THE FATE OF CONQUERED NATIONS.

From the Richmond Examiner.

Try to imagine the scenes which would take place all over this country on the first day of acknowledged subjugation—that is, the day which should witness a treaty for re-construction upon any terms whatsoever. From that moment, the right name of this war would be rebellion; as a rebellion it would stand in history; and what is more to the purpose, as rebels its ringleaders would be punished and its soldiers disarmed. Our Confederate flag that has blazed in the front of twenty pitched battles would be formally lowered, officially torn, trampled, and abolished forever, while the accursed Stars and Stripes would be proudly hoisted in its place, upon every fort and in every camp, with cannon thunders and Yankee cheers. Some maimed and battle-worn Confederate who should be standing by, a witness to that formality—conceive his deep wrath and despair as he gazes on the deed of shame! A hundred times he has stood in the line-of-battle under that Southern Cross; has seen its fiery folds flashing almost with a living passion as Lee or Jackson rode along the front on the morning of some bloody day; has seen its fierce, incarnate glow, as it flashed deep into the enemy's lines, and has followed it throughout, mayhap with naked feet, but with love and devotion in his heart, because he associated the triumphs of that banner with a secure and peaceful home and an honorable future for his country; and now, as each regiment flies by, he sees the men stack their arms, lay down their regimental flags, salute the gridiron emblem, and march away with heads hanging down and hands disarmed forevermore. He feels, the poor Confederate spectator, that all is lost, including honor, and will envy in his heart those who have fallen before the dawning of that day. "Blessed are the dead which are already dead, rather than the living which be yet alive!" But he must stifle the imprecations which rise to his throat, though they choke him; for this is to be a day of jubilee, and the Yankee guards and spies are by his side. Then will come the time to garrison every town with Yankee guards; to garrison every court with Yankee judges; every church with Yankee preachers; and the task will be commenced of discriminating between those who are to be "pardoned" and those who are not to be pardoned under the proclamation which the base foe has addressed to us. No man who does not take the oath—the oath of unconditional support to the enemy, and unconditional denunciation of our own kindred and children as "rebels,"—will sit on any bench of justice, or on any jury. It will be the harvest time of informers and detectives, and let them swear as they will, those judges and juries will be bound to believe them. Of course the enemy will not undertake to rule the country without the aid of some of its citizens, who may swear and prove that they are "loyal"—that is to say, traitors to their country. Ten per cent. of the population seems to be counted upon for this service. Mr. Lincoln calculates that, out of every hundred may be found, "peradventure, ten just men." By and through these ten he must govern the other ninety; and, to do so in safety, he must make sure that the ninety are deprived first of all votes and franchises; secondly of all arms for self-defence. To attain this last indispensable object it will be found necessary to copy pretty closely the code of "arms acts" and "insurrectionary acts" in Ireland; under which, at this day, whenever the Viceroy believes that any one or more counties are threatening disturbance, he has only to proclaim those counties under martial law, and pour into them large forces of police with orders to search the houses of suspected persons at any hour of the day or night. A house is entered at midnight by a police guard; the inmates are ordered to rise out of bed in order that the beds and mattresses may be searched for gun-locks or barrels, or stocks, or else bayonets, pikes or other weapons. If any part of any such weapon is found, the father of the family is carried off in handcuffs to answer for his offence.

We are not here simply speculating upon what might possibly be done in this country, but relating what is the actual and frequent practice in another country, held in subjection by military force; neither do we mention it in the way of blame. If a country is to be held on that principle at all, such a code and such a practice are the mere necessities of the case; and we suppose it is safe to assume that the Confederate people would be quite as dangerous to their masters, in this condition of a subject population, and would need as many precautions and restrictions to keep them down, as either the Poles, or the Venetians, or the Irish.

It is hardly needful to remark that the post-office also—as in those three other countries—would be made a bureau of *espionage*, in order to know the secrets of suspected persons, and to find out with whom they correspond either at home or abroad. In Ireland, upon the mere order of the lord lieutenant, or of any member of the privy council, the whole correspondence of any person or persons—all letters whether to him or from him—may be, and often are, examined and copied in the office, and then re-sealed with a counterfeit of the original seal and address, and forwarded, as if nothing had happened. Then, also, would be the reign of "Commissioners of Forfeited Estates," whose operations would be extensive, and their duties arduous indeed; for their functions would not be confined to distinguishing between the oath-taking loyalists and recusant malcontents one good time and so having done with it; there are always relapses from this species of loyalty, (and we know the offered terms of pardon require the oath not only to be taken, but to be persistently observed), and yankee claimants would be instant and greedy, and informers zealous and well paid, and courts and juries complaisant and accommodating.

