proper position, although the guns of the enemy were worked with the utmost energy upon our moving column. Col. Chapin's brigade continued doing duty in the rear until the arrival of the troops at Knoxville. Contrary to expectation the enemy made no attempt to cut off our retreat.

The total losses in the fight at Campbell's Station, were as follows:

NINTH ARMY CORPS.

Killed	7	Missing	71
Wounded	186		
Total			264

This is exclusive of the cavalry losses, which have not yet been reported.

LOSSES IN CHAPIN'S BRIGADE, TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS.

Killed	10	Missing (fell out sick)	5
Wounded	106		
Total			121
Grand total			385

The missing in the 9th Army Corps were, many of them no doubt, taken prisoners. E. S.

Night on the Kingston Road—Position of the Opposing Forces—A Hot Engagement—Gallantry of Our Officers and Men—The Enemy Charge—Gen. Sanders Mortally Wounded—A Rush Rebel—Our Men Fall Back—Union Loss 200.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 18, Noon.

At daylight a heavy fog hung like a gray blanket over the city and neighboring hills, obscuring all objects and hiding friend and foe alike under its misty pall. Our soldiers rose from their hard beds fully expecting an attack, but the fog delayed the opening of the ball. At 10 o'clock the sun began to struggle through the overhanging mist, and, at a quarter to 11 a. m., the enemy's skirmishers in front, on the Kingston Road, opened fire. They occupied a line parallel with Armstrong's house, at a little over a mile distant, and carried their batteries and a portion of their forces behind it and in the woods and ravines beyond. The enemy stretched across the road to our right, occupying a belt of timber. The ground is undulating, even hilly, and favorable for both attack and defense. Our cavalry and mounted infantry, constituting Woodford's Brigade, with other cavalry, under command of General Sanders, had early occupied the crest of a hill about a mile in advance of our fortification on Tope Hill, to the right of the Kingston road, our line, like that of the enemy's, extending to the right and left for about a quarter of a mile. A barricade of rails, hastily thrown up along the crest, formed the only protection for our men who lay behind this, being also partly protected by the hill slope under which their horses were hitched some distance in the rear. The enemy were covered by a line of woods. He threw his forces round to our right, and kept up a desultory fire upon our pickets toward and upon the line of the Clinton road. Col. Pennebaker of the 6th Kentucky cavalry, with the 11th mounted infantry occupied this avenue and skirmished with the enemy's vedettes and pickets.

The firing opened vigorously, first from the woods, and then from the cover of the house and the enemy's rifle-pits. Our men replied steadily and coolly, not a man wavering or leaving his position. We had no battery in the advance, and relied chiefly upon Benjamin, whose guns were of sufficient range to reach the attacking column when the enemy were so placed as not to endanger our men. For about one hour our line of fire occupied only an eighth of a mile in extent, the enemy occupied only an eighth of a mile in extent, the enemy constantly maneuvering to get in upon our flanks. Our officers, prominent among whom could be seen Gen. Sanders, with a reckless courage, rode over the field and among the men, inspiring and encouraging them by their example. Col. Woodford, Col. Bond, Major Dow, and, in fact, all the other officers of the three regiments engaged behaved with great gallantry, showing themselves in every part of the field where the bullets rained heaviest. A Rebel belonging to the 15th South Carolina, who was wounded and brought to the rear, informed me, in answer to questions, that it was McClaw's division and Kershaw's brigade of South Carolina troops who were engaging us in front. Barksdale's old Mississippi brigade was also there. From the best information I could obtain there were at least two divisions of the enemy's troops in the field. At 12 o'clock, finding that our boys still hold their own and have no idea of running, the Rebels brought forward a battery of four guns which they load under cover of Armstrong's brick house, run out and fire, then withdraw again under cover. Four guns are now pouring rapid discharges of shell and grape, which shriek, explode and plow up the ground around them in all directions. Yet our men remain as fixed as the stones, or their own breastworks. At times they are completely hidden from view by the smoke of battle; but as the sulphurous cloud is swept away, our boys are still holding their own, as if that were the forlorn hope. Rising upon their elbows to fire, they lie down and load, then up again and deliver their fire. Now Benjamin, with his 20-pounder Parrotts, opens on the enemy's battery, and, as his well-directed shells burst among the Rebel cannoneers, a shout of satisfaction arises from our line. The Rebels at the same time fill the air with derisive shrieks and oaths, as if defying us. I observed that a pause usually followed, the treble of musketry being hushed while the bass of the opposing cannon reverberated among the hills.

The struggle was witnessed with intense interest from the various elevated positions which afforded a view of the field. The Rebel cannon now play more rapidly, and a heavy column is seen advancing from under cover of the woods. There is to be a charge. As the enemy's guns are wheeled out from behind their house, a shell from our batteries goes shrieking into their midst, bursting at the feet of the Rebel gunners, which covers them with smoke and dirt. Thus the contest continued until 1 o'clock p. m., neither party seeming to have gained any advantage. Exclamations of surprise and admiration are heard on every hand that these few, comparatively fresh troops behave with such steadiness and intrepidity.

