

THE DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE TANNEY.

From the New York Herald.

The link that bound the present generation with that of the statesmen and patriots and great...

Judge Taney was born in Calvert county, Maryland, on the 17th of March, 1777. He was descended from an English Roman Catholic family who emigrated to Maryland in the seventeenth century.

Judge Taney received his education in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1795. He commenced the study of the law in Annapolis, in 1796, and was admitted to the bar of Maryland in 1799.

In the summer of 1831 commenced an important part of the public career of this remarkable man. He was then appointed by President Jackson Attorney General of the United States, succeeding Mr. Herrieu.

Mr. Taney was his confidential adviser, knew all his political movements and difficulties surrounding the attempt to carry them out, and realized the necessity of standing by the old hero, come what or come who.

The Senate at this time was opposed to Jackson and refused to confirm the appointment of Taney, the nomination being sent in on the last day of the session, in June 1841, by a vote of 28 to 18.

Mr. Taney resigned office and retired to Baltimore to resume the practice of the law. But in about a year from this time a vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court, occasioned by the resignation of Associate Justice Davall, and Jackson nominated Taney to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Taney, upon a bench where partisan rancor would not allow him to sit as Associate Justice. In March 1850, the Senate, which had, in the meantime, changed its political complexion, confirmed the nomination of Judge Taney, and he has sustained the position of Chief Justice of the United States with dignity, impartiality, capacity and firmness, up to the period of his death—covering the prolonged space of some 25 years.

It has been a matter of wonder that a man of so feeble a frame could so long have survived the turbulent times in which he has lived. But a few words will explain the reason.

He was constitutionally a man not unlike the prominent men who dwelt in his middle age and later days. Like John Randolph, Calhoun, Jackson and Clay, he was long, thin and wiry, with nerves of steel and a head undisturbed by the "booming rebellious spirits" which have ruined men of capacity in every age of the world.

He was, however, an inveterate smoker, but was careful, otherwise of his health, as a couple of anecdotes will demonstrate. It is some twenty years since a gentleman of our acquaintances was a visitor at the White Sulphur Springs, in Frederick co., Va., a locality celebrated in the late battle ground on the Occoquin, near Manassas, and he was struck by the bog, shadowy, specter figure, and feeble appearance of an aged personage who arrived one morning at the springs.

"That is Judge Taney, of the United States Supreme Court. He comes here every summer for the benefit of his health, and the few weeks he remains give him strength enough to keep up until the next summer. He has been a constant visitor here for twenty years, and during all that time he has been pretty much as you see him now—just holding on from one summer to another." This conversation, it will be observed, occurred twenty years ago, and with the addition of the twenty years' experience of our informant's friend, it would appear that Judge Taney has been a very feeble individual, tottering on his last legs from summer to summer, for a period of forty years.

Again, as long ago as 1810, a gentleman in Maryland, having some interest in a disputed land case, in which there was considerably more feeling than money involved, inquired of a merchant in Baltimore for the name of some able lawyer to be employed. The name of Mr. Taney was given. "A gentleman called on the latter, but, after talking with him awhile, declined engaging his services, giving as his reason that he intended his case should stay in court at least five years; that Taney would not live half that time, and then he would have to engage new counsel. Fifty years have passed since then, and ten years ago that individual and all the other parties to the protracted suit, as well as the lawyers on both sides, and the judge who tried the cause, were all dead, and Taney was as hale and hearty as he had ever been, but still moving about with his apparent feebleness.

It was for the robe of this eminent jurist that Judge Caleb Cushing waited impatiently during the whole term of President Pierce's administration. He was expected to drop off hourly at one time, but he did not. So, after the venerable man's functionary waited, like Patience on the Balk, more monument, expecting to take the seat of Judge Taney as soon as he should be summoned to his fathers. But death had not yet marked him for his fold, although it was confidently so reported one night in Washington. And for nearly three years of Lincoln's administration, Mr. Chase, of Ohio, was expecting the position; but a disagreement in Lincoln's cabinet ordered, Chase retired and was counted out of the ring for the Supreme Court bench. Judge Taney, however, is now dead, unfortunately—the extent cordial has been returned between Lincoln and Chase—and the latter may still be rewarded if he behaves properly until the first week in November next, by the much coveted seat upon the Supreme bench.

