THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

The Armies at Richmond.

The indications at Richmond are such as point to early and decisive movements of the most important character. It is always hazardous to speculate upon the occurrence of events with all the circumstances of which we are not fully acquainted, as also with the plans of the leaders on both sides.

We have nothing further or later from our agent than the dispatch published under our telegraphic head, yet we may expect to receive the most important news at any moment. We feel almost certain of doing so, if McClellan will only accept battle, in which event we entertain the fullest confidence of a brilliant success to our arms. Whether the issue be joined to-day or to-morrow, or at some future day not distant we can only keep quiet and patiently await the development of results. Our own opinion, from the best information we can obtain, is that the contest at Richmond will be decided within the next forty-eight hours.

MR. STANLY in his speech delivered at Washington, N. C., on the 17th instant, has the following strange expression—certainly strange as coming from him, since all who know him or his course are aware that his whole political life in North Carolina, in Washington City, and elsewhere, has been one continued effort to denounce, defeat and break up the Democratic party, first as a Whig in North Carolina, and subsequently as a Black Republican in California. He says:—"Who brought this war about? Not the Northern people, or Lincoln, or his friends, but those politicians who broke up the Charleston Convention." The editor of the Raleigh *Standard* charges just in the same way, and nearly in the same language in his issue of the 11th instant, under the head of "Aid and Comfort to the Enemy." Mr. Stanly labored all his life to prove the Democratic party a curse to the country, and yet now labors to show that those whom he charges with doing what he had all his life been trying to do, breaking up the Democratic party, are guilty of all the ills under which the country now labors! The Raleigh *Standard* had anticipated Mr. Stanly by six days. But though the *Standard* can now charge, and could beforehand growl and insinuate, it nevertheless supported Breckinridge, the nominee of the Baltimore seceders, such support as it was, and with such grace as it was given.—It held on to the flesh-pots, but when its covert enmity to the party that had built it up and made it all but Governor, deprived it of the State patronage, then for the first time did it come out in its full—and we were going to say, *true* colors,—but truth is not an attribute of any colors in which that paper has yet appeared, or in which, from its past course, it can be expected to appear.

Mr. Stanly in his speech at Washington labors to prove that Lincoln is no abolitionist. He sums up by saying "you see that Lincoln is no abolitionist." He preaches after the manner of one of the Raleigh *Standard's* "watch and wait" editorials. He points to the disavowal of Hunter's proclamation. He says:—"Lincoln's rebuke of Hunter is significant." Perhaps so.—But let us see a little farther. The following letter from Charles Sumner, recently published in the *Boston Journal*, and copied into the *Baltimore American*, of a recent date, which has run the blockade, may tend to throw some light on the subject. Sumner is big abolition authority, and the man that comes up to *his* standard must be not only a thorough-paced abolitionist, but a full blooded villain:—

From the Boston Journal.

We are permitted to publish the following private letter from Hon. Charles Sumner, in reply to a letter addressed to him by a personal friend:—

SENATE CHAMBER, June 5, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: Your criticism of the President is hasty. I am confident if you knew him as I do, you would not make it.

Of course the President cannot be held responsible for the misfeasances of subordinates, unless adopted or at least tolerated by him. And I am sure that nothing unjust or ungenerous will be tolerated, much less adopted by him.

I am happy to let you know that he has no sympathy with Stanly in his absurd wickedness, closing the schools, nor again in his other act of turning our camp into a hunting-ground for slaves. He repudiates both—positively. The latter point has occupied much of his thought, and the newspapers have not gone too far in recording his repeated declarations, which I have often heard from his own lips, that slaves finding their way into the national lines are never to be re-enslaved. This is his conviction, expressed without reserve.

Could you have seen the President—as it was my privilege often—while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted—the invitation to emancipation in the States, emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgment of the independence of Hayti and Liberia, even your zeal would have been satisfied, for you would have felt the sincerity of his purpose to do what he could to carry forward the principles of the Declaration of Independence. His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own. In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind it was just and beneficent, while it promises the sure end of slavery. Of course, to me, who had already proposed a Bridge of Gold for the retreating fiend, it was most welcome. Proceeding from the President, it must take its place among the great events of history.

If you are disposed to be impatient at any seeming shortcomings, think, I pray you, of what has been done in a brief period, and from the past discern the sure promise of the future. Knowing something of my convictions and of the ardor with which I maintained them, you may, perhaps, derive some assurance from my confidence. I say to you, therefore, stand by the Administration. If need be, help it by word and act, but stand by it and have faith in it.

I wish that you really knew the President, and had heard the artless expression of his convictions on those questions which concern you so deeply. You might, perhaps, wish that he were less cautious, but you would be grateful that he is so true to all that you have at heart. Believe me, therefore, you are wrong, and I regret it the more because of my desire to see all our friends stand firm together.

