Evening Telegraph

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1864.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

Letter from Gen. McClellan Accepting the Chicago Nomination.

UNION MUST BE PRESERVED AT ALL HAZARDS

The following is the letter of General McClellan accepting the Chicago nomination:—

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 8, 1864.—Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention, recently assembled at Chicago, as their candidate at the next election for President of the United States.

It is unnecessary for me to say to you that this nomination comes to me unsought.

I am happy to know that when the nomination was made the record of my public life was kept in view.

The effect of long and varied service in the army during war and peace has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart the love and reverence for the Union, Constitution, laws and flag of our country impressed upon me in early youth.

These feelings have thus far guided the course of my life, and must continue to do so to its end.

The existence of more than one Government over the region which once owned our flag, is incompatible with the peace, the power and the happiness of the people.

The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced, and it should have been conducted in accordance with those principles, which I took occasion to declare when in active service. Thus conducted, the work of reconciliation would have been easy, and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on the land and the sea.

The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise, and to restore and preserve it the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is and must continue to be the indispensable condition in any settlement.

So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, we should exhibit all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, re-establish the Union and guarantee for the future the conditional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace, and we ask no more.

Let me add what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the Convention as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once with a full guaranty of all its constitutional rights. If a frank, earnest and persistent effort to obtain these objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union, but the Union must be preserved at all hazards.

I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the army and navy, who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain—that we had abandoned that Union for which we have so often periled our lives.

A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace, on the basis of the Union under the Constitution, without the effusion of another drop of blood, but no peace can be permanent without Union.

As to the other subjects presented in the resolutions of the Convention, I need only say that I should seek in the Constitution of the United States, and the laws framed in accordance therewith, the rule of my duty and the limitations of executive power, endeavoring to restore economy in public expenditure, re-establish the supremacy of law, and by the operation of a more vigorous nationality, resume our commanding position among the nations of the earth.

The condition of our finances, the depreciation of the paper money, and the burdens thereby imposed on labor and capital, show the necessity of a return to a sound financial system, while the rights of citizens and the rights of States, and the binding authority of law over the President, the army and the people, are subjects of not less vital importance in war than in peace.

Believing that the views here expressed are those of the Convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination. I realize the weight of the responsibility to be borne, should the people ratify your choice.

Conscious of my own weakness, I can only seek fervently the guidance of the Ruler of the Universe and relying on His all-powerful aid, do my best to restore Union and peace to a suffering people, and to establish and guard their liberties and rights.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, and others, Committee.

LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT.

His Opinions of Peace and Compromise Platforms—Vigorous Prosecution of the War Urged as Absolutely Necessary to Preserve the Dignity of the Nation.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The following letter, written by General GRANT to Hon. Mr. WASHBURNE, should be printed in letters of gold. It gives not only an encouraging view of the military situation, but is a most effective argument for a vigorous prosecution of the war and the re-election of the present Administration, which is alone pledged to such a course. No higher authority in military matters can be consulted, and when such a clear statement is made of our good prospects should not one more uprising of the North take place?

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CITY POINT, VA., Aug. 16, 1864.—To Hon. E. B. WASHBURNE.—Dear Sir:—I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North. The Rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for intrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day.

With this drain upon them the end is not far distant if we will be only true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North. This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us. With the draft quickly enforced the enemy would become despondent, and would make but little resistance. I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects.

They hope a counter revolution; they hope the election of the Peace candidate. In fact, like "Micawber," they hope for something to "turn up." Our Peace friends, if they expect peace from separation, are much mistaken. It would but be the beginning of war with thousands of Northern men joining the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have "peace on any terms" the South would demand the restoration of their slaves already freed; they would demand indemnity for losses sustained, and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South. They would demand pay or the restoration of every slave escaping to the North.

Yours, truly, U. S. GRANT.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND GENERAL McCLELLAN.

One of the most conspicuous and active of the politicians at Chicago was the celebrated Mr. Train, who was, however, displeased with the results, and has written the following letter to General McClellan:—

"CHICAGO, ILL., SHERMAN HOUSE, August 31, 1864.—Major-General George B. McClellan, Orange, N. J.—Dear Sir: First to sing your praises in England, first to cheer for you on my return, I cannot enter the campaign against you without giving my reasons:

"1. Your election on the platform they have placed you on is impossible.

"1. The American party of forty-four, the Fillmore Know-Nothings of forty-eight, the Bell and Everetts of sixty, through the Amos Kendall organization, were the first to nominate you in Philadelphia last December. When the German and Irish voters learn that their old enemy, the Know-Nothings, crop up again in your nomination, they will be the last to support you.

