Readable Extracts.

We present our readers with the subjoined extracts from the letters of the Charleston *Courier's* war correspondent. They will amply repay perusal:

NEAR GERMANTOWN, Sept. 2, 1862.

If my former letters and telegrams have reached their destination, you already know the circumstances of our advance hither; the departure from Orange Court House; the movement across the Rapidan; the steady retreat of the Federals before us; their stand at the Rappahannock; the artillery duel at the rail bridge; the flank movement up the river to Waterloo, and subsequently eight miles to the left; our passage there; the continual edging around the left of the enemy, also by Jackson, with Longstreet in the rear and to the right; the advance of "Stonewall" to Bristow and Manassas; the capture and destruction there of immense stores of provisions, clothing, medicines and *material* of war, including cars, wagon trains and hundreds of prisoners; the burning of the railroad bridge over Bull Run at Union Mills; the severing of communication with Washington; the falling back of Jackson; the march of Longstreet's *corps d'armee* through Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run mountains, and the fight at that point; and finally the concentration of the entire army behind and around the old battle ground of Manassas.

All this was the result of the strategy of Gen. Lee, and it is needless to add that under Jackson and Longstreet the details of the grand plan were carried out in every respect, and that the enemy were outwitted and discomfited at every point.

For ten days or more the troops of both of these Generals in the advance were constantly under fire. The former had been engaged in no less than four serious fights. Many of the men were barefooted, in rags, provided with only a single blanket as a protection against the heavy dews and severe cold at night; frequently they would get nothing from daylight to daylight; rations at best consisted of hard bread and water, with an occasional intermingling of bacon, and the whole army were in what at any other time they would have characterized as a suffering condition. Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, not a murmur of complaint has been heard, marches of twenty and in one instance of thirty miles a day have been patiently endured, and the spirit of the army so far from being broken was elevated to a degree of enthusiasm which foreboded nothing but the victory it won. The determination never to be defeated was written in every face.

Friday found Jackson's army aligned on the left of the Warrenton turnpike, with his left wing resting near Bull Run, and his right not far from Groveton—the whole column parallel or there-abouts with the road. When I speak of army lines, I refer to the general disposition of the troops, and not to the exact situation of brigades, which, in the course of an engagement, frequently face every arc of a circle. The division of Gen. Anderson had not yet arrived, and the corps of Longstreet had not been fully placed in position. The enemy, probably aware of our movements selected this opportunity to make an attack upon Jackson, hoping thereby to turn our left, destroy our combinations, and disconcert the plans which had already become apparent to the Federal Commanders. After heavy cannonading and skirmishing, which commenced early in the morning, the enemy at 4 o'clock P. M. moved in force against Jackson's line.

The Washington Artillery of New Orleans and several other batteries were planted upon a high hill that commanded the extensive ground over which the enemy were advancing, and just in front of this, perhaps a little to the left, the fight began. The Federals threw forward a heavy column, supported by field batteries, and under cover of their fire made a bold stroke to divide our line. The blow fell upon a portion of Ewell's troops, who were concealed behind the embankment of a railroad, but no sooner had the enemy appeared within close range than they received a terribly galling fire, which drove them panic-stricken from that portion of the field. As they ran, our artillery opened upon the flying mass with shell and round shot. Every ball could be seen taking effect. The enemy fell by scores, until finally the once beautiful line melted confusedly into the woods. Of the Yankee regiments it is stated that but three were left unharmed. Again they renewed the attack, and gradually the fight became general along nearly the entire column of Jackson. The enemy made tremendous efforts, but the old "Stonewall" withstood every shock.

As the afternoon progressed, however, General Lee discovered that strong Yankee reinforcements were coming up, and accordingly ordered the division of General Hood, belonging to Longstreet's corps, to make a demonstration on the enemy's left. This was done, perhaps an hour before dark, and the moment they went in, the difference became perceptible at a glance. Jackson, thus strengthened, fought with renewed vigor, and the enemy not knowing the nature of the reinforcements, and diverted by our onset, which compelled him to change his lines, was proportionately weakened. The result was, that at dark Hood's division had driven the forces in front of them three quarters of a mile from our starting point, and had it not been for the lateness of the hour, might have turned the defeat into an utter rout.

In this affair, the Hampton Legion, 18th Georgia, 1st, 4th and 5th Texas, known as "Whiting's brigade," but more recently as "Hood's" participated, and from every source I learn they performed their part in the bloody drama handsomely. During the fight the Eighteenth Georgia, Fifth Texas and the Hampton Legion, encountered the Seventeenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Forty-fourth New York regiments, who were concealed from view by a deep ravine, and before they were aware of it, the antagonists were within twenty steps of each other. Our men secured the advantage of the first fire, however, and rushing forward with a yell after their volley, were in a moment upon the Yankee ranks. Adjutant Patton, of the Eighteenth Georgia, made a dash for the color of the Twenty-fourth New York but the bearer refusing to give it up, one of the Georgians, named Sergeant O'Neil, popped upon him in true Irish style and knocked him down with his fist. During this hand-to-hand conflict, Lieutenant Smith, also of the Eighteenth, was attacked with a bayonet, which he caught with his left hand, and with the other brought his opponent to the ground. Lieut. Thomas of the Hampton Legion, had a similar fight with the color bearer of the Twenty-second New York, in which he secured the flag of that regiment.

