New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1862.

BATTLE-FIELD TROPHIES.

We have received several trophies from the battle-field of Shiloh, which are alike interesting and significant. Mr. Wm. R. Elliott, of the Crescent Blues, Crescent Regiment, who fought bravely through the battles of the 6th and 7th, and who was wounded in the leg near the close of the last day's fight, has presented us a Yankee private's coat, which he captured and appropriated. The coat is composed of good blue cloth, well made, and is certainly an excellent article of wearing apparel. Were it not for the brass "dickings" on the shoulder straps and "old Abe's" buttons, it would be as genteel a coat as one would wish to wear in cold, or moderately cold weather. The garment shows in what splendid style the soldiers of our enemies are fitted out.

"G. W. S.," our able and reliable occasional correspondent, (wish he would write oftener, or that the mails would come through with greater regularity,) has sent us a couple of trophies. One is a piece of fine gold lace, taken from a half-burned Lincoln standard, and the other a pamphlet reprint (it purports to be such) of the "Soldier's Pocket Bible," by Oliver Cromwell, in 1643. What use the Lincolnites have for extracts from the Bible we are unable to understand, as they persistently violate every cardinal principle laid down in the Holy Book, whenever they have a chance; and as for their flags, they immediately abandon them whenever our boys charge with the cold steel in hand. However, we will preserve the "trophies" with sedulous care, and trust to receive still further remembrancers from our gallant friends.

COL. FRANK A. BARTLETT.

We learn with pleasure that our friend and recent creditor in this paper, Colonel Frank Bartlett, is raising a regiment for the war. Associated in the military movements from the very beginning of hostilities, Colonel Bartlett commenced in the Washington Artillery, accompanying it on the expedition to Baton Rouge, which resulted in the capture of the arsenal there and its contents. He then raised, and by his indefatigable energy equipped, the corps of Crescent Blues, the 2d company of which proceeded to Virginia and has remained there ever since, having participated in the battle of Manassas, and the 1st company of which recently went on to Tennessee, as a portion of the celebrated Crescent Regiment, and greatly distinguished itself in the battle of Shiloh. In the mean time Col. Bartlett had been promoted first to the Majority in the Beauregard Battalion, and then to the Colonelcy of the same corps, when increased to a regiment. This regiment, among others, was transferred by the State to the command of Gen. Lovell, and has ever since been quartered at Camp Lewis.

The conscription law, however, has changed the aspect of military affairs completely, and, at the suggestion of Gen. Lovell, Col. Bartlett has determined to raise a regiment for Confederate service, and for the war. Besides the hard training and long experience of the Colonel, his possession of native military qualities of a high order, eminently fits him for the command of a regiment; and, we can safely predict for him in such a capacity, an honorable and brilliant career. We are satisfied that this office will have cause to be proud of his former connection with it, if personal courage of the highest order, united with a clear and correct judgment, can insure the achievement of an honorable renown.

☞ We publish to-day a long account, from the Atlanta Confederacy, of one of the boldest and most audacious things yet undertaken by either side since the war commenced—an attempt of eight Lincolnites to run off with an engine and three cars on the Western and Atlantic Road, which connects Atlanta, Georgia, with Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Their object, undoubtedly, was to burn the bridges, and otherwise destroy the road, so as to prevent the transportation of troops and munitions of war. Had they been successful, that great railroad centre, Chattanooga, would have fallen an easy prey into the hands of the enemy, and the whole of East Tennessee would have been at their mercy. Fortunately, three brave men—to whom all honor—pursued these miscreants, arrested them, and thwarted them in their purpose. It is hoped that no legal or other sort of technicality will be interposed between them and summary punishment. They ought to dangle from the nearest tree and at once.

This thing should teach us two lessons—first, to guard all our railroads and bridges with unceasing watchfulness; and, secondly, to sift our communities thoroughly for spies and traitors. It seems almost incredible that so many emissaries of the enemy should have gotten down almost into the heart of Georgia without being found out—but such appear to be the fact. Recent events create a suspicion that we have enemies in our own midst; and they may inflict on us a disastrous blow at a critical moment. Every man in the community should be required to give an account of himself and establish his loyalty. True men will not object to it, in view of the great end to be attained. We need no further proof than has been already furnished that every means in the world, human and diabolical, will be employed by our enemies to defeat us.

RELEASE OF MR. C. B. PAYNE.—Our readers will remember that by the foundering of the steamship Vanderbilt, then called the Black Joker, several of our citizens—among others, Messrs. C. B. Payne, Hart and Ingraham—became prisoners of the Lincoln Government. The detention of these gentlemen was clearly illegal, as the Black Joker had become British property and was sailing under British colors, from one neutral port to another, namely from Havana to Matamoros. These gentlemen escaped in an open boat, and after many perils were captured by the Northerners, and finally brought to Ship Island. Mr. Payne communicated with Mr. A. C. Waugh, of this city, That represented the case to the British Consul. That gentleman applied to the Ship Island authorities for the release of all the parties detained, upon the same grounds that were urged in the case of Mr. Zachary. The consequence has been, the release of Mr. Payne, who, it is thought, has gone back to Havana, where his wife and infant child are. For some reason, however, the other gentlemen, Messrs. Hart and Ingraham, are still detained. It is to be presumed that their friends will use exertions which will eventually secure their release also.

SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE ASSOCIATION. — By reference to the notice elsewhere, it will be seen that there will be a meeting of this Association this evening, at 7 o'clock. Important matters will be brought up for the consideration of the Association, and it is expected that all the members will be present.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. A. E. Blackmar & Bro. have laid the following morceaux on our table:

"The Nun's Prayer," by Oberthur, arranged by Boydmann.

The "Southron's Watchword," words by M. F. Bigney, music by Stephen Glover.

The following pieces, also, have been sent us by Messrs. Werlein & Halsey, viz:

"Our Country's Call," words by Alice Rhine.

"There's Life in the Old Land Yet," by Jas. R. Randall, and the "Inauguration Grand March," by C. Sabatier.

PIGEOT RIFLES.—This is the name of a Battalion being rapidly raised by our cotemporary of the Delta, at present of the Beauregard Regiment, Maj. Geo. McKnight. This gentleman, known very well, personally, in the city and at Camp Lewis, is probably better known among the country readers of the Delta as Asa Hartz. His spicy and humorous essays under that name have caused universal pleasure, and, no doubt, his men will find the Major as pleasant a commander as he is a writer, and as gallant as he is humorous.

RESERVE MEDICAL CORPS OF NEW ORLEANS.—A meeting of this body is announced for to-day at 12 o'clock M. See advertisement.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

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VOLUME XV. MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1862. NUMBER 41.

Army Correspondence.

From our Special Correspondent.

CAMP MCPHERSON, near Corinth, April 15, 1862.

Mr. Editor—Our men who fought and won the battle of Shiloh will not soon forget the Federal encampments, which extended from the Tennessee river in this direction almost continuously for, it seemed to me, six or eight miles. They were remarkable, not only for their extent, but for their regularity, order and well chosen locations; while the profusion of stores and supplies, of all descriptions showed the invariable disregard of cost that has thus far characterized Federal campaigning. The care and labor bestowed upon their encampments and parade grounds indicated perfect confidence in their ability to remain as long as they should please; but that confidence must have been greatly shaken by the thunders of the 6th and 7th. A large proportion of the tents were of the Sibley pattern, which, the reader perhaps knows, is of sugar-loaf form, open at the top, with a cap to keep out the rain, and is capable of accommodating from sixteen to twenty-five persons. Most of the encampments were large enough for two or more regiments; and, although few men among our troops saw all of them during the two days we were there, we saw enough to shelter a very large army.

The first encampment we entered had evidently been evacuated in such haste that its occupants had time neither to carry away nor destroy anything hardly. They had hurried out to meet our advanced force, had fought, been beaten and pursued through their camp, our own troops being too hot in chase to seize any chance of plunder. We thus found the camp about as it was when occupied, but though our regiment halted a few minutes, the men were not allowed to leave the ranks. Articles of food, which they were greatly in need of, were freely distributed by the officers, but there was no time for indiscriminate plunder while the enemy was intent only on saving his bacon.

At the close of the day, when the Federals had been driven in terror and confusion to the shelter of their gunboats, many of our weary troops turned their attention to the captured camp, but found that pillaging had been actively at work already by somebody. I accompanied a number of men, detailed from our regiment, to visit the nearest camp and procure whatever could be found for supper. The place presented a singular scene. It was already full of men, few caring what they got, but all intent upon securing something. Most of them had fine sperm or star candles, by the light of which they were tumbling about the enemy's abandoned property. The tents had probably been ransacked half a dozen times during the day, and inside and outside everything was strewn about in the most complete confusion possible; while, as if to finish the picture, a number of men and horses were scattered here and there, the former retaining the constrained attitudes in which the last agony had left them as they stiffened in death. Nearly all articles of food, except hard crackers, had disappeared, and what the pillagers deplored more deeply, there was no whisky. A shout was raised in one of the tents—"strike a light, I smell whisky!" An eager crowd gathered around a barrel; the head was dashed in, and, to their disgust and disappointment, the contents proved to be vinegar, of excellent quality.

The profusion of the enemy's stores and supplies was a matter of wonder to our troops. Those who got the first chance at the tents found everything that a well-provided table need set forth—excellent butter, cheese, fresh eggs, poultry, fish, fresh beef, potatoes, apples, preserves, etc., being quite common, though rare luxuries with us. Our men appropriated or destroyed everything, and would have burned the tents next day, but a heavy rain fell during the night, completely saturating them, and on Monday our diminished forces had enough to do to hold the heavy columns of the enemy in check.

