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Cincinnati Daily Commercial

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 5

Elegant regimental colors for the 59th O. V., Colonel Fyffe, and 54th O. V., Colonel T. K. Smith, and standard colors for the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Johnson, embroidered in exquisite style, are now on exhibition at the old and well-known military furnishing store of George W. Pohlman, 102 West Fourth street, opposite to Shillito's.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 2, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

The Excitement in Northern
Texas.

We have been permitted by the Governor to look over the official accounts of the discovery of the secret Abolition organization in Northern Texas, and the quick justice meted out to the traitors.

The organization appears to be one of recent date. It purports to have been started in the North, and to embrace numbers of the Northern army in its fold. It also purports to extend to at least several companies of the organized militia of Northern Texas. How far it extends in that direction we are not prepared to say. The bulk of its membership in Texas is in Cook, Wise, Denton, Grayson, &c., Counties. It also reaches down to Austin. Its first pretended object is to resist conscription. Its chief object is to keep up a spy system for the Northern army. It has a grip, a sign and a password. In case a member divulges he is to be hunted to the ends of the earth. In case of a draft of the militia to meet a Northern invasion, the members are to go along and desert when the battle comes on. The testimony elicited also points to an invasion of Texas from Kansas. It refers, moreover, to a concurrent invasion by way of Galveston, and that both armies are to meet in Austin.

The organization has been found to extend to all classes of the community, clergymen, professional men, farmers, etc. Among the number, we are pained to find the name of Dr. R. T. Lively, of Sherman, a member of the Masonic Grand Lodge of this State, and heretofore most highly esteemed, having enjoyed some of the highest offices in that body. The whole substance and machinery of the organization have been discovered. A jury of twelve good men are impaneled [sic] in each county, and the guilty parties are brought before it and the evidence taken. It is in every case so conclusive that there is no getting around it. Several of the guilty have, after condemnation, made a full confession, and while under the gallows declared that they deserved death. In Gainesville twenty-two have been hung. Trials are now going on in all the counties. The testimony goes to show that most of the initiated have joined the society since the 15th of September.

It is very certain that nothing of this character could have gained any formidable dimensions in Texas. It is simply out of the question. The society is now nipped; all its members are known, and will hereafter be watched.—[Houston Telegraph, Oct. 17.]

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 3, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

From the Army of the Western
Frontier—The Desolation of
War—The Condition of Affairs
Prior to the Battle of Kane Hill
and the Rout of the Rebels

[Correspondence of the Chicago Journal.]

Headquarters 1 Division of the Army
of the Frontier, Camp Babcock, Ark.,}

November 19, 1862.

This is said to be the place where the “Arkansas Traveler” lived, and from the topography of the country and the *physique* of the people, I have no doubt it is. But few of the males live at home. Nearly all the houses contain widows and extensive families of poor orphan children. It is surprising how many widows there are in this country. Since the good old days of the “Traveler,” this country has undergone a wonderful change. “Where is your husband?” “I have not got any.” “Whose children are these?” “Mine, I *reckon*, but my husband is dead,” or “went away several months ago.” This is the invariable answer; and that such a class of people should live and have a historical existence in this great, progressive, enlightened Republic, is truly astonishing.

This is not a prairie country, but one everlasting jungle of dwarf brush, unfit for anything but fire-wood. The farms are generally small and poorly tilled. Corn is the principal crop, except children, and such children!—sallow, puny things! You have heard of snuff suckers and clay eaters. Well, here you find them in all their ancient glory. The ladies mostly are addicted to this ugly habit. The process is as follows: The snuff is generally contained in a square, four ounce glass bottle. A small stick, two or three inches long, with one end *chewed* to the condition of a small broom, is thrust into the bottle of snuff, and then rubbed upon the gums of the teeth. The stick, or little broom is then adjusted, protruding from one corner of the mouth, and the happy lady sucks away at the precious thing with all the vigor of a three-months’ baby at its “sugared rag.” Their teeth are black, eyes sunken, and all look as though they were enjoying a ripe condition of the yellow jaundice. The women do nothing, apparently, but lick their snuff, chew and smoke, eat hog and hominy, and raise an inferior quality of stupid, sallow babies. This is the inside, fireside, home view of Rebeldom in South-western Arkansas.

I have just returned from a scout through the Cherokee country. You will understand our location when I tell you that we are about one mile from the Cherokee line, sixty miles north of the Arkansas River, near “Bang’s Mills.” I find the country, the whole distance from here to Taligua [sic], Park Hill, and on to Fort Gibson, one complete desolation, and still further on, across the bridges, rivers, and through the whole Creek country, north of the Arkansas River, nothing remains but one barren waste. The country is deserted and given up to the destroyer—War.

Over seven hundred persons followed our scouts into camp, many of them the families of absconded rebels. They came from necessity. Starvation stares them in the face. The few bushels of corn that they had hid away in the cellars or garrets, for family bread, are seized and consumed by the scouting parties of one army or the other. This was their last hope, and when it is gone, they too must go where they can get bread. In the vicinity of Taligua [sic], the most fertile part of the country, there can not be found a single feed of corn. The hogs and cattle are nearly all gone, and one might as well look in the traveled roads as in the fields for forage. Naked and half-starved children, women, white, Indian or black, pour into our lines for bread. Bread is now the cry. The evil genius of war has come at last—*famine*. There is no mistaking it; it is here, and these ignorant, deluded creatures are fleeing from it as from some terrible pestilence. The same work of destruction is going on throughout the whole State of Arkansas; and when the two armies consume the bread, which will soon be done, her people, too, must flee

or starve. They have become satisfied that to go further South is but another step to more certain destruction. In less than three months the two armies will consume all the corn in the country.

The people of the free States have not yet tasted the horrors of war. Let us hope that they never will.

The rebel forces commenced concentrating at Bay's Mill and Kane Hill. Their object was undoubtedly to collect the breadstuffs and run the mill for winter supplies. They had no idea that we were so close to them, and as soon as they learned that our camps were within fifteen miles of them, they made a hasty retreat in the direction of Fort Smith. Although their numbers were probably far superior to ours, they would not give us battle. They fear Blunt and his flying field batteries. Their force at Kane Hill consisted of six thousand cavalry and eight thousand infantry, and yet they fell back. It is the impression now that they will either fight us in the Boston Mountains, or make a final stand at Fort Smith. That they intend to give us battle soon is evident, and if we are ever defeated here it will be by underrating the force of the enemy.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Letter from New Orleans

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Seven Weeks a Prisoner, and

How it Came About, with a

History of what I Saw and Ex-

perienced in Rebeldom.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 16, 1862.

I presume that the one hundred thousand readers of the commercial have been for some time tortured with apprehensions for the safety of their beloved correspondent. I hasten to assure them that I am no longer in durance vile, having brought back from rebeldom a set of unbroken bones, and integrity unimpaired. To compensate them for the *hiatus* in the correspondence from the 21st Indiana, I propose to furnish them with a few incidents transpiring, and a few observations made, during

Seven Weeks of Captivity.

It happened in this wise: Gen. Weitzel, a worthy young gymnast, who, by a vigorous leap, skipped several rounds in the ladder of military promotion, and from a Lieutenant became a Brigadier General, was organizing an expedition for the Attakapas country. Gen. Weitzel's expedition would land at Donaldsonville, and march down the Bayou Lafourche; but for some time Donaldsonville and the neighboring country had been infested with audacious and daring rebels, who, notwithstanding the gunboats, made the navigation of the Mississippi particularly uncomfortable, and cotton and sugar-stealing expeditions a little hazardous. The powers that be had some curiosity to know the force and resources of the Donaldsonville rebels, and Col. McMillan, who is tolerably sure of being called on when any thing dashing or enterprising is to be done, was commissioned to make a reconnoissance [sic]. With a force of about four hundred men from the 21st, with the Jackass Battery, under command of Lieut. Brough, and a couple of gunboats in the river, we effected a landing at Donaldsonville on the 21st of September. On the 22d and 23d we made short excursions down the bayou on the lower side, encountering and driving in the rebel pickets. On the 24th, ascertaining that the principal force was stationed on the upper side of the bayou, Col. McMillan, with three hundred men and the three field pieces, started down that side. In the meantime we had learned through reliable sources that the rebel forces in the neighborhood numbered over a thousand, but, with our battery, we were vain

enough to think our three hundred men a match for them. Proceeding down the bayou, driving the rebel pickets before us, when in the neighborhood of the Cox plantation, and about three miles from the river, we found a little more than we bargained for in the shape of Semmes' battery. This is one of the finest light batteries in the Confederate service, consisting of six rifled brass six pounders. It opened upon us a furious, well-sustained and well-directed fire which was promptly and with spirit replied to by our battery. Finding that they had the advantage of us in range, Lieutenant Brough limbered up, and took a new position within six hundred yards of his opponent, when the artillery duel was renewed. Taking a fancy to the Confederate pieces, Colonel McMillan ordered a charge to take them at the point of the bayonet. The men, who were shielding themselves from the well directed fire behind the levee, promptly fell in, and impatiently awaited the order to charge, when Colonel McMillan discovered a heavy force of cavalry galloping through the cane fields with the evident intention of cutting us off from the river. This somewhat changed the face of affairs, and a retreat was ordered and conducted in an orderly but rather hasty manner. I was a considerable distance in advance of the battalion, with a party of skirmishers. The day was most infernally hot, and with my brains frying and sputtering in my head, almost completely exhausted, with my skirmishers I began a laborious retreat through the thick cane rows and tangled pea vines. Gradually the boys began to disappear in front, and the prospects of my getting through became involved in disagreeable uncertainty; yet I do not think I would have been taken, were it not for the appearance of my evil genius in the shape of

An Old Gray Horse

Which a native was leading out of the cane. He was a most unpromising animal, whose sands of life had nearly run out, rough and shabby in coat, unsymmetrical in shape, and afflicted with sundry of the ills to which horseflesh is heir; but I thought he might have life enough in his venerable bones to carry me out of a bad scrape. I made the native help me on him, and then go ahead and let down the bars so I could get out on the bayou road. I struck my heels vigorously into old gray's ribs and whaled him with the end of the rope, but could not get any thing better out of him than a deliberate walk. As I was slowly working up to the fence, already entertaining serious doubts as to the remunerative nature of my horse speculation, my native called to me, in barbarous French, to go back to the cane, as the Philistines were coming up the road. I evacuated my horse in strong disgust, and clambered over the high plank fence to get into the cane. In getting over, I caught my foot on the top and fell all of a heap, giving my back a violent wrench. I, however, limped along until I found the enemy were between me and our men, and then laid down in the cane, thinking I would wait until the excitement was over, and then make my way back to the river. I do not know how long I laid there, but it seemed to me nearly a week. I could hear our battery away off near the river, blazing away at the rascals, and occasionally the shrill scream of the gunboat shells. Finally all became quiet, and I began to think of making another start, when I heard the galloping of cavalry coming near me. I again laid down, hugging the earth close, and making myself as thin as possible, but keeping a lookout toward the direction from which they were coming. Presently the head of a squadron of the sons of Belial emerged, and filed past my place of concealment, down the "turning row," on their return from pursuing our fellows.

"Gobbled Up."

The party had nearly all passed, and I began to think they would not see me, when a little, red capped cuss in the last file, instead of going about his business, looking neither to the right nor left, did look to the right, and caught a glimpse of my blue blouse among the green leaves of

the cane. Wheeling his horse around, he took another look, then cocked his double-barreled shot-gun, and invited me to “come out o’ that,” an invitation I did not feel at liberty to decline. I came out and gave up my arms, when a lively dispute arose between my captor and one of his companions, as to whose Yankee I was, each claiming that he had seen me first. I began to fear that I should suffer the fate of the unfortunate Miss McCrea, in the dispute between the two Indians, and that, unable to decide which of them should have me, they would agree to *halve* me, and each take a part. Finally one of them took me up behind him, and I was carried to headquarters, feeling exceedingly sheepish, with a strong inclination to sell out of the service at less than cost.

The Headquarters

Were in a large frame dwelling, taken from Mr. Cox, a Union man. Here I found Col. Vincent, a little, spectacled man, with a Jewish cast of countenance; Lieutenant Colonel McWaters, a fine looking, red-faced old cock, kind and generous in conduct, but fierce as a tiger in battle; and various line officers, whose names I do not remember. I was paroled not to attempt an escape, and kindly treated, but awfully bored with questions, which, however, I was told, I need not answer, unless I wanted to. I also met Captain Semmes and Lieutenant Fauntleroy, of the battery. Semmes is a slight, sallow-faced, volatile man, apparently not more than twenty-one years old. He is a son of “Sumter” Semmes, now commanding the Alabama. I felt a good deal of curiosity to see him, as we were already acquainted with his battery—having had the benefit of a formal introduction at Baton Rouge. Fauntleroy is a fine looking, amiable, red-headed young fellow, with a most amusing “stutter” in conversation.

Wanted to See a Yankee.

The men all had a curiosity to see and talk with the prisoner, so much so that Colonel McWaters placed a guard at the door to keep them from annoying me to death. One of them, who had failed to get a sight at the show, came up after awhile [sic] and stood outside the door, saying nothing, but looking at me curiously. Colonel Vincent came along and asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to see the Yankee. “Want to see a Yankee, do you?” said the Colonel. “Well, take forty rounds of cartridge and go up to Donelson.” The fellow grinned his appreciation of the joke, but didn’t seem to want to see the Yankee bad enough for that.

En Rouge for Camp Pratt.

On the morning of the 26th I was started for Camp Pratt, on Bayou Teche, in charge of Lieutenant Chamberlain, by way of Bayou Lafourche and Berwick’s Bay. The first night we stopped at Thibodeauxville, passing on the way Pancoville, Napoleonville, Labadieville, and several other little villes, the names of which I do not now remember—all little hamlets, exceedingly Frenchy in appearance, consisting of a few weather-beaten frame houses, a *café*, where Frenchmen smoke, drink musty claret, play “pool” and chatter eternally, and the inevitable dumpy church, with its foolish little steeple, surmounted by a wooden cross. At various points along the road we passed camps of ragged, bare-footed conscripts, dwelling in picturesque tents built of palmetto leaves.

Rare Entertainment Served on “China.”

In Thibodeaux an aged female person named Madame Penny, whose countenance would have rendered a residence in Salem rather hazardous in the good old days of witch-burning, keeps a house of entertainment for man and beast, and thither Lieut. Chamberlain and myself turned our steps. We were not hungry, for we had partaken of a bountiful repast of corn and cow at Napoleonville, but felt inclined to woo the drousy [sic] God. Madame Penny was full from cellar to garret. Parlor and bar room were crowded with conscripts, stretched upon chairs and

sofas, with numbers lying full length upon the floor. The conversation between the lady and Chamberlain was peculiarly interesting to me. She protested that she had been eaten out entirely, and hadn't room to stow a cat. The lieutenant told her he had a prisoner, and must have some place for him to sleep. "Let him sleep on the floor, it's good enough for him," said a young lady, who I suppose was the Madam's daughter. "No," said she, snappishly, "take him out and hang him on the highest China tree in my yard; there's a clothes line in the garden." Not fancying the entertainment proposed by our amiable hostess, I closed with Lieut. Chamberlain's proposition, to try our luck at the other hotel. Here we met with no better luck, but the lieutenant finally secured me a bed in a doctor's office, where a young rebel was lying, with a rifle shot through his arm, received in some of the numerous coast skirmishes.

The next morning we drove to Terrebonne Station, to take the cars. About the depot I met sundry acquaintances, made during our Houma expedition last May; among them Col. Minor. The Colonel was cordial in his greeting, but a little facetious on the relative change of positions since we last met, he being then my prisoner. From Terrebonne we proceeded by rail to the bay, and then took a boat up the Teche, all along witnessing active warlike preparations.

The country along the banks of the Teche is like all bayou and river country in Louisiana—vast fields of waving cane and corn, grassy pastures full of fat cattle, shading themselves beneath the green, wide spreading branches of the live oaks, and fine, rose-embowered residences, with neat rows of white negro houses, and the tall chimneys of sugar-houses in the back-ground. The banks of the Teche are not leveed like the Lafourche and Mississippi, as it rarely overflows.

We landed at New Iberia about an hour before day, a little town with dirty streets and a strong *sheepy* smell. After daylight a buggy was procured, and, through a long lane which has more than one turning, I was conveyed to

Purgatory,

Which, in the language of the country, is called Camp Pratt. This is a camp of conscription and instruction, six miles from New Iberia, and fifty miles from the bay. On the north west Lake Tasse, or Spanish Lake, stretches away six or seven miles, partially encircling the camp; and on the other side is a grand, level prairie. The shore next the camp is bare, and for several rods inward the water is covered with a green coating of water moss and lily ponds, through which the ugly mugs of loathsome alligators are seen protruding, with a plentiful sprinkling of moccasin snakes. The opposite shore is fringed with a green line of willows, with a heavy cypress forest, above which the white spire of the St. Martinsville Church glistens in the sunlight. The camp itself is a collection of plank "wedge tents with here and there small editions of the stars and bars flapping their greasy folds in the breeze.

I was taken before Col. Burke. Col. Burke is the big injun of Camp Pratt. He is a slight, tolerably tall, thin visaged man, wearing a moustache and Napoleon, formal and supercilious in manner, with an expression of countenance that gives him the appearance of a compound of puritan and blackleg.

I was turned over, properly receipted for, and then, after taking a formal leave of Lt. Chamberlain, who had treated me very kindly, I was escorted to the prisoners' quarters, where 137 Yankees taken at Bayou des Allemands, were confined. I am not naturally a lover of Yankees, but "*Fiat Justitia*" though the Heavens fall. These were the meanest Yankees I ever saw. Of course there were honorable exceptions, but I never saw as much petty meanness and selfishness in my life as I witnessed among these Yankees. They annoyed me more and disgusted me more completely than any thing I saw in rebeldom. The officers, however, were

very clever, but one of them was the most inveterate Yankee I ever met. He had been five years in the regular army, and still his enunciation of “cow” would have ensured him “a long cord and short shrift” in the days of Kansas border ruffianism. He always called me “*Hew sier*,” and really seemed to enjoy the wit of the thing so highly that I could not find it in my heart to get angry with him. I contrived, however, to let him know in the course of our acquaintance, that so far from being ashamed of being a Hoosier, I was proud of it, and that I did not agree with him in believing that the hub of the universe was located in New England.

Here I also found Connelly and Cox, our two Lieutenants who were captured in May last. Poor fellows! They had been confined for three months and fifteen days in Opelousas Jail, before coming to Camp Pratt. Gov. Moore was going to hang Connelly, in retaliation for the hanging of Mumford by Butler, but Jeff. Davis wouldn’t let him.

“Cajuns.”

Camp Pratt was filled with Cajun conscripts. You don’t know what a Cajun is? Of course you don’t, but I will try and tell you. A Cajun is a half-savage creature, of mixed French and Indian blood. They live in the swamps, and subsist by hunting and fishing and cultivating a small patch of corn and sweet potatoes. They are sallow, dried-up and mummy like in appearance, and stolid and stupid in expression. The wants of the Cajun are few, and his habits simple. With a bit of corn bread, a potato, and a clove of garlic, with an occasional indulgence in stewed crawfish, he gets along quite comfortably, and for luxuries smokes husk cigarettes, and drinks rum when he can get it. The Cajun has great powers of endurance, but not much stomach for a fight. Of the herd at Camp Pratt desertions were quite frequent, sometimes as many as thirty or forty stampeding in a single night. But they would be caught, brought back, made to wear a barrel for a week or two, and finally broke in. The name I traced to the following origin:

Nova Scotia was settled by the French, and by them called Acadia. When the territory passed to the dominion of England, many of the people refused to live under British rule, and emigrated to Louisiana. They settled along the Mississippi, but were driven back further and further by the advancing tide of civilization into the swamps, where they lived like savages and bred like rabbits. They were called ‘Cadians by the better settlers, and looked upon in something of the same light of the sandhillers and dirt-eaters of the Carolinas—poor white trash. The Confederates do not expect much service from them, but distribute them about to fill up old regiments. While I was at Camp Pratt I saw more than two thousand of these marched off at different times, always under a cavalry guard.

I can not say that we were abused by the Cajuns. They did not insult, but exasperated us dreadfully. In the cool of the evening they would gather about our quarters, and stand, or sit squatted on their haunches, for hours, not saying a word to ourselves or each other, but regarding us with a grim, stupid stare, reminding me strongly of the manner in which the lower class of Choctaws, in the Indian country, sit and gaze at a circus bill.

Occasionally, the Cajuns would come up to have a look at the Yankees—generally elderly females, in dingy wrappers, fastened only at the throat, and falling loosely over a rotundity of form, which gave unmistakable evidence of their being in the happy condition coveted by “ladies who love their lords.” Occasionally, however, we would see a *jolie demoiselle*, nut brown, but lithe and graceful in appearance, hanging lovingly upon her gallant’s arm, and shrinking timidly from too near an approach to the Yankees, reminding me of the fascinated, but terrific expression, of a school girl regarding the lions in a menagerie.

Life at Camp Pratt.

Seven of us were stowed in one tent—a dirty, greasy, pen, densely populated with vermin. We had three blankets among us, and as northers would occasionally blow up, you may imagine that our sleep was not “balmy.” We had about a quarter of an acre of ground for 140 persons to exercise upon, with a guard of one Cajun to every 14 feet of ground with a double-barrel shot gun. For food we had yellow cornmeal, beef and sugar issued to us, with the alternative of cooking it ourselves, or eating it raw. The Yankees boiled the beef, and make a thick mush of the meal, which they called pudding. Boiled beef is the meanest thing on earth, except half cooked yellow mush. I ate the mush for three or four days, until my stomach utterly revolted, and an attempt to eat it was followed by the most violent retching. Then I subsisted on beef alone for a time. To tell the truth, I came near being starved. The ghost of every good [missing word—meal?] I ever ate in my life, haunted my weary slumbers. The shade of a mince pie which an esteemed lady friend sent me years ago, was particularly obtrusive. After feasting upon all manner of delicacies and substantial in my troubled sleep, I would wake to the realization of captivity, and the cursed mush and beef. Finally, Connelly one day, who is an ingenious fellow, after a deal of vexatious labor, achieved a corn “pone.” Poor Jim! I shall never forget the look of subdued, but honest pride with which he exhibited his pone. In truth, it was not a *chef d’oeuvre* of culinary skill, but after eating the infernal mush we were not at all fastidious, and did full justice to his cookery. This gave a new impetus to our efforts to live. Taking it in turns, the result of successive experiments was that we all became sufficiently versed in the divine art to produce palatable bread.

Camp Pratt was short of crockery, and the boys, for plates, used all sorts of contrivances, so that you would frequently see them eating their mush from pieces of goard [sic] calabashes, the shoulder blades of deceased oxen, and other unique vessels.

While the men had money, they could buy milk at twenty five cents a quart; eggs, fifty cents per dozen; sweet potatoes, four dollars per bushel; a twelve ounce loaf for fifty cents, &c.; but after they had eaten up their knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and, in some instances, their shoes, they had to return to mush and beef. As for me, I had no money, and as nobody offered to lend me any, I had a full course of the nutritious diet alluded. Connelly and Cox were in the same fix. The only time we departed from the bill of fare was when we devoured Connelly’s watch.

You may naturally imagine the days at Camp Pratt were long and irksome. The entire literary resources of our party amounted to an old magazine, a Dutch Dictionary, a Catholic Prayer book, in French, and a well worn edition of “Robinson Crusoe.” Robinson was good for thirty or forty perusals, but after that became a little stale.

Skedaddle of Connelly and Cox.

Connelly and Cox, having been nearly five months in captivity, and seeing no signs of ever being released, concluded to risk the fearful chances of a journey through the swamps to escape. Knowing more than they of the horrors of a Louisiana swamp, I tried to dissuade them; but finding them determined, I resolved to risk my fate with theirs. One dark night they both succeeded in getting away, but I was stopped by the guard. This I regarded at the time as another exemplification of my constitutional ill luck; but I soon had occasion to look upon it as the only good luck I ever had in my life. The very next day after the skedaddle we learned that we were to be sent to Vicksburg to be paroled, and in a week we did go. Connelly and Cox, I have since learned, after suffering unheard of hardships from cold, hunger, and venomous insects, were recaptured at Donaldsonville, utterly barefooted, and with bleeding, mangled feet. They will, I think, soon be sent down, however,

Vicksburg.

From the time of leaving Camp Pratt we fared well. Captain Rensaw, or Ranson, who had us in charge treated us very kindly. We came down the Teche and up Atchafalaya on the Cricket to the mouth of Red River, and from thence on the Louis d'Or to Vicksburg. This is the channel of communication between Richmond and Louisiana or Texas, and the Government boats are doing a lively trade in sugar and beef. The batteries at Port Hudson and Vicksburg keep all that portion of the river between the two places open.

At Vicksburg we remained two weeks. The officers were paroled for a certain portion of the city, and boarded at the Washington Hotel at an expense of \$4 per day, each, to the Confederate Government. Here I was treated with much kindness and courtesy by Confederate officers, many of them offering to lend me money. Every where the utmost confidence in the success of their cause is felt. The fortifications at Vicksburg have been greatly strengthened, and are now regarded as invulnerable. The construction of the Yazoo iron clads proceeds slowly, but from what I learned, incidentally, they will prove more formidable than any they have yet had. They will be ready for service in sixty days, and I am afraid we will be again caught napping.

The Confederates express the highest admiration for Rosecrans, but say that McClellan is our best general. They say that if he had Western men in his army they couldn't clean him out so easily. They think Buell a dangerous man. For Pope they have the supremest contempt, and they think they are too sharp for any of Sigel's Dutch tricks.

The stories we used to hear of the Confederates being badly clothed and fed, and poorly armed, if they ever were true are true no longer. With the exception of those at Camp Pratt, all I have seen are well clothed in comfortable goods of their own manufacture, and well armed.

The Proclamation is extensively ridiculed. Stonewall Jackson is looked upon as their next President. Lee is considered their greatest General. Price is rising in their estimation. They are dissatisfied with the result of Bragg's Kentucky campaign. Van Dorn is said to be a libertine, a scoundrel, and an officer of little talent.

We came down from Vicksburg under a flag of truce.

Our regiment is out at Berwick's Bay. They manned the gunboats in the recent fight at the mouth of the Teche, and lost five men killed dead. Lieut. Wolfe, of Company H, was killed, and Lieut. Fisher, of Company A, lost both of his legs by the premature explosion of a shell. Our boys make excellent gunners. They can do any thing—cavalry artillery, engineering or navy work, as well as infantry. Our Colonel, however, always fancied that he belonged to the navy.

G. C. H.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

A Gloomy Prospect for Texans.

General Sam Houston did not sketch a very encouraging picture for the Texas renegades when, in a recent speech, he advised that no more men be sent away from the State. "We have sent our all" said old Jacinto; "we must not allow the State to be 'knocked into a cocked hat,' while the savage Indian is on one side, the alien in feeling—the Mexican—on the other; the enemy in possession of our coast, the negro in the interior to look to, and which is worse than all, some yet of the type of that 'drunken rascal,' Jack Hamilton, to be looked after." This is but the feast to which the Texas secessionists invited themselves, when they trampled upon the flag of their country, and defied the authority of the Government. With foes upon all sides, a discontented and insubordinate black population within, and thousands of the Jack Hamilton type, who long to return under the protecting folds of the flag of the Union, it is quite evident the

secessionists of Texas have their hands full. When the Mississippi shall have been opened, as it speedily will be, the coast blockaded, and the western and northern boundaries of the State watched by an unfriendly people, if not open enemies, the State will be in a more pitiable plight and more abject condition than at any time since the commencement of the war. The Government expended millions of treasure, and involved herself in war with a sister Republic to secure Texas to the Union. We paid a higher price for her than for the territory of any State admitted since the organization of the Government, and it is decidedly not the intention to let so beloved a sister, however wayward she may be, secede from the family circle. She must adhere, voluntarily if she will, by force if she insists.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Flags and Banners,

Embroidered in Colors in the finest style, on best Silk. Also, Bunting Flags, all sizes, on hand.

Bunting, Silk, Fringes, Tassels, Spears, Belts, &c., on hand.

Longley & Bro.,

107 Walnut, Below Gibson House.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 17, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Letter from Near Nashville.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Presentation of colors to the

2nd Ohio Regiment.

Camp near Nashville, December 11.

Passing by the minor details of rather an exciting trip to Dixie, allow me to say that, under Special Order No. 375, in charge of twenty-two drafted men, assigned to the 2d Ohio Regiment, I have at last reached and am now mingling with the dwellers in tents. As far as the eye can reach, the white tabernacles of freedom's defenders may be seen, while the constant arrivals of yellow backed envelopes, marked official, and the rapid movements of aids, orderlies, &c., indicate a state of high activity in the "Army of the Cumberland."

Early on Tuesday morning I started the drafted detachment to the camp of the 2d Ohio, then encamped beyond Edgefield. It was reached in due time. Though I had been absent over three months, I soon found that I was not among strangers. Lieutenant Colonel Kell is in command of the 2d Ohio, and has the confidence of both men and officers. He had merely filled the place of Lieutenant Colonel until the battle of Chaplin Hills, Colonel Harris commanding the brigade, left Kell in command of the regiment.

On the following day the regiment was ordered to move, and crossed the river, encamping some five miles beyond Nashville. In the afternoon of the same day, the new colors, sent on by your correspondent, were presented to the regiment. At the appointed hour, Colonel Kell had the regiment drawn up in close column by division, for the purpose of receiving the banner. At a given signal, your correspondent, in company with some of the new recruits, who were interested in getting up the tribute, advanced toward the old colors, when the Chaplain of the regiment saluted Colonel Kell, and in a few brief words told the object of his mission, and the designs of the donors of the present. To which Col. Kell replied as follows:

Captain Gaddis, allow me to say in behalf of the noble regiment which I have the honor to command, and to whom you have been commissioned to bear these colors, as a slight token of

their high appreciation of our services as soldiers, that we gratefully accept the beautiful tribute, with the promise that, as we have stood by the old flag in the past, we will do so in the future, with the high hope ever encouraging us that the hour may soon dawn when they shall wave in triumph o'er all the States of the Union. You will bear back to the donors of these colors, our heartfelt thanks and sincere gratitude. We will carry them with us to the field, resolving to stand by them to a man, and, if necessary, die in their defense, as did our brave men at Ivy Mountain and Chaplin Hills, smiling back in their dying hours their love for it, as their dying eyes caught sight of its triumphant waving.

Three cheers were then proposed for the old flag, which were given with a will. The parade was then dismissed, and time given to more minutely inspect the flags. The old flag was then handed over, with orders to convey it to Col. Harris, to remain in his possession until the close of the war, after which they will be presented to the ladies of Goshen who originally presented them to the regiment. Thus terminated one of those pleasant gatherings that serve the double purpose of enhancing the courage of our men and strengthening the bonds existing between soldiers and civilians.

In passing through the various officers quarters, I caught sight of some old Cincinnatians, who have not been absent from their places since leaving y our city. I refer to such as Lieut. Warnock, the present commander of Co. D, 2d Ohio; also Ira H. Bird, the efficient Quartermaster. Ira has received the appointment of Brigade Quartermaster, and is assigned to the 9th Brigade. He is one of the faithful, and deserves all he receives.

Lieut. Vandergriff is A. A. G. of the 9th Brigade.

Co. C, Capt. Beattie's gallant company, is detailed as special guard to Gen. Rousseau's headquarters.

Lieut. Ambrose, of Urbana, is promoted to the Captaincy of Co. A, vice Berryhill killed. Fatrall, of your city, to the Captain of Co. H, vice Harrel killed. There are other meritorious promotions of which I will speak hereafter.

Gaddis.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Panorama of the Bible.—Mr. Williams is nightly providing a most attractive entertainment at Greenwood Hall. His panorama of the Bible should be seen by all—especially by Cincinnatians, as it is a home production.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 17, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Greenwood Hall, Mechanics' Institute.
J. Insko Williams' Original Celebrated
Panorama of the Bible,
will open on
Monday Evening, Dec. 8, '62,
For a short time only.

This magnificent painting covers 4,000 yds of canvass, commencing with Chaos and continuing down in historical order to the Babylonian Captivity, containing over FIFTY of the most sublime, and interesting scenes in the Bible.

Exhibition every evening; Doors open ¼ to 7, to commence at 7 ½ o'clock. Also, exhibition on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at 3 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Panorama of the Bible.—No one should miss seeing this panorama, which, unlike many similar productions, is not daubed with tinsel and vermilion to look well by gaslight, but is really a laborious and beautiful series of paintings. It is on exhibition at Greenwood Hall.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Flag presentation to the 6th Ohio.—The beautiful flag sent by the citizens of Cincinnati to this gallant corps was presented to them last Sunday at their camp near Nashville.

We regret that the pressure upon our columns is so great that we can not give the speeches in full. Mr. Fitzgerald and Colonel F. C. Jones of the 24th Ohio presented the flag, in the presence of the battalion, in speeches most fitting and eloquent.

Colonel Anderson received the standard in modest and grateful terms amid the enthusiastic acknowledgment of our veterans of the 6th.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 19, 1862, p. 3, c. 7

Kate Allen, a bold, unblushing girl, appeared in the Police court yesterday as a modest, timid young man. She was found perambulating the streets in a genteel suit of man's clothes. She told Judge Saffin that she would get clothing suited to her sex, and leave the city if he would let her off; but the Judge said she could not leave until she got her female dress, and committed her for twenty days.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Battle of Prairie Grove.

Interesting Account of
the Battle.

[Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

Prairie Grove, Ark., Dec. 8, 1862.

There has just been another great battle in northwestern Arkansas, exceeding in fierceness the famous contest at Pea Ridge, as was remarked by some of the veterans who were present at both of the occasions alluded to. The details are as follows:

General Blunt had advanced some twenty miles south of Fayetteville, Arkansas, with his forces, and there drawn the attack of Hindman, who advanced on him rapidly from Van Buren, with about 30,000 troops and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Blunt, with his little band of 10,000 men at Cane Hill, would have been but a mouthful for such an immense army of well disciplined soldiery as his. He knew his danger and sent hurried messages to General Herron, who has the command of the 2d and 3d Divisions of the Army of the Frontier, and was at that time at Wilson's Creek, four miles south of Springfield, Mo. The moment General Herron received intelligence of General Blunt's danger he set his army in motion and made forced marches, accomplishing the feat of pushing his infantry one hundred and twelve miles in three days, and his cavalry one hundred and thirty two miles in two days and a half.

On the morning of the 7th inst., as the advance guard, consisting of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry and a portion of the 6th and 7th Missouri Cavalry, were entering a wood upon the south bank of Illinois Creek, ten miles south of Fayetteville, they were fired upon from ambush, and thrown into a panic that resulted in a rout, and the loss of their baggage-train of twenty-four wagons. They went flying back three or four miles until they met the main body, when they

rallied once more. Major Hubbard, of Pea Ridge fame, with a portion of two companies of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, tried to stem the tide of rebels but without success. Their superior numbers bore down every thing before them, and, among others, this little band. Major Hubbard himself and two of his Lieutenants were captured, and the remainder forced to retreat at double quick. Our infantry was soon brought forward, and a few pieces of artillery got into position that sent the bold scoundrels back as rapidly as they came. Gen. Herron followed up his advantage as quickly as possible, and soon found himself in contact with the main rebel force.

This splendid army, contrary to our expectations, was well clothed, well armed and well fed, and better drilled than our own soldiery. It consisted of a corps of 26,000 men, commanded by Gen. Hindman, and was in four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Rains and Frost, and was supported by a park of artillery of twenty-two guns. Beside this, they had a great advantage in position. The battle field was a magnificent stretch of open ground, skirted on the east by an abrupt hill, covered with thick woods. On this bluff, concealed by the forest, were posted the rebels in full force.

Our forces only numbered 6,500 or 7,000, and consisted of the following infantry: The 94th and 37th Illinois; the 19th and 20th Iowa; the 26th Indiana and 20th Wisconsin. In addition to these were four companies of artillery who worked twenty-four guns, and some half a dozen companies of cavalry. Our men were worn down by a long and continuous forced march, and some of them had been without food for twenty-four hours. However, when the ball opened they deployed into the field with loud huzzas, and went at the work in hand with great bravery. It took some little time to get into position and place the batteries in the most commanding localities, and it was fully ten o'clock A. M. before the artillery duel was in full voice. As may be imagined, forty-five or fifty cannon well manned and discharged as rapidly as possible make a tremendous racket. This was kept up until dark, when by that time green troops who had never seen a cannon before laid down within a yard of a gun and slept, undisturbed by the firing. We did not lose a single man throughout the whole day by artillery, though a score or two of horses were killed. Our gunners were much more skilled and precise in their aim than the rebels, which was shown by the result.

Upon the bluff or ridge occupied by the secesh, were many fine farm houses, which had been erected for the elevation to escape the damps and vapors of the plain below. From the rear of two of these houses, was kept up a well-directed fire of some eight or nine guns. General Herron ordered the whole fire of our artillery to be directed upon the one nearest to us, and silenced it in ten minutes.

The 20th Wisconsin Infantry, led by Lieutenant Colonel Bertram, then charged up the hill and took the battery upon a double quick. They had no sooner gained possession of the well-earned prize, than the rebels rose in myriads from the bushes in the rear of the garden containing the battery in question, and poured a fire into the ranks of our boys that sent their columns reeling back down the declivity again, with great loss of life and limb. In this struggle one hundred and ninety-seven were reported officially as killed and wounded.

Within twenty minutes afterward, the 19th Iowa, with the gallantry characteristic of the soldiers of that State, essayed the vain feat with similar ill success. They performed deeds of valor almost incredible, and shed their blood in torrents, but it was all useless. They retook the battery, and were on the point of removing it within our lines, when the rebels poured in upon them in endless numbers and forced them back with great slaughter. Lieutenant Colonel McFarland, who led this glorious charge, lost his life, and many privates were also left upon the field. The color bearer rallied the regiment twice, and led them up to the very cannon's mouth.

This battery was afterwards entirely disabled, the horses killed and the gun carriages broken to pieces, by the fire of one of our batteries, which hit their mark thus precisely at a distance of more than a mile, with missiles discharged from Parrott guns. Five caissons filled with ammunition were subsequently captured and brought away.

The different rebel batteries were silenced one by one, until the booming of the cannon had nearly ceased. The enemy perceived that nothing could be accomplished at long range so they massed themselves upon our front and both flanks and commenced moving forward to capture our batteries. Immense hordes came out of the woods on our left and spread upon the field, looking from a distance like a nest of ants. Our infantry seemed a mere handful in comparison to this multitude, but they held them in check while Cole's battery ran up and stuck their guns under their very noses and fired canister into them with such deadly effect as to cause them first to pause in their career, then lie down, and finally hastily retreat. Again they made their appearance still farther on the left, in a number equal, apparently, to our entire force. Their batteries again opened fire briskly, and for a time the fortunes of the battle seemed against us. The immense and overwhelming odds enabled them to harrass [sic] and approach us from three directions. The greatest discouraging circumstance, however, was in the fact that a new battery had opened a heavy fire at our extreme right, nearly two miles from our center. This was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A good portion of our infantry was fearfully cut up and nearly disheartened.

Every thing, nearly, pointed to a defeat of our forces. Murphy's battery, a portion of Backof's and the Peoria battery, kept pouring a galling fire into the opposing forces. The men were again rallied, and, at half past three, the flippity whiz of the shells, the booming of the cannon, and the continuous roll of musketry, told us that our boys were determined to hold the field, if possible, until dark.

The rebels fought desperately, and seemed no more to regard a shower of bullets, or a storm of grape, than if it had been but a summer wind. No sooner had a solid shot plowed its way through their columns, or a shell opened a gap in their lines, than the vacancies were filled by others. They advanced steadily once more upon our left and there we knew would be the hottest tug of the day. "Tis darkest just before the dawn," some one has said. 'Twas so in our case. By a bold movement the rebels were once more checked, and just then the word came that the firing upon our extreme right was that of General Blunt, who had arrived with a strong battery and about five thousand men. This intelligence added new courage to our men, and sent a vigor into every movement that meant victory or death.

General Blunt ranged his twenty-four pieces in a line and opened a galling fire upon the left wing of the rebel army, and drew a portion of their attention toward his forces. They advanced upon him from the woods at a double quick, in eight ranks, seemingly half a mile long. They went down a gentle smooth slope, with an easy prey apparently in view. When they got to a certain point, within canister range, he opened his fire upon them, "fairly lifting them from the ground," as he afterward described it. This checked their impetuosity and put terror in their hearts, but still they went on. Another and another volley was given them until they broke and fled, and when the remnant of this storming party had left the field the ground was strewn and piled with rebel slain. In the mean time our boys had not been idle. They pressed the enemy hotly at every point, and as the sun went down they were falling back in every direction. Before it had become fully dark, the only sounds of firing heard were those of our own musketry and cannon. The field was won, and the victory gained.

At nine o'clock of the same evening the enemy were in full retreat toward Van Buren, and at daylight this morning they were twelve miles away. A more complete and glorious victory never was obtained. As soon as the pall of night had descended upon their motions, a perfect stampede took place. Every thing this morning denotes a hasty flight and great fear lest we should pursue them. Although their force was large enough to crush us completely—in fact, annihilate us—and they were well equipped and handled, our little army of comparatively inexperienced troops, effected a brilliant repulse and won an unquestionable victory. This morning all the contested ground, and every inch of the battle-field, are in our hands, and the only rebels in view are the piles of dead and the ambulance parties carrying away the wounded.

Long before daylight this morning General Marmaduke and two of his staff came into our lines with a flag of truce and remained over two hours, evidently with a view of creating a delay, as the purport of their mission was frivolous in the extreme. He had no sooner reported back to his command than another message came, requesting an interview with Generals Blunt and Herron. This consumed three hours more, and by that time their army was at a safe distance. This is only a specimen of the tricky cunning of General Hindman.

The *ruse* was perfectly transparent, yet the game had progressed too far to be stopped without transgressing the etiquette of war before their intention was fully divulged.

The weather of the 7th was delightful. The sun shown clearly in a cloudless sky, and the air was as balmy and quiet as on a June morning. It was remarked by many old soldiers that if the continent had been searched it would have been impossible to have selected a more beautiful field of battle than that of Prairie Grove. Gen. Herron's forces entered it from the northern extremity, and those of Gen. Blunt from the southern. The rebels were posted upon the hills and in the woods for four miles along the eastern side of the field, while our batteries occupied the elevations upon the western side, a little more than a mile from the rebel lines. The intervening space was firm sward, ploughed fields, stubble land, standing corn, and a narrow strip of brushwood, which skirted a little brook running through the middle of the valley. This open country was held by our infantry, and there they went through their maneuvers in full view of Gen. Herron, who, for a good portion of the time, occupied a little hill near Murphy's battery, on the western side of the field. There could be witnessed the whole of this intensely exciting strife, not a movement of which escaped the quick attention of our young commander. The brilliant but disastrous charges made by the 20th Wisconsin and 19th Iowa upon the rebel battery, were as plainly to be seen as the moves upon a chess board. The swarms upon swarms of rebels that came trooping out of the wood upon our left, in numbers sufficient to appal [sic] a heart less strong than that of our commander, were as openly seen with their gleaming muskets and flaunting banners, as if it had been a holiday parade, instead of the hottest battle that has ever taken place on this side of the Mississippi. As an imposing spectacle, it was one of the most terrific, and, at the same time, magnificent sights imaginable.

Our loss is roughly estimated at 800 killed and wounded. Col. McFarland, of the 19th Iowa, is killed. Major Hubbard, of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, was taken prisoner. Col. Black, of the 37th Illinois, and Major Wm. Thompson, of the 20th Iowa, are slightly wounded. Capt. McDermott and Lieut. Brinknuff, of the 20th Wisconsin, are killed. Several other commissioned officers are wounded, but none of them dangerously. One or two field officers in Gen. Blunt's command were severely wounded. I have not been able to learn his losses.

The rebel losses, as nearly as can be ascertained, are three to our one. Their officers and their deserters all admit that they have lost in killed and wounded over 2,000. Very few prisoners were taken on either side, and all of them were paroled this morning.

The defeat has been a most disastrous affair to the rebels. The country around about Fort Smith and Van Buren, has been gleaned [sic] of every particle of forage and provisions, for a distance of fifty miles. So Northern Arkansas and southern Missouri are regarded by them as a sort of promised land, flowing with sorghum and hominy. The rebel expedition was carefully fitted out with comfortable clothing, abundant supplies of food, and the best of arms and ammunition. The muskets were a complete copy of the Enfield gun, and stamped "C. S. A., Richmond, Va.," though they were undoubtedly made in England. A large number of them were captured, and all showed the most perfect finish and workmanship. The packages of cartridges were stamped "J. D. Lowe, Birmingham." A portion of some few of their regiments were composed of conscripts, and when these men were exposed to a fire, they had a regiment of cavalry posted behind them, with orders to shoot them down if they did not fight. Every arrangement and exertion was made to place the chances of victory beyond a peradventure. They are now beaten back beyond the Boston Mountains again, disheartened and completely demoralized.

The whole country lying north of the Arkansas River is at our mercy, and nothing remains for us to do but to enter in and take possession. Gen. Herron has added new laurels to his bright reputation, and, as may be supposed, he is the idol of his men. Our Government has in him a vigorous and skillful General and a sleepless soldier.

The Army of the Frontier can now march forward to new conquests with the prestige of a most glorious victory. You will hear from us next upon the banks of the Arkansas River.

All of the regiments engaged upon our side deserve a more particular mention than I can give in this limited space, for they all displayed most remarkable courage and gallantry. Some other correspondent must do them better justice than I have the opportunity of doing at present.

Among the line and field officers killed and wounded are the following: [list]

Total loss killed and wounded in Gen. Herron's command 843.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Arkansas Correspondence.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

The Battle of Cane Hill.

Cane Hill, Ark., Nov. 29, 1862.

Perhaps a few details of the action at this place, of which the telegraph has, doubtless, advised you, may not be too antiquated for publication.

For ten days past General Blunt's division of the Army of the Frontier has been camped on Lindsay's Prairie, ten miles south from Maysville. Last Tuesday a deserting conscript brought word that the enemy was occupying Cane Hill, and Major Purington, of the 2d Ohio Cavalry, with a force of 150 men, was ordered to reconnoiter in that direction and ascertain, if possible, the rebel strength and position.

Ten miles from camp our party came upon a force of 600 of the enemy's cavalry, attacked it, and after a running fight of half an hour, utterly routed and put it to flight. The loss on our side being two wounded, that of the enemy two killed and several wounded. Approaching Cane Hill (or Boonsboro) within two miles, Major P. ascertained that the enemy was strongly posted with cavalry and artillery, and would probably stand an engagement. On the strength of this report General Blunt ordered his division to march on Thursday morning for an attack upon the enemy. Thursday night our forces bivouacked within a mile of the rebel pickets, and Friday morning, at eight o'clock, our advance was fired on by a rebel battery posted on a hill in the

village. Rabb's Indiana Battery at once got into position and opened a scathing fire upon the enemy's guns and supports. This artillery duel lasted perhaps half an hour. At the end of which time the rebel guns withdrew, and the entire rebel force of seven thousand was evidently relinquishing its position in the town. (Boonsboro, let it be remembered, is at the foot of the Boston Mountains, and the face of the country is such that a line of battle can not be formed in the vicinity.)

Our cavalry charged through the town, in column, and met considerable resistance from the retreating enemy; but as often as our two batteries got in position the butternuts showed no disposition to stand.

This morning fight continued for eleven miles through the mountains, the enemy contesting every passage, and shelling us from every elevation, and, in turn, fleeing before the impetuous charges of our cavalry and infantry. The road taken by the enemy leads from Cane Hill to Fort Smith, and lies chiefly through a narrow gorge between the mountains; hence, when a charge was made, our men could present no wider front than a column of fours. The rebels had placed two Louisiana regiments in the rear, and they fought well.

The action lasted from 9 A. M. till sunset, when the rebels raised a flag of truce, ostensibly for the purpose of returning Lieutenant Colonel Jewell, who had been wounded and captured, and to ask the privilege of burying their dead, but really to gain time to save their artillery. As darkness was already coming on, the fight closed with the flag of truce; the enemy falling back to the Arkansas River, and our troops returning to this place.

Late in the action, as already intimated, Lieutenant Colonel Jewell, of the 6th Kansas Cavalry, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. This gallant and valuable officer had already led his men in two charges down that rocky gorge, encountering a terrific fire from the enemy's musketry and artillery; and in this third attempt to capture their battery, he fell, struck by four bullets. He has since died, and the service has lost a most devoted and deserving officer.

Our other casualties were—Lieut. Johnson, 6th Kansas, badly wounded; Lieut. Harris, 6th Kansas, severely wounded; two men killed and one wounded, in Rabb's battery; eight wounded and three killed, in the 6th Kansas; two killed and eight wounded, in the 11th Kansas. Total, eight killed and twenty wounded.

The enemy's loss was not ascertained, save that fourteen were left behind them, dead; and judging from the usual proportion, their list of wounded much exceeded ours. We captured one wagon and several prisoners. The rebels were commanded by Maj. Gen. Marmaduke, and their troops were chiefly from Louisiana and Texas.

There are now no confederate troops north of the Boston Mountains, and but few north of the Arkansas River.

Gen. Blunt is surprising even his friends by the energetic manner in which he is conducting the campaign in Western Arkansas. If equal *vim* characterized the operations in other portions of Curtis' department, Arkansas might soon be cleared of its rebel occupants.

If the Army of the Frontier falls back to Springfield to winter, it will be an outrage upon a patient people. There is more forage in Northern and Central Arkansas than in Southern Missouri, so that the plea of *subsistence* is all gammon. If Curtis allows this rumored retrograde [sic] movement, his reputation is gone up with the army. We are tired of marching and counter-marching a dozen times over the same ground, and *fighting our way each time*. Little Rock can be taken, and the Arkansas river made a new base of trans-Mississippi operations, within sixty days, as easily as this army can march to Springfield. If this is *not* done, something is rotten.

A. B. N.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, December 23, 1863, p. 3, c. 8

Presentation of Flags.—On yesterday afternoon the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, at Camp Dennison, was formed in a hollow square and the commandant of the regiment, Col. Robt. Johnson, proceeded to present each company with a splendid silk company flag, or guidons, as they are termed. The battalion made a fine, martial appearance, and received their ensigns with much enthusiasm. The regiment is composed of men who look like they mean business.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Messrs. Shillito & Co. have just made to order a beautiful flag for the 27th Illinois Volunteers. It may be seen in their window for a few days.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Battles Near Murfreesboro.

Several dreadful battles have been fought between the armies of Rosecrans and Bragg, on Stone's River, which is a stream about the size of the Licking, one mile west of Murfreesboro and twenty-eight miles from Nashville. The special telegram of our correspondent, W. D. B., from Nashville, written on the night of the 1st, gives an intelligible account of the battle on Wednesday. He left the field Thursday, to dispatch results up to that date.

Rosecrans; plan of battle, Wednesday morning, seems to have been to throw his left wing around the rebels in Murfreesboro, engaging their forces with his right, which was composed of McCook's corps. But McCook was roughly handled, losing guns and ammunition trains, and being driven back, so that there was danger the army would be doubled up, and the road to Nashville taken. The rebel advance on the right was checked with immense difficulty. Then they came out on the center and on our left, taking the offensive. At night they occupied ground that we had held in the morning. Thursday (New Year's day) the battle opened at dawn. Our accounts of even the first of this day's engagement are not so clear as we could wish. This is not surprising, as our correspondent says the rebel cavalry were destroying our wagon trains on the Murfreesboro Pike, on Thursday night—a circumstance certainly not encouraging. We feel hopeful, however, that General Rosecrans will at least maintain himself. He knows full well the magnitude of the interests committed to his care, and we may have confidence that he will do all that a brave, faithful and able officer can do.

