Daily Appeal.

ATLANTA, GA.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOD.

We had the pleasure of calling to see this distinguished but as yet youthful veteran on yesterday, at the residence of his friend Mr. J. S. THRASHER. We were much gratified to see that his general health was so good, and to learn from him that his amputated limb was healthily healing. Our opinion of Gen. HOOD cannot be better conveyed than in the language of one of Johnston's late letters from the army of Tennessee, when he was mentioned as having been appointed to take command of the cavalry of the army of Virginia as lieutenant-general, which appointment, we may say *en passant*, we understand was tendered to him and declined:

"With some knowledge of General HOOD—knowledge derived from opportunities of observation at him in all the more trying exigencies of war—I am prepared to think a better appointment could hardly have been made. He is peculiarly a soldier—a soldier as much by nature as education—who, it seems, to my imperfect judgment, is fitted to any military position to which he may be called. In the operations of last year, in Virginia, he and A. P. HILL were "pillars of fire" to the army, burning most brightly when danger was darkest and most deadly. History, even in the ages of the Crusades, when romantic chivalry culminated in examples of the most brilliant heroism, can boast no better soldier, not one of more daring courage, or more intelligent skill."

We cannot but regret that services so valuable as his have been should be lost to the country, at a time when they are peculiarly needed, and can but hope for his speedy restoration to the army which he has ever honored, not less by his modest, amiable graces as a man, than by his gallantry and intelligence as a commander.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO LIEUT.-GEN. POLK.

The letter which will be found in our columns to-day, effectually disposes of Gen. BRAGG's charges against Gen. POLK, and the numerous calumnies which have been circulated through the country in regard to his conduct in the late battle. We may say, in addition to what the letter itself discloses, that a feeling near the heart of the President, and a subject of his anxious desire was that Gen. POLK should resume his position in the army of Tennessee. This being firmly but respectfully declined, for reasons deemed by Gen. POLK as conclusive, and appreciated by the President, he has been assigned to a command in the department of Mississippi which is characterized by the President as "a field of duty alike important and difficult," and which furnishes the best evidence of his appreciation of Gen. POLK's past services.

MOBILE REGISTER ON GEN. BRAGG.—The only remark on the *Register's* article of the 28th October that we would make, is one of commendation to its attention of the reply of the Roman Seer to Julius Caesar, when told that the Ides of March had come—"Yes, but they are not gone." *Nous verrons.*

☞ We would call attention of those interested, and who is not, to the notice in another column of the Executive Vigilance Committee of the city of Atlanta, calling a meeting of the committee on next Friday evening, the 6th inst., at 7½ o'clock, on business of vital importance.

☞ A Washington dispatch says that the receipts of money paid by drafted men now amounts to nine millions, which, it is expected, will be increased by one or two millions more. The whole of this sum is to be appropriated to recruiting under the new proclamation of the President.

A Case of Treason in Augusta, Ga.

A policeman of Augusta, named Lenehan, was arrested, a few days since, on the charge of treason to the Confederate States. It appears from the evidence, says the *Constitutionalist*, that Lenehan was assisting in guarding some Yankee prisoners, where one of the military guard, Private Barksdale, discovered him in rather confidential conversation with one of the prisoners, and communicating the fact to two of his companions, they resolved to ascertain the status of the accused for themselves. Accordingly, they disguised themselves as Yankee prisoners, and asked Lenehan to go with them to the pump to get some water; and while on the way, he spoke rather freely to them and disloyally of his Government. Whereupon they reported the case to the proper authorities, and he was yesterday morning brought before Judge Gould, and after an examination, which was conducted by Frank H. Miller, Esq., on the part of the prosecution, he was committed to jail to await his trial before the Confederate States District Court, on the charge of treason to the Confederate Government.

LAUNCH OF ANOTHER LEVIATHAN.—The ocean iron-clad "Dictator," has been completed at New York, and is ready for launching. Nothing like it has been built in the United States or Europe. The magnitude of the armor on her turrets and her sides surpasses the most formidable protection ever conceived for ships before.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter continues without intermission, the fire being still directed chiefly on the southwest angle of the fort. The monitors on Sunday kept up a steady fire on the sea wall, and in reverse upon the side face.

