a civilian or a soldier. If any distinction be made, it should be in favor of men beyond the military age who are distinguished for prudence and patriotism. Young men for arms; old men for counsel. No man, however, whether old or young, should be chosen for the Legislature or for Congress who is not in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and oppose to any settlement which does not secure to us and our posterity complete independence. Men of courage and patience, of high character, experience and ability are needed everywhere, and especially in Congress. Above all, let no young man who has been staying at home all this time, take refuge in civil and political employments. The man who is able, and yet unable to serve his country in the field, is unfit to serve it anywhere.

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 23 (2, 4), 1863.

For the Southern Watchman.

Mr. Editor:--One of the most pleasant and instructive hours that we have spent in many days, was at a serenade given, a few days since, by the band of Phillips' Legion to Col. Robert McMillan of the 24th Georgia Rdgiment. An account of what transpired may entertain your readers, as the camp, its inmates and its incidents, more than other matters, at present, form a topic of the highest interest to every class. A writer has said that oratory rules the day. The desire of speach-hearing seems universal, and nowhere does it prevail more intensely than in the bosom of our brave defenders in the field. With them, the day of talking, preparatory to contemplated work has indeed passed; the hour of action long since has arrived and on many a dark and bloody ground have they sealed their devotion to our cause. Yet it is a source of pleasure and of honest pride, to meet, recount the perils of the past, and estimate their glorious results.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 2d inst., the camp was enlivened by the cheering strains of the Legion's band, who with an immense concourse of soldiers from the different regiments in the brigade, had proceeded to Col. McMillan's tent to call on him for a speech. After music had been sweetly discoursed, the Colonel was loudly called for. He appeared, feeling that if any call should be responded to, it was of those who themselves, had responded to a call more imperative by that of thecountry. We have frequently heard the speaker up on politcal occasions; we have heard him at the bar, where the criminal was arraigned, and where the issue of a case pending was an issue of life. His burning eye, feeling gesture and impressive emphasis, cannot but be remembered by one who has ever listened to natural eloquence. On this occasion, however, his style was

different. Years, perhaps, and their events had wrought a change. His manner of speech had not lost any of its wonted fire. His sun of life which in the morning and at noon-day beamed with such effulgence, had crossed the meridian. It shown with a strong but steady, sober light. Instead of the flash of wit and flow of jovial sentiment to which he was given in former days, we find from the utterance of the first word, an earnestness, an exhibition of deep and dignified thought, which caused his hearers to gather closer around him.

His speech, about an hour in length, was marked with much soundness and strength of reason, as he reviewed the grounds, who we are, what is our position, and what are our prospects. "My friends," said he, "who are we? Our enemies say we are rebels, and so have all men at first been termed who have had the courage and the manhood to resist tyranny. What means the armor that you have buckled on? They say we are all engaged in a rebellion, in an insurrection. But a day is coming when a prouder appellation will be yours--not rebels, not insurgents, but patriots of the second revolution." The tone and manner in which this was spoken, coming too, from one whose frame was enfeebled by the labors and exposure of camp, had a marked effect, and these iron men rejoiced at the glory of coming years. Our present position, our relations, foreign and domestic, were portrayed in light in which our prospect, the last subject of his address was plainly visible.

Vicksburg had fallen, Port Hudson was in the hands of the enemy. Their power had triumphed at New Orleans, on the coast of North Carolina and Florida, Mobile and Savannah were threatened, while against Charleston, the object of their peculiar hatred, every instrument and element of war was being brought to bear. Yet all this was far from casting a cloud over our sky. What would be the result should all of our beleaguered cities fall? Why, simply a withdrawal of the enemy's forces from the field to garrison them, and a consequent withdrawal of our own armies, likewise in their armya depletion, if not total disorganization.

For if once their present force is destroyed, which now consisted of about three hundred and fifty thousand out of thirteen hundred thousand it can never be replaced. Of the men subject to the draft in the Northern States fifty may be found maimed, halt or blind, professedly, if not really, to one who is fitted for military duty. Again, while we should, to prevent the exaltations of the enemy, defend our seaport towns and cities to the last, should they all fall it would be of incalculable advantage to us in one particular. It would stop the importations of blockade goods, which, conducted by speculators, and Yankees in our midst, is ruining the currency of the country. To this very cause, more than to any other, may be attributed the high prices which our wives and families have to pay for the necessaries of life.

A brief allusion was made to the character of the foe we are fighting, and to their Puritan stock, and by tracing the genealogy of the modern Yankee from the time of the Norman conquest, and of the Southerner as a descendant of the conqueror of Britain who emigrated Southward and Westward, a difference of blood was shown which demonstrated to the truth, that we are fighting a race of inferior beings, and that the order of superiority in which the speaker named the three classes of this continent, was correct, viz: the white man, the negro and the Yankee.

The career of the Army of Northern Virginia was happily adverted to. The continued efforts of five successive Generals had never yet led the Army of the Potomac to victory. Lee's Army has never been defeated "and" was the rejoinder from the crown "never will be." No, nor our cause trodden down, so long as despotism has an enemy or liberty a friend. If we are attacked by Meade, we expect to teach him a lesson in the same old school in which his predecessors have been trained. In the sky of men who are buoyed up by such hopes as yours, the bow of

promise cannot but appear. Let those at home despair not of success while the spirits of those who suffer most, and whose lives are daily imperiled, remain unfaltering. Let us one and all, members of one brotherhood remain true to ourselves; be not aliens in this national commonwealth, nor strangers to the covenant which we have made with our country, and under the blessings of Him who is the God of battles as well as the Prince of Peace, we will establish a government which will endure to the end of time, whose principles shall be firm as the rock, and enduring as the everlasting hills:--the pride and admiration of the world.

Till wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And heaven's last thunder shake the world below.

