

## Capture of John H. Morgan, the Celebrated Desperado.

CINCINNATI, July 26.

The following despatch was received at the headquarters of this department to-day:

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, three miles south of New Lisbon, Ohio, July 26.—To Colonel Lewis Richmond, A. G.: By the blessing of Almighty God I have succeeded in capturing Gen. John H. Morgan, Colonel Cluke and the balance of the command, amounting to about four hundred prisoners.

I will start with Morgan and his staff on the first train for Cincinnati, and await the General's order for transportation for the balance.

(Signed) J. M. SHACKLEFORD,  
Colonel Commanding.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial July 28.]

This anxiously looked for party arrived last night shortly after ten o'clock, over the Little Miami Railroad, guarded by troops under General Shackelford, the captor of Morgan. It consisted of Morgan and Cluke, with their staffs and orderlies, amounting in all to thirty one persons. On disembarking from the train they were taken in charge by a detachment of the One Hundred and Eleventh Ohio.

A large crowd was assembled at the depot, and as the prisoners moved immense numbers were constantly added to it. When they marched down Ninth street not less than five thousand persons surrounded the famous guerrilla and his aids. Many of these lookers on seemed excited, and cried, "Hang the cut throats!" "Bully for the horse thieves!" Several of the spectators were flourishing pistols, but the guard quickly drove them away.

The field band of the One Hundred and Eleventh discoursed "Yankee Doodle" on the march, which the prisoners endured with complete sang froid. Morgan, on the way, interrogated the captain commanding the guard concerning the whereabouts of his brother. His questions on that point being answered, he turned and said, "Pass up that whiskey." The whiskey was passed forward in a canteen, which the General proffered to the Captain, who politely refused. The General then took a long pull.

They were ensconced in the city prison shortly before eleven o'clock. Before locking them up they were deprived of a large number of pistols, which they stated they had been permitted to retain by the terms of surrender. There was about a bushel of pistols, all loaded, stowed away in the office of the city prison last night, all of them revolvers, many of the officers carrying a brace.

[From the Cleveland Herald July 29.]

John Morgan the Kentucky raider, is reported to have perpetrated many "little jokes" on the people in the course of his John Gilpin raid through Indiana and Ohio, but none of them exceeds in audacious humor that one which is connected with his capture.

When John took a hurried departure from Salinesville, with three or four hundred followers, he followed a road that, near West Point, traversed two sides of a right angle. On this road he picked up a Capt. Burrick, a thoroughgoing "Peace Democrat," who lived in the neighborhood, and who went with Morgan either as a prisoner or a guide, it is unknown which, but unaccompanied by any Federal soldiers.

Near West Point, Morgan suddenly came on Maj. Rue, with a party of Kentucky cavalry, who had come by a cross road, and thus headed off the rebels. As soon as Morgan saw him, he sent a flag of truce to Maj. Rue, demanding the surrender of that officer and his command. The Major failed to see the point of the little joke, and despatched a flag of truce to Morgan, demanding his surrender, a demand which was rendered of more weight by the sudden approach of another Federal force in Morgan's rear. Thus situated, the great raider found his position to be no joke, so he gravely informed Maj. that he had previously surrendered to Capt. Burrick, on condition that they should be taken to Cincinnati and be paroled. The joke of one man "surrounding" and capturing Morgan and his four hundred men was of so stupendous a nature that for a moment Maj. Rue was completely overwhelmed by it. Recovering himself, he sternly informed Morgan that unless he and his command surrendered immediately and unconditionally, the Federal force should at once fire into them. This brought Morgan to his senses, and the surrender was made. Soon after, Gen. Shackelford rode up, and Morgan and his staff departed under Gen. S.'s charge.

Nothing more was heard of Morgan's "surrender" to the lone Captain of militia until last evening, when a dispatch was

received from Gov. Tod, inquiring for "Capt. Burrick." Prompt intelligence was sent to the Governor, informing him of the true condition of things, so that it is scarcely possible that Morgan's little joke at West Point will enable him to escape a prisoner's fate.

CINCINNATI, Thursday, July 30.

Squads of men are being brought into Columbus by the citizens and military. There are now 1,300 at Camp Chase.

Morgan and several of his officers arrived at Columbus this afternoon, and were lodged in the Penitentiary. After searching and bathing they were conducted to cells, where they will be confined according to the rules of that institution.

