

Southern Watchman, January 13 (1, 1-2), 1864

From the Savannah Republican

LIEUTENANT GENERAL HARDEE

Thomaston, Ga., Dec. 28, 1863

Lieut. Gen., William J. Hardee was born in Camden county, Ga., and not in Appling county, as has been stated by some, nor in St. Augustine, Fla., as has been stated by others. He entered West Point in 1834 and graduated in 1838. His first duty as a soldier after graduating, was performed under Gen. Scott, in the Cherokee country of Georgia, which is the same district that is now occupied by the army he commands. In the latter part of 1838, he went to Florida and engaged in the Indian war until the fall of 1840. He was then chosen by the War Department of the United States as one of three promising young men to be sent to France, to perfect themselves in cavalry tactics. His companions were Capt. Floyd Bell and Lieut. Newton, and they entered the military school of San Mur, where they remained until the fall of 1842, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the cavalry tactics of the French army. On his return he joined his regiment (the Second Dragoons,) at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, where he remained until the opening of the Mexican war, when his Regiment was ordered to Corpus Christi, under Gen. Taylor. Soon after hostilities commenced, he was taken prisoner, while out on a scouting party, near Matamoras. The force was a small squadron of cavalry under command of Captain Thornton, the next in command being himself. The party was led astray through the carelessness of a Mexican guide, and was soon surrounded by a largely superior force of the enemy, when an attempt was made to escape, in which Capt. Thornton was thrown from his horse. The command then devolved on Capt. Hardee, who seeing the perilous situation of his little force, dashed with it to the bank of the Rio Grande, for the purpose of swimming the river, but the approaches were so boggy that it was impracticable. He then turned, and finding escape impossible, he sent a flag of truce to Gen. Ampudia, the commander of the Mexican forces, saying that if the command would be treated as prisoners of war,

he would surrender , but otherwise they would cut their way out. The terms were granted, and he remained a prisoner, sixteen days, at the expiration of which time he was duly exchanged. He was treated with much consideration by Ampudia while a prisoner. He subsequently passed through the principal battles of the war, receiving two brevets for gallantry in action. The State of Georgia, at the close of the war, presented him a beautifully chased sword, with appropriate inscriptions, as a testimonial of his services.

In 1853, Lieut. Col. Hardee was assigned by Mr. Davis, the then Federal Secretary at War, to the duty of arranging a system of Tactics for the use of the army and militia of the United States, and produced the work which has since become a household word. "Hardee's Tactics, by ~~with~~ order of the War Department, superseded Scott's, and the Federal army is now using, and has always used since the publication, the unaltered editions of "Hardee's Tactics," except that his name is no long inserted as the author, wishing, no doubt, not to appear as having a "rebel" as their military teacher.

In 1856, Col. Hardee was ordered to West Point, where he remained as commandant of the corps of Cadets until the fall of 1860, when he resigned his commission in the U. S. Army and returned to his native state. He offered his services to Gov. Brown and was by him appointed ~~senior~~ senior Colonel of the State forces. Shortly after this, the Provisional Government was formed at Montgomery, and he was at once telegraphed for by President Davis, who offered him the position of Adjutant and Inspector General of the Confederate States, the place since filled with so much satisfaction to the country by Gen. Cooper; but he declined it, preferring "a place near the flashing of the guns." He was then appointed senior Colonel in the regular army and sent to the command of Fort Morgan, in Mobile bay. He remained there until July, 1861, when he was appointed Brigadier General and ordered to Arkansas, where he

organized a division of Arkansians and operated a short time in Southern Missouri. These Arkansians have since shown the excellence of their drill and discipline on every battlefield where they have been engaged. A few months thereafter Hardee transferred his force to Bowling Green, Ky., and formed a part of the army under Sydney Johnston. He was here made a Major General. After the reverse at Fort Donelson, he conducted the retreat of Johnston's army from Kentucky to Corinth. At the latter point, the army was organized into three corps, commanded respectively by Bragg, ~~Polk~~ Polk and Hardee, and under this organization it entered the bloody battle of Shiloh. Hardee commanded the advance corps and led in the attack. The country is familiar with the history of that battle, and the distinguished part taken by Gen. Hardee.

After the retreat from Corinth the last of May, 1862, the army halted at Tupelo, Miss., at which point Gen. Beauregard was relieved from command and Gen. Bragg succeeded to it. One of Gen. Bragg's first acts was to make Gen. Hardee the active commander of the army of the Mississippi; and in this position he continued during the transfer of the army from Tupelo to Chattanooga, and until it was about to move into Kentucky, when it was divided into two wings, one under Polk and the other under Hardee. The battle of Perryville in October following was fought principally by the troops of Hardee's wing. It was a splendid field victory, but achieved nothing, as the Confederates were compelled to retreat the next day, the combinations of the commanding General not being carried out successfully. The army reached Knoxville from its Kentucky campaign in the latter part of October, and soon thereafter commenced the campaign of Middle Tennessee.

At the battle of Murfreesboro', fought the last day of 1862 and the first of 1863, Gen. Hardee commanded the left wing of the army; and here

again his command was eminently successful, whilst the remainder of our forces were beaten. He drove the enemy with heavy loss for four miles without check, defeating double his numbers, as was shown by captured papers, and stopped only when the men were exhausted and no reinforcements could be had to meet the fresh lines of the enemy. The attack and success of the left wing at Murfreesboro' was one of the most signal achievements of the war.

In July, 1863, after the army had fallen back from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, Gen. Hardee was ordered to Mississippi, and was engaged in reassembling the Vicksburg and Port Hudson prisoners until about the 1st of November, when he was ordered back to the Army of Tennessee. Gen. Longstreet having been sent to Knoxville, Gen. Hardee was placed in command of the left wing, resting upon Lookout mountain, and held this position until the evening of the 23d November, when the right wing being threatened, he was transferred to that part of the line. The battle of Lookout was fought the next day, the 24th and lost and was followed on the 25th by the battle of Missionary Ridge. Here, as on every other field where he has been engaged, Hardee's command was successful; and here, as at Perryville and Murfreesboro', the other wing of the army was defeated. He not only repulsed the enemy with heavy slaughter at Missionary Ridge, but took a considerable number of prisoners and flags, and brought off his troops, under orders, without the loss of a gun or prisoner.

The army retreated to Dalton, where Gen. Bragg was relieved of his command at his own request, and Gen. Hardee appointed to succeed him. The latter promptly declined the command, except temporarily, and requested that some one of our ablest officers should be designated for the position. His conduct in this respect does him infinite credit.

Gen. Hardee is a tall, handsome man, and one of the finest horsemen I have ever seen. Unlike his stern predecessor, he is a man of rare suavity of manner, and is

fitted to shine in any circle, whether in the society of ladies, or among scholars and statesmen, or in military councils, where stern warriors and men of action are wont to figure. It remains to be seen whether he would be as successful in command of an army as at the head of a corps. One thing, however, is certain: there is no more superb soldier in the Confederate army.

P.W.A.

Southern Watchman, February 17, (1, 1-2), 1864.

From the Savannah Republican

THE HORSE INFIRMARY IN GEORGIA

Magnolia Hill, Johnson County, Ga.
January 25th, 1864.

Having ever felt a deep interest in that noble animal, the Horse, and especially since the commencement of the war, you will pardon me if I ask at your hands space enough for the following account of a visit I have just made to the infirmary, established in Laurens county in this State, for the treatment and care of diseased, wounded and disabled animals belonging to the government.

The Infirmary is located in Laurens county, near the line between that county and Johnson, on the lands of Dr. Thomas A. Parsons, and about twelve miles from Oconee station on the Central Railroad, and one mile from the Oconee river. The locality is healthy, the land rolling and productive, the water facilities excellent, and the pasturage very good in spring and Summer. The government rented 3,000 acres of land from Dr. P. last Summer and immediately began the work of erecting stables, lots, corn and fodder houses and other necessary buildings. There is considerable cane on the tract, and over 200 acres of luxuriant Bermuda grass, both of which afford fine pasturage for the horse.

Horses that have become diseased, or been worn down, or otherwise disabled in public service, in South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, are sent here for treatment. Large comfortable stables, and high dry lots, have been provided for them. If they are suffering from glanders or other contagious disease, as farcy or distemper, they are assigned to a hospital for that particular disorder, which is located at a safe distance from the other stables and lots. If they have been wounded or crippled, or have a bad case of fistula, or scratches, each one is put in a comfortable stable to himself; and so if they have been disabled by hard usage, they are placed in roomy stalls at night and turned out to graze and exercise during the day. Each animal is curried and rubbed daily, his legs and feet washed,

and his particular malady or hurt carefully attended to. Indeed all the diseases to which the horse is subject, are here thoroughly treated by experienced and practical veterinary surgeons and farriers, whose zeal is highly commendable, and whose success has been remarkable. The establishment is systematically arranged and managed, hostlers conversant with their duties are assigned to the care of the animals, under the superintending care and direction of the farriers. In certain diseases, as in glanders and farcy, gentle exercise is prescribed, and the horses are led or ridden for short distances.

The general opinion is that glanders is a fatal disease, but I am assured that over thirty cases of it have been cured at this establishment. Of the whole number of diseases and disabled animals thus far sent to the Infirmary, nearly eighty-five per cent have been saved. Many of them after being cured and recruited, have been returned to the army. Others are improving rapidly, and will soon be in a condition for service. The rule adopted by the commandant of the post is not to send back an animal until it has been thoroughly recruited and rendered fit for duty. Such as can never be made available for active service, especially mares, are advertised and sold at public outcry to farmers. Some of the animals were received in the lowest condition, but under the close attention and skillful treatment given them, they are now doing remarkably well. A number of cases of lameness sent to the Infirmary arose from non attention to the hoofs and feet.

The commandant of the post is Capt. J. G. McKee, of Columbus, Georgia, an officer of rare zeal and fidelity who has been disabled in the service. He is devoted to his business and is one of the most energetic men I have met with the public service. He has in his employ fifty negroes and eight white men. He is now preparing accommodations for 2,000 more horses, which are expected to arrive soon, and this will render it necessary to employ additional help. No white man is employed except disabled soldiers and persons unfit for service by reason of age or other infirmity.

The farriers and veterinary surgeons attached to the Infirmary are Messrs. W. P. Davis and J. Disbrow, both of whom are devoted to the horse and exceedingly skillful in the treatment of the diseases to which he is subject. Indeed all the employees at the post, white and black, manifest a zeal and an earnestness that is truly refreshing in these days of shuffling and affected patriotism. The horse receives here the same care and attention as the sick or disabled soldier does at the hospitals.

How much better is this than the practice which has prevailed heretofore, ~~and which has prevailed heretofore,~~ and which still prevails in many parts of the Confederacy? Previous to the establishment of this Infirmary horses worn out or disabled in the service, were turned out to perish around the camps or left behind on the march; whilst all animals having the glanders, heretofore considered incurable, were taken out, and shot. The places thus made vacant were filled by the impressing officer, one of whom is known to have seized a fine stallion and appropriated him to his own use. The impressed animals were taken to the army, where they were neglected, abused and disabled, and where in their turn many of them finally perished. The drain thus kept up upon the stock of horses of the country has been enormous, the prevailing idea seeming to be that the supply was inexhaustible.

It had been fortunate for the Confederacy if the authorities, both civil and military, had sooner appreciated the value of an able bodied man and a good horse. In a country like ours, bounded on one side by a cardon of hostile States, and shut out on the other by a blockade which effectually prevents us from recruiting ourwasted armies from other parts of the world, the worth of a capable soldier or horse is incalculable.

But the authorities have at last taken a step in the right direction. Let them follow it up by establishing other infirmaries at points where, as at this, there is an abundant supply of corn and forage. There should at least be one in the Trans-Mississippi Department, another in Alabama, and another in North Carolina. Without the horse, we can neither grow provisions for the army, or move its supplies, nor keep proper watch upon the enemy. What further motive does a sagacious and patriotic government require?

P.W.A.

LETTER FROM LONGSTREET'S ARMY

(Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.)

New Market East
Tennessee,
February 11th, 1864

At last the whistle of the steam engine is at our door and we are no longer forced to depend upon private conveyances to send you an account of the doings of this department. Our army fell back from Knoxville and eventually went into winter quarters near Morristown. The enemy followed cautiously, but in less than two weeks after he had crossed the Holston and moved towards our position the shrill whistle of his adventurous train was waking the echoes among the mountains and nooks around us. It was a mockery and humiliating commentary on our energy and enterprise. The work of repairing the bridges on the route to Morristown from Bristol progressed as if Time had agreed with the engineers to pause in his flight and await their sluggish notions. In the meantime our mails were transported to Bristol, a distance of 90 miles, by mail carriers, who, it seemed, took a special joy in retiring early and rising late on every trip. Vexed to death almost at our unfortunate isolation, we had no recourse but to wait until the difficulties were removed, and then inform our friends that in this Egyptian darkness their memory still abided with us. In many instances in this war has the progress of our cause suffered from the inertia of bomb proof details and want of energetic men at the head of affairs. But does it effect anything to complain? No often. Let our long silence be explained on account of the uncertainty of getting letters through to Georgia, and we will write only of what has happened lately in a cursory way, leaving out a criticism on railroad repairs.

The fact is now established that although troops go into winter quarters it does not imply they live in them. This corps has had the gratification to know they had such a thing, but suffered somewhat like Pantalus, not being able to enjoy the "little cabin home," save in a prospective point. At present, although our home is at Morristown, we reside "in spots," and have a temporary residence in almost every place, except Morristown. For a while the winter was very severe; indeed, it seemed so cold that it was unable to snow. But lately one of the most extraordinary spells of beautiful weather has prevailed here that doubtless ever visited this benighted

region. A nice letter from home, which happily ran the gauntlet and reached us, spoke of its prevalence there. The writer suggested that it was usually understood subjects of interest were scarce when the weather was introduced, but in this instance it is very highly appreciated by the soldier, whose sensibility is the only barometer to mark the changes. The birds were out in the beautiful morning's sun, with apparently well revised editions of their old songs, calling up premature ideas of Spring, and the south wind blew its balmiest breath over the land. It was a novelty in the heart of Winter. It is still fair, but the mornings have grown frosty and the nights make our mess mates think more of one another than usual.

The Holston divides the two armies. The enemy are either in Knoxville or between that place and Loudon, where it is said he is fortifying for some purpose not yet understood.—The territory our army now occupies, was hastily vacated by the Yankee forces about ten days ago, in a very unintelligible manner. Gen. Longstreet made a demonstration against a detachment of their forces at Dandridge, on the French Broad, where they had a considerable body of cavalry and infantry. A large line of skirmishers from Gen. Hood's old division, struck them very suddenly one evening about sundown, and the next morning not a solitary Yankee was anywhere to be seen.

Not only these had left, but also it was ascertained early next day that a large body of infantry (the 4th and 9th A.C.) had very suddenly and mysteriously vacated a strong position on Mossy Creek about 10 miles from Morristown, on the south side of the Holston.

The whole body met at Strawberry Plains on the night after the skirmish fight, and crossed the Holston on an excellent bridge, which had just been built for the train to pass over, crossing and destroying the bridge behind them. Our cavalry was pushed forward, capturing many wagons, caissons &c., which were abandoned in this extraordinary panic. The citizens say, it was the intention of the enemy to force Gen. Longstreet from this country, in order to subsist themselves during the winter. The project was in motion, and the enemy it is said were highly gratified at the easy

task before them. If a heavy line of skirmishers has caused them to abandon it so precipitately, what can they promise themselves when our largely recruited ranks meet them in the Spring. Grant had better administer some of his whiskey to his East Tennessee veterans. A prisoner was asked the other day by one of our men why they would'nt stand long enough for Longstreet to get up with them? His reply was a shameless Yankee characteristic: "Guess we'd better make a good run than a bad stand." It is said by citizens escaping from Knoxville, that the small pox^{is} doing us some good there, but it is also in our ranks. It is very much confined however, and has not reached over ten cases.-- The Surgeons have managed very well to stop it so far.

In this army everything is cheerful and confident. The only news we have of despondency is from home. There, it is said, are long faces and gloomy hearts and sighs and tears, over--what? Some say not the country, but the un-"portable property" which the awiul Grant is reaching his paws after. Our women are not whip'd--this is a constant saying among the "boys" who are coming in daily from home. An evidence of this is furnished in the fact that so many hearts and hands are given and ~~taken~~ at the Hymenial shrine. The aspect ahead is gloomy, but the prospect of squalls do not frighten them. But for them the war would'nt last a day. Tom, and Dick, and Harry come back with smiling faces, looking like new men--more clever and kind than ever.-- Ask the reason, and some one says "why, they are married." They reinlist with eagerness, swear again on the altar of Freedom to die or be a free people, and spread a perfect mania and enthusiasm for the war. Do you call this subjugation? The women are the life of the war--they can alone stop it by dying outright, and then our word for it the speculators and cowards will be working the fields for Yankee task masters before July.

The news of Gen. Hood's promotion has just reached us, and although his men would raise him to any round in the ladder of fame, yet his loss is universally deplored. No Major General has ever inspired him men with more confidence than Gen. Hood, and none could carry men beyond where his men went in battle. It is not to be wondered at that the vacancy in such a command as his labor had organized and disciplined,

should be greatly sought to be filled by young aspirants for the Major Generalcy, and that general dissatisfaction among the Brigadiers and men, and disappointment among the aspirants prevail. Knowing little of what influences are bearing upon the different parties claiming promotion, or what merit or right old division, we pass them by without comment, hoping sincerely that we may have less cause to regret the loss of Gen. Hood than we now suppose. At a last testimony of affection for the old commander, the division claimed the right to buy him a leg and subscribed several thousand dollars for the purpose, in which the negroes of the command begged to help and put in their five and ten dollar bills, highly pleased with the honor allowed them. General Hood's mild and courteous conduct to all--he is always a gentleman--his firmness and decision, his modest and unassuming way, and his undaunted bravery and coolness on the most terrible battle fields, are points in his character which call forth the highest admiration in his men. It will extend to every body of men he commands, rendering them doubly efficient and useful to the country. It is to be regretted that such elements of command are not studied by some of our parvenues in command.

It is useless to say anything of this country, which has become a by word of reproach to us on account of the low bred Unionists that infest it. It is enough to say that the only men on our side are respectable people of the country; the rest are a low-breat set of tobacco-chewing, swearing, barefooted women and children. The men of the latter fraternity have all departed among their feather, which is no loss to any community on earth. The Yankees themselves testify to this, and abuse them as much as our own people.

In a few days you may hear of us again.

TOUT LE-MONDE.

*The Savannah Republican, February 24 (1-3),
1864.*

Southern Watchman, March 9 (3, 1-2), 1864.

The Battle of Ocean Pond, Fla.

A correspondent of the Macon Telegraph, writing from Oulustee Station, Fla., under date of Feb. 21, gives the annexed account of the battle of Ocean Pond:

Early on the morning of Feb. 20, the cavalry pickets reported the enemy advancing up the Railroad. The statement was that they were about four miles from our position, at Oulustee Station, steadily advancing. Our men were put in position at our works. In the course of half an hour Gen. Colquitt was order by Gen. Finnegan to take three regiments of his own brigade and part of Col. Harrison's brigade, with Capt. Wheaton's and Capt. Gamble's batteries of artillery and go to the front, to assume command of cavalry--of which there were two regiments--artillery and infantry, to advance on the enemy and feel his strength. Before Gen. Colquitt was two hundred ~~yards~~ yards from our works he received another order, stating that all the available force of Gen. Finnegan's command, except two small battalions, had been ordered forward and placed under his command. After marching over two miles and a half, we met our cavalry retreating rapidly. Gen. Colquitt throwing forward his skirmishers immediately formed line of battle, and as the troops came up make a second line, and ordered the artillery to open on the enemy, whose columns were now plainly visible. Skirmishing soon became brisk and fierce, and the enemy's artillery fired rapidly. The enemy were in such force, their line was so long, that it was necessary to put the second line in position on the flanks of our front line. Our line then advanced until we came to close quarters with the enemy; a hard fight of nearly an hour's duration ensued, when they began slowly to retire, closely pressed by our yelling and exultant infantry. The enemy fell back about half a mile, when they made another stand. This position was very strong, severy marshes and ponds enabling them to strengthen the open portion of their line. All their artillery was posted here and poured into our ranks round after round of canister and grape.

The fight was stubborn and our ammunition was nearly exhausted. Gen. Colquitt, realizing the danger, directed that the 6th Fla. Battalion be moved round on the left flank of the enemy; as soon as this Battalion opened on their flank they fell back about a hundred yards and again maintained their position. The 6th Ga. regiment, Colquitt's brigade, and the 32d Ga. regiment, Col Harrison's Brigade, pressed forward on the left. The 19th Ga. and 28th Ga. on the right moved up rapidly and captured five pieces of artillery, three Napoleons and two 10 pounder Parrotts.

Our ammunition was now completely exhausted. Gen. Colquitt had sent back for some. We held this position for half an hour with a few cartridges brought to the men by Gen. Colquitt's staff in their haversacks. Ammunition at last arrived, the men were supplied, and the 27th Ga. Col. Zachry, coming in just at this time, we moved rapidly forward, the enemy falling back. They attempted to make another stand at a point protected by a marsh, but we hardly gave them time to halt before we were into them and compelled them to a more hasty retreat.

It was now sundown; we followed them until dark, capturing their hospital and all their wounded. We halted at dark, having fought from a few minutes after two o'clock until half past six o'clock, having taking five pieces of artillery, two regimental colors; the guidon of a battery, 400 prisoners, besides their killed and wounded. They left over two hundred dead on the field. I can't arrive exactly at the number of their wounded, as they succeeded in getting some off, and many others were carried miles and put down. Their killed and wounded will, at a low estimate, reach twelve hundred. The loss would have been much greater, but for the number and size of the pine trees. After the infantry halted, Gen. Colquitt ordered the ~~cavalry~~ cavalry forward to press the rear of the retreating column of the enemy; they moved slowly after the enemy as far as the St. Mary's River; their horses were jaded, and they didn't press them vigorously. The troops all behaved splendidly--

holding a line under heavy fire, without ammunition, is the severest test of a soldier's nerves.-- Oulustee Station is on the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad in New River county, Fla., twelve miles below Lake City. I cannot close without speaking of Capt. Wheaton's Battery of Light Artillery. It moved along with the line of infantry and fired with wonderful precision and effect.

Gen. Colquitt was complimented by Gens. Gardner and Finnegan, who came up after the fight was over, for the skilful management of ~~the~~ the troops. He fought seven regiments of negroes besides the white troops, the enemy numbered, at the lowest calculation, eight thousand. To give you an idea of the fierceness of the musketry fire, I will mention that the battle flag of the 19th Ga. Regt. has nineteen bullet holes in it. Gens. Gilmore and Seymour were both on the field. I neglected to mention as captured a thousand stands of small arms, a commissary, with a good many other prominent officers. Negro dead abounded. The negro prisoners say that white men were with them, who swore to shoot them if they didn't fight. The spoils of victory are scattered everywhere through the camp. Officers who have been as far front as Sanderson say that the Yankees were completely routed.

Southern Watchman, March 9 (2, 4-5), 1864.

For the Southern Watchman
RE-ENLISTMENT OF THE 3RD GA. BATT.

