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Letters and Articles of Ivy W. Duggan of the Hancock Confederate
Guard written from camp: 1861 - 1864; also pertinent Editor's
Notes and reply from reader

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LETTER FROM HANKS.

CAMP DAVIS, (Sparta Fair Ground,)  
June 9, 1861

Mr. Editor: - In the last edition, a "Spectator" at the closing exercises of the Washington Institute, after stating that I had enrolled my name among the volunteers, says: "He will doubtless make such arrangements as will enable him at fall term to return to his post."

If "Spectator" means that Mr. Lincoln and his Congress will "doubtless make such arrangements" as to give us peace by that time, he has placed me correctly before the public; otherwise, I do not feel that my post outside of the camp is my post, nor do I expect to enter the school-room again while a hostile Yankee pollutes Southern soil with his unhallowed steps.

My absence next term, however, will not interfere with the continuance of the school, which will still receive the attentions of those who have labored faithfully to make it worthy of public confidence.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
For the Central Georgian.

BRISTOL, VA., July 24, 1861.

Mr. Editor.—The great desire that "friends at home" have to hear from those who have "gone to the war" is the only apology which I present when I ask a place for a few lines in the Georgian. My motto shall be this:

However dull the news may be,
Better the truth than falsity.

Happily will I be should the few lines which I may occasionally write be read with pleasure around the desolate hearth by sad parents who have given up their sons, (like Abraham submissive to the will of God in whom they trust,) perhaps to be sacrificed upon the altar of our country—by sisters whose tears would fain water the graves of brothers far away—by wives whose hearts—what I may write I know not. One thing my hand never shall write: That the South is subjugated.

On Monday morning the Hancock Confederate Guards, Capt. Stephens, and the Hancock Volunteers, Capt. Smith left Sparta for Atlanta. When we arrived at Powelton we found that the good people there had provided a most excellent dinner for us. A hearty welcome by Rev. Wm. Verdery, in the name of the citizens, was happily responded to by Capt. T.J. Smith, and we soldiers, waited on by fair ladies, did full justice to the last dinner provided for us by female hands. The people of Powelton and their kindness we will never forget. After a night spent at Double Wells, a short detention of the train by the burning of the warehouse at Buckhead, and the most enthusiastic demonstrations all along the road, especially by the ladies, we arrived in Atlanta about noon, and pitched our tents with the balance of the 12th Georgia Regiment at the Fair ground.
On Wednesday we elected our field officers, with perfect unanimity, as follows:

Thomas W. Thomas - Colonel;
Linton Stephens - Lieutenant Colonel;
Wm. M. McIntosh - Major.

The vacancy created by the promotion of Capt. Stephens, was filled by unanimously electing our very efficient Lieutenant T.H. Latimer as Captain.

Sunday 5 o'clock we took the cars for Lynchburg, Va., where the Regiment will perhaps remain a short time to drill.

Our passage to Lynchburg, a list of the officers and privates of the two companies from Hancock, and the companies forming the regiment will perhaps be the subject of another communication.

IVY W. DUGGAN
OUR MANASSAS CORRESPONDENT.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the Georgian that Mr. Ivy W. Duggan, of the Hancock Confederate Guards, now at Manassas, will regularly furnish us with the latest intelligence from that important quarter. Mr. Duggan wields a facile and graphic pen, and his letters will be an important addition to our columns. He is a gentleman too well known in this part of Georgia to require any endorsement of the accuracy of his information. He resigned his position as associate principal of the Washington Institute, and with a heart burning with the desire to secure his country's independence, has gone forth to battle in her defence. If he wields the sword as readily as the pen, the Yankees will have no mean foe.
MANASSAS CORRESPONDENCE
Of the Central Georgian.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, July 29, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—On Sunday evening, 21st instant, the last three companies of our (12th Georgia) regiment left Atlanta. The Kenesaw, Allatoona and other mountains; the Chattahoochee, Etowah, and other rivers; the high embankments, deep cuts and serpentining direction of the road were objects very interesting to one not accustomed to traveling. As we left the beautiful village of Cassville, night spread her curtain, and before Aurora's dawn we had left our own, our native State. Well do we remember the enthusiasm with which we were greeted at every station by her devoted sons, the God speed which breathed from the lips of her patriotic daughters. Farewell Georgia! Should we never more repose beneath thy sunny skies, we ask only the remembrance that we tried to be at our posts, to prove true to Georgia and the loved ones at home.

Having changed cars at Dalton, a rainy morning found us in a leaking car in East Tennessee. Here, at a station called Philadelphia, we saw what we have seen no where else—an old Union flag, gridiron flag, says a patriotic lady. This, however, was in good company, being surrounded by many of the right sort. But for the strict orders of our prudent Colonel, we would have taken that down certain. You must remember that we see a flag at almost every private house.

A good warm breakfast at Louden, on the Holston river, was very acceptable; fifty cents to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Holston is a beautiful river; lands fertile; scenery in many places magnificent. The East Tennessee and Virginia Rail Road runs near this river perhaps one hundred and fifty miles, crossing it frequently.
A cave in the road, caused by excessive rain, detained us, and we were compelled to lie over at Knoxville until Tuesday morning. This is the home of Brownlow; but from what I could learn, I believe he has few friends and very little influence here.

While the train stopped a few minutes at New Market, Jefferson County, Col. Thomas being called for, responded. Among many other good things, he told them that it was characteristic of our people not to wait until the yoke was upon us and resistance useless, but that we could smell treason afar off in the tainted breeze. He also spoke at Greenville and Jonesboro. At the latter place we were furnished with a nice supper; for which, I tell you, a soldier is thankful.

Much has been said about the Union sentiments of East Tennesseans. I am induced to believe that a great reaction has taken place, in our favor, since the election. The people here, and especially the ladies, gave the most enthusiastic demonstrations at almost every house we passed. Standing side of the road they would throw us wreaths of flowers as we passed, to which were pinned such notes as the following:

"God bless the brave sons of the South. Oh! that all the hearts of East Tennessee might beat in unison with the South. Some of them say they would rejoice to see our streets flow with secession blood. If they could get old Abe, and his black hearted soldiers in here, they would have a great slaughter. Andy Johnson is now the cause of our trouble. His son Bob says he has one hundred and forty volunteers ready to join his father if he succeeds in getting in here with his army. I hope the Lord will never permit the traitor to cross the line of Tennessee again. You would do us a great favor if you would take some of the leading Republicans with you. They could do your washing and boot blacking."
"The Union folks seem to be very anxious to get the secession boys to volunteer but we understand them. Our brothers are not here because they are cowards, but only to protect us. We are not well armed. It is reported that the soldiers at Brushy Creek are going to take a man for disarming a secessionist. If true, I hope they may succeed. May you soon return home with victory stamped upon your banners.

YOUR SOUTHERN SISTER"

Tuesday night we arrived at Bristol on the Virginia line. Here, as at almost every other point of importance, we were detained, waiting until other soldiers, who had arrived before us, could get away. Boys will understand me when I tell them, never was a mill worse crowded in dry weather than the railroads are with soldiers; and this is the reason we have so often rode, day and night, in the rain, literally packed in freight cars without any tops. This is the reason why it took us a week to go from Atlanta to Manassas Junction. More than once, scores of us have had to get out of the cars and push up grade.

Thursday morning we left Bristol. At about twenty five miles we passed Emory and Henry College. At about forty miles is the most romantic scenery I ever beheld.

Friday morning we arrived at Lynchburg on the James River, where we expected to remain some time and drill, but we received orders to go immediately to Manassas, and at night we started for that place. While the train stopped a short time at Charlottesville some of us visited the University of Virginia, which is now converted into a hospital for those wounded here. They are all doing well and I never saw the sick and wounded better cared for at any place. I did not hear a single groan. There are many wounded Georgians here, but none whom I knew. I tell you the people of Charlottesville deserve our thanks.
Here we passed the home and grave of Jefferson.

It is impossible for me to describe the demonstrations all along our whole journey. We have passed very few men who have not pulled off and waved their hats to us. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, bonnets, flowers, secession aprons, flags, &c, with both hands. Little boys not two years old, and little negroes stand beside the road and "Hurra for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." Little girls, sweeping the floor, see the cars passing and wave their brooms, and even nurses are seen teaching the smallest infants to speed the soldier on his way. It does really appear to me that every man, woman, child and negro is determined to resist until death; and if Mr. Lincoln could see all the grain we have seen I am sure he would have no hope of starving us out. Sunday morning we landed here at Manassas Junction and were pleased to meet again our much beloved Lieutenant Colonel, who with four companies of our regiment left us in Atlanta.

Could I describe half I have seen here, I know my next letter to the Georgian would interest at least some of your readers. Now, while I am writing, most of our boys have gone to visit the immediate field of the late battle. I, too, desired to visit it, but have postponed it until I shall have written to those at home.

We are all well, and as far as I know, every man is in good spirits.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Mr. Editor:—We arrived at Manassas Junction on Sunday morning, July 28th. As day dawned, almost innumerable tents in every direction attracted our attention. Ours were soon pitched and we began to look around. Here for the first time some of us saw breast-works thrown up and cannons mounted. There are perhaps a dozen of these elevations, each surrounded by a wall and ditch, and usually mounting about three guns of considerable size.

We arrived just one week after the great battle. The reader will bear in mind that the enemy did not give us battle here but endeavored to go round this place and get possession of the railroad between here and Richmond. The battle was fought six or seven miles from this place, and at a place where there are no fortifications. We came in time to see a very large number of prisoners and wounded, and most of the spoils taken from the enemy. Here we saw about seventy-five cannons, a blacksmith shop on wheels; thousands of muskets, very large quantities of ammunition, provisions, horses and wagons marked U.S., baggage of officers and privates, &c, &c.

I have stood by and seen wagon loads of muskets, taken out singly. Here is one, broken all in pieces; another, deeply indented by a minnie ball; another, by a grape; another, run over by a baggage wagon. One bears the name of its former owner in full; another, only the initials. Many of these muskets are loaded, and consequently must be carefully handled. They are sending them to Richmond to be repaired.

I have not seen it myself, but I have heard from reliable sources,
that many of the "big dogs" had masked their baggage to Richmond and some of them had even prepared bills of fare for a grand feast there.

I have endeavored; with considerable care to ascertain the true feelings of the prisoners. There are a few extreme cases, but I believe the general expression to be this; We did not come to invade the South. We came to defend the Capital. We have been imposed upon, and deceived by our leaders who never told us but one truth, and that was, that we would be in Richmond in a short time; and if ever we (the wounded) get well, and get back home, we have got enough of the war. They say they have been as well treated by us as was possible under the circumstances, and that they have no fears about their treatment. Some of them say, they are convinced that the Southern people are right, and they do not blame them for fighting.

One evening while a number of wounded prisoners were taking the train for Richmond, our attention was called to one with a red uniform, said to be a Zouave. A bystander said, "Let him pass now, as he is wounded, but when he gets well, I will get him." I was pleased to learn that this speaker was a brother to the immortal Jackson, who killed Elsworth. He is said to have "picked off" many a sentinel since the death of his brother.

On Wednesday, July 31st, we moved nearly two miles from the Junction, and are now tented in an oak grove, on the road leading to Alexandria.

Large numbers of troops have been landing here since we came. When a regiment moves, it is sure to go towards Alexandria. What all this means I do not know, but it must mean something. Our friends at home, who get papers to read (we don't) can tell as well as we.

They are rebuilding the railroad bridge over Bull Run, which they
formerly destroyed near this place. This would seem like to advance. Our pickets must extend to a considerable distance, have walked seven or eight miles from our camp without being interred or questioned by any one; yet I have never been out of sight of a regiment of soldiers. You may guess we have never expected an attack, for we have never had a loaded gun; not even on guard. And yet we are in about thirty miles of the Federal Capital.

Early yesterday morning, after obtaining permission and a pass from our accommodating captain and getting the approval of the officer of the day, I set out in company with a kind friend and former pupil, for the field of the late battle. A pleasant walk through the desolate farms of Virginia, for six or seven miles and we are approaching the battlefield. Here is a dead horse, and another, and many others. We need count no longer. Here is a grave. A rough stone, marked by a friendly hand, tells his name and his home. A small board with pencil marks bears the initials of another. Here is a score of Yankee graves — many of them so slightly buried that their clothes and parts of their bodies are now visible. "Why were they so slightly buried?" I think I can give a satisfactory answer. At one time during the fight, the enemy sent in a flag, asking to bury their dead. It was granted. Instead of doing it, they began to throw up fortifications. At another time, when they might have buried many, they went over, searched his pockets, took everything valuable and left their dead for us to bury. Of course we buried ours first; and we did it decently. Afterwards we detailed their prisoners to bury their dead. By this time they had become very offensive indeed, and in many cases they did not move the body, but just shoveled up the dirt and threw on it.
We have long since abandoned the idea of counting the graves. A pile of dead horses marks the spot where Sherman's battery was taken and retaken, two or three times, but was finally held by our men and turned against the enemy. Yonder is a post. We approach and read - "Here fell Col. Fisher, 6th Regiment N.C.S.T." Another bears a masonic: and "Here fell Brigadier General Bee, Commander 3rd Brigade" - "Here Bartow fell."

Here is a house, completely riddled with balls. Words cannot convey but a faint idea of this scene. The old lady, who occupied the house, was killed upon her bed, by a ball. Crossing a branch of Bull Run, where many a dying man quenched his thirst and bathed his wounds, we enter a piece of woods, which will testify for ages to the fury with which the battle raged here. A little farther and we find the house, said to have been killed under the brave Bartow. We read - "To the memory of the Tiger Rifles! Hats, shoes and parts of clothing are scattered all around. Still farther, and we enter a pine thicket, near where the battle began. These pines stand very near each other, are tall, and from four to eight inches in diameter. This place, I learn, was occupied by a small body of our men and nearly flanked by the enemy. Here it was that the gallant Eighth Georgia was so badly cut up. Here they retreated but not until they had covered the field with their dead, themselves and Georgia with glory. I have often heard that the Yankees are poor shooters, and I expect it is generally true; but not so with theregulars that shot here. Scarcely a tree is marked higher than a man's head or lower than his knees and yet many of these small pines, in that space of about four feet, have five or six balls. When the few, who had opposed the enemy here until opposition was useless, fell back
upon the main army, then the enemy telegraphed that they had "roused the rebels." A short rejoicing was but the preface to a long mourning. Several times during the day I learned our case appeared almost hopeless; but at length, through the mercy of God, our arms were victorious; the enemy fled, panic-stricken, leaving everything behind and as they fled many were cut down by our cavalry. Here was fulfilled another promise that led many of them to the war—that they should have a plantation in the South. This plantation contains much less than the promised one hundred acres.

Through the treachery of an engineer, who has since been executed, thousands of our troops were detained and did not arrive until the day after the fight.

When we compare the two armies in numbers and equipage and reflect upon all the circumstances of our complete victory over this "grand army" we are humbled with the thought that God is on our side. Let us all, at home and in camps, unite in giving Him all the glory.

Let the field of Manassas ever inspire us with courage to defend our cause; and should we fall on the same or another field, let our loved ones say, as a kind hand has already written over the graves of Lamar and Allen. Requiescat in pace. let them rest in peace.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
CAMP NEAR MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA.
August 13, 1861

Mr. Editor:—Surrounded by the dull monotony of camp life, where newspapers are as scarce as ladies, and letters from home as scarce as Yankee victories; where truth is as scarce as "dimes," and false reports as frequent as "duties," for a private to expect to interest and instruct the public at large, would require presumption equal to that which induced Gen. Scott to send (not lead) the "grand army" to Richmond. When I reflect, however, that my only object, as expressed in my first letter is to interest, and, if possible, lighten the burdens of the lonely ones left behind, the many who have said "Write to us," the first of another week finds me devoting a spare moment to the pleasing task.

There has not been a death nor a very severe case of sickness in our regiment since we left Georgia. It is true we have some sick men but our efficient and very popular Surgeon, Dr. Alfriend, informs me that not a single case is dangerous or likely to be protracted. Good health in camps is a great blessing. I think our camp is well located, and our officers are very particular to have it thoroughly policed. This care of theirs makes me suspect that we may perhaps remain here some time. Soldiers continue to arrive here and advance towards Alexandria. We constantly meet with old friends who we did not know were here. The seventh, eighth and ninth Georgia regiments are near us.

William Jordan, who left our school at the Washington Institute to go with a company from Jefferson, his native county, died last Thursday evening. He was recovering from measles, but relapsed and died soon. A teacher and several schoolmates, belonging to another regiment, were permitted to visit his remains. These, with many others at home, deeply sympathize with a widowed mother, mourning for an only son, who died far away. He was nursed and buried by kind friends, and a stone marks
the place where he rests.

Measles and mumps have been in some of our regiments here, and I rather think there are a few cases in ours. I think a majority of our company has had these diseases.

I have seen but few tents better than ours. They can be so arranged as to be well ventilated. Each mess consists of twelve men and two tents. I have heard it rumored that when we move we will have to leave about half our tents for want of wagons to haul them. I hope such will not be the case. It has been quite warm here, but is rather cool today. I have discovered little difference in the climate here and in Georgia thus far, except that it is more changeable here, in quick succession. We see some fine corn here; but generally the farms are desolated, the growing crops destroyed and the fences used as fuel.

Roasting ears are just beginning to mature. There is one corn field near our camp, which we have to guard day and night to keep the soldiers out. This is rather hard upon those who have never visited it; but it is very common for the innocent to suffer for the crimes of the guilty.

When we consider the number of soldiers here, and the length of time they have been here, our fare is as good as could be expected. We have a reasonable supply of bacon and beef; the quantity of the latter predominating rather too largely, which causes our bread to be tough. We have enough coffee and some sugar, which I learn Gen. Scott sent us along with those handcuffs, &c. A little rice, with a supply of salt, soap, vinegar and candies, completes our rations. I think I have mentioned every article. Occasionally, with great difficulty, we can buy a canteen of molasses. We would gladly buy molasses, vegetables, butter and many other things. Our cooking utensils are a camp kettle, a frying pan and
a coffee pot. Our mess consists of twelve; and three cook at a time: therefore, I help cook every fourth day. We neither have, nor need, a servant. I think we cook very well under the circumstances. We have always had a sufficiency of fuel.

Springs of water are abundant here. Some of them, being impregnated with lime, do not afford very good water, and others are kept muddy by excessive use; but a few of them afford as good water as I ever saw. One can always get a bucket of excellent water if he will walk far enough after it, and perhaps wait a while when he gets there. Water is a little more scarce at the Junction now, on account of the great crowd there; but the government is boring an artesian well, which it is hoped will soon supply any quantity necessary. The process of doing this may interest some of our young philosophers, as "boring" did not convey the true idea to me. A piece of iron about two inches in diameter and twenty feet long, and so pointed as to be called a chisel, is lengthened by jointed rods according to the depth required. This is let fall a few feet, and by its weight cuts into the rock or other substance. When it is thus cut loose, although the bore is not more than six inches in diameter and several hundred feet deep, it can easily be taken out in the following way. Take off the chisel, connect, with a screw, a hollow cylinder, somewhat like a piece of stove pipe, having a valve opening upwards near the bottom. When this descends, it penetrates the powdered substance, which rises inside the cylinder, above the valve, and not being able to escape the valve is, it is drawn to the surface.

On each side of our camp are quarries of soft red stone, which the citizens use for building dwellings and other houses. This stone is easily worked and lies immediately upon the railroad. There are some worn
some worn out lands here. Some old red hills like those at home. We see
the mountains far away in the distance.

I have often heard that the corruption of morals in camps is one of
the greatest evils of war. This may be generally true, but I do not
think it is so here. Of course we have a great many profane and immoral
men, but they were so at home. We also have pious men, whose light shines
and whose influence is felt. I would that the third commandment were
always observed in high places. The boys say this is the best temperance
society in the world. Thus far, I do not think I have had any reason
to grieve at the influence which the camp is exerting over the morals of
any boy with whom I was intimate in Georgia. A sermon on Sabbath, by
our Chaplain, Rev. A. Haygood, is followed by a prayer meeting in the
evening. Many of our messes have erected altars around which they nightly
bow and ask God's blessing upon our curse, upon us, and those we left
behind. We have an abundance of singing here, and it is almost exclusively
devotional.

When we compare our condition here with the luxuries we have enjoyed
at home, the contrast is truly great; and the soldier that truly loves his
country and came to fight for her, will not murmur when she is doing the
best she can for him, but will thank God that his fate is no worse and
that victory has thus far crowned his efforts.

We are beginning to receive letters from home, and it gladdens our
hearts to trace the lines, marked by the hands of those we love. It is
next to impossible for our friends to get access to our camps.

IVY W. DUGGAN.

Manassas, Va., August 18th, 1861
Camp Near Manassas Junction, Va.
August 29, 1861

Mr. Editor: - Since my last communication we have received quite a number of letters from home. Newspapers are more frequent, and among them we have received a few copies of the Central Georgian. Recruits, kind friends and near relatives from Georgia have brought us the news, fresh from home. The writer has enjoyed the company of a brother, visiting a wounded relative here.

The wife and daughter of our much respected Captain have been here about three weeks. Their company, to a husband and father, can be fully appreciated by those only who have been separated. Their presence and kind attentions are, no doubt, fully appreciated by their relative, Col. Stephens, who has been quite sick, but is now much improved. Vice President Stephens is here.

Friends at home will regret to learn that our esteemed friend, Capt. T. J. Smith, is quite ill. His wife will, no doubt, be here in a day or two. Indisposition prevented her accompanying her sister, Mrs. Latimer. There are a great many sick men in camps. I am inclined to think there is less sickness in the two Hancock companies than in any others. Besides Captain Smith, I think no one is dangerously ill in their companies. Corporal James Jones, of the Fireside Guards, died on the 25th instant. I learn he was a pious young man and very much respected at home.

There has been a little fighting between here and Alexandria for the last few days. Many of the regiments around here have advanced. We have not moved yet. We have been furnished with forty rounds of cartridges each. It has occasionally been pretty cool here. We have had an abundance of rain, which makes a cloth roof and dirt floor less comfortable than the houses we left in Georgia.
Just at this moment, while I am writing, we have received orders to pack our knapsacks, cook three days rations, and be ready to march at a moment's warning. I close for the present.

It is now Saturday evening, August 31st. We have just received orders to strike tents, load wagons and march. It is reported that there is fighting ahead of us.

Since writing the above, and just as we were expecting to march, we were ordered to unload wagons, pitch our tents again, and await further orders. It is now Monday night, and no farther orders or news.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
LIST OF THE HANCOCK CONFEDERATE GUARDS

We are indebted to Mr. Ivy W. Duggan, our talented Manassas correspondent, for the following complete lists of the Hancock Confederate Guards, and Hancock Volunteers, both of the 15th Georgia Regiment at Manassas:

OFFICERS' MESS

Capt. T.M. Latimer, 3d Lt. D. Connell,
1st Lt. John L. Culver, Corp. G.W. Warthen,
2nd Lt. Mark Latimer J.D. Farrill.

John Locklin, H.B. Seals,
William Dickson, Sr. W.D. Seals,
William Dickson, Jr. W.H. Hardwick,
Henry H. Pinkston, W.A. Thomas,
J.T. Redfern, J.F. Deas
Andrew Redfern, David Warthen.

MESS NO. 1

Corp. A.T. Bass,
Com. G.B. Medlock
Serg. C.M. Medlock,
Cpl. G.C. Middlebrooks,
L.A. Moore,
G.L. Waller,

Ast. Com. R.A. Beall,
Serg. G.F. Culver,
Serg. T.N. Culver,
Corp. B.C. Culver,
G.W. Nelson,
J.W. Nelson.

MESS NO. 2

G.W. Dudley,
J.M. White,
J.J. Mason,
J.B. Mason,
T.H. Mason
G.F. Dunn,

A.F. Dunn,
J.F. Hawkins,
Charles Rocker,
James Barnes,
R.W. Jones.

MESS NO. 3

O.Sgt. J.A.P. Robson,
R.G. Stone,
P.F. Cheek,
Wm. F. Robinson,
Winfield Robinson,
Ivy W. Duggan,

J.A. Ray,
W.R. Ray,
H.M. Hooks,
C.H. Hooks,
G.R. Peeler,
E.W. Simpson.
MESS NO. 5

W.T. Neel,  
J.H. Neel,  
Sgt. Maj. A.D. Sharp,  
J.H. Sharp  
J.A. Scott,  

R.L. Dickens,  
A.B. Parrot,  
Sgt. Hamlin Lewis,  
A.E. Curran,  
M. Harrison.

MESS NO. 6

C.H. Rubank,  
J.C. Dickson,  
Q.E. Dickson,  
W.T. Warthen,  
W.J. Lovett,  
J. Lovett,  
J.R. Parnell,  

John Power,  
John Wheelin,  
Joseph Flury,  
John Layfield,  
Dawson, McCook,  
John Rachel,  
Cicero Brooks.

MESS NO. 7

John Yarborough,  
Levis Brantley,  
James Brantley,  
D.S. Reynolds,  
J.R. Reynolds,  
James Jones,  

Levi Cone,  
James Black,  
John Barnes,  
James Cheek,  
John Cheek.

LIST OF HANCOCK VOLUNTEERS.

OFFICERS' MESS

Capt. T.J. Smith  
1st Lt. W.E. Bird,  

2d Lt. H.H. Culver,  
3d Lt. L.L. Lamar.

MESS NO. 8

Sgt. B.A. Alfriend,  
O. Sgt. J.W. Lawrence,  
Serg. W. F. Wells,  
Corpl. J.E. Alfriend,  
E.D. Alfriend,  
L.J. Fraley,  
A.E. Sykes,  

J.C. Simmons,  
W.T. Martin,  
A.F. Harris,  
T.W. Latimer,  
J.R. Latimer,  
B. Walter,  
M. Holsey.

MESS NO. 2

Com. Sgt. J.B. Cone  
L.J. Cumming,  
N.F.H. Cumming  
J.G. Cummin,  
Edmund Staint,  
S.G. Gladin  
J.H. Brown,  

J.G. Rushin,  
J. Herringline,  
John Larry,  
W.S. Johnson,  
B. Wilson,  
N.E. Garrett.
MESS NO. 3
S.M. Wiley,  
F. L. Little,  
J. W.F. Little,  
H.L. Middlebrooks,  
Lovick Pierce,  
S.P. Harris,  
W.P. Sasnett,  
H.H. Sasnett,  
J. Stafford  
J.T. Mulally,  
George White,  
H.W. Forbes.