We are not prepared to give a full synopsis of Col. McMillan's speech. His ideas were original and striking; his language pure and strong, evincing the elevating views and genuine order of the statesman and the patriot. His heart is in the war; his desire to see it prosecuted to the attainment of such a peace as alone would become the chivalry of the South whose life and whose honor are equal in the scale.

Those who heard him on Wednesday evening, though before, firmly rooted in the consciousness of our right, returned to their respective camps, viewing through a different glass the almost unparalleled success of our arms; the character, natural and military. Of each belligerent; our present position and future prospects. New ideas had been awakened, new hopes aroused, and the men who had so often bared their bosoms to the storm, resolved to strike, if possible, with re-doubled violence, for liberty, for home and for glory.

MADISON.

Southern Watchman, Sept. 30 (2, 3), 1863.

Letter from Col. Mell's Regiment

Camp Mayson, near Atlanta, Ga.,  
September 25th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--Having essayed camp life for a week, I sit down to report progress, as far as respects the Lipscomb Vol<sup>u</sup>nteers.

We bivouacked, the first night, in the Park in Atlanta, and early next morning pitched camp about a mile from the car shed, on Mayson's Hill--hence the name.

The boys are generally in good health and spirits, and are eager for service. For example, two or three days ago an order came from headquarters for a detail of 30 men, to do special duty in Atlanta. The Captain called for volunteers, when the whole company stepped out. He selected 30, who reported at the Provost Marshal's for orders. We must confess that our ardor was somewhat cooled, by being appointed, by two's, to mount guard at each end of the ladies' cars on the Railroads, and order back such unlucky bipeds as might attempt to enter without ladies on their arms. This duty has been distributed among the whole Regiment.

We organized by electing Dr. Mell Col., D. H. Walker Lieut. Col. and Capt. Peacock, of Madison, Major. Capt. Billups, of Athens, is Adjutant, G. A. Nunnally Commissary, and other officers appointed, whose names I don't know.

On yesterday, Gen. Cobb came and addressed the troops at Regimental parade, in one of the most spirit stirring appeals we have ever listened to. His object was to ascertain if they were willing to leave the boundaries prescribed in their musterrolls, and to serve any where in the State. All who consented were to step forward 10 paces. The whole Regiment marched out, and the Lipscomb Volunteers led the movement. So we are "in for it," wherever we may be wanted.



We have drawn some exceedingly filthy, ragged and uncomfortable tents, but as it was the best that could be done for us, we try to be contented.

Capt. Adams maintains the high respect and esteem of every man in his company. A better selection for a Captain could not possibly have been made. I enclose you a correct list of the members of the company.

J. R. Sanders, of Greene, has been appointed Sergeant Major, and T. G. Lawson, of Putnam, Ordnance Sergeant, Thomas Crawford Regimental Post Master. J. D. Pittard has been acting as company Commissary, and a most efficient one he makes. Capt. Adams has been assigned the left of the Regiment (Company K.) Gen. Cobb appointed Mr. Rutherford Brigade Quartermaster, which position he declined, preferring to be a private in the "Lipscombs." By the way, the Faculty of the University make as good soldiers as can be found any where in service. They take everything easy, attend to all their duties, having never missed a drill, roll call or any order that has been given by the officers. Excuse me for boasting, but I must say that our company is surpassed by none in the State for intelligence, good order, numbers, and, in a short time, I may add for drill. But enough at this time.

VOLUNTEER.

Southern Watchman, October 7 (1, 4-5; 2, 1-3), 1863.

Army Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

GREAT BATTLE OF THE CHICKAMAUGA.  
Near Chattanooga, Sept. 23, 1863.

The most important battle of the war, after that of the first Manassas, has just been fought and won by the Confederate arms. The result is told in a few words: There is no longer an armed enemy on the soil of Georgia! Only the Federal dead, wounded and prisoners now remain. The multitudinous host, swelling with confidence and pride, who lately invaded that powerful State, threatening to overrun her territory and devastate our homes, has been defeated and forced to seek refuge behind barricades and breastworks along the banks of the Tennessee river. Let every heart in all our suffering land give thanks to Almighty God for His great kindness, for the signal deliverance!

Having been detained on the route, I arrived upon the field too late to witness the battle. I am also almost wholly uninformed of the organization of the various corps, divisions and brigades which compose the Army of Tennessee. Under these circumstances, I am constrained to rely in great part upon the statements of others who were in a position to be well informed, and do not pretend to speak with absolute certainty, or to enter much into detail. But there is one fact which may be affirmed with great confidence and emphasis, to wit, that the Confederate troops never fought better; nor did any other troops upon any other battle field ever conduct themselves with higher courage or more distinguished gallantry. Longstreet's veterans and Bragg's braves entered into a generous rivalry, and each strove to set an example of daring, and to outdo the other. The one rushed to the conflict with their old battle-flags, bearing upon their ample folds the inscriptions of the first and second "Manassas," "Seven Pines," "Malvern Hill," "Fredericksburg" and "Chancellorsville," and fully resolved to wave those glorious standards in triumph over a western, as they had already done over an eastern foe. The other,

conscious of their own manhood, and yielding to none in high resolve and launtless courage, yet stung by the memory of former disasters, went upon the field with their minds and hearts fully made up, never to quit it but as victors, nor until they had proven to the world that they were the worthy brothers of the heroes of the Chickahominy and the Rappahannock. Before men thus animated and thus resolved, many of whom, (the Georgians) fought in view of their household gods, nothing could stand and live. The fierce battle cries rung out above the din and uproar of the mighty strife, the trumpet note of victory to Confederate arms, and the knell of defeat and death to the enemy. Great clouds of dust and blue smoke from the guns and burning woods enveloped the field, and the struggling combatants, and ascending from the plains, settled upon the crests of the hills and mountains in festoons of fantastic shape; but, deep as was the gloom, there were flashing eyes there that saw through it all, and followed with steady gaze the path that led to victory.