Whatever may be the general result of the engagement, there is no question that our losses have been heavy. Many, very many, of our best and bravest have fallen. The utmost efforts should be made to succor the wounded. There are, we believe, large supplies of medicine and other necessaries at Nashville, but all that can be sent there will doubtless be acceptable.

The information before us is too imperfect to justify critical observations, but we may remark that if our correspondent's estimate of Rosecrans' force—forty-five thousand effectives—is not too small—the disposition of our forces in the Central West has not been happy, and that we have suffered now, as continually, from the inefficiency of our cavalry.

P. S.—The regular Associated Press dispatch says that during the forenoon of Thursday, the 1st, two of our divisions had entered Murfreesboro, and that the enemy were in full retreat. This information is not confirmed by our special dispatch, and we fear it is too good to be true.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 3, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

Latest Telegraphic News.

Special Dispatches Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial
Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial
From Nashville.

The Battle of Stone's River.
An Intelligible Account of It.
The Movements of the Various Corps.
The Vicissitudes of the Fight.
The Battle of Wednesday.
The Battle of Thursday.
[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Nashville, January 1.

I have just arrived from a terrific battle, on Stone's River, in front of Murfreesboro, on the west side of that town. It has raged with unremitting fury two days, and at last report was not yet decided. It is one of the most ferocious of modern times, sustained by both sides with splendid determination.

General Rosecrans marched from Nashville last Friday, with about 45,000 effective men and 100 pieces of artillery, and skirmished all the way to the battle-field, the enemy resisting bitterly. The whole of Tuesday was spent in reconnoitering. The enemy was found strongly posted, with artillery, in a bend of Stone's River, his flanks resting on the west side of Murfreesboro.

The center also has the advantage of high ground, with a dense growth of cedar masking them completely. Their position gave them the advantage of a cross fire, and General McCook's corps closed in on their left on Wilkerson's Creek. Negley, of Thomas' corps, worked, with great difficulty, to the front of the rebel center. Rousseau's division was in reserve. Crittenden's corps was posted on comparatively clear ground on their left; Palmer's and Van Cleve's divisions in front in the woods, and held in reserve. A battle was expected all day Tuesday, but the enemy merely skirmished and threw a few shells, one of which killed Orderly McDonald, of the 4th United States Cavalry, not ten feet from General Rosecrans. That afternoon the Anderson Pennsylvania Cavalry, on McCook's flank, was drawn into an ambushade, and its two Majors, Rosengarten and Ward, were killed.

Crittenden's corps lost four killed and two wounded that day, including Adjutant Elliott, of the 57th Ind., several wounded. McCook's loss was about fifty. The same day the rebel cavalry made a dash on our rear at Laveergn [sic], burned a few wagons, and captured thirty-five prisoners. That night dispositions were made to attack the enemy in the morning. After dark the enemy were reported massing upon McCook, obviously to strike our right wing. This corresponded with the wishes of Gen. Rosecrans, who instructed Gen. McCook to hold him in check stubbornly, while the left wing should be thrown into Murfreesboro behind the enemy.

At daybreak of the last day of December, every thing appeared [sic] working well. Battle had opened on our right, and our left wing was on hand at seven o'clock. Ominous sounds indicated that the fire was approaching on the right. Aides were dispatched for information, and found the forests full of flying negroes, with some straggling soldiers, who reported whole regiments falling back rapidly.

Meantime one of McCook's aids announced to General Rosecrans that General Johnston had permitted the three batteries of his division to be captured by a sudden attack of the enemy, and that that fact had somewhat demoralized the troops. This was obvious.

The brave General Sill, one of our best officers, was killed. General Kirk severely wounded, and General Willich killed, or missing, besides other valuable officers.

General Rosecrans sent word pressing General McCook to hold the front and he would help him. It would all work right. He now galloped to the front of Crittenden's left, with his staff, to order the line of battle, when the enemy opened a full battery and emptied two saddles of the escort. Van Cleve's division was sent to the right, Colonel Beatty's brigade in front. The fire continued to approach on the right with alarming rapidity—extending to the center, and it was clear that the right was doubling upon the left. The enemy had compelled us to make a complete change of front on that wing, and were pressing the center.

General Rosecrans, with splendid daring, dashed into the fire and sent his staff along the lines, started Beatty's brigade forward—some six batteries opened and sustaining a magnificent fire—directly a tremendous shout was raised along the whole line. The enemy began to fall back rapidly. The General himself urged the troops forward. The rebels, thoroughly punished, were driven back fully a mile. The same splendid bravery was displayed in the center, and the whole line advanced. Meantime the enemy made formidable demonstrations on our left, while they prepared for another onslaught on our right. Meantime orders had been issued to move our left upon the enemy. Before they had time to execute it they burst upon our center with awful fury, and it began to break. Rousseau's divisions were carried into the breach magnificently by their glorious leader, and the enemy again retreated hastily into the dense cedar thickets. Again they essayed our right, and again we were driven back. This time the number of our stragglers was formidable, and the prospect was discouraging, but there was no panic. The General, confident of success, continued to visit every part of the field, and with the aid of Thomas, McCook, Crittenden, Rousseau, Negley, and Wood, the tide of battle was again turned.

Early in the day, we were seriously embarrassed by the enterprise of rebel cavalry, who made some serious dashes upon some of McCook's ammunition and subsistence trains, capturing a number of wagons; and artillery ammunition was alarmingly scarce. At one time it was announced that not a single wagon load of it could be found. Some of our batteries were quiet on that account. This misfortune was caused by the capture of McCook's trains.

About two o'clock the battle had shifted again from right to left; the enemy discovering the impossibility of succeeding in their main design, had suddenly massed his forces on the left, crossing the river or moving under cover of high bluffs from his right, and for about two hours the fight raged with unremitting fury. The advantage was with the enemy for a considerable length of time, when they were checked by our murderous fire of both musketry and artillery. The scene at this point was magnificent and terrible. The whole battle was in full view, the enemy deploying right and left, bringing up their batteries in fine style, our own vomiting smoke and iron missiles upon them with awful fury, and our gallant fellows moving to the front with unflinching courage, or lying flat upon their faces to escape the rebel fire, until the moment for action.

There was not a place on the field that did not give men a satisfactory idea of the manner of hot fire, solid shot, shell, and Minie balls, which rattled around like hail.

Rosecrans himself was incessantly exposed—it is wonderful that he escaped. His Chief of Staff, noble Lieutenant colonel Garesche, had his head taken off by a round shot, and the blood splattered the General and some of the staff. Lieutenant Lyman Kirk, just behind him, was lifted clear out of his saddle by a bullet, which shattered his left arm. Three orderlies and the gallant Sergeant Richmond, of the 4th United States Cavalry, were killed within a few feet of him, and five or six horses in the staff and escort were struck.

Between four and five o'clock, the enemy apparently exhausted by his rapid and incessant assault, took up a position not assailable without abundant artillery, and the fire on both sides slackened and finally ceased at dark, the battle having raged eleven hours. The loss of life on our side is considerable. The field is comparatively limited. The whole casualty list that day, excluding captures, did not exceed perhaps one thousand and five hundred, of whom not more than one-fourth were killed. This is attributable to the care taken to make our men lie down. The enemy's loss must have been more severe, but among our losses we mourn such noble souls as General Sill, General August Willich, Colonel Garesche, Colonel Minor Milliken, 1st Ohio Cavalry; Colonel Hawkins, 13th Ohio; Colonel McKee, 3d Kentucky; Colonel Gorman, 15th Kentucky, Colonel Kell, 2d Ohio; Lieutenant Colonel Shepherd, 18th Regulars; Major Carpenter, 19th Regulars; Captain Edgarton, 1st Ohio Battery and his two Lieutenants, and many more.

No other Generals hurt. Among our wounded are General Kirk, General Van Cleve, so reported; Colonel Moody, 74th Ohio, who established a splendid reputation; Colonel Cassilly, 99th Ohio; Colonel King, 1st Regiment Regulars; Majors Foot, Richer, Slemmers, 11th Regiment; Captains Bell, Wise, Barry, McDonnell, Power and York, and Lieut. McAllister, 15th Regulars; Major Townsend, 18th Regulars; Captain Lang, 4th Regular Cavalry; Lieutenants McClellan, Millers and Foster, 27th Ohio.

When the battle closed, the enemy occupied ground which was ours in the morning, and the advantage theirs. Their object in attacking was to cut us off from Nashville; they almost succeeded. They had played their old game. If McCook's corps had held more firmly against Hardee's corps and Cheatham's when he fought, Rosecrans plan of battle would have succeeded.

At dark they had a heavy force on our right, leading to the belief that they intended to pursue. Their cavalry, meantime, was excessively troublesome, cutting deeply into our train behind us, and we had not cavalry enough to protect ourselves. The 4th Regulars made one splendid dash at them, capturing sixty-seven and releasing five hundred prisoners they had taken from us. The enemy took a large number.

The Fight on New Year's Day.

General Rosecrans determined to begin the attack this morning, and opened furiously with our left at dawn. The enemy, however, would not retire from our right, and the battle worked that way. At eleven o'clock matters were not flattering on either side. At twelve o'clock our artillery, new supplies of ammunition having arrived, was massed, and a terrible fire opened. The enemy began to give way, General Thomas pressing on their center, and Crittenden advancing on their left. The battle was more severe at that hour than it had been, and the result was yet doubtful.

Both sides were uneasy, but determined. General Rosecrans feels its importance fully. If he is defeated it will be badly, because he will fight as long as he has a brigade. If he is victorious, the enemy will be destroyed. At this hour we are apprehensive. Some of our troops behaved badly, but most of them were heroes.

I believe all our troops but Walker's brigade, consisting of the 17th and 31st Ohio, and two other regiments, were in Wednesday's battle, those named being on guard; but they were engaged to-day.

The enemy seemed fully as numerous as we. They did not use as much artillery. Generals Joe Johnston and Bragg were in command.

Prisoners say they lost largely.

General McCook was brave to a fault and self-possessed. He narrowly escaped death many times. His horse was killed under him, and he was severely hurt by the falling.

11:15 O'clock, A. M.—No later tidings of to-day's battle. Rebel cavalry are destroying our wagon train on Murfreesboro Pike, to-night.

Additional Casualties.—Killed: Colonel Stein, 101st Ohio; Lieut. Colonel McKee, 15th Wisconsin; Colonel Almande, 21st Illinois; Colonel Roberts, 42^d Illinois; Col. Walker, 31st Ohio, commanding brigade; Col. Harrington, 27th Illinois; Capt. John Johnson, 15th Wisconsin.

Wounded: Gen. Rousseau, slightly; Gen. Wood, severely; Lieut. Colonel 101st Ohio, badly; Col. Carlin, 38th Illinois, commanding brigade; Captain Oscar F. Mark; acting Inspector General of Thomas' staff, severely; Capt. Douglass, 18th Regulars.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Late Telegraphic News.
[Saturday's Associated Press Report.]
Gen. Butler at Washington.
Contraband Glorification.
The Great Battles
at Murfreesboro.
Our Forces Advancing Still.
Gen. Bragg Reported Killed.
Gen. Willich Not Killed.
Wheeler's Rebel Cavalry, Ut-
terly Routed.
The Rebels Whipped at Christiana.
Van Dorn and Forest Whipped
The Monitor Foundered at Sea. . . .
More About the Murfreesboro Battle.

Nashville, January 3.—It is reliable reported that General Bragg was killed to-day. There has been fighting all day. No particulars. Our forces are advancing and the rebels are falling back across Stone's River.

Wounded slightly—Colonel Miller, Colonel Blake, Fortieth Indiana; Lieutenant Colonel Neff, Colonel Hull and Captain Pate.

Heavy rain all day.

Heavy cannonading yesterday till noon. The rebels attacked our left, and were terribly repulsed.

Very little fighting yesterday.

Our forces do not yet occupy Murfreesboro.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Battles Near Murfreesboro.

The latest intelligence from General Rosecrans' army is favorable. The slaughter went on for four days, and, according to the last account, Rosecrans had taken Murfreesboro, and was pressing the retreating enemy. The news of the capture of the rebel stronghold is not in detail and definite, but the probabilities are that it is correct.

General Rosecrans certainly established himself on the east side of Stone's River, which we understand to have been the rebel line of defense. If the rebels were driven from that line, we do not believe they could maintain themselves at the town.

Our Correspondence.

Most of our columns are filled this morning with letters and dispatches from our correspondents with the Union armies of the West. The letters of our regular and occasional correspondents with Gen. Rosecran's army are in the highest degree interesting, giving the events of the advance of the Army of the Cumberland from Nashville upon the rebels at Murfreesboro, in most graphic style. The letter of our regular correspondent—W. D. B.—is especially intelligible and comprehensive, giving details of affairs up to the night before the first general engagement.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 5, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

Latest Telegraphic News.
Special Dispatches Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial.
Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.
From the Battle-Field
Near Murfreesboro.
Our Reverses on Wednesday.
Our Successes on Thursday.
List of Killed and Wounded Officers.
Thousands of Killed and
Wounded on Both Sides.

Battle-Field of Stone's River, Tenn.,
January 2.}

The terrific battle of Stone's River is not yet decided. It has continued three days, with intermissions yesterday and to-day. Old soldiers pronounce it the gamiest conflict ever fought on this continent.

After the great battle of Wednesday the enemy persisted in massing upon our right, to cut us off from Nashville. Our right was thrown out to Osterman's Creek, but on Thursday, finding that wing too strong, the enemy suddenly rushed upon our center, but were bitterly repulsed by the left of the corps commanded by General Thomas and the right of Crittenden's corps. Later in the day they fiercely assailed the right center, and were again repulsed. Both sides spent the remainder of the day in sharp skirmishing and maneuvering for position. During that night the enemy appeared to be concentrating again upon our right. Their commands were distinctly heard in our camps, but suspecting a *ruse*, General Rosecrans threw Beatty's brigade of Van Cleve's division across the river on our left, with supports, where they rested. At about 10 o'clock this morning the enemy made another formidable rush at our center, but were handsomely repulsed. At between three and four o'clock this afternoon, a tremendous mass of the enemy was suddenly precipitated upon Beatty's brigade, and drove it, after a gallant struggle, clear back across the river. Negley's superb division, which had already immortalized itself and its heroic commander, and the faithful division of Jeff. C. Davis, were thrown in successively, and the most desperate contest of the battle ensued, both sides seemed furiously determined to win victory, and both threw in their artillery, until nearly all the batteries in the two armies were at work. The uproar of musketry and artillery was of the most violent description. The whole field was soon shrouded in a pall of smoke. Our brave fellows were sadly cut up, but they marched to the assault with unflinching determination. Negley at last ordered his division to charge. The men pushed forward without faltering, and the enemy suddenly gave way. The gallant 78th

Pennsylvania charged home on the 26th Tennessee, and captured its colors. Another rushed upon a battery, drove away the gunners, and seized it for their trophy. A great shout of victory roared along the whole line, and was carried in magnificent volume from left to right, through the forest and back again.

General Rosecrans, in the midst of fire and carnage, ordered an advance of the whole line, and at dusk the dense forests blazed with fires of fierce intensity, our line sweeping forward with wild enthusiasm. But darkness made it impossible to press our advantage to conclusion. Nevertheless the left was fairly established on the east bank of the river. The center advanced to a position heretofore held by the enemy, and the right again advanced almost to the line from which it was driven on Wednesday. Thus you perceive the decisive advantage is with us. Tomorrow morning, however, the battle will be renewed. Our losses, however, have been serious. Since Wednesday evening they amount to about 4,000 killed and wounded of which 500 are killed. Our loss in prisoners is several thousand, and the enemy on the first day captured about twenty-six guns and disabled six. We captured four from them on Wednesday.

The rebel loss, as estimated by themselves, was between 4,000 and 5,000 killed and wounded, including Brig. Gen. Raines, killed. Altogether we have captured about 1,000 prisoners, from all the Southern States. Gen. Cheatham's Adjutant General and sundry field officers were captured.

Among the casualties on our side, additional to those already forwarded, are Col. Schaefer, commanding Missouri brigade in Sherridan's [sic] division; Lieut. Col. Cotton, of Louisville; Lieut. Col. Tanner, of the 22d Indiana; Major A. O. Russell, of the 6th Ohio, all killed. Wounded—Col. P. I. Swaine, 99th Ohio, through right arm; Col. Scott, 19th Illinois, badly; col. Nick Anderson, 6th Ohio, in thigh; Col. Blake, 40th Ind., and the Lieut. Colonel of the same regiment, wounded, and captured while being moved to Nashville. They were paroled and proceeded.

Capt. R. ah. Tilson, 22d Indiana, and Lieut. Burke, 1st Ohio Artillery, and Capt's Pinney and Carpenter, 5th and 8th Wisconsin Batteries, killed. Col. Walker, of Ohio, and Col. Carlin, of Illinois, commanding brigades, and Lieut. Col. Shepherd, of the 18th Regulars, reported killed, were not hurt. Gen. Willich was captured uninjured.

Among hundreds who have distinguished themselves, are Gen. Negley, Gen. Stanley, col. Walters, of the 88th Illinois, Captains Thruston and Fisher, of McCook's Staff, Capt. Otis, of the 44th Regular Cavalry, and Col. Von Schrader.

The daring valor and self-possession of Gen. Rosecrans, under the most trying circumstances, excites the wildest enthusiasm in the army.

The field hospitals are admirably conducted by medical Director Swift and Staff.

W. D. B.

Skirmishing and Sharp Fighting on
Saturday—Heavy Losses on Both
Sides—Additional Casualties Among
Officers—A Rebel Fortification Car-
ried at the Point of the Bayonet.

Battle-field of Stone's River, Tenn.,}

January 3.}

It rained hard all this day. Both armies suspended hostilities, save skirmishing. This evening we battered down a rebel house, which concealed sharpshooters, and after short fighting,

drove the enemy out of a cover from which they damaged us. Unless the enemy attack, Sunday will, perhaps, be quiet.

Up to date, our killed and wounded, including skirmishing, amount to nearly 5,000. There is an unusual proportion of wounds severe. The killed are about one-fifth of the wounded.

The Murfreesboro Rebel Banner, of yesterday, admits a rebel loss of 5,000 in Wednesday's battle. They have lost at least 2,000 since.

Prisoners state that Generals Hardee and Hanson were killed.

Additional Federal officers killed and wounded: [list] . . . The Lieutenant Colonel of the 69th Indiana was saved by a breast plate. A shot struck his breast and knocked him out of his saddle. Sergt. John Porter, of General Rosecrans' staff, riding directly behind the General, received a piece of shell between his pants and haversack, cutting his breeches.

Since the above was written, the skirmish developed into a bitter fight. Gen. Rousseau, worried by some rebels behind breast-works, sent Col. Beatty, of the 2d Ohio, with his regiment and the 88th Indiana, and they carried the works by the point of the bayonet, capturing many prisoners and holding the works. All is quiet now, but the enemy is reported evacuating.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Victory in Tennessee.

At last it is safe to say that the army under the command of General Rosecrans has whipped that under General Bragg. The result of the first day's general engagement was in favor of the rebels. They defeated our right wing, drove back our center, and assailed our left with the utmost fury. They claim to have taken four thousand prisoners, and it is admitted that they captured the batteries of one of McCook's divisions.

But they had to deal with a General of fixed purposes, the pluckiest possible fighting disposition, dauntless personal courage, and great fertility in the resources suited to an emergency; and this General, it is proven, had an army worthy of him. The situation, Wednesday night, was nearly desperate. The right wing of the army was shattered. Thousands of prisoners and several batteries had been lost. Many of our best officers were killed, wounded, or prisoners. The enemy's cavalry were harrassing [sic] our rear.

From this gloomy condition, the generous, splendid army, under its unflinching leader, fought its way, against a most formidable enemy, to victory. Rosecrans and his army have earned immortal honors. They have the warm admiration and deep gratitude of the nation, and will receive the applause of the world. Their glory will never fade, but shall brighten through time, as the magnitude of their work, their heroic endurance and noble devotion, stand forth in the living light of history.

It was not until after four days of dreadful carnage had passed, that the stubborn foe gave way. But on Sunday our troops occupied Murfreesboro, and the rebel legions, so lately reviewed on that ground, by Jeff. Davis, were beaten southward, mangled and disorganized.

The victory has been dearly bought. 5,500 of our heroes are in Murfreesboro, wounded. According to the average proportion there are 1,000 dead on the field. We have duties to perform toward the wounded. It would be an everlasting reproach if every effort within our power were not instantly made for their relief. Most fortunately the Cumberland River is at a good stage, and steamers, with the necessary supplies, may be dispatched to Nashville without delay.

The ability of General Rosecrans to pursue the enemy, is questionable. The army is, doubtless, cruelly shaken and exhausted by the tremendous combats in which it has triumphed. But every regiment that can be spared from Kentucky, should be, we understand is being promptly and decisively hurried forward to improve the occasion. Kentucky will be safe enough if the enemy can be driven head-long out of middle Tennessee.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 6, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

Latest Telegraphic News.
Special Dispatches Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial.
Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.
From the Field of Battle.
Rebel Intrenchments [sic] Stormed by
Ohio and Indiana Troops.
Rebels Evacuating Murfreesboro and
Supposed Retreating to Fayetteville.
Our Loss in Killed and Wounded 6,000.
The Enemy's Loss Fully as Great.

Battle-field, Stone River. }
January 5. }

Saturday it rained, and all was quiet till night, when the 3d Ohio and 88th Indiana charged and carried the rebel breast-works, capturing fifty prisoners and killing many rebels, with slight loss. During the night the enemy evacuated, and are supposed to be retreating to Fayetteville.

Our loss in killed and wounded is about six thousand. The enemy claim that they captured four thousand prisoners. Their loss is fully as great. Our loss of field officers, valuable ones, is distressing.

The rivers are all rising rapidly.
Gen. Willich is a prisoner.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Battle Near Murfreesboro.

General Rosecrans states distinctly that the defeat of his right wing in the first great battle before Murfreesboro, was occasioned by a surprise. General Bragg seems to have repeated his Perryville tactics in suddenly throwing his whole force against one of our wings. At Murfreesboro, as at Perryville, the corps of the Union army assailed was that commanded by McCook. But General Rosecrans had his army in hand, and handled his troops so well that the enemy were beaten back and at last defeated. The rebels animated by their first success on the right assaulted our left and center, and were repulsed with wholesale slaughter. They seem, however, to have effected their retreat without great loss of property. They lost two Generals killed, and there is a third reported killed, and four wounded. Our correspondent says we had fifty field officers killed and wounded. Our total loss is 1,100 killed, and 6,000 wounded. The rebel loss is about the same, and believed to be a few hundred greater. By the "surprise" of our right wing on the first day, the safety of the whole army was imperilled [sic], and a less plucky and persevering General than Rosecrans would, after such a disaster, have retreated to Nashville. But he manifested an unflinching determination to fight to the last, and the enemy, less obstinate, quailed before him, and precipitately retreated. It is still too early to sum up the result, but the

appearance is that the enemy, unless heavily reinforced, must continue their retreat beyond the Tennessee River. We doubt Gen. Rosecrans' ability to make such a pursuit, as will convert the retreat of the rebels into a rout. They were desperately determined to hold Middle Tennessee, and their expulsion from it must be disheartening, though they may congratulate themselves upon the display of fighting qualities of the first order.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 7, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

Late Telegraphic News.
Special Dispatches Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial
Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.
From Murfreesboro.
The Retreat of the Enemy,
Rebel Generals Rains and Hanson Killed.
Gen. Breckinridge Wounded.
We Take 1,500 Prisoners.
Our Loss 1,100 Killed and 6,000 Wounded.
The Battle Field.

Murfreesboro, January 5.

The enemy evacuated this place in haste during Saturday night. It is represented that they were seriously demoralized from losses; but they left no property behind. General Negley pursued them with infantry and a cavalry force also followed them. General Spears' 1st Tennessee Brigade attacked and dispersed their rear guard of cavalry.

Their loss in Wednesday's battle was 5,000, several hundred on Thursday, over 1,200 on Friday, and one hundred on Saturday, including wounded captives.

We have fifteen hundred of them prisoners—among them two Colonels and several Majors.

The bodies of Brigadier Generals Rains and Hanson are here.

General Breckinridge was severely wounded and General Adams had an arm broken. Major Clarence Prentice was wounded in the thigh.

the famous 1st Louisiana Regiment was destroyed.

Our own losses in all the engagements were 1,100 killed, about 6,000 wounded, and several thousand prisoners. One-third of the wounded will soon be able to resume duty. The army was considerably depleted by stragglers, including a number of officers, who will be disgracefully dismissed—several for desertion. Colonel Moody, of the 74th Ohio, was wounded. Colonel Charles Anderson, of the 93d Ohio, and Colonel John F. Miller were wounded, but did not leave the field. Colonel Williams, of the 25th Illinois, was killed. Lieutenant Colonel Hull, of the 37th Indiana, was wounded, but not dangerously.

We had about twenty-five field officers killed, and as many wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Tanner, of the 22d Indiana, reported killed, is wounded and a prisoner. The Chicago Board of Trade Battery, which behaved gallantly, lost four killed and eight wounded, including Lieut. Griffin, wounded. Loomis' Michigan Battery lost one killed, twelve wounded, and thirteen horses killed.

A review of the field of battle since the evacuation shows that the enemy were much more formidably posted than we had developed, even by terrific fighting.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Great Battle of Stone
River, Tennessee.
Eight Days' Fighting.
Fierce Conflict of Wednesday.
The Right Wing Overwhelmed
Personal Gallantry of Gen. Rosecrans.
Death of Lt. Col. Garesche.
Brig. General Sill Killed
Awful Sacrifice of Field Officers.
Battle of Friday.
The Enemy Evacuates
Murfreesboro.
Our Loss Nearly 6,000 Killed
and Wounded.

[Special Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Battle-field of Stone River, Tenn.,}

Saturday, January 3, 1863.

A week of horrors, a week of carnage, a week of tremendous conflict—and battle still raging! At this moment there is angry rattle of musketry, and deep, sullen roar of cannon, echoing in the forest within Minie range of our marque. My God, when will it end! A thousand gallant dead slumber in their bloody graves; four thousand wounded and mangled patriots are moaning on this sanguinary field. god knows how many rebel lives have spent during this fearful week, or how many desperate traitors suffer the agony of dreadful wounds.

In the rage of conflict the human heart expresses little sympathy with human suffering. Your best friend is lifted from the saddle by the fatal shaft, and plunges wildly to the earth—a corpse. One convulsive leap of your heart, you dash onward in the stormy field, and the dead is forgotten until the furious frenzy of battle is spent. “Never mind,” said our great-hearted General, when the death of the noble Sill was announced, “brave men must die in battle! We must seek results.” When Garesche’s headless trunk fell at his feet, a shock thrilled him, and he dashed again into the fray. He was told that McCook was killed. “We can not help it; men who fight must be killed. Never mind; let us fight this battle.”

After battle! Oh, my friends, the mind furnishes no language befitting the anguish of human hearts when we drag from the bloody mass the mutilated and disfigured forms of those we love.

Colonel Fred. Jones, of the 24th Ohio, whom so many of you loved for his lofty character and chivalrous courage, was among the dead of bloody Wednesday; noble-souled Sill, pure as a woman, and almost as lovable, with brilliant intellect, polished manners, and full of fervent patriotism, died a hero and a victor, almost in the first shock of battle; Colonel Minor Milliken, youthful, zealous active, among the first to draw his sword for his country, is no more; Colonel Roberts, whose gallantry on other fields won the plaudits of his countrymen; brave Shaeffer, who wrested laurels from the sanguinary fields of Wilson’s Creek and Pea Ridge; Alexander and Harrington, of Illinois; Forman and McKee, of Kentucky; Carpenter, of the gallant 10th Regulars; Hawkins, Kell and Stone, of Ohio; Tanner, of Indiana; Pinney and Carpenter, of Wisconsin; all are gone, and so many nameless braves. It seemed as if the demon of destruction raged among

our most gallant officers on that fearful day. Death singled out too many shining marks, and made them all his own.

I should have forwarded you a detailed sketch of the Battle of Stone River several days ago; but who could write in the tumult of battle? It is the most exhausting of human excitements. There is no place for the prosecution of professional labors. Fatigue, privations and excitement unfits one for such labor. Besides, the contest was so uncertain, the situation so critical, and the collection of accurate information so utterly impossible, that I deemed a telegram sufficient to supply requisitions until the true account of the battle could be collected. Excepting the first assault upon our right, when it was driven back, I saw the whole battle from the midst of the field, but its tides shifted so frequently, and its fortunes were so capricious, that I almost despair of making the record satisfactory. The actions of regiments I can not follow. They belong to the biographies of the regiments. It will be difficult even to follow brigades, for nearly 100,000 men were engaged in furious conflict all day long, from daylight until the sun had sunk below the horizon.

The campaign was briefly reviewed in a previous letter, and the plan of operations sketched. Subsequent events caused material modifications. It will assist description to recite the history of the whole movement.

On Friday, December 26, the army advanced in three columns, Major General McCook's corps down the Noblesville Pike, driving Hardee before him a mile and a half beyond Nolinsville. Major General Thomas' corps, from its encampment on the Franklin Pike *via* the Wilson pike; Crittenden on the Murfreesboro Pike. The right and left met with considerable resistance in a rolling and hilly country, with rocky bluffs and dense cedar thickets affording cover for the enemy's skirmishers. Crittenden moved to a point within a mile and a half of Lavergne, skirmishing with the enemy sharply. General Thomas met with but little opposition.

On the 28th, General McCook completed his reconnoissance [sic] of Hardee's movements, and General Crittenden awaited results, while General Thomas moved his corps across to Stewart's Creek, executing a fatiguing march with great energy, General Rosecrans deeming his junction with the left of great importance at that time.

On the 29th, General McCook moved to Wilkinson's Cross-roads, within seven miles of Murfreesboro, at the end of a short road through a rough, rolling country, skirted by bluffs and dense cedar thickets. Gen. Crittenden moved forward with some resistance to a point within three miles of Murfreesboro, and found the enemy in force. Gen. Negley was moved forward to the center, Rousseau's division in reserve on the right of Crittenden's corps. General Rosecrans' headquarters advanced to the east side of Stewart's Creek, and after a hasty supper he proceeded to the front and remained on the field all night. He was accompanied by Lieut. Col. Garesche, his Chief of Staff, col. Barnet, Chief of Artillery, Major Goddard, A. A. G., Major Skinner, Lt. Byron Kirby, Lt. Bond, and Father Tracy, who remained faithfully with him, and at no time, from the beginning of the action deserted him.

On the 30th, Gen. McCook advanced on the Wilkinson pike, through heavy thickets, stubbornly resisted by the enemy, Gen. Sheridan's division being in advance, Gen. Sill's brigade constituting his right. The enemy developed such strength that Gen. McCook directed Sherridan [sic] to form in line of battle, and the division of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis was thrown out upon his right. It was now discovered that Hardee's corps was in front, on the west side of the river, in line of battle, his front crossing our right obliquely, in position, if extended, to flank us. Our left stood fast, in line corresponding with the course of Stone River, mainly upon undulating fields. The center under Negley, slightly advanced into a cedar thicket, and was engaged, with great

difficulty, in reconnoitering, under sharp resistance, and in cutting roads through the almost impenetrable forest, to open communication with the right. The contest had brought forward McCook's right division, facing strongly south-east, with the reserve division between the center and right, and sufficiently far in the rear to support, and if necessary, to extend it—the consequences of which were developed next day. Two brigades of Johnson's division—Kirk's and Willich's—were ultimately thrown out on the extreme right, facing south, and somewhat in reserve, to make everything secure.

That morning the General commanding and his staff were in saddle at daylight, directing movements. The position of the enemy was being gradually developed. They were strongly posted, their center covered by a cedar forest in a bend of Stone River, west side, their flanks on the Murfreesboro side, giving them the advantage of concentrating on either flank with small risk. While the General was reconnoitering the field, the enemy opened a battery upon his escort and a solid shot carried away the head of Orderly McDonald of the 4th Regular Cavalry.

Headquarters were established under a cluster of trees, in the field. Rain was pouring down briskly, and the situation was dismal. The General was somewhat anxious, the position of the enemy being perplexing. Skirmishing, in the center, was animated, and there seemed to be heavy fighting on the right. It was known that Kirby Smith was in command of the enemy's right, Polk's corps in the center, and Hardee on the left, and the exhibition of rebel strength indicated an equality with our own. We had the divisions of Generals Jeff. C. Davis, Johnston, Sherridan [sic], Negley, Rousseau, Wood, Van Cleve and Palmer, posted in the order in which they are named, with Johnston, Rousseau and Wood in reserve, and Starkweather's brigade, of Rousseau's division, on the Jefferson Pike, besides the cavalry division, under the gallant Brig. Gen. D. S. Stanley, to protect our flanks.

Fighting under these conditions did not offer a favorable prospect. The enemy had powerful natural fortifications, with their center effectually masked by almost impenetrable cedar forests, unapproachable save by slow and cautious movement. Gen. McCook was instructed to feel his way cautiously and press the enemy. Negley forced his way prudently but boldly.

After a reconnoissance [sic] of the field, headquarters were established upon the slope of a meadow rolling off gently toward Murfreesboro Pike. A shelter of rails was thrown up against a fence under a cluster of trees, several gutta percha blankets being cast over in order to afford some dry facilities for writing. It was not a very picturesque headquarters, yet a scene worth perpetuation. The central figure was intensely absorbed in the great events culminating within his active, restless mind. He had said this was to be "the great decisive battle of the war." The fact that the enemy had made a stand impressed him that they were either desperate or in force capable to resist the shock of battle. Their position was so skillfully chosen that it required all the resources of a powerful mind to force it. His mobile features betrayed his intensity of thought, but the readiness and clearness of his directions upon any suggestion or subject of inquiry confirmed the confidence in him of those by whom he was surrounded. His able Chief of Staff, the lamented Garesche, sat by him upon a rail, faithfully and constantly in the driving storm, responding with alacrity and relieving him of the labor of details. Every member of his staff stood within call; and Gen. Crittenden, with his own staff, completed the immediate circle inclosing the figure of him upon whom such momentous events depended. A group of cavalry escorts and carriers in the rear, dismounted and holding the staff horses; long lines of battle reaching across the field; the movement of artillery and subsistence trains, to and fro, now and then a wild scurry of cavalry over the fields, a courier or aids darting swiftly to the front or rear, formed an animated perspective for the picture which commands our time. As hours wore away

a dismal storm which had driven mercilessly during the morning subsided, and the wind blew clear and cold. A fire of cedar rails was kindled, and a fence was built around the roaring fire for general comfort. You know how cheerful such a bivouac may be made—toes toasting and your backs shivering—and how merrily quips and jest circle around the glowing coals. I suppose there are situations from which men may derive more comfort, but a soldier's life you know must be always gay. Such old patriots as Colonel John Kennet I expect would discover serene satisfaction before a cheerful grate, but younger men, looking at the chances of battle only upon the hopeful side, were not apt to consider any fancy but that which would serve as recollections for fireside use when the storm of war shall have settled into happy peace. Now and then some body ventured a suggestion that some body would "be killed to-morrow," but I found none who desired to apply the consoling fancy to himself—men are so prone you know, to saddle their fortunes upon their fellows. I had an impression, however, and I can not tell upon what it was based, that Garesche had a presentiment of his fate. Always a devout man, and inclined to asceticism, there was something more than ordinarily impressive and attractive in his deportment that day. He was most pleasant, even affectionate, to all who approached him, and once or twice I discovered him cautiously but intensely perusing his prayer-book. He was one of that class of men whose courage you could not suspect. Perhaps his seriousness and devotion that day appeared the more striking on that account. He was never contentious in any sense, and his eager devotion to religious exercises on that field strongly impressed me. I could not shake off a feeling of uneasiness on his behalf. I felt happy, however, in turning the matter over in my own mind, in the belief that no man in that great army was better prepared to meet his Maker. But this is an episode within an episode.

We were as confident that day that there would be battle on the next, as we were conscious of existence. The sound of battle was already ominous. A good many men indeed have already fallen. Rebels in considerable numbers were already visible across the plains, on the opposite side of the river. We watched them through our glasses with excited interest. Reports of menacing movements came in constantly. At last heavy guns were heard on the left, away in the distance, and two hours later the General was annoyed by official report that rebel cavalry had captured some of our wagons on the Jefferson Pike. Still later the daring rascals captured another train directly in our rear, on the Murfreesboro Pike. A strong cavalry force was dispatched after them, but gallant Colonel Burke, posted at Stonard Creek with his 13th Ohio, had already sent one hundred and fifty of his men to intercept the mauraders [sic] and he re-captured most of the property.

Night was approaching without battle when Captain Fisher, of General McCook's staff dashed up on a foaming steed, bearing information that Kirby Smith, supported by Breckinridge, had concentrated on our left. "Tell General McCook," said General Rosecrans, that "if he is assured that such is the fact, he may drive Hardee sharply if he is ready. At all events, tell him to prepare for battle to-morrow morning. Tell him to fight as if the fate of a great battle depended upon him. While he holds Hardee, the left, under Crittenden, will swing around and take Murfreesboro. Let Hardee attack, if he desires. It will suit me exactly."

Just now a report came in that the rebel cavalry had captured a little squad of thirty men, at Lavergne, with the telegraph operator, besides wounding Mr. Tidd, the telegraph reporter. The rascals were at their old tricks, and we had no cavalry to spare to attend to them.

At dark, headquarters took shelter and supper. Late in the evening it was ascertained that the enemy had massed heavily on McCook, and would probably attack him in the morning. General McCook was again enjoined to fight hard, and, if necessary, give ground a little while

the left should swing around into Murfreesboro. General Rosecrans was in high spirits with the progress of affairs and confident of success. He remained awake nearly all night, and at five o'clock aroused the staff. At daylight he attended mass in a tent adjoining his own, and with Lieut. Col. Garesche, partook of communion, Father Cooley, of the 35th Indiana, officiating.

After an early breakfast, the staff was assembled, and communications were received from the Generals of the left and center. Meantime the roar of cannon on the right indicated battle. At seven o'clock I started through the woods to watch the progress of the engagement. A mile from quarters I met a stream of stragglers pouring through the thickets reporting disaster—"General Sill is killed; General Johnson had lost three batteries; McCook's line is broken; the enemy is driving us; rebel cavalry is in the rear capturing our trains." The stragglers generally were not panic-stricken. Most of them had their arms, but the negroes, servants, and teamsters were frantic.

The report being made to the General, he dismissed [sic] it summarily, remarking, "All right, we will rectify it." Soon after, official reports were received confirming the tidings of disaster. The prospect was gloomy, but the cheering demeanor of the General restored confidence. The roar of battle approached alarmingly near and rapidly. It was now ascertained that the enemy had massed on our right and attacked along its entire line. Hardee and McCook had formed their lines on opposite sides of a valley, which narrowed toward McCook's left. Two of Johnson's brigades were on the extreme right and one was guarding the train. Davis was in the center, and Sherridan [sic] on the left. Sill's brigade was on the right of Sherridan [sic] a division, Schafer's Pea Ridge brigade in the center, and Col. Roberts (43d Illinois) brigade on his left. Sill was posted on the crest of a hill at the narrowest part of the valley. The enemy advanced upon him in columns of regiments, massed six lines deep--sufficient to break any ordinary line; but Sill gallantly received the shock, and drove the foe clear back to his original position, where they reformed. Schaeffer and Roberts were equally successful. But Johnson's division, taken somewhat by surprise, was swung back like a gate, and began to crumble at the flanks. Two of his batteries—Edgarton's and Goodspeed's—were taken before a gun was fired; the horses had not been harnessed, and some were even then going to water. This, I understand, was not the fault of Johnson; who, I am told, had issued prudent orders. The enemy's line, obliquely to ours originally, had worked around until it flanked us almost transversely, giving them a direct, enfilading, and rear fire. Johnson's division melted away like a snowbank in spring time, thus imperiling Davis' division, which was also obliged to break. Sherridan [sic] immediately changed front to the rear, and his left, adjoining Negley, was forced into an angle, which gave the enemy the decisive advantage of a cross fire. Sill rallied his men again most gallantly, and while leading them in a charge was fatally struck, and died at the head of his line, a musket ball entering his upper lip and ranging upward through his brain. General Willich, at about the same time, was captured. Brig. Gen. Kirk was seriously wounded, and the gallant Colonel Roberts, of the 42d Illinois, while repulsing a fierce attack at the angle, was killed at the head of his brigade. Sherridan [sic] had thus lost two brigade commanders and Hoatling's Battery. His almost orphan division was left to protect Negley's left, in the center, both Davis and Johnson being sent off from him. But Sheridan, by his own noble exertions, held his division firmly, and the 8th Division, under Negley, by desperate valor, checked the powerful masses of the enemy until succor could be thrown in from the left and the reserves. Sherridan [sic] having repulsed the enemy four times, and changed his front completely in face of the enemy, retired toward the Murfreesboro Pike, bringing back his gallant command in perfect

order. There has been no time to inquire into the causes of the disaster on the right, but obviously there was something wrong.

Meantime, while this losing battle was going on, the General commanding had galloped into the field, followed by his staff and escort. He had sent a reply to McCook's application for aid: "Tell Gen. McCook I will help him." In an instant he galloped to the left and sent forward Beatty's brigade. Moving down to the extreme left, he was discovered by the enemy, and a full battery opened upon him. Solid shot and shell stormed about us furiously. The General himself was unmoved by it, but his staff generally were more sensitive. The inclination to dodge was irresistible. Directly one poor fellow of the escort was dismounted, and his horse galloped frantically over the fields. The General directed Col. Barnett, his Chief of Artillery, to post a battery to shell the enemy, waiting to see it done. The Colonel galloped forward coolly, under fire, and soon had Cox's 10th Indiana battery lumbering toward a commanding point. The officer in command wheeled into position at a point apparently unfavorable for sharp work. The General shouted "On the crest; on the crest of the hill." On the crest it went, and in five minutes the rebels closed their music. Beatty's brigade was now double-quicking under fire obliquely from left to right, as coolly as if on parade. Inquiring who held the extreme left, the General was answered, Col. Wagner's brigade. "Tell Wagner to hold his position at all hazards." Soon after Col. Wagner replied, iconically, "Say to the General *I will*." Down at the toll-gate, on the Pike, we got another "blizzard," with an interlude of Minies, which whistled about with an admonitory *slit*. The shifting scene of battle now carried the General back to the center of the field. The enemy were streaming through the woods a few hundred yards in front. The forest was populous with them. Our batteries were dashing across the plain with frightful vehemence, wheeling into position and firing with terrific rapidity. The rebel artillery played upon us remorselessly, tearing men and horses to pieces. The sharpshooters were still more vicious. A flight of bullets passed through the Staff. I heard an insinuating *thud!* and saw a poor orderly within saber distance topple from his saddle, and tumble headlong to mother earth. One convulsive shudder, and he was no more. His bridle hand clutched the reins in death. A comrade loosened his grasp, and his faithful grey stood quietly by the corpse. Another bullet went through the jaw of Lieutenant Benton's beautiful chestnut. Smarting with pain, he struck violently with his hoofs at the invisible tormentor. Benton dismounted and awaited the anticipated catastrophe—but he rode his horse again, all through that fiery day. One or two other horses were hit, and the cavalcade rushed from that line of fire to another, just in time to be splashed with mud from the spat of a 6-pound shot. It seemed that there was not a square yard on the field free from fire. The rattle of musketry and roar of artillery was deafening. Still the General charged through it as if it had been harmless rain. It was wonderful that he escaped—fortunate that his uniform was covered by an overcoat. Galloping down again to the extreme front, an officer in range with the General was suddenly dismounted. A round-shot struck his horse squarely on the thigh, knocking him a rod, tumbling the rider all in a heap over the soil. Bushing out to the cedar forest, where Negley's gallant division was struggling against great odds, trusty Sherridan [sic] was met, bringing out his tried division in superb order. Negley was still fighting desperately, against odds. Johnston, too, appeared soon after; but his command was temporarily shattered.

The day was going against us. It was a most critical period. The left could not be swung into Murfreesboro, or behind Hardee, because we had no right. Sweeping rapidly across the front, a flight of Minie balls struck in the midst of the cavalcade. One of them struck Col. Garesche's charger fairly in the nostril, and punctured it as cleanly as any ringed-nose Durham bull you ever saw at a fair. The fiery animal flung his fine head at the sting, scattering his blood

upon his master. “Ah! hit, Garesche?” quoth [sic] the General. “My horse,” was the laconic response, and the gallant rider, whose airiness had excited the admiration of the army, pushed swiftly onward. A drop of blood fiercely flung away by the wounded horse, crimsoned the cheek of the General, and an hour later it gave rise to exquisite apprehensions. Some one who saw the blood, fancied it was a wound, and it was rumored throughout the camp that the General was hurt. Some of the staff, who had been sent away with orders, ransacked the field and hospitals to find him. After an hour’s torment, he was discovered, as usual, in the fore front of battle. Expostulation was in vain. His only reply was, “this battle must be won.”

During all this period, Negley’s two gallant brigades, under valiant old Stanley (of the 18th Ohio) and brave John F. Miller, were holding their line against awful odds. When the right broke, Negley had pushed in clean ahead of the left of the right wing, and was driving the enemy. The 78th Pennsylvania, 37th Indiana, 21st, 74th, 18th and 69th Ohio, the famous 19th Illinois, and 11th Michigan, with Knell’s, Marshall’s, Shultz’ and Bush’s batteries, sustained one of the fiercest assaults of the day, and the enemy was dreadfully punished. Still they came on like famished wolves, in columns, by divisions, sweeping over skirmishers, disregarding them utterly. The 19th Illinois, under gallant young Scott, and the 112th Michigan, led by brave Stoughton, charged in advance, and drove back a division. The enemy, far outnumbering the splendid 8th, swarmed in front, on both flanks, and finally burst upon its rear, reaching a point within fifty yards of Negley’s quarters before they were discovered—Negley being unaware of the extent of the disaster on the right. Rousseau’s division had been sent into the woods to support the 8th, but was withdrawn before the 8th got out. Negley had found his brigades in *echelon*, and seeing the critical nature of his position, he was obliged to order a retrograde movement. But even after that the 19th Illinois and 11th Michigan made another dash to the front, driving the enemy again, then wheeling abruptly, pushed steadily out of the cedars. The conduct of Stanley, Miller, Moody, Scott, Stoughton, Sewell, Hull, and Nibling, is commended in glowing terms. Colonel Cassilly was wounded early, and left the field. Scott and Hull were badly wounded. Miller got a flesh wound, but refused to leave the field. Moody was wounded too, and Von Schrader, with whom he had not been on friendly terms, was so gratified with his conduct that he shook him warmly by the hand, and forgot old scores. Von Schrader is a soldier, so that the virtue of his praise is apparent. No need to applaud Negley, the army looks upon him as a *General*. No guns were lost by the Eighth Division.

Rousseau, one of the most magnificent men on the field, with the port of Ajax, and the fire of Achilles—no wonder his gallant lads adore him—did not fancy his retrograde [sic] movement. The Regulars, 15th, 16th, 18th and 19th, under Col. Shepherd, on his right, liked it no better. Youthful Beatty, (3d O.) commanding the 17th Brigade, and Scribner, with the 9th, were also in ill-humor about it, but there was no help for it. After debouching from the cedars, Loomis and Guenther could find no good position at hand for their batteries, and the whole line fell back under severe fighting, the left lying flat upon the ground, the right covered by a crest. The two batteries now swiftly wheeled into favorable position, and poured double-shotted canister into the enemy. The 23d Arkansas was literally swept away by their devouring fire. Loomis and Guenther were wild with delight at their success. The baffled enemy came no further. The field was red with the blood of their slain. Rousseau sent word that he had fallen back to the position he then occupied. “Tell the General,” said he, “I’ll stay right here, *right here*; I won’t budge an inch.” He did stay “right” there.

I can not precisely fix the successive shiftings of battle in the order of time. Memory boasts no tenacity in the wild frenzy of the field. I think this all occurred before ten o’clock, but

it was part of the finest drama of the day, which barely preceded it. The whole right was then streaming back through the forests in disorder; save Sherridan's [sic] division. The gleaming steel of the hotly pursuing foe flashed in the glowing sunlight through vistas of the woods. Glancing through an opening into a cornfield beyond us, great masses of somber looking foes were observed rushing forward. Quick as though almost, the General formed an entirely new line of battle. The right had faced south-east. What was now the right faced westward. The enemy had compelled us to change front completely. General Rosecrans himself executed it at awful personal hazard. There was not a point in the very front of battle, which he did not visit. Taking advantage of a commanding crest, on the left of the pike, he posted the batteries, and some twenty or thirty guns opened with prodigious volume. Solid shot and shell crashed through the populous forest in a tumult of destructive fury. The cloud of smoke for some minutes completely enveloped the gunners, and obscured them from view. Now, then, we charge. Down through the field and across the road, the General in the lead. Bitterly whistled the leaden hail. A soldier falls dead under the very hoofs of the commander's horse. "Advance the line—charge them," and our gallant lads, fired with the wild enthusiasm of the moment, madly push up the hill. The forests are splintered with the furious volume of fire. On they go. Yon line of gray and steel halts, staggers, reels. "There they go," shouts the gallant leader. "Now drive them home!" Great God what tumult in the brain. Sense reels with the intoxicating frenzy. There was a line of dead blue coats where the charge was so gallantly made; but the corpses of the foe were scattered thickly through those woods. Beatty's brigade—Old Rich Mountain Beatty—made that glorious charge. It was the first encouraging event of that gloomy morn.

Sweeping rapidly from that point to our left, the whole line was put in motion, and the batteries advanced. A few hundred yards on the left of Beatty's line the enemy were still advancing, boldly driving a small brigade, down a little valley, before them. As the head of the retreating column debouched from a thicket, it was interrupted by the General, and re-formed by members of his staff. Stoke's battery advanced rapidly across the road, supported by Captain St. Clair Morton's battalions of pioneers—men selected from all regiments for their vigor and mechanical skill. The fire was desperately hot, but the General saw only a broken line which he determined to rally. The battery was planted on a little knoll, with its flanks protected by thickets, and Morton deployed his pioneers on either side. The battery opened briskly, and Morton lead his battalion beautifully to the front. The enemy, suddenly checked by murderous fire, staggered and fell back swiftly, sheltering themselves in friendly forests. And so, along the whole line, the enemy was pressed backward. The day was saved. No man disputes that the personal exertions of Gen. Rosecrans retrieved the fortunes of the morning.

But the battle though suspended was not ended. The enemy had been repulsed with terrible loss, but he was making a fight of desperation. Utmost vigilance was now necessary. It was altogether probable the storm would soon break out afresh. Our troops were disposed for a new attack. It soon began to develope [sic] by feints at various points on the line from left to right. The rebel sharpshooters were constantly annoying us, and the enemy's batteries render the field exceedingly uncomfortable. Almost one o'clock, perhaps, a strong demonstration was made upon our left, then a fierce onslaught on our right, Lieutenant Colonel Garesche and Kirby were in the thick of the fray. The former was soon dismounted by a sharpshooter, his horse being disabled. Kirby invited Garesche to mount his horse, and he walked back to the staff. Garesche had mounted another horse, and was galloping along side by side with the General when a solid shot carried away his head. His blood was spattered upon the staff. A moment later, Sergeant Richmond, of the 4th United States Cavalry, a gallant soldier, who had already

been recommended for promotion, was fatally hurt. Soon after, a Minie ball struck Byron Kirby in the left arm, and lifted him clear out of his saddle. The bone was shattered, Kirby disabled, and he was obliged to leave the field. A shell now burst in the midst of the escort. A fragment tore through Lieut. Porter's clothing, and cut open his haversack. Benton's, Hubbard's, Porter's, and Garesche's horses had all been struck; two orderlies were killed; the chief of Staff was dead; Kirby wounded; but the General was still unscathed. I need not tell you his dauntless personal demeanor inspired the troops with enthusiasm. They yelled like Sons of Mars whenever he appeared on the lines.

