The Memphis Appeal.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

More Yankee Tricks Counteracted by the Ingenuity of our Men—Anticipated Attack—A Marauding Party Summarily Quenched—The Capture of a Notorious Virginia Traitor—Energy of our New General—Desertion from the Yankees of an Entire Maryland Regiment—A little Philosophy on the Continuance of the War, Etc., Etc.

OATLAND MILLS, Loudon county, Va., December 20, 1861.

EDITORS APPEAL: My desertation last week on the proneness of the Yankees to tricks, is daily verified. On Saturday morning last, after the Yankees had been attempting to shell "Fort Evans" for two days, a huge aerial monster was discovered hovering overhead, like some angry leviathan, ready to pounce down upon any foe. The cry was soon raised that the Yankees were evidently making a reconnoissance, not "in force," however, employing for that purpose a very cumbrous, though inoffensive balloon. Whether they discovered any of those "masked batteries" or no, is left for the aeronaut's report. The wish was made by all that we had a large rifled cannon, in order to play the same joke upon the "high-flyer" that our battery near Dumfries did on a similar occasion: send a bomb through the visitor.

The enemy have a battery on the opposite shore, with which they often attempt to harass our men engaged in the erection of fortifications. So far, however, "nobody has been hurt on our side," though the annoyance is some. Whether it would be proper to state how and when, it is doubtful, but we s'ply insinuate that some fine morning Gen. Hill will suddenly unmask a battery, and belch forth a few dangerous missiles into the Yankee camp, astonishing them with our aptitude at learning tricks.

From some mysterious movements lately discernible among the Yankee troops, our forces have been uncommonly suspicious and vigilant, in anticipation of an attack. The supposition is, that if they cross in force again soon, it will be under cover of darkness. They do this, doubtless, to make the *ears* of our pigs less effectual. The Yankees moralize at great length on our *barbarous* system of warfare, and term it very "uncivilized," on account of our *taking aim*. They say Christians are never guilty of such a deed in war! They then assume to themselves the name of Christian, and as for us, they are welcome to all the consolation and satisfaction to be derived therefrom.

The enemy have annoyed us no little all this year, by their petty excursions across the river at Lovettsville, and by their feats of agility have heretofore eluded our vigilance. On Sunday evening they were brought to a stand still by the sudden appearance of a company of pickets from the 21st Mississippi regiment. A party of some twenty, headed by a notorious villain named Means, (who has always accompanied the marauding parties, from his knowledge of the country generally) crossed the river on the said day and were preparing to steal a little, perhaps, when our pickets pounced suddenly upon them, killing seven and taking twelve prisoners: only one escaping to narrate the rout of the party. The said Means was among the prisoners taken. This may tend to break up the incursions in a great measure, for it is said by citizens here that this fellow Means was worth a whole brigade of Yankees, employed in these depredations.

The energy of our new general is the theme of comment, and a more perfect feeling of security seems to animate citizens here. Breastworks and fortifications are admirable and serviceable things *sometimes*, and again sometimes they make cowards of soldiers. Without breastworks, soldiers will make a final and desperate stand anywhere, but if conscious of their having fortifications to fall back on, not much good can ever be obtained from them if taken from behind them. If this small brigade had been fortified here on the 21st of October, I deem it exceedingly doubtful whether the name of Leesburg would now be synonymous with a glorious victory. But those in command of course know, or at least ought to.

The blighting influence of the Lincoln dynasty has long since been felt, even by those who were once his most devoted minions, and the yoke of tyranny is becoming unbearable to those who detest his besotted actions. Desertions from the ranks of his army are not at all new, and scarcely deserve notice, yet when we see a regiment of men, headed by their officers entire, with the Confederate flag proudly flaunting in the breeze, and the cadence of the step regulated to the glorious tune of Dixie, performed by a fine brass band; when, I say, we witness these men coming from the enemy's ranks and claiming our protection, and aiding in hurling the invader from the sacred soil of their native South, it certainly causes us to give one loud hosannah to

"God and our native land."

Last week an entire regiment of Marylanders deserted and came into our lines at Centerville. They had been sent out from Alexandria as pickets, where they acted, perhaps from one cause, probably from another, as I have stated.

Short communications to editors are far preferable, I know, yet I desire to encroach upon a little more space than I usually consume, to speak of this war, about its duration, etc. I am not going to take any hackneyed position as to whether it will be long or short, for of that I profess no prophet's ken. I will broach a new subject entirely, and, as a beginning, abruptly say that the southern people should encourage animosity, and keep this war in continuance for at least five or seven years! Perhaps this remark, without my whys and wherefore, will throw many into fits of holy horror, but if they are open to conviction true argument will show how true my position is. To enter into an elaborate discussion of my position in one letter, will be too much of an encroachment upon your space, but I hope to make as brief an exposition as will make me understood. First, then, as appropos to the subject, the southern people are a proud, noble and chivalric people, and their greatest desire is to be independent. Second, that the elements that compose the Southern Confederacy are equal, if not superior to that which does and always will render a nation wealthy, prosperous, intelligent and thoroughly independent. Third, that the southern people, though incorporating all these advantages, and especially desiring the immunities ensuing from thorough independence, have *never* embraced them. Fourth, that the doctrine of State rights men has ever been the advocacy of measures insuring independence at home, over and above every other consideration.

