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JOHN R. McCLANAHAN.....BENJAMIN P. DILL.

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NOTICE TO THE MILITIA!

Mississippi State Troops.

HEADQUARTERS MAJ. GENERAL'S OFFICE, JACKSON, Miss., October 9, 1862.

General Order No. 18.

A LL disabled Militia Men (except those on duty as Government shops) belonging to the remaining Militia of their respective counties, are hereby ordered to report to their commanders for duty.

By order of Major-General TURNER.

J. J. CONWAY, A. A. General.

PROCLAMATION.

HEADQUARTERS, JACKSON, Miss., October 7, 1862.

Special Order No. 40.

XIX.

By authority of the Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America, I proclaim the exchange of prisoners, officers and men, who have landed at Vicksburg, Mississippi, up to the date as final and complete. All officers and soldiers whose names have been registered with the C. S. Commissioner at Vicksburg, with instructions to await notification of exchange, will report without delay to the headquarters of their respective commands.

LLOYD TILGHMAN, Brigadier-General C. S. Army, Commanding Exchanged Prisoners.

[Official] POWHATTAN ELLIS, Jr., Captain and A. A. General.

GENERAL ORDER No. 13.

HEADQUARTERS, JACKSON, Miss., September 28, 1862.

ALL officers, non commissioned officers and privates belonging to regiments, battalions or companies of mounted men, and who have landed at Vicksburg, Mississippi, up to the date as final and complete, All officers and soldiers whose names have been registered with the C. S. Commissioner at Vicksburg, will instructions to await notification of exchange, report without delay to the headquarters of their respective commands.

By order of Brigadier-General LLOYD TILGHMAN.

POWHATTAN ELLIS, Jr., Captain and A. A. General.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 12.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE MISSISSIPPI, JACKSON, MISS., September 30, 1862.

VI. THE following general order is published for the information of all whom it may concern in this district.

By order of Brigadier-General RUGGLES.

R. M. HOOD, Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Orders No. 64.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE, RICHMOND, VA., September 5th, 1862.

IV. COMMANDERS of Army corps, regiments, battalions and companies will make to their officers monthly returns of their respective commands on the forms prescribed and according to the directions expressed on them.

Officers in charge of corps of instruction will make to the office on the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month, returns of the whole number of recruits, showing the number of recruits received, by enlistment and accepted during the previous period, the number enrolled and accepted during the period for which report is made, the number left with the regiments, and the total remaining in camp.

By order.

S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector-General.

[Official] R. M. HOOB, A. Adjutant-General.

District of the Mississippi.

HEADQUARTERS, JACKSON, Mississippi, September 18, 1862.

General Order No. 8.

IN order to perfect the enrollment and organization of the militia within the district in accordance with the act of Congress of the 29th April, 1862, and the orders and regulations of the Hon. Secretary of War in relation thereto, which have been published in this district, which are likely required to take prompt and energetic measures to enroll and forward all conscripts to their proper companies of instruction.

Officers of the militia, civil authorities and loyal citizens are respectfully called on to aid in the execution of the law and to forward lists of persons subject to conscript duty residing within their respective districts and jurisdictions.

All Military commanders and provost marshals are hereby instructed to furnish lists of conscripts residing within their respective jurisdictions, who shall not have been already notified in compliance with the law to the adjutant general's office at these headquarters.

II. Conscripts who have been enrolled in organizations of regiments, raised within the limits of this district on the 16th of April, 1862, and conscripts who have enrolled in any regiment, battalion, or company in the state of Mississippi, will be accounted with under the 2d Secretary of War of August 25th, 1862, and further charge of a commissioned officer who will at once prepare roll of each company containing the name of each conscript in the company in the order they have served, and a statement of bounty and clothing received.

Exemption to these requirements will be recognized unless based on written authority hitherto given by the War Department, or by the general commanding this district, in the subdistricts, of which it is composed.

By order Brigadier-General RUGGLES.

R. M. HOOB, Assistant Adjutant-General.

District of the Mississippi.

HEADQUARTERS, JACKSON, Mississippi, September 6, 1862.

General Order No. 2.

THE general rendezvous for the enrollment and organization of conscripts within the district in accordance with the act of Congress of the 29th April, 1862, and the orders and regulations of the Hon. Secretary of War in relation thereto, will be at Jackson, Mississippi, at which place all persons liable to conscription will report for enrollment and forward all conscripts to their proper companies of instruction.

Officers of the militia, civil authorities and loyal citizens are respectfully called on to aid in the execution of the law and to forward lists of persons subject to conscript duty residing within their respective districts and jurisdictions.

All Military commanders and provost marshals are hereby instructed to furnish lists of conscripts residing within their respective jurisdictions, who shall not have been already notified in compliance with the law to the adjutant general's office at these headquarters.