Our countermarch to Corinth was a performance of the most laborious and painful description, worse by far than our two days' struggle with the Federal army. The roads were the worst I ever saw; rough, hilly and incredibly muddy. The wagon wheels sunk to the hub in many places, and it required the utmost strength of eight mules to haul a piece of artillery. The soldier on foot found it impossible to avoid the mud; even in the untrodden woods his foot went down through the leaves ankle deep into the soft, oozy ground. Late at night we halted on a bare, bleak hill. A cold rain fell heavily and incessantly until daybreak, and the whole regiment, officers and men, had to stand and be drenched from head to foot, there being not the slightest chance of shelter, nor any place to lie down except in mud and water. The Crescent Regiment has not yet recovered from the effects of the fatigues and exposure of that Tennessee expedition, and at present its health is in a far worse condition than it ever was before. The men have, however, been treated very considerately. The wounded and seriously sick have been sent home, and during the week since our return the performance only of indispensable camp duties has been required.

We have nothing reliable from the Tennessee river—only rumors, one day that the enemy are retiring their camps and fortifying, and the next that they are taking to their gunboats, bag and baggage. Beauregard evidently don't expect them to abandon their contemplated march upon Corinth and Memphis without another trial of strength.

G. W. S.

☞ The Express Company has our thanks for late papers.

☞ We are indebted to Mr. H. W. Hay for late papers.

TRANSFER OF SEAMEN.—Seamen who are in the army and who would prefer serving the Confederacy on their favorite element can obtain a transfer by applying to Capt. J. G. Breshwood, as pointed out in his advertisement.

SOUTHERN OIL COMPANY.—Stockholders in this splendid Southern enterprise will see in another column an announcement that, by calling at its office to-day or hereafter, they will obtain a dividend of two dollars per share.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—Notice will be found elsewhere of the dissolution by limitation of the partnership of J. C. A. B. S. Ricks.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—Mrs. Dr. Ball publishes this morning a card of thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have contributed through her to the Hospital at Corinth.

PROVISIONS.—We call attention to an order of the Provost-Marshals, wherein allusion is made to the fact that arrangements have been made for the shipment to the city of a plentiful supply of provisions.

AID FOR OUR HOSPITALS.—Our readers will do well to read and ponder on the appeal of Mr. John P. Campbell under this caption.

CERTIFICATES.—The Provost-Marshal of the Third District gives notice, requiring parties who have registered to call for their certificates.

MCCERSES & LANERY sell at auction on Monday, 21st, at 10½ o'clock, 500 bags Turk's Island salt. Refer to advertisement.

SAFE KEY.—See notice of one found on Natchez street.

CORN.—See advertisement of corn for sale in quantities of five sacks.

FOR HIRE.—A likely mulatto girl. See advertisement in another column.

GEN. BUELL.—A statement in the Mobile Tribune says: "One of the Texas Rangers killed General Buell and carried him to Beauregard on his horse."

COMMUNICATED.

Eleventh Louisiana Regiment.

Of the numerous Louisiana regiments engaged at the bloody field of Shiloh, none comported itself more nobly, or contributed more to the glory of the result, than the Eleventh, Col. Marks commanding. What this regiment did at Belmont is very well known; what it did at Shiloh is as yet only partly known. I do not propose to give any lengthy account of its share in the two days' fight—a few incidents alone will suffice to show the character of the men composing the regiment, and to prove their claim to a full share of that honor which Louisiana is ever ready to accord to her brave and chivalric sons.

That the field and staff did their duty, is apparent in the fact that during Sunday's fight the Colonel, Major and Sergeant-Major were all wounded. Col. Sam. Marks, a veteran soldier, with a leg crooked from a wound received in the Florida war, received a severe but not dangerous wound, the ball entering the upper part of his breast, glancing up and coming out at the shoulder. As he was leaving the field, the two men supporting him were raked by a piece of shell, and all three fell in a heap. After his wound was dressed, and whilst on his way to Corinth in an ambulance, a hole in the muddy road upset the vehicle and the Colonel was thrown violently out. He is now in the city, and will soon be able to return to his command.

The young and gallant Major, Aleck Mason, being in command after the casualty to the Colonel, acted like a lion, leading the regiment to the charge on a battery, at a double quick, whirling his cap on the point of his sword, and shouting, "Follow me, boys!" That he was only shot through the arm is matter of congratulation, for a real soldier has been preserved for future service. We cannot afford to lose such.

And the gallant little Sergeant-Major, Beaun—he who played the violin so sweetly during the listless evenings in camp at Columbus and Island No. 10—going in with his Maynard rifle, the same as any private—had to get hurt. Just as he was drawing a bead on the enemy, a bullet struck the sight of his gun and lodged in his left wrist, flattening out and lapping like a saddle over the end of the arm-bone. It was extracted in this shape; and Beaun says that though he will not be able to fiddle for a long time, he will soon be able again to elevate his trusty rifle. Beaun is quite a small-sized young man—but his soul seems to have been set by nature as the Jewelers set their diamonds—the largest and most precious brilliant in the least possible surrounding of inferior material.