Nor were Bragg and Longstreet insensible to the feeling which animated their followers. To the one, it was the last opportunity to reverse the decrees of a hitherto unpropitious fortune; to the other, it was a new field of hope and ambition, where another blow might be struck for his country, and fresh laurels gathered for his own brow. Each did his duty nobly, as did all their officers and men, and the rewards of a grateful country awaits them. Only two of Longstreet's divisions arrived in time to take part in the fight, but they were a host within themselves. They were Benning's Law's and Robertson's brigades of Hood's division, and Kershaw's and Humphrey's brigades of McLaws'. But let us proceed with the battle.

It is already known that Gen. Bragg deemed it prudent to withdraw his forces from Chattanooga and East Tennessee, and to retire into the State of Georgia and there await reinforcements. The enemy's cavalry penetrated as far as Ringgold and

Tunnell Hill, on the Western and Atlantic railroad, our own cavalry, unfortunately, setting fire to the bridges as they retreated. Several affairs between outposts followed on Thursday and Friday, the 17th and 18th inst., and on the 19th a heavy skirmish ensued, amounting almost, if not quite to a general battle, in which Hood and his veterans displayed great spirit and resolution. General Bragg advanced upon the enemy, driving in his outposts and skirmishers, and gaining important advantages. He considered it best, probably, to strike before Rosecrans could be reinforced, and even before all of his own reinforcements could arrive. The Federal commander was evidently surprised by the vigorous movements of Bragg, from whom he expected only a feeble resistance. Even late on Sunday morning, when the Confederates deployed on the west bank of the Chickamauga, he was hardly prepared for a serious attack from an army which he supposed would be only too glad to effect its escape.

The great battle was fought on the west bank of the Chickamauga, on Sunday the 20th day of September. The line of battle extended east and west, across the boundary line between Walker and Catoosa counties, resting here and there on the banks of the Chickamauga river, a very crooked stream, running east and northeast and emptying into the Tennessee above Chattanooga. D. H. Hill commanded on the right, Polk in the centre and Longstreet on the left. The command of Longstreet was composed of such of the brigades of Hood's and McLaws' divisions as had come up, and Hindman's, Preston's, Stewart's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions of the army of Tennessee, the three last constituting the corps of that intrepid officer, Major General Buckner. These forces held the extreme left, and were exposed to the right wing of the enemy, which rested upon the mountains and occupied a strong position. Hill's corps, on the right, was composed of Breckenridge's and Cleburn's fine divisions. I am not yet informed of the composition of Polk's command, which occupied the centre, nor of Walker's corps, which was held in reserve.

By order of Gen. Bragg, the attack was commenced about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning on the extreme right, and was taken up by each succeeding division to the left, reaching Longstreet's left at 11 o'clock, and thus taking one hour for the wave of battle to roll from one end of the line to the other. On the right and in the centre the attack was not successful in the early part of the day. The enemy had mass/<sup>ed</sup>a heavy force on this part of the field, and maintained his position with so much stubbornness that Walker was ordered up with his reserves to the support of Hill and Polk. He moved forward in superb style, and fell upon the enemy like a thunderbolt; but the Federal column still stood their ground, and fought with desperate gallantry.

In the meantime, Longstreet had been steadily pushing back the enemy on the left, meeting no check, and carrying everything before him. Under his orders, Buckner executed a successful flank movement, whilst Hood and others made a vigorous assault in front. The effect of this combined attack was to force the Federals to abandon that part of the field, and to seek a position on a high ridge. They had not more than formed their lines, however, before the brigades of Kershaw and Humphries, of McLaws' division, under command of Kershaw, (McLaws not yet having arrived with the remainder of his division) were ordered to assault the ridge. Here a desperate fight ensued. Kershaw carried the position again and again, and lost it as often. It was evident the enemy had the advantage both in position and numbers, but the brave Carolinian and Mississippians did not stop to count the odds against them. Gen. Longstreet very properly, however, sent Gracie's, Kelley's and Trigg's brigades of Preston's heroic division, to their support. A vigorous and simultaneous assault was then made, and the enemy finally driven, with great slaughter, from the crest of the ridge and down its side. Preston and his entire command behaved with distinguished gallantry, and like the veteran Kershaw and his loyal followers, excited the admiration of all who witnessed their conduct. Kershaw

captured nine guns, a number of small arms, and some prisoners; and Humphreys took 435 prisoners, four regimental standards, and one headquarter flag.

Hindman, whose position was next on the left, was not idle while this struggle was going on. He engaged the enemy in his front, and after a fierce encounter, compelled him to retire along with the rest of the Yankee forces.

The advantages which Longstreet had gained on the left could not but arrest the attention of Rosecrans, who consequently detached a heavy force from his left wing and centre, and sent it to the support of his right. This important movement did not escape the vigilant eyes of the Confederates. Gen. Law, who had succeeded to the command of Hood's division, after the latter was dangerously wounded, ordered a battery of ten guns to be pushed forward to a position from which he could enfilade the reinforcing column as it advanced. This was late in the afternoon, and at a time when Preston's and Johnson's divisions of Buckner's corps, and Kershaw and Humphreys, of McLaws' division had again become engaged with the enemy in a desperate conflict. After gaining possession of the ridge, as heretofore described, they had continued the pursuit until they came up with the retiring foe, who turned upon his pursuers and once more attempted to make a stand. The reinforcing column was about to wheel into position when the battery of ten guns opened upon it a terrific enfilading fire. About the same time, Lt. Col. Sorrell, of Longstreet's staff, ordered Stewart's division to advance and fall upon the flank of the column. The shock was terrible. The enemy halted, staggered backwards, fell into confusion, and finally fled, followed by those to whose assistance they had gone. Indeed, they were badly whipped on this part of the line, and lost largely in prisoners and killed and wounded. About 3,000 prisoners were taken. In addition to the guns captured by Kershaw, Hood's division took twenty-one, thirteen of which were brought off by Law's brigade and eight by Benning's. Each of these last named officers were conspicuous for good conduct. But this was true of all the officers and men, and I need not stop

to particularize one more than another.

