THE PRESS.
ISSUED DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED)
BY JOHN W. FORNEY,
OFFICE, NO. 111 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

THE DAILY PRESS,
To Subscribers, is TEN DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in advance, or TWENTY CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the Carrier. Mailed to Subscribers out of the city, at TEN DOLLARS PER ANNUM; FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS; TWO DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR THREE MONTHS, invariably in advance unless otherwise ordered.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
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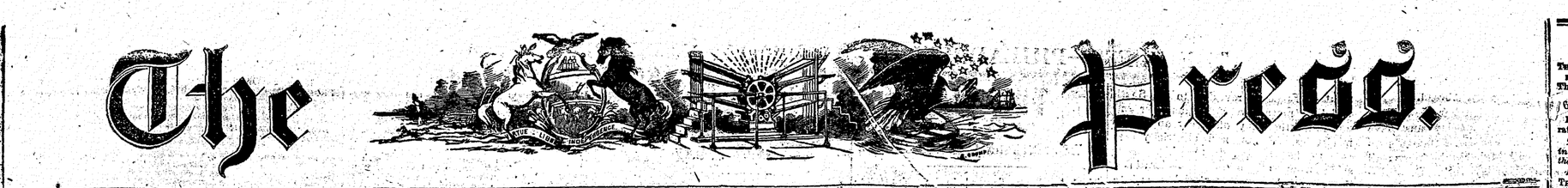

THE WAR PRESS,
(PUBLISHED DAILY,)
THE WAR PRESS will be sent to subscribers by mail (postage paid or free of postage) at $3 00
Three copies 5 00
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Postmasters are requested to act as agents for THE WAR PRESS.
To the getter-up of the Club of ten or twenty, an extra copy of the Paper will be given.

VOL. 8.—NO. 90. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864. FOUR CENTS.

RETAIL DRY GOODS.
GREAT REDUCTION IN THE
PRICES
OF
DRY GOODS.
JAMES R. CAMPBELL & CO.,
727 CHESTNUT STREET,
HAVE THIS ENTIRE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS,
CONSISTING IN PART OF
BLACK SILKS,
BLACK ALPACAS,
BLACK AND PLAID POPLINS,
BLACK ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS,
BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,
SHAWLS, GLOVES,
LINENS, WHITE GOODS,
FLANNELS, BLANKETS,
LINEN AND COTTON
SHEETINGS,
REPELLANTS AND
CLOAKING CLOTHS,
AT EXTREMELY LOW RATES.
We leave to assure the public that we have
marked down every article in our stock, and now have
the power to offer
RARE BARGAINS.
GREAT BARGAINS IN SILKS.
H. STEEL & SON,
713 AND 715 NORTH TENTH STREET.
Extra Black Silks, at $1.40
do do $1.62½
do do $1.75
Colored Silks, at $1.50
do do $1.75
do do $2.00
Black Silks, choice colors ..... $1.50 to 6.00
Black Silks ..... $1.65 worth $2.00
do ..... $1.80 " $2.25
do ..... $2.00 " $2.37
do ..... $2.25 " $2.62
Black Silks, all qualities, at low prices.
RICH HEAVY MOIRE ANTIQUES.
RICH SATIN STRIPED MOIRE ANTIQUES.
RICH HEAVY FANCY SILKS.
An assortment of Fine Silks
AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.
An assortment of Choice Shades
FINE FRENCH MERINOES,
FINE REP POPLINS,
FINE EMPRESS CLOTH POPLINS,
AT LOW PRICES.
RICH PLAID MERINOES,
RICH PLAID ALL WOOL POPLINS,
RICH SILK PLAID POPLINS,
SELLING AT LOWER THAN THE USUAL RETAIL PRICES.
A large assortment of New Dress Goods, 30 to 40 per cent below the cost of importation. We are still selling all our Goods at reduced prices, notwithstanding the recent heavy advance in gold. no7-m w s3t
CLOAK DISPLAY.
Our Cloak room contains a fine show of properly-made and elegant garments, for fall and winter wear.

