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Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.
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THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the play-ground, which shone
And you and me
But none are there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
That played with us upon the grass, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom, barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirit
But the "Master" sleeps upon that hill, which
Coated o'er with snow
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on the side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide
But the grape vine, when it rained now, where once we played the game,
And swung our sweethearts—'twas pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech
Is very low—was once so high that we could almost reach
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so
To see how much that I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by the Spring, upon an elm, you know
I cut your name
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same
Some heartless wretch had spoiled the bark—was doing, sure, but slow
Just as that one, whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

My lips have long been dry, Tom, but tears come to my eyes
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties
I visited the old church yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me
And when our time shall come, Tom, and when we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

Gen. McClellan's Address to the Army of the Potomac.

Gen. McClellan has been at last forced by Greeley and others to put forth an address to his army. Dated, "Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Fairfax Court House, Va., March 14," he says:

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have, had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown and your confidence in your General, are worth a dozen victories.

These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed, your commanders are (that I could wish) the moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks I see your faces the sure presage of victory—I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you.

The period of inaction has passed, I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right.

In whatever direction you may move, however strange my notions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle field. It is our business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children; and you know that your General loves you from the depth of his heart. It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that if it is necessary you will willingly follow me to our graves for our righteous cause.

God smiles upon us, victory attends us, yet I would not have you to think that our aim is to be attained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you that you have brave foes to encounter—foemen well worthy of the steel you will use so well.

I shall demand of you great and heroic exertion, rapid and long marches, desperate combats and privations. Perhaps we will share all these together and when this sad war is over, we will all return to our homes and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.
Major-General Commanding.

Successful Movement in East Tennessee.

The following is Captain Morgan's official report of a late movement of the forces under his command. The gallant partisan is doing good service:

SHREVEVILLE, TENNESSEE, }
March 19, 1862. }

Major-General W. J. Hardee, commanding First Division:
SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of a part of my command on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th inst. At about 4 o'clock, P. M. on the 15th inst., with Col. Wood and a detachment of forty men, I left Murfreesboro' for Gallatin, having learned that the Federal forces remained at that place. The chief object of the expedition was to intercept the mail, to destroy the rolling stock on the road, to make prisoners, and to obtain information of interest to the service.

Our destination was kept secret, and the command having been sent from Murfreesboro' in separate parties by different roads, to unite at some distance from town, it was impossible that the enemy could be apprised of the movement until after the blow was struck. A citizen at Murfreesboro', whose zeal and loyalty is undoubted, made the necessary arrangement of runners to keep us perfectly posted as to any movements that might be made with the view of cutting us off.

Our first march, conducted mostly at night, carried us about two miles beyond Lebanon. Early next morning we continued the march, crossing the Cumberland at Canton Branch Ferry, and reached Gallatin at about four P. M. Leaving the command just outside the town, Lieut. Col. Wood, of Wirt Adams' cavalry, myself and the men, disguised as Federals, entered and took possession. The Colonel, myself and two men galloped to the depot, and secured the telegraph operator, his instruments, books, etc. Among the papers found are several orders of Gen. Bull's some in cipher, which please find enclosed.

We secured, also, a few minutes after, as it came in, an engine and tender, carrying a number of carpenters to repair the road; they were made prisoner, but were released as we left the town. As soon as the citizens were made aware that we were Confederate troops, they fled in confusion to carry out their plans. Upon securing the engine we at once commenced to accumulate all the rolling stock (a large quantity) on the main track, preparatory to burning. When this was complete, the fire was applied, and in the course of an hour or thereabouts the engine was rendered permanently useless. That night, having picketed severely, we remained in Gallatin. The next morning we destroyed the water tank, and taking the engine, the Colonel and myself proceeded some miles up the road, with a view of discovering any approach of the enemy or the mail train. In the meantime a first lieutenant and four privates of Greider's regiment (Federals), on their way to Nashville, were taken prisoners by our pickets. The mail train being some hours behind time, and learning that our presence might have become known, we concluded to withdraw and return to Murfreesboro'.