THE CHARGE—GENERAL SANDERS MORTALLY WOUNDED.

About 3 o'clock p.m., a whole brigade advancing in regimental front was seen emerging from their woody cover at the left, where they had evidently formed for a charge. On they came, filling the air with yells and shouts. A young officer dressed in a blue velvet jacket, and riding a bay horse, led the column. Brandishing his sword, he shouted to his troops: "Come on boys, now show your grit!" Riding up to within eight or ten rods of that part of our line occupied by the 112th Ill., while his ranks were swept by the steady aim of our troops, he demanded the colors of the regiment. Major Dow, whose blood was up, though admiring the dash and pluck of the young officer, replied with an emphatic expletive, "You can't have it." The next instant the Rebel commander, horse and rider, sank down under a shower of balls. His intrepidity deserved a better cause, and a better fate. The left of the line, under the charge of overwhelming numbers, now began to waver and gave way. Gen. Sanders, who was endeavoring to rally the men—one account says he had just taken a musket from a dead soldier who had fired, and was in the act of loading it a second time—when he received a mortal wound. He was borne from the field by his brave men and carried to the rear. The position which by the indomitable steadiness of the Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois troops had been so long held, against great odds, was lost. Our men fell back a quarter of a mile, taking possession of the next line of hills. This ended the contest for the day. The enemy threw forward his skirmishers, and irregular firing continued between them and our own until dark.

On the Clinton road a sharp skirmish was kept up with the enemy by the 27th and 11th Kentucky Cavalry until night, where we lost eight or ten men in killed and wounded. Our loss in the chief engagement was about 200, about half of which, in wounded or prisoners, were left in the enemy's hands. E. S.

A Quiet Night—Preparations for Defense—Movements of the Enemy—Knoxville Besieged—The Enemy Balked—Burnside Fell Back from London to Help Grant—Nature of the Knoxville Defenses—Timidity of Non-Combatants—Designs and Position of the Enemy.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 19, 1863.

The night passed quietly. There was no demonstration of the enemy. The sharp crack of the skirmishers' rifles and the occasional crash of falling trees at times awaked their echoes on the still midnight air. The enemy were evidently at work, making the best use of their time.

Within our own lines, along every part fronting the enemy, parties were busy with axes demolishing houses and felling trees which obstructed the view, or interfered with the working and range of our guns. Fatigue parties around the entire lines were busy throwing up breastworks, and digging rifle-pits, and strengthening our position for the expected morning attack. The soldiers, poor fellows, have had little rest, day or night, for nearly ten days past, and it is a matter of surprise that human nature can endure so much of watching, exposure, and hard work. The morning was smoky, so that little could be seen at daylight, but at sunrise a line of earthworks was discovered across a plowed field to the left of the Kingston road, within a thousand yards of our position. The enemy's skirmishers had crept up to a wooded ravine running transversely across our western front, directly at the foot of the long slope, at the top of which stand our intrenchments. They also got possession of a brick house (Mr. James Armstrong's), from which they attacked our pickets, shooting one of our men from the scuttle of the roof. Two or three well-directed shells ventilated the house and drove them out.

Here is a new condition of affairs. Instead of being the attacking party, as almost always has been the case heretofore, we are now acting wholly on the defensive, occupying a besieged town, behind our own hastily constructed works, and the Rebels are digging rifle-pits and trenches to get at us. I observe, however, that they practice something of that prudence in approaching a fortified position which has sometimes drawn down the derision of the unthinking upon our own men. No troops, however brave, care to attack a place where the odds are so much against them, and where it is almost certain death to venture. Our troops like the charge, and seem to think it only fair that they should, once in a while, take their turn behind the rifle-pits.

PLANS OF THE ENEMY BALKED.

One of our orderlies who fell into the hands of the Rebels, and who afterward escaped, heard the officers and soldiers in Longstreet's Corps express their belief that he would retreat upon Cumberland Gap without stopping. Had we done so, or made the attempt, it would have been fatal to the whole command. The retreat could never have been conducted a hundred miles across these mountain roads and gorges without exposing the entire line to ambuscades by the enemy which would here demoralized it, subjected it to panic, stampede, and capture. This may be truthfully asserted, whatever may happen to us here. Gen. Burnside foreseeing this, and intending to serve a far higher and nobler purpose with his command than running away to save it, safely retired his forces within this place, determined to do his share in fighting the great battle of the war by occupying Longstreet's veteran corps as long as possible, while Grant was moving upon the works of Gen. Bragg at Chattanooga. It was for this purpose that he fell back from London, instead of contesting the advance of the enemy. Should affairs go well with Gen. Thomas, the country will have little cause of regret for whatever may happen to this immediate command. We are not only fighting here the best drilled troops in the Confederacy, but are, at the same time, holding East Tennessee. We hope to hold our position.

