

The Western Democrat.

OFFICE
ON THE
WEST SIDE OF TRADE STREET

CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS, AND THE GLORY OF THE ONE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF THE OTHER.

\$2 per annum
IN ADVANCE

W. J. YATES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1862.

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WILLIAM J. YATES,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements not marked on the manuscript or a specific time will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Notice.

An election will be held at the several election precincts in Mecklenburg county, on the first Thursday in August next (7th day) for a Governor, Members of the Legislature, and a Sheriff. W. W. GRIER, Sheriff.

MANAGERS OF ELECTION.

The following gentlemen will hold the election at the several precincts at the time above named:

CHARLOTTE.—GOVERNOR'S BOX—W. F. Thayer, J. A. Kennedy, C. T. Alexander. LEGISLATURE—Wm. J. Hayes, J. P. M. Brown, David Parks. SHERIFF—J. P. Brown, J. P. E. Parks, Charles Wilson.

NOTES.—GOVERNOR—Wm. M. Jones, J. P. Sand, Loring, R. S. McGee. LEGISLATURE—W. S. Noyes, J. P. A. T. Sadler, John Batty. SHERIFF—Geo. C. Calhoun, J. P. R. H. Allen, De J. L. Cochran.

LONG CREEK.—GOVERNOR—A. M. Barry, J. P. Albert Wilson, E. A. McQuay. LEGISLATURE—J. H. Harry, J. P. R. D. Wadley, Robert Henderson. SHERIFF—J. P. McQuay, J. P. Geo. Elliott, Sam. Elliott.

DEWEES.—GOVERNOR—Wm. Patterson, J. P. Thos. E. Potts, J. L. Sloan. LEGISLATURE—E. H. Sloan, J. P. Wm. Caldwell, Wm. G. Potts. SHERIFF—D. W. Barnett, J. P. David Allen, De J. L. Cochran.

HILL'S.—GOVERNOR—B. H. Garrison, J. P. Abner Hunt, W. H. Sisson. LEGISLATURE—R. L. Dearmond, J. P. Robt. D. Alexander, D. F. Dixon. SHERIFF—S. W. Caldwell, J. P. B. F. McWhorter, Silas Hunter.

HARRISBURG.—GOVERNOR—G. W. Houston, J. P. J. L. Morris, Wm. H. Harrison. LEGISLATURE—R. M. Cochran, J. P. Edwin Alexander, S. A. S. S. SHERIFF—John S. Davis, J. P. Martin Alexander, Wm. L. Houston.

BAIT'S.—GOVERNOR—Wm. Maxwell, J. P. Charles Hinson, John C. Barr. LEGISLATURE—Robt. McEwen, J. P. Wm. B. Barr, James Wilson, J. P. SHERIFF—J. L. Phillips, J. P. J. H. Loring, John M. Wilson.

REAS.—GOVERNOR—J. M. Potts, J. P. Robt. Galt, Amer. Rod. LEGISLATURE—Arthur Galt, J. P. T. W. Spence, Robt. A. Campbell. SHERIFF—Lorenzo Hunter, J. P. J. S. Rod, T. M. Black.

PROVIDENCE.—GOVERNOR—Wm. Ray, J. P. J. N. Ross, W. P. Robinson. LEGISLATURE—W. M. Jones, J. P. J. E. Sample, W. N. McKee. SHERIFF—H. H. Potts, J. P. E. A. McKee, J. M. Matthews.

STEELE CREEK.—GOVERNOR—John M. Potts, J. P. J. S. Hony, Alex. Galt. LEGISLATURE—W. H. Galt, J. P. J. S. Hony, S. W. Rod. SHERIFF—John H. Galt, J. P. Thos. P. Galt, Stephen Galt.

W. W. GRIER, Sheriff.

N. B.—The number of votes given each candidate must be written in words, not in figures, and the seals containing the number of votes cast, up, must be returned to me before 10 o'clock the next day, except the seals containing the number of votes for Sheriff, which must be returned, sealed up, to the Clerk of the County Court.