Shortly after leaving Gallatin we learned that 20 of the enemy, in charge of three prisoners, were approaching Gallatin by the Scottsville road. It was determined to cut them off. Pushing the prisoners, with a guard, across to a Cumberland, we returned to effect the capture. We had taken our position on the road so as to secure the capture of all, but unfortunately, they were within half a mile of them, they were made of danger by a negro, and fled precipitately to the woods. Captain Austin, in command of the party, making his escape on a horse cut from a buggy. It being dark, we followed, we remained picketing the road until morning. No further opportunity offering, we resumed our march, and after traveling about sixty miles, reached Murfreesboro' about 2 o'clock next morning.

We were made acquainted just before reaching the town that a body of Federal cavalry had ridden through the evening before, and that the enemy was in large force near by. We remained about twelve miles from town, long enough to ascertain their exact locality, and then moved safely through, within two miles of their infantry. We reached Shelbyville about four o'clock P. M. to day, the men and horses were goodly dazed. Yesterday several transports passed down the Cumberland, carrying the remnant of Gen. Thomas' division, as our party had not entirely crossed we did not fire into them. From all we could learn, the enemy has commenced to move. A large body of cavalry was seen on the road to Cumberland. It is believed that the enemy have sent a large force down the Tennessee by boats, and will also move in force across the country. It is reported in Nashville that they intend to end the campaign in June. The prisoners will be sent forward in the 5 o'clock train to-morrow.

I have omitted to mention that before leaving Gallatin the engine was destroyed thus leaving but one on the road.

I have ascertained, beyond doubt, that Love a man of my command, who was taken prisoner in the affair of the 6th instant (since dead), was shot by the enemy after being taken.

The whole country through which we passed turned out in masses to welcome us. I have never before witnessed such enthusiasm and feeling. Men, women and children never wearied in their efforts to minister to our wants. All expressed themselves gratified at the presence of Southern soldiers in their midst. A handsome flag was presented to us by the ladies of Gallatin, and some accompanied us even to the ferry.

Upon our return a number of Col. Bates' regiment were enabled to accompany us. Very respectfully, yours,
JOHN H. MORGAN, Commanding.

OH, I'NEER SHALL FORGET.

Oh, I'neer shall forget the sad moment we parted,
'Twas a moment ordering with pleasure and pain,
When you kindled of the tear from my eyelids that started,
And whispered the hope of our meeting again.
In vain I try to my pain to hide,
When from my arms you burst away,
At home's call, far, far from me,
Whose smile of love of cheer'd our way.
How often I've watch'd the pale moonbeams when shining,
Along the dark wave of a far distant sea;
Oh, it waken'd my heart with the tenderest feeling,
To think that those moonbeams were smiling on thee.
And then my heart would anxiously start,
As fancy drew the swelling sail,
Which bore me to sweet love and you
Within your native land and vale.

How the Yankees are Oppressing Cotton in South Carolina.

We find the following appended to the Port Royal correspondence of the New York Times, of the 11th:

HEADQUARTERS, E. C.
HILTON HEAD, S. C., March 5, 1862.
GENERAL ORDERS No. 17—1, Mr. Edward L. Pierce, having been appointed by the Hon. Secretary of the Treasury General Superintendent and Director of all persons engaged in the cultivation of the land and the employment of the blacks, he is hereby announced as such.

2. The following instructions to the General commanding are hereby published for the information of all concerned; and commanding officers of all posts and stations within the limits of this command will be governed in strict conformity thereto:

WAR DEPARTMENT, February 18.

GENERAL: You are hereby directed to afford protection, subsistence and facilities, but as may be consistent with the interests of the service and the duties and objects of your command, to all persons who may present to you written permits, issued to them, under the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, setting forth that said persons have proceeded to Port Royal, under the sanction of the Government, for the collection, safe keeping and disposition of cotton, rice and other property abandoned by the possessors within your Military Department, and for the regulation and employment of persons of color largely held in service or labor by the enemies of the United States; and now within the occupying lines and under military protection of the army.