Not one of the companies of the regiment faltered in any part of their duty, that I have heard of. I cannot speak in detail of the various incidents told by all the companies, who all behaved so well together, in the two days' fight; but if I take one company's incidents alone, it must not be set down to the detriment of the others, but to the fact that I once belonged to that company, and was in their camp when they came straggling in from the field, all stained with mud, and many with their own and comrades' blood. I mean Company F, the Continental Guards, Capt. Fleming. The Captain was not present at the fight, being absent under orders at Island No. 10. Lieut. Tom Peyton was also absent, on his first brief furlough since August last, but daily expected.

The company consequently went into action under the Second Lieutenant, Tom Pierce, assisted by the Second Junior, John Croly. The latter, it will be remembered by many, was a private at the battle of Belmont, where he lost all of his right hand except the thumb, and yet managed with the aid of his legs and a log, to fire till the enemy were beyond reach. He returned to New Orleans, where his bravery was rewarded not only by substantial compliments from the citizens, but by his unanimous election as Second Junior Lieutenant by his company. He returned to the field, carrying his sword on his right side and wielding it with his left hand. On the morning of the 6th, standing at his post with his company in line of battle, and before the opposing forces had come within small arm range, a fragment of a shell from the enemy shattered his left wrist, leaving the hand hanging, as it looked, by the skin. Holding out this arm and looking at it, he exclaimed, "There's luck for you, ain't it, boys!" The arm was amputated near the elbow, and on Tuesday night, through the rain and mud and over the horrible road, some eighteen miles, John returned to camp with nothing but his right thumb left to perform the various offices usually required of ten fingers. He is now in the city, cheerful as ever—says he will not resign his commission, because he can have his right thumb and hand-stump so rigged up as to enable him to handle that sword which he values as dearly as his life.

And Tom Pierce—Orderly Sergeant at the start—who better than I can tell how faithfully he performed the arduous duties of his thankless office, through thick and thin, through hot and cold? We rolled on the grass together in the pleasant warm weather, and many a night spooned and shivered together beneath our blankets on the wintry heights of Columbus. We used to read parts of our letters to each other—I from my wife and he from his sweetheart. He was made Lieutenant, not by his own seeking, but by the force of real soldierly merit. How nobly he led his company through the fight of Sunday, let his brave companions tell. On Monday, whilst still bravely leading his company, a piece of shell shattered his left arm and leg. Closing his hands over his face, he exclaimed, "I am dead!" and fell backward. It was in the midst of a charge. The enemy afterward took that part of the field, with all the dead and wounded, and Pierce was not again heard from; but from the nature of his wounds, as seen by his on-rushing comrades, it was not believed he could survive.

The same shell which gave poor Pierce his quietus, took off the top of the head of second Sergeant Kent, scattering his brains all around, a portion of the same lodging and forming a gory crescent on the back of Private Falvre. Kent was tall and handsome, over six feet high, and as straight as a ramrod; and through all the precious labors of the campaign had shown himself to be one of the most quiet, orderly, dignified, hard working and uncomplaining soldiers that ever entered the Southern service. He excelled in the drudgery connected with cooking. He was such a hard worker that once, in cold weather at Columbus, he dislocated his shoulder in lifting a heavy log of firewood on a wagon. He was truly a good man—and his soul is with the blest.

Orderly Sergeant Charley Sebastian, of Algiers, was the first who struck a spade on the immense fortifications of Columbus. The Eleventh Regiment was the first to get there—the Continentals the first company to get to digging—and Charley, then a private, the first man to strike a spade into the line drawn by the engineers. The same ambitious spirit which made him do this at Columbus, distinguished him again at Shiloh. On Sunday afternoon, when the enemy were falling back, fighting as they went, and our men had reached their camp, Charley commenced climbing a sapling, from the top of which a Lincoln flag floated. As he climbed, a special volley from the enemy whistled around him; and, just as he got his hand on the flag, a Minnie ball pierced him through the thigh, and down he tumbled—but he brought the flag down with him, and had it wrapped round his pillow when I saw him lying wounded in camp.

Sergeant McKowen, of the Rosale Guards, was carrier of the regimental colors. A bullet shattered his hand, and the flag fell. Corporal Delaney, of the Continentals, at once picked it up, and, the company being at the moment stationary, he drove the staff into the earth, and stood by it, defiantly supporting it with one hand. The next moment a Minnie ball went through his heart, and he fell on his face without uttering a groan, leaving the flag standing as he had staked. Delaney was an Irishman, well educated, and a devout Catholic—quiet, well-behaved and entirely free from the vices which usually beset camps. He was much liked by all the company, and his death was so noble as almost to be envied.

