

From the Valley.

[SPECIAL TO THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.] NEW MARKET, Oct. 21, 1864.

Little I thought, ten days ago, when I was writing about our cavalry from this identical place, to which I am now just returned, that one of the greatest, if not the greatest stampede of this war, and a stampede of infantry, too, had yet to take place. It is the most singular affair that one can possibly imagine: a whole day of glory and a few minutes of shame—a splendid beginning and a monstrous end—maler formosa superne desinat in piscem.

I don't know whether it is better to laugh or cry, for the thing is also so odd and ludicrous in some respects, that, if we were only fighting for the outraged dignity of a plenipotentiary, the rights of reversion to some duchess, some petty island in the East Indies, or even for the possession of some Siberia of ours, we might as well take our time and ease, and look only upon the funny part of this great mischief. But I am afraid we cannot afford such luxury as laughing at our own expense just at present, and that it is our duty, under the circumstances, to take it with a proper mixture of "anger" and "sorrow."

This is preamble enough, to be sure, before coming to the point, but yet I cannot step flat-footed upon it; I can't, my dear sir—it would be unnatural, I think. Yes, a whole day of glory and a few minutes of shame, as I have already said; but, unfortunately, it is the shame that comes last, and casts its gloomy penumbra over the rays and beams of the departed glory of that day. I allude to our battle of the 19th instant, between Strasburg and Middletown. What will be its name? I don't care—let it be "no name," if you like. As for me, I will merely call it the affair of the 19th.

I know there is an order from the Adjutant General's office concerning letter-writers and correspondents, and I don't feel inclined to make light of it either. Whether right or wrong, it is an order, and that is enough for me; I feel inclined to respect it. But, as I am neither a letter-writer nor a correspondent, as I know of no plans of campaigns that I can disclose, and as I would disclose none if I knew any; as I speak of no marchings, manoeuvres or counter-marchings; finally, as I merely write as I would speak to you, if I had an opportunity to give you verbally an account of personal impressions with respect to facts along to history from the moment that took place, and with which the Yankees are as well acquainted as any of us—if they are not, to be sure, and they are not quite strangers to the deed—I pledge you my word that I do not see any wrong in my writing to you about this affair of the 19th.

Well, sir, we surprised the Yankee camp, at the break of day, as completely as a camp can be surprised; low we did it in another way. We did take no road—we just took our flight in the air, and after having hovered around a sufficient time to allow a glimmering light at the east to show signs of the returning day-light, in order to be able to distinguish our friends from our foes, we bounded down upon them. We swept pickets, hill-sides and breast-works and camps, with seven pieces of artillery taken before they could fire three rounds, and a running foe before us. This clean sweep was made by Kershaw's Division; and that is the way we began our work. The enemy tries to rally on the left, but it is in vain; we push on, and now we hear the firing of other Divisions on the right, which come in for their share of it, and gallantly, too. The enemy is driven back from camp to camp; as they will they endeavor to carry away some field pieces, but we shoot the horses down and the pieces are ours. Now the turnpike is cleared, and artillery can come down and support our work. It comes down, and as the resistance increases so does the vigor of our attack. The sun rises above the crests of the mountains, and with the morning fog, the smoke of the musketry and artillery, and the soft horizontal light that is thrown across, not like a rainbow, but like a Bloodhow. If there was such a word, or surely there is such a thing, the spectacle before us is grand. As it has its color, it has its voice—the yells of our men, the screaming of shells, the whistling of the Enfield balls, the heavy tramp of men and horses, the rattle of gun carriages and wagons, all mingled in a storm, of which we have not only the noise, but the destructive power. We move along; it is not a stand-up fight, although the enemy, after having been driven out of his camps, tried to make a stand, but it was in vain, and he caused the storm to concentrate its work of destruction at that place for some half an hour—for our men were not to be stopped; they hit in their mind to fight now, and now they could stop them. Over hills, stone fences, cross broad, cleared fields and thick woods, the fighting goes on as regular as steady as a clock, and just began, and still it is now three miles off; we have driven the enemy four miles, captured all the camps with everything in it,

spotted the ground with their dead and wounded, sent to the rear some eighteen hundred prisoners, captured eighteen pieces of artillery, but the fighting still goes on although we have stopped driving the enemy, who is by this time pushed back further than Middletown on a line extending from the left of it.