Such permits, signed by the Collector of the Customs at New York city, will be considered by you as emanating from the Treasury Department.

Under the head of subsistence will be included rations to such persons as may be employed under the direction of the Treasury Department, in the temporary charge of abandoned plantations, or with its sanction, in labor for the instruction and improvement of the laboring population.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman, Commanding at Port Royal, S. C.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE YANKEES WERE BAGGED ON EDISTO.—A correspondent sends us the following with regard to the capture of Yankee pickets last Saturday, on Edisto Island:

General Evans is fond of a joke, and hearing that a good body of the Yankees were posted as an advance guard at a certain point on Little Edisto, he determined to pay his respects to them in person. For this purpose, Pelton's Battalion, Moore's Battalion, a portion of the Horse Artillery, and Lieut. Salvo's detachment of the Washington Artillery—all under the immediate command of Col. P. F. Stevens—were, about six p. m., of the 28th, seen moving forward from their different camps, whistling in high glee, in expectation of fun ahead. About two o'clock the advancing force had safely crossed from Pineberry to the island over a bridge of boats. The General remained with a reserve at Pineberry, while another reserve was held at Bear's Island. Col. Stevens led the attacking force, and at the first gray prep of day came this enemy, who were well posted in a disadvantage. One of the Yankee sentinels bawled out—"Who comes there?" "Friends!" was the reply, when one of our unthinking volunteers, in true simplicity, cried—"They are not friends—they are Yankees!" and the Yankee "scolded a mouse," fired, and the fight commenced. It was vigorously kept up for a half hour or so, when the Yankees gave way and retreated in wild disorder through the woods. One of the enemy was killed, one mortally, and another severely wounded, and counting the one severely wounded, nineteen prisoners were taken. It is probable others were wounded for the rifles cracked sharply and continuously for about half an hour. Our forces returned yesterday without the loss of a man and without any accident worthy of note.—Charleston Mercury.

The London Economist, a standard authority in England in commercial matters, finally admits that India cotton can never supplant American in British markets. It says, in a late article, that a pound of Surat cotton makes less yarn than a pound of Orleans; that Surat cotton is shorter in the fibre, and cannot be made into yarn so fast, and that "all Africa is civilized and settled, the Confederate States will always be the cheapest and best cotton field in the world."

GOOD EXAMPLE.—Major Walker Reynolds has taken the lead in Talladega county, Alabama, in sending negroes to work the farms of poor men who are in the army, and have left farms and families behind. This he is doing.

Captain John H. Morgan Again.

The newspaper magnify over a heavy debt of gratitude to that gallant partisan leader, Capt. John H. Morgan, of Kentucky, for furnishing them, during the past few months, such abundant and interesting articles by his pen, dashing exploits against the Yankees, and has inspired them with greater faith than all the army of Gen. Johnston besides. His last feat we are just apprised of by a gentleman direct from Louisville, and is the most daring and successful we have yet recorded.

On Sunday, the 16th inst., Capt. Morgan, with forty of his men, suddenly appeared at Gallatin, Tennessee, twenty-eight miles to the north side of Nashville. After catching all the Union men in the place, and confining them in a guard house, Capt. Morgan, dressed in a Federal uniform, proceeded to the telegraph office at the railroad depot, a short distance from the town. Entering the office, the following conversation took place between Capt. Morgan and the telegraphic operator, a blustering fellow:

Capt. Morgan.—"Good day, sir! what news have you?"
Operator.—"Nothing, sir, except it is reported that that d—d rebel, Capt. John Morgan, is this side of the Cumberland with some of his cavalry. I wish I could get sight of the d—d rascal; I'd make a hole through him larger than he would fill himself."

While thus speaking, the operator drew a fine navy revolver, and flourished it as if to satisfy his vision, how separately he would use the instrument in case he should meet the famo' rascal Captain.

"Do you know who I am?" quietly remarked Captain Morgan, containing the conversation.

