

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

A short account of my visit to the army of the Cumberland has been promised; and on account of sickness, has been delayed.

We will now try to redeem our promise.
First, The distance from Pittsburgh to Atlanta, via Crestone, Indianapolis, Louisville, Nashville, and Chattanooga, is 979 miles. Our place of labour was assigned us at Kingston, Ga., 79 miles below Chattanooga; and 29 from Kennesaw Mountains, which was the front.

OUR WORK.
Was to feed the sick and wounded soldiers passing along from the front, towards Chattanooga and Nashville. In doing this, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions joined hands, and just labored together. In supplying their wants, we used milk punch, ale, coffee, ham, shirts, quilts, bandages, &c. And when time permitted, I would go to the hospital about a mile distant, preach, pray, read Scripture, write letters, distribute paper, envelopes, tract books, newspapers, &c.

SUFFERINGS OF SOLDIERS.
An idea may be had of this, when we state that many hundreds, and indeed thousands of them, whose wounds were dressed on the battlefield, and at the nearest possible point were just put upon the cars (freight cars.) laid on the bare floors and jolted and jolled from the front to Chattanooga, a distance of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty miles, often occupying two and three days and nights; and during this passage very little relief can be afforded or provisions obtained for them, except what comes through Sanitary and other agents stationed along the way. Yet all this was unavoidable. Stern necessity demanded their removal; and very little grumbling and complaining was heard from this mass of suffering humanity.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.
Has done a great work in relieving suffering and saving the precious lives of many of our brave and noble soldiers. This Commission has three trains of cars running from Louisville to the front. These cars are supplied with beds, spring mattresses, swinging beds, &c., &c., for the accommodation and comfort of these unfortunate sufferers. Each of these trains will take about four hundred sick at once, and always a surgeon in attendance; and I will add to this statement the fact, that so through were these trains, and so busily was the road employed, that during our stay we never saw but one train of these cars, and that only once a week. Yet it looked like civilization when it did come, and fortunate was the sufferer who gained a berth thereon.

We are aware that some suppose that their money and goods are squandered going through the hands of the agents, surgeons, &c.; and it is true that sometimes the agents are unfortunate in the selection of their men; but from our observation we conclude that not more than one dollar of every ten is spent in paying, feeding and transportation, with what may be improperly squandered or wasted, and we think this is not extravagant. The sanitary confines its labors to the temporal wants of the sufferers, and we are fully satisfied that the general superintendents strive to make the Commission reach the object designed in its formation.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.
Its benefits, advantages and comforts to the soldier, sick and wounded or well cannot be overestimated. It reaches all his sanitary wants, except providing trains for transportation, and comprehends especially his spiritual wants; sends him the living, warm hearted minister of Christ to comfort and cheer him and point him to the "Lamb of God;" to write letters, supply with paper, envelopes, &c., when needed; to distribute books, tracts, papers, &c., and, in short, provide our brave "boys" with a wholesome religious literature, the benefits of which may be seen in society when they return from the service, but will never be wholly developed until eternity sheds a new light upon the labors of time.

The delegate of the Christian Commission finds his way into the hospital of sick or wounded, into the prisons or dungeons of our own prisoners or rebels, and under the most forbidding circumstances sows the Gospel seed.

The following is a copy of a letter written by a deserter in prison at Chattanooga, to his mother:

CHATTANOOGA, June 12th.
DEAR MOTHER: It is with pleasure I seat myself this morning to inform you I am well, and I hope these few lines may find you all enjoying the same blessing. Now, mother, you may think strange that I have one cheerful thought, placed under the circumstances that I am. But I feel

more encouragement this day than I ever did in my life before—for my past life has been one of sin and open rebellion against my Creator. And when I look back and consider how lenient God has been to me in sickness and in battle, how He has spared my life to this time, I cannot be too thankful for the tender mercies shown me. After I was forwarded to this place, the delegates and ministers of the Christian Commission visited our place of confinement, and thank God, through their faithful ministry and circulation of the blessed volume and tracts, I was brought to see my sinful condition, and I implored God's forgiveness and mercy.

