Daily Appeal.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL.

GRENADA.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1862.

TO OUR READERS.

The occupation of Memphis by the Federal forces, has convinced us of the necessity of removing our office of publication to Grenada, Miss. In taking this step our principal motive has been to continue in a position wherein we may be able to render efficient service to the cause we advocate, hereafter as heretofore; and in accomplishing this, should we succeed, we will find our greatest reward. Our fate is indissolubly connected with that of the Confederacy. Our political action in the past is well understood. We cannot desert the one or change as to the other. Our political ideas were not formed to be cast aside under any exigency that can possibly happen; and so long as two or three States are gathered together in the name of the Confederate States, so long will we be found advocating, as strongly as ever, a continued resistance to the tyranny which is haughty for are endeavoring to establish over us. The APPEAL will not swerve from its course, come what will, no matter how great the sacrifices we may find it necessary to make. We have an abiding faith in the success of the South, and trust that at no distant day we shall be able to again address our readers from our old stand. Until we are enabled to do so, we shall spare no effort to continue equally as fearless a journal as heretofore.

In seeking out temporarily among the people of Mississippi, we feel that we are in the midst of friends who will not fail to appreciate our motives. The future will demonstrate to them that the spirit with which they have endeared the editorial corps to them still to be entertained, and in the accomplishment of the purpose of all we only desire to continue our mission.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

Our friends of the press will confer a favor by hereafter directing their issues to the APPEAL at Grenada, Mississippi. We miss from our table many familiar columns, which state of things we hope our friends will not allow to continue long.

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ANOTHER INTERLOPER.

The Lincoln government has appointed a provisional governor of Louisiana, JAMES ROBB, of Chicago. He has, for two or three years, acted as receiver for the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad. The Chicago "Journal" is evidently not very favorably disposed toward him. It says: "We heard some things that Mr. ROBB has said in conversation in this city, in reference to the President, the conduct of the war, and the prospects of the Union cause which, together with the fact that members of his family here are known to sympathize strongly with the secessionists, would have caused the President to hesitate before appointing him to so delicate and responsible position."

THE FEDERAL COMMANDERS IN VIRGINIA.

A partial reconstruction of the Federal armies in Virginia has been attempted, and McCLELLAN, who was at one time on the brink of disgrace apparently, has been made by a bulletin from the war office a hero, and placed in position to control most of the Yankee generals operating in the Old Dominion. By an order from Secretary STANTON his department has been enlarged. The department of Virginia, lately under the military charge of Gen. WOOL, comprises by virtue to this order, Fortress Monroe and sixty miles around the same. Its limits have been extended so as to embrace that portion of country east of the railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond, Petersburg and Weldon, N. C., Gen. WOOL being transferred to the middle department, (Maryland,) and Gen. DIX taking command of Fortress Monroe, succeeding to McCLELLAN. The style of the "army of the Potomac" has been changed to the "army of Virginia," and as the new department embraces Norfolk and Suffolk, McCLELLAN is virtually restored to the direction of the principal Federal operations in that State. Nominally Gen. McDOWELL's command is not interfered with, but as he cannot move a great distance toward Richmond without crossing the limits of the department of the Rappahannock, he must, if he operates in that direction, combine with McCLELLAN, who outranks him. FREMONT has left the mountain department, and is in that of the Shenandoah where he will outrank BANKS. McDOWELL's command is a separate one.

☞ The "Avalanche," of Saturday morning last, announces that all the railroad have stopped running to Memphis. The Memphis and Charleston road has been badly injured, and its stock sent South. The rolling stock of both the other roads was safely removed, with the exception of two locomotives, which were so badly injured as to render it impossible to remove them. On the Mississippi and Tennessee road, the bridge across Nonconnah creek was destroyed about noon on Friday, and trains only run up as far as Horn Lake.

JEFF. CLEMENS.—The Clayton "Banner" learns that Jeff Clemens is as much of a secessionist as ever, and has not joined the Federals.

VICKSBURG.—We have reports from this city up to noon to-day. Everything remained quiet to that hour, and no immediate attack was anticipated.

Another Outrageous Order.

Provoost Butler's infamous order at New Orleans has been rivalled by the moon-struck Federal general in command in the vicinity of Huntsville, Alabama. We find it published as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIVISION, CAMP TAYLOR, Huntsville, Ala., May 2nd, 1862.

To the Citizens of Alabama, North of the Tennessee River:

Armed citizens have fired into my trains on the railway, have burned bridges, have attempted to throw my engines from the track, have attacked my guards, have cut the telegraph wires. All these acts will be punished with death if the perpetrators can be found, and if they cannot, I will destroy the property of all who sympathize with the southern rebellion in the neighborhood where these acts were committed.

Unorganized leaders have no right to make war. They are outlaws, robbers, plunderers and murderers, and will be treated as such.