If I mention these as among the incidents which one company alone has to narrate and to mourn over, it must be remembered that my object is not to exalt that company above others, but to give some sort of an idea how the Louisianians in general behaved themselves at the mighty and bloody combat of Shiloh.

On Sunday, private Greer, of the Catahoula Grays, found a dead Yankee wearing a vest of mail. Putting it on for novelty, and wearing it to save as a trophy, he was afterward shot nearly over the heart. The ball tore a great hole in the outer part of the vest, flattened itself against the hidden steel plate, and lodged in the lining below. The blow knocked him down, but the Yankee armor saved his life.

A private in the Cannon Guards had his life saved by his bowie-knife. A bullet struck the blade of the knife, breaking it in two and breaking two of his ribs, but glancing off and leaving him otherwise unharmed.

Smaller incidents, connected with this same regiment, I might relate, but I have already trespassed far enough upon your columns.

L. G.

The Great Railroad Chase.

THE MOST DARING UNDERTAKING THAT YANKEES EVER PLANNED OR ATTEMPTED TO EXECUTE.

The Most Extraordinary and Astounding Adventure of the War.

Stealing an Engine—Pushing on the Track—Pursued on Foot, on Hand Cars, and Engine—Overtaken—A Scattering—The Capture—The Wonderful Escape of Messrs. Fuller, Murphy and Cain, etc., etc.

FULL PARTICULARS!

[From the Atlanta Confederacy, 18th.]

Since our last issue we have obtained full particulars of the most thrilling railroad adventure that ever occurred on the American continent, as well as the mightiest and most important in its results, if successful; that has been conceived by the Lincoln Government since the commencement of this war. Nothing on so grand a scale has been attempted, and nothing within the range of possibility could be conceived that would fail with such a tremendous crushing force upon us, as the accomplishment of the plans which were concocted and dependant on the execution of the one whose history we now proceed to narrate.

We will begin at the breakfast table of the Big Shanty Hotel, Camp McDonald, on the W. and A. R. R., where several regiments of soldiers are now encamped. The morning mail and passenger train had left here at 4 A. M. on last Saturday *morning* as usual, and had stopped there for breakfast. The conductor, Wm. A. Fuller, the engineer, J. Cain, both of this city, and the passengers were at the table, when some eight men, having uncoupled the engine and three empty box cars next to it from the passenger and baggage cars, mounted the engine, pulled open the valve, put on all steam, and left conductor, engineer, passengers, speechless, and the soldiers in the camp behind, in amazement and confounded as the strange starting and daring act.

This unheard-of act was doubtless undertaken at that place and time, upon the presumption that pursuit could not be made by an engine short of Kingston, some thirty miles above, where there is a place and that, by cutting down the telegraph wires as they proceeded, the adventurers could calculate on at least three or four hours the start of any pursuit it was reasonable to expect. This was a legitimate conclusion; and but for the will, energy, and quick, good judgment of Mr. Fuller and Mr. Cain, and Mr. Anthony Murphy, who accidentally went on the train from this place that morning, their calculations would have worked out as originally contemplated.

Now for the chase!

These three determined men, without a moment's delay, put out after the flying train—on foot—amidst shouts of laughter by the crowd, who, though lost in amazement at the unexpected and daring act, could not repress their risibility at seeing three men start after a train on foot, which they had just witnessed depart at lightning speed. They put on all their speed, and ran along the track for three miles, when they came across some track-raisers who had a small truck car, which is shoved along by men so employed on railroads, on which to carry their tools. This truck and men were at once "impressed." They took it by turns, of two at a time, to ran behind this truck and push it along at top speed and overhauled the engine, and let it drive at will on all the down-grades. A little way further up the fugitive adventurers had stopped, cut the telegraph wires, and torn up the track. Here the pursuers were thrown off pell-mell, truck and men, upon the side of the road. Fortunately, no body was hurt on our side. The truck was soon placed on the road again; enough hands were left to repair the track, and with all the power of determined will and muscle they pushed on to Etowah Station, some twenty miles above.

Here, most fortunately, Major Cooper's old coal engine, the "Yonah"—one of the first engines on the State road—was standing on the track. This locomotive was immediately turned upon her old track, and, like an old racer at the tap of the drum, pricked up her ears and made tracks to Kingston.

