Evening Telegraph

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1864.

FROM THE SOUTH.

Counterfeit Despatches of General Butler.

LOWER BRANDON ESTATE.

A Traitor Mourns Over Its Devastation.

RICHMOND "WHIG'S" OPINION OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

REBEL VIEW OF SHERMAN'S RAIDERS.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Counterfeit Despatches of General Butler—Munchausen Outdone.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

A gallant soldier of the Confederate service sends us the following document. We have not deemed it necessary to inquire how he came in possession of it. The details here given, however, of the military operations under the direction of Beast Butler, will be read with interest; particularly from the fact that it may be looked upon as being as truthful a record of Butler's military achievements in the neighborhood of Petersburg as any he has heretofore seen fit to despatch to the Yankee Secretary of War:—

HEADQUARTERS, ON BOARD GREYHOUND, June 28, 1864.—Hon E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, U. S. A.:—I have the honor to transmit herewith, in the form of a diary, the operations of my troops after landing at Bermuda Hundred on the 3d May:—

MAY 6.—I sent out General Heckman with five regiments and two pieces of artillery, toards Walthall Junction. He met and gloriously defeated a regiment of South Carolinians, and then retired, leaving his dead and wounded in the hands of said Carolinians, in accordance with the policy of embarrassing the enemy by such spoils, adopted by most of our Generals in this war.

MAY 7.—Sent out General Brooks with five brigades to the same point. He gained a decisive victory over two brigades of Rebels, and retired after dark to our intrenchments, leaving his dead and wounded behind. He also reports a complete success in burning a saw-mill and some private residences.

MAY 9.—Sent General Gillmore to capture Petersburg, as the Rebels have no works on the north side of the city. He routed the Rebels with terrible slaughter on Swift creek, shelled Dunlop's house, chased an ambulance committee composed of the old gentlemen of Petersburg, burned several shanties, and returned to our intrenchments.

MAY 13.—Sent Generals Gillmore and Smith to capture Drewry's Bluff. They stormed at the point of the bayonet the works abandoned by the Rebels. To-morrow we will open the navigation of the James.

MAY 16.—Met General Gillmore retiring with his troops to our intrenchments. He said that Beauregard had attacked him with musketry and he would not submit to it. "This," he said, "was the age of long-range artillery—muskets was a relic of barbarism; he fought with 100 pound Parrotts on Morris island, and he would not permit the Rebels to force him to engage in their favorite mode of warfare." My headquarters were too distant to hear the fire of musketry; I heard the artillery, but thought it was the Rebels blowing up their iron-clad vessels. We burned four more houses to-day.

MAY 17.—Begun an observatory to-day at Cobb's burned house.

MAY 20.—The Rebels assaulted our rifle-pits to-day. We killed 2507 and wounded 9763. The Rebel assaulting column consisted of Beauregard's forces, Hardee's Corps, from Johnston's army, and Longstreet's Corps, of Lee's army, in all, as shown by a captured field return, of 74,528 effectives. General Smith burned a barn to-day.

JUNE 3.—My observatory is now fifty feet high. Could see a heavy fight raging all day about Gaines' Mill. With a powerful glass I could see the Rebels flying in great disorder into Richmond. I counted 117,982 fugitives from the battle-field.

JUNE 9.—I sent General Gillmore with a division of infantry, and General Kautz with a brigade of veteran raiders, to capture Petersburg. General Kautz gained a glorious victory over fully two hundred militiamen, on the Jerusalem Plank road, but, being flanked on the right, left, and centre, he was compelled to retire after burning several houses. General Gillmore pushed up the City Point road until he discovered that the Rebels were armed with muskets and rifles, when he returned, and now proposes to establish a battery of Rodman guns on the top of my observatory (already two hundred feet high). I held this post during the whole of the fierce contest of to-day, but escaped unhurt. It is only eight miles from Petersburg.

JUNE 15.—General Baldy Smith surprised and captured the fortifications around Petersburg this morning. The Rebel troops and trains can be seen from my observatory (now 300 feet high) flying in the wildest confusion to the north side of the Appomattox. Do they think that my side of the river is the safest?

JUNE 16.—With two brigades of my command, a full regiment of Rebel sharpshooters was driven from my front, and the railroad torn up at Walthall Junction. I could see the whole of the brilliant affair from my lookout (now 400 feet high).

7 A. M., JUNE 17.—Hancock and Smith captured Petersburg last night. From my stand (now 500 feet high), I can see the hills around Petersburg covered with Union troops.

