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Retaliation.

From the Richmond Whig.]

Congress has attempted to respond, after a fashion, to the earnest demand of the people of the Confederacy for some sort of effective retaliation upon the enemy—a retaliation demanded alike by our duty to the outraged laws of humanity and to our citizens. Just so long as the bloodthirsty Yankees are permitted to proceed with impunity in their devilish work, relying for immunity on our sentimental devotion to the violated laws and usages of war, just that long we shall be subjected to outrage, rapine, murder and arson, wherever the invading forces of the North may find a foothold in our territory. Atrocities of the kind have, it is true, been committed in previous wars. Even in modern times the most civilized nations have permitted their history to be disgraced by the misconduct of their soldiery. The terrible excesses of Turenne's army in the Palatinate, and the brutalities of Wellington's forces in the Peninsula, are not recorded without shame by the English and the French historians. But these were exceptional cases. They were dark spots on a fair page. They certainly were condemned by a contemporaneous world, as well as by succeeding generations. They are always pointed out as examples to be avoided rather than as models to be imitated. But the atrocities of the Yankees are not exceptional. On the contrary, their whole world people glory in their wickedness and revel in their shame. They have repudiated the modern theory that war should be mingled in its terrors, and have adopted the plan of making it too horrible for endurance. They take to scoiling with as much gusto as if they were a ration of Jack Sheppards, and to murder as easily as if they were a community of Kidds or Morgans. They are the first people known in history who, claiming to be enlightened, have chosen to conduct war like savages. There is only one way to reach such a people. It is not by argument, by persuasion, by entreaty; but simply by stern, vigorous, implacable retaliation. The public, doubtless, hoped that Congress would devise and authorize some general system of retaliation; but that body has thought proper to adjourn without doing anything to meet this just and natural expectation. It is true that it adopted a long preamble redeeming in eloquent terms the various outrages perpetrated by the enemy, but the resolution which followed was a miserable illustration of inconsequential legislation. That resolution simply pledges Congress to support the President in any measures of retaliation he may see fit to adopt. We are very much obliged to Congress for the pledge; but we believe the President knew perfectly well that the people would stand by him in any effective scheme of retaliation. No congressional declaration of this kind was needed; or, at least, much more was needed. Nevertheless, since Congress has thought proper to leave the whole matter to the discretion of the President, it is to be hoped that he will do something to fulfil the expectations of the people—something that may effectually curb the insolence of the enemy, and prevent a prosecution of those infernal schemes of rapine and arson, murder, and servile insurrection with which the line in government has threatened the South. How is this to be done? We must resort to retaliation. Yes; but what shall be the kind and what the measure of retaliation? Any half-way measures beginning with nothing and ending just where they ought to begin, will only make the matter worse—will only excite the ridicule of the enemy, and stimulate them to renewed atrocities. We ought to do in earnest the very things with which they threaten us—outraging always murder, and outrages upon women and children. The President should issue a proclamation, demanding that Lincoln's emancipation proclamation be rescinded, and the whole war system of the North brought within the rules of civilized warfare, and declaring that unless this be done we shall send forces into the North to burn, ravage, desolate and destroy everything in their path. Nor ought this to be any empty threat. The recent exploit of General Stuart has shown that the Northern territory is open to us. We can send cavalry expeditions into Pennsylvania and Ohio with orders to move rapidly from place to place, and to do nothing but burn and destroy. The office population and concentrated wealth of those States are circumstances which would greatly facilitate our operations. In a country where a city lies at the end of every day's journey, and a town is passed every hour, an invading force would find plenty of occupation for its destructive powers. An unwarlike and unorganized population would soon tire of raids like these, and clamor for peace. At least they would insist on not being made the victims of an inhuman policy, violative alike of the laws of war and the rights of humanity—a policy adopted by their own government and approved by their own people for the purpose of conquering and subjugating the South. Something of this kind ought to be done to vindicate our dignity and our honor, and to uphold those maxims of humanity which an enlightened humanity has invoked, even in the midst of the bloody struggles of war. To gain our independence is of course our first object; but we must maintain our dignity, during the contest, or we shall deserve not the sympathy but the contempt of mankind.

The Revolution.

The political revolution which has just been achieved in the great States of Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania has not a precedent, as to completeness, magnitude and significance, in the history of this country. It has come of no sudden popular excitement. It is characterized by no popular eccentricity. It has not been stimulated by appeals to popular passion. It is a calm, deliberate, determined expression of the popular voice.

It would have been much more agreeable to the people of those States to have spoken approvingly of the administration at Washington. There is nothing which the conservative sentiment of those States, and of all the loyal States, has so much desired as that it should not be compelled to pronounce judgment of condemnation against the administration at Washington. Earnestly has it prayed that the President would not repay its support, and still more earnestly has it prayed that he would make it the right use of his power, and cast off the influences which were dragging him and the country down to disaster and disgrace. All to no purpose, however. When the President issued the emancipation proclamation declared martial law all over the loyal States, and sanctified illegal arrests, he severed the last link by which he held the conservative sentiment of the country. When he did this, he gave himself over to the repulsive embrace of "infernal" abolitionism, and wantonly turned his back upon all constitutional men.