It takes no effort of imagination to conceive this state of things in all its details; there is no imagination at all in the matter. When the sun sets, it is not by imagination, but by induction, we know that clouds and darkness will come over us. Neither could the liveliest fancy ever hope to equal the real facts of the case as they have been perfected by the ingenuity of centuries, and practiced with invariable success in many lands.

In short, if this Confederacy should be defeated, or should consent, on any conditions, to lay down her arms, before having assured and established complete separation and independence, all the evils that ever lay heavily on a conquered nation would be her's. Being weary of the "Horrors of War," she would find that she had rushed into the far more horrible horrors of Peace. Peace hath her victories; and the victories of such a Peace as this would be won over the proud hearts and manly spirit of a once haughty people, until they should almost accept their place in that sad procession of oppressed races, which, clothed with humiliation as with a garment, and with heads bowed and faces veiled, follow the triumphal cars of their conquerors in the great march of the nations down the broad highway of history.

And our masters would be the Yankee nation! Think of it! No high, imperial House of Romanoff—no eagle-brood of the blood-royal of kings—would be our suzerains and taskmasters; but a mean crew of the lowest of the white races of the earth, creatures whom we once held little higher than our negro slaves, and with whom we have found it utterly intolerable to live, even as equals and fellow citizens—these be your kings, oh Confederates! Impossible! some may exclaim: it is not in the very nature of things that the higher race should be vassals to the lower. Alas! we never disdained the yankees, more than the 3,000,000 haughty nobles of Poland despised the coarse and cowardly Muscovite. When that splendid kingdom was independent, and its brilliant nobility, on some set day trooped to the plain hard by the Vistula, with banner and plume, to select a sovereign Jagellon, who would have dared predict to them that their children's backs would one day be made acquainted with the Muscovite knout?—that scions of their princeliest houses, even their noble ladies, deep in Russian dungeons, would be forced to give evidence by *scourging*, administered by the lowest policemen! Impossible! why, let our arms once be laid down, and the thing is not only possible—it is as good as *done*. We must sink at once to a vassal people, object of the scorn, at best the pity, of all the world. Then it will be in vain that we shall hold out our hands to foreign nations for help or sympathy; there will be no hearing, no showing, for us on the earth. In vain, then, shall we conspire in secret dens to devise at last some means of desperate resistance—in the most secret of our chambers, wherever two or three are gathered together, there will be a detective in the midst of them. What would we give *then* to see but one-half the army in the field that we have actually on foot, by God's mercy, this day. Here it is now. We shall scarcely part with it that we may hereafter pray for but a fragment of it and pine for the want of it. We shall not break the bright Confederate sword that we may one day blindly and hopelessly clutch at a splinter of it. The Confederacy is still in the open field, not in the catacombs, the caverns and the culverts. The free air of their native hills still blows upon our soldiers' brows, and lifts the proud folds of their banners; their battle-bugle still wakes the morning, and their arms yet shine in the sun. Let not these noble Confederates shrink from bold belligerents into a rabble of skulking rebels, trafficking for pardon, fearful of their own shadows, and withering away in dens of conspiracy under the poison breath of the informer!

A HELL ON EARTH.

The articles touching the fate of Poland, Ireland, and other oppressed nationalities, which have appeared in recent issues of our contemporary, the Examiner, cannot fail to arrest the attention of a people who have been forced at last to contemplate, not without seriousness, a contingency, which, at the beginning of the war, was never mentioned, or if mentioned, excited only derision. Whether our weakness or our mismanagement has brought us to this contemplation, it boots not to inquire. Whether the late legislation in Congress and such speeches as that of Senator Brown, or the lugubrious vaticinations of the newspapers, have occasioned the greater depression among the people and the more joyous exultation of the enemy, need not here be considered. Whether the desperate measures advocated on the one side, or the imperative motives for caution and discretion advanced on the other, be the wiser "policy in war," we shall not stop to discuss. It is enough for us to know that, after three years of terrible warfare, the enemy announces openly his purpose to subjugate us, is making gigantic preparations to that end, and has fixed upon the present year for the consummation of his designs. The time has come, therefore, for us to examine, in its whole length and breadth, the meaning of this word "subjugation," so glibly used by the Yankees.

