

The Fraud Proved.

That the State of Pennsylvania was carried by fraud at the recent election, no one can doubt who candidly examines the returns, and compares them with the vote given at previous elections.

Total.....541,866 Pennsylvania has sent to the field about 225,000 volunteers, &c. of this number, we suppose, at least one-half have been killed, wounded in hospitals, and in the army, &c., which is deducted from the vote.....116,000

The vote of 1863 should not exceed.....425,866 Of this number the Democratic party polled for Judge Woodward, 254,171

Leaving the actual Abolition vote of 1863.....171,695 Instead of which they pretend to have polled.....269,496

Excess of fraudulent votes.....67,801 If these figures are correct, they show that, had a fair vote been given, the State of Pennsylvania would have been carried by the Democrats by a majority exceeding 82,000.

The Fraud in Ohio.

In the State of Ohio, in 1860, the vote was— Lincoln.....231,000 Opposition.....211,000

Total vote.....442,000 Since then, 145,000 have been taken as soldiers out of the State, 100,000 of whom, we may safely say, were voters. This would leave 342,000. Add 40,000 for the natural increase, and we have 382,000.

At the late election the vote stands— Republican.....247,216 Democratic.....185,465

Total vote.....432,681 Last year the vote in Ohio was— Democratic.....183,532 Republican.....178,662

Total vote.....362,194 In this we count only the home vote.— We leave it for all the honest to account for such voting. The war Democrat that didn't vote for Vallandigham can't be found. He got more votes than any Democrat ever got.

A PROPHECY—MR. CHASE.

In a private letter, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, written the other day, Mr. Vallandigham says: "I observe that Mr. Chase is making himself merry over my exile and defeat. Well, that is all right, too. But I remember when, a few years ago, the name of Salmon P. Chase was the synonym of everything odious and vile; and when he was one of the leaders of a party not numbering in the whole United States one-tenth part as many as the votes which I received in Ohio, at the late election, and poor and humble enough to be content with the crumbs which fell from the colored people's table at the Baker street chapel. My friend Mr. James Brooks, remembers, also, when he rescued Mr. Chase from the violence of a mob in Dayton, and led him, all trembling, by the arm to a place of safety. Now, Salmon P. Chase is high in wealth and position, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, while I am the subject of his scoffs as an exile. But I shall live to see the time when Mr. Chase will be rent to pieces by the whirlwind which he has contributed so much to raise, and made the victim of the very mob before which he now triumphs and exults, as did Belshazzar at his feast, and when 'Uncle Abe's pardon' will be of as little value to save him as one of 'Uncle Abe's vulgar jests.' I may have to 'watch and wait' for the time, but it will come, and I shall then be at home and in honor. Let him and his friends laugh now."

A Sad Case.

A N. Y. Times Washington special of the 5th gives the case of a widow of an officer or soldier killed in battle, having many months' back pay due him. The widow is suddenly left without a dollar to buy mourning or pay for the transportation of her husband's remains. These cases are of shockingly frequent occurrence. The rejection of the widow's demand for back pay or that of her agents is notoriously an event of daily occurrence in the War Department. All applicants are turned off with the disheartening information that from fourteen to sixteen months must pass away from the time of making application before the money can possibly be got by their representations.

BORN AGAIN.—Mr. Secretary Chase, in his speech at Indianapolis, said this great nation must be "born again."

We are afraid that it will prove a negro baby. But what does he mean, in fact, but that the nation must die? The old Government, the old Constitution, that happy system founded by Washington and Jefferson, and sustained for so many years of prosperity and honor, must die, perish forever, to give place to the hybrid monster begotten by Abolition out of War, and having hate for its breath and fanaticism for its food.

A violent Republican in Hartford met a Democratic coal dealer in the street and asked the price. "I suppose your coal is 'loyal'?" queried the radical. "Well, it's black enough, if that's what you mean," replied the other.

ITEMS, POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE.

DOINGS OF A REPUBLICAN SWELL MOB.—A Democratic meeting at Deekertown, Sussex county, N. J., on the evening of Oct. 23d, was interrupted by a band of shoddy ruffians, who threw rotten eggs and stones, and finally set fire to the hall in which the meeting was held. A stable adjoining, with seventeen horses, including a team belonging to the orator of the evening, (Hon. A. J. Rogers,) were consumed. Loss, about \$30,000. The loss of character on the part of the Republican party has not been estimated.