Camp of Wofford's Brigade,
New Market, Ten., Feb. 12th, 1864

At a meeting of the officers and men of the 3d Ga. Battalion Sharp Shooters, to decide upon a course of action in view of the approaching expiration of their term of service, Capt. Jno. W. King was called to preside, and Capt. Garnett McMillan to act as Secretary.

Capt. Wm. E. Simmons, comd'g the Battalion, submitted to the meeting the preamble and resolutions following, which met with its cordial and unanimous adoption:

Whereas, The Government of the United States persist in waging a war of conquest and subjugation against the Confederate States, and by refusing to agree to an honorable and equitable adjustment of our present difficulties, leaves us no other alternative but to fight on for the accomplishment of the glorious end that we have pledged our lives, our honor, and our fortunes to achieve; and

Whereas, The term of three years, for which we originally volunteered our services in the army of the Confederate States will soon expire; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby tender our services to the Honorable Secretary of War for the war, and express our unalterable determination never to lay down our arms so long as the foot of an armed enemy presses the soil of our country -- nor until we win an honorable peace and independence.

Resolved, That we see nothing in the situation to discourage any man who is worthy to be a free man, if our countrymen will determine to discharge the duty that they owe to themselves, their country, and above all, to their God in this, the crises, of our struggle for independence.

Resolved, That we appeal to those who are at home, and especially to the ladies-- whose untiring devotion to our cause, and zealous efforts in our behalf have elicited our highest admiration and entitled them to our lasting gratitude--to drive the skulkers

and unauthorized absentees back to the army, by heaping upon them the ~~in~~
indignant scorn their baseness merits.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Honorable
Secretary of War -- to Lieutenant General Longstreet, and Brigadier General
Wofford, and that the Georgia papers be requested to publish the same.

Southern Watchman, March 9 (2, 3), 1864.

THIRD BATTALION GEORGIA SHARPSHOOTERS.

A member of Capt. Garnett McMillan's company in the above named Battalion, writing to the editor of this paper, dated "Camp near New Market, Tenn., Feb. 20th, 1864," furnishes the following account of the highly creditable conduct of the patriotic young men of that company:

"The work of re-enlistment which is going on in other armies has begun in our own, and in the Battalion to which I belong (3d Batt Georgia Sharpshooters) our company (Capt. G. McMillan's) was the first to enter their names on the new list. Others are following suit, and I think in a short time we will present a united front to the enemy. This is not a step of rashness, but of sober judgment. Exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat and storm, now for nearly three long years, the men know what privations and perils are incident to soldiers' life, and it is only through a spirit of true patriotism that, in the face of all the dangers of the approaching campaign they have, six months before the expiration of their term of service, wheeled into line for the war. Some have re-enlisted conditionally. Our company set no conditions. Their re-enlistment was absolute and unanimous, and you will not wonder that this fresh exhibition of a resolute and determined will, on the part of the veterans of fifteen fights, has excited high admiration. I have been with them in every engagement since our Battalion has been in service--in the battles on the Rappahannock, the campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania, at Chattanooga and at Knoxville, &c., &c. Many of them have distinguished themselves in battle. The company is composed of very young men, the average age being about twenty-one, and no company in the field, I believe, have done their duty more faithfully or bravely. I enclose the names of those who were first to re-enlist. All the absentees, had they been present, would doubtless have done likewise.

Garnett McMillan Captain.
M. M. Moseley 1st Lieut.
Elias H. Chandler 2nd Lieut.

Serj M V Jackson,
 " B F Allen,
 " T A Mayes,
 " Geo B Crumley,
 " Jas C Wade,
 Francis M Jackson,
 Sidney S Crumley,
 Henry C Trotter,
 Wm B. Anderson,
 John M Brown,
 W B Frazer,
 N B Hardy,
 S A Jackson,

Daniel F Johnson
 Wm B Kimbro
 Sanford McDaniel,
 A Wellborn Moise,
 E J Seegers,
 Geo W Smith,
 James I Smith,
 Wm H Stephenson,
 M L Van Diviere,
 B F Way,
 B C West,
 B F West,
 James W White,

The above are all who were present when the question of re-enlistment was presented. There-enlistment was unanimous, and for the war.

The different companies and regiments have had their ranks greatly thinned during the last campaign, though they are fast recruiting, and will likely soon be again at their maximum strength.

Southern Watchman, March 15 (1, 1-3), 1864.

From the Magnolia Weekly

A GREAT VICTORY

When our regiment, the --th Virginia Infantry, entered the service in May, 1861, we numbered one thousand and ten men, and in all our number there was not to be found a finer or a handsomer fellow than one whom I shall, for convenience's sake, call George West. He was a large, fine-looking, free and easy fellow, with a frank, open countenance, and an eye that met your own calmly and unfalteringly. He was one of the kindest hearted fellows I ever saw, always ready to do a favor for a comrade, and never murmuring at any hardship that had to undergo.

Our regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, and after the formation of the army of the Shenandoah, we were assigned a place in the "First Brigade," commanded by Col. Jackson--that glorious old "Stonewall Brigade," which has since won such imperishable renown. A short time after this George West was advanced to the grade of Corporal. He was very attentive to his duties, and was noted in the regiment as one of the best soldiers in it.

The first time that we met the Yankees was at Falling Waters, and there I had an opportunity of seeing how our "model corporal," as we called West, could fight. He behaved with great gallantry, and was complimented on the field by Col. Jackson.

After the battle of Manassas West was made a Serjeant, and was looked upon by all as a rising man.

One day--it was late in August, I think--I chanced to go into West's tent, and as I entered I found him sitting on a campstool, with his head resting on one hand, gazing absently at a letter. In the brief glance that I obtained of it, I saw that it was written in a woman's hand, and I knew, from the expression of West's countenance, that it contained some painful tidings. As I was from the same town that West came from, I knew that he was engaged to one of the loveliest girls in the place. She was, however, as light headed and as giddy as she was lovely,

and I was convinced, as soon as I saw how the letter affected my friend, that she had been trifling with him. I could easily imagine what would be the effect of such conduct upon a man like George West, for when he loved a woman he gave her his whole heart.

West did not notice my entrance, and being unwilling to disturb him, I left the tent. That evening at dress parade, I looked for him, but he was absent. I went to his tent, but he was not there. For several days he was absent, and was afterwards brought back under guard. He had been arrested by the Provost Guard at Staunton, and sent back to his regiment. When he was tried for his offense, he refused to make any defence, and was sentenced to undergo a severe punishment, but, in consideration of his past good conduct, the sentence was changed to confinement in the guard house and loss of pay for one month, and a reprimand in the presence of the regiment. His conduct seemed to take every one by surprise. I was the only one in the regiment who had any idea of the cause of it, but I held my peace. West had been such a good soldier, and possessed so perfectly the respect of his commander and confidence of his officers, that they could scarcely realize that he had acted so badly.

After his punishment, a great change came over George West. His old good humor and cheerfulness deserted him, and he became sullen and morose. He began and kept up a systematic neglect of his duties, and when we were ordered to the Valley, he had been broken of his serjeancy and reduced to the ranks. After this time he became famous for his bad habits. He took to drinking, and was oftener in the guard house than any man in the brigade. His old friends deserted him and in the midst of an army he was alone.

I spoke to him very often about his course, and begged him to do better. His face would grow very pale, and he would reply, gloomily:

"It is useless. I am a disgraced man."

Entreaties were in vain. He seemed to have determined not to heed them.

One day I happened to be passing the guard house, when I saw West thrust into it. From his appearance, I knew that he had been drunk. I could not help my eyes filling with tears of sympathy for the poor fellow, who seemed helplessly rushing on to destruction.

I determined to go to him that afternoon before he was released and plead with him once more to reform, but before I could do so he was set at liberty. It was not until several weeks afterwards that I learned the cause of his sudden release, and then I heard it from his own lips.

The night previous to his imprisonment he had been on a terrible "spree," and had been found in the morning by the guard, lying in the street at Winchester. He was taken to the guard house, and, strangely enough, chanced that day to be its only occupant.

He had been confined about an hour when the door opened and an officer entered. West recognized him at once, and turned away. The officer walked up to him and laid his hand gently on his shoulder. West could not help turning to him. He was a man of medium height, and was dressed in a plain, well-worn suit of grey, with the trimmings of a Field officer. His hair was dark and not long. His beard and moustache were cut close, and there was about him an air of dignity and command that would have rendered him, in spite of his manner, very conspicuous in any place. His face was calm and thoughtful, and its expression, as he gazed at the young man, was that of a father as he gazes upon an erring child.

"Mr. West," he began, kindly, "I am sorry to see you here."

George West could not bear the light of those kind and pitying eyes. He turned away and burst into tears. As low as he had fallen, he had not lost all manly feelings, and now his sense of shame overpowered him.

The officer gazed at him in silence for a while, and then continued, in the same kind tone:

"I am glad to see those tears. They show that you are not lost yet. I have come here, not as your superior officer, but as a fellow man, to ask you to redeem the character that you have lost. You were once the best soldier in your regiment, and I saw how gallantly you behaved at Falling Waters and Manassas. I am sure there must be some cause for your misconduct. Will you tell me what it is?"

West could not resist the officer's kindness. He told him everything--how he had been trifled with by the girl he loved so dearly--how it had maddened him--how he had tried to obtain leave to go home for a short time, and had been refused--how he had gone without leave--how he had been arrested, brought back and punished--and how the sense of shame had dragged him down in spite of his efforts to do better.

The officer listened attentively, and when West had finished speaking, he said:

"You were tempted very sorely, Mr. West, but if you had taken hold of the only true support, God would have kept you firm. However, it is not too late. I have come here to ask you if you will, God helping you, do better? What do you say?"

West was silent for a moment; then he exclaimed, solemnly and firmly:

"God helping me, I will do better, sir."

"I thought you would say that," said the officer, quietly, as he held out his hand. West raised it to his lips, but the officer blushed, and drew it away.

He staid with the young man fully half an hour longer, speaking encouragingly to him, and before he went away the two men knelt down, and the officer asked God to give the young man strength to keep his resolution.

As he turned to go away, the officer told West to follow him, that his arrest was at an end.

~~As they did not want to go away, the officer did~~

As they passed out, he said something to the officer of the guard, who seemed surprised, but he bowed respectfully and let them depart.

They separated in the street.

"God bless you for your kindness, sir," said West. "You shall never have cause to regret it."

"No, I do not think I will," was the quiet reply.

From that day a great change came over George West. He became a quieter man than ever, and there was in his conduct a kind of humility that was indeed touching. He was scrupulously faithful in the discharge of his duty. No charge was ever brought against him, and he gradually regained his old position in the regiment.

He very rarely met the officer who had rescued him, but he felt that he was not forgotten by him. Many men loved that quiet, modest Christian hero, but no man's heart beat as warmly at the thought of him as did the heart of George West. He longed to do something to prove his gratitude, were it even to lay down his life for his preserver, and he prayed that the day would come when he might offer him some return for the great service he rendered him.

At Kernstown West's conduct was truly heroic, and two days after the battle he was Serjeant West once more.

The Chaplain of the regiment told me one day that West had spoken to him of his desire to connect himself with the church, and added that he believed the young man's reformation to be complete.

One day, just before we drove Banks' army out of the Valley, George West was sitting in the door of his tent reading his Bible, when he saw the officer to

whom he owed so much approaching. He rose as he came up, and took off his cap respectfully.

"Mr. West," said the officer, "I have come to inform you that on next Sunday we shall have the privilege of celebrating the Holy Communion in the army, and to ask you to come forward and receive it. I have noticed your conduct, since your promise to me, and I believe you to ^{be} sincerely penitent."

The young man thanked him for his interest in him, and promised him to do as he wished him; and then the officer left him.

The promise was never kept, for before the day arrived the army was in motion over the mountains--McDowell was fought and won, the mountains were crossed again, and soon we were driving Banks down the Valley towards the Potomac. Then came the march up the Valley--the race between Fremont and Jackson.

At last the Shenandoah was reached--Fremont had been defeated at Cross Keys; and the battle of Port Republic had been fought and won.

The battle had just ended, and the victorious shouts of our army had scarcely died away when the officer to whom I have referred so often rode across the field alone. He rode slowly and cautiously among the dead and wounded, gazing pityingly at them. Suddenly he reined in his horse, and dismounting, knelt by the side of a young man who was lying on the field, apparently in his last agony.

"West, my poor fellow," he exclaimed.

The young man opened his eyes, recognized him, and smiled feebly.

"You have saved me, General," he whispered, faintly. "I would have been lost but for you."

"I will call assistance," said the officer, rising. "You must be removed."

"Don't leave me," murmured the dying man. "I am almost on the verge of Heaven. Pray for me."

The officer knelt by him once more, and with uncovered head, prayed God to take the young man to himself, and give him that rest which shall never end. A happy smile lit up the young soldier's face, and when he had finished praying, the officer turned to him. The smile was still on his face, but his spirit had passed away.

While the officer knelt, gazing at the body, an Aid rode up, exclaiming:

"Dispatches for General Jackson."

The officer rose and received the papers. The victor of Fort Republic was the preserver of George West, and in Heaven that single act, which turned one sinner to repentance, outweighed all his earthly glory.

He had indeed won a great victory. He had saved a human soul.

Southern Watchman, March 30 (3, 4), 1864

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE

Camp 52d Georgia Regiment,
Near Dalton, Ga., March 25, 1864.

Mr. Christy:--Observation has taught me that the world does not reward men according to their deeds. There has never been a battle fought since this bloody war commenced, but what some Regiments or Brigades have received unmerited applause, while there are other Regiments and Brigades who have always been found at their post, and doing their duty faithfully, whose names have never appeared in print. The cause of this I am unable to understand, unless it be on account of some commands being better supplied with favorites than others. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, Stovall's Brigade held their position until they were completely flanked on the right, and then fell back in good order to the next ridge, thereby showing that, notwithstanding all the hardships and privations they had gone through at Vicksburg and other places, they were ready to sacrifice their lives before they would allow the enemy to occupy one foot of Georgia soil.

M. P. Stovall, from Augusta is our Brigadier General, and the entire Brigade, so far as I know, have great confidence in his efficiency as an officer. His mild, pleasant manner and manly deportment will at once make a favorable impression on all who know him.

On Tuesday last, Stewart's and Bates' Divisions had quite a heavy engagement, (snow-balling) Stewart's Division capturing several stands of colors and a number of prisoners, among whom was Brig. Gen. Findley, commanding a Florida Brigade. I would attempt to give you the particulars of the engagement, but time and space will not allow; suffice it to say, "nobody hurt."

All quiet at the front, except occasionally a little skirmishing.

The entire Army, so far as I can learn, are in fine spirits and perfectly sanguine as to success when the word forward is given. The officers are allowed to draw one ration per day and purchase clothing from the Quartermasters at Government prices.

The weather is very fine, and we expect a move soon.

CHOICE.

Southern Watchman, March 30 (3, 4-5), 1864

Letter From Savannah

Isle of Hope, Ga., 24th March, '64

Dear Warchman:--According to promise, I write you from "these headquarters," on "matters and things in general;" but shall not promise to give a connected letter, but merely sketch at such things as come directly under my knowledge and notice.

I "took the cars" at Lexington Depot the morning of the 20th inst., and after a slow ride, I found myself at Union Point--nothing of importance having turned up with me by the way, except forming the acquaintance of Col. Dupree, the spirited and energetic editor of the "Atlanta Register," who we all know has worked the Register up to an enviable position among the daily papers of the Confederacy. I was very much surprised to find him so young a man, (about 30) for, judging from his editorials as a data, one would naturally suppose him much older.

Wishing the Colonel a pleasant ride to Atlanta, I tried to enter the cars for Augusta, but was turned off by a ruffian, who ordered me to take my position in "that car"--a very inferior looking and feeling one; so, not having a "a lady under my care," seeing he had "fire-arms with a pointed steel," and simply being ~~and~~ a ~~private,~~ private, I had to obey "in a hurry." But I assure you I "changed my base" within a mile or two, into the "white folks' car," as the steel and the nuisance disappeared about the time the cars got in motion. You had better think I will take some "lady under my charge" the next time I start on a trip. The reasons are obvious. If there is any "dinner house" between Union Point and Augusta, I did not find it aside from the cars, for each one seemed to be a perfect "dinner house."

An occasional tap on the shoulder and request to give our seat to a lady, served to break the monotony of the ride. Of course we were busy reading or talking, else it would have needed no invitation. I think, however, that it is running politeness in the ground for a lady to occupy one whole seat, while gentlemen are standing, also to request (order) gentlemen up, while at the same time there are vacant seats near by, just because she fancies to herself she prefers to sit in this place, or that.

I passed directly through Augusta to the "Waynesboro Depot," en route to Savannah, where we arrived early on the morning of the 21st. We were attacked furiously by the advanced pickets of the hotels, at the depot, but not being the least intimidated by their repeated volleys, I made my way through, by a steady advance, to a point 10 miles south of the city, known as the Isle of Hope--not until I had first obtained a pass from the Mayor, which I had to wait two hours for, on account of the established rule among officials of office hours. I must be allowed to think that this custom is a great disadvantage to the travelling public, or to men from home on urgent business, especially when they are compelled to get a pass before they can either advance or retreat.

Suffice it to say, I reached the Isle of Hope, and found my sick brother, the object of my trip, very low with typhoid fever, but convalescing slowly. By your permission, I will continue in the next week's issue.

Respectfully,

M.P.C.

Southern Watchman, April 6 (3, 3), 1864

Headqr's Texas Cav. Detachment.
Camp Thomas R. R. Cobb.
Near Athens, Ga., March 21, 1864

At a meeting of the Detachment of the first Cavalry Division, composed of a portion of the 8th and 11th Texas cavalry Regiments, on motion Lt. Col. Gustave Cook was called to the Chair, and Capt. A. L. Steele was chosen Secretary.

The Chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting, when it was moved that a Committee be appointed to draft resolutions for the consideration of the meeting. It consisted of the following members: R. F. Bunting, R.A. Allen, Wm. Palmer, E. J. Pitts and J. J. Watts

After consultation, they presented the following resolutions, which, on motion, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1st, That our thanks are hereby tendered the Rev. Dr. Hoyt, for kindly yielding his pulpit for the benefit of this command on Sabbath morning, March 20th, thus enabling us to hear an appropriate and eloquent gospel sermon from the Rev. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb.

Resolved, 2d, That we here record our gratitude for the interest the citizens of Athens manifested in our command, by the large and intelligent audience which ~~although~~ attended our religious service in camp; and although the falling rain unfortunately interrupted its continuance, yet, in expressing our regret for their disappointment, we would acknowledge the compliment thus beautifully tendered us by their presence on the occasion.

Resolved, 3d, That a Committee of nine be appointed to return our thanks to the Rev. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb for the very able and eloquent sermon delivered for our edification in the Presbyterian church, Athens, and that he be requested to furnish us a copy for publication, at his earliest convenience.

Resolved, 4th, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be furnished for weekly papers in Athens for publication.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

GUSTAVE COOK, Ch'n.

A. L. Steele, Sec'y.

ARMY RESOLUTIONS.

Great stress is laid upon the fact, in certain quarters, that two or three sets of resolutions have been published in the newspapers, denouncing Gov. Brown, and purporting to have been passed by certain Regiments of Georgia troops in the field.

Every body who knows any thing about the legerdemain practiced in public meetings, even among citizens at home, is aware of the fact that every thing is "cut and dried" beforehand--that the work is all done by a few individuals, and that a majority of those present never vote and are frequently diametrically opposed to every resolution in the series. They are published, nevertheless, as the voice of the meeting. It is needless to add that this thing can be done with much greater ease in the army than at home. A military organization affords peculiar facilities for this sort of hocus pocus. Hence, we have no doubt but that a very large majority of the men in each Regiment which has published resolutions denunciatory of Gov. Brown, would, were they at home, where they could coolly and dispassionately weigh the arguments on both sides, unhesitatingly express their approbation of his sentiments at the ballot box.

Indeed, we are assured by intelligent gentlemen who have visited our armies, and conversed extensively with the men, that a large majority--indeed nearly all--not only of the Georgia boys, but those from other States, most heartily sustain him.

In connection with this subject, we publish the following letter to the editor, written by an intelligent and reliable young gentleman belonging to Gordon's Brigade, the proceedings of which, as published, have been seized upon by the Consolidationists, for the purpose of making capital at home:

For the South Watchman.

Gordon's Brigade, April 2d, 1864.

Friend Christy:--Circumstances are such that I address you. We had a mass meeting on the 30th of last month, under the management of Gen. J. B. Gordon, who commands this Brigade, which is the 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th and 61st Regiments. Gen. Gordon took the stand and proposed to explain the object of the meeting. He spoke a few words, and left the men as ~~were~~ ignorant as when he began. I think, as well as I can recollect, he said, "We have met to renounce the acts of the men who are in power in Georgia, warring against the Administration for their own aggrandizement, and we will show them that we pledge everything to support the administration." He closed by comparing Georgia's civil champions to a fellow who was too lazy to say his prayer at night, but put it on his foot board, and when he went to bed he looked down and said. "Dees, oh, Lord! am my sentiments." Proposed Col. Lamar for chairman, who was called, took his post, and a committee of officers and privates appointed to frame resolutions. The committee soon retired--an officer made himself foreman and had the resolutions already drafted. He read them to the committee, but never said, "Gentlemen, do you adopt them?" but carried them out and read them to the meeting. Some adopted them, but an overwhelming majority remained silent. The ~~privates~~ ~~majority~~ and officers are able to sustain old Georgia while she will cling to our rights and liberty. Nearly all subscribe to Georgia's action, and think we have centralized enough if we expect to enjoy State Rights in the future.

Now, this meeting did not express the sentiments of the mass, but of a few individuals who seek to curry favor by following President Davis. Georgia's troops are loyal to our cause, and have borne the brunt of as many hard battles as those of any other State. Georgia and Louisiana have borne the burden for Early's Division, and likely will do it in future.

Yours, truly,

POLK.

We also annex an article from the Confederate Union, on this subject, followed

by a letter from a soldier of Gordon's Brigade to Gov. Brown:

ARMY RESOLUTION AGAINST GOV. BROWN.

We have noticed two or three sets of resolutions purporting to be passed by companies or regiments in the army condemning the late message of Gov. Brown and the action of the Legislature. Part of these resolutions come from Gen. Cobb's old Brigade. We had supposed that the resolutions were a little inspired and did not believe the private soldiers had much to do with them.

As an evidence of the manner in which these demonstrations are gotten up we are permitted to publish a communication from a soldier in the 38th Ga. Regiment to Gov. Brown, which has just come to hand by mail. Neither we nor the Governor have seen anything of the resolutions passed in Gordon's Brigade who are now in Virginia, nor have we heard anything of their purport except what we learn from "Fair Play."

His statement is so natural, and gives so correctly the mode of managing such a proceeding, that we do not doubt that such a meeting was held, and that its resolutions will be published.

In these meetings, the officers have no difficulty in having it all their own way. They are accustomed to command and the men to obey.

While such officers as are ambitious for promotion, and can look only to the President for it, condemn and denounce Gov. Brown and his late message, and the Legislature of their State, the great mass of private soldiers who bear the hardships and are fighting for principle and not for promotion; together with such officers as look more to principle than their own elevation, generally sustain the Governor and the Legislature and believe that negotiation as well as the sword has its part to perform in securing an honorable peace, and that neither the President nor any other human being should be clothed in our country with the power to seize and imprison the persons of the people at pleasure without due process of law. They know that

we denounce Lincoln for this and said it was tyranny and not the liberty for which they were fighting.