He reaps the fruits. They have ripened quickly. He is left in no suspense as to the new relations which he has established with the country. His and the means of the people have separated, and they will never go to him. He may return to them, and will be welcomed. They invite him to return. They invite him to take up his oath of office, which he has thrown down, and resume the guardianship of the Constitution, which would by this time have perished were he its only guardian.

It remains for Illinois to give emphasis to this popular verdict. If no other power can recall the President to his duty, it is peculiarly her province to recall him, and to her call he will listen. Let her speak so loudly that he may hear. Ten thousand majority for the right will command his attention, his respect, and his obedience.—*Chicago Times.*

Decease of an Old French Soldier—A Barber who Didn't Cut His Throat—French Barbarisms.

Correspondence of the New York Times.]

PARIS, September 26, 1862.—One of the most eccentric notabilities of the present epoch, the Marshal Count Castellane, has just died at Lyons. The Castellane family dates from the year 1000, in Spain, and is known in France from the time of John of Castille, son of Don Pedro the Cruel and Jehanne de Castro, who took up their residence in this country about the year 1336. The Count Boniface de Castellane, just dead, was born at Paris in 1788, and was the son of Count Boniface de Castellane, and a daughter of the illustrious house of Boisson-Chabot de Jarnac. The father of the late marshal was a leading member of the *State-Generaux* during the turbulent period of 1789, where he defended doctrines so liberal that historians may well be surprised to find him a peer under Louis XVIII. The young Castellane commenced his military career as a volunteer in 1804. He was made aide-de-camp in the campaign of Italy in 1806, distinguished himself at Rio Seco and Burgos in Spain, in 1808, and was then made lieutenant; he was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor on the battle-field of Wagram, was made captain and aid-de-camp under Lobau, in 1810, made the campaign of Russia, named *Chef d'Escadron* at Moscow, had a hand frozen in the retreat, and was named Colonel of the Guards of Honor of the Emperor in 1813. After the restoration he rallied to the Bourbons, was made in 1822 colonel in the Hussards of the Royal Guards, accompanied the Duke d'Angoulême in the campaign in Spain, in 1823, was recalled to France for political disobedience, and remained in open opposition to the government from 1827 to 1830. He then rallied to the new government, that of Louis Philippe, advanced seven times in grade, commanded at the siege of Anlwerp, in 1832, was made lieutenant-general, and commanded the army of the Pyrenees the same year; in 1837 made a campaign in Africa, and in 1847 was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1848 he rallied to the republic, and the same year crushed the socialist revolution at Rouen. In 1849 he commanded the military department of Tours, in 1851 was transferred to that of Lyons, where he has ever since remained, was created senator in 1852, and marshal of France the same year.

Marshal Castellane was what is called in the army an *officier dessus garde*, that is to say, an officer who cares to be scourgeled on active than to plain. He never has represented as too severe a discipline; no, and, much his soldiers get well acquainted with him, did not employ much of their sympathy. But his chivalric bravery and his spirit of justice gained for him always deep respect and esteem. When he first went to Lyons, which was then, and is still, a hot-bed of republicanism, he was regarded with suspicion, and often heard, as he passed the streets, expressions of contempt, and even threats. One day, soon after the coup d'état, he heard that a barber of Lyons had declared that if he could only get a chance to shave the marshal he would cut his throat. The marshal heard of it, and the next day dismounted from his horse, in grand uniform, at the barber's door, entered, took his seat in the removal chair, and said to the barber, "You are going to shave me." The barber trembled like a leaf, and while he was scraping the marshal's chin, the latter said to him: "I am Marshal Castellane, and you are going to cut my throat! Do you hear? Why don't you do it? Do you fear? *Sacre bourre!* It was all bosh—nothing but brave. Why don't you end?" The barber was struck dumb with astonishment, and would rather have cut his own throat than even to have scratched the skin of his terrible customer.

One day, in the early times at Lyons, and while the marshal was still disliked by his men, a ball was fired at him from the ranks of the Voltigeurs, during a target exercise. He heard the well-known sound of the ball, and felt his hat oscillating on his head. He took it off, shook it, and a target ball fell to the ground. Without saying a word to his staff, he galloped to the front of the company from which the ball came, and exclaimed: "If I knew the rascal-fellow who shot so badly, I should order him a week's imprisonment!" And that morning he his aids, he said: "Do you understand that a soldier of a corps d'élite runs a man at thirty yards? He ought to be cashiered from the service!" He opened no prosecution of the affair.