If I write strongly, it is because I feel strongly, for my constant and intimate intercourse with the President, beginning with the 4th of March, not only binds me peculiarly to his Administration, but gives me a personal as well as a political interest in seeing that justice is done him.

Believe me, my dear sir,
With much regard,
Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

But Mr. Stanly need hardly complain of being deceived, since he himself has been deceiving others so long and so frequently. It is susceptible of *proof* that as long ago as 1856 Mr. Stanly was in correspondence and secret communion with the Republicans, and had Fremont been then elected would have had tendered to him, and he would have accepted, a high appointment under that person, and this too while he was enjoying the confidence of partial friends as a good Southern man.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.—The Wilmington *Journal*, speaking of members of the Legislature from New Hanover, says:

"Although we cannot recognize party distinctions as now existing, yet, as an act of courtesy, if nothing else, we would like to see such an arrangement as would place upon the county ticket, the name of some member or members, at least, of the former opposition party in this State."

The meaning of which is, that old line Whigs who are original secessionists, or who affiliate with and do the work of original secessionists may be chosen with original secessionists to represent the County. The *Journal*, taking its cue from those high in place at Raleigh and Richmond, has no confidence in those who opposed secession up to the proclamation of Lincoln.

We copy the above from the Raleigh *Standard* of the 18th, to show the spirit by which that paper is controlled, and which it is endeavoring to arouse throughout the State, at a time like this. Its reference to our sugestion made to the citizens of New Hanover county, is not justified by anything contained in our suggestion,—is ill-natured, unjust, and meddlesome. We take our cue from our convictions of right—we have confidence in every good and true man; but can we have confidence in those who displays any one such a spirit as must have actuated the *Standard* in giving the above to the world? The *Standard* had not confidence in itself while publishing such stuff.

THE "Horry Dispatch" published at Conwayboro', S. C., will be suspended after its next issue. This is due to the pressure of the times. The "Dispath" will start again when the war closes.

THE State of North Carolina presents a spectacle today without a parallel in the Confederacy. The divisions got up, the feelings excited within her borders, threaten to exceed in bitterness, if they fail to equal in diffusion those of any canvass ever before carried on in times when mere political excitements had full swing and the amplest scope.

To this excitement we will be no party—for the inception of these divisions we are in no wise responsible. We could have wished that some person had been agreed upon and run through for Governor, irrespective of former party divisions and without creating any present dissentions. In this spirit we begged for a suspensions of opinion—we refrained from any discussion of State politics ourselves, we deprecated bitterness in others.

We might as well have talked to the winds. It appears to have been a foregone conclusion with some parties that a most acrimonious contest should be made.—They had, if not friends to reward, at least enemies to punish, as they thought. They had ends of their own to gain, and to gain these ends they have been willing to plunge the State into a newspaper excitement that has attracted the attention of our Virginia neighbours and brought the Richmond *Enquirer* calmly and argumentatively into the arena, while the *Examiner* which has a good word for nobody, of course takes part with the Raleigh *Standard*, which is in the same category, making exceptions only in favour of those whom it openly acknowledges to having formerly viley abused "for political purposes," and whom it now beslavers with praise for the same purposes.

This latter paper denounces all persons who even foresaw and predicted the inevitable results of Lincoln's election, as "destructives." It turns the very name of our government into ridicule by its vile abuse of language in contemptuously styling Confederate candidates and officers corn-federates, stall-fedrates, etc., etc., and by other sneering and derisive compounds.—It exhibits "the instincts of a gentleman" a thing which it actually talked about! by the lowest appeals to the narrowest prejudices of its readers with a view to creating a storm upon some wave of which it hopes to ride into power and profit, for although enriched by a tenure and extent of public patronage altogether unprecedented and unmerited, it no sooner ceased to be the recipient of public patronage, of which it had had enough in all conscience, than it commenced its present career of villification and abuse. No sooner was the public teat taken from its mouth than it commenced such a hideous bellowing as hath not been heard within the memory of man. Bloated and puffed up beyond all due proportions, it is still an-hungered, still bellowing for the teat, still envious of the slightest sop of public pap that does not fall into its capacious maw, still reviling all whom it thinks stands in its way, as stall-fedrates, etc.

In order to get the public teat back again within its own lips, and at the same time gratify its own malignancy, it has labored to stir up party strife and excite bitter feelings in North Carolina—it has urged the formation of a bitterly proscriptive party and the drawing of the most rigid lines. It has applied epithets, it has done all that might have been expected from it, and the result is before us.

That result is not the candidacy of Mr. Vance in opposition to Mr. Johnston, or of Mr. Johnston in opposition to Mr. Vance. We intend to say nothing derogatory to either of these gentlemen. The result which we deprecate is the division of our people by party lines, and the infusion of a bitter party spirit. We ask, in all sincerity—Is not this result one to be deprecated? We have no personal interest in the election. We look for no pap or patronage. We seek for neither place nor power. We have never had nor sought for either. We seek for no party triumph. We have ignored party. We can only think that the state o things which has been brought about can be productive of nothing but evil. We can hardly hope for any thing better.