McClellan in Massachusetts.—Gen. Meagher gave a lecture at Tremont Temple, Boston, last week, entitled "Recollections of the Army of the Potomac." The name of McClellan was greeted by the audience with immense enthusiasm. This was significant in Boston, and is reported to have taken Gen. Meagher by surprise and somewhat disconcerted him. The Boston Republican papers make no mention of it.

Horace Greeley is writing a history of the war, for which a Hartford publishing house is to pay him the sum of \$10,000.—N. Y. Evening Post. If he would tell the truth about it, including what he knows of his own and his fellow war-workers' operations in bringing the war on, he would make a book of some interest, and value, though it might result in putting him—where he would rather not be.

Lincoln wrote to the chairman of the "Union State Central Committee" of Maryland that he desired to prevent no properly qualified citizen from voting, provided he was "loyal." Taking his own interpretation of the word, and also the opinions of Seward, Chase, Stanton, Halleck, &c., "disloyalty" means Democracy—therefore Democrats cannot be qualified voters. That's the way elections in the Border Slave States are carried for Abolitionism.

The Louisville Journal closes an article on the elections with these words: "We plead herein for the advancement of the conservative cause, on whose triumph depends, as we conceive, the preservation of the Government of our fathers. The defeat of the Republican party in the coming national election is a duty as solemn and vital as the people were ever called upon to perform at the ballot box."

SENATOR WILSON AND THE POOR.—In a speech made at Brunswick, Maine, the Abolition Senator from Massachusetts made this remark:

"ANY HONEST POOR MAN THAT CANNOT RAISE \$300 HAD BETTER GO TO THE WAR."

Mr. Wilson, it will be remembered, was the author of the conscription act.

DISPENSING WITH JURIES.—Having trampled upon almost every other constitutional right of the people, the radical Abolitionists now talk of dispensing with trial by jury. The Philadelphia Bulletin has broken ground on this question, and no doubt other papers of the same school of politics will soon follow.

Hon. E. W. Gantt has issued an address to the people of Arkansas. Mr. Gantt, is, as well known, and as he states in the address, was among the first for secession, but frankly confessed the errors of the past, and gives the people good advice to come back to their allegiance. It is a well written, honest and frank address, and should be read by all.

JUST SO.—A Republican army officer, indignant at the manner in which the war has been managed recently remarked: "if this war had been under the control of the Democrats, the rebels would have been driven into the Gulf of Mexico, long ago!"

The Democrats polled one thousand more votes in Allegheny county than they ever polled before, and yet the Republican ticket had over seven thousand majority, more than it ever received before. If this isn't a stupendous fraud, it must be a miracle.

AN INFERNAL MARRIAGE.—The last "Eik County Advocate" contains the following marriage notice:

On Tuesday, 27th ult., by the Rev. Roman Hell, at St. Mary's, Mr. Albert Weiss to Miss Mary Laganelt, all of St. Mary's.

We suppose "Hell would be to pay" after that marriage.

An Abolition Judge, in a speech up in Ottawa county, Ohio, the other day, advised young ladies to discard their Democratic leas and turn them out of doors. The leasier girls mobbed him.

The Boston Traveller observes:—"New playing cards are spoken of, the pictures on which are to be taken from the forms and faces of men who have distinguished themselves in the war. Eminent contractors will sit for the knaves."

NEGRO EQUALITY.—The principal of the State Michigan Normal School has admitted negro children to all the rights and privileges which other scholars have.—So we go on the straight road to negro equality and amalgamation.—Albion (Mich.) Mirror.

As an illustration of red tape, it is told that the steward of one of the hospitals in Washington declined to furnish ice to stop a soldier's hemorrhage, because it was not the appointed time to open the ice-chest! The soldier died.

Brigham Young, in a late address to the Mormons, says that the present war is a "visitation from heaven upon the people because they killed the prophet of God, Joseph Smith, Jr."

We incline to the opinion that Brigham is mistaken. Haven't God's angels raised the voice for a war of extermination, haven't they gone yet—they are waiting to be drafted.