## Battle of Wapping Heights.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 28.

Lee, with his army, having pushed into the Shenandoah valley, no sooner found that Meade was at his heels than he made a feint as if he would turn and recross the Potomac. So soon, however, as Gen. Meade ascertained that Lee had not turned back in force he again put his columns in motion, and by rapid marches got possession of all the passes in the Blue Ridge Mountains down to Manassas Gap, thus hemming the enemy into the Shenandoah valley. Scouts reported that one corps of the enemy was at Front Royal, just through Manassas Gap, and that the other two corps were behind and rapidly approaching that point.

Buford's cavalry were alone in occupation of this important pass, through which the enemy intended to force his way. In this emergency the third army corps was ordered down to Manassas Gap. By an almost unprecedented march they reached Piedmont before dark, when, without halting, the first division was thrown forward to support General Buford, who was found to be ten miles in advance up the gap. Early on the following morning General French moved the rest of the corps up to support the first division, and despatched Colonel Hayden to ascertain the position of the enemy, and, in obedience to his instructions, pushed ahead and got a position upon the summit of a lofty mountain, from which a large body of rebel infantry were discovered moving in close column and most perfect order, followed by a large body of mounted men, subsequently shown to be sick and disabled soldiers mounted on horses stolen in Pennsylvania. The rear of the line was covered by a large body of cavalry. On the turnpike beyond were the long wagon trains of the enemy, pushing southward as rapidly as possible.

So soon as Col. Hayden returned and reported Wood's old brigade of the first division, temporarily commanded by Col. Berdan, was deployed as skirmishers and ordered forward.

The line was formed just beyond the little village of Linden, where the pass is very narrow. The enemy appeared to have no great force in the gap, and fell back as our skirmishers advanced, until they came upon a supporting force strongly posted on a lofty hill, facing directly up the gap. On this hill the enemy made a stand. Gen. Ward then detached two regiments from his skirmish line—the 3d and 4th Maine, and directed them to clear this hill by assault. Our sharpshooters held the attention of the enemy while the Maine boys crept silently and unobserved up the face of the hill. On gaining the summit they sprang to their feet, delivered a volley, and with a most determined charge cleared the hill, taking a number of prisoners and spreading the ground with killed and wounded rebels.

When this hill was gained it was discovered that the enemy were more strongly posted on hills beyond and in front, commanding the main road through the gap, and to some extent fortified there. Gen. French directed Gen. Prince, commanding the second division, to detail a brigade to charge and dislodge the enemy. The famous Excelsior brigade was selected for this bold enterprise. The men were formed in line, and their new commander, Gen. Spinola, addressed them a single word of encouragement, when they gave one of their peculiar cheers and started forward, and in a few minutes they were at the base of the hill. Up they forced their way, and on reaching the top fired and received one volley from the enemy, and then, fixing bayonets, gave another shout and rushed upon the rebels. The enemy quailed before it and fled in confusion, closely pursued by our victorious troops.

The flight of the enemy from their first position disclosed a second ridge or crest back of the first, to which the rebels betook themselves and prepared to make another stand.

Gen. Spinola was twice wounded in the assault of the first hill, and was obliged to leave the field. Col. Farnum, of the

first Excelsior regiment succeeded to the command of the brigade. The Colonel halted them for a moment to reform, and then gave the order to advance again. Another cheer was given, and with a rush the entire brigade passed over the crest, into and across the ravine, and were quickly seen ascending the slope of the second hill. Here the resistance of the enemy was equally as desperate as the first hill. But the assailants were flushed with victory and could not have been checked had the whole rebel force stood in front of them. Like demons they charged upon the bewildered foe, each man catching his prisoner by the hair, arm, or perhaps the coat-tail, with the usual exclamation, "Here, you d—d son of a b—h, you are my prisoner!" And thus the second crest was carried, as quickly as the first, and the Excelsior brigade were unanimously accredited with having made the most desperate and brilliant charge of the war.

We had gained a second crest to discover lying yet between it and the valley a third lofty elevation, to which the enemy had fled. Word was also received by Gen. Meade that the rebel corps that had moved down the valley was returning, leaving the impression that it was their intention to make a desperate stand and give us the decisive battle at that point. Acting upon this information Gen. Meade directed Gen. French to suspend his main operations for the present and mass his troops in rear of the points already gained, and ordered up the bulk of his army, in anticipation of a battle on the following morning. The narrow gap was crowded all night with bodies of troops, packed in dense masses, so thick as scarcely to be able to lie down. When daylight appeared the fact was revealed that the enemy had wholly disappeared.