SILK & DRY GOODS JOBBERS.
FALL, 1864. STOCK NOW IN STORE. FALL, 1864.
EDMUND YARD & CO.,
Nos. 617 Chestnut and 614 Jayne Streets,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
SILKS AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
SHAWLS, LINENS,
AND WHITE GOODS.
A LARGE AND HANDSOME STOCK OF
DRESS GOODS.
FULL LINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
BALMORALS,
INCLUDING BRUNER'S AND OTHER MAKES.
au20-3m

COMMISSION HOUSES.
HAZARD & HUTCHINSON,
No. 112 CHESTNUT STREET.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
[jy1-6m] PHILADELPHIA-MADE GOODS.

CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS.
CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!
CLOSING OUT LATE IMPORTATIONS 20 PER CENT. LESS THAN PRESENT GOLD RATES.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH AXMINSTERS.
WILTONS OF ENTIRE NEW PATTERNS.
VELVETS AND TAPESTRIES, Wide Goods.
With a large assortment of
THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS.
NEW VENETIANS, PALATINE, AND DAMASK.
DRUGGETTS.
WELL-SEASONED OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.
JAMES H. ORNE & CO.,
626 CHESTNUT STREET,
s017-stuth2m Below Seventh.

1864. FALL 1864.
GLENECHO MILLS,
GERMANTOWN.
McCALLUM & CO.,
CARPET WAREHOUSE,
509 CHESTNUT STREET,
s017-3m PHILADELPHIA.

1864. 1864.
McCALLUM & CO.,
RETAIL DEPARTMENT.
519 CHESTNUT STREET.
s017-5m OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

MILITARY GOODS.
FLAGS! FLAGS!!
CAMPAIGN FLAGS,
BUNTING AND SILK,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
ALSO,
SWORDS, SASHES, BELTS,
Together with a full assortment of
MILITARY GOODS.
EVANS & HASSALL,
oct4-1m fp 418 ARCH Street.

1864. FANCY FURS. 1864.
A. K. & F. K. WOMRATH,
(SUCCESSORS TO THE LATE GEO. F. WOMRATH,)
No. 415 Arch Street.
HAVE NOW OPEN
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' FANCY FURS,
To which they invite the attention of buyers.
oc20-3m

LADIES' FANCY FURS.
JOHN A. STAMBACH,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
LADIES' FANCY FURS,
NO. 826 ARCH STREET,
BELOW NINTH.

REDUCED PRICES.
CASH.
WALL PAPERS.
PHILADELPHIA
WALL PAPERS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS.
Manufacturers of
PAPER HANGINGS,
WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,
LINEN SHADES AND HOLLANDS,
SOLID GREEN AND BUFF,
CHOCOLATE GROUNDS, FIGURED, AND PLAIN SHADES.
To which we invite the attention of
STOREKEEPERS.
s012-mw s 2m

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
825 ARCH STREET. 825
REMOVAL.
G. A. HOFFMAN,
FIRST PREMIUM SHIRT AND WRAPPER
MANUFACTORY, AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING EMPORIUM,
REMOVED FROM 503 ARCH STREET
TO THE NEW STORE,
825 ARCH STREET 825
fs11-fsmw6m

HEATERS AND FURNACES.
PHILADELPHIA
WARMING AND VENTILATING
WAREHOUSE,
AND
Enamelled Slate Mantel Manufactory,
No. 1010 CHESTNUT STREET.
ECONOMY IS MONEY.
CHILSON'S PATENT GAS-CONSUMING CONE FURNACE
will warm your house with one-third less coal than any other Furnace in use.
CHILSON'S PATENT ELEVATED DOUBLE-OVEN COOKING-RANGE
has no equal in the world.
Call and examine it.
At the present high prices of marble no one in want of Mantels should fail to examine my stock of
BEAUTIFUL ENAMELLED SLATE MANTELS.
A large stock of
LOW-DOWN AND COMMON PARLOR GRATES,
REGISTERS and VENTILATORS,
constantly on hand.
W. A. ARNOLD,
nov2-wsm1m No. 1010 CHESTNUT Street.

LOOKING GLASSES.
JAMES S. EARLE & SON,
816 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILA.,
have now in store a very fine assortment of
LOOKING GLASSES,
of every character, of the
VERY BEST MANUFACTURE AND LATEST STYLES.
OIL PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS,
s2t31 PICTURE AND PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

SEWING MACHINES.
THE FLORENCE
THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,
THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,
THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,
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630 CHESTNUT STREET.
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630 CHESTNUT STREET. s23-tf

CURTAIN GOODS.
CARD.
I WILL OFFER
MY ENTIRE STOCK
OF
LACE CURTAINS
AT
FORTY PER CENT.
LESS THAN COST OF IMPORTATION.
I. E. WALRAVEN,
SUCCESSOR TO W. H. CARRYL,
MASONIC HALL,
719 CHESTNUT STREET.