"I thank my God for such an Institution. May it ever prosper, and may God bless the faithful laborers concerned in it; and may more be brought to see the sin and folly of their ways in the same manner. I was converted. At first, I rejected the test, and was determined to resist anything good; but one day I picked up a small tract entitled "Too Late." It suited my case. I soon procured a Testament, with many papers and tracts. I soon turned my thoughts to heavenly and divine things, and earnestly sought God's forgiveness. I can truly say I love Jesus and all things pertaining to God. Things I once hated I now love. When first the faithful ministers came around, I used to say, as many others did, "They come to preach, to escape the service." But I thank God I am led to see and feel different towards them now. I love to see them come, and I cheer my sad hours, and that is not all; they always bring some good reading matter, which I am sure to share; and instead of getting down in the corner to play cards as soon as the minister's back is turned, I now peruse the sacred volume distributed among us.

"Oh! mother, encourage the Christian Commission with all your might, and tell my brother and sisters they cannot do too much for the Commission. When I am placed so that I can, I will aid it all I can, for I know the good of it. Mother, I trust your prayers have been heard and answered for your unworthy son. I still invoke an interest in your prayers. By the help of God, I will lead a different life, devoted to the cause of my blessed Savior, whom I have so disloyally treated. Oh, that all would do as I have now done, or be led to see as I have seen.

"My love and best regards to all inquiring friends.
"From your absent son,
"THOS. R. CARSKADEN."

This man was induced to desert by a Copperhead, during the riot at New York, who paid his fare after getting him drunk, &c.

The delegates of the Christian Commission are men who go out from principles of piety and patriotism. No object of money to draw out the worthless class of ministers, therefore the Commission is a decided success and stands very high in the estimation of both officers and men. Besides, there is not more than half the ratio required to pay transportation, expenses, &c., that is required in the Sanitary Commission. Will we not sustain this Commission more heartily than we have done, by our contributions, our prayers (allowing them to go and labor,) and our earnest prayers?

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
Is a grand sight. Starting from the railroad at its base, and in close proximity to the Tennessee river, it makes a circuit of some ten to fifteen miles, when it ends in what is called Missionary Ridge, again touching the Tennessee river, and making a complete horse-shoe, and inside of this horse-shoe is Chattanooga; and we were utterly astonished that an army could occupy this place while the enemy captured the range, of mountains, and escape capture. An overruling Providence is our only explanation.

BUZZARD'S ROOST.
Is a most impregnable position. We cannot conceive of anything more defensible than this famous place, from which the rebels were driven by Sherman and his army. We remarked upon seeing it from the railroad, that Johnston's army was no match for Sherman's. And on being asked how we knew that fact, remarked that no army thus situated would suffer themselves to be flanked if their force was adequate to meet the foe. Later developments have established the truthfulness of our belief, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

IGNORANCE OF THE NATIVES.
This is visible in every department of society. But we need not write of this; it has been faithfully and properly portrayed by correspondents of the New York Tribune, to all of which we have read, after seeing for ourselves, we can heartily say amen. The simple cause of

this deplorable ignorance is in the fact that common or free schools are unknown; and the reason they are not known is because the rich slaveholder frowns upon them; and the reason he frowns upon them is because they are dangerous to the institution of slavery. And as the common and poor whites cannot have schools without the approbation of the aristocracy, therefore the masses of the people grow up in the most abject ignorance, not knowing one letter, or figure from another, but well trained in all the social vices attendant upon such a state of society. These things our eyes have seen, and our ears have heard, and from the households of these ignorant creatures the rebel armies have been gathered. Now is it not quite evident that the slavery of the South stops not with the colored race, but actually spreads its withering pall over a large majority of the Southern whites, and brings many of them down far below the level of the negro, and in fact are used only to elect their lords to office, and to raise insurrection against the Government, as in the present instance. Just as the horse obeys his master, so do these poor whites obey their masters, and lords of the land. But it may be asked, are there no intelligent men or women in Georgia. Verily, yes—a favored few. The rich planter sends his son or daughter North among the dejected Yankees, or to some high school, where they receive a liberal education. But the poor man cannot do this; therefore he must submit to the interests of slavery, soul and body, and just believe what the slaveholder tells him, for that is his only source of information. And as the very fountain of light, the Word of eternal truth, is prostituted and perverted by them to sustain the institution of slavery, what chance has the white or black for the salvation of his soul or the enlightenment of his mind? No wonder that gross darkness covers the people. No wonder that God is wiping out the base institution of slavery and doing it at our expense, for it is "the sum of all villainies" and the cloak of all crimes.