Gov. Brown's opponents, sustained by a few officers, told us last year that the army was nearly all against him, but when it came to the polls, nearly three fourths of it voted for him. He has ample assurance from numerous letters from reliable sources that the same is now true, and that the position taken in his late message is sustained by a vast majority of the Georgians under arms.

Camp Gordon's Brigade,

March 31st, 1864.

Dear Sir: I embrace the earliest moment to apprise you of the wanton outrage now being perpetrated against you as Governor of our State. I do this in order that you may be prepared to give the necessary rebuke.

There was yesterday a meeting held by this Brigade called by a few men who wear wreathed stars, who had their resolutions already drafted, then offered them to the men without their meditation or consideration; the resolutions of course passed, and it is said, that they passed unanimously. There were hundreds of men who did not vote at all,--were afraid to speak out in opposition to their ground of dissatisfaction is derived from your late message together with a few other acts of yours. I just want you to know that these resolutions do not meet the approbation of the Georgians who compose this Brigade, but we have no way to act in the premises in a public point of view.

The writer of this has always been in ~~opposition~~ opposition to yourself relative to politics, but now plainly sees the felicity with which you elucidate your ideas in regard to peace after every Confederate victory--the same as in '76.

Hoping that these resolutions may not in the least injure you as a public character, I remain, Your obedient serv't.

FAIR PLAY,
38th Ga. Regt.

To His Excellency Joseph E. Brown,
Milledgeville Ga.

Direct soldiers' letters and papers to their name, Company, Regiment, Brigade, Division and Corps--without naming any special Post-Office--for armies constantly moving there can be no regular local office. Direct simply Army Northern Virginia, Army of Tennessee,&c. By observing the above rule, letters and newspapers will always go through safely.

For the Southern Watchman.

Camp 39th N.C. Regiment,
Pollard, Ala., April 7th, 1864.

Mr. Editor.--Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to say to the friends of Lieut F. H. Leatherwood, Co G, 39th N.C. Reg't Lients, Alexander Bristol and A.W. Leatherwood, Co. E, 39th N.C. Reg't, and Lieut J. C. Moss, Co. C, of the same Regiment, that they were all at Camp Chase, Ohio, the 8th of March, 1864, in good health, and wish their ~~fix~~ friends to write to them immediately.

I hope some person will see this notice that will forward a copy of it to some of the friends of the above named officers, in Western North Carolina, as they are deprived of any mail facilities.

P. C. HUGHES,
Capt. Co. G, 39th N. C. Reg't

For the Southern Watchman.

Jefferson, April 4th, 1864

At a meeting of the citizens of Jackson county, held to day in the court house, it was unanmously resolved that a standing committee be appointed consisting of the following named gentlemen--Robert Moon, Joseph Ellsberry, Dr. Nathan Carithers, A. B. Pittman, Dr. W. B. J. Hardeman and A. C. Shockley--whose duty it shall be to inquire into the ~~xx~~ state and condition of widows and soldiers' families in Jackson county as to food and raiment, and report to this meeting on the first Tuesday in May next, at which time all the citizens of the county are requested to meet at the court

house, that suitable measures may be adopted to meet the demands of those in want in the county, and also to discuss any other measure which may be thought of interest in the county.

D. M. BURNS, Ch'n.

T. J. Stapler, Sec. pro.tem.

For the Southern Watchman

Athens, Ga., April 15, 1864.

Mr. Editor:--Having understood that an effort was being made to censure the Tennessee Brigade of cavalry, in connection with the riot at Maj. Dent's, I have inquired into the facts in the case, and know that the officers of that Brigade have made a rigid investigation, and they report to Col. Dibrell that not a single Tennessean was concerned in the riot.

TENNESSEE.

For the Southern Watchman

Camp Cobb's Legion Cavalry,
Chesterfield, Va., April 11th, 1864.

At a meeting of companies "C" and "H" of this command, on motion, it was adopted that Lieut Wm. H. Early act as Chairman and Serj. A. T. Dent as Secretary.

A communication from the Ladies Volunteer Association was read, congratulatory of the unanimous re-enlistment of these companies.

The communication having been read, the following committee were appointed by the chair to draft resolutions expressive of the thanks of the meeting, viz: Capt. W. L. Church, Serg. G. W. McElhannon, Serj. A. M. Jackson, Corp. John Fesler, Provates H. A. Roebuck, M. W. Riden and S. M. McCurry.

The committee, after consultation, introduced the following resolutions, which, on motion, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, 1st. That in the sentiments thus so kindly expressed, we feel that we have but simply done our duty, and nothing more; and that while it is and has ever been our intention not to lay down our arms in the defence of our holy cause until its great object is attained, we still fully appreciate the lofty patriotism and pure principles of the fair ladies of our land, who have so gracefully sent us their commendation.

Resolved, 2d. That the support thus offered in the congratulations and kind wishes of the ladies, will ever tend to strengthen our energies and nerve us in the struggle for our independence; and while striking freedom's blows, we always remember that at home bright eyes are sparkling and grateful prayers are being offered for us from the pure, patriotic and fair of our beloved country.

Resolved, 3d. That this last is but another evidence of the interest felt in our welfare by the Ladies' Association of Athens.

Resolved, 4th. That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the friends and relatives of our gallant leader, the lamented Delony, and of his compatriots who have so nobly fallen in defence of our glorious cause.

Resolved, 5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Secretary of the Association, and also to the Athens papers, with a request for publication.

W. H. EARLY, Ch'n.

A. T. Dent, Sec.

For the Southern Watchman.

Franklin County, April 15, 1864.

Col. Christy:--I beg leave, through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of the proper authorities to the lawless conduct of the Confederate cavalry passing through this county. Some time back Gen. Martin's Division, and a few days since Gen. Armstrong's, under the command of Col. Dibrell, passed through this county.

The first Division, ~~and~~ stole some 20 horses--the latter about the same number; besides, I hear of near one hundred being taken from Anderson and Pickens Districts, S. C., and one negro boy. I saw the owner of the boy returning with him, after following them some thirty miles, where he overtook them with the boy, and, after much difficulty, recovered him. The army spread all over the county, straggling in every direction, stealing horses and mules, robbing houses in one or two instances, of gold watches, money, &c., cursing and abusing helpless females, in some instances riding up to houses drawing their pistols and guns, and threatening to shoot the owners of horses if any resistance was made to taking them. I learn they took many horses out of Hart county; they broke open corn cribs, tore down fodder stacks, threw down fences, &c. These things were done by stragglers from the main army. They were straggling after the body for three, four and five days, and every night more or less horses stolen, corn cribs broken open, citizens robbed, &c. All good soldiers will stay with their commands, and commanders should be held strictly responsible for the straggling and lawless conduct of their men. If this state of things is to be much longer tolerated, the country will soon be subjugated. The Yankees could do but little worse. It is having a bad effect upon the loyalty of the people. I hope the proper authorities will see to this matter and hold commanders responsible for the straggling of the men. If not, the Southern Confederacy will soon "go up the spout," as the boys say:

Yours truly,

CITIZEN.

For the Southern Watchman.

I wish to say a few words to the people of Georgia in regard to going into service. I see that Capt. Candler, of the 34th Ga. Vol., has the authority to raise a regiment for State service; and I say to all that can get up companies for that regiment, they had better do so at once, and all that can get in that regiment had better do so.

I have known Capt. Candler to be a gentleman long before the war, and he has ever since proved himself to be a good officer and as brave as they ever make them-- I hope the men who have to go into service will rally to him. The men of Banks county are flying to him. There is one company ready for his regiment, or will be in a few days.

I hope all the men from forty-five to fifty and the boys from seventeen to eighteen, will proceed at once and make a regiment for Capt. Candler, for ~~his~~^{he} is worthy of being their commander. The people of Georgia need not ask any questions about going into service. So go ahead and get out of the way of conscription, as this is for the State only.

A FRIEND.

Co. "H," 16th Batt. Georgia Cavalry.

Southern Watchman, April 20 (1, 3), 1864.

Camp 24th Ga. Reg, March 24, 1864

At a meeting held this day, in the camp of the 24th Ga. Reg't, Capt. H. H. Smith ~~of~~ was called to the Chair, and Serg't D. C. Oliver was requested to act as Secretary.

The object of the meeting was then explained by the Chairman, and on motion, the Chairman appointed a Committee of three to draft a preamble and resolutions --the Committee being Capts. Winn, Turk and Smith. They presented the following preamble and resolutions, to wit:

WHEREAS, The Governor of the State of Georgia, in his recent message to the Legislature of that State, takes occasion to object to the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus, recommends propositions of peace to the vile foe with whom we have been contending for three years, for our inalienable rights of self government; and whereas, the Governor of our beloved State seems to delight in differing with the Chief Magistrate of this Confederacy, in matters of vital interest, which concern the welfare of us all, thereby paralyzing the efforts of the people in sustaining the cause in which ~~her~~ sons are engaged, and at a moment when we should be united, we think it would be more appropriate for the Chief Magistrate of our great State, as well as those who represent the people, with a powerful foe on her Northern frontier, threatening Georgia with the desolation which has overtaken Virginia, Tennessee and other portions of the Confederacy, that her rulers, rationally engaged would better her rulers, rationally engaged, would better serve her own interest, and the common cause, by blowing the war bugle and rallying every source of resistance, rather than by striking at or embarrassing the Confederate authorities by unjust and certainly untimely clamors and assaults; therefore, be it resolved by the 24th Ga. Reg't, en masse assembled.

That we view with alarm and indignation, the untimely attempt of the Governor of Georgia to cripple the legislation of the Congress of the Confederate States, as well as his stubborn resistance to all measures emanated from the Chief Magistrate of the Confederacy.

Resolved, That we unqualifiedly condemn the recommendations of the Governor to ask terms of peace from our vile foe; that they are the aggressors, and know full well that these States ask for nothing but their inalienable rights to be free; and that such propositions from us would be hailed by our enemies as an evidence of our weakness, and would stimulate them to greater efforts for our subjugation.

Resolved, That we repeat, as we have done before, our determination to fight the vile foe as long as the Government has a man to wield a blade in the defence of our homes and firesides.

Resolved, That the Congress of the Confederate States is the true exponent of the feeling of the people and the soldiery; and that we condemn the attempt of individual States to control and shape the policy of the general Government, except through her Representatives.

Resolved, That we hail with admiration the patriotic efforts of Gen. Howell Cobb in supporting the Government, not only for his powerful interest extended as an expounder of the true policy ~~of~~ for the State to pursue, but for his very patriotic donation from his own store-house, to aid materially in the support of the army; and that we remember him, with pride and admiration, as our former Commander.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be sent to the Richmond Va. Sentinel, Macon Ga. Telegraph and Athens Ga. Watchman for publication; and that all Georgia papers friendly to the cause will copy

TOM E. WINN, :
J. N. TURK, : Com.
F. C. SMITH. :

The meeting, after hearing the preamble and resolutions read, unanimously adopted them.

H. H. SMITH, Ch'n.

D. C. Oliver, Sec'y.

Southern Watchman, April 20 (1, 3-4), 1864

Headq'rs Co. "C," 44th Ga. Reg.
Camp Terrel, Va., April 2d, 1864.

Mr. Editor:--Feeling it our duty to defend our character at home from the slangs that have recently been made towards us by _____ and _____,* we ask of you, as our friend, to give this a place in your valuable paper.

It is generally known in Clarke county, and especially in the "Johnson Guards," that _____ and _____ have, on several occasions and to different persons, said there was not a respectable man in the Johnson Guards.

If they spoke it from their hearts, and it is their real sentiments, we can inform them that they are entirely mistaken. Do they mean our character is not good? If so, we have the honor to inform them that the Johnson Guards have moved in as high and good society and circles as the ones who, with pleasure, seem to regard us ~~as~~ so low. With reluctance, we say probably the company had some disrespectful men in it when it was first organized, but are glad to say we are now free of them.

The most dejected one, ignominiously slipped out, after inducing others to join, and he himself had put his name to the roll and failed to get office, which he wanted. He heeded not his oppressed and bleeding country's call, but remained at home, a target for the scorn of disabled soldiers and citizens.

The other we got rid of by transfer; but before this could be effected, he did many mean and sly tricks, lowering himself beneath our notice, and which we do not feel inclined to expose to the public eye. If _____ only knew half this company does, he would probably let Co. "C" alone in future. If we are called upon to answer his slangs again, he and the public both will find out a little we know.

We omit the names, because we think there is some mistake--as we do not believe these gentlemen would denounce as respectable men as we know the "Johnson Guards" to be.--Ed. Watchman.

Do they mean we have acted disgracefully on the field of battle, towards the enemy? Let the bleaching bones of our brave and faithful comrades answer ~~them~~ from the sanguine and bloody fields of Ellison's Mills, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg! The list of casualties tells, in truer eloquence, the bravery and patriotism of our blood stained and scar-honored company than can any figures of rhetoric or poetry. This company has won as much honor on the battle fields as any company from Clarke county. We except none. If we were to pronounce it otherwise, the ashes of the once gallant and illustrious Lumpkin would move in their grave.

We, as a company, have unanimously re-enlisted for the war--have resolved never to lay down our arms until we have driven the enemy from our soil--until we have conquered a peace that will enable us to be free and independent. Perhaps this has lowered us in the estimation of _____ and _____, or others, who may be among the whipped--those who are ready for peace upon any terms. If so, we ask not for their respect--would not have such--but would respectfully advise them to "repent and turn from the error of their ways, before it be too late. If they will not do this, we admonish them to beware of Co. "C!"

We have the honor to be,

During the war,

JOHNSON GUARDS

Southern Watchman, May 18 (3, 3), 1864

Battle of Resaca--Full Particulars.

Atlanta, May 14, 1864 -- No doubt it will interest some of the many readers of the Confederacy, to know something of the battle at Resaca, Ga., on the evening of the 13th. I was present and saw the greater part of the affair.

It became necessary for Gen. Johnston to move his army from Dalton, from the fact that the enemy concentrated his entire force on, and passed Gen. Johnston's left, making a demonstration on Resaca.

At 1 o'clock P.M. yesterday, (the 13th) he made an attack on the place, General Johnston's left resting upon the banks of the Oostenaula, near Resaca, commanded by Gen. Cheatham. After a slight skirmish our men fell back, apparently in confusion, but in order more effectually to draw the enemy after them. The enemy run up their artillery to within about six hundred yards of our guns, when we opened on them with such fury that, instead of outshelling our batteries, we made them ashamed.

We were not expecting the enemy so near us so suddenly. All our commissary stores were lying in heaps at the depot, our sick were being put on the train, our wagons manœuvering over the place, and a great multitude of negroes scattered promiscuously over the whole region, so that it looked as though a shell could not pass without being destructive to lives. But we repulsed them so soon that but little damage was done to us.

I was told by a gentleman who left Resaca after the affair, that our loss was 15 killed and about the same number wounded, and that the enemy's loss was 400 killed. It is thought there will be a general engagement to day.

Gen Johnston's army is in fine health and spirits, and are sanguine of success. They now have the enemy in the open field, away from his fortifications, where it is as fair for one side as the other.

"Soldat."

Southern Watchman, May 18 (1, 1), 1864

Camp near Raccoon Ford, Va.,
May 2d, 1864.

Mr. Christy:--I suppose one would naturally suppose that Gov. Brown and treason were synonymous terms in this army, from what the favorers of a monarchical government say, and after reading the resolutions adopted (unanimously) by a few regiments and companies. Many, I presume, think that a soldier would be as far from endorsing Brown's course publicly, as a spy would be from openly confessing his occupation, in the lines of an enemy. Will they not feel some apprehension for the man who writes from this army, and tells them that Gov. Brown is right, and that he intends to support him? They would consider him a very imprudent man. They are not so imprudent as his (Brown's) opposers would have you believe. Be not deceived in regard to the army; there are thousands of noble Georgians here who love their Constitution too well to be deterred from denouncing its violators; there are thousands here who boldly proclaim that the law of Congress suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus is "unwise, impolitic, unconstitutional and dangerous to liberty." There is a large party here in the army, who feel that the men who represented us in Congress are unworthy of our confidence; and those who have deceived the people by telling them that the army was "all right" --that all of them were denouncing Gov. Brown and that Stephens was dead, will find, to their surprise, that the friends of Georgia's Chief Magistrate are very numerous; and they, feeling that the argument is on their side, are ever ready to discuss the question calmly around the camp-fires.

We thank His Excellency for guarding our rights at home, while we are defending them in the field. We can assure him that, even in those companies and regiments where resolutions were unanimously passed condemning his course, his friends are not few in number. You have already learned that in Gordon's Brigade and the 24th Ga. the "stars and bars" spoke for the men. I suppose with few exceptions, the same

thing has happened in other commands, where similar resolutions have been passed unanimously. I notice Cutts' Batt. Art. have adopted resolutions expressing their disapproval of His Excellency's course, and reiterating their determination to support Mr. Davis. Several men addressed the meeting, among them one broken down politician from Georgia. Many men have been deceived on this question in the army, by designing demagogues; many have been misled by persons looking for promotion; many have voted for resolutions when, had they understood or had an opportunity to study and read both sides, would have acted and voted directly contrary to what they did. I know this to be a fact, and I believe that when this question is thoroughly understood by the army, the opposers of constitutional liberty will feel rebuked for what they have done. I notice, too, that many of those who uphold Congress in suspending this writ, admit that it was unconstitutional, but contend that it is much better to trust to the patriotism of President Davis, than to agitate the question at this time. True men should not listen to any such. It is certain that an exchange of ideas on so important a question will not have a demoralizing influence over our armies, and equally certain, that not a man will be added to the Lincoln army by such a discussion. Let not the friends of liberty be prevented from boldly expressing their honest convictions, for fear that it will strengthen the Federal armies or prolong this cruel war. This is used by demagogues, to prevent the people from proclaiming their sentiments. If our people will read for themselves, and think for themselves, the time will soon come when scarcely a respectable minority will be found approving this act of Congress.-- Georgians in this army, I predict, will be almost unanimous in expressing their disapproval of this act of Congress. The very men who condemned Gov. Brown, will be found side by side with his present friends.

Before closing I must speak of the resolutions adopted by "Troup Artillery," from your town. I was not present at the meeting, but upon my return to the company, I found many men who, like myself, opposed this act as unconstitutional. You know the majority of the men in that company--they are men of standing at home; among them you find farmers, merchants, professional men, clerks, mechanics, show-makers, blacksmiths and students--you find no street rowdies, no vagrants, no escapes from the Penitentiary or jail -- they are useful men at home, and men of whom any State might be proud. This company, to be candid, I regret to say, are not with you or me--I mean, a majority of them differ with Gov. Brown--but they have no halter nor scaffold for Mr. Stephens or Gov. Brown. They have spoken the honest convictions of their hearts in upholding Congress in the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus; and, in justice to this company, I will also add that the men spoke, and not the "stars and bars." We trust they may see their errors. Even if we differ from them, we must ascribe to them sincerity and honesty. Such opponents as these will not hurt Gov. Brown--while many differ with him, they still respect him, and believe he did not have any other intention than to serve Georgia and the Confederacy.

We are always glad to receive a copy of your excellent paper in our camp. We thank you for your efforts to enlighten the people on the great question now before them. We feel proud that Georgia was the first to take her stand on the side of constitutional liberty. We are gratified to see our press come out so boldly and ably in defence of our beloved Governor. We can only trust that you may continue to persevere in the future, as you have done in the past, to bring before the country the acts of those men who are not worthy of their support, and to show no mercy to any man who advocates a "common head" in the South,

Yours, very respectfully,
 GEORGIA

Southern Watchman, May 18 (1, 2), 1864.

Camp 52d Reg. Ga. Vols.,
Near Dalton, Ga., May 8th, 1864

Mr. Christy:--Since my last to you there has been nothing but skirmishing going on between the two armies.

On yesterday morning the enemy drove in our cavalry pickets and moved in heavy column to the ridge this side of Tunnel Hill. About nine o'clock our Division (Stewart's) was ordered up to the front to support our pickets. Arriving within plain view of the enemy's lines, we were formed on a ridge in line of battle, and deployed skirmishers, in order to ascertain if the enemy was moving on us.

Remaining in that position until about 8 o'clock at night, our ears were greeted with a ~~dispatch~~ dispatch from Virginia, bringing the glad tidings of Lee's victory on the Rapidan. About 11 o'clock at night we were moved back to our stronghold, and are here now. The two armies are in close proximity, not being more than two and a half miles apart. Skirmishing pretty heavy to-day, though I have heard of none of our men being killed. The Major in command of our Division pickets was slightly wounded this morning. All are eager for the fight to come off, and feel satisfied that the watchfulness of our commander will ever be a safeguard against us being surprised; and when the fight does come off, many will read with proud hearts of our success.

The dark clouds that hung so thick and heavily around us last fall and winter are being dispelled, and now we can see through the mist, victory and peace. Many anxious wives, mothers and sisters are looking forward with great anxiety to the impending battle. To such I would say, trust in God and the righteousness of our cause, and should your husband, son or brother fall in the contest, you will have the consolation of knowing that he fell a brave hero, fighting for that liberty for which we have been contending three long years, and with which death would be preferable.

Should the fight come off and I ~~come~~^{come} through safe, you shall hear from me again.

CHOICE

Southern Watchman, May 18 (3, 3), 1864

THE FRONT - HEAVY BATTLE AT RESACA.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning Hooker's corps, backed by the whole Federal army, attacked three divisions of our army a little to the west of Resaca. Hooker's corps had been in this vicinity for some time, and on Thursday night the whole of Sherman's army shifted down Sugar Valley, towards Resaca. Before abandoning their position in front of Rocky Face Ridge and Dalton, the enemy on Thursday night seemed to create the impression that they were receiving reinforcements for a bold assault next morning. Large fires could be seen along their lines, and the Federal troops were cheering and shouting at intervals. Before midnight the whole force had disappeared, and the next morning found them massed near Resaca.

In this they were anticipated by the sagacious Johnston, who also silently moved the greater portion of his army, massing in front of them at Resaca. The enemy evidently expected a small force at this point, and doubtless hoped to reach Johnston's rear unawares, and cut him off.

Hooker's corps opened the attack on three Divisions of our army, at 19, A.M. For three hours the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, as we are informed by an eye witness to the exciting duel, was terrific. The cannons pealed their dread salvos at the rate of sixty shots per minute. Shot and shell fell in showers around Resaca, and the few citizens who were there changed their base for safety. One shell went through the telegraph office and scattered the occupants, but they were all at their posts again last evening.

The enemy never gained an inch, but were repulsed at every point. It is the general impression that another encounter has been commenced this morning, and if the enemy is driven back, as in all probability he will be, there is but one escape for him, and that is through Snake Creek Gap.

It is rumored that the enemy is in Oostinaula Valley, which is a continuation of Sugar Valley, ~~near~~ and in heavy force at Rives' Ferry, which is seven miles south of Calhoun, and in possession of the old Indian Ford seven miles west of Adairsville.

It is very evident from the movements of the enemy, that he has miscalculated both the resources and the strategical capacity of his dangerous antagonist. The greatest confidence is felt, and the finest spirit prevails among the troops of our line, whose souls are in arms and eager for the fray.