MESS NO. 4
Sgt. C.C. Brown,  
E.W. Cook,  
H.H. Boyer,  
J.J. Boyer,  
A.V. Boyer,  
J. Mitchell,  
J.J. Cato,  
W.B.L. Morrain,  
T.J. Crowley,  
E.A. Skrine,  
F.J. Pearson,  
B. Martin.

MESS NO. 5
W.S. Butts,  
J.C. Butts,  
J.S. Butts,  
B.S. Bass,  
J.W. Evans,  
J.H. Jones,  
W.J. Harper,  
B.J. Harper,  
W.L. Marshall,  
C.H. Simons,  
W.H. Simons,  
A.J. Smith,  
E.W. Warren,  
T.J. Warren.

MESS NO. 6
W.A. Waller,  
J.R. McWhorter,  
Wm. McWhorter,  
J.J. Crawford,  
J.T. Alford,  
J. Wright,  
J. Reaves,  
Wm. Pool,  
F.J. Ashew,  
J.R. Parker,  
M. Simons  
J. Hans.

MESS NO. 7
J.M. Coleman,  
E.G. Snipes,  
W.W. Snipes,  
W.T. Parker,  
S.G. McDaniel,  
T.H. Roberts,  
J.F. Matthews,  
J. Frank,  
J. Bredlove,  
F. Jackson,  
J. Johnson  
C. Reese  
F. McCook.
Mr. Editor: - As stated in my last letter, on Thursday evening 29th ultimo, we received orders to pack up, cook three days rations, and be ready to march at a moment's warning. As might be expected, the first order of this nature created considerable excitement. Of course every one expected to be in a battle in a few hours; and he who had not all the symptoms of a very sick man must crawl out, lest his "pluck" should be questioned. In justice to our boys, I must say our list of sick men grew "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." No one who was able to march was willing to stay behind. Judging from the quantity of cold hard biscuits visible, for the next week, I think the scarcity of beef just at that time was fully made up by a bountiful supply of flour. All day Friday we remained packed up, awaiting "orders."

The great demand for drum-heads, box-lids, bucket bottoms and other writing-desks, induces me to suspect that many a "Dear Miss" in Georgia can testify that "the heart feels most" as she pronounces the "good-bye" of a "lover" just "off for the wars." Saturday morning gave ample time to finish the letters that the "extinguish lights" of Friday night cut short.

Saturday evening, our suspense was relieved by orders to load wagons and march. The first part of the orders was speedily obeyed; and just as we were ready to march, the order was countermanded and we were instructed to unload wagons and put up tents at leisure. Of course there were a few who, just then, thought, of "I told you so, I know'd it;" but a greater number concluded, "they won't fool ME so next time."
Saturday night none of us visited the battle-field, but we turned out finely to the land of dreams.

Sunday, September 1st, was a sad day. The sick of our regiment, about one hundred in number, were sent to Richmond, to be cared for there. From Hancock Confederate Guards were sent - Lieut. Mark Latimer, Sergt. T.H. Culver, Sergt. C.P. Culver, Corp. B.C. Culver, A.B. Parrotte, W.T. Te. Warthen and C.H. Rubank.

From Hancock Volunteers were sent - Benj. Wallis, E. Swint, W.J. Harper, J. Askew. A.J. Smith and J. Cato. We are pleased to learn that the sick are doing well.

The consciousness that these letters can be of no interest at all to any reader except those who have immediate friends here, causes me to confine PARTICULARS to the two companies whose friends, I suppose, read the Georgian.

While we remember with grateful hearts many at home, who have ever been solicitous for our comfort, we feel under special obligations to D. Ponce, Esq., of Hancock County, who, with prudent forethought and generous liberality, has sent us about sixty good feather pillows. We were glad some weeks ago, to learn that new relations had secured to him fair prospects of an easy position for years to come and we are pleased to realize that he did not forget to provide that the weary soldier might have a soft pillow for his aching head.

The disappointment of Saturday having passed off, things went on as usual until Wednesday evening, when we were again notified that we would march soon, and must put ourselves in readiness. THIS TIME we would go, certain. A few rainy days gave guess-work sufficient time to change our expected march to battle into a move to Centreville. Saturday brought us a fair day and orders to strike tents and load wagons.
Just as we had done so and formed a line, ready to march, we told to unload the wagons and put up our tents. Fooled another time. This is a specimen of a soldier's life. We are machines - have no use for THINKING — only ACTING. But it is all right. Age and experience make the schoolboy confess that the strictness, the thorough drilling, of the teacher was right. This schooling is necessary to prepare us for obeying orders, the necessity of which we may not perceive, but upon the execution of which depends the fate of a battle. We are willing, if need be, to crawl in the dust, under the "rag of secession," that we may establish those principles, for the defense of which, posterity will rise up and call us blessed.

It is a high petition to be a Southern soldier. It is a high privilege, at the bidding of duty to march, fight, suffer, and, if necessary, die in the defense of such a cause. Let the man who consults private interest, ease and safety, rather than duty; who does nothing, or only a LITTLE now, remember that posterity will DEMAND the reason.

We have enjoyed pleasant homes, beneath a soft Southern sky; fanned by gentle breezes, fresh from Southern bowers. We love those homes and the sweet ones there. But the invader has come. He has written "booty and beauty" wherever he has set his foot. Our wives and our children are holding up their hands, begging us to protect them. We have no home now. We want none until the invader is driven back and made to know that SOUTHERN MEN will be FREEMEN. When we fail to do this, the only testimony that will be received in justification of any man will be his own bleeding bones, left as a monument, bearing witness that he is not to blame.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE
Of the Central Georgian

CAMP TAYLOR, CENTREVILLE, VA.,
September 15, 1861

My last letter left us on Saturday evening. The excitement caused by taking down tents and putting them up again had subsided, and a beautiful evening presented a favorable opportunity for calm reflection. We look around and on every hill is a little village. The shadows of our small white houses are growing long, for the sun in almost hidden by the towering heights of the far off Blue Ridge. Already the smoke rises from a thousand little fires where the busy men are cooking their frugal meals. The loud report of a distant platoon tells us that another poor soldier has at last found a resting place for weary mortality. We know not who he is, but we feel that a patriotic heart has ceased to beat — that our brother has fallen. Sympathy runs far South and embraces loved ones, as yet unconscious that they are bereaved — perhaps doting parents whose earthly hopes cluster around an only son — perhaps a loving wife whose trusting heart must ever be shrouded in weeds of mourning.

Night spreads her curtain, and we gaze with admiration on the same little stars that twinkle at home. We think of the dear ones there, and the cause which has separated us from them. We feel that this war is forced upon us. We never desired it. We did all that we could to avoid it. Our Revolutionary fathers taught us, both by precept and example, to resist oppression, to declare and maintain independence, to govern ourselves as we think best. If THEY could not endure a tax on tea because it violated a sacred principle, how could WE submit to be governed by those whose steady determination is to sacrifice our happiness, and even our lives, in the abolition of an institution guaranteed to us by the constitution of our fathers, committed to us by God Himself, and for the
proper use and perpetuation of which we are responsible? Mr. Lincoln and other leaders of his party would fain persuade us that they propose none of these things; that they only wish to preserve the Union; but why, then, do they all endorse the doctrines of Helper, whose programme hallows fire, sword, and even poison, as instruments in desolating our homes, ruining us and degrading our children? We had no desire to render evil for evil. We only asked the liberty of modestly withdrawing from the company who had long heaped indignities upon us. We were willing to buy peace at any price, save liberty and honor. We utterly failed. We now appeal only to God and our arms. We ask our enemies no favors. If they can subjugate us, let them do it; but let the earth drink the last drop of blood that courses the veins of even our women and children before they can claim that the South is subjugated.

The public exercises of Sabbath, 8th instant, were a sermon and two prayer-meetings. While there are many who appear to feel an interest in religious duties, I fear the morals of our camp are not quite so good now as a few weeks ago.

Monday evening, we were ordered to prepare for marching early next morning. Whether we believed we would go or not, all prepared for it, and, at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning we left Camp Walker and marched towards Centreville. Much of our way, like many of the roads here, lay through the cultivated but now almost devastated fields. We see Virginia now in rather an unfavorable light, and perhaps this is the reason why some of our boys occasionally call the "Mother of States and statesmen" BAREN. The dwellings here present a very different appearance from those in Georgia. They are often built of rock, with small rooms and little windows, which perhaps contribute to comfort in this climate.
A good barn and fine stock may be seen on almost every farm. Numerous springs and various kinds of pumps afford an abundant supply of good water, but I have seen nothing to indicate that the children here can appreciate "The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well."

We crossed Bull Run at Blackburn's ford where they are now building a bridge. We had heard that we would have to wade, but a few logs, laid for this purpose, enabled us to cross dry shed. This stream, hitherto unimportant, is now a monument to Southern glory and Northern disgrace. Its turbid waters flow through a channel of perhaps fifty feet. It is often shallow, but is easily swollen into a large stream. Its banks, in many places, are quite steep. The size of the stream, the color of the water, and the nature of the banks, somewhat resemble Buffalo, just above Long's Bridge. Near this place the traveler may find a negro who is anxious to bear witness to his great love for his Northern brethren by selling their bones. The supply is likely to be greater than the demand while the blockade lasts.

After marching about six or seven miles, we arrived at our present locality, Camp Taylor. This place is about one-half mile south-east of Centreville, and immediately on the old "Braddock Road." We are camped in a high open field, convenient to three or four springs of good water, and are on the very spot where thousands of the enemy camped a few days before the Manassas battle. Among the articles we have found on their old camping ground are canteens, tin cups and plates, knives, old clothes, gun locks, bayonets, two or three pistols, decks of cards, parts of letters, envelopes representing in glowing colors a New York Zouave leading a charge and bearing a staff with a sign-board pointing "TO RICHMOND."
The citizens here say it was indeed a powerful army, well equipped, and, humanly speaking, seemed perfectly irresistible. The idea that they might be defeated by the "Southern barbarians" seems never to have entered their minds.

Having learned that the Episcopal church in Centreville was much disfigured by the enemy while here, I visited it today, and the scene beggars description. The furniture is destroyed. Over a beautiful little pulpit is written in large letters, "Death to traitors, thus saith the Lord." "Jeff. Davis" is represented hanging. The walls below and in the gallery are completely covered with the names of soldiers, generally giving their company, regiment and State. Many of them are dated July 20th, 1861. I noticed that the following States were represented by their regiments: Maine, (two regiments at least); New Hampshire, Massachusetts (several regiments), Connecticut (many regiments), New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan. Perhaps other States were represented. The walls are plastered, and most of the writing is done with fire coals. A few vulgar and profane sentences may be seen, but their chief object seems to have been to record their own names and our fate. As a specimen of the latter, I copied the following:

"Citizens of Virginia - Your cowardly acts will certainly fall upon your own heads. You will, like Haman, be hanged upon your own gallows. You will find that the way of the transgressor is hard; and this war, which you have brought on by your own acts, will leave your native homes desolated and many of your religious brothers sleeping in traitor's graves.


Just beneath the above is written, "Cowards talk loudly when danger is far away, but when the tug of war comes, they depend for safety
on their cowardly heels. Thus it was with the lover of the old stars
and stripes."

Among other lines I copied the following:

"The Yankees thought to have some fun,
At certain place they call Bull Run;
But be it said, to their great dismay,
In double quick time they hastened away."

In another place is written:

"The Yankees who these walls defaced,
Have met the Southerner, face to face,
And turned their backs and brought disgrace
Upon the Northern Yankee race."

In another place we read:

"Abe’s hosts, what think you of the fun
Of double-quicking from Bull Run?
In passing here did you not feel mean
That this by the victors should be seen?"

I might add more, but this will suffice. I will try and gather
some particulars concerning the great confusion of the enemy on their
retreat through this place, for my next letter, by which I hope to
interest some friend at home.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Army Correspondence
Of the Central Georgian.

Camp Pine Creek, Between Centreville and Fairfax, Virginia, 19th Ga. Regiment, Sept. 29, 1861.

Centreville is a small village of an antique and dilapidated appearance, five or six miles off the railroad, and is indebted to the "grand army" for its notoriety at the present day. In size and appearance it somewhat resembles Pownelton, Ga., where we soldiers received that last good dinner. Pownelton is rather the better looking place. Our stay at Camp Taylor was so short, and camp duties so numerous, that I found little time to gather information from the clever people of Centreville, (for such I found them), or to examine minutely the country around. We were very much pleased with our camp there, and had it not been for our great desire to do what we have to do and return home, the orders to move would have been received with regret. I have no means of ascertaining the elevation of the place, but it must be considerable. The water is abundant and very good; the atmosphere is bracing and the scenery around is strikingly beautiful. Here we behold the Blue Ridge, rising in solemn grandeur and extending far away to the north and west. Here we stand on the same heights where Northern ladies and congressmen stood, where they saw the smoke and heard the thunderings, but durst not approach nearer the volcanoes that belched forth leaden lava on Manassas Plains. Here, too, stood Russell, who has never seen anything this side the Atlantic worthy to be admired save his 'long trotter,' himself, and his 'lunch;' who has perhaps somewhere seen a scarecrow here, and never can get the idea out of his head.

In my last letter, I mentioned the desecration of the Episcopal Church here by the Yankees. This is in perfect keeping with their general conduct. In many instances they entered private houses and appropriated
to their own use everything valuable. A gentleman showed me his bureau, out of which they had taken the drawers for horse-troughs. Gardens and corn-fields were destroyed and large quantities of fencing used for fuel. They burned a good dwelling on the hill between Camp Taylor and the village. This hill had been fortified by our men, but on the approach of the enemy they retreated. This retreat, like many other things, had the desired effect of emboldening the enemy and leading them on to Manassas, by which the engagement became more general and our victory more brilliant.

It seems that the Yankees never will learn to estimate the Southern people correctly. As they advanced through Centreville, they considered the "rebels" a feeble band, which would be scattered before them like chaff before the wind. They intended to nip secession in the bud. They knew not that it was already a mighty tree whose towering limbs are supported by branching roots taking deep hold in the hearts of millions of earth's best and bravest, who are determined to live beneath its shades or die beneath its ruins.

As the Federalists retreated through Centreville they had formed a very different, but scarcely less erroneous, opinion of their enemies. Terrorstricken, they now considered their conquerors a barbarous people whose hearts were destitute of human feeling, but who, after fighting like demons, would overtake and slay the most humble suppliant without mercy. With this feeling, each one tried to escape for his life. So great was the panic that when they reached Centreville, a distance of about six miles, men who had received no wounds would fall perfectly exhausted at the doors of citizens and beg for some protection so that life might be spared. When assured that they would not be slain, but only detained as prisoners of war and treated with kindness, they were loth to believe it.
They knew so little of the generous people they were vainly trying to subjugate, that they still trembled with fear. No wonder that when the thick clouds of danger have passed away and the sunshine of kindness has warmed the hearts of these prisoners, they have frequently expressed, and perhaps occasionally felt, the conviction that this war is unjust - that the Southern people are truly generous and brave.

Near Camp Taylor, in a beautiful meadow covered with tall green grass, is a little spring shaded by a few surrounding trees. Here, on Sabbath morning, September 15th, we met to worship God; to unite our voices with those of Christians at home in prayer and praise to the Great Shepherd who thus far hath led us on. Our chaplain delivered an appropriate sermon after reading the 23rd Psalm. I ask the reader to turn to the Psalm and imagine us on the green grass beside the little stream. Sweet imagination! Often dost thou stretch thy balmy wings and bear us far away to our own sunny homes. There we stand beside our loved ones, bow with them around the family altar, accompany them to the same church where we used to go, join in the same hymns, listen to earnest prayers for soldiers far away, and hear the oft-rejected invitation, "turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" Ah! man, made in the image of God! How fallen! What has not sin done? Envy causes man, like Cain of old, to thirst for his brother’s blood; to invade our peaceful homes and tear away from families and friends millions who,

However much at home they’re needed,
Never hear their country’s call unheeded.

Sunday evening we received orders to prepare for marching early next morning. Here, as at Camp Walker, we had to leave a few sick men. While the soldier is blessed with good health he can bear well the hardships and privations of camp life, but if any one is entitled to sympathy it is the sick soldier in camps.
Far away from the kind attentions of mother, wife, or sister, he languishes. A single blanket, or two at most, separates him from the cold, damp ground; while a thin cotton roff protects him from the dew and the rains of heaven. Even if facilities and sympathy are never wanting, fellow-soldiers little know how to place the pillow, bathe the fevered temples, prepare the gruel, and render the many little services necessary to the comfort of the sick chamber. Our devoted people are everywhere making praiseworthy efforts to provide for the comfort of the sick. Hospitals are prepared, where those seriously ill are removed, and I hope well nursed; but view it in the best light, to be sick away from home and family is a sad misfortune. Our sick men bear their afflictions with remarkable fortitude, seldom uttering a complaint. William Moran, a member of the Hancock Volunteers, died at Camp Walker on the 17th instant. This is the only death that has occurred in the two Hancock companies since we left Georgia. Several are quite sick. There have been nine deaths in our regiment.

Monday morning, w (Toombs' Brigade) took the old "Braddock Road" and marched toward Fairfax. As we advanced, among others whose demonstrations might be noticed, I observed one with hoary locks and trembling limbs leaning on the fence in front of his house. As our different companies passed by he continued bowing his head, waving his hands and exclaiming with apparently the deepest feeling, "May success attend you. God be with you." The old man's blessing made a deep impression on my heart. We feel that many aged men and women, too, at home, are continually praying that success may attend us - that God will be with us.

A short march brought us to our present locality, Camp Pine Creek, four miles from Centreville. Soon after our arrival here on Monday, heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Alexandria.
This created considerable excitement among our boys. Some of them counted about one hundred guns. We supposed it to be about Munson's Hill, and thought it likely we would have to double quick to that point immediately. If I were asked to describe candidly the excitement caused by the hearing of these guns, I do not think I could do so better than by saying it was very much the same as that felt by the huntsman when he hears "a good pack of hounds in full cry." We have since learned that the enemy were firing at some point with no effect, and it was not returned by our men. In a few hours we received orders to prepare rations for three or four days, and hold ourselves in readiness. Yesterday evening one regiment of our brigade left their tents here and went as pickets in the neighborhood of Munson's Hill. I suppose it will be our turn soon. While I write, batteries of artillery are rolling by.

Our present camp is on a red clay hill, covered with a soft rock, which is likely to furnish all our smokers with pipes, if they do not burst in burning. If some of our Georgia ladies who have been raised in the lap of luxury could see their —— a kneading dough, making biscuits, parching and grinding coffee, picking chickens, (when they can get them), washing the pot, boiling beef, making hash, TENDING wood and water, carrying off slops, &c., &c., all of which I can look round and see, they would no doubt renew their resolutions to cultivate economy and kitchen accomplishments, at least while the war lasts. But our women need nothing to stimulate them to do their duty. It affords me much pleasure to testify to the very active part which the ladies of Georgia and her sister States have taken in bearing the burdens of the day. Scarcely a woman can be found who has not lavished her smiles, her encouraging words, her last dollar, many hours of labor, and the best dishes of her table upon the devoted men who have placed their bodies a breastwork.
between her and the invading enemy who has inscribed her disgrace upon his banners. No woman is willing to apologize for the presence of a do-nothing husband now. They have given up the objects nearest their hearts without hesitation or murmurs. They have said to husbands and sons and lovers, "Go, in the name of God and our country; our hearts are with you, but never return to tell us you are defeated." Not a lassie but has knit her socks for the soldiers; not a matron but has labored to clothe the soldier and desired to nurse him when sick or wounded. Should the old family record ever be marred to show an age "under eighteen," or "over forty-five," I will vouch that woman's hands will not do it. We feel the absence of female society now, but we cherish the sweet hope that when the storm of war shall have passed and the bow of peach shall span our Southern sky; when the stars and the bars, the pride of Southern freemen, shall float unmolested in every breeze that plays upon our eastern hills or lingers on our western plains, then we shall return to admire and love the virtues of her who is indeed Heaven's best gift to man.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Indisposition has prevented my writing to friends at home through the Georgian, for the last two weeks. For aught I know, this cessation of my letters may have given an agreeable rest to many; for truly they have been much longer and more frequent than I first intended.

I well know that important news is old at home before my communications are received and read; but it gives me pleasure to talk with those I love, and since distance prevents our talking I sometimes love to write to them. I would that I could receive letters written by the many who I know feel an interest in our welfare.

When I closed my last letter to the Georgian, I expected to accompany our regiment on picket, to stand on Monson's hill, see the dome of the Federal capital, Arlington heights, the spires of Georgetown, the high hills of Maryland, the Yankee pickets, with many other objects, and return to write a letter which I hoped would be interesting on account of the scenes described. After I was sick and could not go on picket so as to record the most important events connected with our stay in Virginia thus far, I almost resolved to write no more. However prudent such a resolution might have been, I, like many others, do not always act prudently.

Nothing of importance occurred after the close of my last letter until Thursday, Sept. 26th, when the regiment was ordered to cook rations for going on picket next morning. The day was spent in cooking. It rained heavily Thursday night and most of the day Friday. The roads are seldom more muddy than they were on Friday morning, when the 15th Georgia regiment started on picket.
The enemy had taken possession of Monson's hill a few days before, so that our regiment advanced no farther than Fall's church. Near this place, after marching about fourteen miles through the mud and rain, they found a large brick house, unoccupied, where they built good fires and expected a good night's rest. Seldom have men needed rest more. About this time, they were nearly dry and preparing to refresh their weary bodies with sleep, orders came that the enemy were flanking them and they must retreat. This was the worst of all; the mud was deep and the wind blew cold. They retreated about three miles in the direction of Fairfax Court house, and here, without any fire, slept on their arms (if they could sleep) awaiting the approach of the enemy. No enemy came. This was a night which those present will never forget— which can be but faintly described by one who did not see and feel the sufferings there. Many things occurred while the regiment was on picket that would interest the public, and I hope they will be written by some one who was present. Several times they were drawn up in line of battle and expected a fight immediately, but the alarm always proved false, for none of our men saw a Yankee while they were gone. As they did not go to Monson's hill they did not see the Federal Capital and surrounding objects. While the regiment was on picket Dr. Alfriend's boy left him, and his whereabouts was not fully ascertained until the following appeared in a Washington paper of October 1st: "A contraband came into our lines this morning near Fall's Church and was taken to the headquarters of Gen. McDowell at Upton's hill. He stated that he was the servant of the Surgeon of the 13th Georgia regiment which was encamped together with two other regiments four miles from Falls Church, on the road leading to Fairfax Courthouse. He also said, there are no rebel troops there excepting those just mentioned. Neither were there any fortifications this side of Fairfax Courthouse.
"He gave as a reason for the recent precipitate retreat of the rebel
armies mentioned by an officer in his hearing, that they were fearful
of a flank movement by the Federal army from the direction of Lewins-
ville; that he had heard his master the Surgeon say on Thursday last,
that the fortifications on the river below Washington were very extensive;
that Beauregard had given orders to close the navigation of the Potomac
to our vessels."

In some important particulars his information was far from
correct, and more likely to benefit us than otherwise. On Wednesday night
October 2nd, our regiment returned, prepared to do full justice to the
warm suppers prepared by those left behind. They came generally in fine
health and spirits, many of them declaring that when the weather is good
they prefer no tents. For this great idea of the importance of ventilation
we are indebted to Dr. Stone of Linton, Georgia. His great reputation
for success in the treatment of typhoid fever caused him to be telegraphed
to Capt. T.J.Smith, who was very low, but has now so far recovered as to
with
leave his wife for his home in Georgia. Typhoid fever is much dreaded in
camps and according to Dr. Stone's theory always will be while we are crowd-
ed in small tents, with doors closed, and no opening near the top for the
escape of the carbonic acid produced by respiration, but where they must
breathe over and over again the same air, long since deprived of its life-
giving properties. Many of us not only open wide the doors to our tents,
but have made an opening near the top opposite the door so that a current
can pass through. One accustomed to a good supply of fresh air cannot bear
to sleep in a close tent. Some communications from Dr. Stone to the Rich-
mond papers, on the great importance of ventilating our tents, received
very favorable comments, and the subject is receiving considerable attention.
After remaining with us and gratuitously attending the sick for more than a month, Dr. Stone left for Georgia yesterday. Mr. John R. Latimer, who has remained with us until he seems like one of our number, also Mr. James Rushin who arrived a few days ago, left for Georgia yesterday.

Saturday evening, Oct. 5th, we were ordered to send off all the sick immediately to Fairfax station, also to pack up all our heavy baggage that we could not easily and send it to Fairfax so that it might go to Manassas. Of course something was to pay this time. Perhaps we were to march a considerable distance. Perhaps the enemy were advancing in large numbers and we were to fall back and fight at Bull Run again. One week has elapsed and we are no wiser yet. We have seen no reason for sending to Richmond many who were not seriously sick, but were unable to march, nor for sending our baggage to Manassas. There was no doubt a reason for it at the time. Perhaps there is yet something ahead of us; more likely our Generals thought they could and would draw out the invading army and get a fight. I have heard that we fired into the enemy's camp, but could not get a fight on any terms. That they are cowards and afraid to meet us in the open plain no one here doubts. Many of our soldiers, like myself, thought that an overcoat and blankets would be as much as they could well carry, especially if they had to double-quick some distance and therefore sent off to Manassas all their clothes except the suit they had on expecting to meet with the balance of their baggage soon. We may get it soon, or we may wait some time. I sent off all my paper and envelopes, reserving only enough to write a few letters to my wife, and it is through the kindness of a friend that I get paper for writing this letter.

I believe that our government tries to provide well for the sick, but where there are so many it cannot always be done. The orders to carry the sick to Fairfax were general throughout this division of the army,
and they were carried by thousands; much faster than they could be provided for. The sick of our regiment were carried early enough to be moved to Manassas and Richmond before the rain, but I learn from an eye witness that on Monday night, when the rain fell in torrents, many of the sick just brought in were lying around Fairfax station without shelter, some of whom were unable to raise their heads off the ground. Mothers leaned over their sons, wives over their husbands, in the beating rain, trying to administer to the necessities of their sick. Some would try to pile up sticks and stones under their friends, so that the water might pass under them. This is a bad picture and by no means common, but was caused by the unavoidable circumstances of the occasion. Next day the Provost Marshal arrived, took possession of the hotel for the sick soldiers, sent off many, and provided in the best manner possible for the comfort of all. I think the health of our regiment is improving. Out of 725 cases reported sick in the regiment, up to October 1st, 250 of which were measles, there were only fourteen deaths. I think the small per cent of deaths indicates that our sick have been pretty well cared for. John Layfield and James Black, of the Hancock Confederate Guards, William Moran, Jesse R. McWhorter, and Jesse T. Butts of the Hancock Volunteers, have died.