May 27, 1862. W. W. G. Galt, Sheriff.

BONDS FOR SALE.

The first Mortgage Bonds of the Atlantic, Tenn., & Ohio Railroad Co. are offered for sale. They are secured by the endorsement of the Charlotte & S. C. Railroad Co.

There is no better investment for capitalists, and scarcely any bonds offered in market so secure. Apply to M. L. WILSON, Treasurer.

March 18, 1862. M. L. WILSON, Treasurer.

HIDES.

The market price paid for Hides, by May 13, 1862. S. M. HOWELL.

Will, Charlotte & Ruth, Railroad--WESTERN DIVISION.

On and after Monday the 15th instant, the Passenger and Mail Train will be run on this Road daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

GOING WEST.

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
7 00 A. M.	Charlotte.
7 45 "	Tuckasee.
8 15 "	Brevard.
8 45 "	Sharon.
9 00 "	Lincolnton.

GOING EAST.

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
11 00 A. M.	Lincolnton.
11 25 "	Sharon.
11 50 "	Brevard.
12 15 P. M.	Tuckasee.
12 30 "	Charlotte.

By order, V. A. McREE, Acting Master of Transportation. Lincolnton, April 4, 1861.

NOTICE.

I have for sale an excellent STEAM ENGINE of six-horse power, manufactured by Ames & Co. in Baltimore. It has an excellent boiler that has never been injured in any way. I will sell the engine and all its appurtenances at as reasonable terms as it could be bought in the Confederate States. I will also sell an excellent Dial Planing Machine.

THOMAS DAY, Milton, N. C.

SAMUEL P. SMITH, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Will attend promptly and diligently to collecting and settling all claims entrusted to his care.

Special attention given to the writing of Deeds, Conveyances, &c.

During hours of business, may be found in the Court House, Office No. 1, adjoining the clerk's office. January 10, 1862.

R. W. BECKWITH, Has constantly on hand

WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARE, &c. Of the best English and American manufacturers. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Watch crystals put in for 25 cents each. January, 1862.

Ordinance Department, RALEIGH, March 24th, 1862.

All pure Saltpetre delivered at the Ordnance Depot at Raleigh within the next six months will be paid for at the rate of sixty cents a pound. All that is impure will be received and paid for at the same rate for the pure Saltpetre it may contain. Transportation from any point on the railroads will also be paid by the Department. All communications on this subject should be addressed to Capt. A. W. LAWRENCE, Ordnance Department, Raleigh, N. C.

J. G. MARTIN, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Ordnance.

The Battles near Richmond.

June 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and July 1st and 2d, 1862.

THE CONFEDERATES VICTORIOUS.

LARGE NUMBER OF PRISONERS, GUNS, AMMUNITION AND STORES CAPTURED.—INCIDENTS, &c.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Enquirer and Whig.

When Gen. A. P. Hill had steadily driven the enemy from Meadow Bridge, on Thursday evening, June 26th, and had taken up the line of march towards Mechanicsville and the road, evening had far advanced, and it was supposed that a halt would take place. Gen. Ripley, however, with the 44th and 48th Georgia, and 2d and 3d North Carolina, made an attack upon the Yankee fortifications at Elyson's Mills, in which the 44th Georgia and 3d North Carolina suffered extremely, and did not succeed in taking them, owing to the impracticable nature of the ground. Operations were then suspended on our side, but the enemy kept up a deafening roar of artillery till late in the night. Longstreet's forces had meanwhile crossed, and marched parallel with the Chickahominy. The brigades of Gens. Featherstone and Pryor were in advance, and proceeding some distance, halted for the night. About midnight, Featherstone received orders to change his position, and to occupy a skirt of woods near Beaver Dam Creek, and facing the Federal batteries. He did so, and the men were scarcely asleep when, twilight approaching, the enemy discovered the bivouac, and immediately commenced to shell it vigorously. The men thus unceremoniously aroused, seized their muskets and fell in, and Gen. Featherstone, just arrived from headquarters, led them to storm the position—mounting ten guns, and supported by two or three brigades. Sharp fighting now commenced on all sides, when Gen. Pryor sent for assistance, and Wilcox soon came upon the ground. To cover the infantry attack, and draw off the artillery fire, the 3d Richmond Howitzers, some pieces of the Donaldsonville and Thomas Artillery, moved up and played upon the enemy's position magnificently. Having engaged the enemy for a long time, and finding it impossible to cross the creek without a bridge, one was constructed by some of the 19th Mississippi and 14th Louisiana under fire, when the whole force advanced, and closed up with the enemy, driving them in great confusion from the field. The difficulties of attack at this position were such that it is impossible to give a correct idea without many of the battery being on a height, flanked by rifle pits, a deep creek at the foot of the hill, and covered with a thick hedge.