At about two o'clock the enemy were discovered right and left of the Murfreesboro Pike, advancing in heavy masses to attack our left wing. Such a field of battle is rarely witnessed. It was a scene of appalling grandeur. Every feature was keenly cut and clearly defined. The day was one of surprising beauty. The blazing sun shone kindly through the canopy of smoke which expanded over the dreadful combat. The pomp of battalions, in martial panoply, loomed up grandly in their staunch array. The stars and stripes floated magnificently, over the prostrate lines of the regiments. The "Banner of Beauty and Glory" never floated more proudly. Our troops lay prone upon their breasts, hugging the soil closely to avoid the iron storm which the foe hurled at them with malicious fury. The surface of the plain seemed ruled out in long blue parallels. At regular intervals there were bold figures of solitary horsemen standing out in sharp relief, faithful guardians of our brave soldiers, and shining targets for the infernal marksmen of the foe. Gallant officers, defiantly inviting the murderous skill of sharpshooters ambushed behind every covert on the plains. Oh! vain, sad sacrifice! It thrills the soul with anguish to scan the bloody record of that gory day. Behind them, crowning commanding crests, our own fine batteries distributed over the field in unstudied picturesqueness, were clothed in thunder and robed in sheets of smoke and flame. Horses, frantic with anguish of wounds, and wild with the furious tumult, were bounding in their leashes with desperate energy, seeking to fly the field. Dozens of them were torn to shreds. A single shell crushed through three noble hearts, and piled them, in dreadful confusion, under a shattered limber. A solid shot crashed against a gun-carriage and glanced off the head of another horse. One battery lost twenty-eight horses, another thirty-two. Hundreds of their carcasses are strewn upon the field. General McCook's horse was killed under him; Major Caleb Bates lost his, also. Negley's staff lost three or four. Every staff suffered in some degree.

The hostile array on the other side imparted an awful sublimity to the spectacle. Great masses of rebel troops moved steadily over the field, careless of our battery play, which tore upon their ranks and scattered them bleeding upon the soil. But they marched up through the destroying storm dauntlessly. Their batteries wheeled into position splendidly, and were worked with telling effect. There was a point, however, beyond which even their desperadoes could not be urged. Battle raged two hours with horrid slaughter, and neither side receded until nearly five o'clock, when the almost exhausted armies suspended operations for the night, excepting the play of a few batteries.

It was a most desperate contest and undecided. The advantage was with the enemy. He had driven our right almost upon our left, compelling us to change front under fire, and he occupied that part of the field. He also held territory occupied that morning by our pickets on the left, but we had receded from that ground to draw him out. No battle was ever more fiercely fought. Desperate valor had been displayed on either side. Victory had been promised to the foe, but the tenacity of our General, the skill with which he turned the tide of battle, his cheerfulness in the midst of adversity; the steadiness of General Thomas' and Crittenden's corps,

the dauntless courage of Rousseau's and Negle's [sic] glorious divisions gave promise of triumph in the end. But the situation was extremely critical. The enemy still evinced determination to turn our right and cut us off from Nashville.

Wednesday night was not very cheerful. The General commanding, however, was unmoved. He inspired all about him with his animating and hopeful spirit. He was up all night long, making dispositions for Thursday. Information confirmed the opinion that the enemy would renew the assault upon the right. They had extended their left clear down to Osterhaus Creek, and their cavalry had sorely harrassed [sic] our trains. Communication with Nashville had been cut off several times. It was worth a man's life to gallop up the road. A strong force of rebel cavalry made a dash behind us, within a mile of the front, and destroyed a considerable amount of hospital stores. General McCook's ammunition train was twice captured, and twice retaken by the 4th Regular Cavalry and Col. Minor Milliken's 1st Ohio Cavalry. It was finally brought into our lines safely by Captain Thruston, of Gen. McCook's staff. Thruston's address and courage, in taking care of his train, excited the admiration of General Rosecrans, who told McCook that "that young ordnance Captain of yours shall be made a Major, if I can do it." General D. S. Stanley also made several sharp charges upon rebel cavalry and rode them down pell mell.

Capt. Otis, commanding the 4th U. S. Cavalry, however, made the most effective and brilliant charge of the day. Wharton's rebel brigade had captured 300 of our men, and a large supply train. The 4th had no sabers, but Otis determined to charge with pistols. He had but six companies. The enemy being so much more numerous, and having some contempt for our cavalry, were not careful to get out of the way. Otis charged them, pistol in hand, literally riding over them and putting them to utter rout, recapturing our own men with their arms and the train, and capturing 70 rebels. Otis rallied his men as soon as possible and was about to charge a section of artillery, when an order from headquarters, directing him to proceed without delay down the Murfreesboro Pike, was received. This dashing charge also had the effect to check the advance of a division of infantry, which was sweeping around to our right.

The carnage of that day was terrible. It was underrated that night. Our killed and wounded, on the first day, was 3,000. The enemy confessed a loss of 5,000. But they captured about 25 pieces of artillery from us and a large number of prisoners. We captured probably 400 prisoners, and no guns. The Murfreesboro Rebel Banner, of yesterday, estimates our casualties at 20,000! and claims that they captured 3,500 prisoners, up to Saturday morning.

At dawn, Thursday morning, we renewed the battle, but the enemy were not disposed to accept the challenge, and they were posted in such a manner that a general attack was not deemed prudent. An hour or two later, they moved out of position and assaulted us furiously on the left of the center, and right of the left wing. After a severe engagement, they were handsomely repulsed. That evening Van Cleve's division, then under the command of Col. Beatty, of the 19th Ohio, was thrown across Stone River, on our extreme left, without serious resistance.

The same day the rebel cavalry appeared at various points on the Murfreesboro Pike, and cut up some of our trains. Colonel Innis, with the 9th Michigan Engineers, posted at Lavergne to protect the road, had just been reinforced by several companies of the 10th Ohio, under Lieutenant Colonel Burke, when Wheeler's cavalry brigade made a strong dash at his position. Colonel Innis had protected himself by a stockade of brush, and fought securely. The enemy charged several times with great fury, but were murderously repulsed. About fifty rebels were dismounted, and nearly a hundred of their horses were killed. Wheeler finally withdrew, and

sent in a flag of truce demanding surrender. Colonel Innis replied, "We don't surrender much." Wheeler then asked permission to bury his dead, which was granted. Traveling on the road, however, was extremely dangerous. Many of our stragglers and wounded were captured and paroled. Among the latter, Colonel Blake and Lieutenant Colonel Neff, of the 40th Indiana.

By Friday the prospect was very cheering. Excepting the reverse of Wednesday morning, the enemy had been driven in every engagement. The ball was opened early in the morning, the enemy taking the initiative. Sharp demonstrations were made along the whole line, but nothing decisive was attempted until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels suddenly burst upon Battery 6 (late Van Cleve's) in small divisions on the other side of Stone River, and drove it pell mell with considerable loss to this side. The enemy, as usual, had massed its army and advanced in great strength. Negley's division, supported by that of Davis, and St. Clair Morton's Pioneer Battalion, were immediately sent forward to retrieve the disaster. A sanguinary conflict ensued, perhaps the most bitter of the whole battle. Davis also went up in gallant array. Both sides massed their batteries and plied them with desperate energy. The infantry of either side displayed great valor, but Negley's unconquerable 8th Division resolved to win. The fury of the conflict now threatened mutual annihilation, but Stanley and Miller, with the 19th Illinois, 18th, 21st and 74th Ohio, 78th Pennsylvania, 11th Michigan, and 37th Indiana, charged simultaneously, and drove the enemy rapidly before them, capturing a battery and taking the flag of the 26th Tennessee, the Color Sergeant being killed with a bayonet. The banner is the trophy of the 78th Pennsylvania. The fire of our batteries exceeded in vigor even the canonading [sic] of Wednesday. At about sunset the whole rebel line receded, leaving about 400 prisoners in our custody.

General Rosecrans, as usual, was in the midst of the fray, directing the movement of troops and the range of batteries. Our victory was clean and destructive. The enemy lost over a thousand men, including, it is said, Brigadier General Roger Hamon, of Kentucky. Again our brave lads shouted peans [sic]. The woods sound with the joyful acclaim. Officers of Negley's division galloped swiftly across the field, trailing the captured flag; a thousand willing hands seized the captured guns and dragged them into camp. But this was the glorification. The commander sought the real results. Masses of troops were ordered to follow the sullen enemy, and the yell of pursuers and clatter of musketry resounded far into night. The darkness, however, caused suspension of the pursuit.

Friday night it rained heavily, and Saturday a storm raged all day. Early in the morning a brigade of rebels made a sudden dash upon the 42d Indiana, and cut it up seriously. After that, the day was quiet, saving a persecution of our pickets by sharpshooters, who took shelter in a residence on the pike. Gen. Rousseau, dissatisfied with such proceedings, directed the batteries of Loomis and Guenther to batter down the house, and in fifteen minutes nothing was left of it. A number of rebels were killed, including the Colonel of the 1st Louisiana Regiment. At dark Rousseau determined to carry the war a little further into Dixie. A rebel breast work in his front, occupied by a brigade during the day, had covered troublesome marksmen. Colonel Beatty was ordered to carry the work with the 3d Ohio and 68th Indiana. The lads went in gallantly, and a sharp night engagement ensued, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy, and the capture of a number of prisoners. Our troops held the work and this morning the enemy were not at Murfreesboro. They had skedaddled.

The battle of Stone River will ever be distinguished as one of the most obstinately contested of the war. The strength of the hostile armies was about equal. There may have been a slight disparity of numbers in our favor, but this is doubtful. We have prisoners representing

about eighty regiments, from all the rebellious States. But whatever disparity—if any—of numbers there was in our favor, was more than equalized by choice of position. The country is a system of natural fortifications, and decisive battles, excepting by regular approaches, are almost impracticable.

Touching the plan of the battle, there seemed to be no flaw in it. McCook's strong corps, composed chiefly of veterans, and commanded by some of the most skillful Generals in the army, was justly deemed able to hold the enemy in check until our left could be swung around to the rebel rear. General McCook himself was confident of his ability to sustain himself, and he omitted no care to secure success. The right, however, was unfortunate. The enemy adroitly took advantage of a foggy morning to move slyly to the extreme right, and plunged suddenly upon it with great ardor. The capture of two of Salomon's batteries had a demoralizing effect upon the troops, and the brigades of Kirk and Willich, instead of falling back together, separated and opened a wide gap, through which the enemy streamed in great force, thus cutting off a portion of our troops. Had the right made a strong fight, the battle would have been decisively in our favor in a few hours; but its disaster rendered it impossible to swing the left according to programme [sic]. The fighting of the right was not equal to its reputation. Sherridan's [sic] division did its duty handsomely, and he won great reputation for capacity and steady valor. Another misfortune, to which the disasters of the day may be partially attributed, was the loss of five brigade commanders in succession, which necessarily destroyed the confidence of the troops.

The general conduct of the other troops was irreproachable. They fought with the steadiness of veterans; and what is most gratifying, the new levies emulated the old soldiers. It was again the fortune of Maj. Gen. Rousseau to save the day. The gallant fighting of his division and that of Negley, covered them with glory. But this is, perhaps, invidious—Palmer's, Wood's, and Van Cleve's division of Crittenden's corps, were never wanting. The gallant 6th Ohio is named among the trusty and devoted hosts; the long list of casualties in the 57th Indiana is its record. But, alas! the list of gallant dead! We have lost scores of noble officers.

Among individuals conspicuous for gallantry, the commanding General stands first. Ever in the most critical positions when needed, he never spared himself. Again has he proved himself a hero and a General. The fidelity of his staff is beyond praise. They adhered to him in every emergency, and did their whole duty in the midst of carnage and death. Lamented Garesche, one of the most striking figures on that field, chivalrous and gay in his department, died as a true soldier loves to die. Lieut. Kirby, (of Cincinnati,) seriously wounded, was steady, cool, and brave as a lion. After he was sent to rear, and while lying prostrate on his pallet, the brave fellow sent the following message to the General: "Tell him I would like to return to duty, but can not get out of bed." His left arm was shattered, and the Surgeon feared he would lose it. Kirby shook his head, and declared he would die first. When his message was delivered to the General, the latter facetiously remarked: "Why! would the poor fellow apologize for not returning to duty if his brains were blown out?"

colonel Barnett, young Thompson, A. D. C., Major Goddard, A. A. A. G., Captain Wiles, Provost Marshal, Generals Taylor, Simmons, Curtis, Gilman, Michler, Thomas, Volunter [sic] A. D. C. Major Skinner, Frank S. Bond, and Newhall, of Tennessee, Lieutenant Benton, young Willis Porter and James Reynolds, were under fire, without flinching, during ten hours of hot strife.

Ralston Skinner, Bond and Thomas, all of Cincinnati, were never under fire before. The staff rates them veterans now. One of the most gallant fellows of the whole gay cavalcade, was Captain Wiles. If Governor Morton does not promote him now, he will be guilty of ingratitude.

After the General, the three finest figures of that field, were Rousseau, Loomis and St. Clair Morton. It was worth the risk of life to witness their glorious gallantry.

Among the youthful officers Capt. Thruston, of the 1st Ohio, and Chief of Ordnance on General McCook's staff, achieved more distinction than any other. His conduct in preserving his ammunition train, has already been mentioned. His deportment in the fierce battle on the left on Friday, was most conspicuous. Van Cleve's division was broken and dispersed. Thruston, under a furious fire, collected the fragments of regiments, organized them, led them across the river, and carried them into action. His deportment was so conspicuous that General Negley, who witnessed it, took personal pleasure in reporting it to the Commander-in-chief. But I must leave such details for the future.

This morning the army was prepared to enjoy a quiet Sabbath, provided the enemy did not attack. The General had previously asserted that he would not commence a battle on the Sabbath. About nine o'clock, we learned that the enemy had enough of fighting, and were in full retreat. They had evacuated Murfreesboro under cover of darkness. This army was not prepared to pursue immediately, and the condition of the roads rendered it impracticable. A force, however, is harassing the enemy's rear.

They are badly crippled. Whether they will stand again this side of the Tennessee River is not yet known. It is asserted that Bragg left orders for his cavalry to follow to Fayetteville. If such is the case, we may look for another contest between Tullahoma and Winchester.

In conclusion permit me to say that there have been no facilities for writing. We have bivouacked or been in the saddle most of the time since we moved from Nashville. Tents were left behind, and every tenement within miles has been crowded with wounded. Besides the situation has been hazardous. I run the risk of life in going to Nashville Thursday to forward dispatches. One trial was sufficient. The rebel cavalry who patrolled [sic] the pike are rather rude entertainers. If I ever get opportunity again I propose to sleep. I have had none for two nights.

W. D. B.

P. S.—I append a list of killed, wounded, and missing, as far as I have ascertained names, viz:

[very long list]

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 8, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

Special Dispatches Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial.

Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.

From Murfreesboro.

Demoralization of Bragg's Army—Rebel Loss Estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000—Pursuit of the Enemy—Carter's Expedition into East Tennessee --"Old Hold-fast"—Deserters to be Punished—Dispatch from the President to General Rosecrans—Various

Matters.

Murfreesboro, via Nashville, Jan. 6.

Reports of the demoralization of the enemy receive additional confirmation. Breckinridge's division was terribly punished. Friday evening a ball pierced one of his ears, and his Adjutant General was killed.

Gen. Hanson was mortally wounded, and died on Sunday night.

Breckinridge went south with his wife, immediately after his disaster.

The wounded rebel officers in our custody estimate their own loss, in the several engagements, at from 12,000 to 15,000 men, with great slaughter of leading officers.

Colonel Mulligan, of Tennessee, is mortally wounded and in hospital here. The body of General Hanson went South to-day; that of General Raines to Nashville. The remains of our General Sill were plundered on the battle-field, but the rebels interred him with the honors of war. His body was exhumed to-day and will go north with the remains of Colonel Garesche. The bodies of Colonels Fred Jones and Milliken have already gone.

The rear guard of the enemy was encountered ten miles south, on the Shelbyville road, Sunday night, by Gen. Stanley's cavalry, and a general engagement ensued, the rebels retreating with a loss of thirty.

A negro from Bragg's headquarters, left the rebel army within five miles of Manchester last night. He says he heard Bragg say he would go to Chattanooga. He is more likely to fortify and fight on Elk River, unless high water in the Tennessee River alarms him.

The Chattanooga Rebel says our General Carter penetrated East Tennessee through Pendleton Gap, and cut the railroad badly in the vicinity of Knoxville, confirming reports received North.

Murfreesboro was mostly deserted by rebel citizens, but they are coming back, begging favor while refusing to take non-combatant's oath.

It is a fact, not heretofore published, that on the night of Wednesday's battle, prominent Generals supposed General Rosecrans would retreat. He never entertained such an idea.

After the rebels were gone, he was complimented for his tenacity. "Yes," said he, "I suppose you know Bragg is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better." The lads call him "Old Hold-fast." They will fight for him now, even more gloriously than before. *All officers who deserted the field will be dismissed the service*, and if Governors of States are patriotic, privates and non-commissioned officers will be promoted.

The 6th Kentucky, 9th Indiana and East Tennessee Brigade, are among the distinguished.

Dispatch from the President to General

Rosecrans.

President Lincoln congratulates the General commanding, as follows:

Washington, January 5.

To Major General Rosecrans:

Your dispatch, announcing the retreat of the enemy, has just reached here. God bless you, and all with you. Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, the nation's gratitude, for your and their skill, endurance and dauntless courage.

A. Lincoln.

Secretary Stanton also congratulates the General and the army.

Henry Vindell, negro, of Charleston, South Carolina, a slave of Col. Walters, of Bragg's staff, received emancipation papers from General Rosecrans to-night, under the President's proclamation.

Major C. Goddard, Senior Aid, for gallantry and efficient service, is recommended by the General for promotion, as Adjutant General, with rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Colonel St. Clair Morton, Chief Engineer, for splendid conduct and service, is also recommended for Brigadier General.

Lists of casualties will be forwarded as fast as possible.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 12, 1863—news arrives of Galveston

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Letters from Murfreesboro.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

The Battle Week in Tennessee—List of
Killed and Wounded.

On the Field of Murfreesboro,}

January 4, 1863.}

By the kindness of Colonel Trusedale [sic?], Chief of Police at Nashville, I succeeded in getting a letter off to you two days ago. I gave you a brief account of movements up to that date, so far as I could gather information from others and see for myself. I find, however, that people's eyes badly deceive them amid the excitement of battle. This often leads to melancholy consequences—for example, a member of company F, 37th Indiana Regiment assured me that Sergeant John Spencer of that company, was killed. How glad was I, and how glad will Rev. Mr. Spencer of Indiana be, to be assured by his brother, that John is only slightly wounded in the arm, and safe under the care of their friend, Dr. E. R. Collins. Appropos [sic] of surgeons—I wish to say that in this department there is no such ground of complaint as has been found elsewhere. I have closely observed the management of the wounded by the surgeons here, and I pronounce their conduct worthy of all praise. The first morning after the great battle, I saw Dr. Swift, the Medical Director of this corps, wearied by the toils and anxieties of such an office at such a time. He had traveled all night, from hospital to hospital, and was urged to lie down and rest a little. But his only answer was: "There is no rest for such a wicked man as me." And off he went on his mission of humanity. In his arduous duties he is ably sustained by the various division Medical Directors. I have had occasion more particularly to visit and observe the condition of the hospitals of Rousseau's and Negly's divisions. These were established by Dr. C. S. Muscroft, Medical Director of Rousseau's Division, and Dr. Grose, Medical Director of Negly's division. They have three hospitals, all of which are in most comfortable condition, and amply supplied with bedding, rations, medical stores, and every thing essential to the comfort of the wounded. Fortunate is the poor victim of battle who falls into their hands. Fifteen years ago we used to compound prescriptions for Dr. Muscroft, at North's drug store, in Cincinnati, and we are happy now to find him so ably sustaining his medical reputation. Dr. Grose is a much finer gentleman than his name would indicate, and is highly esteemed.

The army under Rosecrans is doing what Rosecrans has always done—it is making sure work in this locality. Yesterday the enemy made a desperate assault upon our center. So sudden and severe was it that, for a time, Van Cleve's brigade was driven back some distance. At this juncture, Colonel Miller of the 7th Brigade, came to his relief, making a bold dash upon them, driving them from the field, across Stone River. Here the men of Miller's brigade were not satisfied to remain, but into the river they went; and when Colonel Miller received an order, from

General Palmer, not to cross, he could but reply, "We are across already." And when, again, the order came, to come back, Colonel Miller, seeing the determination of the men, replied: "I can not stop them." Up the bank went the 7th and 29th Brigades, both for the time under Colonel Miller's command. A rebel battery poured its contents fiercely upon them; but they seemed not to be conscious of it. They charged the battery and took it, dragging it from the field, by hand. It is a fine battery of four guns, as those who visit Colonel Miller's headquarters will testify. In consideration of the services rendered by Negley's division, another brigade has been added to his command, and he has received very complimentary notice from General Rosecrans. If coolness and genuine bravery on the field have the effect to dispose of the "stars of the war," two will fall upon the shoulders of the brave of the 8th Division—one as a companion to that already upon the shoulders of General Negley, and the other to *dismount* that "eagle," so worthily borne by Colonel John F Miller, of the 7th Brigade, Army of the Cumberland. After this dash of the 7th and 29th Brigades, across the river, several other regiments crossed over, and now occupy the other side. On Sabbath both armies rested, or at least *seemed* to rest, though it is strongly suspected that the enemy were evacuating the town. There was quiet, at last, in the Army of General Rosecrans; the only movement during the day consisting in a reconnoissance [sic], by Negley's division, up the river, toward our right. I rode over this part of the field, occupied by the enemy during the battle. Upon that part of it within the range of our sharpshooters, the ground was strown [sic] with dead rebels. The enemy had buried nearly all that fell beyond their rifle-pits. The day was spent by some of our soldiers in burying their comrades, and in carving headstones for their graves, the last tribute of sorrowful hearts to the brave who fell beside them.

In Camp Beyond Murfreesboro, }

January 5, Night.

With a bounding heart I announce that to-day Rosecrans' army occupied Murfreesboro. Out of compliment for bravery and efficiency in the battle, Gen. Negley's division were placed in the advance in entering the city, and Colonel Miller's 7th Brigade took the advance of the division, for the same reason. The 78th Pennsylvania occupy the town and the other troops the various roads beyond.

The enemy removed all their stores and supplies before the battle began. They also removed their wounded who were able to be removed, and would ever be able for duty, and, notwithstanding so many are gone, they have now at least one thousand rebel soldiers in our hospitals, totally disabled for service hereafter. The citizens here estimate the rebel loss at near twenty thousand killed, wounded and missing. I rode to-day through the field where Negley and Sherridan [sic] fought the enemy. Besides many [sic?] scattering dead, I saw two rail pens piled full of them in one field not more than two acres. They had buried many, but all they could not bury. The same condition of affairs was apparent in the city. Upon the streets fronting the Public Square, we found the dead lying upon the side-walk almost before every door. This clearly demonstrates the fearful extent of the slaughter of the rebels, when after four days they were not all buried, although among their friends. The rebel authorities took *all* their hospital supplies—magnanimously leaving us a thousand wounded men to care for and supply.

I am not advised as to how long we will remain here, but probably not long. The troops already seem eager to pursue the enemy. Rosecrans came through our camp this evening, and made the men a short speech. Speaking isn't Rosa's "fort;" his fort is *bull-dog-itiveness*. His character is embodied in a single sentence with which he concluded his remarks to us to-day. Said he: "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better." When we remember that Bragg is the

General who fought Rosecrans, we can see the peculiar applicability of the *pun* as well as the adage. From this time we will “dub” him “Hold-fast” Rosecrans.

Numerous false rumors have obtained in camp concerning our wounded officers. It has already been published that Colonel John F. Miller was killed. He was only slightly wounded in the neck, and never left the field. At present he belongs to a “stiff-necked and perverse generation;” at least the men who manned that rebel battery think so. Similar rumors concerning col. Granville Moody have got afloat. Col. M. was neither killed nor dangerously wounded. His only wound was a flesh wound, in the calf of the leg. His revolver was shattered to pieces at his side by a Minie ball, and another ball cut open the breast of his coat. His horse was also shot under him three times, but he came off the field at the head of his regiment, having settled the question whether a Methodist preacher will fight or not. I guess no rebel who faced him in battle on that day is in doubt upon that question.

I shall not undertake to give you the details of the many incidents of deep interest that have occurred in the various regiments during this battle. There are those in every regiment that are capable of embodying these in a short and interesting letter, and they should do so, and send to some paper where the friends of the regiment can read and learn the same. Concerning the 37th Indiana Regiment, all that need be said is, they remembered the stainless escutcheon of old Indiana, and they kept it untarnished. They fired away all their ammunition, and I saw men almost crying for more, and told them where to find it, which they gladly did, and held their ground against fearful odds. I am at a loss how to speak of the merits of our field and staff officers during the fight. To say that Colonel Hall acted bravely and nobly, is not too much, yet not to say the same concerning Lieutenant colonel William D. Wood, and Major T. B. Kimble and Adjutant Bob Goodwin, would be to say too little.

Nobly, too, did the officers of the various companies sustain their field officers. To speak of their worthy conduct would be simply to call the roll of the whole line, and pronounce them all officers worthy of the name of Indianians. I wish I *could* speak of certain Captains, who fought so bravely that they ought to be noticed; but who of the 37th did not fight bravely? It will be a pleasure to them to say, when they are old, I belonged to one of the regiments that whipped General Hanson’s brigade and took his battery by storm, in the battle of Murfreesboro. All that can be said in praise of the 37th may just as truthfully be said in praise of Colonel Neibling’s 21st Ohio, colonel Moody’s 74th Ohio, and Colonel Surnell’s 78th Pennsylvania. Below I give a list of the killed, wounded, and missing of the 37th Indiana, prefacing it by saying that several who have been reported killed have been found this evening, and it may be that others may yet be found:

[Casualty list]

With the exception of William Fisk, I do not believe *one* of these wounded men will die. Not even Ferren, who was shot through. I write this in all candor, for the encouragement of their friends at home. They will all be cared for. Our brave dead have all been buried near the spot where they fell, and their graves are marked. Col. Hull, Capt. McKee, Capt. Pate, Capt. Doughty, and Capt. Lord are at Nashville. Lieutenant Colonel Ward is in command. He and Major Kimball and Adjutant Goodwin, and all the other officers are well. The men also are in good health and spirits. Lieutenant Beckly is commanding Company [fold in paper]. Lieutenant [fold in paper] has recovered and returned to the regiment. I must close this letter, adding that for further particulars, you will have to depend upon “W. D. H.,” or wait a little longer on

Jargo Nethliz.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 2
The Battle of the 31st Dec.—The Old
10th Brigade in Action.

The morning was ushered in with the rattling of musketry from the pickets on both sides, and as the day slowly advanced, the troops were put in position to meet the foe from Murfreesboro.

The old 10th Brigade, (Nelson's favorite, but now changed to the 3d Brigade, 2d Division) commanded by Col. W. Grose, of Indiana, was well placed to receive the enemy—the right resting on a cedar forest and the left on the Nashville and Murfreesboro Turnpike—and were anxiously awaiting the advance, when presently was heard the most infernal uproar of musketry, artillery, wagon trains, men retreating in hundreds, followed quickly by the foe, who advanced firmly, with battle-flag flying. Col. Grose, seeing immediately how things were going, changed the fronts and positions of the five regiments forming his brigade, so to check the rebel advance. This was well done. The 6th Ohio, Col. Nick Anderson, and 24th Ohio, Col. Fred. Jones, were ordered forward to the work, and quickly checked the rapid advance of the enemy, but were obliged to retire slowly before overpowering numbers, when they were supported by the 36th Indiana, Major Kinley, and 84th Illinois, Col. Waters, but still the enemy advanced.

The 23d Kentucky, under Major Hamrick, then had a chance to let fly into them, which they did with a hearty good-will, which enabled the other regiments to obtain a position whereby Lieut. Parsons, of the Regular Artillery, could use his splendid battery. It was then the work of slaughter really began, for Lieut. Parsons, nobly aided by Lieuts. Huntington and Cushing, fairly mowed down the rebel ranks, and, with the storms of bullets from the five regiments, drove back the large force which had broken through the right wing of the army and penetrated the center. But, thank God, there they met their match and master.

Too much praise can not be given to Col. Grose for the prompt manner in which he acted. First, in taking the responsibility of changing fronts and positions; and again, during the entire day, of personally superintending the movements of his brigade, amid the showers of shot and shell which that day fell on the greatest battle-field that has been fought in the West. If there is a loose star in the military firmament, it certainly ought to find a resting place on the shoulders of Col. Wm. Grose.

Inspector.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 16, 1863, p. 1—official reports of Gen. Wood (1st division, left wing, 14th army corps) and Col. Grose (3d brigade, 2d division Army of the Cumberland)

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 4
The 2d Ohio in the Battle of Stone
River.

We are permitted to publish the following extract of a letter from Major McCook, of the 2d Ohio Volunteers:

Murfreesboro, January 5,
1863.

You have doubtless heard of the fight in front of this place, and will soon have all the details. The bloodshed on both sides was terrible—we losing very heavily in officers. Poor Kell fell early in the action—shot through the body with a Minie ball—and lived only ten hours. He

died as he lived—pluck to the last. The command was thrown upon me, and I did my best. In my opinion, Terrel's old battery, commanded by Guenther, with our regiment, saved the center, and (although it is saying a great deal) the day, by giving an Arkansas brigade the first decided repulse of the day, driving them back and capturing, with the skirmishers, a battle-flag of the 30th Arkansas. They massed five divisions—Claiborne's, McCowan's, Withers', Breckinridge's and Cheatham's—on McCook, and pounded him severely, drove Negley in and fell on our division, where they ran against a circumstance. Chambers, of Company F. is dead. Van Horn shot mortally in the head, Maxwell again wounded, this time in the neck, and Hazlett in the hip. We lost 11 killed and 34 wounded.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

A Rebel Flag Presented to Boston.

The Boston Transcript says:

“The rebel flag which was presented by General Butler to the city of Boston, at Faneuil Hall, on Tuesday, was a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is made of silk, with the stars artistically wrought in floss, and the whole was bordered by a heavy gold fringe. It was formerly the property of the ‘Confederate Guard’ of New Orleans, a company composed of ‘citizens of eminent respectability,’ the *elite* of the city. At the time the Federals took possession of the place, this valiant corps left in so hasty a manner that a large portion of their camp equipage was left behind, among which was the flag in question. The Guard, while encamped in New Orleans, took excellent care not to suffer from the hardships of a soldier's life. They burned gas in their tents, dressed in the best style, and dined upon the best the market afforded. The flag was presented to them by the ladies of the city they had pledged themselves to defend.”

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

From the Cumberland River.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Adventures with the Guerrillas—

List of Wounded.

On Board Steamer Hastings, Jan. 15, '63.

I snatch a few moments from the dreadful scenes that have surrounded us for the past three days, to say that on the 12th inst., in company with many officers, wounded in the late battle, together with 400 wounded soldiers, on the steamers Hastings and Trio, I left Nashville to assist in getting the steamers through to Louisville. Before starting I heard several insinuations that the guerrillas would resist our passage, but we being on an errand of mercy, thought our mission would be respected and allowed to pass unmolested. No evidences of danger was seen until, approaching Harpeth Shoals, we beheld the smoking hull of the steamer Charter, and several burning houses on the south side of the river. The steamer had been burned by the guerrillas under the notorious Col. Wade, and the houses by Lieut. Van Dorn, of the 1st Ohio, in charge of the national gunboat Major Sidell. A short distance below was a large fleet of Federal steamers engaged in getting over the Shoals, under the protection of the gunboat Sidell. On passing Van Dorn's fleet I hailed him, and inquired as to danger below. He replied, “there is no danger. I have cleaned them out.” We passed on, the Trio a mile or so in advance. Near two miles below the gunboat, we caught sight of the Trio lying to in a cave [cove?] opposite the Shoals. Knowing that she was short of fuel, we concluded that she was engaged in taking on a supply of wood. On nearing her we saw several mounted soldiers drawn up in line along the

shore. As many of them had on Federal overcoats, we thought them to be out cavalry. They hailed us, and ordered us to land.

I at once discovered them to be guerrillas, and ordered Captain Robinson to land. The order was promptly obeyed. The current being strong, the boat did not yield readily to the turn of the pilot, making slow progress in swinging around, causing her to drag slowly down the stream. This caused the guerrillas to think that we were not going to land, and they immediately fired two heavy volleys of musketry, followed by two discharges of six-pound balls, all taking effect on the steamer.

Your correspondent, in company with Captain Robinson, and Pilot Kilburn, of Covington, was standing on the hurricane deck when the firing took place. I hailed them, and told them to fire no more, as we were loaded with wounded, and would land as soon as possible. They tried to kill the man at the wheel, who stood bravely at his post, amidst all the fire, until the boat was tied up. On our near approach to them, I hastened down to still the dreadful confusion that the firing had caused. Several ladies were on board, and, be it said to their praise, they behaved like true heroines—no fainting or screaming—all as quiet as could be desired under such circumstances. On my return to the front of the boat, I was met by Colonel Wade, who with a horrible oath, ordered Dr. Waterman, surgeon in charge of the wounded, to take his d---d wounded Yankees ashore, as he would burn the boat, and us too, unless the order was obeyed. I instantly appealed to him in behalf of the wounded. During this time his followers had come on board, and took full possession of every thing.

Here I should like, if I could, to picture out to your readers, and the world at large, the awful scene of pillage and plunder that ensued. All but two or three of them were demoralized by the drink obtained previous to our arrival from the bar of the Trio. I will not attempt to picture the scene, language fails, and words are beggars, in attempting to do so. Near one hundred of the thieving, plundering gang, was engaged in rifling every thing from the clerk's office to the chambermaid's room. For a few moments the stoutest hearts were appalled, and consternation had seized upon all. On passing around, appealing to them to desist, I met their Assistant Adjutant General, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance, who instantly promised to do all in his power to save the boat, and stop the plundering. He spoke to Colonel Wade, and he ordered them off the boat; but alas, that overshadowing curse of both armies was there, in full possession of human hearts, that might have been more humane, had not the demon-spirit of *rum* hardened their baser passions. In their maddened thirst for plunder, they trampled on and over our poor wounded men, taking their rations, blankets, overcoats, canteens, and even money out of their pockets. Never was there such a scene witnessed. For a time confusion reigned supreme. During the time Dr. Waterman and myself had come to terms with Assistant Adjutant General Burford, in regard to the passengers. The officers, able and disable, were to be paroled together with the wounded men, but he insisted upon burning the boat. We then asked him to spare one boat, and allow us to go on to Clarksville. This he consented to do, upon my entering into a written agreement that the boat should hereafter carry no other supplies, or do any other work for the Government, other than sanitary work.

In addition to this, the writer was to burn, or have burned, one hundred and eleven bales of cotton that were on the deck of the Hastings, upon our arrival at Louisville. the terms were severe, and Wade would listen to no other; and on my failing to comply with these terms, the men must be put ashore, and left without covering, rations or medicines, badly wounded, and thirty-five miles from any military post. Military rule and the stern dictates thereof, may condemn our conclusion, yet the claims of suffering humanity, under such circumstances, would

compel us to go further than the terms called for. The penalty for failing to burn the cotton on our arrival at Louisville was the simple surrender of unworthy self to the Confederate authorities; a small penalty, considering the amount at stake. These terms being agreed upon, and Surgeon Waterman having made up a list of the paroled men, the guerrillas left the boat, and the wounded of the Trio and her crew and passengers were transferred to the Hastings. While the transfer was going on, another steamer hove in sight—the Parthenia, on her way to Clarksville. She was ordered ashore, and the same scene was enacted over in her cabin, save the fact that she had no sick or wounded of any account, but had several passengers. The rangers at once boarded her, and for some time utter “madness ruled the hour.” The Parthenia was a new steamer, costing \$33,000, finely finished and furnished. While engaged in rifling her, and piling up combustibles on different parts of the boat to make her burn rapidly, the gunboat Sidell, spoken of elsewhere, hove in sight. Her appearance was a signal of joy to our men and of alarm to the rebels, who immediately mounted their horses, ready to run. We hailed Van Dorn, and told him to anchor in the middle of the stream, and not come between our boat and the range of the guerrillas’ cannon.

To our utter astonishment, instead of getting ready to cover himself with glory in the saving of so much property and several lives, he simply fired his revolver, and then *ignominiously and cowardly* waved his white handkerchief, in token of surrender. The rebels had fired several volleys at him, and done no harm, save the wounding of one of Van Dorn’s gunners. He then ordered one of his own men to strike the colors, which he obeyed. They then crossed over to the rebel side, who, with tremendous yells, took possession of her. Having had no sleep for many days, and sick at heart over the misery of this, the most unfortunate expedition of the war, I will close for to-day, and resume on the morrow, giving your readers the ultimatum of the trip.

Too much praise can not be awarded to Dr. Warterman [sic], of the 38th Indiana, Medical Director of the boats. In all his arduous duties he was ably assisted by Surgeon R. Charlton, of the 79th Indiana, who has been compelled to resign his position in the army on account of permanent disability, and Dr. Pope, who, though occupying the subordinate position of Hospital Steward, was equal to any man in caring for the wounded. He deserves Assistant Surgeon straps, at least. Among the ladies on the boat were Mrs. Pope and Miss Sue McLaughlin, who, by their intense and untiring exertions, have won a meed of applause among our unfortunate wounded, seldom reached by two women in so short a time. Bright in the memories of our men—privates and officers—will live the names of these two devoted women.

I might very properly make mention of others, but time and space will not permit. They will receive that richest of all rewards in this world, the approval of conscience, coupled with the fact that they were permitted to be highly instrumental in contributing to the happiness of the noble defenders of our common country.

I enclose in this hasty sketch the names of the wounded officers and men on the Hastings.
Gaddis.

[very long list of names in tiny print]

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Battle of Stone’s River—the Division of Jeff. C. Davis.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Murfreesboro, Tennessee, }

January 10, 1863. }

Your correspondent, in his history of the late terrible battle, (the paper containing which has just been received in camp), has committed the sin of omission, in not giving due credit to the operations of the division of Brigadier General Jeff. C. Davis, which occupied the right of Major General McCook's corps during Tuesday night. The enemy had massed his forces on our right in overwhelming numbers, and at day-break made his attack in mass along our entire line. Johnston's brigade, which was upon the right of Davis' division, was taken wholly unawares. The horses of his battery were gone to be watered, and his men were eating their scanty breakfast, when the enemy poured in upon them. They were overwhelmed at once, unable to make any resistance, broke and scattered in every direction, losing their artillery, and, in fact, every thing else. Colonel Post, who commanded the brigade on Davis' right, being attacked in front and his flank exposed by the defection of Johnston's brigade, heroically maintained the unequal contest for some time. His regiment, a portion of which were Pea Ridge men, disdained to give ground, and mowed down the enemy by scores. Col. Carlin's brigade, which occupied the center of the division, were very much exposed by the nature of the ground they occupied and the column of rebels, who advanced, five lines of battle deep, proved too much for him to withstand, and he was compelled to give ground. This exposed both Post and Brigadier General Woodruff's brigade (Woodruff occupying the left of the division) to a flank attack, as well as to the direct fire of the five rebel columns. Captain Piney's battery, in Colonel Post's brigade, and Captain Carpenter's battery, in Brigadier General Woodruff's brigade, were both served as only Piney and Carpenter could serve them, and the massed columns of rebels fell beneath their double-shotted guns in rows and piles, dashed in heaps on heaps. The carnage was terrible—terrific. On came the heavy columns of rebels, yelling like demons, closing up their torn and mangled ranks after each discharge. Peal on peal of musketry rang upon the ear, and the rebels went down before the line of fire like grass before the mower's scythe. But the unequal contest could not long be continued. Flanked on both sides, the gallant Post fell back to a new line, slowly—sullenly. Woodruff now bore the brunt. His brigade, composed of the 35th Illinois, 25th Illinois, and 81st Indiana, was posted along the shelter of a rail fence, at the edge of a wide cotton-field, and as the rebel columns rushed up, his men, firm as the trees behind them, held their ground, except a portion of the 81st, a new regiment. The 25th and 35th Illinois had been baptized in the fires and blood of Pea Ridge, and disdained to give an inch of ground to the Butternut crew. Piney had fallen. Carpenter served his guns until he, too, fell at the breech of his gun, pierced by a rifle-ball in the brain.

The ammunition in our cartridge-boxes was all gone. The rebel column was within twenty steps of our guns. Brig. Gen. Sherridan [sic], on Woodruff's left, had been forced back. Exposed to a fire in front, and on both flanks, Woodruff, who had raged along the line, exposing himself, totally regardless of the almost certain destruction, was now compelled to fall back to the new line of battle designated by Gen. Davis. Thrice, however, had he to send his order to the 25th and 35th Ill., ere they would consent to leave their position. Re-forming upon the new line, they saw the rebels pressing up in mass to capture their beloved guns. Woodruff ordered a charge. With a yell that struck terror to the hearts of the rebel hosts, they rushed forward, a solid line of glittering steel. No human power could withstand that charge, and the rebel columns broke and fled through the woods, back to their old position along the edge of the cotton-field. This little brigade bore the rebel host, and the hail-storm of bullets they poured into the flying rebel ranks, as they fled across the open field, was the death-warrant of hundreds. Here fell Gen. Rains..

Had Woodruff been supported in this charge, we would have regained all our ground upon the right, and completely changed the contest on that wing; but no support came. His ammunition was fast giving out, and again his men received the order to fall back. Three color-bearers had been shot down at the colors of the 25th. Col. Williams, commanding the regiment seized them, and planting them upon the new line said: "Here, men, we will stand or fall by our flag." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he fell mortally wounded. By this time the ammunition of the brigade was expended. To save the guns another charge was ordered, and again they drove the rebels through the wood. From some fatal oversight no more ammunition could be had, and Gen. Davis, seeing that to longer prolong the contest here would be useless—murderous to his men—ordered them to fall back upon the Murfreesboro Pike. They did so, and there re-formed, rescuing their train from the hands of the rebel cavalry, which had ridden around our right over the scattered regiments of Johnston's brigade, and captured and stampeded the train.

"Honor to whom honor is due;" and though Gen. Davis' division was driven back along with the rest of the right wing, yet they left the ground covered with the bodies of the rebels, and their own comrades, giving way only when their ammunition was all expended, and resistance rendered totally useless. Through all this disastrous day Gen. Davis showed himself to be the calm and self-possessed chieftain and soldier.

J. S. M.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 19, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

Special Dispatches Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial

[Telegraphic Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

From Cairo.

The Victory in Arkansas.

Full Particulars.

Cairo, January 17.

The Memphis Bulletin, of Wednesday, has the following, direct from parties arrived at Memphis, from Arkansas Post, on the dispatch-boat Kellogg:

On Saturday, the main position of the enemy was attacked with the three iron-clad gunboats, Louisville, Cincinnati and Mound City, and three light-draughts, the latter having entered the Arkansas River from a branch of the White River, which approaches the fort forty miles above the mouth. Arkansas Post is a place situated at a favorable location for defense, on a bend of the river, of irregular, horse-shoe shape. It has, for some months, been much boasted of, by the Confederates, as a spot so fortified as to be extremely formidable. At a point one mile below the fort, where persons in the fort were unable to see what was done, troops were disembarked. Gunboats proceeded up the river, taking positions above the fort as well as below, so as to be able to rake it with their heavy pieces. The land forces, meantime, arrived. The rear division, under Sherman, found, in the proceeding back to some distance, that a bayou hindered progress in the way desired, and he returned and chose a route more favorable for intended operations. Another division, meantime, took up a line of march somewhat nearer the locality of the fort, and escaped the obstruction of the bayou. Other obstructions existed, however, in the shape of rifle-pits, which it became necessary to flank by advancing to the furthest extremity from the river. This was not done without considerable skirmishing, which consumed the remainder of Saturday. There was some loss in these proceedings, and about sixty of the enemy,

most of whom were wounded, got into the Federal lines by mistake, and were taken prisoners. It was nearly dark before the Federal forces had so far advanced as to have the fort in full view, ready for storming next morning.

While their operations were proceeding on land, the gunboats had taken positions, and a little before dark a smart artillery fight took place, which the early closing in of darkness cut short. The first shell fired by the enemy struck a Lieutenant of the 113th Illinois, shattering his leg. The next morning the land forces found that the enemy, having lost their rifle-pits, had thrown up new intrenchments [sic]. These they proceeded to attack, and also to secure a position above the fort, as well as below. The ground near the fort was found divested of timber, except in a particular portion, which was useful for cover, and prostrate trees and brush were so disposed as to prevent the greatest possible amount of obstruction.

As the two sections of attacking land forces advanced, they decreased the distance between them more and more, approaching the position of surrounding the fort. A reinforcement of two thousand men arrived to the rebels from Fort Charles, on the White river, twenty-five miles distant by land, and it was with difficulty this force made a junction with the main body of rebels. They succeeded, however, by taking advantage of the shelter offered by a ravine. Meantime the casual firing of the artillery from gunboats and in reply which had been partially suspended by the necessity of supporting the land operations, grew more vigorous, and at one o'clock heavy firing commenced between the fort and gunboats, and was sustained three hours and a half so incessantly that there were only occasional intervals at which the strained ear for a second was relieved from the thundering roar. The casemating of the fort presented a formidable appearance, which seemed to some extent to justify the boasting that had been made of its impenetrability. There was a thickness of three feet of solid timber, covered with railroad iron, the whole looking as if it could resist the utmost force of cannon shot.

To the deep dismay of the defenders of the Post of Arkansas, the balls from the monstrous guns of the boats shattered their most formidable defenses, and penetrated and demolished strongholds they had reared with so much skill. The battered rails of iron came tumbling down, and the strong ribs of timber were blown with fatal effect among the ranks they were to have saved. Dismounted guns fell into common ruin, proving the dreadful power of gunboats with their mighty armaments.

The second shot fired by the Federals at the commencement of the contest of three hours penetrated a casemate of the fort and killed seven men. By another shot one of the enemy's caissons was exploded, causing the death of six men and nine horses. With their casemates demolished, their defenses exposed to a raking fire never surpassed for violence, and storming parties closing in upon their rear, but one course was open to the enemy.

After a loss of about 200 men killed, wounded and missing, and somewhat heavier on the part of the attacking party, the commander of the post, Gen. Churchill, surrendered at 4 ½ o'clock, P.M. Gen. McClelland took the whole force, about 4,800 prisoners, 1,200 or 1,400 of whom are on the sick list. The gunboats which had inflicted so much damage, escaped without serious injury.

Prisoners declared that if our arrival had been postponed another day, they would have given us a much stiffer fight, as large reinforcements would have joined them. In reply to questions as to the number of men and state of fortifications at Pine Bluff, Little rock, and points on White River, the prisoners advised interrogators to go and count and observe for themselves.

The prisoners were sent up the river, starting on Monday, and will probably be here (Memphis) to-day.

It is thought probable St. Charles, on White River, will be next reduced, then Pine Bluff, and finally, Little Rock.

In addition to the above, I have seen a slip from the Memphis Enquirer, which says two regiments of rebels arrived at the Fort the morning after the surrender, and entered with flags flying and drums beating, supposing it was still held by the rebels. They were captured, of course, swelling the list of prisoners to something over 5,000.

The Capture of Arkansas Post—Rebel
Account of the Flags Captured at
Vicksburg.

Cairo, January 17.

The mailboat Storm arrived this morning with the following additional items of news concerning the recent capture of Arkansas Post. The action began Friday night, and continued until Sunday (10th) afternoon.

The gunboats Benton, Louisville, Mound City and Tylor [sic?] were engaged. The enemy made a gallant defense, but their guns were dismounted so fast that they were finally compelled to surrender. Eight rebel regiments were taken prisoners, including two that had just arrived to reinforce the garrison. Loss not so great as reported. Three persons were killed on the Louisville by shots which came through port holes. The Chillicothe arrived after the capture. At the same time the Benton started up the river to ascertain if the fleet should ascend it.

It is thought the rebels have other batteries located along the river, and, as there is plenty of water, we may hear of other engagements.

When the Storm reached the mouth of White River, on her way up, those on board heard firing, as if from heavy guns.

The correspondent of the Mobile Register, writing from Vicksburg, says: Four of the five stands of colors captured yesterday, were displayed in front of General Smith's house. One belonged to the 29th Missouri.

This was very bloody, and must have been in the hottest of the fight. Another belonged to the 58th Ohio, and was badly torn, a shell having passed through its center. Another was the 13th Illinois, badly mangled. The other was the 31st Missouri, uninjured.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 8

Died at Their Posts.

We have a private letter from the unfortunate Commander Wainwright, written before the recent attack on his ship near Galveston. In this he gives some account of the difficulties with which our vessels occupying Galveston Bay had to contend. It seems that the rebels held a point on the mainland, and the bridge which connected it with Galveston. They were able to visit the city at all times, while the shallowness of the water prevented our ships from getting within gunshot of them. Thus the rebels had the land to themselves.

But worse than this: It appears that our ships were stationed in a kind of narrow canal, where they could not move, except with the greatest difficulty, and could not turn round at all. "You have to be pointed fair, before you can go either way," wrote Commander Wainwright, adding, "if they come at us with their light-draught boats, which are able to go any where in the bay, you can see what an advantage they have over us."

Such a position as is described is worse than untenable, because it is neither to be defended nor evacuated, in the face of a superior and sufficiently active enemy. It would seem to be only a trap in which our brave fellows were placed.

A correspondent, "G. W. B.," complains of the comments of the Evening Post and other city journals on the action, some days since. For ourselves, we spoke very briefly, and repeated the facts as at that time reported. The letter of Commander Wainwright shows that he and his fellow officers had extraordinary difficulties to contend with, and a letter printed in the Boston Transcript of last evening, relates that the officers and men made a most desperate and gallant defense. Commodore Renshaw blowing himself up with his ship, which was aground, rather than surrender to the enemy, while Commander Wainwright fell at his post. "G. W. B." remarks that "Captain Wainwright fought his vessel (the Harriet Lane) until he was killed and only seven men left of the one hundred and thirty of his officers and crew, before the Harriet Lane was taken—a loss greater than that of O. [scratch in film] Perry at the battle of Lake Erie, and showing the determination with which the Harriet Lane was fought. The fact that commodore Renshaw saved most of his crew, and the manner in which Captain Wainwright fought his ship, showed that they were not surprised, but prepared for the enemy. They were outnumbered."

In fact the rebels had every advantage. Their spies could give them full information; their acquaintance with the bay enabled them to select the best time of wind and tide; and their preparations were made at leisure and in secrecy [sic]. Our men fought gallantly and suffered a loss which attests their bravery. Our two chief officers fell at the post of duty, and thus sustained the honorable fame they had before acquired in the navy.

But who stationed so many ships in a position so fatally exposed? Whose fault is it that troops were not sooner sent to their relief? such affairs as that of Galveston are scarcely accidental, and the deaths of so many brave fellows can scarcely be called "a visitation of God." It is plain now, from Commander Wainwright's letter, that the ships were placed as sentinels where they were attacked, and the commanders could not use their seaman's discretion and put off into deeper and broader water. They stuck to their posts like noble fellows. But if the land forces needed had only arrived in time, they would have been saved.—[New York Post.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 20, 1863, p. 3, c. 6

Arrival of the Imperial.—This boat reached the landing at about seven o'clock last evening. The wounded men which she had taken from the Hastings, at Clarksville, Tenn., were left at Louisville, by order of the medical authorities. The trip from Clarksville to Louisville was accomplished without the loss of a single one of the wounded men, who were cared for in the generous and humane manner in which the commission always accomplishes work of this kind. A list of their names will be found elsewhere.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 21, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

From the Cumberland River.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

The Depredations of the Guerrillas—

The Burning of Our Steamers—The

Murder of Negroes by the Rebels.

Steamer Hastings, January 18, 1863.