OUTRAGED BY A NEGRO.—Santa Anna Perrell, a colored man, was committed to the Washington county prison by Esquire Scott, of Beallville, on Monday last, charged with committing an outrage on Mrs. Isabella Snyder, the widow of a late member of the Ringgold Cavalry.

A special Washington dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette states that recruiting stations for slaves have been opened in all the lower counties of Maryland.—An order for a similar course in Kentucky and Tennessee will soon be issued.

The N. Y. Herald says there is no need of making so much fuss about the new National Banks, as they are only the extension of the old banking system, or rather of the most vicious part of it—nothing more.

Prentice says the Administration, if it suspend any more of our brave Generals, will lose its suspenders, and make an unseemly exhibition of itself.

"Love in a cottage" is all very well when you own the cottage, and have lots of money out at interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Kentucky, are reported to be parents of twenty-two children. Rather an extensive Brewery, that.

John Moffat, the famous inventor of the pills that bear his name, died in New York on Friday, in the 76 year of his age. He left a fortune of a million and a half of dollars, realized from the sale of his medicines.

To the poor man, poverty greater than his own, never appeals in vain.

Communications.

FURLOUGHING.

The attempt of the Abolitionists to deny that the Administration discriminated in favor of Republicans in granting furloughs to soldiers immediately before the late election in this and other States, is only "of a piece" with their other sayings and doings. It is an unquestionable fact, and can be established by any number of affidavits, that those who were furloughed were almost invariably interrogated as to their politics. We have the names of four good and true men, from this county, belonging to various regiments in the field, who were all catechised on the subject, and are willing to be sworn to the fact. Hundreds of thousands of statements, to this effect, can be produced, and are making their appearance in various parts of the State.

The following communication on the subject is most opportune, and is from a gentleman of high character and unimpeachable veracity. Let everybody read it:—

For the Messenger.

FURLOUGHING SOLDIERS.

Messrs. Editors:—In reading the last "Republican" (to which I am a subscriber), I was somewhat amused, as well as disgusted, at its editorial in which it attempted to deny that there had been a discrimination in furloughing soldiers to come home to vote. It appears from the Editor's own language that he would have the honest people of Greene county to disbelieve what is true, and believe that which he, as well as every honest man, knows to be false. In thus attempting to cover up the truth, and thereby justify the dishonest proceedings of those whom he wickedly follows, he made use of the following language in speaking of the Messenger and its Editors:—

"It is fling at the Administration for discriminating, in granting furloughs, in favor of those who support its policy, was sufficiently rebuked on our streets by Democratic soldiers who had received furloughs. They proclaimed boldly and defiantly that any one who said they had been questioned as to whom they would vote for prior to getting their furlough, was a liar, and the truth was not in him. They hurled this slander back in the very teeth of those who uttered it, and made them snifle and whine like culprit boys."

Now, Messrs. Editors, allow me to say to the people through the columns of your paper that the Democratic soldiers (at least many of them,) did say that they were questioned concerning their politics before obtaining their furloughs to come home to vote.

A Sergeant of Co. A, 140th Pa. Vols., whose name I will not give at present, for fear it might interfere with his promotion, (as Democrats, if they are known to be such, are seldom promoted,) which he fully merits on account of gallant conduct on the field of battle, was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and had been at least a month in the hospital, and on account of his wound; but having recovered, started back to the army a few days before the election. On seeing him back home again so soon after his departure for the army, my surprise led to the following questions:—

Question.—How is your wounded leg?

Answer.—It is now entirely well.

Ques.—What brought you back so soon?

Ans.—I suppose I came home to vote.

Ques.—You came, then, to vote for Curtis?

Ans.—I did not say so.

Ques.—Well, then, how did you get a furlough?

Ans.—I will tell you. The Adjutant came to me and asked what my politics were? I told him that I was a Union man. He asked me if I was a supporter of the Administration? I told him that I had been supporting the Administration for more than a year. He then asked me if I was a Curtin or a Woodward man? I rather got me, but I said to him if I got a vote I will have to vote the Union ticket clear through. The next day a furlough came for my brother and myself. And now we are both here, and will vote what we regard the Union ticket after we get up to old Richhill.

