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SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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[WHOLE NUMBER 1,652.]

WAR NEWS.

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

POSITION OF THE REBELS.

STRENGTH OF THE REBELS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

(Special Correspondence of N. Y. Evening Post.)

IN CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., April 7, '62.

My letter of yesterday gave an account of our advance to this point, a mile and a half from Yorktown. The position occupied by our forces is also a mile and a half from York river, to which stream our pickets extend. A few Federal gunboats were in sight on the river this morning, but the heavy 32-pounders of the Rebels are rather formidable for them as yet. Our siege guns are now coming in, but the bad condition of the roads retards the movements of artillery.

NIGHT SKIRMISH.
Our troops were busily occupied last night in throwing up earthworks for the protection of our storming parties, and while so engaged had a sharp encounter with a company of Rebel infantry which had been sent out to see what we were doing. Our boys were ready for the enemy, and met them with a sharp volley, which hurried them back to their lines at the "double-quick."

THE POSITION.
Our camps lie just back of the forest, which hides us imperfectly from the observation of the enemy. The lines are so near together that the Rebel shells often fall among our tents. Our upper battery is situated in an opening in the woods, and is plainly in sight of the Rebel works; so near them, in fact, that the shells tear up the ground and have killed our horses at a murderous rate. Two of our men in this battery have been killed, and three wounded.

The whole number of troops killed in the skirmish of Saturday was five, and fifteen were wounded. The affair on that day, however, was intended merely as a reconnaissance for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire and getting an idea of his strength and position. It is believed that the Rebels suffered more severely than our forces, for the Berdan Sharpshooters do dreadful work at a range which the Rebels cannot reach. They picked off four Rebel gunners on the earthworks at one concerted fire.

General McClellan passed the whole of yesterday in the advanced camp, and it was supposed that his presence indicated an immediate attack upon the enemy; but to-day there are no signs of action, and the Rebels are as silent as mice.

What the real plan of attack is I am not permitted to state, but it is believed in camp that we are to get to the rear of the enemy, and, by cutting off his retreat, prevent his escape or the removal of any of his guns. Of course, nothing of a definite nature is known in regard to intended movements, and we must wait with patience till the blow is struck.

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

General Porter is in command of the advanced guard of the army, and has the whole direction of affairs. General McClellan has his headquarters three miles in our rear, and Gen. Sedgwick is with him in command of the reserves. Gen. Porter, who has the keenness of a hawk, is never at rest. He trusts nobody's eyes or impressions but his own, and exposes himself in the most dangerous places while superintending the preparations for the siege. While reconnoitering the Rebel works a cannon shot killed the horse of one of his aids, and more than one shell has burst before, over or behind him. He was three times up in a balloon yesterday, once from a point near York river, carefully reconnoitering the position of the Rebels. General McClellan made his whole sojourn in camp with Gen. Porter, and has confided to him the execution of his plans.

DEFIANT NOTES.

Not the least remarkable among the incidents of the siege is the stirring notes of the military bands. In the soft twilight of these lovely spring days, the bands of the Rebel regiments dauntly play the air of "Dixie," and the lines are so close together that the music is distinctly heard in our camp, while we send back the glorious strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," and down the cheeks of the enemy with shouts that find a ringing echo in the woods. Our troops are eager to set upon the enemy, and are full of confidence and enthusiasm.

THE REBEL FORCE.

As nearly as we can ascertain, the force of the enemy around Yorktown is from thirty to thirty-five thousand men. Of this number five or six thousand are stationed in the earthworks directly in front of our lines, and the remainder are scattered over a space of six miles in and around the city.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Happening to be in possession of a good spy-glass, I mounted a fence beside one of our batteries during the little engagement of Saturday, and observed the style of firing from the Rebel works; calling out to some of our gunners when a shell exploded short or beyond our position; but while engaged in that interesting pursuit had a lively scene of the eccentric movements of those missiles of war, a shell struck the rail on which I stood, broke it and knocked me over, but did no other damage.

