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Poetry.

A Soldier's Dream of Home.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

You have put the children to bed, Alice—
Maud and Willie and Rose;
They have kissed their sweet "Our Father,"
And sunk to their nightly repose.
Did they think of me, dear Alice?
Did they think of me, dear Alice?
"God bless him, and God bless him,
Dear father, far away!"

Oh, my very heart grows sick, Alice,
I long so to behold
Thee with thy curls of gold,
And Maud and Willie and Rose;
So merry and full of glee,
Oh, my heart yearns to unfold ye,
My "smiling group of three."

I can hear the noisy day, Alice,
The camp life gay and wild
Shouts from your yearning bosom
The thought of wife and child.
But when the night is round me,
And under its starry beams
I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams!

I think of the pale young wife, Alice,
Who looked up in my face
When the drum beat at evening
And called me to my place.
I think of the sweet bridlings
Left in the dear home-land,
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.

Oh, when will the war be over, Alice?
Oh, when shall I behold
Thee with thy curls of gold,
And Maud and Willie and Rose;
So merry and full of glee,
And more than all, the dear wife
Who bore my babes to me!

God guard and keep you all, Alice!
God guard and keep me, too;
For if only one were missing,
What would the others do?
Oh, when will the war be over,
And when shall I behold
Thee whom I love so dearly,
Safe in the dear home fold!

THE RESPONSE.
I have put the children to bed, Harry—
Rose and Willie and Maud;
They have sung their hymns together,
And whispered their prayer to God.
Then Rose said, gently smiling,
"Come Willie and Maud, now say
"God bless the dear, sweet father,
Father, so far away."

And such a glad trust arose, Harry,
In this sad heart of mine,
For I felt that God would keep you
Safe in his hand divine;
And I kissed their pure, young foreheads,
And said, "He is over all!
He counteth the hairs of your heads, darlings,
And noteth the sparrow's fall."

Then I sang them to their sleep, Harry,
With hymns all true and low,
And I knew that God was listening
From his gracious throne above.
And side that calm, sweet evening,
I have felt so happy, dear,
And so have the children, Harry;
They seem to know no fear.

They talk of your coming home, Harry,
As something sure to be;
I hat to their childish prattings,
Nor care to check their glee.
For oh! 'tis a cause so noble,
And you are so brave and true,
And God protects His own, Harry,
And surely will watch over you.

So keep up a brave good heart, Harry,
God willing—and He knows best—
Well welcome you, safe and happy,
Back to the dear home-land.
And Maud and Rose and Willie
Shall yet, with a moistened eye,
Give thanks to the dear, good Father,
While you stand tearful by.

Christmas Hymn.

BY JOHN G. WATTERS.

(Written for the Children of the Philadelphia School,
St. Helena Island, South Carolina.)
Oh, none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we;
Were free on Carolina's shore,
Were all at home and free!

Thou friend and helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door,
And every yoke to break.

Look down, oh Savior, sweet and mild,
And help us sing and pray;
The hands that blessed the little child
Upon our foreheads lay.

To-day, in all our fields of corn
No driver's whip we hear,
The holy day that e'er their born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile,
Oh never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helena's isle.

For none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we—
Were free on Carolina's shore,
Were all at home and free!

Once Free, Always Free.

The recent decision in a slave case at St. Louis is so important that it is worth while to understand it fully, and the principles involved in it. Benjamin Williams, a negro, was brought before the St. Louis criminal court to be tried for grand larceny and convicted. The law of Missouri punishes a slave guilty of this crime by whipping, not to exceed thirty-nine stripes, while the free man is punished by imprisonment from two to seven years. It was therefore necessary for the judge to determine the status of the culprit before pronouncing sentence. Evidence was brought showing that Williams, whose real name is Douglas, was three months ago the slave of Major Thrallhill of the rebel army. The counsel for the prisoner, who preferred stripes to imprisonment, argued that he was not a free man because the president's proclamation is unconstitutional and void. The whole case turned on that point. Judge Glover gave an elaborate decision, quoting largely from the legal authorities. He reached this conclusion:

"From the best judgment which I can bestow upon the question, I am of opinion, and so declare, that the prisoner is a free man, free by virtue of the proclamation, and that being once a free man he is forever a free man, for I know of no power or law by which a man being once emancipated can be again mancipulated. On the 1st day of January of the present year of grace, the prisoner, then a slave, became rehabilitated with freedom, and though he has again lost that freedom, it is only temporarily; though again placed in servitude for a period of his life, it is only that servitude affixed to a penalty for crime, and which has been recognized in all ages and countries under the mosaic as under the Christian dispensation."