12 M.—The fog has lifted up, and the troops which I see around Petersburg are Lee's ragged Rebels.

JUNE 18.—I had almost omitted to state that 150,000 Rebels charged my small force, and retook their old line in front of Mr. Howlett's. When the firing commenced I was obliged to leave my observatory (at this date 600 feet high), and ride rapidly on an official visit to Admiral Lee on board of his monitor flag-ship.

JUNE 22.—Left Admiral Lee this morning, upon the approach of the Rebel iron-clads, to get a better view of the naval engagement from my observatory (now 700 feet high). The Rebel fleet behaved with great gallantry. It steamed down until only separated from our fleet by seven miles of water and the obstructions in the James. Two enormous projectiles thrown by Admiral Lee produced no intimidation, at least one could be seen from my lookout (to be finished within a month). Prisoners report that the Rebel Secretary was on board the fleet, and their splendid fighting may have been due to his presence.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 26.—A brief summary of my successes will now be submitted. I have built on Rebel soil an observatory 1000 feet high, from which I have witnessed some of the greatest Union victories of the war. I have killed and wounded 19,876 and captured 16,234 of Beauregard's men and about an equal number of Lee's men, including 7671 of Pickett's old Division. I have burned 213 private residences, ditto barns, 326 cribs, 17 grist mills, 9 saw mills, 1 paper mill, 52 carriages, 61 buggies, 324 saddle horses, 516 mules, 813 chemises, 813 night-caps, 813 pairs of hose, 673 earrings, 456 corsets, 272 pairs of shoes, No. 2, 117 pairs, No. 3, 98 pairs of brogans, No. 13, 56 demijohns of whisky, 119 barrels of persimmon beer, 354 silver spoons, 708 German silver ditto, 1512 pewter ditto, 786 young hens, 112 setting hens, 93 game roosters (Virginia's stock), 35,415 geese (exactly the original number of men in my command), 12 donkeys (two given to Gillmore and one each to the rest of my Generals).

Feeling the necessity of taking care of the spoils of victory, I have retired to Fortress Monroe.

Your obedient servant,
B. F. BUTLER, Major-General.

An "F. F." Utters a Wail Concerning his Devastated Property.

From the Richmond Examiner.

To the Hon. Edward Everett, Massachusetts:—Sir.—In one of those peregrinations made by you, several years ago, in the Southern States of what was then the American Union, in which you were pleased to instruct the Virginians and others on the subject of the character of George Washington, whereof theretofore they had been deplorably ignorant, you visited, if I mistake not, the ancient seat of "Lower Brandon," on James river, and partook, for a season, of that elegant hospitality which formerly held sway in its delightful halls and gardens. You may, perhaps, have forgotten your brief sojourn there, and care little to recall it. What you have since written and spoken of the Southern people induces the belief that if you retain any remembrance of the peaceful homesteads in which you were once received as a welcome and honored guest, and of the kind proprietors who greeted you with so much warmth upon the threshold, it is associated only with the wish that these homesteads may be laid waste, and these proprietors reduced to beggary.

You will therefore be gratified to learn, beyond a doubt, that "Lower Brandon" is a ruin; and, as the journals of civilization, as well in your enlightened and humane city of Boston as elsewhere throughout the great, glorious, and free United States, are not full and circumstantial with regard to the devastations of the Federal troops, you will probably be thankful for some account, from a Virginian, of this latest achievement of your arms. It is enough for the Northern newspapers to state, in brief, that such a mansion has been pillaged and consumed, so many acres impoverished and reclaimed to the military possession of the Federal Government. Nor do the official reports of your plundering commanders go beyond a general statement of desolation. The Federal general makes a solitude and calls it a restoration of the Federal authority. He does not descend to the vulgar incidents of spoliation and ravage, nor narrate how he has endeavored to convert his acquired territory into a wilderness.

You may recollect, sir, the fair lawns across which lay the walk from the river to Brandon house. Nowhere, I think, on this continent, did the turf wear a richer green, nowhere did the roses display more grace and profusion. The darksome covers which the mocking-bird made musical; the tall elms which looked down upon the quaint old edifice and caught upon their quivering leaves the too fierce heats of the Virginia sun; the trellises of honeysuckles murmurous with insect-life; the ample width of greensward, with here and there a vase overrun with myrtle; all these surroundings gave an indescribable charm to the place, and harmonized with the repose and refinement that dwelt under the roof-tree. The visitor saw all around him the evidences of taste and culture, the growth of a century or more of uninterrupted occupancy by the same family.

