THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1861. VOL. XII—NO. 233.

Daily Appeal.

FROM RICHMOND.

(Special Correspondence of the Appeal.)

Beautiful October—A Reminiscence of Mr. Webster—A Gold Sunbeam on the Potomac—Washington in Shade—The Tiger in Her Lether River—Captors of a Yankee Steamer at Roanoke Inlet—Mrs. Greg Sentenced for Her Lord—Postage Stamps.

RICHMOND, October 5, 1861.

The same golden October Sun, which brightened Mr. Webster's exodus at the capital of Virginia, twenty-one years ago this day, and which then shone down upon 50,000 hats and eager listeners hanging upon every word that fell from his lips, shed its mellowed light upon us this morning. If I, when a little people call a "glorious day," a day such as the French do smile at as "superb," a day a little too warm, perhaps, to shoot partridges, but delicious in the shade, and so full of fire-off [illegible] evening with the hooting, with its gloomy forecast, like the landscape with its yellow sunshine, that it will set the poet to writing rhymes about Fall, wherever the tiff of frost does not drown the whisper of the muse. This is a strong temptation to your correspondent, who is not a poet, to round a paragraph or two, with the startling changes that sun has witnessed, in the twenty-one years. COTTON rolled by, since the stout orator of Massachusetts stood upon the pinnacle of Virginia's capital and told us, with all the authority that attached to his name, that then was no power in the Constitution to warrant any interference on the part of the general government with the institution of the States. But I forbear the "overland route to gold" these changes suggest, and spare you the "inevitable difference" to be drawn from them by every intelligent man. It may be said, however, that had the conception of State rights thus made by Mr. Webster been granted its all the legislation of the country since that time, we should not now see our people engaged in a war of resistance to tyranny. We might still be pursuing the peaceful occupations of our varied national industry, and the only powder burnt by us might be in those sports of the field or forest the autumnal season invites. Had men and deluded men would have it otherwise, in spite of Mr. Webster, who died, fortunately for his fame, before the civil day arrived, as in the spelling conclusion of his grandest speech, he prayed so fervently might, indeed, happen.

"The plot thickens" in the direction of Washington, and an event, of which we had news last night, adds to its already puzzling perplexities. The Federalists had landed a considerable body of men at Occoquan on the Potomac. The meaning of this movement is not clearly discernible. Be some it is supposed that a land attack is meditated upon our batteries commanding the Potomac, and that, in their acting ignorance of the exact position of those batteries, they selected Occoquan as a point of the river probably neither very far above nor below the desired place of assault. The more reasonable conjecture is, that the landing was designed as a flank movement upon the Confederate army, which would explain the order to fall back from our advanced positions last week. On all hands, it is believed that the latest operation greatly increases the chances of an immediate engagement, and the excitement is proportionately increased.

There is a positive necessity that Washington should be specially relieved from the straits in which it has been placed by the closing of the river. Every bale of forage and every bushel of corn since the destruction of the railroad and canal at Harper's Ferry, has been transported to Washington via Chesapeake bay and the Potomac, for the whole rolling stock of the Baltimore and Ohio road is scarcely adequate to the transportation of other supplies upon which depends the daily existence of 175,000 troops, and the population of the three cities of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria. This line of communication gets [illegible] through a down-trodden and therefore hostile people, and might be interrupted by any sudden and signal stroke. Such is that already felt by the administration concerning the supply offered, that they have purchased, at heavy cost, all the wooded land in the vicinity of Bladensburg for the purpose of cutting the forest [illegible] even, therefore, that a fight is almost forced upon them, and, under such compulsion, our young generals would seem to have the advantage of choosing the ground.

We await yet without any particulars of the engagement between the Yankees under Reynolds and the forces of Gen. Henry R. Jackson at Greenbrier river, on Wednesday last, but the intelligence received at the War Department leaves no doubt of the fact that the Yankees made the attack and were severely repulsed with considerable loss.

We hear to-day that a Yankee steamer has been taken by the Confederates at Roanoke Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, the result of which capture was the taking of forty-nine prisoners, a small supply of arms, and one thousand new overcoats designed for the troops stationed at Fort Hatteras. The overcoats come quite opportunely, and will just fit out our Confederate regiment for the winter.

