LATEST FROM THE SOUTH.

RICHMOND DATES OF THE 29th INST.

THE FIGHT OF SATURDAY LAST.

OFFICIAL DESPATCH FROM GENERAL LEE.

THE SITUATION AT PETERSBURG,

GENERAL JOHNSTON AND HIS ARMY.

THE ESCAPE OF SHERIDAN.

AN AMIABLE ARTICLE FROM THE EXAMINER.

THE DISPATCH ON A FOREIGN WAR.

We have received full files of Richmond papers of the 29th, from which we extract the following:

FURTHER OF SATURDAY'S FIGHT.

From the Richmond Dispatch, March 29.

The following despatch was received at the War Office yesterday:

"HEADQUARTERS, March 28.

"*Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War:*

"General Gordon informs me that in a report of the action at Hare's Hill, on the 26th instant, he omitted to mention that Colonel H. P. Jones, commanding the artillery on that portion of the lines, was at the block superintending in person the operations of the artillery, and that a select body of officers and men, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Stribling, charged the enemy's breastworks with the bayonet, and made a move towards the Southside railroad, but we think this was only a guess, founded on the knowledge that Sheridan had joined Ord.

"NORTH CAROLINA.

From the Dispatch, March 29.

We are still without official advices from North Carolina later than General Johnson's report of the battle of Fayetteville, which was published more than a week ago. When we heard from Sherman was at Goldsboro, and we think it likely he is at it there. We received a letter from a man after their tramp through South Carolina. He Yankee papers say he will next direct his columns against Raleigh.

THE NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

From the Whig, March 29.

The Express of yesterday states that the usual status has been resumed on our left. There was considerable shelling on the lines Monday, but it arose from no important cause, and accomplished no important result. Our wounded in the battle of Saturday have all been assigned comfortable quarters in hospitals in and outside of the city, and are receiving the best medical attention. We are glad to state that the large majority of the wounded are, comparatively, but slightly injured, and a few days will see most of them in the field again.

The enemy was very busily running his trains again Monday afternoon. They were laden with troops, a strong body of whom was being landed on our right. The Yankee railroad being in full view of portions of our line, Grant may avail himself of the opportunity to deceive us by movements of troops thereon.

It is understood that the most important portions of the picket line captured by the enemy on the night on Saturday were taken at an early hour on Monday morning, and between forty and one hundred prisoners bagged with them. Some skirmishing occurs red along these lines yesterday without any important results.

It is believed that a considerable portion, if not all of Sheridan's cavalry, have been brought within Grant's lines, and the impression is that they will soon be on the move.

The gallantry of our troops in the battle on the left is generally conceded as having been unsurpassed in the history of this war. Their bearing was such indeed as to make good the hearts of the commanding officers, and call for the praise of the General-in-Chief himself.

PRISONERS FROM PETERSBURG.

Thirty Yankee privates, captured at Petersburg on yesterday, were brought under guard to the City last evening and confined in Libby Prison.

GENERAL JOHNSTON AND HIS ARMY.

The Raleigh Progress learns that Gen. Joseph Johnston's restoration to the command of the Army of Tennessee, thousands of the soldiers "absent without leave" have returned to their old chief. Instead of a demoralized mass, the Army of Tennessee is now buoyant, and fires with pride the standard of their former commander, whom they seem to love and reverence as children do a father. And, besides the Army of Tennessee, General Johnston now has in his command troops that have never been certain rolled, that have never known the definition of the word *defeat*. With such an army the probabilities of success amount almost to a certainty. Well may Sherman exert his utmost for some mode of escape. His rapid career is not only checked, but he is brought to a dead halt.

THE ESCAPE OF SHERIDAN.

From the Richmond Whig, March 29.

NEAR RICHMOND, March 29, 1865.

To the Editor of the Whig:

Most of the operations of the army are justly so trammeled. This may, I feel at liberty to tell Pickett's division has certainly been on the north side of the river, and certainly tried to come up with Sheridan, and so certainly failed, from the want of pontoons, to cross the Pamunkey. Why these pontoons were not up to Hope, the engineer department can best explain. Gen. Longstreet was with us in person, and, certainly, "bridge-mania never panted for the appointed hour" as did our gallant leader to meet the famous Yankee Raider Dick Dinn. Even as it was, he crossed, but too late had fled.

With us was Lieut. Col. Marmaduke, Johnson's brilliant officer. The energy of its commanding officer kept him, despite bad roads and burned bridges. When he crossed the Pamunkey, Gen. Johnson, by accounts, known to the writer—the bridge would hardly carry the infantry—threw over two of its pieces, and, if circumstances had required, was prepared to throw over all of a command. He is a Virginia command. So is Pickett's division. Why not unite to two? Together they can and will move; and, together, they will win fresh victories, or leave behind a tale which will not soon be forgotten. C. J.,

Company B, 18th Virginia.

YANKEE PRISONERS FROM FAYETTEVILLE.

Daily Richmond Examiner, March 29.