These lawns, you will be pleased to know, have been depopulated; not the Calypso's Isle of Biennerhassett, in the beautiful river of the West, whose mournful defacement our own Wirt described with so much pathos—not the festive Villa Borghese, just outside the walls of Rome, when cruel war and republican rage has shattered its foundation and prostrated its plantations, could have presented a picture of destruction more complete and satisfactory. If the owners of "Lower Brandon" were Rebels, and upheld the ancient fame of Virginia in the hour of her agony and trial, they have been well repaid in this waste of the grounds they so loved to adorn. The traitorous turf has been cloven and cut up by the hoofs of the Federal cavalry; the rebellious roses may, perhaps, burst forth in their beauty again with the smiling spring, but it will be only to mock the fallen state of the whole establishment; and every disloyal Dryad that frequented the copses around has been scared away into her native woods.

The Brandon House, as you may or may not remember, was a very crazy, rambling, old-fashioned, age-colored building, that would have been thought shabby in New York or Massachusetts. Quite unlike the marine villas that sparkle on the heights of Staten Island; altogether different from the superb structures that line the banks of the Hudson, and crown the hills around Boston. Not an Italian corridor, not a mullioned window about it. Bricks, small and glazed, brought out in George the Second's time from England. Rooms rather large and wainscoted, windows low and narrow, fire-places huge, staircases also objectionable as regards economy of space. What furniture these deserted rooms still contained, most of it mellowed by time, was taken out by the Federal cavalry and burned upon the lawn, as was proper. You will likewise approve the tearing down of wainscots, the breaking up the paneling of the doors, and the demolition of the stone pavements of the porticoes. Of the window panes a word.

It had been the habit of the Brandon people to preserve on these fragile tablets the autographs of their visitors for many, many years past. When a party came, in the season of strawberries or in the midst of the Christmas cheer, and made pleasant holiday at Brandon, they were asked to scratch their signatures with a diamond on the panes before their departure. The autographs of many eminent gentlemen of England, France, and the United States were thus recorded. Your own revered illustrious name was there, with the names of Millard Fillmore and Martin Van Buren.

The pretty custom was always honored; and looking over the inscriptions, from the more recent to those of a generation gone by, the past, with its clear associations and rosy faces, long minded in memory, would come back upon one in a strange, sudden sort of way, that made the eyes moist and the lips tremulous. Somebody once wrote some verses about these panes, in which the diamonds and the bright eyes and the far-away festivities of other Christmas seasons were mixed up and made metrical in a truly memorable manner. Well, the window-panes were all smashed. Why, bless you, it was great fun for the hulking cavalrymen to knock them out with the points of their sabres. *Que condescend?*

Among the dwellers in Brandon, at the time of your visit, were a dozen or more graceful ladies and gentlemen in the gay flowing costumes, the ruffles and point lace of some stately period of which Sir Anthony Vandyck and Sir Godfrey Kneller have transmitted to us so many charming representations. There was the Earl of Orrery, and Halifax, and Colonel the Hon. William Byrd of Westover, Esq., and the Colonel's fair daughter, Mistress Evelyn, and other historical personages. They had been members of the Brandon household from the beginning, and lived on the walls of drawing-room and dining-room, giving very little trouble to anybody, and passing their time in the hours of daylight in looking placidly down on the good cheer and social enjoyment which belonged to these apartments. There was a tradition that, sometimes in the silent watches of the night, during Christmas tide especially, they came down from their frames and held wassail at the board, or danced a *minuet de la cour* in the ruddy glow of the blazing yule.

Your satisfaction in hearing the details of the Brandon raid may possibly be lessened by the fact that these ladies and gentlemen were not made prisoners by the United States Army, having accompanied the living members of the family to Richmond, when they were constrained, by a well-founded distrust of Yankee chivalry, to leave their beautiful home and carry their cherished Lares and Penates with them. *Cela incommode.* But there is a compensation in the thought that the negroes belonging to this estate, to the number of one hundred or more, were taken off, despite the earnest entreaties and protestations of many of them, and made to accept their freedom at the end of the cowhide and the point of the bayonet. *Cela console.*

Ah, the negroes! There are some facts connected with those remaining at Brandon since the commencement of the war, and their abduction therefrom, to which I beg to call your attention. The first is, that the owners of them, at any time these three years, might easily enough have removed men, women, and children from tidewater, and transported them to Middle Georgia for security, or sold them at immense prices and invested the proceeds in cotton bonds. The owners did not do this. Not that they were blind to the danger that threatened the estate, not that they were too humane to resort to such measures. Oh, no! They knew nothing of humanity, of course. Humanity has her home in Boston. The promptings of pity, the teachings of tenderness for write or black sorrow, sickness, or adversity, all the emotions that belong to what Sterne calls the "web and woof of humanity," are not the hearts of slaveholders.