"2. You must accept or decline. The revolutionary convention gives you no power to modify. If you do not win, revolution follows in the North. That is what England hopes for. Three years more of legalized piracy and she will own the commercial seas.

"You are backed by two losing ideas:—

"II. The Albany Regency, that negotiated the marter with Vallandigham and Pendleton, never yet succeeded in anything. They commenced killing Van Buren in forty-four, and finished him in forty-eight. They killed Marcy in fifty-two. They opened on Douglas in fifty-six, and polished him off at Charleston in sixty. How, then, can you in their hands expect to share a happier fate?

"I have done my best to save the Democratic party from ruin, as hundreds of delegates will testify; but the blind confidence of the K. N.'s, the strange infatuation of the A. R., and the rash expenditure of the A. B. were too much for its salvation.

"There is one way you can show yourself a patriot and help save the Union. Retire in favor of the coming man, and accept the position of Secretary of War, or Lieutenant-General of the American army. Otherwise you destroy yourself forever, and carry down with you the largest load of passengers that ever entrusted their fortunes on board of one ship.

"Yours, most respectfully,
"GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN."

THEATRICAL TYPES.

Prompters, Treasurers, Money Takers, Check Takers, Scene Painters, Stage Carpenters, Property Men, Costumers, Call Boys, Perruquiers, Gasmen, Hall Porters, Gentlemen's Dressers, Ladies' Dressers, and Supernumeraries.

Though there may be no end to the myriad combinations of color formed by the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, and no end to the multiform varieties of character developed by the singular conditions of theatrical life, there must be an end to a description of them. Kings are not more imperative than rhymes; and rhymes, on their own ground in books and newspapers, are not so imperative as space. There are many more types of player than have been treated of in these pages, many more than would be interesting to write of, and many more than the reader would care to hear about.

Otherwise many hundred words should be devoted to the prompter, who is usually either a very young man, whose belief in the manager and in the stage-manager is touching to witness, or a very old one, long past belief in anybody or in anything, including Shakespeare, but the creature comforts, his old pals, his old pipe, and his recollections of the old actors, to whom, to his mental vision, the modern men are but as a guttering rush-light to a glass-drop chandelier.

There is the treasurer, called by the company, not inappropriately, the First Robber. He is generally a very prim personage, in the nattiest of collars, and hat and boots of the most dazzling blackness. He is a most intimate friend of the manager, whom he hates, and who hates him. They know each other too well for anything like mutual esteem, but, as the knife to the fork, they are indispensable to each other. The treasurer assumes airs of patronage to the actors, and thinks it a very fast thing to address any of the corps de ballet as "my dear." Though a well-dressed man, he is a shade too showy for a gentleman; and the nape of his neck, which is always bulbous and self-assertive, lifts itself too far out of his coat-collar and gives a snaky suggestion of a back view of the throat of Mr. Wm. Sykes of housebreaking celebrity. The treasurer has a good salary, and is luxuriably a prosperous man. All folks about a theatre thrive, except the actors.

Then, the money-takers—ah! the money-takers—they are a most difficult subject. Who would abuse an honest industry—who traduce the followers to a laborious calling? The cobbler who was asked why he applied for the situation of keeper to a lighthouse, answered that he sought the office because he disliked confinement. The same taste, perhaps, leads men who follow profitable callings to shut themselves up in a gas-performed box for half-a-crown or three shillings a night. Eighteen shillings a week is not much; perhaps there may be perquisites to eke the small sum out. Who knows?

Years ago, when the unhappy fate of George Barnwell still drew sobs from ladies whose waists were two inches long, and whose skirts were about two feet wide, one of the patent theatres was managed by a gentleman who came from the other side of the Atlantic—a shrewd man, and an observant, with a quick eye for the mouth and nostrils of those whom he addressed.

Among other things he noticed that his box money-taker avoided him. At the manager's approach he would dart up an entry or into a tavern or shop. All smiles and deference when spoken to, he seemed to dread a tete-a-tete.

This eccentricity set the Yankee manager thinking.

One day he employed and employed—trusting one and trusted—met in Russell street. As the money-taker removed his hat a thought "slantindicular" across the manager's brain. He acted at once on its suggestion. He pointed his right forefinger between the money-taker's eyes, and said,

"I know all! Come to me in the treasury in an hour's time, and tell me how far you are implicated, and I will not prosecute. If you do not come—*out!* I give you one hour."

And the manager walked off to the stage-door. Within the hour the box money-taker had revealed a systematic plan of robbery, so artfully contrived and of so enormous an extent, that the manager stood confounded and aghast.