"I have not that pleasure," remarked the operator, "Well, I am Captain Morgan," responded that gentleman.
At these words the operator's cheeks blanched, his knees shook, the revolver dropped from his hands, and he sunk to the floor. He hoarsely whispered:

After the frightened individual had recovered himself, Captain Morgan required him to telegraph some messages to Louisville, among others, to the President, of the Journal, politely offering to act as his escort on his proposed visit to Nashville. Then taking the operator with him as a prisoner, Captain Morgan with his men awaited the arrival of the train from Bowling Green to Nashville.

In due time the train came thundering in. Capt. Morgan at once seized it, and taking five Federal officers who were passengers, he burned to engine of the train, and was then, conscious, and took along the locomotive with him to Pineberry, where he had started it towards Nashville. Before it had run ten or twelve yards, the accumulation of steam caused it to explode, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Capt. Morgan then started South with his prisoners and made his way to the Confederate camp.

The bridge over Barren river beyond Bowling Green has not yet been rebuilt, and the Federals had only a few locomotives and one train of cars, with which to do their business between Bowling Green and Nashville. The serious damage inflicted upon the Federals by this dashing exploit may be appreciated from this fact.—Atlanta Confederacy.

THE SOUTHERN FEELING IN BALTIMORE.—A correspondent writes to the New York Herald from Baltimore:

It is impossible to ascertain by what means the people of Baltimore who sympathize with the South were informed as to the movements, plans, to some extent, and state of feeling at the South. That they do keep informed has been too often demonstrated to be doubted. It is believed by them that the recent retreat of the Federal army of the Potomac is a strategic movement of the first water, and that while part of that army has gone to attack Burnside, the main body have only fallen back to a defensive line, to which they can retreat Richmond to better advantage than they could at Manassas.

They laugh to scorn the idea that the war is any nearer its termination now than it was in July. They say, indeed, that the war has only just begun; that the South has never been invaded before now, and that the Union armies will meet with reverses that will annihilate them before they can enjoy any permanent success in the Southern States. They ridicule the idea of there being any latent Union feeling at the South, and that the Southern States are united as one man in their determination to achieve their independence, and that their recent reverses will only nerve them to renewed efforts. They may be mistaken, but this view is corroborated by all the intelligent persons who have reached here, and it is certainly not the part of wisdom to ignore it.

The News.—The telegraph brings us nothing to believe the suspense and anxiety felt throughout the South. We learn from our exchanges that Mr. Jellicoe is moving cautiously with the Army of the Potomac, while Bull and Halleck, with a reported force of 125,000, are assembling to attack our forces at or near Corinth.

Island No. 19 continued to be gallantly defended up to the latest intelligence received from the 28th ult. Stores provisions and ammunition had been furnished our men in abundance, and it is thought that the Island can and will be held. The next great battle, however, is looked for at Corinth, or some other point near the latter place on the Mississippi.

Bull is said not yet to have passed Columbia with his column, some attributing his tardiness to the swollen condition of the watercourses. It is more probable that other cruises are operating, and that he feels the necessity of great caution, or his active mind is contemplating some skillful maneuver.—Guardian.

Late from Newbern.

A gentleman who has recently returned from the vicinity of Newbern, N. C., informs us that the Yankees have complete possession of the town, and are helping themselves freely to everything they desire. Gen. Burnside has appropriated the palatial residence of the Bank of Commerce as his headquarters. Gen. Foster has taken possession of another handsome dwelling, and Gen. Reno occupies the Bank of Newbern.

The pickets of the Vandals are thickly stationed in every direction, for nine or ten miles out, but our scouts and pickets are so familiar with the country, that not a day passes without scaling the fate of a Yankee.