"And may God speed the day
When it will be washed away."
E. WOODRUFF.

The Army for Lincoln.
Our neighbor of the Herald, would fain have us believe, that Little Mac was going to run a large vote in the army, and after searching for some time, hit on two names that he ventured to announce, for McClellan. We have since learned from what we believe good authority, that in this, as in almost everything heady, he is disappointed.

Had we room, we could tire our readers with letters from the army, urging the election of Lincoln. They don't say much against McClellan, but hate his Copperhead associates; and on that account, if no other, will not support him. For the purpose of showing the sentiment of the soldiers, we will give extracts of a few of the many letters in our possession, all bearing on the same subject. The following was written at Chattanooga, by a former citizen of Donegal township, and is written to his father. He says:

"Things look pretty prosperous at the front, and we have all appearances of a speedy termination of the war, if the infernal Copperheads of the North are kept down. But now, when Southern rebels are beaten and discouraged; and everything looking bright on our side, we hear the voice of dissension in the North, and of course, if it is not stopped, the rebels will pick up new courage. I say then the cowardly sneaking Copperheads and Peace men of the North. The rebels say they cannot unite with the peace men of the North, but will kindly receive their assistance in breaking up Mr. Lincoln's war policy, and establishing the confederacy! But a single chance remains for them, (the Rebels) and that is the result of the next Presidential election. If a Democrat is elected they feel sure of negotiations, and the recognition of their confederacy. In the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, they see only subjugation and annihilation, for the war must then continue; and continuance is their failure. They cannot continue the war, and will not attempt it. As soon as Lincoln is re-elected, Southern hope dies; and the Union will again be restored, more firmly than ever—semented by the blood of her gallant heroes, it can never be broken. Now, what I have to say to you is, be true to the old flag; stand firm. Let no peace doctrine turn you.

I saw the returns of the election on the Amendment to the Constitution, extending the right of suffrage to soldiers. I noticed how Donegal, Clearfield and Summit went.
Donegal for soldiers voting, 19 votes, against 199!

Now I know how many men I have got in Donegal! The man that says I shall not vote, is a cowardly mean Copperhead.

I will remember all such, and while I live, treat them as my open enemies, and it not me alone who feels thus—it is the universal sentiment of the army. Many of these cowards will soon be called to judgment for this contemptible act. But to those who stood by us, we return our thanks, and if ever they should stand in need of friends, they can count us in.—Thank God, there were enough of Loyal, true-hearted men in Pennsylvania to give us a vote! and we will now elect honest old Abraham to the Presidential chair—whip the fighting rebels of the South—go home and cowhide the cowardly sneaks of Copperheads.

"Oh, that will be joyful."
JESSE S. THORNBURG.

The following will explain itself:
"MESSRS. EDITORS.—You will confer a favor by publishing the following letter from my father, in your valuable paper. I am sorry that I should get such a letter from my father; but I think it right to let the people know the kind of encouragement we get from our Copperhead friends at home. I also send you a copy of my answer to let you know what we think of such sentiments." The letter is dated Aug. 29, 1864—was written a short distance from here—we can only give extracts.

"I want you to let me know how you like the war? and what you are fighting for? if you are fighting to free the nigger, God help the men that are in the army. When this war commenced, I thought it was to restore this once glorious Union. But alas! it turned out to be to free the nigger! and kill off all the white men! for the Abolitionists say that the nigger is as good as a white man—if you can make the nigger your equal, then fight to get them free! But I cannot see that the nigger is as good as the white man, for God has put that mark on them to show that they are not the white man's equal. Look at all of Old Abe's work since he has been President. It has been a continual slaughter of white men to free the nigger! Now vote for Old Abe this fall, and you will have war enough! but I hope you have got the wool off your eyes. Now come out and vote the Democratic ticket, and save the country from the curse that hangs over us. We had good times when the Democrats had the reigns of Government, and would have the same good times again.—Now vote for the Democratic candidate for President this fall, and let the world see that you are not in favor of the nigger."