The ill-fated sanitary expedition is nearing its destination. My last sketch left us at Harpeth Shoals, waiting our sentence at the hands of a drunken guerrilla band, who, after the ignominious surrender of the gunboat Sidell, became almost delirious. They shouted, they swore, they rushed aboard the Sidell and threw her guns, some two or three pieces, into the river.

The rifling of the boats having been completed, they made preparations to burn them. My request, to cross the river and remain there during the burning operation, was granted.

The splendid steamer Parthenia was fired first, then the Trio, followed by the Sidell. The flames soon spread to all parts of the steamers, and not many moments elapsed until all were in full blast, causing such an intense heat as to fire the then dry stubble on the opposite side of the river, near the Hastings, causing us to make another move, recrossing and landing a short distance above. The scene was terrific. When the heat reached the magazine of the Sidell, many terrible explosions of shell, and other ammunition, took place, sending balls and pieces of shell all around. During the progress of the fire the enemy had mounted their horses, and sat gazing in drunken stupor at the scene.

The wild flames at last began to grapple with the waters of the Cumberland, which in the end, came off victor. The lines of the Parthenia parted, and she drifted slowly away to the north bank of the river. The question then passed from lip to lip, What next? It was soon answered by one of Ward's aids, ordering us to drop down and take a cargo, some passengers, and the wounded gunner of the Sidell, young Esterfort, on board. While this order was being carried into effect, I had some conversation with one of General Wheeler's aids. He was sorry that Colonel Wade and his men had got drunk and behaved so badly. They did not intend to hurt or wrong innocent men, &c., yet never once offered to make us any reparation. He then said, that it was the general order, that we should remain there an hour and a half, and in the event of our receiving no other order, to pass unmolested. Then, with "remember the cotton Captain," he waved his adieu, and the gang was soon out of sight. Again we breathed freely, but all thought that one hour and a half the longest of all their lives. When our time was up, we passed on toward Clarksville, then thirty-five miles distant. It must be reached that night. Looking back after we started, I saw several women, children and men, approach the shore, and begin to gather up the spoils. These were guerrilla wreckers.

The excitement having in a manner subsided, the writer passed down into the cabin, to take a view of the losses and destruction. Going into his own room, he found it entirely stripped of every thing to comb and brush. On all hands the mark of the spoiler could be seen. All had been robbed. Out on the guards lay poor wounded soldiers, stripped of their blankets, great coats, shoes, and in many instances of their money. But enough of these heart-rending details.

At nine o'clock P.M. we landed at Clarksville and immediately reported to Colonel Bruce, and he telegraphed to General Rosecrans. Colonel Bruce, though expecting an attack that night himself, went zealously to work to supply our suffering men with rations and other supplies. His activity and kind treatment to us will never be forgotten. Colonel Bruce is a soldier, patriot and philanthropist. From him we learned that the Imperial was there, with a Sanitary Commission on board from Cincinnati. This was joyful news, and away I went to hunt up the Cincinnati friends. The first evidence of it that I met, was the good-looking phiz of George Middleton, of the firm of Reeves & Co., Walnut street, who became our guide, and inducted us into the presence of Dr. Thomas Wood and Charley Cist. Our case was soon stated, and Dr. Waterman made an arrangement with Dr. Wood to take part of our job on his hands. One hundred and fifty were to be transferred to the Imperial, while Cist agreed to furnish us with many needfuls. Here let me remark that some may chide them for not going on to Nashville and completing their mission, yet they evidently pursued the proper course, and as the dispensations of the Sanitary Commission are not individual, but general, these were as much entitled to sympathy as others, and moreover, they could not reach Nashville for several days, besides the danger of destruction. They done a noble work, just at the right time, and by their kindness have

made the name of Sanitary Commission doubly dear to our brave but then suffering boys; caring not only for the one hundred and fifty, but furnishing the necessities for two hundred and sixty-two more.

Early on the following morning I received a dispatch from major Sidell, of Rosecrans' staff, to hasten on with the wounded to Louisville, and report to General Wright on my *speculation* in cotton. The order has been obeyed, and in a few hours we will reach the Falls city. The question now is: "Will you burn the cotton, or will you go back to Dixie?" Neither of them are very pleasant questions. We can only say, wait the issue. Could all of this trouble have been avoided? Colonel Bruce says that he was aware of these guerrillas gathering there, but beyond the limits of his post. He telegraphed General Mitchell at Nashville, stating his belief of coming trouble, saying that he could keep the river clear below the shoals a distance of thirty-five miles, and that he, (Gen. Mitchell) must care for the other portion, and if done at all, it should have been done immediately. One chief element of the success of these raids consists in the fact that they are always on the alert, and move rapidly. Col. Wade told me, that *the day after the battle had closed at Stone River, Wheeler's brigade of cavalry, with four guns, started for these shoals on the Cumberland, to cut off Rosecrans' supplies.* Neither Morgan nor Forrest does all the guerrillaing. They have many bands, well supplied with light artillery, and good horses. In conversing with them, they laughed at our style of trying to capture and destroy their bands, until we *adopted a mode of warfare similar to theirs.* One of them said they had undertaken a heavy job, viz., whipping the United States; and though there would not be a grease spot left of them, yet they intended to do it."

This remark caused a laugh all round. As usual, the poor contrabands had to suffer. *They took six from the steamer Charter and two from us, led them out on the bank, and shot them all; also one poor fellow who was found clinging to the water-wheel of the Parthenia.* Our trip up and down the Cumberland is now over, and we do not propose to make another soon, preferring other routes to Dixie. Some have seen fit to condemn our actions in the premises; but we care not; for when the time arrives that a bale of cotton is considered of more value than the happiness, nay, the very lives, of those wounded in the defense of our homes and firesides, suffering for eighteen gloomy months the privations of camp and field, the writer will, if he can do nothing more, hunt up a passage on some wandering Mayflower.

Dr. Waterman, of the 39th Indiana, deserves, and will have, the kind remembrance of all; also, Dr. Charlton Pope, and others.

Gaddis.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

The Fight at Galveston.

[From the Galveston Correspondence of N. Y. World.]

A Signal-Light—The Attack.

At half-past two, on New Year's morning, a signal blue-light, from the Harriet Lane, announced that the rebels had attacked our little force in the town. This was hardly answered from the other vessels, when another signal, now from the Westfield, told that four rebel gunboats were coming down the bay. Immediately the fleet was aroused. The Westfield hauled up anchor and ran round near Pelican Spit, intending to take up a position abreast the town, by the wharves. By some miscalculation, however, she was drawn, by the current, directly on Pelican Spit, and struck, bows on, where the water was only seven feet deep, though at the stern

there were nearly four fathoms. She immediately signaled for assistance, and the Clifton went to her and tried to haul her off.

The fire commenced from the land by musketry, and soon after light artillery, upon the soldiers on the wharf. It was as dark as Egypt, for the moon had now gone down. The fire of musketry streamed almost incessantly from the rebel lines in the streets, and from the windows of the houses, stores and warehouses along the wharves it flashed like electrical sparks in the thick darkness. The occasional roar of artillery became more and more frequent every moment, and by the light of the flashes a long line of rebel infantry, with field cannon, could be seen hurrying over the bridge to the town.

Simultaneous [sic] two rebel gunboats bore down upon the Harriet Lane, and she instantly opened a rapid fire upon them. The Owasco, too, chimed in, and the combined fire between them and the rebel boats, together with the battle on shore—all in the thickest darkness of night—formed a scene that surpasses the most brilliant powers of imagination. The crashing reports of heavy guns; the screaming of shot and shell; the deafening concussions in the air of bursting shell, and the continuous clatter of musketry on shore, made a night naval picture as has seldom been witnessed by any one. The Sachem, a little steamer that had come into Galveston for repairs, and was almost unseaworthy, was ordered to take position near the wharf to protect Col. Burrill's men. The Clifton found it impossible to haul off the Westfield, and leaving her, started to the aid of the Harriet Lane. This latter vessel was in the center of the fire at the upper end of the town. As the Clifton was passing the bar, the rebels opened fire on her from Fort Point, where they had mounted two guns during the night. She replied first with her pivot bow gun, and then all her forward guns, first from one side and then the other. She fired so rapidly that the shell were continually in the air. Now the fight both on land and sea raged hotter than ever. The windows and streets in town seemed fairly ablaze, and above all, the rattling of small arms and the roar of guns could be heard, every five or ten minutes the report of the Owasco's eleven-inch gun speeding huge shell among the enemy. The Clifton succeeded in driving the rebels off the point. Two rebel gunboats were closing on the Harriet Lane, evidently intending to board her. Shots were fired at these, and as it was found they had no effect on their thick mail of cotton bales, they were fired low, with the intention of striking the boats near the water line, below the cotton. Many of the balls *ricocheted* most beautifully for half a mile along the water, but still those monstrous, Chinese junk cotton-clads came on, and behind the formidable defense of bales hundreds of rebel rifles glistened, to shoot our gunners and prevent the men from appearing on deck. During this time, two more rebel gunboats were just across Pelican Spit, which is a mere sand bar, and at that place only about twenty feet wide. They were, apparently, watching the performance. As the gray dawn began to appear, two more smoke stacks were seen in the distant haze, betokening more of the nondescript rebel craft. Troops were still pouring across the bridge, and a rebel battery was stationed at Eagle Grove, on the southern end of the bridge, and two others were on the mainland just at the other end. They evidently meant to destroy the bridge rather than allow it to be retaken by the Federals, and their troops crossed without restraint. The town seemed full of rebel infantry and cannon, and there must have been 3,000 engaged on land alone. Their artillery echoed continually along the streets, batteries being planted along the wharves, in the streets, and wherever they could be worked with advantage. Some of them were 32-pounders. About three miles up the bay from the Harriet Lane, was a large Mississippi steamer, clad, like the rest, with cotton. She was manned by hundreds of sharpshooters, who, evidently, were watching an opportunity to capture some of our transports or gunboats, with the assistance of a fifth rebel ram that stood just behind her.

During this time the Mary Boardman had been tugging at a hawser fast to the Westfield, trying to get her off the bar, but was unsuccessful.

A Moment of Anxiety.

From on board the Westfield and Mary Boardman, the Harriet Lane and the two rebel boats she had been fighting, could be seen close together in the distance. Soon the Harriet Lane ceased firing, and the question arose in every mind what were the fortunes of her fight? It was not known whether she was captured or whether she had disabled the rebel craft. Then, too, the firing at the Clifton and Owasco slacked. The Westfield ran up the Commodore's pennant. The Owasco, the Clifton, the Sachem, and the Mary Boardman immediately responded with the Stars and Stripes. All eyes were turned to the Harriet Lane. It was a moment of intense anxiety. What flag would float from her mast-head?

There was a minute—two minutes—three minutes, of anxious gazing at the beautiful vessel, watching to see what bunting should rise. Still no ensign, but a small boat put off and made toward the Owasco. It contained the only surviving officer, who had been paroled. The boarders from the cotton boats were crazy [sic] with rum, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the rebel commander could restrain them from murdering all the prisoners. As it was, out of a gallant crew of one hundred and thirty only about ten escaped. The rest were nearly all shot, stabbed, or thrown overboard, mercilessly and without quarter. The two rebel boats had grappled her on each side, and while their sharpshooters shot the gunners, hundreds of the infuriated and drunken soldiery had boarded her, and fought her brave crew to death. It is related of her noble commander, Captain Wainwright, that he killed two rebels with his sword, just before he was shot through the head by another. The pistol ball passed in one of his eyes and out at the back of his head. He was wearing his spectacles at the time, and the officer who was paroled took them to Commodore Renshaw. One of the glasses was shot out, while the other was covered with blood and flesh. The officer who was paroled carried to the Owasco a message that unless the firing ceased, the rebels threatened to butcher every man of the brave little remnant left on the Harriet Lane.

Raising the White Flag.

The white flag was raised on the Owasco and then on the Clifton. In less than a minute the rebel boats up the river commenced steaming for the Harriet Lane. That which lay at the stern of the Lane hauled off toward the bridge, careening over as if badly damaged. [double-checked, sentence missing?]

Commodore Renshaw Determines to Blow Up His Flag-Ship.

About half-past nine Commodore Renshaw sent an officer on board the Mary Boardman, presenting his compliments to Captain Weir, and requested him to go up to the town and learn what had happened there. He also said that a white flag should be raised while passing Fort Point, and the rebels would not then fire on her. The boat did proceed part of the way, when, for some reason, she returned to the Westfield, and Commodore Renshaw requested that his men and their personal effects might be placed on board. This was made as a request rather than an order, as the Boardman is a transport, and not one of his fleet. In reply, some officer sent an invitation to Commodore Renshaw to come on board himself. This was probably with a view to dissuade him from destroying the Westfield. Three several times [sic?] this request was made, and this answer returned. The request was finally acceded to, and the men on board the Westfield were ordered to be on board the Boardman, with their personal effects, in ten minutes.

For about a quarter of an hour there was great confusion—men, hammocks, carpet-bags, looking-glasses, and various articles of baggage or furniture, tumbling in promiscuously.

In the meantime the rebel boats commenced moving toward the wharf.

All Ready.

The Boardman lay one or two hundred yards from the Westfield, all ready to move off, and waiting for the last boat. The Commodore's gig lay under the Westfield's bows. In it was First Lieut. C. W. Zimmerman, Chief Engineer W. Greene, and the gig's crew of six men. Another boat with three or four men was also at a little distance. The deck of the flag-ship was saturated with camphene, turpentine, or some similar inflammable material. The boat had been fired on the berth-deck, and the flames were already rolling up through the hurricane-deck and above the bulwarks. One of the magazines was open, as it had been all the morning. Every thing was ready to be left, and the Commodore stepped down the gang-plank or ladder, stopping when half-way down, and turning around to take one more look at his vessel. It was exactly ten minutes past ten o'clock.

A Premature Explosion—Terrific Scene.

Suddenly the very heavens and sea seemed shaken by a terrific explosion. The magazine was full of powder, and the flames had reached it sooner than was expected. The whole forepart of the gunboat was whirled in the air in thousands of fragments. The stars and stripes were floating at the bow when the explosion took place. There were about a hundred loaded shell on the deck, for the action that had been expected, and some of these shot into the air with the explosion, bursting high up, almost among the clouds. One in particular was seen bursting amid the blackest of the smoke, and showing as distinctly as if fired from a cannon. The vast volume of smoke, as it rushed up, grew wider and wider, in the form of a hollow cylindrical inverted cone, and inside of it, as if inside a volcano, the steam from the bursted boiler rolled white and dense, confined within the walls of smoke. For at least five minutes the descending fragments of the wreck pattered on the surface of the water. The vessel was wholly split clear back to the smoke-stack, and one end was blown away to the water's edge. The smoke-stack, however, was still standing. Nothing more was ever seen of the Commodore. Nothing more was ever seen of his gig's crew; nothing more was ever seen of the crew of the first cutter that lay alongside. The sailors who were now on board the Mary Boardman, seemed almost frantic, and one universal cry went up of "Oh! poor Zimmerman! poor Zimmerman!" He was a great favorite among the men, many of whom fell on their faces, and others wept like children. The guns of the Westfield were loaded, and some of them added all they could to the noise and confusion, by discharging their shell just across the Mary Boardman. The shock made that vessel leak quite badly. The Westfield burned till two o'clock, and occasionally a heap of loaded shell would burst, helping the destruction of the vessel.

Our Signal Code Known to the Rebels.

Not the least deplorable fact in connection with this disaster, is the fact that the signal-book, giving the keys to the Howes' code, naval code, and merchants' code of signals, were on board the Harriet Lane, and are doubtless in possession of the rebels.

Description of the Rebel Gunboats.

I can find no authority for calling the rebel boats rams. They were river boats, very high in the water, with three tiers of cotton bales all around the outside and timbers to keep the bales in place. they mounted two guns each, probably 32-pounders, but chiefly won the fight by sharp-shooters, who, from their high [sic] above the decks of our gunboats, shot off the gunners

as soon as they came in range. Whether from bad gunnery on the part of our men, or from whatever reason, none of them were sunk. Two were propellors [sic].

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Letter from Murfreesboro.
[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Camp Near Murfreesboro,}
January 15, 1863.}

I have just paid a visit to the boys of the 6th Ohio, who are encamped on the left of Murfreesboro, distant about one mile. . . .

The 2d Ohio, now in command of Major McCook, is located upon the right of the Murfreesboro Pike. They have an exceedingly interesting trophy, captured from the 30th Arkansas Infantry. It is one of Polk's battle-flags, a white cross on blue ground, and bears the inscription, "Farmington, Miss.," and "Richmond, Ky." . . .

Alf.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Expedition into Arkansas.
The Capture of Arkansas Post.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times gives the particulars of the expedition into Arkansas, resulting in the capture of Arkansas Post, with six thousand rebels. After the repulse at Vicksburg our army was greatly disheartened. General McClellan having assumed command, determined that it would not do to pass the time that must elapse before reinforcements could be received, in idleness, and planned the campaign up the Arkansas River. He deceived the enemy as to his intentions, by moving up White River. They thought his design was to attack St. Charles, but he entered the Arkansas River by the well-known cut-off, between that and the White River, and the enemy had not time to concentrate their trans-Mississippi forces at Arkansas Post. The fort of the enemy was a strong one, facing the river, and the approaches on the land side were thus guarded:

Back of the fort the rebels had dug a system of rifle-pits, though defective in being laid out in long straight lines, instead of describing angles at frequent intervals as military engineering has always taught, by which means an enfilading fire is avoided. In front of this system of rifle-pits, the trees had been felled to form an abatis, through which an assaulting party must charge before reaching the rifle-pits.

The fighting on the land was pretty hot. Our men carried the outer range of the rifle-pits by storm. The fighting was for a time with the bayonet. The correspondent of the Times says:

A close fight ensued, our forces charging up with determination, and engaging the enemy in a hand-to-hand fight, in which the bayonet was the most conspicuous weapon used. It was in this assault that our greatest loss was met with. It was a desperate encounter, in which brave men met brave men. The carnage was frightful. Scarcely ever before have so many men fallen in so short a time. But, as we were largely in excess of the rebels in point of numbers, it was simply impossible that they could long maintain their position against us. Our lines were rapidly concentrating and closing in upon them, threatening them with a sure capture, should they longer attempt the resistance, ere they could fall back to their final resort, the inclosure [sic] and cover of the fort. Seeing this, they gradually gave way before our impetuous charges, and succeeded in getting the bulk of their forces, with their artillery, within the fort.

To attack this strong work without heavy siege guns to breach it would have been absurd. To attempt to carry it by assault would have been equally futile. It was impregnable against an infantry assault. On all sides it was surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, from the bottom of which to the top of the iron-clad parapet was not less than twenty feet. The face of this parapet was covered with bars of railroad iron laid perpendicularly, so that scaling was out of the question. The door of ingress and egress had been closed by the enemy when they drew their forces in, and the bridge by which they crossed the ditch had been drawn up out of reach.

Here the Gunboats Came Into Play.

The army was withdrawn to secure positions, and at 1 P.M. the gunboats were ordered up to assail this stronghold. And then commenced a fight such as has not been equaled on the Western waters during this war.

The Great Artillery Battle.

For three hours and a half our three gunboats—the Louisville, Cincinnati, and DeKalb—lay under the heavy guns of this fort, and poured in upon it the heaviest of their shot and shell. Close up the gunboats took their position, Captain Owen, of the Louisville, by seniority, having command of the detachment. The first or second shot fired from that ship entered a port-hole of the fort, and dismounted one of the enemy's best guns, and scattered death, consternation and confusion throughout the garrison. Again solid shot were hurled against the sloping walls of the fort, bending, breaking, and tearing away the plating, and promising speedily to batter down the very wall itself. Others of our shell dropped into the inclosure [sic], where, exploding, the slaughter was frightful.

With us there was but little loss of life. The guns of the fort were with the utmost difficulty depressed enough to bear upon us, and when they were, by constantly shifting our positions and keeping in motion, the aim of the rebels was destroyed. Their missiles fell around us in profusion, and our boats were occasionally struck; but none of them were injured in the slightest degree, so far as their usefulness was concerned. Some light bulkheads were torn away, the exposed wood-work was much shattered and riddled, and splinters flew around in profusion. But still the boats were as strong and as invulnerable as ever, and continued to pour a most murderous fire into the rebel position.

Damages to the Fort.

Thus a second shell was sent through one of the ports, and killed nine men and a number of horses. The plating of the fort on the side exposed to us was fast disappearing and the heavy timbers forming the wall were being splintered and knocked to pieces with every discharge of our guns.

A Shell in the Louisville.

One shell fired by the enemy entered a port-hole in the Louisville, exploding on the gun-deck, killing two men, and wounding several others. Still the fight went on, the enemy obstinately contending against us, though it was plainly apparent that their subjugation was only a question of time.

The Enemy is Forced to Succumb.

This terrible encounter lasted just three hours and a half, being a much longer time than our gunboats have ever before been under fire at one time. They made a most splendid fight, winning for every boat engaged, a reputation of the highest character. The enemy were finally overcome. Their rear defenses were in the possession of our army. They were cooped up in this narrow fortress, which was rapidly going to pieces under the continuous and unslackening fire of the heavy nine and ten inch guns of our gunboats. Should the cannonading continue much

longer, the south wall of the fort would be wholly destroyed, and there would remain to them no protection whatever from our shot and shell. Madness alone could dictate further resistance, which would only entail the wholesale slaughter of all within the crowded inclosure [sic].

The Surrender.

Surrender or death was the only alternative left the rebel commander, and at half-past 3 o'clock he ordered the rebel flag hauled down, and a white signal hoisted in its place. At the appearance of this signal, our gunboats ceased their terrible work, glad to be released from such a sad and wearisome occupation. Gen. McClelland dispatched an officer to communicate with Gen. Churchill, commanding the post, and soon the details of the surrender were determined upon. The whole garrison were surrendered as prisoners of war, with all their guns, camp equipage, stores, ammunition, horses, &c. The surrender was unconditional, and the victory complete. By it we secured four thousand eight hundred prisoners, fourteen hundred of whom were sick or wounded.

The rebel loss is stated at about three hundred in killed and wounded during the action. At the time I left no estimate had been made of our losses, as the dead had not been gathered up for burial. It is supposed that we, being the assailing party, suffered rather more than the enemy, and I have heard our losses stated at five hundred.

After that two regiments of rebel reinforcements arrived, and were captured.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 22, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

[Telegraphic Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

From Cairo.

Additional Particulars of the Capture
of Arkansas Post.

Cairo, January 20.

From an intelligent and reliable correspondent, who was on the spot, we have received the following details of the attack on Arkansas Post. General Sherman's corps held the right, and were disposed as follows: In General Steel's division, General Hovey's brigade held the right; General Thayer's the center, and General Blair's the left. In General Stuart's division, Acting General J. A. Smith's brigade held the right, and General A. J. Smith's the left of General Morris' corps. The forces left in General A. J. Smith's division were Burbridge's and Landrum's brigades, and Sheldon's brigade, in General Osterhaus' division, rested on the river bank.

The extreme left, Generals Lindsey and DeCourcy, Commanders, of Osterhaus' division, was sent along the opposite shore, and cut off escape.

General Thayer had his horse shot. His brigade was composed of the 4th, 9th, 26th, 30th, and 34th Iowa, and 1st Iowa battery.

Acting General J. A. Smith's brigade was warmly engaged. He, also, had his horse shot. The 8th Missouri was pushed into the hottest fire, led by Colonel Coleman, who was slightly wounded. This regiment suffered severely, five officers being killed and disabled. Lieutenant L. Morgan was shot through the face; Captain Jameson was considerably wounded, early in the action, but refused to retire, and bravely led his men through the engagement.

Among the batteries most constantly engaged was Taylor's, of Chicago. The rebel loss is about 150 killed and 500 wounded. the prisoners consisted of 24th Texas dismounted cavalry, Colonel Willis; 25th same, Colonel Gillespie; 11th same, colonel Sweet; 6th Texas Infantry, Colonel Gaylord; Colonel Taylor's and Colonel Daniel's regiments. Six of nine guns in the first belonged to Captain Hart's Arkansas battery. The Commander-in-chief of the enemy was

Brigadier General Churchill, and staff, Captain Ben Johnson, Adjutant General; Captain Wolf, Chief Quartermaster; Captains Little and Brown aids. Brigade Commanders Colonels Deshler, Garland, and Portlock, and a large number of Captains and Lieutenants were taken. One thousand Texas cavalry escaped, taking a large part of the baggage train. The result of the victory shows that 4,500 prisoners and stands of arms and twenty guns are ours.

Duvall's Bluff, on White River, has probably fallen ere this under the attack of general Gorman.

I have good authority for stating that the attack on Arkansas Post was made without authority or suggestion from Washington. The next movement, it is hoped, will be to operate again at Vicksburg, assisted this time by General Grant. Our loss on gunboats is inconsiderable, about a dozen killed and twenty wounded.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

The Field of Glory—Apologetical in
Behalf of the Undersigned—An Un-
easy Bivouac—Review of the Field—
How the Armies were Deployed—The
Night of Wednesday, December 31—
Views of General Officers—Constancy
of the Commanding General—Steady-
ness of Major General Thomas—Com-
parison of Numbers—Federal Force
40,000—Rebel Force 45,000—A
Phantom Division—Our Loss 13,000
in Killed, Wounded and Missing—
Ohio Regiments—Cruft's Brigade and
Palmer's Division—The Situation.

Headquarters 14th Army Corps, }
Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 16, 1863. }

My Uncle Toby never wearied of talking of the Army in Flanders, and Uncle Toby's friends never grew weary of him. If I could tell my story as well as he discoursed his themes, I am sure readers would not soon be sated with sketches of battle where their soldiers gathered such harvests of glory. A field where the blood of more than eight thousand of our noble Western brethren flowed like a Spring freshet, but in richer current, ought to be invested with inthralling [sic] interest as long as time shall endure. I shall offer no further apology, therefore, for dwelling upon the battle of Stone River, or for recurring to it when new points of interest are suggested for the use of my pen. I may even thrice tell a story; but I am sure the whole story will bear reiteration. Indeed, it was a regretful matter, that exigencies of the profession required such pageant of battle to be disposed of so swiftly. Few readers understand what it is to be required to describe matters of great moment, upon the instant, without time to soften a single asperity, or to round a solitary period harmoniously. Newspaper correspondents are often victims of sharp criticism, for inaccuracies, which might have been corrected by this exercise of a little care, but the public should charitably consider that the expenditure of time prudentially, would delay a day, or may be, a week, the transmission of tidings, which they eagerly devour in any shape. At the risk of obtruding myself where propriety dictates that only my theme can interest, I may yet be pardoned for explaining that my description of the battle of Stone River was written for the

readers of the Commercial while the conflict was raging furiously, our miserable bivouac in the mud being within easy range of hostile artillery, and liable to interruption by its rude messengers. I heard more than one General remonstrate against the location of headquarters as extremely hazardous. Indeed, the previous night even Minie balls whistled so viciously about the premises that not anybody felt peculiarly comfortable. I suppose the mystery of darkness had much to do with the sensation; but it is nevertheless a fact that the fugitive balls which slitted so ping-ously through obscurity excited uneasiness which all the fury of battle had not inspired. But to proceed in the apologetic strain. It was a drizzling, blustering afternoon and night. There was not a comfortable shelter within miles, so that the historians of the occasion—if others had the hardihood to ply their vocations under such conditions—were fain to write with their toes in the mud, by the capricious glare of a feeble tallow candle. Even this was not so disagreeable as attempting to sleep in the mud. I tired the experiment, and gladly returned to my lead pencil. Would you be unreasonable enough to expect exactness in the manoevers [sic] of a brigade, or in the geography of a field which they eye of no Union soldier had yet scanned without hazard of death? A thousand soldiers, who had sought to scrutinize the mystery of the dreadful cedar-brake through which Crufts, Negley, Miller, Stanley, and Phil. Sherridan [sic], so nobly fought, lay stark and bloody upon the dreary earth awaiting soldiers' burial. Even they had not measured the elevations and depressions which then were *terra incognita* to all. And there were some of us who had galloped madly over the field upon that furious Wednesday, who thought much less of peculiar topography than of the shattered and broken right, whose receding wave threatened to engulf [sic] us in destruction. I remark these points because unreasonable criticisms are sometimes made of epistolary performances executed under such embarrassing circumstances as I have attempted to portray. General officers are sometimes apt to be restive because the exact location of their brigades or divisions is not given according to exact military rule—a sort of precision in military affairs not attainable without the aid of official reports—which customarily are not written until after battle—a map and an engineer at hand to explain.

However, the swift description which you have read, generally conforms with all the prominent facts of the battle, although I can now sketch the relative positions of the two armies a little more exactly, since the chief topographer has corrected his maps. The river here courses in a general direction north, curving westward in front of Murfreesboro. The enemy's center was nearly opposite the town, forming the point of an obtuse angle, projecting north-westerly. The right wing obliqued slightly, in a northwesterly direction intersecting the river, and resting on the east side; their left receding south-westerly far enough to project beyond our right wing. Our own lines extended from a point south of the Wilkerson Pike, tracing an irregular course to the river on our left. The distance between the extremes did not exceed three miles. The divisions were posted as heretofore described—two brigades of Brigadier General R. W. Johnson on the extreme right, its flank protected by detachments of the first cavalry division; that of Brigadier General Jeff. C. Davis next; that of Brigadier General Phil. Sherridan [sic] connecting on the left of the right wing, and joining Negley's two brigades; Colonel T. R. Stanley's and Colonel John F. Miller's in the center. Major General Rousseau's division of four brigades was held in reserve to the center—the brigade of Regulars on his right. Palmer's division on the right of the left wing, connected with Negley; Van Cleve's division in the center of the left, with Palmer; and Wood's division on the extreme left, and partially in reserve, with the second cavalry division, under Colonel John Kennett, covering his flank. Johnson had Battery A, 1st Ohio Artillery, Captain Goodspeed; Battery E, 1st Ohio Artillery, Captain Edgerton; and the 5th Indiana Battery, Captain Simonson. General Davis had the 5th and 6th Wisconsin Batteries, Captains Pinney and

Carpenter respectively, and the 2d Minnesota Battery, Captain Hotchkiss. General Sherridan [sic] had Battery G, 1st Missouri, Captain Hescok; Battery C, 1st Illinois, Captain Houtaling, and the 4th Indiana Battery, Captain Bush. General Negley had Marshall's, Ellsworth's and Shultz's Batteries; General Rousseau those of Loomis and Guenther; General Palmer Battery M, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant Parsons; Battery H, 4th U. S. Artillery, Lieutenant Throckmorton; Battery B, 1st Ohio, Captain Standart, and Battery F, 1st Ohio, Captain Cockerell. General Van Cleve the 26th Pennsylvania Battery, Captain Stevens; the 3d Wisconsin, Captain Drury; and the 7th Indiana, Captain Swallow. General Wood, the 8th and 10th Indiana Batteries, Captains Cochran and Cox; and the 6th Ohio Battery, Captain Bradley.

The various brigades were posted from right to left in order, as follows: 2d Division, (right wing)—1st Brigade, Brigadier General Willich; 2d Brigade, Brigadier General Kirk; 3d Brigade, Colonel Baldwin—in reserve until the attack was made, when it came into action immediately. 1st Division—1st Brigade, Colonel P. S. Post; 2d Brigade, Colonel Carlin; 3d Brigade, Colonel W. B. Woodruff. 3d Division—1st Brigade, Brigadier General Sill; 2d Brigade, Colonel F. Shaefer; 3d Brigade, Colonel G. W. Roberts. 8th Division (Negley's)—Colonel T. R. Stanley's brigade; Colonel J. F. Miller's brigade, of the "Center." Brigadier General Palmer's (2d) Division (left wing)—1st Brigade, Brigadier General Crufts; 2d Brigade, Colonel Hazen; 3d Brigade, Colonel Grose—at first in reserve, but soon brought into action on the left of Colonel Hazen. Van Cleve's (3d) Division—1st Brigade, Colonel Sam. Beatty; 2d Brigade, Colonel Jas. P. Fyffe; _____ Brigade, Colonel Sam. W. Price. Major General Rousseau's division, of the "Center" was held in reserve at first, but was led into action early on the right of General Negley, the Regular _____ Brigade, Lieutenant Colonel Shepherd, on the right.

In such a line of battle it would only confuse matters to mention the position of regiments. This will be left for battle biographies of brigades. Even the positions of divisions were only temporarily maintained, the capricious fortunes of the battle requiring changes to different parts of the field. The history of the part taken in the series of engagements from Wednesday until Friday, by various brigades, will show you how difficult it is for the most attentive observer to collect all the leading facts of a great battle, days after it is ended. For instance, although Negley's division did the great fighting of Friday afternoon, Palmer's division came in for a share of sanguinary glory—and perhaps troops of other divisions whose actions are now obscured in the gloom of official reports.

The great leading point in the terrific battle needs to be more clearly delineated, because it illustrates the influence of one man upon the vitality of a *cause*. There is always a mass of camp gossip which obscured truth. It is well enough to record it sometimes, because it indicates the temper of the troops. It is believed, for instance, that the corps and division Generals advocated retreat Wednesday night. Some assert that Major General Crittenden, only, sustained General Rosecrans in his determination to fight it out. I shall not presume to say who advocated retreat. But I know this: After hostilities ceased on Wednesday evening, General Rosecrans examined the field. After satisfying himself that if forced to recede from the position he then held, he could fall back upon a strong defensive position on the south bank of Overhaus Creek, he returned to camp and informed his Generals that they must "fight or die" there. Orders were accordingly issued to that end. It is certain that whoever may have favored a retreat, Major General George H. Thomas did not avow himself among the number. General Rosecrans himself was not obstinate upon the subject, but he was firm and inflexible. He reposed great confidence in the troops, and what was still more assuring, he was—as he always expresses himself—fortified in the justice of the cause, and believed he would conquer. No man can doubt

that his constancy proved our sheet-anchor. An accident, misfortune, carelessness, unavoidable mischance, perhaps something untoward, at all events, had given the enemy, who unquestionably outnumbered us, an almost fatal advantage, which they partially maintained until Wednesday evening. The chances were then against us. Most commanders would have been glad to accept a favorable opportunity to retreat. Our commander thought otherwise, and his fidelity to his trust, his courage and skill, converted disaster into success.

Concerning the question of numbers. Since the army occupied Murfreesboro, we have acquired interesting information touching the enemy. General Rosecrans fought the battle with 40,000 men! It was the general impression, from their development of force in plain view before us, that we were outnumbered. Major General Thomas, who never exaggerates, expressed belief that their force extended ours by five or six thousand men. This is corroborated by rebel parties who had peculiar facilities for learning Bragg's views. The rebel leader supposed he would be attacked by 55,000 men. A large number of those, he assumed, being new levies, could not be handled with facility. His own army, according to intelligent rebels, numbered 45,000 effective infantry troops, in a high state of discipline. He conceived their discipline would more than equal what he assumed to be our superior numbers. His artillery was about equal to ours, and his cavalry greatly outnumbered that of Gen. Rosecrans. Upon these assumptions he gave battle, and was driven from his chosen position. At the conclusion of the series of bloody encounters, I supposed our losses were about equal. After careful sifting of all testimonies, I am satisfied that the casualties of the enemy exceeded ours by three or four thousand. The balance of prisoners is only slightly in their favor. Considering numbers, condition of troops in point of discipline, the position of the enemy, the demoralizing effect of defeat upon them, and the inspiring influence success had upon our troops, surely no one will doubt that ours was a decisive victory. The disposition of rebel troops in battle was as follows: General Wheeler's cavalry on their left flank; McCown's, Claiborne's, Wither's, Cheatham's, Hardee's old division, Breckinridge's divisions, from right to left in front, with Wharton's cavalry on their right flank; Anderson's and Kirby Smith's divisions in reserve, part of Kirby Smith's corps coming up from the rear after commencement of battle. We received no reinforcements whatever. Walker's brigade, which was six or eight miles in the rear, came up late in the afternoon, and deployed into line on the right, where it received heavy fire, without participating actively in the battle, although it had some sharp skirmishing, and bore itself gallantly.

Bragg supposed, he intimates, that we were reinforced by the "14th Division" Friday night. If he sincerely believed that, he was deceived by a clever ruse. Lieutenant Colonel Bassett Langdon and Captain Fisher, of McCook's Staff, together with Captain C. R. Thompson, of the Staff of General Rosecrans, were directed to deploy the "14th Division" into line upon our right, under cover of darkness. The General desired them to be as noisy as possibly [sic] about it. Those officers being vocally gifted, they made the forests ring again with tempestuous commands. The phantom division was skillfully maneuvered into position, and a detachment of orderlies kindled bright fires all over the encampment. Not long afterward the General rode over with an escort, and laid out a line of battle, blazing it with glowing fires. The object of this dumb show is, of course, obvious to readers. The General desired to make display of great force where he was not very strong. Bragg seems to admit that the phantom division answered the purpose for which it was devised. It is certain he did not afterward demonstrate on the right wing—a point which previously he seemed to consider especially vulnerable.

The official reports of casualties are not yet perfected; but they give us the aggregates of losses. The whole foots up 9,000 killed and wounded, and nearly 4,000 missing; to-wit:

Right wing 690 killed, 2,804 wounded, 2,092 missing—total 5,586. Left wing 574 killed, 2,770 wounded, 1,200 missing—total, 4,554. Center 324 killed, 1,713 wounded, 500 missing—total 2,537. Add 300 to cover omissions and we have an aggregate of 1,600 killed, 7,400 wounded, and 4,000 missing. The final report will not differ materially from these figures. The exact number of missing from the center was stated in my last telegram.

In my next I shall endeavor to state some details touching the action of the 2d, 6th, and 24th Ohio, and the 1st and 2d Kentucky. Suffice it that they all behaved nobly, and their commanders and the troops are glowingly eulogized in official reports. The conduct of the troops from each of the States represented in the army could not have been nobler. It ought to be mentioned, however, that Cruft's brigade, of which the 2d Kentucky is a part, penetrated with the bayonet further, by several hundred yards, than any other brigade in our direct front, driving three times their number of rebels before them. The fighting of Palmer's whole division was never excelled on any field of battle in any country. The 6th Ohio lost more men than any regiment engaged, the 21st and one other Illinois regiment excepted. The 21st Illinois lost its Colonel (Alexander) and three hundred men. It was the sad fortune of the 24th Ohio to lose not only Colonel Fred Jones, but Major Terry, a most promising officer; and the succeeding day Captain Wardell, its acting Colonel, was killed. Truly an orphan regiment.

There is little to add touching the situation. The rebel outposts are about ten miles from our front, and their main body is on Duck River. Secessionists say we will be attacked as soon as Bragg's reinforcements arrive. *Quien Sabe!*

The last three days have been very severe. It rained two days incessantly and there was a heavy freshet in Stone River. Yesterday a nor'easter blew up a snow storm and to-day it is cold as Greenland. It is not agreeable to our soldiers.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 23, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

The Pioneer Corps in the Battle of
Stone River—Extracts from a Private
Letter, Written by Capt. C. J. Stewart,
of the Corps.

Our brigade came on the battle-field December 30. I was ordered to the front with a company of Pioneers, to cut a road for the passage of cannon. A part of the time the bullets flew thick and fast around my head, in fact, so much so, that I was ordered to dismount my horse. Wednesday morning, I was again ordered to take three hundred men and cut the banks of Stone River, for the passage of cannon. At this point, I had to fight to obtain possession of the bank. Before the work was completed, an order came for me to return to camp. By the time I got to camp a terrific battle was raging. Bragg, with his entire force, made an attack on our right, driving our troops before him. The Pioneers were thrown forward in line of battle to a small rise of ground, in a field about six hundred yards from the woods, through which our troops were falling back. Many of them came like flocks of sheep, the rebels after them. We came to a charge bayonets, and stopped a few of them. The field was soon cleared of our troops—then the whole blunt fell upon the Pioneers. We had Capt. Stokes' battery on the left of our battalion; the first and second battalions were on the right. We fought for an hour without any change. At last they gave way, Capt. Stokes' battery having silenced three rebel batteries, and driven back one brigade of infantry that was making a charge upon us.

The sharp shooters were busy all day. Our brigade lay in line of battle for forty-five hours without being relieved. At 10 o'clock Thursday night we were relieved, and moved a short distance to the rear and camped. During the whole of the night the Pioneer Brigade figured conspicuously.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Letter from Cairo.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Cairo, Illinois, January 21, 1863.

. . . While narrating facts connected with the Western navy, I should mention that the Siddall, whose commander made such a cowardly surrender on the Cumberland, recently, was not attached to Admiral Porter's fleet, and her existence was not known at naval headquarters here. She was, I believe, a concern improvised at Madison or elsewhere during the rebel raid into Kentucky. She was neither officered nor manned by attaches of the Naval Department, and it was not a naval officer's pocket handkerchief that waved the signal of submission to the guerrillas. It is but justice to our Western naval men that this statement be made. . . .

Mack.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

[Communicated.]

General Sherman.

Army of the Mississippi, (if there

be}

such a thing), Post of Arkansas, }
January 13, 1863. }

Eds. Com.:--There was a hard battle fought and a glorious victory gained at this Post, on the 11th instant. I know that there have been three letters written, for publication, which do not give a *true* statement of the battle. In these letters, all the credit of the victory is given to General McClelland. That is all absurd. Let McClelland have all the "*glory*" he can get in the columns of the newspapers that do not hesitate to publish any thing, but he does not get much "*glory*" from the troops of *this* army. I do not write this with any ill-feelings to General McClelland—far from it—but I do write to put the *lie* to some letters that you will get soon, giving a history of this fight, where all the credit is given to McClelland, when *Major General W. T. Sherman, of Ohio*, commanded, *in person*, the *attacking* force, and with that command *forced* the enemy to *surrender unconditionally*. General Sherman was *with his troops, and under heavy fire*, from the opening to the close of the fight. Major General John A. McClelland may have been in his proper place, but he was not where his troops could see him, much less hear his words of encouragement. General Sherman and his entire staff (I do not know their names) were *within* five hundred yards of the enemy's works, from the time our troops made the first charge, until the rebels raised the *white flag*. Wonder why it was not the black?

I have been a soldier under Gen. Sherman since last March; I have seen him several times every day since then, for he has never been absent one moment from his command, and I know that he is the best hearted, and bravest man that ever commanded a Western army. He has been a soldier all his life—he is a soldier from the ground up. But he has been more unjustly handled by the newspapers of Ohio, his native State, than any man in the Army of the West. No state in the Union has sent a better General, a purer and more devoted patriot into the field than Ohio—

that noble being is W. T. Sherman—yet Ohio has dealt harshly with him. If B. Stanton was half the gentleman that General Sherman is the soldier, he would never have published quite so large a volume of lies, blaming General Sherman with a “surprise” at Shiloh. If all of our leaders would begin now and work as General Sherman has done for the last year and a half, this infernal rebellion would stop—it would, indeed, “play out.” There is not a soldier in this entire army who does not love him as they love their own lives. They know that he is always near them in the hour of battle, ready to share their fate, if need be. I have read this letter to hundreds of soldiers from different States, and they all wanted to sign it; but pledging you my honor that I have written the feelings of every man in this army, with the request that you will publish it, I remain,

T. K.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

Battle of Stone River.

Rebel Account.

[From the Chattanooga Rebel, January 6.]

The Front of Murfreesboro—What was
Done There—Anecdotes and Particu-
lars—The Great Battle, &c.

[Correspondence of the Daily Rebel.]

Murfreesboro, Jan. 2, 1863.

In the mad whirl of Wednesday’s battle, yesterday’s intense expectancy, and to-day’s uncertainty, a great deal was heard, felt, said, believed, hoped. I tell you how it happened:

The Yankees came out from Nashville, a week ago yesterday, with baggage marked to Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

A column confronted Gen. Hardee’s *corps d’armee*, say at Triune—another Gen. Polk’s advance, at Lavergne. Heavy skirmishing Friday and Saturday last week, on both lines. Result found, on Sunday morning, a Confederate battle-line, say six miles long, three to four miles in front of Murfreesboro; Yankees at Stewart’s Creek, ten miles from there, advancing upon Bridgeport and Chattanooga. That day and Monday we intrenched [sic] and got otherwise ready. Yankees approached slowly, getting ready too. They say 50,000 strong—we “ragged rebels,” about 30,000.

Tuesday morning the artillery on both sides exchanged cold, distant guns of recognition; they then greeted; then, I may say, shook hands; and then got very warm generally, and kept up a most confoundedly brisk and noisy series of demonstrations till night. General Bragg calls it, I learn, an artillery duel. At about 10 A.M., or sooner, both parties threw forward skirmishers, and they popped away at each other with what a beginner would call amazing resolution. At eleven and twelve o’clock, it rained smartly, but the skirmishers kept on; when the clouds broke away, a brisk west wind, changing around to the north-west, made it cool, and the skirmishers became still more resolute. This occurred chiefly on our left, and indicated that the enemy was going to throw most of his weight in that direction, and so turn our position on that wing. General Bragg, therefore, transferred General Cleburne’s division from our right to the left, about sundown. Our forces at the close were disposed thus: The divisions of Gens. McGown and Cleburne on our left; Wethers and Cheatham in the center, and Breckinridge on the right.

A notable instance of Yankee impudence on this day, must not be omitted. One of their regiments undertook to charge one of our batteries, Robertson's. They came up bravely and were nearly all shot down, and the remaining few ejaculated "*river*" and retired!

On Wednesday morning, at half-past six, according to previous arrangement, the attack was brought on by a vigorous advance of our left. It was a surprise to the enemy, who was eating his breakfast. He flew to arms, and, as best he could, formed his lines to receive us. Under the circumstances, he did it well, but our columns moved with so much precision and celerity, that he was driven from point to point with most astonishing rapidity. Very soon, McCown, Cleburne, Withers and Cheatham were bearing down with an impetuosity and power utterly resistless. Battery after battery was charged, taken and left behind the advancing legions. Through field and wood, over rocks and fences they swept with the fury of a whirlwind, pausing at nothing, but overcoming every thing that lay in their way with the most unyielding courage and determination. It required such heroic pluck to do it; for the enemy generally maintained his order and poured torrents of lead and iron into our ranks. But at every stand and at every volley from him, our men compounded the interest on the loan, driving them still on and back. By one o'clock we had forced their entire right wing back upon their center, and their center back upon the right extremity of their left, doubling their lines up themselves, and in some measure, massing them in a new positions [sic].

It must be remembered that all this fighting and driving was from their right to their left. The battle-line extending in a general direction from north to south, the pathway of the battle lay in the same direction. The enemy was, therefore, not a great way further from Bridgeport and Chattanooga at this point of time than in the morning when the battle opened. That is to say, he was not driven back westwardly upon Nashville. We seemed to have made a pivot of the right of our center, and turned our line upon it, and by the fighting and driving, changed it from a north and south to a nearly east and west direction. The battle opened to the right and near the Murfreesboro and Salem Turnpike, and at this period had passed across the Triune dirt road, the Wilkinson and Nolinsville Turnpike, and approached the Nashville Turnpike and the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Up to this time and this point our victory was complete and overwhelming. We had driven the foe some five or six miles, captured about four thousand prisoners (including three Generals), some thirty or thirty-five pieces of artillery, and inflicted a loss upon the enemy treble our own, to say nothing of the small arms and personal equipage, strewn from Dan to Beersheba.

Here, however, the enemy rallied all his energies for a desperate struggle. Fortune favored him, and the wily Rosecrans availed himself of the favor. In front of our right center, say a mile distant, rose a naked oval hill, commanding in all directions—not very high, but exceedingly available. Upon this hill he placed a crown of twenty guns, more or less, immediately supporting them by a brigade of regulars, and holding an infinite number as a secondary support. In addition to this, he had ranged other batteries on the slopes near the foot of the hill, raking the surrounding plain. Brigadier General Chalmers, supported by Brigadier General Donelson, was ordered to take the position. You can easily imagine the infinite danger of the charge, but you can scarcely imagine the steady heroism with which these devoted men advanced to it, and made it. The storm which poured upon them, including all the short-range missiles was incredibly severe. Our shattered columns stood in the midst of that tempest long enough to bring off two of the batteries. It is not for me to say that Chalmers broke or that Donelson stood fearlessly immovable. The whole, for my purpose, did admirably. General Breckinridge, who held our right north of Stone River, and who had not been previously

engaged, was now ordered across, with a view of relieving our wearied columns and taking the hill. The brigades of Generals Adams and Jackson were formed and sent forward. They imitated the coolness and courage of their predecessors, going forward with the utmost alacrity and firmness. They met the same tempest of shell, grape, canister and musketry, and recoiled. They again rallied, and rushing with almost superhuman devotion, completely enveloped by the tornado, reached within perhaps an hundred paces of the coveted object, but were again repulsed. The batteries of Cobb and Byrne, I believe, aided these charges by a simultaneous bombardment of the hill. Night was now closing in, and we were compelled to relinquish the attempt to take this stronghold, and darkness closed that day, and gave to history one of the bloodiest chapters of the war.

Such was the battle of Wednesday—such the triumph of Confederate arms, a victory glorious and complete as far as it went; but it was not consummate. We thought at one time that the Yankees were as good as routed, but it appears they were not. We thought they would skedaddle that night, but they did not. But they did one thing that night, and that was, to leave the hill for which we had so hard a struggle, and retired their line from that point some half a mile back. This fact suggests that it was really untenable by reason of some weakness somewhere, and this suggestion may, in turn, suggest the inquiry, why was not this weakness discovered by us. I will not make the inquiry.

Now, will you take my arm and walk over the battle-field, and have me point you the devastation, the stark dead, the suffering stricken, the storm swept forests and fields, and all that? Excuse me. There are those taking notes of all that, to print. But I will go with you to give sepulture to our blessed, our heroic dead; in sadness and silence we go, however. We will bind up the wounds and minister to the wants of those noble men who suffer and are patient for their dear country's sake. But let us also do that softly and in whispers.

Thursday was a bright day. The lines still confronted. Rosecrans had formed his lines a little south of the Nashville Turnpike, gradually diverging from it, still holding his right where it rested on Wednesday, and making nearly a right angle. He is sullen and morose; he speaks occasionally in the tones of artillery in reply to some promptings from us. In the evening the pickets exchanged compliments. He intrenches [sic]; his blue-coats work like beavers. They are great on trenches, and great in fortifications. I suppose you have observed as much.

Friday the same as Thursday, with an exception. Rosecrans advances his left across Stone River, where it runs northwardly. In the afternoon, say three o'clock, General Breckinridge, with our right, advances also. Till dark they fought with very great desperation and very close. It was exceedingly bloody. We drove them across the river, but encountered so vast a body, so securely posted, that we retired to our position again. Our loss, for numbers engaged, was very heavy. It was here General Hanson received his almost fatal wound.

Since Wednesday morning, our cavalry, under Generals Wheeler and Wharton, have been very active. They have made a complete circuit of the enemy twice, capturing and destroying several hundred wagons loaded with munitions and supplies, the enemy's stores at Lavergne and Nolinsville, about a thousand head of horses and mules, besides killing a number of the Yankees, including a Brigadier General, and taking several hundred prisoners. On Wednesday, they rendered great service in picking up and securing prisoners, and the captures of artillery, &c., then made. Bravo for Wheeler and Wharton, and their gallant cavaliers. They reported yesterday and this evening that the movements of the enemy in the rear, his trains, &c., were indicative of a speedy retreat; but no such indications appear on his front lines. On the contrary, his intrenching [sic] goes on, and his advance across the river to-day, might be construed into a

purpose to stay where he is until rested, preparatory to continuing his journey to Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

As *addendum* I must mention an incident on Wednesday's battle. General Alexander McDowell McCook's headquarters were at the chateau of a gentleman resident in the rear of their lines. He commanded the enemy's right wing. When he heard the first sound of our attack, he was engaged in shaving. He instantly rose, saying, without addressing any body, in a confused and excited manner, "That is contrary to orders!" He ordered his horse to be brought without delay, and turning to the gentleman in whose house he was, hurriedly asked: "Who is opposing me to-day?" "Major General Cheatham." General McCook turning ashy pale and trembling from some nameless emotion, rejoined: "Is it possible that I have to meet Cheatham again!" He mounted his horse and rode away, without finishing the interesting operation in which he was engaged at the battle's alarum. That day General Wharton came along with his cavalry and took charge of all General McCook's baggage, and I really haven't heard whether he is done shaving yet. He had met Cheatham at Perryville, and it is possible he foresaw what was in store for the right wing that day.