From one o'clock to three on Saturday I

stood so near our batteries as to be able to assist in carrying away the bodies of two of our men who were killed by the fire of the enemy, and of one who was wounded at a gun while engaged in loading it. Another ball killed two horses, and another broke a spoke in a wheel, and still another went under the root of a tree within ten feet of me. This was rather warm work, and in company with the surgeon (who was too useful a man to be put in such imminent risk) I instantly made a retreat to the shelter of a large pine tree, which was immediately struck and barked by a Rebel shell, at the distance of some ten feet above our heads.

The scene now became intensely exciting. Give 'em 'em!—shouted Captain Griffin, "and you, reporter! just about 'down!' when you see a smoke; and then, boys, down on your marrow bones!" This fun was rather too funny, but the way the dirt flew and the shells burst in the Rebel works and barracks, showed that our guns did good service in return for the hard knocks the enemy had given us. There is a great deal of consolation to be derived in such circumstances from the reflection that "it is but one ball in five hundred that ever kills"—but, for all that, the sensation is not what you might call absolutely agreeable. While I sit here writing, there is an occasional shot, but all is "quiet with the army of the Potomac."

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

The country hereabouts is almost a level plain, skirted by heavy forests, but sparsely inhabited. It produces large quantities of corn and wheat, some tobacco, and an abundance of peaches, but other fruits are scarce. The wood is chiefly hard pine, and a large proportion of the forest is swampy, but when cleared up and drained the land dries and makes an excellent wheat ground.

The people are mostly large landowners, and apparently wealthy, possessing fine mansions and beautiful sites and grounds. On the James river the dwellings have been burned for a distance of several miles; but on the York river, and in the immediate vicinity of our camp, they are still standing, hastily forsaken by their owners, without an attempt to remove any other property than private papers. In many instances an abundance of provisions and live stock have been found upon these deserted premises.—Occasionally a negro is left behind, and still more rarely a few whites of the poorer classes. These latter are all ardent Secessionists.

BERDAN'S SHARPSHOOTERS.

Some of the correspondents give lively sketches of the operations of our army before Yorktown. One correspondent tells how the affair was opened:

The action commenced at 9 A. M., under General Porter, who had the command of the right wing. First of all Col. Berdan's Sharpshooters, belonging to the division, advanced as skirmishers, to clear the woods and reconnoiter, the troops supporting them. These deployed to the right and left, plunging in the bushes and availing themselves of any stone, tree or log that might afford shelter. Companies A and G were on the extreme right, before the Fifth Massachusetts Battery; Companies C and E, and part of F, distributed along the fence on the left; Companies B and I acted as a reserve. Over three-quarters of a mile was thus entirely covered by Sharpshooters. But for their admirable pluck, skill andadroitness, our troops would have been exposed to a murderous fire from every tree and thicket in front of the Rebel entrenchments.

Col. H. Berdan and Dr. Snelling (Surgeon of the Regiment, now deservedly promoted to the Brigade Surgeonship), followed by three orderlies, had ridden to the horizontal belt of woods exhibited in the map, when the first Rebel shot came whizzing over their heads, another compelled them to seek cover in the bushes. There they remained until the men were fairly deployed, the shot and shell flying fast and furiously about them; the sharpshooters lying on their stomachs and progressing rapidly fashion to every favorable point for assailing the enemy. Twenty minutes subsequent, the Fifth Massachusetts, under Capt. Allen, came up, and turning to the right went to work vigorously on the battery fronting them. The ambulances, meantime, under cover of the woods, awaited their ghastly freight, and did not wait long.

The shelling of the Rebel battery on the right continued three-quarters of an hour, when another opened upon us, and from thenceforth a continuous fire was kept up all along the line, the enemy in his rifle pits and from behind his entrenchments endeavoring to pick off our men, who returned the compliment under cover of the woods.