For the first time in its history the demand was made in this fight for the surrender of the Hampton Legion by the Colonel of the 22d New York. "Surrender h—ll," thundered Col. Gary. "If you don't deliver your sword up I'll blow your brains out, sir. These are South Carolinians," whereupon the prudent Yankee gave up his sword and was handed over as a prisoner of war. The enemy in front of Hood was now being routed, and the darkness closing in upon the scene our troops bivouacked upon the field. During the night orders came from headquarters to fall back to their original position, which was done—a distance of three-fourths of a mile. The object of this movement was to draw the enemy into the trap which had been set, to be sprung upon the following day, and it is this simple retrograde movement which led to the dispatch sent by Gen. Pope to Washington, stating that he had whipped our army and driven us from the field, but confessing that the Federal loss was eight thousand in killed and wounded.

THE BATTLE OF SATURDAY.

At an early hour Lee and Longstreet were in the saddle and on the front, inspecting the various commands, consulting with subordinate Generals and making their final disposition of troops.

Through the centre of the battle field runs the Warrenton Turnpike, terminating at the Stone Bridge over Bull Run. In front of the Run, and at nearly a parallel line, is a road which crossed the old battle ground of Manassas, known as the Sudley Road. Seventy-five yards behind this is the Henry House, famous as the locality near which Bartow and Bee fell, on the 21st of July, 1861. To the left and in the rear within pistol shot, is the house of the free negro Robinson. To the left of the Warrenton Turnpike, in the rear, is the eminence to which I have before referred as the locality of the Washington Artillery and other batteries. On the present occasion, however, it was occupied by eighteen guns, under command of Col. Stephen D. Lee, of South Carolina. The position was about the centre of the entire army, and certainly it was the most commanding ground that could have been selected for the purpose. Viewed from this point, the country presents an undulating appearance, here rising to the crests of hills, and there dropping abruptly into the winding vallies. Around the fields, and occasionally shooting into it in narrow bands, are heavy woods; but the most hotly contested position of the day is, in the main, an open expanse which begins at the Warrenton Turnpike, and runs along in front of the Chinn House to the right.

The enemy had all the strong points, and our advance was as often up hill as down.

I have said that the troops were all eager, anxious, and in the full belief that the battle would commence at an early hour in the morning. The waking of a portion of our batteries into life soon after daylight, and the frequent cannonading thereafter, the almost incessant skirmishing in front with its exciting volleys of musketry, all conspired to produce this impression. It is my own surmise, however, based upon certain facts which I cannot relate, that it was not the intention of Gen. Lee or Longstreet to give the enemy battle on that day, but simply to make a feint attack, and while thus engaged to allow Gen. Jackson to slip out, continue his onward movement on the left and towards the rear of the Federal column, and thereby secure a position where say in twenty-four hours, the result of a battle would have been the capture and demoralization of the entire Federal army. In this, however, our Generals were disappointed. After waiting until three o'clock, P. M., the enemy himself took the initiative, and marched boldly to the attack, aiming their blow, as on the previous day, at the line of Jackson. It happened to be my fortune to be on the heights occupied by Lee's battalion of artillery, and to witness the opening of the ball.

All the morning we had been watching a movement of the enemy to the left, the low black masses immediately in front of us, and the clouds of dust from columns moving in the rear, indicating their purpose at a glance. During this time our batteries were pitching their shot and shell into the Federal ranks, and returning the fire of their artillery on the brow of an opposite hill. Sometimes it was fierce, but generally it was a deliberate, casual interchange of warlike courtesies, as if each took pleasure in making the other spasmodically uncomfortable.

Suddenly there belched forth from every brazen throat in our battery a volley that seemed to shake the very earth. For a moment every thing was swallowed up in the fiery grey mantle of battle, but as the sporting whirls of smoke drifted away, the cause of the tumult was at once revealed. A dense column of infantry, several thousand strong, which had been massed behind and near a strip of woods, had moved out to attack Jackson, whose men were concealed behind an excavation on the railroad. As soon as they were discovered our batteries opened with tremendous power, but the Federals moved boldly forward until they came within reach of our small arms, where for fully fifteen minutes they remained desperately engaged with our infantry. As the fight progressed, a second line emerged from the cover, and went to the support of those in front, and finally a third line marched out into the open field below us, and their halted, ... and soon commenced firing over the heads of their comrades beyond.

Jackson's infantry raked these three columns terribly. Repeatedly did they break and run, and rally again under the energetic appeals of their officers, for it was a crack corps of the Federal army, that of Gens. Sykes and Morrell, but it was not in human nature to stand unflinchingly before that hurricane of fire. As the fight progressed Lee moved his batteries to the left, until reaching a position only four hundred yards distant from the enemy's lines, he opened again. The spectacle was now magnificent. As shell after shell burst in the wavering ranks, and round shot ploughed broad gaps among them, you could distinctly see through the rifts of smoke the Federal soldiers falling and flying on every side. With the explosion of every bomb, it seemed as if scores dropped dead or writhed in agony upon the field. Some were crawling on their hands and knees, some were piled up together, and some were lying scattered around in every attitude that imagination can conceive.

