

Washington, N. C., April 28, '64.

DEAR

I have just time to forward you a few words. Great excitement has prevailed here and throughout the department since Sunday night the 17th instant, when the town of Plymouth—twenty-eight miles from here—was attacked by the rebels, who sent an iron clad down the Roanoke river, and its operations being supported by a strong land force, the garrison was taken after a determined struggle, which lasted till the morning of the twentieth. The operations of the iron clad vessel proved successful in every respect,—our fleet was completely conquered, and the town was taken after the fifth desperate assault by the enemy. In losing the town we also lost two vessels of the navy, and as brave an officer as ever trod the deck of an American vessel of war. The name of the naval officer killed was Captain Flusser of the *Miami*. The enemy lost at least fifty per cent. more than the Federals. The Generals in command of the Department are proving themselves capable of being able to cope with the enemy.

This town is to be evacuated in a few hours. The troops are getting upon the boats as fast as possible. The heavy guns are covering our retreat, as the enemy are within sight of our entrenchments. The poor negroes are flying for protection in every direction, and to-morrow will see this town in the hands of the enemy. No more time to spare as the evacuation takes place in a few hours. All is excitement while I write.

LATER.—*Friday, 29th.*—The rebels did not come to town last night. Nearly all the troops are gone, and the town, of late so lively, is growing as quiet as a graveyard. A few citizens alone remain—sad and lonely residents of the beautiful town. The heavy guns and other army stores are being removed as fast as possible. The only troops in town are the 15th Connecticut, the 17th Massachusetts, and a portion of a Rhode Island battery.

Very affectionately,

Washington, N. C., April 28, 64.

Dear

Provost Marshal's Office,

Washington, N. C.,

1864.

I have just time to forward you a few words. Great success has been achieved throughout the department since Sunday night the 17th instant, when the town of Plymouth was attacked by the rebels. The operation of the iron clad vessel proved successful in every respect. The fleet was completely captured, and the town was taken after the most desperate assault by the enemy. In losing the town we also lost two vessels of the navy, and as brave an officer as ever trod the deck of an American vessel of war. The name of the naval officer killed was Captain F. Russel of the *Albatross*. The enemy lost at least fifty per cent. more than the Federals. The Generals in command of the Department are proving themselves capable of being able to cope with the enemy.

The town is in the hands of our troops. The troops are getting upon the boats as fast as possible. The heavy guns are covering our retreat, as the enemy are within sight of our entrenchments. The poor negroes are flying for protection in every direction, and to-morrow will see this town in the hands of the enemy. No more time to spare as the evacuation takes place in a few hours. All is excitement while I write.

LATER--Friday, 28th--The rebels did not come to town last night. Nearly all the troops are gone and the town of late so lively is growing as quiet as a graveyard. A few citizens alone remain, sad and lonely residents of the beautiful town. The heavy guns and other arms are being re-moved as fast as possible. The only troops in town are the 15th Connecticut, the 17th Massachusetts, and a portion of a Rhode Island battery.

Very affectionately,