The continued and very severe affliction of his wife made it necessary for Lieut. Lamar of the Hancock Volunteers, to tender his resignation and return to her. His place is filled by C.C. Brown.

Monday, Oct. 7th, six of us were sent with a wagon to Manassas to carry and box up some guns, expecting to return to our camps at night. In the evening it rained very hard and when our work was completed it was some time after dark. The rain continued to fall, the ground was covered with water, we knew Bull Run could not be forded and we were ten miles from our camps without shelter, blankets or supper.
The only alternative was to camp out, having only a small chop axe we could not cut down the large oaks around our camp, but were compelled to use as fuel the chestnut rails of a fence nearby. We made a large fire, but several times when the rain fell fastest, we had to lean over it and protect it by every means in our power. We were glad to see day break.

To hear some of my comrades say, "this is worse than we fared on picket," was a little consolation to me, since I felt mortified that I was unable to accompany them on picket. As we could not cross Bull Run at Mitchell's ford we went up to the Stone Bridge. At the house of a Mr. Lewis we stopped and asked if we could get something to eat. They provided us dinner, consisting of what is a rarity with us here; a good ham, well boiled, with such other things as made a splendid meal. After we had warmed by a good fire and eaten a very hearty dinner, we were charged only 25cts. and that by a man whose fields and crop are so devastated by war that he knows not how he is to get through the winter. I tell you Mr. Lewis and his wife have hearts in the right place. Their house is so near the Manassas battle-field that it was struck by three cannon balls. He says his lands were appraised at thirty dollars per acre before the war, now he dares any man to offer him almost any price. He would like to move to Cass County, Ga., where he has some relatives.

Stone Bridge has truly the correct name. It is composed entirely of stone, and is not as some suppose, a natural bridge, but is altogether the work of man. It is perhaps twenty-two feet in width and about one hundred and seventy five in length. The water passes through two stone arches of about twelve or fourteen feet each. It is on a turnpike road, and the best receipt I can give for making a turnpike is, put in all the stones you can find. The price for riding on it in a wagon without springs is to be jolted almost to death.
Between Stone Bridge and Centreville we crossed Bull Run which has a good bridge, also Rocky Run where the high waters had been superior to some team and had washed a wagon, loaded with stores down stream.

Thursday was a great day in camps. We received our pay up to Sept. 1st. We privates received $16.50.

Last night we were on guard and when it began to rain, all were sent in except one to guard the provisions. It fell to my lot to stay near the cattalas and I received from the sergeant the following special charge, "You may lie down under the provision shed and go to sleep, watch the meat, and keep a sharp look out for signal rockets in the direction of Fairfax Courthouse." Many laughable scenes occur in camps.

Capt. Latimer has been quite a favorite with his men, and we much regret that being unable to stand the exposure of camp life he has found it necessary to tender his resignation. Anticipating its reception, almost every officer is looking out for promotion and a large share of the privates are expecting an office. We can not tell now what will be the result. Should I get a high position I shall hasten to let it be known generally, but I think my chance is rather slim now.

The weather is becoming cool here.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
One piece thought to be lost.  

We regret to learn that our most esteemed friend and correspondent, Mr. Ivy W. Duggan, is in Richmond sick, not seriously, however, we trust. This will account for the non appearance of his very interesting letters from the army of the Potomac.

Nov. 1861  

We regret to learn that our popular correspondent, Ivy W. Duggan, who had so far regained his health as to rejoin his company, has again been smitten by the hand of disease and for the third time been compelled to return to the hospital. Mr. Duggan’s patriotism is greater than his strength.

Jan. 1862  
Mr. Editor: When I joined the army and left Georgia, I assumed the office of occasionally informing our mothers, wives, sisters and children where we were and what we were doing. You very kindly permitted me to make the Georgian the medium of communications. That the task was very imperfectly performed none is more conscious than myself; still, had my health permitted me to remain with the Regiment, I should have continued to write, flattering myself that a few friends would appreciate any effort however poor, to interest them. When the duties of a private soldier allow me a spare moment I shall endeavor to glean little sheaves for those whom penury has denied large and fruitful fields.

My last letter was written from Camp Pine Creek, Fairfax County, Va. In a short time we were ordered to retreat back to Centreville. Here I was sick and sent to Richmond. More than once I returned to the regiment, but was soon sent back to Richmond again. When repeated attacks had brought me very low, I was given a furlough. When the soldier who has long been sick, is told he can go home to get well, can again visit his loved ones, his heart gladdens. The swift engine travels too slowly. Each delay seems long. He hastens to place his feet on Georgia's soil, to cross the line of his county, to enter his own home, to meet ... To camp in the woods, to cook the coarse ration or wash the muddy garment, to be a humble soldier benumbs not the cords which so tenderly bind the heart. I have had a good furlough. A sweeter sixty days I shall never enjoy while the dove of peace ceases to brood over our fair land.

Health being restored and furlough nearly out, on Friday night, 28th ult., we took the train for Virginia. When we arrived at Kingsville, S.C., we learned that passengers were not permitted to go via Wilmington, but this was not to be regretted by one who wished to see Columbia, Charlotte,
Raleigh and other places on the upper road. North Carolina made a very favorable impression upon my mind. I love the rivers beside which my mother and all my grandparents played in childhoods gladsome days. So great was the number of recruits going to Virginia that we were generally transported in extra trains. After a short detention at Richmond, Gordonsville and other points, we joined our regiment at camp near Orange Court House, on the morning of the 3rd inst. The weather was beautiful, the soldiers generally enjoying good health, and in fine spirits. It was indeed pleasant to meet again our noble band of fellow-soldiers; many of whom, for their thousand good qualities and kind acts, we have loved at home, loved in the schoolroom and loved in camps. Would that we could have brought for each and every one a thousand messages of love, fresh from the warm hearts beating for them at home.

Here it may be necessary to state that our regiment spent most of the winter in small huts built near the Manassas battle field. On the 8th of March, having previously sent all their heavy baggage, including trunks, and a portion of their blankets and clothing, to Manassas — all of which was afterwards burned — the regiment began to retreat, leaving the far-famed Manassas, the well fortified Centerville, and the sacred plains where heroes sleep, to the cowardly enemy for whom we had long waited, but who, remembering the past, durst approach our capital not from this but from another quarter. Arriving at Culpepper C.H. the regiment remained a few days and then fell back to Orange, near the place, as before stated, I found the regiment.

On Sunday evening, April 6th, we were ordered to March towards Fredericksburg. After marching most of the night we halted, some eight miles beyond Orange, until 9 o'clock Monday morning. We then marched five or six miles farther.
Here Gen. Toombs received farther orders and we halted. Before dark it was snowing freely. Having but two tents to each company, we had to look out the dryest places we could find to sleep. I, with many others, crawled into a barn loft where a good roof and plenty of hay made us comfortable for the night. Some, by turning out horses and getting a dry stable, fared better than others who found no dry place to sleep. Tuesday morning brought plenty of rumors. It was said the enemy had gone below Fredericksburg and our services would be required elsewhere. Some said we would march to Gordonsville and take the train there; others said we would go to Louisa C.H. "Fall in" made us exchange the dry loft for mud, rain and snow, and we were soon rapidly marching back to Orange. After a hard march through the mud, bettered some by the remains of the old plank road, we passed through Orange and arrived at our old camp. It was very cold. The axes were behind with the wagons, and everything was covered with snow and sleet. With difficulty we started fires, spread some blankets to protect us from the falling sleet, and rested as best we could during the night.

Wednesday it rained, snowed and sleeted alternately. Thursday morning the "King of Dew" showed his smiling face, and by evening snow-balling, which I suppose nearly played out at winter quarters, was out of the question.

The distant mountains refused to lay aside their white robes so early. The wagons having left early in the morning, we began to think a trip to Richmond on the cars quite probable. In this we were not mistaken, for twilight found us at Orange, where were waiting seven or eight trains to convey Toombs' brigade to Richmond. Made rumors told some one a fight was expected at Yorktown, and we would hasten to point. So many trains caused considerable delay and it was Friday evening when we reached Richmond. We all belong to the Confederacy and it matters little when and where we go, provided all are not "eat out" as is the case between Orange and Richmond.
At the latter place we found plenty to eat, and through the kindness of someone we obtained bread at the depot without money. From the Central depot we marched to camp Winder, where we are at present comfortably quartered. The weather is pleasant. Virginia is a great State, Georgia's own sister, but I love best our own more southern clime, where the birds sing early and the flowers hasten their coming. Weeks ago, Georgia showed me many beautiful flowers which have not yet cast off the mantle of winter here.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
For the Central Georgian. Camp Near Yorktown, Va.
April 23rd, 1862.

There are many things to interest the observer in Richmond. Near camp Winder is the reservoir from which water pumped from the river, is conveyed to every house in the city. In the same vicinity is Hollywood Cemetery. The many monuments here splendid almost beyond conception, bear testimony to the fact that wealth and splendor cannot satisfy the claims of the king of terrors while grass covered mounds, marked by plain boards and adorned by simple flowers, show that death deigns not to enter the abodes of poverty. Here sleep the little infant, the brave soldier and the great statesman, Monroe and Tyler have deposited their mortality here.

The marble sentinels on Shockoe hill tell us that thousands have long dwelt in this house of the dead. St. John's cemetery surrounds the house in which Patrick Henry said "give me liberty or give me death." Oakland has long lines of soldier graves, not yet covered with grass nor watered with tears.

There are three Georgia hospitals in Richmond. Our noble State has done much for these, and thereby rendered as comfortable as possible the dying bed of many noble sons. I have reason to believe that the contributions for these hospitals have been well applied, and I know many have thereby been benefitted. More than once I have been sick in the third Georgia hospital and have received the kindest attentions. Among other familiar names, I one day found on the cover of my couch Mrs. C**** Sandersville, Georgia. Let no one who has contributed to these hospitals regret it.

There are many families in Richmond who have made sacrifices for the sick soldier, but there is one to whom our Hancock companies are specially indebted. Ever since the battle of Manassas, Mr. John M. Blakey's house has been filled with soldiers.
Mrs. Blackey has nursed many of us when very low, with all the kindness of a sister, and we love the family, with whom the highest officer and the humblest private when sick feel at home. Were Mr. Blackey an Astor, Georgians would need no public hospital in Richmond, and we would sooner forget Beauregard and Johnson than the young but kindhearted Mrs. Blackey, who, disregarding her own happiness, and nursing the sick with her own hands, has helped us when we were not able to help ourselves.

Vice President Stephens has continually visited the hospitals, giving advice, comfort and assistance which will cause many Georgia youths even to remember him as a father. From the highest position in the nation he is accessible to the humblest boy in the army who needs assistance.

Many tall steeples in Richmond invite the convalescent soldier to come and unite in prayer and praise with those who forsake not the assembling of themselves together.

The Capitol, State Library, Equestrian Statue of Washington surrounded by Jefferson, Mason, and Henry, and the marble statue of Clay are all objects of interest.

Saturday, April 12th, many of us saw the city, got something good to eat, and, best of all, received letters from home. Tuesday, some of us went to church and when we returned the regiment has received orders to leave for the Peninsula. Thousands had collected on Main St. to see and cheer the different regiments as we passed. Arriving at the wharf, we found several boats waiting to convey us, Toombs and Jones' brigades, down the James river. As our boat, the Northampton, loosed from the shore, the sun set, but the rising moon began to shed her pale rays on the calm surface of our classic steamer. Scarce two miles and we are passing the old home of Powhatten. On these old Indian grounds we are shown two stones.
Tradition, not always truth, says the old Indian chief sleeps under one, while the other is the altar on which Capt. Smith was to be sacrificed when the dark-eyed maid with flowing locks and bare arms, fished forth, rescued to the hero and gave his history the name of Pocahontas. Where our steamboat now carries whole regiments, the red man sped his light canoe. Where stands the splendid mansion, the little wigwam formerly stood. Beautiful gardens, studded with summer houses, have cleared away the spreading oak, where sat the Indian maid, awaiting the return of him, who, when come, recited long legends of love and heroic deeds, while yonder moon held her feeble light. But the red man has passed away, leaving few fragments of his history, save in the names of rivers which ever sing his requiem. Would that we might be a better people, but swords are not yet beaten into plowshares, nor spears into pruning hooks. Two of Gen. Scott's children are buried here, besides a larger and longer mound, thrown up for the defense of the city, which once delighted to do him honor. At 1 A.M. we had reached our landing. After standing or lying about in the cold until day, we marched six or eight miles and camped near Lebanon church, about four miles from Yorktown. By night, our ears were quite familiar with the sound of cannon, and we were constantly expecting to be called into battle. Tuesday the firing of cannon and muskets became still more frequent, and at 2 P.M. we were called into line and marched one mile nearer the enemy, but at sunset we returned to our former camp. Wednesday morning the sick were sent off and we moved nearer the enemy. Afternoon the roar of musketry and the booming of cannon told us that the battle had begun. After double quickening about two miles, in a circuitous rout, we took our position in line of battle. While waiting in reserve here, scores of balls and shells passed over our heads and although not a man in our regiment was wounded, many escaped narrowly.
It seems to me that I can best describe the noise produced by muskets, cannons and shells as resembling a hail storm, pelting the roof, while thunder roars almost incessantly. Occasionally a man, slightly wounded, would pass us, and one said, the enemy was fighting us from our own breastworks. We could hear anything but the truth. I concur in the opinion, generally expressed, that the officers and men in our regiment were perfectly cool, and well prepared for the battle, which we every minute expected to enter. I did not see a single man who appeared excited. It seems that the enemy, observing our men has stacked arms and were throwing up works, made a sudden charge and in places gained our works, but were immediately driven back with considerable slaughter. Under a flag of truce they have since buried their dead, but it is said that many still lie in the pond which separates us. From the best information I can obtain, I think our killed did not exceed twenty or twenty five. Now so many thousand balls and shells killed so few is indeed strange, for they threw hundreds of shell all over the country around. At dusk we marched back to our camp, scarcely missed by some of the balls which the chagrined enemy had now learned to throw only at long distance.

Early Thursday morning, we took our place behind the breastworks. Here our distance from the enemy is such that three or four of our brigade (none of our regiment) were killed during the day by sharpshooters. I presume the enemy suffered in the same manner. During the night an attack was made at one point, but volleys of musketry all along our line taught the enemy, if intending an attack, to stand his distance. The reader will bear in mind that we are separated from the enemy by a creek, across which have been constructed dams, Nos.1,2 &c. The fight on Wednesday occurred on No. 1.
Our line of breastworks extends along the edge of these ponds and the enemy's works are on the other edge. In places the distance is so great that there is little danger, but at other places no one is safe unless he is in the trenches. Much might be said of our batteries, the length of our lines and the number of our men stationed there, but I desire not to tread on forbidden ground.

Our cooking utensils are absent with our wagons and this, with other causes, has made our fare very hard for several days, but we are willing to live on little and work hard, when unavoidable circumstances make it necessary. Nor do we complain at being up and doing all night when our country's need makes the demand. Saturday night and Sunday our position in the trenches was quite unpleasant on account of the rain which continued to fall until last evening. We have had no tents for a long time, but even when wet here, it has not been very cold. Monday night and Tuesday, we were again behind the breastworks. Today, as usual when not otherwise employed, we have used our shovels. Before entering the trenches tonight, a pleasant evening has lent me an hour for basting together the rude squares of my patchwork for the Georgian. I do not know that I can mail it, you I will write casting it to the winds, and hoping for some friendly breeze will waft it homeward. I was so happy as to be one of the few who received letters from home today. The army here may almost be called an army of Georgians. Should a battle occur it will indeed be a great one, and the honor of Georgia is at stake. Many must, perhaps, fall, yet we would know nothing but to trust in God and do our duty.

IVE W. DUGGAN.
Little has transpired in the 15th Ga. Regiment, during the last month, calculated to interest the readers of the Georgian. The "expected" battle at Yorktown will more likely take place near Richmond, but we have already learned that in war present appearances seldom indicate clearly future events to private minds.

My last letter was written and mailed on the evening of April 25th. At night we took our position at the battery near dam No. 1. This place was in full view of the enemy's works, and was in range of their batteries and sharpshooters. Scarcely a man could show his head above the works without being saluted by one or more balls passing too near to be at all agreeable. At this place we became almost as familiar with the whizzing of balls as we ever were in Georgia, with the somewhat similar, but more protracted notes of the mosquito.

My curiosity to see dam No. 1, and the Yankee batteries had been gratified a few days before, under the protection of a flag of truce, and I was therefore quite willing to keep my head below the mound thrown up for our defence. Here the two Hancock companies were separated a short distance so as to have no immediate communication and the day (Thursday, April 24th), was considerably advanced when we received news that saddened every heart. About sunrise, Corp. J.B. Cone, of the Hancock Volunteers, Co. E, was standing, observing the enemy's works, when he received a shot, near the heart, from an unseen sharpshooter. Himself, surgeons and friends thought he would die immediately. He a pressed perfect resignation, only desiring to pass away with as little pain as possible. He remained at the hospital a few days, and then, at his own request, was carried to Richmond, where he died on the 9th inst. He was a citizen of Washington county, a member of the Baptist church, and about thirty years of age.
I was quite intimate with him in camps and can truly testify to his pious walk there. He was active in our prayer meetings, often conversed on the subject of religion, and I do believe the desires of his heart were, "Behold Lord thy servant; do unto me according to thy will." He enjoyed the unbounded confidence and friendship of his Captain, and the respect of his fellow soldiers generally. He was the first of the 19th regiment to fall by the hands of the enemy. His bereaved wife, son and daughter have the soldiers' sympathy. Friday we worked two hours on the batteries and at night took our place, in the rain, near dam No. 1, again. By this time we had learned not to expose ourselves unnecessarily to the sight of the enemy, but still we were not secure from the shell which occasionally burst near us. Our company (K) though near the enemy, escaped unhurt, but Corp. W.H. Butts of the Hancock volunteers, received a very severe wound, which has since proved mortal. A shell exploded near the company and a piece of it passed entirely through his right thigh. He was removed to Richmond. It was hoped his wound would not prove mortal, but he died on the 23rd inst. He was a pious man, a good soldier, and much beloved by the officers and privates of his company. I learn that he too left a wife and two children to mourn an affectionate husband and father, fallen in the war.

Monday, April 28th, we were in the trenches above dam No. 2. Early in the morning we were instructed not to shoot, as we had a body of skirmishers across the pond, and the action of the enemy might make it necessary for them to return near our position. This order was not countermanded, and about 10 A.M. we discovered a regiment across the pond, distant perhaps three or four hundred yards. At the eleventh hour we learned that our skirmishers had returned, and that we might shoot if we were sure they were Yankees. Our fire was returned rapidly by the enemy for about twenty minutes, when they beat a hasty retreat, and company K claimed to have whipped a whole regiment.
It is probable they supposed we had muskets, which would be harmless at that distance, but afterwards discovered the mistake. The enemy can perhaps boast of no advantage gained over us while we were on the Peninsula.

Mayday we had no queen to crown, but we elected T.J. Smith of Hancock, Major, and W.T. Millican, of Franklin, Lieut. Colonel. While we were on the Peninsula, every alternate twenty-four hours was spent in the ditches. The remaining time was spent in throwing up batteries, cooking scanty rations, and writing letters home, with little hope of getting answers. Whoever could run the blockade enjoyed a visit to Yorktown, but I, like many others, only heard what the more fortunate saw—fish, oysters, Yankee gunboats, shells about the size of a keg, the most splendid fortifications, the houses occupied by Cornwallis and Washington, the place where the former surrendered, revolutionary bones, &c., &c.

I suppose our object in working on batteries to the very last was to conceal the intention of retreating, for we continued to work as long as we remained. Friday morning, in the ditches, we credited the rumor that Yorktown and our lines would be evacuated when we were ordered to detail men to cook three days rations. I guess those torpedoes, which the enemy say proved so fatal were planted during the day. We remained in the trenches until about midnight, when, being relieved, we took a final leave of the noisy frogs and owls which frequent the ponds of Warwick creek. We remained in camps until 8 o'clock Saturday night, when, leaving a few ripped tents and burning fires, our brigade began to retreat towards Williamsburg, following the wagons which had gone the day previous. When we retreated from camp Pine creed to Centreville, we learned that large armies sometimes retreat slowly; so it was this time, for after marching all night it was 10 o'clock Sunday morning when we halted just beyond Williamsburg.
He, who is familiar with the history of William and Mary college, will remember that Williamsburg has been in existence a long time, and the soldier, that was as badly fatigued as I was when we marched through, will remember that Williamsburg is a long town. We rested about three hours, and again took up our march towards Richmond. Of the fight at Williamsburg we know no more than our readers, except that we heard the cannon and saw some of the wounded and prisoners. Newspapers and letters were quite scarce, and the thousand and one reports on such occasions, manufactured for the benefit of the inquisitive, are not less false than absurd. No one knows how hard it is to get the truth in camps. Sunday night it began to rain, and on Monday, the march through mud and water was awful. Such is the nature of the earth, that he who escapes a fall or does not lose his shoes is fortunate. One can scarcely form an idea of the condition of the roads, when thousands of wagons have passed. Wet, cold and tired, the night dark and fuel scarce, we fared badly Monday night. Tuesday morning the train started as usual in advance of the regiment, I was detailed with the former, and therefore separated from the latter from some time. When we had traveled a few miles, we learned that the regiment had received orders to march back and meet the advancing enemy. They went back about four miles and camped in line of battle. Wednesday they marched to Barounsville, and after lying all day in line, marched all night and until noon Thursday. Here they were about three miles above New Kent courthouse. Friday they marched near Batton's bridge or the Chickahominy river. With almost no rations, the hunger of the regiment was greater on this retreat than at any other time since we have been in the army. Little could be bought, and the most exorbitant prices were offered for anything to eat. The few who were detailed with the wagons, having a better chance to buy provisions, fared better, and I am under
special obligations to Quartermaster Forbes of our regiment, through
whose kindness and hospitality I was often made quite comfortable on this
memorable retreat. Our wagons camped several days about four miles from
the Long bridge, during which time the regiment was marching from place
to place, below Batton's bridge and constantly expecting a fight. Thurs-
day, 15th inst., the regiment crossed the Chickahominy river, and on Sat-
urday evening passed two miles beyond Richmond. We have since changed
our camps a little, two or three times, and are now in a nice grove, about
four miles from Richmond, on the Central R.R. Almost every day we hear
some firing. Twice we have been called out in line of battle, but the enemy
did not make his appearance. One company goes on picket from our regiment
every day. We frequently see the enemy's balloons, but have yet to learn
that they are very serviceable to him. One day last week our company was
sent about five miles with the wagons of the brigade after forage. We found
plenty of corn and fodder at the house of a clever old farmer, where we
contracted for a nice dinner. This was not in our list of camp duties, but
was not the less acceptable to us. We had scarcely loaded the wagons and
started back, when we received orders that the enemy was likely to cut us
off. On our return we met a regiment sent to our relief. We hastened
back, but we saw no Yankees, nor do I know that any one lost the chicken
he had bought for his next day's dinner.

About 3 o'clock last Monday private William T. Parker, of the
Hancock volunteers, died very suddenly, perhaps from paralysis. He had been
unwell a few days but was able to be up, and had walked a short distance
from the camp, when he fell. He was an inoffensive good soldier, and was
much respected by his company. He sleeps alone on the hill, near our
present camp.
We have recently received a goodly number of letters from home, and this is always comforting to us, for our hearts are there.

The 49th Regiment is at present near us, also the 14th. The 6th and 28th are distant about four miles. These regiments have companies from Hancock, Washington, Wilkinson and Johnson counties. Many of us have today seen our relatives, friends and brothers. If Richmond is taken without a struggle, it shall not be the private soldiers' fault. We expect to fight here for our liberties, our sunny South and our firesides. We do not dread the result. The base proclamation of Butler nerves us, and the success of Jackson encourages us. Let Aaron and Hur hold up Moses' hands while Joshua goes forth to battle.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Mr. Editor - Scarcely had my last letter left me on the 31st of May when the booming cannon of Seven Pines burst upon our ears. We were on the Chickahominy, a few miles above the scene of action. We could distinctly hear the cannon and musketry which did not cease until some time after dark, but our distance was too great to get reliable news that evening. We were camped on the Mechanicsville turnpike, and the batteries across the river threw some shells on our side, doing little or no damage. Early Sunday morning the battle was renewed. About 10 A.M. we began to march towards the field of battle. The firing had now ceased. The day was hot, the roads very muddy and the march quite fatiguing. At the depot on the York river R.R. and also at several houses occupied as hospitals, we saw quite a number of wounded; amongst them, some from our own native counties. A good portion of the evening was spent on the field. Here we saw portions of regiments, from whom we could generally learn who was safe and who had fallen. Alas! many of our friends and schoolmates were reported among the latter. A shadow has fallen on many Southern hearthstones. Buoyant hopes have been blighted, and promising young men are, as exclaimed a fallen one, "Gone for my country." They could not fill more honored graves. Although their sun has set early, clouds of glory will ever be resplendent with reflected rays. I do not receive the Georgian, but I suppose it unnecessary to give a list of the killed and wounded, since others, whose regiments suffered, have no doubt done so, for the benefit of friends at home.

After the battle of Seven Pines our brigade was on picket duty for several days in the vicinity of the rail road. We frequently expected a fight here, and there was some skirmishing along the line but we were not engaged.
There was some artillery practice almost every day, and although we became accustomed to the sound of shells, we never learned to love it. Here I visited the 3rd Ga. regiment, and amongst other friends, I found the familiar, ever cheerful, face of our good friend Dr. A.C.C. Thompson. Many of us visited friends and brothers in the 49th Ga. regiment.

June 6th, we marched farther up the Chickahominy, crossed the "nine mile road" and camped on Garnett's farm. We have occasionally left this place on duty, but have returned to it again, and our knapsacks are now piled there, although it is twenty miles in our rear. Our lines on Garnett's farm formed a sort of horse-shoe and in this neck our brigade stood picket. At times there was an understanding between the pickets on a part of the line that there should be no shooting. On such occasions they would come out in full view, frequently converse across the line, and sometimes exchange papers. Such chats consist, for the most part, of cuts and shrewd remarks, calculated to produce laughter on both sides, and benefit neither. When it is permitted, two men will meet halfway to exchange papers. I have never known one picket to shoot another presenting a white paper, handkerchief, or other flag of truce. Of course one does not carry his gun when he goes to meet another.