It has been objected to the proclamation that it would amount to little practically, because as soon as the war ends the southern state courts will declare the proclamation null and void, and so reduce the freed negroes to slavery again. If Judge Glover's decision is in accordance with the established principles of law, there can be little room to fear any re-establishment of slavery by judicial process. If the proclamation is valid for the time being its legal consequences must be permanent and unchangeable, and once free the slaves will be always free. With regard to the law of nations applicable to the case, Judge Glover quotes the following passage from Vattel, which is quite as applicable to civil war as to foreign war:

"It has been observed that we may be obliged, if not externally, in conscience and by the laws of equity, to restore to a third party the booty we have recovered out of the hands of an enemy, who had taken it from him in an unjust war. The obligation is more certain and more extensive with regard to a people whom our enemy had unjustly oppressed; for a people thus spoiled of their liberty never renounce the hope of recovering it. If they have not voluntarily incorporated themselves with the state by which they have been subdued; if they have not freely aided her in the war against us, we certainly ought to use our victory as not merely to give them a new master, but to break their chains. To deliver an oppressed people is a noble fruit of victory; it is a valuable advantage gained, thus to acquire a faithful friend."

The Defeat of Van Dorn.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, Monday, April 13, 1863.

The flag of truce sent out from Franklin yesterday, learned that the rebel Gen. Crosby was wounded, also two of Van Dorn's aids. The rebels lost heavily in wounded. We captured many horses. Van Dorn had expected to capture the town. He had received information that the Union force was only 2,500 strong. About thirty-five citizens, active and violent rebels, some of whom were on the vigilance committee last year, were arrested to-day by order of Gen. Mitchell, and lodged in the Penitentiary.

LOCKJAW.—I have noticed, lately, several deaths by lockjaw, and for the information of all I will give a certain remedy. When any one runs a nail or any sharp iron in any part of his body, take a common smoking pipe, fill it with tobacco, light it well, then take a cloth, or silk handkerchief, place it over the bowl of the pipe and blow the smoke through the stem into the wound. Two or three pipeful will be sufficient to set the wound discharging. I have tried it myself, and for others, and found it gave immediate relief. If the wound has been of some days' standing, it will open again if the tobacco is good. Try it, any one who may chance to get such a wound.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Marriage a la Mode.

"Tom you should take a wife." "Now, love forbid, I found you one last night." "The deuce you did!" "Softly, perhaps she'll please you." "Oh, of course!" "Fifteen—alarming—witty." "Nay, that's worse!" "Discreet—all show—handsome." "To lure the fellows!" "High-toned—aye, haughty—tender-hearted—jealous—Talents overflowing." "Aye, enough to suffice me!" "And then, Tom, such a fortune!" "—Introduce me!" "I'm monarch of all I survey," as the pig said when he was revelling on the garbage.

PAPA—"Well, my dear, did you tell mamma, that Miss Myrtle was waiting to see her?"
CHILD—"Yes, pa."
PAPA—"And what did she say?"
CHILD—"She said, 'What a bother!'"

THE FOUR SEASONS.—*Schoolmaster:* "Come here, boy, and tell me the names of the four seasons." *Young Prodigy:* "Pepper, mus'ard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother seasons with."

WANTED TO KNOW.—If a man who did not know what to do ever got a job?—and if a bald-headed man can be said to be hair-brained?

POP.—"Pop-ping the question" derives its significance from the fact that it has become a condition precedent of a legally increased pop-ulation.

The Charleston Fight.

(From the New York Tribune of the 14th.)

At sunrise a veil of mist hung over the horizon, but toward the middle of the forenoon it cleared rapidly away, and at ten o'clock the pilot announced that, at last, our work would commence.

