Daily Appeal.

ATLANTA, GA.

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18.

MISSIONARIES IN CAMP—THEIR WANT AMONG THE PEOPLE.

We have of late witnessed a very commendable disposition on the part of our most able and eloquent divines to look after the moral and spiritual welfare of our soldiers in camp. It is all important that the soldier should from time to time be reminded of his responsibility to, and his dependence upon his Creator, and be taught the importance and necessity of placing his chief reliance upon His strong arm. But what is most needed just at this time, is missionaries among the people in order that they may be brought up to the full measure of their duty in this great crisis. It is to them that the soldier looks for his physical comforts. It is of the very first importance that these be attended to in order that the soldier may be assured that the people as well as the Lord are on his side. He is apt to take a practical view of things, and sees the hand of God in that instrumentality which brings comfort to his body as well as consolation to his soul—that agency which brings recruits to his side to aid him in fighting the battles of the country.

What is most needed at this time is a number of PATRICK HENRYS to go among the people and arouse them to a full sense of their duty, and the awful responsibility that rests upon them. It is to them the army looks for aid, and succor, and help. They are the reserves upon whom the anxious eyes of those in the front are turned in this hour of our country's sorest trial. If they fail in the discharge of their high and responsible duties, all is lost. We rely much upon the wisdom of the Government at Richmond, and the valor and prowess of our army, but rather can he afflicted in a struggle like this without the all-powerful aid of the people. They are but arms of the great body politic, which must falter and wither when the sustaining power is withheld or withdrawn.

At the very time when they seem to be most needed the eloquence and oratory of the country seem to be asleep. If every conscript officer was a DEMOSTHENES or a HENRY he would have no need of coercive measures to fill the ranks of the army. Too much reliance has been placed upon the press of the country to arouse the people to a sense of duty. The press is very good in its way. It may give the lightning flash, but it cannot utter the thunder tones. And besides there are tens of thousands of good fighting men in the country whom the newspapers never reaches. They live in utter ignorance of the moral responsibility they are under to serve their country, and are hence naturally restive under the legal appliances of force brought to bear against them in order to compel them to the discharge of their duty.

While then there need be no relaxation of the laudable efforts of the ministry to disseminate the truths of the gospel among the ranks of the army, we do insist that their labors might be very properly and advantageously divided, and a portion of their eloquence brought to bear upon the stolid or criminal indifference of a large proportion of the people at home. This is emphatically the people's war, and they cannot too soon be taught the absolute necessity of forgetting every thing else and of giving all their attention, energies and resources to its successful prosecution. We doubt not they will do their whole duty when fully impressed with and made to understand it.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

We are pleased to observe that the *Confederacy* speaks out decidedly against the appointment of a vigilance or safety committee in this city, and hope its suggestions will be heeded. We have never yet been able to comprehend the necessity for any such organization, in a land where we have written laws, and competent civil authorities to execute them, *to govern the people*, and military authorities and laws to govern our armies. We are aware that in a few instances these outside organizations have been tolerated, but that good has resulted we have been unable to discover. They have, although instituted from the purest motives, often degenerated into inquisitorial assemblages, where parties were condemned without a hearing; in numerous instances they have been used by villainous informers to gratify personal spite, and inasmuch as the system is without the warrant of law, and liable to many objections and abuses, we would add our opinion to that of our cotemporary—"*there is no necessity for such a step—it will not be productive of any good if the committee be appointed.*" We are, or should be, a law abiding people, and it is to be hoped a misdirected zeal will not result in abrogating all law, and placing the conduct of individuals or society under the control of any body of men, however pure and distinguished they may be, who are under no legal restraints.

☞ The Wilmington (N. C.) *Journal*, published at one of the ports where the most successful running of the blockade by sea occurs, wants to know whether, if it is wrong to smuggle over Yankee goods and notions through the lines, how much better is it to bring them in by sea, from Nassau or elsewhere? Why should one Mr. Blockade Runner, who brings his smuggled goods into Richmond in a wagon or railroad car, be liable to have said goods confiscated, while another Mr. Blockade Runner who brings his goods into Wilmington or Charleston in a Clyde-built steamer, can and does bring in and sell any amount of Yankee goods? We do not say that all or nearly all the goods that arrive here are of Yankee production, for such is not the case; but there certainly is a proportion of all these cargoes that looks suspiciously like Yankee goods.

☞ In contradicting the Yankee report that originated with that repository of lies, Brownlow, that ex-Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, was held a prisoner by the Confederate Government at Richmond, the *Examiner* says: "The report is hardly worth the ink and paper to brand it, but it is, perhaps, necessary to say that the report has as much truth in it as the most of the reports concerning affairs in South Carolina, published at the North. Gov. Aiken is at his home doing as much for the Southern cause as any one man in the Confederacy.