All this is very well, but pending this time another work goes on that is far, very far from being quite as good. The number of our men plundering in the camps increases every hour; the provost guard carries off a batch of them to the front, but a larger number oozes out from the ground, which they soon cover like one of the seven plagues of Egypt—the locusts, I should say. All our men are so confident that the enemy is whipped that they only want to secure their share of the booty. But alas! war is a game that two can play. The Yankees are not quite blind; there are many hills and summits from which they can spy the broad expanse of those cleared grounds. They now know exactly what is our strength, they have seen every man we have in the field, and they see their former camps swarming with our freebooters. So they know our strength and they know also their own, which we do not know. They can bring some fresh troops and we cannot; on the contrary, our men now begin to feel the brunt of the burden, for they have been up all night and been fighting all day. The Yankees bring up a new line at about one hour and a quarter before sundown; they push it to the front and our left division (Gordon's) gives way. They give way, yes, but that is nothing, God bless them; the best of men must give way some times, but why don't they rally? I say, why don't they rally, for this is our only trouble and misfortune on that ill fated 19th of October. But rally they won't; see them go back unconcerned, just as quietly as if nothing was the matter. They do not reply anything to officers—they just slip back with their muskets poised in their hands as if they were deploying backwards as skirmishers. In the meanwhile the Yankees lose no time; it is now their turn to go onward; Kershaw's division now has struck; it gives way, too, in its turn, after having tried hard to stand its ground, nothing better, nothing more noble, as long as it did fight, but now it has given way like Gordon's, and, like Gordon's, it won't rally. Our artillery, in general, did well; they tried to re-establish the fight and twice made a stand—at such points too, where we might have had the advantage ground over the Yankees; but there was no rally—no rally of a brigade; no rally of a regiment; no rally of a company—the whole army confused into a nameless, shapeless mass of men, going back, back all the time. The flood increases in depth as we reach the turnpike; the artillery, the ambulances, wagons, all rattle down at first at a decent rate, at a cool walk, a kind of gentlemanly stampede; but a few shells that come bursting right over our heads gives us an additional speed. We are running; a turn of the road, a protection from the shells, and we walk again. I never saw or dreamt of more self-possessed crowd of soldiers; they were no more scared, sir, and no more ashamed than if there had not been a particle of danger or disgrace in their predicament. Finally, an old rotten bridge gives way, there is a dead lock, and artillery, wagons and ambulances are there for the Yankees. They need not strike a lick to have them—all they have to do is to come down the road where they are stuck, and there they are. In that way we lost thirty-nine of our own pieces, besides eighteen that we captured, and God knows how many wagons and ambulances. All those trains might have been saved by a force of two hundred skirmishers, but it could not be got. They were tired; they were played out; they had enough of it—our men!

I will add, however, that but for the loss of material the advantage of the day would still be on our side. We have severely crippled that Yankee army, you may depend upon it. Our army of the Valley is made of splintered material, but the wear and tear of this long campaign has told with terrible effect upon its organization. Take, for instance, Kershaw's division; it went into the fight without a single brigade commander. Still the men fought very well as long as they felt like it, but when the hour of trial came the want of organization was severely felt, and the men could not be rallied. Whatever officers were on duty, however, did their best, but it was of no avail; I believe this cannot be denied.

Kershaw's division fought splendidly—this is generally conceded, Major Gen. Kershaw had a horse mortally wounded under him; two of his aids, Lieut. John Corwile and James Davis, had their horses killed under them; Maj. James M. Goggin, Assistant Adjutant General, lost his horse in the same way whilst in command of Connor's brigade. Col. D. W. Moody, of the 21st Miss. Inf., commanding Humphrey's brigade, being put hors de combat, was succeeded by Lieut. Col. John Sims of the same regiment, and that gallant officer was shot dead (in the

head) at the last stage of the battle, when we tried for the second time to make a stand. At this moment, when writing quietly about it, this battle, seems to me a mystery or a dream.

It seems to me that the silent and fugacious rabble upon which the sun set when we were stampeding towards Fisher's Hill cannot be spoken of in the same breath with the daring and yelling regiments, upon which the rising sun smiled when we charged the enemy's works, took their pieces and turned them immediately against the enemy. Talk of our cavalry's stampedings, here is a set off for them. This, it is to be hoped will close the exhibition and we will pass to some to exercise, for this running business is growing stale, now; it won't pay, it has not even the merit of novelty. No, no, we will stop that; it is a good horse that never stumbles, but a good horse does not stumble at every step.

I see that you published some extracts of my letter to you concerning the organization of our cavalry and its late doings in the Valley; if you choose to publish some extracts of this letter concerning our stampede, I will not be sorry for it, for I like fair play. If I were to curse our stampede I would call it a bloody one.

I hope you have good news around Richmond although I must say the spirit of our men is not broken here, but good news will be welcome at any time.

As for my share in the fight, it was small, I dare say; but yet I consider it was still more lucky than anything else, for my horse was not shot nor was I, only a ball made two holes in the night skirt of my overcoat and very slightly cut the top of my right boot.

It is impossible, at present, to give you a fair estimate of our losses in men. Speaking in general, the loss is as small as it can be for a fight from sunrise to sunset, although I know one regiment of our division to have lost twenty officers. We took a large number of prisoners and secured them, whilst we must have lost very few, as we did stampede so timely and finally; so we did, dear sir, and to say that we were whipped, and whipped by our own folly alone, is neither new nor consoling, but it is true. If I recollect, the fruits of the battle of Shiloh were lost from the same unilitary straggling and plundering in camps.

Wanted to Purchase

FOR THE USE OF THE CONFEDERATE States—Scrap Iron, wrought or cast, for which I pay a fair price in cash, or, if preferred, will exchange rolled plantation iron for the same. Planters or others having any of the above to dispose of will inform me of the fact, as I wish to collect it together as speedily as possible. J. S. MERONEY. September 1.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS HOLDING NOTES OR LAWFUL accounts against the Estate of Thomas J. Clyburn, will present them to me for payment within ninety days from date. After that time I will not pay any claims against the Estate. WM. CLYBURN, Administrator. Oct. 21—31.