Passing on to the 26th of June, I omit many things, which however interesting at other times would not be so now, and the few lines, which I with much difficulty write, must be devoted to the narrating of more recent events; suffice it to say, we have been shelled repeatedly, duties have been almost incessant, rumors of impending battle quite frequent and far not the best.

Thursday morning, having previously cooked two days rations, we took our place in the trenches on Garnett's farm. We had heard the attack would be made that day.
All was expectation. Troops in good spirits. We were told Jackson was building a "stone wall" on the enemy's right and rear. About 4 P.M. the firing of distant cannon told us that the attack had been made on the enemy's right wing. Towards night the report of cannon and musketry increased and it was evident to us that the enemy was driven down the river before our victorious forces. We slept at our post, feeling that we were an impassable wall between the foe and Richmond. Late at night the battle ceased, but was renewed again Friday morning before light. At noon our artillery opened near us, and for an hour shells streamed over and around us, but did little damage. About 2 P.M., a magnificent spectacle was visible from our high position. The enemy had given way before the advancing columns of Hill and Longstreet until they now occupied a very high position, opposite our locality, across the Chickahominy. This place being well fortified and mounting a powerful battery, they determined to hold if possible. For several hours we could see the smoke belch from the enemy's cannon and the small white clouds, instantly forming and moving in the air, showed where the shells burst. Clouds of dust, rising from bodies of men, were clearly visible. Such was our distance from this magnificent scene, the wind being a little unfavorable, that we could scarcely hear the mutterings of their heavy guns. Our position suggested to the mind Russell's description of what he saw from the heights of Centreville on the 21st of July. It is said that our forces made three unsuccessful efforts to storm this position, but late in the evening our brigade engaged the enemy in another quarter, stopping reinforcements across the Chickahominy, and the fourth charge was a complete success. Just before sunset a part of our brigade attacked the enemy near the Garnett house. Our regiment was lying in reserve, but soon had tomahawk through a perfect hail storm of bullets to reinforce the attacking party.
How so many escaped seems almost miraculous. Owen Alford of our company was killed. J.W. Nelson was wounded in the mouth and G.L. Hooks in the hand. I have never heard musketry roar more incessantly than in our engagement on Friday night. About 9 P.M. firing ceased, each side holding his ground. We have since learned that the object of our attacks here was only to draw the enemy's attention while Jackson advanced in their rear. The casualties in our regiment on Friday night were ten killed, fifty-eight wounded (many of them mortally) and two missing. Capt. Burch, of Elbert was killed, also Lieuts. Tilly and Ivey of Tallaferro. Col. McIntosh was wounded and has since died. Another attack was made Saturday morning, but our regiment, although considerably exposed to fire, was not immediately engaged. In this fight Col. Lamar of the 8th Ga. was wounded and taken prisoner, but he was recaptured a day or two afterwards. Sunday morning we formed a line and marched to the strong fortifications in the rear of the Garnett house. Some of us were not less gratified than surprised to find the enemy entirely gone. The great amount of plunder, everywhere visible, showed the haste with which they had departed. Overcoats, blankets and knapsacks were scattered all around. Ripped tents were standing. Throughout the whole retreat the enemy has endeavored to burn or destroy all his commissary stores, but we have found unbroached boxes of crackers, barrels of meat, rice, Irish potatoes, &c., &c., in great numbers. Coffee parched and ground was poured on the ground and in ponds of water, but large quantities have been found uninjured, and much has been used by our own soldiers. The only reason we have not fared sumptuously for more than a week is we have had hard marching and hard fighting until one has been glad to escape with a sound body and single suit of clothes. We have often found cooking utensils, sitting around the ashes scarcely cold, with rations
in the boiler, officer's pistols and swords have been found in their tents. If every one has not a Yankee coat it is not because he could not find a good one. Among other objects of interest, we have found any quantity of letters, some of which are quite amusing. One mother advises her son to get on the cooking detail, if possible. Another lady advises her friend to run every time, so as to save himself. Has a Southern mother ever written such a letter? Have they not, with Spartan valor, borne in triumph the bodies of their sons who have fallen honorably in battle? From these letters, I am convinced that the people of the North are more divided than I had supposed, many of them declaring that the war is unpopular with the people. As we advanced, almost our whole way was lined with camps, showing the number of the enemy to have been very great indeed. Their camps are arranged with much convenience, and they seem to have a great many comforts. Large quantities of ammunition and guns have been burned. While we halted about noon, a negro belonging to our brigade marched up a prisoner whom he alone had captured near a neighboring spring. The negro had taken the Yankee's gun and was walking quite independently by his side. A few straggling prisoners were occasionally brought in. With prudent forethought, all the torpedoes planted by the enemy were taken up and uncapped, and I have not heard that a single one exploded. The reader will bear in mind that we did not advance without opposition, for there were frequent skirmishes between our advance and the Federal rear guard. Now and then a battery would open upon us, and more than once during the day we formed line of battle and charged through woods and swamps, but the pieces were generally gone before we reached the spot. Near night a sharp engagement took place just to our right, but our brigade was not engaged. This evening Gen. Jackson rode up to our line and held
a conversation with Gen. Toombs. Our men could not refrain from cheering the noble hero, who bears laurels so fresh from the field of glory. The night was rainy, and we rested near the railroad. Here we saw the little remnant of the noble 6th Ga. Peace to the ashes of those who have fallen!

Monday we advanced to the Bottom's Bridge road where we halted for several hours while thousands of troops passed. Many of Jackson's hardy boys passed us here. Nearly all of his artillery and many of his wagons were marked "U.S." We saw over four hundred prisoners on their way to Richmond. Some of them seemed quite lively, and asked how far to Richmond. One of them facetiously remarked, "Yes, we are about to beat McClellan there." Occasionally you meet a stubborn prisoner, who says he is right and will fight to the last, but a large majority of them say, they did not want to fight, and are glad they are taken. As we marched through the battle field of Seven Fines, we saw many fresh wounds, and now and then bleaching bones reminded us of Manassas plains. Great earth works stand here, solitary and alone; a monument to the valor of our troops who sealed them. During this excessively hot weather, no one knows how much the soldier often suffers for water. The little mud hole beside the road is often scraped to the bottom before the first regiment has passed. We are often glad indeed to find a running stream, however muddy, where all can fill their canteens. A single well is of little service to several thousand thirsty soldiers. In the afternoon, we began to hear cannon towards the James river. Advancing in that direction we at length began to hear musketry. Soon the road was almost blockaded with ambulances, and we began to meet the wounded. Night had now closed the hard fought battle and covered the wounds but had not hushed the groans. At such times, for a brigade to advance, meeting so many wagons and litters, is
almost impossible. At a late hour we arrived on the battle-field of Monday night. Here, with a thankful heart, I met my brothers who had passed safely through this and other recent battles. Would that all my fellow-soldiers could say the same, but many are fallen. Col. Lane of the 49th Ga. was severely wounded on Friday evening, and now Maj. Rivers in command, while endeavoring to distinguish friends from foes, was taken prisoner. The wounded were collected until large spaces were literally covered. After the hard fighting our forces had driven the enemy from the field of their selection and captured eighteen or twenty guns some of them quite large. We expected the battle to be renewed early next morning and were accordingly placed in line of battle and ordered to sleep on our arms. Dead men were lying all around us, and all night long we heard the groans of the wounded, many of whom were but few paces from us. Details spent the night in gathering up our wounded and those near us belonged to the enemy. Of course our own received attention first, and other battles prevented all even of the wounded from being removed for several days. As day drew near we could hear the enemy giving commands and preparing, as we supposed, for battle, but when we advanced, early in the morning, we found they had again retreated. Our advance revealed to us many more of the enemy's dead and dying. Expecting a battle just ahead, we could only give the suffering enemy a few drops of water and pass on. He, who saw what we here saw, will never forget the horrors of war. Nearly all of these poor wounded men say they have enough of war. Several prisoners were taken Tuesday. I have said we advanced but the enemy were gone. It seems that they had only retreated some distance to occupy a chosen position and make another desperate struggle. The afternoon found us in the line of battle again, advancing on the enemy. We were powerfully shelled and several were wounded. It was growing late when the musketry opened, but the fire was terrific. The enemy in great numbers held a
splendid position, and successfully used much artillery. As we crossed the plain, grape and canister were thrown with wonderful precision. It is said also that shells eight inches in diameter and twenty-two in length were thrown from the gunboats. Owing to the nature of our position our artillery was of little service. Many attempts were made to charge the powerful battery, but all were ineffectual; and the result of the battle was that each side suffered severely and only held his former position. During the night the enemy again retreated, leaving most of his dead and wounded on the field. This closes a series of hard fought battles. In no case have we lost the field, or left our dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy, but they have left theirs to us every time. In all these battles our loss has been great; except Tuesday night, that of the enemy far greater. I am believed there was little difference in loss on that occasion. The casualties in the two companies from Hancock are, in company E, wounded, E.D. Alfriend, H. Garrett, F. McCook, and H.G. Scott, missing, W.W. Simmons. In company K, wounded, C.B. Medlock, J.D. Ferrill, J.F. Matthews, J. Hafarn and O.D. Scott. Missing, C. Broome. None of the wounds are mortal, most of them very slight. I have no list of casualties in the companies from Washington engaged in the fight. I know of none killed or wounded. If Gen. Magruder displayed skill in the arrangement of Tuesday evening few are able to discover it. Some of us found it necessary to get a Yankee coat and blanket from the field, to protect us from the heavy rain. Thursday night we received orders to cook rations. Friday morning we began again to follow the retreating enemy, twenty six miles below Richmond. We expected a battle Saturday morning, but as yet it has been postponed. Sunday we marched two miles lower down. The weather is excessively hot.
We are near the enemy and constantly expecting a fight. It is almost impossible to write a letter. Friends must overlook many imperfections under such circumstances. Our means of getting information is very limited and I desire to write nothing but the truth however hastily I may do so. The Grand army is under cover of their guns. How long they may remain so I cannot tell.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Army Correspondence
Of the Central Georgian.

Camp 2 miles below Richmond, Va.
July 15th, 1862.

Harper reminds me of an old man trying to read without his glasses. He can see what is afar off, but that which is near is shut out from his vision. A copy of the "Gazette Weekly," dated June 26th and found on the battle field, gives us a view in the streets of Paris about the year 1865, while McClellan, "cowering under shelter of his gunboats" a few days afterwards is entirely overlooked. This picture represents the associated frames of "Jeff Davis" and Beauregard begging in the streets of that fashionable city. The latter with hat in hand, tells of former greatness and sympathy gives a "sou," while the former talks of "Dixie" or his brazen horn. Now the artist supposed these heroes would run the very effectual (?) blockade and escape to France we are not informed.

One thing is certain, if President Davis and many others want brass horns they can get them now without buying them, for the Yankees left a great many in their hasty flight. Perhaps their bands could not play the CRAYFISH MARCH, and therefore musicians had to be reduced to ranks. Quicksteps are easily learned; ON TO RICHMOND is performed in very slow time, but the VARIATIONS make it quite difficult; and strange to tell, the best efforts on this piece have as yet terminated in the GUNBOAT POLKA.

Northern papers admit that they have lost much in the late battles, in arms, ammunition and commissary stores; but they say the rebels gained very little, for nearly all was burned. This may be comparatively true, for the face of heaven was darkened by smoke from somany conflagrations; but if what they left was only a SMALL PART, the WHOLE was a vast quantity. If they left but a DROP, the HUCKEY was a large one indeed. More than
half a hundred superior guns, with thousands of arms and ammunition, constitute a part of the booty. If breastworks and huge batteries were worth anything, we captured enough to last the Confederacy a century.

However much we may, in self defense, desire the destruction of our cruel enemy, yet, when we pass the little mound where one lies, sympathy rocks vengeance to sleep, and the heart says, "Let him rest." But the enemy has imposed upon this sweet sister, sympathy; for while they have left thousands of dead and wounded on every battle field, inspection has discovered that some of the little mounds contained many boxes of arms and ammunition, head and foot boards, giving the pretended name and regiment of deceased, to the contrary notwithstanding.

When the late series of bloody battles closed and the enemy took shelter from the storm under the saxes of his iron clad boats, we knew we had accomplished much; but not until the smoke had passed away, not even until we had heard the bitter wail set up by the enemy at home, were we fully prepared to appreciate, the magnitude of the work done. For one time, much of the truth could not be disguised, and Northern papers have, in many instances, been compelled to acknowledge the defeat. One who has picked up a number of late papers left in their camps, and read the many false "letters from correspondents," supported by editorial vouchers, will readily conclude that compulsion alone can break the chains which have long bound truth in hidden labyrinths. It is quite amusing now to read how near they were to Richmond, how steadily they were advancing, how surely it was within their grasp, already within the coils of the great Anaconda and how sad would be the fate of the poor, deluded, dispirited rebels. If we would believe these men of the quill, not a leader in secession had one confidence; even Jeff Davis had to be kept in Richmond
by an armed force, scarcely a regiment would fight unless compelled.
Perhaps they have discovered their mistake, since they have seen themselves
almost surrounded by a spirited foe, their powerful works flanked; the
plains covered with killed and wounded, the whole army put to flight and
driven thirty miles from the den of rebellion. That our loss has been
great is poor consolation to them, when they know theirs is much greater,
that they have been foiled in their boasted designs, and that all their
work is to be done over again. If we had to build such works, this hot
weather, as they have constructed, many of us would "tucker," as a prisoner
said he did. That the enemy will reinforce; and endeavor to take Richmond
at some future day, I think quite probable. That such efforts will meet
the same success as former ones, I sincerely hope and believe. Because we
have again repulsed the enemy, we must not fold our hands in idleness,
consider the war virtually closed, and think we have nothing more to do. It
behooves us now to strain every nerve to meet and drive back the hordes
that fanaticism will send against us, with the armed purpose of confiscat-
ing our property, drenching the earth with our blood, and treating our
innocent mothers, wives, sisters and daughters as the basest beings that
disgrace creation. It especially behooves us to remember the source from
whence all help cometh, and to bow our hearts in humble gratitude to Him
who thus far hath led us on. Let the soldier lift his voice in the thank-
giving and praise from the plain where his companions lie, while loved
ones at home besiege Heaven's throne from the closet, that great highway
to God's affections. Confederate history will ever show hallowed ground
from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, and the sweet lays of future bards
will off be borne, on the breezes that float over these plains. Here
thousands of the nations' noblest sons have freely given life for their
country. They could do no more. They will never be forgotten. Their names are already indelibly inscribed in the heart book of patriotism. While resignation teaches not to murmur, memory bathed in tears, will long linger here. What part Jackson and his brave men performed in the late battles I do not precisely know. It is certain that his presence was sufficient to strike terror to the heart of the enemy, while it was encouraging, beyond measure, to us. We believe in Jackson, because, like David of old, he goes forth to battle in the name of the Lord of hosts. His men love him dearly. They say he never requires work to be done on the Sabbath if it can possibly be avoided. In this he differs much from most military men. His dress is quite plain. His complexion is slightly dark; his hair and beard dark, and close trimmed. His face shows energy and decision. He perhaps weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, and is under forty years of age. The stranger would hardly suppose he had seen "Old Stonewall." He passes you often, but seldom tarry's long. While other generals often find it convenient to put up in comfortable mansions, surrounded by aids and guards, few persons can point you to the ordinary tents that constitute Jackson's headquarters.

It has never been our policy to camp in the marshes of the Chickahominy, lest we might find our condition similar to that of the Yankee who had but two companions, a muskrat and an otter. The muskrat, he said had died, the otter had the typhoid fever, and he alone was reported for duty. Accordingly, having driven the enemy to his iron clad dens, thirty miles from Richmond, and finding nothing more to do in that quarter, on Tuesday night, 8th inst., we began to march back towards Richmond and our much needed knapsacks. Nothing of importance occurred on the march. We did not need the light of day to tell us when we were passing the late
fields of carnage. Two miles below Richmond, near a cool spring, we found a nice camp, where we are now pleasantly located. The weather is very hot, but we think we can bear it as well as our Northern visitors. We are quite near the city, but get no passes to visit it. The news boys bring us the papers, and we have just received the startling intelligence that the Yankees have taken Richmond and fifty thousand prisoners. I suppose we are not of the number. (Wonder what they want with three hundred thousand more troops?) Sutler wagons call on us, and are always ready to relieve us of our eleven dollars per month provided we will take a few pies and loaves of bread. These little flat 50 cents fruit pies resemble only in name the good chicken pies, sent us by Mrs. T**** at the Sparta Fair ground last July. Others, no doubt, sent similar presents to their friends. Such good things are known now, only in memory.

A change has taken place. Twelve months ago today we left Sparta. I shall ever remember, but can never describe the scene. Some of us had left our dearest ones at home, but the heart had not ceased to sigh, and the tear still lingered in the eye. We looked on as parting friends embraced, perhaps for the last time and stifled voices could only utter "God bless you." The light of the past sometimes flickers beyond the veil of the present and we catch an indistinct gleam amidst future darkness.

Ah! few shall meet where many part,
There thoughts like this that pained the heart.

As the long train moved slowly away, martial music could not drown the voices that heaped blessings upon us. They said we were a noble band, and one of Georgia's most gifted daughters has celebrated the day in song. But the wheel of time has rolled on, crushing first one and then another of the hearts we left at home that day. Many of our number have fallen.
The long line is much shortened now, and we miss those whose prospects were then as bright as ours. One has fallen here, another there. The lifeless clay of some has returned home to moulder in the family grave yard, where fresh flowers will long shed their fragrance. Others rest in camps, where weeping fellow soldiers have lain them down, and placed a stone sentinel to guard the sacred spot. Some have died among strangers, and now silently sleep beneath the turf, where no tears have fallen, save those which heaven nightly shed; where no flowers bloom, save those which nature planted there. Some have found friends to preserve and bear their last words home, while others have, no doubt, vainly looked for some one to catch the whispers that quivered on their dying lips.

Peace to the fallen ones. We would gladly pay a tribute to the memory of each, but can only record their names here, where friends will gather them up, and transcribe them on memory's most sacred page.

LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED IN COMPANY K.

quite sick, was sent from the Peninsula to Richmond about the 16th of April. Having not heard from him since that time, we suppose he is dead. There was a report circulated that he fell from the boat and was drowned in the James river, but we do not know that it is true. John Rachels was sent to Richmond on the 31st of May and we have not heard from him since that time. There is little doubt but he is dead, since he was very low, and his recovery considered altogether improbable. Cicero Broome was known to be severely wounded in battle, on Tuesday evening, July 1st. His body could not be found by the detail next day, nor have we heard from him since, but it is generally believed that he is dead.

LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED IN COMPANY E.

W.B.L. Moran died of congestive chill, at camp Walker, near Harassas in Sept. 1861. Jesse T. Butts died of Typhoid fever, at 1st Ga. hospital, Richmond, in Sept. 1861. Jesse W. McWhorter died at 1st Ga. hospital, Richmond, Sept. 1861. Wm. Pool died of fever, at 5th Ga. hospital, Richmond, Nov. 22nd, 1861. Joseph G. Rushin died of typhoid fever, at Belevan hospital, Charlottesville, Nov. 15th, 1861. William F. Wells died of pneumonia at 3rd Ga. hospital, Richmond, April 15th, 1862. Solomon McDaniel died, at Orange Court-house, April 15th, 1862. J.B. Cone died in Richmond, May 9th, 1862, from a shot received from the enemy on the Peninsula, April 26th. W.T. Butts, died in Richmond, May 25th, 1862, from a wound received on the Peninsula by a piece of shell, April 26th. Wm. T. Parker died suddenly in camp near Richmond, May 26th, 1862. Wm. H. Simons has been missing since the fight on Tuesday evening, July 1st. He is not known to have been engaged in the battle. We have heard nothing from him.

I have endeavored to make the above lists correct. Who will have passed away next July? Who will record their names?

IVY W. DUGGAN.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE
Of the Central Georgian.

CAMP TWO MILES BELOW RICHMOND, VA.
Tuesday, August 12th, 1862.

It is not too bad to write a letter, send it all the way to Georgia for home folks to read and then find that the printer can not read it correctly? It does seem that the editor might discover such blunders and have them corrected before he sends them forth to the world at the writer's expense. I would rather see my blackberry pie ruined (Boys, put some fire on that oven,) than to see my poor letter so mutilated. When I write "Our confidence," this ignorant fellow reads "one" confidence. When I write "avowed purpose," he will have it "armed purpose." When I say Mrs. S. sent me a nice chicken pie, (Boys, look at that blackberry pie; see that it is cooking properly,) this printer has the audacity to contradict me, and say it was Mrs. T. that sent the pie. (Boys, all the juice is boiling out of this pie; there is no consolation though, no sugar will boil out of it.) Now I have often heard of "freedom of the press," but I did not know that it authorized the printer to saddle the writer with all his carelessness and ignorance. I want every man to attend to his own business, and every tub to stand on its own bottom. (Boys, this pie is done; bring up your pocket knives and wooden spoons, and we will eat it, so we can get the tin plate to bake the other pie.)

Never ask a favor of a man when he is hungry. If you want his daughter ask him after a good hearty dinner. He is then in a fine humor, thinks every body clever, and will do almost anything to accommodate you. Just now, I was very much enraged at the faults of the printer but since I have eaten my blackberry pie (Boys, bake the other pie quickly, but do not burn it) I feel inclined to reconsider the matter, and I really believe
if my pie had been a little larger, and well sweetened, I should now consider the printer one of the cleverest men in the world, except the editor. Of course the title applied to the youngest imp in the office forbids my attributing such excellent qualities to him. There are two sides to every thing, (not excepting the present war) and a sensible man will endeavor to find the best and the brightest one. Now these faults of the printer, which at first view resembled mountains, are only molchills, when closely examined. There is really not so great difference between "our confidence" and "one confidence:" for we are almost a unit as regards confidence in our civil and military leaders. The "avowed purpose" of the enemy is to subjugate us by force of arms, and therefore the printer made only a very slight mistake when he read "armed purpose." Mrs. S. did, indeed, send me a nice pie. (Boys is not that blackberry pie nearly done?) but did not Mrs. T. and many others, send a host of good things? Now these little failings of the much abused, but very worthy printer often "lead to virtue's side," and are a cloak under which poor scribblers like myself, can hide any quantity of ignorance. Now, of course, every man who writes for the paper thoroughly understands orthography, syntax and prosody. If therefore you find a word spelled incorrectly, you will consider it a typographical error and not ignorance in the writer. I may violate the rules of syntax, but you will charge it to a mistake in the printer. What matters it whether I use a comma or an interrogation point? a dash or a period? you will only suppose the printer put his finger in the wrong box. (Boys, take up the pie and let it cool while we "fall in" to roll call.) If I have said anything at all offensive to my good friends, the printer and editor, I now take it back, and assure them their "puffs" are much better than any we can fry in camps.
Now reader, our last pie is cool, but it is poorly made, poorly baked and not sweetened at all. You are accustomed to eating good things at home and would not be fond of this, so I will not ask you to eat, but just sit down on this knapsack, and while we eat our homely meal you shall hear the boys talk; and if any of the girls think I report incorrectly, just let them write to the boys on the subject, and they will answer them full, and more too perhaps.

T. - This pie would eat finely if it only had a little sugar. Do you recon Miss - could make a better one? I wonder if she ever made a pie?

W. - My opinion is that no girl has any business on the carpet until she learns something about cooking. A little dough hurts no one's hands, and I had much rather see dough on a lady's hands than flour on her face.

G. - I want a girl to be sensible and industrious, then she can soon learn to cook when it is necessary. We knew nothing about cooking when we came into camps, but we soon learned to fix up something to eat.

W. - We have learned to fix it up, but a fix it is. Whenever you marry and I visit you, I hope to get a better pie than this for dinner. No woman knows how cooking ought to be done, unless she has cooked some herself.

H. -If ever I marry, I want a girl that knows how to make a plaited bosom shirt, I am tired of these dingy hickory shirts, I am not going to marry just any doll, she's not got to wear the b-s eigher. I want none of your fancy girls that think it impolite to know the way to the kitchen, except when she is hungry. I do not care whether she has property - well, if she has some, I shall not object, but I want her to know how to make a biscuit, milk a cow and darn a stocking.
G.- I tell you boys, I want a girl that loves her mother, for you may be sure that unless she respects, loves and obeys her mother, she will never make a good wife.

W. I would take piety in preference to all else; a christian woman will make a good wife.

G. - Boys, you remember Miss. --- She is a sweet girl. She will make some happy man a good wife. She is so modest too, I love to see a modest girl.

W. - Miss - is another nice girl, but she is rather high strung, I tell you, it takes very little to make her fly off the handle.

E. - I wonder what the girls would say if they were to see these biscuits?

G. - Some of them would say we did pretty well, but they would roll up their sleeves and beat us so far, we would never be willing to eat our own biscuits again.

T. - I am not willing to eat them now, but there is no chance to help it, and if ever I get home, I will show you whether I cook any more.

H. - We do many things here we would not do at home. I expect the war will do our country good at last, for many a boy is learning to work and depend on his own efforts, who would never have learned these things at home.

G.- They tell me that all the girls in Georgia are learning to spin, weave, cut, make and wear homespun dresses. Any sensible girl had rather be without a beau now, than without a nice homespun dress.

W. - The women are doing their part these days. Croakers have been crying that factories, pianos, high schools and colleges were ruining the women of the present century; but these things have only polished
the pure diamonds, and the revolution of '76 can boast of none superior to those we leave at home and love.

C.- Boys, some of us must wash our tin.

M. - Do you reckon all the girls will marry before we get home?

W. - I say marry! Whom do you suppose they would marry now? Such a question would almost insult the girls. I would rather marry an old maid of three score and ten, after the war, than to marry the widow of a coward, who could and should, but would not fight for his country.

T.- Here is 75 cents, go and get us a dozen apples.

G. - Well boys, I hope I shall get a letter from HER today. I would rather see her than -- well, she is almost a piece of perfection; at any rate she is good enough for me.

J. - I must rub up my gun now.

M. - I wish they would carry us to Georgia.

M. - I wish they would carry us home.

A. - I never want to go home to stay while the war lasts. Whenever we can gain peace on honorable terms I want to go home and stay, but not until then. We are fighting in a noble cause, and are getting along very well. We seldom get a dinner of herbes, but we can eat our rations with contentment. To know and feel that we are doing our duty, and gaining the approval of our friends and our God, gives the only pleasure worth having.

D. - Listen at that drum. If ever I marry and have any children, I intend to make one of them a drummer.

W. - You had better make him a general.

C. - Hand me that canteen. If I live to get home I intend to carry a canteen; they are so convenient.
T. - I recon buggies will sell very cheap after the war. We will
be so accustomed to walking, we will not want to ride.