The money-takers and check-takers at each door of the theatre—that is, the whole gang—never again showed their faces.

"I am fearfully robbed at my doors," said a modern manager to a friend.

"Why not send your money and check-takers away?" was the reply.

"What!" exclaimed the knowing director, "I have had these same men for the last twenty years. They have all acquired property—rows of houses and the rest of it. They are full gorged. Do you think I'd exchange them for fresh bloodsuckers? They would want rows of houses too. No. Give me my old and faithful thieves who like me, and let me off easily; a new lot would be my ruin!"

Not that these pages would assert that all money and check-takers are of the same profession as the forty gent men mentioned in the Eastern tale, who met a deserved and oleaginous death at the hands of one Morgiana, who "potted" them in jars. But it is a hard fate to continually finger the cash of others; and constant opportunity is a terrible temptation.

The scene-painter is usually one of the pleasantest men in the theatre. King in his snug painting room high over the stage, he reeks not of the whirl of passions and vanities below. It is a great power the theatrical scene-painter holds between his plant thumb and fingers. He copies Nature on a large scale.

It must be high delight to look upon a broad, flat, white surface, and choose whether it shall be converted into an Emir's palace, all pillars, curtains, gold tassels, fringes, and polished-mirror marble floor, the moon shining on a fountain in the distance; or into an Alpine gorge, with blocks of snow-covered stone and funereal firtrees, with plains of ice conducting to a frosty horizon; or into a magician's cavern, where the dark rocks, cut in fantastic forms, loom into sight in the shape of squatting demons, petrified giants, and ghostly vertebræ of huge and hideous reptiles; or into a sparkling, rippling sea, with but one white speck of sail between it and the clear dome of blue sky above it. They are great privileges. But the great charm of the scene-painter's life is to take off his well-cut, well-brushed garments, and don his painting-suit; then he revels in dirt, and dabs, and spots that are of his clothes and not of him. How! That very faultlessly got-up gentleman, who just now asked for letters in the hall—that exquisite in the black frock-coat, pearl-colored trousers, fashionable hat, and perfect boots—can he be this canvasy creature, in a wide-awake which a thriving farmer would be ashamed to see upon his scarecrow? That dirty jacket, those grimy trousers! Is it a beggar who has made himself a suit out of old sail-cloth? No! It is an artistic gentleman who owns a villa in the neighborhood of Hampstead, who has choice wines in his cellar, and is a captain of volunteers. These are his working clothes.

In these present days of scenic display, when even no poor ghost can walk undisturbed by scientific satellites, lime-lights, mirrors, and the like, the scene-painter is a far more important person in a theatre than the tragedian—not that the bearing of those gentlemen would impress a stranger with the fact; for by so much as the tragedian is pompous, blatant, and assuming, the scene-painter is easy, natural and polite. Perhaps the tragedian takes his tone from the brigand-chiefs and aspiring patriots, whose characters he assumes; and the scene-painter, with his keen eye for the glories of color and knowledge of the combinations of natural beauty, knows how to blend himself harmoniously.

The stage carpenter is a singular creature. He is the victim of a delusion by which he is bound, hand, and foot, and brain. It is a belief, as deeply rooted in his mind as is his two-foot rule inserted in his trousers-pocket, that while he is in the theatre he is "at work." If he is what, in theatrical parlance, is termed a day-man, he reaches the theatre at a quarter to 10 if the rehearsal be at 10, at a quarter to 11 if the rehearsal be at 11, at a quarter to 12 if the rehearsal be at 12, and so on. Once in the theatre, his first proceeding is to hide himself in the scene-dock where nobody can find him; he then takes off his coat, puts on his "working" canvas-jacket, sticks a hammer in his girdle or apron pistolwise—after the fashion of bold buccaneers in penny plates—uses his coat-sleeve as a pocket-handkerchief, sits down in a corner, and goes to sleep.

And here commences his delusion. It is his firm belief that while he has on his canvas jacket, and his hammer stuck into his girdle, he is hard at work, nay, perspiring copiously. He will even carry this delusion out so far as to wake up after an hour and a half's nap and feel fatigued; so much so, as to be compelled to adjourn to the nearest public house and recruit exhausted nature with half a pint; for he is also the victim of half a pint, or rather the victim of a pint and a half, not to say two gallons; and on those days when not an interval of labor, not the screwing out of an old nail from a rusty hinge, has occurred to vary the tedious monotony of slumber, he will declaim in the taproom on the wrongs of the working man, and the tyranny of employers. It has been said by a popular novelist of the day that no set of men can lie as nautical men can. From this observation it is evident that the servants of a theatre have never passed under that popular novelist's eye.