In a previous article, based upon a portion of General Lee's last battle order, we attempted to place before our readers an outline of the horrors which would attend the overrunning of this country by the enemy. We cited the deliberate opinion of General Lee, that the "cruel foe seeks to reduce our fathers and mothers, our wives and children, to *abject* slavery," and we urged the importance of such an opinion, coming from the most truthful and unexaggerating man in the Confederacy. Must the danger of this "abject slavery" be kept before the people? Then the daily acts perpetrated by the enemy will serve the purpose, without comment from the newspapers. We need not go to Poland or to Ireland to learn what subjugation means. The fact is before us wherever we turn the eye. In Baltimore, St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, we see the first fruits of that unspeakable suffering and shame which must come when the holy cause is abandoned, and nothing intervenes between the brutality of the foe, drunk with excess, and his helpless victims. Nay, we need not go so far as the cities named to find evidence of the enemy's purposes. Look at Fredericksburg, Suffolk, Williamsburg, Yorktown, the Northern Neck and that great desert of ruined farms, that wide extent of cropless, treeless, lifeless land which extends from the Rapidan to the Potomac. But yesterday the citizens of Norfolk, unwilling to give up their homes to the Yankees, and afraid to encumber the threatened Confederacy with hundreds, perhaps thousands, of women and children and old men, who could render no aid in battle, and only consume the faster our limited subsistence, decided wisely to remain, even at the price of an oath of allegiance to a nation abhorred, but which, in the eye of God, was not, and could not, be made binding by any cunning of the Yankee. And now arms are forced into their hands, and they must either fight their own flesh and blood, or be shot as deserters. If any young men, who might with propriety have come into our lines, have taken the oath, theirs is a righteous retribution. But if men beyond the proper arms-bearing age are driven into the enemy's ranks, then they deserve the pity of God and man. But their fate should teach all a lesson.

Quite as recently, we have proof of the enemy's diabolism in the outrages committed upon the ladies at Elizabeth City, in North Carolina. Later still, we have the fiendish utterances of Butler, crying for the fiercest retaliation, because we refused to treat with him, a declared outlaw, and denounced by the civilized world as an enemy of mankind. Nor have we forgotten that a few weeks ago, within cannon sound of this city, an old man was murdered in cold blood, buried head foremost in the common road, and a horrible placard left affixed to his protruding feet, as a warning to all who dare defend the honor of their households. All these things are fresh in the public recollection. Other horrors will come trooping day after day. There is no fear that the enemy will leave us any excuse for believing, hoping, or even dreaming of an honorable adjustment on any terms. We must win, or we must submit absolutely and unconditionally to "abject slavery." There is no help for it, even if the yankees wished it. His war debt must be paid. All the property in the South will not more than pay it. Professions of Unionism will not save it. This has been tried recently by the tories of East Tennessee, and everything they owned was swept away. When all the property of a people is gone, they are beggars, and beggars cannot be choosers. But why argue the matter? It is as plain as noon day. We must conquer our independence, or we must become the servants of servants—the slaves, literally, of our slaves and of yankee fanatics, who will delight to compel us to perform the most menial and disgraceful drudgery. And if this be not a hell on earth, what is, what can be?

Richmond Whig.

Capt. Hines Safe.—We are happy to have it in our power to announce that Capt. Hines, who escaped from the Ohio penitentiary with Gen'l Morgan, is safe at Columbia, South Carolina.

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

THOMASTON, GA., Jan'y 1, 1864.—This modest and excellent officer was born in Augusta, Geo., on the 10th of September 1836, and is consequently only twenty-seven years of age. Early in life he chose the profession of arms, and entered West Point in 1854, being one of the first who graduated under the five years' rule. His career at West Point developed the fact that he was one of the few who are born to the profession of arms. Whilst other students passed their leisure hours in sports and in reading the romances of the day, young Wheeler would be found in the library studying with the deepest interest the volumes which treated of campaigns and battles, both of modern and ancient times, and in examining military maps and the plans of battles of distinguished commanders. In October 1859, he was ordered to the cavalry school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and there remained on duty during the winter. In the spring of 1860, we find him in New Mexico, stationed, respectively, at Forts Union, Craig and Fillmore, and engaging in several important scouts against the hostile Indians.