Yesterday afternoon four hundred and eighty-seven Yankees, part of the several thousand lired by Gen. Johnston's army in the successive blows struck Sherman's hordes in South Carolina by Hampton and Wheeler, were received from Fayetteville, and the dirty blue line wended its way down Governor and Main streets, ending itself up in the Libby. No description could convey the utter horror and loathing with which their appearance was regarded by our citizens. Dirty, begrimed, ragged, scores of them barefooted and bareheaded, with arms bandaging bandaged about their feet and heads, limping hobbling and cursing, they appeared the scabs, scavengers, and scum of all creation. Not a face or feature on which was not written "thief," "murderer," "house-burner," and "woman ravisher." Never since the war began has such a crew of hell-born men, accursed and God-forsaken wretches, polluted the air or defiled the highways of Richmond with the concentrated essence of all that is lecherous, hateful, and despised. And they are a part and parcel of that human fungus Johnston's noble army is continuing. These are some of those who robbed, burned, plundered, and murdered in the fair homes of Georgia and South Carolina. If we cannot successfully resist them, then God help Richmond and her citizens. Devils from hell would show mercy where these would strike and rob, murder, pillage, and destroy. The only way that they can be persuaded to come must be on the terms that those came yesterday—as prisoners of war.

The majority of the hordes rescued yesterday were captured from Kilpatrick's thieves, and they may not be unjustly called hill devils.

A DISHONEST NEGRO RECRUIT.

From the Richmond Examiner, March 29.

Some days since a free negro, named John Scott, applied to the recruiting rendezvous for negroes, corner of Carey and Twenty-first streets, and asked to be enrolled. He said he had been doing well before; was the owner of a boat on the canal, and was making money shipping supplies to Richmond; but the Yankees, under Sheridan, came along and robbed him of his entire cargo, and burned the boat. He had been told they wouldn't treat free negroes so; now he knew better. "And now," continued the recruit, addressing Lieut. Hosseus, the officer in command of the rendezvous, "I want to join right away. I want to fight demdam Yankees that has thrashed me so; for I've got no nation in the world but just what I stands in, and I wants to fight dem dats robbed me." "Why, Scott," said Lieut. Hosseus, to test him, "you couldn't fight; what do you know about a gun?" "Oh, yes, Cap'n, I knows a heap bout guns;" and Scott threw in self into the posture of a Zouave skirmishing, and put up his arm for an imaginary musket: "Just let me git a beat on 'em, and I'll bring 'em every pop." Scott was enrolled as a patriotic volunteer, seeking revenge for losses inflicted on him by the enemy, and clad in better clothes than he had sported for many a day. All went on well for some time. Scott proving himself a good recruit and apt to learn. Hardee's tactics. But Scott had learned the regular tactics before entering the military service of the Confederate States. Every Saturday night, as an opportunity presenting, he bundled up twenty five pair of ladies' corsets, silk, satin, shoes, crepe, and rocks, and putting in brilliant premium one of the military aux maux, the "double quick," decamped. He was pursued to the vicinity of Howard Grove Hospital, but effecting another "Extreme movement, known as the "right wheel," he eluded the pursuers and escaped.

DUTY OF THE PEOPLE.

From the Dispatch, March 29.

It is to be devoutly hoped that the people at home will consider not only all petty discord and strife till the unprovoked and unjustifiable war shall cease, but that every rebellious, or at least of malcontents, be cast over the across of the pale, and let us take one more long, strong pull, and a pull altogether, for the benefit of the common cause. Let those who delight to indulge in wrangling think of the encouraging effect on the enemy and the discouraging effect upon our own. The last two are dependent. Action from a word that will paralyze the arms of our brave confederates, and to animate them by the spectacle of a hopeful and united people. We are confident that not one dissenter or cry kind from the camp. Those heroes who stand ready to spend their life blood for us more fortunate shoulders should not be disturbed by contention with our enemies of their country. Surely the least that we can do is to exempt from these perils a disturbing cause, and to make a sacrifice of internal discord upon the altar of patriotism, and to send back words of cheer and fortitude to the camp.

THE FOREIGN WAR QUESTION.

From the Richmond Examiner, March 29.

The London Times reflects to believe the should follow the lead of the Northern Government that the Confederate States are at Fortress Monroe prepared to kiss hands and to unite with the North in war against some foreign power (England or France), and leave the question to take between them—leave in sequence if the foreign war was ended. The Times must know by this time what amount of confidence to put in Northern and general but it suits its purpose to profess faith in this true spread invention. There is no luxury so great to some minds as cringing to the strong, and to be bullying the weak. Mr. Seward has gone England by the nose, and gives it to understand whenever she chooses to turn he dust. Her "rigid neutrality" will not answer much longer; and we shall not be surprised to see her one fine morning, if the disguise and accede to all her master at Washington may demand.

It is needless to say that the people of the South never dreamed of making such a proposition as the Times credits to the Northern Government, and that there is at least one foreign Power on earth that we would not accept as our ally. We remember we exceptions inventing our own power, and we pass by consent to engage in war. Let Power to one which, in the first place, we would rather be dead than to on the heights of Yorktown, and let, if us to achieve our independence; when was born our well-wisher and friend of a nation that great; not for our sake, but for the liberty of secret understanding, to bring the Republic to the distant, and, which it frankly expressed its regret, to the disruption of the Union, has since sued, in result, a contest which, in Great Britain, is by means an impertinent to insolence, to both be legitimate. Peace, the civilized, the brave, the military master of nations, it is for the of the Confederacy, has not been its enemy, and we hope never may be. The British Lover not have never known ever pit as our open or secret. Ed.