The stage carpenter works but once a year—for the production of the pantomime, and then he works *con amore*; for during the run of the pantomime the genius of stage-carpenter is properly estimated, and authors, actors, composers, musicians and such mere idlers sink into their proper insignificance.

The property man—*i. e.*, the man who looks after the chairs and tables and things movable by hand, and who manufactures the sheep, fish, carrots, and huge chamber-candlesticks used in the pantomime—is a mysterious mechanic whose habits are unclean, predatory, and mendacious. His complexion is a singular compound of the perspiration of the Midsummer before last with the dust of the preceding Christmas. Dust rests upon his eyelashes as moss rests on the boughs of an old tree.

If ever he wash himself—which is doubtful, save on his wedding day—his ablutions are made in the gluepot. He is so sticky that, were he to lean against a wall, portions of his garments would adhere to it when he summoned up sufficient energy to walk away. Why does this gifted getter-up of gnomes, salamanders, dragons heads, and fairies' wings abjure cold water, and ignore all crystal streams save the pantomime fountains framed of wire, blue gauze, white Dutch metal, and spangles? Would his fingers lose their cunning if occasionally polluted by the use of soap? his tongue its power of ready excuse, or his brain its inventive faculty, if fluid touched his external man?

The cause of this dramatico-mechanico hydrophobia is inexplicable, and ever must remain a mystery to be solved only by a treacherous member of the craft, who, converted to cleanliness by a Turkish bath, shall renounce the property room and divulge its secrets.

The property man has the same peculiarity as the oldest inhabitant; he never remembers anything; nor will he, no matter how familiar the object, confess that he has ever seen a specimen, or that it is procurable, save by the expense of large quantities of money, time, difficulty, and danger.

"Grimes!" calls the stage-manager.

Grimes is very often absent, not in mind, but in body; but an active call-boy, knowing Grimes' haunts, fetches him from the tap, where he has been rendering himself more adhesive with half a pint of treacly beer.

"Grimes," says the stage-manager; very authoritatively if he be ignorant of his calling, but rather kindly if he have some perception of it.

"Yes, sir!" answers Grimes, with respect and deference; for it is part of the property-man's instincts to be too deferential and respectful.

"We shall use the red furniture for this farce."

"Yes, sir."

"Tables, chairs, sofa, and all that you know. And then there's breakfast things, and—and that's all. No—by the-way, there's a cat wanted."

"A what, sir?"

"A cat."

"A cat, sir!" echoes Grimes, as if the word were strange to him as unicorn, phœnix, or ichthyosaurus.

"Yes. Should be a tortoiseshell.

"Taught us who, sir?"

"Yes; tortoiseshell cat, I say."

The eyes of Grimes wander over the footlights into the empty pit, inhabited by the dust, orange-peel, mice, and fleas. After a pause he looks into the face of the stage manager, and says:—

"Where am I to get one, sir?"

"Get what?"

"A—a cat, sir."

"A cat! Anywhere."

"Anywhere, sir?"

Repetition is one of the principal weapons in the Grimes armory.

"Yes, anywhere," says the stage-manager. "Cats are plenty, are they not?"

"They may be' been, sir, some years ago; but I hardly never seen one lately," is the reply.

But the limit of our space is near, and there are many other specimens which must be left undescribed. There is the costumier, who is a sort of cross-legged mixture of milliner and magician, and who thinks that the north star would shine the brighter if thickly spangled. There is the call-boy, a clever imp of mischief, who recognizes no aristocracy but that of talent, and no talent but that of the actor. There are the wig-makers—hold! the mere English word requires an apology, if tailors are costumiers, wig-makers must be perruquiers, who weave dead men's hair into false scalps, and brush out cataracts of blonde ringlets without a thought of the beauty of the soil on which they grew. The rank grass that grows in churchyards has been called "the ancient hair of graves." Does no sexton association occur to the wig-maker as he plaits and weaves, and oils, and curls the terribly human-looking silk? It is to be supposed not. Custom hath made it in him a property of greasiness.

Then there is the gas-man, who, though his trade be odorous, manages to keep a clean face and hands. He runs about the theatre, nimbly correcting cross-grained taps and bursting battwings with his pliant pincers. Then there is the hall porter, who is invariably old, is an Irishman and has served in the Peninsula, in an Irish regiment, and fought at Waterloo; and whose jaw, have a grim rigidity, redolent of barrack-life; whose speech is a stiff civility, redolent of discipline; and whose grey, rattlike whiskers and few teeth are perfumed with whisky.