The attack of our men on this position was impetuous and daring, but the loss was great, for the foe were so screened by their position it was impossible to get at them properly. Their loss was severe. Gen. Featherstone's Adjutant-General, Geo. P. Foote, was shot while riding far in advance of the 12th Mississippi, and although hailed to return, he did not, and was quickly singled out and mortally wounded. His body was shortly afterwards found despoiled—watch, money, and sword gone. The 12th Mississippi went out in the morning with 397 men, lost in this engagement 12 killed, 68 wounded, and 9 missing; the regiment was commanded by Major W. H. Lilly, who was wounded leading a charge. The 19th Mississippi went into action with 521—had 31 killed, 150 wounded. The 2nd Mississippi battalion, Col. Taylor, went into action with 234 men, and had 35 killed and wounded.

Fight at Elyson's Mills.

While Featherstone, Pryor, and Wilcox were thus successfully engaging the enemy on the right of our advance, Gen. Maxey Gregg and his brigade were also hard at work, and successfully stormed the strong position of Elyson's Mills, and took up the line of march on the left. They did not advance on the Mills by the road, as had been done on Friday evening by Ripley, but simply made a feint in that direction, crossed the main body higher up the creek, took the redoubts and rifle pits on flank, carried them with the bayonet, pushed through the camps, and followed the road towards Gaines's Mills, whither the enemy were retreating.

At Gaines's Mills.

From prisoners captured at both positions—who proved to be of the Valley Army—it was ascertained that we might expect stout resistance at Gaines's Mills, since three or four whole divisions were strongly encamped there, McClellan commanding in person, with Major-Generals McCull, Porter, Sedgewick, and others—their estimated force being not less than thirty-four thousand men. As our three columns moved by parallel lines, we followed and conversed with prisoners, who informed us that their loss on Friday at Meadow Bridge, Mechanicsville, and Elyson's Mills, had been fearful, and that the whole night had been occupied in burial. The Federals carry off all their dead and wounded, as fast as shot, and we only discover those who fall and are left at the actual moment of retreat.

The heads of our three columns having reached Walker Hogan's farm, north bank of the Chickahominy, about 9 miles northeast of Richmond, all came to a halt, and Gens. Lee and Longstreet took up quarters in the house and made dispositions for a further advance towards Gaines's Mills, distant about one mile through the woods. Featherstone's brigade having suffered much in the morning, Wilcox led, followed by Pryor, and Featherstone in reserve. The composition of Wilcox's command is mostly Alabamians; Pryor has the 14th Louisiana, St. Paul's battalion, 3d Virginia, and one other regiment; Featherstone has the 19th Mississippi, and 2d Mississippi battalions.

[The attack on the enemy's fortifications was assisted by the 2d and 3d North Carolina regiments, who fought bravely and suffered much.]

Storming Entrenchments.