The fugitives, not expecting such early pursuit, quietly took in wood and water at Cass Station, and borrowed a schedule from the tank tender, upon the plausible plea that they were running a pressed train, loaded with powder for Beauregard. The attentive and patriotic tank tender, Mr. Wm. Russell, said he gave them his schedule, and would have sent the shirt off his back to Beauregard, if it had been asked for. Here the adventurous fugitives inquired which road of the switch they should take at Kingston. When they arrived at Kingston they stopped, went to the agent there, told the powder story, readily got the switch key, went on to the upper turn-out, and waited for the down way freight train to pass. To all inquiries they replied with the same powder story. When the freight train had passed, they immediately proceeded on to the next station—Adairsville—where they were to meet the regular down freight train. At some point on the way they had taken on some fifty cross-ties, and before reaching Adairsville they stopped on a curve, tore up the rails, and put seven cross-ties on the track—no doubt intending to wreck this down freight train, which would be along in a few minutes. They tied out upon the engine a red handkerchief, as a kind of flag or signal, which, in railroading, means another train is behind—thereby indicating to all that the regular passenger train would be along presently. They stopped a moment at Adairsville, and said Fuller, with the regular passenger train, was behind, and would wait at Kingston for the freight train, and told the conductor thereon to push ahead and meet him at that point. They passed on to Calhoun, where they met the down passenger train, due here at 8:20 P. M., and without making any delay, proceeded on, on, and on.

But we must return to Fuller and his party, whom we have left on the old "Yonah," making their way to Kingston.

Arriving there and learning the adventurers were but twenty minutes ahead, they left the "Yonah" to blow on, while they mounted the engine of the Home Branch Road, which was ready fired up and waiting for the arrival of the passenger train nearly an hour behind time. They proceeded to Rome. A large party of gentlemen volunteered for the chase, some at Acworth, Allatoona, Kingston and other points, taking such arms as they could lay their hands on at the moment, and with this fresh engine they set out with all speed, scarcely time to "care and attention," as they had left the freight train make Adairsville before the down train. They disembarked here that point. Sure enough, the torn up rails covered this side of Adairsville three rails. They took up" in time to prevent an accident, but could not succeed with the train no further. This was one of the vexations, and it may have been in some degree disheartening, but it did not cause the slightest relaxation of efforts, and, as the result proved, was but little in the way of the *dead game*, pluck and resolutions of Fuller and Murphy, who left the engine and again *put out on foot alone!* After running two miles they met the down freight train, one mile out from Adairsville. They immediately reversed the train and run backwards to Adairsville, put the cars on the siding and pressed forward, making fine time to Calhoun, where they met the regular down passenger train. Here they halted a moment, took on board a telegraph operator, and a number of men who again volunteered, taking their guns along—and continued the chase. Mr. Fuller also took on here a company of track hands to repair the track as they went along. A short distance above Calhoun they *flushed their game* on a curve, where they doubtless supposed themselves out of danger, and were quietly oiling the engine, taking up the track, etc. Discovering that they were pursued, they mounted and sped away, throwing out upon the track as they went along the heavy cross-ties they had prepared themselves with. This was done by breaking out the end of the hindmost box car, and pitching them out. Thus, "rip and tack," they passed with fearful speed Resaca, Tilton, and on through Dalton.

The rails which they had taken up last they took off with them—besides throwing out cross-ties upon the track occasionally—hoping thereby the more surely to impede the pursuit; but all this was like tow to the touch of fire, to the now thoroughly aroused, excited and eager pursuers. These men, though so much excited and influenced by so much determination, still retained their well-known caution, were looking for this danger and discovered it, and though it was seemingly an insuperable obstacle to their making any headway in pursuit, was quickly overcome by the genius of Fuller and Murphy. Coming to where the rails were torn up, they stopped, tore up the rails behind them, and laid them down before, till they had passed over the obstacle. When the cross ties were reached, they hauled to and threw them off, and thus proceeded, and under these difficulties gained on the frightened fugitives. At Dalton they lost a moment, Fuller put off the telegraph operator, with instructions to telegraph to Chattanooga to have them stopped, in case he should fail to overhaul them.

Fuller pressed on in hot chase—sometimes in sight—as much to prevent their cutting the wires before the message could be sent, as to catch them. The daring adventurers stopped just opposite and very near to where Col. Glenn's regiment is encamped, and cut the wires, but the operator at Dalton had put the message through about two minutes before. They also again tore up the track, cut down a telegraph pole, and placed the two ends of it under the cross ties, and the middle over the rail on the track. The pursuers stopped again and got over this impediment, in the same manner they did before—taking up rails behind and laying them down before. Once over this, they shot on, and passed through the great tunnel, at Tunnel Hill, being there only five minutes behind. The fugitives still finding themselves closely pursued, uncoupled two of the box cars from the engine, to impede the progress of the pursuers. Fuller hastily coupled them to the front of his engine, and pushed them ahead of him, to the first turn-out or siding, where they were left—thus preventing the collision the adventurers intended.

Thus the engine thieves passed Ringgold, where they began to face. They were out of wood, water and oil. Their rapid running and inattention to the engine had melted all the brass from the journals. They had no time to repair or refit, for an iron horse of more bottom was close behind. Fuller and Murphy, and their men, soon came within four hundred yards of them, when the fugitives jumped from the engine and left it—three on the north side and five on the south—all fleeing precipitately and scattering through the thicket. Fuller and his party also took to the woods after them.