The above conversation took place in Waynesburg. If you see proper to give place in your column to the above facts, which I am willing to be qualified to, and which I can prove, you may do so.

Very respectfully yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER TO THE REPUBLICAN.

This is to certify that the above conversation took place in my presence, and the facts set forth are true to the best of my recollection.

A. MANNING, Co. A, 140th P. V.

Salt River Correspondence.



For the Messenger. OLD SHIP CONSTITUTION, ON THE RIVER AT SALT, Oct. 28th, 1863.

My Dear Friends:—I propose to give you, in this letter, some account of a wonderful vision one of the old men of our company had just before leaving home on this long and weary voyage. Below he sends it to the people:—

My son—our first born—the object of our dearest love and most affectionate care—whom we had reared in the way of virtue, and educated with the view to an honored life, was among the dead at Gettysburg. We brought him home to that dear hearth by which he had grown from infancy to young manhood, to the home which he had left but a few months ago in the glow of health and the enthusiasm of hope. We had brought him back, a mangled corpse, with a ghastly wound on his fair brow—hardly to be recognized now, even by the loving mother who had borne him, and who had bewailed him with unceasing lamentations.

Dead! And my house was filled with the sad faces of friends and neighbors, who had known and loved our boy, and in the hour of our overwhelming sorrow. He was buried, and I returned to a home which was saddened forever, to that familiar room where, in the years that were past, my boy had so often, from infancy to manhood, sat on my knee, or by my side. How dark it seemed! How dolorous!

And sleep had fled from me. My eyes, which had refused to weep, seemed as if they were seared, and blessed slumber cannot come.

All through the dreary hours—hours which seemed ages!—of that awful night I waited, and watched, and knew not where. That long night wore away at last, and a day fasting succeeded; and the dolorous night came again.

As I looked out of the window to the North, a great light, neither of the sun, nor moon, nor stars, but brighter and clearer than mid-day, illuminated what seemed a vast plain, upon which the minutest object might be discerned with a clearness which was new to me. And as I looked, I beheld the coming of a great host, marching to the sorrowful sound of muffled drums. As they came nearer and glided past, I remarked that there was no sound of footsteps where they trod. Then I knew they were specters, the shadows of the countless dead, fallen in battle. Their garments were soiled and torn. And I observed, with a shudder which thrilled horribly through me, that the death wound upon every form, and that each ghastly face was the face of a corpse. Great God! Here was an arm shot away; and there was a gash on the forehead; again, an eyeball burst with a shot; and yet again a temple crushed as by a blow of a gun-barrel. And as the specter host glided by, I heard a voice saying: "Weary, indeed, wilt thou be gazing; for long days and days must elapse, marching at this forced march which thou beholdest, ere this vast army of the dead can pass."

I turned away in horror, and prayed that I might be spared a spectacle which seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins. But now I know as I had not known before, what a multitude had fallen in battle.

When I looked again, the vision had changed, and lo! in place of those grisly shadows, I beheld a great pool of blood. It was so large that ships might ride on its crimson billows. And congregated by hundreds of thousands, all around the wide circumference of its margin, were women, pallid and tearful, each clad in robes of sable blackness, and having little children by the hands, who wept incessantly, and gazing into their mothers' faces, called upon those who could make no response, for their blood was in the pool at their feet. And far beyond this horrible pool, my gaze extended to houses made desolate and families impoverished. I beheld these widows in their struggle for bread. I could see them, chilled and shivering, and crouching, in scant clothing, over wretched embers, which imparted no warmth, but which they could not give up. And I beheld those orphan children, squalid and wretched, uncared for and uneducated, going down to the haunts of vice, swept into the vortex of crime, for the want of the father's guiding and restraining hand. And I cried out, in the bitterness of my heart, "How long, oh Lord, how long!" And what shall we obtain which will repay us for these horrid sacrifices?

And the voice answered: "Look to the left of the pool which I behold, and see how many beholders!"

And I looked, and beheld a vast grove of trees, which were leafless and dead; and on the branches of the trees were huddled myriads of unclean birds, lazily flapping their wings and wiping what seemed to be blood from their beaks. And underneath was a multitude of men, crying "Blood, blood, blood, more blood!" And the voice said: "These are the shoddy contractors, and place holders, and money getters, and the ungodly among the priesthood. Listen attentively to their words."