A nation or community is but a body of private individuals, and the motives that influence one man, will influence many. Now, in the inauguration of a new nationality, the great principle is to start aright. However much the South may desire to do this, there exists a certain timidity and lack of confidence to cause them to strike out boldly without some impelling motive. This impelling motive is found now in the present war. Hence this is an opportunity that should not be lost to innovate upon past false principles. It is needless for me to tell our resources, as it has been done over and over again. We all know that they are more powerful than any other nation in the world, and only require the *will* to render them subservient to our desires. It is also well known that the South has *never* been independent. Our present lack of many essentials even of comfort shows the extent of our dependence—aye, vassalage. We look around us now, and we see many, nearly all, sighing for peace, when the truth is, if we were to have peace now, we would only have commenced that which we must finish if we desire to accomplish anything. Our dependence upon the North has borne a far more delectable fruit than a mere political one. It has been a social, a commercial, a financial, an agricultural, and an educational one; in fine, a most complete and abject one, and the mere political revolution must end in a thorough expunging from our whole system of the cause and effect.

The southern people are not an innovating people—never have been—and I venture the assertion here, that were this war to close to-day, in less than two years we would find ourselves still without the means of internal success, and be found nursing the vampire that sucks our very life blood. What little progress southern industry has so far made would be clogged, and the enterprise that instigated that progress would be killed out by competition. If we are to take our position in the galaxy of nations, must our proud and chivalric nature be content to see that position an inferior one, when we can command the most lofty? Then why should it not be our loftiest aspiration to work out our own salvation, without the interposition of any one? Would it not be glorious to establish at once and forever the precedent of our power and importance when we first take our seat in the congregation of Confederated powers? If we cry for aid; if we fawn with a patronizing air for the help of old and strong nations, would not we be shorn of much of our luster? Ah, indeed we would be.

But, so far, I have treated this politically. Let us try it in those channels that more affect our pockets. The reduction of extravagance; the consciousness of strength, and hence the establishment of confidence; the impetus given to the spirit of self-reliance; the commencement of manufactures to restore that which has been lost by the existing non-intercourse, has been worth far more to the South than ten productive cotton crops; and it has been purchased cheap by the amount of money so far expended for warlike purposes. If the war continues, these necessary requisites will continue to increase in the same ratic year by year, until our gaze will be dazzled by a superstructure which might well be envied. In five or seven years' time, we could hurl defiance in the face of any insolent foe. While a proud navy to support our claims would grandly plow the ocean, the buzz and hum of home industry would be meeting the demands for comforts, and easily afford even luxuries. Manufactories would then have received such an impetus that no competition could live them down.

If we needed no further legislation than what would meet the requirements of the present generation, we might then desire or even propose for peace; but we owe a duty to posterity, to the future generations, that would brand us as dastards indeed, did we not pay it. We have been derelict long enough; then let us fly with a will to the performance of a long neglected duty.

Cotton has been the southern mania, and it has been dubbed with the sobriquet, king! But it is a misnomer; or, if it was once, its scepter has, in a great measure, departed from it. It has done us much harm already, yet we tremble for fear it may do us much more. If, for the sake of selling a little cotton, we barter our independence of to England or any other foreign power, the coming generation will call us cursed. Let the blockade remain until we can raise it ourselves. So far, it has proved a blessing, and a great blessing.

But this letter has already assumed too large proportions, and I owe you an apology for consuming so much of your space, and would not have grown so prolix did I not feel such a deep interest in the subject, for I am fighting for the FELL, and not *temporary*, independence of my beloved South. S. L. W.,

Co. B., 17th Miss Reg.

THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.

CAMP BEAUREGARD (Bowen's Brigade,) FELICIANA, Ky., Dec. 22, 1861.

EDITORS APPEAL: Within the past week the Yankees have been twice reported advancing from Paducah upon our camp; but up to the present hour they have not made their appearance in sight of our advanced pickets. So we may infer that they still hesitate about making the second, and most anxiously looked-for sally upon our lines. The fact that they have quite recently erected, and forcibly taken possession of, houses in Paducah which they have converted into winter quarters, goes far to strengthen the opinion heretofore expressed, that they have indefinitely postponed the contemplated movement on account of weather.

Speaking of the weather, (at all times a common place subject), our uninterrupted spell of six weeks' sunshine was yesterday and last night broken by a storm of wind and rain. It has been raining for the past eight hours without intermission. This strange soil is now completely saturated with water, and no wheeled vehicle can pass over it without encountering insurmountable difficulties. I mention this because it has a direct and important bearing upon the momentous question—when will Columbus be attacked? Not soon, I assure you.