We have alluded to the *Standard* especially because it has been the ostensible head and front of this movement. Its motives have been too plainly apparent to admit of doubt; and its manœuvres have avowedly had for their object the production of the state of things which we now see. So far as its tone goes the card of Mr. Vance is in good taste and in good temper. We do not wish to do that gentleman the slightest injustice. We do not find fault with his being a candidate. We do not object to him because of any former difference of opinion. We waive all such things. We *do* deprecate his candidacy as the organ of a rigidly proscriptive party—a party whose organ denounces all who do not agree with it as "destructives," to be put down, read out, annihilated. As the exponent, the standard-bearer of that party, having the support of that organ, Mr. Vance, as a logical consequence, accepts and endorses its tenets, and will carry out its policy against all, old Whigs or old Democrats, who are not watch and wait followers of the Raleigh *Standard*.

IT WOULD seem that, as we were led to believe and say yesterday, the great battle has at last commenced, the great issue, involving so much of all that is precious to the country, has been joined, and will almost certainly be decided within the limits of the present week—most likely in the forty-eight hours from yesterday noon, alluded to in our paper of that date.

If, by taking thought, we could make one hair black or one hair white—if we could avert the course of one bullet aimed at our brave men, then indeed might we raise the sound of alarm and foreboding. But we have assurance of Him whose word is truth that these things would avail nothing, and, under Him, we have a deep and abiding confidence in the justice of our cause and the valor of our troops. We are in the constant receipt of letters from friends in camp, and they all, whether from officers or privates, indicate nothing but firmness, determination and the reasonable confidence of brave men who know that they will acquit themselves courageously and well, as men deeply conscious of the tremendous interest at stake; for all, from the General-in-Chief to the latest joined private know how essential victory is to the Confederacy, and all are inspired by the same feeling—the same determination—to do or die.

Still we cannot but feel anxious. Be the result what it may, we know that many—very many of our best and most valued friends are exposed to the fire of a ferocious enemy—that in any event many a home must be left desolate—many a heart must be crushed, never again on earth to be healed or bound up. The issue is in the hand of the God of Battles, and He will do right, and we must submit to His will, even should the event be adverse to our hopes and contrary to our expectations. But we need not attempt to disguise the fact that we are ill prepared to hear of a defeat; that anything short of victory would fall heavily upon our people, and that a decided reverse to our arms would come upon us all like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. But even then, while acknowledging the weight of the blow we should never despair of the Republic.

We must await further news as patiently as we can.

Daily Journal, 27th.

"Or Something Else that's Mean"

The Salisbury *Watchman* of the 23d has a very sensible article deprecating the bitterness exhibited in regard to candidates for Governor, in which the following sentence occurs:—

"The North Carolina *Standard* was partizan enough to attack Wm. Johnston, and say he was not fit to be Governor, and thereupon, every body who prefers some one else than Mr. Johnston, are denounced as *Holdenites*, or something else that's mean."

We agree with the *Watchman* that it is hard to give anybody such a bad name. It is inflicting "cruel and unusual punishment."

We have nothing additional from Richmond. We have reason to believe however, that all is working satisfactorily for us.

The joy of victory is tempered by the consideration of the cost at which it has been obtained, and this victory has beyond doubt fallen heavily upon North Carolina.

We have heard few or no details. We know that a despatch has been received by N. N. Nixon, Esq., from his son-in-law, Captain Ben. Moore, Adjutant of the regiment formerly commanded by the late lamented Col. Davis, another son-in-law. Captain Moore is painfully, but not dangerously wounded in the thigh.

We also learn that Major Ed. Savage of the 3d regiment has been wounded in the hand, but not seriously.

We also hear rumours of great loss in the first regiment, in which it is said all the field officers were either killed or wounded. We trust that this is not so.

We regret to believe that there is no room for doubt in regard to the death of Capt. James A. Wright of the first regiment, who fell pierced by two mortal wounds. Mr. Wright is so well known and esteemed in this, his native town, as a noble and chivalrous young gentleman, of fine talents and bright promise, that his fall is felt to be more than a common loss, even by those connected with him by no nearer ties than those of friendship or acquaintance.

WE ARE in receipt of a package of Northern papers, for which we are indebted to a friend, who has done good by stealth, inasmuch as he has not given us his name, so that we could thank him for his courtesy.

The latest of these is the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the 20th, which, unlike the good old sleepy style of that respectable Quaker six-penny, appears to have fallen into the sensational vein of the New York *Herald*, and parades flaming captions and ferocious display lines which rival auction bills in their conspicuosity.