Southern Watchman, May 18 (3, 1), 1864

TO THE PEOPLE OF N. E. GEORGIA
Headq'rs 39th Batt. Ga Cav,
Dry Pond Camp Ground,
May 12th, 1864.

Fellow Citizens:--I come among you not as an oppressor, but as a defender of your rights and liberties. I am at the head of a force sufficient to repel the attacks of our foes, come from what quarter they may. It is expected that you will cordially co-operate with me in the accomplishment of this desirable and praiseworthy end.

I understand that there are many deserters in this section of the State. By a recent act of the Legislature of this State, it is made highly penal to advise desertion or to knowingly harbor deserters. It is a grave offence. No efforts shall be wanting to bring to merited punishment all persons who shall be guilty of this crime. I call on all patriotic citizens to aid me in arresting deserters themselves, and returning them to their respective commands.

Citizens who remain at home, pursuing their peaceful avocations, without intermeddling with those great questions of the day, to the detriment of our cause, and to the advancement of the wicked purposes of a foe lost alike to honor, justice and the common instincts of humanity, shall receive the same protection that is extended to the most loyal citizen.

Men, void alike of moral principle and patriotism, ~~and~~ and seeking only their own pecuniary advancement, have, for some time past, been engaged in robbing indiscriminately. To all such, if they fall into my hands, I shall mete out condign punishment. Such conduct can and will not be tolerated.

Persons from beyond the lines of the enemy, are frequently passing to this region and returning. This can no longer be permitted. All passing and re-passing must be

in accordance with the usages adopted for the government of belligerent nations in such cases.

We are engaged, fellow-citizens, in a holy-cause -- a cause equally as dear as life itself--the right of self-government. It was achieved by our fathers after a long and sanguinary struggle against one of the most powerful foes. The war now being waged against us for the purpose of depriving us of this inestimable privilege. They deny to us what they themselves enjoy. They invade our land, lay waste our fields, burn, destroy and murder ^{wherever} ~~whenever~~ they go. They steal our negroes, arm them against us, and order them to the work of spoliation and death. Desolation, wretchedness and mourning follow in their train; and all this that they may reduce us to slavery. We have already expended much blood and treasure, but be not discouraged. We are sure, if true to our birthright, with the blessing of God, to triumph.

ANDREW YOUND,
Lieut. Col. Comd'g 30th Ga. Batt. Cav.

Southern Watchman May 25 (1, 1-2), 1864.

BATTLES OF MANSFIELD AND PLEASANT HILL.

Mansfield, La., April 22, 1864.

Little did I think when I bid you farewell in Texas that I should so soon have to record two of the most bloody battles which have been fought during this eventful war, and while the shouts of victory are ringing and a thankful people are praising the Almighty for the success of our arms in beating back the tide of invasion, still, many once happy homes in Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Louisiana are mourning for some loved and lost relatives or friends.

The battle of Mansfield was fought two and a half miles from the little city of the same name. The battle had been preceded by some heavy skirmishing, but the general battle commenced on the 8th of April, about 10 A. M., Gen. Taylor in command. Maj. Gen. Greene commanded the left wing, Brigadier Gen. Mouton the right, General Walker's division on the right of Mouton, and two cavalry regiments on the extreme right of Walker. Gen. Greene commenced the attack with a portion of his dismounted cavalry. The enemy pressing the left wing heavily, Gen. Greene then ordered Mouton's division to advance, and the fighting was terrible along the lines of both combatants.

The battle raged fiercely for five hours, when the enemy broke and fled, having been forced back two miles, where commenced a general rout.

Gen. Churchill's did not participate in this action, but were in the action of the following day. Gen. Mouton fell in the early part of the action, while receiving the surrender of a large body of the enemy. He fell but a few feet from the muzzles of their guns. He is reported to have acted gallantly, and his noble division lost heavily in both officers and men, and covered themselves with glory. Col. Phil Herbert was here wounded, and Col. Buchel mortally--since died. It was here, too, that the lamented Chancey B. Sheppard, of Gen. Green's Staff, fell, and the gallant Maj. J. D. Sayres wounded.

The fruits of the victory consisted in capturing 2500 prisoners, 200 wagons loaded with stores, 1400 mules, 36 ambulances, with immense medical and other stores. In this battle the enemy fought three army corps, viz: the 13th, 19th and famous 16th, formerly commanded by Gen. Sherman, and which had so often boasted that it had never known defeat. The loss of the enemy in the two engagements will not be less than 6000 killed, wounded and prisoners.

The enemy commenced their retreat as soon as routed, in the direction of Pleasant Hill, some eighteen miles from the battle field of Mansfield.

Our army having pursued, the line of battle was formed about 4 P. M. of the 9th of April, and was more bloody than on the preceding day. General Greene's division under his command, was posted on the extreme left; Mouton's division, under command of Brig. General Polignac, on Greene's right; Gen. Walker, on Polignac's right; Gen. Churchill's division of Arkansians and Missourians, having arrived, on the extreme right; the Valverde battery opening the battle and losing the majority of their horses, but few men injured; Gen. Churchill, with his division of infantry, then moved forward, and the battle commenced furiously along the whole line. The enemy pressing Churchill in overwhelming numbers, he was compelled to fall back. Gens. Walker and Polignac then moved forward, broke the entire line of the enemy and threw them into a general rout, and night put a stop to the carnage. They fell back to Roublere bayou, some twenty miles, Greene's cavalry in hot pursuit, who followed them to the river. Gen. Walker was slightly wounded, So was Gen. Scurry. Gen. Polignac was not wounded, as first reported.

Gen. Waul was in command of a brigade, and every man, both officers and privates, acted like heroes. Col. Debray (since promoted to Brigadier General) is reported to have behaved very gallantly. He had his horse shot under him. Our loss was very heavy. Gen. Scurry took 1200 men in the fight, and lost 400 killed and wounded. Our loss in the two battles is estimated to be 1400 killed and wounded, and about 150 prisoners.

We captured in the two battles 32 pieces of artillery, and small arms beyond computation, and about 4000 prisoners, many officers among them. These are the greatest battles fought west of the Mississippi and of all the battles the most fruitful. The invasion of Texas is no longer to be thought of, and probably the complete evacuation of Western Louisiana by the enemy, besides relieving the pressure on Arkansas, which Gen. Price may be enabled to regain. I should here state that Gen. Taylor fought these battles contrary to the opinion of others, and he has eclipsed the fame of his father, old "Rough and Ready."

I yesterday visited the different hospitals in this vicinity seeking some of our Texas boys. I found but a few. I found Maj. Sawyers and Capt. T. H. Hare, of Co. K. DeBray's regiment; they are not dangerously wounded; also Lieut Fisher of the same regiment, slightly wounded. I shall proceed to Pleasant Hill in a day or two, and seek others. Hardened as my heart is to scenes of suffering and misery, the silent tears started unbidden from eyes unused to weeping, as I passed among the maimed and wounded. Here I found a noble youth, who but a few weeks ago left home so full of hope for the future, upon the couch of the sufferer. His fond mother's and sister's kiss as he parted from them, came to my mind, and I found that was a reality and a sad thing. May God comfort the mourners.

The streets of this city are daily thronged with the ladies carrying food and comfort to the sufferers. They watch over them with all the affection of mothers and sisters. Surrounded by all the horrors of war, the daughters of Louisiana prove ministering angels in the cause of suffering humanity, and like the good Samaritan, they never tire in watching at the couch of suffering. God bless them.

The majority of the wounded of the enemy are in our hands; they are attended by their own surgeons, and our authorities give them every facility to assist them, and they receive as kind treatment as our own army.

This is a sad night in camp. A few rods from where I am writing lies the corpse of Maj. Gen. Thos. Greene, the Napoleon of the West. Many a heart in Texas will mourn the loss of our hero. Just promoted, having never known defeat when he commanded, enjoying the confidence of his troops to a degree unsurpassed, and very rarely equalled, with a constitution of iron and a will like adamant, Gen. Greene leaves a void in the armies of the Confederacy which will remain unfilled, and future generations of Texas will tell of the heroic deeds of the man who first led our cowboys to board and capture vessels of war.

Maj. Gen. Greene was killed instantly, about 5 o'clock on the evening of the 12th inst, at Blair's Landing on Red River, about 35 miles from this place, while directing an attack with 1000 men on five gunboats and five transports, the latter loaded with troops, the former iron clads. He was standing near the edge of the bank, which at that place is about 30 feet high. While encouraging his men under terrific fire from the gunboats, he was struck over the right eye by a charge of grape shot--the whole top of his head was carried away, and death of course instantaneous. His body was brought to the camp the next day, and will be sent to Texas by Maj J. H. Beck, Quartermaster of the Cavalry corps.

The tent is lighted up and guarded by a detachment of Texas cavalry. The sensation caused by his death it is impossible to describe. Gens. Polignac, Waul and Scurry, shed ~~tears~~ burning tears when they heard of it. Every one seemed to have lost a near dear relative and friend. Gen. Taylor was overwhelmed with grief, for Greene ~~was~~ had always been his true and staunch friend. I am told that he said when his officers remonstrate against his going into the fight himself, that he wouldn't if he had his old brigade, but some of the troops were new and he must go. The troops engaged were Wood's and Gould's regiment, and Parson's brigade. We lost 75 men killed and wounded. The slaughter of the enemy on board the transports was

fearful, as our men were only thirty or forty yards from them, and one of the gunboats was completely silenced and about to surrender, when three others came to her assistance; none were captured.

Had General Greene lived no one doubts but he would have captured all the transports. The engagement lasted about half an hour after the General fell, when the officer who took command withdrew the troops. Such is the statement of officers who were there.

Texas also mourns the loss of Chaney B. Sheppard. I knew him well. He was a true friend and a braver man did not fall on those bloody fields. The hero of a dozen fights, he now sleeps with his chief in a soldier's grave. Peace to his ashes!--But his memory will forever remain green in the heart of every Texas. I shall proceed to the vicinity of the battle fields in a few days and I dread to meet our suffering friends. I shall keep your readers posted as often as possible.

SIOUX.

Southern Watchman May 25 (1, 3-4), 1864.

THE LAST FIGHT AT RESACA.

The Atlanta Appeal gives the annexed graphic description of the late fight before Resaca:

On Thursday evening, May 12th, the enemy began to move out of Dalton towards Resaca. During the previous night, and throughout the morning of that day, the enemy had transferred his entire line, with the exception of two divisions, which remained in front of the gaps, to the right, making a rendezvous of Snake-tree gap, and massing in Sugar Valley. Gen. Johnston held his position until it became evident that no fight was to be obtained in front of Dalton. He then caused a movement to the left, in order to face the columns of Sherman, which were already pouring into the valleys of Resaca, and fortifying the hills of Dick's ridge.

At sundown on Thursday the troops were in motion. They passed through Dalton with banners waving and bands playing. As each brigade moved by the headquarters of the commanding general it sent up cheer after cheer for Gen. Johnston. All night the transit continued, and at dawn on Friday, when the rear guard brought up the line, not a straggler was to be seen. The most childlike confidence prevailed the ranks, and not a soldier was to be found who did not comprehend the wisdom of his chief. "We are not retreating," said the men, "for we still keep the enemy before us; we are marching out to a fight."

This was speedily proved to be true, for hardly had our lines reformed in the Resaca works and our skirmishers and sharpshooters taken position, than, at 2 o'clock on Friday, the enemy advanced.

Elated doubtless with a fancied advantage, he moved up in handsome style, and the fight, thus commenced, lasted until dark, being confined chiefly to our left, but ranging along to the centre, as our guns upon the heights near the river played upon the thick columns that came down from Dick's ridge. It was toward the close

of this magnificent skirmish for position, that the brave Staton fell. He was pierced by a minnie ball through the lungs and heart.

The result of the evening was the repulse of every effort made and the development of the enemy's lines.

On Saturday morning, at daylight, the battle was renewed upon our left. This portion of our line is under the immediate care of Lieut. Gen. Polk, who received the advance of the enemy with deliberate skill. He placed his skirmishers in position and for six hours held everything in check. Meanwhile, the enemy was massing on our right and centre, where Hood and Hardee had disposed their troops to great advantage. The battle began at 2 o'clock, simultaneous with a furious cannonade upon the town of Resaca, and was continuous until half past 8 o'clock. The enemy were five times repulsed with signal loss, and a total failure to reach the railroad, as a base of supply, or to destroy our depot in the village. During the two hours after sundown the fight was terrific, and was lulled only in obedience to the laws of nature and necessity.

An effort was made during Saturday night to throw a pontoon across the river at Tanner's ferry, but this was repulsed, and on Sunday morning the fighting began chiefly on the left in front of the town of Resaca.

We give these general points, omitting details, because of the desire of Gen. Johnston for peculiar reticence, and because such minutiae cannot be verified in the tumult of a prolonged conflict.

We assure our readers that all is well. The army is in splendid condition. Gen. Johnston, Gen. Polk, Gen. Hood and Gen. Hardee, possess the entire confidence of the troops, and a few more days will determine a victory which has been so cheerfully inaugurated.

Southern Watchman, June 1 (1, 1-4), 1864.

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

A correspondent of the Columbia Carolinian gives the annexed account of the battle of Spottsylvania Court House:

On Thursday, May 12, was fought in front of this modest little village--henceforth to be known through all coming time--one of the fiercest and most obstinate battles of modern times. It commenced at daylight, and raged and roared until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy retired from the bloody conflict. Grant made the attack again, as he did at the Wilderness, and gained a considerable advantage by the suddenness and vigor of the assault early in the day, but with this exception, he was repulsed with a loss that will carry mourning to thousands of Northern and European hearthstones, and dismay and confusion to the tyrants and demagogues whose hosts he leads. The Confederates failed at one point only--partly from mistake, but on all other parts of the field they were victorious, and as firm and resolute as ever. The enemy was beaten, but not routed or driven from the field.

It is not my purpose to go much into the details of the battle--first, because the letter, if captured, would give important information to the enemy, and secondly, because it is almost impossible to prepare any account of a battle that will give satisfaction to subordinate officers, and if one makes the attempt and fails, as he certainly will, he is almost sure to have his motives impugned and become involved in a controversy in the newspapers.

The battle was fought on the North side of Spottsylvania Court House, on the undulating ground, diversified by fields, pine thickets and patches of woods. Our line is crescent shaped, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is nearly in the shape of a horse-shoe, and extends around the Court House or village on the North and Northwestern side, so as to cover all the approaches from those quarters. Slight entrenchments had been thrown up along our entire front, extending from near the Shady Grove--or Catharpen road continued--on the West, around to and beyond the

Fredericksburg road on the Northeast side of the village. At one point on the right is an eminence a few hundred yards in advance of the general direction of our line, and in order to prevent the enemy from getting possession of it for his artillery, a sharp angle was projected so as to include the hill within our entrenchments. The result shows that this was an unfortunate piece of engineering. Past the foot of the hill on the North side sweeps a ravine which presents a convex line to the hill, the two approaching each other like circles that touch but do not cut each other. The enemy availed himself of this ravine in his assault upon the angle, which was the weakest point in our lines, being considerably in advance of the general line and beyond the reach of support from the forces operating on the right and left.

Information was received night before last that Grant was retiring in the direction of Fredericksburg and Germana Ford; a report to this effect was noised abroad throughout the army, though subsequent events show that it was without the least foundation. Through a mistake, which I cannot trace to its source, but which grew out of this mischievous report, the artillery which had been posted on the hill in the angle alluded to above, was withdrawn during the night. This left Maj. Gen. Johnson, of Ewell's corps, whose division, heretofore considered one of the best in the army, occupied this part of the line, without any artillery support. He communicated this fact to his corps commander at midnight, with the additional intelligence that the enemy was massing a heavy force in his immediate front for the purpose, as he believed, of assaulting him Thursday. These guns or others were sent back, and were just moving into the angle at four o'clock Thursday morning, when the force which Johnson reported to be massing in his front made a vigorous assault upon his position and carried it.

The assaulting force had been assembled in the ravine at the foot of the hill, was very strong, and advanced, one report says, in column of regiments. It had rained the evening before, and considerable fog prevailed, under cover of which the attack was

made. One or two guns were got into position and fired, but the horses attached to the other pieces were shot down before they could be unlimbered, and most of the cannoneers captured.

Jones' Virginia brigade, whose commander was killed in the Wilderness, the Stonewall and other brigades belonging to the division becoming involved, soon followed, and the last that was seen of Gen Johnson, he was standing almost alone with a musket in his hand, contesting the ground single-handed with the multitudinous foe. The brigades composing this division are the Stonewall, J. M. Walker, and Jones' brigades, both of this State, Stewart's brigade of Virginians and North Carolinians, and Stafford's brigade of Louisianians.--Jones and Stafford fell at the Wilderness; Walker was wounded Thursday; Stewart, and Johnson, the commander of the division, were taken prisoners, and the Colonel commanding Jones' brigade is reported killed, with many other officers. The guns left on ~~g~~ the field, but which neither party has been able to move on account of the fire of the other--some eighteen or twenty --are said to belong to Cutshaw's and Page's battalions. 1000 or 1200 prisoners were lost at the same time.

This occurred at a very early hour in the morning. If Jones' brigade had not given way, it is possible, though not probable, that Johnson would have been able to maintain his ground. He is one of the best officers in the army, and the sublime spectacle he presented when battling alone with the enemy, though deserted by his command, should excite our admiration rather than provoke ~~xi~~ criticism. But it should not be imagined that the enemy gained the hill without opposition, sudden and vigorous as his assault was. He was received with volley after volley, and the ground was covered with his slain; but he had massed such a heavy force upon a single exposed point, some distance in advance of the general line and incapable of being instantaneously supported, that it was found impossible to repulse him. It is but justice to add, too, that the enemy's charge was as spirited as it was successful,

and reflects no little credit upon his troops. He was aware of the weakness of the point from its comparative isolation, having effected a temporary lodgment in the angle two days before, and it would have been a wonder if he had not been successful, with the preparation he had made.

The Confederates suffered severely as they retreated across the intervening space to our second line, or rather to the line which extends the angle, and which may be considered the base of the triangle covering the hill. Even this line is somewhat in advance of the direction of the general line. But the broken division did not stop here--they continued their retreat far to the rear. Fortunately the gallant Gordon, commanding Early's Division, was in reserve, and swept to the rescue in a manner that excited the admiration of every beholder, including Gen. Lee. The enemy swarmed over the hill and rushed against the lines to the right and left, but Rhodes, Gordon and Wilcox were there to meet them.

The battle was soon fully joined, and for nine hours it roared and hissed and dashed over the bloody angle and along the bristling entrenchments like an angry sea beating and chafing against a rock bound coast. The artillery fire was the most sustained and continuous I have ever heard for so long a time, averaging thirty shots to the minute, or 1,800 to the hour for six hours. The rattle of musketry was not less furious and incessant. At 10 o'clock, when the din and uproar were at the highest, an angry storm cloud swept over the field, and thus to the thunders of battle was added "the dread artillery of the skies." It was now manifest that Grant's real assault, as Gen. Lee had believed, would be launched against our right wing, and to that point the opposing forces gravitated from all parts of the field, just as when a cloud surcharged with electricity forms in the heavens, all the lesser clouds and racks drift to it, and are swallowed up in the swelling angry mass.

Grant strove hard to hold us to other parts of the field and prevent this concentration of force, and for that purpose he engaged Anderson on our left, and Early, who had been sent to the extreme right. He made three separate assaults against the former, but was repulsed each time with frightful loss by Fields' division, formerly Hood's. Early, at the head of Hill's corps, hurled him back, as a mad bull would an incautious mastiff caught upon his horns, as often as he advanced upon him.

But it was against Ewell, who held the right of the original line, that Grant expended his greatest efforts and made his most desperate assaults. Having gained a foothold in the angle or centre of Ewell's position, he brought up line after line and hurled it with tremendous violence, at one time against Rhodes, at another against Gordon, and then against both. Wilcox was brought up and placed on Gordon's left, and Wofford and Humphreys, of Kershaw's Division, and Jenkins' Brigade, of Fields' Anderson's Corps were sent to the assistance of Rhodes. Additional batteries were sent in the same direction. Heth went to the right, and all of Anderson's old division but Wright followed him. And thus the whirling, remorseless maelstrom drew everything into its angry vortex. The enemy exhibited a courage and resolution worthy of a better cause; Grant seemed to have breathed into his troops somewhat of his own spirit and indomitable energy. But if the Federals fought well, the Confederates fought better. From early dawn until far in the afternoon, with steady hands and unblanched cheeks, they faced the leaden hail that was rained upon them without intermission. At some points the two armies fought on opposite sides of the entrenchments, the distance between them not being more than the length of their muskets. Again and again would Grant marshall his men for the onset, and right valiantly did they respond; but as often as they returned to the assault, so often ~~and they were repulsed, as if they had rushed against~~ were they repulsed, as if they had rushed against

a wall of iron. At no point of the line, and at no time during the long, terrible and exhausting conflict, did the heroic children of the South falter or waver for one moment. Each man knew he was fighting the battle for the possession of Richmond--the battle, indeed, for the independence of the Confederate States--and the thought of yielding to the foe never once entered his mind.

During one of the assaults, Gordon inflicted very heavy loss upon the enemy by moving around and striking the assaulting column in flank. The enemy was thrown into great confusion, and retired rapidly to the rear, leaving many dead and wounded on the ground.

The most important movement against the enemy's flank, however, was executed by Mahone's and Lane's brigades, on the extreme right, under the direction of Gen. Early. The expedition was intended to operate, not against the flank of the assaulting column but against the flank of the Federal army, and thus award relief to our centre and left wing, both of which were hard pressed. The two brigades were placed under command of Mahone, who passed around the Fredericksburg Road, and was about to engage the enemy when he met the latter coming out, probably to take us in flank. An engagement ensued immediately, and resulted in the defeat of the enemy, who retired back to the main army, where considerable commotion was produced by the fresh danger with which it was threatened.

A division operating against our left, supposed to belong to Burnside's corps, was withdrawn and double quicked across the field to check Mahone. Just before it reached the scene of action, it came within full view of Pogue's and Pegram's guns, and not more than 1,200 yards distant. Twelve pieces were brought to bear upon it in less time than it requires to describe this brilliant episode in the battle. The enemy stood their ground for a moment, then staggered back, and finally broke in the wildest disorder. What with Mahone's fire in front and the artillery ploughing great gaps in their ranks, their loss was severe. This movement afforded instantaneous relief to our left, and from this time the assaults of the enemy grew more and more

feeble along the whole line, and finally they ceased altogether, at 2 p.m.

Our men were anxious to follow up the enemy when he was repulsed, but Gen. Lee's plan was to act on the defensive, and not to strike until the right time came. The Federal army far exceeded his in numbers, they had entrenched themselves as he had done, and common sense, as well as military science, would teach the propriety of patiently waiting rather than rashly making the attack. The result has shown the wisdom of the policy adopted. Grant has already well nigh exhausted himself, whilst Lee's army remains almost intact, ready to assume the offensive, as occasion may require.