At first the Rebels were very daring, springing on their ramparts and cheering, but the deadly results of this bragadoecia speedily taught them caution. Our men could see them fall; could perceive their comrades catching them or pulling them down from behind. The first Rebel killed, conspicuous from his white shirt, fell while hurrahing and waving his hat upon the breast-works. He was picked off by Truman, a sharpshooter of eleven years' experience in the Rocky Mountains. So terrible a fire did Berdan's men keep up that the Rebels found it next to impossible to load and man a gun. They put up planks and endeavored to effect it under their shelter, and actually dismounted a piece, brought it around the parapets and sent its contents scattering through the peach orchard with

such savage haste that they did not stoop to remove the hammer. Still they could not dislodge the human bombsters crouching within its friendly shelter. Ping! ping! ping! splat! splat! pattered! pattered! went the rifle bullets, and boom! boomed the artillery, cutting and crashing through the trunks and branches. Captain Berdan estimates that at least 1500 cannon balls tore through the peach orchard during the day's fight. One shell exploded in the upper chamber of a house at the right, near Berdan's reserve. These brave fellows, by the way, 150 yards in the rear, were at one period subject to a cross fire, in which one man was killed, and the rest, amid a storm of shot and shell, obliged to shift their position. I am informed by Lieutenant Winthrop (brother to the Major of that name, killed at Great Bethel), that the dead man, Phelps, was a model soldier; also, that he expressed a presentiment of his pending fate.

At 4½ o'clock, P. M., the Stars and bars were still flying over the Rebel entrenchments. At dusk the band struck up "Dixie," and then played the "Marseillaise," while their men gave three cheers, followed by the discharge of three pieces of artillery.—After that, the night was only broken occasionally by stray picket firing and the distant boom of cannon, away to the left in the direction of General Keyes' corps d'armee.

General Keyes' Division.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following interesting account of the operations of General Keyes' Division before the enemy's works, on our left wing, towards the James river:

LEE'S MILLS, VIRGINIA,
Sunday, April 6, 1862.

The results of the day's operations, in themselves, are not important. But when we infer from them, as we are compelled to do, that the position of the enemy, which we now confront, as to strength, is one of the first magnitude; that the works before which the Union forces now lie form a link in the chain of fortifications stretching across the Peninsula, at the narrowest place between York to James river, their left resting on Yorktown; that this line, besides being one of great strategic importance to the enemy, is in its topography one of remarkable strength; that the labor of thousands of men directed by first-class engineering skill, for nearly a year, has been devoted to making it stronger; I say, viewing the results of the operations of the day as establishing these stern realities, they cannot be said to be otherwise than very important.

At the earliest stages of the war this line—the strategic line, was seized on by the Rebels, because it stretched across the most natural route to Richmond, its ends resting on the two principal rivers navigable almost to the centre of the State of Virginia. The distance from York to James river here is between seven and eight miles. The surface of the country, though generally very level, at quite regular intervals is broken by deep ravines, through which flow sluggish and insignificant streams, widening frequently into deep and impenetrable marshes. A neck of land with these characteristics is susceptible in the highest degree of military defence. The Peninsula itself is largely covered by the forest, generally pine, with here and there the oak, the elm, and other heavy timber. More than one half of the distance—twenty odd miles—our forces have marched, since they left Hampton, has been through this forest, the exceptions being patches of farm land, many of them cleared by the earliest settlers of the Virginia Colony and I presume in no instance as lately as forty years ago.

These routes necessarily converge as the peninsula narrows, and, as if to leave little to engineering skill to render the line one of vast strength in a military sense, nature has given to it the topographical characteristics to which I have alluded. The army of the Potomac having chosen this route to go to Richmond, halts in three columns before the works which the enemy have constructed on this narrow line. As it is the progress of the corps d'armee commanded by General Keyes I am to narrate, I will confine myself to that column. Its route lies nearest to James river. Young's Mills, which was evacuated as we approached, is a position which the enemy evidently intended to hold—at any rate, at which to make a stand for a time—a position where five thousand men might have made work for four times their number. But, instead of defending this position the enemy fell back half a dozen miles to the much stronger one at Lee's Mills, on Warwick river, which the Union forces reached yesterday morning, and which it is very evident they intend to defend resolutely with a large force, which has been augmented since our arrival.

The position is about two miles from James river, and about six miles from Yorktown, and somewhat lower down on the Peninsula than the latter place. Warwick river deep and narrow, makes up from James river, its head being further toward the Peninsula—a lagoon, rather, with bold banks in spots; for the rest, swamps. According to present information, the enemy have here two works or forts, beside extensive rifle pits, stockades and other devices, all on the west or upper side of the stream and ravine. In the rear is a wood, in the front an open space of from twelve to fifteen hundred yards on the sides woods, thickly studded with undergrowth. On the enemy's right and our left the ravine broadens, and into a

marsh, with transverse gullies. The stream having been dammed originally for mechanical purposes, this feature has been improved upon for the purpose of military defence, so that the water sets back a considerable distance on the enemy's left, rendering a flank movement in that direction extremely difficult, if not impossible.