P.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 8

From Nashville.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Ammunition Train Attacked by the
Rebel Cavalry of Generals Wheeler
and Wade—Bravery of Colonel Dan.
McCook—His Horse Shot Under Him.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1863.

On the fourth day of the great battle at Murfreesboro, our ammunition being nearly exhausted, orders were received by Colonel Dan. McCook, from General Mitchell, to proceed to the front with a supply train, consisting of ninety-five wagons, laden with ammunition and hospital stores. The following troops composed his command, as an escort to the train: Eight companies of the 60th Illinois, two companies of the 10th Michigan, and 6th Tennessee, and the left wing of the 52d Ohio, together with detachments of the 3d and 4th Ohio and 2d Tennessee Cavalry.

The train moved out of Nashville on Friday morning, 2d inst., and had proceeded seven miles on the Murfreesboro Pike, when Generals Wheeler and Wade, with 3,000 men and three pieces of artillery, made an attack upon it. Colonel McCook immediately ordered Colonel Toler, with the 60th Illinois and two companies of the 10th Michigan, to seize some wooded and high ground upon the right of the road, the side upon which the attack was being made. Orders were also sent to hasten up the 6th Tennessee and the 52d Ohio. The enemy soon drove in the cavalry flankers, and about sixty of them reached the train. That portion of our cavalry upon the flank could not be rallied. The enemy's cavalry had now completely surrounded Colonel McCook, but, nothing daunted, and true to his motto—*Fight*—he drew his revolver and returned their fire, and with effect, wounding one and taking him prisoner. Here his horse was shot under him.

Lieutenant E. S. Anderson, Aid on the Colonel's staff, (with whom many of your readers are acquainted, being a resident of Cincinnati) seeing the critical position of his commander, and having rallied about twenty of our cavalry, gallantly led them in a charge upon the enemy and drove them off. By this time, Colonel Toller, with the 60th Illinois, had got into position, and

opened a destructive fire upon the main body of the rebels which put them to flight. The 52d Ohio and 6th Tennessee, being far in the rear, did not get up in time to take an active part in the struggle, but are worthy of all praise for the alacrity with which they double-quickened to the scene of action.

Honorable mention should also be made of Lieutenant Charles Swift, of Cincinnati, for gallant conduct during the action.

The rebels lost two officers and thirteen men killed, two officers and twelve men prisoners, and twenty-five wounded. Our loss, one killed and one wounded.

The train reached Murfreesboro without further molestation. Thus by the skill and gallant conduct of colonel McCook and the brave men under his command, an ammunition train was successfully conducted to our army in front, upon which depended the result of the greatest battle of the South-west.

Union.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Fight at Arkansas Post—The Ohio
Troops—Cincinnati Boys.

We have the letter of our special correspondent with the army under General McClelland. It has been delayed, and the main facts described were some days ago before our readers. There are, however, some points that will interest our readers.

[Extracts of our Special Correspondence from our
Army on the Arkansas.]

It is customary at theaters to close the performance, after a tragedy, by a little comedy. So here—the enemy were expecting reinforcements, which they had sent for. They came last night—their steamers whistling at a furious rate—and two of their advance regiments march right in, our lines opening to admit them. They were politely invited to stack their arms, which invitation they quickly complied with. But the steamers, for some reason, came no nearer, and, concluding that a more healthy atmosphere prevailed higher up the country, they retraced the waves over which they had descended so hopefully, before we could get a battery above to welcome their visit, and assure them our atmosphere was the very best the country could afford them. However, they gave us the two regiments as an earnest of their intentions to do something more for us.

Our loss is probably a little over a hundred killed, and about four hundred wounded. The 16th Indiana, the 76th and 83d Ohio and the 6th and 8th Missouri, were the chief sufferers.

The loss of the enemy I have not been able to get any reliable account of.

I was in the works soon after they were taken, and I also walked over the battlefield, and the number of dead in either place was far short of what I expected to see. The wounded, of course, had been removed.

I have just learned some further particulars of the loss of the 83d Ohio, which gives eighty wounded and eight killed. One of the wounded was Lieutenant Weaver, of Butler County, and one of the killed was Wiscoe, of the same county.

The regiment is highly spoken of for its bravery. It charged twice under a most galling fire—the first time it fell back a little and dropped; the second time, Major L'Hommedieu drew his sword and led the charge, with a "come on, boys"—for which he is spoken of in the highest terms. The colors received thirteen shots.

The ranks of this army fit for duty is much reduced by sickness, chiefly diarrhea.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 24, 1863, p. 3, c. 5
 Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.
 From Indianapolis.
 The Capture of Arkansas Post.

Indianapolis, January 23.

Lieut. Col. Orr, of the 16th, who was wounded in the recent engagement at Arkansas Post, arrived here this morning, *en route* for his residence, at Connersville, Indiana. He reports the 16th, 54th, 60th, 67th, 69th and 83d Regiments as having been in the engagement. The 16th, Lieut. Col. Orr in command, Col. Lucas being sick, had the advance, and charged the enemy in the rifle-pits, and was the first regiment in the fort. They pulled down the white flag and hoisted their regimental flag in its stead. We took, in all, *seven thousand eight hundred and thirty prisoners, with all of the company and regimental officers of nine regiments; also Major General Churchill and acting Brigadier General Garland, of Virginia.* We captured more guns than prisoners, a large lot being packed in boxes inside of the fort. They were a superior arm of English manufacture, similar to our Springfield rifled musket, with the Maynard primer.

We captured all of the ammunition recently lost off the supply steamer Blue Wing, with large quantities of pork and corn meal, fifteen hundred horses and mules, and two hundred wagons, many of which had been captured from the United States.

Colonel rank Emmerson, of the 67th Indiana, was severely wounded in the hip. Lieutenant Colonel Templeton, of the 60th Indiana; Major James S. Jolley, of the 83d; and Lieutenant Colonel Orr of the 16th, are also wounded. These are the only casualties among the field officers from Indiana regiments.

The loss in the 16th Indiana is sixty-seven enlisted men and five officers wounded; eleven killed, and five others have since died of their wounds.

Four hundred and seventy-two of the wounded men have been brought to Memphis on the hospital steamer D. A. January.

Our loss was estimated at six hundred killed and wounded.

The prisoners were miserably clothed, without overcoats, and but few shoes.

It is a coincidence worthy of mention that the 16th Indiana surrendered to General Churchill at Richmond, Ky., in August last, for gallantry at which place Jeff. Davis promoted him to a Major General; and now the 16th have had the gratification of witnessing his surrender, with his entire command, at which they cheered lustily.

Brigadier General Burbridge was the first general officer in the fort, and the surrender was made to him.

General Burbridge compliments the gallantry of the troops, and says he never saw men behave better.

The prisoners have all been sent to Camp Douglas, at Chicago.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 4
 From General McClelland's Army—
 It Goes Down the River.
 [Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

Napoleon, Arkansas, January 17, 1863.

About 5,000 prisoners have already been shipped to Cairo, and others are being brought in every day. All the small arms, ammunition and cannon of the enemy fell into our hands; while all the boats have been loaded to repletion with captured horses, mules, corn, corn meal and other commissary stores. 800 mules constitute but one item in the list of spoils. And, in addition to this, tens of thousands of bushels of corn have been burned, beside over 100 wagons, for which there was no room on board the transports. The rifle-pits, works and fort have all been destroyed, and the post can not again be made as strong a point of defense.

On yesterday the work of the destruction at the Post was completed, and all the stores, that the transports would hold, had been loaded. Twenty more steamers could easily have been filled had they been here. This morning the last of the fleet came down to this place, leaving behind it many a sad remembrance for the rebels. Napoleon is almost entirely deserted by the inhabitants, they being afraid to encounter, even in friendly relations, the terrible Yankees, who done such fearful work at the Post. The stores and shops had all been emptied of their contents, which have been carried away. Our soldiers have now broken into them, and are fast tearing them down.

General McClernand has been reinforced since his arrival here, and now goes down the river, leaving it open behind him, and intending to open it in front of him if he receives proper co-operation. *If he does not, mark my word, he will fail.* If Banks and Grant do not do their share promptly, this expedition will meet with disaster.

G. G.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 26, 1863, p. 4, c. 6

[Communicated.]

Visit to the Graves of Ohio and Indiana Boys—The Trip from Murfreesboro to Louisville—Hospitals and Their Wants—Indianapolis Ladies at Gallatin—Nashville convalescents—Henry Lovie Captured.

Eds. Com.:--Traversing the field of battle, near Murfreesboro, a few days after the rebel defeat, I could but contrast, in my mind, the terrible quiet, with the terrific din and roar of battle of which it was the late scene.

The *debris* of battle is strewn for miles and miles. Thousands upon thousands of cannon-balls and shell lie upon the field. The woods present the appearance of having been visited by a tornado, and here and there a pool of blood marks the place where some devoted hero has rendered up his life.

The heavy cedar wood is nearly three miles this side of Murfreesboro, to the right of the pike, going south. The rocks bear evidence of the struggle, for thousands of bullet and shell traces may be seen. The smaller branches of trees are cut as if a severe hail-storm had visited the spot. Let us dismount and read the names of those soldiers who fell here. They have been given a soldier's funeral. Ah! the names here denote this as part of the gallant Rousseau's division; for on rough pieces of board we read: W. McCartin, Hamilton, O., Co. F, 3d Ohio; F. Burley, Hamilton; John Motram, Co. I, Cardington, O.; H. K. Bennet, Co. A, 3d Ohio; M. Neer, Co. D, 3d Ohio. And close beside, a brother Indiana soldier sleeps—Jos. Guest, 42d Indiana.

Just across the pike, on the left going south, is the grave of A. Hardy, 6th Ohio; and opposite this is the spot where Lieut. Foster, of the noble 6th, yielded up his life, and was buried.

Close by is a log house, perforated with shot and shell. Here some of our wounded sought shelter during the storm of iron hail, but were mercilessly driven out by the shot poured into their intended refuge. To the left of this house are numerous graves. Among them, Francis Kiggins, Co. K; H. Borrien, Co. H, W. Keller, Co. H, all of the 24th Ohio; Alf. Goodman, 58th Indiana; Noah Miller, 58th Indiana, R. D. Tuttle, Co. B, C. McElvain, Co. A, Levi Colwright, James Wright, C. A. McDowell, Co. K, J. B. Naylor, H. Lockmeyer, A. B. Endicott, Co. A, J. Cunningham, E. Skito, J. Reavis, H. Cure, Co. D, all of the 58th Indiana.

Near this the 26th Ohio lost John Tagg, John Karn, F. singer and Charles Bartholomew; Mark E. Rakes of the 88th Indiana, and George Kumler and Wm. Ogg, of the 93d Ohio, are buried here, together with John Van Waggoner and Lieutenant Black, of the 58th Indiana. And still further to the left, along the Chattanooga Railroad, is the remains of Elias M. Scott, 82d Indiana; near this, but across the road on the skirt of a wood, Sergeants Potter and Pattenry, of the 24th Ohio, Henry Allen, of the 65th Ohio, and Frank Nitty, of the 58th Indiana. Continuing our course to the left just crossing a dirt road leading [sic] toward Murfreesboro, upon a little knoll is the ruins of a once handsome mansion behind an upright Southern timber fence; just back of the still-standing negro quarters there is a beautiful cluster of prairie roses in full leaf. The waving branches, as they bend to the right, cover the graves of three Cincinnati boys, two of whom I knew intimately. Go ask their comrades, and they will bear willing evidence of the chivalrous bearing of the two noble youths, Ally Rockenfield and little Dave Madary. Beside them is the grave of W. S. Shaw, whom I did not know personally. I am told he died while bravely doing his whole duty. The branches of the same friendly rose-bush, bending to the left, cover the graves of Capt. Weller, Lieut. Harmon, and Major Terry, all of the 24th Ohio, forming a beautiful emblem of the unity of those two splendid regiments, the 6th and 24th. Continuing still further to the left we cross Stone River, where our forces did such good fighting under Crittenden. Just after crossing this stream, upon the first knoll beneath a large oak, are the remains of Serg. Jacob McGillen, of Hamilton. He belonged to the 69th Ohio. An incident in regard to this noble youth was told me by a gentleman who knew him well. When that noble man, William Beckett, of Hamilton, was doing all in his power to assist in raising the 69th Regiment, a number of the "*Southern Rights*" sympathizers tried to dissuade McGillen from joining—bidding him to hold off until substitutes were called, for, and then, if he would go, they would buy him. He, however, spurned their base offers and enlisted; and when, crossing the river amidst the iron hail, he received a bullet in his arm, he hastily tied up the wound, and, though weakened from loss of blood, rejoined his command; and the second ball, piercing his breast, he fell. Nearly opposite his resting place lies Captain Chandler, of the 19th Illinois.

I have been told by those high in command that more *individual prowess* was manifested upon this battle-field than any during the war. There were more hand to hand encounters, more desperate fighting—men selling their lives as dearly as possible. As to their General, there is but one acclamation: General Rosecrans has endeared himself to the whole army; they love him as a child should love its father, and all are satisfied that had it not been for the surprise upon the right, and Johnson's defeat, that the battle would have ended with total annihilation to the Southern army.

On my way back to Nashville I called at the different hospitals, and saw quite a number of the wounded. The Surgeons are doing all they can toward sending them home. Dr. Ames and Dr. Stevens, of the 6th Ohio, in fact, all the Surgeons, seem assiduous in their attentions to the wounded. As a matter of course, many think they are neglected, but there are so many to be attended to.

I met Major Frank Cahill. He tells me he has 6,000 convalescents under his charge at Nashville.

General Mitchell is kept very busy, although but few passes are given to any going South, but Lieut. Osgood, his chief business man, is up night and day, ready at all times to expedite those going in search of the wounded Union soldiers. Lieutenant Osgood certainly does more business in one day than many men who are called fast can do in a week. To know that he does his duty, I will state that secessionists hate him, and Union men speak in high terms of him.

At Gallatin, on Saturday last, I visited Hospital No. 1. It is under the superintendance [sic] of Major W. P. Eistun, of the 79th Ohio, Dr. J. L. Armstrong, of the 2d Minnesota, and E. F. Henderson and A. H. Landis, of the 35th, assistants. I went in every ward connected with this hospital, and it is really a model. Every room is as clean as wax. Dr. Eistun and his assistants deserve the greatest praise for their attention. There are three Indianapolis ladies—"angels of mercy"—for theirs is an [sic] holy influence. They are volunteer aids, attending with a motherly and sisterly care to the sick or wounded soldiers. I have heard more than one poor fellow say: "I believe I should have died, but for those kind ladies." The ladies I speak of, are Mrs. Ketchum, Miss Bates and Miss Cathcart.

On Sunday last, a young lad who had been sick for a long time, died; his name was William Stokes, and his home was near Dayton, Ohio. The boy had been honorably discharged, but there were no blanks, and *red tape* forbids a Surgeon, no matter how high his position, to grant the final discharge without the blank forms. For five weeks this poor home-sick boy, only eighteen years of age, worried along, continued speaking of his mother and home, but the inexorable law kept him there to die. The doctors there want cooking utensils, iron stewpots, and sheets. They have plenty of bandages, but sheets are really needed. Can not our friends send some to them?

At Bowling Green, I met Henrie Lovie—the artist; he had been grossly abused by a party of a dozen butternuts, at a little town called "Cromwell," (what's in a name?). They accused him of being a nigger thief—a d---d Abolitionist, and were sworn to hang him. His servant, however, happened to have his free papers, and Lovie exhibiting to them passes from McClellan, Rosecrans and other "high old names," they were disposed to cave a little. "Our traveling artist" for Frank Leslie, took a horse for self and one for servant, riding twenty-eight miles, fearing the butternuts might receive reinforcements, and reached Bowling Green by early dawn, through mud, slush, snow and rain. Lovie wants to enlist a company to go and take "Cromwell," and requests me to see Tom Jones & Co., in regard to the matter.

Alf.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from Arkansas.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

The 76th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at
Arkansas Post.

Napoleon, Arkansas, January 16, 1863.

I wish to insert a brief account of the action of the 76th Ohio Regiment (Colonel Charles R. Woods), in the attack on Arkansas Post on Sunday last.

On Saturday, the 10th, the regiment disembarked below the rebel works. It was marched that night about six miles through swamps, and took position in front of the fortifications, and about half a mile distant. It remained in this position until morning. At nine A. M., on Sunday,

it advanced within about 500 yards of the outer line of the rebel works. These works, immediately in front of the 76th, consisted of embankments and rifle-pits, mounting three guns, two of them Parrot guns captured from the steamer Blue Wing, and defended by three regiments of infantry. All arrangements having been perfected, brigades, and regiments and batteries having been posted in their designated positions, so as to occupy, and prevent the escape of the enemy, every thing was silent for a brief period, when the gunboats opened a terrific fire upon the fort. This was the signal for the advance of the surrounding forces. The 76th Regiment, with the other regiments composing General C. E. Hovey's brigade, advanced, by order, in line of battle, with bayonets fixed, at double-quick, a distance of about 500 yards. There was a strip of woods, about 350 yards wide, in front of the rebel works, the inner edge of which was about seventy yards from them. The regiment entered this strip of woods alone—the other regiments of the brigade, for some reason, not having kept up. There were so many obstructions to the advance of the troops that the progress of the regiment was somewhat retarded, but it went forward slowly but surely. No shots were here fired by the enemy until it reached a point about 250 yards from the rebel works, when their guns, charged with grape and canister, opened upon it. The first two rounds were aimed too high, and did no injury; the third wounded quite a number. The regiment still advancing during this time, it reached a point less than 100 yards from the embankments. Here was opened upon it the concentrated fire of three regiments of infantry, in front, and to the right and left within their guns. The regiment escaped annihilation from the fact that much of the enemy's fire was too high. Meanwhile the regiment pushed on in the face of the fire to the inner edge of the woods, where the fire became too hot to be borne. It stopped, *but held its ground*. The men were ordered to lie down, and to open fire upon the enemy, and they did it with a will and most effectively. *Not a single shot was thereafter fired from the two Parrott guns in the immediate front*. One piece of artillery to the left, the enemy were compelled to move further away in that direction. No rebel dared to lift his head within range of the muskets, their artillery could not be manned, nor removed, the artillery horses were all killed or disabled. Rifle-pits and embankments amounted to a mere defensive cover. A rebel would occasionally fire at random by putting his hands up and discharging his piece, his head being concealed.

The enemy were occupied in this manner at least an hour and a half, and until the white flag was displayed.

It is but a mere matter of simple justice to state that this regiment was the first of all the regiments around the rebel works to gain its position, that it advanced nearest, that it held its ground there for some time, unsupported, that by its determined bravery and sharp firing, it not only saved itself from further loss, but also the regiments in its rear, and that it was not dislodged.

The dead were eleven; the wounded fifty-five. Among the killed is Captain Thaddeus Lemert, of company A, a noble man, and an unequalled Captain, without fear or reproach. He entered the service as a private in Colonel Steadman's celebrated 14th Ohio Regiment, in the three months' service, and re-entered it in the 76th. His last words were: "Our forefathers died for their country, why should not I?"

The following officers were wounded: Lieutenant Colonel W. B. Woods, slightly; Captain James M. Jay; First Lieutenant John S. Anderson; Second Lieutenant John M. Hart, severely; Captain Joseph C. Wehrle, and First Lieutenant B. W. Sennet, slightly.

Lieutenant Colonel W. B. Woods received unanimous commendation for his gallant conduct on the charge, and during the action. The commissioned officers present are most

honorably mentioned. All the non-commissioned officers and men who started on this advance, did noble duty.

Colonel Charles R. Woods was, about the commencement of the war, Captain in the 9th U. S. Infantry. His studies at West Point, and his experience since, added to his natural good judgment and good sense, have eminently fitted him for command. The heat of battle does not disturb him, it rather clears his judgment and quickens his perception. Understanding at a glance what is best to be done, his decision and the order to carry it into effect, shape themselves at once, and his men obey him with confidence and alacrity. His conduct, like his person, was conspicuous on the field, and was the admiration of all.

K.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 28, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

[Communicated.]

14th Indiana Battery at Murfreesboro

Murfreesboro, January 15, 1863.

Eds. Com.:--In a report made by your correspondent of the fighting at the battle of Stone River, he says, speaking of Cox's battery: "The commanding officer wheeled the battery into a position apparently unfavorable for sharp work. The General shouted, 'On the crest! on the crest of the hill!' On the crest it went, and, in five minutes, the rebels closed their music." This, as the following explanation will show, is a mistake: The 10th Indiana Battery had been encamped on the opposite side of the railroad, the left resting about ten yards from the position held by the right of the battery during the fight. On the morning of the 31st, I was ordered to cross the railroad, which I did, and, by General Rosecrans' order, went into action on the same front on which we had been in camp. In our new position, we were just as near Murfreesboro, and fronting in so we did not have far to "lumber." General Rosecrans pointed to the place he wanted me in action, but gave no order as to the disposition of the battery. I placed one section of the battery immediately on the left of the railroad and the other section at the spot pointed out by him. I received no order to change my position and General Rosecrans saw the battery frequently while at work. Neither would any man of judgment want it placed differently from what it was. I had full command of the field before me, as the enemy well know. I "closed out" the battery in front in quick time, but only to be attacked by others. I fought, at one time, from that point, four batteries, and compelled each one to retire from action a number of times. From that point I repelled with canister four heavy charges of infantry, besides checking several less important demonstrations. One or two brigades of the enemy advanced to within four hundred yards of the battery, with the intention of taking it, but at this point I was enabled to break their lines and drive them back in great disorder. This was the point which Bragg mentioned in his report, as having stubbornly [sic] resisted his forces. For a long time I was hotly engaged with their batteries and infantry at once, throwing alternate rounds of shell and canister as their infantry were broken or tried to advance. We held the key of our whole army. The enemy well knew that as long as our battery held that position our left wing was impregnable. And knowing this, they brought great odds to bear upon us, showering us with direct and cross-fires the whole day, vainly striving to drive us from our position. My men fought incessantly for seven hours, and held the only point of the original line of battle that was held by any battery on that field. They were completely exhausted from labor, having been in action so long, but they were at their posts until the heaviest fighting was over, and the enemy had given up the fight for the day. If your correspondent had dwelt a little more on Wood's division, he would have done more justice

in making his report, and it would have been corroborated by the history of this war, when written. He speaks of Wood's division as having been in the reserve. In fact, this division was placed in advance at Lavergne, and remained in advance till after the fight, and, indeed, was left in advance when all else was compelled to fall back. Without doubt, Wood's division saved that fight. According to your correspondent's report, I changed my position for one more favorable. My position was unchanged from the time we went into action and until after we had fought seven hours and fired nearly fifteen hundred rounds of ammunition. By making this correction you will confer a favor upon the commanding officer and men of this battery.

Yours, respectfully,
J. B. Cox, Captain 14th Ind. Battery.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 29, 1863, p. 4, c. 3
Private Soldier's Account of the
Battle of Stone River.

[We doubt whether any of the official reports will convey to the mind of the reader a more vivid realization of the scenes of the great battle before Murfreesboro, than the following private letter from a soldier in the ranks of the 2d O. V. I., which we are permitted to publish.—Eds. Com.]

Murfreesboro, January 9, 1863.

* * * We lay at Nashville (three miles south of the city) until Christmas. I being placed on guard that day, Colonel Kell presented me a flask containing the necessary amount of the pure decoction of "Old Rye" to soothe ever sorrow and lighten every affliction—a great favor, I can assure you. From this time things began to grow very interesting. Heavy cannonading was heard to the south, which proved to be our advance skirmishing with the enemy. We struck tents early in the morning, and then commenced a most exciting and eventful ten or twelve days.

I know you will have plenty of accounts of the battle, but you would like to have mine, and I will give it. We arrived on the field Wednesday night, and bivouacked about one mile from the enemy's line, on our center, where we were destined to act early in the morning. After early breakfast, we were formed in line and marched for the front. In the first place, we were marched to the right of the pike, through the thickest cedar woods I ever saw, for the distance of five or six hundred yards. Companies A and B were deployed as skirmishers. We had not been here more than twenty minutes when we were recalled, as I afterward learned, at the request of Col. Loomis; that he wished the 2d Ohio to support his celebrated battery, which was posted on the left of the pike and a few hundred yards in advance. This, perhaps, was lucky for us. We had scarcely double-quickened into position before the ball opened in the woods we had just left, and in a short time regiments came rushing from the woods, in more or less disorder, but none broke until the 15th Regulars came out in complete disorder, and made directly for where we were lying flat on our faces, the rebels close in their rear and cutting them down at every step. They immediately charged for Loomis' battery. Our colonel shouted, "Up boys and let them have it." We instantly jumped to our feet and poured a well-directed fire into their close ranks, which brought them to a halt. They were within one hundred yards of us, and you may imagine the effect of our fire. I think there was scarcely a ball ineffective. Their color-bearer fell at the first fire, and we captured their flag. We would have let them come still nearer, if it had not been for the cowardly Regulars being in our way. I stood in one place and fired fifteen rounds. We then charged and routed them completely. We lost in this charge thirty-five men—our beloved

Colonel Kell and Andy Ward being of the number. I do not wish to brag or boast, but I do certainly think if we had broke and run the day would have been lost past redemption, and the grand Army of the Cumberland would have been this day among the things that were, and in place of a glorious victory disaster and defeat. Our repulse of the enemy was the first check they had up to this time received, and was given under the immediate eyes of Generals Rousseau and Rosecrans. It remains to be seen what they will say of it in their reports.

General Rousseau rode down our line, hat in hand, stopped in front of every company, and warmly thanked them for their gallantry, and said he could depend on the 9th Brigade. You can imagine the effect of seeing your friends run and desert you in a tight place, but it was still worse for the old 2d, for our friends ran through our lines, causing more or less confusion for a moment, but the glorious boys closed up instantly without a break. Bitter and fierce were the curses we bestowed on the cowards as they crowded past, but they said nary a word.

When the rebels fell back, our regiment was immediately advanced, Companies A and B being deployed as skirmishers. As we started, I cast my eye to the right of our company and saw Andrew Ward lying dead. He was shot through the head, and those near him said he died instantly without a struggle. He was shot at the first or second fire the rebels gave.

This ended the fighting on the center for some time. Toward evening the artillery done some heavy firing. We lay with fixed bayonets in front of our batteries. We lost here five or six men from cannon shots going through our ranks. The rebels had a battery about half a mile off that was playing on us the balance of the day. We could see the flash of their guns, and the cry "Look out," would pass down our lines. They were firing round shot, mostly, which fell short about one hundred yards, and then would come bouncing and tearing over our heads, but doing little damage. One ball struck within fifteen or twenty feet of where myself and Alexander Schenck were sitting, rolled up to the battery and mashed an artilleryman's foot.

At dark the fighting ended for the day, and we were ordered to lie on our arms, where we were, without fire—and it was a cold frosty night, too. But a battle-field is a very good place to find things, and very soon Alex. Schenck and myself (we bunk together) had seven blankets, but still were cold. I forgot to mention that I was close to Captain Maxwell, when he got wounded. He was struck in the neck by a piece of shell, which carried away a portion of his whiskers, and severed an artery, from which, if medical aid had not been close by, he would have soon bled to death. At half-past twelve o'clock I got up and welcomed the new year in by making a cup of coffee at a small fire in the rear. The sun of New-year morning rose clear and bright, but on what an awful scene. We were relieved early, and marched to the rear to get some breakfast, and warm our benumbed and frozen limbs, and in about two hours marched back to our old position, in support of Loomis' battery.

There was very heavy skirmishing this day on the right and left wings, but not much on the center. We lay on our arms all day—changing our position once or twice. At about four o'clock in the afternoon we lay on the right of the pike, three miles from town; some one said we ought to get poor Andy Ward, and bury him. I went and obtained permission for four of us to get him; I then called for three volunteers to go with me; immediately John Sheady, James Thompson and Oliver Huffman agreed to accompany me. I wish you to understand that during the day our center had fallen back about three hundred yards which left Andy outside our lines, and between the sharpshooters of both armies. The bullets were whistling round rather uncomfortably near. We, however, went in, and brought him off without accident. The rest of the boys had prepared his grave, close to the three-mile stone, and, as darkness shrouded the scene, we laid poor Andy in a soldier's grave. He was buried by his friends from his native

town, and his comrades in arms. Peace to his ashes. We put a head-board, with his name inscribed, so he can easily be found. The verses on the burial of Sir John Moore came vividly to my mind; the time, the circumstances, the manner:

“No useless coffin inclosed [sic] his breast,
Nor in sheet nor shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a SOLDIER taking his rest,
With his OVER-COAT around him.”

As our regiment had orders to move, we had but time to brush away a tear, and off again. By a singular coincidence his friends in Companies B and F met by his side soon after he was brought in, and laid him out—Alex Schenck, Jacob Thompson and Tobias Ross.

We laid on our arms again; this night, in front, but were not disturbed. On Friday morning skirmishing began early, with great fury, on the right and left wings. I then said I believed it to be a feint, and that the center was where they really meant to attack in earnest. We had just been relieved and were going to the rear to get our breakfast, as usual, when suddenly the rebels made one of the most terrific attacks you can possibly conceive, on our center. They had planted, during the night I suppose, three or four masked batteries in point-blank range, and poured a most terrific hurricane of shot and shell into our position. We were speedily formed behind a gentle slope, and ordered to lie down, which we obeyed with great alacrity. Loomis and Farrell’s batteries changed position and took up one immediately in front of us. Rosecrans, Rousseau, McCook and Loomis galloped to the front. The three first-named encouraged the infantry to stand firm, the latter arranging his artillery. It seemed to me at that instant that more depended on that one man than all the rest, and I could not help fervently exclaiming “Lord spare that man!” He soon got the exact range of the enemy, and the way he then gave it to them was grand and extremely gratifying to behold. In about one hour and a half he had completely silenced three of their batteries. In the mean time our left wing had attacked their right, and was driving them back. About two o’clock an officer came galloping back, waving his cap and shout, to where the four officers were standing. Instantly Rosecrans, Rousseau and Loomis pulled off their caps and commenced shouting. Then we knew a great success had been obtained. We then sprang to our feet and gave a shout that could have been heard at least five miles. This was the first shout from the Union side. The rebels had been doing all the shouting up to this time, and tooting their locomotives in defiance.

About four o’clock an officer came rushing in from the left wing, bearing a stand of colors, and bringing the good news that we were carrying all before us. We, however, could see that for ourselves.

So ended Friday. As the sun went down it began raining. In the mean time you will please bear in mind we had nothing to eat, in fact some had been out the day before the wagons left for Nashville, and consequently nothing could be had. A good many of the boys, as a last resort, then skinned, cut up, and cooked horse-steak, selecting the fattest of the horses killed for the operation, and eat it without bread of any kind. I had a little coffee which I made and drank, and then went to bed. Would you like to know what kind of a bed? Well, Alf. Schenck had an oil cloth, and I had a blanket, and as it rained, a cold, chilling rain at that, you may perhaps imagine our comfort. But in spite of all this, I slept and dreamed of home, only to be aroused by our bugles sounding the assembly, which is done several times a night. But nothing serious took place during the night, and we were not called out. Thus ended Friday night. Saturday morning broke on as uncomfortable an army as you can well conceive; but notwithstanding, we all felt that great things were to be done that day. As we had nothing to eat, we put in the time cleaning

and drying our guns. We did not, however, leave this position all day, and as darkness set in, it again began raining. Just in the evening, the rebels attacked suddenly our left with great fury. It was about one mile from where I stood, and in full view. At first they appeared to be driving our left. Loomis now moved up his batteries, the center advanced, and now one of the grandest sights that war presents was before us. It was one continual sheet of fire. Suddenly a great shout arose from our left wing. It was from a brigade Rosecrans himself was leading in a bayonet charge. They drove the enemy before them like chaff. From this time it was all up with them. They fled panic-stricken, throwing away guns, blankets, and every thing that impeded their flight. So ended Saturday and Saturday night. Sunday morning the sun rose bright and cloudless—every thing was as quiet and still as it was at home. What were the enemy doing? A reconnoissance [sic] showed their lines deserted, their pickets gone. At nine I was detailed as Sergeant of the guard with twenty-four men, to go on the field and gather up arms, &c. The scenes I then witnessed were the most appalling I ever beheld. The first place we visited was the rifle-pits they had been driven from. Our dead lay on one side, theirs on the other. Further on were men and horses in every conceivable shape. A great many of the dead rebels were mere boys; some had been eating where killed. They all seemed to have plenty of corn-bread and fat pork to eat. I actually had the temerity to eat some of it on the spot, as they appeared to have no further need of it. On Monday morning we marched into Murfreesboro, and then to this camp, where we are now. I could tell you many more things, but am now tired. Please excuse mistakes and the bungling manner of this, as a camp is a very bad place to collect and scientifically indite a letter. I remain as ever, truly yours,

T. R.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, January 31, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

From the Arkansas River.

[We make the following extracts from a delayed letter of our correspondent, who accompanied the expedition to Arkansas Post.]

The Loss of the Enemy.

It appears now that the enemy's killed is much greater than they were willing to confess, or, than we, ourselves, at first, supposed. A very heavy rain last night washed out the gullies, of which there are a great many in the rear of the Post, and disclosed a great many dead bodies which had been thrown in there with a little dirt and brush over them in such a manner as not to lead to the suspicion that dead were interred there.

Size of the Rebel Regiments.

A lawyer from Lavaca, Texas, told me that on the morning of the engagement, his own regiment reported five hundred and sixty men on duty, and he supposed that a fair average of the regiments engaged, independent of their sick. He stated, too, that the Arkansas troops had been deserting whenever they could get a chance, from the day our forces made their appearance on the river.

Politeness to Rebels.

I was inside the works before the formality of surrendering arms had taken place, viewing, as I might, the living and the dead. My attention was attracted by the appearance of one of our officers on horseback, who called out for Colonel Taylor's regiment (rebel) to fall in ranks, and inquired if Col. Taylor was present. A rebel, wearing a feather in his hat, and having a sword dangling at his heels, stepped forward and answered to the name of Colonel Taylor, when he received a military salute from the individual in spurs, who addressed him as follows:

“Colonel Taylor—General Sherman *presents his respects and requests* that you will form your regiment and have the men stack arms immediately.” This was certainly quite complimentary enough to a traitor, and quite sufficient etiquette toward a criminal taken in the very act.

[Our correspondent gives, as the result of many conversations with rebel officers concerning the war, that “the idea that feeds their hopes—the straw at which, in drowning they catch,” is that the Democracy will come into power, and close the war on the basis of a dissolution of the Union.]

Chaplains.

I have been with the army since the 20th of last month, and on one occasion only, have heard a sermon, a prayer, or a hymn. And yet each regiment has this salaried nuisance, called a Chaplain. They cultivate a fancy mustache, wear a strait coat, with a narrow standing collar, a U. S. motto on the front of their hat, eat, sleep, and lounge around, not even giving attention to the sick, or spiritual aid to the dying. I don't blame them so much for not preaching, for if here be any one thing more useless than any other thing, that thing is army-preaching. But what I blame them for, is hovering around where no respect or deference is shown them, and where it is so manifest that they are doing no good, but are merely following at the heels of the army for the crumbs that fall. I have said they are not respected; and I have yet to see one that is entitled to much respect. for no minister who has respect for himself, and for the high calling to which he has devoted himself, would long occupy a position which deters even from attempting to do duty. Hence you may infer that the class of preachers I have met in the army, is not that which you are accustomed to respect at home.

Sanitary Condition of Troops.

The condition of this army is that of disease—debilitating, though not fatal disease. The diarrhea, incident to a soldier's life, is much aggravated by the process of acclimation, which this army is now undergoing in this malarious climate, and the tendency of these waters to produce that disease on those who drink it. Then, again, the army is transported from point to point, on steamboats, having but little exercise or opportunity for drill, and is over-fed to gormandizing; and, in a large number of instances, they eat their rations half-cooked.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the roll-calls show a vast falling-off of our forces by the names reported in hospital. This kind of soldier's life has a great tendency to demoralize its discipline as well as its physical energies. I am told, by officers of experience in the army, that whenever the exigency requires the troops to be kept on half rations, for a considerable length of time, with increased physical labor, it invariably happens that the hospital lists are diminished and the efficiency of the troops increased.

The Weather.

Saturday, January 17.—Last Monday and Tuesday, the weather was fair and rather uncomfortably warm; then we had a night and a day of most intolerable torrents of rain; then two nights and the intervening day of snow, which covered the ground to the depth of six or eight inches. We are now steaming down the Arkansas—destination unknown.

V. C.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 2, 1863, p. 4, c. 5
Summary: Rebel account of Galveston from Houston Telegraph

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 5, 1863, p. 1, c. 5
Summary: Commission report on the recapture of Galveston.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

The Ground-Hog Sign.—Believers in signs say that on the morning of the 2d of February the ground-hogs leave their burrows, and if, upon their appearance on *terra firma*, the sun reflects their shadows, they return to their dens, where they remain for six weeks, during which time the weather will be very cold. Yesterday was “Ground-hog Day,” and, as the sun shone out brightly in the morning, we suppose the marmots observed their shadows and hastened back to their burrows, which probably accounts for the cold snap we are now enjoying.—[New Albany Ledger, 3d.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 7, 1863, p. 3. c. 4

Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.

From Murfreesboro.

The Fight at Fort Donelson—The Rebels Thoroughly Whipped, with Heavy Loss.

Murfreesboro, February 6.

The enemy attacked Fort Donelson on the 4th inst., with eight guns and about 4,000 men, under Wheeler, Wharton, Woodward and Forrest. They charged again and again, under a continuous fire of shot and shell, and were finally driven back, after many repulses.

At the beginning of the fight, and the end of the battle, they offered to spare us if we would surrender, with a threat that if we refused, we must take the consequences.

We killed 135 of the enemy, and took some 300 prisoners. Our loss is twelve killed and thirty wounded. Among the killed we mourn the loss of Captain Reed, Co. A, Lieutenant Russell, A. M., and Sergeant Campbell. Neither our dead nor the enemy's are all in yet.

We had not more than eight hundred men, and our armory ammunition giving out, left us nothing but the infantry, with their rifles and bayonets.

McNairy (rebel) is killed, and Forrest wounded. The whole rebel force is in full retreat. One of the rebel surgeons captured says that they had eleven regiments. It is known that they had from eight to eleven pieces of artillery, and his force did noble fighting.

Thos. Worthington,
Corporal.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 9, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Affairs on the Mexican Border—How the Rebels Get Supplies and Sell Cotton—Texan Unionists Waiting for Help.

The following letter has been handed the New York Post for publication. It is from our Vice-Consul at Monterey, and gives, in some detail, accounts of the rebel operations on the frontier.

From M. M. Kimmey, Vice-Consul at Monterey.

“United States Consulate at Monterey, }
Mexico, November 4, 1862. }

“Dear Friend:--* * * * * * Where is Colonel Hamilton? If in New Orleans, tell him the rebels are buying up every thing here that can be eaten, worn, or that can be

used to kill Union men. It is astonishing to see the enormous quantities of goods that go from here into Texas. Millions of dollars' worth of cotton are sold here monthly, all of which is sent back to the rebels, by their agents here, in the shape of powder, lead, coffee, blankets, shoes, rope, sugar, cotton goods of all kinds, and, in fact, every thing that can be used by their army. *An order is here now for 600,000 blankets, all of which can be had, and with a sufficient amount of money to pay for them.*

"J. R. Baylor is getting up another brigade for the invasion of Arizona and New Mexico. He intends to start about January 1st. An agent is here now buying a large wagon train for him. Agents are on the frontier, and as far in the interior as San Luis Potosi, buying up all the wheat and flour that can be had, and are already sending it across the Rio Grande daily. Most of the goods go from here across the river to Fort Duncan. Only a few cross at Laredo or Roma. Until this trade is cut off Texas will not feel the blockade, at least the western part. If a Federal force could only be sent to Fort Brown, it would have the effect to stop the trade almost entirely.

"You can hardly have an idea of the way Union men are treated in Texas. They are hung on the slightest suspicion, and by bodies of irresponsible men, who, were they in a country where law was respected, would not be allowed outside of a prison yard. You have probably heard of the way that a small body of Union men were treated by the Texas Rangers and a part of J. McDuff's company, at the head of the Nueces. I learn from a gentleman here, who had a conversation with an officer who was present at the massacre, that twelve passports from Provost Marshals of Western Texas were found on the bodies of the Union men killed, by which they were allowed to pass freely over any part of the frontier. After the affair on the Nueces, another party of twenty Germans were attacked on the Rio Grande, as they were preparing to cross it, by a large party of Rangers. They succeeded in killing a number of the Rangers and driving them back, only having in the party one man wounded slightly. They immediately crossed the river, leaving their horses with the Texans, and throwing their guns into the water.

* * * "We have here upon this frontier about one thousand Union men, who are only waiting for an invasion of Texas to get a chance to join the Federal army. *

* *

"Yours, &c.

M. M. Kimmey,
"United States Vice Consul."

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Texas News.

On the 21st of January the rebels, with their cotton-clad steamers, made an attack on two light United States vessels near Sabine Pass, Texas, one of them the brig Morning Light, and captured the brig. The following is the rebel account:

Major Watkins' Official Report.

Sabine Pass, Texas, on Board C. S. Gun-}
boat Bell, January 21, 1863. }

Captain: We met the enemy this morning in the Gulf of Mexico. We whipped them, and brought every thing to Sabine Pass. I fought him; ten guns to our one. My officers and men behaved nobly. We have captured two vessels—one of them a full-rigged ship, and the other a schooner—*twelve* fine guns, medical stores and ammunition in abundance, together with 109 prisoners. I am here, Captain, awaiting further orders from the Major General commanding. This communication will be sent you by Captain Dan. Showalter, whom I have appointed a

Captain of artillery, in accordance with the orders of the Major General commanding, and assigned him to duty as commander of Shell-bank Battery.

Very respectfully,
Oscar M. Watkins,
Major and A. A. G., Gen. Com. on Sabine.
to E. P. Turner, Captain and A. A. G.

Official Dispatch.

Sabine Pass, Jan. 21, *via* Liberty, }
Jan. 22—7 P. M. }

To Captain E. P. Turner, A. A. G.

I engaged the enemy to-day and captured thirteen guns and about \$1,000,000 worth of property, and 109 prisoners.

O. M. Watkins,
Major Commanding.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 10, 1863, p. 3, c. 3

From Niblo's Saloon, New York
Goodwin & Wilder's
Gigantic
Polyorama of the War,
Being a Complete History of
this Great Contest, from the first dread signal at
Sumter, down to the Battle of Fredericks-
burg, illustrating
All the Principle Battles,
Bombardments,
Naval Engagements,
Marches, Parades, Sieges, Camp Life,
Reviews,
Will Open at
Smith & Ditson's Hall,
on Thursday, February 12,
For a Short Season Only.

Messrs. Goodwin & Wilder, having secured the services of several Artists, have succeeded in representing, on canvas, the great Historical Events of the times, by all pronounced, in every respect, A Work of Art.

This Exhibition has met with the most unbounded success, having been exhibited in the city of New York, within the past five months to no less than Three Hundred Thousand Spectators!

Good Music will be introduced at each Entertainment and an appropriate Lecture will be delivered by Mr. Rufus Somerby.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Commence at 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock.

Matinees Every Wednesday and Saturday
Afternoons, at 3 o'clock.

Tickets, 25 Cents, Children, 15 Cents. Liberal arrangements made with Sabbath and Public schools.

Caution to the Public.

The immense and unprecedented success of this Polyorama, wherever it has been exhibited, has brought into existence a host of miserable daubs, which are exhibited under the same name. The public are therefore respectfully notified that this is the Original and Only Correct Polyorama of the War in Existence. It was exhibited in New York city to houses crowded to overflowing. It was exhibited in Pittsburgh for three weeks, and at each exhibition hundreds were turned away unable to gain admission. In the city of Cleveland, the spacious Academy of Music was insufficient to accommodate the crowds who flocked to witness it. The Press and Public, with one accord, pronounce it

Unrivalled and Unapproachable!

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Army of the Cumberland

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Camp at Murfreesboro, February 5.

I left your city on Friday last, to make, as I then thought, an extended trip into Dixie's land, but found my journey suddenly terminated by a gentleman, well-known in these parts by the euphonious title of "Old Rosy." The journey from Nashville was made upon the back of "that same old horse." The roads were horrible, the hours tedious, the thoughts sorrowful. A year ago I traveled over this same road, at that time one of the best in Middle Tennessee, passing through one of the loveliest portions of the sunny South. How changed the scene. Then, well-tilled farms, flourishing plantations, handsome dwellings, apparently happy families, yet nursing within those homes a viper called secession, that has finally stung to the death all those bright scenes. Now, war's wild desolation reigns supreme, and the bitter fruits of rebellion mark every mile of the road. Riding up to a once noble mansion, now desolate; fences gone; beautiful shrubbery, creeping vines torn asunder by the hoofs of contending squadrons, I found an old man leaning thoughtfully against the only remaining column of the verandah. I asked him the nature of this thoughts. "Oh," said he, "I was just thinking over the *rights* we have got, instead of those promised us by our Southern leaders." Rights! I did not question him more. I was on the "battle-field," and it needed no questions or answers to tell of the terrible struggle that had taken place in and around this ruined mansion. Every bush, tree, and stump, yea, the very earth, gave tangible evidence of the fierceness of the combat. The attending horror of the contest was still visible.

Look at that pile of dead horses, those pools of blood not yet effaced, and those low mounds by the wayside, where rest the "storied brave." The deepening shadows of night are gathered around, and over this trampled, bloody plain we can almost see the specters of our fallen braves rising from their uncoffined graves.

I came in sight of Murfreesboro. In a letter, written some months ago, I gave your readers a description of this once beautiful Southern village. The citizens of this place have been seeking "their rights" for the last eighteen months, and have lately received them at the hands of one Rosecrans. Such rights! May the good Lord deliver the homes of the North from such rights, such desolations.

Just before reaching Stone River, my attention was attracted to a long narrow mound of fresh earth. I soon discovered it to be the final resting-place of those unfortunate ones who

fought so valiantly and fell, at last, in defense of what Jeff. Davis calls “perfect liberty.” These were rebel graves.

At Stone River, my passage across the narrow ford was disputed by an immense supply train loaded with army rations. This huge train had been two days in coming from Nashville. While waiting on them, I took a glimpse of our old encampment, near Stone River. A heavy force of soldiers was engaged in reconstructing the famous bridge erected a year ago by that master bridge-builder, Gen. O. M. Mitchel. The region round about gave no evidence of the picturesque beauty of former times. The lovely cedar groves had been cut down and the green branches entwined in huge earth-works, or temporary shelters for the soldiers. The town was at last reached, the 2d Ohio inquired for, soon discovered, and in a short time I was again with the companions, who, for nearly two years, have endured and suffered much for their country’s good.

It has been my unfortunate lot to be absent from the regiment near six months. Passing through the quarters I met many familiar faces who thus far have escaped. Yet many have passed away, and our marches through Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama can be traced by the graves of our fallen I meet no more. Kell, brave even to a fault, fell gloriously fighting at the head of his regiment at Stone River. Berryhill, Hurd, Van Horn, and Chambers, sleep the sleep that knows no waking, while near two hundred non-commissioned officers and privates live only in memory. Truly, our military home is desolate.

But one of the old field officers remains—Major A. G. McCook—who has assumed, by order, the position of Colonel. He is but a young man, and, honor to whom honor is due, we say that he has traveled from the ranks to his present position. Colonel McCook has been in the war ever since its commencement, and has at all times proven himself the true soldier. Captain Maxwell, of Company B, has received the appointment of Lieutenant colonel. His past history is the same as McCook’s; he deserves, by experience and faithfulness, his present position. Capt. Beatty, of Company C, has been promoted to Major. Beatty came in on the reorganization of the regiment, and has at all times been commended as a worthy soldier. Lieutenant Thomas, of company E, succeeded Vandegriff, of your city, in the Adjutancy. Gus Fisher—“Cincinnati Gus”—takes Bird’s place as Quartermaster. Bird goes to Division Headquarters as Division Quartermaster.

The morning after my arrival, I visited general headquarters, to obtain permission to pass on to the Confederate lines, but was suddenly checkmated by Major General Rosecrans, who soon gave the undersigned to understand that, as the rebel General Bragg had violated every agreement of the cartel, I was under no obligation to return. He not only issued the order against going, but gave good reasons for such an order. My introduction was rather rough, but I passed from his presence satisfied that the Army of the Cumberland is not only officered by a *live* General, but a man of brains, of intelligence and pure, unmixed loyalty, all combined with an intense hatred of secession and its supporters. He has, in a few short months, succeeded in gaining the entire confidence of this army, from its corps commanders to the men in the ranks. He treats his soldiers as human beings. Thousands of men in this army never saw General Buell, though serving under him for months. All have seen Rosecrans, and it may seem to many minds a small affair, yet soldiers love to know their General when they meet him. The army is in superb condition, and no fears are entertained as to our future success.

Your W. D. B. has, for meritorious services as volunteer aid in the late engagement, been dubbed Major, by order of the General. He is an active worker at general headquarters. He leaves on to-morrow for a short rest. The Major will give you the latest news.

Heavy firing was heard on the left to-day, occasioned by the rebels attacking one of our supply trains. They were repulsed with some loss.

This evening rumors are rife. Bragg has been removed. Longstreet has reached Shelbyville with thirteen brigades, is moving on Rosecrans, &c.

More to-morrow.

Gaddis.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 12, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

[Communicated.

The Regulars at the Battle of Murfreesboro.

Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn.,}

February 2, 1863.}

Eds. Com.:--Having received an issue of the Cincinnati Commercial of the 29th ult., wherein is a statement by T. R., of the 2d Ohio, who makes quite a show of buncombe, with regard to certain occurrences on the 31st of December, 1862, I feel called upon to answer in defense of my regiment.

It is not from any sinister motive I write, but to show an enlightened and reading community that great injustice has been done a brave and well-disciplined regiment—the 15th Regulars—by the above named personage.

Upon the 31st of December our division (Rousseau's) was ordered to the front early in the morning, and became engaged about nine o'clock. The troops to our right having given way, the entire rebel force was precipitated upon our division. The 15th Regulars occupied the extreme right, which became immediately engaged.

I need not say that we were overwhelmed by numbers, and on the point of being flanked. We received the order to commence firing, which was obeyed with spirit and alacrity. We soon received orders to fall back. We were obliged to cross a rail-fence, about eleven rails high, pass over rocks, and through a dense thicket, which *prevented us* from coming out in *perfect order*. *We did not run*, but fired as we fell back, disputing every inch of ground, finding it *useless to attempt* to stand. We did check the advance of the enemy, and saved from utter annihilation one of General Negley's brigades, as was attested to by himself. We were also complimented by Generals Rousseau and Rosecrans for the stubborn manner in which we resisted the enemy's solid columns. We were supported by the 6th Ohio. Of a more gallant and worthy regiment Ohio can not boast. We rallied, and were soon on our way back to the dreaded cedar, but without a murmur. We could not stand this time, *nor any other regiment*. As the regiments on both our right and left gave way, which exposed us to a most galling cross-fire, of course we yielded to the pressure. The remainder of the day we supported one section of Guenther's battery.