The number of shots from the monitors was in the same proportion as that on the previous day. The number of shots from the land batteries Sunday were three hundred seventy-five, forty-six of which missed. The number of mortar shells fired were three hundred and eight, of which eighty-seven missed.

The number of shots Sunday night was fifty-four rifled shells, seven of which missed, and four mortar shells, two of which failed.

The number of projectiles fired since Monday week is 9,565, of which 817 missed, and 4,748 struck.

The only casualty on Sunday was W. Halback, company D, 12th Georgia, wounded in the leg slightly.

On Monday there were fired 140 shots from monitors, all of which struck; 250 rifled shots from Morris island, 55 of which missed; 345 mortar shells, 135 of which missed.

One man was killed on Monday by a mortar shell.

The report from the fort states that the damage is less by the enemy's fire than usual. The missing debris has assumed a favorable position for the defense of the fort. Besides the fifteen inch shell, the monitors fire rifled Wiard shells, an object inches long and six and a half inches in diameter.—*Charleston Courier, 26th.*

Release of Rev. Mr. Gibson, of Baltimore.

The imprisonment and subsequent release of Rev. Mr. Gibson, of Baltimore, by the Federal authorities there, has been noticed. The following is a copy of the letter which caused his arrest:

BALTIMORE, September 24, 1863.

Gen. G. C. Thomas, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 21st instant reached me last evening. I should be most happy to receive your son, but think it only proper to inform you that in the unhappy differences which now distract the country all my people are, without exception, advocate the Southern side. In view of this, I fear your son would not find it pleasant here.

Yours, very respectfully;

FREDERIC GIBSON.

LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH.

That much of what Lord BROUGHAM has uttered of late years, is due to the eccentric vagaries of senility is, no doubt, true. Habit makes him still a speaker, and gives him, as in most old men, a morbid hankering to create or avail himself of opportunities to reproduce himself in the role of the period of his less tottering manhood. No doubt it happens to him, as to those subject to other forms of intellectual derangement, never to forget in their hallucinations, however wild or impalpable they may be, the prejudices or prominent thoughts which have formed the intellectual staple of the ambition or efforts of their more active and intelligent years. Since the days of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, if not since the days of GRANVILLE SHARP, African slavery, as other humanitarian prejudices and projects, have been leading ideas of the Whig party of England, of which BROUGHAM for nearly fifty years, has been a prominent member, if not a leader, and the animus or virus of his Edinburg speech may be accepted as the exponent of his own intelligent opinions as those of his party, notwithstanding the unmistakable evidences which it furnishes of his supercannuation. Admitting, therefore, his lordship's unimpaired intelligence, what may be asked is the *animus* or *virus* of his speech and that of his party, so far as the South is concerned. It may be found in the opinion that "African slavery is her shame and her curse" as in his condemnation of what he calls the "wicked allegation" of the South "of property in human beings."

Such being the postulates of himself and party for fifty years or more, what had the South to expect from the Administration in the way of sympathy and offers of kind intentions when she embarked in this war? Nothing. And yet we supposed that English Whigs would be untrue to their instincts and "platforms," and stretch out their arms to embrace us, when we took the initiative of a new nationality. When our commissioners were appointed by the Government at Montgomery, such was the public haste and impatience for their departure, one would have thought that Government and people alike were of opinion that they would not get to England soon enough, and that the English ministry would be subjected to the mortification of being made to wait. And what are the sequendæ? They are to be found in the disgust and skepticism of Mr. YANCEY's New Orleans speech, in Mr. MASON's retirement from England as "commissioner of the *so called* Confederate States," after two years of fed-dusting in the anti-chambers of Messrs. PALMERSTON, RUSSELL and SHAFTESBURY and our classification by the now Nestor and quandam oracle of the Whigs, not as a people honestly and nobly contending for their rights, but as an indiscriminate mass or generality of "Americans" who are persuaded their very crimes are proofs of greatness, and who believing that they are both admired and envied, are not content with the destruction of a half million of human beings, but are even vain of the slaughter. It is true he seeks to throw the blame prominently upon the Yankees, but admits us to our fair share of responsibility for the general results of the common outrage on humanity and civilization. We ought, perhaps to thank him for the hom of the remote hope thrown out in the conclusion of an ultimate "separation on friendly terms."