J. - For my part, I am doing my share of walking now, and after
the war closes, I never expect to walk, when there is any chance to ride.

C. - Boys, one of us must go and get some wood, it is time our
beef was boiling. We can have some good hash for supper, if we will only
get an inion. Who has 50 cents?

M. - I will go to the Sutler and get the onion by the time you boil
the beef.

W. - Some of us must sweep around our tents. I wonder if our sweet-
hearts sweep the yarsa as often as we sweep around our tents!

H. - This is a very hot day. We must put a brush arbor in front
of our tent.

W. - Boys, I wish we could swap some flour for some corn meal.

H. - The mail is distributed and there is no letter for me.

I hope I shall get one tomorrow.

T. - I want a pass to visit the 49th regiment tomorrow. There is
some noble men in that regiment.

W. - I saw a rabbit this morning. When I get home, I intend to
get a parcel of hounds and, I tell you, rabbits will have to scoot.

C. - You may have all the rabbits in Georgis if you will only give
me the squirrels.

D. - Boys, I guess they have any quantity of melons, fruits and
vegetables at home now. If we could only get such a dinner now as we got
at the old Fair Grount.

G. - Yes, or such as the patriotic people of Powelton furnished
at so short notice.

W. - Those were grand times when we used to drill in Sparta. They
were just breaking us to the harness then. I tell you Major Sharp is a
most excellent drill officer and a nice man too.

H. - I was much pleased with the dinner and the drilling, but evening generally grought objects that took all my attention.

W. - Yes, and one of them took your heart too. Whether she gave you value received is not so sure.

H. - If I could only know that I should live to see peace, return home, and gain her heart and hand I should be perfectly satisfied. She is the brightest star of the seven.

W. - Yes, but if she were to marry you I fear she would cover her face and leave but six.

T. - Which fares best these war times, the one that has left an intended, whom he hopes to marry after the war, or he whose heart is still his own?

A. - I can tell you boys, he fares best who has left a good wife at home. What you so much desire, he possesses - one true heart to love him; one whose interests and honor are blended with his; one in whom he can find a sharer in all his troubles; to whom he can tell all his heart. We much desire to be with our dearest ones, and absence pains the heart, but even in absence, the thought that so constantaly she is waiting for me, and wishing my return, fills the heart with a pleasure perfectly inexpressible. To the good and true, no earthly names are so sacred and sweet as those plighted at the hymeneal altar. I do not say that all the married are happy, but I do say that a man lacks a most essential element of happiness who can not truly say, I have a good wife - God has given me a help meet for me.

W. -Hush talking about girls and wives now; it is time to get supper.
C. - Boys, there is something in the wind; Col. Millisan has called the commanders of companies together.

Lt. Colonel. - Boys, pack your knapsacks and strike tents. You must be ready to move in ten minutes.

J. - Where are we going.

Lt. Col. - I do not know. Get ready.

Gen. A.P. Hill's division including the 49th Ga. regiment having been ordered to Gen. Jackson. Gen. Jones' division, including the 15th regiment, took its position near New Market. On Monday, 28th, July, our brigade left camps near Richmond, and after marching seven or eight miles, halted at camp Hill, near New Market. This place is two miles from the James river of which we here have a beautiful view, and is about four miles from Malvern Hill. The different regiments of our brigade occasionally stood picket at the latter place. We therefore had an opportunity of examining closely this field of the slain, of which I would write much, but want of time, forbids. Tuesday, August 5th, our small picket force was driven from this hill by the Yankees who occupied it immediately. Our regiment was not on picket at the time. Wednesday we formed line of battle in front of Malvern Hill, with every prospect of a speedy and bloody fight. Scouts fired occasionally during the day. Wednesday night our forces were largely increased, and early Thursday morning we marched upon the hill, from which the enemy had just gone. Not a gun was fired. We found a few papers, letters, crackers &c. Leaving a sufficient force on the hill, we returned to our camps where we remained until early Sunday morning. We then returned to our old camps, two miles below Richmond where we soon received orders to cook three days rations. It is now Tuesday night, we are ordered to strike tents at 2 o'clock in the morning and be ready to take
the train in Richmond at 4. We have heard of fifty places to which we will probably go. We guess we will go to Jackson, but we do not know. We are cheerful, trusting in God and the justness of our cause.

IVY V. DUGGAN.
Correspondents would save editors and printers a deal of trouble and themselves much mortification if they would write every word plainly, and properly punctuate their manuscript. We endeavor to have their writings properly put in type. But there are certain letters, (S and T for instance) that are formed by some writers, very much alike. We have taken every precaution to have our friend Ivy W. Duggan’s letters printed just as they are written, and regret that the mistakes he speaks of crept into the article referred to. His blackberry pie appeared to have a very fine affect upon his feelings and we hope caused him to forgive the “ignorant” printer entirely. We have examined the manuscript and do not feel disposed to attach all the blame to that “careless” fellow the printer. Hope nothing of the kind will occur again.
Army Correspondence
Of the Central Georgian.

Camp on Martinsburg Turnpike
Six Miles from Winchester, Va.,
Oct. 1st, 1862.

Any one who has marched and fought with the 15th Georgia regiment for the last seven weeks, has found little time to write even private letters to family and friends. We get neither papers nor letters. Thousands of rumors, but very little truth, find their way to a private in the ranks. This has been a period of action, and if we have heard little that was reliable, we have at least seen a few things. No doubt friends at home are much better posted than I am, since "P.W.A.," the every excellent and most popular correspondent of the Savannah Republican, who possesses every facility for gaining early and correct news, has been with Gen. Toombs nearly ever since we left Richmond. I should be much pleased to see the letters he has written. I shall endeavor, in a very plain manner, to tell where we have been and what we have done since I wrote last, and should my letter not be interesting, I hope it will not be because it fails to do this.

Wednesday, Aug. 15th, we struck tents at 2 A.M., marched to Richmond, took the train and arrived at Gordonsville about 2 P.M. - Here we saw some of the 49th Georgia regiment, who gave us an account of the victory at Cedar Run. It was painful to find the names of friends and relatives in the list of killed and wounded. This regiment gained laurels here, as it has done on many other well fought fields. We camped about three miles from Gordonsville, and noticed quite a difference in the atmosphere here Richmond.

A short time before we left Richmond we were furnished with tents, which we used a few days, and then left them behind. It is not very probable we will ever see them again. - Excepting these few days, we have had no tents since we left the snowy hills of Centerville last winter.
When the weather is fine we do not wish to be troubled with tents. 
‘Jackson’s army has no baggage,’ and the same may be said of our whole army. Sunday morning, before day, having spent the night in cooking three days rations, we began to march towards Orange C.H., and after traveling about fifteen miles, we camped two miles east of Orange. Next morning we soon fell in the old plank road, which all, who took that snowy tramp towards Fredericksburg last April, so well remember, marched all day, and at night stood picket a few miles from the Rapidan. Tuesday we cooked rations, countermarched, traveled about eight miles and slept near the river. – This evening we were ordered to leave our knapsacks behind, taking only a single blanket, and we have not seen them since. You can guess whether we need the clothes we left in them. At light Wednesday morning we came to the river, at Racoon ford, pulled off our -- I mean, we all waded the Rapidan in uniform. All day we marched, suffered much from dust and heat, and at night camped on the road from Culpepper to Fredericksburg. – Thursday, our pickets took a spy. He professed to be an independent scout belonging to our army, from some county in Virginia, but when he saw that he had but few minutes to live, he confessed himself a spy, named Charles Mason, from Massachusetts, and asked that his father and sisters might be informed of his fate. The enemy threw some shells near us this evening as we marched towards Stephensburg. Just after we passed this village, we saw a group of men at a distance from the road, and learned they were hanging a deserter. He deserted Wise’s battery last winter, joined the enemy, was taken prisoner while fighting against us, and met the fate he deserved. Friday, we marched a few miles, crossed the Central Rail Road at Brady Station, and halted near the Rappahannock, the fords of which were held by the enemy. Here we received rations, and cooked our flour as best we could,
on flat stones, small boards set before the fire, and the like. —

Today I met my kind friend Maj. P. C. Pendleton. He is nobly doing his
duty as Major of the 50th Ga. regiment, and smiles as cheerfully and
seems as much at home as when he edited that "thumb paper" in Sanders-
ville. Being over age, a government contractor for supplies, and a Post
Master, he had three lawful excuses for remaining at home; but he is
serving his country in the field of danger. Dr. A. C. Thompson is here
under similar circumstances. If there are any at home, needing a pre-
scription, send them to such men as these. I hope, however, all are
well.

Saturday morning there was heavy cannonading at Beverly ford. We
marched down and formed line of battle, confident that we would soon be
in a fight. We were considerably exposed during the day but suffered no
loss. We saw a number of killed and wounded, mostly the effect of shells.
Beverly ford is a short distance below the fork of the Hazle and Rappa-
hannock rivers. Whether our forces could not cross at this ford, or
only wished to make demonstrations here, I do not know. Sunday, we
marched nearly all day, waded the Hazel river, and at night camped in
Jeffersonton, a village near the Rappahannock. The enemy held this ford
also on the other side, and had been shelling all day. As is sometimes
the case, rations were quite short here — beef without salt or bread.
Monday we marched a few miles up the river to another ford, formed line,
and secured ourselves, as best we could, from a very severe shelling.
While we were making demonstrations at this ford, Jackson's forces crossed
above us, and hurried on towards Manassas. Tuesday was a very hot
day. At noon we began to march down the river, passed over the hills in
view of the enemy, (to deceive him, I suppose,) marched around the hills into
some ravines, and at length came into the turnpike far above our former
position. This was a hard march, and many of us were so overcome with heat, that we will long remember it. Passing through Amosville, we filed right, and waded the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mills. Three miles beyond the river we passed the village of Orleans. Late at night, being very much fatigued, we slept about six miles beyond the river. Wednesday, about noon, as we were near Salem, a body of Yankee cavalry dashed into the village before us, capturing a few stragglers. We concealed some regiments to catch them, but they generally kept at a distance, only one or two being caught. Salem is thirteen miles from the river and is a station on the Manassas Gap Rail Road. Many of the houses here are plastered on the outside. Having disposed of the cavalry, we marched five miles farther down the railroad to the Plains. This station is about twenty miles from Manassas, which place Jackson had now taken.

Thursday, Aug. 28th, we marched slowly a few miles and came to Thoroughfare Gap. Here the railroad passes through a gap in the mountains for about half a mile. The rocky cliffs, so steep that they can be climbed in very few places, rise on each side of the road, perhaps one hundred feet high, and in many places the gap is only wide enough for the railroad. The enemy had concealed himself in this powerful position on the mountain on each side of the road, while a dreadful battery enfiladed the Gap. While we were in this horrid pass the enemy opened fire. Such a shower of minnie balls is to be dreaded at any time, much more in such a place as this. We have never experienced a more awful shelling for the same length of time, yet we did not lose many men. Among the killed of our regiment was Lt. J. N. Bledsoe, of the Stephens Home Guards. That the enemy displayed so little skill and bravery in such a position is astonishing to every one. With every davantage, they fled ingloriously
from our men climbing the heights, and we counted more of their dead, left on the field, than our entire loss. Beyond this place they had rolled stones and cut trees in the road which delayed us for the night. Friday 29th, we passed through Hay Market and Gainsville, and came in sight of the far off heights of Centerville. Cannons boomed heavy in front. Our division was marched to the right wing, and company K of the 15th regiment, was placed on the extreme right as pickets on the railroad. Towards night the fire of musketry became incessant on our left. Late at night it continued, and we could tell from the direction of the firing and from the loud cheers of our men (which can be easily distinguished from the Yankee yell, or long protracted "Huzza!"") that the stars and bars were advancing victoriously. The battle was severe, but as our brigade was not engaged, it is not my purpose to speak of it here. Saturday was not without the usual cannonading, and in the afternoon there was heavy musketry on our left. It gradually drew nearer, and about 4 P.M. Toombs brigade was led into the battle, commanded by Col. Benning. I need only say that every regiment distinguished itself. This was the second great Manassas battle, and all have learned that our victory was a glorious one. After hard fighting the enemy was completely routed, but we mourn the loss of many noble ones. Lieutenant J.L. Cumming and Thomas Beaman, fell on the field, both nobly doing their duty. Capt. W.E. Bird has his collar bone broken; Lieut. Henry Culver was severely wounded in the shoulder; Marcellus Simmons, was severely wounded in the leg; Joseph Herringdine, was severely wounded in the face; Stephen Gladden and Joseph Hines, were wounded in the head; a few others in Company E, were slightly wounded. P.F. Cheek in Company K lost a finger. This company was not relieved from picket in time to engage in the battle, but arrived on the
field near its close. The killed and wounded, from nine companied of
our little regiment amounted to sixty. We miss the gallant ones who
fell here. Noble men! They are entitled to our gratitude and lasting
remembrance. It is no small sacrifice to die for country. What more
could they have done for us and our posterity? We will cherish their
memories, love their virtues, and if they had failings, cover them with
the mantle of charity.

Sunday morning we advanced and found the old plains of Manassas
covered for miles with new dead. Surely this field has drunk sufficiently
of human blood. We spent several hours near the old stone bridge. Here
we found hundreds of the enemy's wounded, who had been collected from
previous fights and abandoned here. Almost every house, barn, stable
and tent, was crowded with mangled humanity, and for miles away
the ground was strewn with dead and dying. We then supposed that half the
dead could never be buried. I learn heavy details were made from the
enemy for this purpose. How much of the work was done, or how well it
was performed we did not remain to see. Of one thing I am sure, some
of our men do not always sufficiently respect the person of an enemy
when dead.

As the enemy still held the hills around Centreville, we marched
up Bull Run to Sudley's ford and camped for the night.

Meeting with the 58th Ga. Regiment this evening I was grieved to
learn that George Rivers, one of its members from Jefferson county, died
recently. Many of his schoolmates at Linton, remember the pleasant hours
spent with him there, where he gained the love of teachers and school
mates, and where he learned to love his Saviour.

Monday, Sept. 1st, we passed above Centreville, and then turned
towards Fairfax, marched until about sunset, and halted near Chantilly,
the beautiful residence of Gen. Stewart. We were now but a few miles
from Fairfax, near Germantown, and quite near our old camp Nine Creek,
where twelve months ago, nearly every smoker in the 15th regiment made
him a pipe of the soapstone, so abundant there. Soon after we halted,
and while trying to secure ourselves from a heavy shower of rain, the
pickets near us began firing. Many of our guns were wet, and we began
to fear the enemy had caught us napping this time. The engagement
proved to be entirely on our left. No one present will ever forget our
forming line of battle, and advancing through the thick woods, briars
and swamp, where it was so dark that one could scarcely see the man at
his side, and every minute we expected to come upon a line of the enemy.
Many did not like the idea of a night attack. Some time after dark, when
firing had entirely ceased and our lines were formed for the night, we
learned from those bearing off the wounded that Col. Thomas' brigade had
been in the fight. This was the battle in which the 49th killed Gen.
Kearney. Adj. Newman, while nobly discharging the duties of his office,
was taken prisoner. We hope soon to see him with us again. Maj. Rivers,
who was in command of the regiment, (Col. Lane having been severely wounded
at Mechanicsville, and Lieut. Col. Manning mortally at Cedar Run,) was
wounded. Here we stood picket, cooked rations, and remained until Wed-
nesday, when we began to march towards Leesburg. We spent the night on
the turnpike, not far from Drainsville, and only two miles from the Potomac.
Saturday morning we bathed our feet in the broad stream which as yet
separates two nations. We crossed at a ford entirely new, and selected
for the occasion. The river here is perhaps six hundred yards wide, but
the circuitous direction in which we crossed made it little, if any, less
than half a mile. The water was from two to three feet deep and flowed
quite swiftly. The bottom is covered with stones, which art could make much more level. That it is no small job to wade such a stream with a soldier's equipage, any one will be convinced who will try it as often as we have. We will not complain however, since the Yankees fared so much worse on a subsequent occasion, when Jackson moved them down in the river near Shepherdstown, and formerly, when the gallant Evans pushed them into the swollen waters near Leesburg. Our troops were in good spirits confident in the justness of our cause, flushed with victory, and "Maryland, my Maryland," was sung by many a tongue. A few rods from the north bank of the river is the great Chesapeake and Ohio canal. This had been cut and a number of large boats were sticking to the muddy bottom, washed only by a shallow stream. We marched up the canal some distance, and then turned to the right, in the direction of Frederic city. In the evening we passed the massive masonry of an old glass furnace, so ancient that the memory of the citizens runneth not to the contrary, and here we waded the Monocasy river, near Sugarloaf mountain. This mountain, so well described by its name, lifts its head 1,300 feet above tide water, and had invited our gaza, long before our horses drank the water of the Potomac, or tasted the grass of my Maryland. After dark we passed through Buckeystown crossed the Monocasy on a splendid bridge, and for the first rested our weary limbs on the rich soil of the little, would be neutral, State. Sunday we marched a few miles, crossed the Monocasy the third time, and camped where this river is crossed by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. There is a branch of this road, running from this point to Frederic city, distant three miles. Two days were occupied in blowing up the great iron bridge that spanned the river here. It was a splendid piece of mechanism and it will take time and money to rebuild it. The injuries done to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, also to the railroad here, at Harper's Ferry
and elsewhere will seriously affect Northern transportation, and will
cause them to miss the many wagons and teams taken at Harper's Ferry
and other places none the less. For some time I had been looking for
the famous Anaconda of which we have heard so much. I had nearly given
up the search, when a Northern correspondent came to my relief, and in-
formed us that the monster was coiled around Arlington heights. I
rather think the snake went into winter quarters quite early, I wish the
Yankees would do likewise.

The reader will remember that our knapsacks are beyond the Rapidan,
and we have but one suit of clothes along with us, and of course these
need washing. While we tarried at Monacasey for trains to come up,
rations to be issued and cooked, bridges to be blown up &c., we gladly
embraced the opportunity of washing persons and clothes in the river.
How we managed to wash our only suit of clothes in cold water, without
soap, I leave each one to guess for himself, only remarking "Necessity
is the mother of inventor." Many a letter was written from camp near
Frederick city to loved ones at home. As yet we know not whether any of
them have been received; but still we write, casting a leaf on every
breeze, hoping that some at least will bear the tidings of our safety to
those that anxiously await our coming. Whatever be our hardships, or
however humble our position, tender ties cease not to bind our hearts
closely to those at home, and often perhaps,"Absence make the heart grow
fonder."

"Will we go to Baltimore, or towards Pennsylvania?" was asked a
thousand times, but not satisfactorily answered until Wednesday morning,
when we marched into Frederick City, and filed left, on the Hagerstown
turnpike. Frederick is a city of perhaps nine thousand inhabitants and
presents a fine appearance.
The people of Maryland were evidently disappointed to discover that the barbarians, of whom they had heard so much, could behave like gentlemen. We respected private property, and interfered with the person or opinions of no one. This was unexpected by those who were accustomed to seeing men, who entertained views different from the Federal leaders, thrown into prison, and their property destroyed. They supposed we would use all the rigors of the law of retaliation, I am sure our army made a good impression on the minds of many in Maryland. Some who openly professed to be Unionists highly commended the urbanity of our officers and men, while they complained of the insolence of their own men, who they said, seemed to think nothing was necessary in a soldier but a fine uniform and a haughty appearance. I am inclined to think the Yankee soldiers have been quite insolent to the people of Maryland. An old man who was honest enough to confess himself a strong Union man, said "Since I have seen your army and its conduct, I know that you are in earnest, and I have almost despaired of restoring the Union. When I heard you were coming, I sent my stock into Pennsylvania, expecting you to take every thing; but I find there is no danger, and I have driven them back. I was really afraid of your army at first, but I am not now. You have shown yourselves gentlemen. Our army took our horses and cattle and pressed them into service, but since I see so many of your guns, horses and wagons marked "U.S." I am fully convinced that they only collected them and drove them down to be abandoned to your army." I do believe fully one third of our transportation is marked "U.S." and it is from this source we have all our best ambulances, wagons, horses and cannon. The vehicle in which Gen. Lee rides bears the same mark. All the crackers we have had in a long time are stamped "Cincinnati."
It is a common remark that Banks if Jackson's Quartermaster and Commissary.

As we passed through Frederic and other cities we found some who were perhaps more bold than prudent in their secession demonstrations, for when our army was gone, and the enemy came, I fear such persons were made to suffer. Whenever we went in Maryland we found that those, who had been the least suspected of secession feelings, had been forced to take the oath, or go to prison and lose their property. One man confessed that he had been forced to take the oath which forbade his giving a rebel soldier anything to eat, or ever pointing out his spring; but he sent us to his wife who, not being thus bound, divided with the soldiers all the provision she could possibly spare. We occasionally saw secession flags shown publicly, but frequently the windows would open only a few inches, so that the passer by might see the little flag, concealed from the neighbor of the next door. There are men, and women too, in all these places, looking on, anxious to report any one sympathizing with our cause. Make the best of it we can, poor Maryland is in an awful condition.

The heel of the tyrant not only presses her shore, but treads heavily upon her brow. All admit that the portion of the State through which we passed is more strongly Union than most others, and were the people only assured that no Federal violence would be exercised on their persons or property, I am fully convinced that much more secession feeling would have been exhibited. The people durst not act. Still, I have no doubt a majority of the people in this part of the State prefer "the Union as it was," an impossibility - a horn which the dilemma does not present. Not a soldier wants Maryland, unless Maryland wants to go with us. We want no hand without the heart. We did not cross the Potomac hoping to get "fine farms," as did our Federal foe; nor was "beauty and booty"
inscribed on our banners; but we want Maryland to be free - to enjoy
the privilege of acting for herself. This is all we ask. This is
what we intend to have for ourselves, and Maryland shall have it, if she
do not sell her birthright.

It is twenty two miles, by the turnpike, from Frederic city to
Hagerstown. These turnpikes are good roads among the mountains, graded
almost like a railroad, thoroughly imbedded with pounded stones, while even
shall streams are spanned by arches of solid masonry, capable of sus-
taining any weight, while they defy the ravages of time and the swellings
of tide. To me these splendid bridges are truly wonderful. The old
stone dwellings here, as also in some parts of Virginia, are much less
showy than comfortable, but they will stand when generations shall have
passed away. The barns too are truly an object of wonder. They are
generally built of stone, often much larger than our meeting houses,
and several stories high. Such forage houses would be unnecessarily
large in middle Georgia, but this is indeed a grain country. Such
quantities of grain as we see here are really astonishing to the subjects
of King Cotton. We often see large fields enclosed with a good stone-wall
fence. So much labor and money is expended in substantial improvement
on a farm that while we admire it, one raised in a Georgia log cabin is
reminded of the boy, who went to Augusta and paid his last cent for a
fine pocket-book. Maryland and Virginia, on opposite sides of the
Potomac, are alike in many particulars, and what is said of the farms of
one will generally apply to the other.

Passing over the Cotoctin mountains, four miles beyond Frederic
city, the view is most beautiful. Looking back we behold a large valley,
stretching far away to the left, thickly dotted with large shocks of grain,
rich clover fields, fine orchards loaded with fruit and neat white houses;
while before us appears a large city, through which extends a long line of men and wagons in a semicircle whose diameter is more than half a dozen miles. To the rear of this, clouds of dust hide the Sugarloaf mountain, while ahead the columns of Jackson and Hill crowd the broad turnpike across the Middletown valley, pass the next chain of mountains, and cheer the hearts of the few secessionists in Boonsboro.

Middletown is a considerable village, eight miles from Frederic city, and is noted for its strong Union proclivities. This village takes its name from the valley in which it is situated or more probably, the valley takes its name from the town. Thursday morning we passed through Boonsboro, fifteen miles from Frederic. Here we saw some signs of the little cavalry fight, which occurred in advance the previous evening. There is no occasion here than in Middletown. A little beyond Boonsboro, Jackson turned to the left taking the Williamsport road, while Longstreet, to whose corps we belong, proceeded towards Hagerstown.

Funkstown is a village on the Antietam river two or three miles from Hagerstown, and has more of the right stamp than were required to save Sodom. While some ladies would so dispose their ribbons as to show a close observer that they loved the red, others would increase the number and thus declare their love for the stripes. If a young lady declared herself for the Union, some of our boys said they understood it and they were inclined to the same opinion, provided the union consisted of only two. All the army halted a few miles from Hagerstown except Toombs' brigade, which entered the city, passed through and camped a little beyond, on the railroad leading to Harrisburg. I have heard that we captured a considerable quantity of commissary stores here. Hagerstown has perhaps five thousand inhabitants, a female Seminary, quite a
number of churches, and is a very nice city. There is secession here.
I was not a little surprised at the enthusiasm, shown by many of the
citizens as our brigade passed along the streets, while the excellent band
of the second Georgia, discoursed sweet music. What a number of ladies
plainly showed by smiles, the waving of flags, handkerchiefs &c., one ex-
pressed in words, "I am a rebel, every inch of me," and I assure you she
felt what she said. We have often heard little children, whose words
were difficult to understand, "Hurray for Jef.Davis!" "Hurray for Stone-
well Jackson!" "Hurray for Gen.Lee!" We have frequently observed that the
women and children manifest more secession feelings than the men; and
it is easily accounted for since they are less subject to be punished by
the Federal. One lady, from whom I procured a map of the country,
said, "You must not tell where you got it." I asked the reason, and she
replied, "They made father swear." And that young lady's father had sent
me to his daughter, that I might get the map, which he would not bring me
himself. Perhaps he feared some one would see him and report. He was
quite a gentleman, well posted, and a rebel too. As I walked the street
alone one morning, an old lady, after voluntarily proposing to give me
breakfast, said, "We are cowed down. We are not allowed to act or speak.
All news, favorable to the Confederacy, is kept from us, and every battle
reported a victory, while we are continually told that the rebellion is
almost crushed out. There are dark days, and we are glad to see you come.
After a secession victory, we can scarcely whisper to a friend, or smile
at one across the street; without being reported as rejoicing over a Union
defeat." I do not say that anything like a majority of the people of
Hagerstown are Secessionists, but I do say there are many who are thoroughly so;
and when, for the first time, they saw a victorious rebel army enter th eir
streets, many were overjoyed, cast off all restraints, and exhibited the
most enthusiastic demonstrations.
That many more would have shown similar feelings, had not prudence taught them that they might be called to answer for such conduct, before an enemy who regards neither mercy nor justice, I sincerely believe. Hagerstown is but five miles from the Pennsylvania line, and we were confidently assured that there are a few very strong Secessionists over the line.