It now being 3 P. M., and the head of our column in view of the Federal camps, Gen. Pryor sent forward with his brigade to drive away the heavy mass of skirmishers posted to our rear to annoy the advance. This being accomplished with great success, and with little loss to us, Pryor returned and waited orders. Meanwhile the Federals, from their camps and several positions

on the high grounds, swept the whole face of the country with their numerous artillery, which would have annihilated our entire force if not screened in the dips of the land and in gullies to our left. Advancing cautiously but rapidly in the skirt of woods and in the dips to the left, Wilcox and Pryor deployed their men into line of battle—Featherstone being in the rear—and suddenly appearing on the plateau facing the timber-covered hill, rushed down into the wide gully, crossed it, clambered over all the felled timber, breastworks beyond it, and began the ascent of the hill, under a terrific fire of sharpshooters and an incessant discharge of grape and canister, from pieces posted on the brow of the hill, and from batteries in their camps to the right on the high lands. Such a position was never stormed before. In descending into the deep creek, the infantry and artillery fire that assailed the three brigades was the most terrific on record. Twenty-six pieces were thundering at them, and a perfect hailstorm of lead fell thick and fast around them. One of Wilcox's regiments wavered—down the General rushed, furiously, sword in hand, and threatened to behead the first man that hesitated. Pryor steadily advanced, but slowly, and by the time that the three brigades had stormed the position, passed up the hill through timber, and over felled trees, Featherstone was far in advance. Quickly the Federals withdrew their pieces, and took up a fresh position to assail the three brigades advancing in perfect line of battle from the woods and upon the plateau. Officers had no horses. All were shot—Brigadiers marched on foot, sword in hand—regiments were commanded by Captains and companies by Sergeants, yet onward they rushed, with yell and colors flying, and backward, still backward fell the Federals, their men tumbling every moment in scores. But what a sight met the eyes of these three gallant brigades! In front stood Federal camps, stretching to the northeast for miles! Drawn up in the line of battle were more than three full divisions, commanded by McCull, Porter, Sedgewick, &c.—banners darkened the air—artillery vomited forth incessant volleys of grape, canister and shell—heavy masses were moving on our left through the woods to flank us! Yet onward came Wilcox to the right Pryor to the left, and Featherstone in the centre—one grand, matchless line of battle—almost consumed by exploits of the day—yet onward they advanced to the heart of the Federal position, and when the enemy had fairly succeeded in almost flanking us on the left, great commotion is heard in the woods—volleys upon volleys are heard in rapid succession, which are recognized and cheered by our men—"It is Jackson!" they shout, "on their right and rear!" Yes, two or three brigades of Jackson's army have flanked the enemy, and are getting in the rear! Now, the fighting was bitter and terrific. Worked up to madness, Wilcox, Featherstone and Pryor dash forward at a run, and drive the enemy with irresistible fury—to our left emerge Hood's Texan brigade, Whiting's comes after, and Pender follows! The line is now complete, and "forward" rings from one end of the line to the other, and the Yankees, over 30,000 strong, begin to retreat! Wheeling their artillery from the front, the Federals turn part of it to break our left, and save their retreat. The very earth shakes at the roar! Not one piece of ours has yet opened! All has been done with bullet and bayonet, and onward press our troops through camps upon camps, capturing guns, stores, arms, clothing, &c. Yet, like bloodhounds on the trail, the brigades sweep everything before them, presenting an unbroken, solid front, and closing in upon the enemy, keep up an incessant successive volleys upon their confused masses, and unerringly slaughtering them by hundreds and thousands!

"Stone-wall" at work.

But "where is Jackson?" ask all. He has traveled fast, and is heading the retreating foe, and as night closes in, all is anxiety for intelligence from him. 'Tis now about 7 P. M., and just as the roar of the enemy is complete—just as the last volleys are sounding in the enemy's rear, the distant and rapid discharges of cannon tell that Jackson has fallen upon the retreating column, broken it, and captured 3,000 prisoners! For in the night, his insatiable troops hang upon the enemy, and for miles upon miles are dead, wounded, prisoners, wagons, cannon, &c., scattered in inextricable confusion upon the road! Thus, for four hours, did our inferior force, unaided by a single piece of artillery, withstand over thirty thousand of the enemy, assisted by twenty-six pieces of artillery!