O. M. MITCHELL,
Major-General Commanding 3d Division of the Army of the Ohio.

☞ Geo S. Dennison has been appointed the Lincoln Collector at New Orleans.

☞ Gen. Sexton has been appointed the Military Governor of South Carolina.

THE FALL OF MEMPHIS!

NAVAL BATTLE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Destruction of the Confederate Fleet!

Escape of the Gen. Van Dorn With $200,000 Worth of Property!

The Federals in the City!

Incidents of the Day, Etc, Etc

Memphis has fallen. But is is a source of pride to us, in this our first issue from another theater of operations, to record the fact, that she fell honorably, and with her "flag nailed to the mast head." For months the city has been the object of Federal lusts and aspirations, not only because of its important position with reference to the Mississippi valley, but because it was believed that there existed among its people a Union sentiment which would extend, and give force to the community of the entire State. At last they have succeeded in attaining their object. Their gunboats now swarm before her people; the stars and stripes are now daunting from her public offices; her streets are guarded with Federal soldiery, and a Federal commander has usurped the powers which belong to her municipal rulers. Yet not one voice, to our knowledge, has been raised in behalf of the new administration—not one heart has throbbed in sympathy with the invader.

In order to convey to our readers a comprehensive account of the surrender, we should observe that the evacuation of Forts Pillow and Randolph had taken place two days before. All of the ammunition, stores, and many of the guns had been brought away. Yet, so quickly was this done, that, nevertheless, the close proximity of the enemy, they were not aware of the fact until the last man was miles away from the position, "en route" for Memphis, and the Alabama worth of Confederate property either removed or rendered valueless.

Thursday morning found the troops all in Memphis, about to depart for another sphere of action. Thursday night the Federal fleet followed close upon their footsteps, and anchored due miles above the city with steam up. At the same time seven Federal regiments were landed and marched down from Hound City to Hopefield, and deployed on the Arkansas shore to the distance of five miles below the city. At nine o'clock on Thursday evening the scout boats of Com. MONTGOMERY notified him of the presence of the Federals, by sending up rockets, which was the signal agreed upon, when a signal gun was discharged from the flag ship. Contrary to public expectation the enemy did not advance during the night, but at early dawn they were discovered slowly wending the point behind which they had lain concealed. They formed in line of battle at the foot of the island above the city.

The Confederate fleet consisted of the following boats: Gen. Van Dorn, (flagship), Gen Price, Gen Bragg, Jeff Thompson, Gen. Lovell, Gen Beauregard, Sumter and Little Rebel, all rams, and was under the command of Com. MONTGOMERY. Owing to the fact that the Van Dorn had on board over $200,000 worth of public property—a pail of which was one hundred thousand pounds of powder—the flag of the commodore had been transferred to the Little Rebel. Both of these boats carried an armament of two guns, with the exception of the Jeff. Thompson, which had four. The instructions given to by the commodore, to the captains, were that they should fight as long as their craft held, or until they were disabled, when they were to sink, burn or blow up their respective crafts, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Federal gunboats consisted of the following: The gunboat Benton, flag-ship of Commodore Davis—Capt. Phelps commanding; she mounts fourteen guns. Gunboat St. Louis, Capt. McDougall, fourteen guns; gunboat Mound City, Capt. A. W. Kelley, thirteen guns; gunboat Louisville, Capt. Dove, thirteen guns; gunboat Cairo, Capt. ——, thirteen guns; gunboat Carondelet, Capt. Walke, thirteen guns; three mortar boats; and twenty rams and transports, including the Monarch, Queen of the West, Lancaster No. 3, John H. Dickey, Henry Von Phul, Chippewa and others, the whole fleet numbering forty-two. This overwhelming force advanced, as near as we can describe it, with several of their rams in front, their ironclad gunboats in the center, two and three abreast, and their mortar boats and transports bringing up the rear.

The fight was commenced by the Confederate ram Jeff. Thompson, which fired several shots, to which no reply was made. Soon after, however, the firing became general, and for three quarters of an hour the booming of the heavy artillery was incessant, the Federal fleet firmly advancing, and our own little fleet slowly retiring. During this cannonade an attempt was made by a Yankee ram, the Lancaster No. 3 to ran into the Beauregard; but, by a skilful maneuver, the latter eluded the shock, and in turn dealt into her Federal antagonist, striking her a tremendous blow just forward of her wheelhouse, which so disabled her as to make it necessary to run her ashore to prevent her from sinking, and the crew from drowning.

The Federal ram Monarch strode directly for the Confederate fleet, and passed down rapidly. The Beauregard and the Price next made for the Monarch, all three sending rapidly together, but, unfortunately, the blow aimed by the Beauregard at the Monarch missed its effect, and struck the Price on the wheelhouse, which was entirely torn off, and from which injuries she subsequently sunk in about water on the Arkansas side. Her hull is still visible.

