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A Yankee Farmer's Sell.

Some waggish collegians not far from the "City of Notions," were regaling themselves one evening, at a house where they were accustomed to meet for a frolic, when an old farmer entered and inquired if he could obtain a lodging there. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him, to lie under his chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage.

The students inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected sympathy, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding the firm stock, etc.

"Do you belong to church?" asked one of the wags.

"Well, I don't belong to nothin' else 'cept Betsy," said the farmer.

"I suppose you would not tell a lie?" asked the student.

"Not for the price of that air cur, an' Betsy's weedin' gown an' all the fixin's belonging to it, to boot," said the farmer.

"Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! why, he's not worth twenty cents."

"He's worth twenty dollars to me.—He perfects the house, and keeps the plaguey shanghies from roosting on Betsy's clothes-line."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent upon having some fun with the old man, "now, you say, you won't tell a lie—let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not? Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to lie," producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting near, with his hat between his knees, apparently unconcerned.—"There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars, all in silver; I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it, except one half dollar, and then exclaimed—

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—considerin' he's got one broken leg from Betsy's brumstick—he's your property."

A tremendous laugh from his fellow-students showed the would-be-wag that he was sold, and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowledged the beat. The

student retained his dog, which he keeps as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

The Retreat of Bragg's Army.

Correspondence of the Mobile Register, Camp on Lookout Mountain, Near Chattanooga, Tenn. July 7, '63 }
The army of the Tennessee, Gen. Braxton Bragg commanding, has arrived thus far on its retreat from the advancing army of Rosecrans. After thirteen days of unparalleled sufferings consisting of forced marches, hard work, sleepless nights, drenching rains, barefoot walking over stoney roads, hunger, famine, heat by day, and cold by night, we have succeeded in escaping from the terrible Yankees, and put as a peace-maker between them and us the surging current of the deep, wide, majestic Tennessee. Here we rest our broken down bodies for a brief season, and hope to recuperate our exhausted strength, and repair, in some degree, our heavy losses in articles of clothing and camp equipage.

On the 24th of June, the enemy engaged our troops in front, and dispersed our cavalry. Our infantry met them and there was hard fighting that evening. Clayton's brigade, the 18th 36th and 88th Alabama, advanced that evening in a drenching rain to Beech Grove, and held a gap there for thirty hours. Here we confronted the enemy all day on the 20th. They had seven regiments and we three. We spent the day, only 1,400 yards apart, and in full view, but the constant rain prevented any engagement.

There were some artillery duels between the batteries on the crests of the hills. Bates' brigade on our left skirmished all day.

On the 26th, about 9 o'clock, our retreat began. Our brigade did not see the signal to retreat, and was nearly cut off, a large force of the enemy being abreast with us, before we retired. We hastened on to Tullahoma, and offered a battle there, but the enemy declined it, and for fear of being flanked, we retired to Chattanooga.

Our sufferings have been awful beyond description. For seven consecutive days and nights we had wet feet and wet shoes, which were not once dry during the entire week. Our clothes, too, were wet all the time.—The roads were horrible. Without sleep, without adequate food, often without water, we marched, worked, stood in line of battle, in mud and water, stood guard all the night, and suffered for thirteen days all that humanity can suffer in the flesh. It is ended now, but it will require weeks to restore us to our former morale, for we are greatly exasperated and demoralized.

Our loss in baggage, clothing and camp equipage can never be repaired. We have lost everything. None of us

have but one suit of clothes, and many are almost naked. Nearly one tenth of the army is barefoot. The single suit of clothes that the luckiest of us have, are wet and fermenting with the accumulated rain and sweat that have soaked them for thirteen days.

Finale of the Scott Raid.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette. HEADQUARTERS 23d Army Corps, LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 8.

Information received this morning from Wolford's expedition below the Cumberland in pursuit of Scott, nearly concludes the dashing entree and inglorious finale of the last act of the brilliant invasion so long threatened.—The chivalric leader of the flower of the South (the 1st La. Cav.) is not elated probably with their late achievements, and by this time is ready to become a subscriber to the axiom that "raids don't pay." The scattered fragments of Scott's command took refuge among the hills along their line of flight, from Irvine to the Cumberland river. The collected remnants numbering probably 400 or 500, under Scott, effected the crossing at Smith's Ford, taking with them seven of their guns. Pursued by Wolford they again broke up with the loss of one of Kun's guns. The citizens of Wayne county and refugees, blocked up the roads, infested the mountain passes, and resisted their advance, till harassed in front and rear, they abandoned four more guns, and took to their individual heels.—Our men are picking them up at the rate of 10 to 20 per day, and those who escape will only be able to effect it each on his private responsibility.—No armed bands will probably get through the mountains.

Our news from Tennessee, though similar in tenor to what we have been accustomed to receive any time during the war, becomes unusually painful, in view of the long suffering of this abused people. The late conscription act appears to have been the only one last piece of cruelty needed to complete the ruin of East Tennessee. The able bodied men had either been forced into the rebel ranks, or made their escape. The Rebel Government now demands the services of all between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five. A requisition has been made by Davis on Governor Harris for 6,000 of this class, and as many will escape, this number will take about all that may be left up to fifty years.

The most desperate and determined efforts to escape on the part of conscripts are met by the most wanton cruelties by the rebels, who do not attempt to take them, but shoot them down like wild beasts whenever and wherever found. The inhuman slaughter of these poor fellows taking place daily and openly, is absolutely horrible, and would be incredible but for the testimony of almost hundreds

of witnesses daily. It is a worthy comment upon the immitigable insolence and stupendous hypocrisy of Mr. Vice-President Stephens' pseudo mission to Mr. Lincoln "to mitigate the barbarities of war." This war, and scarcely any other, can surpass the inhuman cruelties practiced by these lying hypocrites in East Tennessee.—Even this last conscription act is intended and employed more as a cloak to their barbarities than to obtain soldiers, since it furnishes excuse to seize property, hang, kill and vent the most infernal passions with impunity. Boys under twelve years have been shot on their knees at their mother's feet; Union men, old and young, have been shot and hanged in presence of their agonized wives or mothers; females have been brutally murdered for concealing their sons or husbands, or violated in the presence of their bound and helpless male protectors. Rapine, pillage, arson, rape and murder are no longer crimes in East Tennessee, and no rebel soldier has yet been punished for any offense against a Union man or woman. And these are the demons who prate of rights and superior civilization, whom Northern peace Democrats think are wronged and to whose superior aromas Northern mudsills should commit the control of the Government.

The wheat crops in East Tennessee were large. The rebel government pressed harvest hands and threshers, and assumed the ownership of the whole, collecting and removing it as fast as possible. The corn crop is an average one. The rebel government orders details for its culture and preservation, and will gather that also when the time comes.

News of rebel forces differ but little from previous dispatches. Gov. Robinson has received information, however of Bragg's entry into East Tennessee 40,000 strong. Time will no doubt develop a new campaign on the part of rebellion, whose base will be in Tennessee. We shall see.

A Corinth letter writer states Bragg's whereabouts to be in the vicinity of Atlanta, Ga. His intention is to fortify against Rosecrans, who is not far off.

Late accounts from Mexico state that Juarez was about to send a mission to the President of the United States imploring aid to prevent a change in the form of government in Mexico, as proposed by the French Emperor and ratified by the Council of Notables of that country.

The American Minister at Japan, together with the Consul and their families, have left Yeddo and removed to Yokohama, apprehending assassination.

"This is a net gain," as the spider said when he caught the fly.