To his son replies, Sept. 17th, '64, as follows:
"DEAR FATHER: It is with pleasure I embrace the present opportunity of answering your letter of the 29th Aug. I was glad to hear that you were all well, but I was both sorry and astonished to see the position that you have taken in the political affairs of this great nation, in its time of peril. In the first place you wanted to know how I liked the service? and what I was fighting for? I thank God that I am able to be here; where I hope to remain till the last rebel has been compelled to lay down his arms and acknowledge his allegiance to this Government. I believe I am fighting for the restoration of the Union! and for the overthrow of a hell-born rebellion that has never had an equal on earth for heinousness. It is no time now to stop to enquire whether the negro is our equal or not; or who caused the war. If the negro is made free by the operations of war, the South, who caused the war, has done it.

I heartily endorse the emancipation proclamation, and am decidedly in favor of confiscating all rebel property—whether in slaves or anything else.

Just so far as God has made the negro our equal, he will be so, no farther! But this is not the question now to be decided: it is whether we are going to maintain this Government or let it go under. I am willing to see peace as any one else; but an unwilling to concede one iota to the enemies of this Government. I would rather leave my bones to bleach on southern soil, than to cowardly knuckle down to Jefferson Davis and his motley crew of traitors.

You ask me to come out like a man, and support the so-called Democratic ticket! When I get to be a Southern sympathizer, and want to aid the rebel cause, I will do so! but at present I am determined to support the Administration in all honorable means taken to quell this Hellish and most uncalled for rebellion.

I do believe that the Copperheads of the North are doing as much harm to our cause as if they were in arms with their "southern brethren" against us! I believe their position would, then be more manly and honorable! I would ask you to look at the bloody plains of manassas; the saturated fields of Antietam and Gettysburg! the fiery bluffs of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville! the gory hills

and swamps from the Wilderness to Petersburg! The blood washed mountains and valleys of the west, where the bones of many of our noblest heroes are now bleaching beneath a southern sky, and say whether you can think of a compromise with such traitors? No, every death this rebellion has cost us, should make its doom the more certain. I for one am willing to add my life to the many that have been sacrificed, before we give up.

From the New York Post, Monday, Sept. 25.

Trade and Prices.
The fall in the premium on gold is having its legitimate effect on the prices of all descriptions of foreign dry goods; and the disposition to sell is the feature of the general market.

The auctioneers are just now doing a business greater than has been recently known, if their announcements are to be considered as evidence; but the truth is that while the holders of the goods are anxious to sell, and are endeavoring to realize by taking the highest bids in the open market, their offerings are not disposed of in great quantities; a majority of the trade, it appears, believing that by waiting they will be able to make still better bargains.

During the latter part of last week comparatively few goods changed hands in this city; on Saturday there was scarcely any trade; on Monday the market was little better; and to-day the auctioneers are monopolizing about all the business.

At two or three of the several auctions in the various departments of the dry goods trade to-day, the attendance of buyers and speculators is large; at others there are only a few persons; but it is observed that the bidding is nowhere spirited; though some goods are freely taken at reduced rates—in a few cases thirty-three to 40 per cent. less than the regular prices of three weeks ago.

It is also a noticeable fact that the auctioneers almost without exception, are extensively "passing" goods in their catalogues—in some cases amounting to a large portion of the entire offerings. This indicates not only that the prices obtained are not equal to what had been expected, but that the owners of the goods are not yet ready to concede a reduction ranging all the way from twenty to fifty per cent.

The largest mercantile firms in the city are "marking down" their goods—a process which has been going forward for the past week or ten days. Some of the men of best judgment in this trade forecast what was to take place, and made their arrangements for the permanent change of rates they believe the present to be.

The reductions vary materially. On some goods they do not exceed ten to fifteen per cent; on others thirty to fifty, while the average is between twenty and twenty-five per cent. Sheetings have fallen about fifteen cents a yard, and prints which were worth nearly half a dollar a yard, ten cents.

Woolen cloths are cheaper—as much as three dollars a yard on the best imported heavier overcoat—which now costs ten to twelve dollars a yard. Other imported cloths have been reduced in the same ratio—on new goods in exact proportion to the fall in the prices of gold.

The reduction in the rates for domestic goods is not so large. These goods do not rise as much as fabrics of foreign manufacture, and through their nominal value has been enhanced in some cases a hundred per cent. The quality of the goods has improved, owing to the protection our manufacturers have received from the high rates of exchange and the customs duties.