The villains are pillaging the people for miles around, stealing every article of value upon which they can put their thievish hands. One day last week they went to the house of a widow lady, residing some seven or eight miles from Newbern, and seized a splendid piano, placed it into a wagon and drove off. A faithful old darkey on the plantation, knowing the locality of some of the Confederate pickets, slipped away and made known the movements of the thieves. Our men hid in ambush, on the side of the road, and as the wagon approached, rushed out and demanded a surrender. The Yankees immediately got out, and intimated a willingness to succumb. One of them, however, attempted to run, but was halted by a well-directed shot from one of our men. The explosion of the gun frightened the mules hitched to the wagon, and they started off at full speed, taking the wagon and piano safely into Newbern.

On Friday last three hundred Federals landed from their gun-boats at Washington, N. C., and headed by a band of music marched through the town, playing Hail Columbia, and waving the stars and stripes at a lively rate. The few people who had remained in the place since the fall of Newbern, received them with marked coolness. Their music and their banners wholly failed to arouse any of that Union feeling which Marble Nash Taylor collected several thousand dollars in New York to set free, so they left without disturbing either persons or property.

The people, we hear, are burning their cotton and turpentine in all directions. For miles and miles, our informant states, immense columns of dense, black smoke, are ascending to the heavens and darkening the skies.

Capt. Sutton, who was taken prisoner at Hatteras, and suffered a long confinement at Fort Warren, gathered all his cutn into a pile, surrounded it entirely with all the turpentine he possessed, and then, with his own hand, applied the torch.

Recent advices from the scene of battle, confirm the fact, that some of the hardest fighting was done at Newbern, which has been the result of the war.

Col. Vanee's regiment, also Col. Avery's Col. Campbell's, and particularly "Whitey" Battery, fought with a gallantry worthy of the name, and every shot swept through and through the lines, as many as fifty falling at a time. It is stated that Burnside has offered a reward of \$1,500 for the procurement of Captain Whitford's person.

The Methodist Church, both in the city and of the banks, and a large academy, are all used as hospitals. Hundreds and hundreds of the Vandals have been put under ground already, and hundreds more yet linger in extremis, with no prospect of recovery.—Petersburg Express.

The Enemy's Plan.

The Wilmington Journal is probably correct in its idea that Burnside intends to attempt to cut us in two at Raleigh. It says:

The attack upon the Confederacy through North Carolina has now been developed from the Pamlico Sound. The line of operations, in the opinion of military men, is, no doubt, by way of Raleigh, cutting off the line of railroad communication by the interior at Raleigh, there cutting off that by the Central road and the Raleigh and Gaston road. This will in all human probability be the main attack on the Atlantic States South of Virginia. It is the line of advance which promises the most decisive results, and which, if successful, will result in cutting the whole Atlantic slope of the Confederacy in two. It is an attack which requires to be met with all the force of the State and all the force which the Confederacy can bring to bear. It must be met. The Confederate authorities are at last aroused to the vital importance of the issue. An honored son of North Carolina, a brave and able General, is at Gallatin, and to his standard the strong arms and stout hearts of the State and must and will rally for the salvation of their glorious old mother, the safety of their homes, the preservation of their liberties and the success of their cause. They must come from the north and the south, from the East and from the West, from the North and from the south from the centre and from the circumference, with their muskets where they can get them, with their shotguns where they cannot. Now is the time. A bold and determined effort and the enemy is repulsed and our cause is won.

State Donation.

Mr. Yardey Melter, of this town, has made a donation of twenty acres of valuable land, about half a mile from the town, near the railroad, to Brushy Creek, to the State, for the purpose of establishing at this place a gun foundry and machine shops.

The manager states that some time will elapse before small arms can be manufactured—only repaired—while preparations will be made at once for turning out all kinds of ordnance.—Greenville Patriot.

Yankee Device for Personal Safety.

The Philadelphia Inquirer has the following remarks about the "Soldier's Bullet-Proof Vest":

This protection entirely supercedes the cuirass now in use with all the cavalry in Europe. It is much lighter, much cheaper, and is destined to become an exceedingly important defence to our men, not only for cavalry, but infantry.

The vest is made like the ordinary military vest, but contains two plates of fine light steel. It weighs from three and a half to five pounds only. It will resist all bayonet and sword thrusts, pistol balls at ten paces and rifle balls at forty rods. A heavier plate, for cavalry and artillery, weighing eight pounds, is proof against rifle balls at the short distance of eighty paces.