I am suppose that the Brandon proprietors permitted the negroes to remain on the estate through the stolid inaction to their own interest which characterize the Virginian—because they "weren't smart." Be that as it may. Leastways, anyhow, nevertheless, notwithstanding, there the negroes did remain in close, comfortable cabins, each head of his own family with his pot *au feu*, and his garden patch to supply the same, and his picaninnies toddling around him, like little patches of shadow in the sunshine, darkly happy, those negroes, dreaming not of disturbance—a pleasure, as you will say, of degraded monotony and benighted contentment. One member of the Brandon family—of the "white folks" I mean—had remained with them, not so much for the maintenance of discipline as for the preservation of their health, a kind doctor, doing good, as you think, not for good's sake at all, but from motives purely mercenary, that the "property" might be kept up to a marketable standard of *physique*—this "property," look you, which was all along at the mercy of the enemy, and which the owners would not sell—even to save it from robbery.

Thus cared for, the Brandon negroes flourished until the Federal cavalry came down like the wolf on the fold and carried off the woolly innocents in a manner quite in keeping with Yankee philanthropy. Some of the negroes went with alacrity, pleased with the idea of "soger" clothes and military grandeur; others bade adieu to their cabins with an intensity of grief that might have moved even a Black Republican; others again were mutinous, and could only be urged forward by the lash, laid on with true Yankee ferocity (see the managerial conduct of Legree, a Vermont overseer, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. H. B. Stowe); and let it be understood that only such were taken, rejoicing or reluctant, as were of sound health and matured strength; the helpless infants, the aged and infirm, were left behind.

One poor woman, thus deserted, whose children had been torn from her arms, followed the train, howling out a heart-broken appeal that she might be permitted to accompany them. Considering how much mandlin sympathy has been snuffled in Yankee lecture-rooms and printed in Yankee newspapers for thirty years past about the cruel separation of black mothers from their children under slavery, one might suppose that this appeal would have been heeded. It seems not. Her ululation soon became annoying, and this weeping, dusky Rachel was knocked down by a blow on the head from the butt end of a musket, and left remediless, bleeding in the road. Thus, while their cabins were left blazing behind them, the freed blacks moved down to the Yankee boats.

Poor creatures! did they know what lay before them, they might, indeed, have piteously bemoaned their fate. Many a wretched negro beyond the Potomac now bitterly laments his sad fortune of freedom—day by day the miserable exile, dying of destitution or disease in the crowded cribs of Washington or the squalid purlieus of New York, gives his latest sigh for "ole Virginny"—

Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Such, sir, was the calamity that overtook "Lower Brandon." It is so far from being an exceptional case, that this country-seat was the only one within the enemy's lines that had not been wasted or pillaged at the close of 1863. Exceptional, in this respect, the estate was till Butler and barbarism came together into tidewater Virginia.

Ah, some war-makers of the North will say, "Telle est la fortune de la guerre"—this is the reward of rebellion, and rebellions are not to be subdued with rosewater. Sad, very sad, we grant, but inevitable. You recollect, they add, what old Kaiser told Peterkin and Wilhelmina in the ballad about the famous victories—there must be burning cottages and sufferings of women and children, and a thousand nameless horrors in the midst of war. Yes, worthy war-makers, but for the first time in the history of the world have we seen a people pretending to be civilized, nay, claiming all the civilization of a continent, organizing expeditions for the pure and simple purpose of plunder and destruction, and, instead of seeking to mitigate the miseries of a state of war, doing all they can to aggravate them.

The Brandon business was a wholly gratuitous piece of barbarity. The work of "subjugation" was not assisted by it in the least. The bombardment of Charleston, in like manner, contributes not at all to the weakening of Beauregard, conduces in no degree to the reduction of the place. It is pure diabolism, the gratification of a hell spirit of hatred. Indeed, when we take into account the boasted refinement of the North, and the fiendish malignity with which they have carried fire and sword over Southern fields and into Southern dwellings; when we look at Beast Butler, and accept him at the hands of the *Atlantic Monthly* as the representative of the culture of Boston, we may well believe that the familiar theory of the Latin poet about ingenuous arts was ingenuous nonsense, that after all they brutalize manners and convert men into savages.

