

9 o'clock there was a good prospect for a general engagement, and shot and shell flew about as plentifully as minie balls the day before. The desultory shots became more regular, and gradually swelled into the well known roll of artillery, ever the insignia of a battle. But the firing was concentrated upon our left. At 10 o'clock the enemy's right wing, under General Johnston, moved to the attack of Breckenridge's position on the extreme left. Brigadier General Sigovall's command was the object of their peculiar attention. Slocum's and Cobb's batteries were in position to receive them. The enemy's line approached our works in the form of a V reversed, the apex of which was directly in line with, and only one hundred yards from Cobb's battery. The enemy halted and delivered their fire very deliberately, when Cobb and Slocum opened on them, Cobb's guns sweeping, with grape and canister, more than one hundred of them into eternity, and wounding numbers of others.

At this juncture our skirmishers, who were on the other side of the ditch, and not many yards from the enemy, charged them with fixed bayonets, and the men in the trenches jumped over the works and pursued the now flying foe, with vociferous cheers. The enemy lost in this charge five hundred in killed, wounded and prisoners. General Hurlbut, the renegade South Carolinian, was driven back, and his men, of whom he boastfully said "never knew a defeat," fled before the brave Kentuckians. We killed one Brigadier General, two Colonels, and captured the regimental colors of the 21st, 53d and 28th Illinois in the charge.—General Johnston highly complimented Brigadier General Sigovall's command, including Captain Slocum's and Captain Cobb's batteries, and said that too much praise could not be awarded them for their coolness and bravery in action. A number of small arms and articles of military equipage were picked up by our men on the field. Our loss was not exceeding thirty, nearly all of which were wounded. After this rather brilliant affair the enemy became very still. Toward evening they were reported massing troops on our right. I noticed that they concentrated the fire of their batteries on two or three prominent points, and seem to adopt the tactics of General Lee in massing their troops.

During the heavy bombardment of this city, Colonel Withers was killed by the explosion of a shell, near his own residence. The colonel is father of Colonel Withers, of Withers' artillery, and had just returned from the front when he was killed. He was buried last night by his faithful slave, who was fired upon by the enemy during the interment. This boy's conduct to his deceased master is a rebuke to the enemy. In the face of the enemy's position, at night, within easy range of the enemy's sharpshooters, he, with the assistance of two Confederate officers, and by the flickering light of a lamp—which was shot out of his hand while he was performing his sacred duty—carried the body of his dead master and interred it with as much affection and tender care as if it were his own child.

The scene presented in Jackson yesterday, during the last of the action, was an exciting yet very mournful one. The streets were deserted by all, save here and there a courier, dashing along at full speed, or a straggling citizen, or negro carrying some article of value to the rear, or a bloody litter borne by four soldiers bearing some wounded man from the front to the field infirmary. Crash upon crash from exploding shells was heard upon every side, while cannon balls of every size, from a six to a thirty-two pounder, seemed to strike everywhere at once. Yet, the amount of missiles which fell in the city was small, and the damage done nothing compared to the noise made. What was Mrs. Dickson's house, is now the First Mississippi Hospital. Dr. Brinkell was struck by two shells, near the Dispensary, and the sick very much endangered. Quite a number of shot and shell fell around the Soldiers' Home hospital, (Dr. Walter Carry) and others near the City Hall hospital and the Blind Asylum hospital. One would suppose that the Yankees had singled out the yellow flag as the especial object of their spleen. Some cannon shots passed through Mr. Austin's residence, and several lodged in the rear of Mr. Helm's place. A large percussion shell passed through the calaboose, doing considerable damage. A shell passed through a brick house and struck the telegraph office, falling into Main street, and striking a wagon train, but nobody was injured. Indeed, there is no portion of our town saved by our gentle "brethren of the North."—The whizzing balls are whizzing around *ad libitum*, and "dodging shells" has become quite the rage. You can see men walking the streets, and every now and then dodging behind some tree or brick wall, to escape the hissing destruction in their rear. There is not much prospect for a general engagement to-day, but we are waiting on the Yanks. General Pemberton's army are nearly all paroled: Every man goes off on his own hook, nearly one half that army are gone home or elsewhere.