We find but little that is very new or interesting.—On the first page of the *Inquirer* is a letter from its Fortress Monroe correspondent, giving certain items, among which are a list of sick and wounded brought down to the Fort by the steamer "Elm City." After giving the list, the correspondent says:—

"Many of the above men were wounded at Hanover Court House, at Fair Oaks, and at the different skirmishes had with the Rebels since our advance to Richmond. Of the Rebel wounded twenty-one are from North Carolina, and one each from Virginia and Louisiana. The regiments from North Carolina suffered very heavily in the two above mentioned battles, as they have done in most of the engagements between the respective armies during the war. It looks as if the Southern leaders had more confidence in the men of the Old North State than in those from any other quarter, at least they are always found in the front and hold the post of honor."

We notice that the barque Frederick Lennig of Heron's line is advertised as "up" for New Orleans, and that E. A. Souder & Co., advertise for a vessel of 1200 to 1800 bbls. capacity to load for Newbern, North Carolina.

Evidently the North has an awful spite against Charleston. We had an idea it was so, but we hardly supposed that public presses in this age of the world would give expression to quite so much demonism as appears in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, and other papers of that class. Our quondam sleepy exchange of the Quaker City seems also to have waked up sufficiently to have dipped its pen in gall when speaking of Charleston. Its ire is aroused and its drab coats waxes fiery red. Verily it saith as followeth:—

Charleston.

Charleston is getting ready, according to the Jackson *Mississippian*, "for the terrible wrestle in which, sooner or later, if the war lasts, it must engage." The Rebel authority is right, in part, at least. The war will last long enough for Charleston to take part, and the greater her preparation, the more complete her overthrow and destruction.

Mild men and gentle women, who turn with grief from our battle recitals, who pity the misguided masses, and who alleviate the sufferings of Rebel prisoners, are changed in tone and sentiment at the very name of Charleston. MEDUSA like, its snaky treasons transform them to stone. Throughout the land the cry of vengeance has arisen, and Charleston, let her gird herself with a wall of fire, must suffer for her nameless crimes. If the story of a deserter may be believed, large reinforcements have gone from BEAUREGARD'S army to Charleston, making, in Commodore DUPONT'S judgment, our present advance dangerous to our projects. Thus the doubt concerning the movements of BEAUREGARD'S army has been partly cleared up, and Charleston, the vile instigator of the Rebellion is the new military nucleus of the Rebels. Our army will be glad of the transfer of position.

THE *Enquirer's* London correspondent under date of the 7th, ventilates a strange piece of gossip, or of scandal, according to which view of the case the reader may take, but showing, if either view be true, upon what apparently slight hinges the gravest affairs of nations may turn, even in this late age of the world.

The affair as stated is this:—About the beginning of this month the Palmerston ministry was in great danger of defeat. The opposition, by means of various coalitions, had obtained a clear majority in the House of Commons, and a defeat of the ministry placing it in such a position that it must resign, was deemed inevitable, when suddenly the programme was changed, and the ministry was sustained by an overwhelming vote.—This is explained by the statement that almost at the very last moment it was ascertained officially, or at least authoritatively, that the Queen had determined, in case of a dissolution, to entrust the formation of a new government only to Earl Russell. This was a contingency for which the opposition was not prepared, or rather they would prefer LORD PALMERSTON as Premier to LORD JOHN. Their triumph would have been a barren one, or rather less than that, for Earl Russell, at the head of the Government, would be infinitely worse than Earl Russell where he is. He is perhaps the most unpopular man in all England among the politicians, and certainly would long ago have been in private life, but for the personal attachment of the Queen, who is excessively fond of him, so much so that in past years, notwithstanding his age and her position, many strange things have been said and written respecting their Platonic attachment. Scandal hints that it is this attachment which influences the Queen's course, while on the other hand it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Queen is only desirous to avoid the anxiety and confusion into which she must necessarily be plunged by a dissolution of the Cabinet and perhaps of Parliament.

At any rate the administration has escaped for the time, but feels that its tenure is precarious. The Federal authorities are pleased at finding Russell and Palmerston retained in office, since they believe they understanding them better, and have more to hope and less to fear from them than they would from a ministry headed by the Earl of Derby.

Mr. T. E. LAWRENCE has laid on our table about a dozen of as fine Peaches as we ever saw in our lives.—They are beauties, and as good to eat as they are to look at.

These peaches are from the orchard of Mr. C. C. Cooper, near Graham's Turnout, in Barnwell District, S. C., on the South Carolina Railroad, some fifty-five miles from Augusta. Mr. Cooper, as we learn, has an abundant crop of fruit this year, all of which he designs sending freely to the soldiers in service on the coast. This is an example well worthy of imitation.

WE ARE in the condition of the man who drew an Elephant in a lottery. We have a Pelican. We don't understand the habits of the Pelican, but think it is not a singing bird. Our Pelican don't say a word to anybody. It broods over the fate of New Orleans, and wishes it had old Butler's nose between its mandibles. We wish it had too.

Our Pelican is a fine live specimen, and really a curiosity, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Capt. E. B. Dudley. It was caught somewhere on Bald Head, having got out of its latitude. Wonder if it would eat a fat bull-frog. We must try.