Gen. Hood's wound, which has resulted in the amputation of his thigh, is deplored by the whole army. A more useful and gallant officer is not to be found in the Confederate service.

But the manoeuvre by which the Federal commander sought to reinforce his right wing, did not escape the notice of Polk, Walker and Hill. They detected the movement, and again attacked the enemy's centre and left wing, now reduced by the reinforcements sent to oppose the victorious advance of Longstreet. This time their assault was successful. The foe was driven back at every point, on the right, centre and left. The day had been won; the enemy were flying from the field. Night alone put an end to the conflict, and saved him from a ruinous defeat, if not from annihilation. Gen. Hill speaks in high terms of Breckinridge and Cleburne, and their brave commands. Polk and Walker acquired fresh renown; and the bold and intrepid Forrest, the gallant Wheeler and the spirited Wharton, with their hardy troopers, were omnipresent; at one moment harrassing the flanks of the enemy; at another beating back his advance; now hovering on the hills and mountains, and anon swooping through the valley like eagles upon their prey. Indeed, the universal report is that every man did his duty, and none more than Gen. Longstreet. The result speaks for itself, and to the eulogy of all, of the privates as well as the officers.

Of the loss sustained by either side, I am not sufficiently informed to speak with any degree of certainty. The number of killed is small compared with the number of wounded, which is unusually large, and the wounds are unusually slight. Many of the wounded of the enemy fell into our hands, and all of his dead, together with about forty pieces of artillery, several thousand small arms, between six and eight thousand prisoners, and between twenty-five and thirty stands of colors. Among our own casualties were several general and field officers, including Brig. Gen. Preston

Smith and Deishler killed, Major Gen. Hood badly wounded, and Brig. Gen. Dan Adams severely wounded and in the hands of the enemy. Brig. Gen. Benning received a slight wound, though he still remains in the saddle.

Monday was devoted to the care of the wounded, the burial of the dead and the gathering up of the arms and other trophies of the battle. The enemy withdrew to Missionary Ridge Sunday night, and on Monday night continued his retreat to Chattanooga and the Tennessee river. Yesterday the Confederates followed up and took position in front of the town, where they still remain. The Federals are crouching on the river bank behind entrenchments, and are busily engaged in erecting additional defences. They have a good position in a bend of the river, strongly fortified in front and their flanks well protected. It is hoped Gen. Bragg will find some way to manoeuvre them out of their hole without a direct attack. Possibly an energetic pursuit Monday morning would have compelled them to recross the river; but this is not certain. Their rear was pushed into Chattanooga yesterday evening by McLaws, who had arrived with the remainder of his command.

P.W.A.



Southern Watchman, Oct. 7 (2, 1-3), 1863, 8

FURTHER FROM THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Army of Tennessee,  
In front of Chattanooga, Sept. 25.

There are some additional facts and circumstances connected with the battle of Chickamauga which deserve to be recorded:

The battle field lies on the west bank of West Chickamauga, and is about eight miles from Ringgold, Ga., and about the same distance from Chattanooga, Tenn., nearly due south from the latter. It is some four miles below the Tennessee line, and is bounded on the west by Missionary Ridge (a condition of Walden's Ridge, in Tennessee) and on the east, by the Chickamauga, or "river of blood," as the Indian name implies. Rossville, the former home of John Ross, the celebrated Chief of the Cherokees, is two miles north from the battle field, and situated at the foot of a pass in Missionary Ridge. It was in this lovely valley of Chickamauga, and along these mountain passes, that the hostile tribes were wont to meet in battle array and settle their disputes. It was here that the dusky maiden was wooed and won by her forest born lover, and questions of boundary, and domination, and revenge found their bloody solution. This was in the years that are gone, when the untutored Indian held undisputed sway in these wild glens and coves, and among these rocky fastnesses. And yet how faithfully does the civilized white man of this day repeat the history of the savage red man of that! The same passions animate his heart, the same policies engage his councils, and the same field now drinks up his blood. The river of Blood--if this was an appropriate name for the crooked, gliding, serpent shaped river in the days of the Indian, recent events have given to it a yet stronger claim to that sanguinary title.

The ground upon which the battle was fought is slightly undulating, except where it approaches the mountain spurs and ridges on the west, and is covered with heavy timber, with occasional patches of cleared land here and there. The timber is not so thick as that around Chancellorsville where the undergrowth is almost impenetrable, but resembles more the woods about Shiloh, where the troops were manoeuvred with comparative ease.

The artillery could take but an inconsiderable part in the battle, in consequence of the timber and the level character of the ground. On the left, next to Missionary Ridge, the ground is broken into hills and valleys, but the primeval forest still remains, and consequently the most skilful artillerist could accomplish but little.

It is said that Gen. Bragg's plan of attack was desigted to be the same as that of General Lee on the Chickahominy, viz: a movement down the left bank of the Chickamauga by a column which was to take the enemy in flank, and drive him down the river to the next ford or crossing below, where a second column was to cross over and unite with the first in pushing the enemy still further down the river, until all the bridges and fords had been uncovered and our entire army had passed over. This plan was frustrated, according to report, by a counter movement, which is explained in the following order of the Federal General Thomas. This order was found upon the person of Adjutant General Muhleman, of Gen. Palmer's staff, who subsequently fell into our hands:

Headquarters 14th Army Corps,  
Near Daniel's House,  
Sept. 29, 1863--9 a. m.

Major General Palmer:

The Rebels are reported in quite a heavy force between you and Alexander's Mill. If you advance as soon as possible on them in front, while I attack them in flank, I think we can use them up.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

Geo. H. Thomas,  
Major General Junior Comd'g.