There is the gentlemen's dresser, who has also been a soldier, who informs the actors that when he was in the marines "he were off Gold Coast in the *Devastator*, and they had no shoes on them, sir." Captain Dawbarn, as was the captain, was an awful severe man, and drunk—oh, how he did drink! He says to us one day on parade, 'You marines,' he says, 'I'll work you down to lie,' and he nearly did, and he would have been broke only he died off Sumatra, thank goodness! for if ever there was a beast he was." Time works wonders, and the warrior-mariner has tamed down into a dramatic valet, and hooks and eyes doubtless, polishes off yellow boots as deftly as he used to polish bayonets and pipeclay belts.

The ladies' dresser has usually seen better days, and is of the same ascetic, rusty, musty type as the pew-opener at a church, with, perhaps, a sprinkling more dust. She is invariably a widow, and her late husband was either the greatest wretch on record, or the most perfect of his gay, perfidious sex.

Last of all, there is the supernumerary—a dreadful trade, strange to say, pursued only by men and boys with thin legs. A muscular supernumerary is a phenomenon that has never been known to occur, even in the memory of the oldest, most experienced, and stupidest of stage-managers.

There are many other types of theatrical character besides the few that have been endeavored to be portrayed in these pages, enough, with the permission of the public and the publishers, to make another series. To the outer world theatrical life is a deep, dark well, whose troubled waters are much feared and little understood; but truth lived in a well, and a large amount of truth and goodness dwells in the theatre; and few, looking at the green froth of vanity that stagnates on its surface, would guess the richness of the pearls that lie beneath.—*London Illustrated Times.*

Mosquito and Fly Bites.

It is difficult to say anything new about mosquitoes, but they have visited this city in such enormous flocks during the past week that they demand a passing notice, and we have no doubt that our readers would be very glad to see them dismissed with only one. With the exception of the shad flies which invade the shores of Lake Ontario in June and July, and which sometimes cover the decks of steamboats to the depth of seven or eight inches in a few moments, we have never seen more multitudinous swarms of insects on the wing out of town—say on Staten Island, for instance—while in town they have gradually become a perfect nuisance. The sting of the mosquito, too, for some reason or other, seems to be unusually acrimonious this season, while flies spiders, and certain other insects, have acquired a sort of bite that produces very great inflammation attended with much pain, and when upon the eyelids, the lips, or any tender part, often proves exceedingly dangerous.

In explanation of this latter phenomenon, it is said that animals dying of disease are not buried sufficiently deep in the earth; that the flies, &c., get at and devour the decaying flesh, and imbibe the poisonous matter of the disease; that they communicate it to the spiders who devour them (thus making their bite unusually virulent, at times), as well as to all other creatures they alight upon. Be the cause what it may, the number of persons suffering from such ills, at present, is surprisingly large in this city, and some of them have been laid up in anguish for days, to our knowledge, through the instrumentality of such an apparently insignificant circumstance. If the wound be poulticed at once and treated seriously, the mischievous symptoms soon disappear. Few persons, however, consider a mosquito sting, a spider bite, or a fly bite, a matter of much moment, and the consequent neglect leads to an aggravated disorder. "Forewarned is forearmed," however, and it would be just as well for our readers to be on their guard and act accordingly.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

—The deficit in the Italian treasury is two hundred millions of dollars, and the "public finances are irremediably lost."

FOURTH EDITION

Latest from the South

LATEST REBEL VIEW OF THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

What the Rebels Think of the Coming Presidential Election.

THE WAR TO END IN "SIXTY DAYS."

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

THE WAR NEWS.

From the Richmond Examiner, September 8.

There is nothing of interest or importance from the Army of Tennessee. On yesterday it was "in line of battle" at Lovejoy's station, on the Macon road, twenty-nine miles south of Atlanta. Its being in line of battle is no novelty. If we are not mistaken, it has been in this condition night and day for the past two months, except when "abandoning" Atlanta, last Thursday night; then it was making what is known as "good time."

THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE NOT DISCOURAGED.

An official despatch from General Hood, dated Lovejoy's, September 4, states that the officers and men of the army of Tennessee feel that every effort was made to hold Atlanta to the last, and that the army is not discouraged.

There was a report last night that fighting was going on at Lovejoy's.

FROM PETERSBURG.

The enemy shelled Petersburg violently and vigorously during nearly the whole of Sunday night. There are no military movements of importance in progress. Grant still holds about four miles of the Weldon railroad, and some people think he has designs on the Southside railroad. We should be delighted to see him make a demonstration in force against the latter road.

WHEELER'S MOVEMENTS.