Our loss in the rank and file is remarkably small, the men being well protected by the entrenchments. The casualties, however, have been unusually heavy among field officers, who were unprotected, and had to move frequently from one point to another, under the terrible infantry and artillery fire of the enemy, which swept every part of the field in rear of our entrenchments. The ground is torn and ploughed up by the direct and cross fire of the enemy as if it had been prepared by the farmer for the reception of spring seed. Three surgeons were killed in the discharge of their duty on the field; and Capt. Owen, of Texas, who carried the news to Gen. Lee at Chancellorsville that Sedgwick was moving on his rear from Fredericksburg, was severely wounded early in the morning, whilst on his way to the Richmond Howitzers to hold prayers. Including the battles of the Wilderness, we have lost the following general officers: Killed: Brigadier Generals Stafford, of Louisiana; Jones, of Virginia; Jenkins and Perrin, of South Carolina; and Damel, of North Carolina. Wounded: Lieut. Gen. Longstreet, of Alabama, and Brig. Gens. Hays, of Louisiana; Benning, of Georgia; McCowan, of South Carolina; Ramsour and Johnson, of North Carolina; and James M. Walker--Stonwall Brigade--L. H. Walker and Pegram, of Virginia. Captured: Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, of Georgia, and Brigadier General George H. Stewart, of Maryland.

Gen. Lee made more than one narrow escape, his clothing being covered with mud thrown upon him by bursting shells. He will persist in staying near the point of greatest danger. The whole country, with one voice, should protest against such rash exposure of a life in which we are all so deeply interested, and upon the preservation of which so much depends. Gen. Taylor, his Adjutant General, had his horse shot. Gen. Ramsour's wound is slight. Many valuable field officers were killed and wounded.

The two armies, led by the most renowned chieftains on the Western Continent, if not in the world, have now been wrestling with each other for the mastery for eight days. Thank God that ours has been so marvelously successful, and has suffered comparatively little loss, except officers; whilst the larger, being the wrong doer, has been punished beyond all precedent in this war. His dead and many of his wounded still remain on the ground, being too near our entrenchments to be moved, and they tell their own melancholy tale. If half that prisoners report of their losses in battle, and from desertion, straggling and demoralization be true, then the enemy's casualties are indeed frightful. The loss in prisoners here has been about equal, say 1,500 on each side. This gives us the advantage by 3,000 including those taken at the battle of the Wilderness. Of the prisoners captured here two or three hundred were taken by Mahone, and four colors and one guidon, when he moved on the flank of the enemy.

Thursday night, we rectified our line near the angle, which has given so much trouble retiring it somewhat and locating it where it should have been run originally. The enemy still retains possession of the angle, but has not been able to remove the guns left by Cutshaw and Page, nor have we sharpshooters on either side preventing it. We brought away from the Wilderness 12,000 captured rifles and muskets.

Both armies rested from the strife on Friday. The dead have to be buried, the wounded have to be cared for, shattered regiments and brigades have to be re-organized,

and fresh plans to be devised. This requires time, and the men require rest. There can be no doubt that Grant's troops were well supplied with liquor before they entered the battle; many of the prisoners, including more than one Colonel, were in a state of intoxication when taken.

Southern Watchman, June 15 (3, 1-2), 1864

Line of Battle 52d Ga. Reg.,
Lost Mountain, June 8th, 1864.

Mr. Christy:--Since my last to you many changes have taken place, and many brave men who were then in the enjoyment of good health, and who

"Loved to hear the war-horn's cry
And panted at the drum's deep roll,"

are now numbered among the brave heroes who have fallen in our struggle for independence; but their names will ever live fresh and green in the hearts of a grateful people, and those of us who are yet spared are more determined than we ever were to fight the vandals to the bitter end, and to avenge the death of our brave comrades who have fallen in the contest.

No doubt many of the people at home are despondent because Gen. Johnston has fallen back so far, but if they could only visit the army and see how hopeful the soldiers are and what implicit confidence they have in Johnston, they would be constrained to abandon all their fears, and would look forward with stronger hope of our success than they have ever done.

We have never fought them since the opening of this campaign, except to whip them; and, although Gen. Johnston has fallen back a greater distance than many of us expected, yet we feel satisfied that he knows what he is about, and when he does strike them in earnest, he will gain such a victory as will no doubt astonish the whole world, and will completely demoralize, if not destroy, Sherman's entire army.

Our Division (Stewart's) covered the retreat from Dalton to Resaca, and on the 14th ult. Stovall's Brigade made a charge and drove the Yankees some distance and held the ground, and on the 15th ult. we made another charge, passing through an open field some three hundred yards across, and then through a dense piece of woodland, dashing madly up to within thirty paces of the Yankee breastworks, which we found to be well picketed with sharpened rails. Here we fell to the ground and fought

desperately for about fifty minutes, and our support not coming up, we were ordered to fall back to our line of breastworks. That night the army left Resaca and our Division again covered the retreat, crossed the river and burned the bridges a little before daylight. The fall back is too well known by all your readers for me to say anything about it.

On the afternoon of the 25th ult. we formed a line of battle at "New Hope" Church, and in a short time our skirmishers were driven in, reporting three heavy columns of Yankees close at hand. At about 5 o'clock the fighting commenced, and here the 52d Ga. (as well as the rest of the Brig.) distinguished herself by holding three columns of the Yanks in check; and prisoners taken report that we cut all three of their lines literally to pieces. Since that time we have had nothing but skirmishing, for it seems that the Yankees are tired fighting us and rely entirely on flank movements.

On the 29th ult. Gen. Steward issued an order complimenting his entire Division for their gallantry on the above named battlefields.

Our losses (in 52d Ga.) killed and wounded, will amount to about sixty. Among the wounded are Capt. Asbury, Capt. Woodward, Lieut. Logan and Lieut. Underwood. I cannot forget to mention Billie Murray, our brave little color bearer, who could be seen in the charge bearing our colors "proudly on and saying to the "boys:" "follow your colors."

Before I close, allow me to say to those who have friends in the army to write to them, and direct your letters to the Company, Regiment, Brigade, Division and "Army of Tenn." and then they will come direct.

CHOICE

Southern Watchman, June 22 (2, 2-3), 1864.

BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

The Atlanta Intelligencer gives the annexed account of the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, which took place Wednesday and Thursday:

At an early hour Wednesday it was evident that the enemy would make a bold effort to advance their lines and secure certain points which would aid them very materially in their offensive movements after securing them. They cannonaded our entire line, feeling persistently for our positions, but did not elicit much attention from our batteries until about noon, when heavy explosions from their lines drew heavy and effective responses from several of our batteries. The Yankees poured down their masses in large numbers on our centre and right, and steadily advanced their lines of battle on our left. Very soon, about one o'clock, they threw forward strong lines of skirmishers, under cover of their heavy batteries, and succeeded in taking a fine position in their breastworks, on the road to Big Shanty. At the same time they sent a heavy line on our right, crossing Noonday creek, and advancing in long battle line against the right of our centre. We learned that the movement was made against Stevenson's division. The efforts of the enemy led to heavy picket firing and artillery duelling. Shells flew thick and fast along the line from the railroad to our extreme right.

From noon until dark a heavy skirmish ensued between Bates' line and the enemy in large force. The enemy charged his lines in the woods and were steadily repulsed. The smoke and musketry on that portion of the field indicated that a heavy battle was progressing.

Far off to the left Hardee's corps was heavily engaged, though mostly with heavy artillery on both sides. A house was fired and burned to the east of Pine Mountain, and the smoke of it mingling with that of the battle, made the atmosphere very thick, and prevented us from seeing plainly the movements for some time.--About six

o'clock Bates' division, after fighting very gallantly nearly all day, was moved to the left of Pine Mountain.--About the same time the enemy advanced four strong lines of battle on Lost Mountain, and occupied it before sunset. This is a disagreeable loss to us in only one respect, in that it furnishes the enemy with a splendid altitude for a single station and overlooks our operations nearly as advantageous by as Kennesaw does the whole.--Our troops fell back to our line south of Lost Mountain, by which we secure the gaps for which the enemy fought so fiercely at New Hope Church.

From four to five o'clock the enemy deployed strong bodies of skirmishers ~~to~~^{to} operate on our centre, and in a few minutes they drove our men from the rail pens on our centre along the road to Big Shanty, and so soon as they occupied the, they commenced a rapid fire that made the new position of our ~~the~~ picket lines very warm places to hold. But the Yankees did not advance any further on this point.

At sunset the enemy occupied a position very close to our lines, and much farther advanced along nearly our entire front than they were in the morning. They could not have done so had we seen fit to prevent it.

The casualties on our side have been few in comparison, as far as I could learn.--The greater number of the wounded received shots whilst acting as skirmishers and from shell fragments. The Yankees los heavily. We could plainly see their infirmary corps carrying off numbers of their wounded, and general straggling was apparent on the rear of their centre.

The second day of the battle of Kennesaw opened with heavy cannonading far off to the left. By the early light of morning it was discovered that the enemy had made a number of rifle pits during the night, along a large portion of their lines. Numbers of them were advancing from one hundred yards to a half mile or more, at different points. This was expected by our forces. At earliest dawn sharpshooting commenced and was kept up heavily during the entire day. The Yankees advanced their entrenchments under our fire and gained perhaps a half mile on one portion of our centre. Their batteries fired very heavily on our front, where it is posted, on

on either side of the roadway to Big Shanty, but did not draw our fire until about four or five o'clock in the evening, when Garrwty's battery answered with several effective shots on three of their guns. We discerned at each point a great deal of stir, and a number of their men were carried ~~in~~ to the rear. The enemy did not do any serious damage by the furious firing that followed. Our battery quietly received their fire, and seldom answered, only enough to provoke from them an occasional spiteful return.

On the right of Hardee's corps, we could not learn in front of what division, Yankees erected two batteries, one of ten guns, the other of six. A wide strip of woods intervened between the two large openings they control. During the forenoon they strengthened the positions with strong earthworks, and by throwing forward large bodies of sharpshooters. These skirmished an hour or more, but did not secure our position. They then withdrew to some gulleys in the field, and their batteries fired over them, shelling the woods with great rapidity and effect. Our lines were quieted, though they were not much withdrawn.

Far off to the left a portion of Hardee's line was engaged, apparently very heavily, during the greater part of the afternoon. We could not learn the results, though we learned late last night that his lines were withdrawn. Gradually the armies thus are falling into the positions which are most properly adapted for battle.

On our right, there was not much movement perceptible. Occasionally the far-off mutterings of heavy guns were heard, but no very heavy skirmishing took place that we could see or learn of.

Southern Watchman, June 22 (2, 1-2), 1864.

The Second Great Battle of Cold Harbor and
Gaines' Mill

Army of Northern Virginia,
Battle Field of Cold Harbor,
June 3, 4 p.m.

A gracious God has given the Confederate arms another victory--a victory that is almost bloodless as to them, but fearfully fatal to their enemies. The annals of modern times furnish no parallel to the battle of to day--so slight has been the loss on our side and so great has been the slaughter on the other. The enemy have been slaughtered by thousands while Lee's veterans have hardly received a scratch.-- How else can we explain these strange results except upon the theory that Heaven has smiled upon our arms and wrought mischief among our foes?

A brief resume of the operations which preceded the great battle to day, will enable the reader to accompany me in the hurried narrative here presented, and to understand clearly the movements of the hostile armies.

As you are aware, there was heavy skirmishing along the line on Wednesday, the 1st. Early in the morning of that day Kershaw's and Hoke's divisions attacked the enemy and drove him to his entrenchments. Hoke, who is reporting to Anderson, moved from Old Cold Harbor, and Kershaw from the vicinity of Beulah church, their object being to secure certain positions to be used either in attack or defence, as occasion might require.

During the afternoon the enemy attacked Heth of Hill's corps, and was handsomely repulsed by Cooke's and Kirkland's North Carolina brigades. Breckinridge, who reports to Hill, and Mahone, commanding Anderson's old division, drove the enemy from their front, taking about one hundred and fifty prisoners.

Whilst these movements were being made below, the Federals pushed forward a heavy column of cavalry from Hanover Court House in the direction of Ashland. The men were provided with ten days' rations, showing that they had started out on a raid, probably with the hope of being able to reach the Danville railway, or at

least create a diversion in favour of Grant. Hampton, who has been placed in command of all the cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia, was prepared for them however. They reached Ashland, and had begun to destroy the railroad track at that place, when the Confederate horse attacked them and drove them back to the Pamunkey. Generals Rosser and Pierce Young played a conspicuous and important part in the obstinate battle that ensued. Gen. Young, commanding Hampton's old brigade, received a severe though not mortal wound. The enemy lost heavily in men and animals. Our own loss was considerable.

Late in the evening a force of infantry was reported to have arrived at Tunstall's Station from York river railway. They stated that they belong to Butler's forces, the object of their movement being doubtless, to connect with Grant's left wing and open the way to the Chickahominy.

During these operations in the morning, Col. L. M. Keitt, whose regiment, (the 20th South Carolina) had just arrived and been attached to Kershaw's old brigade, received a mortal wound while leading the brigade, from which he died yesterday. No braver spirit ever gave his life for the liberty of his country.

Yesterday, the 2d, perfect quiet reigned along the lines until 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Early attacked the enemy in his works and drove him out of their formidable lines of entrenchments. Heth, of Hill's corps, participated in this work.-- While the attack was being made in front, Gordon moved around and took the enemy in flank. So vigorously did our troops press the flying foe, that he was unable to make a stand behind his second line of entrenchments, which they entered pell mell with him. Early's loss did not exceed 200, while the enemy's was heavy, including 700 prisoners, taken chiefly by Gordon, Rhodes and Heth, nearly all of whom belonged to ~~the~~ the U. S. Regulars. The Stonewall Brigade behaved as it was wont to do in the days of its first great leader.--Whilst our loss was slight in numbers, it was great

in ~~the~~ the fact in that it includes the brave General Doles, of Georgia, who fell with his feet to the enemy and his face to heaven. He entered the service in April, 1861, and from that time forward he served his country with a zeal and skill worthy of all praise.

This was on our left. On the right, about the same hour, Breckinridge, supported by Wilcox, was ordered to assault the enemy on Turkey Hill and wrest it from him. This he and Wilcox did in handsome style; and thus an important position was secured in time for the great battle which it was then evident, could not be much longer postponed.

Dure enough, with the early dawn this morning, came the boom of cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry. Grant made a furious assault along our whole lines except on the right. The Confederates had thrown up entrenchments or breastworks during the preceding night and day, and were prepared for the onset. Early occupied the left of the lines, having Heth, of Hill's corps, on his extreme left; Anderson held the centre and the right. The lines were an irregular crescent, covering the battle field of Cold Harbor, and extending from a point somewhat above and in advance of Beulah ~~Church~~ Church, in a southwesterly direction to the vicinity of McClellan's bridge, over the Chickahominy. It was for these bridges that Grant was aiming; and having secured them and forced Lee back into his works about Richmond, he hoped to have things his own way. He had abandoned his strong position behind the Totopotomony Creek, and had slid around to the right once more; but Lee had anticipated him this time. The latter had not only thrown his army across his path, but his men had constructed strong field works for their protection. The Confederates have become as great adepts with the spade as McClellan ever was.--Some of the army wits say that if a column is halted a few minutes on a march to rest, the men will go immediately to work to throw up entrenchments.

Grant evidently hoped he would be able to take Lee by surprise. He had first been reinforced by Butler, and the last man in the hospitals, Provost guard houses, and even the clerks in the Quartermaster's and Commissary's Departments had been sent to him to make a sure thing of it. But when he moved last night further around to the right, he did not know that Lee had also moved and been reinforced by portions of Beauregard's forces, and that his troops had provided very good works, behind which to receive his attack.

He assaulted the entire line, as already stated, at an early hour. But one assault was made upon Early and Heth, and that was repulsed with ease and great loss to the Confederates. The attack upon Kershaw, Hoke and Fields, of Anderson's corps, and Breckinridge, of Hill's, on the contrary, was heavy and vigorous, and was continued from half-past four o'clock until half-past ten. An immense force was massed against this part of the lines, and it was brought up again and again and hurled with Titanic violence against the Confederate position. As many as seven assaults were made against Kershaw and a portion of Fields' division, each one of which was repulsed with tremendous slaughter. The carnage was dreadful, not only at this point but in front of Hoke and Breckinridge also. Hanton's and Corsee's brigades, of Pickett's division, were also engaged, and acquitted themselves handsomely. Indeed, the Confederates, if such a thing were possible, excelled all their previous performances. The enemy broke over the lines at a salient point in Breckinridge's front, and for a few minutes had possession of three guns and so much of the ground as had been occupied by three companies, but Finegan's brave Floridians, attached for the time to Mahone's division, and acting as reserves, rushed forward and swept them out of the works like a whirlwind. Colquitt's Georgians performed a similar feat when Clingman's brigade was pressed back momentarily on Hoke's front; they sent the enemy literally flying across the field. Law's, G. T. Anderson's and Gregg's brigades, of Fields' division, were chiefly engaged on that part of the lines, and fought with great ardor. Law received a painful but not dangerous wound over the eye.

But it is too early to attempt to go into details. The loss of the enemy in front of Kershaw's veteran division is represented on all hands to exceed anything that has occurred during the war. The ground was strewn with the Federal slain in front of Fields, Hoke and Breckinridge also. What the enemy's loss was I shall not now undertake to say. Our own casualties, on the contrary, are so small as to appear almost incredible. I will only add, that in high and well informed quarters it is estimated that for every hundred men we lost the enemy lost more than a thousand! How can this be explained? Was there not an unseen, but All-powerful Hand interposed between us and our enemies, to turn aside their missiles ~~and~~ of death and save us from harm?

The battle raged until half past 10 o'clock, when the enemy, having been repulsed at all points, retired from the terrible conflict stunned, bleeding at every pore and mangled in every limb. Gen. Lee, determined to adhere to his wise defensive policy, and preserve his army for future wants, did not pursue. There has been constant shelling and skirmishing since, and some of the enemy's Parrott's are passing uncomfortably near while I write. There are some indications that a last desperate assault will be attempted this evening, probably after dark.

We had the advantage in the ground, both for our infantry and artillery; so much indeed, that the Federals could bring but few of their batteries into play. But we had another advantage; we stood upon the ground where the immortal Jackson made his first great flank movement against the enemy. It was the old battle field of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill, ground already consecrated by the blood of brave men, fighting for life, liberty and peace. Catching the inspiration of the sacred scenes, and emulating the patriotic zeal of the Confederates went into the fight with no other thought than that of victory.

But few prisoners were taken or lost, and no guns.

I should have stated above that Generals Kirkland and Lane were wounded--not dangerously--and that Gen. Finegan received a slight hurt in the hand.

Southern Watchman, June 29 (2, 3), 1864

BIVOUACK 52D GA. REGIMENT,
Near Marietta, June 23d, 1864.

Mr. Christy:--Once more I have the pleasure of writing you, not that I have anything of great importance to communicate, but simply to let the friends of Stovall's Brigade and the 52d Ga. know that we are all "settin' up, without a prop."

Since my last to you we have had no fighting except skirmishing and shelling, though we have been expecting a "big fight" every day.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of forming the acquaintance of Lt. Dearing, (formerly of the Troup Artillery,) A.D.C. on Gen. Stovall's staff, who I found to be a perfect gentleman, possessed with fine military qualifications. 'Tis unnecessary for me to say anything of his cool, dashing bravery, for all who know him are satisfied on that point; 'tis due him, however, to say that he acted very gallantly at the battle of New Hope Church, and it is but justice to say that the entire field and staff did their whole duty.

On the 18th inst. we were moved from our extreme right and placed in support of our lines on the left centre, where we had to lie, under a heavy shower of shot, shell and minnies, for two or three hours, during which time our Brigade lost between forty and fifty killed and wounded. My Reg. lost seven wounded--none killed. One shell killed three and wounded one in the 40th Ga., and Capt. Brown, of the 41st Ga., was killed by a minnie ball. About six o'clock we were ordered to move, and after marching some five miles through mud and rain, we "took up" for the balance of the night, where, after drawing rations, (of whiskey) we rested very well until morning.

On the morning of the 19th we marched out and formed a line on Kennesaw Mountain, from which place we had a "bird's eye" view of Marietta and all the surrounding country on the South, and Lost Mountain on the North, and at the base of the latter, we could see Yanks "till you couldn't rest."

On the morning of the 21st we were marched back to this place, (two miles South of Marietta,) where we have been resting "at will" ever since.

In the direction of Powder Springs we can hear cannonading, though I think 'tis rather a pastime with the Yanks, and they are only seeking to attract our attention in that direction, while they perform an important flank movement on our right.

Today is fair, and I assure you that we appreciate such a day very highly, for we have had few such in the past three weeks; and even now, the mud is so deep that it will take two days' sun to make it anything like passable for a train of wagons.

Some think that Johnston will fall back beyond the Chattahoochee, and I believe that the army are perfectly willing to go, according to his judgment, feeling satisfied that he will do all for the best. More anon.

CHOICE.

July 1, 1864

Letter from the Front

Marietta, Ga., June 25, 1864

Editor Constitutionalist: Yesterday was a remarkably quiet day. A salvo of cannon in the forenoon and again in the afternoon, towards the approach of dusk, was the only cannon firing indulged in yesterday. The usual skirmishing of the day was kept up until far into the night. This morning at daylight they are still "pegging away."

The charge of Stevenson's and Hindman's divisions, on the evening of the 22d, is still the topic of conversation. It was indeed a brilliant affair--a very creditable one to their courage and prowess, but it was dearly bought. We have to mourn the loss of many valuable lives. Our loss on that evening will reach one thousand.

The heavy cannonading on the evening of the 23d was from our guns. Report has it that the enemy in heavy force attacked Hardee's corps and were repulsed with "terrible slaughter." I was not an eye witness to the action, and therefore cannot speak definitely about the enemy's loss; but I doubt the "slaughter" part of the report. A member of Gen. Hardee's staff, with whom I am personally acquainted, was there. He tells me that we captured about seventy-five prisoners, and some five hundred of the enemy were killed and wounded. Press dispatches and army correspondence will bear a thorough sifting to get at the truth.

I am, for the first time since I have been in service, sprawling upon the floor of a hospital as a patient. Am now convalescing, and have therefore an excellent opportunity of observing matters and things in the rear. Walking through the suburbs of this really beautiful inland town, the first thing that attracts the attention of the soldier is the large number of attachees to commissary and headquarter trains. They are a lounging, lifeless, loafing, motley crew. Among them can be found negroes of every shade and color, from ten years old and upwards, many of them without masters. They flock to the army, serve in any capacity during the day, while the army is stationary. At night, and when upon the march, they subsist themselves by stealing. They pilfer from the cooks, and by this means many a soldier goes without his usual daily ration. But what arouses the indignation to its highest pitch, is to see headquarter

wagons packed in the many beautiful lawns that encircle the elegant mansions in the vicinity of the town, the nice hedge rows, upon which so much labor and pains has been bestowed, are trampled under the hoofs of the mules; whilst the ornamental yard and garden enclosures are tewn down and used for fuel, by the light of which teamsters can indulge in a game at cards. Such outrages should not for a moment be tolerated. The Lieutenant or Major General who permits it should be held at a personal accountability for it. Gen. Hood, as far as my observation extends, is the only General who manifests any regard for the property or refugee citizens. If he deems it advisable to occupy grounds around residences, he has his fly stretched, those of his staff around him. The horses are hitched outside of the enclosure, while his wagons park at a convenient distance. He permits no depredations upon the premises, and therefore has the satisfaction of seeing every thing left as he found it. Others may do so, but I only speak of what I have observed. It is no pleasure to me to have to speak of the wanton destruction of property of citizens, who are now refugees from home, by officers of our army. But there is a disposition manifested by correspondents to saddle these ~~en~~ outrages upon the private soldier. Being one of the latter, I felt it my duty to place the odium where it properly belongs.