The stock of goods in market is not so large as would naturally be supposed from the figures given from week to week of the value of importations. Large quantities of the goods remain in hand; others are reshipped at a loss to the importer, and the quantity on sale is about equal to the average at this season before the war. While values may fall still lower, well-informed merchants believe that such a state of things would be attended with an early reaction. The reduction in the prices of foreign goods will, it is quite probable, continue.

It is evident that the "panic" in the trade is lessening; merchants are preparing for the decrease in rates which has already taken place, and may yet come.

It appears likely that the chief sufferers will not be the regular dealers, but men who have invested means for the purpose of speculation.

The goods now offered for sale by many of our standard houses were bought at rates not equal to the highest, which have reduced; and the losses in the trade will therefore be less than the extent of the reduction in the price of gold.

The asking rates of many dealers have

not been materially changed; but they must very soon come to the new rates, or cease to do business.

From the Post of Tuesday afternoon:

The wholesale market is without material change from yesterday's prices. Quotations are irregular, and there are few purchasers at the greatly reduced rates. Buyers are waiting for a further decline, and the sales which are made for immediate use.

We give a few quotations, showing the decline within three weeks:

Commodity	Sept. 25th	Sept. 27th	Sept. 29th
Cotton, Middling	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2
Cotton, Low Middling	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2
Flour, Extra	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 1	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 2	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 3	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 4	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 5	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 6	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 7	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 8	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 9	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 10	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 11	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 12	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 13	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 14	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 15	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 16	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 17	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 18	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 19	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
Flour, No. 20	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2

The fall in cotton, it will be observed, is 68 cents a pound since the 8th inst.

THE DECLINE.
Coal carts driven through the streets of Brooklyn yesterday bore signs chalked upon their sides, apprising the public that the price of coal had been reduced \$1 a ton.

The retail dry goods houses yesterday "marked down" their goods from twenty to thirty per cent. The wholesale houses telegraphed to their traveling agents to sell at lower rates.

Flour fell fifty cents and one dollar a barrel.

Pork tumbled two dollars a barrel.

These items show which way the wind blows.

The Late Cattle Raid.
IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA.,
Tuesday Morning, Sept. 20, 1864.

All is comparatively quiet here since the great Rebel cattle raid. This affair will give rise to another Court of Inquiry. It has been hinted that there was deliberate bargain and sale in this extraordinary matter, but I do not believe that anything more than gross culpable carelessness, on the part of those having principal charge of the cattle, and of the cavalry picket regiments, will be developed. The number of cattle lost is officially stated at 2,486. Probably at least 2,000 head were gotten away safely by the enemy. Our pursuing force, as I have said, was met by a largely superior reserve force of the raiders strongly posted with six pieces of artillery on the banks of the Nottaway, after the cattle had been forded across, and were driven back.

On the morning of the raid, Capt. Gregg (brother of the General) of the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, was taken prisoner while endeavoring to rally his men to the rescue of the cattle. At the same time, Corporal John C. Beck of the 13th was killed, and Albert B. Kinyon and Wm. Griffith of the same regiment, wounded, the former probably mortally, in the neck, Sergeant Houseman was also slightly wounded. Among the prisoners taken from the regiment were John Wontz, Wm. Shorts and Wm. and John Sego.

The body of the veteran Col. J. B. Howell, of the 85th Pennsylvania Regiment, who was killed at the headquarters of the 10th Corps the latter part of last week, by being thrown from his horse and his horse falling on him, was yesterday sent north. He had been severely wounded in several battles during the war, and at the time of his death had just been promoted to Brigadier General. He was one of the bravest officers in the service, and has left a vacancy that it will be hard to fill. It may be some little comfort to his friends to know that he was kindly cared for during his last moments at Gen. Birney's headquarters, and was buried with military and Masonic honors, not a few tears of fellow-heroes being shed over his temporary grave.

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 21, 1864.
A grand salute was fired along the lines at daylight this morning, in honor of Sheridan's great victory over Early. The Rebels took a part in it. No casualties on our side.

Extensive army movements are on foot here this morning, which it would perhaps be premature to speak of in detail, but which you will hear from soon.

ILLINOIS.
In reference to the coming Presidential contest in this country, the London Times remarks: "There will be but one wish among European nations—that a President will be elected unpledged to a war policy." Is it not a little insignificant that the Chicago Convention and the monarchists of Europe should be in such perfect harmony on the subject of the kind of President they mutually want for us?