Early in March 1861, seeing the storm-cloud of war gathering over his country, he promptly decided upon his course, and when his native State seceded, he at once forwarded his resignation and returned to Georgia; tendered his services to the Confederate Government, and was commissioned first Lieutenant of Artillery in the Regular Army, and ordered on duty at Pensacola. Here he exhibited so much zeal and capacity, that upon the special recommendation of Gen. Bragg, the President during the summer commissioned him Colonel, and assigned him to the command of the Nineteenth regiment of Alabama infantry. We next hear of him at the head of his well drilled and gallant regiment in the bloody battle of Shiloh, where his behaviour attracted the attention and received the encomiums of a number of distinguished officers. He had two horses shot under him during the engagement, and led frequent charges with the colors of his regiment in his hands. Soon after the battle he was assigned to the command of a brigade, and when Gen. Beauregard withdrew his army from Corinth, to Wheeler and his brigade was confided the honorable and perilous duty of bringing up the rear and beating back the pursuing column of the enemy. The numerous conflicts with and charges upon the Federal forces at Bridge creek and other points, tell how well they executed this responsible trust.

In July 1862, he was placed in charge of the cavalry connected with the army in Mississippi, and in a few days thereafter he penetrated the enemy's lines, destroyed several bridges on his line of communication in West Tennessee, engaged in numerous conflicts with his cavalry, captured a small train with a number of horses, mules, &c., and burned 3000 bales of cotton which had been purchased by the enemy. He rendered most valuable services in the Kentucky campaign. His conduct at Munfordsville elicited even the praises of the enemy. During the battle of Perryville, he succeeded throughout the whole day, by his stubborn resistance, in keeping back an entire corps of the enemy. As the enemy formed his lines on the hills west of Perryville, with the evident intention of turning our left flank, Col. Wheeler charged and put to rout his advancing lines. When the commander-in-chief decided to retire from Kentucky, Wheeler was appointed chief of cavalry, and assigned to the duty of covering the retreat. This duty was performed with great tact and success. His effective force did not exceed 1000 sabres; yet so ingeniously did he display this small force, that he protected every approach to the army, and compelled the enemy to advance in long lines of battle, under the impression that a heavy infantry force was in his front—thus retarding his advance, and restricting his march to six and seven miles a day. Indeed, Gen. Buell stated officially that Gen. Bragg's rear was covered by cavalry which was handled with more skill than had ever been known under similar circumstances.

After the Kentucky campaign, upon the united recommendations of Generals Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckinridge, Col. Wheeler was commissioned Brigadier General, and sent to Middle Tennessee. Soon thereafter, on the 26th of December, 1862, Rosecranz commenced his march on Murfreesboro'. For three successive days General Wheeler so disposed his forces as to induce the enemy to believe he was resisted by our entire army. When Gen. Bragg was ready to receive the enemy, Wheeler quietly withdrew at nightfall within the infantry lines. After a few hours rest, "to horse!" was again sounded, and with about 800 men he made a circuit and fell upon the enemy's rear and wagon trains. Train after train was captured or destroyed; and building after building filled with valuable stores, was burned. The loss sustained by the enemy in wagons, mules, supplies and material, was immense. At night he camped his weary horsemen under the light of the Federal camp fires, and on the following day, he joined in the fierce carnage of the 31st December, charging repeatedly upon the enemy's lines and rendering most important service in the great battle. Upon the conclusion of the struggle around Murfreesboro' and the withdrawal of the Confederates, he was again called upon to cover the retreat of the army. For five days he held the enemy in check after our infantry had evacuated the town, and thus gave our forces time to remove their trains and secure their supplies.

After the battle of Murfreesboro' General Wheeler was ordered to work upon the enemy's line of communications. With scarcely 500 effective men in his command, he commenced the march, and amid the beating snow and ice hunted up the enemy's stores on the banks of the Cumberland, and along the railroad from Murfreesboro' to Nashville. A dozen transports, ladon with rich supplies and guarded by a gunboat, bound for the "Army of the Cumberland," fell a prey to his bold troopers, and their blackened hulls soon lined the shore. The armament of rifled guns belonging to the gunboat, a number of small arms, and valuable supplies of ammunition, in addition to the cargoes of the transports, fell into their hands, and were either destroyed or brought off. Not less than twenty other transports, guarded by iron clad gunboats, took fright, threw overboard their valuable stores into the muddy Cumberland, and thus lightened, were enabled to escape the daring Confederates.

At Ashland on the north bank of the river, the enemy had collected immense supplies of subsistence. Although the Cumberland was much swollen by recent rains, Wheeler swam his dauntless horsemen over, and drove off the guard, consisting of a regiment of infantry, and destroyed stores covering several acres of ground. About this time he was joined by Forrest and his command, the two uniting with him in chasing the enemy into the forts at Dover, and in capturing a battery of splendid rifle guns, more ammunition and small arms, a hundred prisoners, a wagon train, and a number of mules and horses. On his return to army headquarters he took other prisoners and a train of cars. The loss inflicted upon the enemy during this brilliant expedition, in which a formidable gunboat was forced to strike her colors to "Wheeler's horse marines," delayed the advance of the enemy for several months, thus proving it to be one of the most effective raids of the entire war. Before he reached headquarters he received a telegram from the President announcing his promotion to Major General of cavalry.