Judge Taney has administered the oath of office of President of the United States for no less than nine incumbents of that office, viz: Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln. His last important official act was to administer the oath to support the constitution to President Lincoln. But he is now dead. The link which bound the present generation to the judicial purity and greatness and patriotism of the times of Washington has passed away with the last breath of Roger Brooke Taney. May his soul rest in peace.

Treatment of our Prisoners.—We have conversed with a number of our officers who have lately been released from prison. All were agreed that it is a grievous error to allow the Southern people and authorities have fallen of supposing that even the most favored of our prisoners are well treated. The fact is both officers and men are starved. A few ounces of salt pork and sour bread per day, and once a fortnight one waxy potatoe to each man, is now their allowance. Many of the officers from Johnson Island had sustained life by eating rats. Sick men have identically the same quantity and quality of food allowed well men. When a man falls sick his fate is sealed. Even the strongest constitutions are beginning to succumb, and a year more of this barbarity will empty every Northern prison. There will be no victims to torture. Death will reign in solitary triumph over every Yankee Bastille.—Richmond Examiner.

A new torture for Rebels.—A Northern paper has this barbarous paragraph: An iron cell has been manufactured in Kentucky, for the use of rebel prisoners, on board Government vessels. It is seven feet long, six feet wide, and six and a half feet high.

UNDERGROUND ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

The London correspondent of the New York Herald, dated September 3, gives the following account of a new and important phase of railway progress.

This week has been made memorable by the most important experiment in locomotion since the first opening of a railway. This has been the successful commencement of a new railway—one to be worked without horses, locomotives, stationary engines or water power. And what power then? you may ask. Why, the pneumatic, to be used—the atmospheric air as a motor.

I will not go so far as to predict that the days of locomotives are over, or soon to be among the things that were; but one thing seems certain, and that is, that for short lines, where a large traffic is required, fine in action and lines under rivers and up and down steep ascents, the pneumatic propulsion must take the place of all other circumstances, is far more economical, more efficient, more comfortable, and will give travelers an almost entire immunity from accidents and casualties.

The pneumatic principle—using air as a motor—is not new; but this method of applying it to railways is quite new—the patented invention of Thomas W. Kammeil, Esq., of Bridge street, Westminster, a civil engineer of high standing.

Former pneumatic, or "atmospheric," railways, as they were termed, were worked by means of a cylinder and continuous piston, some twenty inches in diameter, under the carriage, between the rails. The power was connected to the carriage by a valve and slot, but it was impossible to prevent leakage of power by leakage, and after one or two trials it was abandoned. In Mr. Kammeil's pneumatic railway the "cylinder" is the railway tunnel, and the piston is the train itself. One carriage, (or car,) known as "the piston carriage," has a projection or disc of metal, the outer edge of it being a soft substance, like a brush of bristles, and this comes in contact with the brickwork or other material forming the inside of the railway tunnel, touching all around, side, top and bottom, and thus excluding the air. It is not actually air-tight, like a piston rod in a piston, but practically the leakage makes no material loss of power.

Then the pneumatic machine, or grand wheel of hollow iron, "raises the wind," is stationed near one end of the railway tunnel, and is moved by a small stationary engine, or any other power. The first pneumatic railway experiment on this principle, you are aware, was a small line, about three feet in diameter, for carrying mails and parcels, and that has been in operation from the Easton (London and Northwestern) Railway terminals to the Northwest District Post Office, in the Northwest part of London. That has been in successful operation, carrying the mails twenty or thirty times a day, for over a year and a half.

Next, a line for goods and mails, about five feet in diameter, has been built under the streets, like the smaller one, to carry the mails and to transport the general post office. St. Martin's is Grand, and that is soon to be opened. It will also connect the London and Northwestern railway with the "Chapin & Horn's" (the great railway carriers) terminus, in Gresham street, near the Bank of England. That line, besides carrying the London mails between the post office and the railways, will transport one thousand tons of goods a day, between the heart of the city and suburban railway station (Camden-town), and all through a single cast-iron tube, with one stationary engine.