The rumors above spoken of, I presume, originated the story printed in one of your city papers that Gen. Bowen had been fighting three days. That was a very refreshing item, made doubly so by the large and prominent capitals with which it was introduced. There is no doubt our boys would have fought that long had the Yankees stood before them; but as this last essential ingredient, or concomitant article, was not on hand, of course the story must be entirely spoiled.

Our brigade has been hard at work during the past fifteen days building log-cabins for winter quarters. These cabins are erected with reference to each other like the tents of a company and regiment as prescribed by Hardee. There are about fourteen rooms for the privates of each company, and about one hundred and seventy-five for a whole regiment, officers, men, guard houses, hospital, etc. The rooms are ten by twelve, tightly daubed up, and are capacious enough to comfortably hold eight men. After taking a look through our encampment, the observer could come to no other conclusion than that the men ought to pass the winter very agreeably. If any do not, it will be their own fault. They have plenty of warm clothing, rations, etc., and are hardly ever called upon to expose themselves in disagreeable weather, and not then unless there be an imperative necessity.

On last Friday all the troops at this station were assembled together and formed into square, for the purpose of witnessing the punishment of three men, belonging to the first Missouri regiment convicted of desertion. It is not necessary to give their names or the facts drawn out by the court martial concerning their crime. They were branded on the left hip with the letter D, which was done with a hot iron made in the shape of that letter, then their heads were closely shaved, and finally they were each hit fifty lashes upon the bare back, in the presence of all their comrades, and drummed out of the service to the tune of the "Rogue's March." Volunteers who often speak of quitting the service upon the slightest provocation, without the proper discharges, and who seem to regard the act lightly, should take warning from the fate of these poor, unfortunate fellows.

I understand that the immortal Andy Johnson and Emerson Etheridge have been recently, and are now, in Paducah, making speeches to the abolition soldiers. Etheridge's district lies immediately back of us, and he would doubtless take the greatest pride in accompanying Lincoln's hordes through the homes of that people who once trusted him as their political leader. There is now scarcely a roof in that district from underneath which has not gone a member to fight for the Confederate States. And while they are thus contending for their homes, this base ingrate is urging on the northern Vandal to deeds of infamy, crime, and shame. It is true, a few of his constituents are on the other side, but they are as nothing compared with the number in the southern army. No matter how the war may terminate, these men will ever be looked upon as traitors to their country and enemies to their God. But let them alone. They have passed without our threshold forever; they no longer belong to our land or hold communion with us, but now dwell with the stranger.

A great many negroes have been recently stolen by Lincoln's cavalry from the counties around Paducah. They are, in nearly every instance, kidnapped and forcibly taken away to the camp, and from thence shipped to Indiana and Illinois—there to starve among a people who profess to have a more humane feeling for them than they do for the white population of the South. This is the way Lincoln proposes to make the people of the South love him! He seems to think that the surest plan and the shortest way to win our affections, is by pillaging and stealing our property, and plundering and burning our houses. That is about the sum and substance of his message.

I am glad to inform you that all the lukewarm Kentuckians are about to find out what an abolitionist really is, what he came to Kentucky for, and the amount of friendship he has for them. It is unnecessary to say, however, that the conclusion in regard to the queer "animile" is precisely the same we came to many years ago. SUBALTERN.

THE COTTON PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION.

MEMPHIS, December 25, 1861.

EDITORS APPEAL: Arriving at home on Saturday quite ill from a violent attack of cold, I to-day, for the first ime, read a communication to you from my colleague, B. M. Estes, indorsed by eight Representatives from West Tennessee, myself among the number, explanatory of the bill incorporating the Cotton Planters' Association. It may seem singular that I would sign such a document without reading it, yet it was presented to me by Hill, of Haywood, when I was very busy in the House. I saw it was in Mr. Estes' handwriting, and he remarked it was simply explanatory of the objects of the association, and having no objection to explanation, I signed it. Upon a reading of the document, I find the opinions of bank presidents and the recommendations of bank committees are used as arguments to enforce the idea of the practical workings of the *association*. To these opinions I cannot subscribe.

It may not be uninteresting to speak of the early history of this bill. At the time the electoral college convened at Nashville, a distinguished citizen of Fayette mentioned the subject to me. After discussing it for some time, I pronounced it an impracticability. Subsequently, I was invited to attend a committee of members from the west on the subject. An intelligent cotton planter from Madison, who, as I understand, is the author of the *project*, was present on that occasion. An attempt was made to frame a bill in accordance with his views. We got along pretty well with the details, until we reached the point of getting the notes of the association in such a shape as to insure their circulation. I was asked for my views. I thought twelve months' post notes, bearing 8 per cent. interest, might be forced into use as a *local* circulation. This idea was at once rejected as defeating the very objects of the author of the plan, his purpose being to consolidate his liabilities and avoid the interest. With these views, I, with others, Mr. Estes among the number if I recollect, pronounced the whole scheme an impracticability. The meeting broke up, and I supposed the scheme abandoned until the introduction of the bill in the House by Mr. Estes.