1026 CHESTNUT STREET. 1026.
CURTAIN STORE.
Constantly on hand a full line of
WINDOW CURTAINS,
CURTAIN MATERIALS,
FURNITURE COVERINGS,
WINDOW SHADES,
CORNICES, BANDS,
TASSELS, GUIMPS,
CORDS, &c., &c.,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
For first-class goods. The workmanship of this establishment is second to no other in the United States.
C. M. STOUT & CO.,
oc31-2m No. 1026 CHESTNUT Street.

STATIONERY & BLANK BOOKS.
OIL, MINING, COAL, AND OTHER NEW COMPANIES.
We are prepared to furnish New Corporations with all the Books they require, at short notice and low prices, of first-quality. All styles of Binding.
STEEL PLATE CERTIFICATES OF STOCK,
LITHOGRAPHED " "
TRANSFER BOOK,
ORDERS OF TRANSFER,
STOCK LEDGER,
STOCK LEDGER BALANCES,
REGISTER OF CAPITAL STOCK,
BROKER'S PETTY LEDGER,
ACCOUNT OF SALES,
DIVIDEND BOOK.
MOSS & CO.,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS AND STATIONERS,
se15-tf 438 CHESTNUT Street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
1864. FALL. 1864.
E. O. THOMPSON,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
N. E. Corner Seventh and Walnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
N. B.—Having obtained a celebrity for cutting
GOOD-FITTING PANTALOONS,
Making it a specialty in my business for some years past, it is thought of sufficient importance to announce the fact in this manner to the public, so that those who are dissatisfied may know of my method, and give me a trial.
oc27-1ms n-2m

EDWARD P. KELLY,
JOHN KELLY,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
612 CHESTNUT STREET,
Will from this date (October 3d) sell at
REDUCED PRICES,
FOR
CASH.
oct-tf

WALL PAPERS.
PHILADELPHIA
WALL PAPERS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS.
Manufacturers of
PAPER HANGINGS,
WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,
LINEN SHADES AND HOLLANDS,
SOLID GREEN AND BUFF,
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s012-mw s 2m

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VERY BEST MANUFACTURE AND LATEST STYLES.
OIL PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS,
s2t31 PICTURE AND PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

H. STEEL & SON HAVE NOW
open a large and choice assortment of
FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.
Plain Merinoes, $1.25 to $2. Plain Poplins,
Plaid Merinoes and Poplins,
Plain and Plaid Silk Poplins,
Plain and Figured Mohair Poplins,
and a great variety of new and choice Dress Goods, all at prices far below
THE PRESENT COST OF IMPORTATION.
SILKS—Of all kinds, a great variety, from 75 cents to $1 per yard, below
THE IMPORTER'S PRICES.
SHAWLS—A large assortment, at a small advance on last season's prices.
s6-tf Nos. 713 and 715 North TENTH Street.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SHAWLS
for sale below the present gold prices.
Long Broche Shawls, open centres.
Long Broche Shawls, filled centres.
Square Broche Shawls, open centres.
Square Broche Shawls, filled centres.
Black Plaid and Stripe Blanket Shawls.
Square, Plaid, and Stripe Blanket Shawls.
Long and square Black Thibet Shawls.
A full assortment of Hosiery, very cheap.
Frosted and other Beaver Cloths.
Cloaks ready made.
EDWIN HALL & CO.,
oct7-tf 26 South SECOND Street.