When Gen. Smith's Division came up to this position yesterday morning, and on its general features being ascertained, General Keyes caused Gen. Couch, with his division, to move nearer James river, with the view of coming upon the enemy's right.

Early in the day the skirmishing in the woods on our right, in which whole regiments of General Couch's Division were at times engaged, was resumed. The purpose of the enemy to get in on our right was so apparent that this became a point of considerable interest and some solicitude. Instead of making any progress the enemy were rather driven back, at least compelled to remain on their side of the river. At times the Rebel forts opened quite briskly on our artillery, which as yet had not been regularly placed in position. Some half dozen pieces replied by planting a number of shells finely on the face of the Rebels' works and in the forts. One of the enemy's shells—a 10-pound Parrot—struck a timber of Captain Wheeler's Battery, nearly demolishing a wheel and setting fire to the ammunition-box, in which there were twenty shells, three of which exploded. At the risk of being blown to atoms, two men rushed forward and put out the fire, an act of real heroism worthy of praise. Early in the day General Keyes started on a reconnoissance on our left, and General Hancock followed the line to the centre of the Peninsula.

Though not a great deal was done to-day by way of systematic fighting, a vast deal of other work was done. Our men on the left captured several prisoners, who confirm previous information, obtained by reconnoissance, concerning the Rebel line of defence, with the addition that the enemy are being reinforced continually from the James river and Norfolk, and that they have a triple line of works, which will be defended to the last. General McClellan is said to be in command at Lee's Mills, and General Magruder at Yorktown.

As yet the enemy have only opened but four guns of light calibre—rifle Parrots, it is thought. The presumption, however, is that they have heavier ones in position.—Even though they have no heavy guns, the case is not materially different, since the works find their great strength in the extraordinary features of the country and their peculiar position.

The state of things presented to our Generals requires great prudence, a perfect knowledge of everything that relates to the position and strength of the enemy, and time for consultation and deliberation. The enemy's works being an extended line, or a series of lines, a variety of movements and operations, or a series of combined operations, may be thought necessary. The plan, whatever it is, when concluded upon, will be vigorously, and, I doubt not, successfully prosecuted.

April 7, A. M.—Last night Captain Ayers, Chief of Artillery of Gen. Smith's Division, directed earthworks for the protection of artillery to be thrown up, which was done under the immediate superintendence of Adjutant Kerusow, whose capacity and zeal have given him a high standing in the estimation of the best commanders. The position selected advances our pieces to within about 100 yards of the main redoubt of the enemy. While engaged in the work the Rebels fired several cannon-shots, which, though exploding very near, the Vermonters never flinched or for a moment paused, but kept at work through the night.

About 9 o'clock this morning General McClellan and staff, with a squadron of cavalry reached Gen. Keyes' headquarters at Warwick Court House, about a mile and a half of the front line, where Gen. Smith has his headquarters under a tree. Remaining half an hour in conference with Gen. Keyes, Gen. McClellan rode to the front, and hastily inspected the enemy's works and our own position, and returned to the headquarters of Gen. Keyes.

The day is rainy and cold, and operations are entirely suspended.

FROM NEW MADRID.

Official Report of General Pope.

FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.

The Capture of the Army of General Mackall.

FURTHER PARTICULARS—A FEMALE CAMP—THE BOMBARDMENT.

GEN. POPE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

NEW MADRID, MO., April 9, 1862.

The canal across the peninsula opposite Island No. 10—and for the idea of which I am indebted to General Schuyler Hamilton—was completed by Colonel Bissell's Engineer Regiment, and four steamers were brought through on the night of the 6th.—The heavy batteries I had thrown up below Tiptonville completely commanded the low-est point of the high ground on the Tennessee shore, entirely cutting off the enemy's retreat by water; his retreat by land has never been possible through the swamp.