Messrs. G. & D. Cook & Co. of New Haven, who are now making large orders, have perfected this simple and efficient protection through three months of constant trial in the presence of many officers. It has been tested in the presence of some of our best citizens at the warehouses of the Messrs. Elliott, No. 231 Broadway, where it is sold; also at the Benton Barracks, St. Louis, at Cincinnati and other places, where its value has been proved beyond doubt. Its merits are such that a Board of Officers, appointed by the War Department, having it now undergoing a series of tests, which, so far, have proved, as we understand, satisfactory to the gentlemen composing the Board.

The result of these trials is that officers and men are supplying themselves, to a considerable extent, at their own expense. But if these facts are facts, it is one-half of our severe loss at such desperate fights as that at Fort Donelson can be saved, they ought to be saved.

The Yankee Prisoners.

There are now confined in the guard house in this city three Federal prisoners—two are Germans, who were captured on Sunday near Wilmington Island, and the other, a Jerseyman, was taken near Ferdinanda. The one from New Jersey reports himself as a native of that State, and that he was drafted with the 97th New York Regiment. He says that that regiment are nearly all Germans, many of whom have been in this country but a few months. He is very illiterate, and can neither read nor write. He informed us that he was tired of the war, as were many of the regiment to which he belonged. That all had been deceived, that their officers treated them harshly; that the horses were poor and the men were "kilt" to eat, and that he embraced the first opportunity to make his escape. He appeared to be gratified with his present quarters, and was willing to enlist in the Confederate army and fight on the side of the South. He says that necessity compelled most of his regiment to enlist for the war.

The two Germans belong to the 46th New York Regiment. One gives his name as Leno Ack, and has been in this country about two years. The other who calls himself Frederick Schmakie, is a Prussian and says he has been in this country about seven years; that he has a wife and two children in Baltimore. He is gratified that he was captured, and hopes he will soon see his family, as he knows they are destitute. He is tired of the war, and would not enlist again. He can speak but a few words of English.

The other, Ack, can speak but little English. He says that nearly all of the 46th New York Regiment enlisted because they had no employment in the North. They were promised thirteen dollars per month, and one hundred dollars when the war was over, but up to this time had received but little pay. The first month they were paid off in gold, and the next two months they received United States paper issued by the Government. He explained to us some of this paper currency. On the left hand side of the bills is an engraved likeness of old Abe, which he was told was very popular in the South. He appeared to be surprised when informed that his money was worthless in this section. He says that the 46th New York Regiment numbers 700 men, and the Connecticut 7th about 1,000, that both these regiments are on Tybee Island, together with a company of artillery; that the enemy enjoy very good health, and have had but little sickness.

These men were so ignorant that they could not remember the names of the vessels they were attached to, but thought it was the gunboat Montezuma. They say she had about one hundred men on board, but on Saturday the day previous to their capture, she was reinforced by some forty or fifty men from Tybee Island.

When asked what they were fighting for, these men promptly and frankly replied, "For pay." They said that necessity compelled them to enter the Federal army, and that if an opportunity offered they would join the Confederate forces and fight for the South. The most intelligent man of the two stated that at least one-half of the 46th Regiment were in favor of the South, asserting that she was right, while the other half took sides with the North. All of the men were tired of the war, and wish it brought to a speedy close. They were under the impression that in two months the war would be terminated, and that they would all return to their homes and receive their pay.

They say that Col. Rose is in command of their regiment, and that they heard the officers say that on next Friday Fort Pulaski would be attacked. That in a few days it would be captured, and then the Federal army would advance on Savannah and take it.

We give the above for what it is worth, being the expression of captured prisoners. It is proper to say, however, that they appeared to be frank and free in their conversation, and free from all restraint.

THE FALLING BACK OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We learn that the government not only cordially approves the strategic movement of General Johnston in changing his line of defence, but that the question of falling back from the old line of the Potomac was confined entirely to his discretion some weeks ago by the President himself.