And I heard in loud and demonic shrieks, "prosecute the war. Down with the peace scoundrels. No compromise.—No adjustment. No settlement. The war must go on. Down with the Constitution—it is a league with hell. Cursed be the old Union—it is a covenant with death. Down with liberty—except for the negroes. Arm the black man. Fire the torch.—Whet the blade, burn cities, depopulate villages, waste plantations, take the bread from lamishing children, drive weeping women from the roofs that shelter them. Steal books, steal pictures, steal precious plate. God is asleep. There is no hell, neither is there a judgment."

And as I gazed, I cried out, "Merciful heaven, are these men or are they devils? Am I on earth, or rather, has not the veil been removed which hides the unseen from this visible world? Am I not looking upon fiends abroad? Am I not hearing the voice of hell? Listen yet again, while the ungodly priests are speaking!"

And I listened and heard: "A new Commandment I give unto ye, that ye hate one another. Turn your ploughshares into swords and your pruning-hooks into spears. Thou shalt hate thy neighbors. Do not unto others as you would have them do unto you. Accursed be the peace-makers. Christ was the Prince of War. Thou shalt fight, thou shalt steal, thou shalt bear false witness against thy neighbor, thou shalt kill. Glory to John Brown. Glory to the new Saviour. Hosannas to the new Redeemer."

But I could endure this impious blasphemy no more. Turning away, I beheld, flitting about, beneath the unclean birds, yet over the heads of the demonic crowd, a phantom figure with a long, grizzly beard and a rope about his neck.

And the voice said: "The phantom which thou sees is the spirit which begets the idolatry, the blasphemy, the fraud, the rapine and the crime which thou hast witnessed."

And as I looked I beheld many familiar faces, though they seemed disturbed with evil passions, such as avarice, hatred, revenge, &c. One whom I saw was diminutive in stature and appearance, but he held a big book under his arm, and on the cover of the book was inscribed, \$3000 per annum. Avarice was his passion, and he bartered his soul for gold.—And I beheld an elderly man, with marked features, and iron-grey hair, and a look which betokened intellectual power, who with strong speech was goading the frantic multitude to yet greater excess. He had bartered his soul at the shrine of Ambition. And yet another, younger in appearance, with a beard prematurely white, who had sold himself for naught, and who pursued the grizzly phantom, grasping and clutching at what was at last, shadowy and unreal. And many I beheld, who looked sad, and gave signs of remorse, and who seemed anxious to escape from the damned beings who surrounded them.

And the voice said: "Look now to the right and see that which is to be seen."

And I looked, and lo! a great assemblage of men, many of whom had scrolls in their hands, and many were bearing banners. Of the scrolls, some were inscribed in golden letters: "The Constitution"; others, "Christ's Sermon on the Mount"; others, "The Golden Rule." On the banners I read, "Constitutional Liberty"; "The Union as our fathers made it"; "Blessed are the peacemakers"; "Compromise—agree with thine adversary while thou art in the way with him." I observed that the eyes of the assemblage were turned toward heaven, and looking up I saw against the sky a bright cross bearing the inscription which greeted the eyes of the first Christian Emperor of Rome, "By this sign thou shalt conquer." And I beheld the heavens opening, and the spirit descending like a dove. The shades of departed statesmen and patriots and of murdered martyrs were hovering in the air. There were Washington, and Webster, and Clay, and Jackson, and Douglas; and as they gazed upon the left, their countenances evinced sorrow and indignation. There, too, were the twelve innocent men slain by the monster McNeil; and Munford, who was hanged by Butler the beast, and Bollman, with that sad smile upon his face, which he wore when dying. And I looked again to the left, and I saw that there as any one sought to get out of that infernal circle, its denizens yelled after him with bitter imprecations of "Traitor," "Disloyal," and similar epithets, or rushed after him with swords, or drove him back with bayonets. Yet many escaped, with great joy at their deliverance, and met with glad welcome from the rapidly increasing hosts on the right.