Now, the veritable T. R. assumes upon himself to say "big things," which are as absurd as they are foolish. He says that the 15th Regulars ran, and that they were cowards. This is a base falsehood, because the old 15th has evinced her valor and patriotism on other battle-fields. He says, again, "We were supporting Colonel Loomis' celebrated battery, stationed on the left of the pike, when soon regiments came rushing from the woods, but none broke till the 15th came out in complete disorder, and made directly for where we were lying flat on our faces." This is nothing more or less than a base fabrication, and I think it evinces quite a groveling spirit, and no principle of manhood, to say the least. We did not pass through the ranks of any regiment (save the 6th Ohio) for the simple reason that all the regiments placed in our rear for a support broke

and ran like sheep. If the 2d was not behind us, to catch the inspiration, they must have been supporting the battery at *quite a distance!*

He says the rebels charged immediately for Loomis' battery, when "we charged them, driving them back with great slaughter, capturing their flag." This is also false, because the brave 6th captured that flag themselves. "We would have let them come closer if the cowardly regulars had not been in our way." As I said before, we did not see the 2d Ohio during the entire day, and now that the accuser has falsified so often in this one instance, which is very disrespectful indeed, not to say ignoble, I fear that the gentleman's reputation for veracity will be considerably at a discount should such another monstrosity appear. It also appears that the "eternal all" depended upon the 2d Ohio, and had they given way, the day would have been lost, and the "Grand Army of the Cumberland would have been defeated and crushed." What a demonstration of chivalry, equaled only by the ancient Greeks and Romans. But such pedantry and insinuations will do to tell marines, but not sailors.

These are the only points to which I wish to refer. Nothing prompted me to offer this retort but simple justice to the accused. "Honor to whom honor is due," is a good adage with which I am perfectly willing to comply. The indictment against us is cowardice—a grave charge, truly, to which we emphatically plead not guilty. As to the fighting qualities of the 2d, I have nothing to say; but, for evidence with respect to their "chivalrous conduct" on the ever-memorable 31st, I respectfully refer them and all concerned to the gallant 21st Ohio. I will give no more details, but I aver that what *I have said are the facts*. General Rosecrans was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the 15th during the entire battle, Gen. Rousseau has not lost the confidence he placed in us at Shiloh, and General Negley attributes the salvation of one of his brigades (Miller's) to the firm resistance shown by the regulars. We claim nothing but justice, and justice we will have. There are no verdant correspondents in our regiment, to extol us to the skies, pluck laurels for us, or weave our deeds of valor in immortal verse; but we have the assurance that we obey, do our duty as patriot-soldiers, and having done this, we are satisfied.

Fifteenth Regulars.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 12, 1863, p. 3, c. 7

The Late Fight at Fort Donelson—

How the Gunboats Saved the Day.

[From Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

Cairo, February 10, 1863.

In the published accounts of the late battle at Fort Donelson it appears that, from some reason or other, all mention of the fact that the gunboat fleet, under command of Captain Leroy Fitch, participated, has been omitted; but this will probably be remedied in Colonel Harding's official report to Colonel Lowe, commanding the three forts—Donelson, Herman and Henry.

From a participating officer of the light draught gunboat fleet, who arrived to-day, I have obtained the following, regarding the part taken in the battle by the naval forces:

It seems that on the 3rd inst., the gunboats Lexington, Captain Leroy Fitch; St. Clair, Captain J. S. Hurd; Brilliant, Captain Chas. G. Parkins; Silver Lake, Captain Robert Rulley, and Robb, Captain Joshua Yandy—all under the command of Captain Fitch, were engaged as convoys to forty-two transports, carrying men and stores—the men commanded by General Beard—to Rosecrans' army.

When about twenty miles from Fort Donelson, information was received of the desperate straits of our troops at the Fort, under Colonel Harding. The gunboats left the transports, and

steamed as fast as possible to the aid of Fort Donelson. It was 8 o'clock in the evening when they arrived. They took position, and opened upon the rebels, who were investing the fort on three sides, and must have had possession in less than half an hour. The gunboat Lexington followed with her heavy guns, and others of the fleet soon went in with great effect. The St. Clair, lying opposite our forces, had to go to another position, and she opened upon the Confederates. From the number of dead bodies brought in from the locality covered by her guns, and where the 83d Illinois had done no fighting, it seems the St. Clair's aim was most effective.

Previous to the arrival of the gunboats the rebels had sent a second flag of truce demanding the surrender of the fort, but Colonel Harding had firmly refused. He had hopes of holding out until Colonel Lowe could send him reinforcements, and if they failed to arrive, and as he and his officers unite in saying, had the boats tarried half an hour longer, they would have been compelled to surrender. They had held the fort six hours. Their ammunition was nearly expended, and all the men tired out with hard fighting.

The rebel force was several thousand. Our force was less than six hundred, all told, but when the gunboats appeared Colonel Harding ordered firing to cease, and drew his men into as small a compass within the works as possible, that they might not be injured by shot and shell, and awaited the result, giving the conclusion of the battle entirely to the fleet.

Right well did they finish what the brave Illinois troops and flood's battery had well commenced. The rebels took fright, broke ranks, fled and ran pell-mell, helter-skelter, like sheep, with curses loud and deep against the infernal gunboats.

Generals Wheeler and Forrest were not the last off the field. Colonel McNairy was undoubtedly killed, with two hundred others. His corpse was recognized by an old friend, in the presence of the Captain of the St. Clair.

It is conceded on every hand that Colonel Harding's men fought well and nobly, and it is also conceded that but for the timely arrival of the gunboats, the Confederates would soon have repossessed a point that cost so much blood to capture from them. All honor to Colonel Harding, of the 83d Illinois, and Captain Fitch, of the light-draught gunboat fleet. Honor to the soldiers, honor to the officers and seamen. They saved Fort Donelson.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 12, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

Morgan's Raid.

As we stated yesterday, the report that John Morgan or any of his gang had molested the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, is false. In fact he has not been seen or heard of at any point on or near the road. Some scoundrels took a rail up and "blockaded" a "cow gap," which has since been repaired, and the road put in running order again. We have sufficient reason to believe that none of them are on this side of the Cumberland River, and are not likely to be soon, as the river is rising fast.

The reports that the eastern part of the State has been invaded by Morgan and his men, is also without foundation. A lot of about five hundred men crossed the Cumberland a few days ago, but they discovered that the river was rising too fast for them, and recrossed it again, which now seems an impossibility for them to make an attempt to enter Kentucky during its present stage. There is no cause for any excitement at all in regard to Morgan's raid, for there is no danger of John Morgan ever doing any thing in this State while Basil Duke is laid up. John knows it can't be done without him.—[Louisville democrat, 8th.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Attack on Fort Donelson
By from 5,000 to 7,000 Rebels Under
Command of Major General Wheeler
and Brigadier Generals Forrest and
Wharton—The Severity of the Fight—
Three Charges Made—The Rebels Re-
pulsed—Loss on Both Sides—Courage
of Officers and Men of the 83d Illinois
Volunteer Infantry.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Headquarters U. S. Forces, }
Forts Heiman, Henry and Donelson, }
February 6, 1863, }

I propose giving you a brief account of the most remarkable engagement which has occurred during this war against rebellion. Indeed, I can call to mind no parallel in the history of any war, ever thing included.

On Tuesday, the 3d inst., a rebel force of from 5,000 to 7,000, under command of Major General Wheeler, Brigadier Generals Forrest and Wharton, made an attack on Fort Donelson, which place was garrisoned by the 83d Illinois Infantry, Flood's battery of four guns, and one company of the 5th Iowa Cavalry. The maximum number of effective Union troops there did not exceed seven hundred. This is an over rather than an under estimate.

A little before one o'clock P. M. the enemy drove in our pickets and appeared in force, occupying the hills to the right, left and center of our camp. Indeed, they had our gallant boys completely surrounded, as the Cumberland River swept along their rear, and the right and left wings of the rebel line of battle—which formed a crescent—rested upon it, both above and below our position. While the rebs were still forming their lines, a flag of truce was sent in by General Wheeler, with this message to Colonel Harding: "Sir: I am authorized to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of this place, or you must take the consequences." The reply of Colonel Harding is worthy the heart of a brave patriot. He said: "I'll take the consequences."

The enemy immediately opened fire from eleven guns upon our right, center, and left, raining shot, shell, and grape into our camp. Their batteries were strongly supported by dismounted cavalry. To reply to these batteries our men had only four field pieces and one siege gun. The latter they had, with great labor, brought up from the old fort, one and a half miles below their encampment, and mounted in the center of the town where the court house stood, which was burned on the 25th of August last, when Colonel Woodward's guerrilla regiment attacked that post, and was so gallantly repulsed by four companies of the 71st Ohio.

The left wing of the rebel army approached Donelson on the Fort Henry Road, and was under the immediate command of General Wheeler. To oppose this formidable force of not less than 2,000 men and two batteries, three companies of the 83d Illinois and three pieces of Flood's battery, all under command of Lieutenant Colonel A. A. Smith, were posted on a hill west of the camp, and distant about three hundred yards. On this devoted band of heroes the fire of the enemy's two batteries, one of which was not to exceed three hundred yards distant, was concentrated. Bravely did the artillerists, under command of Second Lieutenant McIntire, handle their three guns, not yielding an inch until their ammunition was entirely exhausted, most of their horses killed or disabled, and two of their comrades lay dead and a number wounded. Nobly did

the three companies of infantry support the battery, delivering their fire with coolness, and with terrible effect. They yielded their position only when pressed back by overwhelming numbers; and even then they stubbornly contested every foot of ground. Finally, sheltering themselves in a ravine, and in some adjacent buildings, these companies poured a continuous and deadly fire into the rebel ranks, holding them in complete check.

While the events above stated were progressing in what may be called the right wing of our defense, the left and center, under command of Colonel Harding and Major Brett, were hotly engaged with the forces under command of Gens. Forrest and Wharton. The rebels made two determined charges, rushing with hideous yells, right up to the breastworks, and to the very mouth of a battery of one gun, under command of First Lieutenant Moore, who fell at his post mortally wounded. At each of these charges they were gallantly repulsed with fearful slaughter. About simultaneous with the last of these onslaughts, General Forrest, at the head of about 800 cavalry, made a desperate charge upon the seige [sic] gun, rushing up to within less than ten feet of its muzzle, but was met with so well directed fire that his men were thrown into the wildest confusion. Our infantry, supporting the gun, taking advantage of this, charged upon them, and captured over forty prisoners.

The fight continued until eight o'clock in the evening. The artillery ceased firing about half-past four P.M., for want of ammunition, and about half an hour thereafter the enemy's also ceased, it is supposed from the same cause. From that time on to the close, the infantry kept it up.

At eight o'clock another flag was sent in by General Wheeler, demanding a second time the surrender of the post. It was replied to by Colonel Harding, about as follows: "I have no idea of surrendering; I can't do it; for I am under command of Colonel Lowe, and he has telegraphed me not to surrender. I believe I am not under command of General Wheeler." Just after the flag of truce had withdrawn, some gunboats, passing up the Cumberland River, for a special purpose, arrived, and opened fire upon the enemy. They did not wait long to ascertain what new force was hurling death among them, but instantly commenced a precipitate retreat.

As soon as it was ascertained that the enemy were about attacking the post in force, Colonel Harding telegraphed Colonel Lowe for help. He promptly, as his wont, responded, by sending forward the 13th Wisconsin, three companies of the 71st Ohio, under Major Hart, a balance of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, under Major Brackett, and Captain Steuback's battery all under command of Colonel Lyon, of the 18th Wisconsin. They moved forward with celerity till within five miles of Fort Donelson, when their advance was fired into by a rebel force, the strength of which could not then be determined, as night had set in. A line of battle was immediately formed, and the enemy gave way. From that point to Donelson our boys were compelled to feel their way cautiously, lest they should fall into an ambushade, as the fate of the fort was not known. It was therefore past midnight when they arrived. The enemy had fled.

Loss on Both Sides.

Our loss was thirteen killed—two of Flood's battery, and eleven of the 83d Illinois; and fifty-one wounded. The rebels left their dead upon the field, 162 in number, whom our men have collected and buried; and I have just learned from headquarters that the enemy buried forty-eight at the Rolling Mills, eight miles above Donelson. This is, no doubt, reliable. We do not know certainly their loss in wounded, but on the supposition that it is in the same proportion to their killed that ours is to our killed, and taking the number of their dead our men have buried, waving [sic] the forty-eight they themselves interred, and it gives us their loss in wounded at 635. This

gives their total loss in killed and wounded, in round numbers, 800; add to this, sixty-one captured, who were unharmed, and you have the sum of this day's work.

Now it seems almost fabulous that not more than 700 men should successfully repel the ferocious assaults of from 5,000 to 7,000, killing and wounding more of the enemy than our entire force engaged. And yet it is true. I vouch for it entire. It has no parallel in the war. The 83d Illinois has won immortal fame. For seven hours these heroes fought the overwhelming forces of the enemy, and repulsed them. It was a gallant defense, showing what brave men can do, and is a withering rebuke to feeble defenses and cowardly surrenders.

Among the enemy killed and buried were Colonel F. C. McNair, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and Colonel Coffee. Among the dead of the 83d Illinois are Captain Reed and Lieutenant N. Bissel. Colonel Harding, Lieutenant Colonel Smith and Major Scott displayed the highest courage during the entire engagement. Indeed, every officer and private of the regiment stood at his post with the most unflinching bravery, and merit the honor of gratitude of our country.

In my next I shall mention some few incidents that are worthy of record.

McK.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Letter from Fort Henry.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Incidents of the Engagement at Fort
Donelson, on the 3d instant—Talk
with the Rebel Wounded—Vallan-
digham Referred to by them as
Authority.

Fort Henry, February 10.

Among the many incidents that occurred in the late defense of Fort Donelson, the following, I think, is worthy of notice.

Captain Donnelly, who is said to be one of the best shots belonging to the 83d Illinois, had two men to load for him while he fired. This he kept up during most of the engagement, taking as deliberate aim as though he were engaged in target practice.

Captain McClannahan, who was wounded through the thigh, early in the engagement, is one of your granite men, whose features indicate, distinctly, inflexibility of purpose, when in the line of duty his conscience dictates. All over his furrowed face, with its sharply-chiseled outlines, is written earnest benevolence. His age must be, at least, sixty-five. He entered this war from a sense of duty alone. On learning that he was wounded, I immediately called to see him. I found him in one of the hospitals, stretched upon his cot, and surrounded by a number of his wounded comrades. His grizzled beard, bleached locks and venerable face, made him look the patriarch among his sons. I took him by the hand, and said, "I am glad to see you, but sorry to know that you are severely wounded. How are you?" "I am," he replied, "quite comfortable, and in excellent spirits, and try to keep my wounded boys in good heart. I am sorry that I could do no more, as I was hurt early in the fight. But, then, it is all right—*all right*."

I could not help thinking, noble old hero! God bless you! And that he lay there, stricken down, in his old age, by the bloody hand of treason, that would hurl down our Government and grind it to powder, was the terrible truth forcing itself upon the mind.

When Forrest made his charges upon the siege gun, the man leading the head of the column rode his horse up until its fore-feet were on the breast works, not ten feet from the gun,

and demanded its surrender. The reply the brave man working the gun made to this was a discharge of a full load of canister directly into him. The daring rebel fell, terribly mangled, seven shot having passed through him, and every bone in his body was, seemingly, broken by the concussion.

At one time the rebels got possession of a large, two-story frame building, about 200 yards west of the encampment. They got under it—it stood on stone pillars, about eighteen inches high—and into the first and second stories. From this house they poured a fire into our men. But this was replied to by so well-directed and effective aim that they were compelled to abandon the building. There was not, I think, on its front, in the direction of our lines, six inches square but that was perforated by bullets. In and around that house, I am informed, seven killed, and twenty-three wounded, rebels were found.

While in one of the hospitals, containing a number of the enemy's wounded, I took occasion to speak a few words to each, inquiring where they were hurt; what State they were from; to what regiment they belonged, &c. To these, and similar questions, some of them answered rudely, and others pleasantly. Finally, one of them, a large, rough, strong-looking man, asked, "When do you expect to whip the South?" "O, we'll have that job done up in a few months," said I. He replied, "That's the way you talked at the beginning." "Ah, but we were partly joking then; we are in earnest now." Just then, one of them, a smooth faced lad, not more than eighteen years of age, I should judge, spoke up, and asked, "What about those speeches, up North, for peace, of which we hear? What about that speech in Congress, a few days ago, by the leading Democrat of Ohio, urging an armistice, and demanding that your armies should be withdrawn from the South? And, further, that he should vote against any more men or money, to carry on this war against us?" Others exultingly chimed in with the same question. "Do you refer to Vallandigham?" I asked. "Yes; he's the man," came from several. "Well, all I have to say of that traitor is, that he has dug his grave of infamy so deep that a line reaching from the earth to Sirius would not measure a fraction of its depths."

It is evident, from the talk of these men, that the speeches of Northern partisan hucksters and despicable sympathizers with treason, who obsequiously cringe to their masters of the pseudo-Southern Confederacy, give hope, courage, and strength to the rebellion. Now, if there is any comfort, any blessedness, in giving strength to the arm of rebellion striking down our fathers, brothers, and sons, then let Vallandigham and his co-workers take it to themselves. They need have no doubt of the bloody fruit of their labors, for I have seen it, and heard it boasted by rebels themselves, who, not twenty-four hours previous, were hurling death into the midst of our country's defenders; and struck all the harder blows from the help it gave them. The sayings and speeches of these Northern serfs to Southern despots are hawked about by the leaders in this war to break down free government, and dished up to their deluded armies as the pabulum of their hope of ultimate success. The legitimate logic that treason takes to itself from these is, "Hold on a little longer and strike a little harder, for our friends in the North will soon have a party strong enough to paralyze Lincoln's Administration. Don't you see this in their speeches, sayings, and doings?" And Vallandigham logic says Amen.

A. L. McK.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 3
Barbarity of the Texas Rebels—A
Double Murder—Boiling a Dead
Yankee's Skull.

[Correspondence of the Boston Traveler.]

In the month of August, 1861, a man by the name of James arrived in the town of Orange, from Galveston, and put up at King's Hotel. He reported during the course of conversation with a crowd in the bar-room of the house, that he had just arrived, a few weeks previous, at Galveston, from California. It is said that in the evening of the day of his arrival, he was seen conversing with one or two negroes by Jim Worsham and his gang, who were laying in ambush for him.

In his interview with the negroes his mission was to liberate them, and that if they would prepare themselves the next night he would secrete them on board a small schooner which belonged to him, and which was anchored on the Sabine River, on the Louisiana side. One of the negroes to whom he revealed his plans and who was the property of a Mr. Smith, a New Yorker, who had been in Texas about a year and a half, went to Smith, his master, and narrated the full particulars of the conversation that had taken place between Mr. James and himself, telling his master that James wanted to meet him (the slave) that night at twelve o'clock, and that he had promised to do so. Smith, upon learning this, determined to ferret out the foundation of the negro's story, and accordingly he dressed himself in the slave's suit of clothes, and blacking himself, sailed out at the appointed hour to meet Mr. James. So complete was the disguise, that with the knowledge of the whole conversation, as detailed by the ignorant or treacherous negro, Smith succeeded in drawing from his unsuspecting *confidante* the whole of his plans. Making an agreement to meet him again, the supposed negro vanished. The next morning Smith reported to Charley Saxton, Jim Davis and Jim Worshem, what he had heard, and it was at once decided to murder Mr. James, who was expected to leave Orange that day. About nine o'clock Mr. James chartered a small boat, and hired a Mr. Marshall to row him across Sabine River.

Both James and Marshall were in the boat, and Marshall was standing up pushing off the boat from shore, when Jim Davis, a notorious horse-thief, and his companions, came rushing down to the bank. The boat was not more than a dozen yards from the bank, when Jim Davis, with a terrible oath, aimed a revolver at Mr. James, exclaiming, with an oath, "You are the d---d Yankee scoundrel that tried last night to entice our niggers away, and I am going to shoot you on the spot, you miserable thief!" Mr. Marshall stood in front of Mr. James, expostulating with Davis, telling him he was mistaken in the man, and begging him to spare Mr. James' life. This intervention roused all the beastly fury of Davis, who swore he would kill both of them, and suiting the action to the word, he fired upon Mr. Marshall, who fell into the bottom of the boat, shouting, "Great God, what have you done?" The ball entered the right breast, and passed nearly through the body.

They then put out in a small boat and brought both James and Marshall on shore, and securing James they laid Marshall under an old shingle shed, where the hideous monster [sic], Charles Saxton, took out his jack knife and began to probe the wound for the bullet, cursing Marshall for groaning at the pain he was suffering. Marshall beseeched him to let him alone, and, in the name of God, to send for his wife and family, that he might see them before breathing his last. At first, this request was refused, but after earnest entreaties the unfeeling wretches granted the dying man's only wish, and Mrs. Marshall, with her family of five small children, arrived just in time to witness the extinction of the vital spark. Mrs. Marshall was so terribly stricken with grief at the loss of her husband that she survived his murder but ten days. Her babe of two years, and a bright little boy of six years, were laid at the side of their parents in two weeks after their death. Mr. Marshall was a native of the Western part of Louisiana, a brickmaker by trade, and had always been respected as an honest and hardworking man.

After these desperadoes had got rid of the body of Marshall, they turned their whole attention to Mr. James. They carried him before the civil authorities on the charge of enticing negroes to desert their masters. Jim Davis produced several letters, which were known by loyal witnesses in the Court to have been forged, and affirming under oath that he found these letters in Mr. James' coat pocket, the testimony was so strong and conclusive that he was found guilty, and the sentence of death was passed upon him by the Judge early in the forenoon. At nightfall a mob broke into the jail, and dragging Mr. James to the nearest tree, hung him on the spot. After the body had been suspended fifteen or twenty minutes, it was cut down, and eight or ten blood-thirsty fellows removed the corpse to the interior of the jail. In a few minutes Dr. Huson, of Orange, and another doctor of the same town, assisted by the bloody crew whose malicious perjury on the witness stand had been the cause of the sentence, began to mutilate the body, and while doing so gave vent to the most horrible sentiments.

Dr. Huson cut out the heart and placed it in a glass pickle-jar filled with Louisiana whisky, and this murdered man's heart has been seen by various persons since his execution, and it can be seen to day in the drug and paint store of Dr. Huson, in the town of Orange. After this they actually fried out all the fat from the flesh and divided it among each other for the oiling of their firearms. One of the doctors, not Huson, secured the head and carried it home, telling his wife to boil it until all the flesh should drop off. Mr. Plummer could not at the moment recollect this brutal doctor's name, but the wife refused to have any thing to do with the head, and was horror-struck at the barbarous sight. Her husband compelled her to place the skull in a large copper-kettle and boil it for several hours, when he took charge of it, told his wife he had long desired an Abolitionist's skull for his study, and now he had got one.

Charles Saxton, a most inhuman man and daring robber, gave a ball a week or two after the murder, in honor of the Vigilance Committee, whose business it was to clean out all anti-slavery people from Texas. He invited all the secesh of Orange, of both sexes, to the ball, and as an inducement to attend the assembly, he told them he should exhibit a genuine Yankee skull. He had borrowed the skull from the doctor, and fastening it to a shelf, placed a candle in each eye-socket, and while most of the guests looked on with exultation and satisfaction to behold the Yankee head, he made the remark that Yankee candlesticks were a decided improvement over the old fashioned ones." The females who mingled in this wicket orgie [sic] were the lowest creatures of their sex, as might be expected. The next morning Jim Davis and Saxton tied the pieces of mutilated flesh in a meal bag, and threw it into the Sabine River, supposing, of course, that when the tide flowed it would float off, but the bag kept floating to and fro for two days, until a Mr. George Kneeland, whose house was on the river bank, went to Saxton and Davis and told them if there was any law in the land he would instantly prosecute them if they did not remove the remains from the river and bury them properly.

Fearing this threat from Kneeland, who is an earnest rebel, the scoundrels buried the portions of the body.

In order to fully convince your readers that this fearful crime has been committed, I will relate the following incident: Mrs. Freeland, a daughter of Robert Jackson, of Orange, one of the first Union families of Texas, was anxious to borrow or purchase a large sized copper kettle, for the purpose of making preserves. She was well acquainted with Mrs. Dr. -----, and knowing nothing at that time of the dissecting of Mr. James' body by the Doctor, she visited Mrs. -----, for the purpose of securing the kettle. While there the conversation went from one point to another until the Doctor's wife told how she was obliged to boil a human skull in one of her kettles, for her husband. Mrs. Freeland was horrified, and left the house.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The rebels report that they have captured the famous ram, Queen of the West. Their dispatch to this effect was sent from Port Hudson, and appeared in the rebel papers of Saturday. There is reason to hope that they are giving circulation to a mere rumor. The officers of the ram were brave and vigilant, and if taken, the loss of the boat must have been owing to some accident to her machinery.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 26, 1863, p. 1, c. 8

Particulars of the Capture of the Queen
of the West.

New York, February 25.—The following is from rebel sources:

“Port Hudson, February 17.—Capt. Cannon, from Red River, brings information of the capture of the Federal steamer Queen of the West, at Gordon’s Landing. At Fort Taylor, on Red River, the Queen of the West captured the Confederate transport Era No. 4, and forced her pilot, John Burke, to take her wheel and ordered him to take the boat to our batteries.

“Burke was frightened, but finally took the wheel under the Yankee guard. Upon nearing the batteries he told the Yankees they were fifteen miles from them, immediately putting close in, when she received a shot which broke the steam-pipe, disabling the boat. The Yankees being wholly unprepared for a fight, and suspecting no danger, Burke jumped overboard and drifted ashore. The boat drifted to the opposite shore, when her crew escaped, with the exception of eighteen, who fell in our hands.

“The crew subsequently got aboard the Yankee boat De Soto, with two hundred stolen negroes aboard. The Queen of the West is now in possession of the Confederates, and will be towed to a place of safety for repairs. It is reported the Yankee gunboat Indianola has gone up Red River to recapture her.

“Later intelligence states that the Confederate steamer Webb closely pursued and captured the Era. The Era is disabled in one wheel. The Queen of the West is but slightly injured, and will soon be in fighting trim under Confederate colors. We have positive information that the transport De Soto was burned by the Yankees, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Confederates.

“Second Dispatch.

“Port Hudson, February 19.—The Alexandria (La.) Democrat, extra, received here, contains an official report of Captain Kelsey, commanding fortifications in Red River. He says two gunboats made their appearance in front of this position at five o’clock last evening. After a brisk cannonade, the leading gunboat, Queen of the West, struck her colors. I immediately ordered Captain Hutton and Lieutenant D. Lahornly to go aboard and demand a surrender.

“These officers report but thirteen officers and crew aboard. The others escaped under cover of night. The visible result of the capture consists of one twelve-pounder rifle Parrott gun, one fourteen-pounder, three twelve-pounders, one do., slightly damaged; besides a large supply of ordnance stores and quinine, two cases amputating instruments, clothing, four boxes bacon, beef, pork, lard, bread, and other stores in proportion. The Democrat says the victory was complete, grand and decided.”

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

A letter from our correspondent "Mack," published elsewhere, notifies us that he was on the ram Queen of the West in her excursion up Red River, which, we fear, has resulted in the loss of the boat. We expect "Mack" was among those who, according to the rebel account, made good their escape.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, February 26, 1863, p. 4, c. 3

Ram-ified Correspondence.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

On Board Ram Queen of the West,}

Off Vicksburg, February 9, 1862.}

Becoming tired of the monotony of the siege [sic] of Vicksburg, and conscious that nothing of great importance was likely to transpire in General Grant's command for some time, Mr. A. H. Bodman, of the Chicago Tribune, and the undersigned, held an important conference this morning, as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. While we were musing on the subject, a friend suggested that the famous ram Queen of the West was getting ready for another raid down the Mississippi. "Let us go," said the Chicago man. "Agreed," responded the undersigned.

In less than fifteen minutes, we were making our way through mud and water, swamps and woods, across the point, to the anchorage ground of the Queen. The journey was a horrible one; but, after a plod of two hours, we arrived at our destination. Going on board the Queen, we inquired for Colonel Ellet, and were introduced to a young man, not over twenty-five—tall and slim, with long, dark hair, bright eyes, and extremely pleasant countenance. I recognized him as the Medical Cadet of last summer, and was surprised to learn that he was the hero of the late brilliant exploits on the Mississippi.

The Colonel very cordially invited us on on [sic] board, and tendered us the hospitalities of the valiant Queen. We are now in the full enjoyment of life on the ram.

Colonel Ellet is fitting up the small ferryboat De Soto, recently captured here, and intends taking it with him down the river. A 30-pound Parrott gun has been mounted on it, and it will, no doubt, prove useful in running up small streams, not navigable to the ram. We expect to leave to-night, but our departure may be delayed till to-morrow night. Warrenton is about two miles below us. There are twelve heavy guns there; but I think we can get past them in safety. They will probably hit us a few times, but are not very apt to injure us much. We expect to meet a few rebel rams and gunboats in Red River, and will probably experience a pretty warm time before we return.

The following are the officers of the Queen of the West. A few alterations have been made since her return from Red River. The names and residence appended are correct, as she is now officered:

Colonel Charles R. Ellet, commanding ram fleet.

Captain—A. Connor, Carbondale, Ill.

Lieut.—J. T. Tuttle, " "

First Master—J. D. Thompson, Peoria, Ill., commanding vessel.

First Pilot—B. McKay, Madison, Ind.

Second Pilot—Thomas W. Garvey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Third Pilot—B. McKay, Madison, Ind.

First Engineer—Reuben Townsend, New Albany, Ind.

First Assistant Engineer—Edward Taylor, New Castle, Pa.

Second do.—David E. Hooper, New Albany, Ind.

Third do.—James Ellis, New Albany, Ind.

Fourth do.—Sam'l Weaver, Mound City, Ill.

I send you a copy of a paper published at Port Hudson, obtained by Colonel Ellet on his late expedition.

I don't know when you will hear again from your ram-pant correspondent. There is a degree of uncertainty about all human things.

Mack.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 2, 1863, p. 3, c. 4
Special Despatches [sic] Exclusive to
Cincinnati Daily Commercial.
Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.
From Vicksburg.
Details of the Expedition of the Queen
of the West Up Red River and Her
Capture—Immense Destruction of
Property by Col. Ellet.

In Sight of Vicksburg, Feb. 23, }

Via Cairo, Feb. 28. }

The Federal ram Queen of the West was captured by the rebels at Fort Taylor, near Gordon's Landing, eighty miles up Red River, a little after dark, on Saturday, the 14th inst. She started on the expedition the Tuesday night previous, with an armament of three 12-pounders, brass howitzers, one 24 and one 30-pound rifled Parrott. The ferryboat De Soto accompanied her, and carried a 30-pound Parrott. Her crew consisted mainly of negro artillerymen. There were twenty inexperienced men detailed from the 18th Illinois Infantry, under Capt. Conner and Lieut. Tuthill. The ram was commanded by Capt. Thompson, of Peoria.

Colonel Ellett accompanied the expedition, and, as ranking officer, really commanded.

She passed the Warrenton batteries, without a shot, and met with no molestation above the the [sic] mouth of Red River.

Thursday morning, she ran down the Atchafalaya, a few miles, captured and destroyed a rebel Quartermaster's train of seventeen wagons, and returning was fired at Thursday night, by guerrillas, near Sommerville.

On Friday A. M., colonel Ellet landed and burned all the buildings for miles in retaliation, destroyed half a million of property, proceeded up the Red River, met and captured the Era No. 5, with fourteen soldiers, two officers, and several citizens, and a cargo of corn.

The ram and the Do Soto came within range of Fort Taylor, at 500 yards distance, about dark, and were immediately fired on.

The De Soto fell back while the ram engaged the fort. The third shot struck the ram, crashing through her decks. Our men fired once at the fort and then deserted their guns. In this emergency Colonel Ellett ordered the pilot to back the ram out. Attempting to do so he ran her hard aground. The next shot, plunging through the deck, broke the lever of the engine. A succeeding one cut our steam-pipe in two, completely disabling her.

Twenty-six, of fifty-one white men aboard, escaped in a boat and on floats. The balance were captured.

The De Soto transported the survivors to the Era, then lying below. Fearing pursuit, she was prepared for a speedy trip up the Mississippi. The De Soto was burned. They met the gunboat Indianola near Natchez, on Tuesday morning.

While lying there the rebel gunboat Will came in sight, pursuing her, but turned back on discovering the Indianola.

The Era literally ran a gauntlet of batteries and sharpshooters all the way, but escaped.

The Indianola is still below.

Among the prisoners are Captain Thompson, fatally wounded; first assistant engineer Ed. Taylor, badly scalded; the surgeon, engineer, carpenter, and fourteen soldiers, the entire crew, and Finley Anderson, correspondent of the New York Herald.

Colonel Ellet reports six thousand rebel troops and a large supply of cattle, fifteen miles below here, on the west side.

The rebels have the following gunboats up Red River: Doubloon, Grand Duke, Webb, Grand Era, Quitman, and the captured ram.

Every thing is dull here. The work is pressed vigorously on the canal. National salutes were fired, yesterday, by the army and navy.

Captain Smith, General Frank Blair's Commissary of Subsistence, is under arrest, by order of General Grant.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

A Ram Cruise in the Mississippi

The Queen of the West on

Her Last Raid.

Her Destruction and Capture.

Escape of the Officers and Crew

On an Unarmed Boat.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Near Vicksburg, February 24, 1863.

My last was dated on board the ram Queen of the West, below Vicksburg and above Warrenton. I stated in it that Colonel Ellet, with his famous vessel, was about to make another raid in the Mississippi and its tributaries, the principal object of which I supposed to be to impede the river communication of the enemy between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and to cut off the supplies which the rebels had been receiving from the Red River country and Texas. Expecting an interesting trip, but, of course, not anticipating the sad fate that has befallen us, I accompanied the expedition, by invitation of Colonel Ellet. Now that I have returned, I propose to give a brief history of the events of the raid.

What We Started With.

The Queen of the West will be remembered by all river men, and most of the Cincinnati merchants, as an old New Orleans and Cincinnati freight boat. She was built at Cincinnati, I believe, about eight years ago. She was purchased for the ram fleet on account of her strength and capacity. Her machinery was very powerful, and her hull strong and easily adapted to the service for which she was needed. She was converted into a ram at Cincinnati. Heavy timbers were used to strengthen her hull. Her boilers were casemated with oak, about twelve inches thick. Her pilot-house was covered with iron of sufficient thickness to afford protection from sharpshooters. She was pierced for eight guns—small caliber—but never carried more than six, I am told. In running the blockade at Vicksburg, one of her 12-pound howitzers was dismantled

by a shot from the rebel batteries. Her armament, on her last expedition, consisted of three 12-pound howitzers, one 20-pound Parrott, and one 30-pound Parrott. She should have had one board a sufficient number of men to work all her guns, and leave, at least, fifty to act as sharpshooters and repel the enemy in any attempt to board her. Instead of this, she had but twenty-six men all told, under command of Captain Connor and Lieutenant Tuthill, of the 18th Illinois Regiment.

It will be remembered that a portion of General Blair's command captured the steam-ferry boat De Soto, near Vicksburg, about a week before our departure. Gen. Sherman's orders were to destroy her, but Colonel Ellet being of opinion that he could use her to good advantage, she was turned over to him. A thirty pound Parrott gun was mounted on her bow, and about twenty bales of cotton were put in position around her boilers. Thus equipped, it was thought she would be of good service for running up and down small streams not navigable to the Queen, and, indeed, she proved quite valuable, while she lasted.

In addition to these two vessels, we had a barge, about half filled with coal, to take along with us—the same old broad-horn that floated past the batteries at Vicksburg a few nights before.

Under Weigh.

Colonel Ellet's intention was to leave on the night of the 9th, (Monday,) but was detained twenty-four hours by some necessary repairs for the De Soto.

Tuesday night we hoped would be foggy, dark, or stormy, so as to enable us to run past the batteries at Warrenton, unobserved.

The meteorological fates were against us, however. A clear starlight evening dispelled all chances of eluding the vigilance of the rebels. The pleiades were cursed, and the milky way was damned very lustily by the crew, and the Colonel himself was by no means complimentary in the remarks he addressed to the planetary system.

Shortly after nine o'clock the Queen cast loose her moorings and was headed down stream, the De Soto lashed to her port side and the coal barge on her starboard. We were within three miles of Warrenton, where, four days previous, when the Queen passed up, there were eight guns. Colonel Ellet expected to be fired upon by at least ten guns on his way down, as he had reason to believe that two heavy pieces had been removed from a battery between Warrenton and Vicksburg.

The intention was to proceed slowly until the batteries opened on us, and then to put the Queen to her best rate of speed. Colonel Ellet stood on the hurricane deck. The remainder of the officers and crew, except the pilots, were in the engine-room, which was considered the safest place on the vessel.

After all our preparations, and the previous experience of Colonel Ellet in passing Warrenton, we were greatly disappointed on being permitted to run by unmolested. Not a gun, not a musket, not a pistol-shot was fired at us. Had the Queen been an unarmed transport she could have passed as quietly as in by-gone days, when she made her regular trips from Cincinnati to New Orleans, before the inauguration of King Jeff.

We were fearful that this "meant something"—that there was a large trap laid for us at some place and in some way that we could not exactly understand. Some of us suggested that the guns had been removed to a point of higher elevation than Warrenton, and that we would hear from them at Grand Gulf or elsewhere. These fears were afterward proven groundless, as we encountered no batteries till we reached Gordon's Landing, on Red River, where the gallant Queen was dethroned, and many of her subjects consigned to Dixian exile.

Aground.

Under a high pressure of joy at our success in passing Warrenton, we steamed southward, nothing worthy of note occurring until near daylight on the morning of the 11th, when, as we approached Rodney, our vessel grounded on a sand bar in the middle of the river. Our pilot explained to Colonel Ellet that, as the rebels had had control of the Mississippi below Vicksburg for nearly two years, it was impossible for a Northern man to be thoroughly acquainted with the channel of a river subject to such frequent “changes of base” as the Father of Waters is known to be. All hands were set to work removing the cotton bales from the bow of the Queen to the coal barge, and in a few hours our trouble was over and the ram was afloat. When we were ready for another start it was found that the De Soto was aground, and it required a good deal of pulling and hauling to get her off.

At Zach. Taylor’s Farm.

At nine o’clock on the morning of the 11th we stopped at the old homestead of Ex-President Zach. Taylor—Jeff. Davis’ father-in-law, by a Gretna Green match. It is about ten miles below Rodney, and thirty-five miles north of Natchez. It is now owned and occupied by a Kentucky physician named B. C. New. Colonel Ellet inquired of the Doctor, whose surprise at our visit exhibited itself in a nervous tremor that rendered him almost speechless, if he were a loyal man. The Doctor told the old story of having opposed secession and rebellion until driven into it in order to save his property. Colonel Ellet ordered the plantation bell to be wrung [sic], to assemble the colored “help,” in order to make a selection for firemen on the Queen. But the wary planter had seen us coming, and had taken the precaution to run his contrabands into the woods. Only two darkies responded to the call, and they would not pass muster. We obtained a number of late Southern papers, containing a variety of important and interesting information. In the Memphis Appeal we found a letter from Vicksburg, detailing the exploit of the queen in running the blockade. The rebels mistook her for the gunboat Conestoga. “Nestor,” the Appeal’s correspondent, pronounced the affair one of the most daring deeds of the war—“impudence sublimated.”

He also states that General Smith, in command of the batteries, had been superseded by General Fitzhugh Lee for permitting Colonel Ellet to run past. The Southern files obtained at Dr. New’s would have proven valuable to the Commercial, and I would have sent them with this letter but for an “unforeseen [sic] accident” which frustrated my plans, as the accidents of war are wont to do.

At Natchez.

Leaving Dr. New’s plantation we were soon headed for Natchez, which is one of the handsomest and wealthiest towns on the Mississippi river. A few of us landed, with the De Soto, but we did not remain long. We met but few citizens on the wharf, and they were not at all disposed to give us any information of the kind we were most in need of. We procured several copies of the Courier of that day (12th), and from it learned that Commodore Farragut had possession of Berwick’s Bay, a tributary of the Mississippi; for the location of which I must refer the reader to the map of the river.

The people of Natchez are not disposed to interfere with United States troops or gunboats since Captain Porter, of the Essex, taught them a salutary lesson last summer. A small boat from the Essex was sent ashore at Natchez to obtain some ice for a few sick men. When about to land it was fired upon by about twenty rebel citizens from one of the bluffs at the city. Captain Porter instantly opened fire on the town, and in less than five minutes destroyed three fine houses. Before leaving he notified the people of Natchez that should any United States troops or sailors

be fired at from that place again, he would destroy every building in it. Since then, the Mayor of the town has issued a proclamation forbidding any repetition of the proceeding above alluded to.

Before leaving Natchez we destroyed a number of small boats, which had been used for ferrying from the west bank of the Mississippi, immediately opposite, where a small town called Vidalia, is located.

Ten miles below Natchez, are Ellis' Cliffs, which the rebels have frequently thought of fortifying, and which certainly appear as if they could be made to offer very formidable resistance to the southward progress of our gunboats.

An Expedition to Capture Us.

Near Natchez we picked up two men whom we found cruising in a small boat. They informed us that an expedition was being fitted out in Red River to capture or sink the Queen of the West. The steamboats to be employed were the W. H. Webb and Grand Duke, or Louisville. The Webb is a very powerful, low-pressure vessel, formerly employed as a tow-boat in the Gulf. It has been known to tow four ships into harbor at one time. She was built in New York in 1852. The Grand Duke and Louisville are very large Mississippi River boats.

The intention was to fight us with the Webb—which mounts three large guns, and board us with two or three hundred troops from the other boats. Colonel Lovell was to take command of the expedition. Colonel Ellet was pleased to hear of this. He expressed full confidence in his ability to turn the tables on Lovell and capture him, instead of surrendering to him. He immediately resolved to shape his course up Red River, in pursuit of his intended captors. Circumstances have come to light since, confirming what we heard at Natchez.

On the night of the 11th we anchored near the mouth of Old River.

At Simmsport [sic].

On Thursday morning, the 12th inst., we weighed anchor at an early hour for a cruise in the Atchafalaya. We left the De Soto in charge of our coal barge, at the mouth of Old River. We had not gone far when Colonel Ellet discovered a train of wagons going along a road a short distance from the river bank. The Queen was instantly "brought to;" the wagon train halted, and a boat manned and sent ashore to make inquiries about the ownership of the teams. The train numbered fifteen empty wagons, each drawn by six mules, and driven by a negro. The darkies said they had been employed in hauling provisions for the rebel army, but belonged to a planter living a few miles off. As they had been giving "aid and comfort," Colonel Ellet gave orders to have all the wagons destroyed, the mules turned loose, the harness thrown into the river, and the contrabands put on board the Queen. This done, we started again down the Atchafalaya. We were soon hailed by a negro, who came on board and told us that a battery of Texas artillery was stationed at Simmsport [sic], a short distance below, but that they had heard of our approach, and would, probably, leave before we could get there. "Give her full headway," said Colonel Ellet to the pilot; and at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, we made our way to Simmsport [sic]—an insignificant village, numbering about half a dozen uninhabitable houses. We saw a few citizens here, but they were exceedingly uncommunicative. Probably fifty soldiers, they said, had been there, but had left early in the morning, taking with them two pieces of artillery. The steamboat Minerva was half an hour ahead of us on her way down the stream.

On the left bank of the river we found fifty-four barrels of beef and six barrels of molasses, intended for the use of the Confederate army. We destroyed these in a very few moments.

Before leaving Simmsport [sic], Colonel Ellet visited the post-office, and got possession of a number of official and private letters containing important information respecting Port

Hudson and Vicksburg. I obtained a lot of Southern papers, and fondly cherished the hope of sending them to the Commercial office, until it became extremely doubtful whether I should ever get there myself.

We left Simmsport [sic] at noon, and proceeded down the Atchafalaya, hoping to overtake the fugitive artillerymen and capture their guns. The only information we could obtain was from contrabands along the river bank. They all concurred in the statement that the runaways were trying to get to Alexandria—that there were about thirty soldiers and ten or fifteen loaded wagons. About ten miles below Simmsport [sic] we saw a wagon “stalled” in the mud. The horses had been taken off, but the load was still in it. A boat’s crew was sent ashore to burn it. From papers found in an officer’s trunk, we ascertained that it belonged to the Vie [sic] Verde Battery, from Texas, under command of Captain Joseph D. Sayers. The wagon was filled with ammunition and officers’ baggage.

We were soon once more in pursuit of the flying artillery. In less than an hour we were in sight of them, but they had taken to the woods, and were shipping the life out of their horses in their efforts to get out of the range of our guns.

The Queen “rounded to,” and Col. Ellet opened fire. Our shots and shells were unavailing, however. The Confederates made good time until they found themselves out of range, after which they rested in the woods in sight of our vessel. Had we had on board a full complement of soldiers, we could have sent out a company to capture them, but with scarcely men enough to work our guns we could not help letting them escape. If we had sent ten or fifteen men in pursuit, they would have been captured, instead of capturing the enemy.

While we were shelling the woods every house, for several miles up and down the river bank, hoisted the white flag. The people were badly frightened, but in our whole day’s firing nobody was hurt, I believe.

Attacked by Guerrillas—Retribution.

Convinced that we could not capture any of the Vie [sic] Verde artillerymen, we headed up stream at about sundown on the 12th, intending to return to the mouth of Old River and anchor there for the night. At 6 o’clock, as we were going slowly along in the vicinity in which we destroyed the wagon train in the morning, we were suddenly attacked by a guerrilla party of about twenty men, who lay concealed behind the levee. I think, from the reports made, they were armed with double-barreled shot-guns, and fired about thirty shots at us. Captain Thompson—our sailing master—was severely, and it is thought fatally, wounded. His knee was badly shattered. None others were injured. Several of us, who were equally as much exposed on the deck of the vessel as the Captain, had very narrow escapes.

A load of canister and a number of rifle shots were discharged at the rebels in reply, but I think without any effect, as we were unable to tell more than the direction whence the attack came, and could see nobody, owing to the darkness.

We continued our course up the stream, and soon met the De Soto, when we anchored for the night. Captain Thompson’s wound was examined and dressed. He refused to permit the amputation of his leg, though the Surgeon advised him that his case would be extremely doubtful without it.

At about ten o’clock P. M., a negro came on board the Queen, from a skiff, and informed Colonel Ellet that six citizens living in the neighborhood were engaged in the attack upon us. He told us who they were, and agreed to conduct us to their plantations next day.

Admiral Porter’s orders to the commanders of all vessels in his fleet are to burn every house in the neighborhood in which they are attacked by guerrillas; and Colonel Ellet is just the

man to execute such orders. Early on Friday morning we started down the Atchafalaya, to execute a little retributive justice on our cowardly assailants. Our first "halt" was in front of a splendid mansion, belonging to General Simms. Here Colonel Ellet was waited upon by a young lady, who informed him that none of the main residents of the house had been at home for several weeks. She was a daughter of General Simms, was quite pretty, and appeared to be refined and accomplished. Her father was not in the Southern army, she said, and the title "General" was a complimentary one. She believed her family and friends had too much honor and chivalry to fire upon a vessel from behind a levee at night.

Our contraband guide did not think any one from General Simms' plantation had been in the guerrilla party, but he knew that the next house below had furnished two men for the occasion. On repairing thither we found only a few females at home. They were questioned by Colonel Ellet, and admitted the truth of the negro's statement. The result that in less than fifteen minutes the house and outbuildings were in a blaze, and we were on the way to the next plantation—a large sugar farm, containing a very fine residence, a steam mill, and about twenty negro huts. No white males were to be found on the premises. Two young ladies pleaded in vain for the salvation of the sugar-mill, while they admitted that their paternal relative had participated in the attack upon the Queen.

Colonel was not yet satisfied, or, at least, he thought Justice was not. We proceeded to a third plantation, where Colonel Ellet was met by an elegantly dressed virago of the Southern type, whose first exclamation was: "Well, Colonel, I hope you ain't going to be mean enough to burn my house!" The Colonel asked her if her husband or brother were not in the party who attacked his boat the night before. She said her brother was one of the number, and she was only sorry she had not seven brothers, instead of one, to engage in just such attacks. There was a strange mixture of impudence and entreaty in her address to Colonel Ellet, but she failed to save her domicil [sic] with either. The last I saw of her she was evincing an unusual degree of patience and forbearance in the midst of adversity, by singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag," while volumes of flame and smoke ascended from her tenement of wood. She was emulating Nero, on the Atchafalaya bank.

Up Red River—A Prize.

Early on Saturday morning, 14th, we started up Red River—the coal-barge in tow of the Queen, and the De Soto close astern. We found navigation very difficult—plenty of water but a very crooked stream. A few miles from the mouth we met an old fisherman in a skiff and took him on board. He gave us some information as to the number and names of the steamboats hidden in Shreveport and below. He had heard of Colonel Lovell's expedition to overhaul the Queen, and had no doubt the attempt would be made. He expressed a great desire to accompany us, and if possible to return to his home in Missouri, from which the fortunes of war had excluded him for a long time. He told us the rebels had a battery at Gordon's Landing, about seventy-five miles from the mouth of the river, in which there were but two guns mounted, and a force of about seventy-five or a hundred men.

At ten o'clock, while we were steaming slowly up the tortuous river, a steamboat hove in sight. The guns were instantly manned, and every preparation made for offense and defense, as there was good reason to believe that what we saw was one of the vessels fitted out for the destruction of the Queen.

At the word of command, when we were within four hundred yards of the stranger, the 34-pound Parrott gun of the De Soto was fired. I can not say whether Colonel Ellet's intentions were to sink her without asking any questions, or to fire across her bow and bring her to. It is

customary, I know, if there is not absolute certainty as to the character of the vessel met, to fire a warning shot first.

The shell from the De Soto went through the cook house of the other vessel, completely smashing the stove and other culinary apparatus and severely injuring the cook, a colored man. A fragment of it went through the pilot house, but did not injure the pilot.

A dozen white handkerchiefs waved in token of submission from her deck, and we were alongside in five minutes. Our prize we found to be the Era No. 5, one of the Red River packets belonging to G. L. Kouns & Co. Captain W. T. Scovell, an Ohioan by birth and education, was in command of her. She was heavily laden with corn—4,537 bushels—intended for the use of the Confederate army, and was bound from Alexandria to a point on the Black River. She had twenty-three passengers on board—two Confederate officers, fourteen privates, and seven citizens. The soldiers belonged to the 14th Texas and 27th Louisiana Regiments. The citizens were all Texans. The captain of the Era said he had been expecting to meet the Queen, but had kept a good look-out, in hopes of seeing her in time to turn round and run away from her.

Among the passengers on the captured boat, was a Jewish individual named J. L. Elsmer, who had \$30,000 in Confederate scrip with him. Colonel Ellet took possession of this, believing its holder was a rebel Quartermaster. Elsmer afterward produced letters and papers to prove that he was not connected with the army in any way, and Col. Ellet would have returned his funds, had the rebels not blown them up that night, with a variety of other articles, at Gordon's Landing. Of the \$30,000 nearly \$8,000 belonged to the editor of the Houston Telegraph, and had been given by him to Elsmer, for the purchase of printing paper.

The private soldiers and citizens captured on the Era were sent ashore, the former duly paroled, and with this addition to his fleet, Colonel Ellet continued his course up the Red River. It was soon found impossible to tow the coal barge, the river became so narrow and crooked. The Era, with a guard of four men, was left in charge of it, at a point about sixty miles from the mouth and about twenty miles below Gordon's Landing.

Fort Taylor.

Colonel Ellet determined to push up the Red River, in the hope of meeting more steamboats on their way down. From passengers on the Era we learned that Fort Taylor, at Gordon's Landing, was uncompleted, but that two or three guns of large caliber were mounted, with about two companies of soldiers to man them. The impression seemed to be, even among rebel citizens, that no fight would be made there—that, as the troops intrusted [sic] with its defense were Louisiana conscripts, they would not stand a battle with a "gunboat" which had infused terror into the people as the Queen had done.