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Exemption to these requirements will be recognized unless based on written authority hitherto given by the War Department, or by the general commanding this district, in the subdistricts, of which it is composed.

By order Brigadier-General RUGGLES.

R. M. HOOB, Assistant Adjutant-General.

RANAWAY,

SEPTEMBER 19th, a NEGRO BOY, named SAM. Dark complexion, about twenty-one years old, five feet six inches high, with a small scar on his forehead, and a scar on his back; has disfigured feet; had on when he left, a brown plush coat, a black cloth military cap and gray pants. He took with him some other clothing which was formerly owned by Dr. Moseley, of Marshall county, Mississippi, and went away with a boy named Harrison, owned by George Mich, of the city.

I will pay a reward of $20 if delivered to me in Jackson, or $50 if lodged in any jail, with such information as that I can get him.

JOHN ROBINSON, Jackson, Miss.

THE APPARITION OF THE SWORD.

The Three Catastrophes of the War.

From Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.]

Two weeks have elapsed since the battle of Antietam, and the forces with which our Young Napoleon claimed to have been brilliantly victorious, are still lying in accumulated strength, but one day's march in advance of the ground on which they fought. The rebels, who it is now ascertained had at the most 80,000 men, as opposed to our 120,000, remain defiantly in front and stubbornly hold Harper's Ferry, while they offset their losses in the battles of Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday, by an equal number of our dead and wounded. By all fair rules of calculation, therefore, Little Mac has got the worst of this embrace of strength; for admitting results to have been equal in the field, we are losers of the great pest of Harper's Ferry; losers also of the 14,500 men who were struck dead thereon from off our army rolls, and losers also of all the vast supplies of food and arms by which the captors are now enabled to remain within our neighborhood. It would seem, therefore, that Little Mac, with his 120,000 men, his 16,000 in Harper's Ferry, and his 75,000 advancing from Pennsylvania, has not been so successful as he thought, when he dictated his recent dazzling telegrams, and that his *victories* on these last occasions, are very much of the same character as those which he announced at Yorktown, where he did not take a wagon, and proclaimed from the mud at Turkey Bend, when the enemy leisurely fell back after having penned him in that pig-sty of the James.

All military authorities say, that the first rule of victory, is to follow up your adversary; and that however distressed and exhausted may be your own condition, you must pour your cavalry upon his retiring columns, and demoralize him to the utmost. If you cannot do that, the most you can claim is a drawn battle, but if the enemy walks off at his leisure, undisturbed, and grape, at the same time, your best fortress as he goes—outnumbering you in captives, also, ten to one, it requires but very little frankness to admit, that you have got the worst of it. We fear, however, that Little Mac, in this last brilliant effort of his genius, was terribly hampered as he has always been, by those rascally abolitionists and presumptious civilians, who were doubtless, even at that very moment, conducting a fire in his rear. It may be, too, that that super-brilliant fellow, Fitz John Porter, who looked on and refused to fight at Centerville, really disappointed our Young Napoleon, on this occasion, by not furnishing reinforcements, in the crisis of the fight, at the several calls of Pleasanton and Burnside; but whatever the cause was McClellan again, though in superior force, brought no to spoil, and reaped no vice versa, from the which like all his previous triumphs, left him still lord both in troops and arms. We dwell somewhat on this general result, because it is due not only to the cabalists who boasted Mac would now wind up the war, but due also to McClellan himself, for it shows how deeply he is the victim of misfortune. Indeed, it is further due to him it should be known, that on setting out from Washington, in pursuit of Lee, he stated it was his conviction he was "too late, though he would do the best he could;" but then how could his ingenious nature suspect Lee (after he was found and fought with) of such an unworthy action as a change of base," during a truce for the mere burial of the dead? Thus treachery and deception involve the fortunes of our little general at every step he takes, and the worst of it is, we are constantly agitated with alarm that his persevering ill luck may, at any moment, swamp the country. His caution, however, is a great reliance. He took ten days to find the enemy in Maryland, over a road of barely fifty miles (indeed, he might not have found him then, had not the enemy turned and looked for him), and it is now two weeks since he met him *and defeated him*; and he has not followed him yet. We are told that he is afraid the Potomac may rise behind him and shut our barrass his retreat, but we have heard a really great general say, within a day or two, that such consideration is unworthy the master of the situation. Others, more invidious, have suspected Little Mac of want of courage, and even the Secretary of War has said, within the week, "Confound him, he will never put himself under fire, nor permit Fitz John Porter to do so either;" but probably such criticisms do more harm than good, and Little Mac had better pass for a hero so long as he continues in the field. His rule as a master of the situation is but brief, and he should not be too much criticised while it lasts. Moreover, it is not absolutely necessary a commander-in-chief should be a man of courage, though it would be better he possessed that quality. He can get along without it, and if utter exigency require him to dash along the lines, he may seek those locations for display which do not imperil his important person. This was his rule throughout the battles of the Peninsula, where he never was once within the whistle of a ball; and the same prudence must have been the law with him at Antietam, or we should never have heard the above remark from Secretary Stanton.