RUMORS FROM ARKANSAS.—The *Mississippian* has private intelligence from Grenada to the 10th inst. Reports had reached there from the river to the effect that fifty thousand Federal troops were concentrating at Helena, Arkansas, under Gen. Davidson, contemplating a march upon Little Rock in a few days. Also, that Gen. Holmes was dead, and Gen. Price had resigned and left the Confederate service to take command of the Missouri State troops. The report is stated to have been brought to Grenada by a gentleman direct from Helena, but we doubt its correctness.

WRONG.—The *Examiner* states that there is some show of truth in the report that certain recruiting and enrolling officers in Richmond have, in their eagerness to obtain recruits, not scrupled to enlist paroled soldiers from the armies of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, who are anxious to transfer their field of duty from the Southwest to the East. This is a grave violation of military law, and calls for investigation.

THE WAR AT CHARLESTON.

The intelligence that reaches us through the channels of the press association reports, and the columns of the city press, are so exceedingly meager that the general impression is nothing of moment is occurring. The fact is, however, as we learn from numerous gentlemen from the city, the utmost activity prevails on both sides, and since the assault upon Wagner the Yankees have been busily engaged in devising some new way of accomplishing their object, while our forces have also worked to defeat them. That any advantage has resulted to the enemy from this industry has not yet become apparent, and it seems to be the general impression that the relative ability of the belligerents to make or repel an attack has not materially changed. We have some reports of injury to one of the walls of Sumter inflicted by the enemy's long range guns, but the best informed advise us that this damage is only apparent; that the previous strengthening of the weak portion of the work by sand bags has made them much stronger than any other portion. Battery Wagner remains as impregnable as ever. Some difficulty, it is said, is experienced in relieving the force at times, in consequence of the severity of the enemy's fire, but every attempt to disable the works has failed, and notwithstanding the heavy fire the position remains intact, and our troops as confident as ever. A strong laboring force is at work at different points, erecting works calculated to counteract the new approaches of the foe, and the utmost vigilance is constantly maintained by both the State and national authorities.

It is evident that the Yankee Government is now engaged in what it is determined shall be its final attack upon Charleston, and if our own officials imagine they will abandon their design after one or two or even a half dozen repulses, like that upon the position of Wagner, they will find themselves mistaken. A pertinacious effort extending through a period of seven months, and in which a dozen different schemes were tried, resulted in the reduction of Vicksburg. After having defeated numerous efforts, the country became too confident, and much was left undone that would have probably been provided for had we not felt secure. We may look for the same perseverance at Charleston. It will have to be encountered. We hope, therefore, that Government and the people will be kept advised of the progress of the siege, so that both can act, if necessary, to prevent disaster. There can be no wisdom in concealing danger, and there may great damage result from delay in preparing to meet it.

New Commissary System.

We learn from the Richmond *Sentinel* that the commissary general has organized, and is putting into execution a new system for the purchase and collection of army supplies. To each State there has been appointed a chief commissary. The State is then divided into districts, to which there are appointed district commissaries. These district commissaries then appoint county commissaries. The chief commissary for the State has the supervision and direction of the whole. The following appointments of chief commissaries have been made:

Virginia—Major W. H. Smith.
North Carolina—Major James Sloan.
South Carolina—Major H. C. Guerin.
Georgia—Major J. L. Locke.
Florida—Major P. W. White.
Alabama—Major John J. Walker.
Mississippi—Major W. H. Cameron, *pro tem.*
Tennessee—Major R. T. Wilson.
Texas—Major S. Maclin.
Trans-Mississippi—Major W. A. Broadwell, *pro tem.*

Mr. G. W. White, commissary agent, is charged with the duty of collecting supplies of cattle in Texas.

☞ The Richmond *Sentinel* thinks that purchasers are wholly to blame for the prices demanded for some articles. What right has a man to complain of forty dollars for a barrel of flour, and fill the air with his denunciation of those who take advantage of his necessities, if he is found paying two, or three, or four dollars for a watermelon? Nobody makes him do that. The melon is not a necessity. It, in fact, counts him nothing; far, after eating it, he wants his dinner all the same. Why not let the thing alone, sooner than pay such prices? If we acknowledge such a standard of prices, where we are under no necessity to do so, we stop our months when the speculators have us in their power. Many a man is throwing away money now which he will sadly want hereafter. It is a great mistake to indulge in expensive habits, just because it may be the present fashion.