But I cannot follow our hero through all his brilliant service, nor recount the many successful skirmishes, battles and expeditions in which he figured. At the great battle of Chickamauga, he took an important part, capturing some 2,000 prisoners, a train of wagons and ambulances, and a large supply of medical stores and other property. Soon after the battle he undertook to make a circuit of the Federal army with a force of about 4,500 men. He crossed the Tennessee river at Cotton Port, and recrossed it near Huntsville, after an absence of nine days, during which he crossed Walden's Ridge, the Sequatchie Valley and the great Cumberland range. The results of the expedition may be summed up in a few words: He captured and destroyed over 1000 wagons and their contents, burnt several large depots of supplies, took over 1200 prisoners, sabred more than 6,000 mules, destroyed several important railway bridges and much trestle work, and brought off a great deal of valuable material.

But enough has been said to show the reader that in General Wheeler the country possesses a zealous, energetic and able officer. He is a small man, and exceedingly modest, and is content to do his duty in whatever circumstances he may be placed. He kept himself clear of all intrigues for or against others, being content to mind his own business, and to do his work at any point and under any officer, according to the orders of his superiors in command. Like Jackson, Longstreet, Hood and Cleburne, he looks to the good of the service and the success of our army, rather than to own selfish interests. The rise of such men, like the stars in the heavens, may be slow; but they are sure to reach the zenith at last, while those restless, selfish spirits which seek to dazzle the public eye by their fitful meteoric light, will as certainly disappear in the night of oblivion. Fortune stands ever ready to bestow her favors upon Temperance, Energy and Genius.

P. W. A.

Navigation of the Mississippi.—It appears that the great river, the possession of which was to divide the Confederacy and connect the affluent valleys of the Northwest with those of the South, from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico, of the value of which the enemy made so may boasts; which made the vain yankee's heart swim with ecstacy at the fall of Port Hudson and Vicksburg, is destined to be to the enemy only an evil. Recent advices from Mississippi state that almost every day witnesses the destruction of some boat attempting a passage between St. Louis and New Orleans. A correspondent states: "I think it will be impossible to run a transport from Columbus to New Orleans unless convoyed by a gunboat, and even then at great hazard.—*Rich. Exam'r.*

Absentees from the Army.—The whole energies of the Confederacy, public and individual, should be devoted to bringing back to the army the absentees and stragglers. Nearly half our military force is scattered over the country, and if returned to its proper position not another man would be needed in the field. We cannot spare the mechanical and agricultural labor to take the places of these drones who are consuming the fruits of the earth, and rendering no equivalent in any way for the bread they eat. Let no man, woman, or child countenance in any way men who have left their comrades to struggle single-handed against the enemies of the country. Let Congress devise, and the military authorities execute, the most stringent measures to have every soldier in his place when the grand tug of battle comes on in the spring.—*Rich. Dispatch.*

A Sensible View.—The N. Y. World, in commenting on President Davis's late message, says: "Whoever infers from this gloomy message that the rebels are about to give up, draws a conclusion which events will disappoint, and which careful reflection on the message itself should suffice to confute. If the rebels had any thought of surrender, they would not thus turn their Confederacy inside out for our inspection. If they considered negotiations for submission within the range of possibility, it would be their cue to conceal their weakness, in the hope of thereby obtaining more favorable terms. These bold confessions are among the most painful proofs of undaunted and invincible determination which the rebel chiefs have ever given."

The Tory Women of East Tennessee.—A soldier in Longstreet's army writes to the Savannah Republican:—

"This is a beautiful and fertile country, watered by the Holston river and numerous small tributaries, and pleasantly diversified with ranges of mountains running Northeast and Southwest. The people are divided in their sentiments, some true as steel to our cause, but many poor wretches converted by '*green backs*' are against us.

"The enemy have recruited some among these people, but from the lowest and most abject class, that are so mean and cowardly they are not at all feared. The respectable farmers are our staunch friends, but when you strike a bad neighborhood, look out for closed doors, ugly sharp-nosed barefooted women and a redundancy of white headed children. Go to one of their hovels and ask if you can buy a chicken, and immediately a frizzled head, angular faced female, will poke out a cranium from a hole in the logs, known as windows among them, and answer: 'No, 'thout you got greenbacks; you'ns money aint worth a —.' We wont repeat exactly, but hint that the dash means what they'll get if they ever die, provided there is not a reformation."