It is reported that Wheeler has captured Murfreesboro. We hope this may turn out to be true; but if it is we hardly think the news could have reached us so soon.

Murfreesboro is in Rutherford county, Tennessee, thirty miles southeast of Nashville.

GENERAL MORGAN.

General John H. Morgan has been relieved of the command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, and he is to be court-martialed for going into Kentucky last Spring without orders of General Bragg.

All soldiers are subject to the orders of their superiors, and may be court-martialed for acting without orders or disobeying them. Against this we have nothing to say. But we do say, without fear of contradiction, that in invading Kentucky Morgan did the only thing that could have been done at that time to save southwestern Virginia from ravage by Burbridge and his six thousand raiders.

General John Echols succeeds General Morgan in the command of southwestern Virginia.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we learn that authentic information was received in this city last night that the enemy attacked Greenville on Sunday, killing General Morgan and capturing all of his staff.

General Morgan's body was expected to arrive at Bristol last night. From this fact we infer that the enemy do not now hold Greenville.

Greenville is fifty miles southwest of Bristol, on the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, and about seventy miles from Knoxville.

THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

From the Richmond Examiner, Sept. 6.

The capture of Atlanta marks an epoch in the campaign of 1864. The enemy promised himself much by this achievement. He seemed to think that the possession of Atlanta would sunder the South into two additional parts, as completely distinct as the divisions east and west of the Mississippi. He will soon realize his mistake.

Atlanta had a peculiar value derived from the railroads which converged there. But its chief value was lost when the road leading into Eastern and Western Tennessee was cut off at Chattanooga and Knoxville, a thing that was done as long as December last. The only special importance which then attached to the place was its being on the most direct line of roads from Richmond to Montgomery.

These roads are now blockaded at that point by the enemy; but other roads remain open and the way is not shut even by railroad communication. The truth is, no particular inland town in Georgia or the interior country, if it embrace no collection of foundries and factories, possesses any vital importance in a military point of view.

The great necessity in Georgia is the preservation of an army capable of making head against Sherman, and prepared to strike a decisive blow if ever he attempt to detach his forces in different directions for the purpose of general occupation and subjugation. The business of a Confederate army there is to watch Sherman, and compel him to a cautious concentration of his troops. The chief source of anxiety is in regard to the *morale* of Hood's soldiers.

No man ever left an army more confident in him, professionally, or attached to him, personally, than General Johnston. In that point of view his removal was a deplorable measure. But it was a noble army when that general left it, and it is scarcely possible that it should have entirely lost its spirit since. Nothing is needed to completely re-instate our fortunes in Georgia but the assignment to that army of such a commander as will at once secure its confidence. If the country could only see that done it would gladly dismiss all regret for the loss of Atlanta.

For the situation even in Georgia, the only field in which it presents an unfavorable aspect, is by no means discouraging. By dint of a heavy expenditure of means, energy, and men, the enemy have reached the centre of North Georgia; but if we compare the cost of this expedition with the results realized, we find nothing to warrant despondency. He has had to give up East Tennessee and leave nearly all of West Tennessee open to Confederate incursions. He has had almost to abandon Mississippi and Alabama.

Even Kentucky has been left unprotected, and the north bank of the Ohio has been threatened. To maintain his long line of communication and make headway in Georgia, he has had to evacuate immense districts of country already overrun, which would have yielded him a thousand times more value than the region of Georgia which he has desolated. Like the dog crossing the stream, he has let go what was substantial to plunge after a shadow.

It will cost him more men and money to maintain himself at Atlanta than it would to subjugate and possess any two states which he had occupied, and has now abandoned. If the Confederacy had the election of his policy, it would gladly choose that he should continue his campaign in Georgia rather than employ the same army in many enterprises which she would have infinitely more difficulty in thwarting. If we maintain our army intact we have but to bide our time and the result will take care of itself.

If the season of winter and bad roads sets in, finding Sherman in Georgia and our own army confronting him in force, we should soon have no reason to regret the loss of Atlanta.

On the far side of the Mississippi the situation is peculiarly favorable. Texas is free from Federal troops; the greater part of Louisiana is delivered of their presence; Arkansas is no longer in thraldom, and General Price is marching with a considerable force into Missouri.

In virtue of the concentrated efforts of the enemy in Virginia and Georgia we have gained much lost territory on this side of the great river; but we have won back much more territory on the other side by actual conquest. Except the channel of the Mississippi, and the land bordering the rear communications of Grant and Sherman, the Confederacy now holds most of the ground it lost in 1862 and 1863.