With the dispersion of the enemy's reserve, the whole mass broke and ran like a flock of wild sheep. Jackson's men, yelling like devils now charged upon the scattered crowd; but you could notice that they themselves had severely suffered, and were but a handful compared with the overwhelming forces of the enemy. The flags of two or three regiments did not appear to be more than fifty yards apart. The brilliant affair did not occupy more than half an hour, but in that brief time over three hundred and fifty Yankee souls had been launched into eternity and five times that number left mangled upon the ground. It was like the waves rolling ... a solid rock and dashing back in sheets of spray. A golden opportunity was now at hand for Longstreet to attack the exposed left flank of the enemy in front of him, and he accordingly ordered the advance of Hood's division, which moved obliquely to the right and forward of the position it had occupied. Again it was a beautiful sight to see this long line, of veterans, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, around whose heads played the light whiffs of smoke that jutted out from their muskets, moving to engage the distant enemy. Kemper next followed, with the brigade of Gen. Jenkins on the right of that of Pickett, and Jones' division completed our line of battle. The brigade of Evans acted as a support to Hood.

Not many minutes elapsed after the order to attack, before the volleys of platoons and finally the rolling reports of long lines of musketry, indicated that the battle was in full progress. The whole army was now in motion. The woods were full of troops, and the order for the supports to forward at a quick step was received with enthusiastic cheer, by the elated men. The din was almost deafening, the heavy notes of the artillery, at first deliberate, but gradually increasing in their rapidity, mingled with the sharp treble of the small arms, gave one an idea of some diabolical concert in which all the furies of hell were at work. Through the woods over gentle rolling hills, now and then through an open field, we travel on towards the front. From an elevation we obtain a view of a considerable portion of the field. Hood and Kemper are now hard at it, and as they press forward, never yielding an inch, sometimes at a double quick, you hear those unmistakable yells, which tell of a Southern charge or a Southern success. Suddenly we stumble over the first reminder of the opening skirmish. It is the body of a Texan, bleeding from a ghastly wound in the breast. The eyes of the poor fellow are already set in death—it is useless to waste sympathy there. You now see scores of dead and wounded—all Confederates, for the fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters has been fatal.

Reaching the vicinity of the Chinn House, the eye at once embraces the entire vista of battle—at least that portion of it which is going on in front of Longstreet. Some of our men are in the woods in the rear, and some in the open field which stretches its undulating surface far away towards Bull Run. The old battle ground is plainly discernable less than two miles distant, and to the right and left as well as in front, the country is comparatively unobstructed by heavy woods. Just before you, only three or four hundred yards away, are the infantry of the enemy, and at various points in the rear are their reserves and batteries. Between the armies, the ground is already covered with the dead and wounded, for a distance lengthwise of nearly a mile.

Our own artillery are likewise upon commanding positions and you hear the heavy rush of shot, the terrible dumps into the ground, and the crash of trees through which they tear with resistless force, on every side.

The Federals, according to their own statements, are under command of Gen McDowell on the left, Siegel in the centre, and Kearney on the right. Their troops are the best disciplined in the Yankee army, and for a little while most obstinately do they contest every inch of ground over which we advance. Nothing, however, can withstand the impetuosity of our boys. Every line of the enemy has been broken and dispersed, but rallies again upon some other position behind. Hood has already advanced his division nearly half a mile at a double quick, the Texans, Georgians and Hampton Legion loading and firing as they run, yelling all the while like madmen. They have captured one or two batteries and various stands of colors, and are still pushing the enemy before them. Evans, at the head of his brigade, is following on the right, as their support, and pouring in his effective vollies. Jenkins has come in on the right of the Chinn House, and, like an avalanche, sweeps down upon the legions before him with resistless force. Still further to the right is Longstreet's old brigade, composed of Virginians—veterans of every battle field—all of whom are fighting like furies. The First Virginia, which opened the ball at Bull Run on the 17th of July, 1861, with over six hundred men, now reduced to less than eighty members, is winning new laurels; but out of the little handful more than a third have already bit the dust. Toombs and Anderson, with the Georgians, together with Kemper and Jenkins, are sweeping around on the right, flanking the Federals, and driving them towards their centre and rear. Eschelman, with his company of the Washington Artillery; Major Garnett, with his battalion of Virginia batteries, and others of our big guns, are likewise working around upon the enemy's left, and pouring an enfilading fire into both their infantry and artillery.

It was a task of almost superhuman labor to drive the enemy from these strong points defended as they were by the best artillery and infantry in the Federal army, but in less than four hours from the commencement of the battle our indomitable energy had accomplished everything. The arrival of R. H. Anderson with his reserves soon after the engagement was fairly opened, proved a timely acquisition, and the handsome manner in which he brought his troops into position showed the cool and skillful General. Our Generals, Lee, Longstreet' Jackson, Hood, Kemper, Evans, Jones, Jenkins, and others, all shared the dangers to which they exposed their men. How well their Colonels and the subordinate officers performed their duty is best testified by the list of killed and wounded. South Carolina alone lost four as noble spirits as ever graced the earth—Ex Gov. Means, who fell while gallantly leading his regiment into action, Cols, Gadberry, Glover, and Marshall; while Cols. Moore, Benbow, Edwards, and McGowan received wounds which disabled them from further participation in the fight. I have, however, forwarded several lists of casualties, which renders it unnecessary for me to particularize them further at this time.

The battle raged in the manner described until after dark, and when it was imposible to use firearms, the heavens were lit up by the still continued flashes of the artillery, and the meteor flight of shells scattering their iron spray. By this time the enemy had been forced across Bull Run, and their dead covered every acre from the starting point of the fight to the Stone Bridge.

THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

This is a portion of the history of the day which pen cannot fully describe. But if the reader can imagine himself standing on the heights around the old Henry House, and looking across the country in the direction from which we advanced, over the gullies, ravines and vallies which divide the opposite hills, he will see dead and wounded lying by thousands as far as the eye can reach. The woods are likewise full of them. It has been remarked by every one that the enemy on this vast hecatomb outnumber us five or six to one. They lie thickest upon the slopes and summits where their batteries were planted, and the infantry were drawn up as supporters, in many instances as many as eighty or ninety dead marking the place where fought a single regiment. It is one of the singular coincidences of this strange battle, that Hood's brigade encountered on Saturday precisely the same troops whom they met at Gaines' Mill in the battle before Richmond—the Duryea Zouaves, fierce fellows in red baggy breeches, red skull caps and blue embroidered jackets—and as on that occasion, literally mowed them down. In front of the Hampton Legion and Eighteenth Georgia, I counted ninety-six of the dead, to say nothing of two or three hundred wounded, who were lying in every attitude, and groaning in every imaginable key.

In front of the position occupied by Jackson's men the killed are even more plentiful. In many places you cannot walk three feet without being compelled to step over or around a corpse. Sometimes they are piled together, and very rarely you can see a Confederate soldier lying in the midst of a purifying mass. To-day I found a wounded Federal, who has lain for the last two days and nights, where, by extending his hand on either side, he could touch the dead bodies of five of his companions. One of these he was coolly using for a pillow. How callous men become by familiarity with the scenes of war.

I do not know whether you would call the act disgraceful or not, but there is not a dead Yankee in all that broad field who has not been stripped of his shoes or stockings, had his pockets turned inside out, and in numerous cases been left as naked as the hour he was born. If you could see our bare-footed and ragged men, you might think there was even a virtue in stealing from a defunct enemy. Some of the soldiers, however, do not scruple at taking every valuable thing they can lay their hands upon, and rob friend and foe, dead and alive, alike. To ... such cormorants the halter is the only remedy.

LEESBURG, Sept. 4.—Arrived here to-day. Leesburg is passing through an era in its existence which, predicted one year ago, would have been thought the idle dream of a rhapsodist. Its people are witnessing a glorious reality. After enduring for months the thraldom of a hated foe, the yoke has been removed, and they are to-day once more in the enjoyment of their rights, protected by the strong arms and brave hearts of Confederate troops. Three days ago the staid old burg was awakened from its lethargy by the sudden appearance of a body of our cavalry, under Col. Munford. Federal troops and horsemen were in the town, feeding upon the forced hospitality of the citizens, and enjoying a fancied security. Their first intimation of our presence was our appearance. Instantly the whole place was in an uproar.

The "home guards," consisting of native Virginians and renegade Marylanders, rallied in the streets and on the outskirts, and, aided by the Yankee cavalry, attempted to make a stand. Munford, without ado, dashed at once into their ranks, shot and sabred those who did not escape, and the remainder took to flight across the Potomac.

The delight of the people at the arrival of this unexpected succor knew no bounds. They ran into the streets, took the cavalry by the hand, kissed the horses, threw open their houses, fed and clothed the men, and vented enthusiasm in a thousand ways.

Since then until the present hour the town has been in the same wild whirl. The advance guard of Jackson entered yesterday, and to-day the main body of his army have been marching through. The streets are thronged with ladies. The doors wave and curb-stones are like living bouquets of beauty. Everything that wears crinoline or a pretty face is out, and such shouts and waving of handkerchiefs and hurrahs by the overjoyed gender, never emanated from human lips. Every residence is literally an "open house," where is obeyed the scriptural injuction, "Come ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Tables are spread, soldiers are called in, the ladies stand around and bring to bear upon the keen appetites whole batteries of bread, batter, honey, milk and meats. No man who enters there goes away hungry or without an eruption of "God speeds" and "Heaven bless you's" that ought to supply him for a life time.

"What regiment is that?" "Sixth Georgia, Ewell's division." "Hurrah for you! Kill all the Yankees!" screamed a bevy of girls. "Hurrah for the gals! Coming back to marry the whole town," shout the Confederates. "Got any tobacco?" another. "Got any shoes? Give us a slice of bacon and bread. Hoop, hi, hi!" and then the whole crowd break out into a series of yells and screeches that only require the addition of an Indian war dance to complete the scene. I never heard such tumult or saw such enthusiasm in my life.

It is the only time when, without poetic license, one might say truly that the people were perfectly wild. Flags waving, drums beating, dust flying, canons rumbling, men marching, trains tugging behind—these are the skeleton frame work of a picture which I leave the reader to fill up for himself. Longstreet is at Drainsville, and passes here to-morrow. Maryland is in sight, and in a few hours its soil will be consecrated by our footsteps, if not our blood.

September 5.—Maryland! Our army is crossing the Potomac. No enemy in sight.

From the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, Sept. 11.

Reports from Maryland.

The city was replete with fresh rumors on yesterday concerning the movements of our army in Maryland. From several parties who have arrived from the lines of the army on both sides of the Potomac, we have been able to gather the following information. The crossing of the Potomac was commenced on Thursday last, and was conducted in three columns, one crossing at Edwards' Ferry, about three miles from Leesburg, another crossing at Little Seneca Falls, and the third at Point of Rocks, all concentrating after the entrance into Maryland, at and near Frederick City.

Since that time other portions of our army have crossed, and on Sunday last, Gen. Lee had removed his headquarters from Leesburg to Frederick City. The main body of the army having pushed on, this step seemed inevitably necessary to avoid an attack upon Leesburg in front or on the flank, and on the rear. Add to this the fact that it was extremely difficult as well as dangerous, to keep up supplies from any available point south of Leesburg and the movement appears to have been one of the greatest importance.