Gen. Sickles.—The Northern papers favor their readers with glowing accounts of a luxurious and magnificant carriage which has been presented to Gen. Sickles by his admirers. So goes the world. Stonewall Jackson, the saint and hero, rode an old sorrel horse that few but himself in either army would be willing to mount. Sickles, the military pretender, the notorious debauchee, who murdered his wife's paramour after conniving at his own dishonor, and who has been described by one of his own fellow-citizens as "the greatest prostitute in New York," rides in state like a prince. But who would not rather go afoot all his life and die a thousand deaths than be the occupant of that carriage?—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Christmas Prophecy.—Among the Christmas Carols, in the fine old collection, edited by Wright, and published in the very interesting Miscellany of Ancient British Literature, issued by the Percy Society, occurs a series of prophecies, touching the several days on which Christmas falls in successive years. This is taken from the Harleian Manuscripts. We give that which shows the sort of seasons and events we are to expect when Christmas Day happens on a Friday, as is the case the present year (1863). We modernize the spelling, and, in some small degree, the language:

"If Christmas Day on a Friday be,
The first of the winter hard shall be,
With frost and snow, and ice and flood;—
But the latter end thereof shall be good!—
Again, shall the summer be also fine,
And men shall profit in every line;
Women with child, and beasts with kine,
All shall multiply; none be lorn;
And the child who on that day is born,
Shall live a long and vigorous life,
Full of profit and free from strife.
Whose shall wrong his neighbor's right,
His crime shall quickly come to light;
And if then troubled or sick shall be,
It will soon be over and then go free."

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO

The Lynchburg Republican having mentioned the gallant conduct of R. B. Foster in resisting the advance of the yankees upon Salem, Va., that gentleman has communicated to the Abingdon Virginian the following statement, which shows what one brave man may do, and what every man ought to do when his county is invaded by a savage enemy:

RED SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., Dec. 26, 1863.—Messrs. Editors: I would not trouble your readers with a communication, but from the fact that I have seen an article in the Lynchburg Republican, in which the writer makes mention of my name in a very complimentary manner.

The enemy made their appearance in this section on the morning of the 15th inst., en route for Salem. As soon as apprised of their appearance, I mounted my horse, borrowed a rifle, and went in pursuit. Riding up the road a mile, I dismounted, tied my horse and concealed myself in the woods near the turnpike. The enemy's column by this time was considerably scattered. I watched my chance, and on one of the "blue jackets" approaching in twenty yards of me I leveled my rifle, and at its crack, the fellow reeled and fell.

I continued bushwhacking them until I fired seven shots, killing four and wounding 2. My horse was captured about noon, but I succeeded in capturing two which amply repaid me. At night I took six citizens with me and crawled up within ten steps of their pickets, and on being halted fired and ordered my little party to charge, but they being civilians, charged the wrong way, and "double quicked" in the opposite direction. Next morning about 9 o'clock, on the return of the enemy, I headed a party and charged the rear guard of the column while they were engaged in burning one of their broken down wagons. We fired upon them; and putting spurs to their horses, they were soon out of sight. This little surprise so alarmed the scoundrels that they immediately reported it to their commander, and on following them eight miles we found the road blockaded by trees and their regiments drawn up in line of battle.

And here I will end my short letter, stating that the enemy off account of swollen creeks and severe weather, found Salem a rough road to travel.

Very respectfully yours,
R. B. FOSTER.

Brilliant Affair in Fauquier.—On Jan'y 1st, 1864, a scouting party of 80 yankees dashed into Upperville to capture some of Mosby's men, whom they expected to find there. They were too late for this, but succeeded in getting 2 men of the 8th Va. regiment. Hearing while there that Mosby was to have a meeting that day in Rectortown, they concluded to break it up, and, if possible, capture him and his men. Not knowing the road from Upperville to Rectortown, they pressed as a guide a negro man, who brought them into the rear of the town. They found about 15 of our men there who soon got out of their way.

Maj. Mosby being absent on a scout, information was immediately communicated to Capt. W. R. Smith, hard by, who went out reconnoitering with Sgt. Johnson. He felt his way into one end of the town and saw the yankees go out the other end. In the meantime some 20 men had assembled under a large hill north of the railroad, awaiting orders from Capt. Smith. Soon Lieut. Williams came back with orders to forward to the town. We reached the place in a few minutes, and were there joined by other members of the command, thus increasing our number to 34 men. Having ascertained the exact number of yankees, we dashed through the town after them.