HERCULEAN LABORS PERFORMED.

Within the last 24 hours an almost incredible amount of labor has been performed upon the defenses of Knoxville. Lines of rifle-pits crown the whole range of hills around, and to the right and left of the town. The position itself is as strong almost as nature could have made it for sustaining an assault or maintaining a siege.

A large portion of the north side of the town, along which runs the railroad track, has been flooded by damming up two important streams, known as "First" and "Second" Creeks, on the map of the place. These creeks empty into Holston, one toward the eastern, and the other at the western division of the town. The water has been turned back until these streams proper are impassable except upon bridges—which have been destroyed—while in the valley along which they run, at the very base of the hills, which are crowned by our batteries and rifle-pits, the land is flooded to several feet in depth. No line of troops can advance unbroken in the face of this obstacle. Thus our northern front, from the center well to the right, is pretty well protected. From the bed of First Creek, which runs north and south through the place, dividing East from West Knoxville, Temperance Hill rises to an altitude of almost 125 feet, and this ridge continues east in gradually ascending slopes for about a mile to Mayberry Hill, having an average width of a quarter of a mile. There are several strong earth works and batteries on Temperance Hill, capable of commanding the plain in front for three quarters of a mile. Rifle pits have been run entirely around this line of hills, the eastern portion having three lines, one in the rear of the other, so that if driven from the first, they can retire to the second and third line of defense. The south and south-east sides are protected by the river on which our lines rest, both on the left and right.

Any one who visits these works, and sees what has been accomplished in so short a time, will be struck with admiration for the energy as well as the genius which has planned and consummated them. Captain Poe of the Regular Army, and late Colonel of the 50th Michigan, Chief of the Engineer Corps, has cooperated with the Commanding General in laying out and executing these important works of defense in a manner which should secure for him the gratitude of his country. Gen. M. D. Manson, who has the command of the right wing of the defense, has also been ably assisted by Gen. Haskell, who has collected and organized about two thousand loyal Tennessees, raw troops, who have been lately enlisted. These have been placed in a position to render valuable assistance against the enemy, when the grand assault is made. While the attack was imminent, and before there had been time to complete the rifle pits, he caused log breastworks to be constructed from the felled trees which afford excellent protection to rifle men. The entire front of the right line is protected by a *chevaux de frise* of pikes, the shafts of which are strongly inserted in the parapet at an angle of 45 degrees, and firmly secured by telegraph wire. These pikes were found here when we took possession. Among many other articles intended for the defense of the place from the Union army, earthworks, with strong traverses cover our batteries at every important place with magazines well covered from the enemy's guns.

One part of the town, directly fronting the railroad track, falls away in an abrupt descent of 50 feet at an angle of 45 degrees. This bluff is crowned by rifle-pits along the crest, with logs for the protection of the men's heads. The left of the hill, to where it slopes more gradually toward the level of the railroad track, is strongly protected by batteries of cotton bales and earth. Here is Edward's fine battery of rifled guns belonging to Col. Sigfried's brigade. To the right of Gay street, which runs from the river north to the railroad, a strong battery also of cotton bales and earth is established. The street is barricaded by wagons and bales of cotton. Rifle-pits also extend right and left across a narrow plateau ending at First Creek. To-day, at noon, this last-named battery opened upon a party who were noticed on the opposite hills pointing some guns in position, and obliged them to withdraw. The Rebels, however, fired first three or four shots into the town, at the battery, which fell doing no damage, though they produced some slight "stir." One or two of these missiles passed over the roof of the house where your correspondent was engaged in chronicling events, and suggested the query in his man whether it was a safe place for permanent board.

These half-dozen shots are all that have thus far been fired into the town. I constantly hear it asked by citizens, will General Longstreet get up a general bombardment of the town without first giving timely notice, and permitting non-combatants (your correspondent is among them), with the women and children—I like their society—to withdraw. I reply, certainly not. Is not General Longstreet an officer of the *Regular* Army, and will he do so irregular a thing? Is he not a gentleman, a soldier, and, for aught I know, a Christian, and will he slaughter innocent women and children without giving them due notice? Certainly not. Besides, are there not hundreds of the best friends the Southern Confederacy ever had still living in the town, and praying for his success? Thus I endeavor to console the people, and keep them quiet, of course feeling perfectly safe *myself*, and having not the slightest apprehension of danger. Whether these assurances have any effect or not, I observe much more quiet in the town than could have been expected.

Gen. Burnside frequently visits all parts of the line in person, but to insure instantaneous communication between the extremes of the lines and his own headquarters, a telegraph wire has been stretched through the town from Fort Sanders, on Tope Hill, the west front to Temperance and Mayberry Hills, connecting with headquarters. The same line connects with Col. Cameron's position, crossing the pontoon bridge. The signal flag stations are also located on the most prominent points, having a view of the whole field, and transmitting from one point to the other prompt intelligence of the enemy's movements.