Early in the morning signals from the shore revealed to us the undisputed possession of Folly Island by Col. Howell's brigade. Gen. Seymour is with it, and seems at a loss why we did not move to the attack with daybreak.

The Admiral, Commodore Turner, and all are anxious to get under way as soon as the mist had disappeared. But Pilot Godfrey again prevails with his argumentation in favor of going in upon low tide, and we must put up with continuing upon the rack of suspense until afternoon.

As the morning hours advanced, the sphere of our operations became more and more defined. On the lower end of Morris island rebels could be seen dragging heavy guns to the beach. The men and guns on the walls of Forts Sumter and Moultrie could be readily counted. The spires and even the houses of Charleston seemed not more than a mile or two off.

At noon there is a call for a general muster on the gun-deck. From the admiral down to the powder-boys, all humbly kneel and listen to and seek strength for the coming trial, from a short, touching prayer read by Commodore Turner. The recollection of the sight of those four hundred determined, battle-eager men, bowing in picturesque groups before their Maker, around the grimest implements of war, will never be effaced from my memory.

At 12 1/2 the signal to get under way was hoisted on the flagship. The question how the iron-clads were to communicate with each other during action had often puzzled me, but an ingenious arrangement contrived by the officers of the Ironsides and the admiral's staff, consisting of a narrow opening in the plate over the aft masts, through which a long pole with small flags was raised above the spar deck, gave assurance of a ready communication and comprehension of orders.

There was some delay with the Monitors ahead of us; but at ten minutes of two o'clock the whole line was in motion.—Gen. Seymour telegraphs a "God bless you" when our screw made its first revolutions.

Now comes the stirring general call to quarters. There was a great bustle for a few seconds, but the apparent chaos on the gun and powder decks quickly changed into the most perfect order and quietude, and in a few minutes after the order was given, every breathing body, Lieut. Town of the army signal corps, his two assistants and myself, alone excepted, was ready to do his part in the action. There was not that boisterous, evanescent enthusiasm I have often seen rise in the army to a high pitch, and then suddenly fall to the depth of craven-heartedness; but the calm resolution and prompt obedience of orders that is the vital condition of success in battle. There were five hundred men on the two decks; but a remarkable stillness prevailed. Their countenances, however, reflected the light of firm determination, although the mouths did not speak of it.

The grating over the hatchways was fastened by this time, with the exception of a small opening aft, through which the few permitted to remain upon the spar-decks were passing up and down. We were going at the rate of about four knots an hour. The little craft before and behind us were vigorously plowing the water with their blunt bows, keeping well in line. Nearer and nearer did we approach. Clearer and clearer became the line of the rebel defences. Already we can count the guns on Fort Wagoner, (the work next to Morris lighthouse) and Cummings Point, and the windows of St. Vincent and Moultrieville. At 2:25 the first signs of the afterward fatal difficulty of steering the ship in a tideway became manifest. The boat swung on the port side, and it was necessary to stop her engine to steady her course. In a few minutes we were again in motion.

The first four monitors had already passed Fort Wagoner, and we were now abreast of it. We can look into the very muzzles of the guns; but they remain silent. We know not what to make of it. Ahead we steam, anxiously awaiting the reports of the first gun. At last, about 3 o'clock, two flashes of fire burst from Fort Moultrie, and two shots flew across the bow of the Weehawken, the foremost monitor, that seemed to have approached within less than half a mile. This fairly opened the action.

Six bells had just struck, when a dull sound, like that of a sledge-hammer upon an anvil, was heard on the bow-port side. It was the hostile greeting of Fort Sumter, now within 1,200 yards of us. A second

and a third, more violently than the first, shook the sides of the ship. Soon came whizzing and humming of rifled and round shot and shell over head. Still the successive discharges could be distinguished. The several reports had not yet been drowned, so to speak, in a continuous roar.