STILL HIGH.—Tobacco at the warehouses, yesterday, says the Lynchburg *Republican* of the 14th, maintained its position and has climbed a little higher. A number one article of shipping sold at $70 per cwt. for long leaf, and $60 for short leaf. Working grades continue in demand, and sell at extraordinary prices. Two or three small parcels, not exceeding 1,500 pounds, netted the owner $4,775 50. We heard of a private sale of twelve hogsheads shipping, lately, which paid the seller a profit of six thousand eight hundred dollars nett. He purchased them about a year ago.

☞ Hon. Albert G. Brown, Confederate States Senator from Mississippi, was in this city last night. He left this A. M., via Macon, for his own State, where he expects to address a number of the patriotic meetings of the people that have been announced. He expressed his regret that he received no notice of the late meeting at Enterprise until it was too late to attend. His friends will learn with pleasure that he is enjoying excellent health, and as confident and determined in favor of our common cause as ever.

☞ The *Mississippian* has information that Gen. Hardee has been assigned to the active leadership of the department of Mississippi and East Louisiana. This will be gratifying news to the troops of that department.

☞ Hon. Thomas H. Watts, Governor elect of Alabama, arrived in Montgomery, from Richmond, on the 15th inst.

THINK LOST.—See advertisement "Lost or Mislaid" in another column.

☞ The telegraph fails us again to day—the lines are reported down.

☞ List of unclaimed freight received by the South-ern Express company August 16 and 17, 1863: J M Tucker, box; E B Foster, basket; J R Thompson, sack; J Waxelbaum, pkg; J J Richards, pkg; White & H, 4 bales; Mrs J A Cantner, box; J M Holbrook, bundle; S J Crosby, sack; L G Garner, box and two cases; Mrs R Miller, sack, H C Alger, two trunks; C Frayer, sack; Withers & Co, 14 boxes; E D Davis, box; E M Dean, box; J Plunkett, box; L S Sims, bbl; J C Moore, box; W H Manning, sack and basket; J A Seals, pkg; Myers & Beaumont, box; D F Beaumont, six sacks; L Ferguson, trunk; E F Bell, sack; J M Bell, bucket; J J Jones, box; L S Ligon, basket; P Brown, sack; W T Pulman, box; D Cameron, box; Rev S C Hornady, one pkg; G McDonald, 2 bales; S B Wharton, box; W H Wright, box; W Park, 10 bags; G S Blackie, box; D D Bell, box; E M Edwards, 19 sacks; Col R L Kleinard, 10 boxes; A J Rives, box; S B Jones, trunk and two boxes; A A Co, box; J A Jackson, box; R M Parks, box; J H Sheppard, box; Maj Cunningham, box; H Marshall & Co, box; W H Hunnicut, pkg; A B Small, 2 sacks; W W Grant, box; A Goldsh, box; W P Herring, trunk; R S Thomas, box; Miss O Reed, pkg; F Buchanan, box; Mrs A Trout, box; E L Cravens, box; Mrs W Cullinan, bucket; Spiller & Burr, bag; Miss Finn, pkg; C Goodwin, box; W H Wright, box; Atlanta Hotel, trunk; J Gallagher, box; Lieut J P McCorkle, 2 boxes; J J Richards & Co, pkg; J F Jeffreys, pkg; Whitaker, 2 bundles; R Phillips, bundle; J F Alexander, basket; J Jackson, trunk; Wm Brickwell, box; Mrs F Hargis, bundle; L F Smith, jug; Smith & Shallcross, bucket; Miss M C Ligon, box; P L Davis, 3 trunks; F Corts, 9 boxes; Rev J B Pagon, box; H Tredwell, box; Miss E Allen, box, 2 boxes; B Turner, 2 buckets; R L Crawley, case; J M Coggin, box; Capt C Dancey, 2 bundles; Col W F Harris, muffler; S J Gleen, sack; S Sharpley, box; Bell & Dermont, bale; A G Morris, box; B W Adams, bucket.

FROM THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

From Our Own Correspondent.]

MONDAY, August 17, 1863.