Oh no, the spoliation of the South is not an unavoidable incident of the war—it is the very object the war has in view. Long ago has the hope of subjugation been abandoned, and this purpose of ruin has become fixed in the breasts of Northern people as the amiable alternative. The children of Massachusetts, Mr. Everett, are wiser in their generation than to desolate the fields they expect to divide among themselves; to deface or demolish the dwellings they hope hereafter to occupy. If they believed that the next year or the year after would find them masters of the South, they would take care not to impoverish their future possessions. When Grant's or Butler's lines had fallen in pleasant places, these canny commanders would not have despoiled their goodly heritage.

It is the conviction that their tenure is a fleeting one which induces them, in baffled rage, to employ the particular estate in ruining the reversion. The idea is not a new one. It occurred to Louvois when he ordered the devastation of the Palatinate. The historian records it as a stain upon the memory of Louvois, as a lasting infamy upon the name of his minister, that in wanton malice they were determined to destroy what they were unable to retain. It was an "atrocious thought," says Lord Macaulay, but the Northern mind sees it fondly, and the Rebel North has long been serenely indifferent to the imputation of a rocity.

You will tell me, perhaps, that for one you have not relinquished the hope of subjugation, and, if I am not deceived, you undertook to show, in your discourse at the inauguration of the cemetery at Gettysburg, that there was nothing in the bloodshed, the life-long hatreds, the wide waste and widowhood, the mutilations that may not be computed, the legacies of revenge for crimes that may not be named, of this Lincoln war, to make reconstruction and a restoration of fraternal feeling impossible. The demonstration must have been grateful to the author of the strife, who sat in your hearing. But forebodings of a different kind must have filled your soul, three years ago, before the first gun had sounded, when in Faneuil Hall (5th February, 1861) you invoked the name of Heaven to allow the Southern States to "depart in peace." And if you think the conquest and subjection of eight millions of people a practicable thing—people who during these three cruel years have displayed qualities of character which have elicited the admiration of mankind—it is clear that your views have undergone a most remarkable change since you addressed the noble youth of Amherst College, in the year of grace 1855, on the theme "Education Favorable to Liberty, Knowledge, and Morals." In that finished oration (see "Everett's Orations and Speeches," vol. first, page 603) I read as follows:—

"The degree of force required to hold a population in subjection, other things being equal, is in direct ratio to its intelligence and skill; its maintenance is the arts of life; its sense of the worth of existence is fine, to its spirit and character. There is a point, indeed, beyond which this rule fails, and at which even the most thoroughly organized military despotism cannot be established over the least intellectual race of subjects, serfs or slaves. History presents us with the record of numerous servile wars, and peasant wars, from the days of Spartacus to those of Tupac Amaru and Beauchesne; in which, at the first outbreak, all the advantages of authority, arms, concert, discipline, skill, have availed the oppressor nothing against humanity's last refuge, the counsel of madness and the resources of despair."

Commending this bit of political philosophy to your serious meditation,

I have the honor to be, sir,
Yours, most respectfully,
A VIRGINIAN.

The "Whig's" Spirit of the Press.

The *Sentinel* exposes the absurdity of the claim to Semmes and his men as prisoners of war, set up by a Yankee board of naval officers. It relates the facts in the case of the *Alabama*, and refutes the Yankee assertion that the officers and crew of the *Mercedita*, who surrendered and gave their parole near Charleston, were ever exchanged. The *Sentinel* says:—

"When the Rear-Admiral, at the command of his Abolition superiors, gravely made his report upon the crew of the *Alabama*, he knew that those officers, after thus surrendering themselves and leaving our ships, delivering their side-arms, and being permitted, at their own request, to go to the other side of their captured vessel to assist their wounded companions had fled, leaving their side-arms and their implied promise to return behind them, and that they continued in active service against us. And the 'Rear-Admiral' knew, also, that this Lieutenant Pendergrast, who doubtless received from his countrymen the praise due to so clever a 'Yankee trick,' was recently captured by us in the *Water Witch*, and is now in our custody; and that if the views expressed by the report of the 'Board' be correct, he must its the treatment not of a prisoner of war—which he is receiving at our hand—but that which may be justified towards an officer of the United States Navy, born in a citizen of, and appointed from, Kentucky, and who, fighting against his native land, has violated his parole of honor."