From prisoners captured during the morning more exact information of the enemy's movements was obtained. The forces met in the gap were some of Ewell's corps, who merely wished to hold the gap long enough to allow their column to cross the Shenandoah and move by on its way down the valley.

A detachment from the third corps was ordered forward early in the morning, and passed unopposed into Front Royal, arriving there only in time to see the dust of the rear of the enemy's column moving away southward.

ONE OF THE BOYS.—Passengers who came on to New-York with Gen. Kilpatrick last week were attracted toward a little fellow in his company, evidently quite a pet, who wore the dress of the cavalry service, with spurs and trappings, and a jacket bespattered with mud, showing the evidence of his late adventures among the riders of Kilpatrick's force. Upon inquiry of the General, the following story of the lad was told: He was born in England, where his parents still reside, and came to this country with an elder brother, who is now a member of an infantry regiment in the Potomac Army. Taking a fancy to the cavalry service, he managed to get a horse, and fell in as a soldier. After one of the recent fights, the General noticed him grieving over the loss of his horse. A day or two later, seeing him near his tent, he asked him to do an errand to his Adjutant-General. When he arrived at his destination, the officer asked, "Who are you, sir?" "Aid-de-Camp to General Kilpatrick, sir," was the prompt reply. Now our young hero had made his point. He was at once adopted into the military family of the General, who assured the writer that no man in his command would better convey an order upon the field. At the battle of Gettysburg he took himself three prisoners, one being very tall, his head, while standing, being as high as the head of the young cavalryman, seated upon his horse. Bringing his prisoners to headquarters, confronting the General, he says, "General, what do you think of that?" He has been in seventeen battles with his favorite General, who in turn now proposes to give his gallant and faithful young friend a good education. He is small of his age, which is 14, and his name is "Charley" Smith.

A fellow, who was being led to execution, told the officer not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there, should arrest him for an old debt.

The editor of the Kinderhook *Rough Notes* speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession going down his throat.

"Does your dog take to the water?" said a gentleman to a rustic, who had a water spaniel following him. "Why yes, sir, if they put meat in it," was the reply.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

## Lord Chesterfield's Military Tactics.

This lord is generally regarded as the paragon of politeness; and as some people think that the orders given by military officers, from a colonel down to a corporal, as a general thing, are entirely too harsh, a correspondent who has paid much attention to military etiquette sends us the following which plainly shows that even in warlike times those little amenities incident to first class gentlemen are not to be forgotten.

From the fact that the usual mode of giving command, by military officers, falls so harshly upon the ears polite of sensitive privates, the following style was adopted by some of the companies attached to the — regiment, and is appropriately termed the "Chesterfield Manual."

BY COMMANDING OFFICER.

- Gentlemen you will please give me your attention!
- You will be kind enough to cast your head and eyes to the right, and endeavor to observe the "immaculate bosom" of the third gentleman from you.
- Oblige me now by casting your visual organs to the front.
- Allow me to suggest the propriety of coming to an order arms.
- Gentlemen will you condescend to order arms.
- You will confer a special favor by coming to a support.
- If it meets your approbation, I beg leave to propose that your carry arms.
- Now, gentlemen, you will please present arms.
- I shall consider myself under an everlasting obligation if you will once more oblige by carrying arms.
- Having a just and high appreciation of your intrinsic worth, as well as your exalted position in society, I humbly trust that I am not infringing upon your good nature when I request you to trail arms.
- Gentlemen, for the last time, permit me to remark that it is my earnest desire that you should come to a shoulder arms.
- If it be not too laborious, I shall be delighted to see you change your position by coming to a right face.
- To conclude your arduous exercises I will still further trespass upon your well known affability by desiring you to come to arms port.
- Gentlemen! soldiers! blood stained heroes! If congenial to your feelings, you may consider yourselves dismissed. I beg to remark, however, that should it suit your convenience, you will be kind enough to hold yourselves subject to be again called into line, which you will be made aware of by the repeated and vigorous tapping of the "spirit-stirring drum," recollecting, at the same time, that the first vibration of that sweet instrument that strikes the tympanum of your ears, is merely precautionary. Allow me to exclaim in stentorian voice—Sever the ranks! march!

A bachelor editor, sensitive in relation to his rights, objects to taking a wife, through fear that if he should have a baby (his wife he means,) his contemporaries who habitually copy without credit, would refuse to give him credit for the baby.

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