Marshal Castellane grew popular at last with the people of Lyons, and hundreds of anecdotes are told by them of his eccentricities. Even the boys in the streets, toward the last, always greeted him as he passed with shouts of "*Vive le Marshal! Vive Castellane!*" He was one of that type of officers who were as hard to themselves as to others—of that type which the old soldiers of the first empire called *les dures a cuire*. He can hardly be said to have played a first role in the history of his country, but he is one of those who, fifty years hence, will pass at the bivouac fire for a legendary hero.

By the death of Marshal Count Castellane the number of marshals is reduced to ten, as follows: Count Vaillant, born in 1791, and made marshal in 1851; Magnan, born in 1791, made marshal in 1851; Count Baraguay d'Hilliers, born in 1795, made marshal in 1854; Pelissier, duke of Malakoff, born in 1794, made marshal in 1855; Canrobert, born in 1809, made marshal in 1856; Count de MaMahon, born in 1795, duke of Magenta, born in 1807, made marshal in 1859; Count Regnault de Saint Jean D'Angely, born in 1794, made marshal in 1859; Count D'Ornano, born in 1784, made marshal in 1861; Niel, born in 1802, made marshal in 1859.

The Business in the North Pacific.

From the New York Post.]

It is well known that the Russian government is constructing a telegraph from its capital to its possessions on this continent, and that a large part of the work is finished. Recent foreign journals state that in the course of another year it will be finished. The Aleutian Islands, which stretch across the mouth of Behrings Straits, are forty in number, reaching from the peninsula of Kamschatka in Asia to Cape Alaska in North America, and are Russian possessions. They form an admirable cordon of stations for telegraph poles, and obviate the necessity of long marine cables.

From Cape Alaska a cable twelve hundred miles long would reach the mouth of Columbia river, and thus the telegraphic communications with Europe and Asia could be kept outside and distinct from British interference, if deemed necessary.

On the other hand, if the land route is preferable, the line would run along and east of Cook's Inlet, north of Prince William's Sound, east of Mount Kina, thence down the coast to Puget's Sound, and thence by Astoria to San Francisco, with which we have now perfect telegraphic connection. In all human probability this great work will be accomplished in a very short time.

But another interesting fact is this: The Russian government has quietly taken possession of two small islands in the Straits of Corea, called North and South Tarsima, belonging to the Japanese Archipelago and the Empire of Japan. Not long since the British Admiral Sir James Hope, who was cruising around the Kingdom on doubling the Cape near which they are situated, found three Russian frigates at anchor near the islands, and the greatest activity and bustle prevailing on shore. A fortified town was growing up rapidly the Imperial flag was floating from the principal building, and the population was all alive with business. The British admiral was perfectly astounded, and especially when he found the Japanese, thirty thousand in number, appearing perfectly content with their new masters and rivals. "This is to be a second Sevastopol," wrote the admiral home; and now the English government, made aware of the facts, is making a move which, in the words of an English journal, means that the Russians will not be allowed to stay there. We think they will stay, however, since these islands are of the first importance to Russia, and will greatly facilitate her trade on the Amoor, and also with California.

GREAT SALE OF NEGROES.—Yesterday Robt. M. Gantt, of this city, made the greatest negro sale that ever took place in this market. Twenty-five negro men, their ages varying from 17 to 20, were sold to a railroad company for $25,725. The lowest price of any one was $1,000 and the highest $1,800. The average price of the lot is $1,029.—*Atlanta Confederacy, 18th.*

☞ Another hippopotamus was born last month at the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, but, like all the other infant hippopotami born in captivity there, it died immediately.

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN NEW YORK.

Governor Seymour's Speech.

From the New York Journal of Commerce, Oct. 14.]

The Seymour ratification meeting was attended last night by one of those audiences which are usually described in sweeping phrase. Nothing that could be said, however, would overestimate the enthusiasm or the greatness of the meeting. The unterrified were out in their might. Not less than thirty or forty thousand persons attended this immense demonstration. Many estimated the number at sixty thousand, but this estimate may be regarded as somewhat extravagant. Had the weather been pleasant, this estimate would have been justified. A cold, dreary, stormy day closed in with a dismal evening and night, and might well have kept, as it doubtless did keep, vast numbers at home.

Long before the hour of the meeting, not only the great hall, but Astor Place, Fourth and Third avenues, and Eighth street were crowded densely with the assembly. Tumultuous cheers rent the air on the approach of Governor Seymour, and he was received on the platform in the hall with the most enthusiastic applause.