When Young Napoleon will move again, no prescience can tell. It should be satisfactory to poor civilians that though the army was not sent to Sharpsburg to be safe, that it is safe, nevertheless; and on that basis, let us all find margin for the prayer, that God, in his goodness, will soon get fighting Joe Hooker well again.

In looking over the queer campaign of Maryland, we are forcibly reminded of some of the leading features of McClellan's operations in the Peninsula, and in the recent complications of the late movements at Manassas. The report of General Hooker, in another column, will show that when we might have crushed the enemy at Williamsburg by reinforcements and pursuit, those reinforcements were refused. It was Sumner who had charge of the reserves on which Hooker made his requisition, but that commander justifies himself by saying that "*under his orders*," he could not let Hooker have them. At the late battles of Centerville, where Pope and his army were sacrificed to the jealousies of West Point, the same scene was re-enacted. On the Sunday previous, Hooker and Franklin landed with their divisions at Alexandria, that commander received an order from General Halleck, to place himself within easy supporting distance of Gen. Pope; and a copy of that order was sent to Pope at the same time by Halleck, in order that he might know what were his reliances. Pope, on the strength of this order, requested Franklin and Sumner to come up, and he asked from McClellan rations and forage for his horses. They had been nearly two days without food, and the road to McClellan was all the way within our lines. The answer of the general who received this appeal, and knew its vital character, was, that if General Pope would send a *cavalry* escort (the distance nearly thirty miles) he should have the desired supplies. "When I received this answer," says Pope, in his report, "I gave up all hope, for I could not withdraw any portion of my force from the front, and if I should gain any advantage of the enemy, I had no means, without cavalry, of following it up. The reinforcements under Generals Sumner and Franklin were likewise withheld till Saturday, and on the final day of strife Fitz John Porter, with his division, and Griffin, with his troops, stood stiff in presence of the enemy, and refused to fight. Even the very soldiers who had been tampered with by some of the generals of the Peninsula, and taught to despise Pope for that opening proclamation which reflected upon their strategic idol, acted badly, and with such expressions as "damn Pope!" "to hell with Pope!" fought sullenly, disgustedly, and almost threw down their arms.

While this slaughtering spectacle was in course at Centerville, Little Mac, who refused the forage and the rations to the soldiers of the Union, is reported by the Washington *Chronicle*, one of his organs, edited by John W. Forney, as having sat upon the hill-side, in the midst of his beloved staff, "quietly smoking his segar, while the booming of the guns bore to his ear the note of battle." "McClellan," continues the *Chronicle*, "was cool and quiet. He stated that Pope was attacked—that he would be defeated—that his own noble men whom he loved as children would be slaughtered as cattle, without any good purpose. He marked out the vast sacrifice clearly as if it was history—all of which has been fulfilled—and expressed his abiding confidence, he would yet, and in a few days, lead the army to victory." Thus stand the lines of a gigantic horror all revealed; and the poor country, against whose welfare it was perpetrated, lay at the mercy of the sword thus plunged within its breast. Poor Pope defamed to the soldiers, betrayed by their chiefs, deprived of all means, fell a total wreck, and hauled off for repairs, unable to obtain the least shadow of redress. Even his demand for a court martial was destined to be smothered by the subsequent authority of Little Mac in the same way he denied the request of the Senate for an investigation of Ball's Bluff, and as he will doubtless prevent investigation in the complications of Antietam and Harper's Ferry.

But let us keep to the thread of our narrative. On the Sunday evening subsequent to these last battles of Manassas, General McClellan walked into the headquarters of General Halleck, and with all air of injured innocence said:

"I understand, General Halleck, you have censured me."

"I have not censured you," was General Halleck's reply.

"Then, sir," said McClellan, in his usual deliberate style of speech, "I have been greatly misinformed."

"I did not censure you, General McClellan," continued the commander-in-chief, "because I did not know what your condition was, or what *excuses* you might have to offer. I did state, however, most emphatically, both to the President and the Secretary of War, that I had expected you to be within supporting distance of General Pope, on Thursday; but I did not censure you because I was not *then* in possession of evidence, which I soon expect to obtain."

