

our friends occupied the camp, and Co's G and B were sent out to reconnoiter.

We crossed the creek and entered a roadway leading to town, when a masked battery was discovered to be on a distant hill ahead. We accordingly turned back and sought the shelter of the river bank, when, just as Co. D was passing the opening, a ball came whizzing directly over our heads, and in not very agreeable proximity, burying itself at the water's edge on the other side. Our artillery then opened on the rebels, and soon silenced their battery. Our whole column then crossed the river and advanced on the town. Co. B was sent ahead and deployed as skirmishers up the hill on which the rebel battery had stood. We found that the rebels had skedaddled, and saw where our shells had ploughed up the hill-top, in their very midst. Turning about, we rejoined the regiment, and all marched through town and into the camp of our friends, unmolested. They were there all right, and drawn up in line of battle to receive us; and as we stacked our guns near them, they gave us three hearty cheers, to which we responded as heartily as weary soldiers could.— And thus ended the "battle of Moorefield," only just enough of a battle to bring us under fire for the first time.— No one on our side was injured by the cannon ball, but both regiments had sustained loss by way of prisoners taken. Our regiment lost thirty-nine—most of whom were sick in hospital and left at Petersburg, and who were taken by the rebel cavalry force which left town the same evening, and paroled.

For two or three days after our arrival at M., the enemy were supposed to be hovering about us and scouting parties were daily sent out to reconnoiter. Sunday evening our force was strengthened by the arrival of Gen. Mulligan from New Creek with the 23d Illinois and a battery of artillery. He remained but two or three days, however, and returned, the first fears having by that time been allayed to a considerable extent.

When the regiment left Petersburg the wagon train was ordered to go to New Creek, under the supposition that it could not safely go with us. The train started nearly as soon as we did, but Quartermaster Brown and Elmer Husted remained in town until nearly night, to regulate matters as well as they could before they left. They then started for New Creek; but too late for the Quartermaster, as will be seen, and it proved a pretty "close call" for his

to continue through the winter and months? Not a ray of hope for a speedy peace seems to us to brighten the horizon; but fountains of blood seem yet to flow from the mountains and swell up from the valleys of this fair land, as freely as in the year past. Yet, God grant us speedy deliverance from the curse, we fervently pray, for we are inclined to cry, "our punishment is greater than we can bear." H. E. S.

P. S.—Co. B, are all well who are left. Lieut. Randolph is now in temporary command of Co. K. Lieut. Williams started for his home, in Monroeville, this morning.

The following are the names of those who were taken prisoners at Petersburg, and paroled, belonging to Co's B and C.

Corporals Wain, Fisher and Caldwell; and privates A. W. Miller, Palmer D. Hatch, Ared Woodruff, Riley Sparks, Wm. R. Prouty, Clinton Prouty, Henry C. Hicks, Amos Fox.

Co. C.—Chas. Erwell, A. H. Wait, D. D. Draper, John Harris, N. Robinson, L. P. Blake, H. Gaadenough, L. Loveland, S. Simpson.

From the 16th Regulars.

We are permitted to publish the following letter from Lieut. J. R. Kirtland, of the 16th Regulars, written to his brother, O. J. Kellerg, of this place.— It is a most graphic description of that terrible and bloody fight—the battle of Murfreesboro:

In Bivouac, South of Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 6th, 1862.

Bro. OSCAR: The fight is ended, and I have come off with a bullet hole in my cap, and a bullet scratch on my left temple. Our Battalion was terribly cut up on the 31st ult.; out of 15 officers and 293 men, that we took into the battle, we had six officers wounded, (two probably fatally,) and 146 men killed, wounded and missing, (17 or 18 missing, the most of whom are likely killed, wounded and prisoners.) My company lost 21 killed and wounded, out of 33. Early in the morning of the 31st, the enemy charged our right wing. McCook's corps was surprised and routed, horse and foot. Twice the brigade of Regulars, composed of the 15th, 16th, 18th and 19th, and Battery "H" of the 5th Artillery, was sent into the Cedars to check, if possible, the masses of rebels, who were sweeping every thing before them like an avalanche. Each time we went alone, without a single support or reserve; each time the enemy we fought out-numbered us at least five to one, and each time we were flanked on both sides; and both times the little 16th was the last to fall back.

I do not exaggerate, when I say that in the last engagement, we were slaugh-

terly defeated. While this equestrian feat and marksmanship was being displayed, our Quartermaster-Sergeant made good his escape, and arrived at New Creek, though worn and weary, ready and willing to come in on the next "heat."

There is no necessity of mentioning particulars of our late fight, as we are informed the subject has been treated of by your correspondent.

Two years of warfare has had its blighting and withering effect upon Virginia. She now reaps, and will for years to come, the folly of her course. Behold the tread of the two hostile armies upon her soil for eighteen months. The people of the North do not realize the effect an invasion has. Wherever we turn our eyes, or in whatever locality we go, the desolating curse of war is seen. We can but admire the bravery of her sons as has been tested upon many a bloody battle-field, but do pity her verdancy, when she allowed herself to fall into the fatal snare which South Carolina had set for her. The doctrine of State's Rights, coercing a sister State, Richmond the Capitol of the Great Southern Confederacy—these, and other minor points, wooed and won her, and she fell into the bloody vortex of war, with all its concomitant evils. Oh! Virginia!—thou namesake of the Virginia Queen—thou pure and spotless—thou mother of Presidents and home of great Statesmen, and upon whose soil repose the sacred remains of Washington—behold the ruin thou hast brought upon thyself? The fruits of thy industry perish upon the spot where they had their origin; thy fields are open and desolate; thy mansions and palaces are deserted; thy cottages and granaries are empty; thy cattle, which were once grazing upon these Western slopes and mountain tops, are no longer seen. Thy shepherds with their flocks have departed—thy timbered land upon the mountain sides is fast giving way before the sturdy stroke of the soldier for fuel, bridges and corduroy roads—thy churches are hospitals for the sick and wounded, and thy soil is one vast cemetery in which sleep the soldier, whom drum and life shall ne'er wake again—thy mothers and daughters are dressed in the habiliments of mourning, and they will look in vain for the returning train. Thy sons and daughters were once happy and contented, but thy leaders taught thee the only way to prevent a Yankee invasion was by voting for the Ordinance of Secession. Thou didst