Soon after these collisions had taken place, it was discovered that the Gen Lovell had been struck by a shot, which disabled her machinery. She was then headed for the Tennessee shore, but before reaching the same she was struck by a ram and instantly sunk in deep water about two hundred yards from shore, at the foot of Hollins street. While the Lovell was sinking, several boats, manned by non-combatants, left the shore to aid the crew who were struggling in the water, when, with a brutality characteristic of Yankee conduct during the war, two broadsides were fired at them from two of the passing gunboats of the enemy. Among the killed, by the sharp shooters, of the crew of the Lovell, was Capt. WM. CARGILL, the pilot, who received a shot through the head and died instantly. Another boat, the Little Rebel, was disabled about this time by a ball, when a Federal gunboat ran alongside, and depressing her guns, poured in a broadside below her guards, which, to use the language of one of her crew, "fairly blew her bottom out." Most of those on board escaped by swimming ashore. Commodore MONTGOMERY being among the number. His escape was made after an encounter with three Yankee pickets, who demanded his surrender as he was nearing the shore. In the fray we have every reason to think somebody was hurt.

Here the narrative of the fight terminates. The Jeff. Thompson, Beauregard, Sumter, and Bragg, were respectively disabled, run ashore, or set on fire, their crews men awhile escaping to the woods. The Jeff. Thompson is blown up; the Beauregard sunk near the shore, her upper works remaining above the surface. The Sumter and Bragg were the only boats that could be brought off, and these were subsequently anchored in front of the city, with the odious flag of the invaders flying at their mast heads.

Finding that the Van Dorn, after a long pursuit, could not be overhauled, a portion of the Federal fleet returned to a position in front of the city, when a boat bearing a white flag approached the levee, and landed an officer and three men, who at once proceeded to the Mayor's office, and presented the following demand for the surrender of the city:

U. S. FLAG STEAMER "BENTON," OFF MEMPHIS, June 6, 1862.

SIR,—I have the honor to request that you will surrender the city of Memphis to the authorities of the United States, which I have the honor to represent.

I am, Mr. Mayor, with high respect,
Your most ob't servant,
C. H. DAVIS,
Flag Officer commanding, etc.

To the honor, the mayor of the city of Memphis.

Mayor PARK replied as follows:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, MEMPHIS, June 6, 1862.

SIR: Your note of this date is received and contents noted.

In reply, I have to say, that the civil authorities have no means of defense; by the force of circumstances it is in your hands.

Respectfully,
JOHN PARK, Mayor

C. H. Davis, Flag Officer commanding, etc.

The first of the public buildings visited by the small squad that came ashore, was the post-office, over which the Federal flag was raised. In passing through the streets no disturbance occurred; but the crowd at every corner gave the most unmistakable signs of their hostility to the government whose ensign was about to be thrown out. It was reported that one pistol shot was fired at the men on the post office engaged in raising the flag, but we were unable to obtain any authentication of the rumor. Groans and hisses greeted the enemy's banner, and the spirit of the populace was so strongly manifested, that it was thought advisable by the Federal officers to place a guard around the flag which was done.

During the afternoon Mayor PARK received a second communication from Com. DAVIS announcing that he had placed the city under military authority, and that he would be pleased to have his co-operation. We subjoin the correspondence:

U. S. FLAG STEAMER "BENTON," OFF MEMPHIS, June 6, 1862.

SIR: The undersigned, commanding the military and naval forces in front of Memphis, have the honor to say to the mayor of the city, that Col. Fitch, commanding the Indiana brigade, will take military possession of the city immediately.

Col. Fitch will be happy to receive the co-operation of his honor, the mayor, and the city authorities, in maintaining peace and good order; and to this end he will be pleased to confer with his honor at the military headquarters, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The undersigned have the honor to be, with high respect, your most obedient servts.

C. H. DAVIS,
Flag Officer commanding flotilla.
G. N. FITCH,
Colonel Commanding Indiana Brigade.

To his honor, the mayor of the city of Memphis.

REPLY.

To Flag Officer C. H. Davis and Col. G. N. Fitch:

GENTLEMEN: Your communication is received, and I shall be happy to co-operate with the colonel commanding in providing measures for maintaining peace and good order in the city.

Your most obedient servt.,
JOHN PARK, Mayor.

After a consultation between the commander of the Federal land forces and the mayor, the city was placed under the control of a strong guard of Federal troops. During a walk through the streets after midnight Friday night, we passed several of the patrolling parties. Everything was quiet, and but few persons were seen upon the streets. During the afternoon succeeding the battle, the business houses were all closed. The people kept aloof from the enemy, and they were not interfered with until a squad was sent to remove the Confederate flag from the mast on Front row. This the crowd refused to permit to be done, when two companies were landed from one of the transports and marched to the spot. After surrounding the people, and a dispute of several hours, during which a collision was several times imminent, it was cut down amidst the execrations of those present against their invaders, and vociferous huzzas for the Confederacy, Jeff Davis, etc.

