Daily Appeal.

ATLANTA, GA.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 2.

THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND, LA.

Judging from the temper displayed by our troops in the recent battle at Richmond, La., we are justified in the belief that our authorities at the seat of government will be troubled up more with negro prisoners or with white officers found in command of negro troops. Three thousand are said to have perished in this engagement, only one Yankee Captain making his escape to tell the tale. This will act as a warning and an admonition in future, both to the negroes who engage in this warfare against us as well as to those white miscreants who undertake to discipline and command them.

The revolt of the negroes at Port Hudson and Baton Rouge was, in all probability, the result, in some measure, of this affair at Richmond. When made fully to understand the extreme peril of the position they occupy, they will naturally become restive, and seek the first opportunity to escape from the service—a service for which they have little or no taste, and in which there is for them, neither emolument, glory or renown. The promise of freedom is an empty boon, and the poor creatures, when too late, find that they have only changed masters, yielding up peaceful homes for the military camp. They very soon discover that soldiering is no holiday employment, and more especially when they meet with the rage and fury of those against whom they have been armed.

This affair at Richmond will, in all probability, raise a storm in the LINCOLN wigwam, and in all abolitondom. Bombastic threats of great retaliation will, no doubt, be indulged in; but for these, the South is prepared. We have dallied with them too long already. The Government has shown much more timidity than the South, in the field, on this subject, and we are right glad that they have taken the adjudication of the matter into their own hands. If they are willing to risk the hazards of retaliation, surely our Government officials can have no objection, as their own necks are in no danger. We really confess we like the spirit of our trans-Mississippi troops when this negro question is involved. "No prisoners" is their motto, and clean work their policy.

FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

From our latest information from East Tennessee, it would appear that the late "invasion of BURNSIDE'S forces" was not so formidable as first reports led the public to suppose.

The "twenty thousand men under BURNSIDE," turns out to be a force of about four thousand cavalry and mounted infantry, who advanced upon Wartsburg and threatened Knoxville. The indefatigable FORREST advanced from Kingston upon the rear of the enemy, when they retreated across the mountains, in the direction of Jamestown, Tennessee. We learn from our Chattanooga correspondent that telegraphic communication has been resumed between Richmond and Bristol.

Rumors have been current on the street for the past two days, says the Chattanooga *Rebel* of the 1st, that Knoxville was in possession of the Yankees. We have since learned the rumors are without foundation. A great many citizens removed their families upon the first information of the approach of the Federal cavalry. It is believed that no infantry force has yet crossed either of the gaps, and Knoxville "still exists." There are no Yankees there, and no apprehension that they will get there.

☞ The *Rebel* of yesterday, which is still issued from its old stand at Chattanooga, says that "thirty-eight prisoners were reported at the provost's office yesterday morning, twenty-one of whom were Federals captured in West Tennessee, under Colonel Coddack, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, by General Biddy's men. The balance were deserters from our army, bushwackers, thieves and conscript dodgers. The posse were brought to by an escort, commanded by Lieut McFadden, and were marched through on foot overland. The Yankees will be sent through to Richmond immediately. The other prisoners have been sent to the conscript camps, and the deserters remanded for trial."

The same paper says that Gen S. R. Anderson "has established his headquarters, for the present, at Gen. Wright's, about one mile and a half from the city. He will proceed immediately to raise a brigade of mounted men, and will receive recruits in regiments or companies at Chattanooga. All communications, relating to the new command will be addressed to him at this point."

☞ Certain letter writers in Charleston, says the Savannah *News*, are either very indifferent as to the character of the information which they impart to the enemy, or are endeavoring to frighten off the besiegers by boasting of the powerful armament of our iron clads, and of the monster guns in our possession, and which are to play havoc with the Yankee Monitors. Would it not be just as well to let the enemy find out the range and calibre of our guns by a practical demonstration? If these letter writers, who know so much better than General Beauregard how to conduct the defense of Charleston, were to communicate their sagacious conclusions and wise suggestions privately to that officer, they might or might not be acceptable. The information which, in their criticisms, they communicate to the enemy, though often unreliable, will at can be of no possible service to our cause, is sometimes, no doubt, of great value to the besiegers.

☞ Mr. Forrester, generalissimo of the armies of the Emperor of China, has returned to Clayton, in Jefferson county, New York, his native town, on a furlough of one year. He had been taken prisoner by the rebels and put to the torture. He was afterward ransomed, and his absence is for the purpose of recruiting his health.

☞ The Louisville *Journal* says that as far as heard from, the next General Assembly of Kentucky will be composed as follows: Senate, thirty-one Union, with six districts to hear from; House, thirty-eight Union and ten secessionists, with thirty counties to hear from.

☞ The Chattanooga *Rebel*, of yesterday, says that Capt Rice, who commanded the cavalry picket between that point and Bridgeport, reports the enemy about twelve miles from Chattanooga, on the south side of the river.

