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BALTIMORE.

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1862.

FROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

CAMP NEAR CORINTH, MISS., MAY 19.

BEFORE CORINTH—SIX DAYS, MAY 19.

A TEAM OF TEAMS.

McCook's division of Buell's army, and Paul Royal Sherman's of Thomas' army, with some other troops, were under orders to make a reconnoissance 11 miles out on Monday morning—the movement to begin at bugle-call eight o'clock.—Learning the direction they were to take, I resolved to avoid the cross-firing in the roads while the troops were marching, by riding on ahead of them to our outer pickets, and there awaiting their approach. I soon had reason to rejoice at the lucky determination.

Galloping out on the old leading Corinth road past Halleck's new headquarters, I soon left the camps and the forming regiments to the rear.—Presently the Grand Guard came in sight, then smaller outposts of pickets, and finally, within a mile and a half of the camps, came the last picket line. Looking down the next turn of the road, beyond the two or three blue posts on duty, I noticed a group of officers, among whom were two conspicuous for the gaudy uniform of the Confederate army, while the presence, just beyond, of a tall, grey cloaked private, bearing a white flag, explained the phenomenon.

Riding up, I was introduced to Col. Thompson, of General Beauregard's staff. The cordial warmth of manner, the fine head, expressive features, and grizzly beard and mustache were not unfamiliar in Washington, even as far as the beginning of the present year. It was Mr. Buchanan's well-known Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Jacob M. Thompson, Mississippi millionaire, ex-Congressman from the very district on whose soil he now stood under a flag of truce, and a man still entitled to Northern respect, as the only one of the resigning secessionists who let Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet without the stain of dishonor upon his name.

The Colonel had been sent in by General Beauregard to turn over to General Halleck some 62 prisoners recently captured near Fort Heiman, Tennessee, (and released under parole not to bear arms against the Confederacy until regularly exchanged), and to see what General Halleck would agree to in the way of a general system of exchange. He was escorted by Beauregard's body guard, a fine body of cavalry from New Orleans, under the command of Captain Dreux. It might be ungenerous, after the very pleasant interview we had, but our officers could not repress their suspicions that there was another object besides the release of 62 paroled prisoners, and that they were desirous of learning precisely where our lines were, and what more they could, by penetrating them as far as possible.

COL. THOMPSON AND CAPTAIN DREUX.

They had of course been stopped beyond our outer pickets, and an hour or more of pleasant talk filled up the interval, while Beauregard's letter to Halleck, and Thompson's request for a personal interview were taken back to headquarters, and answers awaited. Both the Colonel and Captain Dreux made themselves as agreeable as possible, and there was a sort of tacit understanding by which both sides avoided unpleasant subjects. The grounds of complaint the South had against the North were alluded to for an instant, but with Col. Thompson's "Well, well, we can't see it in the same light," the matter was dropped.

They were profuse in their expressions of regret that the war should have broken out at all, and particularly bitter against the Abolitionists. "We don't like to fight you Northern men," said Col. Thompson; "our grievance is not to think of having to meet men we like as we do you, in battle; we want to fight your Abolitionists. I know," he continued, "you have very few of them here; but if you could collect a regiment of them, I'd like to pick out a regiment of our fire-eaters, and have them brought out face to face in an open field. I'd be willing to abide by the result, go which way it would. But we don't like to have a fight at all."

"I do regret one thing," he said, as he addressing himself to the officer commanding the pickets of the 17th Ohio, Col. Connell, who is well known as an old Democrat, "and that is, that the old Democratic party is prominently to be blamed by the Abolitionists, and is so blamed by many in their country." Col. Connell expressed the proposition, "You three, we will leave the world as we are," said Col. Thompson, "and we will be happy." Our officers in conversation with the Colonel, the conversation turned to the war, and the current ran strong and stronger against the secession cause.—"But you might have checked the current of your members long ago," said Col. Thompson, "if you had a standard." "Oh, but we can't always have pushed off the evil days all the time," said Col. Connell. "Ah! but it was all, it just we see fit to wait." I was glad we had to meet the rather than wait, for we feel now, no matter, you know, we Democrats believe and the Abolitionists in power."

"One of the saddest of all the sad things in this war," said the Colonel again, "is to see a like brothers with you. One of them came to me this: Lieut. ——, is in our army. He has two ago, was severely wounded at Mill Spring, where he fought very well. He has never been able to learn whether he died or not. Can any of you tell me?" Unfortunately, none of us could, and to the family suspense remained unbroken, notwithstanding the Colonel's kindly effort.

And then followed inquiries about innumerable, about old friends on the other side. Among others, Colonel T. asked after Mort. Martin, of Columbus. I told him of his being the editor of *The Statesman*; and when I added, with a twinge of remorse for the thought, for which I trust Matt. will forgive me, that up North we accused him of being a pretty fair secessionist for Ohio latitude, "I am very glad to hear it!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Very glad, indeed, I assure you."

The Colonel was very anxious to know what Cox's chances for re-election were from the Columbus District. "I know, of course, that he is doing well, but will he get to Congress again?" It was particularly pleasant to be able to assure him that the Legislature was supposed to have stumbled on a wise precaution in that case.

"You haven't heard of your taking Richmond yet, have you?" We told him we had no despatches to that effect yet, but that we confidently expected them within a few days. "You won't get them," said he; "you're not going to take Richmond without a much harder fight than you're counting on." The loss of New Orleans, Pensacola and Norfolk was freely admitted, and the immense advantage thus gained acknowledged. "But it all won't do, gentlemen. You may take some of our cities, but you can't subjugate the South. Your confiscation, which, stave it off as you will, in Congress, you are bound to come to; and your subjugation means, simply, extermination. It's too great an undertaking for any power."