P. S.—It eats fish, but we think has a special hankering after a piece of live nigger. It nearly swallowed the big toe of a young colored person yesterday. The boy rather howled. It looks as sober as a boiled owl.

ALL along our left the fight raged furiously last evening until night closed on the bloody scene, and to day a general engagement between the opposing armies at Richmond is confidently looked for, and may even now be going on. Fighting re-commenced at four o'clock this morning.

While such scenes are being enacted, while such momentous interests are trembling in the balance, interests involving the fate not only of the Confederacy, but of the world itself; while the States of the Confederacy are joined hand with hand, and heart with heart in defence of the imperrilled liberties of the South—while all eyes and all thoughts are turned to Richmond, we find in North Carolina alone of the Confederate States, an organization for party purposes, hungry after spoils, howling on the track of the authorities, denouncing its fellow citizens as "destructives." Stigmatizing this man as born in Virginia—that one as a native of South Carolina, another one as a native of Ireland, and still another, because he lives in glorious old Mecklenburg!

The people of this State ought to be united for once, and woe to the man or number of men who have been the means of disuniting them!

Daily Journal, 27th.

The Firing at New Inlet, This Morning—Vessel Ashore.

We learn that this morning, before day, the British steamer "Modern Greece," loaded exclusively with arms and munitions of war, ran in towards New Inlet and got aground about three-fourths of a mile East (seaward) from Fort Fisher. She draws fifteen feet water. The officers and crew are ashore.

Two of the enemy's blockading vessels are firing into her with the view of blowing her up. Major Hedrick, commanding Fort Fisher, has fired into her to wet the powder, so as to prevent the enemy's shells from exploding it. Their attempts to do so have so far failed. It is believed that a portion of the cargo can be saved.—All will be saved if possible.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received information which leads us to believe that quite a large portion of the cargo will be saved, as she lies well under the shore.

Shelling between the Fort and the brockaders ceased this morning. Assistance has been sent to the steamer.

The passengers and crew with their baggage and private property are all safe.—*Daily Journal, 27th.*

The Yankees at Little River, S. C.

We learn that on Thursday morning a Federal steamer ran up to the bar at Little River Inlet, and sent in six boats loaded with men, and piloted by a number of negroes who had made their way to the steamer on Sunday or Monday, having stolen for that purpose a fishing boat belonging to Mr. G. Berry. Among the negroes is one named Tony, belorging to Mr. John Charles, at Shallotte, fully acquainted with the coast, and a good pilot for all our little inlets.

The Yankee boats contained about one hundred men, piloted by Tony & Co., came up to the landing known as the Shipyard, where most of the shipping business of the place is done, where they set fire to the schooners *Ellen Randall* and *Seneca Isabel*, and also to two warehouses belonging to T. W. Gore, and one warehouse belonging to James Easters. Among other things the warehouses contained about sixty bales of cotton, and about thirty barrels spirits of turpentine, intended for the schooner Ellen Randall, the vessel and cargo being owned by Messrs. Kidder & Martin. There was also an hundred bushels of salt stored. In fact everything at the landing was burned.

The residence of Mr. J. R. Byrne was also burned, having caught from the warehouse. Mr. Byrne lost everything, he and his wife escaping with only the clothes they had on. They cut off his calf's head and carried off the body—shot a hog and left it, killed a sow and carried her off, leaving eight little ones to mourn.

After performing these feats they went to Captain Randall's house, took a compass, seine, twine, fish hooks, and a number of other small articles, and wanted money. The negro woman in charge of the house told them there was none.

One man whom she took to be the Captain, said he would not hurt her nor anything she had. He wanted cotton or money. He did not want negro women or old negroes. He wanted young men. Only two went with them. One belonging to Kidder & Martin, and one to S. Frink, Sr. The negroes who had left on Sunday were in company, trying to induce others to go, but to the credit of the negroes of that neighbourhood, they refused.

The Yankees told the woman they would return, but appointed no time for doing so.

No doubt the Blockaders were told by the negroes who escaped to them on Sunday that the Ellen Randall was loading and it was expected that she would be loaded and ready for sea by the middle of the week. They perhaps thought to hook right on to her—take her out to sea and send North as a prize, her cargo being in demand. But they were disappointed. She was not either loaded or ready for sea. So they missed their calculation, and took to burning what they could not carry off. The negroes appear to be as indignant as the whites. Many could have gone off, but did not.

For these particulars we are indebted to the attention of B. N. Ward, Esq., Post Master at Little River, who adds that the boy Tony, is well acquainted with the pilotage of the Cape Fear.

We learn further, that "Dick," belonging to Mr. Thos. Nixon, is one of the party which went off on Sunday.

FROM THE COAST.—The blockaders are getting more and more impudent. On Wednesday night they came ashore on Masonboro' Banks and burned a small fish house. As a matter of course, the destruction of the building will be claimed as a Federal victory by the papers of the North. The house was of very little value.