Beyond "Sunday causes" of small episodes of Yankee artillery practice at Bridgeport and neighborhood, I have nothing to add this morning to the "material of history." I may say that military men in making a summary of affairs in the several fields of war, seem to think that it discloses greater ground for hope or encouragement, than for despondency or despair. In the trans-Mississippi department, while the recent brilliant operations of Taylor have infused a new vitality among the army and population of Louisiana, Gen. Smith is enabled to distribute his forces in such wise as to keep up safe and intelligent communication between extremes, as well to concentrate in the event of a necessity. To this must be added abundant means of subsistence and at least the temporary hope that Banks with a reduced army, and an adverse climate finds himself in no position, at present at least, to disturb our occupation, or prevent our operations. A late New Orleans Yankee correspondent spoke of a joint operation in force by Grant and Banks against Mobile, and hinted that a difficulty in the way would be as to which should command it, Grant or Banks, Banks being unwilling, perhaps, to have his army subordinate to that of Grant, but I apprehend the difficulty would not lie there, but in the fact that they would have a large Confederate army in their rear, as also in the fact that Grant, with expiring enthusiasm, heavy losses in his late operations, and the more than doubting ravages of disease, is in no condition to move in any direction, or take the offensive at all. The recent rumored interview between Banks and Grant indicates either some new combination or a dilemma, and more likely a dilemma. In the meantime the accounts from Mississippi show a reaction among troops and people from the temporary depression consequent upon the fall of Vicksburg, and the exhibition of a new zeal in filling up the army by the return of troops who had straggled, to their commands, as of a better spirit prevalent in the army itself, and a return of energetic resolution to the people to do all to sustain the cause. Time and hearty popular cooperation are all that General Johnston needs, and while the first will be given of compulsion by the enemy, I am sure, or at all events sanguine, that the people will not fail to exert themselves in the interval, with such purpose and strength as to exclude posterior lamentations and clamors over the fact of a "lost opportunity."

In Virginia, while our army is being rapidly reorganized by the return of thousands, and the army is reported to be in good spirits, not at all demoralized and cast down, but in high hope and feather, the army of Meade is represented by our own accounts, as by those of the Northern press, to be in an exhausted or depleted condition; or if not depleted, as not feeling itself strong enough to take the offensive without reinforcements; while reinforcements, to judge from Halleck's reported dispatch, that two hundred thousand men, now, would be no less than a much larger number hereafter, as from the accounts of the slow and obstructed progress that the draft is making, are tardy and contingent, or if not contingent, only available at a time when, with proper energy in the Government, and proper spirit among the people, our own army will be in a condition to meet them. A large expedition is assembling at Fortress Monroe, said to be intended for Charleston, but thought at Richmond to be intended for co-operation with the army of the Potomac in one more effort against the capital.

While at Charleston, the dispatches would indicate the immediate prospect of another grand effort by the Yankees, the public mind seem relieved much of the feeling of dark apprehension which has for a short time since, been beclouding a portion of it, at the fact of another heavy attack, or a feeling of confidence as to the result.

What may be the Federal military plans and combinations with reference to this position are not known, if they are yet even determined. The difficulties of their position, when we should fall back to this point, a point guarded by a deep river and fortified by mountains, were foreshadowed in the council in which the subject of an advance on Shelbyville was discussed and decided upon, and have since found more elaborate expression in Northern journals. Of the present size of Rosecrans' army, I am not advised, nor of the prospect of co-operation between Rosecrans and Burnside, or Grant and Rosecrans, but I am persuaded of one fact, that Rosecrans understands sufficiently well the "tactics of the map" to know the strength of Bragg's position, and the embarrassments of his own, and has sense enough not to attempt a premature movement which would damage him without affecting Bragg. I am glad to know that the condition of this army is such as to give great hope and encouragement to those most interested in its morals and future conduct.

The summary of the condition at all points may be said to be encouraging, at least to the degree of feeling that all is not yet lost, and that there is time left us for new displays of hope and effort.

Virginia, the noble old State, has repeated her noble heroic example of last year, in throwing herself into the breach with heart and soul in this, the period of our great travail, the crisis of our destiny. Governor Letcher's proclamation, in assembling the Legislature, has the awakening colors of a blast from Roderick's bugle, and will have, no doubt, the same electrifying power over the people. Among other motives for calling the Legislature together is "to set an example to our Southern sisters, by exhibiting unshaken confidence in our Government, and unflinching order in our common cause, and to invoke their united aid once more in meeting the emergency as becomes a people engaged in a righteous cause, to display not only endurance in losses and severe reverses, but, grappling with adversity, to exhibit, at a moment of anticipated weakness, power from moral example and physical exertion."

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I am glad to see in the Selma *Reporter* a full vindication of Mr. Cruikshanks from all suspicion of reconstruction. The only ground for the suspicion was that he had been most active and self-sacrificing in his efforts to assist and take care of the families of the soldiers from his part of the country. He was opposed to the Exemption law, and also to the "Three thousand dollars and mileage bill," and for increasing the pay of the soldiers.

ASHANTEE.