On the night of the 4th Captain Walke, of the navy, ran the enemy's batteries at Island No. 10 with the gun-boat Carondelet, and reported to me here. On the night of the 6th the gunboat Pittsburg also ran the blockade. Our transports were brought into the river from the bayou, where they had been kept concealed, at daylight, on the 7th, and Paine's Division landed. The canal has been a prodigiously laborious work. It was twelve miles long, six miles of which were through heavy timber which had to be snored off by hand four feet under water.

The enemy had lined the opposite shore with batteries, extending from Island No. 10 to Tiptonville, Merri-weather Landing, to prevent the passage of the river by this army.

I directed Captain Walke to run down with the two gunboats at daylight on the 7th to the point selected for crossing, and silence the enemy's batteries near it. He performed the service gallantly, and I here bear testimony to the thorough and brilliant manner in which this officer discharged his difficult duties with me, and to the hearty and earnest zeal with which, at all hazards, he cooperated with me.

As soon as he signalled me, the boats containing Paine's Division moved out from the landing and began to cross the river.—The passage of this wide, furious river by our large force was one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever witnessed. By 12 o'clock that night, the 7th, all the forces designed to cross the river were over, without delay or accident.

As soon as we commenced to cross the enemy began to evacuate Island No. 10 and his batteries along the shore. The divisions were pushed forward to Tiptonville as fast as they landed, Paine's leading. The enemy was driven before him, and, although they made several attempts to form in line of battle and make a stand, Paine did not once deploy his columns.—The enemy was pushed all night vigorously, until at 4 o'clock A. M. he was driven back upon the swamps and forced to surrender.

Three Generals, seven Colonels, seven regiments, several battalions of infantry, five companies of artillery, over one hundred heavy siege guns, twenty-four pieces of field artillery, an immense quantity of ammunition and supplies, several thousand stand of small arms, a great number of tents, horses, wagons, etc., etc., have fallen into our hands.

Before abandoning Island No. 10, the enemy sank the gunboat Grampus and six of his transports. These last I am raising, and expect to have ready for service in a few days. The famous floating battery was scuttled and burnt with all her guns aboard; she was captured and run aground in shoal water by our forces at New Madrid.

Our success is complete and overwhelming. Our troops, as I expected, behaved gloriously. I will in my full report endeavor to do full justice to all. Brigadier Generals Paine, Stanley and Hamilton crossed the river and conducted their divisions with undaring activity and skill. I am especially indebted to them. General Paine, fortunate in having the advance, exhibited unusual vigor and courage, and had the satisfaction to receive the surrender of the enemy. Of Colonel Bissell, of the Engineer Regiment, I can hardly say too much. Full of resources, unflinching and determined, he labored night and day, and completed a work which will be a monument of enterprise and skill.

We have crossed this great river with a large army, the banks of which were lined with batteries of the enemy to oppose our passage; have pursued and captured all his forces and material of war, and have not lost a man, nor met an accident.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times gives the following additional particulars of the capture of the Rebel army:

THE CAPITULATION.

The gunboats Pittsburg and Conestoga took position immediately below this point, to prevent transports from coming up, and General Paine seized the corduroy road.—They had no alternative but to surrender or fight, and they had no disposition for battle. They came in by squads during the night, their arms without a word. They were broken up and divided during the retreat, and were so closely followed that they had no opportunity to unite for resistance, if they desired to do so, which seemed not to be the case. About two thousand came in in this manner, and at 3 o'clock in the morning an unconditional surrender was sent in, giving up the remainder of the troops. At daybreak they were all marched in, and threw down their arms. Tiptonville presented a strange appearance, filled with the motley crowd of butternut-colored Secesh, lounging about with sullen looks and downcast faces, their arms stacked or strewn about in the mud, and their equipments destroyed or thrown away on the retreat. The line of the river was a scene of confusion seldom witnessed. The ground was strewn with guns, knapsacks, clothing, wagons, cannon trucks, and every imaginable article of military use. Small parties of soldiers lingered everywhere, hidden in the woods, and to drive them out a line of soldiers was formed by General Pope, extending across the neck of land, which was four or five miles wide from the river to the lake or swamps. This line advanced steadily up towards the Island, and, hustled out all of the miserable wretches into daylight, where they were captured.