DRUGS.
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
No. 119 MARKET STREET,
Between FRONT and SECOND Streets.
G. W. WRIGHT. F. E. SIDDALL.
DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS, AND GENERAL STOREKEEPERS
Can find at our establishment a full assortment of Imported and Domestic Drugs, Popular Patent Medicines, Paints, Coal Oil, Window Glass, Prescription Vials, etc., at as low prices as genuine, first-class goods can be sold.
FINE ESSENTIAL OILS,
For Confectioners, in full variety and of the best quality.
Cochineal, Bengal Indigo, Madder, Pot Ash, Cudbear, Soda Ash, Alum, Oil of Vitriol, Annatto, Copperas, Extract of Logwood, &c.,
ALWAYS ON HAND AT LOWEST NET CASH PRICES.
SULPHITE OF LIME,
for keeping cider sweet; a perfectly harmless preparation, put up with full directions for use, in packages containing sufficient for one barrel.
Orders by mail or express will receive prompt attention, or special quotations will be furnished when requested.
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
WHOLESALE DRUG WAREHOUSE,
No. 119 MARKET Street, above FRONT.
4m-thstuly-fp

NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
WHITE CLOVER HONEY.
NEW PARED PEACHES.
CULTIVATED CRANBERRIES, &c.
ALBERT C. ROBERTS,
Dealer in Fine Groceries,
s01-tf Corner ELEVENTH and VINE Streets.

CIDER,—NEW CLARIFIED CHAMPAGNE CIDER, of a superior quality, by the barrel or hogshead, for sale by
EMIL MATHIEU,
no5-12tif Nos. 120, 122, and 124 LOMBARD St.

NET CASH DRUG HOUSE.
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
No. 119 MARKET STREET,
Between FRONT and SECOND Streets.
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FINANCIAL.
OFFICE FOR THE SALE OF
NATIONAL LOANS,
No. 114 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
NEW U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. LOAN.
The subscribers, having been the successful bidders for a portion of the new 5-20 six per cent. Gold-Bearing Loan, are prepared to offer it on favorable terms to their customers, in large or small amounts, in Bonds of denominations of
50s, 100s, 500s, and 1,000s,
BOTH REGISTERED AND COUPON.
The interest commences on the 1st of November next, and is payable in Gold semi-annually, on the 1st of May and November.
All other Government securities on hand and for sale, and information given concerning investments at our office.
JAY COOKE & CO., Bankers,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET. oc15-1m

U. S. NEW 7-30 LOAN.
Subscriptions received, and the Notes furnished free of all charges, by
GEORGE J. BOYD, Banker,
18 South THIRD Street.
an25-3m

GOLD STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION,
BY
GEORGE J. BOYD,
18 South THIRD Street. au25-3m

B. J. WILLIAMS,
No. 16 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
Manufacturer of
VENETIAN BLINDS
AND
WINDOW SHADES.
The Largest and Finest Assortment in the city at the
LOWEST PRICES.
Repairing attended to promptly.
Store Shades Made and Lettered. se10-3m

CARD AND FANCY JOB PRINTING, at BINGWALT & BROWN'S, 111 S. FOURTH St.

The Press.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

NARRATIVE OF A UNION PRISONER.

Account of his Capture—The Treatment of our Men by Guerillas and Bushwhackers—Experience in Andersonville and Charleston—Life as a Rebel Conscript—The Escape.

(Special Correspondence of The Press.)

CITY POINT, VA., NOV. 9, 1864.

In the absence of news in reference to the military situation, I know of nothing better to communicate than the unpleasant experience of Mr. Albert Stuck, the leader of the band in the 5th Michigan Cavalry, who was taken prisoner by the enemy about the 16th of last May. Mr. Stuck was engaged at the time in assisting the wounded, a duty which is assigned to the musicians in and after every engagement. He was captured at the residence of Miss French, between Spottsylvania Court House and Fredericksburg, by that class of persons among the enemy who assume the garb of peace and are ostensibly non-combatants, but really belong to that infamous gang known as bushwhackers. These land-pirates arrested him as a spy, and, with a familiarity which manifested their knowledge of highway robbery, they plundered him of all his money, jewelry, and even his boots, which, being too small for them, they carried away in their hands. The rest of marauders having taken what they considered their share of his property, he was hurried off a distance of ten miles to what is pronounced the Gold Mill run. He was there passed over to the safe keeping of other robbers, who ordered him to strip himself of his clothing, which he refused to do until a revolver, in a very threatening attitude, was placed in very close contact with his face, which act was accompanied with language which changed Mr. Stuck's mind. Among other things, one of them asserted that he had killed seventeen Yankees after they were taken prisoners, and he be d—d if he would not shoot a dozen more for as good a suit of clothes as he had on. The brother of this gloating murderer, who seemed to possess a similar spirit, suggested that he had better take him from the road to shoot him, which suggestion was complied with. Seeing that the denial of their demands would likely cost him his life, he divested himself of all his clothing excepting his shirt, before the revolver was turned from his head. When this Union prisoner complained, he was informed that he had gotten off very well, as they had left him a shirt, but when they turned him over to the next "guards" they would likely take that article from him. As he presented rather an immodest appearance, one of them, who had appropriated his overcoat, cut the sleeves and gave it to him. The shirt he still wears, as he seems favored with a change while in the Confederacy. He was deprived of soap and confined under such circumstances as prevented his obtaining water to cleanse it.