☞ Cameron and Forney, it is whispered have had high words about supporting Curtin. Just Forney has come out in an editorial for him, which contrasts strangely with his previous conspiracies to hook him down.

☞ The Canadian papers notice the arrival of a large number of youngmen from the United States, who have "skedaddled" to avoid the conscription.

☞ NEGROES AT AUCTION—Crawford, Frazer & Co., will on Saturday, at their auction house, a valuable lot of thirty negroes. See card in another column.

MEMPHIS ITEMS.

Through the kindness of a friend we are furnished with a copy of the Memphis *Bulletin* of the 19th ult., from which we gather the following items:

Brigadier-General R. R. Potter and staff are stopping at the Gayoso.

On the 16th there was an arrival of six Confederate prisoners in Memphis, captured in the vicinity of Corinth. They were turned over to the mercies (?) of the keeper of the Irving military prison.

The Irving block is to undergo a thorough repairing. The carpenters and other workmen are already engaged in the work of remodeling the "prison."

At the corner of Main and Monroe streets, the old site of the Calhoun block, Mr. J. C. Miles is erecting a building with three store rooms on the ground floor, which is to be finished without delay.

The following cases were tried before Capt. E. B. Woodward, Assistant District Provost Marshal, August 17th and 18th: Nicholas Cavellin, selling whisky: Jos. Orhl, selling whisky: Henry Wildberger, selling whisky: —— Stewart, smuggling: Mike Larkin, bribery and abuse of pass: A. Pelmster, stealing mule: Ed. Whalen, buying Government mule: James Woods, buying pistol from soldier: J. A. Wheager, selling whisky: J. Bamberter, selling whisky: M. M. Dickinson, robbery and stealing horse: James Malotesia, selling whisky.

On the 28th, Mary Downy, Bridget Mulcahs, Mrs. Garvey and James Kennihan, were before the recorder, for drunkenness. Altogether there were nineteen cases tried, and $92 of Lincoln's greenbacks collected.

A "property office" has been established in Memphis, which is presided over by Lieut. Farrar, assistant district provost marshal. "The office occupied by Lieut Farrar," says the *Bulletin*, "is one of the most important of any of the department offices of the district provost marshal. Besides having charge of the confiscated goods, etc., Lieut. Farrar has the additional labor of keeping the affairs of the provost marshal's stables in order." In addition to the dignified position of harborer of stolen goods and hostler to the provost marshal, Lieut. Farrar seems to have the honor of being the particular friend of "ye local" of the *Bulletin*.

At a meeting of the board of mayor and aldermen on the evening of the 18th, the clerk read the resignation of Dr. Merrill, late member of the board from the Fourth ward, which, on motion, was accepted. Mr. Stillman nominated Mr. C. Deloach, and a Mr. Wright was also put in nomination as Dr. Merrill's successor. On an election being held, the result was in favor of Mr. Deloach ..... Mr. Wunderman moved to open the bids for the city printing, which being carried, the clerk presented a bid from the *Argus*, without any competitor, as follows: Official reports of the proceedings of the board, fifty cents per thousand ems; advertising ordinances, etc., fifty cents per square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for subsequent ones. The bid was accepted and the contract awarded ..... Memphis seems to be infected with the canine species, as the bill for dog poisoning, presented to the board and ordered to be paid, was $200 25.

Mr. L. M. Hazen, of the Cincinnati detective police force arrived in Memphis on the 16th, in charge of Mr. Needham, who is accused of having robbed Adams' Express company of property to the amount of $7,000. Needham had been employed as an agent for the company between Memphis and Milliken's bend. Some six weeks since, several packages of valuables were missed. Inquiries were instituted to find out the delinquent, when Needham fled to Canada, where Mr. Hazen found him, about thirty miles from the city of Hamilton. Needham left Memphis in so much haste that he left his baggage behind him.

☞ The vote in the Alabama Legislature for Confederate senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. W. L. Yancey, was, for Robert Jemison, jr., 97 votes; ex-Governor Winston, 12; John Cochran, 1. Mr. Jemison is the first man ever elected a Senator in Congress from Alabama who was never a Democrat.

☞ Mrs. Judd, of Nashville, Tennessee, who has been confined in the Alton military prison for some time, on the charge of being a spy, has been paroled to the limits of the State of Minnesota, there to remain during the war.

☞ The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham has left Niagara Falls for Canada, immediately. After remaining there for a few days, he will proceed to Windsor, Canada, opposite to Detroit, Michigan.