This was Saturday morning. The counter attack upon the front and flank of our flanking column was made with vigor soon after it crossed the river, and in accordance with the plan suggested by Gen. Thomas; and if not entirely successful, it was sufficiently so to disarrange our plans and delay our movements.

The inquiry may arise in the mind of the reader, why Gen. Bragg did not postpone the attack until all his reinforcements could get up? It is said but with what truth I cannot determine, that he acted under the belief that only three Federal corps had advanced up the valley of the Chickamauga, and that the remainder of Rosecrans' army was still on the north side of the Tennessee near Chattanooga, and that Burnside had not yet formed a junction with the main body. If such was his belief, he was deceived, except as to Burnside, as Gen. Lee was at Gettysburg when he supposed on the morning of the 2d of July that the whole of Meade's forces had not then arrived. And yet it must be admitted that Gen. Bragg acted wisely in giving battle when and where he did. Delay was full of danger; it might bring heavier reinforcements to his antagonist than any he could count upon. Moreover, Rosecrans was not on his guard, and did not look for an attack from an enemy who he supposed would only too glad to effect his escape. At one time he was wary and active, combining the cunning of the fox with the sudden energy of the panther springing upon its prey; but he had become intoxicated by success, and had grown proud and confident and incautious. Gen. Bragg did well to strike his boastful foe as soon as he did. His blow was given with skill and crushing effect. If it had <sup>only been followed up with other rapid</sup> ~~upon the arrival of his remaining reinforcements,~~ possibly still more gratifying results might have been accomplished. But this is not certain, and let us not be too fast to find fault.

As it is, let us see what were the fruits of our victory. In the first place we captured 7,000 well prisoners: those will go far towards equalizing our losses at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. In the next we took 40 stands of colors, 38 guns, (of which Longstreet's command brought off 25,000 small arms, 150 wagons, and several thousand cartridge boxes and knapsack with their contents. This is a good showing--one that speaks for itself--and will pass for a great victory in any country. But this is not all; indeed it is not the least part of the glorious result. By a single battle we succeeded in expelling the invader from the soil of Georgia, the teeming Egypt of the

Confederacy, at a time of much solicitude in the public mind, and under circumstances which seemed propitious to the successful advance of the enemy into the very heart and stronghold of the country. Our success can be measured only by what our grief and loss would have been if the enemy had reached Atlanta and overrun the State.

I have endeavored heretofore to pay due homage to the skill and gallantry by which this great victory was achieved. Officers and men alike did their duty, and to each and all is due next to the Giver of all victory, the deep gratitude of an imperilled people. But the truth of history, as well as simple justice, requires it to be stated here, that no one officer or body of men of the same number could have contributed more to the triumph of the Confederate arms, than did Gen. Longstreet and the brave veterans who followed him from Virginia. They had travelled from the Rappahannock in crowded box cars, upon open platforms, and upon the top of the cars, in the rain, in the dust and in the sun, and with but little food or sleep. They had passed by their own homes without stopping to embrace the loved ones there--homes that some of them had not seen since the commencement of the war; and had rushed to the scene of action without rest or transportation, halting only long enough to clear their eyes of the dust of travel and replenish their cartridge boxes. The officers were without horses, and the men without wagons to transport their supplies. There was not time to furnish either; the battle was about to be joined. Arrived in front of the foe, these veterans were placed in the van, and led in every attack by the left wing, where our success was most signal, and where the day was really won. All honor, then, to the modest chieftain and his invincible command! Their praises are freely proclaimed by the Army of Tennessee, between whom and themselves there can be only a generous rivalry in heroic action and patient endurance.

Passing from the battle to the present situation, there are some important changes to report since the date of my last letter. We have wrested Lookout Mountain from the

the enemy, and now command the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad below Chattanooga, the only channel, except his wagon trains, by which he can receive supplies from the rear. His position, however, is impregnable to assault in front. His forces occupy a bond in the Tennessee, which is spanned by two wide substantial pontoon bridges. His flanks are well protected--the right by Chattanooga creek, a deep stream with steep banks, and the left by a curve in the river above; while his front is defended by outer and inner lines of entrenchments and a series of redoubts and earth works which crown every hill within the circuit of his fortifications and command every approach to the town. To attack the enemy in such a position were worse than madness. Many of these works have been prepared or strengthened since the battle.

But does Rosecrans intend to hold Chattanooga? A reconnoissance was undertaken last night at half-past 10 o'clock, when his pickets and skirmishers were chased back to the fortifications; but he was found to be in strong force, and not yet evacuating the place. Today, however, our signal men on Lookout Mountain report that his wagons have been taken across the river and parked, and that long lines of infantry, cavalry and artillery, accompanied by forage wagons loaded with hay, could be seen moving over the bridges and across the mountains to the north. Whether this is a ruse, intending to countermarch at night, or the beginning of the final evacuation of the town, it is impossible yet to decide. Prisoners and citizens who have escaped out of their lines report that the whole army is moving towards Murfreesboro'. It may be a part of the plan of Rosecrans to leave a sufficient force behind to hold Chattanooga while he moves the main body of the army to some other point.

I have written and telegraphed you regularly since my arrival here.

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, October 14 (2,5; 3,1), 1863.

From the Savannah Republican.

Rosecrans' Position at Chattanooga, &c.

Lookout Mountain; Tenn., Sept. 28.