And from the left they incessantly called and begged for deserters from the right. But few responded, and the only ones promised an enormous price. And these crawled on their bellies through mire and filth, from one assemblage to the other. And I noticed that their faces instantly became black, and their feet cloyed, and their tongues forked fiery.

And the voice said: "What thou beholdest at the North is but a counterpart of what I might show thee at the South.—There is a great host of devils, and there curdeth a pool of blood; and devils are there crying for carnage and for vengeance. There, too, is a great host, like unto that which thou seest on the right, begging for Union, for Peace, for Compromise, for Constitution. But look yet again, and thou wilt see the terrible judgments which are in store for a people who violate the commands of the Almighty!"

And I beheld a brazen sky, and glaring sun, and vegetation parched with drouth, the springs whose fountains had failed, channels rocky and dry. And I saw multitudes of men, women and children hurrying with parched tongues and feeble footsteps to the great lakes and rivers, to appease the demands of thirst.

I looked again, and beheld another curse, for the green fields were smitten with frost in the summer time, and yielded not the harvest; and the cattle were dying by the wayside; and the faces of the farmers were wan and lony, and children were crying for bread; and there was famine in the land.

And I beheld yet another curse. Fire grew dark; and I herd the rushing of heavy winds, and lo! the Angel of Pestilence passed, crying "Wo! wo! wo! to the people accursed." And strong men fell down and died on the highways; and plague spots came upon every breast, and there was none to minister to the dying, and none to bury the dead; and the vultures grew fat and rumped the land.

And I heard a voice saying: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!"

And that which I here relate is truth in its very essence. And I have written it because it is truth. And let all the people receive it as truth. And I beg and implore all who shall read it to be instructed in the things which it teaches, and to consider well that which they do. Study the divine book. Pray without ceasing for heavenly guidance. And let those who have been turned by false teachers and ungodly priests into that infernal convocation over which the demon spirit of John Brown bears rule, flee, in the name of God, as they would avoid the just curse of heaven, resting neither night nor day, until they have set their feet on the hallowed ground, whereon they stood when the blessing of Christ rested upon us all.—Amen.

In my next letter I shall tell you something of the various vessels we have met since we parted from the "Contraband" at Amalgamation Island. Yours truly and only, NEVER SAY DIR.

PITTSBURGH MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH, Nov 14th, 1863. FLOUR—The market yesterday was very quiet; buyers manifested but little disposition to operate. The only business that was transacted being in a small way, in lots to meet the wants of the local trade from store. We note sales of Extra, 150 bbls at 56 25 75 75 bbls. Extra Family, sales of 200 bbls at 56 50 @ 67 50. Some very choice lots were sold above those figures. Sales of lots from Wagon were made at a variety of prices as to quality.

GRAIN.—The market remains very firm, but not active, for the best of reasons—the amount to operate with being very limited. The receipts appear to have fallen off. Every description of grain is in great request. The rates here are as follows:—Wheat, Red \$1 25, White, \$1 30 @ 1 35, with small sales from wagons at these figures. Oats were in good request; sales on the track at 75 @ 76c, and from store at the usual advance. Barley in active request; sale of Spring at \$1 80; Fall 1 50 per bushel. Bye, none offering. Corn—was sold at \$1 12 per bushel.

News of the Day.

Our Army Still Moving—Lee Reported to be at Chattanooga—Quarrel between North Carolinians and Louisiana Tigers—Another Bread Riot.

New York, Nov. 10.—A Tribune special, dated Washington, 9th, says: No considerable opposition is offered to the onward march of the Army of the Potomac. Yesterday the rebels, having rapidly fallen back and placed the Rapidan between them and the advancing columns, a brigade of Buford's cavalry encountered a brigade of rebel cavalry at Waterloo Bridge in the morning, and after a short fight drove them across the river. Having orders to proceed in another direction, the pursuit was not followed up. Last night Buford's cavalry occupied Culpepper, and the main body of the army was in the vicinity of Brandy Station.

To-day our advance was pushed on and is at the Rapidan. The enemy is on the south side, in their old entrenchments. Our forces are rapidly moving upon different fords of the Rapidan. If any determined resistance is to be made, it will probably be in disputing the passage of the river.