The enemy gradually advanced his skirmishers around toward the center of our position, taking advantage of a belt of woods, on higher ground than that occupied by ours, and crept up to a thin grove of oak and pine skirting the woods. Edward's battery fired an occasional shot at the party observed on an opposite hill engaged in building earth works for a battery.

WHAT THE ENEMY IS DOING—HIS POSITION.

While we have a strong position—strong by nature, and strengthened by the best engineering skill—the enemy has also great advantages for attack; and, aside from the question of food for men and animals, he no doubt regards the capture of the place as only a work of time. Last, in any untoward event, our brave army and its commander should be improperly criticized, I ought to describe the situation more fully. The enemy's right at present rests on the river, his forces finding ample protection among the hills and valleys through which runs the Kingston road toward the south-west. The whole country is hilly. The direction of the hills is generally at right angles to the river, obliging us to hold these clear to the bank of the stream, lest the enemy should come up under its cover to turn our flank. If possible, I have no doubt he will cross below and endeavor to occupy a high range of hills which we could not conveniently take possession of. Toward their left, the hills, or a part of them, are high, and all have a growth, more or less dense, of timber, which, to a great degree, conceal their movements from observation. Occasionally we obtain glimpses through the partial openings of bodies of cavalry passing. The enemy to-day have evidently been looking out favorable positions for locating batteries. In an air-line of an average distance of a mile from Edward's Battery, Sigfried's command, is a line of hills gradually rising from the enemy's left to a high point north-west by west of the town. That point is higher than the bluff on which the last-named battery is located. A plateau intervenes occupied by farms, crossed by fence inclosures in different directions, and through which run the Clinton Railroad, the country road to the same place, and that to Tazewell. Still back of this high land is a country by-road on which we see their wagons and artillery passing. This road intersects the Tazewell road at a distance of say two miles from the north side of the town. From about our center, nearly to the extreme right, the country is more level and open, with only scattering clumps of pines and scrub oaks. Here, then, are no positions favorable for batteries within a mile of ours. From our line the view is comparatively unobstructed. Still further round, the country becomes more hilly, and wooded hills and valleys extend to the Holston River, leaving one open space only on the extreme right, occupied by farms.

The 19th closes warm, with a hazy atmosphere. E. S.

A Charge and a Conflagration—Shelling the City—Brilliant Sortie of the 17th Michigan—Rain.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KNOXVILLE, Nov. 20—Morning.

A smoky atmosphere obscures the fort and conceals the enemy's position and movements. There is an occasional shot from the pickets on either side, until 9 o'clock, when it cleared off, and the picket firing became quite general, particularly along the center, on the Clinton and Tazewell roads. The skirmishers on enemy nearly the same position as last evening at half a mile from our fortified line. The enemy's sharpshooters keep behind trees or fallen logs, and sometimes dig a hole in the ground from which they take aim at our pickets.

A CHARGE AND A CONFLAGRATION.

About 10 o'clock a sudden discharge of musketry attracted attention at the center of our line. Our pickets advanced upon those of the enemy who had concealed themselves in a frame-house, and were annoying them. It was the residence of Mr. Brannan, brother of the President of Ocoli Bank. It was set on fire, and soon burned to the ground. Skirmishing continued with more or less activity until 5 p. m., when there was a sudden cessation of firing. The Rebel pickets withdrew, as was supposed, for a night attack. Our pickets fell back, firing the buildings they had occupied during the day. They were a large brick dwelling and out buildings located in the plain on the line occupied by our skirmishers, and two or three buildings in the southern portion of the village beyond the railroad. It was intended as a measure of precaution, but they were prematurely fired. The buildings being in range of our batteries and rifle-pits, it may become necessary also to destroy a large portion of the railroad buildings and the houses contiguous to prevent them from being used as a cover for the enemy's sharpshooters. A few moments before the conflagration, the enemy opened a battery near the front of our center, and fired four or five shots into the town. They were apparently aimed at the Cotton-bale Battery on Gay street. The missiles, as they came whizzing into town, caused considerable panic, and for a few moments the impression prevailed among the citizens that the grand shelling had begun. The Gay street Battery, as well as two others to the right and left, replied rapidly, their reports shaking the town. Spectators went skurrying for shelter to the neighboring buildings, teams skedaddled up Gay street, and citizens took to their cellars for protection. For some cause the Rebel batteries ceased firing, probably from a fear of hurting somebody in the town—ours followed suit—and there was a great calm. Meantime the bonfire were illuminated by the lurid flames of the burning buildings, attracting a crowd of the more venturesome to Summit Hill to witness the scene. The spectacle was grand and imposing to those who had never witnessed a conflagration in New-York. These frequent illuminations seem to indicate that the entertainment coming off is to be got up without regard to expense. But seriously, nothing but the most urgent necessities of war, and such I suppose now exist, could justify the destruction of these houses. As covers for the Rebel sharpshooters (they are within easy rifle range of our batteries) they would be fatal to the occupation and working of our batteries. The loss, therefore, must be ascribed to the greater.