I suppose that the prime object of entering Maryland was to capture the forces at Harper's Ferry, and that other places were occupied, or held, with a view to this one thing. During the time we remained at Hagerstown, we kept rations, prepared to leave any hour. Sunday morning all the troops, except our brigade, were taken from that vicinity to check the enemy at Boonsboro and keep him from reinforcing Harper's Ferry in time to prevent its capture. Consequently, our brigade was not in the fight at Boonsboro, for we remained at Hagerstown until midnight, Sunday night. We then started towards Harper's Ferry, and when we had passed beyond Sharpsburg, hearing that some Yankee cavalry was likely to trouble our wagons, two regiments, 15th and 17th, were ordered to march back and follow the wagons to Williamsport. This we did, and at dark after wading the Potomac at Williamsport, we camped, having marched thirty-one miles that day. The day had been very warm, and I leave the reader to guess whether we were tired. I heard no one sing, "My Maryland" as we crossed over into Virginia this time. I believe I like the little State pretty well. I have never seen apples, pears and quinces so abundant as in Maryland. Good water can be found almost everywhere. I did not suffer for water while in the State. Milk could be had occasionally, then which the soldiers love nothing better. Our money was not very generally current in this State. Most goods could be bought with specie, or Maryland money, nearly as cheap as before the war in Georgia. The 15th and 17th regiments were now ordered to join the balance of the brigade at Sharpsburg,
and Tuesday morning we began to march down the Potomac, on the south side. Today we waded another considerable stream (Opehkin I believe,) passed through Shepherdstown, and camped near the river, the ford of which was so blocked up with wagons and troops we could not cross that night.

Wednesday morning, Sept. 17th, we waded the Potomac the third time and hastened to Sharpsburg, where the 2nd and 20th regiments, the balance of our brigade, were already nobly contending with the foe. As we entered the field the enemy did not fail to salute us with well directed shells. Just in our rear, a bursting shell fired a barn filled with dry straw, and soon the flames rose high. We quickly entered a ravine, where the enemy could not see us, and secured ourselves as best we could. A shell burst in our midst, tore our flag, flag bearer, and one other man all to pieces. Another was so mangled that he died soon. A more horrid sight I have never seen. We changed our position a little. Soon a ball entered the head of H.B. Scales, killing him instantly. He was a member of our company, and we loved him. No one was a better soldier, and a more candid, honest hearted man I never knew.

Already the 2nd and 20th had suffered severely. Col Holmes of the 2nd had fallen. The battle had raged severely on our left, and the enemy was driven back there, but still he persisted to press us vigorously on the right. We were not engaged, except in skirmishing, until late in the evening. Then we were relieved at that point and doubled quickly to another, where the enemy was fast approaching a battery from which all had fled. They advanced in great numbers, and were already in good range of our trusty Enfields. The order to fire was obeyed with the greatest alacrity. For some time the enemy preserved an admirable line, but at length it began to waver, we leaped the fence, raised a yell, and pushed the scattered fugitives over ground strewn with their own fallen.
New lines of reinforcements were met in the same manner, and a battery which we saw unlimber and begin to throw grape at us, concluded it was best hastily to limber to the rear, before it had gained our range with accuracy enough to damage us. We had no reinforcements, nor did our cause suffer therefrom, since night closed the scene just before our last cartridges were gone. The chivalry displayed on this occasion, while our little regiment loaded itself with laurels, challenges admiration beyond anything I have ever witnessed. I have never seen it equalled before! I never expect to see it again. From hard marching, details, and other causes, not more than half our men were present; and out of this small number we lost in killed and wounded, thrity-five. It seems almost a miracle that so many escaped. Among the killed was our much loved Colonel Wm.T.Mullican. I confidently believe he had the entire confidence and respect of every man in his regiment. This he has earned by showing himself a prudent man, a gallant soldier, and an excellent Colonel. We deeply mourn his early fall. The casualties in company K are H.B.Seals, killed; Thomas Mason wounded severely in the leg; (it has since been amputated); James Cheek, shot through the bowels but will probably recover; William S.Dickson,Jr.,wounded in the shoulder; A.T.Bare, wounded in the shoulder; James Mitchell, of Co.E., was wounded in the leg.

Sharpsburg should be inscribed on the colors that shall replace the few remaining strings of our battle flag and thankfulness should ever all our hearts that many more did not fall on that bloody day. we held the town and the enemy shelled it. Most of the citizens fled from the village. Sharpsburg is considerably larger than either Sandersville or Sparta, and I suppose more than half the houses are pierced with shot and shell. Many are struck in a large number of places.
A few houses were burned down. Dead men and horses were lying in the streets. How desolate are the plains where cruel war rages! All day Thursday we held our position in line of battle, constantly expecting a fight, while details were busily removing the wounded, burying the dead and collecting and removing arms from the battle field. Thursday night when we were called into line ready to march, a few guns fired on our right, and we soon learned that a small squad of Yankee cavalry had come within our lines, the pickets having just been removed. Upon being halted they gave their regiment, supposing we were their friends, (I recon.) A few shots were exchanged and Gen. Toombs was wounded in the hand. Gen. Toombs has always been very kind to his men, and we love him for it. We would not willingly exchange him for any other officer. Sharpsburg is four miles from the Potomac, and that night, for the fourth time we waded that river. All our army now fell back into Virginia. What editors and correspondents saw of our trip to Maryland I do not know, since we captured the army at Harper's Ferry, which place Gen. J. E. Johnson long ago said would prove a mantrap to whichever party attempted to hold it. It was, no doubt, a grand sight to see the arms, ammunition, wagons and teams, commissary stores, stolen negroes, and finely dressed soldiers, surrendered to the dirty, ragged rebels there. My desire to see Harper's Ferry, the place where the seed of the present Revolution first germinated, has not been gratified. That this is a John Brown raid on a larger scale is shown by the stolen negroes captured there. We have no use for Harper's Ferry until it is filled with Yankees and negroes again. After crossing the Potomac, we remained near Shepherdstown, a short time, then marched in the direction of Winchester, filed right and camped near Martinsburg a few days. We are now on the Martinsburg turnpike, six miles from Winchester.
When we will move again, or where we will go, I need not attempt to guess. Our colonel sleeps in Maryland. Lt. Col. Smith, whom we all dearly love, is quite sick in Georgia, and we fear disease will for some time deprive us of his services as a commander. Our regiment is commanded by Capt. S. E. Nearesberger who is the senior Capt. present, and bids fair to make a good field officer. We will long remember the scenes of the last seven weeks. Hard marching and hard fighting has been much more plentiful than full rations and clean clothes. We love those brother soldiers with whom we have traveled through these terrible conflicts, and we cherish the memory of those who have fallen by the way.

Stragglers, convalescents and conscripts are now lengthening our lines. We are in good spirits, and I think the health of the regiment is now pretty good. Many of our men did not cross the river for want of shoes, while others preferred to bruise their bare feet on the stony turnpikes of Maryland. We have been blessed with most beautiful weather since we left Richmond, but the nights are now getting cool, and some are without a blanket. The people have called for an active campaign and Gen. Lee has certainly given it to us. We would now be willing for the armies to separate for a season, and see if sense can not discover some grounds for an honorable peace; but an honorable war is better than a disgraceful peace, we should be abundantly thankful, that God has so mercifully blessed us with bread at home, and victory on the battlefield.

The mail is beginning to come to Winchester, and we are anxiously looking for many letters. I have embraced the first opportunity to give some account of our trip to Maryland. Whether it contains anything of interest I have the consolation of knowing that friendship is not an impartial judge.
Many things are necessarily omitted, and perhaps many more might well have been. I suppose Georgia papers publish all news of interest before our soldier mails reach our native State, but I have known things new because they are old. Men will of course differ in their opinions, I may often be mistaken, but I have written nothing but what I honestly believe to be true.

IVY V. DUGGAN
Oct. 14, 1862
CAMP GREGG, NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.
April 10th, 1863.

Mr. Editor: — When I was transferred to this regiment (49th Ga.) in October last, I found several occasional writers, and a few regular correspondents to the Georgian. Hence I have remained silent for more than six months. It has occurred to me, however, that I might, from time to time, without trespassing upon occupied ground, give you a short sketch or anecdote of camp life, pay a tribute to departed worth, or plant a flower beside the pathway of some bereaved one.

To follow a regiment through all its marches and countermarches, to tell the part it acts in every engagement, to twine wreaths for the brows of the gallant, and to record all the more important events of the campaign shall still be the task of others, whom experience and position have qualified for this work. I will not refuse to gather the scattered grains, even though no Boas should drop handfuls with which I may secure the blessings of love many at home. When I can friends there, let me write to them; the tender feelings which urge me to write chord in the breast of any desire

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IVY W. DUGGAN
For the Central Georgian.

THE WIDOW.

The rose on her cheek has faded. Her once ruby lips now quiver with grief. The smile has departed from her once cheerful countenance and sorrow broods sadly there. The light of her eye is eclipsed. The future is dark to her. The support on which she leaned is fallen, and her hopes are crushed. Alas! Woman, born to confide; how often does thy bleeding heart show that mortal man, on whom thou reliest, is but a frail—a broken reed. But a few years ago, a blushing bride, she gave her hand to him who had nobly won her heart. He took her to his home, the idol of his affections.

Fortune smiled, and happiness filled the little cottage. Little treasures were added to the household, and the parents' hearts could hold no more love. There is a mutual confidence, a sweet intimacy, a satisfying happiness, a unity of hopes and desires, a blending of hearts, a sunshine of soul known only to those, who twain become one flesh. Is this love forgotten in the grave? Heaven-born, it is not of earth—

The little flowers that linger here below,
Will ripen fruit, where streams perennial flow.

Earth is full of woes, and every breeze wafts wailing through the land. The once happy wife is a heart-stricken widow now. When the clouds of war began to cast a shadow over our Southern land, she felt that she could never give up her husband. Any other sacrifice; this was more than she could bear. As one and another left for the army, the husband began to feel that duty called him there too. He told her all; for a good husband conceals nothing from the companion of his bosom. No argument was necessary to convince her that his decision was right; nor would she, for the world, have him falter.
Every preparation was made for his comfort in camps, and though pain filled the heart, and tears dimmed the eyes, yet cheering words, and warm kisses assured the departing husband and father that he left rich treasures. In nothing does the wife show her devotion to her soldier husband more than by her letters — long, servile, and frequent. They cheer him; they comfort him; they encourage him. Not a tender expression but it touches a deep chord in his manly breast. Not a word of love from the little ones but it steals a tear from his eye. Not an assurance of confiding constancy but it nerves him against temptation. No wonder that the soldier who enjoys and appreciates such influences as these should risk all for the protection of his home and his firesides. No wonder that he swears eternal vengeance against him who essays to share his hard earned booty, and insult chast beauty. Impelled by these high motives, and fired with patriotism, many a noble husband has left his all at home, rushed into the heat of battle, and fallen by the hand of the enemy. Perchance no blessing was preserved and borne home to those he loved. Perchance he only whispered, "Tell her —." When the battle was over his sorrowing comrades wrapped him in his blanket, and laid him, in a soldier's grave. As they turned away, they sighed deeply for her who knew not that she was a widow, but who, perhaps, was that moment penning lines of love and cheer to her absent husband.

Soon the first rumors of a severe battle and a glorious victory reached home, creating anxiety in every heart. Hope buoyed up the wife. Woman will hope. It is the anchor by which the frail vessel is stayed amid the towering billows of life's stormy ocean. She knew not the sad news in store for her. The tale was soon told, and her heart withered. No solace now, save her little fatherless babes. She feels that none else is left her on earth.
In their anxious faces she sees the loved one's image. As she claps them more closely to her heaving bosom, they know not why mother weeps. Their little hearts know how to love Papa, but they cannot appreciate their irreparable loss. Day after day she sits and sighs a lonely widow. Time can almost exhaust the fountain of tears, but can never heal the wounded heart. At length she mingleth with the world, but her brightest hopes are buried with him who cherished her maiden love. She who truly loves never forgets. Deal gently with the widow. Let no harsh words fall on her ear. Comfort her. Help her. Show yourself a friend and adviser to the children that have no father to counsel and encourage them.

Among the many noble ones that fell at the sacred battle of Manassas was a young officer of promise. Just before the battle commenced, he deposited a letter in the mail for his wife - the last act before he entered the fight. He fell on the field. A few days afterwards a letter was received from his wife, directed to him, bearing date August 30th, 1862. Perhaps he fell at the moment she was writing. I think it very probable. I know not the contents of the letter, but on the envelope was printed, in small type, the following beautiful lines.

"THE LETTER"

Go fly little missive
Speed swiftly and prove,
To one that is absent,
The strength of my love.

Go dwell in his bosom,
Wher'er he may roam,
And constantly whisper
They miss thee at home.

Go banish his sorrow.
Go soothe his regret,
And breathe o'er his spirit
They think of thee yet.
Go tell him the circle
Is sorrowing here
Since Fate has bereft us
Of one we hold dear.

Then speed little missive
Swift over the land,
Deliver this message
Safe into his hand."

It matters not whether the husband fell far away on the field of glory,
lingered long amid strangers at the hospital, sunk by the wayside, or
died calmly, surrounded by friends at home. It matters not whether his
resting place is daily watered with the briny tears of bereaved ones,
or moistened alone by the dewy drops which heaven nightly weeps. The
widow’s loss is irreparable. Earth has no balm that can heal the
wound. No habiliments of mirth can ever displace the shrouds of mourning
in which her stricken heart is clad. SHE WHO LOOSES NOT IS NOT A
WIFE. SHE WHO MOURNS NOT IS NOT A WIDOW.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Jackson’s Army, April 16th, 1863.
Written for the Central Georgian.

A. Few things worth Remembering.

When you direct a letter to a soldier, be sure and write the NUMBER of his regiment DISTINCTLY and CORRECTLY. It matters letter to what office you direct; the letter will find him if the regiment is correctly numbered. Nearly all our letters are directed to Richmond, but are immediately forwarded to us.

Mark the soldier's name, his company and regiment, on every garment you send him. He will then be more likely to get his clothes at any time when they have been left behind, or lost. Many an unknown soldier has been buried on the field, when a mark on clothes would have enabled those burying him to have informed his friends of his fate.

Be sure that the love of money never induces you to assist in raising meat and bread beyond the reach of loved and little ones, whose stay is standing between you and a thirsty foe. The speculator's heap may glitter now, and secure the applause of those who disregard suffering humanity and bleeding country, but the gnawing vulture will not fail to pry upon the rotten heart of the unlawful possessor.

Do not forget to write to the soldier; some kind word may cheer him when despondent, may nerve him against temptation, or may encourage him in the path of duty.

Pray for the soldier, and let him know that you pray for him. Many a thoughtless one, who heads not God and the Bible, can not withstand the prayers of absent loved ones.

DOES ANY FRIEND IN THE ARMY KNOW YOU PRAY FOR HIM?

IVY W. DUGGAN.

Jackson's Army, May 1863.
DEAR BRO. BOYKIN: — Although we are far away from the sacred altars around which we have so often bowed with our loved ones, yet we thank God that the same spirit which has comforted our hearts in the sanctuary at home broods over us when we forsake not the assembling of ourselves together here on the banks of the Rappahannock. The waters seem troubled, and we have reason to hope that men are stepping in and being healed of the dreadful malady of sin. Occasionally, during the winter and spring, we have drawn near, and heard fellow soldiers tell what Christ has done for their souls. — We have seen willing followers buried in baptism, while the surrounding hills were covered with the snow of winter. The religious feeling which has been manifest in our regiment (49th Ga.) for some months seems now to be increasing. Having fine weather, and no military duty interfering, we now meet twice a day for preaching, prayer and praise. Our meetings are conducted by our Chaplain, Rev. John J. Hyman, than whom I do not know a more zealous and efficient chaplain in the army. It would fill the hearts of brothers and sisters at home to witness the large number of soldiers who present themselves for prayer almost every time an opportunity is presented. One can but ask God, who is in earnest? Who will accept Christ as his Saviour? Who must fall in the next battle? How favorable is the time to seek God? How important for the soldier, daily exposed to death, to have Christ formed in his soul, the hope of glory!

Yesterday morning we repaired to a stream near our camps, and our chaplain baptized four young men of our regiment. This morning we started to the same place to baptize another. As we approached the water, we saw a large crowd assembled there, and on arriving we found brother Barrett,
Chaplain of the 45th Ga. Reg., preparing to baptize a young man of his regiment. The two were baptized, and we returned to our camps.

When we all assemble beside a flowing stream in the forest here, clad in the rude attire of soldiers, we are forcibly reminded of the harbinger of our Saviour, preaching in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." Such scenes we are witnessing now, and unwilling that Christians at home, whose hearts are ever full of sympathy and love for the absent soldiers, should be ignorant of what God is doing for us, I have assumed the task of reporter on the present occasion.

Our hearts are with you at home. We pray for the day when we can return to you.

When we assemble here in the groves of Virginia, we seat ourselves upon the leaves that cover the ground, and sing the same old songs that we sang with you long ago. No sweet voice of mother, sister, or wife, softens our music here, but we trust that your voices mingle with ours in harmony at the mercy seat.

Two more came forward this evening, and will be baptized to-morrow. Several have given their names, and expressed a desire to join the Methodist church. That many may be added to the church, and that many may bring forth fruits meet for repentance is our prayer.

IVY W. DOUGAN.
MR. EDITOR: - It was my privilege this morning to attend what is seldom seen by soldiers - a political meeting. I am not a citizen of Wilkinson county, but there are camped near this place, four large companies from that county - two in Thomas' and two in Wright's brigades. These noble Georgia soldiers, as clearly manifested by their enthusiastic meeting this morning, feel deeply the importance of having a Legislature that will use every possible means for a vigorous prosecution of the war and a liberal provision for the needy families of soldiers at home. No man who skulks from a soldier's duty is worthy of a soldier's vote.

These four companies assembled, organized their meeting by the appointment of the usual officers, read and adopted preamble and patriotic resolutions, and then proceeded to nominate as a candidate to represent the county in the Legislature a suitable person, whose civil and military career would make him acceptable to both citizens at home and soldiers in the field.

The name of Col. S.T. Player was proposed and he was unanimously nominated by the large number of voters present. It is not known what is being done in the county at home, for it seems that this county, like many others entirely forgets that its soldiers have a preference, and are allowed a vote; I have little doubt, however, but Col. Player, who received so flattering a nomination, will be elected to the next Legislature. His great prudence, his sound judgment, his dignified bearing, his tried valor, and his gray hairs, all unite in making him the man for the responsible position of a Legislator at this critical period of our country's history. In March, 1862, Wilkinson county raised a noble company and sent it to the with Col. Player as Capt. All the field officers of the noble 49th Ga.
were soon killed or disabled for life, and Captain Player was left in
command of the regiment. While many sought trifling excuses to get home
and avoid conscription, he has remained with us, having visited home but
once, a few days; and whether as Captain commanding or Col. of the regiment,
he has ever been the same amiable, unpretending, kind-hearted officer,
accessible to the humblest private in the ranks, and ready to lead in
every charge of battle.

Age would have exempted him, but he has chosen to share the hard-
ships of the camp, and the dangers of the field with us, and we now ask
the citizens of Wilkinson county to do what our soldiers would gladly
do. Give Honor to whom honor is due.

SOLDIER
Mr. Editor: All is still here. We have no news—no excitement in camps. Lee flanked the enemy out of his positions here, drove him beyond Manassas, destroyed the rail road from that place to the Rappahannock, and set down to rest on the south side of the river. Believing this road to Richmond to be effectually closed for the present, and supposing reinforcements were needed around Chattanooga, we thought it reasonable, and therefore probable, that our Corps would go South. Many of us anticipated such a change with much pleasure. Not that we expected better health, better rations, or less fighting in Ga., or Tenn., than we have had in Virginia, but we are willing to risk almost anything, for the sake of spending a day or two at home, where our hearts stay. We want to be nearer there. We love our letters here, however old; but how sweet they would be fresh from the fairy hands that pen them, warm from the throbbing hearts that indite them, moist with the tears of love that bedew them! Here the private soldier may spend half his year's wages in going home, and half his "twenty four days" is lost in going and coming. We never complain of these expenditures, however, for they come but seldom—few and far between.

The idea of going South has now been given up for some time. No one doubts but Gen. Lee knew best, and we are satisfied with his decisions.

We have always cheerfully submitted to the privations of soldier's life, feeling assured that we should ever be held in warm remembrance by those at home, whose good opinions we most highly esteem—the ladies—but late elections establish one of two facts: either the soldier is remembered by the men too, or the ladies have great influence there. Our Col., Lt. Col., and Major are all gone home, members of the Georgia Legislature.
Our Orderly Srgt., also is there. It is even declared by "reliable gentlemen" that our officers run better at home, than they ever did on the battle field.

Cheerful subjection to the Powers that be is my province, I doubt not those Powers do the best they can, still I do think the present system of furloughing is exceedingly illiberal to the enlisted man. While nine out of thirty seven officers have left our regiment, for home, in less than ten days, only one private to the hundred is allowed to go; and the most urgent necessity can not obtain a hearing outside of this one per centum. We hope for better arrangements soon. We moved a few miles yesterday, and are now preparing to spend the third winter (with some of us) in Virginia. Though making this preparation, we do not know how soon we may have to move. A soldier never feels settled. We are about two or three miles from Culpepper C.R. Our letters are beginning to come regularly again. The health of our regiment is good. Our rations are moderately good. There is great destitution of blankets, and winter clothing as yet, but we hope early supplies will, in some degree, lessen this deficiency. The beautiful country from Orange to Manassas is laid waste, plundered of every movable. Most of the families are gone, refugees from the cruel invader, whose desolating path shows what means by subjugation and extermination. Splendid mansions are burned to the ground or torn away to build huts for Yankee hirelings.

Contrary to the injunctions of our Saviour, servants have been induced to disobey their masters, abuse the family that raised them, take what they wished and run away. That some citizens have preferred gold to principle, life to honor, and turned traitor, is no matter of wonder; that so many have suffered so long and severely, and still hold out faithful, calls forth our admiration; and makes us honor the mother of States and statesmen.
Virginia is a noble State. Let those who have suffered more than she complain of her failings.

The morals of our regiment are good. Numbers have professed Christianity during the present year. The season for regular out-door worship is nearly over, yet loved ones at home are nightly remembered round many a little altar about the camp. Though the future may look dark to us, yet we believe that He, who on the morrow provided flour and barley so cheaply in the gate of Samaria, can do the same for us. Let not unbelief hinder us from eating thereof.

CAMP NEAR ORANGE C.H. VA.
Nov. 12th, 1865.

Mr. Editor: I closed the above letter last Saturday evening, and deposited it to be mailed next day. Most of our men worked hard during the day, providing quarters for the winter. In the evening Brother R.H. Stone, Missionary of the Washing Association to Central Africa, visited us, and spent the night, expecting to preach next day. At midnight orders came to “cook one day’s rations, break up camps, pack wagons, and be ready to move.” We were, as usual, entirely ignorant of where we would go, or what was meant by this unexpected move. In a short time our wagons began to move towards Culpepper C.H. At this place I parted with Brother Stone. It is known to many of your readers that just before going to Africa, he married Miss Broadus of this place. Upon their return from Africa last Summer, Sister Stone remained at her father’s home, while her husband visited friends, and associates in Georgia. While he was absent, about two months ago, the Yankees took possession of Culpepper, fired upon the house of Mr. Broadus, and wounded Mrs. Stone severely. Her husband was in Georgia, heard she was wounded, but could not get through the lines to her.
For long weeks he was in suspense, having only learned that the wound was serious, that amputation had most probably been performed, and not knowing but his lone companion in the wilds of Africa was already gone to her last resting place. His late retreat opened the way to Culpepper, and Brother Stone was happy to find that his wife had only received a severe flesh wound, and was fast recovering. She is now able to walk. When we re-crossed the Rappahannock a few weeks ago, I visited Culpepper C.H., and spent a pleasant Sabbath with Brother and Sister Stone. Both were raised near this place. Their honored families have felt the cost of this war in blood and treasure. I might here write a long description of these our Missionaries, but perhaps it would not be expected in this communication. It is but justice to our enemies to state that when they learned whom they had wounded, they showed some kindness and protection to her and her father's house. Bro. Stone promised to visit our regiment, and did so last Saturday evening. As we fell back, Sunday morning he stopped in Culpepper. It would not be prudent for his wife to leave, and it is his duty to remain with her. Temporarily away from Africa, of course he will not be molested by the Yankees. It is probable Culpepper may be within their lines for a time.

We soon learned, on Sunday morning that a portion of two Brigades had been captured by the enemy beyond the Rappahannock. As yet we know but little of the cause, or circumstances.

Monday we crossed the Rapidan, and went into our old camps near Orange C.H., which we left just one month before. The weather is quite cold. A few flakes of snow fell on Sunday. Monday they were followed by enough to make the distant mountains quite white. These first fruits promise an abundant harvest during the winter. We little expect to remain here long, but we have recently learned that no reliance is to be placed on our opinions in this particular.
Already it is reported that the enemy is moving towards Fredericksburg. Whether it is so the reader will have learned before he sees this letter. That Gen. Lee knows what is going on, his men are fully satisfied. We hear of our countrymen falling on other fields. Should we ever return home, many familiar faces will be missed. The Georgian of last week has been received. May the Editor grow rich "ude."

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Mr. Editor: - One week ago today I mailed you a letter; I now write again from the same camp. Friday morning we received orders to cook two days rations, and be ready to move. In this state of expectancy we remained until Sunday evening. We were then hastily ordered to pack wagons and march. It was generally supposed we would have an engagement very soon, but we had gone only a few hundred yards when the order was countermanded, and we returned again to camp. Our Regiment is on picket today, the second time within a week. Notwithstanding continued indications of a move, many are busy building winter quarters, and since I last wrote, a perfect town of little huts have been reared up here in the woods. When all the houses are built, there will be but little wood left to burn. To leave them in a few days would not surprise any one, but if we should remain here they will abundantly reward the industry that has built them. Soldiers would always provide themselves very comfortable quarters for winter, were they only assured they would be permitted to enjoy the fruits of their labor, but repeated disappointments leave but little encouragement to work.