DEPACING THE OLD PUR-FUNG.—The editor of the Scranton (Penn.) *Republican* says:

We saw a curious embellishment the other day—a five dollar bill on the Pottsville bank, which contains in one corner a vignette of Jas. Buchanan. Some person had hunged his eyes with red ink, drawn a gallows above his head, from which a rope was suspended that went around his neck, and then branded his forehead with the word "Judas." This is but one of hundreds. The bank has had to call in all its issue with that portrait on it, as unmistakable vote the manifestations of popular indignation against the man who might, had he the will or power, have stopped the rebellion in the bud, as Jackson did before him.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.—The coroner of Carlton county writes the Savannah *Republican* of the 30th ult., as follows, from Traders Hill, Ga., Aug. 29th:

A strange incident took place in this village a few days ago. A widow lady, who had apparently been dead for two days, arose, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "What news from the war?" All present were too much frightened to answer her, and she fell back without the least indication of life. She was not interred until decomposition had actually commenced. The lady's name was Mrs. Temperance Carter.

MORTALITY IN NEW YORK.—We copy the following paragraph from the New York *Times* of the 24th ult.:

The fearful number of nine hundred and seventy deaths were reported yesterday by the city inspector as having occurred during the past week. This is an increase over last week of two hundred and thirty-eight, and over the same period last year of four hundred and two. The deaths caused by the excessive heat reach the startling number of one hundred and thirty-four. Of the entire number five hundred and thirty-eight were children under five years of age.

RAILROAD COLLISION.—The up express passenger and freight train, drawn by the locomotive Missouri, and the down freight train, drawn by the Excel, collided at this place, yesterday morning, just as the first was going out and the latter coming in. The Excel was considerably damaged, and the box car, immediately behind its tender, was smashed up. The Missouri was injured, but not badly enough to prevent it from proceeding with its train, after the Excel and our engineers had more removed from the track. The end of a Memphis and Charleston box car, containing cannon, just behind the Missouri's tender, was stove in. There was little injury, besides this, to either train. Fortunately, the engineers, on both sides, perceiving each other, had reversed the engines and caused the brakes to be pull down. The engineers and firemen saved themselves by jumping. The up train was loaded with soldiers. The collision considerably delayed that and two other soldier trains.—*Confederate, Marietta, 1st.*

DROWNED.—A seaman named Richard Welch, of the steam ship *Spaulding*, Captain Dexter, was accidentally drowned at the pontoon Bridge on Saturday morning, about seven o'clock. Owing to the strong current his body was not recovered.—*Charleston Courier, 31st.*

LETTER FROM AUGUSTA.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

AUGUSTA, September 1, 1863.

A pleasant night's ride over the Georgia road, under the care of an obliging conductor and in a clean car, is a change so different from all my late experience in railroad traveling that I cannot avoid referring to the manner in which I was favored last night. The trip, however, is not a pleasant one, reminded me of old times, from Atlanta to this point, reminded me of old times traveling, and I am sure other beaux myself fully appreciated the attentiveness of Conductor Rhodes, under whose control a full train of passengers were safely landed in this city on time this morning. May he never be less fortunate.

The last few miles of the trip was made after daylight, and I was surprised to observe the indifferent appearance of corn fields. A heavy drain will be made on other districts to supply this, if what is to be seen along the road as you approach Augusta is an index of the whole validity. Many expressions of a like element were indulged in by gentlemen who had visited other parts of the State, at the evident failure in comparison here. But, Georgia has the produce to fill all her granaries, and much more.

After a run of several hours, I have of course only been able to obtain a surface view of this dignified old city. I repeat dignified, for such it is—laid out in regular squares, with very broad pavements and streets, and closely built up with substantial buildings only, but little fancy work has been indulged in decorating houses in any portion of the city I have seen, either among the residences or business blocks. Everything looks ancient, yet in an excellent state of preservation. The streets are well shaded, and most of them present a rural aspect highly pleasing. The city is full of people, among whom, I have met with many refugees from Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. A large itinerant population, I am informed, haunt the hotels and boarding houses crowded; but a noticeable feature, that must strike any one who has visited Jackson, Mobile, Montgomery, Atlanta and other cities of the Confederacy in the last two years, is the absence of shoulder-straps and other warlike bedizenings. But few are to be seen, and it is said Gen. Beauregard is particularly careful of keeping his rear clear of those fancy warriors, who are preying upon other towns, so far as attaches of his army are concerned. His example followed by some other commanders would have a happy effect.

This far August has not felt the war in many particulars. Passing by her numerous warehouses the observer must conclude, that cotton is king. Three-quarters of a million bales in store, of which a fair share is Sea Island, worth two dollars and a half per pound. Tobacco is stored everywhere in quantities it would seem fabulous to mention. The stores filled with goods as of yore, and are crowded with purchasers. But then, as somebody said—speaking not very exaggerated either—it takes a deep hand of money to buy an armful of goods. A certain's pills can soon be seized if he salles out, and having never had the advantage of a Government contract, the writer was content with asking, instead of paying, the prices of the various desirable articles to be seen. Everybody is speculating, and fortunes are made daily to all appearance. He not the spirit rise so high that it will reach, and the bubble burst!