Schooner Burnt.

On Monday last the schooner Emily, attempting to run the blockade, was cut off by blockaders and captured. While under charge of the Federals she was fired on from Caswell, set fire to and destroyed. She was from Nassau, laden with salt, coffee, &c.

THE BRITISH STEAMER "Modern Greece," reported ashore in yesterday's paper, lies only 200 yards from the beach. Col. LEVENTHORPE has already got out and landed a large quantity of arms, &c. If the weather continues favorable during the day, he thinks he will be able to save all the cargo, and the vessel also. She lies under the protection of the guns of Fort Fisher.

Maj. Gen. VAN DORN arrived at Jackson, Miss., on the 21st inst., for the purpose of assuming command of the army of that department. The *Mississippian* speaks in high terms of satisfaction at the arrival of the General, and says let the word be Van Dorn and Victory!

NOT GONE NORTH.—The report from the Charleston papers that the *Orviette* supposed Confederate gun-boat, had been seized and was to be or had been sent to Halifax for some alleged violation of the neutrality laws, appears to have been premature. We have positive information that nothing of the kind had occurred as late as Saturday.

We learn from the Vicksburg Whig of yesterday, that ten of Commodore Porter's mortar boats passed Rodney at 10 o'clk on Thursday morning, on their way to Vicksburg.—Before this time they have doubtless reached their destination. We rejoice to know that their visit is not unexpected, but that ample and suitable provision has been made for their entertainment. The fleet of gunboats from Memphis is also hourly looked for. The invitation is general. It is a *free fight*. The welcome which the peerless queen extends to them is, "Come one, come all,—this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I."—*Jackson Mississippian*, 21st inst.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

AUGUSTA, GA., June 27th, 1862.

The Jackson Mississippian of the 23d says that Porter's Mortar fleet was repulsed at Grand Gulf (Miss) by the Light Batteries.

The enemy opened fire on Vicksburg on Saturday for one hour. No injury reported.

Col. Stone, late of the Memphis Appeal, says that a Cincinnati paper of the 16th, contains a Washington dispatch stating that Count Mercier had engaged passage to sail in the next Steamer to that carrying Lord Lyons. The report had excited much sensation in Yankeedom.

Butler, Picayune, has had a sharp correspondence with the British, French and Greek Consuls relative to some sugar seized, belonging to subjects of those countries, and oaths required of aliens. His language is coarse and pointed.

A special dispatch to the Savannah Republican of this morning, dated Baldwin, Fla., June 26th, says that information, considered reliable, has been received here that British ships are now blockading the port of St. Augustine, cutting off all supplies bound for the Yankees.

A Lincoln transport, attempting to enter, was captured, and is now held as a prize. At last accounts the Federal troops at St. Augustine were in a starving condition, and were preparing to march across the country to St. John's.

It is also reported here that British war vessels are blockading the mouth of St. John's river.

The Republican says that the dispatch seems to come from a reliable source, but does not vouch for its correctness.

The Republican also learns that the steamer Cecile struck a rock off Abaco on Sunday last, and sunk in a short time. All of her crew were saved, but the valuable cargo was lost.

THE RICHMOND BATTLE—ENEMY DEFEATED—THEY BURN THEIR STORES—CONFEDERATE SUCCESS—OUR WOUNDED ARRIVING—YORK RIVER RAILROAD AND BATTERIES CAPTURED—NO PRISONERS REPORTED.

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE 27, 1862, P. M.

The firing has not been heard in the City, except at intervals, for several hours, the enemy having been driven for miles in the direction of the White House on the Pamunkey River.

Volumes of smoke have been ascending from the enemy's encampments, indicating the destruction of his stores to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Confederates. It is reported, however, that large quantities have been captured.

One of the batteries captured is said to have been the most formidable in the Yankee army. It consisted of thirteen pieces.

The community continues composed, but are buoyant with the conviction that the God of Battles have vouchsafed a complete victory over the insolent foe who has so long threatened our city.

The wounded are constantly arriving and are receiving every attention from the ladies at the various hospitals. The fortitude they exhibit has never been surpassed.

LATER.

Eight O'Clock, p. m.—All reports from the battle-field confirm the prevailing belief that McClellan's army has been thoroughly defeated, if not routed.

The York River Railroad, with its batteries commanding it, have been taken by the Confederates.

LATEST FROM TENNESSEE—THE ENEMY GATHERING FOR A FIGHT.

[Special Dispatch to the Savannah Republican.]

KNOXVILLE, June 25—The enemy advanced to Tazwell from Cumberland Gap, in order to feel the strength of our forces. After a skirmish they re-crossed Powell's River and returned to Cumberland Gap. They are not willing to risk an engagement until Buell's advance shall have arrived.

The enemy at Jasper were reinforced yesterday by four regiments, and heavy artillery had arrived at Battle Creek.