In total, we captured many prisoners, and thirty pieces of artillery up to 5 P. M., Friday, and in the battle of Gaines's Mills, captured 26 field-pieces, 15,000 stand of arms, 6 stand of colors, three Generals, (Reynolds, Sanders and Rankin,) and over 4,000 prisoners, including dozens of officers of every grade—from Colonel to Lieut. of the line.

The Federal force.

Every arm of the service was well represented in the Federal line—cavalry were there in force, and when our men emerged from the woods, attempted to charge, but the three brigades on the right, and Jackson's three brigades on the left, closed up ranks and poured such deadly volleys upon the horsemen, that they left the ground and infantry to decide the day. McCull's, Porter's and Sedgewick's "crack" divisions melted away before our advance, however; and the fight lasted one half hour longer, not one whole regiment would have survived. Gen. McClellan, prisoners say, repeatedly was present, and directed movements, but when the three brigades to our left emerged from the woods, such confusion and havoc ensued, that he gave orders to retreat, slipped off his horse, and escaped as best he could. Some say that he was severely wounded, and many officers (prisoners) believe the report that he was on the field as undoubtedly true; for every thing had been previously prepared for a grand fight at Gaines's Mills, McClellan even promising to capture our whole force, should we attempt to storm his camps. Results were different and so the Fates reward the greatest Liars of his age!

Much has been said of repeated "charges" made and "repulses." Wild imaginations have concocted many such foolish reports. There was but one "charge," and from the moment the word of command was given—fix bayonets, forward!—our advance was never stopped despite the awful reception which met it. It is true that

one or two regiments became confused in passing over the deep ditch, abatis, and timber earthwork—it is also true that several slipped from the ranks and ran to the rear, but in many cases these were wounded men; but the total number of "stragglers" would not amount to more than one hundred. This is strictly true; and redoubts to our immortal honor. Our troops received the command but once, and if Satan and all his host had confronted them, instead of mortal Yankees, the result would have been the same. There were no repulses—all arrangements worked like a charm, and we ought not only to do our soldiers justice, but heartily thank Providence for his guiding hand and assistance, in the immortal events of Thursday and Friday.

Money was found quite abundantly among the slain. Some men, in interring the dead, often searched the pockets, &c., one man finding not less than \$150 in gold; another fished out of some old clothes not less than \$500; another \$1,000 in Federal notes. Watches, both gold and silver, were found among the spoils, one lucky individual having not less than six chronometers ticking in his pocket at one time. As a general thing, more money was found upon the field than on any other of which we have heard.

Clothing in abundance was scattered about, and immense piles of new uniforms were found untouched. Our men seemed to take great delight in assuming Federal officers' uniforms, and strutted about so comically, much to the amusement of dusty, powder-begrimed youths who sat loling and smoking in the shade. Every conceivable article of clothing was found in these Divisional Camps, and came quite appropos to our needy soldiery, scores of whom took a cool bath and changed old for new underclothing, many articles being of costly material and quite unique.

The amount of ammunition found was considerable, and proved of very superior quality and manufacture. The exact amount captured we have not yet ascertained, but from the immense piles of boxes scattered through the camps, we conjecture that the enemy had laid in quite an unusual supply; expecting to use it, doubtless, upon our devoted men, and so they would did our troops stand, as they do, at "long law," and not come to "close quarters."

The cannon and arms captured in this battle were numerous and of very superior workmanship. The 26 pieces were the most beautiful we have ever seen, while immense piles of guns could be seen on every hand—many scarcely having the manufacturer's "mark," even tarnished. The enemy seemed quite willing to throw them away on the slightest pretext, dozens being found with loads still un discharged. The number of small arms captured, we understand, was not less than 15,000 of every calibre and every make.