I have met several gentlemen who left Charleston last evening. They confirm all previous reports as to the determination of the troops and people in the devoted city, and of the condition of things therein. But the impression seems to be general that within the past few days the enemy has gained some trifling advantages. As I observe from an editorial letter in the *Constitutionalist* of this morning, Sumter is only able to reply with a single gun, and a battery has been constructed in the rifle pits wrested from our troops a few nights ago. An artillery duel between this and Wagner occurred Sunday night—with what effect is not stated. As the distance is only two hundred yards, it is fair to presume somebody was hurt. Our friends are preparing some new works of defense, which have been hinted at. As publication of the fact has been made here, I may mention that two immense guns, lately arrived from England, will soon be in position to hurl their missiles at the foe. One is about ready. The journal named says it "is a terrible monster, and an idea of its huge proportions can be formed from the following dimensions: Weight 22 tons, circumference of breech 13 feet, length 16 feet, calibre 18 inches, rifled. The chassis is 36 feet, and the height of the carriage is 8 feet. The solid shot weighs 400 pounds, and the empty shell weigh 450 pounds. We understand that sixty tons of ammunition have arrived with the gun. When in position it will command the entire bay, and the weight of metal is sufficient to send any iron-clad to the bottom of the harbor." It is to do its work from the city battery, its great weight precluding the possibility of carrying it to any of the island works. Let us hope it will not disappoint public expectation.

The sinking of the Sumter transport was an inexcusable calamity. The officers of the battery claim that the boat did not give the proper signals as she was returning to the city, while the revenue is asserted by the officers of the boat. But then shots were fired, and were sent with such precision as to accomplish the disaster at once. There were about three hundred on board, how many were lost is not known. The troops were all Georgians. What makes it the more heart-rending is the fact that some of the gallant fellows who had been wounded on the island were on board, and perhaps in such a condition as not to be able to render themselves any assistance when the boat sunk. The fire from Battery Bee not only sunk the boat, but killed and wounded some of the poor fellows.

I am leaving the hospitalities of the Planters' hotel, behind the desk of which I find Mr. A. C. Barlow, whilom of the Woodson in Memphis. He looks as much the right man in the right place, and greets his guests as pleasantly as ever.

Shall leave for Charleston this evening.

ABSENTEE.

LETTER FROM CHATTANOOGA.

CHATTANOOGA, August 31, 1863.

EDITORS APPEAL: It seems that the invasion of East Tennessee by the Yankees has not been so formidable thus far, as "reliable gentlemen" and sensation correspondents have represented. Instead of twenty thousand men, under Burnside, it was only a force of four thousand cavalry and mounted infantry, that penetrated as far as Wartsburg and threatened Knoxville. On the advance of Gen. Forrest, from Kingston, toward the rear of the enemy, they immediately retreated across the mountains in the direction of Jamestown, Tennessee. Telegraphic communication is again established with Richmond via Bristol.

The indications are that the present military status will not long be maintained. Everything points to an early important move of the enemy in some direction, though at what point Rosecrans aims to strike first, can not be ascertained by outsiders. Two thousand of the enemy's cavalry visited Trenton, Georgia, yesterday. It is said that they have crossed, both infantry and cavalry, at Warhatchie, a station six miles below here, on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. In what force they have crossed we have been unable to ascertain. There is no information here of the enemy's having crossed in any considerable numbers at Bridgeport. It appears from reliable information that the force opposite this place consists of a brigade of cavalry, commanded by Col. Wilder. The brigade is accompanied by a battery of light artillery, with which the Yankees have been throwing shells into the city, at intervals, since the 21st instant, by way of amusement, doing little damage, except the killing of several women and children, and wounding a few soldiers. The town is comparatively deserted. Most of the stores and business houses have been closed. The citizens and noncombatants generally, have left. A quiet, Sabbath like appearance pervades the town, yet our hearts are unchecked by the solemn church bell's chime. Most of the public offices have been moved to the rear, out of reach of the enemy's shells. Our eyes are no longer greeted by the sight of the mountain domes promenading at eventide. All have fled from the dread destroyer war. Nothing remains in Chattanooga but the military. At night no sound greets the ear, except the measured tread of the sentinel as he walks his allotted round. Among the various Government officers, two remain in town, to write the obituary of the past summary. Captain Thos. A. Campbell, and the office of the chief of transportation, Major John S. Bransford both Tennessees—and both Memphis men. Though the twelve pound rebellious guns have screamed above, around and even among them, they have remained at their post, each transacting the business of his department, the same as heretofore.

During the shelling on the 27th, the transportation office was struck three different times. One shell passed through Major Bransford's private room, divided into two parts—passed on through two rooms—exploded the office, wounding two of the clerks—Mr. Jas. L. Tracey, of Knoxville, and Mr. Wm. Wendel, of Harrisburg—one being lodged in the wall a few inches from Major Bransford's head, the other falling on the lounge from which he was sitting at the time, literally covering him with ink and dust. It will be gratifying to the friends of young Tracey and Wendel to learn that neither of them was seriously injured; the former, who received the severest wound, being in a fair way to recover in a few weeks.