The speech of Governor Seymour is one of the most calm, clear, and patriotic addresses ever delivered on an American platform. It is no fiercer speech, it appeals to no passions, it attacks no motives of his opponents. In this respect it is in remarkable contrast with the bitter and ferocious accusations of those who occupied the same platform last week of the Wadsworth ratification meeting, and will for that very reason command the careful attention of the men who are now asking which way they may best act for the good of the country in the coming election. The speech may be divided into two heads,—the first the *personal*, the second the *public* question. The former he treated with dignity, and with all appreciation of the extent to which it involved the latter. It was perhaps unnecessary that Governor Seymour should undertake to defend himself in this city against the slanders which have been so industriously circulated. But they have received the sanction of the names of a few of our respectable citizens, who, like Mr. Benedict, when called to public account, are compelled to admit that they relied for authority on irresponsible newspaper paragraphs, and that they were led to speak offensively of a good and loyal man solely and entirely by the enthusiasm of a political campaign. The defense of himself which Governor Seymour makes is, however, something more than a mere defense. It demolishes the disgusting Mr. Tremain, holds Mr. Noyes up to public gaze as an ancient disturber of abolition meetings, and invites Mr. Benedict to make personal investigation into the charges he promulgated, while it places the radical party in the most ridiculous light, as indorsing the patriotism of traitors, and condemning as treason the work of true patriots. All this is done in the tone and style of a gentleman. He descends to no billingsgate, and avoids imitating the democracy style of his accusers. There is no bitterness in Mr. Seymour's feelings toward the men who have lost ground by their abuse of him. He speaks kindly but plainly, and the public may judge between them. Nothing can be clearer than the loyalty of the course he has pursued since the war broke out, nothing clearer than the disloyalty of Mr. Tremain, nothing more ferocious than the pro-Southern course of the facile Mr. Dickinson before the war, who must have shaken in his shoes the other night when Mr. Noyes was reciting story of his "treason," forgetting all the time that the leading "traitor" was to be the spokesman of the meeting.

Tombs of the Napoleons.

Paris Correspondence of the Chicago Times.]

PARIS, September 30, 1862.—The remains of Jerome Bonaparte were placed some time ago in the same chapel in which those of the Emperor Napoleon were preserved during the twenty years after their arrival from St Helena which were required for the completion of the imposing tomb where he now lies. These coffins are of the most striking resemblance, and the lessons between the English and French national character than is shown in the tombs of their respective idols, the two heroes of Waterloo. That of Wellington, in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral in London, has a stern grandeur, solemn and sombre a torch-lighted underground vault through which the awe-struck visitor treads lightly and whispers softly of the glories of the great man. That of Napoleon, equally grand in design, is flooded with light from above—bright clear sunlight from many windows and from the majestic dome of the Invalides, gorgeous with frescoes. A magnificent balustrade of white marble incloses the circular opening around which crowds of lively visitors group to look upon this splendid monument to the first Emperor. The sarcophagus which contains the remains is of a red granite of Finland; and is very highly polished.

The granite of this stone is so very hard and fine that it was necessary to employ very powerful machinery to work it. It is composed of four blocks, the part containing the coffins, the cover, and two supports, which latter consists of a pedestal of green marble of the Vosges. The whole monument, or sarcophagus, is thirteen feet in length by six feet six inches in width, and thirteen feet in height. The pavement surrounding it is of a rich mosaic, representing an immense crown of laurel. Immediately under the balustrade are twelve colossal figures in white marble, typifying victory, each one holding some symbol of the victories of the Emperor. Alternating with these are Pompeian vases. These images are only lighted on the anniversaries of the birth and death of the Emperor. The altar of the chapel which contains the tomb is situated behind the altar of the Church of the Invalides, and communicates with it above, so that the music of the organ of the church can be heard during the services of the chapel. The canopy of the altar is supported by four twisted columns of a black marble recently discovered in France. This marble is the same as that which the Romans obtained from Africa but which had become so rare that even the Museum of the Louvre possesses but two small columns, bought at an enormous price, five or six years ago. The columns of the altar are twenty-three feet in height. The steps are of white marble, with a balustrade of black and white marble, with a group of gilded angels upon each side.

The altar itself is surmounted by a Christ in white marble, suspended upon a bronze cross. The public, as formerly permitted in entering the crypt, which is approached by a solid stairway behind the altar, but the delicate mosaic of the laurel crown of the pavement was so much injured by the concourse of persons who thronged upon it, and now all must be contented to look from above. The door opening into the crypt is of bronze, above which is this inscription: "I desire that my ashes shall repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people I have so much loved." On each side of this entrance are two colossal bronze statues, representing civil and military force. The expression of the faces is stern and majestic, and in their hand they hold emblems upon which are placed the emblems of these powers—the globe and the imperial crown. Gilding is sparingly used throughout the whole of these superb designs, and the effect is very grand and imposing.

The tomb of Prince Jerome is not yet finished. Experiments are being made in wood to try the effect of the proposed monument. The reliefs of the walls of the chapel, which is undergoing a series of renovations, are, to my taste, being spoiled with over-gilding.