Whether General Halleck ever collected that evidence in form, or not, we do not know; but we do know that the military circles which had been all afire on Saturday night, with the expectation that there would soon be work for the provost marshal with certain lofty persons, and even for the employment of a *serpent's guard*, were utterly amazed at a bulletin announcing that General McClellan had been reinstalled in command of all the forces in the field. Little Mac was in this matter a true victor, and he followed up his advantage, for once, in the true style; for when Pope demanded a court-martial upon Fitz John Porter, Griffin and the rest of Mac's adherents, he dismissed the matter with the puff of his cigar, and banished the Western interloper away off to the Indians. Poor Pope may now, in his exile, compare the injuries which he received at the hands, respectively, of McClellan and Fremont. The latter, having had serious official disputes with him, merely refused to serve under a commander with whom he could not agree; but Little Mac caught and strangled him, and then buried him from the Tarpean rock. So much for Pope.

We come now for our third coincidence, in the way of reinforcements refused against the enemy, where we might have had a more signal stroke. This brings us to the battle of Antietam. On that field, when Burnside was sinking under the overwhelming combination of the enemy against our left, he sent a messenger to McClellan for aid. The courier not finding him, delivered the requisition to Fitz John Porter, who stood at the headquarters the entire day with an unlooked *corps d' armee*. Pleasanton made a like requisition upon Porter for an infantry support, which would enable him to operate with his cavalry effectively upon the rebel center. Both these requisitions were refused; Burnside was nearly sacrificed, and our whole army in danger of defeat for the want of the aid he asked; and Pleasanton could have been of signal service in distracting the attention of Jackson and Longstreet from our right. Both Pleasanton and Burnside have preferred charges against Porter for his conduct, and we are to have a court martial in that matter too—unless McClellan, who plainly does not like to have any secrets laid open to the people, countenaned that also.

Thus we have before us three remarkable coincidences. Three instances of the staying of the uplifted Federal sword, when weight of have smitten the Philistine hip and thigh, all happening at vital crises of the general struggle, and concerning precisely the same command. Such deeds will happen in the best regulated families. The lightning has been known to strike in the same place, but we believe history presents no evidence where it has hit the bull's eye three times in succession, always from the same bee line, and all within the period of three months.

Now, we are so utterly irreverent of greatness, and care so little for Little Mac, or any one else, in a question that involves the welfare of the nation, that we take the liberty of placing these facts before the people in a connected form, and in asking them to think upon the subject. We do not wish to distress our optimists, but we claim that the divine gift of reason should never be subverted by false notions of expediency; and that its exercise is never so important to all citizens, as when the country is threatened with military despotism. The private warfare which broke the back of Pope is now concentrated against Halleck, and if it triumph, in his downfall, there are no more stays against the tide, and we all sink together. Thus in the perturbed and uncertain vista we fancy we perceive two separate campaigns. The first involving a prolongation of the war, and the enslavement of the liberties of the people; and the second comprehending some military despotism, in which the "elegant gentleman" of the sword, who have all been boys together at West Point, and who are so evenly distributed on both sides, shall settle the matter in their own way.

G. W.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28, 1862.

The Origin of Lincoln's Proclamation.—The New York *World* thinks it has discovered the original proclamation which Lincoln had in his mind when he penned the formidable emancipation document. Its origin is minutely described in Irving's "History of the New Netherlands." During Governor Kieft's administration he received intelligence that some very formidable invaders had taken possession of his southern frontier and built a fort there. "They were represented," says the historian,

"As a gigantic, gunpowder race of men, exceedingly expert in boxing, biting, gouging and other branches of the rough and tumble mode of warfare, which they had learned from their prototypes and cousins-german, the Virginians, to whom they have ever borne considerable resemblance. Like them, also, they were great toy-loves, much given to revel on hoe-cake and bacon, mint-julep and apple-toddy; whence their newly formed colony had already acquired the name of Maryland, which, with a slight modification, it retains to the present day.

"In fact, the Marylanders and their cousins, the Virginians, were represented to William Kieft as offsets from the same original stock as his bitter enemies, the Yankoie or Yankee tribes of the East, having both come over to this country for the liberty of conscience, or, in other words, to live as they pleased—the Yankees taking to praying and money-making, and converting Quakers, and the Southerners to horse-racing, cock-fighting and breeding negroes.

"Against these new invaders, Wilhelmus Kieft immediately dispatched a naval armament of two sloops and thirty men, under Jan Jansen Alpendam, who, was armed to the very teeth with one of the little governor's most powerful speeches, written in vigorous Low Dutch.

"Admiral Alpendam arrived without accident in the Schuylkill, and came upon the enemy just as they were engaged in a great 'barbecue,' a kind of festivity, or carouse, much practiced in Maryland. Opening upon them with the speech of William the Testy, he denounced them as a set of lazy, canting, julep-tippling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, slave-driving, tavern-hunting, Sabbath-breaking, mulatto breeding upstarts, and concluded by ordering them to evacuate the country immediately; to which they incontinently replied, in plain English, 'they'd see him d—d first!'