Most of the office furniture destroyed to be almost all the necessary and transportation office, yet, notwithstanding the shelling, as before mentioned, business goes on as these offices as usual.

Trains have ceased to run beyond this point, either on the Nashville and Chattanooga or Mill's valley railroad. The track to the bridge and siding, and only await the proportunity when the enemy can be met, to win for our arms a glorious victory.

OSCEOLA.

LETTERS FROM CANTON.

From our Special Correspondent.

CANTON, August 31, 1863.

The railroad is running from Grenada to Panola, and in a few days will be running from here to Coffeeville, the only injury which cannot speedily be repaired being the burning of the rolling stock and the destruction of the Yallabusha bridge. The destruction of the stock is irreparable. The Yankees have cook inside of their camp lines again, and the usual quiet reigns in North Mississippi.

According to the Memphis *Bulletin* Gen. Sherman has issued an order to the effect that forty days will be given citizens within his lines, which, he claims, embrace all that territy west of Pearl river, to take the oath or depart. This is the manner in which the people are to be allowed to decide, without molestation, whether they are for or against the Union, and for interference with which, on the part of the Confederacy, harsh incarceration are threatened. It is while the Yankees are gathering strength to fitch such chaff, that some citizens wish to rest. With certain establishment of subsistence at its heels one would think a State as chivalrous as Mississippi would rally with preparations for the struggle, and that she would make the Confederacy deaf with clamors for assistance.

Next to South Carolina, the Yankee demonst will be more vindictive toward Mississippi than any other State. Aside from minor political grudges, the ghosts of thousands of slaughtered Yankees at Vicksburg and Port Hudson will urge to malignant and vindictive cruelty. She has no hope but in victory. When the Yankees have safe possession, the citizen may burn his house and come away.

Major-General Lee is engaged in re-organizing the cavalry, arranging the horsefeers independent brigadiers, so that they may act in concert when emergencies require it, and placing the best troops at points of honor where vigilance is necessary and where danger is most probable. Gen. Lee is urged to have no mercy for stragglers. They are to be placed where a straggling soldier is regarded as worse than a prowling thief. A fellow who allows himself to be counted in the ranks of brave men and leads his general into defeats in expeditions by playing the coward and absenting himself from the fight is responsible for the disaster, if guilty of the deaths of his comrades. His punishment is death. He is the most abominable of villains. The sentinel, overcome by fatigue, sleeps on his post. It is death. How much more worthy of death is he who, the country in danger, swears he will be among her defenders when his coward heart tells him he lies; who, when the cries comes, abandons his country to her fate and his countrymen to death or captivity from war whelming numbers. B.

CANTON, AUGUST 25, 1863.

A negro man was hung here to-day. He had held his mistress while some unknown person whipped her most dreadfully. It is a mysterious affair. The women, under the whip, only confess that the person's voice sounded like Master Harry's. The outraged woman was afterward robbed.

There is no news from above. The Yankees have undoubtedly good reason. I think we are done with raids for a while. There is nothing left to justify the risk. I assure you there is risk. Riding so rapidly over the country, they are apt to be thrown from their horses. It is dangerous to knock corks of half bottles. Hot water and steam comes, sometimes, with unexpected suddenness, scalding a couple of rifles. I could point you out a dozen subjects in which rapid riding through Mississippi is dangerous.

I have solved the mystery. Winslow, raiding from the Yazoo, slide nothing and burned nothing, being apprehensive of capture. Once beyond Grenada, and out of danger, they indulged themselves in the usual Hatch style. The hanging would have been likely and proper enough, but Winslow was foolishly timid in fearing the preliminary catching. He did not know we were resting awhile.

Reports from Vicksburg and the river in relation to Grant's movements and intentions are contradictory and unsatisfactory. He moves his transports up and down the river in the night, with the evident object of mystifying our scouts and spies. He has undoubtedly sent some troops North, and has in progress some heavy excursions inland from the west bank of the river. There is nothing for him to do on the east bank now that the rolling stock of the road is destroyed. An expedition, inland, to penetrate far enough to be seriously at whatever is impassable at this season. We certainly cannot be surprised at Mobile. A land force can only reach her through Pascagoula, a point forty miles distant.

Now is the time to bring every available man into camp. The Confederacy will need every ounce of her weight to press back the unions which will be hurled against her southern borders as soon as weather and water permits. Let the conscription officers persevere. I assure them their mission is popular with the masses, and that they will be held responsible if we lack men when the struggle of the fall opens. B.

CANTON, MISS., August 26.

Colonel L. D. Frost, superintendent of the Mississippi Central railroad, has returned from a survey of the condition of things above. There are about a dozen engines that can be put to use, and probably two hundred cars. This embraces the entire stock above Jackson. The bridges over the Yallabusha cannot be repaired at present, but there is sufficient stock on the north side of the river to run both roads. Plats will be used in crossing the river.