The Federal wounded were collected together, and filled a very large hospital. The court-yard of a farm-house was selected, and scores could be seen reclining on the grass and expert surgeons operating with much skill and zeal. By mutual agreement surgeons are not considered prisoners of war, hence at the close of the late battle, Federal surgeons remained behind, and their services seemed very much appreciated by the men. As many as could be were conveyed to town and attended to, good conveyance being furnished, and much care manifested for their welfare.

It is impossible to get correct returns of the killed and wounded. Our loss was probably not over 2,000, at the highest calculation. The Federal loss is estimated at 20,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, if not more.

We regret to learn that Major T. S. Skinner, 1st N. C., was killed in the engagement on Thursday evening, in the attack on the Federal entrenchments.

Fight at Garnett's Farm.

About eleven o'clock Saturday, Capt. Moody's battery opened fire upon the entrenchments of the enemy located just beyond Garnett's farm. The battery fired some ten or fifteen minutes, and meanwhile a body of infantry, consisting of the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments, moved up under cover of the fire from the field pieces. The 8th, in advance, charged across a ravine and up a hill, beyond which the Yankee entrenchments lay. They gained the first line of works and took possession of them, but, it is proper to state, this was unoccupied at the time by the Yankees. The fire of the enemy was murderous, and as soon as our men reached the brow of the hill, rapid volleys of grape, canister, and musketry were poured into them. It was found almost impossible to proceed farther, but the attempt would have been made, had not orders been received to fall back, which was done in good order, still under fire.

The loss in the 7th is reported at seventy odd men killed, wounded and missing. In the 8th, severely wounded in the groin, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieut. Col. Towers was captured, but uninjured. The Yankees were completely hidden behind their works, and did not suffer much apparently. We took a captain, lieutenant, and some five or six privates, the Yankee picket force at that point. Later a flag of truce was granted to take away our dead and wounded, but a conference with Col. Lamar was refused. The Federal surgeons, however, did not think his wound a fatal one, and therefore, would not allow him to be taken away.

[Col. Lamar was re-captured by our men on Sunday, and was carried to Richmond.]

On Friday, Gen. Toombs was ordered to "feel" the enemy entrenched to the East and front of Garnett's farm. After receiving written orders to advance, Gen. Toombs sent forward the 2d, 15th and 17th Georgia. The enemy had near three brigades in a skirt of woods behind an abatis of felled timber and brushwood. The Georgians advanced spiritedly upon the Yankees and drove them back, not, however, until they had fought desperately for the ground. Finding it unfavorable to flank our force, the Yankees withdrew and left us in possession of the field. It was maintained until orders were sent for Gen. Toombs to retire. Gen. Lee pushed his advance until 10 o'clock Saturday night, and at 11 was in occupancy of the York River Railroad, the enemy's principal line of communication. This in effect pierced the enemy's centre, and separated their forces on the

north side of the Chickahominy from those on the south side.

Brig. Gen. Riker is among the prisoners brought to the city.

Maj. Edward Savage, N. C. State troops, was among the wounded. Major P. J. Sinclair, of the 5th North Carolina regiment, received a painful wound in the thigh.

In the engagement near Fair Oaks, Brigadier-General Griffith was mortally wounded. A Federal Lieutenant, who was captured and brought to the headquarters of Gen. Lee, reported that two entire regiments had deserted during the morning.

The Confederate forces occupied the enemy's position at the White House, on the Pamunkey, but all the stores of the enemy at that point were destroyed by them in their retreat.

The Federal flag made by the Yankees to float over the capitol building at Richmond was captured by Maj. Bloomfield, of General Magruder's staff, in the Federal camps, and was exhibited, with great applause, to our troops. It is an immense piece of work, fully twenty feet long, having thirteen stripes and thirty-two stars thereon! We understand McClellan received it as a present from the ladies of the city of Boston, and promised to plant it on the veritable "last ditch" to which the rebels should be run, and afterwards would gleve it, with all military honors, on our capitol at Richmond. How are the mighty fallen! Verily, George B. McClellan will be deplored, and such is the fate of the Greatest Living Liars!