But hark! There is a reverberation as though of numerous, simultaneous thunder claps. Now a fierce, unceasing roar vibrating the air with a violence that causes even the solid mass of our ship to tremble. A look through the open port on the port side discloses the cause of the furious outburst. The first four Monitors had reached the converging point of the fire of Cummings's Point battery, Forts Sumter and Moultrie, and Battery Bee. One after the other had steadily steamed, without firing a shot, to the verge of the concentrating ranges. The enemy evidently reserved their main fire for work at close quarters; but when the Weehawken had reached within six hundred yards of Fort Sumter, a long, broad, brilliant flame suddenly leaped from its side, with all but simultaneous intense glares from Cummings's Point and Moultrie, followed instantaneously by immense volumes of smoke and a rain of projectiles that fairly hid the turrets of our craft with countless spouts of water thrown up by striking shot and shell.

Meantime the Ironsides had vainly tried to keep up with the Monitors ahead. At 3:37 we were startled by the command "stand by the starboard anchor," followed soon by "let go the starboard anchor." The ship had again been disobeying the rudder, and threatening to swing on the shoals on our port side. The enemy at once noticed our embarrassed position, and improving the fixed mark afforded by the stoppage, diverted their long range guns for a while from the Monitors upon us. Bang, bang, their shot went against the sides, almost faster than we could count. Happily the anchor straightened the course of the ship, and in a few minutes we were again under weigh.

We had hardly gained a hundred yards or so upon Fort Sumter, when the ship became once more unmanageable, and the anchor was again let go. The admiral now had the Monitors in our wake signalled to disregard the movements of the flagship, and run past it toward the forts.

The Ironsides continued almost helpless, at the mercy of the tide. Officers and crew grew restive. The enemy's guns were continually playing upon us. We had not yet returned a single shot. At last, at 4:30, while swinging on the starboard side, our port broadside came to bear fully on Fort Moultrie, and Commodore Turner would not let this opportunity slip. "Open port holes," "Aim," "Fire," followed by a severe concussion of the air, and the first and only offensive effort of the Ironsides in the action was made. Shortly after the strong ebb tide rendered it utterly impossible to make headway with the ship, and the order was given to drop back. We slowly steamed back, after signaling to the Monitors to withdraw from the action and follow the flag-ship, and anchored under the guns of Fort Wagoner.

Under the captains of the Weehawken, Passaic, Montauk, and Patapsco, were working with might and main to come abreast, with their badly steering vessels, of the northwest face of the fort, as directed in the order of battle, firing all the while their guns, now at Sumter, then at Moultrie. But they were still under the fire of the northeast face, when they discovered three lines of floating obstructions, with another consisting of a row of piles across the whole harbor a short distance beyond. They endeavored to gain the narrow passage left open through the first, but found themselves unable to exercise sufficient control over their vessels to do so. While making this attempt the turret of the Passaic was so bent in by a single shot as to make the working of the eleven inch gun impracticable. A short while after the turret refused altogether to turn, depriving her of all offensive power. The 200 pounder Parrott of the Patapsco also became early disabled.

But, aside from these damages to two, the fact that not one of the four could make headway past the batteries, rendered their stay under the heaviest fire useless, and hence turned about and steered back, after having been in concentric range nearly an hour. The motion of the Weehawken was very much impeded by the Ericsson raft chained to her bow. A torpedo exploded close to her port side, but did not inflict any damage. On the way up the Patapsco's screw caught in a kind of network of chains and cables, kept afloat by barrels, and perpendicular by weights. For a while it seemed as though she could not be extricated by the mesh, but in the end worked clear. The Catskill, Nantucket, Nahant, and Keokuk, had the same experience. The Keokuk had come within 300 yards of Fort Sumter,

the fire of the whole northeast face of which it seemed to sustain for some time alone.

About fifteen minutes before 5 o'clock a signal was made from the flag-ship to cease firing and withdraw from the enemy's fire. Shortly after 5 o'clock the Monitors, followed by the Keokuk, were within hail of the flag-ship, and the fire of the enemy stopped.

When the vessels were nearest the obstructions, the pilots made out the iron-clad rams Palmetto State and Chicora, with a wooden gumboat, standing toward them from the city. After approaching within a mile of the obstructions, they came, however, to a discreet halt, and did not venture to engage the Monitors.