We are a little more than two miles west of Orange Court House. I believe President Harrison was born in this county. We are but two miles from Montpelier, the home and grave of Madison. A splendid mansion, beautiful grass clad grounds, (true to a picture I have seen in Georgia,) handsome shrubbery, and choice fruits are some of the attractions that cause us to linger here, while we contemplate the character of him whose mortality sleeps but a few hundred yards distant. The home of Madison has been sold, and a stranger owns it. A granite monument, stately, but very plain, marks his tomb. No effort is made to tell his deeds. The people know them! The world appreciates them. We approach the spot and read -
"MADISON,
Born March 16th, 1751, Died June 28th, 1836."

Nearby is one, "In memory of Dolly Payne, Wife of James Madison."

These, with about a dozen other stones, are surrounded by a brick wall,
with iron gate, enclosing about one quarter of an acre. Here we read —

"Dr. John Willis. Born 1774. Died 1811."

"My Wife, Mary W. Lee."

"Fannie Willis, Wife of John M. Lee."

"My Sister, Lucy C. Lee."

"My Wife, Letitia R.L., Consort of Dr. R.L. Madison."

Others might be given, but this will show who rests with Madison.

We love to visit the places where our great men have lived, and
where they are buried. — From Charlottesville we have seen the heights of
Monticello, where sleeps the author of the Declaration of Independence.
Beside the murmuring James, in Hollywood Cemetery, lie the collected ashes
of Monroe, near the hummed grave of Tyler. We would gladly go to Mount
Vernon, and stand by the tomb of Washington; but the sacred spot is, as yet
cursed with the polluted tread of Yankee hirelings – brutes who have not
blushed to steal from its resting place the last Will and Testament of
Washington – the last paper written with his own hand – and sell it for
gold, (O sacra fames auri!) to a foreign Museum. May all their ill gotten
gains be yet purchase potters' fields in which to bury their own dead! We
expect yet to see Mount Vernon rescued. We never expect to submit to such
a people, but when they consider our last army dispersed, then let them
find that every shepherd, with harp in hand, is but an Alfred in the Danish
camp.

We hear there is to be no more exchange of prisoners. I am inclined
to think, it would be wise in our Government to parole, immediately,
every private we hold as prisoner, retaining only the officers.
The enemy would then, perhaps, parole and send home an equal number of our men. They hope to starve us out, and the more prisoners we hold, the sooner they expect to do so. The tyrant at Washington cares little for the suffering of his men in prison, and paroling them would give him no special pleasure. Even if they refused to parole our men, we would save rations, and, most of all encourage their men to surrender on every field. - Thousands, instead of fighting, would seek to become prisoners, if they knew they would be immediately paroled and sent home, but not exchanged.

I do not know the locality and numbers of Mead’s army, therefore I need not say, “It would not be prudent for me to tell at present.” I guess Gen. Lee knows, and that is sufficient for me. We are all in good spirits, and generally enjoy good health. We are having nice weather now. The snow expected a week ago, has not fallen. Our troops have, this week, been paid up to Nov. 1st. From a synopsis of Gov. Brown’s message we learn that he recommends an increase of our pay. We think an increase of our pay would do little good unless something were done to better the currency in which we are paid. Put speculators and extortioners in the ranks, let all money made by the war go to pay the expenses of the way, give soldiers no more pay, and agents much less, pay less for what is bought, confine blockage running to things absolutely necessary, require the funding of old issues, and let heavy taxes prevent the necessity of new issues; then our currency will improve, the little we get will buy much more than it now does, and soldiers will be the last to complain of low wages. Let the soldier who has a needy family draw his $11 (or a necessary part of it,) at home, not in Confederate money, but in wheat, corn, bacon, &c., collected as tax in his own county. This provision should be furnished the needy
family at old prices, and the amount furnished should be as little as will enable the family to live without want. The certificate of amount due the soldier could be furnished by the proper regimental officer; and the provisions actually necessary for the family could be certified by the Justices of the Inferior Court. (Let these Judges be men whom age has qualified for the office, and disqualified for the field.) The soldier would then know his needy family was provided for, and that it was done by his own wages. $11 would buy, at old prices 40 lbs. of bacon, 3 bushels corn, and 2 bushels wheat. If this amount is actually necessary for a family they should have it. If they can do on less, the certificate of the Judges would show it, and the balance would be paid the soldier in money. Those who have other means of support, and are not actually needy, are not included in the proposition. Every dollar paid in this way could cause a dollar less to be issued. If men are forced to leave their homes and fight, their needy families must be supported. Many of the wealthy are at home; let them bear their portion of the burden. No pecuniary sacrifice is equal to long separation from wife and children, and exposure of life to disease in camp, and death on the field. Let only those assert the contrary who know whereof they speak. — We have only to support the currency, care for the families of those who are away, trust in God and continue to fight, success will crown our efforts. History records the falling of light upon much darker days than ours. The soldier needs but little money in camps. Some spend all their wages for a few trifles sold by the sutler; others save nearly all and send it home. The latter fare as well here as the former. — $11 will buy but a few dozen apples.

Our rations are now tolerably good. I fear some at home fare worse. Croakers told us, a year ago, the Confederacy would soon "play out," but our army now is better clothed, better fed, and better equipped than it was then.
Many things are still needed, but happy is he who has learned to do without what he cannot get. We find a few vegetables for sale here, and we have drawn a mess or two of turnips lately. A large turnip, or a small cabbage readily sells for one dollar, and I have heard that a pint of brandy sells for $10.

Letters from home are regularly received now. The nights are growing long, but we have neither books nor candles; nor have we the pine knots here, by which so many little boys at home may study every night. Would that each little boy at home would resolve to learn a good lesson every night this winter! He who will so do will acquire a taste for learning, and will, most assuredly, make a learned man. Good sense, an honest heart, and indomitable perseverance is all that is necessary. Birth or wealth can never make a man, but they have made many a fool! Cheer up little boy! Tho' the sun has browned your hands, it is for you to decide whether you will become a great and good man, or whether you will be content with some low station in life. Every man can make himself, and every great man is a self-made man. The boy who improves his idle hours, loves his mother and sisters, keeps good company, honors age, and courts good advice, is on the road to greatness. Little reader, are you traveling this road? The mine is yours; you have only to dig.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
For the Central Georgian.

CAMP NEAR ORANGE C.H. VA.
December 8th, 1863

Mr. Editor: Soon after midnight, Friday morning, Nov. 27th, we began to move towards Fredericksburg. After remaining a few hours at Orange, nearly frozen, our trains took the road leading by Orange Springs, and the troops went down the old plank road. Meade was known to be this side of the Rapidan, and an engagement was considered inevitable. Coming near the enemy, our men formed line of battle on Friday evening. From this time until Tuesday night they lay in line of battle, moving occasionally to get better positions, or counteract attempts to flank them, and during the time our Brigade threw up three different breastworks. The cold was very severe, and as wagons, with baggage could not come near, many suffered exceedingly from cold. Fortunately all were allowed to have large fires, notwithstanding the enemy's line was but four or five hundred yards distant. There was some skirmishing, and for days an engagement was expected to commence every hour.

Movements at the time, and Yankee statements since, give very strong evidence that Meade ordered an attack on Monday morning, but finding our lines so strong, and everything prepared for his reception, he countermanded the order, and, disgusted with his own failure, decided to recross the river without a whipping. This he did on Tuesday night. Our troops were never in better spirits; they felt sure of a victory if attacked. Gen. A.P. Hill was sick a portion of the time, and Gen. Stuart commanded his Corps, very acceptably to the men.

Either by accident, or on purpose, our Generals were thrown more amongst the men, talked freely with them, and seemed to inspire new supplies of that great confidence which the army of Northern Virginia has ever had in its leaders. We were not rushed madly against the enemy in his works,
but waited patiently for him to attack us in ours, which his retreat showed he durst not do. It is a common remark amongst the soldiers that Gen. Lee showed his appreciation of their lives on this occasion. We lost but one man; Elisha Allen, Co. D. (From Taliaferro county,) was killed on skirmish. We captured a large number of ordnance and other wagons, but I am not informed how many; nor do I know the number of prisoners.

Thursday we marched back to our old camps near Orange C.H. We left these camps once before and returned at the end of one month. This time we were gone just one week.

Hoping Gen. Meade will now remain north of the river; we are continuing our preparations for winter. It is very cold indeed. Ink, and almost everything else, freezes every night. A number of our officers are now sending up applications for leave of absence, hoping to spend Christmas at home. I almost envy them all the precious "Christmas gifts" they will get — no, they are entitled to them. I feel inclined to hang up my stocking (what is the masculine of "Blue Stocking?") on a bush, but I fear Santa Clause would forget me. I must tell the girls however, that some of these officers say they are going home to marry, and expect others will say so if you will encourage them a little. Any sensible man in the army would want a wife at home to love him, and write him sweet letters.

Our men are in good health, and the exposure of the last week does not seem to have injured them.

We hear that Bragg is removed, at his own request. This gives general satisfaction, and I hope, will be productive of good; still I have considerable confidence in Gen. Bragg.

We would gladly believe what has occasionally been reported — that Longstreet had taken Knoxville — but we fear his own safety will require him to retreat.
Morgan is said to have escaped from the Yankees. We will very likely soon test the blockade, and he will be apt to show somebody that there is a day of retribution.

It is known to some of your readers that Capt. T.M. Harris, at the earnest solicitation of several churches at home has tendered his resignation with a view of serving those churches. His resignation has been returned, disapproved, and Gen. Lee adds, "It is hoped those churches can obtain a Pastor outside of the army, and Capt. Harris can render his country efficient service in his present position.

Several numbers of the Georgian have been received here. We have sometimes supposed that friends at home are pleased to read letters from the army. — So they are, — Ed. Geo. I am sure we in the army, who have no chance of going home, would be pleased to read letters in the Georgian from some of the fair ones who formerly gave so much interest to its columns. Where are they all? where is "Maggie"? We want to know what is going on at home. A young officer recently asserted that all the women at home are whipped. I deny it. What say you, ladies? Be assured you are more lovely now, clad in your homespun, sitting at the loom, standing at the spindle, or knitting for soldiers, than you were in former days, dressed in silks, attending the social gathering, making music on the piano, or engaged on the fancy needlework — more lovely, because you have shown yourselves equal to the greatest emergency — helps, meet for the soldiers of this great revolution. The UTILE is consistent with the DULCE. The same fairy hands turn the wheel, ply the needle, touch the tunesful keys, and guide the instructive pen. Your soldier friend often kneads his dough, and while it is baking, writes a line to you.

The women of Georgia are esteemed, honored and loved far more today than they were three years ago. Their influence is greater. —
If possible, they are rebels of a deeper dye than the sterner sex. Southern women maintain their present spirits. The enemy knows this, and nearly tries to crush this influence which animates the heart of every hero in the land. We have no cause to despond, and so far as I can judge, woman, with all the responsibilities that devolve upon her at home now, is least inclined to despond. She encourages the fainting, cheers the lonely, weeps with the bereaved, and is an angel of mercy beside the couch of the sick and wounded.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. — He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Mr. Ivy W. Duggan: Respected Sir: - Permit me through the Central Georgian to address you these lines, in response to your communication, which I have just read. Pardon me, sir, but I must say that the columns of the Georgian are scanned weekly for your ever interesting letters. We only wish that your facilities for writing were greater, in order that your communications might be more lengthy and appear oftener.

But sir, your last contained a very grave charge against my sex, a charge which I desire to contradict. You say, "a young officer recently asserted that all the women at home are whipped." I deny it. There may be and doubtless are, croakers of both sexes at home who were ready to cry "hold enough," at the fire of the first gun. But, allow me to say, sir, that where you find one of this class among females you will find three among the men. - I would not be understood as saying there are many among either; but I would hurl back the charge upon this 'gallant' young officer, and say "physician heal thy self."

The women whipped? Never, Never! We loathe and despise all idea of subjugation, or submission to Yankee rule. Yes, more; we detest the cowardly skulkers, and whining puppets who would force it upon us. The true and the brave are beloved by every woman worthy of the name; but he who would stand by and quietly do nothing, waiting for his neighbors to do all the fighting, undergo all the hardship, is not worthy of the esteem of any. When our independance is achieved I expect some of them will be the first to cry out, "ain't we brave?"

I will admit we feel depressed in spirits often; but it is when we reflect upon the sufferings of our country, the hardships and dangers to which our brave soldiers are exposed for our sufferings! but we are deprived of the privilege.
It is these sad reflections that cause us to sigh and weep the bitter tears of grief, and not feelings of fear. Believing in the goodness and justice of God, we have every reason to anticipate success. We should then hope for independent peace, pray for independent peace, fight for it, ever remembering that:

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to sun,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Remembering that if we are but true to ourselves, that if we are worthy of the precious liberty for which we fight, a just and kind Providence will certainly give us the victory.

You desired to know what was going on at home. I will answer for the ladies of this vicinity; we are busily engaged knitting socks for the soldiers, and will be for sometime. We are ready and willing at any time to contribute to the comfort of our dear soldiers, who are so nobly defending our homes.

As I am a resident of Georgia, I consider myself a recipient of the compliments you so generously bestowed upon the ladies of our noble old State, and thank you kindly for the honor you bestow. Hoping you may never have cause to change your good opinion, I will desist lest I weary you.

Respectfully,

M.F.N.
Mr. Editor:

No place is more prolific of rumors than camps. We have "haver-sack rumors," "grape vine rumors," and reports too tedious to mention. A short time ago, we failed to get a copy of the Georgian. The matter was soon explained, and rumor assured us that "printers were conscripted, and the Georgian gone up the spout." We did not believe the report, and a paper just received, is conclusive evidence of its falsity; however, it presents and opportunity for me to assure you that, next to letters from home, we appreciate the weekly visits of the Georgian. It tells us of home, and what is doing there; tells us of our brethren, battling on other fields; tells us where one after another lays him down to rest; and tells us of fair hands, knitting for our comfort, and preparing their offerings for our "Wayside Home." It is necessary for some to labor at home, and while there are, no doubt, skulkers, who should be forced into the army, there are no more honored servants of country than those whom duty, faithfully discharged keeps at home. It is a wise legislation, that enables us to have newspapers, and if necessity compel, we would much have the Georgian, and many other papers, reduced to thumbpapers, than no papers at all.

Since I last wrote to you, our (Thomas) Brigade has crossed the mountains, made a successful campaign under Early in the Valley, and a large number of us have spent short furloughs at home. I can tell you nothing about a furlough, only that there is nothing like it to a soldier, and he never forgets. We will never forget the Wayside Home at Millen either; where, after seven days of slow travel and delay, we arrived, tired and hungry. A cordial invitation to go and eat, a nice table laden with good things, and fair ladies superintending strikes the soldier from camps.
with astonishment. He is not accustomed to such things. No $5.00, for
a poor snack here, but an excellent supper furnished by friends, and
nothing omitted to make the soldier comfortable, sweet prelude to the
joys of home awaiting the returning one. An attempt to establish too
many such Wayside Homes would cripple and ruin all; I am, therefore
glad that the ladies of Washington have wisely decided to co-operate with
those at Millen. No soldier will complain if he can find only one such
place during the day. It is the only one I found from Staunton home. I
know that some one about Millen deserves many thanks.

While writing of the ladies, I can not fail in this connection,
though at the eleventh hour, to acknowledge a complimentary mention in
a late Georgian from the pen of (either Miss, or Mrs.) "M.F.H." Her
elegant and patriotic letters shows she is no novice with the pen, it is
calculated to encourage the soldier, and is but the sentiment of all our
Georgia ladies. I have no means of knowing who the accomplished writer
is, but I know some clever boys about "Day Springs" and I will not do them
the injustice to suppose she is Miss M.F.H.

Quite a number of officers and men from our army have gone home
on furlough during the winter and married. Thus they have acted the part
of wise men, and, no doubt, much increased their happiness for the future.
It seems to be a unanimous decision with the soldiers here to marry just
as soon as the war is over, and they can get home. It is hoped the ladies
will encourage such a decision. Who does not want some one to love him as
only a wife can love, to think of him when far away to write him warm-
hearted letters, to be his own, and should he fall to bear his name and
embalm his memory? It is said that woman asks only one whole heart to love
her, but woman's happiness depends on the possession of no less.
Since the 15th December we have had no permanent winter quarters.
We are now near Orange C.H. again, and in sight of Mountpeller.

Surplus baggage has been sent to the rear. Transportation, except
for commissary and Ordnance stores, has been very much reduced and everything
indicates a vigorous summer campaign. Our prospects were never considered
brighter, nor our armies in better condition. Officers and men believe that
Grant is the enemies’ last man, and that Lee will whip him. If our summer
campaign can be a decided success, while the enemy need re-enlistments, and
is divided by a President’s campaign, I hope good will be the result. The
opinion seems general in both armies that this year will end the war. I
hope it may, and I wish I could really expect it to do so. But whether it
ends this year or not, our ultimate success is not to be doubted.

Rations are short now, but there is little complaint made. We
draw corn meal, out of which we make bread, mush, “cush” &c., &c., and
though unsifted, I guess it is healthy. We very much prefer flour, and
it is probable we will get it when we begin to march. We draw one fourth
of a pound of bacon, but I reckon what is lacking in quantity is made up in
quality, for they say it often “outranks Gen. Lee.” We occasionally get
just enough coffee, sugar, and rice to remind us of home before the war.
Officers draw their rations now, and get no more than privates. We think
we can live on what our Generals can. Let not our good friends at home
complain, if, at the season for fruits, vegetables, chickens &c., they are
put on one quarter pound rations of bacon. They have lard, butter, and
other things in the bargain. Nor should any give up under a heavy tax, for
no pecuniary sacrifice is any sacrifice at all, compared with separation
from wife and children, and the life of a soldier. Some will dispute this,
but no man that has tried it fully, will do so.
The snow has disappeared, the late rains have ceased, the ground is drying rapidly, and we will very probably be in motion before this letter reaches you. There are several impending promotions in our regiment, of which I, or some one else, will inform you when they transpire. No efforts are being spared to make our large armies effective for the coming campaign. Very many of the disabled men have been discharged, retired, or assigned to light duty. No officers of our regiment are more efficient or deserve more credit than those in the Medical Department. I write this with more pride, because it can not be said of every regiment. It is a great consolation to friends at home to know that the sick and wounded will fall into the hands of men who have hearts to feel, and ability to treat their cases.

Asst.Surg.R.H.Bates, formerly of Washington County, Ga., has labored successfully with the regiment since soon after its organization. His urbanity, skill, and faithful discharge of duty have rendered him deservedly popular. Surgeon J.J.Dement, formerly of Huntsville, Ala., came to the regiment, a stranger, nearly two years ago. He is fully identified with us, he is honored and loved by the whole Brigade; is senior Surgeon of the Brigade, a prominent member of the Medical Board, and is second to no Surgeon in the Light Division. Spring is again presenting opportunities for outdoor worship, and there seems to be, manifesting, itself, some of that religious interest which was so general throughout our army last year. This will be a memorable year. There are duties at home, duties in the field, duties everywhere. "Vain is the help of man."

IVY W. DUGGAN.
To the Washington Baptist Association to convene at Mineral Springs, Washington County, Ga:

Dear Brethren --- As the day of your meeting draws nigh, I find myself less inclined to resist my earnest desire of writing to you again. I have desired again and again to meet with you, and this is the fourth meeting that this privilege has been denied me. My God knows that my heart does love the brethren composing the Washington Association. I have, from a little boy, loved the company and the counsels of the aged. A hoary head is indeed a crown of glory to an humble christian. In addressing the Association this year, I feel that I am addressing a company of fathers; yest, of fathers in Israel. The young men are in the army, and I can almost tell the name of every one composing your body. Each face is familiar to me, and I love to remember them as I have so often seen them and as I see one line illegible radiant with celestial joy, or wet with the tears of sympathetic love. Our hearts are with you brethren, and though we are so far away, yet we thank God that while you are praying at the Association, our petitions, sent up from the camps, can blend with yours at the Mercy Seat. The days of your meeting are days of special remembrance.

The Association is generally considered a business meeting, but not entirely so. I have nothing like a business communication for you; but surely it is business enough to tell the brethren how our hearts love the, how we desire their prayers, and how we love that Saviour that has given His life to redeem us, and has sent us the Comforter to dwell in our hearts! When I hear how my unworthy letter was received last year; when I read that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;
when I hear of the earnest prayers in our behalf, and then reflect upon the many blessings showered on me and mine: how can I refrain from again making the same request of those who, I feel, love me as a son? Often during the past year have I asked myself the question "How many of these blessings are in answer to the prayers of God's people at home?" I want those prayers still; I need them always.

This has, indeed, been a sad year. I know that you are an assemblage of mourners. I know that there is scarcely a hearth stone in the land, around which the little family has not often met, and shed tears of sorrow, as they have talked of the loved one, who has gone to rest on some far off field. Many of you have seen your most promising sons fall, just as they were entering the threshold of noble manhood. Would that the balm of resignation could always bind up these wounded hearts. Last year I wrote you of many who had told us what great things the Lord had done for their souls. Quite a number of them united with churches composing your Association. Several of that number are now among the dead. War spares not the love of friends, tender years, or youthful piety. I know your hearts have often bled as you have contemplated this sad - this very sad - picture. But, brethren is there not a brighter side to it? And is it not our duty often to contemplate it. If we are Christians, "we are special objects of God's favor; and He has promised that all shall work for our good. "No good thing will He withhold from them that love Him." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Little children cannot always understand what their parents do. May God help us, by faith, to say of our Father, He doeth all things well. I do not know why it is that God has taken so many loved ones away from us but I do know that every Christian He has taken is gone home to glory, and I do believe that many of the fallen once were Christians.
Many have professed conversion in the army, and I trust that most of them have adorned the profession they have made. I do not know how it is with you at home, brethren, for I have been away from you a long time, but I am sure there are many young brethren here in the army who have learned what it is to grow in grace. They have learned to pray more, to read their Bibles more, and to love God more. Separations, afflictions, and trials have been the means in God's hands of causing them to attain a degree of faith which they never knew at home. There are those in the army, who were Christians before the war, and yet now would assure you, "If I knew that peace, and restoration to my dear family, would cause me to live farther from my God, and to care for the things of this poor world, as in former times, I would rather stay here all my days." I do not pretend to deny that the army has made some men much more wicked, but I am sure that it has taught some Christians to be much better Christians. I have reason to believe that these days of affliction have had a similar effect upon hearts at home. Who can say, brethren; that some future day will not reveal that the army was a school for some young Christians that they were not likely to have found elsewhere? It is good to be afflicted, if we are properly exercised thereby. It is sweet to rest in the assurance that our God rules, and that the very hairs of our heads are numbered. How much sacrifice is it to the Christian to lay aside these filthy garments of clay, when he is to be arrayed in the perfect righteousness of his Redeemer? How light are these afflictions of a moment, when he is enabled to sing -

"I would not live always; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few mild mornings that dawn on us here,
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear."
God has enabled some, who could not formerly do so, to sing—

"I'm glad that I am born to die."

Let us not faith, brethren, because, as a nation, we are so long wondering in this wilderness of war. Our short vision may not be able to see what will become of us another year, but we should not look to the supply, but to the source from whence it comes. The same Power that supplied manna in the desert, that sent the ravens to Elisha, and steadied the widow's scant supply, can succor us, if we trust Him. "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." The Bible is full of blessed promises to the righteous. If I could see all the people at home, and in the army humbling themselves and acknowledging God, then I should feel assured that we were a chosen nation, and that the blessings of peace and prosperity would soon crown our efforts. We may be a better people than our enemy, and yet they may be used as a rod for our chastisement. It will be time enough for God to break the rod when it shall have been the instrument of bringing us nearer to Him. I see no cause for the Christian to be discouraged, but I see many reasons why we, like Joshua, Ezra, Nehemiah, and others, should fast and pray over the sins of his people. The important question for each one is, am I a child of God? Am I doing all my duty? If so, I need care for nothing else. I dread the darkness of no midnight hour. The clouds which lower over us can never be more dark than were those that hung over Israel when the Red Sea lay before, and the hosts of Pharaoh pressed behind, and yet God delivered them, not by a multitude of men, but by His own right arm. How blessed is such a deliverance—all of God! Though our ranks be thinned let us pray that the Lord will work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few.
When we hear of reverses in the field, and many slain; let us not lie down in despair, but let us "up", "sanctify" ourselves, purge the camp of every Achan, and let each one see that no forbidden garments, and golden wedges, are hidden away in the tents of his own heart.

[concluded next week]  

IVY W. DUGGAN.
It seems to be the chief desire of our invading enemy to sack our cities, burn our dwellings, destroy our property, take the staff of life away from our wives and children, desecrate our sanctuaries, steal our servants, and lay waste our own Southern land. Brethren, has it occurred to your minds, that our affections may have been too much set on these earthly things, and that God may be showing us the frail tenures by which we hold them? God is in the war; He has all power in Heaven and in earth; and He will not permit his children to suffer without a cause. Brethren, think of these things and do study the character of Job — that man who was "perfect," and "upright" who "feared God and eschewed evil." Can we part with our possessions as he did with his? In these times of excitement even when raids are in the country, if you will only turn to the history of Job, you can learn your duty. May God give patience and grace to the many who have lost all earthly possessions in this war, who are now wandering, refugees without a home, and living on the bread of charity. May those too, whose sons have gone to rest on the distant battle fields, be enabled to say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Haven't profited by the patient sufferings of Job, let us take encouragement from his blessed end. After all his sufferings, his last days were his best days. Oh, that God may give us all grace to learn this great lesson. Though the night be so dark, day will be the brighter when it dawns.

With all the earnestness of my soul I plead, in my letter to you last year, for the little fatherless children in your midst. I can only repeat the same again. Their number is rapidly increasing. I know that many a poor father has died, with the unanswered question quivering upon his lips, "Who will take care of my poor little children?" If I can do no more now, I will continue to repeat the important question while I live, for God alone knows how long that will be, or how soon another may have to repeat for me.
When little orphans are fed, and clothed, and sent to school, all is not done. They need kind words; they need encouragement; they need to feel that they are loved; they need some one to be a father to them. I am glad to know that my earnest appeals last year met with a hearty response, and that the Association is fully alive to the importance of the work. I feel assured that the prompt efforts of your last session have been a great blessing to a number of these unfortunate children. I have reason to hope too that mature plans, submitted at your present meeting, will greatly increase your facilities for accomplishing good. I know not what those plans will be, but I know the brethren to whom the work is committed. In this connection I ask that my name be discontinued as a member of your Executive Committee. It is impossible for me to meet with the committee, and there are other brethren who would be serviceable there. It would afford me the greatest pleasure to meet with the Committee, and with the Association too, if I could.