Many negro women and children are coming out of the Yankee lines. No inducements are offered to them to remain, nor objections made to their departure. The authorities are careless as to how they dispose of themselves or what becomes of them. Able bodied negro men are retained for service in the army. These negro women give most deplorable accounts of their sufferings and hardships while with the Yankees. They are robbed of what money they have, and then allowed to shift for themselves. Food is given them, but they have no means of cooking it. No place of shelter, no medicine or attention when sick, no coffins, sometimes even no holes in the ground when they die. Their husbands, who induced them to follow the Yankees, and on whom they depended to carry them safely through their foolish expedition, are stolen from them by the Yankees, and the poor things are totally abandoned. It is pitiful.

Grant is burning cotton, wherever he finds it. He is raising astute himself, extensively, and is too shrewd a business man not to bring every trick of trade to bear in keeping up the market. Grant is as good a merchant as soldier or Democrat. After resigning his commission in the old army, he embarked in the lumber business, in the Northwest. He made a very handsome fortune, but falling into bad habits—very beastly habits—he became poor, so poor that his wife, who is now so proud as Mrs. Mai.-Gen. Grant, abandoned him. The opening of the war found Grant vacillate in every worldly quality, but he seized his last chance, manfully. He has disappointed his friends. He owed his appointment to the fact that the Republicans wanted a drunken, worthless, loco-foco general, over whose shoulders they might lash the Democratic party. He fooled the engineers. B.

LETTER FROM DALTON.

Special Correspondence of Memphis Appeal.]

DALTON, GA., September 1, 1863.

The news brought by the train from East Tennessee, last night, is to the effect that a large Federal force having appeared at Blyth's ferry, on the north side of the Tennessee, opposite the mouth of the Hiwassee, General Buckner, on yesterday, evacuated London and fell back with his whole force to Charleston, where the railroad crosses the Hiwassee, some eighteen miles distant from its mouth. The Yankees are reported to be some twenty thousand strong, and our report—not believed—has it that ten thousand had crossed to this side of the Tennessee.

From Chattanooga the report this morning is that all is quiet, there being no shelling, not as much as an explosion—contrary to the apprehension of the day before—on yesterday. Some thirty prisoners, captured at or near Trenton, passed down in the last evening's train. It is reported that the force reported in my letter of yesterday as being at Trenton on the day before, had advanced in the direction of Chattanooga to within six miles, with the strong probability, from arrangements made, of being cut off. I give this for what it is worth, being a report brought last night from Chattanooga. I observe this morning a considerable cavalry force moving apparently westward from this point.

A constant stream of migration seems to flow southward from the country to the north and east of this point, every train freighted to overflowing with women and children, and servants and household goods, and every public road filled with wagons and carts, all fleeing from the presence, or from fear of the presence of the enemy. This phenomenon and others of a similar kind give rise to some reflections not very favorable, "not to put too fine a point upon it," to Mr. Seward, "not to put too fine a point upon it," to Mr. Seward, "not to put too fine a point upon it." Is this the much vaunted latter days civilization. From the presses' song, and sentiments of self congratulation attered at the annual festive gastronomic gatherings of Exeter hall, and New York Tabernacle, who would have imagined that humanity had become so refined, so in its aspirations, above, and so in all forms of development, moral, political and religious, it "had shuffled off the mortal coil" of original or primitional sin, and only swelled aesthetic or translation. To have heard the patriotic utterances, or witnessed the intellectual exuberance of these reverend christians, these reverend ministers, these reverend and reversed splinters in Christ's chariots, so garnishable for sallow visages, sunken cheeks, big noses, and teeth, spinous hair and very large hands and feet, hashed in sanctified black, out of with lengthy white handkerchiefs tied with choking tightness around their necks, or with suffocating tippets about the neck or shoulders made of dyed cat skins, and spectral looking glasses perched on nose, one would have imagined that we had realized the apocalyptic vision of a "new heaven and new earth," where death no more was, and from whence sin, and sorrow, and sighing, had forever flown away. And yet what is the exigencies, in fruits of experiment, of these peculiarities of the "spirit" of the age, the annual "camp meetings" of these apostles of "modern civilization" in England and America, selling in concert? A more ruthless war than humanity or civilization ever witnessed in any period of the world's history, a war without precedent, and without a sanction of political authority, without the pretence of difference of race, without the exasperation of a vindictive retaliation, as in the case of La Vendee, without the accumulated wrath of the French revolution for ages of oppression and tyranny, without, indeed, any provocation save that of lust—lust excited by, and furnishing with destructive ends and objects, its trophies of robbery and plunder, by formal legislation, and prosecuted in the spirit of fiends, rather than men, prompted by a spirit of fiendish and godless Bacchanalians, which, upon refusal to take an oath to support unto death a mutant political tenacity, seizes houses, furniture, lands, as spoils of war, at the point of the bayonet, and drives men and the women and children in a body from the country in which they were born, to seek a precarious subsistence among strangers, away from the graves of their loved, and the altars of affection and religion, or die from cold, or want, or starvation, witnessing their merciless work of persecution against them, their own simple hearted domestics, who have enjoyed with them a common shelter, and had the bounties of a "common basket and store." I believe there is a God of political retribution, as much as I do there is an Infinite, and that there shall be a day of reckoning and judgment to this miserable horde of political bandits, who, under the false auspices of God's own religion, have inaugurated this war, and justified its spirit by suggesting such lawless motives—motives which combine the atrocities of the massacre of St. Bartholemew, and the insurrection of St. Domingo, with the brutal lust and love of plunder of a conspiracy by clans and footpads of London or New York. Verily, the end to these gentlemen is untrust.