Even with my views of its impracticability, if the bill could be so guarded as to do no harm, for the sake of affording the semblance of relief to the cotton planters, who, in my judgment, need relief more than any other class in the Southern Confederacy, I was willing the bill should pass, and the experiment be made, trusting my judgment might be at fault as to the practical workings; or, at least, if no good resulted, no harm could come of it. One feature in the bill I objected to, and intend to offer an amendment, *i. e.*, requiring a man to be worth fifty thousand dollars before he could be eligible as a director. One other amendment is, not to interfere in any way between the cotton planter and commission merchant, leaving the association to take the ordinary risk on the competency and integrity of the merchants.

* * *

The truth is, no part of the State of Tennessee, except the cotton counties, need any relief from taxation, executions, or debts of any kind. In East Tennessee, the Confederate States government has paid out for beef, hogs, hay, corn, wagons, and other army supplies, over $4,000,000. This I know to be rather under than over the true amount. In Middle, and the northern tier of counties in West Tennessee, not less than $6,000,000 more—over $10,000,000 now in the pockets of the people. They cannot send it away; there is an embargo on it. There never was half the amount of money in circulation in Tennessee at any previous period in her history. But I am answered that I am the Representative of a cotton county. This is true, and I confess to more than ordinary sympathy for my constituency, who have wealth piled away in cotton bags utterly useless; yet my judgment must overrule my sympathies, and the judgment and *patriotism* of the cotton planters will sustain my course when they understand my objects and the reasons that influence my action. The truth is, our government must be sustained, at every hazard and to the last extremity. We are in a great war for *existence*. It is a struggle for life; and that Representative who would, for popular favor, pursue a policy that would tend to hazard the issue of the contest, would be unworthy of his position.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

JOHN MARTIN.

The Privateer Sumter.

The fact that the Confederate privateer Sumter, had again made her escape, has already been announced. The following statement from Capt. Lyon, of the schooner Daniel Trowbridge, which was lately captured by the Sumter, will be found interesting:

When overhauled and compelled to surrender, he and his crew were taken aboard the Sumter, and a prize crew from that ship took charge of the schooner. The Sumter commenced supplying herself from the schooner, and for three days her boats were employed in conveying stores. At the end of that time, having secured all they wanted, the fine vessel was fired and entirely consumed, together with what remained of the cargo. The Daniel Trowbridge was one of the fastest vessels in the West India trade, and with a favorable wind, Capt. Lyon is confident he could have escaped the Sumter, even with her powerful engines. The officers of the steamer were highly pleased with the staunch build and superior sailing qualities of the schooner, and the sacrificing of the craft was owing to their inability to take care of it.

On board the Sumter Capt. L. found the captain and crew of the John A. Parks, which had also been captured and burned. All hands were taken to Port Royal, Martinique, where they signed a parole not to bear arms against the Southern Confederacy. This they consented to do in preference to an indefinite detention on board.

Capt. Lyons was thirteen days aboard the Sumter, during which he was treated with the utmost kindness, by both officers and crew. Other armament or number of men he is not communicative—his parole of honor especially forbidding any information on this point.

Further from Havana.

The advices from Havana show that several vessels, from Confederate ports, have lately arrived there. A correspondent of the New York *Post* writes from Havana, December 6th, as follows:

There must be some mistake in the statements of the New York and other northern papers about the efficiency of the blockade. Three days ago the Confederate steamship Vanderbilt, Capt. Smith, came into port with a valuable cargo of cotton, which will find a good market at Barcelona, whither it will at once be shipped. Three other steamers are understood to be en route—one from New Orleans and the others from Charleston.

The Confederate steamer W. Mallory, Capt. Campbell, came in yesterday from Mobile, with a cargo of naval stores. The captain would have brought cotton, but the Confederate authorities at Mobile would not permit it to be shipped. She brought two passengers. Vessels are clearing every day for ports in the C. S. A., and we do not learn that many captures are made. Most of these vessels carry cotton, for which they get $15½ to $16¾. There is scarcely any business here for northern ships. Outward freights are not paying.

From the Rio Grande.

We learn from Major Buell, who has just arrived from Brownsville, which place he left on Sunday, the 8th inst., that a steamer appeared off the Brazos bar on the Tuesday previous, and on the same day boarded an English brig from Halifax, loaded for Matamoras with an assorted cargo. On the same evening Col. Buchell, commanding Fort Brown, sent Capt. Nolan's company to Brazos Santiago to guard the vessels lying inside the bar, and when Major Buell left, Col. Buchell was at the Brazos himself superintending the disposition of the men who had been put on a small Confederate vessel. The port of the Brazos is now effectually blockaded, so that no lighters can approach the British vessel which was lying off the bar. Nothing of any importance had occurred at Matamoras, though the fighting, which had lasted nineteen days, was still going on. Caravajal had been appointed commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces in Tamaulipas and on the Rio Grande.