The passenger line opened this week is about six hundred yards—say a third of a mile—in diameter, and is between two and three feet in diameter—not one foot less or more as erroneously stated by some of the newspapers—and will take in a great western (broad gauge) train, and transport it from one end to the other. The line has been purposely constructed with all the disadvantages that any railway is liable to—neither straight nor level, but with a very sharp curve, and up a steep incline (one foot in fifty feet) than is practicable for any locomotive to work.

The trains are down through in one direction, and then backed back on their return, the power working equally well in each direction. A great advantage is gained in the fact that along the pneumatic railways, like the trains being "hot through," or working in a vacuum. Now, be it known, once for all, that a "vacuum" in working a pneumatic railway is both useless and impossible. Take the train when it is sucked through, and what is the process? Why, precisely the same as that of a boy sucking a pea or a bullet through a hollow reed. The train stands at the farther end of the tunnel or tube, a quarter of a mile from the pneumatic machine. Then the air is sucked by this powerful apparatus out of the tunnel. Of course, as the air is gradually drawn out—the other end of the tube being closed by the train—the atmosphere becomes rarefied, or attenuated, and the process goes on a second or two till the air in the tunnel is made thinner—sucked—by about one per cent, and the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere outside (equal to fourteen pounds to the square inch) then presses or drives the train into the tunnel, and the sucking process goes on all the time, the train runs its third of a mile in some forty-eight or fifty seconds—eighteen to twenty miles an hour. On lines of any length, fifty miles an hour will be attained with ease.

The carriage is lighted by lamps that give a brilliant light, and having none of the gases or smoke, or the heavy jolting that attends the passage of a locomotive in a tunnel, the passengers glide along with the most luxurious ease imaginable.

The ventilation of course, is perfect, the whole train being swept by a gale of pure atmospheric air every time a train passes of underground railway fully, and Parliament is to be applied to this winter for power to build several lines under London—one to go under Oxford street to the Bank from the West End.

This invention gives you the way to solve the great problem of the city traffic in New York. A pneumatic railway under Broadway is entirely feasible, and can be made at once the cheapest, most comfortable and most rapid mode of transit from one end of New York Island to the other. I will give more of the mechanical details in another letter.

THE RICHMOND EXAMINER STIRS UP ORBITATION. That priest goes back a century in its orthography, and talks of honour, and favour and public and democratic. Now we have half a mind to ante-date this a hundred years or more. We are suddenly seized with a desire to be truly venerable and antique, and this is the result.

YONKERS AND GEN. EARLY. From the Richmond Examiner. In the conditions of news, we are compelled to give a place in these columns to the election bulletins of Secretary Stanton and his model General Sheridan. But there is enough intelligence among our readers to distinguish the outlines of truth through their glaring colors. Nobody in fact does, because nobody need, feel discouraged in the least by the news of another Sheridan victory in the Valley. We have become accustomed to the chances of the war, and especially when they appear in the form of reverses in the Valley. Jackson endured many, and Early endures more. But neither sustained any decisive defeat. The present, it is true, forms one of a rather long series. But it is not half so bad as Winchester. Then Stanton and Sheridan told the world that Early's army was destroyed, and that he would pursue the scattered fugitives to Lynchburg or Richmond. Yet Early gave him battle in a few days. After each of the successive fights the same story was repeated; always Early has lost his last cannon—yet he has fifty pieces more to lose. In the meantime no solid result is obtained. Sheridan never gets far up the Valley as Hunter—indeed his tether is no longer than Milroy's. He has forty thousand men; he has ten thousand picked cavalry—this is the official admission. Yet that great army has been held, through the campaign, in two counties of Virginia. Here, in this month of October, the whole plan of his operations has to be changed. He has been compelled to abandon the road to Lynchburg which runs up the Valley; he must come over to the plains of Piedmont, to a new base, and advance on Gordonsville. To accomplish this purpose, he fortifies a position near Winchester, so that a fragment of his army may hold Early in check, and keep him out of another invasion, while his main body crosses the mountain. But before he is ready, that beaten Early, that dispersed army, whose sole remaining cannon was last seen "flying over Kade's Hill, twenty-six miles off, in a keen run;" those troops which had ceased to exist, except in the shape of deserters and fugitives in the mountains—that army suddenly attacks him, Sheridan and his forty thousand, captures the entire artillery and camp of two corps, routs those two corps, seizes and sends over to Richmond fifteen hundred and sixteen prisoners, while four hundred more are on the way. Now, may it not be doubted whether Sheridan is indeed "Master of the Valley," when "no army-at-all" can do that to him in the midst of his fortifications?