The *Sentinel* denies that the Secretary of War advised the adoption, by the State Commissioners, of the recent exorbitant schedule of prices. On the contrary, he thought it too high; and so stated at the time.

The *Examiner* thinks that the failure of the grand pyrotechnical exhibition at Petersburg was due to the Yankee campaign for the capture of Richmond. It seems to have produced a conviction of that kind on the Northern people themselves—not because it was in its if more disastrous than the numerous bloody repulses which Grant had previously suffered, but because it exhausted the repository of Yankee expedients.

It was the last card—the ace of spades—but did not turn out to be a trump. Hence Grant, so our contemporary supposes, has yielded to Lincoln's call, and is packing up his bag and baggage, with the intention of abandoning that beautiful line on which he was going to fight it out all summer. The "finest army on the planet" has come, for the present, to the end of its invasive career, and henceforth will do guard duty on the Potomac, whither the scene of the campaign is about to be transferred.

The *Examiner* gives some interesting and highly suggestive facts connected with blockade-running. It seems that the Confederate Government purchased from Collie & Co., a great British house, a number of fine steamers—all of which were manned and officered under the auspices of Collie & Co., every one of which, saving one, was lost on her first trip; the other was lost on the second. They were not captured by the enemy; but were run aground and burned after eluding the blockading squadron, and when at the very entrance of the Cape Fear river. At the same time Collie & Co., being deeply engaged in the blockade-running business, have had extraordinary luck with their own vessels; one, the *Herman*, having made nine round trips, the *Edith* and the *Annie* each three, the *Falcon* two, and the *Pasteguo* has just come in. The *Don*, the only vessel lost by Collie & Co., made six successful round voyages. The *Examiner* learns further:—

"That Dudgen, of London, an extensive shipbuilder, constructed to the order of Collie & Co. seven double-screw vessels, all just alike; of these five were transferred to the Confederate firm (or Government)—all five lost; two were retained by Collie & Co.—both still running."

Here is the *Examiner's* explanation of these remarkable facts:—

There is no other conceivable way of accounting for the facts above mentioned than by supposing that the judicious Collie & Co. employed Captains and paid them expressly to run ashore and destroy those vessels which were to enter into competition with their own; and that, as a further reward for that service, the officer who have lost Confederate ships are put on board of Collie's to carry them through safely. Many persons have speculated in vain upon the astonishing ill luck of the Confederate vessels, and have suggested that the Yankees had agents in Nassau and Bermuda to bribe Captains and officers, so as to insure the loss of certain ships.

That there was villainy somewhere was very apparent; and, as usual, the misfortunes of the Confederates may be traced the time also to that guileless simplicity with which they have entrusted their interests to those having other interests directly opposite to theirs. Many is the bale of precious cotton that has gone to England to pay for these ships and cargoes; the *Coquette*, the very last ship our Government had, is at last sold; and a *young* Scotchman has almost a monopoly of the foreign trade of the Confederate States. Collie & Co. is at present one of the richest firms in England, and we see no good reason why its prosperity should ever end.

The *Despatch* analyzes the figures contained in the recent Yankee statements of Confederate losses in General Hood's battles before Atlanta. The following is the result of the *Despatch's* examination:—

In the fight of the 20th, it seems, in front of one Yankee corps alone, five hundred and sixty-three Rebels were buried by the Yankees, and the Rebels were permitted to bury two hundred and fifty more; so that in front of that corps alone, on that day, eight hundred and thirteen Rebels were *killed*. The 2d Division of the 4th Corps buried three hundred more—total for that day, one thousand one hundred and thirteen *killed*. There was no report from the 14th Corps; consequently, their share of men slain is not included in this list.

On the 22d, the 15th and 16th Corps, and one division of the 17th, killed two thousand one hundred and forty-three. Added to one thousand one hundred and thirteen, this makes three thousand two hundred and fifty-six thus far. The other division of the 17th Corps killed, it seems, at least three thousand. Grand total, six thousand two hundred and fifty-six, exclusive of what the other divisions of the 14th Corps killed on the 20th, which, as we have seen, was not reported, but which it is fair to put down at three hundred, as that was the amount of killing done on the same day by the one division of the 4th Corps.