"Now this was a reply on which neither Jan Jansen Alpendam nor Wilhelmus Kieft had made any calculation. Finding himself, therefore, totally unprepared to answer so terrible a rebuff with suitable hostility, the admiral concluded his wisest course would be to return home and report progress. He accordingly steered his course back to New Amsterdam, where he arrived safe, having accomplished this hazardous enterprise at small expense of treasure and no loss of life. His saving policy gained him the universal appellation of the Saviour of his country, and his services were suitably rewarded by a shingle monument, erected by subscription on the top of Fort-hubarack hill, where it immortalized his name for three whole years, when it fell to pieces and was burnt for firewood."

☞ A captain, one of the old school, being hit a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner, a lady of rank, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh," was the startling reply, "never mind me, ma'am; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

The Secret Society—Movements in the Northwest.

The stories about the existence of a league of "Knights of the Golden Circle" in the Northwest, which have been circulated in the New York press, appear to have some foundation in fact. A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Vincennes, Indiana, says that there the people are living over the "fires of a volcano that may burst any hour." He says:

There is an organization in the Western States known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. I believe it is not known in the Eastern and Northern States. Its members have been most successful in securing officers in the army. I know several who hold positions there, and it is strange how they get them, but those I refer to I know to be sympathizers with the rebellion. Again, they are most active at home in poisoning the minds of the people against the government of the United States. Since our late reverses on the Potomac they are exceedingly exultant. Lee's proclamation in Maryland, they say, is the right doctrine. That, they say, utters the sentiments of genuine republicanism and liberty and that the policy of Lincoln's administration is tyranny and oppression. These sentiments are openly avowed by many with whom you are acquainted in this place. The utterances of such sentiments is bad enough, but it is evident that but an opportunity is wanted to inaugurate a guerrilla warfare in the States north of the Ohio—and this opportunity will not be wanting so soon as the troops called for have gone to the South. A few days since we had at Lawrenceville an instance of the effect of the spirit of lawlessness which pervades society. A narrow-minded, bigoted, vicious Democrat, without any cause of quarrel, but as a proof that he was not for negro equality, met a negro, took up a club and knocked him down. This occurred a few miles north of the town. A number of persons were present who testify that the negro said not a word to his assailant before or after the assault. The next day the negro came to town and made complaint. His assailant expecting that a writ would be issued also came to town and told the constable he had better not attempt to serve the writ; that he intended that night to kill the negro, and if the officer attempted to serve the writ he would kill him. That night this fellow and fourteen others, all Democrats and Knights of the Golden Circle, armed themselves, passed openly through Lawrenceville, and went over to where the negro lived, shot him and stabbed him nine times with a bowie-knife, of course killing him. Lawlessness, of course, followed, and kept there more than half a year without any attention being paid to his case. He was finally informed that there was no charge against him, and allowed to go. Six tedious months of cruel imprisonment, simply on account of a little harmless playfulness of his children! Can that be called a free or just government under which such shameful outrages are perpetrated? And yet this is but a sample of what arbitrary arrest must and will everywhere. If any persons have committed offenses, let them be tried and punished. It is folly to say the law is not adequate to reach all cases. It is adequate to punish all *real* offenses. It is only because the powers that be wish to torture into terms acts that are *not* crimes, that they resort to the high-handed measures they do.

A few days since some Black Republican speculators on the substitute business, who had violated the orders of the War Department, were sent to Fort Lafayette. The abolition papers, however, made a great howl over it, and they have been released. There are, however, scores of better men and better patriots in those jails than those released, in whose behalf not a word is uttered. There is Judge Carmichael, of Maryland. Guilty of what! Why, of the gross crime (?) of telling the grand Jury of his county what the law in relation to arrests was. For months has Judge Carmichael suffered the horrors of the Bastile, for simply doing his duty. Is it possible, therefore, that the recent Republican outburst of indignation against military arrests proceeds from any regard for the principles of civil liberty? No, it is the grossest hypocrisy. They wish only Democrats to be imprisoned. If they are sincere, why do they not ask for the release of Dr. Olds, of Ohio, now in the fort, for simply expressing an opinion against the administration? How many more good and true men are also in the same gloomy prison walls, against whom no charges are preferred, we can only conjecture. We hear every day of men arrested in different parts of the country. They are spirited away, their friends and their families know not whither. Some dark and noisome prison vault receives them, and they are buried alive! Where is D. A. Mahoney, Esq., of the Dubuque *Herald*, the central organ of the Iowa Democracy? Where is Mr. D. Sherwood, editor of the Fairfield (Iowa) *Union*, recently snatched from his family by the Lincoln kidnappers? Where is Judge Allen, member of Congress, recently elected from Southern Illinois?