To Dr. Rosignall, of your city, I am indebted for his attentions and sympathy. Also, to G. W. Sledge, of Stanford's Battery, for his unremitting attention as nurse. A few days more and I am off for the front again, with the foes to fight and honors to win. Occasional skirmishing along the lines up to 12 M., otherwise all serene.

Eufaula.

Weekly Constitutionalist (Augusta, Ga.), July 1 (4, 3), 1864.

July 1, 1864

Letters from the 5th Ga. Regiment.

In the Trenches, Foot of Kennesaw
Mountain, Ga., June 26, 1864.

Messers. Editors: Our Division is now stationed in the fortifications south-west of Kennesaw. The right of the Division rests on the foot of the Mountain. The brigades in the division are as follows: Mercer's, Jackson's, Gist's and Stephens'. The lines run in such a way that it is impossible for me to give you an idea of them. They are very much on the style of a rail fence, and run as well as I can judge, north east and south-west.

You that are at home seem to know more about the army and what's going on up here, than we do ourselves, so I can only give you the news in our immediate command.

We reached this place just a week ago to day, when we commenced to fortify our position, which we did very effectually during the day and night. Now we have a breastwork not only proof against minnie balls, but also against cannon balls, as we have had them fairly tested during our sojourn here, and have been subjected to a very terrific artillery fire during the whole time, with the exception of one or two days.

The batteries on Kennesaw have opened on the Yanks, and directed their attention that way. I can assure you we were not sorry for it, for while the Yanks were shelling us, we were compelled to leg our works closely. Their shells burst all around us, the fragments scattering in every direction. Our regiment had one or two men wounded in the trenches by fragments of shell, and one man, twenty paces off, killed.

There is a howitzer battery of four guns, posted on the left of our company, which has done some good execution. The enemy opened on them trying to dismount the pieces, and Mr. Yank did some good shooting at them. The day before one of the enemy's shell of solid shot a line through the port-hole of the left piece, killing the No. 4 man who fires the gun, while he was in the act of pulling the lanyard, the ball striking him in the head, tearing it completely from his shoulders.--Several shots struck the

works of our regiment, but fortunately did no damage only to the works of one company, stationed between two pieces of the artillery, which were, however, subsequently repaired and strengthened, and now I dont think a cannon ball can penetrate the works at any point in front of our regiment.

The enemy are quite near us. Their breast-works are not more than three hundred yards in front of ours. The sharpshooters stand in the breastworks and fire at each other during the day; while at night we make all the necessary arrangements to prevent a surprise; hence, we are deprived of a great deal of sleep, and we have been under this fire so long now that the boys are getting indifferent to it, and go out and walk about as if there was no bullets flying at all. Since we have been here our Regiment has lost twelve men killed and wounded, two killed instantly, and one died in a few hours from his wounds, making three killed and nine wounded. We had two wounded in our Company, one severely in the hand, the other mortally in the left arm and side, he died in a few hours after receiving his wounds. The most of the wounded in the Regiment were slightly so. For the last three or four days (with the exception of to-day there has been quite a furious artillery duel going on between our batteries on Kennesaw and the enemy's. We have a beautiful view of the Mountain from our position and amuse ourselves watching the enemy's shell burst on the Mountain and see our guns reply to the enemy's. They have been firing frequently after dark. Then it is a beautiful sight to see the shell burst and the long stream of fire from our guns when they fire. If it was not for this, I do not know what we would do for something to amuse ourselves these long hot days.

We get papers here quite regularly now, which assists us considerably in whiling away these long days. Sergt. Davis of our Company has been made Postmaster for the Brigade. He is a very prompt and efficient hand. He brings us our mails regularly daily. Since he has been Postmaster, I have been getting the Constitutionalist regularly, and a great treat it is (especially at this time) to receive a paper from Augusta, and the boys are all eager to read the Local and know what is going on in our

beloved city. Beside this, the Telegraph is also very interesting, and read with great interest--last but not least the able editorials of our old friend Cleveland. They are all well written, and also read with interests. Upon the whole, the Constitutional is one of the most able journals in the Confederacy. "Long may she wave."

I must tell you of a very daring act of bravery committed by one of our Regiment. On last Tuesday or Wednesday while the enemy was shelling us furiously a shell fell in the trenches of Company "K." It had not more than struck the ground before Serg't. Collier of the above named Company took it up and threw it over the works. The fuse was smoking at the time; but fortunately it did not burst. For this daring act of bravery, Gen. Jackson recom ended him for promotion to a Lieutenancy, which he respectfully declined; stating that he did not wish an office, and in throwing the shell out he was protecting his own life as well as the lives of his comrades. Gen. J. has complimented him very highly for his bravery.

There has been no fighting of any consequence since the fight of Hood's corps on there t, which you have heard of before. The only fighting now is sharp-shooting and artillery practice. With this exception, everything is quiet. There does not seem to be any change in our lines since we have taken up this position.

While I am writing, I can hear some very distant artillery firing on our right. I have not heard the cause of it, but suppose the enemy is again trying to flank. Gen. Johnston watches every movement of Sherman, and will have some

The corps are in fine spirits, and have every confidence in our leader; and when the battle does come off, you can look for good news from this quarter. The men are determined and eager for the battle to come off.

The health of our boys is very good, there being only three absent, sick; those with us are in fine health.

Our Brigade has lost heavily since we left Dalton. The battalion of sharp-shooters, the 8th Mississippi, the 65th Georgia, being armed with long range guns, have been

skirmishing continually with the enemy, and have lost heavily. There is an order published by Johnston, not allowing any troops armed with short range guns to be sent on picket.

Gen. Jackson has acted nobly since we have been in this campaign, and has won the admiration of his whole command. The General has made some narrow escapes from the enemy's shell and solid shot. On two or three occasions these missiles have struck the works he was behind, going through the head log, and missing him but a few inches.

The men are very much in need of Vegetables. If any of our friends would send us a few of these luxuries, they would be thankfully received.--

There was some vegetables issued to the army a day or two ago, but the rations were so very small it did not do us any good, they consisted of three small Irish potatoes to a man, one onion (small) to three men, enough cabbage for one man to eat for forty men, one handfull of beans for the regiment, so you can imagine how much good we derived from it.

As it is so very dark I am compelled to close. You must excuse this dry letter as I am so very cramped up from being confined to the trenches so long that it is impossible for me to collect my ideas.

Quill.

Monday Evening, June 27, 1804

Since writing yesterday we have had quite a spirited engagement on the right of our division engaged the enemy this morning at about ten o'clock. The fight was between our skirmishers and those of the enemy. I understand the enemy brought up a line of battle to support their skirmishers. The result of this fight (which lasted for nearly an hour), I have not been able to find out. I have sent up a note to ascertain the particulars. If the answer get back in time I will give you full particulars of it. There was fighting on the left this morning (about the same time Mercer was en-

gaged.) Cheatham and Cleburne engaged the enemy. There was an official dispatch passed down the lines from Gen. Hardee to the effect that the enemy made two assaults this morning on Cheatham, the other upon Cleburne, both attacks being handsomely repulsed and two stand of colors were captured by our troops. The casualties, &c., have not been ascertained. There are a great many rumors afloat as to the number killed, wounded and prisoners taken. As there is no reliance to be placed in the report, will not give it to you. Should I be able to get any particulars of the fights this evening before the mail leaves, I will give them to you.

The artillery firing to-day has been very heavy. There were four or five shells thrown over our works this morning without doing any damage. Kennesaw has been busily engaged all day. It is said our artillery has done good execution to-day. We have been looking for an attack on our lines all day, but I expect the Yanks think they have got enough for one day, and will let us rest a little longer. We are all ready for them whenever they feel disposed to give us a trial.

The weather for the last three or four days has been extremely hot. At about three o'clock this afternoon we were again favored with quite a heavy shower of rain, which lasted for about an hour. I was in hopes this would cool the atmosphere, but it seems to be warmer since the rain than it was before. I think we will have more rain to-night. There is no other news stirring now. All is quiet along the line, with the exception of artillery and picket firing. The latter is going on both night and day so we don't pay much attention to it.

Since writing, I have been furnished with the following list of prisoners, captured by a portion of Cheatham's and Cleburne's Division, viz:-- Fanny's brigade captured six hundred (600) prisoners and one stand of colors; the 11th Tennessee regiment captured five (5) prisoners and one stand of colors; 48th Tennessee regiment captured twenty (20) prisoners. This brigade and the two regiments named belong to Cheatham's division. The 1st Arkansas regiment, of Cleburne's division, captured sixty (60) prisoners and one stand of colors.

These are all the particulars I have been able to get of the fights of to-day. You will see, from the portion of the commands that I have heard from, that we captured six hundred and eighty-five prisoners and three stand of colors, instead of two, as first reported. I expect, when we hear from the balance of Cheatham's and Cleburne's commands, the number of prisoners captured will swell up to about one thousand or fifteen hundred. I have not been able to get anything from Mercer, as it is now dark, and time for the mail to leave, will have to close without giving you any particulars of Mercer's engagement.

Quill

Letter from Gen. Johnston's Army.

Special Correspondence of the Constitutionalist.

Marietta, June 29th, 1864.

The operations of Monday continue to be developed in our favor and the increased discomfiture of the enemy. The silence along the lines to-day proclaimed the bloody character of the repulse. They have been engaged burying their dead.

The admirable telegraphic account of Mr. Forbes, the Press Reporter gives so full and perfect a statement, that I can add but little to it, beyond what was contained in my letter of Monday evening, and my own dispatches of the same date.

I think the Press Reporter rather underrated the enemy's loss. It will not fall short of 5,000, and may go above those figures.

The fighting was desperate. Perhaps there was a greater variety of illustration of personal valor than has been known on any field in the West. Our soldiers considered themselves bound to act separately and individually as heroes. The enemy was also persistent and impetuous.

Gen. Cheatham expresses the opinion of the affair will be most significant of effect of any during the campaign. He reported the slaughter as very heavy in his front.

Among the Yankee prisoners captured was a girl in the disguise of a soldier of comely appearance and rather modest mein.

There is a rumor that Gen. Patton Anderson is to be appointed to the vacant Lieutenant Generalcy.

Grape.

Weekly Constitutionalist (Augusta, Ga.), July 1 (1, 1-3), 1864

July 1, 1864

A Rebel Chasseur d'Afrique.

On the Wing in the Rear,

June 25, 1864.

Without being consulted your fellow sinner has been ordered by his Division Commander to a safe, sylvan retreat in the rear to recruit a large number of frames, dignified with name of horses. When ever and anon, he picks up an item of news from the great drama in front. Yesterday, however, as far as I could learn nothing occurred of great importance. I conversed yesterday, with a negro named Alexander, the property of Capt. Turner, of the Army of Tennessee, who escaped from the Yankees at Rome. He got away from them evading their guards and swimming the Oostansula river--procuring a skiff and returning for a boy named Major, who escaped with him. Just after crossing they encountered a Yankee vidette who halted them and ordered them to him, where he was sitting on the ground with his shoes off.--The two negroes sat down by him and entered into conversation with him.

After a few minutes passed in this manner, the Yankee remarked that he would put on his shoes and carry the "damned blockade rascals" to town. Not liking this proposition, Alec seized his gun and M'aj. by a quick movement secured his pistol and broke it over a stump. Alec presented the gun, then ordered Yank to turn, who being completely disconcerted forgot to put on his shoes, which Alec observing (which by the way were fine gaiters) picked them up and marched off with gun and shoes as trophies. The gun having the Yankee's name upon it, he hid it in the woods for fear of being recaptured; but the shoes he held on to. He says they are fortifying the place rapidly on all sides, and raising a regiment of negroes. They drill them four hours and work them four hours on the brestworks during the day. He saw several deserters from our army with them. One by the name of West Camell or Campbell a Georgian being the cause of his capture.

Yours, truly,

A.G.S.

Weekly Constitutionalist (Augusta, Ga.), July 1 (3, 2), 1864.

Southern Watchman, July 13 (2, 3), 1864.

In Reserve, near Chattahoochee,
July 7th, 1864.

Mr. Editor:--Our present position as reserve affords me the privilege of dedicating a little time to the information of our friends. There are some facts connected with the organization and service of Capt. T. F. Cooper's company that I desire should be made public, and I choose your columns for that purpose, as your paper has many patrons among the relatives of the company. The company was organized on the 4th of March, 1862, in Franklin county, and named in honor of Henry F. David, who liberally bestowed upon us the amount of four or five hundred dollars. For this gratification, I am proud to state the fact that through all the trials and dangers the company has been called to go, the men have been ever true to his name--which the company bears--and to their motto, "Equal Rights." Many of the companies of Northeast Georgia have been much reduced by "desertion," or "absence without leave." Not so with the company. Only one man is absent from the company without legal permission.

The company had the misfortune, at the battle of Baker's Creek, to lose the Captain and 1st Lieut. S. H. Vaughters, as prisoners. The Captain has since died at Johnson's Island, a sacrifice to the brutal treatment of our malignant foes. We mourn his loss, and sympathize with his relations in their sad bereavement.

Since the 7th of May we have had hard duty to perform and many dangers to face. The company left Dalton with sixty men able for the field, and now have forty-seven. Many of those sent off will soon recruit their strength, and in a short time will return, with former vigor and cheerfulness, to a patriotic duty.

At Resaca, on the 15th May, our Division (A. P. Stewart's) charged on the breastworks of the foe, and fought furiously for nearly an hour, but was compelled to retire with heavy loss, which doubtless would have been heavier but for the cowardice of the foe, who shot without raising above four wounded: R. C. Cheek, mortally--

since died; C. H. Stribling, left arm broke; Corp. A. J. Sewell, left shoulder; W. J. Patrick, left hand, slight. The boys acted well before being wounded, and meet, as they deserve, the sympathy and respect of their comrades in arms.

Conducted by the unsurpassed ability of the greatest warrior of the South, our army fell back across the Etowah river about the 22d of May, and after resting a few days we marched in the direction of Dallas, in Paulding county, near which place our division ran into Hooker's corps, on the 25th of May. For two hours and a half two brigades (Stovall's and Clayton's,) withstood and repelled the massed columns of the foe. We fought without any covering whatever, and lost but few men, and inflicted very heavy loss on the enemy. The company lost nine men wounded, all slight except J. P. Dove, wounded severely in the hand. It really does seem that the 52d Ca. Reg. was especially protected and shielded by the kind hand of God. One-third of the regiment were struck, only 25 disqualified for duty, none killed and only one mortally wounded.

We are now in an excellent division, commanded by one of the bravest and best men in the army. Every private in the division loves A. P. Stewart, and all christians thank God for such a man. It is said he has been assigned to the command of Polk's corps, with the rank of Lieut. Gen. We rejoice at his fortune, but we mourn at our loss.

There has been heavy artillery firing by the enemy on our position yesterday and this morning, doing but little damage.--We are located above Turner's Ferry, on a fine range of hills, and would take a Yankee charge in our front as a favor.

Respectfully,

R. G. GORDON.

Southern Watchman, July 20 (4, 2), 1864.

FROM WRIGHT'S BRIGADE

Wright's Brigade,
In Rifle Pits, near Petersburg, Va.,
June 26th, 1864.

Mr. Editor:--Since last writing you, there has been more or less fighting on the left wing of our line of battle, with an occasional artillery duel. In our immediate front everything is quiet.

On the 22d inst., Wright's, Mahone's and Wilcox's (old brigade) supported by others in the division, were sent to feel the enemy, which they found strongly entrenched. We captured nearly the whole picket line, and then charged the remainder out of their rifle pits. There was some 2,000 or 2,500 prisoners captured, besides artillery, small arms, shovels and axes, and accoutrements. It was a hotly contested fight for a while, the enemy holding their own until our support came up and flanked them.

While forming the line of battle, Gen. Wright and staff rode up on a small hill, in plain view of the enemy, and not very far from them, for we heard the enemy say, "Shoot them-----officers," and just then a shower of bullets saluted the ears of the party; but that did not last long, for Gen. Wright as coolly as ever rode up and gave the command "forward!" which was done, and our skirmishers soon had the skirmishers of the enemy going. We then drove the enemy out of their rifle pits and held them until we got off all of our wounded.

I do not know the loss in the brigade, or in our regiment, (the 48th) but it is not light. Company C had three wounded--Lieut. C. A. Robbe, in the arm; Sergt. J. H. Read, in thigh, bone broken; Corp Carroll, hand, finger shot off.

On the 22d we again went down to where the enemy had destroyed the ~~Rte~~ Petersburg and Weldon Road, and on arriving there and while forming our line of battle, we could see the enemy commit their depredations on the road. We formed line of battle, the 3d Georgia thrown out as skirmishers, who succeeded in driving the enemy's skirmishers

in, the remainder of the brigade followed by the right flank. We marched on in this way until we came to an open field, when the line of battle was again formed, there being a space of several hundred yards between the 22d Georgia, and the 2d battalion and 48th. We moved in line across the field until we struck the woods, halted, sent out videttes and continued for two or three hundred yards further, when the enemy commenced pouring it into us from behind their hastily thrown up breastworks.

In this affair, Col. M. R. Hall was in command of the 48th and 2d Georgia, and a more cool and gallant officer never led troops.

Capt. L. G. Doughty, who was on our right flank and in command of the 22d Georgia, was killed in this charge, while leading this regiment. Captain Doughty proved himself to be a brave and gallant officer, and where his duty called him, there was he always to be found. His company and regiment deeply regret his loss, and the field and company officers, as well as his old company, tender their sympathies to his bereaved parents. Dr. Swinney has charge of his remains. Captain Doughty was struck in the left cheek bone, the ball ranging upwards; he did not live but ten minutes after he was shot.

The weather is almost suffocating, and especially to the soldier, who has to carry his rations and blankets, water, gun, accoutrements, &c. On some of the marches, men are often seen lying fainted by the roadside. There is quite a number of sick, who are being sent back to the brigade hospital, where they will receive every possible attention.

Dr. Swinney is with us, and when he is about the boys are satisfied. A more skillful surgeon is not in the service. He is always ready and willing to give a helping hand to wounded and sick men. As a proof that he is a man of good feelings and a kind heart, I would state, that he always attends to the wants of the sick and wounded before thinking of his own.

Dr. E. T. Parker, our Assistant Surgeon, is always with us in rifle pits, and every where else, to dress the slightly wounded.

Col. Gibson is still suffering from the wound he received at Gettysburg.

This warm weather is causing a great deal of sickness.

J. A.

Southern Watchman, August 3, (3, 3), 1864

THE RAIDERS

We learn that a force of Yankee cavalry numbering from five to eight hundred, made their appearance at Gordon, on the Central railroad, at the junction of the Milledgeville branch, about 10:30 Friday night, burned the depot and were destroying the track when our informant left.

It is supposed that this party was sent out from the force operating near Covington on the Georgia railroad.

The interruption of communication between here and Macon prevents us from ~~prevents~~ gaining any positive information as to the extent of operations of the enemy on the Macon & Western railroad. It is reported that a large portion of the track has been torn up. From the information received we are of opinion that there are three distinct parties operating on the Central and Macon & Western road -- one in the vicinity of Jonesboro, one at Griffin, and another at Gordon.

We are informed that our troops were on the alert at Macon yesterday, and were moving towards the enemy in such force as to warrant us in stating that the raiders will be effectually disposed of.

We are indebted to the attention of Mr. H. V. Feugas for the use of the following telegram:

Tennille, July 30.

To H. V. Feugas, Agent:

Gordon was burned last night by the Yankees. Force not ascertained.

N.M. Smith, Maj & Chf. Ins. F.T.

After the foregoing was in type, we were furnished by Col Raines with the following information:

Col. Raines:--Hearing of the return of the Yankees to Covington, I went up Friday morning and returned this morning from Rutledge. There I met a responsible citizen whom I know. He was in Covington when Gen. Stoneman entered, and passed freely among the Yankees. He was informed by several officers that the force amounted

to two divisions, under Guerrard and Tillinghurst -- the whole commanded by Stoneman, about 8,000 strong, four batteries, four guns each, and two Parrot, 24 pounders, which he saw in Covington.

They were en route for Macon, and expected to make a junction there with Rosscau and march on Andersonville.

P. S. -- Stoneman left Covington on Thursday at noon -- his rear guard marched out on Thursday night on the Monticello road.

Guerrard, crossed, with his division Yellow River, and marched towards McDonough. They were making inquiry as to the distance from Macon to Andersonville and Columbus.

A.

We learn officially that the raiders on the Central Road burned the depot at Gordon, the junction of the Milledgeville and Eatonton railroad -- Aug. Constitutiona-
list.

Southern Watchman, August 17 (2, 3-4), 1864.

Athens, Ga., Aug. 9th, 1864.

Mr. Editor: Having just returned from a scout in the rear of Sherman's army, it may be of some interest to your readers to know what is going on there.

We started out, five of us in number, on the morning of the 26th of July. We worked our way around the army unmolested, and without coming in contact with the enemy until we came to Frogtown, on Etowah river. We there came very near running into 400 Yankees and tories before hearing of the danger we were in; and being so close on them, we were fearful it would not do to turn back, and we took a circle as near to them as we thought we dare go ~~xx~~ inquiring for forage for 1,500 or 2,000 horses, and made the citizens believe that there was that number of Wheeler's cavalry in the neighborhood and would soon have the Yanks surrounded. Our plan had the desired effect. Some tory gave them information of our being in the neighborhood, and they took an alarm and crossed over the river in great haste, ~~bringing~~ burning the bridge behind them, which left us free from danger.

We were informed by citizens that we could not proceed any further in that direction without coming in contact with the enemy. We, however, crossed the river into Dawson county, and there learned that the 3d Indiana cavalry, consisting of about 400 men, had been in Pickens and Dawson counties for some time, and had organized one company of "home guards" in Pickens county and one in Dawson, and such a reign of terror and cold blooded murder never existed in any country.

A ~~man~~ man by the name of John A. Darnel is commander of the post at Jasper, and ~~is~~ the decree has gone forth that every Rebel soldier caught north of Etowah river must die.

On the 24th July, Capt. McElroy (who had some time ago been taken prisoner and made his escape at Chattanooga, and had fallen in with some of our scouts and was trying to work his way back to our army) was killed by the tories and 3d Indiana cavalry. On the same day, John Connally, of Capt. Wilson's company, from Murray

county, was captured; also, Samuel Evett, of Gordon county, and Wm. Capehart, of the 67th Ga., and one other, whose name I do not recollect. On the next day they were all taken to a grave yard near Jasper, together with an old citizen, reported to be Russel Peck, from Murray county, who had "refugeed" from them and was trying to get back home, and there placed them with their backs to the cowardly, hell born and hell bound wretches who were to execute them. But the prisoners, disdainng the idea of being shot in the back, tore blindfold from their eyes and about faced, opened their breasts to them, and in a few minutes were in eternity. It is the earnest prayer of the friends of those brave men that our soldiers will remember the 3d Indiana cavalry and the tories connected with them, whenever they fall into their hands.