The report brought down by two citizens from Baltimore, that a demonstration had been made in that city by Southern sympathizers, and that the bridges leading towards Philadelphia had been desroyed, is generally credited. Whether the rot extended to the slaughter of the Provost Marshall and the Enrolling officers is also considered true; but we have no confirmation of either report.

Authentic information comes that large numbers of Marylanders have joined our army since their advent into that State, most of them furnishing their own arms and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

Gen. Bragg Issues a Congratulatory Order

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 10—A congratulatory order from Gen. Bragg to his army on the recent successes of the Confederate arms has just been received. It is dated Sparta, Tenn., Sept 5th., and is as follows:

Comrades! Our campaign opens auspiciously. The enemy is in full retreat with consternation and demoralization devastating their ranks. To secure the fruits of this condition, we must press on vigorously and unceasingly. Alabamians! your State is redeemed! Tennesseeans! your Capital and State are almost restored without firing a gun! you return conquerors! Kentuckians! the first great blow has been struck for your freedom! Soldiers from the other States share the happiness of our more fortunate brothers and will press on with them for the redemption of their homes and women.

[Signed] BRAXTON BRAGG.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.—The Nashville Federal Union, of the 28th ult., gives the following account of the shooting of one of General Price's officers—another striking case for retaliation:

On the 15th inst., General Loan ordered a Lieutenant in Price's army to be shot at Laclede, Mo. He was charged with several crimes, and among them the killing of the pilot of the White Cloud. He was once before ordered to be shot by military commission in Missouri, but escaped. He confessed everything charged. After a full examination, he was sentenced by General Loan to be shot to death. After informing him of the verdict and sentence, and asking him if he had any word to leave to his friends, or anything to say, he said he had not, and told them to shoot and be d—d. He was led out beside his coffin and ordered to kneel, but he swore he never did kneel before the face of clay, and never would; and, standing up, he received the volley, and fell dead on his coffin.

☞ Among the gallant young men who fell in the recent battles are the sons of three prominent Methodist ministers: T. L. Capers, son of the late Bishop Capers; Whiteford Smith, Jr., son of Rev. Dr. Smith; and H. A. McSwain, son of Rev. Mr. McSwain, of the S. C. Conference.

Casualties in the 14th Regiment, S. C. V.

Col. S. McGowan, flesh wound in thigh.

Co. A, CAPT. STUCKEY.

Wounded—Capt. C. M. Stuckey, severely; Lieut. Carter, slightly; J. T. Wilder, severely; R. E. Andrews, dead; W. J. Moore, slightly.

Co. B, LIEUT. BOATWRIGHT COMMANDING.

Wounded—Wesley Bartly, severely; Jesse Black, John Grice, slightly; Adam Chapman, seriously; W. D. McGee, Joseph Outz, slightly.

Co. C, LIEUT. JONES COMMANDING.

Wounded—Sergt. R. S. Goodgion, severely; D. Martin, J. W. Davenport, slightly.

Co. D, CAPT. PERRIN.

Killed—Sergt. Coleman.

Wounded—Gus Strum, Thomas Strum, Jas. Colgon, Baily Corley, Ira Youngblood, C. Cheatham, slightly; John Sawyer, seriously.

Co. E, CAPT. BROWN.

Killed—W. H. Cason, B. Balk.

Wounded—Capt. J. N. Brown, G. B. Grumthis, E. O Thomas, slightly; J. M. Tumbling, A. E. Van Pollard, James Winn, Z. Y. Garnet, severely; T. T. Taylor, slightly, F. Sibert, missing.

Co. F, LIEUT. DUNLOP COMMANDING.

Killed—J. B. Summerville, M. L. Blakely.

Wounded—J. P. Dillard, T. Larian, T. P. Pollard, H. H. Workman, J. McD. Goodwin, W. R. Blakely, C. Stribling.

Co. G, LIEUT. COWAN COMMANDING.

Killed—Sergt. A. P. Young.

Wounded—Corp. J. W. Butler, H. A. Powell, severely; S. A. Casthraw, W. H. Wonton, slightly.

Co. H, LIEUT. JORDAN COMMANDING.

Wounded—Sergt. J. F. Courtney, Stephen Ford, E. Eubanks.

Co. I, LIEUT. ROBERTSON COMMANDING.

Wounded—Lieut. Robertson, R. A. Graub, J. W. Brown, J. B. Patterson, J. T. Rompey, W. A. Sharp.

Co. K, CAPT. TOMPKINS.

Killed—Mahlon Hearn.

Wounded—Lieut. James H. Allen. Whitfield Glazier, G. M. Timmerman, Corp. R. G. Johnson, N. J. Coleman, Joseph Hasling, Corp. J. N. Wertz, Lafayette Stephens, W. H. W. Adams, Stephen Tompkins, Edward Timmerman, J. W. Outz, J. C. Buzzard, Marion Outz, missing.

Later from the North.

RICHMOND, Sept. 13.—Northern papers of the 10th inst have been received here.

Dispatches giving the whereabouts of the Confederate army are contradictory, but it appears certain that a large force was at Hagerstown, Md., on the 8th inst.

All the rolling stock at Hagerstown had been removed from Hagerstown, and the telegraph evacuated.

The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Herald says that the excitement in Baltimore was increased in intensity, and that there was every indication of a popular outbreak.