"Confederate" please copy three times.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS HAVING DEMANDS AGAINST the Estate of the late Dr. Henry Cantey, will present them properly attested, and those indebted, will make payment to John Cantey. MARY C. CANTEY, Administratrix. Oct. 23.

For Sale.

PINE WOOD FOR SALE. APPLY TO R. B. JOHNSON. Oct. 24.

Sale of Personal Property.

BY PERMISSION OF A. J. McDONALD, Ordinary, I will sell, on TUESDAY, the 22d of November, 1864, at the late residence of Richard L. Whitaker, deceased, on Twenty-five mile Creek, all the personal property of Richard L. Whitaker, deceased, consisting of Household Furniture, Farming Implements, a fine young Mule, a few head of Cattle, Cotton Corn, Pens, &c., &c. The terms of sale are cash. October 31—tu. th. s. G. J. D. DUNLAP.

Depot Soldier's Board Relief.

CAMDEN, S. C., Oct. 12, 1864. ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE NOT PAID THEIR two (2) per cent Tax in corn, wheat and rice, will please deliver it at once, without further notice. By order of Maj. J. M. DESAUSSERE, Chairman. Oct. 12 2w M. GAYLE, Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE FLAT ROCK BENEVOLENT SOCIETY will meet at Flat Rock on Saturday the 19th instant. Contributions of Socks, Gloves, Scarfs, &c., will be thankfully received and sent forward at once to our brave soldiers who are now suffering for almost every variety of clothing. All who wish to contribute to the cause will indicate the same by bringing or sending their donations on the day above mentioned. Members are requested to be prompt in attendance. By order of the President. T. J. ALF, Acting Secretary. Nov. 9—3t.

NEW GOODS!

AT J. SOMMERS.

BLACK ALPACAS: Black and colored Calicoes; Ginghams, Paper Cambrics; DeBoges and Delaines; Brown and blue Denims; Superior English Longcloth; Ladies Silk Gloves, Whalebone; Gilt Buttons and Trimmings for ladies dresses; Black Italian sewing Silks; Black, white and colored spool Thread—all Nos.; Black flax Thread; Pins, Knitting Needles, Buttons, Taps; Combs and Toilet Soap, Hairpins; Ladies Hair Nets; Ladies white, slate and blue Hosiery; Servants Handkerchiefs, and a great many other articles, too numerous to mention.

Cotton Cards and Yarn—all Numbers; 7-8 and 4-4-4 mulberry Shirts, and an assortment of Groceries—also Gun Powder. Call and examine the stock at

J. SOMMERS,

Opposite the Market. October 18. tu. th. s. G.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS ARE REWARDED NOT TO trade for a note given by me, to John Baker, for five hundred dollars dated some time in June, 1864, as the property for which it was given, has proved unsound, I will not pay said note unless compelled by law. JAMES A. THOMPSON. Sept.

RAGS! RAGS!!

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR WHITE line or cotton rags delivered large or small quantities at this office.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA



ADJ'T AND INSP. GENERAL'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, Nov. 1, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 14.

I. THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF COMPANIES organized under orders from this office for service beyond their Districts, will forthwith return to this office full Rolls of their respective companies, including the names of persons who have been added to the rolls since their original organization.

II. General and field officers having in their possession the rolls above specified will also make return of the same.

III. Persons who are liable to service in said companies, and who have failed to report their names, when the companies shall be ordered into service will be arrested, carried into camp and tried by courts martial, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly.

IV. General officers and the commanding officers of Regiments will extend these orders.

By command: A. C. GARLINGTON, Adj't. and Insp't. Gen. S. C.

Official: G. A. FOLLIN, A. A. Gen. Papers of the State copy three times. Nov. 8

Office Q. M. Department,

CAMDEN, Sept. 15th, 1864.

PLANTERS ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED to hold in immediately all new fodder and pens as old fodder and stacks, in order to meet the pressing demands of our armies.

They are also notified that they can have credit on their title of 1864, for their deliveries of corn if they prefer it to payment in cash.

CONWAY BELL Agt. A. Q. M. Sept. 15

Headq'rs En. Office,

CAMDEN, S. C., Oct. 14, 1864.

PURSUANT TO ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR General's Order No. 77, heretofore published, all detailed men, and those whose applications are pending, and all light duty men, who are unassigned, and all who have no certificate of exemption from examining Board or exempted under recent Acts of Congress, who are not in active service between 18 and 45 are hereby ordered to report promptly at this office prepared to go forward to Camp of Instruction. W. WALLACE, Act. E. O. K. D. Oct 15

FROM THIS DATE WE SHALL HARBOR three dollars Omnibus fare to and from any part of the town. To or from Kirkwood, or to or from the limits of the town, six dollars. The high prices of horse feed compel us to advance our rates. J. K. WITHERSPOON, E. G. ROBINSON. October 4