A VOICE FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

CAMP AT TYNER'S STATION, Aug. 16, 1863.

EDITORS APPEAL: Suffer me, gentlemen, a soldier writing by the pale light of the camp fire, to address a few words of friendly admonition and warning to him who, though called to the field by every sense of honor, of duty, and of patriotism, is still at home in the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity—that peace and tranquillity secured to him, temporarily though it may be, by the bayonets I see gleaming around me to night.

My friend, (for if you are a Southern man at heart I can claim you as my friend,) around me at this still hour of the night, wrapped in quiet slumber beneath the green trees of the forest, are a thousand brave, heroic hearts who have exposed themselves to pitiless tempests of iron hail at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Murfreesboro, and on many other "stormy nights and carnage-covered fields," where blood was poured out like rain. There it was that hundreds of their brave companions in arms gave up their lives, and there their bones, shattered by shot and shell, are mingling with the dust. The living—for whom did they fight? The dead—for whom did they die? Were it alone for themselves—for their own homes and firesides only? Not so, my friend, it was for you and yours as well. Every blow struck was given in your defense—in defense of your wife, your children, your home. You have more at stake than many of them; you could not have less than some; and yet they mingle your cause with theirs, and fight your battles with their own. They have done this, too, unmurmuring, with fearful odds against them in every struggle. And as long as these brave, unselfish men, who compose our army in sight, fall themselves sufficiently strong to withstand the tide of invasion, to protect from outrage and insult the women and children, and secure the safety of the old and the young then left at home, they were willing that you should remain where you are, to grow rich by "speculation," or to wage your time in idleness and ease. It was a matter that did not concern them. They were too busy fighting your battles, and driving back the worse than vandals who were threatening to violate the sanctity of your home, to trouble themselves about your mode of spending your time. But now, when death, from hostile steel and disease in camp, has thinned their ranks, (at no time too full,) and they feel that they must have help to withstand the tempest that is threatened to be hurled against them and against you from the North, they turn for a moment from the dark cloud in front of them to where you stand in idleness and indifference, and, with tips quivering with the emotion of the brave man who stands forth to repel an insult to his loved ones, and avenge the desecration of his firesides, they call upon you, in the name of all that you and they hold dear, to come to their aid. Many of them, while struggling in flame and smoke with the foe, have lost all they had on earth—all but their liberty and a strong arm to uphold and defend it—and they now call upon you to help them defend not their homes and firesides, but yours. Many of them have seen their homes, thronged with household gods and clustering with the tender associations of happier years, sink in the flames kindled by a merciless foe, and all, all

"In one red burial blent."

All this worldly wealth, small though it may have been in value, has been cast upon the hazard of the die, and they have lost it. There is nothing of that sort left for them to fight for now. It is left them but to fight for their country and for you. They have seen their homes burned over the heads of their wives and children and their gray-haired parents; they have lost their homes, and are now ready, with arms in hand, to fight for yours. They stand ready to defend your hearthstone, as they have done on many a bloody field, against a foe whose iron heart knows no emotion of pity—whose ear is deaf to every cry for mercy. For this they ask no reward at your hands; they simply ask that you will help them. And were they sufficiently numerous and strong to fight us successfully without you, they would not ask even that poor boon. But they are not. They need your help, and need it now. To morrow it may be too late. The Northern horde is dark with thronging foes; it is fringed with an illimitable forest of glittering bayonets; and the heart of our beautiful country lies almost bare to the murderous thrusts of that deadly steel. Can you longer hesitate to throw yourself into the breach? The soldier in the field asks you not to go alone; he only begs that you go with him—that you will follow where he leads.

Can have so far soothed your conscience and consoled yourself in your past dereliction of duty, with the worse than idle reflection that if the South can win her independence with your help, she can quite as easily gain it without that help; but appeal to your own heart, freed from selfishness and instinct with the emotions of patriotism which you have too long permitted to slumber, and it will tell you that you must no longer

"Hug that sweet infection to your breast."

You are no coward; but you have been thoughtless and inattentive to the demands your country has made upon you. You are not dead to the impulses of that lofty patriotism which nerves the arms and inspires the hearts of the brave men who lie in sleep around me tonight; but you have thought there were patriots enough in the field, and have dreamed of independence won by other arms than your own. It is time now for that hour of thoughtlessness and inattention to pass. Look around at the dangers that gather up on every hand, and you will see that "your golden dream is a sad reality." Hushed for a moment the din of trade and traffic about you, and you will hear the voice of your bleeding country calling upon you for help in this, the darkest hour of her struggle, for life and liberty. Heed this call, which never fell upon a patriot's ear in vain—rush into the field with sword or bayonet, determine to rise with your country to final victory, or go down with her in ultimate defeat, and your children, and your children's children, will speak your name with pride and veneration. Let this call pass by as the idle whisperings of the summer wind, and live on your life of ease, or pursue your schemes of self-aggrandisement, and when your independence shall have been bought by the blood of your neighbors and friends, then shall you blush through life, with the bitter consciousness that you are pointed at on every hand as one who trembingly hid himself in a corner and took no part in the great revolution, even though his own homestead was threatened with destruction, and his wife and children with insult and degradation.