The situation in Georgia presents no feature of serious discouragement. Everywhere else in the West it has vastly improved since winter. How stands the case in Virginia? Sheridan is away off on the border of the Potomac, on a line fifty to a hundred miles farther back than the enemy held at the opening of the campaign, and Grant, having abandoned Richmond and the north side, at least for a time, is desperately threatening our southern communications.

He has reduced us to the necessity of wagoning such supplies as we may desire from the Weldon railroad, a distance of twenty-five miles; and he is seeking to swing still further around on our right to cut the Southside railroad. In other words, he is attempting to besiege Richmond from a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, although he has all the country east of the Blue Ridge to subsist upon, and possesses an untouched railroad communication with Western North Carolina, which it would cost him another army to take.

It is plain that the situation has greatly improved for the South since the campaign opened, and it is perfectly certain that neither Grant nor Sherman can maintain themselves where they are without such heavy reinforcements as will require the enemy to leave other portions of the Confederacy unmolested.

REBEL VIEW OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

From the Richmond Examiner, September 6.

The South is to act the controlling part in the Northern election. The issue of November is to be decided by the armies in Virginia and Georgia. Lincoln's whole hope of re-election begins and ends in military success. Without some decided achievement by Grant, or a destruction of the Georgia army by Sherman, every State at the North will cast its vote against him, except Vermont and Massachusetts.

The onus of success is on him. The success must not be moderate; but great enough to promise a decisive influence in securing the object for which he is conducting the war; if he fails to accomplish something worthy of the great exertions he has made in the campaign, he will be beaten at the polls, and a new party will succeed to power, which will sheathe the sword and hold out the olive branch.

The South is fighting for peace, and peace alone. She is resisting aggression; she aims neither at the conquest nor humiliation of her adversary. For the first time now in four years, is there a prospect of securing the long and arduously sought desideratum. All the powerful inducements which have nerved her to the struggle for four years, are now concentrated in the space of two months.

The Administration at Washington will put forth all its power and energy for effecting by November the purposes which it has so eagerly endeavored to compass during the preceding stages of the war. It is not merely hatred towards us which now inspires its members; to this powerful motive they now have added the desire of prolonging their power, and overthrowing adversaries whom they hate even more intensely than they do ourselves.

Our policy is emphatically to stand on the defensive, and risk nothing; but, at the same time, it is more important than ever that we should bring every resource into requisition, and employ all the vigilance and activity of which we are capable. The business of the next sixty days will be to hold our own, and to suffer no disaster; but it will be no easy task. The enemy will redouble his exertions, and throw a desperate activity into all his operations.

He will test our strength and vigilance at every point; and leave no labor or artifice unemployed by which advantage or even *eclat* may be secured. Now is the hour for every man in the South to stand to his duty and to his post. We can afford any sacrifice, collectively and individually, to make sure of these two months. The sick may leave their hospitals a little too soon, and even the lame and decrepit take their stand in the breastworks to advantage now.

Furloughs may be refused with eminent propriety; and the men who are skulking beyond their time in the interior should be shamed into their duty or dealt with as deserters or traitors. Every expedient should be used to pile up strength in the eight weeks of crisis at hand.

The prospects of the Confederacy were never brighter than at this moment, if she deserves success and is resolved to win it; never so gloomy, if, tired of the struggle and unworthy of independence, her resolution and zeal fail at the eleventh hour. The task before her is the most easy that she has encountered at any stage of the struggle, if she but address herself to it in the proper spirit; it is the most difficult and doubtful if she relax in resolution and omit any of the exertions and precautions demanded by the occasion.

It is in no spirit of distrust that those reflections are made; but in a spirit of warning and hopeful exhortation. The crisis is of a character to gladden the heart of every brave man, confident of the issue. All the anxieties and trials of years are to be concentrated into a few weeks, and the often proclaimed limitation of "sixty days" to the strife is at last to be realized. In all probability the next sixty days will in fact decide the contest.

The Washington Administration, under the spur of necessity, will bring the whole power which they can command into requisition. If they fail, the war will last, not merely by reason of a change of dynasties, but because it will have been demonstrated that the maximum power of which the North is capable has been brought to bear, and failed to effect the object of subjugation. It will not be that McClellan is disposed to peace or his party averse to further war, that peace will come; but it will be because a war administration, employing the full resources and power of its country when its finances were unimpaired and its resources unexhausted, will have failed to subdue the South, and because the inference will be irresistible that what could not be accomplished by a war administration in the full vigor of Federal resources cannot be by a peace administration succeeding to power after these resources had been materially reduced.

THE REBEL PRISONS.

From the Richmond Examiner, September 6.