The general engagement on Friday was between 50,000 Federals and 40,000 Confederates. The enemy was pursued for some distance, when they disappeared in the darkness. Our men, content with their victory, rested upon the field for the night.

The plan of attack in this day's battle may be summed up as follows: Gen. Jackson made his way around the entire rear of the enemy, and pitched into their left, driving, or rather "ludging" them all up in the centre. He then passed around their rear and came up on their left, while Gen. A. P. Hill's corps was pursuing down upon the right of their centre, and Gen. Longstreet and Gen. D. H. Hill were driving back their front in the same direction.

It must be understood that the battle was fought between one portion of our forces and one half of the enemy, the other half being on the (South) side of the Chickahominy, where no fighting of importance occurred.

Gen. McClellan, though immediately near and expected to command his forces in person, did not appear on the field. The prisoners taken by us manifested a strong feeling in consequence of this circumstance, and stated that the entire army engaged was similarly influenced.

The enemy's operations on Saturday night consisted in a clandestine movement in order to reach James River, sustained by their army on this side in front of Magruder's forces. They destroyed a large quantity of stores and other material so as to move through the by-roads and woods to the South side.

SUNDAY'S OPERATIONS.

At 1 a. m. Sunday morning our pickets down the Nine Mile Road were fiercely attacked by the enemy, and a severe and lively fight ensued. The enemy were easily driven back with loss, many prisoners falling into our hands. With the Federals threw down their arms and surrendered voluntarily. About 6 o'clock another picket fight occurred. The enemy were pursued past their fortifications, which were found for the most part deserted. It thus became evident that the enemy were retreating, and pursuit was instantly made and several fights ensued. All their camps were totally destroyed. Immense piles of stores were blazing at the moment of our visit, and the pursuit was continued over the red hot ashes of the camps and stores and many prisoners captured. Loud explosions were heard during the day, caused by the destruction of vast quantities of ammunition. Dense columns of smoke darkened the sky. The railroad Merriam's (a battery on a car) was far in advance of our men vigorously shelling the enemy at every turn.

It is almost impossible to afford in detail descriptions of the several engagements which have shed such imperishable lustre upon the arms of the Confederacy, and which have finally resulted in the overthrow, complete and disgraceful, of the hosts marshaled under the banner of subjugation.

Of the important results which must inevitably flow from our successes, and the discomfiture of the Northern army under McClellan, it is needless at this time to speculate. Suffice it to say that from the opening of the grand ball on Thursday afternoon down to the hour which witnessed the enemy in full retreat, the efforts of our forces were attended with unbroken success, and at no time did the brave men upon whom hung the hopes and the confidence of the country, falter or waver in their determination to make the victory decisive. Battery after battery was stormed with the most daring disregard of human life, and the apparently impregnable positions of the enemy were carried at the point of the bayonet with the most impetuous ardor. Never did men fight more bravely, and never was valor more sure and signally rewarded.

Our loss is heavy both in officers and men. The soil of Virginia, the grand old mother of States, is enriched with the best blood of her suffering Southern sisters, and from every State of the Confederacy the martyrs of liberty have united in pouring out the crimson tide as a rich and imperishable libation upon the altar of the one great common cause. There is no discrimination to be made between the gallant men who constitute the most magnificent army that was ever arrayed in combat. As sons of the Confederacy they fought, and as sons of the Confederacy they conquered. If one corps distinguished itself more than another in this, the greatest battle ever fought on this continent, it was on account of its position on the field.