That the fleet of the enemy was vastly superior to ours, not only in the number of vessels, but also in the weight of ordnance, was well known before it was determined to give battle. Why this conclusion was arrived at will be explained by the report of Commodore MONTGOMERY, and until that document appears we decline all comment. Our men commenced the fight gallantly, and prosecuted it bravely. No censure can attach to their conduct, which was witnessed by thousands who had congregated upon the bluff. Of loss of men will not, we believe, exceed fifty in killed and wounded, and one hundred prisoners. On the boats captured and destroyed, there was but a small quantity of stores and munitions, and everything in the city of value to the government had been removed. Beyond the mere fact of obtaining possession of the position, the victory of the enemy was a barren one. They have only learned of the existence of a condition of things which we are proud to record of the Bluff City—viz: that her citizens remained loyal to the Confederate cause, and that none of that Union spirit which has so long been charged to existing among her people was manifested. The city is conquered, but her people are not crushed, or converted to Lincolnism—rather have they lost a particle of hope in the ultimate success of the South. They almost unanimously pledged themselves to the cause at the ballot box a year ago, and they remain true to the pledge, even under the great adversity that has overtaken them. To their honor be it recorded!

LETTERS FROM RICHMOND.

[Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

RICHMOND, May 31, 1862.

The storm of last evening was one of the most violent and long-continued that we have known in Virginia for years. From half-past four in the afternoon till long past midnight, the sky was a sea of fire, so vividly and incessantly did the flashes of lightning succeed each other, while peal upon peal of thunder broke upon the ear with startling vibrations. There was something awfully impressive in the elemental fury, coming upon us, as it did, when the rage of battle was expected, and causing two great armies to pause in their hostile operations and witness the grandeur of nature.

The effects of the tempest we have no means of knowing as yet to the full extent. Just at its height, about half past nine in the evening, all the lights in the city were suddenly extinguished by the foundation or the gas works, leaving the vast majority of our citizens without illumination than the ghastly momentary glare of the lightning. This morning an officer came into town and reported that the camp of an Alabama regiment had been visited by a thunderbolt, which struck a tall pine, and, descending to the earth, scattered in every direction, killing two men and prostrating thirty or forty others, besides destroying the horses of the field officers. I give this account as narrated to me by the officer himself, without vouching for the truth of it.

The vast quantity of water discharged from the clouds is shown in the James river to-day, which is several feet above its accustomed level, and pours over the falls with angry volume. The drivers of the market carts tell us the Chickahominy is swollen beyond any freshet of late years, and as the heaviest portion of the cloud was in that direction, this would seem extremely probable.

About one o'clock to-day a furious cannonade was commenced, as nearly as we can judge from the sound, in the neighborhood of Bottom's Bridge, thirteen miles east of the city, and has been kept up with little intermission to the time of this writing, six P. M. The reports were louder and in more rapid succession than any we have yet heard. The streets are full of rumors with regard to the occasion of the firing, but no couriers have arrived from the field to bring definite intelligence. The story runs that a large body of the Yankees, variously estimated at from twelve to forty thousand, crossed the Chickahominy yesterday, and being unable to get back again, in consequence of the flood, were vigorously attacked by Gen. Huger and Gen. Longstreet, sent for this purpose since daylight. If this be so, there is every probability that the whole body has been captured or driven pell-mell into the turbid waves of the swollen stream. Heaven grant this may prove true. I have no idea that a general battle is going on, but certainly the numbers engaged in the skirmish are large, for all day the authorities have been sending ambulances down the Williamsburg road to bring in the wounded from the conflict.

The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter arrived in town to-day, and was greeted with great enthusiasm by his friends, as the apprehension had been felt that he was in the enemy's hands. Mrs. Lee, the wife of Gen. Lee, and her daughters, are prisoners at the White House on the Pamunkey river, having been caught there by the ascent of the gunboats past West Point. DIXIE.

RICHMOND, June 2, 1862.

The heavy cannonade and rattling fire of musketry, heard throughout Saturday, as stated in my last letter, proved to have come from an obstinately contested and bloody battle fought within eight miles of the city. I shall endeavor to give you an account of it, such as I have been enabled to make up from the statements of intelligent officers and men who were active participants.