A few Yankee prisoners were recorded at the Libby yesterday. At the Castle more were sent off than were received. It has come to be remarked that the Yankee prisoners are more pleased with their quarters and treatment than that which the Government proposes to give them by sending them through the lines to their homes, or the States of their nativity and their adoption. They have their choice—they can remain or go.

ARRIVAL OF THE GUNBOAT "PAUL JONES."

BOSTON, September 9.—The United States gunboat *Paul Jones*, Commander Shirley, has arrived here to-day, (via New York, where she put in for coal), after 28 months' service in the Southern blockade. She brings home from the squadron 38 men, whose terms have expired.

Acting Master George R. Durant and two of the crew were captured on Ossabaw by the Rebels, while on an expedition.

The steamer *Mahaska*, from the blockading squadron, has also arrived.

ANOTHER REGIMENT FOR BIRNEY'S CORPS.—The War Department has given authority to the gallant commander of the 10th Army Corps, Major-General David B. Birney, to raise a regiment of Zouaves for his corps. The regiment is to be raised at once in Pennsylvania, and principally in Philadelphia.

Governor Curtin has issued his commissions for the officers, which will be given only to such young men as have distinguished themselves on the battle-field under Birney, and are every way competent for the commands to which they may be assigned.

The regiment of sharpshooters for this corps has been filled up to the maximum standard, and there is a considerable surplus. These latter will be transferred to the zouave regiment as a nucleus, and we hope the zouaves will be as promptly in the field as the sharpshooters.

We hope that all of our young men who wish to enlist in a first-rate organization will respond promptly to this call, as they will become members of an excellent regiment, which will be especially cared for and led into action by General Birney himself, and will receive all of the bounties, Government and local.

WEALTH, HEALTH, AND BEAUTY.

If to gain admiring eyes;
If to cause invidious sighs;
If to be a blooming flower,
Fading, dying in an hour—BEAUTY!
If to have a host of friends;
If for vice to make amends;
If with high-born blood to wed;
If a marble stone when dead—WEALTH!
If to live threescore and ten,
Wishing it a as long again;
If to live a life of peace;
If to die and go to *grease*—HEALTH!
If you wish a life of pleasures;
If you value this world's treasures;
If every comfort you would see,
Take my advice, and wish *all three*.
Then, having Health, Wealth, and Beauty,
You'll be prepared for every duty.

By a careful perusal of Dr. WILLIAM YOUNG'S New Book, THE MARRIAGE GUIDE, which should be read by every one. Sold by Booksellers generally, and at the Doctor's office, No. 416 SPRUCE STREET; price 50 cents. aug-4t

PHILADELPHIA SURGEONS' BANDAGE INSTITUTE, No. 14 North NINTH Street, above Market. Ruptures radically cured by B. C. EVERETT'S Premium Patent Graduating Pressure Truss. Superior Elastic Belts, Elastic Stockings, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Suspensories, Crutches, &c.
Ladies attended by Mrs. B. C. EVERETT. my25-1y

TRUSSES, BRACES, &c., skilfully adjusted by C. H. NEEDLES, cor. of TWELFTH and RACE Streets. Ladies' Department for same, conducted by ladies, TWELFTH Street, first door below Race. The most complete and varied stock on hand, consisting, in part, of Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Belts, Bandages, Elastic Stockings, Syringes, Articles for Nursery, Sick Room, &c. jel0-3m

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE City and County of Philadelphia.
Estate of HENRY GREW, deceased.
The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of MARY GREW, Executor of the last will of HENRY GREW, deceased, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment, on Monday, September 12, 1864, at 4 o'clock P. M., at his office, No. 29 South Sixth street, upstairs, in the City of Philadelphia.
sm8t-w6t MOSES A. DROPSIE, Auditor.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE City and County of Philadelphia.
Estate of JOHN B. KOONS, deceased.
The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of FREDERICK FAIRTHORNE and FREDERICK A. KOONS, Administrators of the estate of JOHN B. KOONS, deceased, and report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountants, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, on WEDNESDAY, September 14, 1864, at 4 o'clock P. M., at his office, No. 29 S. SIXTH Street, upstairs, in the city of Philadelphia. MOSES A. DROPSIE,
se9t-w6t Auditor.

HAVE YOU CONSTANT PAIN AND UNEASINESS AT THE PIT OF THE STOMACH?
Read the next column.
Have you Flatulence and Acidity?
Read the next column.
Have you Costiveness and Loss of Appetite?
Read the next column.
Have you Gloom and Depression of Spirits?
Read the next column.
Have you Diarrhœa with Griping?
Read the next column.