Mr. Stuck was taken to Orange Court House, where he was tried as a spy, but as he was able to prove that he was captured in our lines, the charge was not substantiated. He was then placed in the Lynchburg prison among our wounded soldiers, from which he made his escape five different times, but was always retaken. He had been provided with a suit of rebel dirt-crusted gray. Every farmer is a provost guard and feels it to be his duty to arrest all deserters from the rebel army, as well as suspicious-looking individuals. About the time that General Hunter threatened Lynchburg, he, with others, was removed to the pen at Andersonville, Ga. He was quite ill during his stay there, which was until General Sherman captured Atlanta, when the Union sufferers in that "dead pen" were distributed in Augusta, Charleston, Savannah, and Columbia. Before Mr. Stuck reached Charleston, his place of destination, he again attempted to escape, but was so weak that he stopped at Graham's Station, Ga., and, on going to a family by that name, he told them his story, when they gave him something to eat, a place to sleep, and sent him to Charleston under guard. He became very sick from eating fruit, and when he arrived in Charleston he was placed in the hospital with the sick and wounded prisoners; but, believing that he would certainly die if he remained there, he again made his escape. He secured a fishing line, with which he caught subsistence; and growing more bold, and the dirty Confederate clothes favoring that purpose, he ventured out in the city and disposed of his fish, with the proceeds of which he purchased such things as he wanted to eat. He made his quarters in the deserted buildings which were exposed to the shelling from our batteries, in which he was safe from observation. On the night of the fourth day in this situation it was quite dark and raining hard, which suggested to him that it was a favorable opportunity to escape to our fleet. Going to the waterside, he confiscated a boat, which had the misfortune to have but one oar. He took a picket from a fence near by, shoved off his boat, struck for a light which he supposed to be on one of our gunboats, but which proved to be on Fort Sumpter. As the tide was setting out he easily passed Castle Pinckney and Sumpter, but having started too late, the tide prevented his reaching our fleet, though it was visible through the occasional flashes of lightning; the batteries which were shelling Charleston were only a mile distant when his picket oar broke, and he was seen by the light of their firing. The misfortunes of the tide and the breaking of his oar sealed his fate, and being entirely unacquainted with managing a boat in a heavy sea, he gave up in despair, which was the more painful, as hope had but a few moments previous given place to an exulting confidence. His boat floated ashore on James Island, and having had nothing to eat since the morning before, he imprudently ate too many oysters, which sickened him. About ten o'clock A. M. he was picked up by a patrol, and having on every other occasion told the truth when he was recaptured, he thought he would try what virtue there would be in varying his story a little, as he was confident that it obliged the officers to treat the inhuman treatment accorded to Union captives in Southern prisons, he would be unable to survive it any longer. He told the provost marshal on James Island that he was from Virginia; that his name was John French; that he was an exempt, as he was subject to fits; that he went out fishing the day before, broke his oar and was washed on the island. He accounted for the absence of his surgeon's certificate by saying that it, with some other papers, got so wet the night previous that they had gone to pieces. The provost did not credit the story, and told Mr. Stucke that he believed he was a Yankee prisoner endeavoring to make his escape; but, however, he forwarded him to Captain Gear, provost marshal of Charleston, who sympathized with him, and believed his account of himself, and he remarked that he would send him to the surgeon to be examined, who would furnish him with another certificate, when he would give him a pass that would save him from all future trouble, and enable him to go wherever he pleased. The surgeon, who seemed to understand his case perfectly, said he saw no evidence that he had ever been attacked with fits, but what seemed to be the matter with him was the irregularity of his diet, eating too much at one time and not again for a day or two. The surgeon then exhorted him to do his duty like a man, shoulder his musket, and like a true son of Virginia, fight valiantly for the cause of the Confederate States, as there was metal enough in the supposed Mr. French to make a good soldier. He was soon marched off under the escort of guards as a conscript, to the cars, and landed in Columbia, South Carolina. This took place on Tuesday, and he was without anything to eat until Friday night, which gives an unfavorable opinion of the enemy's commissariat. He then was furnished with five hard crackers and a piece of bacon, which sickened him in his weak condition. He was confined in a prison with rebel conscripts and deserters, on one side of a large hall, and on the other Union officers, prisoners of war. In the room directly opposite to the supposed Mr. French were several officers, who were members of Gen. Terry's staff, whose dress had materially changed since they had been in rebeldom. They were dressed partly in citizen, Union, and Confederate clothing. No communication was allowed to pass across the hall between the rebel conscripts and deserters and the Union officers, and to enforce this rule two guards were stationed there to see to it. However, this did not permit the supposed French to make known his wants and exact condition to the officers, some of whom he had seen before, though he was not acquainted with them; and they, having satisfied themselves that he was a genuine Union man, and that his true story was worthy of belief, aided him with some money to make purchases for something to eat, and advised him to join, as it is the privilege of the rebel conscript to elect with what organization he wishes to be connected, the 26th South Carolina Infantry, which proved to be as satisfactory as was possible under the circumstances.