The bad condition of the roads, combined with their having half an hour's start of us, prevented our overtaking them at a nearer point than four miles from Rectortown. Our advanced guard consisting of *three men*, under the command of Mr. Mountjoy, charged them; the yankees halted and returned the fire. In the meantime, the men under the command of Capt. Smith came up. The Captain ordered us to charge them, which we did, and with such force did we *go through them*, although outnumbering us nearly 3 to 1, that they broke and ran like sheep. 5 were killed in the charge, 8 wounded, and 20 captured. We pursued them 10 miles, and picked up along the road 25 more, making 45 prisoners, besides 50 horses. When they passed through Union they had only 15 men out of 80. The casualties on our side were only 2 wounded.

Rich. Sen., 11th.

Capture of a Yankee Train and Yankees.—A portion of our cavalry forces, under command of Gen. Fitz Lee and Gen. Rosser, have been looking after the yankees, yankee trains, &c., in the mountains of Hardy. They have had a terrible time, so far as the weather was concerned; their passage of the mountain summits and passes entitling them to be ranked with Napoleon's veterans who faced the fury of a winter passage of the Alps. Their labors, we are pleased to say, have not been, so far, entirely fruitless. On Sunday evening they took a train of 40 yankee wagons, with their teams, guards and drivers. A majority of the wagons had six splendid mules and horses attached to them; and the wagons were of the very best description. We succeeded in getting out and bringing to this part of the Valley only 25 or 26 of the wagons, with all the horses and mules. The others were destroyed.

On Sunday night, we made a haul of about 50 yankees in a church. This was a surprise. The yankees had not the remotest idea that there were any of the Confederates about until Gen. Lee summoned them to surrender or fight, as they might prefer. They looked out, saw our forces, and concluded to surrender. The prisoners reached Harrisonburg on Wednesday evening.

Rockingham Register.

Success of Gen. Forrest.—A private despatch from Gen. Forrest, dated Senatobia, the 31st ult., to one of his Staff in Atlanta, says:

"I have returned with three thousand men for arms. On my way out I met the enemy and fought them four days, and repulsed them each day with heavy loss to them. My loss was light."

A special despatch to the Mobile Register, of the same date, giving an account of the same exploits, says Gen. Forrest crossed the Memphis and Charleston railroad safely on the 27th, after several fights, in all of which he was successful. He defeated the 7th and 9th Illinois, near Summerville, with heavy loss; captured Lafayette; drove the enemy into his works at Collierville; captured the wagon train of the 7th Illinois and sixty prisoners; fought the enemy, infantry and cavalry, at Jack's Creek north of Jackson, Tenn., on the 22nd and 23d, and drove them back. They did not advance again. Chalmers formed a junction with him yesterday.

Mrs. Ruth Lee was shot and mortally wounded, by her husband, Addison Lee, at Reuben Long's, near Harrisonburg, on last Tuesday. Lee had presented a cocked pistol to Long's breast, Mrs. Lee seized the pistol to prevent her husband shooting Long, and drawing it down received the contents in her own body.

To ascertain the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting which gives the length of the day.

WAR NEWS.

From Wilmington.—At about half-past five o'clock this morning a concussion was felt here that caused every house in town to shake, jarring the doors and windows and waking up the sleepers. Whether any report was heard we do not know; we felt the concussion and heard the noise produced by the jarring, but nothing else—no report as of a gun or the like. The feeling was of a sharp and powerful jerk or slam.

Wilmington Journal, 11th.

The concussion yesterday morning was occasioned by the burning of a yankee gunboat which had grounded not far from the wreck of the Bendigo, near Lockwood's Folly Beach. At five o'clock yesterday morning the enemy set fire to her, not being able to get her off, and at half past five she blew up.

We regret to learn that on Sunday night the Steamship Ranger, from Bermuda, with valuable government stores, was beached about a mile and a half West of the Bendigo. She was set on fire by her crew. The enemy attempted to board but were driven off by the Coast Guard. The firing yesterday was probably over the Ranger.

The Adair met with an accident to her machinery while being chased by the blockaders, after having landed her passengers on the coast. Her officers were compelled to beach her. She was boarded by the enemy, who broke into the liquor they found on board, and all got drunk. Twenty four of them were made prisoners by the crew and the coast guard, and turned over to the commander of the nearest post. All this occurred near Georgetown, S. C.—*Ib. 12th.*

Fight on Cosby.—ASHEVILLE, Dec. 31.—Last Thursday, the 24th, Gen. Vance had a brush with some 300 tories, on the head of Cosby Creek, Cocke county, Tenn., some 45 or 50 miles from this place. The enemy were strongly posted, but, after a few rounds our men charged them and they fled, leaving three dead, three wounded, all their camp equipage, a number of horses, and a few guns behind. Gen. Vance captured six or eight of the gang.