It was pretty hard to lose New Orleans, they said; and Ben. Butler's establishing his headquarters at the St. Charles was the bitterest pill yet; but still all this would only give them the energy of desperation. They must fight, because they couldn't afford to fail. "And, gentlemen," solemnly repeated the martial-looking cavalry captain, "you may win some victories over us, but you can never subdue us."

The secession prisoners at Columbus were in quiet d after, and the story of their kind treatment was received with great gratification. Colonel Thompson had some relatives among them; and "could we arrange it so that he could send them a message, or, if possible, a few lines in writing."—True to newspaper habits, I had writing materials with me, and the Colonel at once availed himself of the offer, and sat down on a log to write a letter. He insisted on reading it over to Col. Connell, to assure him there was nothing improper in what he had written, and expressed great delight at the opportunity for such certain and speedy communication.

Meantime our officers had been mingling freely with the Rebels, and all manner of good natured remarks or tart rejoinders were being exchanged. One of our captains, and a tall, lank, long-haired, sallow-faced, black-eyed Louisianian, struck boldly out into first principles, and the wrongs of the South and the theory of secession were most volubly defended and ridiculed. Horse-trading was proposed by others, and but for the "U. S." brand some of our animals might have transferred their allegiance, and have been enjoying another Government before sundown.

HALLECK'S REPLY TO BEAUREGARD.

At last the officer returned from Halleck's headquarters. The General could not consent that Col. Thompson should come within our lines as he requested, and he would be willing to reciprocate the release of prisoners by returning them an equal number in exchange. Col. Thompson was evidently chagrined at being allowed to go no further, but he was too polite as well as too gentlemanly to insist, or even express dissatisfaction. He must complain of the United States, however, for its course with reference to the exchange of prisoners. It had added needless barbarism to the war, and its practice was in direct violation of the usages of civilized nations. Certainly the South had done enough fighting to entitle her to treatment as at least a fighting power. There was too much good sense in this to give any ground for dispute, and so the interview ended, as it had begun, in the most perfect harmony.

The prisoners—a sorry-looking set—were marched forward, the Confederate cavalry turned them over to our officers, a descriptive roll was produced and sixty-two released prisoners answered very joyfully as their names were called. Colonel Connell inquired whether they wished them sworn not to bear arms against the Confederacy till regularly exchanged. "Oh, we've attended to that already," said Col. Thompson, "and I guess it's pretty well impressed on their minds." Some ale was produced and Rebels and Unionists alike drank out of the same tin cup. "If we could only take you up to our camp, we could give you something better," said one of our officers. "Oh, never mind," replied a Confederate with a quizzical look, "we expect to entertain all you gentlemen at our quarters pretty soon, and depend on it, this party shall have the best old brandy Corinth affords."

PARTING WITH CONFEDERATES.

The leave-taking grew protracted. Each one had something to say or ask. Hands were shaken with marked cordiality all around. "May we meet again under pleasanter auspices," said Col. Thompson, and there was not one of the party that did not fervently echo the wish, and inwardly hope that he might some day have an opportunity to do a kindness to this officer of Beauregard's Staff. But at last there was no excuse for waiting longer. Mounting their horses the Colonel and Captain waved a final adieu, and with uncovered heads rode on, the Body Guard wheeled in behind them, every man lifting his cap as he passed our officers, and as under the white flag the courteous Confederates left us. May our balls and shells deal lightly with that party in the coming day!

PURE SODA WATER

From Porcelain-Lined Iron Fountains.

On Draught at the Counter, and bottled for Invalids. Made by N. LENSON JENNINGS & Co., m21-tf 58 North Charles street.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS PARTIALLY RESTORED.—After an involuntary absence of about three months during which time we were made familiar with the classic and once half-owed grounds of Fort McHenry—we again resume, partially, our old vocation of enlightening the world with lamp-black. OUR PRESS, being deemed dangerous by the Government, has been strictly sealed, and, for the future, the evil of publishing "THE SOURCE OF any other paper, without consent of the Commanding General," we shall modestly liberate the humble department of the "dark reservation of all arts," by executing everything in the Job Printing line, for the Ground Floor. Our Press, prepared our Job Printing Department to execute all kinds of printing neatly, expeditiously and cheaply, and solicit a call at our old buildings. McNEIL & MILLS, Book and Job Printers, m22 1m Office—122 Baltimore st., 2d door from North.

GROCERIES.

Superior old Rye Whiskey, also delightful TABLE STAR as well as everything in my line of good quality, price of HAMS 10 cts., Lard 10 & $1.00 per gallon. For sale by W. H. McLEAN, 52 North Charles st.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

BALTIMORE, May 1st, 1862.

I have experienced so much benefit by using PEARSON'S MEDICATED TAR DROPS, that I believe it not only a duty but a pleasure, to make it known to others. I was afflicted with a Sore Throat and very Cough, which debilitated me so that I could get no rest. My friends told me that I had the consumption. I am now happy to inform you that your MEDICATED TAR DROPS have cured me.

I find that your MEDICATED TAR DROPS are counterfeited, and I caution the afflicted to be on their guard. This is really a shame that such efficacious remedy should be imitated by unprincipled men. I am glad, however, to see that your signature is now on each package, and I advise those who purchase to bear that in mind.

Yours, truly, HENRY FISHER, No. 15 North Bond street.

PEARSON'S MEDICATED TAR DROPS are prepared and sold by GEO. PEARSON, No. 5 Liberty street, Baltimore. Sold also by the principal Druggists at 10 cents per package. m16-tf

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LIBRARIES or small quantities of BOOKS; also, old American or English Coins purchased by JOHN P. DES FORGES, m10-tf Numismatist.

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