Aside from this episode affairs soon became quiet. I omitted to mention that one of the shells fell in the yard of Gen. Burnside's headquarters, from which, however, he and his staff had moved during the day.

BRILLIANT SORTIE OF THE SEVENTEENTH MICHIGAN.

At 8 p. m. rapid cannonading was heard on our west front—Fort Sanders—which roused the town from its temporary repose. Now, it was supposed the expected night attack had begun. The advance, it seems, was by our side, and not from that of the enemy. The Rebel pickets, during the day, had got into James Armstrong's house, just under the hill, and had very much annoyed our men. Gen. Ferrero accordingly ordered the 17th Michigan to make a sortie and drive them out. The work was handsomely accomplished, and the house set on fire. They then fell back; but as the light of the burning buildings burst forth it revealed the position of our men as they were deploying into the road, and the enemy swept their ranks by discharges of shell and solid shot. One Lieutenant was killed and three men wounded. Our batteries replied as fast as possible, covering our men as they retreated. The object was accomplished, though after sacrifice of valuable men, and the Michigan boys deserve much praise for the handsome manner in which they executed their task. The combined detonations of our own and the Rebel guns shook the town to its center, and citizens rushed into the streets to ascertain what was up. Some of the Rebel shells, passing over the fort on Tope Hill, fell in the streets of the town, causing some alarm. For a time the people watched the light of the burning dwelling, but the batteries ceased firing, the flames gradually died out, and there was another great calm. The night passed without any other general alarm.

Saturday, Nov. 21.—During the latter part of the night rain began to fall heavily, and continued until 2 o'clock p. m. The country has been thoroughly drenched, and traveling on the roads impeded. The picket firing seems to be working around to the right. The evident intention of the enemy is to feel of our whole position before making the final attack. The rain, which is uncomfortable for both sides, must be particularly unfavorable for the Rebels, who have not yet got their guns in position or their works complete. Ours, luckily, were finished before the rain set in.

Nov. 21, Evening.—The afternoon has been clear, with a bracing atmosphere—wind from the north-west. The enemy's pickets are about in the same position as yesterday, but the firing has not been active. Two or three have come in wounded. General Manson gave the enemy two shots from his batteries on Temperance Hill, directed to the battery to the left oblique, but no response was elicited. There are rumors and reports of the enemy crossing a force over the Holston, below, with a view of attacking Cameron's position on Heith's Hill.

Progress of the Siege.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 22, 1863.

The siege of Knoxville is progressing, it is presumed, according to the most approved principles of warfare. Outside, the enemy keeps his skirmishers busy. He builds batteries, fells trees, constructs redoubts, and occasionally fires a shell into town, or at some one of our batteries. Inside, our forces lie in their rifle-pits or behind their well-constructed batteries, and watch the movements of the enemy. We are also indefatigable in strengthening the works of defense already constructed, and in extending them where they are needed. Every hour adds to the impregnability of the town against assault.

The morning dawned clear, with a bracing atmosphere, and the day has been one of the finest we have experienced for weeks. The roads are already fast drying, and traveling is getting passable. The enemy has been busy in the front of Summit Hill—which is the highest and most favorable position for artillery—and this morning reveals a large cleared space, two strong earth works, and a line of rifle-pits around the crest of the hill, the whole at a distance of one mile in an air line. Their camp smoke has disappeared from the north side of the town, and a large camp is visible at the south-east. In the direction of where the chief attack was made on Tuesday, showing that they have their chief forces in that direction. To-day the respective pickets occupy about the same position as yesterday. There has been a brief truce between the enemy's pickets and those of the 11th New-Hampshire, and some pleasant raillery passing between them yesterday and to-day. "Have you got old Brownlow in there?" "How comes on his press?" "Have you had any mail lately?" "How are you *Vicksburg?*" "Got plenty of mule meat on hand?" and such like queries come from the Rebel side, and are answered according to the whim of the Union pickets. They wish to make us think they have captured one of our inward bound mails, which is quite likely, that they have captured "old Brownlow," which is n't likely, as he telegraphed "all safe" from Cumberland Ford a week ago; that they have captured his press, which we know has not started from Cincinnati, and various other things calculated to annoy us. The Rebels fired several shells at the battery on Temperance Hill about sunset, from the battery which I have already described—the range of fire being obliquely to the north front of the town—i. e., from north-west to south-east, nearly. One of the enemy's shells severely wounded a cavalry man who was standing in a group to the right of the battery. His lower jaw was carried away.

At 7 o'clock our battery opened upon the enemy's position and fired some half a dozen rounds. There was no reply, and up to the present time, 8 p. m., everything remains quiet. There is a bright moonlight, which is favorable to the operations of the enemy, and there is some expectation of a night attack on the town. E. S.

KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE SORTIE NIGHT OF NOV. 20.

Private Joseph Leonard, Co. F, 17th Mich., skull fractured by shell. Dead.

WOUNDED WHILE SKIRMISHING NOV. 19TH, 20TH, AND 21ST.

2d Lieut. Alvin M. Reed, Co. D, 100 P. V., flesh wound, calf of both legs.

Wm. Cole, Co. I, 36th P. V., skull fractured.

Corp. Philetus Bird, Co. C, 100 P. V., rt. frac. skull.

Corp. Conrad Homan, Co. A, 23d Mass., flesh wound, right head.

Private Jno. A. Connery, Co. G, 100th P. V., right leg amputated above knee.

Private Jno. W. Rodgers, Co. H, 100th Pennsylvania Volunteers, fracture of upper portion of arm; resection performed.

Private Robert Burns, Co. G, 23d Massachusetts, flesh wound of shoulder and fracture of lower jaw; severe.

Monday, Nov. 23, 7½ a. m.—Morning pleasant, but smoky on the hills. No sign of an attack. Everything in readiness and troops in good spirits. E. S.

Arrival of Couriers from Cumberland Gap—Cheering News—A Reconnoissance—Flag Raising—The Enemy Turned Back—Another Fire—Sortie by the 20th Michigan—Its Disastrous Failure—List of Killed and Wounded—Death of Gen. Sanders.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 23, 1863.

Having finished and inclosed to you a history of events up to this morning, I begin a new chapter with the beginning of this week. The day has been still, Summer-like, and so warm in the sun as to be uncomfortable. Out of some eight or ten couriers sent from Cumberland Gap, two have arrived, bringing important and encouraging dispatches to Gen. Burnside. I understand the nature of the intelligence is that Gen. Grant "moved upon the enemy's works on the 20th," and that up to the 21st affairs were progressing favorably, that we have only to "hold on" here for a few days, when we shall receive succor. These announcements have given great encouragement to the officers and men of this command, not because we feel ourselves in any immediate danger, but because we all hope to see Bragg compelled to retire back to Atlanta, and thus enable us to reopen the railroad via Chattanooga and Nashville, and forever put to rest the question as to the occupation of East Tennessee.

Gen. Shackleford, with a strong reconnoitering force, went a considerable distance up the Holston last evening in pursuit of a Rebel party reported to be in that quarter, but returned without finding any enemy. A bright lookout is kept in that direction.

FLAG-RAISING ON KEITH'S HEIGHTS.

Keith's Heights is a hill directly opposite the town on the south side of the Holston, rising at least 400 feet above the river level, and commanding not only the town but the country to the right, left, and to the rear, for the full range of our guns. This hill is reached from the river ronde running within two hundred yards of its banks, at an average angle of any 30 degrees. From the rear it falls away in deep gorges, which it would be a half-hour's task for a strong-winded man to climb, even unopposed. Beyond is a line of hills somewhat lower, but still of sufficient height to command the road and the valley, through which the enemy, in any assault, would have to pass. Between these is another round promontory, crowned by a redoubt along a ridge, which connects the two hills by a frankly made road.

A few days ago these heights were covered with an almost impenetrable undergrowth and timber. To-day they are strongly fortified by a system of rifle-pits and redoubts which furnish shelter for thousands of men, and for the most formidable batteries. The trees have been felled so as to form abatis on the river side and to the right, left and rear, a portion of the trees being used to form breastworks, which are backed up with earth. Col. Cameron, 65th Ill., having command of these defenses, has labored night and day to complete them in the most substantial manner. While occupying these heights, no army would be able, even if it should succeed and enter the town, to remain in it for an hour. The enemy are fully posted as to the formidable nature of this position, and an assault for the capture of the place will, they know, necessitate, first of all, the taking of these heights, and the capture or isolation of the forces from those on the other side of the river. General Haskell, in whose command these important works are included, has personally superintended their planning and completion.

To-day, at noon, Col. Cameron having invited a number of officers to witness the ceremony, a handsome flag was thrown to the breeze, to float in triumph above the works. Gen. Haskell and staff, Col. Cameron and his brigade officers, with deputations of a company each from the 103d Indiana, 65th Illinois, and 65th Ohio, were present to greet the old flag with their cheers. General Haskell addressed the troops in a stirring speech, apologizing for the formal absence of Gen. Burnside, on account of pressing engagements elsewhere; complimented them for their efficient and valuable services in completing, in so short a time, this formidable line of defenses, and announced to them cheering intelligence from Chattanooga. Col. Cameron also addressed the men for a few moments, and pledged that himself and his command would be buried honorably beneath these works sooner than ever permit that flag to be hauled down. Three hearty cheers were given for the flag; three for Generals Burnside and Haskell, and three for Col. Cameron.