Another striking difference, which cannot fail to be remarked, between the English and French administration of the affairs of their public buildings, extending to their churches, is that, in order to see the tomb of Wellington, it is necessary to pay an additional fee to the sacristan, others excluded from the master to St. Paul's, to obtain a sight thereof; whereas that of Napoleon is open, upon visiting days, to all the world.

THE PRICE OF FLOUR.—A cotemporary, in considering the high price of flour, says: "The millers say, on an average, about $7 40 per bushel for wheat, and yet they charge $22 for superfine flour. Now, in our day, it used to be that four and a half bushels of good wheat would make one barrel of superfine flour, fashionable, and allowing an eighth for grinding. This calculation would make this quality of flour worth $11. Then why is it held at $22? Has wheat taken the disease of extortion, and refused to yield as formerly when ground into flour, or is it pure unadulterated extortion of the millers? We fear it is the latter.—*Richmond Whig, Oct. 15.*

General Prentiss Slandering the South.

General Prentiss is being feted at the North since his release, and it seems he loses no opportunity of abusing the South. He delivered a speech at a late serenade tendered him in Washington, in which he indulged his imagination largely, from which we make the following extracts:

* * * My friends, I was taken at Shiloh, with twenty-two hundred others, brave and gallant men. We were marched the day after our capture, both wounded and well soldiers—some ten hundred of them were badly wounded—a distance of twenty-two miles without food, they having taken their last meal on the Sabbath. That night we were marched to Corinth, placed in box cars, altogether, and sent to Memphis, and arrived there Tuesday night. Twenty-two hundred of these men were placed in one building.

After I had pleed and begged that they might have provisions, I went into the hall, called the colonel commanding the post, told him that these men had been without provisions from Sunday until Wednesday morning, but none could be furnished. Perceiving the Goddess of Liberty painted upon the end of the hall, I said to them: "Soldiers, arise to your feet." The poor men were lying upon the floor. They got up, and every one of them joined in singing, in one grand chorus, the Star Spangled Banner and Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.

An immense assembly came flocking around the building, some saying that "the Yankees had broken loose." After we had taken our position in the train south at ten o'clock that day, having received only a few hard biscuits from the Southern Confederate cause—yes, loyal ladies of Memphis furnished us with something to eat. Had we depended on the men there, your soldiers would have suffered longer. As the cars were leaving the ladies would step up to the windows, and throw us dried meat and crackers as we were passing, which they had purchased themselves.

* * * * At Mobile we were placed on transports, and there for the first time learned that we were to be separated from the private soldiers. They were sent to the prisons of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. I learned that we officers had to go to Tuliahoma. Colonel Jordan, an aid to General Beauregard, who permitted me to stay here to-night, (and you may herald it throughout the country,) is the only man wearing a secesh uniform that I have received the least particle of courtesy from since I have been with them.

This man gave me a letter to his brother, at Mobile, to assist me, if I needed food. He also wrote to General Jones, commandant there, authorizing him to parole me, if I wished.

I went with that letter to the headquarters of General Jones, who, by the way, is a renegade Yankee. I extended my hand. He said, "No, sir," and asked him to proceed to business. While the adjutant general was writing my parole out I mined with General Jones so plainly that he began to respect me. When the adjutant handed me my parole and bid me good-bye, Jones, arose and extended his hand. I said, "No, sir," and bowed.

I went up the Alabama river. There was no accommodation for the officers, but we were told that we were treated as gentlemen. We knew enough not to be disappointed, or complain. We were sent to Tuliahoma, in Northern Alabama, which is a very healthy and pleasant locality. [Voice—not for the Yankees, however.] and there I met Lieutenant-Colonel Hurmber, a renegade Illinoisian, who said, "General, have you any Chicago men in your guard?" "Yes, sir, I have the officers, of our entire regiment, Sam Lincoln." He said: I too, once lived in Chicago, but I was compelled to leave there because I was persecuted for my sentiments.

I could not go with the abolitionists, and I could not sustain your government, because it was so corrupt. "Yes, sir," responded; "you were no doubt compelled to leave because you were guilty of some crime for which you feared an arrest. Don't trouble me with your presence." [Laughter.] I asked a special favor of that gentleman that we would not approach us again and thank us by his presence.

We remained a week at Tuliahoma. There 114 of us were confined in a room thirty by fifty feet, well ventilated by the secesh soldiers who had been quartered there. It was a lively place I assure you. Our rations were a quarter of a pound of musty bacon and a piece of corn bread, said to be the Southern soldier's ration. We were soon sent to Selma, where we were put in charge of Colonel Kent. If you ever see Kent, agree him as he served us.

I cannot advocate a war of extermination, but a record is made. If the persecutor of me and the other officers falls in my hands he shall suffer as we have suffered. He attempted to torture me about my son, who he said had been taken and hung as a spy.

If their papers could be believed, this would do, but I have a paper in my pocket to give him the lie with, and this is how I got the paper.

Halleck on the Proclamation.

