

The most interesting item of news received yesterday is the following despatch from General Hood:

“LOVEJOY’S, September 5, 1864.

“General Bragg:

“The enemy withdrew from my front in the direction of Jonesboro’ last night.

“J. B. Hood, General.”

Sherman may have withdrawn to Jonesboro’ with the intention of remaining there until his railroad communication can be completed up to him; or he may be projecting another extensive flank movement similar to the one which has just given him Atlanta without a general engagement. He may try to throw a heavy body of his troops between Hood and Atlanta. It is plain, from his recent operations, that it is more an object with him to throw himself in Hood’s rear than to storm positions. He no doubt reasons that, could he succeed in effecting a lodgment between Hood and Macon, Hood would be compelled to attack him or abandon Macon without a blow. A very few days will disclose his plans—we hope our general will penetrate them still earlier.

THE EVACUATION OF ATLANTA.

We have learned little in relation to the abandonment of Atlanta which the intelligent reader might not have *inferred* from General Hood’s official despatch, published on Monday. It appeared from that despatch that Atlanta had been abandoned suddenly and in the night, and the inference was inevitable that everything in the way of stores and munitions of war, except what our men could carry on their backs, had been destroyed to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy—stores had to be burnt, ammunition blown up. Such was the case.

We have what we deem authentic information that our whole loss in killed and wounded in the fights at Flint river and on the next day at Jonesboro, was not a thousand men killed and wounded. This fact has one bad aspect. Those fights lost us Atlanta, and the smallness of our loss in killed and wounded proves that, by generalship alone, the enemy got possession of the city, in defence of which Hood had intended, as all the world knows, to deliver a desperate battle. The fact is, while Hood thought the bulk of the Yankee army was in his front at Atlanta it was twenty miles in his rear, on the Macon road. We hope he will be on the lookout for a repetition of the movement.

FROM PETERSBURG.

All quiet at Petersburg. The enemy throw an occasional shell into the town without any special object that can be divined.

The enemy are reported to be massing near the Davis house, on the Weldon road, two miles south of the city. It is supposed by some they meditate an attack at this point. This is, however, all speculation.

FROM THE VALLEY.

The latest news we have from the Valley is contained in the extracts from Northern papers, published in another column.

For several days a report has been flying about to the effect that Mosby, our prince of guerrillas, had been captured by the enemy. We have been unable to discover any foundation for the story, and think if it had been true we should have heard it through the Northern papers, if not through other sources.

The telegraph communicates intelligence that the brave and chivalric chief, John H. Morgan, of Kentucky, fell at Greenville, East Tennessee, on the 3d instant. The circumstances of his death have not reached us. The fact that he has fallen will be sufficient to penetrate every patriotick heart in the land with the acutest grief.

This is not the time to write an account of his life or services. An abler pen will do justice to the subject, for they offer to the biographer incidents which will interest wherever patriotism has a votary and gallantry has an admirer. General Morgan was descended from a Virginia and Kentucky parentage—was born in Huntsville, Alabama, June 1st, 1826, and had just entered the thirty-seventh year of his age. His military training was acquired in the war with Mexico and by his own practice subsequently as a Captain of Kentucky volunteers, but he possessed intuitively the genius of a successful military commander. He rose by his own genius and brilliant exploits from the command of a squad of his neighbours, with whom he entered the service of the Confederate States, to the rank of Brigadier-General. He had enshrined himself in the affections of the true men of Kentucky, among whom intelligence of his untimely death will be received with an emotion no language can portray. He was a fine specimen of the true soldier—genial in his disposition, affectionate and tender among his friends, indulgent and kind to his soldiers, energetic and brave as a leader, wise in council, valiant in battle—he has carved a bright name which will adorn one of the proudest niches in the temple of fame.