Skirmishing began at an early hour and continued through the day at different points along the line. The great battle of the day, however, took place in the evening near the York River Railroad, some three miles from the battle-field of the "Seven Pines." Gen. Magruder commenced the attack about four o'clock, by advancing upon

the Yankee entrenchments. The first line was taken after a sharp conflict, and the enemy driven to another. Waiting only long enough to get the artillery in position, this also was stormed, and so on until seven forts had been occupied, the Yankees fleeing from each in wild confusion. The firing continued until 10 o'clock in the night, when the battle ceased. In this brilliant fight the men of Gen. Magruder's division won great honor and maintained the fighting reputation given them on the Peninsula. The Yankees fought desperately and contested the ground closely, but they could not stand the fierce charges made upon them. The loss was heavy to the enemy; one hundred and seventy-five Yankees were laid dead upon the field and eight hundred prisoners were taken. Our loss was not heavy, although many a good man was injured.

The advance of our men upon the enemy is described by an eye-witness as exciting in the extreme. From one fortification to another they rushed with an impetuosity that could not be checked. In their advance several magazines were exploded and an immense quantity of stores destroyed. Arms, baggage, overcoats, knapsacks, caps and haversacks, were scattered along the route in profusion. It was now understood that the Yankee army was divided and trying to escape towards the James River. After destroying the railroad and telegraph lines and driving the Yankees this side the Chickahominy, Jackson also crossed and pressed hard upon them.

While Magruder was thus successfully "pushing the enemy to the wall," on the south side of the Chickahominy, the redoubtable Stuart was not less successful in frustrating the plans of the young Napoleon on the north side. Dashing down to the White House, on the Pamunkey, he succeeded in bagging about 2,500 of the grand Union army at that point.

INCIDENTS.

"On to Richmond!"—Gen. Reynolds, of Ill., captured on the battle field of Friday, and brought to Richmond on Saturday, met an officer in the Confederate service, with whom in "old times" he had been a "boon companion." In the pleasant conversation which ensued, the Confederate officer said, "Well, General, you have got to Richmond at last." "Just as I predicted," replied the General. "When do you suppose McClellan will be here?" "I wouldn't be surprised to hear of his arrival to-night," responded the General with a smile, dashed with an interesting spark of bitterness.

"A hard road to travel!"—A sparkling little *jeu d'esprit* was furnished by a young gentleman, at one of the hotels in Richmond on Saturday. Some one asked if it was possible for McClellan's army ever to get to Richmond. The *Pan-cake* joker responded, "If he does, he will have to level two Hills, wade through a Long-street, pass a pretty strong Pickett, travel over a considerable number of Rhodes, and then batter down a 'Stonewall.' Certainly a hard road to travel."

Reading the love-letters from Yankee-land.—During the engagement on Friday evening, Gen. Lee, accompanied by his Staff, came upon a deserted camp on the field from which the Yankees had just been driven. A large number of Yankee knapsacks were piled up and strewed around, and amidst them, in a recumbent posture, with his boots magnificently elevated, was discovered a stalwart Confederate soldier, reading a letter taken from a mass of similar documents which the knapsacks contained. A humorous grin was playing over his features when the General and his Staff came up. "What are you doing here?" Gen. Lee inquired. "Reading—don't you see?" replied the soldier, scarcely observing him. The General deeming his easy manner, and safe position by no means becoming a Confederate soldier, when the roaring of the battle was thundering around, informed the literary hero who he was, which caused him to jump up about three feet from the ground, "scared half to death," and commenced bowing, blushing and apologizing in the most amusing style imaginable. The General then asked him what he was doing there, to which he answered, that he was placed in charge of the knapsacks; but when asked who placed him there, he was covered with confusion, and finally stammered out that "he didn't know the officer's name." He was then ordered to take care of the useful things, not mind reading the letters, and to report to the first Quartermaster, after which he would rejoin his regiment as speedily as possible.

A Yankee balloonist makes a short trip.—A body of our infantry, under cover of a thick intervening, passed around on Thursday to the flank of a number of Yankees, who were evidently approaching in market shot of them, just as one of their "Professors" was about to make an ascension. They halted in order to give the aerial voyager time to get up. The balloon was soon under weigh, and the windlass unwound, but as the observant Professor attained a