Major Buell further reports that he learned at Saluria that a propeller, bark rigged, then lying off the bar, had chased and fired into a small vessel in the gulf on Thursday evening last, which was afterward seen on fire and has not since been heard of. When Major Buell left Brazos Santiago, the Venus, Capt. Nelson, bound for Berwick's Bay, was ready to go out, and the captain expressed his determination to run the blockade. Capt. Murphy, also with a light schooner, was preparing to start; so it is more than probable it was one of these vessels that had been fired into by the propeller.—*Galveston News, 17th.*

ARRIVAL OF PRISONERS.—Another instalment of Federal prisoners of war arrived in Nashville Sunday, from Gen. Zollicoffer's command. The following is a list of them:

Major Helveti and Capt. Prime, U. S. Engineer corps.

Geo. Barbee, Thos. Halloway, And. White, W. S. Keys, Warren county, Ohio.

James Blair, William Hillman, Albert Reek, John O. Hankins, Mat. Henry, W. G. Gibson, C. W. Crain, James W. Higgins, Butler county, Ohio.

John Bowman, Darke county, Ohio.

Geo. Frank, Montgomery county, Ohio.

W. F. Hudson, N. Buchanan, Pulaski county, Ky.

W. C. Garrett, E. A. Walker, John Williams, E. McFall, Russell county, Ky.

Y. D. Hopkins, T. J. Dickens, Wm. Dickson, J. Dickens, Jas. Dickens, N. W. Cuselus, J. S. Stockton, Clinton county, Ky.

Jacob Schoatt, Len. Zimmerman, Wayne county, Ky.

John Brown, Cumberland county, Tenn.

Jasper Lee, Hamilton county, Tenn.

THE BATTLE AT DRAINSVILLE.

Full Particulars.

Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

CENTERVILLE, December 21.—Yesterday morning a heavy skirmish occurred at Drainsville, which resulted disastrously to us. A foraging party was sent out by Gen. Stuart, consisting of about two hundred wagons, escorted by the 11th Virginia, Col. Garland; the 6th South Carolina, under Lieut. Col A. J. Secrest; the 10th Alabama, Col. John H. Forney; the 1st Kentucky, Col. Tom Taylor; the Sumter Artillery, Capt. Cutts; and detachments from Ransom's and Radford's cavalry. Our whole force amounted to nearly twenty-five hundred men. They started off early in the morning, and before dark were some distance on the journey. Soon after leaving a rocket was seen to shoot up in the direction of Drainsville, which, as was afterwards ascertained, was a signal from the enemy, and indicated that our approach were known. It is about fifteen miles from here to Drainsville. When within a short distance of the place, two or three regiments of Yankees were seen deployed as skirmishers in the skirts of a pine thicket, which stretched out on either side of the road. Gen. Stuart drew up his force and prepared to make an attack. On either side the woods were very thick, and it was difficult to make through them, but our force was pushed forward in the following order: The 11th Virginia, being in the advance, was deployed on the right of the road with the 10th Alabama, while the 6th South Carolina and the 1st Kentucky were sent to the left. On account of the dense thickets on either side, the artillery was forced to advance down the road in order to gain a position to make the guns effective.

As we approached the Yankees, the 11th Virginia charged them with a yell, and drove them back to their line within sight of Drainsville. The enemy seemed somewhat confused, but soon formed again in line of battle. The advanced positions were held by the 11th and the 6th South Carolina, the former on the right and the latter on the left of the road. While waiting to get sight of the enemy, the 6th South Carolina was drawn up, and the 1st Kentucky advanced upon them, and mistaking them for the enemy, a portion of the regiment fired without orders, killing five of the South Carolinians. The error was soon discovered, and Col. Taylor advanced cautiously to the left, and soon after came in sight of another regiment but a few yards away. To be sure there was no mistake, Col. Taylor shouted to the Colonel, and asked who he was.

"The colonel of the 9th," was the reply.

"Of what 9th?"

"Don't shoot," said the Yankees, "we are friends, South Carolinians."

"On which side are you?" asked Col. Taylor.

"For the Union," and immediately after the colonel gave the command to fire, and a volley was poured into the Kentuckians from the 9th infantry, regulars, United States army. The engagement then became general, and our four regiments, with Capt. Cutts' four guns, were soon actively engaged. The Yankees had every advantage of position. There were several houses along the Leesburg turnpike, and back of it a hill upon which their battery was placed. Lower down, and opposite the 11th, was another battery placed in position to enfilade the turnpike should we enter it. The main battery of six guns swept the road upon which we were advancing, and kept up an incessant fire of grape, canister and spherical case. The accuracy of their aim was remarkable, considering the rapidity with which the guns were fired. Capt. Cutts got three of his pieces in position, and returned the fire rapidly and successfully.