Meanwhile, reported movements are being made by another column, in a more Southerly direction, and the reports of H. Patrick being in possession of the Heights of Fredericksburg are reiterated. Furthermore, it is stated that Lee is not with the forces in front of Meade, but A. P. Hill and Ewell are in command.—Lee is reported to have gone to Chattanooga.

Prisoners taken make the usual brags of how Meade will be soon whipped, and give out mysterious hints as to his being drawn into a trap. The rebels confirm the reported destitution of their army, and the North Carolina troops captured declare they will not again take up arms. The North Carolinians and Louisiana Tigers had a fight in the cars on their way to town upon this topic, the former boldly saying they were heartily sick of war, and did not wish to be exchanged. The latter called them paltrons, and at length the two parties came to blows.

A private letter from an inmate of Libby Prison, dated October 13th, states that the Union prisoners receive no meat—it being impossible for the rebels, who are starving themselves, to supply it. Already another bread riot, of which the Richmond papers make no mention, has occurred. The real cause of the difficulty is said to be the entire worthlessness of the rebel currency. The farmers have grain and cattle to sell, but not to give away for paper rags, or to put it within the iron grasp of the rebel government, if they can help it.

The Rebels South of the Rapidan.

New York, November 11.—The Herald has the following:—Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Nov. 10.—Yesterday two squadrons of the First New York dragoons, under command of Captain Jacob W. Knapp, attached to Buford's division, left the command at Mud Run to reconnoiter the country in the wake of the retreating rebels. They proceeded to Culpepper, changed through the town, driving twice their own number of rebels before them, rested themselves and horses while they took fifteen prisoners and then returned with their trophies to Brandy Station.

We hold Culpepper to-day, and our lines extend to the Rapidan below. The railroad will be completed to Bealton to night. The road will be repaired as fast as the army advances. All is quiet in front to-day, the rebels having gone to the south side of the Rapidan.

Burnside's Position in Danger.

The failure to receive any intelligence from Gen. Burnside is regarded as rather ominous, coupled with the disaster to a small portion of his command, as announced by Grant.—It is so essential to the other movements that he should hold the position, that the sacrifice of two or three thousand men, if necessary, will be submitted to.

General Bragg is believed to be marching up to Tennessee, and the reported occupation of Loudon by the rebels is credited. Burnside will not fall back, however, without giving the enemy battle.

Rich Gold Mines.

A letter from Captain Fish's expedition to ascertain the best northern route to the gold diggings, dated: "Bannock City, Grasshopper Creek, Idaho Territory, Oct. 6," says the expedition party arrived at that place a week previously, all well.—The diggings near that place are yielding \$500,000 per week. The party expected to winter there, as the road to Walla Walla (en route for the Pacific) is almost impassible. The writer adds that the gold mines now being discovered in the region are some of the richest in the world.

Price Defeated in Arkansas.

St. Louis, Nov. 10.—Little Rock advises say that Col. Caldwell, with seven hundred cavalry, entered Arkadelphia, on the 28th ult. They found the rear guard of Price's army just leaving the town. Our forces attacked and routed them, capturing a large number of their wagons, and taking several hundred prisoners. Caldwell then destroyed a large powder mill and great quantities of stores and ammunition. He now holds the town.

cluded in the cartel, and all exchange of prisoners has ceased until this difference is adjusted.

Woman and two Children Burnt to Death.

On the night of the 25th ult., a house about two miles east of Berlin, Somerset county, took fire in the kitchen. The occupants were Mr. Raymen, his wife and two children. Mr. Rayman was sleeping down stairs and got out of the house and called for his wife, who was sleeping above the kitchen with the children, to knock out the sash—there being no communication with the other part of the house—and jump out. She appeared at the window, but immediately disappeared, the floor falling in. Their bones were discovered among the ashes next day.

Reported Disaster to Burnside.

Now that the details of a temporary disaster to Burnside have been received, there is no longer any objection to alluding to the affair. It seems he was attacked by the rebels at Rogersville, Hawkins county, about fifteen miles from the Virginia State line, and about fifty from Knoxville, Tennessee.

Loss of Prisoners and Cannon.—The enemy were in large force, and carried the positions held by our forces after a brief fight, without very great loss in killed and wounded, though we lost six hundred prisoners and four cannon.

A Boy Hero.