Our view of the aged statesman's appreciation is natural, as from his antecedents and foregone opinions we had no right to expect more, but the Yankees, with whom, in his class, political and humanitarian, he has been so long fraternizing, have some reason to complain. A ruling spirit in the great investments of Exeter Hall, and "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," he was regarded as an intellectual and philanthropic apotheosis, while his repugnance to slavery, as exhibited in a gross outrage upon a Southern gentleman, (Judge LONGSTREET,) representing the late United States in some world's convention which met in London a few years ago, was the subject of a universal sectional rejoicing. They must feel complimented peculiarly by his present opinion of them.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

ATLANTA GA., October 29, 1863.

To Gen. L. Polk, Atlanta, Ga.:

GENERAL: After an examination into the causes and circumstances attending your being relieved from command with the army commanded by Gen. Bragg, I have arrived at the conclusion that there is nothing to justify a court martial or court of inquiry; and I, therefore, dismiss the application.

Your appointment to a new field of duty, alike important and difficult, is the best evidence of my appreciation of your past services, and expectations of your future career.

I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Eastern North Carolina.

[From the Raleigh Register.]

We saw yesterday, gentlemen direct from Kinston and Wilmington, and they assured us that everything was remarkably quiet at both of those military posts. The large blockade trade at Wilmington keeps up all the former show of business, and we have no doubt but many have made large fortunes. The enemy have no forces nearer than Newbern, if we except the loose blockade kept up at the entrance of the harbor, and the people of that goodly town, we suppose, feel quite safe and secure, but we very much fear that before the coming of another spring they will have to meet the shock of battle. Wilmington will hardly escape the ordeal to which other coast towns have been exposed, but when her hour of trial does come, we hope our forces will be able to hurl the invaders back and save the people of that patriotic and hospitable town the insults, indignities and wrongs that have been heaped on other communities. They have a gallant commandant of that military department in the person of Gen. Whiting, and nothing will be left undone that can be done to keep the pollution of our soil out of Wilmington.

At Kinston all is remarkably quiet save an occasional flag of truce and a little underground trade with the Yankees at Newbern. This force at Newbern and Washington is thought to consist only of a [illegible] garrison, and no advance is expected or looked for the present.

In the Albemarle country a perfect quiet reigns, the enemy only occasionally making their appearance in patrolling parties on the sound and rivers. We learn they have entirely abandoned Elizabeth City, and probably there is no considerable force nearer than Portsmouth or Suffolk.

This quiet all along our coast gives much relief to our people, for they have been sorely tried, but we fear it is the calm that precedes the storm, and that during the coming winter the enemy will give us enough in the way of active operations to more than make up for their present inaction. We may be mistaken, but we cannot but believe that our patience, endurance and heroism is to be put to the test between now and spring, and unless we prepare to meet and repel raids, we must expect to be robbed and plundered, and some of us murdered. If we can press the enemy at other and more important points, all may be well and we may keep them out of our State, but should they abandon Virginia at the approach of bad weather, we may begin to prepare for their coming, for our coast will be their next place. Come when they may and as they may, we will meet them as becomes a people whose greatest ambition is the discomfiture of their enemies and the independence of their beloved country. They may overrun our soil and destroy our property, but they will not have conquered us thus; and before they have done this, many of our persecutors will have been compelled to bite the dust and yield the ghost at the hands of a people that they come to outrage and destroy.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT VALLEY.

Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

NEAR LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, Army of Tennessee, October 29, 1863.

In the postscript to my former letter I briefly adverted to an engagement on Wednesday morning, on the western side of Lookout mountain. I now send you full particulars.