Upon coming out of range, the hatchways of the Ironsides were opened, and we could once more have a full view of things around us. As I reached the spar deck, the Keokuk was just passing our starboard side, with Capt. Rhind limping about the forward turret. A sorry sight she presented. Her sides and turrets showed innumerable holes. She was evidently used up. The Nahant, Patapsco, and Nantucket also passed, and the commanders of each reported more or less damage.

But the full extent of the injuries to the iron-clads was not known until their commanders personally reported them to the admiral in the course of the evening. The Keokuk had ninety shots in all; nineteen on the water line (twelve starboard, seven port); fifteen in the after turret (five of them through; one Whitworth steel pointed shot remained sticking in the wall); twelve in the forward turret (three of them through); twenty-five on the sloping sides (fifteen starboard, ten port); eight through sheeting on after turret; ten through smoke-stack (seven through, three glanced) four through the boats, two glanced off the deck; one cut signal staff; three or four went through the flag.

The New Ironsides was hit between sixty and seventy times, but sustained no material damage.

The Weehawken was struck fifty-nine times. The turret was badly dented and worked with difficulty.

The Montauk was hit twenty times; the Passaic fifty-eight times. In addition to the damage already stated, her pilot-house was much weakened by the loosening and driving through of the bolts. The Nantucket was struck fifty-one times, and had her turret stopped twice by shot. The Catskill received about the same number of shots.

The Patapsco was hit between forty and fifty times, disabling her two hundred pounder Parrott. The Nahant was struck eighty times. Four men were wounded, one mortally.

Of ammunition, the different vessels fired:

Ironsides.....	5 rounds.	Passaic.....	9 rounds.
Catskill.....	25 "	Nahant.....	24 "
Keokuk.....	90 "	Weehawken.....	26 "
Montauk.....	26 "	Patapsco.....	19 "
Nantucket.....	15 "		
Total.....	151 "		

Assuming that one out of every ten rebel shots struck—a very liberal allowance—it would appear that the enemy fired over four thousand rounds. Three-fourths of these, at least, were discharged while the Monitors and Keokuk were within the converging ranges, that is, in less than three-quarters of an hour, so that it appears the forts and batteries averaged almost two hundred discharges per minute. Their fire was excellently directed. Their guns were all of heavy caliber, throwing eight, nine, ten, and eleven-inch round shot and shell, and five and six-inch rifled shot.

The enemy had a few very effective Whitworth guns playing upon us. Several of the steel pointed bolts thrown by them were found inside the Keokuk. In spite of the comparative weakness of our fire, considerable damage was done to the forts. The north-east face of Fort Sumter was marked with eleven holes, plainly visible at our distance of three miles. Some gaps were three feet wide, and looked as though the shot had plowed right through the wall. Two embrasures seemed almost knocked into one. One of our first shot brought down the flag-staff of Fort Moultrie.

Late last evening the whole squadron dropped a mile further down the channel, and anchored close to the bar.

Almost my first look from the spar-deck this morning, fell upon a sad sight. The Keokuk was sinking. She had anchored on the bar during the night. Her crew had been busy ever since last evening trying to keep her afloat by plugging the holes at her water-line; but at daybreak a stiff breeze set the sea rolling, rendering their attempts futile. Capt. Rhind hoisted the signal of distress at about 7, but it remained unnoticed until nearly 8, when the tug Dandelion came alongside the sinking craft. Through the strenuous efforts of her captain, Acting Master Bar-

rymore, every soul on board was saved, with a loss, however, of all they had.

About noon the admiral had the captains of the Monitors called together, and declared to them his determination to withdraw their vessels from the harbor. As is the habit of his independent mind, he had arrived at this conclusion after cool reflection upon the facts officially reported to him, with the consultation with any one else.

The honor of the North was fully upheld in the action, and the loyal people can be justly proud of the devotion and gallantry of all engaged in it. No better testimony on that subject than the following as generous as true letter addressed by Major General Hunter to the admiral, immediately after the attack, can be offered:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTH,
U. S. Transport Den Dour, April 8, 1863.

ADMIRAL.—Not knowing yet what have been the results of your attack yesterday, so far as Fort Sumter is concerned, I can not but congratulate you on the magnificent manner in which the vessels under your command were fought.