Pope has been assigned to the Department of the Northwest, with his headquarters at St. Paul, Minnesota. Before leaving Washington he preferred charges of cowardice against Siegel, and disobedience of orders against Fitz John Porter.

Special dispatch to the Savannah Republican.

RICHMOND, Sept. 12.—An official dispatch has been received at the War Department from Gen. Lee, confirming the successful entry of our army into Maryland. Gen. Lee's despatch is dated at his headquarters, Frederick. He says the Yankees destroyed a vast amount of army stores, and took to flight as our army approached.

The citizens of Maryland were organizing for war throughout the State, and especially at Baltimore. Large accessions to the Confederate army were coming in daily and others en route for his camp.

Gen. Stuart's cavalry had captured a large number of boats, laden with cargoes of provisions and other valuable products, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The Marylanders in Virginia are all in a blaze and intoxicated with the prospect of an early redemption of their beloved State. Those in Richmond are rapidly leaving in companies under Brig. Gen. G. B. Stewart, of Maryland.

Cheering Accounts from the Southwest.

MOBILE, Sept. 12.—A special dispatch to the *Advertiser and Register*, dated Knoxville, the 11th, says Dr. D. W. Strader arrived there this morning, in charge of a Yankee stage, bringing three prisoners captured by Morgan on the 31st, at Columbia, Kentucky. He reports the Kentuckians as flying to Morgan by hundreds, and a general uprising of the people.

Buell's army is said to have left Nashville, taking the Edgefield road to Bowling Green. Gen. Bragg is in full chase of him.

The *Register* extra of to-day contains a letter from Morgan's command, giving glorious accounts of the progress of our cause. Morgan is arresting prominent Union citizens and taking their bonds, conditioned that they are to be exchanged for Southerners, and report as prisoners of war.

Louisville dates of the 3d inst., contain Bull Nelson's letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, admitting a total rout at Richmond. He censures Gen. Manson for bringing on the battle in violation of orders.

All the government stores had been removed from Lexington before its capture. It was evacuated on the 1st inst.

The Legislature, now in session at Louisville, passed resolutions calling out 50,000 men for thirty days. Robinson's proclamation calls the people to arms, and appoints rendezvous at Paris, Louisville, Bowling Green and Paducah. A perfect panic prevails.

Five hundred negroes, freed by Curtis, arrived at St. Louis on the 31st ultimo, and 200 more are expected. Our men are rallying in Missouri.

Movements in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—Conductor Woodall made a reconnoisance yesterday with an engine on the Kentucky Central Railroad to proceed to a point ten miles North of Cynthiana, where he discovered three men who, upon being halted, said they belonged to a Georgia Regiment. He afterwards discovered their camp, but it was so much hidden by bushes that he could not make out the numbers.

A dispatch from Falmouth, dated one o'clock this morning, says that scouts report the rebels within four miles of that place with artillery.

A dispatch from Pomeroy, Ohio, says that Spencer, Boone county, Virginia, had surrendered to Colonel Jenkins and that Colonel Rathbyne's command had surrendered and been taken prisoners. On Wednesday, Jenkins entered Ravenswood, Virginia, and crossed the Ohio at Buffinington's Island, came down to Racine, Ohio, killing one man, wounding two, and stealing twelve horses, then re-crossed to the river at Wolf's bar and encamped for the night. The people were rising to resist further attempts.

A later report says the rebels are crossing at Racine and coming down on both sides of the river.

A dispatch from Point Pleasant, addressed to the Military Committee at Gallipolis, says the contending forces are now in sight of each other. The enemy are said to be nine hundred strong, and a battle is imminent.

Governor Morton has ordered all male citizens between 18 and 45, residing in the border counties, to organize themselves into military companies to repel invasion.

The Advertiser.

ARTHUR SIMKINS, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1862.

Returned Soldiers.

Adjutant MACK WRIGHT of the 22d Regt. S. C. V., is at this place, and we are glad to state that his wound is doing decidedly well. The Adjutant's general health appears to be excellent.

Adjutant R. A. TOMPKINS, of the Hampton Legion is also at home, and we learn that his wound, although severe, is not dangerous. We trust that the salubrious air and comforts of his loved home will soon restore him completely.

Capt. ABNER PERRIN, of the 14th, is in town, very feeble in health. He had the pleasure, after passing through the battles of Manassas, of seeing our troops in the act of crossing the Potomac, but was not permitted to accompany them, a very stringent order having been issued declaring that none should continue with the advancing columns except those who were well and strong.

Lieutenant-Col. LOUDON BUTLER is also sojourning for a short season with his relations in this place. We congratulate him on his manifest popularity with his adopted fellow-citizens of Lousiana. As at Shiloh, so upon every field that may offer will he prove himself the "worthy son of a worthy sire."

Corporal C. L. DURISOE is also at home, having suffered severely from a virulent attack of Camp fever. Although much debilitated, we are glad to know that the crisis of his disease has entirely passed, and that, with care, he will soon be "all right" again.

Among other visitors to our town we observe the arrival of our late fellow-citizen, Mr. ALLEN B. ADDISON, now of Georgia, and who reports that his section of the Empire State is a perfect "*world of Corn.*"

Casualties Among Edgefield Men.

We find the following casualties reported in Company B, Hampton Legion:

Killed—M. Gillespi.