Mr. Menninger, in a letter to Senator Hunter, exhibits a very cheering, or at least not a very despondent view of the condition of the currency. If the currency by one form of absorption and another can be reduced and kept to the standard required by legitimate business, it will have a firm influence, not more upon the financial and commercial condition of the country than upon the moral. As the Secretary well says, gold and silver are no more standards of value, or other than commodities, than tin and platinum, and it is therefore false to estimate the value of Confederate notes by them. If, therefore, by reducing the circulation "to a legitimate amount," or amount to serve the value of articles of prime necessity, the value created by the 5 at influences of circulation and supply, we will get rid of extortion, and the evils of a plethoric circulation in abridging extravagance, and the inordinate popular thirst for speculation, or making money at the expense of the solid wants of the community. This latter might be very much abridged if the temptation to buy foreign goods could be cut off by stopping blockade running, internal not more than external.

I regret to see by the Montgomery *Advertiser*, that Col. James D. Webb, of the 31st Alabama cavalry, who was wounded on the retreat from Shelbyville and left a prisoner in the hands of the Yankees, has died from his wounds. I knew Col. Webb well from my early manhood, and surely never knew one of stiffer or purer character. I can say without the hyperbole which is supposed usually to sanctify the memory of the dead, that he was a man literally "without fear," and certainly "without reproach." Democratic sentiments, amiable feelings, courageous conduct, and clear understanding had "their share of him," and made him a combination of character so harmonious, as to excite a joint feeling of admiration and respect in all who knew him. His reception of Vallandigham was such a union of good sense and dignity, as could not have been surpassed by the President himself, had he been present. ABSENTEE.

LETTER FROM MORTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MORTON, August 26, 1863.

A "reliable contraband" from the vicinity of Raymond, who came in on last night's train from Brandon, reports that the enemy were expected at Raymond yesterday. There is a strong picket force at Edwards' Ferry, who occasionally make incursions and forage this side of the Big Black on the terra firmata of Gen. Grant. This negro fellow, who has a wholesome horror of the blue coats, says that the country about Raymond is still as the grave, and as desolate as Siberia, and that except the tattoo or *reveille* of the enemy's drum, or the clanking of the sabers of some passing scouting party of our cavalry, no sound ever greets the ear. Hostilities beginning there when the growing crop was but in its incipient stages, the abandonment of plantations gave over the fields of corn, wheat and other cereals, to neglect and weeds, and thus large fields of produce, for the want of the fructifying plough and hoe, were lost. Add to this the widespread plunder and devastation of the enemy, and the mind can easily picture a sad state of things in the region of country from Vicksburg to Jackson. The horses of the planters were stolen, and their milch cows and stock killed or carried off by the Yankee commissaries, and those of the citizens who showed any spirit of boldness, dealt with as ruffians. In the midst of all their losses and calamities the people are still true to the Confederacy, and greet with eager pleasure the confederate uniform.

As the cool weather advances, military movements begin to assume some life and energy. A scouting party of our cavalry lately crossed Big Black, and proceeding to within eight miles of Vicksburg, threw the Yankees into spasmodic fear. The long rail was broken on the bastion of the outerline of fortifications at Vicksburg, and the city itself was thrown into a high state of excitement. Our men encountered a picket force of Negroes, who incontinently fled at their approach, and were hotly chased toward the enemy's stronghold. A heavy force of cavalry being sent out to their assistance, our men quietly retired. It is reported by a gentleman from Benton, Miss., that a body of 3000 of the enemy were approaching that town from Yazoo City. It seems to be the general impression below that Gen. Grant heads the expedition reported gone up White river in pursuit of Gen. Price. "Old Pap" has earned the ire of the little Yankee general, by giving the enemy a good thrashing recently, somewhere in Arkansas, and Mr. Grant, who deems himself another Napoleon, the spoiled child of fortune, has taken the old hero in hands, with an—"I'll fix him." But if the brave old Missouri chief has but half a chance he will put a quietus to Mr. Grant's career. The order of Gen. Grant published in the Memphis papers, would support the theory of your correspondent in his last letter, that the railroad from Memphis and New Orleans would be held by the enemy as the advanced line of his defenses. This order declares the Federal lines to extend to the Mississippi Central railroad from Grand Junction to Jackson; that any of our troops operating inside of that line will be treated as guerrillas and not as organized forces!! In the same order he advises the people, to free their negroes, pay them wages, and resume their ordinary occupations. It will be news to the country that guerrillas are not organized Confederate troops. Wonder if Gen. Grant would dare to treat any of our guerrillas that may fall into his hands otherwise than as organized Confederate troops. But this is a mere Yankee trick, a cute piece of generalship, to intimidate our bold guerrillas. The thing is too flimsy; in Yankee parlance—"It won't pay."