A very large force of the enemy, variously estimated at from thirty-five to fifty thousand, having crossed the Chickahominy as early as the 20th May, had intrenched themselves at several points along the Williamsburg road, and further strengthened their position by felling the trees in the woods and thus making a considerable abattis. The purpose having been formed to attack and dislodge them, the divisions of Generals Hill, Longstreet, and Whiting, with a portion of General Huger's division were sent to the immediate neighborhood of the enemy's advanced position at an early hour on Saturday morning, and arrived upon the ground about ten A. M. Very soon thereafter the battle was opened with musketry, and maintained on our side most gallantly by two or three regiments of Hill's division, (the 21 Florida, 6th Virginia, and 5th South Carolina), thrown out as skirmishers, their fire falling lightly on the Yankees from the cover of the woods. This lasted for an hour or more, when the regiments of Longstreet, the same who won the day at Williamsburg, came upon the ground, and began to move upon the enemy with alacrity, though meanwhile the Federal artillery had commenced to play with havoc upon the open ground between the woods concealing them and the Confederate lines. The 2d Mississippi and 28th Georgia were the first to dash vigorously against the too sheltered behind the fallen timber, and driving them through the woods, caused the destructive infantry fire for a time to slacken. But the Yankees retreating to their breastworks and again making a deadly use of their Enfield rifles, the 4th North Carolina was ordered forward, and little rocking the murderous discharges of the enemy, succeeded in carrying the first line of earthworks, which, however, they were unable to retain, in consequence of the fearful rain of canister from the Yankee howitzers that bore upon the spot.

Falling back in excellent order, they were reinforced by fresh arrivals of Longstreet's command and a battalion of Louisiana troops, who continued the attack, supported by Latham's battery, which opened upon the Yankees with such tremendous energy that they abandoned their four brass howitzers in confusion. The valor and steady determination of our troops up to this point can only be appreciated when it is stated that their advance to the enemy's entrenchments was for a long distance through a deep bog, where the men were frequently up to their knees in the mire, and where it was well nigh impracticable that artillery could be moved at all.

A desperate fight now ensued in which victory seemed doubtful, so obstinately and bravely did the Yankees sustain their position. At length, after a furious fire given and received by the 1st Virginia, (which was literally annihilated, bringing only 24 men out of the action,) the 4th and 5th South Carolina, and the 12th Mississippi, and other regiments, supporting and strengthening their columns, the entrenchments of the Yankees were carried and all their artillery, (nine pieces) together with their camp, fell into our hands. Night then closed over the scene, but not before the courage and persistency of the gallant Tennesseans had been brilliantly illustrated in another part of the field in repelling an attempted flank movement of the enemy. I regret that I cannot give you the numbers of the Tennessee regiments which achieved this noble success, following the flying Federals into the waters of the swollen Chickahominy up to the waist, amid the cheers of their companions-in-arms, who looked on with delight. They were commanded by the brave Gen Hatton, who here received his death-wound.

When dusk had seen the gas lamps sputtering into light throughout the city, the wounded men began to arrive in ambulances from the field, and late into the night did the streets contain excited groups of citizens, eager to hear the latest intelligence from the contest. Committees also, were already at work in receiving the sufferers, and directing their removal to the places to which they were assigned.

Early on Sunday morning the whole city was astir. The fortunate individuals who could secure horses, were in the saddle after an early breakfast, and on the road for the battle field, while hundreds without the means of conveyance went afoot, eager to be witnesses of, or volunteers in, the conflict of the day. Random guns had been heard at sunrise, and discharges at long intervals were kept up for three or four hours, when the battle of the day previous was renewed suddenly enough, at a few minutes past 9 A. M., by a murderous volley discharged by an invisible foe, into the, unformed line of the 9th Virginia, Lieut-Col. Godwin commanding, from a dense wood in front of them. The 9th sprang quickly to their arms, and forming in order of battle, rushed upon their unseen assailants across the fallen timber of the abattis, and drove them from their covert. The 31 Alabama and 12th and 41st Virginia regiments, coming immediately to the assistance of the 9th, pressed forward upon the enemy, and from that moment until four o'clock in the afternoon, the fight was a continual advance of our troops and retreat of the Yankees, until we had carried all their entrenchments, and taken the camp occupied by them the previous night, with large quantities of knapsacks, India rubber tent cloths, small arms and overcoats, and some stores, such as coffee and lemons.

Our loss in the two days fighting cannot be accurately ascertained as yet, but it will probably not exceed twelve hundred nor fall short of one thousand in killed and wounded. We lost no prisoners, but took about 600. At least two to one of the enemy were killed, though their number of wounded will, perhaps, be less than ours. A large majority of our wounded were shot in the hands or arms, the result of a cross fire, the bullets taking effect as their pieces were at an aim. Of the casualties, few names can be given which are not to be found in the Richmond papers of this morning. The lamented Gen. Hatton I have already mentioned. Col. Lonax, of the 31 Alabama, was killed instantly on Sunday morning, soon after the combat was opened. Gen. Pettigru, of South Carolina, fell the same day. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded slightly on Saturday in the shoulder. For a few days he will be disabled from the command, which will be assumed by General R. E. Lee.

Our troops fell back last night, because of the miry nature of the ground, and of the horrible stench already filling the air for a mile around the field, from the rapid decomposition of the unburied corpses under the hot sun of June. To-day it was supposed the fight would be again commenced along the whole line, but the enemy sent a flag of truce asking a suspension of hostilities for the burial of the dead, and both armies are engaged in this work of humanity.