Some gentlemen, also well armed, took the engine and some cars of the down passenger train at Calhoun, and followed up Fuller and Murphy and their party in the chase but a short distance behind, and reached the place of the stampede but a very few moments after the first pursuers did. A large number of men were soon mounted, armed, and scouring the country in search of them. Fortunately, there was a militia muster at Ringgold. A great many countrymen were in town. Hearing of the chase, they put out on foot and on horseback in every direction, in search of the daring but now thoroughly frightened and fugitive men.

We learn that Fuller, soon after leaving his engine, in passing a cabin in the country, found a mule hasing on a bridle but no saddle, and tied to the fence. "Here's your mule," he shouted as he leaped upon his back, and put out as fast as a good switch well applied could insert vigor to the muscles and accelerate the speed of the patient donkey. The cry of "Here's your mule!" and "Where's my mule?" have become national, and we generally hear them, on the one hand, no mule is about, and on the other when no one is hunting a mule. It seems not to be understood by any one, though it is a peculiar Confederate phrase, and is as popular as Dixie's Land, who Potomac to the Rio Grande. It remained for Fuller, in the midst of this exciting chase, to solve the mysterious meaning of this national by-word or phrase, and give it a practical application.

All of the eight men were captured, and are now safely lodged in jail. The particulars of their capture we have not received. This we hope to obtain in time for a supplement to this, or for our next issue edition. They confessed that they belonged to Lincoln's army, and had been sent down from Shelbyville to burn the bridges between here and Chattanooga; and that the whole party consisted of nineteen men, eleven of whom were dropped at several points on the road as they came down, to assist in the burning of the bridges as they went back.

One gentleman who went upon the train from Calhoun, who has furnished us with many of these particulars, and who, by the way, is one of the most experienced railroad men in Georgia, says too much praise cannot be bestowed on Fuller and Murphy, who showed a cool judgment and foresight in this extraordinary affair, unsurpassed by anything he ever knew in a railroad emergency. This gentleman, we learn from another, offered, on his own account, $100 reward on each man, for the apprehension of the villains.

Had they succeeded in burning the bridges, the enemy at Huntsville would have completely cut off the communication between Nashville and Chattanooga, for some days to come. Yesterday they would have been in Knoxville, and thus had possession of all East Tennessee. Our forces at Knoxville, Greenville, and Cumberland Gap, would, ere this, have been in the hands of the enemy. Lynchburg, Va., would have been moved upon at once. This would have given them possession of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Jackson and Stonewall Jackson could have been attacked in the rear. They would have possession of the railroad leading to Charlottesville, and Orange Court House, as well as the South Side Railroad leading to Petersburg and Richmond. They might have been able to unite with McClellan's forces, and attack Jo. Johnston's army, front and flank. It is not by any means improbable that our army in Virginia would have been defeated, captured or driven out of the State this week.

One fact we must not omit to mention is the valuable assistance rendered by Peter Bracken, the engineer on the down freight train which Fuller and Murphy turned back. He ran his engine fifty and a half miles—two of them backing the whole freight train up to Adairsville—made twelve stops, coupled to the two cars which the fugitives had dropped, and switched them off on sidings—all this in one hour and five minutes.

We doubt if the victory of Manassas or Corinth were worth as much to us as the frustration of this grand *coup d'état*. It is not by any means certain that the annihilation of Beauregard's whole army at Corinth would have dealt a blow to us as would have been the burning of the bridges at that time, and by these men.

When we learned by a private telegraph dispatch, a few days ago, that the Yankees had taken Huntsville, we attached no great importance to it. We regarded it merely as a dashing foray of a small party to destroy property, tear up the road, etc., *a la* Morgan. When an additional telegram announced the Federal forces there to be from 17,000 to 20,000, we were inclined to doubt it—though coming from a perfectly honorable and upright gentleman, who would not be apt to seize upon a wild report to send here to his friends. The coming to that point with a large force, where they would be flanked on either side by our army, we regarded as a most stupid and unmilitary act. We now understand it all. They were to move upon Chattanooga and Knoxville as soon as the bridges were burnt, and press on into Virginia as far as possible, and take all our forces in that State in the rear. It was the deepest laid scheme and on the grandest scale that ever emanated from the brains of any number of Yankees combined. It was one that was also entirely practicable on almost any day for the last year. There were but two miscalculations in the whole programme: they did not expect men to start out alone to pursue them, and they did not expect these pursuers on foot to find Maj. Cooper's old "Yonah" standing there all ready fired up. Their calculations on every other point were dead certainties, and would have succeeded perfectly.