It is true that a very complete victory was lost in the pursuit of too much. The Confederate force attacking was but ten thousand. The infantry it attacked numbered thirty thousand, with eleven thousand excellent cavalry on its flanks. We lost most of our captured cannon in the defile, and twenty three pieces of our own. But we lost few or no unmounted prisoners, except the teams and cannon drivers, while we have, and hold, nineteen hundred and fifty prisoners taken from the enemy. We have and we hold them. Our retreating troops left miles of dead and wounded Yankees behind them, and the enemy who brags of the "most splendid" victory, did not pursue.

Clearly the victory is not so entirely conclusive as the Yankee readers of Sheridan and Stanton suppose, nor is the campaign in the Valley a finished thing. Either Early and his army can support a superhuman amount of beating and cannon-taking, or Sheridan is a liar. His master at Washington has some perception of logic and the coherence of words—he feels the necessity of accounting with the public for the discrepancy of his bulletins—and of showing how an army that has so often been cut to pieces could come together again; how a General who has so often lost all his cannon could still have fifty pieces more to lose. His key to the riddle is the supposed arrival of Longstreet in the Valley—Longstreet and his whole corps, artillery included—that was the party that broke loose on Cedar Creek. But it is a public fact that Longstreet commanded his corps on the lines of Richmond. Clearly fought the battle, fought it without retreat or pursuit—fought with the same army and the same cannon which have held Sheridan and forty thousand retreating troops in constant business for half a year. Perhaps he may give more business yet to do—perhaps he may fight him as many times again. Apple-Brandt is a deeper drink than "sherris sack" after all. He has not been a lucky General—but his defeat in the latter half of the campaign are more easily forgiven than the glorious opportunities lost in its beginning—for he has one quality of a commander, that he recovers from disaster with amazing rapidity.

Prospect of a General War in Europe.—The Berlin correspondent of the New York Herald closes his letter of the 5th inst., as follows: "Although the situation is extremely ominous; Russia is on the best possible terms with Prussia, and at the same time carries her Grand Duke to the daughter of the King of Denmark, whom Prussia has already stripped of two-fifths of his dominions, and threatens to deprive him of the balance; England, in all other respects the antipodes of Russia, co-operates zealously with the Czar in patronizing Denmark, and would gladly bring on a coalition against Prussia, whose Crown Prince is the husband of her Princess Royal. Austria seeks the alliance of England to protect her from the enemy of France and Italy, and England is endeavoring to persuade Austria to join France and Italy against Russia and Prussia. What will be the end of this imbroglio it is impossible to foresee; but if it does not result in a general war, it will only be the forerunner of at least four of the Powers concerned—Austria, Russia, France and Italy—are in so dilapidated a condition that they would not be able to carry on war for three months without declaring themselves insolvent."

Subjugation of the Taping Rebellion.—Intelligence from China to the effect that on the 19th inst. the city of Nankin was captured by the Imperial forces under Major Gordon, an English officer in the Emperor's service. This victory is a very severe blow to the cause of the Taping rebels, which has steadily declined for some time past. The Chung-wang, it is supposed, will endeavor to recruit his fortunes by withdrawing to mountain districts, from which he can issue forth to plunder.

This great victory over a strongly organized militia has been effected by American, English and French officers, who have revolutionized the Chinese army and introduced the European improvements in fighting.