Before the ceremony was completed, a message came saying that the enemy were showing themselves in Col. Cameron's front. The Colonel immediately started with his men on a quick march. It proved to be a reconnoissance of the enemy, who was stopped and driven back. They left one dead and a prisoner or two in our hands. During the night the Rebels succeeded in digging a new line of rifle-pits somewhat nearer the works on Tope Hill, getting within five hundred yards of our gunners. Further to the right, they occupied their original position until dark, when a large force of their skirmishers suddenly advanced, driving our own in to the railroad. The buildings are occupied and loop-hole prepared with combustibles ready to ignite, and under the order to fire them when compelled to fall back, the match was applied, and in a few moments there was

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION.

The Tennessee House, the large octagonal railroad building used for repairing, and formerly occupied by the Rebels as an arsenal, beside several houses outside the railroad, were fired. From 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. the heavens were aglow with red flames. During the Rebel charge rifle balls flew into the edge of the town quite profusely. A considerable number struck the walls of the Asylum Hospital, and several persons were said to have been hit, who were standing about the premises.

Tuesday Morning, Nov. 24.—An advance was made by our pickets to the right of the railroad, and the enemy's sharpshooters, who had got into some of the buildings during the night, were driven out. The firing here was sharp for a few moments. The enemy's skirmishers had also crept up much closer to Gen. Ferrero's front during the last 24 hours, and it became necessary to make an effort to dislodge them. The attempt, I regret to say, failed, and we have lost, as near as can be ascertained, about 90 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

SORTIE OF THE TWENTIETH MICHIGAN.

About 8 o'clock a. m., Gen. Ferrero, acting under orders, sent forward the 20th Michigan to charge the enemy's rifle-pits, and drive them out. The regiment was sustained by our batteries as long as it was safe to fire over the heads of the men. They went down the long slope, over the fallen trees, and through the debris in front, upon the double quick, assaulting, driving out the Rebels from their pits, and occupying them for about half an hour, fighting hand to hand with the Rebels over the impalement. They met, however, a whole brigade, and being overpowered, sent back for reinforcements. Meantime, Adjt. Noble and Lieut. Colgin were killed, and Maj. Byington was badly wounded, beside a large number of men. The Major, probably seeing that the effort to hold the place was fruitless, ordered his men to retire. He was immediately made a prisoner.

Our men then fell back, bringing a portion of the wounded off the field. Only those who were badly hurt were made prisoners. Only some thirty were brought to the hospital, leaving twice that number killed, wounded, or prisoners in the enemy's hands. The affair is naturally discouraging to our men, and must be set down as the most unfortunate episode of the siege. Our dead are still lying within sight of our breastworks, but cannot be recovered. I am told that the enemy invited our men to come after the wounded, and when they had advanced for the purpose of bringing them off the field, they were *fired upon and compelled to withdraw.* I can hardly credit such inhumanity, and only give the statement as I received it.

The Rebel rifle pits are now so near our own that it is certain death to show one's head over our breastworks. An officer, who has just returned from Fort Sanders, says he could have thrown a stone from the fort into their nearest rifle-pits. This state of things cannot continue long.

KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE SORTIE OF 2ND MICHIGAN IN FRONT OF FORT SANDERS.

KILLED.

Adjutant Noble. Major Cornelius Irrington, supposed mortally wounded and captured.
Lieutenant Chas. Colgin.

WOUNDED.

F. Holt, H, left arm. N. M. Richards, F, toe.
G. Lee, H, rt. leg. Lt. F. Zoelver, B, left thigh.
J. Boss, A, left leg. D. Palmer, E, rt. side.
Sgt. T. P. Jones, C, rt. thigh. Sgt. S. Reinhart, H, rt. hip, rt. forearm and left forefinger.
G. W. Coulter, H, left leg. Corp. H. M. Conner, B, left arm.
H. H. Perry, C, rt. thigh. J. Collins, B, left arm and hip.
A. Sears, B, wrist. J. McIntyre, G, rt. shoulder.
Sgt. J. E. Martin, D, head, neck and back. Wm. Hills, D, left thigh.
E. Vance, F, rt. thigh.
Corp. J. Pecker, H, ear.

There were no prisoners taken except the badly wounded.

LATEST, Nov. 25.—The weather is clear and bracing. The enemy has made no assault or other large demonstration in front as yet. I yesterday afternoon counted five of his guns in position to the left of the Armstrongs, hence which I learn is Gen. McClaw's headquarters. A prisoner who has been in their hands for a few days came in to-day, and says the Rebels are waiting for reinforcements before they attack. He says he was treated kindly while in Rebel hands.

The Rebel pickets have possession of a high hill on the south side of the river, where we suspect it is their intention to place a battery. The hill commands Fort Sanders and the town. The truth is there are so many hills along the south side of the river, it would take an immense force to occupy them all. There is no distress at present for food and forage in the town; and, outside of the hospitals, the health of the place is good.

It would be improper for me, in view of the danger of my letters falling into the hands of the enemy, to state what our expectations are as to getting reinforcements. It is only necessary to say that everybody is cheerful, and the troops in good spirits.