The New York *Tribune's* correspondent proposes to give General Halleck's views upon the President's proclamation, as follows:

We are permitted to state, upon the authority of gentlemen holding intimate personal relations with General Halleck, precisely what position he assumes in conversation, with respect to the principles of the President's proclamation. General H. holds that the controlling military necessity that we should deprive the enemy of the labor by which his armies are subsisted, is clear and unqualified; that indeed it is wholly impossible to subdue the rebellion while such an army of laborers as the slaves of the South continue to produce supplies for the fighting army in the field. Of the 3,500,000 of slaves, General Halleck computes that at least 2,000,000 are to-day practically employed in the work of the rebellion, whose effective strength is greatly increased by the superior productiveness of the Southern climate and soil; so greatly that, as is proved by statistics, the labor of a girl not more than sixteen years of age in the South, produces thirty per cent. more than that of a strong field hand in the North. Taking these facts into consideration, General Halleck says that, in a military aspect, he has had no doubt on the question since the rebellion assumed its present formidable proportions, and has never wavered from the belief, that if we would conquer the South, its black labor must be taken from it. With the question what to do with the negroes when the war will leave on our hands, General Halleck concedes that, as general-in-chief, he has no right to an opinion, it being a matter for the consideration of the civil authorities; but he regards it as a problem which deserves the most serious study of the best minds in the country.

The Balance Adjusted in our Favor.

The Louisville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* sums up the results of General Bragg's late movement to Kentucky in a manner which shows a decided balance in favor of the Confederacy. He says:

The results of this last invasion may be briefly summed up. The rebels got some recruits, but not near so many as they expected, or as we have believed. Probably three thousand men will more than cover the entire accession to their strength in this respect. They secured immense quantities of supplies—pork, beef, corn, flour and forage, nearly all of which they seem likely to get safely out of the State. They captured public wagons, cavalry, force, and stripped the State of its most valuable stock. They convinced too many Kentuckians that it not safer to be rebel than loyal, it was at least far more prudent for them to zealously maintain the milk-and-water status—not very rebellious, and not expressively loyal, not bound to render either side much assistance, and not specially odious to either on account of zealous adherence to the other. And they produced a state of panic in the North which very decidedly helped their copperhead allies in the elections, and largely encouraged the peace party to become more open and clamorous in their demands.

On the other hand, we have a much of a showing. We drove them out, but we went at it very clumsily, and expended an enormous amount of strength in accomplishing it. We lost our Alabama and Mississippi line, and were rather unduly blue lest that we some of so well as not to lose any more.

☞ In one of the Portsmouth public schools, a boy who was reading the morning lesson from the New Testament rendered one verse thus: "This is the hair comb, let us kill him." I should have been, "This is the heir; come," etc.

THE SITUATION AT CORINTH.

Evacuation Not Contemplated.

Extract from Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

CORINTH, Miss., October 15—Army in *statu quo* encamped in line of battle. Cavalry is briskly scouring the country and no rebels in view within a radius of forty or fifty miles. The rebel garrison at Tupelo destroyed such stores as they could not transport to more comfortable posts, and stampeded after the record of Van Dorn's and Price's army. Our forces are concentrated, ready for defense or to strike. Corinth will soon be an almost impregnable post, requiring but a moderate force to hold it against heavy odds. Beauregard's original lines are monumental. Halleck's have been dismantled, the gabions and fascines of his redoubts having been removed for the new works. It is two miles distance from the heart of Corinth to the mean perimeter of Beauregard's lines. The circumference of the new Federal defenses does not exceed two miles. The drawing, not including out-works, represents the figure of an egg. It is not indiscreet to describe, because the enemy made a sharp inspection of the fortifications on the 3d and 4th of October. Their view was probably conclusive. Should they be tempted again, they will make new discoveries. Topographical features and natural scenery will have been changed and modified. *Apropos.* It is always difficult immediately after engagements, to ascertain facts clearly. I was indeed—I presume not with improper motives—to award credit for the new line of works to the wrong parties. The field was thoroughly examined by General Grant and General Rosecrans, before the latter established his headquarters at Corinth. After consultation, the former directed his chief engineer to construct the works. To Captain Prime, United States engineers, belongs the credit of locating a system of defense, the skillful contrivance of which was so conspicuously illustrated in the battle of Corinth. He is now completing them with additions. The immense magazines necessary to supply the armies of Tennessee and Mississippi, will thus be safely enclosed. One may readily infer that our army has planted itself here. Great depots for the protection of every description of war material have been constructed, and additions are constantly made. Machine shops, for the fabrication of wagons and the repair of arms, also attract attention. Comprehensively, there is admirable system in every department of this district. The eye of inexperience, and of experience, discovers no attention to details so gratifying as it is unusual. Any officer will assure you that it is the eye of the commanding general at Corinth which searches, and his vehement will which establishes perfect military order. It has been quoted as an infirmity that General Rosecrans is too attentive to details. Most desirable fault in an officer. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that this is characteristic of army engineer officers.