They were five thousand in number, including officers, among whom there were four generals, viz: Gen. Mackall, Gen. Gantt, Gen. Walker, and Gen. Schaumm.

These easily and harmlessly was this army of soldiers captured and imprisoned. Not a life was lost, not a wound was inflicted, but with so small a sacrifice as the labor of a forced march of a few hours the whole body was trapped and caged. They showed no disposition to fight, but came in and threw down their arms sullenly and despondingly. They might have made a desperate resistance in the woods, but they were so closely followed that they had no means of forming into bodies of any considerable number, and they were consequently powerless.

They were well clothed, and, in the main, well armed. Some were equipped with shot guns and rifles, but the majority had good arms. There were many fine Enfield rifles in their possession. Their artillery was all of good quality, and much of it of the largest size. This they brought away from the fortifications at No. 10, in the hope to save it. Every piece of cannon in their possession was captured. Some of them had been spiked, but none of them are permanently disabled. They gave up all hope without demur, and indeed seemed glad to be rid of the weighty responsibility which rested upon them. They were disheartened and discouraged. They had been taken by surprise, for they rested in confident security that we never could get boats to General Pope to enable him to cross. They knew of our efforts to do so, but they laughed at them and termed the scheme a Yankee folly.—When they saw them come out of the woods and land at New Madrid, they awoke to a sense of their position and took to their heels.

The prisoners were surrounded by a strong guard, and kept at Tiptonville to await the arrival of transports.

A FEMALE CAMP.

One of the features of the deserted Rebel camp was a peculiarity which we have not met with heretofore. On a beautiful hill, surrounded by pleasant groves, budding wild flowers, and the accompanying charms of a rural retreat, we found a bevy of nymphs encamped, and enjoying solitarily life in real earnest. There were twelve or fifteen of them, of different ages, but all young and more or less fair to look upon.—They sat around the camp-fire and cooked their breakfast, a little dishevelled and rumpled as might be expected, in remembrance of the scenes of excitement they had passed through, but yet as much at home as though they had campaigned all their lives. There was a stray lock of hair hanging loosely here and there, an unlaced bodice granting chary glimpses of vast luxuriance of bust, a stocking down at the heel, or a garter with visible downward tendencies—all of which was attributable to our early visit. There were all the marks of femininity about the place. The embowering trees were hung with hoop-skirts, petticoats, and flouncing articles which looked in the distance like abbreviated pantaloons. A glance at the interior of their tents showed magnificent disorder. Dimity and calico, silk, feathers, bed-clothes, and all the appurtenances of a female boudoir, were visible. It was a *rara avis in terra*—a new bird in the woods.

These feminine voyagers were real campaigners. The chivalry of the South, ever solicitous for the sex, could not resist the inclination for its society, and hence the camp of nymphs by the river side, in the embowering shades, etc. I will not say much for their fair fame, or of the good name of the Confederacy, whose baggage was mingled in admirable confusion with the rumbled dimity and calico, whose boots and spurs hung among the hoop-skirts and unmentionables, and whose old hats ornamented the tent-poles or decked the heads of the fair adrestrusses. It was a new feature in war.

The bombardment, which continued with greater or less vigor during four weeks, may best be judged by its effects. A letter found on the floating battery stated that eleven men were wounded during the first day's bombardment, all of whom were in the upper battery, against which our entire force was directed. Nobody was killed. During the remaining bombardment of four weeks, with two mortars all the time, and four a portion of the time, and with the occasional assistance of the gunboats, nobody was killed nobody was wounded, nobody was hit.—There were some narrow escapes. Once, on the Island, a party of officers were at dinner, when a shell descended and passed through the table into the ground. They turned back-consults, and got out of the piece so neatly that it was effectually silenced. Another shell descended in the night upon a spot of ground between three tents. It burrowed into the ground about ten feet and exploded, lifting their tents and contents into the air, and throwing them a considerable distance each way, much to the disturbance of their slumbers, but nothing to their personal detriment. The Island was extensively cut up; trees were uprooted and a general upturning of things prevailed wherever there happened to be nobody to be hurt. This was the result of a four-week's mortar bombardment. On our side the same result prevailed, both here and with Gen. Pope.

