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Squire Smoothly's 28th Letter.

His observations on the Great Freshet, and his views in regard to the Subsistence and Police of the country—Mrs. Kincaid has been a heroine in the Storm, and now favors us with an original poem.

BRUSHY FORK OF SANDIES, April 6th, 1865.

ED. NEWS:—Compliments and greeting being understood, I take pen in hand to write you these.

The high waters has stopped the mails and done a powerful deal of damage, and such another freshet hain't been in these parts, since I first settled, now thirty years gone. It hath pleased the Lord to visit us with a mighty flood. It hath washed away, and whole fields kivered. Fences has been washed away, and whole fields kivered sure deep in sand, and some places, houses gone and gardens destroyed, and fowls and small stock drownded, and things wrecked generally. But these are trifles and things wrecked generally. But these are trifles when we think of poor lone wymin and thar childring swept asiden to thar death, and one mother and her two little ones like one grave, and they was lost over on the ten mile Colesto. But I have no heart to write about it, and you will see all in the newspapers.

The ways of Providence are mysterious, but what sayeth the Book—Job—? "For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven, to make a weight for the winds, and he weigheth the waters by measure, when He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of it to fly." "And unto man he said, behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." And such visitations is necessary, or men would be set, for we know "He doth not willingly afflict the children of men." And my prayer for all is that we may duly consider so continue in the fear of the Lord, and depart from all evil.—Amen.

Whereas in public affairs, it may be fitin that by the grace of your newspaper, our rulers be informed of the condition of things in this section, of haply a remedy may be found for much evil. Now the trouble is the whole conscript force of the country is gone, and the Reserve Corps and the last, except old men and cripples, and sickly boys and the like, and so many hundreds of soldiers has broke away from their commands, and is now rampagin around, a legion of them—free to what they want and the citizens afeard to refuse them, and no send to robbin and steal—and when men once gives in to desert our duty, so is it hard to stop. And, again, the taxin of the Reserve Corps has left many destitute and no provision, and now the storm has destroyed the corn and cotton, and now the storm has destroyed the corn and cotton, and now the famine grows grim, and hard on the families. The weemen folks grow afeard a passin of a crap with broke animals, but when it comes to mustin of rails, and repairin of broke and cattle on the perary, the weemen are clear beat, and old men and childring are worn out clear beat, and old men and childring are worn out clear beat, and old men and childring are worn out