This would have eclipsed anything Capt. Morgan ever attempted. To think of a parcel of Federal soldiers, officers and privates, coming down into the heart of the Confederate States—for they were here in Atlanta and at Marietta—some of them got on the train at Marietta that morning, others were at Big Shanty—of playing such a game on the State Road, which is under the control of our prompt, energetic and sagacious Gov. Brown, known as such all over America, to seize the passenger train on his road, right at Camp McDonald, where he had a number of Georgia regiments encamped, and run off with it; to burn the bridges on this same road, and go safely through to the Federal lines—all this would have been a feather in the cap of the man or men who executed it.

"CONSULAR" EXEMPTIONS.—We are informed that the number of "Protections" issued by the various Foreign Consuls in this city reached a total of 600 or 700. We had not imagined that European Powers had so many true and loyal subjects—arms-bearing men—under the shade of the Palmetto. It becomes an interesting inquiry how far these exemptions will diminish the number of our "voters?" [Charleston Mercury.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE.

DISPATCHED TO THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT

From Richmond.

RICHMOND, April 19.—The report saying Jackson was falling back to Waynesboro' is discredited here, as it conflicts with official information received at the War Department.

Nothing later from the Peninsula.

N. O., J. AND G. N. RAILROAD.

Tenth Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad Company.

NEW ORLEANS, April 14, 1862.

The Stockholders met at 12 o'clock M., and, on motion, Mr. Benjamin Florance was appointed Chairman, and R. S. Charles Secretary.

The annual report of the Board of Directors was then read, and, on motion, was received and submitted, with its accompanying statements, to an investigating committee, to be appointed by the Chair; said committee to be empowered to print the usual number of copies of the report.

The Chair was appointed on said committee Messrs. J. Lelay and D. N. Barton, and, on motion, the Chairman was then added to the committee.

On motion of Mr. Bryan, it was

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the company be requested to memorialize the Legislature of Louisiana and Mississippi, at the earliest opportunity, to so change the law of charter of the company that hereafter the said States shall pay the city of New Orleans shall vote upon stock held and issued by them respectively; that the stock of each of the said States, and of the city, shall be represented by three Directors, each appointed in the manner they shall direct.

On motion of Mr. Bryan, it was

Resolved, That the Directors be requested to memorialize the Legislature of Louisiana to change the reading of the 9th section of the charter of the company, so that instead of thirty days written notice to the defaulter, it shall suffice if a general notice shall be given requiring defaulters to pay up their subscriptions of stock on pain of cancellation and forfeiture.

On motion of Mr. Lelay, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the annual report of the Directors be, and the same is hereby approved, and that the thanks of the stockholders are hereby tendered to the Directors for their services during the past year.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned.

BENJ. FLORANCE, Chairman.

R. S. Charles, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

To the Stockholders of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad Company:

Gentlemen—In compliance with the requirements of the charter, I submit, on the part of the Board of Directors, the following statement, showing the receipts, expenditures and condition of the road, also its general operations and financial affairs during the fiscal year ending 28th day of February, 1862, being the Tenth Annual Report of the Company to the Stockholders:

The total gross earnings of the road during the year have been one million one hundred and fourteen thousand two hundred and fourteen 19-100 dollars.

The expenses of operating the road during the same time have been five hundred and fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three 29-100 dollars, leaving the net earnings, five hundred and nine-ty-eight thousand four hundred and eighty 90-100 dollars, showing an increase of net earnings of forty-three thousand and forty-six 95-100 dollars over the preceding year, notwithstanding the large increase of expenses, as will appear from a hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and nine 95-100 dollars.

The favorable result is owing to the rigid economy adopted by the Board of Directors and carried out by the officers of the Company, notwithstanding the greatly increased price of all kinds of railroad supplies, and unusual necessity to keep the road and machinery in repair and the rolling stock in running order.

From the Treasurer's report it will be seen that the whole amount of bills payable outstanding, and falling due in the years 1862, 1863 and '64, including elements residing in the Confederate States, is only $80,000. The Company owns in denominations less than $5, issued as coupons, not bearing interest, and receivable at all times for freight or passage tickets, $100,000 of its own bills payable and pay-roll account $31,666 91; bills payable, due Northern creditors or when demanded, $1,230 34.

The whole debt, due and outstanding on the 28th February, 1862 including the above items, was $117,289 25; on account of which, there was in the hands of the Treasurer, the amount held by Northern creditors, and $238,000 loaned the company by the State of Mississippi, the live stock, rolling stock, etc., $717,144 64; cash in hands of railroad balances, $14,676 01; less cash, and Confederate States bonds on hand $342,202 83, amounts to a net of $2,467,014 30, showing a reduction of $38,185 50 during the year.

To the members of the Finance Committee, the stockholders are indebted for the perfect and valuable financial condition of the company, particularly to the chairman, Mr. P. N. Wood, through whose untiring exertions and financial skill the property and affairs of the company were saved to the stockholders, and saved from the hands of a receiver to satisfy the debts which embarrassed the company when the present Board assumed its management.

By the General Superintendent's report, the earnings of the road for the past year have been:

From freight	$819,823 14
From passengers	255,