We might increase this list indefinitely, but it is not necessary. It is but one man unjustly deprived of his liberty, is ought to arouse every American to instant action. The principle is the same. Our liberties are overthrown, and the rights of the individual are left to the whim or caprice of some upstart official. There is a day of retribution coming, however, for the murderers of liberty and the persecutors of Democrats mingled in the same sentiment. As says in his excellent speech, which we publish this week, "the measures they have meted out to us shall be measured to them again." Yes, that it will, "shaken down and pressed together." "The arrest of Dr. Olds," cackles the abolition tyrants of the *Evening Post*, "and the summary squalashing of Charles Ingersoll, show that the government is wide awake!" Yes, indeed, it is wide awake. It can conquer unarmed men, and that seems to be about the extent of its victories. It can send posses of kidnappers to the houses of quiet citizens in the North, gag them, and bind them, and immure them in forts and fortifications, but it has not the ability, with hundreds of thousands of troops, to keep the Confederates from besieging the national capital. It can wreck a petty vengeance upon some individual, who has had too much honesty to bend before its usurpations; but it is incompetent to save the country from the calamities which menace it. It loves duplicity and deceit, and pays a high premium for them, in the person of the renegade Democrats who go over to it for plunder and pelf; but it especially hates manliness and honesty, and persecutes every individual who possesses enough of these qualities to tell it of its faults or rebuke its follies. It has finally convicted itself of party favoritism by releasing from imprisonment men of its own party and retaining Democrats in custody, though the offenses charged were the same in both cases. Dr. Olds, is charged with discouraging enlistments, yet he is imprisoned, while Black Republicans are released! It is no wonder that some of its own party papers are calling for the resignation of a President who has allowed the government to degenerate into an organization which would seem to exist, just now, mainly for the persecution of those who have intelligence enough to see the truth, and manliness enough to utter it.

An Exciting Adventure in Arkansas.

From the Memphis Argus, October 16.]

Guerrillas, it seems, still hug the opposite shore occasionally, for purposes best known to themselves. We learn that on Tuesday morning a party of our soldiers from the 46th Illinois regiment and two from the 6th Iowa, crossed over from Fort Pickering in quest of pawpaws, a fruit more pleasant to look upon than eat, and narrowly escaped annihilation from a party of guerrillas concealed in some bushes. The main fact of the affair, as derived from a soldier of the latter regiment cognizant of them, are about as follows: While walking quietly down the levee they were approached by a horseman in citizen's dress, who informed them that he was going a little further down to lay up a piece of fence which had been torn down around a house of his that had been burned; and after a few more commonplace remarks, put spurs to his horse and galloped away through the thick woods. He had not been gone five minutes, when a perfect volley of musketry broke upon their listening ears, and buckshot and bullets rained around them—wounding one of the men, Charles Stephens, of company D, 6th Iowa infantry, completely riddling the hats, blouses, clothes, etc., of the rest of them. The remainder, frightened at the unexpected attack, and forgetting that they had guns as well as the assailants, (probably as most would,) fled, when the attacking party sprang from their places of concealment, and ordered the soldiers to halt or they would be shot. All continued their flight but one, who, hard pressed, inverted his musket as if to surrender; but upon the pursuers firing, concluded that the place was a little too hot, and after an exciting chase rejoined his comrades. They afterward went in quest of Stephens, who had sunk to the ground exhausted after running half a mile, the blood meanwhile trickling from a wound in his side made by two buckshot. He was found and carried to the skiff, and brought to the Tennessee side. The regimental surgeon pronounces his wound mortal. He was still alive yesterday. We learn that a party of five from the 6th Iowa, who entered the Arkansas swamps yesterday, four were captured, doubtless by the same party. The remaining one escaped.

"290."—Many persons are curious to know how the Confederate gunboat 290 obtained her name. A naval authority says it was applied to her because her length is 290 feet.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

Another Federal Account.

Special Dispatch to the Chicago Times.]

LOUISVILLE, October 12.—A dispatch from Lebanon says that there was a great battle yesterday, between Harrodsburg and Danville, much heavier than the affair at Wednesday.

Mulford's Federal Kentucky cavalry captured one hundred and sixty wagons and one thousand prisoners.

The rebels are retreating to Camp Dick Robinson.

The report has every character of authenticity.

Rumors are afloat that Bragg and Cheatham were both killed in Wednesday's battle. This is doubtful.

There is intense excitement here, waiting news from the front.

A private letter, received here from a member of General Banks' staff, October 10th, says the fight of Wednesday was very severe on our left, but we drove them very easily at every other point. General Jackson was killed about 2 P. M. General Terrell, Lieutenant-Colonel Jewett, and Major Campbell were also killed. Colonel Pope was wounded. The enemy left in great haste, and was so badly crippled that they could not carry off the cannon that they took from us, which we re-took yesterday, without any fighting. I don't know the number of prisoners we have, but we have got one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition.