Rosecrans has not evacuated Chattanooga, nor is there any reason to believe that he has any such intention. Long lines of infantry, cavalry and artillery reported by the signal corps some days ago to be crossing the Tennessee to the North side, are now believed to have been forces sent out for the purpose of escorting provision and forage trains to Stevenson and McMinnville whence the Federal army obtain, their supplies. Their wagon trains have been sent across the river and parked only for greater safety. A few brigades of infantry have also been transferred to the north bank with a view to guarding Butler's ford, four miles below the northern end of the mountain, and Kelley's ford, some nine miles further down. The river at the town is in the form of the letter S, in the northern curve of which, but on the Southern side of the river, the Federal army is encamped. A heavy battery has been planted on the tongue of land on the north side and in that part of the curve which sweeps around to the south. This position gives them an enfilading and oblique fire upon an attacking column moving against their front, which is also defended by three lines of breastworks running from one curve of the river to the other. These lines form a semi circle in front, and are the complement to the bend of the river in the rear.

Within the circle thus formed by the river in the rear and lines of entrenchments in front, there is a number of hills or elevations which are crowned by formidable earthworks and batteries. Some of these defences were erected by Gen. Bragg, but they have been greatly strengthened and multiplied by Gen. Rosecrans since the battle. There is a star shaped fort of large extent in front of the railroad depot and near the centre of the second line of breastworks. Eight hundred or a thousand yards to

the right of this, on the line of the East Tennessee Railroad, is another work of equal dimensions, but different in form. This seems to be a redan. Back of these two works on an eminence near the river and between them is a strong redoubt. On the high hill behind the town are other batteries admirably located. Indeed, the entire curve of the Tennessee occupied by the enemy is covered with a net work of forts, breastworks, masked batteries and rifle pits. Many of them can be seen distinctly from Lookout mountain, whilst only portions of others can be detected among the trees and behind the hills. When viewed from our picket lines in front, as I saw them this morning they look formidable enough.

Can this stronghold be taken by a direct assault? Were Vicksburg and Fort Wagner thus taken? Strong as the position is already, Rosecrans shows no disposition to relax his efforts to render it really and absolutely impregnable. Day and night his engineers are at work. Possibly the place could have been carried by storm, though not without heavy loss, had we pressed forward from the victorious field of Chickamauga. If any mistake has been committed, it was not making the effort at that time. It is too late now I fear. It may be, only two alternatives are left us: either to dig up to the place as the enemy did at Vicksburg and Fort Wagner, or to manoeuvre him out of it. To do the former, will require time and labor; to do the latter will be difficult and hazardous, as will be apparent to the most casual observer of the map of Tennessee.

This is not the only disagreeable truth we have to record. Reinforcements have reached Rosecrans since the battle, and others are expected. Prisoners and citizens report the arrival of Burnside's column, and late Federal papers hint that other troops are on the way. The retention of Chattanooga is considered as of the first importance. Not only as regards Tennessee, but as a point d'appui in the future conduct of the war; and it will be held if possible. The papers admit the defeat of Rosecrans, but ascribe

it to the large reinforcements which they say were sent to Bragg.

It is understood that the four bridges burnt by the Confederate cavalry on the Georgia State Railroad, have been rebuilt, and that the cars are now running to Chickamauga station. When will our people learn that they injure themselves only when they destroy railroad bridges? The bridges could not be used by the enemy without cars, and of the latter they had none this side of the Tennessee, and could not get any in a space of time which would not have been ample to replace the bridges.

Rosecrans sent in this morning, under a flag of truce, one hundred and ninety-two ambulances and several wagons with supplies for his wounded in our hospitals, who have been paroled and will be returned to him this evening and to-morrow. The ambulance train was met at a point between the two picket lines, and there turned over to Confederate drivers who will go for the wounded, bring them back to the same point, and there deliver them to the Federal authorities.

It is believed that 10,000 will cover our loss in killed, wounded and missing, and that 20,000 will cover the enemy's including 7,000 prisoners, of whom 5,000 were well men taken in battle. There seems to be some doubt about the wagons reported among the spoils of the victory, and the number of flags taken is twenty and not forty, as reported to me by one of the highest officers in the army. Of the 25,000 stand of small arms picked up on the battle field, a portion of them, of course, were dropped by our own killed and wounded.

It is reported that a few more guns have been found, in addition to those captured in the fight. The number is now said to be forty-three. The flags taken have been sent on to Richmond by the brave men who captured them and such company officers as greatly distinguished themselves. It is not probable that our killed will exceed 1,000. Of the remaining 8,000, it is not believed that more than 2,000, if so many, were severely wounded--all the rest receiving comparatively slight wounds.

There has been no rain here for eight weeks. It is exceedingly dry and dusty, and the supply of water scant.



Southern Watchman, October 28 (4, 1-2), 1863.

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp Near Fredericksburg, Va.,  
Sept. 8th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:--Coming as we do, from North-eastern Georgia, and the good old county of Franklin, and being, as we are, the first company organized in said county, in response to the first cry of alarm from our beloved country, having for our motives the sustaining of her time-honored and deeply cherished institutions--the defence of her homes, her firesides, and all that should be held sacred and dear by patriots; and having, since July eighteen hundred and sixty-one, participated in all the sanguinary and hotly contested struggles of the heretofore unequalled and invincible army of Northern Virginia, from the filthy trenches at Yorktown to the rugged crags of the ever-memorable heights of Gettysburg, Pa., we solicit your indulgence and sufficient space in your columns, to say that while we have been standing on our Northern confines, with bared bosoms, exposed to the guns of an insolent and unprincipled foe, we have incessantly and instinctively, as it were, turned an eager eye toward the land of our birth and of our homes, far away in the sunny South, and experienced the deepest solicitude for the comfort, the safety and general welfare of fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and littleones, all of whom, from the very nature of things, are to a greater or less extent helpless, and peculiarly exposed to the varying fortunes and accidents of war, with all their blighting, withering and impoverishing consequences. We have watched with regret, alarm and indignation, the rapidly growing spirit of speculation and extortion upon the sad misfortunes of our country, and especially the wants of poor soldiers' wives and children, who from unavoidable circumstances are placed beyond the reach of our protection or assistance, left to the tender mercies of those who, it may be, from uneviable cause of exemption, or an unfortunate destitution of manly courage or patriotic sentiment, are