THE BATTLE IN THE VALLEY.

From the Richmond Examiner, 9th inst.

From officers of General Early's army who came down to the Yankee prisoners, captured at Cedar Creek, we gather some particulars of the late fight in the Valley. On Tuesday, the 18th, Early lay at Fisher's Hill with two corps of Sheridan's army in his front on the north side of Cedar Creek. Another corps, the Sixth, (Whipple's old Corps) was between Middletown and Newtown. Sheridan himself was at Winchester, and his cavalry a little withdrawn from the front. The two corps on Cedar Creek were heavily fortified on the left (looking towards Middletown) of the turnpike, but their works on the right of the road were incomplete.

This being the situation, Early determined to attack and, if possible, to surmise the force on Cedar Creek. Accordingly on Tuesday, at nightfall, he marched out of his works at Fisher's Hill to the stone bridge, which crosses the little stream at the foot of the hill. Here his army was divided, the larger column moving to the right of the turnpike, the lesser to the left—the object being a simultaneous attack on both flanks of the enemy. In order to flank the enemy's works on the right (their left) of the road, it was necessary to pass the larger column through a narrow pass in the mountains, where two men could not walk abreast. Thus, marching in single file, the whole night was consumed before the large column formed itself in proper position to make the attack. Meanwhile the column which had moved to the left, having a good road to march on, arrived at its destination much sooner than that on the right, and the commander, impatient of delay, ordered the assault some ten or twenty minutes before the other wing of our army was ready to co-operate. But for this, the capture of prisoners would have been very much larger. As it was, the enemy were taken completely by surprise; two divisions stampeded without firing a gun, and not one of the eighteen captured cannon was discharged. The whole camp, ere we had time to load our arms, was captured, and this abundant booty seems to have had much the same effect on Early's men as the fat camp at Shiloh had on Beauregard's. Many of them lagged behind in order to plunder, and the column which moved forward at Early's order cast many a lingering look behind.

The enemy attempted once or twice to make a stand, but were driven in utter rout to Middletown, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and dying, with countless guns, knapsacks, blankets, etc. Sheridan turning in hot haste from Winchester, threw forward the Sixth corps to the relief of the shattered Eighth and Nineteenth, just as Early was in the act of withdrawing his exhausted men from Middletown. At the same moment he hurled his cavalry upon both our flanks. Our line gave way, and the turnpike being crowded with cannon, they were abandoned. The retreat continued rapidly to Cedar Creek, two miles from Middletown, and there ended, the enemy being too much worn out to make a vigorous pursuit.

Our principal loss was in cannon. We lost a number of prisoners, but they consisted, almost without an exception, of wounded men and a few teamsters and cannon drivers. The enemy were soundly thrashed and they know it. The sudden reverse in our fortunes is attributed to the over-carelessness of pursuit, the exhausted condition of our men, the want of discipline in a portion of our cavalry, and last, but not least, the absence of the enemy's rich camp. We stopped to do too much, that is all. If we had withdrawn at two o'clock, instead of four o'clock, the victory would have proved the most brilliant that has ever been achieved in the Valley. Early's men by no means fled, as Sheridan may discover before very many days. Gen. Remond was mortally wounded and has since died in the enemy's hands. Gen. Battle of Alabama was wounded in the leg, and is now in Richmond. 1500 prisoners taken in this battle reached the city yesterday morning; and 400 more are said to be on their way.

From the Richmond Examiner, 24th inst.