Mrs. General Winfield Scott, it is said, designs a visit to Richmond at an early day, in the hope of saving certain property inherited by her from her father, old Col. John Mayo. Mrs. Scott is represented to be a very ardent Secessionist, but whether this political bias has been given her by the act of sequestration or results from a spirit of natural antagonism to her husband, or whether indeed the whole story may not be fabulous, I pretend not to say. The general himself would doubtless gladly furnish her with a passport if he thought he should hear no more of her, for he has two mortal hatreds in his military bosom, first for Mrs. Scott, second for Virginia, hatreds equally deadly, and the first of longest standing, and yet the old wretch feels compunctions for his base and parricidal conduct toward his native State. Has she since [illegible] almost overpowering politeness towards a lady on her way to Virginia, the daughter of his illustrious preceptor in the law, and had the audacity to send his regards to a family in this city by whom his recent conduct is regarded with proper contempt and abhorrence. More than two months ago it was stated that he had written to a relative in a neighboring county desiring that he might be buried in Virginia soil. Perhaps this request may be granted, some sunny day, you know, signed, sealed and delivered upon the tomb of Nero.

I am happy to say to you that postage stamps will be issued from the P. O. Department early next week. The [illegible] Jefferson Davis, is a very excellent likeness, and compare favorably with the issues of the old government. The color of the five cent stamp is green. DIXIE.

The Defenses of New Orleans.

The *Picayune* of the 8th inst. has the following encouraging intelligence:

The city of New Orleans is assuming the aspect of a large camp. Everywhere, and all the time, the dip of martial preparation is going on—the tramp of the soldiery, their inspiring sound of the martial music, and the rumble of wagons, carrying camp equipage, munitions and artillery to the points selected by military science for the public defense. The possibility of a wild attempt by the malevolent enemy to make a descent upon our coasts, or force his way up the river, is calling out the whole population to arms. The summons for the militia has had the two-fold effect of preparing a large reserved organization for the contingencies of an actual invasion, and of filling up the volunteer companies with the best material for soldiers. We will not speculate upon the number of defenders who might be rallied in a case of actual defenses; but we will venture the opinion that no possible force which Lincoln could bring to the coasts, even if they could effect a landing, would ever reach the city except as prisoners. By land, we are impregnable, and the coast and river assailable points are susceptible of that degree of defense that floating wood and iron cannot make an impression.

ABOLITION CALCULATIONS.

We have not as yet seen anything more absurd in the northern press than the following clipped from the New York *Herald*'s money article of the 25th ult. It shows how the gorgeous appetite for information is fed, and will be laughed at in Mobile, New Orleans, Savannah, or Pensacola:

THE SOUTHERN EXPEDITIONS.—Everybody is aware that a great expedition of a mixed character are being fitted out for operations on the southern coast, and it is generally understood that one of them is to be, if possible, to strike and secure to the commerce of the world a leading cotton port. We recommend our mercantile readers to keep a very close watch in this matter. The consequence of a very successful finding of Union troops at Mobile, New Orleans, Savannah or Pensacola, and the reopening of such ports to the cotton trade, would be very important, and might prove fatal to operations which showed themselves to be taken by surprise by events. The first step of the commanding generals of the Union forces, on locating themselves as we have mentioned, would be to invite all loyal citizens of the South to send their cotton hither for shipment. It is likely that the invitation would be very largely accepted.

The result, in its own numbers of Union men throughout the South who would gladly accept such opportunity of returning to their allegiance, that the people of New Orleans are reported to be in this frame of mind. And, besides these, even the rebel relations, players in most be in terrible straits for want of money, or, rather, for flower of twenty cents a pound for cotton, which is now fetching all the way from [illegible] cents, would, by their attachment to the rebel cause somewhat shaky. There must be large numbers of planters in the Gulf States whose families are suffering for want of the necessaries of life, and yet who have immense lots of bales of cotton ready for shipment. And would at present prices, from $80 to $100 a bale. It is pretty certain that a sufficient number of these planters would recall themselves of the implacable [illegible] of their party to create a perfect stampede in the cotton market, and a very marked perturbation in foreign exchange. Our navy will do well to keep this prospect in view.

Collection in New York's Losing Game.

The New York *Herald*, of September 25th, in its money article, makes this significant statement:

It would be well for the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury to have an occasional interchange of views, as the recent proceedings of the one are seriously interfering with the policy of the other. Within the past few days the agents of the Secretary of State have been continually running up and down Wall street in chase of southern money. They have seized $10,000 in one place, $6,000 in another, $20,000 in a third, a box of papers in one bank, a roll of notes in another, a bundle of bonds in another, a trunk of valuables in a fourth—the whole belonging or supposed to belong to citizens of the States now compelled by the rebels to secede from the Union. The consequences of these confiscations are a panic in the United States of perhaps $50,000 or $60,000, and a loss of several millions to the city of New York; for the moment it became known that Mr. Seward's agents were on the track of southern money, every bank and banker made haste to remit all he had to Europe for safety—rightly deeming his duty to his client paramount to every other consideration. The consequence