Meanwhile the enemy advanced several regiments of infantry, and, protected by the nature of the ground, came within a hundred yards of us, and forming in line, fired for some time, keeping the air full of minnie balls, and finally attempted to charge. Three times the officers gave the order and tried to get their men forward, but failed. They could not be pushed into the thicket. Soon after this the firing on both sides ceased, but not before great damage was done to our force. For over an hour both sides had kept an incessant firing. The wounded and dead lay on every side, and the regiments were beginning to get scattered.

To give it a little more in detail: As our first advance were marching by the flank towards the Yankee skirmishers, two companies of the 11th Virginia were thrown out as skirmishers, and sent forward. Capt. Houston's company charged the Yankees with a shout, and drove them in; and soon after the shout was taken up by others, and all advanced within sight of Drainsville. Company A, of the 11th, was deployed on the right, but by some means got lost, and was separated from the regiment until the fight was over.

When the enemy formed in line of battle, Col. Forney drew the 10th Alabama up also, and prepared to advance upon them. The coolness and daring courage displayed by Col. Forney was observed by everybody. He rode backward and forward in front of the line encouraging his men, and in getting all prepared for the coming struggle. The same can be said of Col. Garland. Soon after the firing commenced Col. Forney was shot through the right arm. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin was killed, and the command of the regiment devolved on Major Woodward, who commanded on one side of the road, and the senior captain on the other. This regiment lost more than any other. The Sumter Artillery was in the road, and had three guns in position. Only four pieces were out, and about sixty men. Capt. Cutts and his men fought bravely, and suffered severely. The enemy's batteries played upon him for some time, and killed nearly all his horses, destroyed one limber, and exploded a caisson. Twenty-five horses were left dead upon the field. The guns still kept firing, and did good execution, every shot scattering the Yankees and telling upon them seriously. He succeeded in breaking their line, and in driving their sharp-shooters from the house behind which they were hidden. When ordered to fall back, the pieces were taken to the rear by hand, with the assistance of the infantry.

Seeing the wagons safely to the rear, General Stuart gave orders to fall back to a better position. The regiment marched to the rear in good order, both sides having ceased firing. At this time Col. Tom Taylor rode to the right to see what disposition had been made of his neighbors, and on returning found his regiment gone, and himself nearly surrounded by Yankee cavalry. Throwing himself down he eluded them and afterwards crept into a pine coppice, and remained there until dark, with Yankees on each side of him. At night he escaped, and joined his regiment this morning, sustaining no injury beyond a slight scratch on the hand by a musket ball.

Taking his force to the rear, where the ground offered better positions, Gen. Stuart once more drew up his force and awaited the enemy, but he had enough of it and was not disposed to give battle again.

Thus ended the battle of Dranisville, which, although disastrous to us, was more so to the enemy, if recent reports are true. It is believed there were seven regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and eight pieces of light artillery against us.

The enemy seemed perfectly aware of the approach of our party, and were prepared with an overwhelming force. Nevertheless they suffered severely, and lost, it is reported by the citizens of Drainsville, more than we did. We took two prisoners.

This morning another force was sent out under Gen. Stuart, but has not yet returned. He took possession of the battle-field of the day previous, and still holds it. He reports this evening the loss of the enemy much more heavy than ours, but I am unable at this early date to get fuller particulars.

From New Mexico.

Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.]

SANTA FE, December 1, 1861.

I send you the following order of Col. Canby, without comment, further than to say, that the decrease in remittances from New Mexican merchants may be justly attributed to the requirements of the government here, which, in many instances, are greater than their receipts. It is due to the merchants that this much should be said by way of explanation. I trust you will do them the favor to give publicity to the same.

X. Y. Z.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO, SANTA FE, November 20, 1861.

SIR: You are hereby ordered to turn over, by Saturday, November 30, 1861, at 12 M., to Maj. J. L. Donaldson, Quartermaster United States army, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the payment of the troops by the Pay Department, ——dollars in specie.

Maj. Donaldson will give you his official receipt on Maj. J. A. Whitall for this amount, which will be expected from you monthly until the major receives funds, when he will pay you, either in checks on New York or treasury notes, bearing seven and three-tenths interest per annum.

The evidence of the indebtedness of the government to you will be Maj. Donaldson's receipts.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed,] ED. E. S. CANBY,

Col. Nineteenth Infantry, Com. Dept.

To ——

STARTLING EMBEZZLEMENT.—Mr. Harry T. Hunter, the confidential clerk of Messrs. Coleman & Withers, of Carondelet street, who held their power of attorney and had their entire confidence, drew seventeen hundred dollars last Saturday and absconded from the city, going through Texas via the Opelousas railroad. It is supposed he is en route for Mexico. So far, it is impossible to tell how much money he has embezzled from his employers, though it is supposed to be about fifty thousand dollars. He left their accounts in such confusion it will take them some time to ascertain how they stand. The affair is the more remarkable, as they would not have exposed or discharged him had he confessed his fault to them and asked forgiveness. He left a young wife here, worse than widowed by this reckless step.—*N. O. True Delta, 25th.*

☞ A member of Col. Moore's Iowa regiment, now in Missouri, in writing to the Keokuk *Gazette*, says that Col. Moore has added a new clause to the oath to be administered to support the government, which is: "You will take the New York *Tribune*, and go and sin no more, so help you God."