This makes a grand total of six thousand five hundred and fifty-six Rebels *killed* on those two days, the 20th and 22d. Now, throughout the war, the wounded have uniformly been to the killed as six to one. Presuming the proportion to have been maintained in these two battles, there must have been thirty-nine thousand three hundred and thirty-six wounded. Added to the six thousand two hundred and fifty-six killed, we have a total, in killed and wounded, of 45,892. As the Rebels also lost 3200 prisoners, their total loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was, according to the veracious renegade from Virginia, 49,092! This was a much greater victory than Waterloo, and yet the Yankees have fired no cannon, ordered no *Te Deums*, and proclaimed no day of thanksgiving. What can they be waiting for?

A single circumstance connected with this stupendous victory is, that it was gained over a single corps of General Hood's army, and that that corps still retains its organization in spite of such a tremendous loss!

A Ride Through the Raiders.

From the Macon Intelligencer of August 1.

At the request of a number of gentlemen, I write for your columns the following sketch of what I saw and heard of the operations of the raiders around Macon and Milledgeville:—

I left Macon Saturday night, at 10 o'clock, in the midst of a drenching shower, with special instructions from the Governor to the officers commanding at Griswoldville and Milledgeville. A fall in Walnut creek from a stumbling horse, and the snapping of a musket by an exultarated picket, without commanding "Halt," brought me to "Cross Keys." There I took the road to Griswoldville, with which I was totally unacquainted, and which I was kindly informed was infested with Yanks. Descending a hill some two miles farther on, I was aroused from a lonesome reverie by the sound of voices, and in a few moments I heard the notes of that old bachanalian song:—

"We won't go home till morning," &c.

I reined my horse suddenly into a copse close at hand, when twenty-five drunken ceruleans passed, bawling at the top of their lungs—

"He is a jolly good fellow," &c.

They passed on and so did *I*. The last tork of the road I reached about three minutes after fifteen Yankees had left the house and gone on towards Milledgeville. I reached Griswoldville at 1 o'clock, finding it, as I thought, in a blaze. The fire proved to be a train of cars which were fired by the Yanks about two miles above there, in the afternoon. A train of cars loaded with refugees and their furniture left in the morning for Macon, but was halted three miles short of the latter place. Another train immediately followed, which also stopped when it reached the first one. To this the Yanks set fire, the passengers jumping out and saving themselves as best they could. When each car was well fired, they unfastened the engines and started back towards Griswoldville. When the train was under good headway, they stopped the engine, but the train went on—it being down grade—blazing and snapping in a fearful manner.

Arriving at Griswoldville blocks were put on the track, which soon stopped it, without firing the place, as the enemy intended. The cars were so far consumed that no efforts were made to save them. The engine was next fired, with dry pine, and the throttle opened, when it started with a fearful momentum towards the train which was standing upon the track loaded with women and children. Providentially the last two cars were unoccupied. On came the engine at the rate of fifty miles per hour, dashing into the train, split the first car into two pieces, from end to end, throwing it several feet on each side of the road, and passing half way into the next car. Three other cars were thrown off the track, but not a person on board was injured. Had the rear cars been filled, how awful would have been the massacre!

The enemy had been all around Griswoldville, but learning that a large force was there, they declined to attack.

From Griswoldville I started for Milledgeville, through byways and plantations, where I arrived at 10 o'clock P. M. On the way I met Mr. Choate, who piloted the Yanks to Gordon. He is a gentleman of wealth and intelligence. Here is his story:—At 7 o'clock P. M. the enemy arrived at his house at the junction of the Gordon wagon-road with Macon. They numbered 224, and having forced him and a Mr. Wood to mount their horses to act as pilots, started for Gordon, having just deprived Choate of all his horses and mules. Wood made his escape, followed by nine pistol balls, but Choate they closely guarded.

They moved rapidly but cautiously; not a word spoken nor an accoutrement rattled. They arrived at an old field close to Gordon as General Wayne's train of soldiers passed in. There they remained, still as death, until General Wayne passed on to Milledgeville, and the passenger train to Macon, when they dashed in, setting fire to the depot, shed, and trains. If the freight train, which arrived before General Wayne, passed through, there were not more than forty cars and two engines destroyed; but if it failed there were about sixty cars and three engines destroyed. About thirty of these cars and one engine belonged to the State road; one engine and eight cars to the Milledgeville road; and one engine and the remainder of the cars to the Central road. The cars were fired and the engines chopped with axes.

At Gordon the party divided; one detachment going down the road towards the Oconee, the other towards Milledgeville. Mr. Choate was taken towards the Oconee, but was released at No. 16.