Wounded—R. A. Tompkins, Sergt. Tucker, Dorn; Corp. Briggs, Harmon, Dorn, O. Sturkey, N. Brown, M. Brown, Furman, J. Jennings, Bradly..

Among the wounded in Company H, 18th Regiment S. C. V., we observe the name of Capt. P. C. EICHLEBERGER of this vicinity. His friends will be glad to learn that his wound is reported "slight."

Maryland.

The hopes and expectations of the Confederacy cluster for the moment around the people of Maryland; because upon their course in a measure depends the success of the new onward movement. Surely there cannot be a doubt of Maryland's southern affinities. And if not, we shall soon hear that she has "burst the tyrant's chain," and that her sons by tens of thousands are flocking to the standard of Lee. How glorious her opportunity of disenthrallment and of revenge! It is the turning point in the destiny of a noble people. Will they sink to the degradation of slaves? or will they "*remember Howard's warlike thrust,*" and while they

"Avenge the patriotic gore
That flow'd the streets of Baltimore,"

place another bright and glowing star in the Southern Cross.

The Voice of the Army.

Some writer in one of the State papers, claiming that the Convention is still *the people*, chooses to rank our men in the army amongst that body's upholders and abettors. We deny the assumption, and protest that, thus far, we have not heard a dissenting voice among our soldiers in condemnation of the present irregular and extraordinary government instituted by said Convention. If the matter could be tested, we have no doubt that *South Carolina-in-the-army* would repudiate the *old-granny innovation* far more vehemently than the people at home do.

Speculation.

The mania has become universal, and the men of the South, who are not in the army, are becoming a race of speculators. Those who had stemmed the tide for some little time, and who tried to keep clear of the maelstrom, have been sucked in, and are gone heels over head with the rest. "*How can I help doing as others do,*" is the flimsy excuse for raising the prices of provisions day after day by purchasing in quantities and depleting neighborhood after neighborhood. Our army is in Maryland, pressing on to Baltimore, but we are not yet assured that the Lord means to give success to a people whose selfishness becomes more rampant continually, and whose greed of gain awakens with new vigor at every opportunity of speculation.

Like Himself.

The following is a copy of a dispatch sent by Col. THOS. G. LAMAR to Gen. EVANS, at Secessionville, June 16th, after he (Col. L.) was wounded:

"For God's sake send reinforcements. The enemy have marked me, but I will fight them as long as I have a grain of powder or a foot of land to stand upon."

Not so Bad.

It is to be hoped that the corn crop in this part of the country will turn out more abundantly than many suppose. The farmers suffered a good deal from dry weather in this particular locality—perhaps as much as in any other. Yet the ears of corn are pretty good after all. From a seven acre cut, we gathered on Saturday last seven loads and a half of good corn averaging fourteen bushels to the load, at the least. We mention the circumstance, not to brag on it, for its no great things—but to encourage the hope of a big corn crop, which we think is a fixed fact, especially considering the immense breadth everywhere planted. Corn-sellers ought to be on the lookout;—the article will (unless speculation can prevent it) go down to 75 cts in a short time. Corn-buyers had better regulate their purchases accordingly.

Augusta, Sept. 15.

A hot place, verily. High prices prevail extensively. Goods of all kinds extremely scarce. No calico, no diaper in the place. No coffee, no water fit to drink. We pity our good friends of Augusta on this score. Oh, for a well-filled ice-house in their behalf! But winter will come after a while, and Augusta will be getting better of the war, and oysters will arrive, and a great many pleasant things will (perhaps) occur. By the way, the agreeable and the beautiful are not at a discount even now. The *Queen Sisters* have been drawing good houses for two weeks and continue to draw. We saw them in the *Toodles* and other pieces. They play very cleverly and sing quite sweetly. We saw in attendance there the gallant Capt. GIRARDEY, who figured so handsomely at Shiloh—always genial, always gentlemanly. Col. WEEMS, who was severely wounded in Virginia, was pointed out to us. And we shook hands once more with our old friend, Col. CAREY W. STYLES. It was a pleasant night,—but a hot place is Augusta and provokingly dry of dry goods.

☞ It is said that the yellow fever prevails among the Yankee troops at New Orleans.

☞ The Conscript law is to be immediately enforced in Tennessee. All persons liable are allowed to volunteer in such companies as they may select, within thirty days.

The Onward Movement.

All eyes are turned to LEE's army across the Potomac, and conjecture is rife in the land as to its probable destination. Some say Washington others Baltimore, others Harrisburg, and a few are looking as far on as Philadelphia. We take it this is all *pure* conjecture. The President and Gen. LEE are not apt to blab their aims in so important a matter. Without knowing anything at all in the premises, we think it rational to suppose that the recovery of Maryland is the game at stake. If Washington shall fall as a consequence, it naturally becomes a part of the programme. But how LEE is to push the war into Pennsylvania with a large army in his rear, is hard to be understood. It is of course the policy not the possibility of the undertaking that staggers one. Quick work in Maryland will bring glory enough for one campaign; and the fall of Washington will convince the world that the Confederate, and not the United States, are the ruling power in America. To effect that fall, the occupation of Maryland may be one step and the renewed blockade of the Potomac, both from the Virginia and the Maryland side, another—But what are we saying? We know nothing on this blessed earth about the business, and repose, with still undoubting faith, upon the genius, courage and patriotic devotion of the men who have it in charge. This is the sentiment of the whole Southern people.—and it is not to be believed that it will be disappointed. Let the toast then be "Maryland and LEE," and nine cheers for JEFFERSON DAVIS and the Southern Confederacy.