He was soon sent to that regiment, which was stationed in front of Petersburg, where he arrived on Thursday, was excused from duty on account of ill-health on Friday, was put on wood duty on Saturday, and on Sunday an old gun was given to him to clean up, with orders that he was to go on picket duty that night with two other members of his company. He whittled two small plugs, removed the caps from the muskets of his comrades, inserted the plugs in the tubes, blacked the ends, and replaced the caps, without its being discovered, so that if he was seen in the escape which he resolved upon while on the picket line, their guns would do him no harm. After being stationed there, he availed himself of the first favorable opportunity, and went over the picket breastworks, and reached our line, in front of General Hancock's corps, in safety, expecting every moment to be shot by the pickets of both armies. Once inside of our line, he was all light, and fervently thanked God with grateful recollections for delivering him from the cruelty of Jeff Davis and his marauding crew.

Dropping the name of French, he assumed that again of Stuck, by which he was soon identified. He brings not only material information of rebel designs, but accounts generally which can be relied upon. He is a gentleman of intelligence, and his opportunities of forming opinions and getting at facts give great weight to his conclusions. He goes North this morning in his full suit of rebel clothes, which he says he intends to wear to his residence in Ypsilanti, Michigan.

ROLLIN.

The Paris journals state that the Hungarian General Klapka, having won "fifty-seven thousand francs in one hour and a quarter, at the Casino of Spa," has gone to London to be married.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

The Cavalry in the Last Great Battle—Letters of Rebel Officers—Sheridan's Regret at Col. Lowell's Death.

The following interesting extract from a private letter of a regular army officer, serving under Gen. Sheridan, is furnished us for publication:

"What do you think of Sheridan and the Army of the Shenandoah by this time? Don't you think we have been doing something towards crushing this damnable rebellion? Our last battle was much more desperate than that at Winchester. I think, too, that we fought against greater odds on this occasion. We know that Kershaw's and Mather's divisions of infantry (the latter one of their best, from before Petersburg,) were here, together with Rosser's brigade of cavalry, which was considered the best they had, to reinforce Early. I saw several letters written by rebel officers the evening before the attack—one in particular, which was written by Gen. Early's assistant adjutant-general to a Major Peyton, who is assistant inspector general on Gen. Lee's staff. He says that 'they were about on the eve of making a great move on Sheridan, and, as they had received large reinforcements, he felt quite confident that they could retrieve their lost honors. That if his move failed they could not endure another summer's campaign like this has been, and that if Mr. Lincoln was re-elected they might as well give up at once.'