Among the trophies captured on Saturday were the magnificent colors of the 924 New York, Gen. Casey's brigade, which were sent to the Spotswood House for the inspection of Mrs. Johnston, but have since been taken to the War Department.

We have a rumor to-day that the Yankees are crossing the James river below Drewry's Bluff, under the protection of their gunboats, with a view of attacking our batteries from the land side, while the fleet should shell them in front. This is probably intended to make a diversion, but if it be a serious movement, we are not unprepared.

The President, the Secretary of War, Gen Lee and Gov. Letcher were all on the field Sunday.

I need not undertake to describe the appearance of our city, nor the manner in which the people of Richmond have met the duties of this trying hour. All business is suspended. Every house is a hospital, and but one thought occupies the public mind—how the brave defenders of the capital, who are suffering from the enemy's well-directed fire, shall be made comfortable. DIXIE.

The Federals in Memphis.

From the Avalanche, June 7.]

The Federals have reached and now possess Memphis. Six gunboats, of most excellent proof, frown upon it, and into its post office now floats the Federal flag, symbolic of their presence and present power.

The flag ship of Commodore Davis, the Benton, lies dark and threatening within fifty yards of the shore, and in close proximity floats her five score less powerful and destructive companions. Mortar boats are on the Arkansas side, with their massive engines of destruction; the Dickey, their commissary boat, and the Platte Valley, a transport, are moored at our wharf, and contain two Illinois regiments, the 43d and 46th, under the command of Col Fitch, while after dark off repose the "swift and stiff" rams of Col. Ellet.

As all outbreak or provocation to anger by our people, of such a force as this, were but a wanton irritation to destructive anger, or as some will have it, would be a plausible excuse for it, we trust, indeed we little doubt, that our citizens will be wary, calm and careful, attending to their civic avocations, if they choose, to resume them, in such way as neither to provoke harsh measures or painful hauteur.

The immediate command of the city itself, will, we judge, devolve upon Col. Fitch, now acting as brigadier general. He is reported brave and efficient soldier to the government he serves, has been, in the "olden time," a strong Breckinridge democrat, and in private life bears the reputation of a man of high and sensitive honor.

In the exchange of one military rule for another, however different the merits of the respective central governments which the officers serve, the municipal affairs of the city will be little affected; and the individual citizen must in such cases be prudent to be wise, and in this juncture, he is most truly valorous who is most discreet—"neither quick to give nor to take of foes."

When men are agitated, the nothinking are foremost to the fray, to its continuance to its cessation, and the scum of the boiling pot will ever be uppermost. The mayor and the present military commander of the city, will, we trust, see to the rapid establishment of a sufficient and reliable police, whose watchfulness may be needed to prevent all useless and dangerous exhibitions of feelings, as much to be deprecated by the civil fathers of Memphis as by those who are now its possessors.

The Battle Near Richmond.

In the St. Louis "Republican" of the 4th, we find the Federal reports of the late battles before Richmond. As usual they claim a victory of the most decisive character. The "Republican's" special dispatch, sent out for the purpose of buoying up the hopes of the people of the North is as follows:

McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, June 2.—Gen. Heintzelman succeeded on Sunday morning in retaking the ground lost the day before by Gen. Casey, after a severe struggle.

Our loss in the two days' engagement is killed and wounded is about two hundred. A large number are missing, who will probably return, having strayed away.

All of the enemy's killed, and most of their wounded, fell into our hands.

The country in which the battle was fought is swampy, and most of the fighting was in the woods. Owing to the nature of the ground very little artillery was used.

We have taken some five hundred prisoners, among whom are several prominent officers.

On Sunday as soon as it was light the fight was renewed by Gen. Sumner with marked success, the fight lasting nearly the whole day. The rebels were driven at every point with heavy loss. The ground gained by Gen. Sumner was about two and a half miles.

Both balloons were up nearly all day.

Yesterday all the troops left Richmond and marched out in the direction of the battle-field. The railroad had been of inestimable service, the cars running to within a mile and a half of the battle-field, bringing forward ammunition and supplies. The wounded were immediately put aboard the cars and sent to the White House.

Gen. McClellan arrived on the battle field Saturday evening, where he has remained ever since directing all the movements in person. His presence among the troops had a most splendid effect.

Four separate charges with the bayonet were made yesterday. In one instance the enemy were driven a mile, during which 123 rebels were killed by the bayonet alone.

Lieut. Washington, aid to Gen. Johnston, was taken prisoner.

The enemy's dead left on the field amount to over 1200.

Gen. Howard was wounded twice in the arm, Col. Miller, of the 61st Pennsylvania, and Col. Ripley, of Pittsburg, were killed, and Col. Campbell, of Pennsylvania, was wounded in the thigh.

SECOND DISPATCH.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC, June 2, 1862.