PITTSBURG, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1864.
A salute of one hundred guns will be fired by the 1st New York Battery, in Allegheny, at sundown to-morrow, in honor of Sheridan's last victory.

Prentice says there is no braver soul on earth than the soul of our Poote.

Rebel News.
The telegram from Gen Lee brings the unwelcome intelligence of a reverse to our arms in the Valley. General Early has retired from Winchester to Fisher's Hill, near Strasburg. The varying fortunes of the war in the Valley have so repeatedly witnessed the falling back and subsequently the advance of our army that this intelligence has not come unexpectedly. At one time the enemy were almost in Lynchburg; in a few weeks the shells from our guns were exploding within Washington City. It has not been long since General Early advanced from this very Fisher's Hill and drove the enemy into Harper's Ferry. His present position is regarded as impregnable, and from it he will, in due time, again advance upon the war-requiring enemy.

The death of Major General Robert E. Rodes will be severely felt by the army of Northern Virginia, which sustains, by his death, the loss of one of its best officers. His promotion was rapid, for he early evinced those great qualities which won the confidence of his men and the admiration of his country. General Rodes was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, and graduated in the class of 1848 at the Virginia Military Institute, and, after a few years of professional life at that institution, he removed to Alabama, where he married Miss Woodruff, of Tuscaloosa. General Rodes came out in 1861, as Captain of the "Mobile Cadets," and upon the organization of the Fifth Alabama regiment, he was appointed its colonel. His best service is the faithful record of his early career. Promoted soon after the first battle of Manassas to Brigadier General, he followed the fortunes of the army of Northern Virginia through the Winter of 1861; the siege of Yorktown; wounded in the arm at the battle of Seven Pines; throughout the seven days' battles around Richmond; upon the Maryland campaign; wounded at Sharpsburg; present at Fredericksburg; at Chancellorsville, where he was made Major-General; through the Pennsylvania campaign from Mine Run to Gaines' Mill; with Early in the defense of Lynchburg; again into Maryland and with the valley army throughout its marches and battles, until he has fallen at Winchester, in the service to which he devoted himself, in the faithful discharge of duty, and in the enjoyment of the grateful admiration of his countrymen. He leaves a widow and child, to whom no earthly honors can bring any consolation, but to whom the tender sympathies of all will be freely given.

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Godwin is also mentioned by Gen. Lee as among the killed. Gen. Godwin was formerly Provost Marshal of Richmond, and was subsequently promoted Colonel of a North Carolina regiment. It has been but a few days since the papers mentioned his appointment to the Brigadier Generalship. Gen. Godwin was from Portsmouth, Virginia, and was a most gallant officer.

No other casualties are mentioned, but our loss is reported very severe. The fall of Atlanta had already cast a gloom over the community, and this reverse will very much increase it, we fear. It should not do so. The fortunes of war are always uncertain, and reverses are, of course, very saddening; but it is unbecoming our people not to shake off their long faces and bring themselves to calmly and resolutely consider their situation. The army is always in fine spirits, and, though defeated to-day, to-morrow it will retrieve the loss, and laugh at the sad and gloomy people who, far from danger, are yet more apprehensive than those who bear its brunt.

Desperate efforts on the part of the enemy are to be looked for. The Presidential election compels Lincoln to be stirring and striking. He can only save his election by success this Fall; and, as there is no chance for peace between him and McClellan, we do not see that anything should be risked by us in a battle which cannot be decisive in its character. Partial successes like this in the valley may elect Lincoln—we hope that they will—but they tend very little to any final result. They serve the purpose of Lincoln—to defeat McClellan; but they contribute nothing toward our subjugation.

But these reverses show that our people must come forth and go to the front; more are there wanted, and more must be had. The long list of Government details must be shortened; the Nitro and Mining Bureau, the Commissary and Quartermaster Departments must be lessened. The contractors reviewed, and the army increased. But more than this, when men are sent to the army they must not be allowed to desert and straggle off. Discipline must be improved, and as much done by officers of the line as is expected from the Bureau of Conscription. To stop to mourn over reverses is great folly; they should but nerve the people, as they do the army, to meet disaster with the full confidence in the overruling Providence, who sends victory or defeat as to Him seems best.