Gen. Vance's force consisted of a few regulars, and the Henderson Home Guards under Capt. Banning, and the Haywood Home Guards under Maj. Ray. All acted nobly, and when the order to charge was given the Home Guards dashed off with a yell that made the mountains ring. Gen. Vance says veteran troops never acted more gallantly.—*News.*

The Capture in Southwestern Virginia.—We have some particulars of the successful exploit of Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones in Southwestern Virginia on Saturday, the 3d inst. Gen. Jones, with his command, entered Lee county, and by a strategic movement succeeded in cutting off from Cumberland Gap a regiment of Federals and by the assistance of a portion of Col. Slemp's regiment, stationed in that county, captured some 600 of them on Sunday last at Jonesville, the county seat of said county, with three pieces of artillery, and all their horses, mules, and wagons. About 200 of the Federals succeeded in eluding the forces of Gen. Jones, and at last accounts were trying to escape by way of Pound Gap, in Wise county.

Gen. Jones's loss was 5 killed and 12 wounded.

Richmond Dispatch, 11th.

From East Tennessee—Capture of Wagon train, Three Pieces of Artillery, and the Killing and capture of the Guard.—A dispatch was received at the War Department yesterday from Gen. Longstreet, stating that Gen. W. E. Jones had attacked a Yankee wagon train at Jonesboro' and captured the whole train, three pieces of artillery, and killed, wounded and captured the whole guard of about 300 men.

Richmond Sentinel, 11th.

Mosby Again after the Yankees.—ORANGE C. H., Jan. 11.—Mosby attacked the picket post of the enemy near Warrenton on Wednesday night, capturing 18 prisoners and killing and wounding 18 or 20 more, and bringing off 40 horses, and all of the arms and equipments. Mosby lost none in killed or wounded.

Retaliation.—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from North Carolina, that the 62d Georgia regiment captured two negroes and a white lieutenant of a negro regiment who were identified as belonging to the party who hung Lieut. Griffith. It was determined to take the three to the spot where poor Griffith was murdered and hang them in retaliation. The captures were made in Perquimons county, N. C.

Richmond Sentinel, 11th.

The Tennessee Army.—From an officer in the army of Tennessee, who arrived here last evening we have the most encouraging account of affairs in that quarter. The officers and men have great confidence in Gen. Johnston, and the condition of the army has been much improved, both as regards numbers and supplies. It is intimated that there will be stirring news from a portion of that department which will agreeably surprise the public before many days.—*Ib.*

Gen. Johnston's Army.—The following is an extract from a private letter of Gen. Joe Johnston to a friend in Atlanta:

"I find the troops in general comfortably clothed. A few hundred, however, are without blankets, and as many without shoes. I fear that the Quartermaster's Department will not be able to furnish the blankets soon, but we are receiving and expecting regular supplies of shoes. Two benevolent ladies of Columbus—Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Law—brought us 150 blankets a few days ago, collected by them at that place."

Condition of Our Armies.—If the truth is to be told, we may say that our armies are now better clothed and shod than in any former winter campaign of the war. The principal suffering is that from the difficulty of subsistence. Besides this, our soldiers have hardly one-third the utensils absolutely necessary to cook the miserable pittance issued.—*Richmond Ex., 11th.*

Rumored Removal of Beast Butler.—A report was in circulation yesterday in the city that Beast Butler had been removed from his command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and that Burnside had been appointed in his stead. We were unable to trace it to any authentic source.—*Richmond Dispatch, 11th.*

Elder T. E. Skinner.—The friends of this gentleman will be gratified to learn that he has had a safe voyage and has probably arrived in England. When his letter was written he was within two days sail of Liverpool. Many persons had shown him great kindness on the way and he expressed the opinion that all the civilized nations of the earth, save the United States, sympathize with our country in her terrible struggle.

We sincerely hope that his journey may be safe and pleasant. He carried with him funds to purchase stereotype plates of the New Testament for the Board of Missions of the Baptist State Convention; and we shall await the next letter from him with some degree of impatience. If he can succeed in getting the plates through the blockade, the Baptists of N. C. will be able to do much towards supplying our soldiers with the Word of God.—*Biblical Recorder.*

Bank Stock for Sale.

APPLY to A. McLEAN,
Nov. 28, 1863. 83-tf