We are just getting an insight into this battle, which was terribly mixed up in all former accounts.

Our right wing, under Rousseau, gained a decided victory, routing the enemy opposed to them. Wood's division, of Crittenden's corps, came on to the field just at the critical moment, and, reinforcing Rousseau, sided in this rout. They were there driven back, and, on that side, our forces advanced into Perryville and beyond.

On the left wing, owing to the loss of our general officers, we were less successful, and at night the enemy held the field, but, discovering the discomfiture of their companion on their left, they wisely retreated under cover of night. In their retreat they abandoned their wounded and all the spoils they had taken.

Our loss will not exceed 300 killed, and 500 or 600 wounded. The brunt of the loss on the right seems to have been borne by the 15th Kentucky. I have given you a list of the regiments engaged on the left. They all suffered somewhat. After the casualties in general officers that have been reported, there seems to have been no losses until you get down to the ranks. The regimental officers, as a general thing, did themselves no credit. Their men were braver than they. Hence the losses were principally confined to privates, and of these it is extremely difficult getting reports. I have telegraphed to your correspondents in the field for lists of casualties, but am unable to get any responses yet.

An officer who arrived yesterday from the battle-field says our victory was complete; that, notwithstanding the superiority in numbers of the enemy, they were most terribly whipped, their loss in killing being fully three to our one. It was reported, when he left, that Generals Peck and Cheatham had both been killed.

I learn from a reliable source that the rebel John Morgan, with about five thousand men, evacuated Lexington on Tuesday night. The place is now entirely rid of rebel force. They burned a large lot of jeans and other property, which they could not possibly take away with them. At Georgetown everything was quiet, there being but few stragglers in that portion of the country, and they were hunting a hole through which they might hope for a chance of escape.

General Dumont entered Versailles yesterday, routing the rebel garrison that held the place. This was a portion of Smith's force. Dumont captured two guns and three hundred prisoners.

Military Execution in Missouri.

A Missouri army correspondent of one of the Northern journals gives the following particulars of the *murder* of some partisans in that State:

HUDSON, Mo., September 29.—After looking around through a very clean camp of some blue capped recruits, and a very dirty camp of an old regiment who had been at Shiloh, I returned to the headquarters, where I found the general and his staff just mounting, to go to the execution ground. Presently came the solemn roll of the muffled drum, and then, appeared the head of a column of soldiers moving over the hill at a slow pace. Going toward them, I found it was the execution party, with the condemned men. First, the prisoners—hard, desperate-looking faces, yet showing intelligence—then, a file of soldiers, six abreast, and so on down the column, until the rear was brought up by the regiment of infantry, the recruits, and some cavalry, clad in homespun, that but for their arms, I should have supposed were secesh prisoners, but found they were militia of Missouri, called out by their governor to put down guerillas.

The execution ground was about half a mile from the town, and when I reached there I found the troops drawn up on three sides of a square, while the fourth was occupied by the condemned and the firing parties. A long line of mounted sentinels kept back the too curious crowd, but a word from the polite little major, who had previously seen me at the headquarters, admitted me, and I took my place near the general and his staff, in one corner of the square. After some time occupied in the preliminary preparations, the prisoners were blindfolded and knelt in front of his own execution party. A venerable looking grey headed chaplain now stepped out from among the staff, and in a short, fervent prayer, commended the souls of these poor wretches to the mercy of the God before whom they would shortly appear. Everything was still as death. The perfect hush, if I may say so, was painfully distinct, and I could see, even under the grave, stern face of the general softening look, as if he was still struggling between duty and mercy.

For a moment the silence was awful; then came the clear tone of command of the officer of the day: "Ready," "aim," "fire!" a rattling discharge; a puff of smoke; a groan; and all was over. The ten had paid the penalty of their broken oaths. For a moment all was hushed, as before, and then you could almost hear the long drawn breath of relief. The bright sun shone as calmly and clearly as before, but shone on ten corses stiff and stark, where a moment before were ten men in the full flush of physical health.

A surgeon stepped from the lines and walked along, examing each body as he passed, then stepped up to the general, with a stiff military salute, "They are all dead, sir." "Very well, sir." Not a change of a muscle, not the slightest relaxation of that outward sternness, the same grimness, and yet I thought, a moment ago, you might have saved their lives. Truly, here is a man whose sense of duty would carry him through anything, and felt disappointed that he exhibited no more feeling. But a moment after, as he turned to mount his horse, I heard him say to one of his staff, "God in mercy spare me such a duty as that again, and yet mercy to those men is the hardest cruelty to the whole people of the State."

Colonel Jeff. Lamar.