Chattanooga is considered impregnable since the addition of the 32-pounder batteries, which has just been made.

From the Richmond Dispatch, 27th inst.

Opening of the Great Battle.—Heavy Engagement on the Left of Our Lines.

Our city was startled, late yesterday evening, by reports of heavy ordnance, and by one conference was universally announced that the Great Battle in the valley opened, and that the greatest and most momentous conflict of the age was fully inaugurated. As close as we can ascertain, at a late hour of night, it appears that our forces attacked the enemy with unparalleled fury at Mechanicsville, and from the suddenness of the attack, the enemy were totally non-plussed and driven from three large redoubts in rapid succession, seizing the guns and turning them with terrific effect upon the foe. This accomplished, our forces advanced and captured two lines of entrenchments and field work, taking everything before them in gallant style. Co-operating with the movements on the extreme right and rear of the enemy, our Generals crossed the Chickahominy at two points, viz: by the Mechanicsville bridge and Meadow bridge, attacking the enemy with great dash and ardor, driving in their outposts, and ascending the opposite hills, seized the batteries erected thereon, and fully commanding the future movements of our forces in crossing the stream. In doing this, the rapidity of movement was such that the enemy was unprepared, and lost a monster battery, which has long annoyed our troops to the right and left of the York River Railroad. This achievement in itself is of incalculable value, and is equivalent to the saving of five thousand lives. Gen. Branch, we understand, led the advance down the Meadow Bridge road with a brigade of North Carolinians, and on crossing, were instantly reinforced by other troops of Gen. Hill's division. The numerous field-works and batteries opposed to their advance were assailed by our men in the coolest and most nonchalant style imaginable, and while driving the heavy masses of Federal infantry before them, were ably seconded by our heavy guns, which, thundering with terrific noise, threw large shells thick and fast upon the enemy's chosen positions and camps, thus preventing our first forces from being overpowered by the swarming hordes of McClellan's hirelings. While these brilliant movements were progressing in the neighborhood of Meadow Bridge, our troops beyond the Mechanicsville Bridge formed a junction with them, thus forming a perfect cordon with others operating from the village of Mechanicsville itself. Our line being perfect, a general advance took place, but the brave Confederates had not progressed far ere they were encountered by the Federals in great force, and a terrific fight ensued; but onward pressed our infantry and artillery, until at 9 P. M., when the heavy cannonading ceased, it was generally known that the enemy had been driven fully three miles, having experienced great loss in every shape, but particularly in artillery. Purcell's battery, we are informed, immortalized itself, and was the first corps that crossed Mechanicsville bridge, and opened fire on the enemy. At Mechanicsville, the heaviest fighting is said to have taken place on Watt's farm, but resulted magnificently to us. All the heights beyond the Chickahominy are in our possession, thus ensuring the safe and speedy transportation of troops and munitions to the other side.

From the late hour at which we write, it is impossible to obtain particulars of the sanguinary engagement of yesterday, but the facts stated are substantially correct, while much more was effected by the forces engaged than the most sanguine could have expected or predicted. The enemy were totally routed whenever they made a stand—batteries, entrenchments, field-works, camps, and arms were captured with great rapidity, and our loss is much less than could have been imagined in all likelihood, the engagement to-day will prove a general one at all points, and let us reverently hope that the God of Battles will smile propitiously upon our efforts, and crown our forces with a complete and glorious triumph over malignant and relentless enemies.

The more we learn of the fight near the old battle ground of Seven Pines, on Tuesday, the greater are we satisfied that it was one of the most brilliant affairs of the war, redounding greatly to our honor, and worthy of fitting memory and commendation.

From the best information, we learn that the 1st Louisiana and 3d Georgia had brought upon themselves the especial hatred of the Yankees, while on picket service near Barker's farm; for on one occasion last week these two regiments suddenly appeared before the affrighted enemy, (Sickles' Excelsior brigade,) and, without much ceremony, drove them from their picket posts, and chased them through adjacent camps, inflicting much loss. From deserters and others, it was ascertained that the officers of Sickles' brigade had offered $100 to any one bringing in any man of the two regiments, whether dead or alive, and vowed eternal vengeance against them, determining to lay some snare to entrap them. At eight A. M. Tuesday the pickets along the Williamsburg road, near the old battle ground, gave warning of the enemy's approach in force, and retired, as usual, to their supports.