Cruel treatment to women and old men, robbing and burning houses, is of frequent occurrence. They pursued two ladies from Murray county--Mrs. Peeples, after killing her husband, D. M. Peeples, and Thomas Peeples' wife--to Frogtown, took them prisoners, treated them shamefully, and have sent them North to some filthy prison.

Some portions of the country in Sherman's rear they have been very kind to: the Citizens at Spring Place, for instance, they have never injured materially, but one family, and that was caused by tories in the place. But I thank God there is a better day coming, when we will wipe out these tories from the face of the earth.

Elias Allred, of Pickens county, has sent his family North, joined in with the tories and bushwhackers, and been appointed by Jim Brown (bogus Governor) Representative for the 10th Congressional District of Georgia to the Federal Congress, and it is said that he is the grand cause of this reign of terror in this county.

After resting a few days, I started back to the army, and found the country full of straggling Yankees, and pursued a squad of about sixty from between Athens and Gainesville, passing near the latter place, to the Shallow Ford, on Chattahoochee.

The Citizens taking their shot guns ~~was~~ and falling in with us, increased our numbers to about 20. We came up with them near Kellogg's, in Forsyth county, and about one half of our squad charged them. The Yanks, most of them, abandoned their horses and fled to the woods, every man taking his own course. Some three or four hours after, a portion of Col. Young's Battalion came to our assistance, and did good service in helping pick up about 30 prisoners and 50 horses and mules. Had they been as good to gobble up Yanks as horses, we could have made a clean sweep of them.

After resting our horses we started for headquarters, and on Saturday last, near Gainesville, we heard of a squad of Yanks being in the neighborhood. We immediately divided our squad. Lt. Frimmonia, of the 3d Confederate Cav., being in command, took one man with him, leaving the others of us to guard our horses, and went in pursuit of them, and soon came up with them. The Lieutenant ordered them to surrender, having his pistol presented at them. They were five in number, and immediately threw down their arms and surrendered. They belonged to the 8th Michigan. After conversing with them, I learned that they were a portion of the same scoundrels who plundered my house in Spring Place.

We turned our direction for Athens with our prisoners, and fell in with Lt. Chastain, of Col. Young's Battalion, at Jefferson, and tried to turn our prisoners to him, he having about 40 prisoners, and let us go to our command, but he refused to receive them, stating that it was against his orders to have anything to do with any prisoners except those he captured himself. I guess if it had been horses or "navy's" that we wanted to turn over, he would not have refused to take them.

I would, if it was prudent, speak of the gallantry of citizens of Hall and Forsyth counties; but I say this, that a truer, braver set of men never lived. Our friends generally in Sherman's rear are full of hope, and are many of them singing that good old song, "There's a better day coming."

Having already wearied your patience, I will close, with the promise that if I find anything interesting, you shall hear from me.

Southern Watchman, August 17 (2, 2-3), 1864.

DISLOYALTY--ANOTHER EXPLOIT OF LIEUT. COL. YOUNG.--RAID ON ATHENS, TEN., &C.--
DEATH OF JULIUS ALFORD, OF MERIWETHER COUNTY.--DEATH OF CAPT. JULIUS H. BARCLAY.

Camp 30th Ga. Cav. Batt.
Blairsville, Ga., August 8th, 1864.

I learn from good authority that, a few days ago, a Yankee regiment appeared in Pickens county, in this State, and that while there, a company of at least one hundred was formed out of the citizens of the county to battle against their own homes; and that foremost among the men who joined the organization was one Allred, who had represented the county in the Legislature. Such infamous men deserve to be held up to public execration.

On Tuesday morning last, Lieut. Col. Young, with a part of his command, attacked a raiding party of 150 near the line of Dawson and Forsyth counties. He completely routed them. Their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, I have not learned. Forty-one fine horses were captured. On our side, I learn that Captain Crawford was killed. This is the second success that has crowned the efforts of Lt. Col. Young and his brave men within the past few weeks.

On the 30th ult. about 25 men, well mounted, belonging to Co. C, of the 30th Ga. Cav. Batt, under the command of Capt. West, left this place for Athens, Ten., for the purpose of destroying a large amount of public stores which were believed to be at that place. At Murphy, in N. C., on the following day, they met, according to previous appointment, thirty mounted men, under command of Lt. Harbison, of Gen. J. C. Vaughn's command. The parties not agreeing as to who should take command, each contending with equal pertinacity that it should be assumed by himself--a precursor of evil--they advanced, each commanding his own men; agreeing, however, to strike at the same point, for the same end. When within some 12 or 15 miles of Athens, on Sunday night the guide (the only person present well acquainted with the geography and topography of the country) was permitted to go to his home in the neighborhood under pretence of obtaining important information from his family. He has not since been

heard from. The commands, as a consequence, got lost and wandered about on Sunday night in the neighborhood of Athens. Their force and destination were, in the meantime, communicated to that place. Assistance for its defence was telegraphed for. Our men reached there at 9 in the morning instead of 5, as they wished. Possession of the place was gained without much difficulty. Some 20 or 25 of the enemy fired on us from the court house. A skirmish ensued for a few minutes, resulting in their flight. How many were killed and wounded is not known. ~~The~~ The gallantry of some of our men deserves to be noticed. Julius Alford, "Coot" and Blount Rhea, Philip Gill and Lt. Harbison charged the court house, firing at the enemy through the windows with their repeaters as they advanced. Till was killed on the square and there left; "Coot" Rhea's, or otherwise, John H. Rhea's, horse was killed under him; with much difficulty he extricated himself, drew a second repeater, and cursing the enemy, slowly walked near the court house and emptied its contents at them. Many guns were fired at him, but it is remarkable, he escaped unhurt. Alford's horse was shot under him and so disabled that he left him on the square. Poor Alford! Their bullets missed him that day, but the sequel will tell his fate the next. About the time the enemy ran, the news came that 150 Yankee cavalry were near the place, advancing on it. A retreat was at once ordered, "Coot" Rhea cutting the telegraph wires as he left.--Retreating to Long Ridge, in Cherokee county, N. C., Harbison insisted that they should encamp for the night; West objected, but finally yielded. The next morning about 8 o'clock, while scattered along the road in the gap of the Ridge, for half a mile, they were suddenly and unexpectedly attacked in the rear and on either side. Harbison, a brave man, endeavored to rally the men and fight. It was no use, however West ordered his men to take care of themselves. Safety was sought in flight. The horse of Dr. Spencer Eaves, of Rutherford county, N. C., falling under him, he concealed himself among some bushes near the roadside.--Several times he was fired at, but without effect. He tells me

that he knows not how many attacked them from either side of the road, but that the attack in the rear was made by about one hundred Yankee cavalymen, each man being armed with two navy repeaters, and that he saw a still greater number not far off; that while concealed, within a few steps from him, one of our men surrender and asked for quarter. "Why do you wish to live, G--d d--n you," was the reply of the Yankee, ~~and he immediately shot him dead on the spot.~~ shooting him dead on the spot. Near this spot, it is thought Alford was also killed. The neighbors buried a man found dead in the road, and from the description given, I have little doubt but it was him. A braver or truer man never fell. He has a father and mother residing in Merriwether county, in this State. We lost about 25 horses besides. I have heard of no other losses; they may have been greater.

The above facts speak for themselves. They show the importance of all military expeditions being under the immediate control of one suitable mind.

This community was heard, with much sorrow, of the death of Capt. Julius Henry Barclay. He fell on the 22d ult, in battle, near Atlanta. He was a young man of decided promise. His home was here. He was the son of Maj. E. S. Barclay; brother of Maj. Barclay, of 30th Ga. Cav. Batt; and brother also of the lamented Col. W. P. Barclay, who fell while bravely leading the 23d Ga., at the battle of Sharpsburg. He had been in many battles, in all of which fortune seemed to favor him till the 22d ult., when he fell as stated. To a friend by his side he said, just before expiring, "Tell my mother all is right." He died a christian and a patriot.

Note--George Edmondson was among those who charged the court house. The telegraph wires were cut by order of Lt. Harbison.

Southern Watchman, August 24 (2, 2-3), 1864.

Mule Stealing.

It seems that the mules captured by our cavalry in the neighborhood of Macon, and identified by citizens were claimed and sold in Macon by the soldiers, while here they were claimed for the Government. Why this distinction? We cannot perceive any good reason for it; nor can we see any justice or good policy in the disposition of this property either here or at Macon.

A writer in the Telegraph, over the signature of "Jasper," discourses on the subject as follows:

"Several of my neighbors, as well as myself visited Macon to recover our mules, but you can hardly judge of our astonishment when we saw them offered for sale in the streets of your hospitable city, which at that very time was notifying the inhabitants that a public reception and dinner was in preparation to "honor the brave men of Gen. Iverson's command. The best efforts of us poor country people, who ~~have~~ had been the recipients of all the heavy blows given by the enemy, to obtain any redress, were fruitless. The soldiers laughèd at us for claiming legitimate spoil; had they not fought for it? We said--in an under tone--"not much;" this pleased them worst of all; they cursed and said, "we wouldn't have thought so if we had been there." The numberless officers, to whom we applied, were unfortunately for us, not of the right "rank," had nothing to do with that department. This military etiquette is, no doubt, highly proper, at least, it must be exceedingly important as a dodger of responsibility, for we have always noticed that upon coming to town to present claims, great difficulty occurs in finding out the "proper authority;" but whenever an impressment is to be made in the country, there seems to be no misgivings about "authority" at all, their only limit being our ability to furnish.

Now, then, we again ask is it right that the best interests of the Government, as well as the maintenance of the non producers employed in mechanical and other useful pursuits, should be imperilled by such lawlessness? Certainly the Government expects

its tithes, but can it get them if the means for gathering are not returned? Surely Congress never passed a law giving wandering cavalymen the power to make such ~~xx~~ sweeping impressments for their own use; and the sooner General Cobb, or the right man; whoever he may be, puts a stop to it and informs us by an "Order" what course to pursue to regain a portion of the lost animals the better. The war must go on, our brave infantry must be fed, the wounded soldiers cared for and the widows and orphans produced by this war not be permitted to suffer. To do all this the stock sufficient for harvesting purposes must be returned to the farmers, or it cannot be done; for you know that the stomach unfed, the limbs must die.

Southern Watchman, August 24 (2, 2), 1864.

Officers and Privates.

A very intelligent gentleman remarked, the other day, that at Athens, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, and wherever he had found troops stations, he observed that citizens generally when they have any favors to bestow in the way of vegetables, fruits, &c. always send such things to the officers, to the neglect of the privates, under the mistaken idea that by conciliating the officers they secure their gardens and orchards from being disturbed by the privates. He thinks that some attention to the privates might have the desired effect.

In all countries and all ages the poor privates in armies have been down trodden and neglected, as though it were a crime to be a private. All cannot be officers--there must be many more privates than officers in every military organization. The mass of mankind seem to think that officers are superior in merit, in mental endowment, in courage, to privates, and therefore deserve greater credit. This is all a midtake. There is scarcely a company or regiment with which we are acquainted, in which there are not privates in the ranks superior in every respect to its officers. In military, as in civil life, the possession of office is very frequently but a badge of fraud and the result of chicanery. Yet officers receive all the honor, all the pay, all the kind attentions of the world. Privates suffer all the privations--receive neither honor nor emolument--but do all the fighting. When the struggle ends the officer is petted and caressed by the people in life--when he dies the whole population follows his remains to the tomb and splendid monuments are erected to his memory. The poor private, on the contrary, often finishes his existence in misery and want, and his remains are quietly hid away in the cold grave of forgetfulness without a stone to mark his last resting place! Such is life, and this is a fair sample of this world's sense of justice!

Southern Watchman, August 24 (2, 2), 1864

Operations in the Enemy's Rear.

Rumors and reports of the operations of Confederate cavalry in the rear of Sherman's army come in "thick as blackberries." Some of them are ~~true~~^{true}, no doubt, some exaggerated, and others without foundation.

But we have had tangible evidence here that our cavalry are doing good service in the rear of the enemy. On Saturday last 1030 ~~head~~ head of large Western steers passed through this place, and 79 prisoners were brought in with them, to be sent to Andersonville. The cattle and prisoners were captured between Calhoun and Adairsville, by Hannon's Brigade, consisting of the _____ Alabama Regiment and the _____ Battalion. It seems that this Brigade had received orders to cut the State road at two points and then follow on after Wheeler's command. Having succeeded in cutting the road, they were following on after Wheeler and fell in with fifteen hundred fine beef cattle for the Federal army in charge of some six hundred men, chiefly from convalescent camps. The men did not make much fight, and "our boys" captured 79 of them, and the cattle, as above stated. Many of the cattle broke down on the way, so that, when they reached this point, they had but 1030.

Parties in this command brought news to the effect that the Federal supplies stored at Marietta had been destroyed, Dalton captured and burnt up, the tunnel on the railroad blown up and the bridges destroyed. If all this be true, Sherman will, inevitably, "go up the spot." He must either fight or fall back; and, in doing either, he will get badly whipped, his army demoralized, and, in a starving condition, be compelled to surrender.

Southern Watchman, August 31 (2, 3-4), 1864.

LETTER FROM THE "TROUP ARTILLERY."

The following letter from a member of the gallant "Troup Artillery" will be read with interest. By the way, we shall be pleased to hear from the writer frequently.

We have omitted a portion of it in reference to an official of our town who is accused of have "decamped" as Stoneman's thieves and pickpockets advanced. You must correct the records, boys! Side by side with the ~~six~~ editor and other "veterans," with well charged musket, he awaited the expected advance of the Vandal foe! Indeed, very few of our citizens flinched from a manly discharge of duty.

"Troup Artillery" in Trenches,
Chesterfield Co., Aug. 13, 1864.

Nothing has occurred to interrupt the quiet we have enjoyed since last I wrote. We are in the same position. The enemy are disposed to permit us to do pretty much as we please since their miserable ~~mine~~ "mine" failure on Saturday week last. Even the city has not been disturbed by those ~~unwelcome~~ couriers which they have been wont to send in her limits, especially since their "fast day." The impression generally prevails that Grant is moving many of his troops northward, and some certainly believe his heavy guns are not to be entrusted to a small number of "Yanks," which they think will be left to guard his lines. The same eagle eye is watching his movements now that watched McClellan, Hooker, &c, and that has watched him since he crossed the Rapidan. When the venerable form of our chief is seen moving up the lines, every ~~face that still remains~~ one feels, as they gaze upon that placid face, that all is going well. The army says Grant has not made him put on his studying cap. A court of inquiry is being held at City Point to find out who is to blame for ~~the~~ the failure on last Saturday week. When Gen. Lee defeated Grant at the Wilderness in an open field fight no one looked around for a victim to bear the blame. At Spottsylvania, Coal Harbor and Petersburg, no person was ready to heap abuse upon any ~~they saw line after line of~~ officer wearing a Federal uniform, when they saw line after line of their soldiers beaten back and the ground covered with their dead comrades.

The most unreasonable did not dare to blame the rank and file because they could not take our position and run us back to Richmond. No! Officers and privates on each of those fields fought bravely--many of them were bayoneted on the ramparts--thousands of others were killed in a short distance of our guns. On the 30th of July, at Petersburg, they again fought bravely, but, as on former fields, they were repulsed. Why this court of inquiry now? Their loss on this occasion was very heavy, considering the brevity of the engagement--though not so fearful was their loss as on the previous fields. The reason of this howl over this particular failure is very plain. When Grant crossed to the south side of the James and failed in his repeated assaults to capture Petersburg, he was somewhat resigned, as he then could depend on Hunter taking Lynchburg, and his raiders under Kantz & Co. cutting our communications; if they were successful he thought there was still a chance to eat a 4th of July dinner in R., but when these plans were thwarted by the defeat of those sent to execute them, he was still not entirely disconcerted--he had yet another plan. He was over a month in preparing this mine. When on the 30th of July he rode to the front no such word as fail entered his mind. His last chance and it must be successful. His reputation as a General was resting on the success of this mine. When he saw those Vandals running pell mell to their works and the "Rebel" battle flag proudly floating above the fallen breastworks, about 3 o'clock in the evening of the 30th, we can well imagine how fretted, grieved, vexed, mortified, he was at this failure. When he returned to his tent and inhaled another "soaker" of that burning water, the forms of McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, appeared before him. He took another "smile" and imagined he heard the rattling of that gold medal that Congress presented him--imagined he saw some orator of the Everett school before him, begging him to accept it as a token of the nation's regard for his services--while thousands of his countrymen and women were standing on tiptoe to catch a glimpse at his form--just then some poor wounded negro appears at his door, and by his "peculiar scent" arouses him from these drunken dreams. He remembers the mine, takes another drink,

and swears, just to keep up appearance, that "somebody" shall suffer for this--swears the medal shall still be his, though Richmond will never see him in her streets. Poor Grant! We can't blame you for not liking this, your last chance and hope, to turn out the most miserable failure of all! I expect you enjoy the discomfiture of this Lieutenant General very much. You editors always do, and it is very wrong indeed. Perhaps you are envious, because he gets plenty "good brandy" to drink and drinks very often. I did not exactly mean this, but it is written; the world known you are a temperate man, and won't take any notice of it. Surely Maj Gen. Butler did very wrong in telling Grant he had the "key to Richmond," and causing him to give up that admirable position at Cold Harbor. Butler is a liar as well as Beast--he knew he was telling a falsehood--Grant confides in him and comes over to get that key. Butler didn't think he was so simple--he must smooth the matter over some way. He tells G. he hasn't exactly got the key, but it is in sight and nothing to do but go over and use it. Grant takes Butler and he takes two bottles, early one morning, to look at that key. Butler insists on Grant stopping and taking a friendly drink. Of course G. never fails to respond. After drinking each other's health and knocking the bottles together several times, they continue their march until they reach a commanding position--Grant, true to his failing, looks through the old bottle again, and then in the direction which his friend points, and as improbably as it may appear to temperate men, (though any "old soaker" can guess the conclusion and is already chuckling at the result of Grant's observations) he saw very plainly TWO keys, and so told the Beast--two keys to Richmond. He freely forgave Butler for the slight mistake and swore 'twas v very strange. A charge is ordered--one key must be his. But for the information of all ye "touch not and handle not," let me assure you there was really but one key. The frequent repetition of drinks caused the deception--as at least two men in the "Troup" could tell you. The key, as was, is really held by old grey haired militia, and very tenaciously too, for each imagined it was his own house key, the key to his wife's bedroom, and no wonder that the robbers were not able to wrench it from their grasp.

Excuse this uninteresting chapter. Petersburg, "the key to Richmond," stands to day as firmly defiant as ever, notwithstanding the ruthless foe has thrown hundreds of shells in her streets and houses, and is likely to be "left alone in her glory" in a short while.

We have learned that a band of lost robbers, numbering several hundreds, from Sherman's army, started towards Athens, and did reach a point this side of Watkinsville. We have also learned with pleasure with few exceptions the citizens were ready to meet this raid, as they thought, on their city. We were proud to hear of this promptness and alacrity on the part of our old men and young boys to defend the place of their residence. We would all have been glad to have been there had the "Yanks" been in earnest about "coming to town." We learn that among those in the city who did not respond to the call was * * *

This letter has already reached its intended length. I am done, with one more sentence. Mr. Editor, you can't impress too strongly upon your readers that these "raiders" do not come to fight--their business is to burn, destroy and rob us of our property, and to insult the wives mothers and daughters of our Confederacy. When they find any force to resist them, they immediately turn their horses' heads another direction. A few determined men can prevent any ordinary raid from pursuing its intended course. Athens will never be entered by any raiding party that the enemy will send against it, if the citizens are true to themselves. The women of Athens are both patriots and lovely. Our foe has shown how he delights in ~~insult~~ insulting and endeavoring to crush their proud spirits. They have proved to be mean enough to do anything. If Athens falls in their hands, the ladies will not escape a rule equally as bad as Butler's. These robbers act under orders of Sherman, who has proved to the world that the "Beast" is not the only Federal officer who is an unscrupulous scoundrel--he is second to none. Under these circumstances, knowing the treatment our ladies will receive at the enemy's hands, no man, I think, can be found so base, so cowardly, so

craven hearted, so very ignorant as to think of surrendering the city without a desperate struggle, to the raiders. If there be such an one, we would respectfully refer his case to the ladies, and let them decide what punishment he deserves. The company is in good health and excellent spirits, nearly all desiring to move across the Potomac where "peace and plenty" was, but where want and war now exist--so say Early's men.

NOMEN.

Southern Watchman, September 7 (2, 5; 3, 1), 1864.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THIS POST--EXPEDITION INTO FANNIN--CAPTURE OF PRISONERS--DIS-AFFECTION IN OTHER COUNTIES--BEEF FROM THE ENEMY--COURIER LINE--THE MAILS--POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT A NUISANCE--CAPT. HARBISON'S ADDRESS.

Blairsville, Ga., Aug. 28, 1864.

Lt. R. L. Chastain now commands at this post. His position is at once delicate and responsible. Our close proximity to the enemy; the frequent clandestine communications between the disloyal on either side of the line; the great number of simple and ignorant men that have been influenced by the designing to turn against their country; the frequent murders and robberies, but more especially the latter; the different shades of criminality attaching to the offenders--all these things, and more too, demand of the commander at this post discrimination, energy and resolution.

Lt. Chastain, with 43 cavalry and 14 infantry, left this place on the 25th inst., to operate against the enemy in Fannin. A company had been formed in that county, out of the citizens, to ~~aid~~ aid Lincoln in carrying out his diabolical purpose, but on learning of his approach they dispersed and fled to the mountains. Cowardly and unprincipled wretches! They will not meet an enemy face to face, but they are ever ready to pilfer him and shoot him from their concealed places.

Three men, West, Van Zant and Weeks, who had been to the enemy, aiding them no doubt in some way, were captured--Two were armed with repeaters. West has a most forbidding face, and is a bad man.

In Gilmer county there are three companies.

In Pickens county there was one, which was dispersed by a part of Wheeler's command. In dispersing them a number were killed, and if I am correctly informed, little quarter was shown them. They are collecting together again. These traitors will be attended to in due time.

It is a matter equally of surprise and mortification that Southern men, born here, raised here, with their all here, should be recreant to their own and their

country's interest, as to unite with a foe in the most atrocious crusade against that country of which we have any account.

We are expecting some excellent beef in a few days, to be taken from our enemies.

We hope soon to have a courier line from this place to Athens. Then all papers and communications coming to this section, and all communications going from it, will be received in due time.

We have had no mail facilities for three months. It is only occasionally we see a newspaper. Our letters are sent to Athens and other points to be mailed. Our appeals to the Department to remedy the evils, have availed naught. The truth is, making every allowance for the war, the Post Office Department is a public nuisance. Fathers and mothers can hear nothing from their children who have gone to the field to battle for our liberties. Whether dead or alive, they know not--attributable to this miserable affair.