I need not tell you that the despotism at Washington is mounting large bodies of infantry with which to overrun the whole South. You know this as well as I do. Their murderous raiding parties, lighting the flames of hell wherever they go, may be upon you at any hour. Feeling of dark apprehension which has for a short time since been beclouding a portion of you, at the fact of another heavy attack, or a feeling of confidence as to the result.

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CAMP AT TYNER'S STATION, Aug. 16, 1863.

EDITORS APPEAL: Suffer me, gentlemen, a soldier writing by the pale light of the camp fire, to address a few words of friendly admonition and warning to him who, though called to the field by every sense of honor, of duty, and of patriotism, is still at home in the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity—that peace and tranquillity secured to him, temporarily though it may be, by the bayonets I see gleaming around me to night.

My friend, (for if you are a Southern man at heart I can claim you as my friend,) around me at this still hour of the night, wrapped in quiet slumber beneath the green trees of the forest, are a thousand brave, heroic hearts who have exposed themselves to pitiless tempests of iron hail at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Murfreesboro, and on many other "stormy nights and carnage-covered fields," where blood was poured out like rain. There it was that hundreds of their brave companions in arms gave up their lives, and there their bones, shattered by shot and shell, are mingling with the dust. The living—for whom did they fight? The dead—for whom did they die? Were it alone for themselves—for their own homes and firesides only? Not so, my friend, it was for you and yours as well. Every blow struck was given in your defense—in defense of your wife, your children, your home. You have more at stake than many of them; you could not have less than some; and yet they mingle your cause with theirs, and fight your battles with their own. They have done this, too, unmurmuring, with fearful odds against them in every struggle. And as long as these brave, unselfish men, who compose our army in sight, fall themselves sufficiently strong to withstand the tide of invasion, to protect from outrage and insult the women and children, and secure the safety of the old and the young then left at home, they were willing that you should remain where you are, to grow rich by "speculation," or to waste your time in idleness and ease. It was a matter that did not concern them. They were too busy fighting your battles, and driving back the worse than vandals who were threatening to violate the sanctity of your home, to trouble themselves about your mode of spending your time. But now, when death, from hostile steel and disease in camp, has thinned their ranks, (at no time too full,) and they feel that they must have help to withstand the tempest that is threatened to be hurled against them and against you from the North, they turn for a moment from the dark cloud in front of them to where you stand in idleness and indifference, and, with tips quivering with the emotion of the brave man who stands forth to repel an insult to his loved ones, and avenge the desecration of his firesides, they call upon you, in the name of all that you and they hold dear, to come to their aid. Many of them, while struggling in flame and smoke with the foe, have lost all they had on earth—all but their liberty and a strong arm to uphold and defend it—and they now call upon you to help them defend not their homes and firesides, but yours. Many of them have seen their homes, thronged with household gods and clustering

batteries like spiders in pursuit of flies. They are on the watch for opportunities to pick the pockets of the immigrants; they are pimps and procurers for houses of prostitution; they are ready to cheat the new comers by palming forged tickets upon them, by giving counterfeit money in exchange for money that is genuine; by persuading them to take up quarters in boarding houses of questionable reputation; but these scoundrels are known by the police officers, and are watched with a vigilance that makes it unsafe for them to go very extensively or openly into their system of fraud and plunder.

Letter from the Army.

Condition of the Troops—The Field of Chancellorsville—Fredericksburg in Her Weeds.

Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.]

CAMP NEAR CHANCELLORSVILLE, August 9, 1863.