Fort Taylor is located about eighty miles above the mouth of Red River, in a bend which is very favorably situated for defence [sic]. There are no bluffs or hills there, but this deficiency has been supplied by the erection of artificial mounds upon which guns are mounted. It is casemated with heavy oak timber, and a large quantity of railroad iron has been carried there, to be laid over this. It received its name in honor of General Taylor, (son of the ex-President) who has command of Western Louisiana. A few miles below the fort the rebels have a very large raft in process of construction. When finished it will be moored across the river, to impede the upward passage of our gunboats, and it will be a formidable affair, judging from the amount of timber cut, and to be used in it. When finished, the fort will mount eight guns, from 24 to 64 pounders. Its object is to prevent our gunboats from going up to Alexandria and Shreveport, where a great number of rebel transports are "laid up." It can be reduced in a very short time by one of our iron-clads, but such vessels as the Queen will never take it.

The Fight.

The fight, if such it may be called, was a one sided affair. The expediency of approaching it, I considered doubtful, on learning that the rebels had even two heavy guns mounted, and we afterward found they had three ready for us. Colonel Ellet intended nothing more than a reconnoissance [sic], but the windings of the river are such that he could not see the fort until within six hundred yards of it. There was but one gun on the Queen that could do any service in fighting a siege-battery—the thirty pound Parrott—and that was mounted upon the bow, with no protection for the gunners.

It was about sundown when we reached a point to turn which was to come under the full fire of the battery. Before doing this we discovered the smoke of a steamboat above the fort, and fired three shots at her without doing her any injury. It was the Doubloon, we have since learned, preparing for an emergency, by removing three hundred negroes, who had been employed upon the fortifications, to Alexandria.

The rebels did not respond to our efforts at the Doubloon, but wisely held their fire until we turned the point and got within short range of their guns. They had been target-practicing upon the position which they knew we must occupy in an attack upon the fort, and their experience told with dreadful effect against our vulnerable craft. Just as we rounded to to present the bow of the Queen toward the fort, they opened on us. The first shot was, I think, a 32-pounder. It passed over us a very short distance, and fell into the water with a terrific whiz. As it flew across the doomed vessel I heard it distinctly, and calling to mind the dreadful naval contest at Fort Donelson just a year ago, I said to a friend who stood by me, "If that is the first, look out for the second. They won't miss us much next time." The next two shots did us no harm. One of them passed between our smoke-stacks. I felt convinced they would strike us if we remained where we were, and I knew if they struck us at such short range they would do us serious injury.

Our men, I am sorry to say, deserted their guns when the rebels fired the second shot, leaving the Queen at the mercy of the fort. They may have been excusable, as there was but one gun on the vessel that could reach the enemy, and that could only be brought to bear when we were headed directly toward the object to be fired at. Colonel Ellet, seeing the position we were in, ordered the pilot to back down the stream, out of range of the batteries. In attempting to do this, the Queen got into an eddy, which drove her hard and fast aground. While attempting to extricate ourselves from this dilemma, a shot plunged through the deck, passed into the engine room, broke two of the engineer's lamps, and cut the escape-pipe. The engines were backed, but the stubborn vessel would not yield an inch. Our position was becoming more and more precarious, as each successive shot struck the wood-work or cotton bales, and threatened destruction to us all, in the event of their reaching the boilers. The cabin was "raked," and the deck was strewn with splinters. About half an hour after the commencement of the engagement, a plunging shot went through the deck, a few feet forward of the pilot-house, and almost simultaneously with its crash came the terrific roar of steam from below. The steam-pipe was cut. The same accident which resulted in the death of so many on board the Mound City, last summer, had befallen the Queen of the West, and all hope of saving her was lost.

The noise made by the rushing steam must have been heard by the rebels at the fort, yet their fire increased rather than diminished, immediately after our terrible situation became visible to them. Shot after shot struck us, with greater precision than ever, until it seemed as if the Queen was about to be shattered into a thousand fragments.

Making Our Escape.

It had grown quite dark by this time, and a thunder storm was setting in. The rain commenced falling in large, heavy drops. Vivid flashes of lightning, and heavy peals of thunder, alternated with the fearful flash and horrid roar of artillery from the fort. The life boat was lowered at the stern of the vessel, and was instantly filled to threatened sinking. The ferry-boat De Soto lay in the river about a mile below us, and to reach her was our only hope of safety. She should have come to our rescue on ascertaining our situation, but instead of doing so, she dropped further from us. More than twenty voices hailed her piteously, but she would not approach.

The life-boat gone, there was no hope for those who still remained on board, but to stay where they were and be taken prisoners, swim to the opposite shore, or endeavor to reach the De Soto on a cotton bale. Colonel Ellet and Captain Conner chose the latter mode of escape. The Colonel had not been long in the water, however, when he was reached by a small boat, and conveyed in safety to the little steamer.

Personal Experience.

I trust it will not be considered immodest in me to relate my personal experiences during the unhappy state of affairs above described. Before reaching the fort, the pilot of the Queen requested me to remain in the pilot-house during the engagement, and render him what assistance I could, as the wheel could not readily be handled by one man in such a crisis. I told him I couldn't steer very well, but if he would give his whole attention to the wheel, I would watch the fort, and tell him when to dodge, and I believe I discharged my duty, if not with credit to myself, at least with safety to us both. We dodged every ball with acrobatic agility, for more than half an hour.

When the steam pipe was cut, the prospect of suffocation appeared. The steam rushed into the pilot-house, and I don't know what would have become of the undersigned if he hadn't attempted to stuff a coat into his mouth. The pilot followed my example, and for about five minutes we stood gazing at each other, our speech obstructed by very ungentle mouthsful of broadcloth.

Before the steam had all escaped I left the pilot-house and went to the gun-deck. Just then a shot plunged through the hurricane deck, into the cabin—and I left.

I went below to ascertain the chances of escape. As I was going down, I met one of the crew, who seemed to be halting between two opinions—whether to swim or surrender. I expressed great faith in the buoyancy of the cotton market, and advised him to help me launch a bale of the Southern staple and float down to the De Soto on it. He agreed to do so at first, but declined embarking when our ark of safety was launched. While he was making up his mind what was best to do under the circumstances, our mutual bale floated off. My indignation at his instability of purpose, was soon changed to self congratulations at my good luck, as I saw, about three minutes after, a cannon ball light upon my fugitive life-preserver and shatter it to pieces.

I launched a second cotton bale, and attempted to jump upon it. Instead of rebounding upon the elastic staple, I dropped gently into the chilly stream, and rose to the surface thereof to find my frail bark leaving altogether too rapidly. Putting my aquatic powers to the test, I quickly overtook it, and placed myself high and dry on the cotton.

My troubles were not yet over. I soon found myself in a more unfortunate strait than ever. My "boat" got into an eddy and began whirling round and round with a prospect of presenting astronomical visions to me in a short time. I had no paddle, no oar, nothing with which to steer myself out of the maelstrom, and I don't know but I should have been performing

“perpetual motion” in the Red River until the present time, had not a passing skiff come to my assistance, and towed me safely to the De Soto.

Down the Red River.

As many of us as could do so reached the De Soto, through the agency of cotton bales and skiffs. We “held up” in the middle of the stream for some time, picking up all who hailed us. Colonel Ellet then determined to alongside the Queen, rescue all who still remained in her, and set fire to her. The rebels, however, soon got the range of our little vessel, and it became apparent that, unless we withdrew immediately, she, too, would be blown up. Three men volunteered to go to the Queen in a small boat, but they were captured before going on board of her.

Rebel cavalry lined the shore, taking prisoners all who landed near them, and demanding of those whom they saw in the water to surrender to them. Those who escaped to the De Soto did so by giving the sharpshooters a wide berth.

We soon ascertained that the rebels had virtual possession of the distressed ram, and there was nothing left for those of us who had been fortunate enough to reach the De Soto, but to make the best of our way downstream, get on board the Era, and hazard a trip up the Mississippi, in our unarmed prize. The night, as I have already said, was very dark, and the river the most crooked in the South-west. We were four long hours in descending to the Era. We then sank the De Soto, having no further use for her, and under a full headway, steamed down the Red River.

We felt confident that the Webb would pursue us, and knew that she could run, at least, three times as fast as the Era. Nevertheless, we determined to do the best we could, under the very unfavorable circumstances by which we were surrounded. A few of us—and I was of the number—thought our best plan would be to float past Port Hudson at night, on cotton bales, and reach Farragut’s fleet, rather than run the risk of capture, which a trip up the Mississippi, with a speedy boat at our heels, presented. The majority of our party, however, were in favor the the plan adopted.

Up the Mississippi.

We reached the mouth of Red River on Sunday morning. Our boat made slow progress—scarcely three miles an hour up stream. To make matters still worse, she ran aground twice in a heavy fog that rendered it impossible for the pilots to see either shore.

Before leaving Vicksburg, Admiral Porter told Colonel Ellet “not to be surprised if he should meet the Indianola below, and not to mistake her for one of the enemy’s vessels.” Colonel Ellet divulged this to his unfortunate comrades on Saturday night, and it inspired them with hope, as we all knew that, under the shadow of her broad wings, we would be safe from all our foes, including the much dreaded Webb.

I leave it up to the reader to imagine our joy at being hailed by the Indianola on Tuesday morning, at about ten o’clock, about ten miles below Natchez. Captain Brown, the commander of the iron-clad, saw us coming, and, having heard nothing of the fate of the Queen, supposed the unarmed vessel approaching him was a lawful prize for him. He fired a musket shot across the bows of the Era, and we instantly “rounded to,” knowing the character of our “captor.”

Captain Brown spoke to us from the deck of his vessel, about two hundred yards off.

“Who are you?”

“We are friends,” responded twenty voices from our ill-fated party.

“Where are you from?”

“From Red River. We belong to the ram fleet.”

“Where’s the Queen of the West?”

“She’s blown up.”

“Where’s Colonel Ellet?”

“He’s on board.”

In a few moments the captain’s gig from the Indianola came alongside, and Colonel Ellet went on board the iron clad.

Captain Brown and all his subordinate officers were exceedingly kind and courteous to us. We were furnished with provisions, and other articles of which we stood in need. (I had almost forgotten to mention that we lived on parched corn from Saturday night until Tuesday morning.)

Fully sympathizing with our condition, the officers of the Indianola did every thing in their power to relieve our distress, and we all felt grateful for the assistance so generously tendered us.

I have not yet seen a list of the Indianola’s officers published, and I therefore subjoin one to this paragraph:

Lieutenant Commander—George Brown, commanding.

Acting Master—John A. Yates.

Acting Ensigns—W. S. Pease, Thomas McElmell.

Acting Master’s Mates—J. E. Phipps, w. S. Ward, L. Kinney.

Acting Chief Engineer—Thomas Doughty.

Acting First Assistant—W. W. Hovey.

Acting Second Assistants—Thos. Scholes, D. Hawkworth.

Acting Third Assistants—George W. Voice, Thomas Wardel, J. Blake.

Acting Assistant Paymaster—Thomas Constans.

Acting Assistant Surgeon—H. M. Mixer.

Paymaster’s Steward—J. Dickerson.

Surgeon’s Steward—A. J. Albert.

Captain’s Clerk—Walter Cooper.

Pilots—W. J. Anshutz, D. V. Stewart.

The Webb After Us.

We met the Indianola on Tuesday morning. Colonel Ellet and Captain Brown held a conference, at which they determined that both vessels should go down the river in the afternoon in hope of meeting and capturing the Web. The Era went ahead, with instructions to blow the whistle should she see a steamboat approaching her. In about half an hour, when near Ellis’ Cliffs, Colonel Ellet, from the deck of the Era, saw smoke ahead, and in a few moments the Webb was plainly visible, making her way up stream at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The Era whistled vociferously, and wheeled about to fall back upon her reserve. Captain Brown ordered all hands to quarters on the Indianola, prepared for an attack upon the rebel craft. But the whistling had alarmed the Webb, and before the 11-inch gun of the Federal vessel could be leveled upon her, she had changed her course and was making rapid strides southward. The Indianola fired twice, but both shots fell short. Pursuit was useless—it would be a snail trying to catch a hare, and the latter badly scared at that. As the Webb would not fight, it was not in our power to deny her the privilege of running. The Indianola had two coal barges in tow, and could not make more than nine miles an hour.

To Vicksburg.

The most exciting part of our trip was yet in store for us. Colonel Ellet determined, on Wednesday, to return to Vicksburg with the Era, without convoy or escort. With a few bales of

cotton loosely piled up on the lower deck, to make the appearance—for it certainly did not make the existence—of a barricade, he determined to run the blockade at Warrenton and all other points at which batteries might present themselves, and land below Vicksburg, at the point whence the *Queen* started on the 10th.

He knew there were guns at Warrenton, but did not believe there was any obstruction to be encountered south of that place. We were sadly mistaken, however, as the following facts abundantly proved. We passed Natchez on Thursday evening, and were not molested there. No doubt information was sent north from the “city under the hill,” that we were attempting to go up the river and were not accompanied by the *Indianola*.

Early on Friday morning we stopped at a little town called St. Joseph, on the Louisiana side of the river, thirty miles above Natchez. Here Col. Ellet took possession of a Confederate mail, in which was found two letters, one of them stating that the rebels had a battery at Grand Gulf, and another announcing that they had a camp of six thousand men at Carthage, twenty-five miles south of Warrenton, for the express purpose of fighting the Yankee gunboats. This information put us on our guard, and it was afterwards found to be correct.

We made all possible preparation, and warned our pilot to keep as far as possible from the hostile shores. When nearly opposite Grand Gulf, a masked battery of three field pieces opened on us, and kept up a steady fire while we passed. Thirty shots were aimed at us, and although they all dropped very near us, not one struck our defenseless craft.

At the plantations of Judge Perkins and Jeff. Davis, near Carthage, we were attacked by a battery of rifled 12-pounders, but were fortunate enough to escape every one of forty-six shots. The cabin of our boat was riddled with the rifle balls of sharpshooters, but no one on board was injured.

Our troubles were not over yet. Warrenton was still unpassed. The mere circumstances of passing the guns at Warrenton would, under ordinary circumstances, afford plenty of material for a long letter, but I fear the reader will think my narrative already too long, and I will omit all about the sensations we experienced on board such a vessel as the *Era*, under the fire of rifled siege guns for more than half an hour. The night was dark, and we ran past in safety, untouched by a single one of the twenty-six shots fired at us. Shells exploded above us, behind us, and on both sides of us, but none struck us. We landed safely within the Federal picket lines at midnight, after an absence of twelve days, and a “raid,” which, for excitement and interest is unparalleled in the naval or military annals of the rebellion.

Our Loss.

Strange to say, there was but one man scalded on the *Queen of the West*—an engineer named Taylor. A few of our men were drowned, I think. Ten or twelve negroes were drowned. The following men fell into the hands of the rebels: Charles Falkner, J. A. Bates, George David, G. M. Adams, L. G. Tarboe, T. L. Williams, Chas. Lawner,----- Haseltine, C. Smith, W. Brown, ----- Rice, ----- Bailey, -----McCulloch, First Master Thompson, Second Master Eddison, Third Master Duncan; Richard Graves, blacksmith; ----- Andrews and James Foster, carpenters; J. Hill, steward; George Watson and John Tolley, deck hands, and Dr. Booth, Surgeon.
Mack.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

An Important Capture.

Among the most important articles captured on the *Queen of the West*, by the rebels at Fort Taylor, was the Revised Signal book of the United States Navy. Such books are always

kept, on a man-of-war, tied up in a canvas bag, with a leaden weight attached to it, so that, in case the ship is captured by the enemy, it can be thrown overboard and sunk.

When the Queen was disabled and abandoned, the signal book was lying on a table in Colonel Ellet's room, and it is, doubtless, ere this, in the Navy Department at Richmond. It will be of much value to the rebels. By its aid they can learn the meaning of every flag hoisted on a Federal ship of war or gunboat, in the Eastern or Western navy. I heard Commodore Foote say, to a master's mate on board the gunboat St. Louis, just before the battle of Fort Donelson, "Take good care of the signal-book, and throw it overboard, if any thing happens to the fleet. I had rather let the rebels get a gunboat than to have that fall into their hands." . . .

A Pilot Arrested.

In my narrative of the capture of the Queen of the West, I omitted to mention that one of the pilots of the boat, Mr. Garvey, from Pittsburgh, was placed under arrest, while we were returning in the Era, for alleged disloyalty. He was at the wheel when the ram grounded near the fort, but I feel confident that he did not intentionally run us ashore. He had told Colonel Ellet that he knew nothing about the Red River, had never been in it in his life. Subsequently, while we were making our escape up the Mississippi, Garvey endeavored to "hug the shore" with the Era, so as to keep her out of the rapid current, and make better headway than she otherwise could, and we again grounded. Colonel Ellet then ordered Garvey under arrest, and I understand he will be tried by court-martial.

George Woods, a rebel Memphis pilot, whom Colonel Ellet impressed from the Era, told the rebels at Fort Taylor that he ran the Queen aground, and claimed great credit for so doing. The fact is Woods was too badly frightened to do any thing of the kind intentionally. I saw him just before we were "blown up," crouched behind a bale of cotton, the worst scared man I ever beheld. The last I saw of him was when we were both in the water, he swimming for the shore, and I vigorously "striking out" for a bale of cotton near-by.

Trading with the Enemy.

In conversation with the rebel prisoners captured in Red River, they told me that nearly all of last year's cotton crop in Texas had been hauled in wagons a distance, in some cases of four hundred miles to Metamoras [sic], where the Southerners found a ready market for it at large prices in exchange for merchandise or gold. The purchasers of the staple were invariably Eastern men. A Texas lieutenant assured me that arms and munitions of war had been freely tendered to the people of the Lone Star State in return for cotton, and that, too, by men from New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Don't Like Retaliation.

Two lieutenants of the 14th Texas Cavalry, taken prisoners by Colonel Ellet, while on their way to Vicksburg, wrote a letter to their Confederate Senator, Mr. Wigfall, requesting him to use his influence against the adoption of Jeff. Davis' recommendation that Federal officers captured in battle be not paroled, but handed over to the State authorities, and made amenable to State laws. The Texans entered their strongest protest against the measure, and instanced their own case as one in which the Confederacy would get the worst of the bargain. They said, "If we hold Federal officers, we can not but expect that the Federals will hold as many of us as they can get, and the balance of prisoners is now in their favor. The best way to conduct the war is to parole all the prisoners we take, and let the Federals parole us." . . .

Mack.

The Red River Raid of the Ram Queen
of the West.

On our first page will be found an exceedingly interesting letter from our well known correspondent "Mack," giving the full particular of the Red River raid of the ram Queen of the West, her loss at Gordon's Landing, and the escape, after many adventures, of a part of her crew. This letter contains much information concerning affairs between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, a list of the officers of the Indianola, and some account of the rebel ram Webb, which was the principal agent of the capture of our iron clad. "Mack's" Vicksburg letter is also important. Our correspondent was on the Queen during her raid and managed to make his escape.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 16, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

The Siege of Vicksburg.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Near Vicksburg, March 7, 1863.

The Indianola's Prisoners.

The prisoners taken on the Indianola were conveyed to Port Hudson, I understand, where all but the officers were paroled, and sent thence to Baton Rouge under a flag of truce. Those taken on the Queen of the West were treated in a similar manner.

Mack.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 23, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Special Correspondence Exclusive to

Cincinnati Daily Commercial

[Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.]

From Murfreesboro.

Particulars of the Engagement Near
Milton, Tennessee—Morgan's Forces

Repeated Repulsed and Driven
Back in Confusion—List of Casual-
ties on Federal Side—The Rebel Loss
As Stated by their Surgeons.

Murfreesboro, March 21.

An expedition, which went out in the direction of Liberty on Wednesday last, was attacked yesterday morning by 2,500 mounted rebels, commanded by the guerrilla General John Morgan. Our force consisted of the 105th Ohio, 80th and 123d Illinois, and 101st Indiana, beside a section of the 19th Indiana Battery, and Captain Blackburn's company of cavalry, of the 1st Middle Tennessee; the whole under command of Col. A. S. Hall.

The expedition scouted through the country in the vicinity of Gainesville and Liberty on Wednesday and Thursday, meeting small reconnoitering parties of the enemy several times, without, however, succeeding in bringing on an engagement.

Col. Hall finally determined to return to Murfreesboro, and on Thursday night, he encamped with his brigade at Auburn, seven miles this side of Liberty, resuming his march early yesterday morning. He felt his way cautiously and safely as far as the village of Milton, when the rear guard was suddenly driven by the enemy.

Col. Hall at once threw out flankers to the right and left, and ordered Captain Harris' section of artillery to shell the rebels, who were rapidly advancing on the gallop. Perceiving that

the enemy outnumbered him, almost two to one, Col. Hall slowly fell back to the crest of a hill, where his men would have the advantage of a most admirable position, and could prevent, at the same time, the disaster of being surrounded and compelled to surrender.

The rebels then opened a fierce fire of shot and shell from their battery, and also advanced in strength on both our flanks. Morgan evidently hoped to be able to throw our men into confusion while they were slowly retreating to the top of the hill, and made direct charges on our lines for that purpose. Our artillery, however, forced him back and at length we occupied the hill.

Colonel Hall formed three separate lines of battle, and so disposed as to command every approach to the hill. At this moment of the fight the rebels made the most stubborn attempts on our right and left but were driven back repeatedly with fearful slaughter.

The soldiers of the Illinois, Ohio and Indiana regiments took deliberate aim, and at several places were forced to a hand to hand fight. They displayed the most invincible bravery. Our artillery was so handled as to do splendid execution. One of the enemy's field pieces, a rifled 6-pounder, was shivered to pieces, while a shell killed the gunner belonging to another.

Morgan failing to accomplish any thing on our flanks, made an attack on the rear, but there also he was reached and repulsed from our commanding position. We found, in such a tremendous storm of shot, that the guerrilla gangs were literally mowed down. Again and again the rebels persevered until at length, it being two o'clock, and the fight having lasted three and a half hours) Morgan withdrew his command.

We had supposed him to be satisfied, but in a half hour he reappeared on our front with reinforcements, a regiment having arrived from Woodbury. He made a fierce attack again, but withdrew this time in the utmost confusion, leaving behind on the field of battle scores of killed and wounded. It had been a hard day for him, and for once in his career he met with an overwhelming defeat. As the defeated rebels, repulsed by a force of half their numbers, galloped away, our troops raised cheer after cheer, which indicated their enthusiasm and courage.

During the progress of the fight Colonel Hall had dispatched a courier to Murfreesboro for reinforcements. The courier magnified his talk, and represented that Colonel Hall was surrounded and out of ammunition. Under these circumstances it was thought proper to send Colonel Minty, with two brigades of cavalry, a brigade of infantry, and a battery, to the assistance of our beleaguered forces. Colonel Minty pushed with all possible speed, but when he arrived at the scene of the fight, Morgan had left. It was already nearly dark, but Colonel Minty thinking that perhaps the rebels had not gone far, advanced with his cavalry through the village and thoroughly reconnoitered the surrounding country. Not a rebel was in sight, and our cavalry returned to the hill and bivouacked for the night.

Early this morning Col. Minty dispatched reconnoitering parties to Gainesville, Statesville, and Liberty. They returned without having seen the enemy.

Late in the morning, five rebel surgeons came in with a flag of truce, to attend to their wounded, who had been left behind. About the same time our scouts reported that Morgan had retired several miles beyond Liberty, rendering pursuit hopeless.

All our forces, including Colonel Hall's gallant command, then returned to Murfreesboro.

The following is a complete list of our casualties: [list]

The rebel surgeons admit a loss of three Captains killed and two wounded; three Lieutenants wounded, one mortally; twenty-eight men killed; eighteen men mortally wounded, and one hundred and fifty seriously or slightly injured. Col. Rigsby, rebel, had his right arm broken, and Lieut. Col. Napier, rebel, badly wounded in thigh, amputated. Morgan's course in

this affair is severely criticized by the rebel surgeons, and they assert that it will cost him his command.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Dr. Kane's Arctic Panorama.—This splendid entertainment will open at Odd Fellows' Hall, Newport, to-night. The painting is vivid, faithful and instructive, and occupies 30,000 feet of canvass. A number of songs and ballads will be introduced, and there are other attractions which, combined with those we have mentioned, should induce Newport to turn out *en masse*.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 27, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Arctic Regions.—The magnificent Panorama of Dr. Kane's expedition to the Arctic Regions, in search of Sir John Franklin, will be exhibited at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Newport, to-night. The dog *Miyook*, the only survivor, is to sing his celebrated solo. We promise our Kentucky friends a rare treat.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, March 27, 1863, p. 4, c. 6

The War in Tennessee—John Morgan's
Defeat.

Camp Stanley, near Murfreesboro, }
March 22, 1863.

On the 20th instant, we were suddenly "sounded" to horse, and ordered to march, with two days' rations in our haversacks, to—we didn't know where. Leaving Murfreesboro at about 2 o'clock, and taking the Las Capas, or North Liberty Pike, we found ourselves, after about four hours' marching at a brisk trot, within two miles of Milton, where we came suddenly upon a brigade of infantry, consisting of the 80th and 101st Illinois Regiments, the 105th Ohio, and the 123d Illinois, one company of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, under command of Colonel Hall, posted in a very strong position on a high piece of ground covered with a good growth of timber. Here we were greeted with a most hearty welcome, and although there are sometimes jealousies existing between the different arms of the army, the many expressions of "We're glad to see the *old 3d*," "Bully for the 3d Ohio," &c., made us feel that our former services were not unknown nor unappreciated.

Here we were halted and learned that a very spirited engagement had just taken place at this point between the Federal forces above named and the rebel forces under John Morgan, which resulted in one of the most bitter disappointments the said rebel has met with during his military career.

He had been following our little force some miles, feasting his imagination upon the honor of surrounding and capturing our whole force, as Van Dorn had done at Franklin. Accordingly he then sent out flankers to the right and left, and almost within the twinkling of an eye, the terror-laden shouts of John's "Invincibles" burst upon the air in every quarter. But our men would not scare this time, and stood calmly awaiting the charging foe, and, when within range, they gave them such a shower of "lead and iron ball" as to convince them that we have a few commanders who would rather *fight* than surrender. John rallied and re-rallied, but all to no purpose; "the thing couldn't be did," and John was obliged to leave the *laurel*—which, for unfading verdure, would have surpassed any thing that now is twined about his brow—to other hands to pluck. After four hours' hard fighting, John "called off," with the loss of one piece of artillery and from one to two hundred in killed and wounded. Our loss was twelve killed and

thirty-four wounded. Our success may be attributed to the superior judgment of Col. Hall in choosing his position, his courage and skill during the engagement, and the determined bravery of his officers and men.

It is no unmerited compliment to our men engaged in this affair, to say that their defense could not have been more ably conducted.

Here our entire reinforcements, consisting of six regiments of infantry, eight pieces of artillery, and a cavalry force under command of Colonel Minty, consisting of the 1st and a portion of the 2d Cavalry Brigade, bivouacked for the night. The 2d Brigade was under [fold in paper] mand of Lieutenant Colonel D. A. Murray. At night o'clock next morning, the 3d Ohio, under command of Captain Adams, and the 4th Michigan, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Murray, of the 3d Ohio, were ordered to reconnoiter in the direction of Liberty, as far as Auburn.

The 3d Ohio, taking the advance, threw out as flankers Company M, under command of Captain Miner, on the left, and Company L, under Lieutenant Brewster, on the right, while Companies B and H, under command of Lieutenant Harris formed the advance guard. The enemy's pickets were seen on the right and left flanks, and one on the right was captured by Lieutenant Brewster, but they would not remain long enough on their posts for our boys to get a shot.

When within two miles of Auburn the advance guard started on a brisk gallop, which we kept up until we reached the village, when we came upon a small squad of rebels, mounted, and occupying the streets. We fired one round, and then charged them. Then commenced one of the most lively and interesting horse-races it has ever been the writer's privilege to witness. Away we went, pell-mell, rider and horse, friend and foe—all enveloped in one thick cloud of dust. The enemy being better mounted, distanced us, with a loss, however, of one man, horse and equipments. We followed them some distance, but were compelled to fall back, in obedience to orders.

We returned to camp late in the evening, quite as tired as it is the privilege of mortals to be. We have plenty of exercise and excitement. Every day brings to our ears the "roar of artillery" and the "clash of resounding steel." A general engagement can not be long delayed.

Briton.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 3, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Death of the Captain of the Queen of the West.—The New Orleans Picayune learns from the Louisiana Democrat, of March 4, that Captain J. D. Thompson, Commanding the Queen of the West, when sailing under Federal colors, died in Alexandria on the 25th ult., and was buried in one of the city cemeteries on the following morning. The Democrat says that Captain Thompson was wounded in the leg on the Atchafalaya, and was taken prisoner when his boat was captured at Fort De Russey, Red River. He was taken to the house of a private family and had every attention given him by the physicians who attended him, and was well and kindly nursed.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 3, 1863, p. 3, c. 8

The old battle and weather torn flag of the 2d Kentucky Regiment, presented by the ladies of Cincinnati and Newport, was yesterday sent to Frankfort, Kentucky, to be deposited among the trophies of that State.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 6, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Army of the Cumberland.
[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]
Rebels Falling Back—Interesting State-
ment of a Deserter—Van Dorn at
Spring Hill.

Triune, Tenn., March 30,

1863.

. . . A deserter came into our lines to-day, and makes the following interesting statement. His name is Peter Cadel, he is a young man and very intelligent. He came from near Gainesville, Cooke County, Northern Texas, and was a volunteer in the 11th Regiment Texas Cavalry; has been in the service a little over four months. Cadel says there was considerable Union sentiment in the country round about him at one time; but within a month or so before he left, forty men had been hung near Gainesville, on account of their having sympathy for the Federal Government. These men were accused of having formed a secret league in opposition to the Southern Confederacy. They were regularly tried by a court, convicted and hung—the principal evidence against them being their known sympathy with the Union cause. These men most all of them had families; two of them named Fields and Thomas, were near neighbors of Cadel; he knew them well, and they were both hung. These things are facts. This is the way freedom of speech or opposition in thought is dealt with in the Southern Confederacy. Now, you weak, tender hearted, busy-talking, intermeddling, stay-at-home men, or apologies for men, in the North, will you hesitate any longer to execute the full sentence of the law upon those who are found guilty of treason to this Government, when you have evidence before your eyes, over and over again, that this infernal bogus Confederacy is hanging by scores those true-hearted few, who even in their midst, hold true to their first love, and their allegiance to their country. Blood calls out for blood. Pay back the chivalrous Southerners in their own coin—rope for rope, man for man. Turn their own game back on them. It's a queer game two can't play at. And is it doing justice to our own men in the field to spare the life of a traitor? Cadel took the overland route from Gainesville to Vicksburg, thence to Mobile, thence by rail to Chattanooga, and thence to Lewisburg, south of this place, and south of Duck river, where he joined Wharton's brigade, consisting of the 8th and 11th Texas Regiments, one Georgia and one Alabama regiment, all cavalry. This brigade is now camped at Unionville, and Wharton is there himself. Cadel saw him day before yesterday. The cavalry have no tents except a few of the officers. They lie out on the ground with their blankets, and warmed by the conviction that they are Southern martyrs, suffering and enduring for the glorious independence of the sunny South.

The subscriber thinks d—n poor consolation, and reckons that the Southern soldiers would think d—n poor consolation, too, if they could take a birdseye view of this country to the Ohio River and see the myriads of blue-coated, well clad and well fed Yankees who have yet to be weeded out before the independence aforementioned can be attained. The rebel army is not over and above well clad, particularly as to the feet. They live principally on corn bread, beef and bacon. They have no coffee, and very little sugar. There is little or no grumbling in the army, for Bragg has men shot for the slightest disrespect to a commissioned officer. The main body of the rebel army is encamped at Tullahoma, and from that place to Shelbyville. They have no intention of attacking us, but are fortifying, and will await the advance of the Federal army. The horses in Wharton's brigade are mostly good ones, but a little thin in order, and forage is getting rather scarce. The Texans have no idea of giving up, but they all seem to think the war will wind up this summer by a compromise; that neither Government can stand it to hold out any

longer; that they will both be broken up and ruined. Cadel seems to be very honest and straightforward in his statements, and they are all very correct so far as we know, and they are more worthy of attention from the fact that he did not come to our lines from any love he had toward us, but from a desire of self-preservation, for he had got into a quarrel with the Captain a day or two ago and knocked him down with his gun, and knowing that when tried for it he would be shot, he left and came to our lines, though he said he was rather tired of the war. . . . Felix.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 7, 1863, p. 3, c. 6

Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.

From Murfreesboro.

Particulars of the Fight at Snow
Hill—The Rebels Routed and their
Camp Broken Up—Bragg's Army
Badly Fed.

Murfreesboro, April 4.

Major General Stanley, with 1950 cavalry, and Colonel Stanley Matthews' infantry brigade, left here last Thursday morning, to capture Morgan's and Wharton's eight regiments of cavalry and infantry, at Snow Hill. About four miles south east of Liberty, at Prosperity Church, beyond Auburn, the advance drove in the rebel pickets, and came up in line of battle. The 7th Pennsylvania turned the rebel right, while Minty's and Parmon's cavalry brigades with Newell's battery, moved up in front. The enemy fled on Friday morning. The enemy's pickets were encountered west of Liberty, and a considerable force of rebels, posted on the bluffs on the opposite side of Smith's Forks, resisted sharply, but were driven back, and formed on Dry Fork, from whence they were again driven. A third and stronger line was formed on Snow Hill. The 3d and 4th Ohio Cavalry were sent to the rear, and, with great difficulty, clambered up the acclivities, leading their horses. General Stanley led the attack in front, with cavalry and infantry skirmishers, Newell working his guns effectively. As soon as the 3d and 4th Ohio formed they charged, sabers in hand, and broke the enemy's line, and the fight ended in the flight of the rebels.

The rebel force was fifteen or twenty killed, a number wounded, and some sixty prisoners.

General Stanley captured 300 horses and mules, with a quantity of bacon and wheat, and destroyed considerable forage. The position of the enemy defeated General Stanley's plan to surround and capture them, and they escaped with their guns. Our loss was one private of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry mortally, and two men slightly wounded.

General Stanley returned to Murfreesboro to-day via Lebanon [sic], capturing six prisoners at the latter point.

It was ascertained that a large rebel accumulation of bacon, at Smithville, was accidentally destroyed by fire last week.

People at Liberty state that John Morgan's loss at Milton, in his fight with Colonel Hall, was 300.

Bragg's army is now living exclusively on bacon and corn-meal—four pounds of bacon and seven of meal per man weekly.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 8

A Battle Flag.

Lieutenant O'Neill, of the old 69th (Irish) Regiment, now on the Rappahannock, writes to his sister, Mrs. Boate, of this city: "Our colors are merely a bundle of blood-stained silk rags, tied on a broken pole, as a dozen battles are rather damaging to a piece of silk cloth." A whole history is told in these few lines.—[N. Y. Post.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 8, 1863, p. 3, c. 6
[Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.]
From Cairo.
Gunboats on the Cumberland—A Guer-
rilla Performance.

Vicksburg, via Cairo, April 7.

Last Saturday, gunboats on the Cumberland River went to Palmyra, Tennessee, and upon inquiry, the officers found that the citizens of the place had connived at the attack on the St. Clair a few days before, that they had given aid and comfort to the rebels, and actively sympathized with them; so every one was notified to leave within a certain time, and the town was shelled and burned.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 8, 1863, p. 3, c. 6
From New Orleans—War in Texas Be-
tween the Rebels and Their Old
Enemy.

New York, April 8.—The steamship Columbia, from New Orleans the 1st, via Havana, the 4th, has arrived.

There is no confirmation of the report that the rebels were evacuating Port Hudson.

The gunboat Diana has been captured by the rebels at Petersonville [sic]. Captain Patterson was killed. Lieutenant Allen, of General Weitzel's staff, was wounded and is a prisoner. Master's Mate Dolwer, killed; Boatswain's Mate Mumford, killed; Captain Jewett, 168th New York, wounded; Lieutenant Hall, of the Diana, wounded; Lieutenant Francis, 12th Connecticut, mortally wounded, and a number of privates killed and wounded.

The soldiers aboard the Diana were Captain Jewett's company of the 168th New York, and company K of the 12th Connecticut. Ninety-nine of our men were paroled by the rebels.

The steamer Honduras had arrived at New Orleans, from the Rio Grande, with two hundred and sixty Texas refugees. She reports that on the 15th of March, a rebel force of one hundred and fifty men crossed into Mexico at the mouth of the river, and captured Colonel J. Davis [sic], of the 1st Texas Cavalry, and Captain Montgomery of the same regiment.

The Mexican authorities demanded their release, and Colonel Davis was given up, as also were three soldiers, captured at the same time. Captain Montgomery was not returned, and private advices say he was hung by the rebels, which is undoubtedly true.

Davis and Montgomery were taken from the house of the Mexican Commander.

Three other officers narrowly escaped from the hands of the rebels, and, with half a dozen Mexicans, drove fifty rebels to the river, wounding three or four, of whom two died.

The United States bark Arthur threw two shells into the rebel quarters on the night of the 25th.

The rebel Captain Ben. Avides had also crossed into Mexico and burned a town near Guererero.

The rebel authorities were evidently in a state of great alarm, lest the violation of neutrality should involve them in hostilities with Mexico. Their troops are now concentrated near the mouth of the Rio Grande.

A Yankee schooner and cargo valued at \$25,000 had been captured by the rebels near the Rio Grande.

An immense trade is carried on over the Rio Grande. The Era's informant saw a train of 600 carts on the way to Brownsville, their loads averaging six bales each.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

The Bread Riots in Virginia.

A dispatch from Baltimore, dated the 7th, says that Colonel Stewart, of the 2d Indiana Regiment, one of the fourteen United States officers just released by the rebels, says that on Thursday of last week HE SAW FROM HIS PRISON WINDOW, a bread riot, composed of about three thousand women, who had clubs, guns and stones. They broke open the Government and private stores, and took bread, clothing, and whatever else they wanted. The militia were ordered out to check the riot, but failed to do so, until JEFF. DAVIS and other high officials made speeches and promised the rioters that they should have what they wanted. All the other Union officers confirm this statement. The Richmond papers suppressed accounts of this matter at first, but after a day or two could not refrain from noticing it, and they confirm the statement made by Colonel STEWART and his companions. The news leaks through the lines that there was a similar riot at Petersburg, Virginia. We published, the other day, a letter written by Mrs. HENRY S. FOOTE, dated at Richmond on the 6th of February, directed to a friend at Nashville. Mrs. FOOTE is the wife of the famous HENRY S. FOOTE, formerly United States Senator from Mississippi, and now member of the Richmond Congress, representing the Nashville District. Mrs. FOOTE was a resident of Nashville, and a lady of wealth and high social position. A Mrs. FULGUM, who attempted to smuggle a rebel mail through ROSECRANS' lines, but was captured in the enterprise, was the bearer of Mrs. FOOTE'S letter. We quote from it the following, which gives a vivid picture of the "high life" in the rebel Capital:

"Richmond, Va., Friday, Feb. 6, 1863.

"My Dear Anna—I have an opportunity offered this morning for conveying a letter to you, and embrace it gladly. * * *

"We are boarding at Mrs. Johnson's, on Governor street, just opposite Governor Letcher's mansion. It is a large boardinghouse, *high prices and starvation within*. Such living was never known before on earth. *Tell grandma the poorest hut in the Western District of Tennessee is a palace compared with this, so far as fare goes*. We have to cook almost every thing we eat in our own room. In our "larder" the stock on hand is a boiled bacon ham, which we gave only \$11.00 for; three pounds of pure Rio coffee, which we gave \$4.00 per pound for; and one pound of green tea, at \$17.00 per pound; two pounds of brown sugar, at \$3.75 per pound; one bushel of *fine* apples, about the size of a good common marble, which were presented to me by a member of Congress from Missouri; one pound of butter, about six months old, at \$2.00 per pound, and six sweet potatoes, at fifty cents. We have to give a dollar for a very small slice of pound cake, at the confectionaries. I forgot to say I had a present of a fine jar of pickles and a piece of cheese from a member, also. Well, so much for the way we live. You see the board is three dollars, each, per day for Mr. F. and I, and half price for the servant and then we get *nothing on earth to eat*. Yesterday, for dinner, we had nothing on the table but two eggs and

a slice of cold baker's bread and a glass of water. * * * Don't let any one see this, but you may read it to them, except _____; I don't want the Yanks to hear what I say."

Now, if this is the style in which a Congressman's wife, and one of the Southern aristocracy, has to live at Richmond, what is the condition of the poor women? There is certainly no occasion for surprise at the Bread Riots. The Richmond Government itself has taken to riotous living, seizing provisions wherever they can be found, for the army, and if the people are thus robbed they may be expected to "impress provisions" in their turn. We have before us a copy of the Richmond Examiner of the 14th of March, from which we copy the following words, heretofore published, but specially interesting in this connection:

"The question of food comes before that of money; and impressments *affect the supply of food* more than any other action of the Government. * * * If they (the people) are properly compensated and equally dealt with, they will give all their labor and savings to the Government, and give them cheerfully; but if these are exacted arbitrarily and with insolence and insult, they will not only give nothing at all; *but they will take effectual measures to prevent the minions of Government from obtaining what they prowl through the country to seize for a mockery of payment.* * * * Men who, in a romantic and pious enthusiasm for their country, have cheerfully given up their sons to the battle, and have assisted in a sort of mournful pride in the burial of their offspring slain on the field, have had their feelings and temper toward the Government suddenly changed by the rude and rapacious action of the Government press gangs."

It is curious that this article stands side by side with one asserting that the Northern people "are now fully aware that their liberties are completely gone," and pointing the moral of the spectacle afforded by the North and South thus: "Let the South be warned by the spectacle the North has presented during these years. What has happened there has not happened here, but it might have done so." At the beginning of the war, it will be remembered, the Richmond editors declared many times, that Northern Society, being founded upon unstable free institutions, would speedily go to pieces if not protected by Southern conservatism, the institutions of the South being solid on the sacred rock of slavery. The very journals that are now bemoaning the impressment of food, and suppressing the particulars of bread riots in the Confederate Capital, prophesied that immediately upon the loss of the Southern trade, the grass would grow in the streets of Northern cities, and the cry of "bread or blood" would be raised by the starving working men. If any of the Southern philosophers have the capacity to think of the history that is before them, showing how miserably they were deluded, it is to be hoped that their reflections will be instructive, as they can hardly be entertaining.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

We have information that we believe to be perfectly reliable, that the following is authentic:

K. G. C.'s.—Second Degree Obligations.

Ques.—Do you believe this to be the word of God? [Hand on the Bible.] Do you believe the present war, now being waged against *us*, to be unconstitutional?

Then receive the obligation.

I, -----, do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and the State in which I reside, and keep it holy and unravelled [sic]. I further promise and swear that I will *go to the aid of all good and loyal Democrats, and oppose the confiscation of their property*, either North or South, and I further

promise and swear that I will *suffer my body severed in four parts*—one part cast out of the east gate, one part at the west gate, one part at the north gate, one part at the south gate, before I will suffer the privileges bequeathed by our forefathers, blotted out or trampled under foot forever.

I further promise and swear, that I will *go to the aid, from the first to the fourth signal*, of all loyal *Democrats, North or South*. I further promise and swear that I will not reveal any of the secret signs, pass-words or grips to any one not legally authorized by this order, binding myself under no less penalty than having my bowels torn out and cast to the four winds of heaven; so help me God.

I promise and swear that I will *do all in my power* to bring all loyal Democrats in this circle of hosts. I further promise and swear that I will *do all in my power against the present Yankee Abolition, disunion Administration*; so help me God.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 10, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

Clarksville, Tenn., April 5, 1863.—Eds. Com:--We left Cincinnati Monday, March 30, at 7 P. M., on board the Eclipse, Captain Wise, for Nashville, laden with Quartermaster and Commissary stores for General Rosecrans' Army of the Cumberland. Nothing of interest occurred on our passage down the Ohio, except that the river was very rough, on account of the high winds which were blowing for two days. We arrived at Smithland on Wednesday, at 4 P. M. Our Captain reported to the commander of the post, when he received further orders to report at Fort Donelson. We left this place at 5 P. M. The river being very much swollen, and the current strong, we were unable to make more than five miles per hour, our boat being a stern-wheeler, and loaded down to the guards, having on over five hundred tons of freight. We arrived at Fort Donelson Thursday, at 2 P. M. There we were detained, as the scouts had brought in word that Van Dorn was in force at Palmyra, some eight hundred strong, twelve miles this side of Clarksville, and that the gunboat St. Clair, in command of Captain Hurd had gone up the river to reconnoiter and shell them. At half-past 5 the St. Clair returned, reporting that they could discover no enemy, and that the river was clear to Clarksville. We received orders to proceed up the river immediately to Clarksville. We were lashed to the starboard side of the transport Lizzie Martin, loaded with ammunition. In case we were attacked (as the batteries were on our right), we would protect this boat, and, in case either was disabled, the other would tow her along. The gunboat St. Clair followed, and the Luminary in the rear, our little fleet consisting of four boats. We left Fort Donelson about 6 o'clock, feeling quite secure, under the assurance of Captain Hurd's reconnaissance. We passed up very quietly, and as the evening was very mild, with a soft breeze blowing from the south, and the full moon illuminating the scenery, making it too pleasant to remain in the cabin, most of the time was spent on the hurricane deck, discussing various topics, and relating experiences and anecdotes such as a trip on water will suggest. We returned about 9 to the cabin, where I sat conversing with a young man who was an officer on board the Gen. Bragg last summer. We continued our social chat until all had retired but two passengers, and they had started to their state rooms. It was 10 o'clock, when, boom went a ball across our bow, followed by another, passing through the front stairs and lodging in Uncle Sam's boxes of bacon. Then came solid shot and shell, mixed with musketry, in a perfect shower. Four balls passed through the cabin, tearing carpets, breaking chairs, scattering mattresses, shivering the casings, and breaking glass. One ball cut off our supply pipe and passed through the steam escape pipe, filling the engine room with steam, so that the Captain thought the boat on fire. As we passed out of range of the battery, the St. Clair engaged them, but had her machinery damaged before she had given them half a dozen rounds, and floated down the river helpless, out

of reach of the battery. The executive officer of the gunboat had his leg torn off by a shot, the only one injured in this engagement. The Luminary took the St. Clair in tow back to Fort Donelson. On board the boat lashed to us was a guard consisting of sixty men, and, when we were attacked, two or three were all that were seen with their guns during the engagement; and, when Captain Wise went to the engine room to see what was the cause of so much smoke, he said that the passage behind the boxes was filled about four deep with soldiers, showing a fine development of caution. After the first shot, I looked about for a place of security. The cabin partitions were no more protection than so much brown paper. We had some three hundred boxes of hard bread on the boiler deck. I made for them, as I knew of old that they were invulnerable, and I question whether a shell would injure them. After we were out of range of the firing, I came from my retreat experiencing as much relief as I used to when a boy at the close of a terrific hail and thunderstorm, and I cannot compare it to any thing more similar in effect than those sensations. I was at the same time fearful of an explosion of our boilers; of a chance shot in the ammunition of our neighboring boat; also the dangers of a plunge-shot which might sink us; to say nothing of being captured by the rebels. I never experienced such a feeling of insecurity as at this time, and nothing but Uncle Sam's hard crackers gave me any reason to hope.

Too much praise cannot be spoken of Captain Wise, while we were all in peril. The first bomb brought him out of his state-room in Texas on the Hurricane deck, watching the pilot-wheel, and as soon as the escape-pipe was severed by a shot, he went below, as the steam escaping gave the appearance of fire and there, too, was the engineer at his post, coolly controlling the power that was now our only hope of escape. While we were still within range, some one on the other boat cried, "Stop the engine—we will all be killed." The Captain said, "Never!" Crowd on the steam—never retreat," and we did advance, though slowly, for we were crippled and our steam exhausted. Our Pilot, Mr. Wiley, of Newport, Kentucky, stood alone amid the rain of musketry without even an inch of plank to shield him from danger, nor did he let go his wheel until he had placed us safe in port. The battery was within two hundred yards of us when they opened their fire. The higher range of guns, so elevated as to give plunging shots, the lower, horizontal. We have since learned by Colonel Boone, whose scouts have just returned from a reconnaissance at Palmyra, that the rebels have left and gone down the river three miles, again to crush some single transport as they pass.

We are now lying under the guns of the fort at this place, blockades above and below.

The gunboats Lexington, Brilliant, Fairplay, and two others have arrived with other transports, and have burned the town of Palmyra to the ground.

We will proceed up the river to-day to our destination.

S. J. Wright.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Disaster at Brashear City—Loss of the
Gunboat Diana.

[From the New Orleans Correspondence of the New York
Tribune.]

New Orleans, April 1, 1863.

It becomes my duty to chronicle the loss of the gunboat Diana, at Brashear City on Saturday last. It appears that Captain Peterson was ordered to take on board company F, of the 168th New York, and a company of the 12th Connecticut, under command of Lieutenant Buckley,

and proceed to the point where the bayou from Grand Lake makes a junction with the Atchafalaya River, upon a reconnoissance [sic]. He, however, passed beyond the specified distance, and was attacked by rebel infantry, cavalry, and a battery of four brass field pieces. At the first volley Captain Peterson was killed. Master's Mate Doliver, and Boatswain's Mate Mumford, soon fell victims, and Executive Officer Hall was shortly afterwards wounded in the head. The firing became terrific, and the ship was soon left drifting, ultimately grounding near their guns. Lieutenant Allen, of General Weitzel's staff was wounded in the arm and shoulders, and Captain Jewett of the 168th New York, received slight injuries. Lieutenant Francis of the 12th Connecticut, was wounded badly in the chest. The gunboat Calhoun went to Pattersonville under a flag of truce and brought back the bodies of Captain Peterson, Master's Mate Doliver, and the privates killed in the action. Twelve soldiers were lost and nine wounded. Lieutenant Allen is at the house of Doctor Grant in Pattersonville. The number of paroled prisoners on the Diana was ninety-nine. The lost gunboat was sent to Franklin.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 13, 1863, p. 4, c. 6

Rebel Raid into Mexico—Capture and
Return of Union Officers.

[From the New Orleans Era, April 1.]

The United States steamer Honduras arrived here yesterday from the Rio Grande, bringing about 260 Texas refugees. From Lieutenant Colonel Stancel we learn the following interesting particulars:

On the morning of the 15th a rebel force of about 150 men crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, at the mouth of the river, and captured Colonel E. J. Davis, of the 1st Texas Cavalry, Captain W. W. Montgomery, of the same regiment, and three soldiers. About 150 refugees were lying there waiting an opportunity to get on board the Honduras; they being prevented by the rough weather. Lieutenant Radetski and Captain Huston made their escape to the steamer, when they immediately started for Galveston, and brought the bark Arthur back with them. The Mexican authorities immediately demanded the return of the prisoners kidnapped under the flag. Accordingly, on the 18th, Colonel Davis and the three soldiers taken were returned by the rebels to Matamoras. They did not return Captain Montgomery, however, and would not tell where he was. Private advices say he was hanged by the rebels, which is undoubtedly true. Colonel Davis and Captain Montgomery were taken from the house of the Commandant. The raid was made just before day on the morning of the 15th. Lieutenant Colonel Jesse Stancel, Captain Huston and Lieutenant Radetski, narrowly escaped the grasp of the marauding traitors. These three officers, with half a dozen Mexicans, afterward drove about fifty of the rebels from in front of the Commandant's house to the river, firing into them and wounding three or four, two of whom, it was ascertained, died that same evening. Some sixty others, who lay concealed behind the sand bank in the rear of the little village, now came out and had the place completely surrounded, and the officers and their small party of Mexicans, being unarmed, with the exception of a few six-shooters, were entirely at their mercy. After the return of the captured officers and soldiers by the rebels, the refugees—one hundred and sixteen in number—were got on board the steamer. There are a number of families included in the number. About seventy-five men were left at Matamoras, not being able to get on board the steamer on account of the rebel raid. The bark Arthur, after she had been brought round from Galveston, threw two shells into the rebel quarters on the night of the 25th, at which time the Honduras left for this city.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 17, 1863, p. 3, c. 6

Butt's Panorama of the New Testament and the Land of Palestine, being an illustration of the principal events in the life of Christ, and the history of Jerusalem to the time of its destruction, will soon be exhibited in this city.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

Letter from the 1st Kentucky.
[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]
Flag Presentation.