My anxiety for the prosperity of the Washington Institute is not at all diminished, and I am glad to see from your minutes that it was not forgotten at your last session. I hope the school there will not have to be suspended during the war. We have reason for gratitude when we think of many who met there in former days. They are scattered now. Some have long been dead, and we are now mourning the recent fall of boys whom we learned to love at Linton. Some now hold important stations, and many, we hope, are humble christians.

Since your last meeting I spent a short time with our beloved brother and sister Stone. A recent letter informs me that they, with their infant daughter (Lizzie Kelly Stone) are well, and that God has taken care of them although they were within the enemy's lines for a long time. I think it probable Bro. Stone will teach a small school, until an opportunity presents
for him to return to Africa. He is with his wife's father, at Culpepper
C.H., Va., and near his own parents. I was pleased with sister Stone, and
both seem devoted to the work for which they have been set part. Oh,
that our enemy would unite with us in proclaiming to the sons of Africa
freedom from sin, rather than in seeking deliverance from the appropriate
sphere in which God has placed them!

The present campaign has furnished but little opportunity for
regular meetings; yet we have occasional sermons and frequent prayer,
meetings and there is some religious interest manifested. Bro. Hyman
never ceases to labor zealously for the salvation of souls, and
God has often permitted him to see the fruits of his labors. He baptizes
some almost every week. Bro. P.H. Shepherd is useful in the prayer meeting
and is ever ready to exhort sinners to repentance. I hope that God will
spare them both to be useful at home after the war is over. There are
other ministers belonging to the Association that we would be most happy
to see here, even for a short time, if such a visit would not conflict
with important duties at home.

Were you, my brethren, to walk around our camps at night, you would
perhaps, see much and hear much that would cause you to lament the demoraliza-
tion of camp life; yet oftentimes you would hear songs of prayer and praise,
you would see evidences of devotion that would warm up your hearts, and
you would be heard to exclaim, surely these mourners do deire the prayers of
God's people, for which they have so often asked. Let us walk a short
distance from the camp. Here we pass a soldier lifting up his heart to
God alone: there we pass two or three together; perhaps our brothers;
perhaps only Christian brethren, but unity of interests and one faith have
bound them closely together. They have met to pray here alone. They are
far from home; they can't visit the sanctuaries where they have so often
bowed with you; they can't kneal with their lonely wives and little
children tonight; but they are thanking God that they can pray for those
at home, that those at home do pray for them, and that the Holy Spirit
does comfort their hearts here in the fields of Virginia.

But brethren, my letter is already much too long, and I must close
it; yet I never see you, I seldom hear from most of you, and I have not
now written the half I would love to tell you. Some may think, that I
have presented a very bright side of the picture; but thank God he often
shows us a very bright side, when we put our trust in Him. It is the
Christian's privilege to be happy at all times. We have no taste for war;
we long to return home to those we love; yet we feel that we are at our
post. Our hearts are not unhappy here; we intend, by the grace of God,
to be happy as long as we live, and we hope, through Jesus Christ our
Saviour, to be happy in Heaven.

We all cannot meet again on earth; may we meet in Heaven.

That the Holy Spirit may be with you in your meeting, and bless your
souls, is the earnest desire of one who still asks to be remembered in
your prayers.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
For the Central Georgian.

THE SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

We are far away from our dear homes,
We have left our wives and our children there;
That God may protect them, and friends be kind
Is the soldier's request, is the soldier's prayer.

We have said farewell! with an aching heart,
Yes, with hearts that bleed at every pore;
And the saddest thought, when we come to part,
Was the thought, we never might see them more;

The thought that beneath a more Northern sky,
Where our country calls and we haste to go,
Our bones unknown may bleaching lie.
And our children the advice of a father not know.

Ah! could we but know the wives we love
Would never be grieved by treatment unkind,
That the children, on whom our affections are set,
Would a friend and adviser in every one find!

Do you wish to gladden the soldier's heart?
Do you wish to lighten the soldier's task?
Then grant the soldier this one request,
Perhaps the last that he ever will ask.

We are far away from our own dear homes
We have left our wives and our children there,
That God may protect them, and friends be kind,
Is the soldier's request, is the soldier's prayer.

A FATHER AND HUSBAND.

Manassas Junction, Va., Aug. 3, 1861
MY MOTHER

My Mother! Sweet name! The first word lisped by my infant tongue! Before hunger placed its first complaints upon my grieving lips, my mother fed me. Before restless hours came, her sweet voice sang me to rest. The frequent pain always found her a ministering angel to soothe, and the fretful cries were turned into peaceful slumbers by the sweet charms of her lullaby. Childhood hid all its troubles in her open heart and our little faults were so purified and buried there that they put forth new resolutions to err no more. Her sweet influence and meek patience prepared me for the temptations of youth and the trials of early manhood. Her Christian walk, pious counsels and earnest prayers were burning lights shining along the path that leads to "Our Father who art in Heaven."

But my mother is dead.

Last night a letter brought me the sad news that I am motherless.

A dark cloud has cast its shadow over my heart. Were I at home with friends, sympathy would lighten my burden; but I am far away in camps. The soldier pities me when he learns my mother is dead; but he can only pass on and leave me to bear the burden all alone. My father's house is desolate. Should I ever return home, it is so sad to think I shall not find mother there.

But tears have washed away my grief now, and I find consolation in the assurance that my mother is in Heaven. Her mouldering dust at Bethlehem is another tie binding me to that spot where I too hope to rest when the toils of life are over. Her sainted spirit is another tie binding me to that home where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

May He, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb comfort the withered spirit of my bereaved father, sanctify this sore affliction to the good
of children and friends, and by the influences of His spirit prepare
us all to meet mother in Heaven.

IVY W. DUGGAN.

Nanassea, Va., August 18th, 1861
WASHINGTON INSTITUTE  
(Male and Female)  

LINCOLN, HANCOCK COUNTY, GA.  

Literary Department  
Rev. T. J. Adams,  
Mr. Ivy W. Duggan, Principals.  

Musical Department,  
Prof. J. J. Cortes.  
Mrs. Cortes  

Ornamental Department,  
Mrs. J. Butcher.  

The Trustees being thoroughly impressed with the great importance of Education in all times, are hereby using their endeavors to prevent the suppression of the same, and highly recommend the above named Institution to the public patronage.  

Mr. Duggan, still being in the army, Rev. T. J. Adams will take charge, and open the exercises of the school on the 2d Tuesday in January next. All necessary assistance will be provided.  

Rates of Tuition, Primary Class $20 per annum. Medium Class, $30.  
Higher Classes, $40.  
Music or Piano, Guitar, Violin, Flute, also cultivation of the cultivation of the voice, & c., each, $50 per annum. Drawing, Painting, Wood, &c., each $30 per annum.  

After the lapse of four weeks from the beginning of each Term, pupils are charged from the time of their entrance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness. Incidental expenses $ per annum. Board, washing and lights not included, can be had at $12 per Scholastic month.  

Dec. 18, 1861.  

TRUSTEES.
MY WIFE.

It is night. Scarcely a voice is heard in the camps. The old year is well nigh gone. The sands of the last hour are fast running away. A distant band has just played—"Home, Sweet Home." My heart is full. I know that "They miss me at home." One sweet watcher counts the hours of my absence. When I left her she said, with heaving bosom, "How can I bear it? but go, my husband, never falter, and may God bless you!" Half a year had I been away when the last new year came. Hope whispered in her ear then, "He will soon return to your bosom." Alas! I am far away yet. An eventful year has passed. The leaves of autumn have fallen on many new made graves, and the dark cypress has cast its shade over many widowed hearts. When the echo of a mighty clash of arms saddened Southern homes, she has asked God, a thousand times, "Is my husband safe?" and then, with heaving heart, she has unsealed the lips of the little messenger which has said, "God is good to us, my wife; another victory is won, and your husband is yet safe," gratitude has filled her soul. It is sweet to be loved by one so worthy. Now anxiously I await the little messengers she so constantly sends me! I love her letters. They tell me a thousand sweet things. I have written to her tonight. Tomorrow morning I will close early with "A happy new year!" She will fancy that she hears my voice, when she traces the lines marked by my rough hand, and her heart will leap with joy. Sometimes I can write but little but she can understand much from it. Little words are silently eloquent.

The cord need only be touched to awaken vibrations deep in the heart, and sweeter far than asolian strains, the paths of memory are strewed with love's sweetest flowers. She is a Christian wife, too. We are far separated—mountains tower, and rivers roll between us— but tonight our petitions have met at the same throne, and we feel assured that, in spite of wars and partings, we shall soon dwell together in that house not made with hands. Let war demoralize, but most strenuously will I avoid every word or act
MY WIFE - continued

that would cause my wife to blush if she were present I have long loved her. When a little girl she gave me her heart. As she entered the
dawn of womanhood we pledged our vows at the hunchial altar. Sweet vows!
We have been happy together. No chilling blast of neglect or indifference
has ever blighted the tender buds of our youthful love. Two little babes
have been added to our number -

Precious links in the golden chain,
That binds our heart no longer twain.

As the vine clings to the stately oak for support, so did she cling
to me. As the oak is adorned by the foliage and rich clusters of the vine,
so was I honored in the love and virtues of my wife. We dreamed of no
separation this side of the grave, and even there

We fondly hoped that our mouldering clay,
Together would rest till the judgment day.

Cruel war has placed the bitter cup of absence to our lips. How
much longer shall we drink its dregs? It is a sore trial; but we will not
murmur. He who doeth all things well - who provideth for the raven, and
taketh care of the sparrow, will not forsake us, if we trust him. May the
new year which is dawning upon us, bring us better days. May the bow of
peace soon span our Southern land, and speedily restore to the anxious wife
him who is happy to be her

HUSBAND

Jackson's Army, Dec. 31, 1862
For the Central Georgian

I LOVE YOU

I love you, my wife; language never can tell
How dearly, how warmly, how well;
I'd rather be perfect in your pure eyes,
Than have all the wealth that in India lies.

I love you, my dear one, my partner for life;
Nought else could the world give so sweet as my wife;
My pathway with flowers you have strewed all along,
More charming your words than the Spring's sweet song.

I love you, my fair one, those tresses of hair,
Thy forehead, those cheeks and the smiles that rest there,
Thy tongue talking love, lips for sweeter to me,
Than honey e'er made by the Hyblaean bee.

I love you, my rich one - not rich in that gold
That canker's the heart - for which honor is sold;
But rich in those graces that woman adorns,
In purity, beauty, and love Heaven born.

I love you, my true one, while others grow cold,
Your love still increases, it never grows old;
With raptures I view in your beautiful eyes,
Deep oceans of love, where my heart anchored lies.

I love you, my sweetheart, I love my bride,
I loved you a school girl, my boyhood's dear pride,
But the happiest day that my heart ever knew,
Was the day you confessed that you loved me too.

I love you, my consort, in sickness in health,
Walking poverty's vale, or the highways of wealth;
I know that with you I so happy shall be!
For I love my good wife, and my wife love me.

I love you, my helpmeet; I stood once alone;
As frail as a leaf by the autumn winds blown,
But now I stand firm - rage in vain, storms of life;
I am strong; there is power in the love of a wife.

I love you, my trusting one, my own chosen vine,
And tendrils, so sweet round my heart you entwine,
While I feast on rich clusters, more gilding my soul,
Than wine ever quaffed from Palernian bowl.

I love you, my charming one, whatever you do,
'Tis the thing that I wished - I am happy with you;
Not Elizide's beauty, nor Helen's rare charms,
Could tempt me one moment from your loving arms.

I love you, young mother, that bare my first-born,
(Dease beating my heart, when forgotten that morn,)
I loved you a maiden in youth's budding bloom,
I will love you in age, going down to the tomb.
I love you, my patient one, a soldier's good wife;  
Your words of encouragement nerve for the strife;  
Your long frequent letters, which oft steal a tear,  
Are full of the world I so much love to hear.

I love you, my absent one, with pleasure each day,  
Your husband remembers he's oft heard you say,  
That woman asks naught, save one heart's purest love.  
I know then you're happy, my own little dove.

I love you, my lone one, though long, long I stay,  
Where country has called on the field far away,  
I'm your own in the camp, not one word will I speak  
That would paint with a blush my wife's lovely cheek.

I love you, my waiting one, 'tis the wish of my life,  
To be worthy the love of my own gentle wife;  
I'm your own in the camp, not one act will I do,  
That would cause grief to enter your bosom so true.

I love you, my blessed one, Oh, tell me some name,  
More sweetly to call you, not always the same,  
My rosebud, my lily, my heart's-case, my dear,  
My treasure, my honor, my comfort, my care.

I love you, my Christian one, I feel that I need  
The blessings for which you so constantly plead;  
In a humble petition you've wrapped me tonight,  
And borne me away to the Father of light.

I love you, I love you, oh, were they but true!  
The dreams that each night bear me home, wife, to you;  
They pillow my head on your innocent breast  
Oh! there let me rest! Let me rest! LET ME REST!

My Wife's Birthday, 1862.                        HUSBAND
For the Christian Index

BURY ME WHERE YOU PLEASE, WIFE

Bury me where you please, wife,
   But leave a little room
Where you at last may come and rest
   Beside me in the tomb.

Plant sweet flowers there, wife,
   And let the ivy twine;
Come sometimes to the sacred spot,
   For you will still be mine.

Shed not many tears, wife,
   Refuse not earthly joys,
Be cheerful, happy, serve thy God,
   And train our little boys.

God be kind to thee, wife,
   As thou hast dealt with me,
Kept by His power and grace mayst thou
   From trouble, sin, be free.

Hasten home to me, wife,
   I'll never cease to love
My sweet companion here below —
   Thou'lt still be mine above.

Bury me where you please, wife,
   But leave a little room,
   Where you at last may come and rest
   Beside me in the tomb.

Husband

Jackson's Army, April 1863
WRITTEN FOR THE GEORGIAN.

OUR BOYS.

Sweet Mother list, I sing of objects dear,
A father's love, his joy, his blessings near,
On golden links hang our declining days,
These links shall be the theme of all my lays.

Fondly we loved in days of early youth,
Gladly we twain became one flesh in truth;
Two little forms, transplanted from above,
Now bless our home, dear pledges of our love.

Nor gem like these e'er set in burnished gold,
Our hearts, fit casket, do our jewels hold;
Sure none below have more of earthly joys
Than we, my wife, blessed with two little boys.
We love a father, mother — youth's dear guide —
A friend, a brother, sister, lover, bride,
But there's a love surpassing every other
'Tis when the wife becomes the tender mother.

Sweet baby! father's likeness, mother's charm,
Smiles when we talk, holds out its tiny arms;
Now proud was I when little lips said "Pa!"
How swell'd your heart when first they lipt'd "Mama."
They sat alone, they soon began to crawl,
You felt for teeth, told us their capers all;
Their prattle soon to mother's ear was talk,
We marked each step as they began to walk.

Each had his toy, his dog, his horse, his bell,
Asked for his book, to play with — not to spell;
Their little clothes lay scattered on the floor,
While riding —sticks blocked the passage door.
How oft we've sat at close of busy day,
We've converse sweet, and saw our children play?
How oft we've boxed, asked wisdom from above,
To train aright these objects of our love!

Sweet man'sy o'er the flowery past would glide,
And hope, in age, would paint us side by side,
Still living, loving, happy, honored then,
Our darling boys good, pious, happy men.
Then separation we had never known,
Nor war had want, and we, and carnival sown,
But rich abundance filled the industrious hand,
And peace smiled sweetly on our happy land.

Tis different now, three years have passed away,
Since cruel war assumed his blighting sway,
And thousands of the noble, good, and brave,
Now cold and silent fill the soldier's grave.
Widows indeed and orphans fill the land,
Long trains of mourners make a numerous band.
Rank weeds of mourning in our gardens grow
And streams of sadness o'er our hearth-stones flow.

You bade me go, in resignation weep,
While farewell kisses burned upon my cheek;
Be it my pride, though come a myriad host
To trust in God, love, you, and keep my post.

Now oft my sluggish pen has tried to show
What words me'er told, what only heart can know!
My leafy pillow, wet with briny dew,
More plainly tells how hard to stay from you.

Still Mercy o'er our household spreads her wing;
By mercy spared, Oh, let us humbly sing!
And while we live, dry up the mourner's tear,
Think oft of Heaven, lay up our treasures there.

To train our boys long time has been your lot,
But though alone, you me'er have been forgot,
Each morn, each eve, petitions blending go
To Heaven's throne, whence streams of mercy flow.

Father in Heaven, Oh, shelter those I love!
Take them, and make them meet for realms above,
Guide through life's storms, and when life's storms are o'er,
Oh, give them to me on the other shore!

My first-born's Birth-day, 1864.

FATHER
For the Central Georgian

Response to "I."

YOUR "DARLING BROTHERS"

Thy plaintive lyre, touched by a sister's hand,
Send forth its strains from far off Southern land;
We hear thy lays on Appomattox's shore,
And tears flow forth for loved ones now no more.

Accept the words my sympathy extends,
Thy "darling brothers" were my early friends,
The dew of youth then rested on our heads,
Like pearly drops in spring on flowery beds.

True "roses bloom in beauty still" at home,
And some still live, who from their loved ones roam,
But who shall name the thousands passed away?
I think of each - thy "brothers! where are they?"

Where Georgians showed that Georgians na'er were slaves,
Thy "darling brothers" rest in soldiers' graves;
Weep now no more, sweet Sisters, let them lie
Where gallant deeds and names shall never die.

Bere violets bloom upon their honored graves,
The foe shall cross dark Chickamauga's waves;
Though midnight now, there'll dawn brighter day
To those who strive, and hope and trust and pray.

Where doves like peace shall brood o'er Southern skies,
We'll scatter flowers where every tear lies,
We'll strew them thickly on the sacred spot
Where John and William shared the soldier's lot.

May resignation soothe the sisters' grief!
May heavenly hopes give parents sweet relief!
That bleeding heart! Oh, gracious God, be good
To her who mourns her early widowhood!

IVY
Blessed book! Traveler's guide through the defiles of earth's rugged ways, directing him where he can "lie down in green pastures," leading him "beside still waters," pointing out the way of holiness so plainly that no wayfarer may run as he reads, and guiding him at last to that home, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."
The only lamp which sheds upon earth's dark wilderness the rays of divine Revelation! The only spring from whence thirsty man can cool his parched lips, as he travels the barren deserts of life! Fountain in which alone mortality can bathe, and be cleansed for the robes of beautiful immortality! Chart alone by which life's mariner can safely direct his course amid the shoals and quicksands of his stormy ocean, and enter, at last, the haven of eternal rest!

Strange that the good old book should be so much neglected. Strange that mortal man will hazard life in diving ocean's depths for a few perishing pearls, and yet refuse the pearl of great price, which lies within the dusty lids of his neglected Bible.

It is emphatically the book. All who have shared the curse with fallen Adam are interested in its important truths. Instruction for youth, admonition for age, warning for the careless, threatening for the ungodly, encouragement for the fainting, promises for the faithful—all are interspersed throughout its sacred pages. "He that is thirsty, come ye to the waters." Here is a fountain, whence all may drink and quench their thirst, until the streams of everlasting life spring up within their souls.

Here little children, fit type of those who constitute the Kingdom of Heaven, are not forbidden to come. The sweet command that enjoins obedience to parents promises "that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."
Roary age, trembling on the verge of the tomb, asks, "If a man die, shall he live again?" to which we hear the sweet response, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live."

The tired soul, that has long groped in the dark wilderness of sin, that has vainly sought happiness in worldly pursuits, that would fain find a balm for the bruises earth can not heal, finds written here by the hand of mercy, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

The lessons Naaman, who finds no healing virtues in the waters of his own Abana and Pharpar, is here directed to that Jordan where he can wash and be clean.

Without a knowledge of the Bible and its blessed truths, the pleasures of earth, however fascinating at first, become empty, dull, unsatisfying, nauseous. They can not give solid happiness to the immortal soul. Made in the image of God, though fallen now, it longs to soar aloft, regain the heights of eternal truth and holiness, and feast upon the raptures of its first love. It wants something better than earth. The dove finds nothing here on which to rest the sole of its foot. The Bible presents the only link by which the fallen, tempest tossed soul, can be united in peace with the just God who made it in His own Likeness.

The Bible is the Christian's treasure; his Father's will, a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path. From it his soul derives its daily food - feeds in the rich pastures of the good shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep.
In afflictions he remembers that "when the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and he rejoices in the assurance that "all things work together for good to those that love God." If friends are called away, he is enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." If fortune fails, his treasure is laid up in Heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." To the scoffs of the world, and the proposals of the tempter, he says "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." He "chooses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Though he see "the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree," yet he envies him not, for he remembers "There is no peace, saith my God, to the Wicked." Though he be poor, he blesses God for "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, that and fades not away." Though he is ignorant, he thanks God that he is "wise unto salvation." When he feels that his tabernacle of flesh must soon be dissolved, he reads in this precious book of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Trusting in God, as the cable that binds him to these earthly shores is broken in twain, he exclaims, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

No one loves his Bible more than the Christian soldier in camp. Though far away from the society of loved ones at home, he enjoys sweet communion with Him who has promised "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When kind letters tell him of the earnest prayers so often breathed for the absent one, he remembers with gratitude that "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." When he thinks of his wife and children, who may soon be without husband and father, he blesses God as he reads "I have never seen the righteous forsake, nor his seed begging bread," and looking away from the cold charity of
the heartless world, he commits them to that God who rained manna upon Israel in the wilderness, and sent ravens to Elijah by the little brook.

The Bible is the Christian soldier's companion by day, his pillow by night. The sweet promises that cheer him in health give comfort to his soul when disease preys upon his body; and though no friendly hand be near at last to wipe the cold sweat from his clammy brow, he can say

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Let us then study the Bible with prayerful hearts, and with willing minds obey its precepts. Kneeling at the foot of the cross, let us

"behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." The storms of war may spread desolation throughout our homes. Weeping Rachels may fill the land with lamentations for their sons that are not. But this is not our home. There is rest in Heaven. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Obituary - James and Jane Fulghum

Brother James Fulghum, a member of Co. H, 2d, Sgt. Ga. State Troops, died of typhoid fever, at his home in Washington county, Ga., on the 22d of Dec., 1863, and on the 14th Jan., 1864, his wife, sister Jane S. Fulghum, died of the same disease. Brother Fulghum was born Jan. 19th, 1829, and his wife was born Sept. 20th, 1827. They were raised together, loved each other most fondly, were married Feb. 1st, 1845, and perhaps no couple has ever been more happy together than they. They have left nine little orphans, and a dying blessing upon those who will prove mothers and fathers to them. They remembered their Creator in the days of their youth, joined the church of Christ at Bethlehem in Nov. 1842, and have ever been very useful and dearly beloved members of the church. God has mercifully preserved us for more than two years, and brother Fulghum is the first of our number who has died in the army. The church corresponds monthly, with all its members in the army. For nearly two years sister Fulghum has been my correspondent, and her pious letters have ever given the clearest evidence of a heart full of love to God and resignation to His will. When the dear husband was laid away she trusted in God, and with quivering lips said, "Thy will be done." She patiently suffered a few days, and then followed him. Beside their own little "Mannie" they sleep in the grave yard at Bethlehem, where they say so many of our loved ones have gone to rest since we entered the army. Our hearts love them, and we feel assured they are gone home to glory. They will no more sing the songs of Zion with us at Bethlehem, but how soon may we unite with them in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

I. W. Duggan.
OBITUARY

Died, near Linton, Hancock county, Ga., on the 7th of January, 1865, Susan Wade daughter of Nicholas and Mary Perkins, aged six years, four months and twenty days. For ten days she suffered the most excruciating pains, but bore it with child-like meekness. For a child of her age, Susan was remarkably fond of going to church and learning her Sabbath lessons. Her tender little heart knew only to love, and she often said, even when suffering the greatest pain, that she loved God, and she loved every body. A disposition so sweet, and a little heart so loving, made her very dear to family and friends. Her place is vacant now, and we miss her much. It rends the heart to give up little loved ones. But she is gone; and while we water her little grave with tears, we thank God that he taketh little children to himself.

The place where she sleeps will soon be covered with the flowers of Spring; fit emblems of the little soul which, rising from its tenement of clay, has been transplanted to bloom in the Paradise of God. She is ours still. She has only gone home. Susan has crossed the river and is waiting to welcome us.

Oh! call her not back to suffer below, Where pain and affliction, where sorrow and woe Flow deep in the heart and with tears from the eyes, Fill the earth with the echo of weeping and sighs.

She is safe from life's troubles, from all that molest, Our Father has taken her and laid her to rest; She is surrounded with flowers which perpetually bloom On the green hills of Canaan, but never on the tomb.

IVY W. DUGGAN.
Nothing is more lovely than a young man of promising mind, amiable disposition, pleasing and good morals. Such were these three young men. No one better understands the worth of a young man than his teacher. As such I knew them, and knew them well. To say that I loved them would be no more than I can say of every pupil — no more than a father says of even a wayward child. I never knew better boys. Loved by their companions, diligent in their studies, and affectionate to their teacher, they were entering upon the threshold of manhood with the brightest prospects. I believe every pupil will say with me,

"None knew them but to love them."

Before war had cast its dark shadow over our happy land, when that noble band, the Washington Rifles, attended our anniversary at Bethlehem, these boys were amongst the number who received them with the assurance that "Should the clarion of war ever call you to arms, be assured that the boys of Bethlehem will be ready to go with you to victory or the grave."

The clarion of war has sounded. The Washington Rifles responded nobly to its call, and many of their number, with their gallant leader, now sleep in honored graves — first fruits offered upon our country's altar. Others are still at their post; making sacrifices worthy of the cause in which their comrades have fallen. The "boys of Bethlehem" too have redeemed their promise. They delayed not, but entered early in the contest, and these three are but few of the many whose untimely fall has planted weeds of mourning round many a hearthstone at home.

Stephen Sparks fell, mortally wounded at Gettysburg. His remains sleep there, and many friends mingle their tears with those of heart-stricken parents, brothers and sisters far away.
Edmund May was spared at Gettysburg, but mortally wounded at Funkstown. His comrades buried him beneath the soil of oppressed Maryland, and lamented sadly their irreparable loss.

Jasper May lived to inform his widowed mother of his brother's death. Disease soon claimed him, and he died at a hospital in Richmond. Educated together, and soldiers together raised together, they have followed in quick succession to the tomb. I know that many sorrowing schoolmates will unite with their unworthy Teacher in paying a tribute to their memory. We sympathize with the bereaved ones. We mourn the loss of so many gallant youths, who fall before the ravages of war, like leaves before the winds of Autumn; yet we would not murmur at the Providences of Him who doeth all things well.

IVY W. DUGGAN.