The rebel officers were enabled to rally their troops this morning, and have retreated back towards Richmond. Our men have moved forward to Fair Oak, five miles from the city.

Jeff Davis and Letcher were both at the fight yesterday.

The dead are now being brought in and buried.

☞ Two soldiers were very badly injured on the morning of the 7th, one at Canton and the other at Durant, in attempting to get on a train when it was in motion. We did not learn their names.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

Movements of the Contending Forces.

Correspondence Cincinnati "Times."]

NEAR MANASSAS JUNCTION, May 26.—You are no doubt surprised at my location, but not a whit more than I am. Last Saturday evening I lay on the grass covering one of the hills which look down upon the Rappahannock and Fredericksburg, watching, with a party of officers attached to Shields' division, a dense column of smoke ascending, almost ten miles south of Fredericksburg.

We came to the conclusion that the rebels, knowing that Gen. McDowell had been reinforced by Shields, and that the army of the Rappahannock was now ready to move rapidly southward, were burning bridges to retard the advance. As the black smoke rolled up on the crimson sky, we congratulated each other on a speedy march to Richmond. In the midst of our bright anticipations, an orderly came galloping up with foaming horse, and delivered sealed orders to the gallant Gen. Kimball.

"Marching orders!" shouted one.

"Yes," said another, "to-morrow we will be on our way to Richmond, and if McDowell will only give this division the advance, and not retard us, we will make the old burg in three days."

By this time the general had perused the orders, and with each line his face been me more elongated.

"It is a marching order," he said, solemnly, "we move at half past five in the morning."

"To Richmond!"

"No; I could hardly believe my eyes, but here it is. We are ordered to take the back track."

"It cannot be!"

"Here is the order."

And there it was, sure enough, orders to march forthwith to Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, a point we had left just a week before. When this became known, a good deal of feeling was exhibited and the camp was soon full of strange rumors as to serious troubles on the upper Potomac.

THE ARMY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Sunday morning reveille was beat at half-past three o'clock. It was an early hour for a journalist to tumble out of bed, but military exigencies have no dead-heads, and I had the stupid pleasure that morning of seeing the day first break its light in the east. By five o'clock all had breakfasted, and a half hour later the brigade which was to take the advance in the march was ready to proceed.

In the interim, I had walked among the regiments of the last other brigades, to see how the retrograde movement was received. I found universal disappointment among officers and men who had set their hearts on an entry into Virginia, and as universal as satisfaction at being separated from the army of the Rappahannock, as was then supposed they would be. I must confess that I participated in the feeling, for the observations, the short time I was there, satisfied me entirely with the army of the Rappahannock. I am convinced that it will never be an efficient or eminently successful army, at least while under its present commander. It is a fine army, and has been most thoroughly equipped by the government, even in non-essentials, some of which are expensive luxuries to the country.

It is a splendid army for review, but not for the battle field. Gen. McDowell clings to an error, which contributed much to the Bull Run disaster, and which, I venture to predict, will be as disastrous in the future. The error consists in the idea that the common soldier is nothing more than a beast of burden, and must be used as such to sustain rank. The soldier in this army is the servant of the officer, and you will always find the latter dressed to the full regulation standard, and sustaining his position to the full extent of his salary. General McDowell's retinue is a host in itself. But the soldier is the sufferer. Gen. McDowell's favorite idea seems to be, to move almost without transportation.

He allows but four wagons to a regiment, which are scarcely enough to carry the baggage of the line officers, the books of the companies, and the cooking apparatus. The soldier, by a general order, is required to carry on his back all his clothing, including an overcoat which he is frequently forced to throw away, five days rations, which, if full, would measure half a bushel, fifty rounds of ammunition, ten more than his cartridge box will hold, the blanket he sleeps on, and the tent which covers him! You can imagine the load. The strongest man could not bear up against it many days, and though McDowell's troops may be hard-tried by exposure, fifty per cent of them would sink under the weight in a two days march, this hot weather. At Bull Run, where McDowell commanded, you will remember, many regiments were exhausted before they reached the scene of strife. When McDowell moves again, the same thing will occur.

With such loads to carry, his men will never do in fighting condition. An hour's march on the double quick, under a Virginia summer's sun, would only make them rips fool for the enemy. I can now see why McDowell moves so slowly. He is not troubled with a long train, but a short march exhausts his troops. Where, on the West, a similar army crosses States, he moves from one county to another. He has marched about sixty miles since the rebels evacuated Manassas, and then made a long halt, to get reinforcements. When he will move again I don't know, but I hope never.

It is bad enough to have our young men killed in battle, but horrible to have them crushed into their graves by immense burdens on their backs, to gratify a military pride that does not become this republic of freemen.

General McDowell, as soon as Shields' western division arrived in his camp, applied his manoeuvre. It caused the utmost indignation, and in some regiments every officer stood ready to resign the moment the transportation was reduced so that the man would be compelled to carry these huge loads upon their backs. It was the only way the officers could express their condemnation of the brutality, and, with one north western spunk, they would have carried it into execution. The order never would have been inforced in this division.