THE SITUATION.

Speculation is usually unprofitable. But some have may be stated. The enemy is not prepared to seize again soon. There are rumors signaling General Grant's headquarters that General Joe Johnston had arrived at Jackson, or somewhere else in Mississippi, with forty thousand reinforcements. Sanguinary lightning from Washington assures you that "it is said." General Joe Johnston is on the Rappahannock with forty thousand men. Doubtful if Johnston is in the field at all. Quite probable his Fair Oaks wound will keep him out of the saddle yet awhile. It is also reported that ten thousand exchanged rebels have been joined by the divisions of Van Dorn and Price's armies near or about, Columbus, Mississippi. But fifty thousand rebels can't take Corinth. Doubtless the rebels have a small division of exchanged somewhere in that region, but they are not so numerous as reported. Figures grow as they travel. For instance, you have been told, typographically, that the army which attacked Corinth was forty-five thousand strong. The general says it did not exceed thirty-six thousand. It numbered somewhere between thirty and thirty-five thousand. In connection with this fact, there is another of much interest touching Corinth. It was assumed that the movements of Price upon Lucka were a menace at Columbus and the Mobile and Ohio railroad. It has been conclusively ascertained that Price was moving to relatives Bragg in Kentucky. It had been arranged, however, between himself and Van Dorn that he should maneuver eastward of Iuka, in a manner that would bring us to attack Corinth, which would divert the attention of the Federal army, while Van Dorn should come down with the operations of General Rosecrans were too swift, and Van Dorn was too slow. As soon as Price was beaten at Iuka, General Ord was sent to Corinth. The rebel programme was then changed by compulsion. Price was forced to retreat to Baldwyn; but he quickly conceived that if he could draw our army in pursuit, he might reunite with Van Dorn, and take Corinth, while Rosecran's troops were searching for him in the South. He was badly outmaneuvered, as you have seen, but his detour via Baldwin, and west of Ripley to Chewalla, down to Corinth, was one of the swiftest marches of the war. The enemy, under the command of Major-General Pemberton, is at Jackson, Miss., Granada and Holly Springs. W. D. B.

Dr. Joseph T. Scott Visits St. Louis as a Confederate Officer—Sensation.

From the St. Louis Democrat, October 17.]

Dr. Joseph T. Scott, formerly a well known citizen of St. Louis, but who has been long absent in the ranks of the so-called Southern Confederacy, returned to St Louis yesterday morning under rather peculiar circumstances. At the late repulse of the foe from Corinth, Dr. Scott was left behind to take care of the wounded of the enemy. His rank is that of medical director of the rebel army of the west. Having, we suppose, attended to the wants of his numerous patients, he sought and obtained from General Rosecrans a parole or permit to spend ten days in a visit to St. Louis. Dr. Scott's family, whose residence is on eighth street, between Gratiot street and Chouteau avenue, were of course delighted to see him. But on presenting himself to the assistant provost marshal general, Major McConnell, to obtain a pass in recognition of his parole, that official promptly informed him that the parole was worthless, that General Rosecrans had no authority to issue it, that the presence of a Confederate officer in the city, to be fêted and caressed by the secession portion of the community, could not be permitted, and that it only remained to send him to Gratiot street prison for the present.

Dr. Scott's consequent indignation did not suffice to prevent his commitment to that institution, nor did the subsequent efforts of his numerous rebel friends avail to obtain his release. Major-General Curtis fully approved the course taken, holding that, in the first place, General Rosecrans could not grant leave to a so-called Confederate officer to pass within the lines of the Department of Missouri, and second, that the moral effect of such leave could only be injurious.

We understand that Dr. Scott will be allowed a brief interview with his family, and will then be sent back to Corinth, to resume the discharge of his assigned duties toward the sick and wounded prisoners there.

The Season of Speculation.

New York city has seldom, if ever, witnessed such exciting scenes as are now daily transpiring in the business portion of the city. The unprecedented advance of gold and foreign exchange, recently, has stimulated the greatest speculative demand for all descriptions of merchandise, both foreign and domestic, and immense transactions are daily reported in every department. Capitalists, who never before thought of making a venture outside of Wall street, have recently been persuaded by the lavishing fool, which is now shared in the other business marts of the city, to invest largely in various descriptions of merchandise, not merely for the sake of participating in the immense profits which it is supposed can be made by the investment, but because, in consequence of the anomalous state of political affairs, they can have but comparatively little opportunity to satisfy their longings for speculation in the somewhat narrow limits of the financial "ring." The utmost activity is noticeable throughout the ramifications of trade, and excitement and buoyancy everywhere obtain. Prices of nearly all descriptions of merchandise are merely nominal, however, and are subjected to hourly fluctuation. A perusal of our regular review of the business of the preceding three days will amply repay perusal. Such exciting times and such immense transactions cannot be recalled even by the "oldest inhabitant" of this commercial metropolis.—*New York Commercial and Shipping List.*

A LETTER FROM GEN. KEARNEY.