We are quite officially informed that the late raiders from Memphis were pretty badly pickled and bushwacked, on their return trip to Memphis, from the Tallahatchie to beyond the Coldwater. Evanescently of logs, almost every bush, seemed to project fire and leaden balls, to the great discomfort and destruction of the enemy. Fifteen are reported killed while crossing Coldwater, and the wounded, which they carried off with them, from every indication, were numerous.

The *Mississippian* is out in an elaborate editorial regarding the employment of negroes in the army. It takes a novel view of that momentous question. He believes it "the duty of this Government to forestall Lincoln and proceed at once to take steps for the emancipation and liberation of the negroes." "Let them be declared free," he continues, "placed in the ranks and told to fight for their homes and country." Is not this yielding up the whole question? Is it not a declaration of impotency on the part of the white man of the South to achieve their independence? Would not such a measure stultify our people, and place them in a most humiliating and degrading attitude before the world? Would it not be an insult to the thousands living and dead, men and women, of the South who have lived in the belief that the institution of slavery will the only hope for the ultimate regeneration of the black man, and who saw in his advance from barbarism to civilization, through the medium of the institution, the strongest grounds for the soundness of their faith? Would it not be a tacit admission of the wicked sophisms of the Abolitionists, since their organization to the present day? Would it not be a weak yielding to the seeming expediency of the hour, and an adoption of the heresy of "doing evil that good may come?" The institution of slavery is the moral Atlas that supports the South on its shoulders. Destroy that support, kill that Atlas, and the South tumbles.

"From barrel to foundation stone."

You cannot, if you would, lop it off as a mysterious branch. It is not the branch, it is the sap, which permeates every leaf and fiber of the entire tree. It is the South—the baptismal vow, the marriage fane, the funeral rite—the life and essence of the South are wrapt up in the institution. The word "slavery" is a misnomer—it is a great industrial system that has blessed the country with the fruits of its labor. How, then, would its abolition "place our people in a purer and better light before the world?" Europe looks upon the institution with horror; but does Europe understand anything about it, further than that it is slavery? Europe hates the word slavery—that is the gnat she strains at so heavily, while she swallows the camel of a system of white slavery, under the name of freedom, at her own doors, within her mines, factories and work shops, infinitely worse than negro slavery. And, after all, the thing is not practicable. The *Mississippian* does not suggest a gradual emancipation, but an immediate liberation. He admits that there are four millions of slaves in the South, six hundred thousand of whom are able-bodied. Of these "fifty thousand are in the Federal ranks." Suppose we set the 50,000 free, to be by a solemn act of legislation, and put those presumed "six hundred thousand" to the field, what becomes of the three millions thirty five hundred thousand women and children remaining of the four million, after the fifty thousand that are with the Yankees have been subtracted? Who will take care of the women and children, the old and decrepid, the blind, lame and halt? Who will feed, and clothe them when they are free? The thing "won't be did." We can use our slaves just as well as slaves as if they were free; aye, a thousand times better. Let the *Mississippian* cheer up. We can whip the Yankees if there was not a negro north of Tombeckbee, and we will do it, and our slaves will lend us a helping hand. The Yankees and Abolitionists are our enemies, the bitterest, their deadliest foes. Let us see them less not in the ranks.

The weather is gloomy, damp and almost disagreeable.

Your correspondent will soon leave Morton, to indulge a furlough among his friends, but your readers will hear from him occasionally. He has spent a pleasant time while here, among the pine and oak clad hills of old Scott, which, though barren, nestled many a home of warm hearts, and now he must say farewell.

"A word that must be, and hath been,
A sound that makes us linger—yet, farewell."

GIGILIAN.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

LETTER FROM HON. JOSHUA HILL.

MADISON, GA., August 26, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of your favor calling my attention to certain charges made against me by some of my constituents, and asking me to reply, and allow you to publish my vindication. Other friends have written me letters of similar tenor. In order to relieve all honest misapprehension, I make the following request, which, I trust, will be satisfactory to all who are willing to think favorably of me. Said of my correspondents as remain unanswered, will please consider this as an answer to them.

A few of the public journals of this State have suggested my name as one fit to be voted for in the approaching election for Governor. It has been done without any agency or management of mine. Plain facts compel me to say that I know of no friends who had determined to confer this honor on me with their votes—without regard to any reasonable prospect of success. That I have some such devoted friends I have reason to believe. To these I have always said, "While I could not participate in such well intended kindness I would not consent to occupy the position of an aspirant or seeker for office." Now, I repe