THE SIEGE OF MATAMORAS.

Another Truce—Failure of Negotiations—No Result Yet.

From the Brownsville *Flag*, of the 15th, we glean the following additional particulars relating to the siege of Matamoras:

The firing of the night of Wednesday, the 27th of November, was unproductive of serious results, further than the destruction of more property. On Thursday morning, the 28th, a truce was established, on account of the news of a war between Spain and Mexico. The *Flag* says:

Both forces involuntarily thought and suggested a compromise of local differences, in presence of the great national danger, and through the mediation of Maj. Fairfax Gray, C. S. A., acting under instructions from Lieut.-Col. Buchel, of Fort Brown, an interview was arranged between the contending chiefs.

However, after sundry notes back and forth, the conference came to a dead halt under the following ultimatums, which were respectfully submitted:

BY CARAVAJAL.

1. That a general amnesty should be proclaimed by Gov. Serna to all but the chiefs of the opposite party, who were to be subject to such a prosecution as the law officers might wage.

2. That the city of Matamoras was to be unconditionally surrendered.

BY GARCIA.

1. That Caravajal should withdraw his forces to Reynosa, and that a truce should be concluded until the dispute could be referred to the government at the city of Mexico, both parties agreeing to abide by the decision of the national government.

2. Or, that Garcia would surrender the city, provided that he, as a national officer, should be allowed to march out with all his troops and equipments.

3. That both parties should set aside the late election, and bind themselves to abide by the result of another.

The diplomats having thus come face to face with plain and sensible propositions, the negotiation only required the yeas and nays, and thereupon neither party would yield his ground, for in doing so he was bound to give up everything. The conference ended right then and there, just as we thought it would, for the dispute between Garcia and Caravajal seems to be one of life and death, politically speaking, and cannot be compromised.

During the conference Gens. Garcia and Caravajal met, Maj. Gray and Lieut. Neale being present. Both parties discussed the dispute with earnestness and seeming honesty; but what was said we cannot report, as the major and lieutenant kept away from the hearing of the parties, lest they should be called upon to decide many delicate little points, where they might have offended one party or the other. Major Gray is a lawyer and a man of the world, and therefore particularly discreet in such matters.

When the conference came near its termination, without any favorable result, Gen. Caravajal very earnestly remarked that he had two peace makers who would not differ, and that he should proceed to argue the dispute with cannon balls and torches, and that he would kill and burn until the city was reduced.

Friday, at the appointed hour, the conference broke up, the white flag was pulled down, and the partisan banners raised upon the fortifications again. The fight was to be resumed, and sure enough the guns were opened at the appointed time. The shots were slowly rendered, however, and the reckless waste of ammunition was stayed. Sharp-shooters were the only parties engaged in the fight, and for all the damage done, they might have saved their trouble too.

Friday night the threat of Caravajal was terribly realized, for the horizon was broadly illuminated by the lurid light which ascended from the burning buildings in the doomed city. Away off from us in the darkness of the distance, the greedy flames and the impalpable smoke gave token of the fearful work of destruction; and as we saw the forked tongue of the blazing conflagration licking up and smearing its victim before it swallowed houses and wealth, our eyes turned away in sorrow that mankind should be thus cruel and vindicative.

From Friday night up to Thursday night, the time when the *Flag* closes its report, no change occurred in the relative positions of the combatants, except that on Sunday it was reported that Caravajal had been reinforced by General Martin Sayas, who also brought Caravajal a considerable amount of money. General Benevides was also reported to be on the way to reinforce Garcia. Of the truth of these reports, however, nothing is certainly known, except that Caravajal did receive some money. On the night of Thursday, the 4th, a terrible fusilade was heard, but the result of it had not transpired.

The *Flag* gives the following additional list of houses destroyed:

The house of Don Jesus Libra; the house of Mons. Etienne Bres, with its stock of merchandise; the restaurant of John Mount; the house of Madame Kidder, with all the furniture and goods; two other houses belonging to Mrs. Kidder, opposite to her residence; the residence of Col. Macedonio Capistran; the residence of Col. Jose Quintana; and one other, whose owner we did not ascertain, together with some small sheds in the suburbs.