REBEL FINANCES AND PROSPECTS.

There was great disaffection among the Rebel troops, and their officers stated openly that they could not have depended upon in the event of a battle. The Generals said that the men had received no pay for months, and that, under the discouragement of recent reverses, they are not so anxious for war as in times gone by. One or two regiments were disbanded and sent home before the investment. The officers are destitute and in want of necessities. One Colonel, writing home, tells his friends that he, worth in ordinary times a hundred thousand dollars, has had no pay in six months, and is obliged to borrow money to buy the postage stamp on his letter. Another, writing to a lady with whom he seems to be on intimate terms requests the loan of five dollars to pay incidental expenses with. The burden of the soldiers' letters is want of money, discouragement and privations they are obliged to endure. None of them are sanguine for the future. Even the high officers despond, as well they may, for they are between two fires. They are sent with small force and disaffected men to defend strategic points, and, when overpowered and driven out, they are arrested and court martialed for not fighting. We learn from the Rebel officers here that Gen. McCown, who was in command at New Madrid, is imprisoned at Corinth for evacuating New Madrid, and that Pillow is in jail at Richmond on account of the Donelson surrender.

RELICS.

Commodore Foote has in his possession two small mortars which were captured at the Island. They are of five-inch bore and about fourteen inches in length. There is no date on them, but they are of English make and of the time of George the Second. They are extraordinary relics, and will no doubt be preserved with care by the present owner. Commodore Foote also has in his possession the signal book of the Confederate naval service, which will be of immense service to him in future.

EXPLOSION OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS.

Two of the siege guns on the Island, both thirty-four, burst, one on the 19th ult., and the other yesterday morning, without, however, they say, seriously injuring any of the men.

THE SECESSION PRISONERS.

The prisoners on the Island do not exceed three hundred, nearly all of them artillerymen from Tennessee. They are comfortably but roughly clad, except the officers, who wear the usual gray uniform, trimmed with red. They are more intelligent than the average of the captives at Fort Donelson, and generally are good physical specimens of men. They say they have had enough to eat, but that not one of them has received a dollar while in the Confederate service.

COMPLAINTS OF THEIR LEADERS.

All them complain bitterly of their officers, and declare they have been abused by them. Their commanders were charged every few days, and they were frequently ignorant who was their leader. In two weeks Gen. John P. McCown, of Tennessee, Col. Walker (acting as Brigadier), of Tennessee, Gen. Trudeau, of Louisiana, and Gen. Mackall, of Arkansas, were at different times in charge of the forces on and about the Island. The prisoners do not know their compatriots had abandoned their batteries on shore for several hours after their departure.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PRIVATE.

The privates, without exception, so far as I could learn, were very glad of the result, and volunteered the opinions that they were disgusted with their leaders and the war; that the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless, and the rebellion was effectually broken. Many of them said they had gone into the war under erroneous impressions; others had been forced into it by the prejudice of public opinion in the South. They generally stated they would have no further connection with the strife, and that they were willing to take the oath of allegiance, hoping to make some amends in the future for the errors they had committed in the past.

OPINIONS OF THE OFFICERS.

The officers were nearly all quite young men, from 25 to 35 years old, and though they acknowledged they had been deceived in the character and temper of the North, they assumed to be attached to the Confederacy, and determined to fight for it as long as their homes were invaded; but that, if the North would withdraw its armies from the South, they would gladly return to pacific avocations, with considerable more of such effete twaddle. They were intelligent and well educated, but hardly any of them had any military experience before the present war. The highest officer was Captain W. Y. C. Humes, of Memphis, the only person of the same rank except two in the entire number.

Your correspondent had long conversations with the officers, and they appear quite reasonable, saying they were, they thought, fighting for their rights; but, if convinced otherwise, they would advocate the Union. Most of them insisted that they would not take the oath of allegiance, at least under the present condition of the war; but if they saw no hope of establishing the independence of the Confederacy they would be compelled to return to their loyalty. Two or three of the Rebel officers expressed their gratification at the result of affairs. If they had refrained from their personal co-operation in the struggle, they