permitted to remain among them, engaged ostensibly, it may be, in supplying their wants, but really in wrenching from them all the substantial elements of future subsistence; increasing needlessly the horrors of war; lending additional bitterness to the wailings of the sorrow stricken widow; and renewed anguish to the pitiful cry of the destitute and hunger-pinched; multiplying uselessly, the incessant toils of the labor-worn soldier's wife; diminishing the value of the only currency available to us or our families; increasing the value of the necessaries of life, in proportion to the increased wants of those who most need and deserve them; paralysing the already bleeding arm, and pressing unfeelingly upon the overburdened treasury of our infant republic; preying with the avidity of a leech, upon the very vitals of that Government, in defence of which, so many of their more noble and self-sacrificing countrymen have so recently bled and died. All this for what? we would ask. They would tell you, with an astonishing parade of false patriotism and self-importance, that it was for the benefit of our cause, and the benefit of our families; but we tell you nay; it was for the ignominious, vile and execrable purpose of enriching their own coffers, at the expense, and upon the helplessness of a struggling government, a bleeding army, and an unprotected community of women and children.

In the meantime, we have to deplore the necessity for directing (very justly, as we conceive,) our hearty detestation and contempt to a class of persons, (small we hope) composed, we opine, of fugitive conscripts, laggards, stragglers and deserters, from the West and other posts of duty, who are so destitute of all sentiments of valor or principles of honor, as to acknowledge themselves whipped, and intimating their readiness to acquiesce in a reconstruction of the Union; thereby disparaging the merits of all our services and painful sacrifices; banishing from the mind of our loved ones at home, the fond hopes and bright anticipations of a glorious future of independence, peace and prosperity; inviting as it were for themselves and their more determined and victorious countrymen, a future of degradation and abject

vassalage more intolerable than that of the meanest Russian serf, rather than incur the danger of standing by their guns and discharging their duty like men worthy of the cause for which we fight.

To our remaining faithful fellow citizens of Franklin county, and especially to our anxious and devoted mothers, wives and sisters, we would tender an assurance of our inflexibility of purpose, our firm and unyielding devotion to our country, our entire confidence in the ultimate success of our arms and the triumph of our cause. And now, that these happy results, so confidently expected and patiently hoped for, may the more speedily ensue, we earnestly invite you to co-operate the more effectually in this great work, with us, by frowning down contemptuously and repulsing indignantly from your midst, all such characters, if any there be, and bid them to their post of danger and duty, or to some other clime more congenial to their sentiments and practices.

We would assure you of our lofty admiration of our Chief Magistrate, and our entire confidence in his exalted abilities and pure patriotism. We know that to err is human, and he cannot be without imperfections; but if his crew, i. e., the army and citizens throughout the Confederacy, will afford him their unqualified assistance and hearty encouragement, we will entertain no doubts of his ability and sincere desire to pilot the ship of State safe into the harbor of national security and repose.

It will be remembered by many of you that upon our departure from your midst for the scene of conflict, we were honored by the presentation of a stand of colors from some of your fair hands, bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death." Under the command of the lamented and chivalrous Col. Wm. T. Millican, whose conspicuous gallantry afterwards upon the field of Sharpsburg so prominently illustrated your county for all time to come, and who fell as only heroes fall, we unfurled this banner to the breeze, and went boldly forth to meet the coming shock, determined to be free or die; and upon every field and in every conflict, our battle cry has been "Victory

or Death!" And though many of the brave spirits who then marched so proudly at our sides have been swept away, and a thousand sore trials and aggravating discouragements meet and annoy us on every hand, we will, with the blessing of Almighty God, never give up the ship; but fight on, fight ever, until we have conquered our last foe--secured our independence--and can return to the embrace of those we love, for whom we serve and suffer, and from whom we hope to receive the welcome plaudit; "Well done, good and faithful servants!"

TUGALO BLUES,  
15th Reg. Ga. Vols.

Southern Watchman, Nov 25 1863

For the Southern Watchman

Camp Near Blountville, Tenn.,  
November 15th, 1863.

To all the Friends of Co. H, 16th Ga. Battalion Partizan Rangers, Commanded by  
Capt. Jas. F. Ray.

We left Jefferson, Jackson county, on the 26th of Oct. for Bristol, Tenn., going by the way of Homer and Carnesville, Ga.; Pendleton, Greenville and Spartanburg, S.C.; thence to Lincolnton, Newton, Oland, Rockford and Mt. Airy, N. C.; then crossing the Blue Ridge at Piper's Gap; then to Grayson and Abingdon, Va., and then to Bristol, Tenn. I can say more than any other man that has ever taken a company from Jackson and Banks counties--I had no accidents on the march--which is about 500 miles. We had plenty to eat all the time, only the two last days. We had one horse to give out--it was Wm. McBee's. We had no sickness; and there was never a company that acted more honorably than this company did. I have belonged to several other companies, but they are the best behaved men I ever saw. We were twenty days on the road.

JAMES F. RAY, Capt.

Southern Watchman November 25 (2,5; 3,1), 1863.

For the Southern Watchman

Headq'rs 16th Ga. Batt. Cavalry,  
Bond's Camp Ground, Nov. 13th.

Dear Watchman:--This leaves Co. D with three of its members complaining: J. M. Cooper, A. G. Osborn and Joseph McEver; Co. E with six: J. C. Duncan, B. B. Hammond, M. P. Hewitt, J. R. Shields, C. S. McElhannon and J. D. Williamson; Co. G with three: E. Carlile, (who has almost lost his hearing and speech, from the effects of measles,) W. O. Willson and M. H. Yarbrough, who, like the others mentioned, except Carlile, are still complaining. Our horses are in good order, with but few exceptions, but many of them have sore backs, and are suffering very badly with scratches.