Calling the roll morning and night, standing guard, raiding against the enemy, picking up deserters and dangerous characters, and giving, in fine, the people in their persons and property every possible protection have been the order of the day here for months. This scene becoming somewhat monotonous, was diversified on Saturday last. On that day, in the Court House in this place, a large number of persons, soldiers and citizens, of both sexes, were addressed by Capt. Wm. F. Harbison, of Gen. J. C. Vaughn's command. His subject was that which now absorbs all hearts and all minds--the War. He traced out the causes of the war with an accurate and skillful hand, compared the resources of the two sections, and portrayed in glowing language our brilliant successes, notwithstanding the great odds, against us, was particularly, but justly severe on grumblers--men whom nothing could suit, because at heart they are enemies, and who were, many of them, amassing fortunes by speculating on the tears and blood of the country--from them he "took off the hide and poured vitriol on the raw," declared that our prospects were brighter now than at any other

period during the war, and predicted peace at an early day, with our complete independence. His address produced a marked impression. In arrangement and delivery, as well as matter, it was excellent. A few such speeches, in all regions, like this, where disaffection and treason predominate, would have a most salutary effect. Light is what many men still want in the neighborhood of either side of the Blue Ridge.

Capt. Harbison is young and has served our cause bravely and energetically over three years. He has proven himself to be as efficient on the stump as he is in the field.

H.

Southern Watchman, September 14 (2,4), 1864.

For the Southern Watchman.

CHEROKEE CO. GA., Aug. 25th, 1864.

EDITOR WATCHMAN: Dear Sir:--I send you a correct statement of what I saw one of our Confederate scouts do, and request you to give it publication as such daring acts should be made public. It was done by a man of the 4th Ga. Cavalry, Captain Johnson's Company, by the name of R. J. Lowry a native Georgian. I will here remark that I never saw this man Lowry before, but he fills the bill for a Confederate soldier.

R. J. Lowry told me that he had been overabout Canton to see if there was any chance for him to get to his command, which was then about Dalton, Ga. He concluded it would be a difficult matter and turned back. On his return, at my camps (for I am a refugee) he met four Federal soldiers; on approaching within forty yards of them, they halted him; he drew his pistol and asked them what they wanted. They then remarked, who are you? He told them he was a native Georgian, enough for them to know. They told him to surrender. He remarked to them, never. They then fired upon him. He charged his horse up within ten steps of them and fired, killing one instantly, and continued to shoot until he had killed and wounded three of them; the other made for the thicket and escaped. Lowry did not receive even a scratch. I walked up after the difficulty was over, and Lowry was as calm as ever I saw a man, and remarked to me, "I have a job for you, stranger." I asked him what. He said, "to bury these d--d rascals." We have since put all three of them out of the way.

I have never seen a man shoot with more judgment in my life, and appear more composed shooting at squirrels than this man did, shooting with his deadly enemy. Well may Georgia boast of her sons, for she has heroes in this war.

E.K.P.

Southern Watchman, September 14 (2, 4-5), 1864.

THE BATTLE OF JONESBORO.

The Macon Intelligencer gives ~~a~~ the annexed account of the late battle of Jonesboro:

On Wednesday morning August 31st, the enemy advanced in heavy force against the position which Gen. Hardee held at Jonesboro, in accordance with orders. A severe and most terrible battle ensued during the day. Gen. Hardee being in command of the two corps in position, placed his own corps in charge of Cleburne on the left and Lee's corps under the charge of that commander. Six corps of the Yankee army advanced against the line, crossing the M. & W. R. R., and penetrating on our right almost to the McDonough road. The advance of Sherman's forces was checked and their assaults repelled with the gallantry and usual bravery that has ever marked our veterans.

At nightfall, the line was nearly in the same position that it occupied in the morning. During the night Lee's corps, by order of Gen. Hood, moved to the right to form connection with Stewart's corps and the militia forces in Atlanta. Thus a large amount of the effective strength of Hardee's command was withdrawn and his line fearfully weakened.

Early on Thursday the Yankee army consisting of six corps, led in person by Sherman, advanced on the enfeebled line held by Hardee's command. Then ensued the hardest fought battle of the war. The veterans of that brave old soldier, Hardee's corps, men that had never been defeated on any field, stood grimly and fought with unsurpassed bravery and gallantry. They bore the fury of the storm of battle during several hours and though they knew the tremendous power of the foe that assailed them, and were well aware of their own weakness, yet they stood unconquerable and undismayed. That isolated but undaunted corps, small as it was, continued the fight till night closed the scene.

Cleburne's division occupied the right, and against his position, mainly directed against Govan's brigade, the enemy massed in tremendous force. These veterans, who have never turned their back on the foe in a fight, fought with a desperation never

surpassed in battle, but finally were forced by detail from their position, but not until the enemy lay thick and deep on the sanguinary field.

The enemy continued to push their forces in heavy massed divisions, in lines, ten to one against our almost worn out battalions. Night at last closed over the bloody scene, when want of ammunition and want of men, and the imminent danger of capture by a threatening heavy flank movement on the part of the enemy, together with the destruction their enfilading fire was producing, caused Gen. Hardee to withdraw to Lovejoy's Station.

This movement was consummated with much success. All our wounded being withdrawn and everything being saved but six or eight guns, while were abandoned for want of horses competent to draw them.

On Friday the Yankees were engaged in clearing the battle field of the debris, and little disposition was exhibited on their part to renew hostilities. The gallant men who had fought them so bravely and desperately the day before, still confronted them as undaunted as ever, and eager for the fray, through their ranks exhibited a battered and worn appearance that was very saddening to their war-worn General.

Thus was fought one of the most desperate battles, and against the most terrible odds, that the Army of Tennessee has yet engaged in. Hardee's corps fought alone against almost the entire Yankee army, immediately under the eye and command of Sherman. That the need of unmeasured praise is justly their due and that they saved the Army of Tennessee from utter rout and annihilation, is incontestibly true. That the brunt of the battle fell on them is unfortunately too true. They are entitled to the credit they have made by their valor and invincible bravery, and their deeds should not only be written by the historian's pen in enduring sentences, but ennobled with words of living light in the memory and hearts of a grateful and admiring people forever.

How gloriously the bright lustre of honor and the laurels of military fame gather about the brows of that war-worn and gallant soldier, the unconquerable Hardee. He and his brave veterans will live in history and song and legends, the heroes whose unconquerable spirits and bravery shall be the admiration of the world for ages to come.

Southern Watchman, September 14 (2, 3-4), 1864.

FROM ATLANTA.

A correspondent of the Atlanta Intelligencer writing from Jonesboro under date of September 8, speaks thus of affairs in Atlanta:

On Monday night the Yankees had a grand ball at the Trout House, under the direction of Mrs. Clements, its present proprietress. Gen. Sherman and staff and his corps and division commanders patronized this affair. About a dozen women of the ~~town~~ town, not a decent lady among them, attended the thing. But what was wanting in white was made up in niggers. They mingled, oh! how they mingled. Black and brown white and gray.

They began the dance with the Lancer's Quadrille, in which Gen. Sherman led off with Mrs. Clements for partner. His vis a vis. Gen. Howard, had one of Mayor Jim Calhoun's wenches as partner. One of Sherman's staff danced with one of J. E. Buchanan's nigger women that he took there himself. Billy Soloman's nigger woman lent the charms of her presence and her figure in the dance, and had a great deal of attention paid her. Billy Markham brought two nigger women to the ball, and looked on the scene with grinning admiration. He nobbed with the blue bellies until he had to be retired in a carriage.

Several respectable negro women, who were invited and sent after, in carriages, with Yankee officers for escorts, refused to go, and freely expressed their dislike to the insult that was offered them. They looked on it as an indignity to be asked by the enemies of their country to associate with the white women who attended the ball.

The negro women were feted and toasted and monopolized the attention of the entire crew of Yankees; and in fact some of the sympathizers who have affiliated. They waltzed, schottisched, and polkaed and danced until everybody was tired and drunk and the stink became unendurable, having scented the house until it became almost untenable. They kept up the saturnalia until morning, and were then seen lovingly tottering home, in many linked pairs of ivory and ebony.

Mayor Jim Calhoun was present, toasting and congratulating the Yankees on their handsome trickery and success of their arms. It is said that he proposed to open the ball with prayer and thanks for the great and decisive victory that had captured Atlanta, broken the spirit of the Confederacy and brought Georgia into a condition where it could be governed by the royal ape. He was proud to see so many sisters in arms welcoming the conquerors, and hoped for many returns of like occasions. It is supposed he was uproariously drunk before he began.

I. T. Banks lent the baleful light of his visage to the scene. He hopped around the room with one of the blackest niggers in the ball room and promenaded arm in arm exhibiting much elation at being permitted to promenade arm in arm with a huge nigger Sergeant, who remarked, he didn't know but what he was disgracing himself by walking with such a trashy white man...

I. T. Banks was the first citizen of the city who visited Sherman. He had laid wait, watching for him and before he had washed himself, Banks placed before him accurate lists of the secessionists and minute men of Atlanta and the description and location of their property. He was very extravagant in his demonstrations of joy and extremely elated over the Yankee's success and occupation of the city. He congratulated them on the streets and mingles with them whenever opportunity offers, and doubtless by this time occupies some office commensurate with his worth to the enemy.

A Yankee journal will be in operation this week, they supposed it would make its first appearance on Sunday.

They have taken possession of the old Intelligencer building and propose to issue the paper from your old office. The first copy I secure I will send you. It is reported that Billy Markham saved material enough for them to start a paper with.

We are assured by those personally acquainted with Mayor Calhoun, that the above reference to him is cruelly unjust, as he is incapable of such conduct.

Southern Watchman, October 19 (2, 5; 3, 1), 1864.

FROM THE "TROUP ARTILLERY."
For the Southern Watchman

Troup Artillery in Trenches,
Chesterfield Co., Va., Oct. 1st, 1864

From no quarter can we hear any exciting news. Madam Rumor, who a few days ago, had the "stars and stripes" waving above the ruins of Sumter; the long unfrequented streets of Charleston pressed by Yankee feet; Hood making a "double quick" time before Sherman; and lastly the gallant and invincible Forrest cutting Wheeler to pieces, has been remaining at home ever since.

Presuming you have heard of the recent reverses to our arms at Winchester, and later at Fisher's Hill, I will merely inform you that subsequently information has reached us, which causes us to question the propriety of calling them reverses. In the former, the enemy's loss was heavier than our own, and I venture such was the case at the latter point. From reliable sources, we learn Gen. Early made a stand at Brown's Gap, where he repulsed the pursuing enemy with heavy loss. The enemy in that quarter have been heavily reinforced. The possession of Lynchburg is what Sheridan desires; with this desire gratified, Grant will begin his grand advance towards the Southside R.R., cut our communications South and then proceed to wipe out Lee's army, march into Richmond and order all other "demoralized bands of armed rebels," to lay down arms and obey Lincoln's law. This is really a bad state of affairs; and if we could only make ourselves believe these flaming editorials, representing our weakness and demoralization, were true, we couldn't have the audacity to dare resist them any longer. But "rebels" as we are, we don't believe a word of it. We have seen these braggarts beaten back too often, to imagine for a moment that they can crush us. Lynchburg is not yet in their hands, and with it they are unable to carry out the aforesaid plan. By the occupation of this place Grant might with his overwhelming numbers, cause us to evacuate Richmond, but his army would

suffer severely. This does not crush the rebellion, by any means. A heavy blow would be the loss of Richmond, but by no means would he then be able to crush the spirit of the people. To North Carolina Lee's army would march; there the enemy would find them rebellious and fearless still. There is much despondency in our country, at this time. Thank God! it has not reached this army; if they are not entirely confident of their ability to hold R-----, they are as determined as ever. On every field this year our arms have been victorious, up to the fall of Atlanta. This affair, when our commanding General was outgeneralled, when our army was not beaten, has caused our people to become gloomy and despondent. This feeling now is unmanly and unpatriotic. If we will only see that men who owe service are promptly sent to the field, all will go well. Gen. Lee's army must have more man; yet, in every bomb proof department at home able-bodied men, with clerks, are doing duties which disabled men can perform. There are men enough, if brought forward, in the South, to whip every man the enemy can bring against us, including every Yankee who deals in wooden nutmegs and paddles in cheap calico. I know that Congress has made laws sufficient to bring out every man, if they are only carried out. You may ask, why are they not carried out? I can tell you how able-bodied detailed men are kept in places which Congress intended our brave wounded soldiers should fill. If a commanding officer forwards an application, to have detailed men returned to their commands, promising disabled men to fill their places, the application is returned to the officers in whose employ these men are, for remarks. They certify that these men cannot be spared, and that their duties can't be performed by disabled soldiers. In nine cases out of ten, this certificate is a falsehood. They don't want any one around them except stout, active and obedient men--men who can forage for them, curry and water their horse, cook, and obey them in everything. These Q.M.'s Ord. Officers, &c., in the field, Provost Marshals, Conscript officers, &c., at home, are doing us more harm than Grant can do. To day, the country is full of

men exempt on one plea or another; hundreds are awaiting exemptions and will continue awaiting them until the war is over, or until we are exterminated. A tannery a few days ago was found which had 300 more men than was necessary to carry it on--men who were liable to conscription. The fall of Atlanta has made the people gloomy and fearful. These men, who ought to be at the front, in the various offices, don't give them any uneasiness whatever. This fact is enough to make the most patriotic and hopeful ~~fell~~ feel fearful. But let the men be sent forward, the skulkers be brought in and the bomb-proof departments cleaned, and no reverse can cause the weakest knee and faintest heart to tremble. We cannot be subjugated, if we do our duty. The soldiers who have been battling for four years, enduring every hardship without a murmur, call on those who have been sheltered from danger, to come forward and lend a helping hand, to drive back the numerous vandals who now tread our soil, threatening our capital and hoping to crush the invincible army which defends it. If the call is disloyal than we may have cause to be despondent. As certain as a unity of sentiment and action will bring success, just as certain will skulking and a determination to withhold aid from our cause, bring extermination. Extermination will be the fate of every ~~Southron~~ Southron, if a change does not ~~ex~~ come over the minds of these unwilling patriots, and bring them to the front. They need not hope for reconstruction. This can't save them, for there are enough gallant spirits to prevent this and bring about extermination. The ladies have an all powerful influence over the sterner sex. Can they not, by some means, strengthen our armies, by getting these fellows in the trenches? Let them remember, that the man at home, doing nothing for our cause, is no friend to the fair sex. He is doing nothing to save her from a fate worse than death. They are not fit to associate with the fair and patriotic young ladies of our young Confederacy. They should be discouraged; and if frowns and coldness can arouse, then for God's sake, for our bleeding country's sake, for their own sake, let them be frowned upon and driven from their company. The Press is doing its duty in this matter; let them only persevere.

Our company is in good health and hopeful of final success. A work is being completed now by us, when a section of our battery will practice on "Butler's Tower." He has immortalized himself since coming here. Though he has been beaten by Beauregard and Lee until he was pitied and turned loose, yet notwithstanding this, he has built two very fancy observatories--one opposite our positions; besides, he has nearly completed his canal through Dutch Gap. From the former "tower" he can see the streets in Richmond; from the latter all movements and around Petersburg. When he finishes his canal it will cause us to draw back our lines near Drewry, thereby lengthening them three miles. Butler should be immediately promoted to Lieut. Gen. without any medal. While our battery fires at the upper tower, other guns will try and cut down the lower one. I scarcely think we will be able to do much damage, on account of the manner it is constructed; but we have gunners who can do it, if the things can be done, and they take a delight in shooting at anything that belongs to Yankedom. I venture the assertion, no company in the service can boast of better gunners than ours--cool in action--and since we have got rifle guns, nothing is safe from their aim, from 20 yards to 2000. Capt. Carlton always tries to suit the place with the man; and his judgment has been admirable-- Their names are as follows: Corps. England, Bennett, Pridgeon and Winn. We lost two during the present campaign.

NOMEN.

Southern Watchman, October 26 (2, 4), 1864.

Cobb's Legion Cav., Oct. 12, 1864.

Mr. Christy:--I take the liberty of sending you the following excerpt from the Petersburg Express of the 10th, relative to our former Adjutant, and a native of your beautiful place:

"During the fight referred to, (Oct. 1st, near Reams' Station, P.& W.R.R.) an incident occurred worth relating. Our skirmish line being heavily pressed, Adj. R. S. Harrison, of the 13th Va. Cav., was sent back for reinforcements. A vague rumor had already reached our advanced line, that squads of the enemy were raiding in our rear, but no importance or credence was attached to it. But the Adjutant, a youth not easily intimidated, moved off in obedience to orders, but before proceeding a quarter of a mile, he was suddenly startled by the command "Halt!" and upon looking up, found himself confronted by four brawny Yankees with cocked pistols. Of course, to surrender was his only alternative, and this he did, but not without first closely scanning his lusty captors, and testing every means of escape.

Quickly stripping him of his arms, they started off with him in the direction of their main column, but they were soon destined to lose their prisoner, and the valuable booty they had taken along with him.--Immediately after passing a turn in the road, leading from Cumming's farm to the old Vaughn pike, the party in question was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a rebel officer, full of Southern fire and daring adventure. Having an oil cloth cape drawn tightly around his shoulders, his uniform was not discovered by the Yankees until he was immediately upon them. By a sudden dash, he easily placed one of the quartette hors de combat; whereupon, the other three, believing it to be the better part of valor to live to fight another day, quickly skedaddled, leaving the aforesaid Adjutant in the hands of his gallant deliverer.

The officer alluded to above, is no other than Capt. W. L. Church, of Ga.,

Assistant Adjutant General of Young's Brigade, whose efficiency and gallantry on other occasions, have already won for him a distinguished name.

SYND OSSIRUS."

The above being a tribute from a Virginia author, renders it doubly complimentary.

Very truly yours,

CLARKE

Southern Watchman, October 26 (2, 4-5), 1864.

FROM THE "TROUP ARTILLERY."

"Troup Artillery."
Chesterfield Co., Va., Oct. 11, 1864.

Within the last twelve days this army has proven, in three engagements, that they still are the same heroes as of old.--Grant's line, extending from a point beyond the North side of the James river to a point beyond ~~this~~ the Weldon R.R., South of Petersburg, is over twenty miles long; ours about the same length. Here-
tofore, when he has intended any serioud advance to his left, he has made a feint on his right, thereby causing Gen. Lee to move accordingly; then, by withdrawing his troops and marching rapidly to his left, he has hoped to gain some important ground before Gen. Lee could become informed of his movements and bring his troops to defeat them. In this shuttle cock style of warfare, the enemy being the aggressor, had decidedly the advantage; but the valor of the Confederates and the vigilance of the commanding General was so great, that they counterbalanced this advantage, and turned all of Grant's favorite flank movements into victories for our arms.

The "brilliant victories" of Sheridan in the Valley could not be relied upon to contribute much towards the capture of Lynchburg, so as soon as reinforcements sufficient had been received by the "Army of the Potomac," Grant determined to do what Early had prevented Sheridan from doing. He massed his army upon our two wings and began to advance his right, moving on the 30 ult.--his left on the 1st. inst. He succeeded in capturing a position on our left known as Battery Harrison-- on our right he captured Fort McRae--~~both~~ of which places were of little importance to us. An effort was made to re-capture Harrison, which was rendered ineffectual by the bungling of some commander. A good deal of firing was done afterwards by both sides, but of no importance. From the best sources possible for us to obtain information, we are informed our losses were small--not exceeding 1500--while the enemy's loss was as great as 10,000. We captured over 1500 prisoners. Every one seems to

be in ignorance as to the exact result. So again Grant was brought to a halt in his attempt on the Southside R.R.; and, in all probability, he will find it to his advantage not to disturb the Confederate line in that quarter any more.

On the 7th, a force of the enemy attempted an advance on the North side of the James, on the Darbytown road, which was easily checked; but our commanders, deeming it better to have them a little farther back, the grey line of Confederates was formed and rushed against them. It ~~was formed and rushed~~ happened to be a portion of Longstreet's corps. They carried the first line and then dashed on to the second, under a heavy fire, which they also carried. The enemy, in their turn, brought up their blue and black lines--the latter in front--and hoped to re-capture the works. The poor black soldiers came up in range; a murderous fire was being poured into their front; a retrograde would cause them to suffer ~~the same fate as the~~ ~~whites in~~ front and rear; they wisely chose it, and their own brother whites joined their fire with the "rebels," and the ground was strewn with black and white "Union soldiers." Many of the former had been killed by their own comrades, because they could not rush on to our works, in the face of a fire which had often turned back the picked men of the Federal army. Our loss slight in this affair; the enemy's not known, but supposed to have been much heavier than our own.

A few more weeks and the campaign in Virginia must close. Grant will make a desperate effort to capture the city. The lives of his soldiers will not be considered. Lincoln wants something to turn up, not only as a "campaign document," but as an invitation to carry on the war next spring. The Confederates know the value of the Southside R.R. Unless Grant can capture R----- by a direct assault on the North side, he can do nothing this side the James without this Railroad; even with it, little could be done before next spring. This army is in good spirits, and if bravery and determination can drive back the numerous columns of the enemy, there is little danger of Richmond falling. Our authorities have known

for some time what was sorely needed here, yet they are at the very last moment trying to supply the want. They have been apparently unconcerned, while the largest army was assembled around our walls, is straining every nerve and bending every energy to capture the capital of our nation! In the Valley, Gen. Early keeps Sheridan busy. Grant can't make Sheridan come to time. The dashing and ubiquitous Mosby interfered with the complicated plan of Grant, by capturing the workmen employed by Sheridan on the Manassas Gap R. R. This string must be mended before all can go on smoothly; and it must be unbroken again, or else Richmond must be captured by an imperfect programme. Let us hope that other assailable points may show themselves, and that this plan may be considered impracticable to the enemy. In fact, it can be made so, if we are only vigilant and ready to strike when an opportunity presents itself.

The company were compelled to throw away most of their things during the marching days of summer, and cold weather found them unprepared. To remedy this, most of them have been busily working to erect houses or huts. To save labor, they dig down in the ground some 4 feet, and then build their pen of logs around it; by stretching over their covering, they have quite comfortable quarters; a chimney is soon erected, the fire place being already dug out. When finished, it is both cold-proof and bomb-proof. Every one has his own style of building; the hole, however, being indispensable in every one.

There has been a revival going on here for some time, attended by Thomas' Brigade and our Battalion. Many of the Troup Artillery have been converted and joined the church. Many more are serious, promptly going forward to be prayed for, at the invitation of the minister. Mr. C. J. Oliver, Chaplain of our Battalion, has been an active participant in the meeting.

Everything quiet to day.

NOMEN.

Southern Watchman, October 26 (2, 5), 1864.

In Camp, Sept. 28th, 1864.

To Miss Paulina Thomas:--We are in receipt of two packages of "Soldiers' Hymn Books," also, your kind favor by mail, with its burthen of sympathy and patriotism. Please accept, for all of these, our sincere thanks. Your sympathy and your kindness, kindled upon the altar of our hearts a brighter flame of devotion to our country's cause, and to the brave and fair women of our land. We know that danger is near you, and grieve to think that the virgin soil of our own dear town may be polluted by the hoof-prints of the valdal foe; and, most of all, we grieve that we cannot come to place each dauntless bosom, one stone in a living bulwark, between you and every danger. But this we will promise; that while the heart of each "Confederate soldier" glows with like desire, the heart of each "soldier of the Cross" shall burn and breathe an incense of prayer to Almighty God, that over the cherished heads of those we love may ever brood the wing of His Providence; and that when danger nears them and human aid seems to fail them, even then they may realize "that underneath them is the everlasting arm."

God is graciously pouring forth His spirit upon us now. Many members of the company have found, and many more are seeking, the way to Jesus. Lend us the assistance of your prayers.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

C. J. OLIVER,
Chaplain Cabell's Battalion.