Or information respecting the battle near Cedar Creek, on Wednesday last, assures us that one of the most brilliant victories of the war had been gained by our troops, but that in an evil hour, when a portion of our men were plundering the property they had captured, a small force of Yankee cavalry appeared on our left flank, the plunders took flight, and the words "we are flanked" passed rapidly along the line, as it gave way, and the rest followed, panic stricken and demoralized, in a moment. The enemy's infantry before then was in no condition, and were without the disposition, after their defeat of the morning, to attack, and when the panic seized upon our men, were entirely innocent of being so much as accomplices to the fact. The victory of the enemy, if such an affair can be dignified with a name which suggests the clash of arms and the glory of a gallant conflict, was achieved solely by a small and insignificant band of cavalry, which had doubtless accidentally gotten on our flank, and might have been captured. It was a great disaster to the morale of the army, the loss of 23 pieces of artillery and a few stragglers. In this whole day's operations our losses in men—killed, wounded and missing—did not exceed 1,100. The enemy admit a loss of 5,000. The story narrated in the Northern papers of Sheridan arriving on the scene and "snatching victory from defeat," is merely humbug. Sheridan arrived near the scene of the battle, but neither he nor the best part of his army were within several miles of the "rebels," when the latter took a notion that they were "flanked" and mistled. All the captives made by the enemy were effected by that band of cavalry we have alluded to, and nobody else. The Federal infantry had nothing to do with it. Sheridan and they were well off to themselves, chagrined with defeat and discomfited, when the news came that the "rebels were retreating." The attempt of Sheridan to make a hero of himself, and to put up the affair (a insignificant victory of the war, sufficiently shows him up as a complete military charlatan.

From the Dispatch.

1,429 prisoners, captured by Early on Wednesday, arrived in this city on Saturday night. Persons direct from Gen. Early's army say that the Confederate cavalry in their retreat and panic came pouring down upon our artillery in the streets of Strasburg, frightened the horses, threw everything into confusion, and rendered it impossible for the infantry to afford the guns any protection. Gen. Rorer, however, after nightfall, by his personal exertions, collected his cavalry and brought off some of the guns. The enemy's loss was very large. They confess to a loss of 5,000.

THE YANKEE OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

The following official report of his victory was received from Maj. Gen. Sheridan:

CEDAR CREEK, 10 P. M. Oct. 19, 1864. Lt. Gen'l Grant, City Point. I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and most of my line was driven in confusion, with a loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I retreated from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and found the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles. I have looked the affair in hand and quickly united the corps, and formed a complete line of battle, just

in time to repulse an attack of the enemy, which was handsomely done at about 1 p. m. At 3 p. m., after some charges of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy and capturing according to last report, four pieces of artillery, very many prisoners. I do not yet know the number of my casualties nor the losses of the enemy. Wagon trains, ambulances, and caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also carried some of their trains. Gen. Remond is a prisoner in our hands, and severely, perhaps mortally, wounded.

I have to regret the loss of General Bidwell, killed, and Generals Wainwright, Generals and Rickert wounded; Gen. Wright slightly.

Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men, disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened to shut off greater results. I now enclose Strasburg.

As soon as obtained I will send you further particulars. P. H. SHERIDAN, Major Gen.

MOVEMENTS OF GEN. HODD'S ARMY. Correspondence of the Atlantic States, 25th inst.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., Oct. 17, 1864. At the time Huddell died early in the month of March from which he had a right to expect a day of glory, Gen. Hood rose to the full grandeur and glory of the leader of a Southern army, and ordered his army forward. The army stood still in Atlanta in cautious security, while he crossed the Chattahoochee and threw the whole strength of his corps upon the river. No sooner did the men receive the order to march than the wildest enthusiasm ran from rank to rank and from brigade to corps. Gen. Hood was then in command, as it were, of a new army. The road was first struck above Marietta, and communication with Atlanta from that way to the coast. At Atlanta Gen. French made an important attack. He lost many men, but on the 22nd of May he was sent there with the impression that the garrison consisted of only 300, when according to Sherman, there was a whole corps. Had he been a General of the proper capacity he would have quickly learned the mistake of his corps commander and drew off. The reason that the place was not captured was because that would have interfered with the commanding General's plan, which was to accept no engagement of importance, to attack no strong garrison, but to reserve the whole strength of the army for battles beyond the borders of Georgia.