### THE SITUATION IN THE WEST.

#### ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY UPON JACKSON—SHARP FIGHTING ALONG THE LINES—THE ENEMY REPULSED—SPEECH OF GENERAL JOHNSTON TO HIS ARMY—FINE CONDITION OF OUR TROOPS—INTERESTING INCIDENTS

The Memphis Appeal, [now published at Atlanta, Georgia,] has a long letter describing the situation of affairs about Jackson, from which we make some interesting extracts:

After the capitulation of Vicksburg, Grant immediately turned his attention to this point, his policy evidently being, as I remarked in my last, to march rapidly to the capture or discomfiture of General Johnston's army. He did not even enter the conquered city in person, satisfying himself with placing a strong garrison there, and on the evening of the 9th instant, his advance drove in our outer line of pickets.

Our line of fortifications, selected by the engineers more with a view to the number of men we could bring to the defense of Jackson than the topographical fitness and strength of the position, runs in some places across the lower face of an inclined plain, or the base of a very gently rising plateau, or upon a succession of low hills, commanded by wooded elevations, that once in the enemy's possession, will place our greatest strength in the live material in the trenches. General Breckenridge's division occupied the left wing, General Lorenzo the right, and Generals Walker and French in the centre, all veteran troops, with confidence in their cause and their commanders.

On the morning of the 10th, the enemy's skirmishers infested the grounds around Bishop Green's residence, about a quarter of a mile from our breastworks, and his sharpshooters began their long range practice from every available cover they could procure. A few well directed shells from our mortars dislodged the advance about Bishop Green's yard, but the enemy only retired to bring up a battery, and commenced playing upon our works, but so sadly out of range that their missiles passed over the works, lodging far up in the city. Our guns silenced this battery before their cannoniers could even get the range; so it accomplished nothing.

Desultory firing among the skirmishers on both sides, with an occasional artillery shot, was kept up until ten o'clock, A. M., resumed at noon, and afterwards until night, by fits and starts, at intervals, between which a deep silence reigned over the city. There were few non-combatants in town, the women and children having been removed in the morning by order of General Johnston.—A few ladies would remain, but even these undaunted few succumbed before the heavier firing of the next two days.

General Johnson addressed the troops in the front on the morning of the 10th, and perhaps made a longer speech than he has been ever known to make, for he spoke several minutes.—His language had the ring and tone of hope and victory, words which the army appreciates coming from Joe Johnston, who, like Mark Anthony, is a "plain, blunt man." There was no bombast or silly vanity in his declaration that this army could and would whip the enemy, who was at that moment feeling our lives, for he knew both armies, and the only superior thing in the enemy, to-wit, numbers, he had every reason to believe was not so very far in excess of ours as to render success a all doubtful. The General spoke of the fall of Vicksburg, but did not at all consider its loss vital to the Confederacy.

It may not be *mal apropos* to remark that this army under General Joe Johnston is in fine fighting condition; that the men seem personally alive to their duties, and that there is less straggling, better discipline, and more of that old spirit of chivalry among them, the spirit of the earlier days of the war, than any military organization in the West, and the country may look without fears of disappointment to this army for a glorious victory, or a gallant and stubborn resistance while resistance is possible.

On Saturday the enemy's skirmishers were thrown out at an early hour, and shots were being constantly interchanged between them and ours. Their sharpshooters annoyed us very much from some houses west of the cemetery, on the enemy's left centre, within and on top of which they had taken position. They were driven from these by a portion of Evans' brigade, and the houses destroyed. Throughout the day much speculation was indulged as to the enemy's supply of water, many thinking he was suffering for that essential liquid, but some prisoners brought in informed us that Grant had come prepared to dig wells, and that they had found a pond of water not far from the deaf and dumb asylum.

This day they established a signal station on the cupola of the asylum for the insane. We could not dislodge them from that point without imminent risk to the poor afflicted inmates, who, together with the employees and their families, are all there. Is it not disgraceful to the enemy to avail himself of the immunity from attack which this benevolent building affords him; to perfect his signal corps? The asylum is within his lines, but by no means beyond the range of our shells. This is not the first time he has made himself a shield out of the infirmities of his species; but it is the first time, I believe, that even Yankee decency has descended to such a "low deep" of moral turpitude, by placing a signal station on the cupola of a hospital, driving the inmates into the streets, and making the asylum a target for our shells.

In the afternoon a force of five hundred men, mostly from the 1st and 2nd Mississippi, were sent to meet the enemy's advance. They met them at the foot of the hill, and after a sharp fight, drove them back to their works.