Fire.

A fire occurred on the premises of the Baptist Parsonage in this village on Thursday night last by which two out-buildings were consumed, resulting in some loss and much inconvenience to the occupants. Our citizens, by great exertion, saved the Parsonage Mansion. Cause of the fire not known.

The Convention.

When the Convention *does* any thing, we will be sure to let the people know all about it.

Edgefield in the Georgia Ranks.

Among the casualties in the 20th Georgia Regiment, on the 28th Aug., at Manassas, we observe the name of Lieut. C. H. CULBREATH, killed on that occasion while battling heroically for the great Southern cause under the Georgia banner. CARSON HILL CULBREATH was a native of this District,—a member of our old and well-known family of that name,—and had been living in Georgia for a number of years, when the call to arms enkindled his native enthusiasm and led him forth a martyr for his country's independence. Honored be his memory!

Correction.

We have been requested by Capt. J. C. BROOKS, late Enrolling Officer for Edgefield, to state that the names of JASPER N. RUSH and HENRY BELL should be published as belonging to Capt. J. H. BROOKS' Company, and not conscripts as announced in the Columbia papers. The name of W. H. WINN is also published as a conscript, which is a mistake, as he is a member of Capt. LEWIS JONES' Company.

There is an error also in placing the names of T. J. GLAZE and J. L. WATSON on said list. The former is duly exempt by Confederate authority for sufficient cause—we have seen his papers—and the latter is at this time a member of the 7th Regiment.

Fatal Duel.

A correspondent of the Columbus *Times* writing from Charleston says: "A duel was fought near here on the 5th, between Col. W. RANSOM CALHOUN, commander at Fort Sumter and a nephew of the great JOHN C., and Major RHETT, son of BARNWELL RHETT, which resulted in the death of the former. This is the second duel Maj. RHETT has fought lately; the origin of both difficulties, it is said, growing out of remarks made by himself concerning Col. CALHOUN. The community mourn the loss of Col. CALHOUN. He graduated at West Point in 1850 and ranked high as a military leader. Maj. RHETT is much esteemed and, should he continue in the army, rises to the place made vacant by the death of Col. C., both being in the same Regiment."

We do not vouch for this statement.

☞ The Montgomery *Advertiser*, observing our allusion to the beautiful Indian name *Coahoma*, wants to know "what the editor thinks of "Mucheslushetobesofka," the seminole name of Hominy?" Excellently well—if not very mellifluous, it is decidedly expressive—Can't you see the fellow taking a big mouthful—hot hominy at that—and trying to cool it a little preparatory to swallowing;—*Mushe-slushe-tobesofka* is the thing itself. *Tic-tic-bow*, the barbarian's name for gun, is nowhere in the comparison.

For the Advertiser.

To the Public.

I should do injustice to my feelings did I not attempt some expression of my gratitude to the citizens of Edgefield Village for their kind and efficient services on the night of the fire at the Baptist Parsonage. But for their prompt and persevering exertions, every thing would have been consumed.

Being from home at the time, I know not to whom I am most indebted. It is not in my power to repay such kindness, but to each one I return my heartfelt thanks.

L. R. GWALTNEY.

Muster Roll of the Edgefield Partisan Rangers.

Captain—LEWIS JONES,
1st Lieutenant—JAMES P. GREGG,
2nd " —JOHN M. WARD,
3rd " —JOHN BAUSKETT,
1st Sergeant—SAMUEL G. COTHRAN,
2nd " —W. H. WINN,
3rd " —ANDREW GILES,
4th " —S. SHELTON FOX,
5th " —JOHN L. ADDISON,
1st Corporal—W. C. HART,
2nd " —JOHN BRIGGS,
3rd " —B. W. HARD,
4th " —MARK CROUCH,
Bugler—GEO. W. CROUCH,

Jno. B. Abney,	R. M. Johnson,
E. M. Adams,	James Kimbrell,
E. N. Bartley,	A. Kirkland,
Richard Briggs,	J. F. Kirkland,
A. Broadwater,	S. Kirkland,
Geo. W. Broadwater,	Goody Lewis,
Robt. E. Broadwater,	Jno. Mitchell,
Robt. S. Brunson,	Jno. W. Moyer,
Wm. Busbee,	James Napper,
D. M. Clark,	E. G. New,
W. L. Claxton,	Jno. W. Noble,
L. R. Cogburn,	G. F. Piper,
W. B. Crane,	L. C. Praytor,
J. P. Denny,	David Plunkett,
J. H. Ellis,	David Quarles,
Wm. Forrest,	Wm. Quarles,
Jessee Franklin,	Philip Randall,
A. Funderburg,	Rubin Richardson,
W. Funderburg,	W. F. Roath,
D. M. Glover,	Ranforth Reynolds,
B. F. Glanton,	John M. Scott,
F. Harris,	Jessee M. Scott,
Jno. W. Harris,	O. H. P. Scott,
Jno. Hatcher,	L. G. Spradley,
B. O. Herndon,	E. N. Steedman,
J. M. Holder,	W. J. Turner,
L. W. Holmes,	J. P. Wages,
E. Holsonbake,	Richard Ward,
T. S. Hudson,	M. B. Ward,
Calvin Watson,	A. S. W. Wertz,

☞ Some 4000 Confederate prisoners arrived at Vicksburg on the 11th, principally those captured at Ft. Donelson. They complain of barbarous treatment from the Yankees.