"Another officer writes that 'there would be some prospect of doing something if it wasn't for this d—d Yankee cavalry, which could turn defeat into victory.' I really believe if it had not been for our cavalry, this army would have met with a disastrous defeat, but as Torbert put us into action on the pike in the morning as soon as we could be got out, we held the whole of Kershaw's division of infantry in check, until the final charge was made. We were under a murderous fire—'twas about the most fearful day's work I ever put in for Uncle Sam. By the way, all that we want now is a good victory in the North at the coming election. Reelect Mr. Lincoln, and we will have peace inside of twelve months. Sheridan's army will give Lincoln about two-thirds of her votes. We miss Col. Lowell very much—he was a noble soldier, and a gallant gentleman; he was, like Reynolds, daring to a fault, and always in the thickest of the fight. During this campaign he had twelve horses shot, and he was killed where he most wished it, in the charge which brought with it success and victory. The country becomes dearer by such sacrifices offered in her behalf. Such men are the proofs of the justice of our cause, and of the necessity of the fight. When General Sheridan heard of Lowell's death, he was surrounded by his generals, and he exclaimed, 'My God! Lowell dead! Why, gentlemen, any one of us might have been better spared.'"

THE ARMY PREPARING FOR WINTER—SPECULATIONS AS TO GENERAL SHERIDAN—ACTIVITY THROUGHOUT THE HORDE.

A correspondent writing from Sheridan's army on Sunday last, says: The entire army here is supply recruiting its forces, and assuming its winter garb of heavy clothing and full supplies. Another week or two, it is thought, will place it in perfect order, and ready for an active winter campaign, or for anything which the fortune of war may have in store for it.

Much speculation exists as to the intentions of the Government toward General Sheridan, and it is feared this army may lose the prestige of his name, and the immediate advantages of his brilliant genius, by his promotion to another sphere of duty. He is too great a general to waste his sweetness on the desert air; and this fair valley is little else than a desert wherever the tread of his victorious army has fallen.

The corps commanders are, however, able and competent to fill any position which should open before them, and some who received promotions by brevet are thought to be significant of future important commands.

Our entire army is now daily under arms for an hour before daylight, during which time the whole picket force is deployed as skirmishers, and every man is on the alert and ready for any emergency. No fires are allowed at the outposts, and however cold or dark it may be, our men stand firmly, with bayonets fixed, and ear intent on the first sound of the enemy. He comes not, however, and we have little fear that he will again attempt this position while Sheridan is here.

There is no actual news, except the constant raids of guerillas, which disgust everybody that they are still allowed to exist. They have been attacked forage parties this week within three miles of Sheridan's headquarters. When will he finish them? Meantime they are excellent guards to prevent our men from straggling.

THE GUERILLAS.

Escape of Captain Badger and two Soldiers from the Rebels—A Daring Exploit—Fight of the 5th Illinois Cavalry with Moseby.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from near Cedar Creek, Va., November 6th, relates this adventure of Capt. Badger with guerillas:

Captain N. D. Evereux Badger, acting assistant adjutant general of Powell's cavalry division, left General Torbert's headquarters, near Cedar Creek, on the morning of the 24 instant, to go to Winchester, accompanied by only two orderlies. A large train, heavily guarded, had left but an hour before, and the Captain, being well mounted, thought it prudent enough to attempt overtaking it. He came in sight of it a half mile ahead of him, near Newtown, and saw a dozen cavalrymen riding leisurely a little distance behind the train, and apparently acting as rear-guard. He halted them as he approached, and was answered in a friendly way. When seeing them dressed in our uniform, and wearing the 6th Corps badge, a Greek cross, he rode unsuspectingly up among them, and found himself and his men in the hands of the guerillas. With revolvers at his head, he was prevented from making any alarm, and was immediately run off into the woods, and robbed of his despatches and everything valuable which he had about him, and hurried away into the Blue Ridge Mountains, in company with nine more of our men, who had been taken at different times.

"All right," said the Captain, after they had robbed him, "I suppose you will now parole me, and I can go home and vote for Little Mac. I have long wanted a furlough from this horrid and unnatural war!"

"Not much," replied the Johnnies; "we are ordered to hang every officer we can catch now-a-days, in retaliation for our men who have been shot as guerillas. You will swing from a limb of that tree to-morrow morning at daylight, and, by G—d, saltpetre shan't save you from it."

"We would do it to-night, but for the fact that our officers are not here."

"But," replied the cool Captain, "you can do much better with me than to hang me. Next Tuesday is election, and if Little Mac *should* be elected there will be an immediate cessation of hostilities, and we may be able to fix up things. It will at least be equal to a new army to you to get a three-months armistice."