POLICY OF THE BESIEGERS.—As to the future policy of the chiefs, the *Flag* says:

We learn that Caravajal has relinquished the project of taking the town by assault, and has decided to strengthen his lines around the plaza, and, having his enemies hemmed in, he intends to establish a government around them, and then wait for time to win the fight. He will inaugurate municipal and State authority in that part of the town over which he has control, and with his own police, carry on the government just as though there was no such spot as the plaza. To do this, he intends to build bullet-proof walls across the streets leading from the plaza, behind which he will mount guards sufficient to check the enemy from getting out. This done, he intends to establish a custom-house, as usual, at the river, and then open a road so that travel can pursue its legitimate channels between Matamoras and the country. It will then be a matter of delay only how long he will be left out of the plaza—for time will wear out the garrison.

The insiders say they are willing to this proceeding, for they have nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, by delay; their friends are rallying men and means in the interior; and that by the time their reinforcements come along, Caravajal's troops will have become dissatisfied, and will desert. Change is the great faculty of the Mexican, and many revolutions have been successful amongst them by the simple pertinacity of one or the other party.

The Arbitrary Tax by Gen. Halleck.

Halleck's late tax upon the loyalists of St Louis, is thus referred to by the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune:*

Gen. Halleck's Order No. 24 is of the same spirit as No. 13. It is even more ingenious in tone than that famous order, and the secesh have made it the text of even stronger abuse. The levy of a contribution of $10,000 on the avowed secessionists of St. Louis, is a mere flea bite for many of them to bear, and it is not presumed that the sum mentioned excites so much feeling as the inauguration of the practice. There are several wealthy secessionists in St. Louis, who might contribute $10,000 each and never feel it, but it goes terribly against the grain to have such a precedent set. The common remark on Friday was that probably the next levy would be for $100,000. And such a vast amount of growling! Gen. Halleck was waited upon on Saturday by several persons professing to be Union men, who protested against the order on the ground of impolicy; but Gen. Halleck gave them so little encouragement to expect a modification, that they speedily retired. The order will be strictly enforced. The President of the County Assessors, Mr. Charles A. Borg, who is one of the commission appointed to carry out the terms of the order, is already at work preparing the lists of secesh tax-payers. All those who are assessed for over $2,000 are called on to contribute their *pro rata*, and in a few days, when the proper divisions can be made, the parties will be notified. If they pay up promptly, all right; if they compel a seizure, ten per cent is to be added. There are milk-and-water Unionists who pretend to think this order is wrong. They are generally those who think the negro should not be touched.

The Creek War.

Col. McIntosh has taken the field, with an ample force, against Opothleyholo and his Jayhawking allies; and we hope soon to learn that his rebellion will be crushed out. Maj. Whitfield's battalion and detachments of Stone's and Greer's regiments were sent forward on yesterday. To-day, five companies from Young's and four from McIntosh's took up the line of march from their cantonments; and soon this gallant body of troops will be in the fastness of that wily old scoundrel. We trust ere the gallant colonel returns to winter quarters that he will scour out the region of Red Fork and South Kansas.

Great activity prevails in the Quartermaster's Department. Trains have been departing almost hourly during the past two days, and still they go. The great drawback in this dashing campaign will be the scarcity of forage; and Maj. C. will find all of his talents and energy taxed, to cope with and overcome this obstacle. He has gone to work, however, with that confidence in his forces and that hopeful energy, which have so often contributed to his success. We hope that untiring spirit will prevail upon the present occasion.—*Fort Smith News, Dec. 17.*

THE CHANGE NOTES.—The Bank of Tennessee received a small amount of its change notes, which it paid out yesterday. There was a great rush for them, and hundreds of applicants could not be supplied. The notes are of a denomination of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents, and also one dollar.—*Nashville Union.*

LOCAL MATTERS.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the Southern Mothers' Hospital, will please present them to-day at their old rooms.

RECORDER'S COURT.—Thirty-five cases were before the Recorder yesterday morning, and eighteen of them paid $143 in fines. Vicious indulgence is not a cheap commodity.

FAST RIDING.—For being slack on the rein and hard on the whip with their "two-forty" animals, William Hughes, James Sullivan, Wm. Hartlett, and Jas. Hannah were yesterday fined $6 each by the Recorder.

SEQUESTRATED PROPERTY.—We call attention to an advertisement, in our new advertisement column, of a sale of sequestrated property at the auction rooms of J. V. Gilbert, to-morrow. The articles are very various, and everybody will find something to suit him.

TO OUR LADY FRIENDS.—After a few days intermission, we will recommence this morning at 10 o'clock, A. M., our sale of ladies' goods, with a large and varied stock of silks, delaines, domestics and cloaks. Remember, at A. L. Andrews & Co., 330 Main street.

FINED AND REFINED.—Two hackmen, Wm. Hughes and James Sullivan, were yesterday before the Recorder, the former was fined $6 for fast riding, $26 for disorderly conduct, and $26 for resisting the police. The latter was fined $6 for fast driving, and $26 for disorderly conduct. This couple can boast that they belong to the re-fined class of society.

CONFEDERATE STATES ALMANAC.—This is the title of an excellent work, price $1.50, published by H. C. Clar