Cripple Creek, Tenn., April 13,

1863.

Here we are still in camp, and, like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up." The weather is beautiful, the green foliage, and the delightful odors of the peach blossoms and wild flowers, remind us that "spring has come again." I expect, however, that you know, by this time, that all seasons are pretty much alike to us, and the dull monotony of a soldier's life is seldom cheered by any thing new, unless it be letters from home, or from some fair unknown correspondent. That is not always the case, however, and as we have but little to do on Sunday, we were rather surprised to hear the assembly sounded from headquarters yesterday afternoon. The regiments and battery of the 1st Brigade were soon in shape, when they were marched into an open field, close by, and formed in hollow square; Gen. Cruft and staff then made their appearance and dashed into the center, and a beautiful silk flag, made by the loyal ladies of Cincinnati for our gallant regiment, was unfurled to the breeze. Gen. Cruft was chosen to make the presentation, which he did in a few very appropriate remarks, which were responded to by Col. Enyart as follows:

In receiving from your hands this flag, a gift from the ladies of Cincinnati to the 1st Kentucky Regiment, I can not, on their behalf and my own, with too much warmth of feeling return to the fair donors, through you, the assurance of our heart-felt thanks, and, in placing it in charge of this noble little band of patriots, brothers—decimated, it is true, by the incidents, trials and hardships of a two year's hard campaign, I feel vain and proud enough to say that you can doubly assure them that this beautiful emblem of our beloved country's greatness shall never be trailed in the dust; nor a single fold or bright star of that banner be tarnished by the hand of a foeman, whether foreign or domestic, while there remains a soldier of the 1st Kentucky to lift an arm in its defense.

They at home have seen the shattered and bullet-riddled flag which was presented to us two years ago, by the ladies of Cincinnati, and which was so bravely borne by us through West Virginia, at Shiloh, Corinth, and other hard-fought fields, and we need no further assurance of having done our duty, than their intrusting [sic] us with another. We receive it also with a double pride and pleasure, coming, as it does, from the ladies of a sister State, as a compliment, which we will endeavor to repay by giving renewed energy to the suppression of this unholy rebellion, and laboring vigorously for the preservation of this glorious Union.

General, I thank you on behalf of the regiment, for your kind offices in this agreeable ceremony. [Then turning to the regiment]: Sergeant, to your immediate care and keeping this flag is intrusted [sic]. I feel confident you will not betray that trust. Guard it as the better part of yourself.

Soldiers of the 1st Kentucky! To you this flag is presented as a most proper acknowledgment from our dear friends at home, of their appreciation of your gallant services.

The stars and stripes—all that is dear to us—I need not charge you to stand by it; your undaunted courage and bravery, displayed in many an action in its defense, is proof to me of what you will do; and while on one side we are supported by the gallant 2d Kentucky, on the other by the noble sons of Ohio and Indiana, and on every side by the brave Standart and his well tried battery, we need have no fears for its safety.

But if it should be our fate to be in another battle, “rally around the flag, boys,” and think of the fair ladies who gave it, and with one loud cheer let the rebels to their country, to their flag and to their God, have your bullets and your bayonets—but never your flag.

And now, boys, three cheers for the ladies—three for the flag—three for General Cruft, and the Light Brigade!

Immediately afterward a similar presentation was made by General Cruft to the 2d Kentucky from the ladies of Louisville. Appropriate speeches and a due amount of cheering followed, when all returned to camp apparently well pleased with the whole proceedings.

If any thing of interest should occur, you may hear again from

Dragoon.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 24, 1863, p. 3, c. 6

Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial

From Murfreesboro.

Capture of Rebel Trains in Tennessee—

General John H. Morgan’s Wife a

Prisoner—Active Operations—Rumors

from Vicksburg—Latest from Southern Papers.

Murfreesboro, April 23.

General Hazen, at Reedyville, reports that a part of refugees had arrived who left McMinnville yesterday, stating that General Reynolds arrived at McMinnville Tuesday evening, capturing two trains of cars, a train of wagons on the way to Sparta, thirty or forty prisoners, and the wife of Brigadier General John H. Morgan.

General Reynolds is leading an important expedition. Other expeditions have been twelve or fifteen miles in front within two days, and are pressing against the enemy.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 25, 1863, p. 3, c. 7

Telegraphic Correspondence Daily Commercial.

From Murfreesboro.

Gen. Reynolds’ Brilliant Expedition to

McMinnville—The Rebels Completely

Surprised—Great Destruction of

Rebel Property—News from the Chattanooga

Rebel—It Claims a Victory

at Tuscumbia, Ala.

Murfreesboro, April 24.

An expedition under Major General Reynolds left Murfreesboro on Monday to capture McMinnville. They made Reedyville that night, and moved again on Tuesday morning at two o’clock, taking the old McMinnville Road.

Wilder’s mounted brigade arrived at McMinnville at one o’clock, surprising the post.

Colonel Long, with the 4th Ohio Cavalry, struck the railroad, destroyed the telegraph and bridges between Morrison and Manchester, burnt a train of cars and locomotive, an spare cars at several places; also, quantities of meat.

Wilder and Colonel Minty, commanding the cavalry, pushed right into McMinnville, destroyed the depot building, bridges, six hundred blankets, thirty thousand pounds of bacon, two hogsheads of sugar, three hogsheads of rice, eight barrels of whisky, two hundred bales of cotton, two large cotton factorys [sic], one large and one small mill, camp tents and mills on Charley Creek, ditto at Liberty, and took one hundred and thirty prisoners, including three commissioned officers. Lieutenant Colonel Martin, of the 1st Arkansas, was mortally wounded by a saber cut on the head by a member of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The notorious Dick McCann was captured but escaped from his guard.

The infantry only marched to Glasscocks, and moved thence back to Liberty.

The cavalry moved to Liberty via Smithville, destroying bridges and mills, from whence Reynolds sent his dispatches, dated yesterday (Thursday) morning. The rebels fled from Snow Hill to Alexandria, and from thence to Lancaster. Our troops were picking up many rebels.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 27, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Telegraphic correspondence Daily Commercial.

From Murfreesboro.

News from Rebel Sources—

Narrow Escape of Gen. Morgan at McMinnville—

Bragg Reinforced by 16,000 Men.

Murfreesboro, April 26.

. . . General Reynolds sends in one hundred and thirty prisoners from Liberty, to-day. On the surprise of McMinnville, Morgan narrowly escaped. He and Colonel Martin were in flight, pursued by a squad of cavalry. A 7th Pennsylvania trooper was close at his heels. Morgan turned and shot at him with his pistol. The trooper was in the act of slashing him with his saber. Morgan dodged, and the blow brought down Colonel Martin, who was left in a dying condition. Whether Dick McCann escaped is a very doubtful question. He was captured, but was not reported with the other prisoners. His guard don't [sic] give explicit accounts about him. It is probable he was quietly left in the woods.

The enemy recently moved up from Tullahoma to Manchester. On the 19th they received reinforcements of sixteen thousand men from Mobile.

W. D. B.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 27, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

Further Particulars of the McMinnville Expedition.

Murfreesboro, April 26.

The expedition to McMinnville returned today. McMinnville was occupied by our forces on Tuesday last, Colonel Minty's command being the advance. Nearly four hundred rebel Cavalry occupied the place, but all but seventy had retreated to the mountains on hearing of our approach. The latter were found drawn up in line on the public square, but fled in confusion when charged upon by the 7th Pennsylvania.

John Morgan was chased upward of three-quarters of a mile, and had a very narrow escape. At one time he was within two hundred yards of our advance.

Major Dick McCann was captured but subsequently escaped. Colonel Martin was mortally wounded; meanwhile Colonel Park, commanding the remainder of the 1st Brigade, moved down the railroad and destroyed two bridges. A passenger train was also burned, and about twenty prisoners were taken at Morrison. Colonel Park joined the 2d Brigade, and the 2d and 5th Ohio, under Colonel Long, who had previously burned the trestle at that place. The railroad buildings were also burned. One hundred and thirty prisoners were taken, and one hundred horses and mules, twenty wagons, and a large number of arms, &c., were brought in. A rebel mail was also taken after leaving McMinnville. The rebels went to Sparta, on the Cumberland River, where, it is believed, an expedition is forming for the invasion of Kentucky.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, April 30, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Butts' Panorama of the New Testament is decidedly a good series of paintings, and ought to be patronized; but the descriptive lecturer ought to change places with some of our public school boys, until he learns to recite his words so that they can be heard a half dozen yards from him. Nothing is so essential to the proper appreciation of a panorama, as a good lecturer; but nothing is more seldom found. But in this case the eye is so well satisfied, that the ear is not disposed to complain too much.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 2, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

A young lady named Katie Walker, was fined \$25, in the Provost Court of New Orleans, a week or so since for making and having in her possession Confederate flags.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

[Communicated.]

23d Kentucky Regiment.

Newport, Ky., March 25, 1863.

The following is an extract from a letter dated "Camp near Murfreesboro, March 19," written by one of the young heroes of Stone River, an officer of the gallant 23d Kentucky Regiment. This is our own Newport regiment, and the people demand of the City Council that they respond at once, and send on to the "boys" the colors which they have so nobly won.

E. W. H.

"We had a grand review yesterday. Gen. Rosecrans reviewed our wing in person. It was a sight worth a trip here. When our regiment passed him he clapped his hands and said, 'Glorious! they march like veterans.' We have sent our national colors to Frankfort, and have only one regimental color. By the way, if Newport thinks so much of us, why the deuce don't she send us a new stand of colors? General Rosecrans has ordered 'Stone River' to be placed on our colors. Here the Ohio regiments are all receiving new colors by *presentation*, while we have to draw upon the Government for them. Shame upon our State. I almost feel ashamed to say that I am from Kentucky. * * *."

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 9, 1863, p. 4, c. 4

A Romance of the War—A Heroine in
Breeches.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

A few weeks since a Captain, accompanied by a young soldier, apparently about seventeen years of age, arrived in this city in charge of some rebel prisoners. During their stay in the city, the young soldier alluded to had occasion to visit headquarters, and at once attracted the attention of Colonel Mundy as being exceedingly sprightly and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Being in need of such a young man at Barracks No. 1, the Colonel detailed him for service in that institution. He soon won the esteem of his superior officers, and became a general favorite with all connected with the barracks. A few days ago, however, the startling secret was disclosed that the supposed young man was a young lady, and the fact was established beyond doubt by a soldier who was raised in the same town with her, and knew her parents. She "acknowledged the corn," and begged to be retained in the position to which she had been assigned; having been in the service ten months, she desired to serve during the war. Her wish was accordingly granted, and she is still at her post.

We learned the facts above stated yesterday, and took occasion to visit the barracks, and was introduced to "Frank Martin" (her assumed name), and gleaned the following incidents connected with her extraordinary career during the past ten months:

"Frank was born near Bristol, Pa., and her parents reside in Allegheny City, where she was raised. They are highly respectable people, and in very good circumstances. She was sent to the convent in Wheeling, Va., at twelve years of age, where she remained until the breaking out of the war, having acquired a superior education, and all the accomplishments of modern usage. She visited home after leaving the convent, and after taking leave of her parents, proceeded to this city, in July last, with the design of enlisting in the 2d East Tennessee Cavalry, which she accomplished, and accompanied the Army of the Cumberland to Nashville. She was in the thickest of the fight at Murfreesboro, and was severely wounded in the shoulder, but fought gallantly, and waded Stone River into Murfreesboro on the memorable Sunday on which our forces were driven back. She had her wound dressed, and here her sex was disclosed, and General Rosecrans made acquainted with the fact. She was accordingly mustered out of service, notwithstanding her earnest entreaty to be allowed to serve the cause she loved so well. The General was very favorably impressed with her daring bravery, and superintended the arrangements for her safe transmission to her parents. She left the Army of the Cumberland resolved to enlist again in the first regiment she met. When she arrived at Bowling Green she found the 8th Michigan there, and enlisted, since which time she has been and is now connected with it.

She is represented as an excellent horseman, and has been honored with the position of Regimental Bugler in the regiment. She has seen and endured all the privations and hardships incident to the life of the soldier, and gained an enviable reputation as a scout, having made several wonderful expeditions, which were attended with signal success. Frank is only eighteen years of age, quite small, and a beautiful figure. She has auburn hair, which she wears quite short, and large blue eyes, beaming with brightness and intelligence. Her complexion is naturally very fair, though slightly bronzed at present from the effects of exposure. She is exceedingly pretty, and very amiable. Her conversation denotes more than ordinary accomplishment, and, what is stranger than all, she appears very refined in her manners, giving no evidence whatever of the rudeness which might naturally be expected from her late associations.

Frank informs us that she has discovered a great many female in the army, and is now intimately acquainted with a young lady who is a Lieutenant in the army. She has assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times, whose sex were unknown to any but herself.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 1
Reported Death or Capture of News-
paper Correspondents.

A dispatch from Cairo states that six correspondents of various journals, among them A. D. Richardson and Junius H. Brown, correspondents of the New York Tribune, both very well known here, Joseph B. McCullough, correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial and Beatty, correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, were aboard the tug which attempted to pass Vicksburg Sunday night, the 3d instant, and was fired on and destroyed by the enemy. Nothing has been heard from them since the loss of the vessel. We believe the information as to our correspondent is incorrect. We published on Saturday a letter from "Mack," dated "Below Grand Gulf, April 30, 1863," in which he states that he left Milliken's Bend on the 24th with General Logan's Division of the 17th Army Corps, and marched across the country to Carthage, below Vicksburg, where they arrived on the evening of the 28th. He gives an account of the gunboat fight on the 29th. How he could have been below Grand Gulf on the 30th (Thursday) and running the Vicksburg batteries the following Sunday night, we do not understand, and hence discredit the report that he was of the party of whom evil tidings reaches us. There were twenty persons on the tug, and only one escaped. Whether the others perished in the flames or fell into the hands of the enemy, has not been ascertained. The probability is they were captured. The ill-fated tug was towing two barges loaded with hay. The hay was fired by shells from Vicksburg. The steamers running the batteries have always been well provided with skiffs, to save those aboard, in case the machinery were disabled, or the boats in any way rendered unmanageable. On the night the tug was burned, the enemy had possession of the point opposite Vicksburg, and the persons who escaped from the burning vessel could hardly avoid capture. The newspaper correspondents with the army have been in the habit of making adventurous expeditions, but have been remarkably fortunate, as a general rule, in getting out of ugly looking scrapes. "Mack" was with Commodore Foote, in the pilot-house of the flag ship in the gunboat attack on Fort Donelson, when Foote was wounded and the pilot killed at the wheel. He was engaged in a cavalry raid in Mississippi, and was on the queen of the West when she was captured on Red River.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 7
From Opelousas, La.—General Banks'
Movement—Utter Demoralization of
the Rebels—Heavy Spoils Captured
by our Troops—Arrest of General Sib-
ley for Drunkenness.

A private letter from an officer with Gen. Banks, dated at Opelousas, April 22, furnishes the following interesting information: . . .

Some three regiments of Texas cavalry alone have saved the enemy from being entirely destroyed. . .

Against this large force of Texan cavalry we had only some three hundred effective cavalry to oppose. We made one successful charge against six hundred, and captured seventy-five prisoners. . . .

The Texans—like the Hungarians of the middle ages—in their marches make no distinction between friend and foe. The loudest lamentations are made by the inhabitants, of the

depredations of these nomads. By many of our arrival is hailed as a relief. While the bulk of the Texas regiments are drifting toward Alexandria, detachments of each regiment are moving across the Sabine, with spoils from their allies of Louisiana.

But these fighters in New Mexico and Galveston, are at last cowed and whipped. A batch of them captured yesterday, told us that unless reinforcements were sent speedily to them by Kirby Smith or Magruder, the force would disband and go home to defend Texas.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 4

Letters from Corinth, Miss.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

Corinth, Miss., May 2, 1863.

. . . On Thursday, the 30th, General Dodge, deeming that Roddy had secured sufficient distance to prevent Roddy from troubling him, began to fall back, and by easy marches reached this place on Saturday evening. The line of march back was identified by a scene of house-burning and marauding, the equal of which has scarce ever been seen in the history of one army. Some of the finest houses in Alabama were ruthlessly entered by the Jayhawkers and Alabama cavalry, who, after pillaging them of all valuables, applied the torch. Among the many buildings thus destroyed was the Alabama Military Academy, an institution belonging to the State, and used for the military education of certain of its citizens. It is advantageously situated on one of the mountains in the little town of Lagrange, eight miles southeast of Tuscumbia, commanding a view of the valley for forty miles. The Methodist Episcopal Church and Masonic Hall, situated near the Academy, met a similar fate.

We are gradually drifting into a warfare that, if continued, will lay the country waste; our army has become sick, apparently, of protecting the property of rebel citizens of the country through which we pass, and, instead, are destroying every thing they can without detection, and, in fact, in many instances, are becoming so bold that they care very little if they are detected. During the falling back of our troops from Mount Hope to this place, the men destroyed every thing they came to, burning houses, fences, out-houses, &c., without any consideration or judgment whatever, never asking whether the owner was a loyal man or not. In fact, they deem that question useless. They do not believe a loyal citizen to the Government of the United States can be found in all the region of the Tuscumbia Valley, yet between forty and fifty families sought the protection of our lines, and came into Corinth with our troops, and eighteen loyal Alabamians joined the Alabama regiment of cavalry, (Federal.)

The route traveled by our army through the valley, is marked by desolated plantations and the ruin of buildings burned, wantonly, by our soldiery. General D. has had all who were detected in this unauthorized work arrested, and issued orders, as soon as he found to what extent the work was going on, that any one found burning or pillaging, would be instantly shot. The orders, however, did not stop it. This was but the commencement. So many were engaged in it, and the feeling has become so universal, even among some of the officers, that the misguided people of the rebellious States will feel, henceforth, the full horrors of the war they have so wantonly provoked, that it will be impossible to prevent the occurrence of these acts and punish the offenders. And the worst of it is, that they will gradually become more and more common, until, in the end, if the war continues, destruction of property, and, perhaps worse, will be looked upon more and more, as an evil which can not be remedied, until, finally, it will be recognized as a system of the warfare we are prosecuting.

Those citizens along the route who were found home, with one or two exceptions, were the most decided secessionists, and many of them were bold enough to proclaim their hatred of the “Yankee vandals.” This is not often the case, as they are generally silent and sullen. Their confidence in their army may have something to do with it, as I find them, with few exceptions, most sanguine as to results. They notice with expressions of any thing but pleasure the splendid condition of the Union army, and console themselves with the oft repeated declaration “that we may exterminate them, but that we can not put them down while a man remains.” That, however, remains to be seen. . . .

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

The Arkansas Loyal Soldiers and Refugees.

The Cassville (Mo.) correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat writes as follows:

By far the most interesting and noticeable sight of the week has been the arrival of the Arkansas brigade, from Fayetteville, with a refugee train of 2,000 citizens. Early yesterday morning Colonel Harrison, who for the last three months has commanded the post of Fayetteville, came into town, accompanied by a few officers and men. He was warmly welcomed by Colonel Cloud, and I noticed an expression of gratification and pride on his countenance when the latter told him how well and ably his command had conducted themselves on the extreme outpost of the United States army and especially how nobly his loyal Arkansians had acquitted themselves in the recent battle at Fayetteville. About noon the train came into town, followed by the 1st Cavalry, who are nearly all dismounted, but tramped along like old veterans; the 1st Arkansas Infantry, in their ragged and tattered “butternuts,” and a portion of the 1st Battery and light artillery. They passed on through town and camped out three-fourths of a mile. The large train of refugees, numbering over 150 vehicles, from the splendid family carriages to the rough, huge ox-cart, stopped west of town. On riding through their camp, you realize what one so often reads of—“Union refugees” in a suffering condition. There are old gray-haired men, whose only crime is the honor of standing by the flag they fought for in 1812. Old mother, whose only sons are in the Federal army. Young married women, whose husbands are fighting to make free homes for the little children that plod wearily along the rough, stony road; contrabands also follow singly, by families and in squads, all going North, where Uncle Abe has promised freedom. Not only the contrabands, but citizens and soldiers were in a starving condition. The train which should have reached Fayetteville on the 20th, never left this post, consequently the command were without supplies until the 25th, the day they started, and received none until the evening before they reached here.

Large as the number of refugees, it would have been much larger but for the short time given to prepare in. I learn that only three hours notice of the movement was known to the citizens in Fayetteville, and then a double chain of pickets was thrown out so no person was allowed to pass out before they came away. Colonel Harrison kept constantly a strong mounted escort in the rear of the citizen train, and not one was injured on the trip up. He constituted Chaplain North, of the cavalry, commander-in-chief, and detailed Lieutenants, of his command, as wagon masters, thereby securing some show of discipline and order among them. Many of them regret the necessity of having to leave their homes and property, but are pleased to get away from danger of rebel rule and marauding bands of bushwhackers.

Their destination is to them a sealed book. Kansas and Missouri will receive most of them; a few will go to Illinois and Iowa. Thousands have left the State of Arkansas since the Federal army entered last fall, and thousands more will be compelled to leave unless our troops

take permanent possession. There were many sorrowful countenances among the Arkansas troops at leaving their native State, but, like true soldiers, they go wherever ordered. After having held Northern Arkansas alone for over three months, and gaining such a signal victory over double their number in the recent battle at Fayetteville, it is not to be wondered at that they thought themselves capable of holding all Arkansas. But when the time comes again for them to re-enter the State, we can assure you they will prove the same valor, patriotism and bravery shown during eight months of severe service.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

We have ascertained positively that our correspondent "Mack" was not of the party captured by the rebels at Vicksburg Sunday night week. We publish a late letter from him to-day.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Gov. Lubbock, of Texas, delivered a message on the 3d of February, in which he states that the State has contributed 68,500 men to the rebel armies, or 4,773 in excess of her highest popular vote. He estimates that of men, between the ages of 16 and 60, but 27,000 remain in the State. The majority of these are, of course, not able-bodied. There is a greater exhaustion of the fighting men in rebeldom now, than there was in France immediately after the wars of Napoleon.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 26, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Flags! Flags!!
Regimental Banners,
Silk Flags,
Bunting Flags,
Printed Muslin Flags.
Send for new price List.
Longley & Bro., Manufacturers,
Removed to 143 Walnut, below Fourth.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

The Vicksburg Campaign.
[Correspondence Cincinnati Daily Commercial.]

Raymond, Miss., May 13, 1863.

The battle fought yesterday within three miles of the town of Raymond, Miss., ought to be called the battle of Farnden's Creek, from the stream near which it commenced, and whose banks last evening bore witness to the dreadful struggle, by the number of dead and wounded that lay strewn along them.

As the battle, the engagement of yesterday is, of course, not entitled to rank with such bloody contests as Shiloh and Donelson, but many who participated in it, and some who witnessed it, agree in pronouncing it what an officer called it this morning, "one of the heaviest small battles of the war." I was attempting to narrate the leading events of the day this morning, but had made only a very little progress when the special messenger, on whom I relied for the transmission of my letter to Milliken's Bend, compelled me to close, as he was about to start for the river and could not wait on me even half an hour.

Commencement of the Battle.

Skirmishing commenced early in the morning. Our cavalry advance exchanged shots with the enemy soon after daylight. The rebels had their cavalry thrown out several miles from their main body, as is their invariable custom in the South-west, and one which we might imitate with great advantage to ourselves.

At about nine o'clock, Captain Foster, in command of our advance cavalry, came back from the front to meet General McPherson, to whom he communicated the condition of affairs, giving it as his opinion, that there was a body of rebel infantry ahead, which it would be dangerous for cavalry to attempt to penetrate. After pretty heavy firing by the cavalry, in which the 2d Illinois lost two killed and several wounded, the 20th Ohio, Colonel Force commanding, was ordered to advance in line of battle across a couple of fields toward some heavy timber, where it was supposed the rebels had their infantry force. Shortly afterward, the 78th and 68th Ohio and 90th Illinois were ordered forward in a similar manner. These regiments constituted the 2d Brigade of General Logan's division.

Heavy Work in Front.

The 20th Ohio kept steadily on its way forward, followed by the other regiments of the 2d Brigade. As they approached the woods the rebels sought to check their advance by a heavy fire from the timber, but our men stood their ground nobly, contending against the almost concealed foe at great disadvantage, never yielding an inch, but pressing steadily forward. Gen. Logan, on ascertaining the condition of affairs in his front, sent word to the 1st and 3d Brigades of his division to close up their ranks and push forward as rapidly as possible. Meantime the 2d Brigade was holding its own against a vastly superior force. It was soon reinforced by the brigades under Generals John E. Smith and John D. Stevenson.

Artillery Firing.

Shortly after the opening of the fight, Captain De Golyer's battery, 8th Michigan, was ordered to the front, and took a commanding position for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from the woods, the infantry having proven itself inadequate to the task. The James rifled guns of De Golyer's battery opened and commenced pouring a heavy fire of shell into the rebel columns. The enemy now for the first time opened artillery upon us. His aim was good, succeeding in making our infantry change position. But his purpose was to silence the 8th Michigan Battery, and he failed in that. Finding it impossible to silence the guns with artillery, the rebels attempted a charge upon the battery. A regiment of men essayed the hazardous undertaking. While they were removing a fence preparatory to making the decisive dash, the battery opened on them. Our men fired two shells into their midst, both of which burst among them, killing and wounding a large number, and causing the entire column to fall back in disorder. At their inglorious withdrawal our infantry sent up a few rousing cheers, which had the effect of accelerating the speed of the fugitives, and inspiring our whole command with a new zeal and determination to press forward to a victory of which they felt certain, even when the fortunes of the day seemed to turn against them.

The Rebels Giving Way.

The rebels, defeated in their attempt to capture our battery, found themselves compelled to fall back to a position immediately in the rear of Farnden's Creek. There was but a few inches depth of water in the creek, and its very abrupt, deep banks rendered it more favorable to them than the best rifle pits they could have dug. General McPherson had no sooner ascertained their new position than he ordered an advance upon it. General Dennis' brigade had the lead, and his brave men went forward with a will, General Smith's brigade supported them. A large open field lay between them and the enemy, and to march across it, exposed to the fire of an ambushed

foe, was their dreadful task assigned. Not a man flinched, not a soldier evinced a spirit of fear or reluctance. Forward they went unmindful of the galling fire in their front. When within good range, they opened on the rebels, and a more terrible conflict than that which followed, for more than five minutes, has seldom occurred between two opposing forces of equal size. The 20th Ohio, 20th Illinois, and 23d Indiana lost heavily, but the rebels were forced from their ground.

Our Men Flanked.

During the desperate struggle above alluded to, the rebels attempted to turn our left flank, and very nearly succeeded in doing so. The 20th Ohio and 23d Indiana had advanced too far from their support, and were in great danger of being cut off. A regiment of rebels suddenly emerged from a thick undergrowth, and marched daringly forward toward the left of the 20th. Colonel Force saw the danger he was in, and gave the order to fall back upon the main body. In the execution of this order, the regiment suffered greatly, as its mortality list will show. Among the commissioned officers wounded at this time, was the acting Major, Captain Kaga, from Sidney, Ohio. Two balls struck him near the shoulder, breaking the collar-bone, and inflicting such injuries as, it is feared, will prove fatal. The 23d Indiana, when ordered to fall back to the main column, found itself on an elevation between two ravines. Their commander, Colonel Davis, extricated them from this position in an admirable manner. Any but veterans would have scattered in confusion, on finding themselves so totally at the mercy of an enemy, three times their numerical strength, but the 23d were undismayed, and retreated without showing their backs to the enemy. The casualty list of the Indiana boys in this battle is very great.

A Charge by the 8th Illinois.

The fight on the left was growing desperate. The 20th Illinois had fired forty rounds of cartridges, and still the enemy held them at bay. Colonel Richards, of the 20th, had been mortally wounded while urging his willing heroes forward. At this critical period Gen. Stevenson's brigade came to the rescue. The 8th Illinois, Lieutenant Colonel Sturgis, commanding, came up with fixed bayonets, and with a wild yell, which the rebels wisely interpreted as a premonition of death to the foe, drove them from the creek in wild disorder. This was one of the most brilliant feats of the day. It made the assurance of our victory doubly sure.

Rout of the Enemy.

The rebels were by this time thoroughly defeated, though they still kept up an outward show of willingness to continue the battle. Nothing occurred after the charge by the 8th Illinois that deserves especial mention. The rebels retreated gradually toward Raymond. General Logan advanced cautiously, until receiving no reply to his fire, he became convinced that the enemy was "on the wing." We were in the town of Raymond about an hour after the departure of the routed rebels.

The Forces Engaged.

The most reliable estimate we can make places the rebel strength at 6,000 men. Citizens tell us they had but 3,000 but there were prisoners captured from ten different regiments—Tennessee, Alabama, Texas, and Mississippi. They were under command of General Gregg, of Texas. We fought them with General Logan's division, of McPherson's Army Corps, between five and six thousand strong. General Crocker's division came up in the afternoon, but not in time to participate in the fight. It is fair to say the forces were very nearly equal—the rebels having the great advantage of position and topographical knowledge, however.

Losses on Both Sides.

The official list of killed and wounded on our side has not yet been made up. Officers disagree in their estimate of casualties. Our loss in killed and wounded will not exceed two

hundred and fifty, I think. The burial party report having buried forty of our men on the field; to these may be added ten who died on the evening of the engagement. There were were [sic] one hundred and sixty wounded Union soldiers carried to hospitals. A number were slightly wounded, and either did not enter the hospitals at all, or were cared for in their own regiments. The rebel loss was much heavier than ours. We buried sixty-one Confederates on the field, and twelve died at our hospitals before the morning of the 13th. We picked up nearly a hundred of their wounded on the field, and found nearly fifty in the hospitals at Raymond. All their slightly wounded were carried off; of those left behind by them, more than one half will die. On their side, Col. McGiffick, from Nashville, of the 10th Tennessee, was killed; also several Captains and Lieutenants. We lost but one field officer killed—Lieutenant Colonel Richards, of the 20th Illinois. Colonel McCook (brother of Major General McCook) was wounded in the foot. We lost a number of line officers. I sent a partial list of our casualties by a special messenger yesterday. If he is not captured on the road, it will reach the North in good season.

We took between two and three hundred prisoners during the day.

Incidents of the Battle.

During the engagement yesterday, General McPherson rode along our lines in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men, and directing their movements. He behaved with remarkable coolness all day. He had several narrow escapes from cannon shots.

General Logan was, as usual, full of zeal, and intoxicated with enthusiasm. His horse was shot twice. If you ever hear that Logan has been defeated, make up your mind that he and most of his men have been sacrificed. He has stricken the word “retreat” from his military lexicon.

The 7th Texas met the 8th Illinois on the field, and was repulsed by them. The same regiments faced each other at Donelson. The 7th Missouri (Union) and 10th Tennessee (Confederate), both Irish regiments, had a close range contest, in which they exchanged compliments with genuine Hibernian accent. The Missouri boys were victorious.

In Raymond.

We arrived here last evening. Raymond is a small town—an exact copy of all Southern burgs of its size. It is the county seat of Hinds County, and contains a population (in peace times) of about fifteen hundred. It is distant eighteen miles from Jackson, and eight from the Jackson and Vicksburg Railroad, with which it is connected by a branch road. Of course we did not expect to find Unionists in a Mississippi village, and were, therefore, not disappointed at the coolness of our reception in Raymond.

We obtained Jackson papers of the 11th (the day previous) in the town, and were a little amused and a good deal instructed, to learn by them that the Yankees had been whipped at Grand Gulf and Port Gibson, and were falling back to seek protection from their gunboats.

We were told by the citizens that the Confederates had fallen back only a couple of miles, and would give us a big battle when we advanced upon them; that Gregg had been strongly reinforced and would prevent us from reaching the railroad at all hazards. . . .

Mack.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Letter from Opelousas.

200,000 Bales Cotton about to be
Thrown on the market, With a Pros-
pect of Much More—The Planters of

the Opelousas Country Anxious to
Take the Oath—Their Disgust with
the Rebel Guerrillas—Save Return to
Opelousas.

[Correspondence New Orleans Era.]

Opelousas, May 2, 1863.

I closed my last in rather a hurried manner, the boat being about to start immediately for Brashear. I left Barre's Landing the same evening for this place, and notwithstanding I made the eleven miles in a Government wagon without springs, and over not the smoothest of roads, the trip was quite pleasant.

From the time of landing from the steamboat until the present writing, I have seen hardly any thing but cotton. On both sides the bayou, at Barre's, cotton was piled bale upon bale over several acres; along the road from there to Opelousas, immense army wagons, each containing a half dozen bales, lined the road, each wagon driven by a jolly contraband, who seemed to think the millennium had come.

Reaching Opelousas, the first object that attracted my attention was a warehouse, with a large yard attached, piled high with a fleecy cloud, and the surrounding streets were filled with wagons, mules and darkies, waiting to haul it away to some bayou landing, to be shipped from thence to New Orleans. To-day, the rumble of wagons, bringing the defunct king in from the neighboring plantations has been the only sound to disturb the sleepy, monotonous air which usually pervades the town. I expect the levee at New Orleans to look as in days of yore when I next see it.

A gentleman intimately acquainted with a majority of the planters of this and neighboring parishes informed me that the estimate made by them of the number of bales opened up to the world in the country already occupied by our troops, would not fall short of two hundred thousand bales, and our advance would soon throw as much more on the market. It has been hid in the woods, and all other imaginable places, by the planters, to keep their *friends*, the rebel soldiers, from burning it; and I have not heard of one that was not willing and glad to have an opportunity for selling to the Yankees.

Nor is this the only result of this most glorious campaign of General Banks. It is now beyond doubt that the majority of the planters, and residents generally of the interior, are loyal to the Government of the United States. Numbers of them have expressed a willingness and *desire* to take the oath of allegiance and are only awaiting the opening of books by the General to do so at once. I have the authority of a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity for this assertion, and he has conversed within the last twenty-four hours with heretofore prominent rebels, who acknowledged their errors, and wished to be taken back into Uncle Sam's fold. Let them come.

All classes bitterly complain of the outrages inflicted on them by the Texas cavalry. Peaceable citizens have been robbed, and sometimes murdered, without hope of redress for the robberies, or chance of punishing the murderers. One gentleman told me he himself had been robbed of his horse on the highway—made to dismount in the road—by these ruffians.

They had also ceased to respect the rights of foreigners, conscripting them when armed with their (in New Orleans at least) potent "foreign papers." But this will soon be all changed now, and the Stars and Stripes protect them, as formerly, in all the rights of American citizens.

The stores are nearly all closed in Opelousas, and have been for a long time, the merchants having no goods to offer buyers. Till our army came, it looked like a deserted place. The hotels can not take transient boarders, the population being allowed rations by the town

authorities, and very short ones they are. Some two or three weeks since, not a thing could be purchased in the provision line in this town; but a few days ago the Mayor succeeded in obtaining a little corn meal and cattle, and a family man or hotel-keeper may now purchase one pint of corn meal and half a pound of fresh meat per head for his family or boarders. You see that a man stopping for a meal under these circumstances is not likely to be welcomed by the regular boarders, and after exerting my persuasive powers this morning, until I had coaxed the landlord to give me my breakfast, I was frightened out of my hunger by the threatening looks around me. This did not prevent the landlord, however, charging a dollar for the meal and meat he set before me. As a sample of former prices, we give the following: Cotton cards, retail, \$50; wholesale, \$35; coffee, retail, \$5; wholesale \$4.50.

I visited the contrabands' camp this afternoon, and saw unequivocal signs of negro felicity around them—bacon and sunshine. The women are in a church, the men are camped all around it. Most of the men are desirous of enlisting in the Native Guard regiments, with the organization of which they seem thoroughly acquainted.

The following is a report of the movements which have taken place in our forces at and near Opelousas, during the week ending May 1:

April 26. Colonel H. E. Paine, with his brigade, moved south west from Opelousas, to attack a body of cavalry, said to be in the neighborhood. The cavalry had fled, going toward Texas.

April 29. Information received that the enemy had abandoned Semmesport, going toward Alexandria. On the same day a force, under Lieutenant Colonel Corliss, 2d Rhode Island Cavalry, captured a picket on the road to Bayou Cocordie, at a point about fifty miles from Opelousas. Two more pieces of cannon have been raised from the wreck of a rebel boat, near Leonville, making twenty-two guns, in all, captured from the enemy. About 600 sabers have been captured.

A soldier has been shot to death for plundering and pillaging, and others are being tried for the same offense, and will probably suffer the same fate.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, May 30, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

General Banks' Pursuit of the Rebels at
Opelousas.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Opelousas, May 2, says of the pursuit of the routed rebels from Brashear City to Opelousas:

We pressed the enemy for one hundred and five miles, to this place, with the entire army, and forty miles further with the advance. The enemy became more and more demoralized as we advanced, and were taken in scores; so that the total number of prisoners exceeds two thousand. Of the ten thousand, we learn that about thirty five hundred had reached Alexandria. Of the rest, five hundred Texas cavalry is all that is left of Sibley's brigade. Sibley himself is under arrest. The conscripts all have returned home, heartily glad to get off under any pretence [sic], and numbers of the inhabitants are enlisting in our army. The whole Attakapas (pronounced Tuckapaw) country is in our hands. We have seized over a million dollars' worth of cotton, which we have shipped to New Orleans, and sugar and molasses in immense quantities. The people are generally very kind, unless they are very rich, when we find all the young men gone into the secesh army, and then they are rather bitter; yet they contrive to muzzle their mouths, as they are not altogether free to speak out. Several free-spoken were used rather roughly by some of our Yankee boys, and they could not be blamed for it. We found them in a state of starvation,

without money, without clothes or food, living on corn and pork, their dresses two years old, the Texans plundering them as they passed along, and now they would pretend that we are not doing them good, at the same time asking us to pay for even a glass of milk at the most exorbitant rates. They all complain of losing their horses and mules; but I explain to them that, as by the Confiscation Act all their property has become the property of Uncle Sam, they are no losers by it. Our dear uncle is merely taking his own.

The surrender of this city was rather singular. A deputation of the citizens waited upon General Banks and surrendered the city, stating that they demanded the protection of the American flag. As citizens of the United States they received it; but the whole circumstances seemed so unlike what we should have expected from an enemy's capital, that we did not hardly credit it at first.

I presume we shall take Shreveport, their last capital. We have three of their four.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 5

A Paragraph on Mules.

If you want to try the caliber of a man's profanity, get him to ride a mule and listen attentively to the remarks he addresses to the animal when, as is sure to occur before the close of the trip, a division of sentiment springs up between the two, as to which is the proper road to travel. Even Chaplains have been known to utter small "damns" under such trying circumstances. If the reader wants to render implicit obedience to the second commandment, my advice to him is, to keep out of such scrapes as I got into on the battle field of Champion Hills, which was as follows: My horse giving decided evidences of physical exhaustion, I borrowed a mule to ride along the lines. We (the mule and I) were traveling toward the left, in the immediate rear of Hovey's division, then fighting desperately for the ground on which it stood. Pretty soon Hovey had to fall back. I tried to indicate to my long-eared steed that I wished to do the same, but he evinced a stubborn disposition to advance instead of retreat. I pulled first one rein and then the other, but the mule wouldn't stir. I spurred the animal, but it only made him kick, and I was obliged to desist in prospect of being left on the road side. The rebels were advancing—were already within rifle-range—and the bullets were whistling in pursuit of our men, not of me, I thought, for they surely would not hit a non-combatant. And still the mule wouldn't turn back. I pulled again on the reins with all my might, but the wayward animal only backed himself up against a tree in response, and resolutely refused to fall back. If I had had a rat tail file, I should have spiked and abandoned him. He then commenced an unearthly bawl, which I interpreted as my funeral dirge and which would undoubtedly have proven so, had I not dismounted and led him to the rear, arriving there just in time to save myself. I have studiously avoided mules ever since, and intend to do so for three years, or during the war. Reader, if you don't want an incentive to swearing, don't ride a mule.

Mack.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Colors for the 55th Massachusetts Colored Regiment.—Shillito & Co. have prepared for the colored women of Ohio, a magnificent stand of colors, to be presented to this regiment. The flags are four in number—two guidons, a large regulation flag and a regimental banner. These are all of the very best material, and the work is splendidly executed. Upon a silver shield, which is attached to the staff of the banner, is the motto, "God and Liberty." Upon the banner itself, which is of heavy blue silk, are the words, "Liberty or Death." These flags were exhibited

at a meeting of the colored people on Tuesday evening. Patriotic speeches were made by a number of gentlemen. The flags will be presented by Mr. J. M. Langston, who has been laboring for several weeks in the work of procuring recruits for the 54th and 55th Regiments. He starts East with them this morning.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from Corinth, Miss.
[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]
Dangers of a Trip from Memphis to
Corinth—The Pleasures of Riding on
a Rail Through the Enemy's Country
--Excitement on the Road—Condition
of Things at Corinth.

Corinth, May 29,

1863.

At last, after many delays and annoyances (which we, who travel in war times, ought to expect), I have to announce my safe arrival in Corinth. There is not much here, at this time, however, to write about, except dust. That certainly is not scarce. The trip from Memphis to this point, was terrible. It flew in such clouds that in less than an hour from the time I started, I found myself white with it, my throat filled and my eyes blinded. Persons standing on the first car, could not possibly have seen the rear of the train through the volumes of smoke that rose all round it. . . . My husband was on ahead with the other officers, At Memphis the heat is excessive; here it is exceedingly pleasant for the season. The air is cool and fresh. We have plenty of good water; and our army reports fewer on the sick list than any other in the service of the Government. There is none, to speak of, at all, at present. The only really disagreeable feature of the place is the dust.

There is quite a nice little society of ladies here now. Many of the officers' wives and families, of intelligence and refinement. Our situation is pleasant. We live well and have all we wish for comfort. The luxuries of life we do not expect or wish at such a place. We are happy in the privileges we enjoy in our husbands' society, and that is contentment enough, when we reflect how many of our sex are deprived of the most meager enjoyments.

Intending shortly to write and tell you the result of our expedition, I subscribe myself,
Respectfully, B. S.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

Letter from Corinth, Miss.
[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]
Colonel Cronyn's Expedition into Ala-
bama—Life at Corinth—The Contra-
band Camp and Religious Services.

Corinth, Miss., June 2, 1863.

. . . Life here is novel and interesting. General Dodge has accomplished a revolution in the mode of military life in this place. I spent part of last summer here, and the difference appears to me very striking indeed. The soldiers have a splendid camp—regular houses, built of planks, boards and split timber, presenting an exceedingly neat appearance. There are many well finished inside, and kept clean. The yards are large, and as clean as a floor. Gardens flourish in all

directions, and flowers are profuse. The men look cheerful and healthy, having plenty to eat, plenty of good water, and good, healthy exercises. There is less sickness here than you would deem it possible in such an army, in this climate. In fact, there is scarcely any at all.

But the mainly novel feature in the place is the contraband camp. They, like the whites, have huts erected, where they live with their families most comfortably. The men have been formed into a regiment, called the 1st Alabama, now numbering eight hundred, who are commanded by Colonel Alexander, formerly a chaplain, and who are learning to drill beautifully. Their imitative powers—large time and tune, as the phrenologists say—together with their eagerness to learn, make them very apt scholars. They keep better time, for the practice they have had, than the white men. I do not know how it may prove when they come to the field of battle; but, so far, the work begun is very encouraging. They are to have soldier's pay and rations, and now hold up their heads with some show of manliness, as the rightful protectors of their own families and property, in future. The women are employed in cultivating gardens and corn, large fields of which may be seen thriving within our lines, in beautiful and promising condition.

On Sunday afternoon a number of us drove out to the contraband camp to attend divine service. There is a large area within the encampment, where posts or forks have been driven, over which long poles have been laid, covered with the branches of trees so thickly as to exclude every ray of the sun. On one side a private desk has been placed for the benefit of the minister, around which a place has been reserved for white officers and ladies. Benches made of split logs are set thickly under this awning, sufficient to accommodate several hundred people. One side of this novel church is occupied by the female portion of the colored congregation. The end by the soldiers, who march in companies by double file, to their seats from their quarters. The other side by our white soldiers, welcome by invitation of the Colonel commanding the 1st Alabama. The ladies who come from a distance, generally sit in their carriages in the rear of the pulpit till the close of the service.

After seeing every thing in order, the minister (a white man, on this occasion,) rose and gave out a hymn, which was sang [sic] in regular African style. This was followed by a long prayer. After that Col. H. rose and repeated the rules and regulations rather pompously. He forbade any disturbance by getting up to leave the place during the service, stating that if any man did so, he "would not hesitate to arrest and send him to headquarters between two colored soldiers, at the point of the bayonet."

After a short sermon, in true Methodist fashion, a colored minister took the stand for exhortation and beat the white preacher "all hollow," as the boys say. It was about the richest thing, for language, I ever heard. Ideas were abundant, and original. After several singularly comical quotations from the Scriptures, among which: "God says ebery tub has to stand on he own bottom," our colored friend called upon a "brudder" to pray, which he did, petitioning the Almighty to "send religion to prey upon the hearts of sinners till all evil should be rooted out."

At the close of the exercises an invitation was extended to the members of the Church to remain and partake of the Lord's Supper. The congregation now dispersed. The soldiers were again marched by double file to their quarters, and we left the good colored "bredren an' sisters" to the enjoyment of their exercises without further intrusion.

This camp is kept in excellent order. Inspectors are appointed to visit each tent and see that it is kept clean every day. All who are not are at once reported to the authorities, and the evil remedied. General Dodge is determined to preserve the health of the people here by cleanliness, healthy action, and good, wholesome food, with proper attention at all points. There

never was a better man or a braver General, though reserved, quiet, and unassuming. The contrast between this place last summer and at the present time is almost incredible. One determined, clear-headed man can effect wonders.

With respect, yours, truly,

B. S.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 9, 1863, p. 3, c. 6
From Columbus.

Columbus, June 8.

. . . An hour after the above, at the same place [Eastern portico of the Capitol], a widely different scene was enacted. The colored people of Columbus assembled to listen to an address from Chas. Langston, the colored lawyer, on the war, and displayed a splendid stand of colors, to presented by the colored women of Ohio to the 55th Massachusetts Regiment. A fine band was present, and much enthusiasm among the colored men was evinced. Cheers for the Union and speakers were given with a will. Langston stated that over five hundred colored men had left for Massachusetts, and thousands more only awaited the call of the authorities to fight for liberty or death.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Flag for the 63d Ohio.—A splendid flag, made of the best banner silk, has just been completed by Hamlin, on Fourth street for the 63d Ohio, Colonel Sprague's new historic regiment. The names of Iuka, Corinth and Shiloh are elaborately wrought with the needle, on the folds of this flag, which is one of the finest ever made by Hamlin. The regiment distinguished itself on all these battle fields, and suffered severely at Corinth. The flag will be presented to the regiment by Surgeon A. B. Monahan and Chaplain Fry, as soon as they arrive at Vicksburg where the regiment is now stationed.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 17, 1863, p. 2, c. 7

Flags! Flags!!

Show Your Colors!

Regimental Banners,

Bunting Flags,

Silk Flags,

Printed Muslin Flags!

(all small sizes, on sticks.)

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Longley & Bro.,

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143 Walnut street, below Fourth.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 22, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

[Communicated.]

The 130th Illinois.

Before Vicksburg, June 11.

Eds. Com.—The general accuracy of your correspondent before Vicksburg, and especially the assault of the 22d ultimo, is commendable, and evinces good faith on his part.

One error, caused doubtless by haste in composition and want of information, ought to be corrected in justice to my own regiment, one of the newest of the new levies, namely, the 130th Illinois.

“Mack” states that “the flags of the 48th Ohio, 77th Illinois and 19th Kentucky floated from half past 11 o’clock A. M. till 4 P. M., from the inner slope of the parapet.” The truth is, that the two flags, regimental and national, of the 77th Illinois, floated from the outer slope of the parapet, and were at last captured, and that the flag of the 130th Illinois, borne by a brave youth, Edward Dunn, of Coles County, Company G, waved throughout the day at fifteen paces from the parapet, and was brought off with the regiment at 10 o’clock P. M. The 77th and 130th Illinois were together at the most advanced and exposed point of this part of our line, the 130th being on the right. On our left were the 48th Ohio, 19th Kentucky, 97th Illinois, and on the left of the last, and acting with it, were two companies of my regiment, with the gallant Captain William M. Colby, who bravely fell, a willing sacrifice for his country. Our position was a hot one. We held it against a rally and a threatened charge of bayonets, till ordered away at night, when my regiment was the last to leave the ground. The 19th Kentucky, mentioned by your correspondent in place of the 130th Illinois, did its whole duty, as it has always done. It is a veteran regiment, with its Colonel, W. G. Landrum, commanding my brigade, and needs not, as it would scorn, to receive, any honors not justly its due.

Nathaniel Niles,
Colonel 130th Illinois Volunteers.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 23, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

Street-Walkers.—This class of females, who, under the old police regulations, were so conspicuous on our streets after sundown, has, within a few weeks, almost entirely disappeared. The order of the Mayor to have them arrested, has pretty effectually abated the nuisance. One of them, wishing to see whether the order had yet fallen into disuse, strolled out Saturday evening, but was very soon picked up by a policeman, and was yesterday brought before Judge Warren. The Judge improved the opportunity of saying that he wished the police could get hold of the ten times more guilty women, who keep the unfortunate girls about them. He would give them the full extent of the law, but the girls he would try to save, so the one then before him was sent down stairs for further examination.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 25, 1863, p. 1, c. 8

Keep the Soldiers’ Letters.

Mother, father, brother, sister, wife, sweetheart, keep that bundle sacredly! Each word will be historic, each line invaluable. When peace has restored the ravages of war, and our Nation’s grandeur has made this struggle the most memorable of those great conflicts by which ideas are rooted into society, these pen-pictures of the humblest events, the merest routine details of the life led in winning National unity and freedom, will be priceless. Not for the historian’s sake alone, do I say, keep those letters, but for your sakes who receive them, and ours who write them. The next skirmish may stop our pulses forever, and our letters, full of love for you, will be our only legacy beside that of having died in a noble cause. And should we survive the war, with health and limb uninjured, or bowed with sickness or crippled with wounds, those letters will be dear mementoes to us of dangers past, of trials borne, of privations suffered, of comrades beloved. Keep our letters then—and write to us all the home news and “gossip.” Bid us God-speed—speak kindly, loving, courageous words to us. If you can’t be Spartan—and we don’t

want you to be—be “lovers, countrymen and friends.” So shall our feet fall lighter, and our sabers heavier!

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 25, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

For some reason the Government tent-factories have all been closed and the employees discharged. They were located on Fourth street, Front street and Broadway. The average number of persons engaged there during the past year has been about 1,200. At the closing there were about 1,000 females in daily employ. That number are at present without labor. We are unable to say whether these factories are to be reopened.

CINCINNATI DAILY COMMERCIAL, June 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

A Girl on a Lark.

A young German girl, named Louisa Hoffman, saleswoman in a down-town store, was before Judge Wolfe, yesterday, on a charge of violating an ordinance, by dressing herself in bifurcated garments. It appears that the husband of a recently established midwife in that locality called upon Louisa and suggested a practical joke at the expense of his wife, in which the girl was to assume male attire, and go to his wife and secure her professional services in behalf of Louisa's imaginary wife, on Geyer avenue. The trick succeeded, notwithstanding the midwife was an intimate personal friend of the girl who was playing the *role* of an expectant, anxious father. Louisa, instead of taking the midwife to Geyer avenue, took her to the store, where the husband of the latter awaited them. The woman was so greatly chagrined by the laugh raised at her expense, that she invoked the aid of the police, and had her arrested. The Recorder fined her \$5.—[Missouri Republican, 25th.