Believing an attack was imminent, Gen. Wright ordered up the 48th North Carolina (Colonel Rutledge's) regiment, which moved up the road and took position to the left of it, in an open field, with dense woods on their left flank. The right of the road was occupied by the 1st Louisiana, and to their right were the 22d and 4th Georgia. The North Carolinians were in an exposed position, but maintained their ground without flinching, losing not less than 100 killed and wounded. The position of the 1st Louisiana was equally disadvantageous. Before them was a thick chapparel, in which the enemy were strongly posted. Behind this, also, several brigades were drawn up, their flanks extending beyond, so that they kept up a continual fire upon the Louisianians, inflicting sad loss. Being ordered to charge, the 1st advanced nobly, with the cry "Butler! and New Orleans!" and at the first dash drove the enemy forth with great havoc. But emerging into the open field behind, they were astonished to discover not less than three brigades opposed to them, viz: Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish brigade, Sickles's Excelsior brigade, and another one, the name of which we could not ascertain. Bravely holding their ground, the Louisianians maintained the unequal contest with great dash and boldness, the enemy quailing and retiring before their steady and deadly fire. To their right, however, things were progressing favorably, where the 4th and 22d Georgia were hotly engaged with the enemy, who, after some two hours' hard fighting, slowly and reluctantly retired. Comparisons are odious, but it is admitted that the conduct of the 48th North Carolina, 1st Louisiana, and 4th Georgia was beyond all praise. The first of these regiments was perfectly fresh from home, and had never been under fire before; yet there they stood, in open field, waiting for the cowards to advance, and although Col. Rutledge reports a loss of 100 killed and wounded, his brave fellows never gave an inch of ground, but kept up a murderous fire upon the foe, who suffered so much that, although five to one, they did not dare to leave the woods. The Louisianians went into action with 300, and lost 144 killed and wounded. These figures are more than enough to demonstrate *their* conduct in the fight—for *every second man fell!* The 4th Georgia, it is said, acted like very devils, and fought and charged *three regiments three several times!*—and, more than this, routed them, losing not less than 50 in killed and wounded. The 22d Georgia lost some ninety odd in killed and wounded, and behaved splendidly.

Among the Yankee brigades engaged were Meagher's Irish Brigade, Sickles's "Excelsior Brigade, and another, unknown, some of their other regiments being the 15th and 19th Massachusetts, 2d New York, 20th Indiana, 9th New Jersey, &c., &c. Sickles's brigade had five regiments, Meagher's, the same number. Our forces engaged consisted of but four regiments. Being signally repulsed, the enemy withdrew under cover of their guns, but Capt. Huger's battery galloping forward engaged them in gallant style, driving them ignominously from the field, with heavy loss. The enemy sent in a flag of truce yesterday to bury their dead, and admit a loss of 1,200 killed and wounded. Our casualties in killed, wounded and missing will not be more than one-third that loss. Among the casualties in the 1st Louisiana we may add the names of Lieut. Colonel Shivers wounded in the arm and rapidly recovering; Major Nelligan, Adjutant Cummings, and Sergeant-Major Entzminger.

Towards evening on the same day, the 25th North Carolina were sent on picket on the conquered ground, when the enemy endeavored to flank and cut them off. Several Federal regiments advanced stealthily for this purpose, but the North Carolinians met them with heavy vollies, held them in check, when the gallant fellows of the 4th Georgia opportunely arrived upon the ground, and attacking the enemy in flank, routed them with great slaughter, following them up for more than a mile in the woods, mercilessly butchering the Yankees at every turn. The ground conquered by us on both occasions during the day was occupied by our troops, and, together with many trophies, they brought in sixty or seventy prisoners. The prisoners confess that a deep scheme had been planned by Sickles and Meagher for the destruction of the Louisianians and Georgians, but think the less inflicted upon their forces was so severe, and the gallantry of our men so irresistible, that the Federals were only too happy in effecting their escape. The prisoners themselves were particularly jovial, and seemed to regard their capture as a great blessing.

We would conclude by mentioning the heroic conduct of private James Henderson, 1st Louisiana. This brave fellow had undergone the severe fiery ordeal with his regiment in the morning, and when it was ordered to fall back he voluntarily moved to the front to assist the wounded, as there was neither surgeon nor stretcher-bearers with his regiment. Henderson brought off Col. Shivers from the field on his back, returned and recovered the same officer's sword and other equipments, and whenever finding a wounded man sufficiently strong to be removed, he carried him from the field on his back, despite the repeated vollies which the cowardly enemy fired upon him. More than this—when the enemy had posted their pickets, this fine soldier stole through the grass upon his hands and knees, and actually *stole* our wounded men from under the enemy's guns! We always delight to record the deeds of privates, but can any words of ours add to the honor of such a brave fellow as Henderson? There are, doubtless, many who did as well, in some capacity or other, but we regret that none will advise us of their names and deeds.

In this connection we would add an incident regarding a faithful servant at the battle of Chickahominy.—When Gen. Rhode's brigade had driven the enemy from their redoubts and had captured the guns, the General was wounded in the arm, but would not leave the field or make known his injury to the troops. Becoming weak, he espied an Arkansas negro, named Archie, manfully fighting behind his master, and ordered him to bring water from a distant well. Mounting a horse, Archie dashed off to the well under a shower of shot, and soon returned. The regiment to which he was attached (12th Mississippi) was soon afterwards