A mere spectator, I could do nothing but pray for you, which, believe me, I did most heartily, for you and all the gallant men under your command, who sailed so calm and fearlessly into and under and through a concentric fire which has never heretofore had a parallel in the history of warfare.

That you are injured, and so many of the vessels of your command still fit for service, is a cause of deep gratitude to Almighty God. I confess when the Weehawken first ran under Sumter's guns receiving the casemate and barbette broadside from Fort Moultrie and all the others within range, I fairly held my breath until the smoke had cleared away, not expecting to witness such an attack. With each of the others the same scene was re-enacted, my interest in the fate of the Ironsides being, perhaps, the keenest from my knowledge of her comparative vulnerability, and of the deep loss the country would sustain if anything were to happen to you.

Thank God for the results so far as they go. May He have you in his keeping through whatever chances are yet before you. No country can ever fail that has men capable of suffering what your iron-clads had yesterday to endure. God bless you and keep you safe, Admiral, and believe me, with the highest esteem,

D. HUNTER, Major General.

ADMIRAL S. F. DUPONT, Major General,
Flag-Ship New Ironsides, off Fort Sumter.

FLAG SHIP NEW IRONSIDES,
Charleston Harbor, S. C., April 8, 1863.

GENERAL.—I am this moment in receipt of your most gratifying letter of this date. I did not, however, require this to satisfy me of your deep sympathy in our operation of yesterday, intensified by the fact that circumstances beyond your control, prevented that which of all things you would most have desired, an immediate and active co-operation.

I shall have your letter read in every iron-clad of the fleet, so that every man under my command shall know what has long been familiar to me, the heartfelt sympathy of the Commanding General of the Army of the Department of the South.

I am, General, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant,
S. F. DUPONT,
Real Admiral Commanding South Atlantic Squadron,
To Major General HUNTER, Commanding Department of the South, off Charleston.

The land forces being numerically too small for independent aggressive conquests will not be able to support themselves without the aid of the iron-clads on the islands between Stono and Charleston, and will probably return soon after the evacuation of the harbor to their encampments at Hilton Head and St. Helena. Upon the whole, the loyal public had better accept the abandonment of all offensive demonstrations against Charleston as an accomplished fact.

The following list comprises all the casualties in the iron-clad squadron:

Keokuk—Captain Rhind, contusion right leg; A. McIntosh, Acting Ensign, two wounds on the forehead and fracture of skull, dangerous; Charles McLaughlin, seaman, seriously in both legs; David Chaplin, seaman, slightly, in left side; James Ryan, seaman, seriously, right thigh; C. D. Mott, landsman, slightly; H. Swends, seaman, slightly; J. B. Brown, seaman, slightly; R. Nicholson, Quartermaster, slightly.

Nahant—Captain Downs, slightly in leg from bolt; Isaac Schofield, pilot, severely by a bolt; Edward Cobb, Quartermaster, late of the Cumberland, fracture of skull from bolt, since died; John Macalister, dangerous on head from bolt.

Later from Newbern.

Our latest news from Newbern is to Thursday. Gen. Foster and his little band of 1,200 men was yet beleaguered at Washington, and it was expected that he would have to surrender for the want of provisions. The transport Northerner left Newbern on the 7th with 800 men of Spino's brigade in his assistance, by way of Tar River, and, meeting a number of rebel batteries on the river, was forced to return. On the 5th a force of 8,000 men left Newbern to re-enforce Gen. Foster, but meeting a superior number of rebels, also returned to Newbern to protect that place. Rumors have been current at Fortress Monroe that Foster had been captured, but they are not authenticated. It is almost certain, however, that he will be compelled to surrender.

In our New Orleans news is a story that Admiral Farragut is in the Red River, between the two batteries, out of the range of both, but unable to pass either of them. It is further stated that Admiral Farragut sent a messenger to inform Gen. Banks of his position, but the messenger was captured and held a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. The story is decidedly improbable. A New Orleans letter says that troops are being got ready on the west side of the Mississippi for the purpose of making a sweep of the Atchafalaya River region.