On the 4th inst we left camp near Blountville and moved to Kingsport. About an hour after dark the 5th inst., and one of the most dark, rainy and cold nights I have experienced since last winter, we left Kingsport and arrived at the Yankee camp near Rogersville, and gave them battle between 9 and 10 o'clock, the 6th inst., the result of which may be seen from a copy of General Orders No. 10, which I send you as part of this communication, and reads as follows:

H'dq'rs Dist. S. W. Va. & E. Tenn.,  
Blountville, Nov. 10th, 1863.

General Orders,  
No. 10

It is with great pleasure that the Maj. Gen. Comd'g announces to the troops the successful attack of our cavalry upon the enemy at Rogersville, Tenn., on the 6th inst., resulting in the capture of eight hundred prisoners, four pieces of artillery, four stands of colors, sixty wagons, one thousand horses and mules, small arms, ammunition and other valuable stores, with a loss of only two killed and four or five wounded. The Maj. Gen. Com'dg offers his heartfelt thanks to his officers and men engaged, and hopes that this brilliant exploit will be the earnest of continued and substantial success in the future.

By command of

Maj. Gen. RANSOM.

T. Rowland, A. A. G.

I enclose you also, as part of my communication, a blank oath, to be filled up for some timid man or Lincoln lover, which was found, with many others, among their papers:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I, \_\_\_\_\_ of the county of \_\_\_\_\_ State of \_\_\_\_\_ do solemnly swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution or laws of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and further, that I will faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by the laws of the United States; and I take this oath freely and voluntarily, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever.

Subscribed and sworn to in duplicate before me this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_  
A. D., 1862.

The above named has \_\_\_\_\_ complexion and \_\_\_\_\_ hair and \_\_\_\_\_ eyes, and is \_\_\_\_\_ feet, \_\_\_\_\_ inches high.

Since they have occupied E. Tenn. great have been their depredations as robbers. Among the trophies captured in their camp were ladies' dressing and even baby aprons.

The greatest sins which men indulge in in the camps are, perhaps, profane swearing and cardplaying. I would advise all parents and guardians, and even many wives, when writing to their sons, wards and husbands, to use their influence with them against these wretched practices. It is impossible for company or field officers to prevent it, for many of them are guilty of the same almost daily.

We go to-morrow on a scout, in the direction of Jonesboro'.

Yours,  
W. L. MARLER, Capt. Co. E.

P.S. Lt. A. J. Lyle, of Co. D, is also quite sick. We have some men who have been at home nearly all this year. If they are not yet able to do duty, we invite them back to get a discharge; but if able, then we ask the attention of enrolling officers, home guards, &c., to them. Conscribe them and send them off somewhere else, as we are satisfied they do not wish to come back, and we can do without them.

W.L.M.



Sorghum Syrup-Making

Friend Christy:--As I have had eight years' experience in the manufacture of Sorghum syrup, and have been solicited by many friends to give a prescription in your valuable paper, I here give a full receipt, which will enable all my up-country friends to manufacture their own syrup.

The seed should be sown about the middle of April in drill, on good land, and care should be taken to thin out to the distance of 10 inches and well suckered, with three good workings, after which time your crop will be ready to manufacture, about the middle of September, and not likely to be injured by frost. My plan is to strip the blades off say one acre, before commencing crushing. The cane should be cut while dry and laid in a dry place close to the crusher, with the butts all one way, in order to make it convenient to the feeder. It makes but little difference what kind of crusher, so you get the juice all from the stalks; and to do this, you should have your rollers so constructed as not to give any, and have three, so that one on each side of the crusher can feed at the same time, making the pressure equal against the middle roller. One good mill is sufficient to crush 4 acres of good cane, in ample time not to be injured by frost.

As there is so much said about the kind of boilers, I give as my opinion, that cast kettles are equal to any. For one mill have two 30 gallon kettles in a furnace, close to each other. Let your furnace have a good chimney attached to the hind end, run up at least 8 feet, so as not to let the smoke be in your way. Get your kettles warm before you put in your juice. You can have one full of juice boiling, and the other with water, so as not to injure your kettle until the other is filled with juice. Now comes the particulars of syrup making.--As your juice begins to warm there is a dark, thick scum rises to the top. Don't touch that until you see it leaving the boiler round the edges; then commence with a skimmer, (a gourd is as good as anything,)

having the bottom full of holes so that the thin juice can escape back into the boiler. After you get off the first dark scum, you will see a yellowish, sticky scum arise. Keep skimming with your perforated skimmer till that all disappears.--- About this time your boiler is boiling over and over, and as it boils it breaks the scum. You then take another skimmer without holes, and keep skimming as long as you see any yellowish or greenish appearance arise to the top, which it is likely to do until it commences to thicken, and many times after it is thickening you can skim off some dark substance. I always save the second skimming and boil over, and of that I make what I call seconds, an inferior article, but answers well to preserve in. Continue boiling until the syrup begins to thicken. At this stage it is most likely to boil over, when the top begins to be of an uneven substance, resembling that of a beef's rennet, or what some people call the manifolds attached to the maw. You can see the last drop of the water substance making its escape, by throwing up jets of syrup, sometimes the distance of six inches. You can then dip in your skimmer, turning the mouth downwards, and if the syrup leaves the skimmer in broad flakes, you should cool the fire a little and dip out the syrup in haste into a vessel covered with a thin cloth, so as to strain it again while hot. Be sure you never add any fresh juice to your kettles after commencing boiling, so as to have the whole cooked equally; for, by adding fresh juice, when the syrup becomes cool, the raw juice will leave the cooked juice and stick to the teeth; or, in other words, color any liquid substance, for the reason that the raw juice never gets properly skimmed.

JOHN D. HOWARD  
Mossy Creek, White Co., G. Nov. 21, 1863.