From citizens, prisoners, and negroes, I derived the following facts, which I carefully weighed, and which, I think, may be considered entirely reliable.

From Gordon the party rode rapidly towards Milledgeville. Arriving in sight of the lights of the city they detached a scouting party, which went close to Fishing creek. This party then detached two men dressed in jeans, who went into the city on foot, and up to the very bivouac of our men, engaging in conversation with them. From our military learned facts which prevented an attack. The enemy immediately withdrew from Milledgeville, marching towards Griswoldville. Here I lost that party, as reports beyond there were too confused and unreliable.

Here, then, was the programme. They were to have burned Gordon before troops could be sent through to Milledgeville. Having done that, one party was to march towards Oconee bridge, the other to Milledgeville, and destroy both places. Providentially, they reached Gordon a half an hour too late.

Had they been one half hour sooner, they would have found Milledgeville defenseless, and at this moment our capital would have been in ashes. A shower of rain captured Napoleon, a half hour's delay saved the capital of Georgia.

The force at Milledgeville captured eight Yanks and two negroes.

NUMBER OF GERMAN LUTHERANS.—From the report of the Committee on the German Population of North America, presented to the last General Synod, it appears that there are at least 4,000,000 Germans in the United States, one-third of whom—that is, 1,333,000—are Lutherans. This estimate includes the entire population. Estimating two-fifths as confirmed adults, it gives as between 400,000 and 500,000 who were members of the Church in Europe. The editor of the *Kirchenbote* estimates the number of these who are in actual connection either with some Lutheran or United Church at 150,000, leaving at least 250,000 to be accounted for outside of the Lutheran Church. Many have united with the American churches who have entered the German harvest fields; multitudes have glided into a state of church indifference, and it is to be feared that the largest number of them have become infected with infidelity and rationalism. The duty of the General Synod to adopt measures to supply the destitution and build up churches is one of the most pressing character.

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If to cause lavish'ous sighs;
If to be a blooming flower,
Fading, dying in an hour—BEAUTY!

If to have a host of friends;
If for you to sue a suitor;
If with high-born lord to wed;
If a marble stone when dead—WEALTH!

If to live threescore and ten,
Wishing it as long again;
If to live a life of peace;
If to die and go to grease—HEALTH!

If you wish a life of pleasures;
If you value this world's treasures;
If every comfort you would see,
Take my advice or and wish all AWAY.

Then, having Health, Wealth, and Beauty,
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CHANGE OF HOURS.
On and after MONDAY, August 1, 1864, Passenger trains leave Philadelphia for
Baltimore at 4:30 A. M. (Express, Mondays excepted), 8:05 A. M., 12:00 (Express) and 10:30 P. M.
Chester at 6:45, 11:15 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:00 and 11:00 P. M.
Wilmington at 4:30 (Mondays excepted), 8:05, 11:15 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:30 and 11:00 P. M.
New Castle at 8:55 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.
Dover at 8:55 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.
Milford at 9 A. M.
Salisbury at 11 A. M.
TRAINS FOR PHILADELPHIA.
Leave Baltimore at 8:45, 9:40 A. M. (Express), 1:40, 3:05 and 10:20 P. M.
Wilmington at 6:18, 6:45, 7:45 A. M., 12:24, 1, 1:45, 4:00, 4:20, 7 and 9:10 P. M.
Salisbury at 10:35 A. M.
Milford at 2:45 P. M.
Dover at 6:35 A. M. and 4:15 P. M.
New Castle at 8:00 A. M. and 6:27 P. M.
Chester at 7:15, 7:40 A. M., 1:00, 2:45, 4:10, 5:00, 7:56, 9:40 P. M.
Leave Baltimore for Salisbury and intermediate stations, at 10:20 P. M.
Leave Baltimore for Dover and intermediate stations at 1:10 P. M.
TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE.
Leave Chester at 8:40 A. M., 3:05 and 11:05 P. M.
Leave Wilmington at 5:40, 9:25 A. M., 3:40 and 11:10 P. M.
Freight Trains, with Passenger Car attached, will run as follows:—
Leave Wilmington for Perryville and intermediate places at 7:45 P. M.
SUNDAYS.—Only at 4:30 A. M., 10:30 P. M., from Philadelphia to Wilmington, at 4:30 A. M., 10:30, from Wilmington to Philadelphia.
From Philadelphia to Wilmington at 8:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Only at 10:25 P. M., from Baltimore to Philadelphia.
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