P. S. At 7 p. m. an engagement began on the south side of the river, Cols. Cameron and Woodford being engaged. Do not know the result.

DEATH OF GEN. SANDERS.

Gen. Sanders received his wound upon the field about 3 o'clock p. m. The enemy had been repulsed several times, and his command was now staggering under a final charge of a whole brigade, led by one of the most courageous of the Rebel officers. There was a deadly hand-to-hand fight. Sanders was leading his men, himself foremost in the contest. His conduct, no doubt, singled him out as the chief commander in the field, and he was made the target for the Rebel sharpshooters. He was struck by a minie ball, which passed through the cavity of the abdomen, lacerating the spleen and large intestines. He was removed to the rear, and conveyed immediately to town, where he was received under the care of Doctor Jackson, Medical Director of East Tennessee. The Doctor met him at the ambulance, and had him carefully removed on a litter to the Lamar House Hospital. After his wound had been examined, the General asked, "Tell me, Doctor, if my wound is mortal?" The Doctor replied, "Sanders, it is a fearful wound, and mortal. I am very sorry to say it, my dear fellow, but the odds are against you." The General calmly replied, "Well, I am not afraid to die; I have made up my mind upon that subject; I have done my duty, and have served my country as well as I could."

His wound was dressed, and his pains relieved by morphia. His constitution never rallied, and he did not recover from the first shock and collapse. The remainder of his hours were spent as by a strong man dying. He lingered until 11 o'clock the next day, remaining perfectly conscious during the whole time. During the morning he explained certain symptoms to the doctor, and asked him what they meant. The doctor replied, "General you are dying." If that be so, he said, I would like to see a clergyman.

The Rev. Mr. Hayden, Chaplain of the post, was sent for, who came immediately. Gen. Burnside, with some of his staff, Capt. Harris, a classmate, and several others were present. The minister addressed consoling words to the dying man, and afterward baptized him at his own request. "It was always the desire of my friends that I should be baptized," he said. The minister then joined in fervent prayer, Gen. Burnside and all present reverently kneeling beside the bed of the dying hero. It was a scene never to be forgotten. He shook hands with his chief, who stood tearfully over him, as if loth to witness the flight of the brave spirit.

In a few moments, and while preparations were making to administer to him the sacrament, his spirit took its flight. In the beautiful words of Dr. Jackson, "he went to sleep like a child." Thus passed away one of the bravest, yet one of the most unassuming men whom God has raised up to battle in the cause of good government.

THE FUNERAL.

At 9 o'clock p. m., Major-Gens. Burnside and Parke, with their staffs, Gens. Potter, Manson, Shackleford, Haskell, Carter, and White, with most of the regimental commanders (Gen. Ferrero being detained by the urgency of his presence at the front), assembled at the parlors of the Lamar House. The Rev. Mr. Hume of the Protestant Episcopal Church read a portion of the service for the burial of the dead. The coffin was carried to an ambulance, and the procession moved, escorted by the military with reversed arms, the band of the 44th Ohio playing solemn dirges. The coffin was placed in a strong box and deposited in the church inclosure of the Presbyterian church.

The solemn nature of the procession by moonlight and the mournful strains of the band as it moved to the place of burial was a scene the most impressive and affecting. Among the many friends who will mourn the sad but glorious death of the departed there will be few whose sorrow is more deep and abiding than that of the Commanding General.

Gen. S. P. Sanders was a native of Kentucky. He went to West Point from Mississippi; graduated in the class of '56; was appointed Captain of the 6th U. S. Cavalry, has been long attached to the army as a cavalry officer, (since the war) made the celebrated raid into East Tennessee as the John Bap. of Gen. Burnside; and has been one of the bravest and most active of Gen. B.'s associates. He had received his Brigadier's appointment but two or three weeks prior to his death. He was greatly beloved by the soldiers. E. S.

Killed and Wounded in the Fight at Campbell's Station.

FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA.

KILLED.

None.

WOUNDED.

F. Coyle, A, shoulder. J. Calder, F, mortally.
Sgt. A. Bailey, E, sip. Sgt. G. M. Hobaugh, C, thigh.
J. Sharbaugh, A, forearm. W. Hammel, A, forearm.
Jas. Lerres, H, knee. A. H. Bryant, H, knee.
Sgt. G. B. Tremain, H, head. H. Scrimgis, G, thigh.
Henry Frick, F, mortally.

FORTY-SIXTH NEW-YORK.

WOUNDED.

Sgt. O. Charles, C, right side. J. Cooper, D, mortally.
T. Winkler, D, side, hand. J. Elsner, K, right arm.

FIFTIETH PENNSYLVANIA.

KILLED.

Emanuel Faust, A.

WOUNDED.

Sgt. H. Geckler, H. M. McKeon, D.
A. Gilt, E. J. Redford, K.

FIFTY-FIRST P