It is now ascertained that some three or four weeks before the army fell back, General Johnston visited the President and disclosed to him the extraordinary plans compassed by the enemy, which made it vitally necessary, in his opinion, to fall back and organize a new line of defence. He stated his conviction that the enemy, by a movement of some forty or fifty thousand troops through Harper's Ferry and the Valley, designed to fall upon his rear, and proposed to defeat this object by confronting him on a new line of defence.

For the space of three weeks before the army left its entrenchments at Manassas, preparations were being made for falling back, by the quiet and gradual removal of the vast accumulations of army stores; and with such consummate address was this managed that our own forces had no idea of what was intended until the march was taken up. The first intimation the enemy had of the evacuation of Manassas was, the smoke of the soldiers' huts that had been fired by our army, and as the last column of our forces retired, we are assured that the advance of the movement, on General Johnston's side, was already at Snicker'sville, a gap in the Blue Ridge.

That the strategic plans of the enemy were completely foiled by this masterly movement of General Johnston is quite evident in the tone of disappointment and vexation in which the Northern newspapers refer to the evacuation of Manassas, which, unless there had been some discount of their own strategy by such an event, they would be likely to regard as a considerable advantage on their side in locating them further into the territory of Virginia.

The most, if not the only successful strategic movements of last year's campaign was General Johnston's evacuation of Harper's Ferry and his movements in the upper portion of the Valley. This evacuation was extremely misunderstood, and brought a great deal of popular and ignorant censure upon General Johnston, who was characteristically resolved to leave no vindication to the progress of events. His movements, in a three week's time, the enemy's plans at least thirty days, and it is confidently at the same extent of disappointment and discontent on the enemy's side will be the result of the late change of our line of defence.

The advantages accomplished in the falling back of our army are, that it has foiled the state plan of the enemy almost at the instant of its accomplishment, besides bringing our forces into a position to encounter any demonstrations that the enemy may make in new directions. The excitement of locomotion and change of scene were said, too, to have had the most happy effect upon the spirits of our troops, who are altogether, in better fighting trim than they have ever been since the battle of Manassas. Our readers may rely upon it that the aspect of affairs in the direction of the Potomac is, every respect, cheering and encouraging.

[Richmond Examiner.]

FROM ISLAND 10.—We have a private letter from Island 10, dated the 23th, from which we make the following extract:

We are all safe here, so far as the Federal gun boats are concerned. They are afraid to come in reach of our guns. We have already sunk one of their boats; and another would sink if she was in deeper water. After she was fired into by a rickety boat from Capt. Rucker's battery, they ran up on to a bar, and have been working at her for several days—trying to repair her. They may have repaired her, but they are unable to remove her. I fear or five of their gun boats, and several transport boats, having been pulled at her, but with no success. They have abandoned her for the present—she is said to be the best of the finest boat in the whole fleet.

Capt. Rucker has completely immobilized himself. But for his indomitable courage and energy, the island would have been taken. His battery still stands ready to give the enemy fight.

LATER.—The Grampus has just landed from the opposite side of the river, and brings with her three Missourians. One's thought to Gen. Lincoln. They all report the best which I speak of as being on the bars having been shot through, from a steamer, killing twelve men. They report, also, that at the fight at New Madrid we killed over one thousand men. The shells which they threw at us weigh from 100 to 200 pounds. One was thrown as Sterling's battery to day, which did not burst. Col. Finnie dug it up and weighed it. The weight was 190 pounds. He intends to bring it to Memphis, provided he can get another, and place them on his gate posts.

[Memphis Appeal, 23rd ult.]

"CONSULAR EXEMPTION."—We are informed that the number of "Protections" issued by the various foreign Consuls in this city reaches a total of 600 or 700. We had not imagined that European Powers had so many use and local citizens—some bearing names—under the shade of a Palmetto. It becomes an interesting inquiry how far these exemptions will diminish the number of our "votes."

[Charleston Mercury.]