The Atlanta *Confederacy* of the 30th says:

We learn with pain that our old county, Newton, has suffered severely in the late battles in Maryland. Colonel Jeff. Lamar, of Cobb's legion, a brother of the brilliant and eloquent L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, was killed, while leading a charge at Crompton's gap in the Blue Ridge. In that desperate and bloody fight he was ordered to protect a small gap to the right. Upon reaching the spot, he ordered a charge over a stone fence. He scaled it himself in his saddle, but his horse was immediately shot and fell under him. He promptly raised his cap, and, waving it, cheered his brave men, calling them to follow him, when he was pierced by a number of bullets from the enemy, who were in great force in front and on both sides. It was here that so many of the legion were killed and taken prisoners. When once over the fence there was no escape. Surrender or utter annihilation were the only alternatives.

Colonel Lamar was married about a year ago, to an accomplished niece of Mrs. Howell Cobb. The Lamar family have suffered immensely in this war. Colonel Thompson B. Lamar, and the brother of Jeff., commanding a regiment from Florida, we see, was severely wounded; and Colonel John B. Lamar, a brother-in-law of General Howell Cobb, a distinguished and useful citizen, is also killed. They are a patriotic, brave and chivalrous family, descendents of the old French nobility early settlers in Georgia, and ever ready to fight for freedom.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAID.

General Stuart's Circuit Complete.

To the Associated Press North.]

HARRISBURG, October 12.—The latest official accounts state that the rebels have escaped. They crossed the Potomac near the mouth of the Monocacy, marching 50 miles in 24 hours. Pleasanton's forces arrived at the crossing just as the rebels finished, and engaged their artillery—result unknown. Pleasanton's forces marched 78 miles in 24 hours.

BALTIMORE, October 12.—The *American's* correspondence says the principal object of the rebel cavalry raid was to get horses. They took back nearly 1000 seized in Pennsylvania.

NEW YORK, October 12.—A *Herald* special, dated Williamsport, M.J., 12th, says:

The 8th Maryland regiment, which was on duty at Dam No. 5, near where the rebels crossed, succeeded in effecting a retreat to Williamsport. General Kenrey immediately sent for reinforcements and made preparations to hold the town to the last.

The rebel crossing was effected under the protection of two heavy guns on the Virginia side. As soon as the head of the column landed on the Maryland side our pickets opened a lively skirmish with them, in which one man of the 12th Illinois cavalry was killed. The loss of the enemy was not ascertained.

There was, yesterday, a general movement of our troops toward Dam No. 5, where, it is thought, they would attempt to recross in the woods on the Virginia side, opposite the town. There were indications of a rebel force of at least 3000 men. The smoke of numerous campfires was visible among the trees, and during two or three hours of the day on Friday a full regiment was seen drawn up in line of battle in the edge of the woods.

DOINGS OF THE C. S. STEAMER 290.

Five American Whalers Burned and Thirty-four Men and a Schooner Captured.

From the London Shipping Gazette, Sep. 27.]

The Cairngorm, from Sydney, entered the river at Gravesend on Sunday.

She makes the following report: Three whaleboats' crew came alongside us at Flores from the steamer Alabama, ["No 290,"—Ed.] Captain Semmes, and wished to be reported as having bad their ship Comulgee, American whaler, hailing from Edgartown, Massachusetts, set on fire 5th inst., and totally burned by the Confederate steamer above named.

The Comulgee had on board 250 barrels oil. There were thirty-four hands, all told. Captain Semmes (late of the Sumter) behaved hospitably to the crew. The Alabama took an American schooner (name unknown) while the Cairngorm was off Flores.

[The reader will recollect that the "No. 290" sailed from one of the Western islands on the 20th of August last, and when last seen she was cruising off and among the group.]

The Comulgee was a ship of four hundred and fifty tons burthen, the largest hailing from Edgartown. She was commanded by Captain Osborn, and the agent is Abraham Osborn. She sailed from Edgartown on the 24 of July last, bound for the South Pacific.

McClellan's Address.

From the Richmond Examiner.

The address of McClellan to his army, which is published this morning, with other intelligence from the North of the last date, throws a flood of light on the present condition of public opinion in the United States. The object of that address is to quiet the violent dissension which has sprung up, even among the soldiery, over the late political event.

Reflecting persons in all countries of the world have been puzzled by the final proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. In the South, astonishment, rather than any other emotion, has been produced by that singular measure. No candid observer can think the present tyranny at Washington altogether devoid of intellectual power and intelligence. Unprincipled, mean, vulgar, cruel—it is all that and much more that is odious; but neither weak nor foolish. From the first it has been consistent with itself, very audacious, fruitful of resource, and judicious in the choice of means to accomplish its bad ends. That it should have suddenly resorted to a measure, certain to set against it nearly the whole of the laboring mass, and to disaffect, in the last degree, all of the educated portion of the community which retains any trace of virtue or sanity, was an apparent contradiction to its supposed character