This remark led to much discussion, and, with the aid of a little apple brandy from a neighboring farmer, and a pipe or two, the conversation soon became exceedingly friendly and confidential. While one of the rebels was speaking, the Captain quietly whispered to one of his men to pass the word around among the prisoners to watch a signal from him, and make a dash upon the guard for their escape. The men needed but a wink to be keenly alive to the enterprise. The prospect of a winter at the Libby was not inviting. They had been robbed of their clothing, were hungry, and had had but one drink, while the rebels were already half tipsy. As the evening advanced, the revel rose. Darkness set in, and story followed story, and joke after joke, many of them attributed by the Captain to "Old Abe, the baboon," kept the party in roar, until the guard drew near to listen, and one of them staggering up to the Captain, with his musket in one hand, slapped him on the shoulder with the other, and stuttered out, "Captain, you're a hell of a fellow!"

"You're another," said the Captain, as he seized the musket, and, planting his big foot in the rebel's breech at the same instant, doubled him up, and sent him wheeling into the large fire in front of him, to the great confusion of the rest of the guard, who instantly rushed to his relief without thinking of what was intended.

"Now, follow me!" shouted the Captain, and, suiting the action to the word, he instantly sent the ball from his captured musket through one of them, and the bayonet through another, and with one bound into the darkness escaped.

His men were no less adroit, and, taking advantage of the confusion, they dashed upon the surprised rebels, snatched their muskets from them, knocking three of them on the spot, wounded several others, and every man of them escaped unhurt. Captain Badger has not yet arrived within our lines, but most of his men are in, and report that he is safe in the mountains, and cautiously working his way through by night. He belongs to the 8th Ohio Cavalry, which was reorganized from the 44th Ohio Infantry, after two years' service, during which Captain Badger was promoted from the ranks. He is a relative of the late Senator Badger, of North Carolina, and was a student at Antioch College, Ohio, at the commencement of the war, which position he left, together with his brother Joseph, now first lieutenant, to enter the ranks as a private soldier. His loyalty was sufficiently attested at the late trial at Dayton, Ohio, for an alleged riot, in which a Secesh press at that place was destroyed.

A lieutenant in the 5th Illinois Cavalry, a regiment which has had numerous encounters with both Moseby's and Stuart's Cavalry, gives, in a private letter, the following account of an open fight with the celebrated Virginia guerilla:

"You ask, 'are we after Moseby?' Yes. We keep him in hot water most of the time. Saturday afternoon, six companies were ordered out on a scout, under Captain Lincoln, to go to Upperville, Va., to move some negro families a few miles from camp, and we were skirmishing continually front, rear, and both flanks. On our flank and rear, between us and camp, we could see a column of rebels of about a hundred in number, while in every direction could be seen squads of men from six to a dozen, who were pretty careful to keep out of carbine range. Some were bold enough to come up close and try to entice us to charge them into the woods, where they could cut us off with superior numbers, but after one or two of their number was shot and one horse wounded, they desisted from such endeavors.

"At Upperville, on the plain made memorable by two of our most successful cavalry fights of the war, in November, 1862, and June, 1863, between Pleasanton and Stuart, in following each other, Butler was conspicuously, Moseby gave us what we have hopefully longed and prayed for—an open field, hand-to-hand fight. Capt. Wing's squadron was sent over across the plain to get the negroes ready. Part of Moseby's command charged him. He, seeing them approach, formed to meet them, and sent back word to Capt. Berry to support him. Wing received his fire till the enemy were close upon him on a full charge, when he ordered, 'Fire!—drop carbines and draw revolvers!—Forward!' and counter-charged them, cutting them in two and driving them to the woods. He only had 65 men, and they 118.

"I had charge of fifteen men of my company as rear-guard, and, while galloping over to where the fighting was, I observed a heavy force of rebels approaching on my left flank and rear—had just time to form my men together when they were upon us. I had no hopes of stopping over a hundred men with fifteen, but I could give them a specimen of my regards, and perhaps attract the attention of some of the other companies nearing for the fun of the thing. As we opened with our carbines at fifteen rods, we staggered them just a moment, when they came at us, showering cold lead as they came yelling, on a dead run. We had attracted Lieut. Corrin's attention, who was charging