A Military Review.

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times of this week publishes the following letter of Major-General Philip Kearney to O. S. Halstead, jr., of Newark, New Jersey, which has been made the subject of comment:

HARRISON'S LANDING,
August 4th, 1862.

DEAR PAT: I thank you for your kind, long letter. You extend to me hope. You suggest withdrawing me and my division out of this disagreeable position. With Pope's army, I would breathe again.

We have no generals. McClellan is the failure I ever proclaimed him. He has been punished just as I at once comprehended the nature of the parties. He will only get us in more follies, more waste of blood, fighting by detachments. He has lost the confidence of all. Not has he a single officer about him capable of bettering us. Sumner is a "bull in a china shop," and a sure enough blunderer. ——— lost his corps gratuitously at Fair Oaks. He is not now in his right place, and will be much worse. ——— is a small brain, ossified in a "four company" garrison on the frontier. He was not "of us" in Mexico, but in a rear column *once saw* a distant flash in a guerrilla fight. His skill is a myth, a poetical version of his own part at Bull Run. Porter is good in nature, but weak as water—the apogeum of all this disaster for his want of generalship on the Chickahominy. ——— and Franklin are talented engineers. They might make good generals if they understood the value of elements in their calculations; as it is, they are dangerous failures.

When ——— was drunk, he had some few men drowned before Yorktown. I know of no other fact of his. Franklin's battle of West Point was a most runaway picket fight of ours. His part on the Chickahominy was unpardonable. He sent over a division, (his own,) was present on that side *out of fire*, and never interfered to prevent them from being sacrificed by driblets, and rendered a prey to their false position. I was horrified at it, as described by General Taylor, and all others. Is it surprising that I want to get out of this *mess?* Besides they have sent me a major-generalship, like all these others, dating from 4th July, meddled in a batch of new and very ordinary junior officers. Do they forget that I was appointed *twelfth* on the original list? That I, on the heels of Bull's Run, faced the enemy with a Jersey brigade in advance of all others, McClellan, McDowell, *et al omnes genus*, nearly forcing me to come back of the "dominoes?" Do they forget me at Manassas? My Jersey brigade that infected with panic the retiring enemy! Has Williamsburg never come to their ears? Oh, no! I really feel aggravated beyond endurance. *Discipline* becomes degradation if not wielded with *justice*. Patriotism cement, amid all her sacrifices, claim that of *self respect*. Generals, unknown to the past, are not called on to oppress their troops, unless there have been an unknown judged. Their identity in their chief's promotion, claims a date of their own high rate. Oh, no, I am never returning to the home I have given up, to the interests I have sacrificed, to my cherished wife, whose anxiety oppresses me, than I ever dreamt of in a war for the Union. But if the infatuated North are weak enough to let this crisis be managed by "small men of small motives," I am not willing to be their puppet.

My dear Pat, I am too lazy, and too little interested to dive into the future of this "little box of hornets," so do tell me what do the people at the North look forward to in the future? I fear lest the war will die out in rapid imbecility.

For McClellan, he is burst out. Never once on a battle field, you have nothing to hope from him as a leader of a column. How do they expect Pope to beat, with a very inferior force, the veterans of Beauregard and Jackson? But these are episodes. We deceive ourselves. There was a people of old—it was the warrior Spartan, with his Helot of the field. The South have realized it. There was an emblemless people of recent times, and a conscription pandered to her invasions. At this moment the South exemplifies them both. "Peace, peace," but there is no peace. No, not even with a decapitated Union. Let the North cast away that delusion.

"Drift we must, or the disciplined thousands of the South will redeem scrip in Philadelphia, and yet the true North must accept it, and quickly, to a man, or the moment it draggles in debate, Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky will cast past victories to the winds and rise with their allied rebel kin. My dear pat, I shall be delighted when Henry can come on. As to Colonel Halstead, I think that his case is a type of the insane and unnecessary despotism introduced into the army under the auspices of McClellan and his very weak aids. It is now too late, but why was not the cavalry put in my charge at the commencement? Two nights ago the rebel batteries fired from across the river, and killed and wounded some thirty men. Last night Hooker started out on a crude expedition to Malvern Hills. He went out four miles and came back again. Still, a 'false fear' injures the whole army. McClellan is dangerous, from the want of digesting his plans. He positively has no talents. Adieu. Get me and my 'fighting division' with Pope.

With best regard, yours, "KEARNEY.

To Mr. O. S. HALSTEAD, Jr., Newark, N. J."

Pursuing Secession.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

A successful retreat in the face of a pursuing army, has hitherto been held to be a very difficult operation. Jomini says