We are now partly on the great battle field of Chancellorsville, where not many months ago our immortal men made the vandals "come out of the wilderness." A part of Gen. Hood's division is guarding the U. S. ford, and are in striking distance of it and also convenient to any point at which the enemy may aim on the favorite line of Gen. Lee along the Rappahannock. Everything is in readiness for the enemy's advance, let it be soon or late. Just such a disposition of our forces is made that he cannot surprise any point on this line without having a serious matter of it before he can accomplish much. At the same time the inside line being shorter than the enemy's to Richmond, any sudden demonstration on that point would very soon be met by a counter demonstration by General Lee, no matter from what point he strikes. As it is, everything is said to be quiet along the lines, including the noisy cavalry raws that are being emptied constantly with more "fuss" than blood by a great deal. It is said, cannon were heard in the direction of Culpeper C. H. today, but the men go to sleep talking of it, saying, "pshaw! that's nothing but cavalry." Any farmer can recall the Indiana engagements that sometimes occur between two hostile Indian tribes—in fact one may say every one has seen this excellent illustration of a cavalry battle in which a combatant flees until the enemy stops and then pursues till time to flee again, and so on.

It is not necessary or interesting to say how many forces are near Fredericksburg, but it may be said some have traveled again over those grounds which history will hand down to every age to come. Yes, the sacred grounds of the gloomy "wilderness" were passed where the graves of the foe hold the dead quietly, and our own immortal patriots sleep sweetly on their glory. The enemy's works are still plainly visible facing in every direction, a plain exhibition of the trepidation which seized him when Jackson's column began to thunder behind his right flank. The works look north, south, east, west, in fact to every point of the compass, as though the approach of the terrible rebel general was expected to be ubiquitous. Private holes in banks by the wayside and a few deep graves scattered about in the woods, the carcass of some precious Yankee onward whose heart smote him when the rebel shells began to fill the air with their awful screams. The thousands of the dead, fragments of cast off clothes, broken ramrods of some murderous cannon, pieces of shells, whole Shrapnel shot and other indications of the terrible battle field still strew the wayside of the old plankroad. The carcasses of the dead horses have not yet ceased to emit offensive odors, and the forest trees are marked where the cannon shot raged, by the dead branches, torn, shattered, and withered to an untimely blue by the summer's sun. But, standing by the red-clay battery on Marye's hill, the scene is one of greater desolation. Nearly where the forests have disappeared, and the young, presidding shrubs of spring and summer have clothed the earth in a united undergrowth. The numerous army of the South that once could be seen peopling every hill and dell are gone, except an occasional soldier, who, straggling from his distant camp, is observed plodding the dreary roads. The fields are bare of grain, the fencing all gone, and the rank weeds of neglect—a kind effort of nature to fill the void—supply the place of cultivation. Across the river the distant hills beyond the devoted little city stand out, and the hazy undraveled roads of the enemy make still checker the country in every direction. Grim fortifications frown along the line, but no cannon are there to make the frowns impressive. 'Tis not difficult, though, for one who has seen them as in days gone by, when they looked from a hundred embrasures, to imagine them looking from the same outlines, even while gazing into their vacancies across the sultry fields. It was mid-day, and the August sun was pouring out his utmost effulgence, as the command passed around the forbidden ground which I have described. The sweat poured in rivulets down my face, and I saw the former scenes through the clouds of dust that filled the air, and through the mist of heat that radiated from the ground, which made strange feelings of desolateness and desertion come over me.

But the prospect was not improved by a visit alone to the city. What do you see? As you wind round the hills—modest little hills—you see the city in the state twelve months ago, when Cobb fought the Irishmen. The field is there overgrown with weeds, where the drunken hirelings came, and the Georgians slew them, looking very grave. Its glory is marred because its price was our beloved fellow-citizen and statesman Cobb, and the good Georgian who looks on it must turn away in sadness. Pass on to the town, through the streets and overgrown with grass. A few pigeons are seen fluttering before you, or sailing about the house-tops, quite solitary. In the city, now and then, you see, may be, a group of citizens, may be soldiers on furlough, sitting up under the shades discussing common topics, lip and down the dusty ways is the absence of every sign of animation or hustle—trade, commerce, industry, all gone. It is a grateful relief in passing out of town to hear the tinkling of the only blacksmith's solitary hammer in the city. Closed doors look you blandly and sorrowfully in the face wherever you turn. A few of the old inhabitants have come back, in the hope that their cup of sorrow and suffering had passed. Hark!

Passing by a nice dwelling on Common street the merry notes of a piano reach the ear, and memories is brought were of home—of friends—of "days that are no more." Drawing near to listen, astonishment took the place of delight when it was observed that the fair performer inside was rendering "Jim Crack Corn. Don't Care" in a style that deserved little regard for the pressing emergencies of the times. Besides, a great hole was visible in one of the closed shutters, where the fragment of a bomb had torn its way through into the parlor. But that was common in every house, and, no doubt, to life the inhabitants like the soldiers to death, has grown indifferent and unmindful of it. The old church steeples still bear the marks of vandalism and Yankee meanness. Cannon balls have plowed their way through and through in many places. On the banks of the river the crumbled houses show the signs of the fierce bombardment that was opened on the place before the famous crossing in December. Our pickets sit among the weeds and in the old deserted walls there now, watching across the water. With the help of your fancy, see how it stands.