Those men, who have been marching and fighting constantly since they have been in the service, and always successful, would have seen McDowell, or any other man, d—d, hanged, before they would have submitted, nor could the whole army of the Rappahannock have forced them to do it. They are devoted to the right, and will not submit to the wrong. Fortunately, the retrograde movement saved the anticipated ruin, for the division left with the same number of wagons it took there, minus a few only, and the tentless soldiers had their knapsacks hauled for them.

A PROVOKED DELAY

I stated that the first brigade was ready to move according to orders at half-past five o'clock, but, as has been the case every day since we left New Market, something turned up to delay the march. For the third time the regiments had made requisitions for much needed shoes, clothing, canteens, haversacks, etc. This time the requisition was filled so far as clothing was concerned, but the goods were delivered so late the night before the march that they could not be distributed, and had to be sent back. In the morning, Gen. Shields resolved that his division should not move until they were supplied with canteens and haversacks. It took until nine o'clock to discover that the Post Quartermaster had none of these articles, and so the division started on the return, worse clad than when they first landed upon the Rappahannock.

A NEW COMMANDER.

The head of the column had reached seven miles, when an order came transferring the command of the division to Gen. Ferry. It was understood to be only temporary, General Shields having gone to Washington. General Ferry is a Connecticut politician, who was promoted from colonel to brigadier without having smelt gunpowder. He has not smelt it yet. It looked hard to see such a general placed over such a chieftain as Gen. Kimball, but it was done. I dare say, according to the regulations, Kimball won his promotion from colonel to brigadier, by a year's hard fighting in Western Virginia, but Ferry got his by "revising" in Washington, and pulling the wires. Ferry was a miserable brigadier three days before Kimball, and, therefore, "ranks" him. That's the way it happened.

SHIELDS AGAIN.

The division marched fifteen miles yesterday and camped over night. To day it marched fifteen more, the first brigade reaching Catlett's Station at 2 o'clock. It was intended to camp there to-night, but there we first learned of the rebel successes over the ground formerly protected by this division. Gen. Shields telegraphed to push on, as there was great danger of this division being cut off, and Ferry ordered all forward at once. We reached a stream at this point, and camped for supper, with the intention of marching on Manassas to-night.

At dark, however, Gen. Shields appeared, took command, and kindly permitted the division to rest over night. Orders are to march as early as possible in the morning. Our destination is the far famed Manassas, and the division may have to fight to get there. Once there, the division will stand between the enemy and the national capital. Hope Washington will then be safe and remain not INVINCIBLE.

THE REBEL RAID IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., May 27.—Arriving here to-day from the South, I was enabled to collect the facts as to the position of affairs in the Shenandoah valley. The Manassas Gap railroad, starting from this point, runs through the valley, touching both Front Royal and Strasburg. The forces driven from Royal are now here, and are telling the bloody story o'er and o'er again. The news was, no doubt, startling to the country, but I am able to explain the past and present position of affairs, which will show that the alarm at Washington, and the tremendous rush to arms, and the hurrying of useless militia to the defense of Washington, was not only a big scare, but a shameful panic.

THE SITUATION IN THE VALLEY BEFORE THE RETREAT.

Ten or twelve days ago, after traversing the valley beyond Newmarket, I left the Shenandoah with Shields' division, and have since been following it in all its meanderings. That division had pursued the rebels from the Potomac to the northern base of the Massanutten mountains, and knew all about the valley. They, universally, including Gen. Shields, condemn the withdrawal of the division as suicidal. The night before the march, Gen. Kimball said to me: "In less than two weeks Gen. Banks will be driven from the valley, and the work of a whole winter and a whole spring will have to be done over again." His prophecy has been in filled. I concurred in the opinion, and so wrote you at the time.

At Strasburg, a range of mountains rise in the middle of the valley, which divides it. Strasburg is favorably located for defense from the south, by the western valley. But the eastern valley, opening out at Front Royal, affords another road, not only to the Potomac, but a good plank road runs from there direct to Winchester, going around Strasburg. In notifying Banks of the withdrawal of Shields' division, the War Department ordered him to fall back to Strasburg and fortify.

Banks had not actually fallen back to that point, when Shields marched over the mountain and down the eastern branch of the valley to Front Royal. When Shields marched, an attack was expected on the front, and a portion of his forces had been daily skirmishing with another rebel force in the gap of the Massanutten mountain. It was known that Jackson, after having in vain attempted to dislodge Milroy in the Alleghenies, was returning to the Shenandoah, and that Ewell was, with a strong force, on the road running from Harrisonburg to Gordonsville, and Taylor was still higher up the valley, with another army. Besides, Jackson could be easily reinforced from Gordonsville. I say these facts were known to the army, and if