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From Atlanta a detour was made to the left, and the Coosa crossed at several different places. The defeated Yankees thought then they would get a general battle near Rome, on last Wednesday. But Gen. Hood amused them with a squadron of cavalry while he passed on to Dalton. Sherman came upon the cavalry, and thinking the whole rebel strength was behind them, made his dispositions for a pitched battle. The cavalry skirmished and fought him for two days, and finally drew off, worsted, it is true, and of course, but invaluable time was gained, for on that day (Thursday), Gen. Hood sent in a flag of truce to Col. Johnston at Dalton, and gave him five minutes to haul down his colors. This preliminary demand brought the Colonel to our General in person, and he begged and pleaded for terms. But Gen. Hood told him that if he was in command of white men instead of slaves he should be so treated; but that he would grant him no terms. The Colonel promptly hauled down his flag and surrendered 400 negroes, 250 white men, 1 company of cavalry, 1 battery of artillery and a great quantity of stores, besides 19 or 12 colors. Not a gun was fired.

I should have mentioned that on the route to Dalton, Tilton was taken with his garrison of three hundred and fifty. From Dalton the army proceeded up the railroad except one or two divisions, which went to Rossau for the purpose of making a demonstration. There will be also a demonstration made upon Chattanooga, but hardly a real attack.

Let the people hold up their heads and rejoice, for, as Mr. Lincoln said, a man has come from the South to destroy and annihilate the enemy. Hood seems to be following the three grand principles of war: 1. To march upon the interior line. 2. To throw his whole strength upon the weakest point of the enemy. And, thirdly, to cut him off from his base of supplies.

It is fashionable to attribute the strategy of this great Texas hero to others. But Gen. Johnston, President Davis and Gen. Beauregard have nothing to do with the planning of this campaign, and have precious little to say about its execution.

The views of Napoleon on the grand Presidential Election.—Mr. Pennington, the Secretary of the United States Legation at Paris, has just returned home from that city. The Herald gives the following result of his observations:

"He reports to the Government that the Emperor of France takes a deep interest in our present Presidential contest, and watches it especially in the endeavor to find in the result the true expression of the American people, and the real sentiment of the country upon the questions of union or disunion, war or peace. The Emperor, it is said, will regard the re-election of Mr. Lincoln as the determined and unqualified declaration of the American people in favor of the Union at every hazard and through all the possibilities of war. He will regard that result as a confirmation, directly from the people of all the statements that our Government has made to European Powers to that effect. On the other hand, it is said that he will regard the election of General McClellan as an expression of readiness on the part of the people to make terms with the Southern States; to make a peace even that will admit the independence of those States. In short, that he will find in the election of General McClellan, and in the temper that he will suppose it indicates, a very opportunity which England and France have waited for—the opportunity for intervention in favor of the South."

Arrival of Prisoners.—Thirty four commissioned officers, and thirteen hundred and eighty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, captured by Gen. Early in the Valley, on the 19th, arrived at the Libby yesterday.—Rich. Sentinel, 24th.

Northern Virginia.—We have accounts of a great change having taken place in that portion of Virginia West of the Alleghany Mountains. A great number of recruits are joining the Confederate army, and many of the citizens, heretofore considered friends of the Union, are giving aid to our cause. They have had enough of Yankee rulers.—Rich. Sentinel, 24th.

Col. Cantwell.—We are pleased to learn that Lt. Col. Edward Cantwell, of this city, has been appointed Judge of the Third Army Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.—Rich. Confederate.