The enemy are said to have no pickets lower than the United States ford. Probably he is not going to advance for sensations yet. He will, doubtless, wait for the drafted fools. It was rumored in camp—yes, the report of a scout—that transports were seen on the 7th passing down the Potomac. Probably reinforcements for Charleston. Their hearts are set on that place, and may they never get it but in ashes—if at all. Probably before this reaches you the base of old Sumter will reek again under her thunder. If "a body" had anything, he'd take "something" to her good health.

TOUT-LE-MONDE.

Another Big Gun Exploded on the Naugatuck.

The New York *Tribune* has obtained the following particulars of the bursting of the gun of the Naugatuck, Lieut J. W. Wilson, commanding:

It appears that the vessel got under way for the purpose of giving the gun's crew some exercise in target practice, and upon reaching the spot designated the gun was loaded, and shotted with the ordinary charge of powder and the solid shot which is usually fired from that gun. The first discharge was made, and although the gun was examined according to usage, no symptom of weakness was apparent. It was again loaded, and at the instant of firing a terrific explosion occurred, prostrating nearly every one on board, and blowing one man overboard, and making sad havoc about the decks. It was found that the entire breech of the gun had been blown out, and that this heavy mass of iron had been forced through the pilot house, the smoke-pipe, deck house, and cabin, and then going some distance astern, fell into the water. Only five persons were injured to any extent, the others escaping. The gun in use at the time of the accident was an old-fashioned navy 42-pounder, which had been rifled, and a very heavy brass re-enforce shrunk on. In this case the charge and the shot were well "home," the gun was very clean, the elevation was not excessive, and the accident was purely attributable to unforeseen causes. This is the second time that the gun of this vessel has exploded; the first was a 100-pounder rifle, which was blown to atoms while the vessel was engaged with the rebels at Fort Darling, on the James river. The Naugatuck was formerly stationed at the Narrows, but was recently ordered to take a station near Fort Schuyler, to protect our interests in that quarter.

The Big Auction at Wilmington.

The *Journal*, of Wednesday afternoon, brings us the following concerning the great cargo sales by auction, which commenced at Wilkes Morris' warehouse, Wednesday afternoon:

We stepped into the auction store on Granite row this forenoon, and after perspiring for some time from heat, and hearing the bidding upon the goods, we came to the conclusion that the thermometer and the market were equally high, in fact quite too high for comfort.

The sale is a very large one, and the attendance exceeds anything we have ever seen on a similar occasion. There are bidders from all directions, and of all nationalities. Jews and Gentiles are represented, and the continents, peninsulas, and "Isles of the Sea," have sent forth their children, so that we expect nothing less than very fall prices to be the order of the day.

Of course these sales are wholly for traders, as, for instance, few families could afford to wipe their noses with one hundred and forty dozen handkerchiefs, or wear the same number of stockings. The railroads make money by bringing crowds of passengers, and the express company will again make money by carrying off the goods. We suppose the hotels will be able to get something for all hands to eat. If they want something to drink, there is plenty of rum and gin in the auction store.

ALKINS.—We understood that some casks of ale and porter, sold at the auction on Friday last went as high as $101 and $102 per dozen quarts. This, we think, is rather higher than we have yet seen or heard of. We have bought the very same article at auction in former times for $1 85 per dozen. Its common retail price was $3 50 to $4.—*Wilmington Journal.*

Charleston.

From some cause not clearly understood, the public anxiety with regard to Charleston has very much increased within the last few days. We have heard nothing from there to justify it, unless we accept as true the boastful and confident assurances of Yankee letter-writers from Hilton Head. With a single exception, all these deny that the web is successfully weaving around Fort Sumter and the city, which must inevitably fall. One account states that three 200-pound and five 100-pound parrott guns have been placed in battery near enough to Sumter to breach its walls and level them to the foundation. As the letter was written at least three weeks since, why have the breaching and levelling not been done? With such means in their power, the Yankees would certainly suffer no delay, especially in view of the hardships of camp life on Morris' island.

If a battery has really been erected within breaching distance of Fort Sumter, and so situated as not to be silenced by any of our works, one of two things is certain: the position must be carried by storm, or the Fort must fall. This is the only alternative, and we cannot think that our military authorities are willfully shutting their eyes to the truth.

If any mistake has been made in the def