Condition of the Valley.—The work of destruction goes on apace in the unhappy Valley. Farms and mills are burnt to the ground wherever found, and everything that walks the hoof is slaughtered or driven to Alexandria. But it is a notable fact that whatever else may be destroyed, the stiffs which have fringed the Valley with apple brandy are invariably spared.—Rich. Examiner.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—Piscator.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Died, at the Ford Hospital on the morning of the 29th August, from wounds received in the memorable charge at Beaumont Station, the evening of the 5th, Serg't A. J. McPhaul, Co. D. 46th N. C. Troops. As a member of the 46th N. C. Troops, I was a participant in all the marches, fatigues and engagements that his command was in. Not a murmur was heard from the brave young heart. Wherever duty called him, with a willing mind and cheering heart he responded to the call. After the enemy had been entirely routed at Beaumont, and when our forces were pursuing the fleeing hosts, he was foremost in the pursuit, and when he arrived at the railroad and mounted the banks thrown up there, he received a wound in the forehead. It was hoped for some time that he might recover, but early on the morning of the 26th, he breathed his last. He expressed full confidence in Christ and believed his glorious reward, which will be his dearest. Serg't McPhaul was 24 years 9 months and 11 days old. He leaves an aged father and mother, four sisters and three brothers to mourn his untimely death. No braver heart or purer blood has been sacrificed upon the Confederate altar. "Police set most precious"—Astor.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Ransom G. Hawley, son of John Hawley of Sampson county, N. C., volunteered May 24, 1861, in Co. K, 10th Reg't N. C. Troops, and served in the battle of the Wilderness on May 12th 1862, and carried to Point Lookout, where sickness and death took him, on July 14th 1862, from all hemorrhages, trials, privations, disease and suffering. He was a very consistent member of the Baptist church and was much respected as a member of the church and neighbor. He was an affectionate son and brother. He has fought many battles and it is hoped he now enjoys the rich company of the "angels of the salvation." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Corpl John J. Record, a member of Co. G, 25th N. C. T., was killed on the morning of the 21st of August, while charging the enemy's breastworks. In June 1861 this young man volunteered, and was one of the first to go into battle at the battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded in the leg and escaped unhurt until the fatal 21st of August, when a ball passed through his head, which causes his death in a few hours.

Among the many who have given their lives to their country, none was more generous and gallant than John J. Record, and none will be more deeply lamented by a large circle of friends. He was a noble and true man, known and appreciated, his memory will be long cherished.—A. J. R.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Died from the effect of a wound received near Grand Square Church, Va., on the 11th of May 1861, Glenn Nowell, a member of Co. F, 21 N. C. Cavalry, aged about 30 years. During his three years' service he was ever faithful and true to his country, and in every emergency assigned him. He was brave as the bravest, and was the affection of his comrades and the respect of his officers by his generous and noble qualities. He leaves a wife and children at home, and a brother and sister, to mourn their irreplaceable loss. Do.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Henry T. C. Chase, a member of Co. E, 40th Reg't N. C. T., son of Leonard Chase and wife, died at Fort Holmes on the 6th inst., of Typhoid fever, aged 30 years 4 months and 9 days. He was the only one of his regiment who died, and was surrounded by his comrades upon whom they depended for assistance and protection in their deplorable life. But of one thing are we sure; his death was not in vain, but we left to mourn on account of disappointment. But in this case we were not left to mourn as they were in hope. About one week before his death he addressed a letter to his writer informing him that God for Christ's sake had pardoned his sins and that he desired his name carried on the roll of the brave. And as we are surrounded by our comrades as we are, it is our duty to do so. Sleep Henry, carry in thy sword, and the blessing flowers, God's will be done, not ours.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MARSHALL, Va., Fayetteville, Sept. 16. At a meeting of Friends held on the 3rd, and the following resolutions were adopted, to-wit: Whereas, the Grand Annotator of the University, in his insubordinate proceedings, removed from amongst the our worthy and excellent Brother, Alex' Stephens, and placed him, as we apprehend, in a state of confinement and eternal duration: Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of our Creator, yet we mourn with deepest sorrow the sad condition of the latter, and that we have been deprived of one of its most valued members, and the community of a worthy and industrious citizen. Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted family of our deceased Brother our sincere sympathy and hearty condolences, ever praying that He who has thus afflicted them may, in due time, send comfort and consolation to their souls.

THOMAS GIBSON.

Non-Taxable Bonds.

500 Million Loan.—Sale Continued.

Numerous applications having been made at the established price of \$100 and interest, under circumstances that indicate a very favorable consideration, it has been determined to continue the sale until further notice.

AUG. W. STEEL, Agent for sale of Confederate Bonds. Fayetteville, Oct. 22. 78 idm

4 per cent. Certificates.

FOR SALE, \$500 in 4 per cent. notes, which will be sold at par, if it (of the face.) Apply at this Office. Oct. 20.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed from their old stand on Water Street, to No. 10 MARKET STREET, where they expect to continue the

General Commission &amp