During Monday night the enemy crossed the Tennessee in rear of Chattanooga, passed over the narrow neck known as the Moccasin, again crossed the river, and intrenched themselves on the heights which align its margin. It was at first supposed that their object was simply to drive away our small force, who, besides picketing in that locality, had seriously interfered with the trains passing in and out of Chattanooga on the main road running to their base of supplies. It now appears that the movement was designed to pave the way for the advance of a column from Bridgeport up the valley towards, and, if necessary, into Chattanooga. The latter must have commenced nearly simultaneously with the one first mentioned; for on the night of Tuesday our commanders learned of its approach in this direction. During Wednesday morning the head of the column was espied in the distance from Lookout peak, and by dusk it had effected a junction with the forces in the neighborhood of Brown's ferry. Subsequent developments showed that the 11th and 12th corps of Meade's army—the former under command of Howard, and the latter under command of Slocum, and the whole under Joe Hooker—had taken this method of reaching the Yankee army of Tennessee.

An attempt on our part to check this movement would have been impracticable, without bringing on a general battle, since an interposition of our forces across the valley would have necessitated a fight in both front and rear—and on both sides the enemy had the advantage of flanks protected. The first corps having passed up and a portion of it gone into camp, there was still visible below, a considerable number of wagons, guarded apparently by an escort of from fifteen hundred to two thousand men. Hoping to capture these, Gen. Longstreet determined, during the night, to make an attack, and accordingly ordered Gen. Jenkins, commanding Hood's division, consisting of Law's Alabamians, Benning's Georgians, Robertson's Texans, and Jenkins' South Carolinians (the latter under command of Col. Bratton, of the 6th regiment), to take position for the purpose. Owing to the rugged nature of the roads, the troops could not be marched to their respective places until a late hour in the night—probably between one and two o'clock. When done, the situation was as follows: The enemy occupied a line of hills parallel with the line of the river in the neighborhood of Brown's ferry; Law and Robertson the same line of hills, but nearer to Lookout mountain, to prevent an attack on Bratton's rear, and Benning a position on the left of the two last named, being intended as a support to Col. Bratton. These three brigades, as it were, covered the bridges across Lookout creek, over which they had marched and threatened the line of the enemy at Brown's ferry. Col. Bratton, with Jenkins' brigade, now moved over to the left a mile or more up the valley to attack the supposed rear guard and capture the wagon train.

Skirmishers being thrown out, the Federal pickets were soon encountered. These falling back, the enemy were found in line of battle, and, instead of being surprised, received our troops with a heavy volley. It was not long before it was discovered that, instead of a paltry body of men who would yield as soon as discovered, we were fighting a whole division belonging to the 12th corps, Gen. Slocum, who had closely followed in the rear of the preceding column, and encamped after night. Nothing was to be done but to fight it boldly out, and make up in pluck and obstinacy what was lacking in numbers. On our part we had but six regiments—the 1st, Col. Kilpatrick; 2d Rifles, Col. Thomson; 5th, Col. Coward; 6th, Col. Bratton; Palmetto Sharpshooters, Col. Walker, and Hampton Legion, Col. Gary. Steadily, as on a parade, these filed into position, and, in a few moments, artillery and musketry were playing with terrible effect through our ranks. Fully three-fifths of the brigade, however, had been wounded in previous battles, and all had been tried by fire and not found wanting; so that the ordeal, fearful as it appeared, was encountered by men who feared not the sacrifices demanded at their hands. The advance by night was necessarily slow, but once fairly at work the pressure upon the enemy's line was irresistible. The blood of the troops now fairly aroused, there was no thought save that of victory. Even the wounded, as they lay upon the ground, would call out to their comrades whose ammunition was exhausted—"Here, take mine," or crawling to their sides would bite the ends of the cartridges, that no time might be lost. Men never stood up to the work of death more nobly, and none have died during the war more lamented than some of the splendid spirits who fell here.

Col. M. W. Gary of the Hampton legion, being ordered to go in on the right of Col. Coward, seeing an opportunity of turning the enemy's left, assumed the responsibility of making a flank or "Jackson movement," as it is very appropriately called by the men, the result of which was to break the Federal line. Pursuing his advantage Gary now swept rapidly on leaving wagons and prisoners in his rear, until brought to bay by a battery. Here he rested for a moment to reform his line. Col. Walker of the sharpshooters meanwhile pressing on the right flank of the enemy. In short, the Federal line was shattered, their troops demoralized, the turning point of the battle was at hand, and victory seemed about to perch upon our banner.

The enemy in the neighborhood of Brown's ferry, discovering a battle in progress, had already thrown forward two columns, one of which advanced to attack the line occupied by Generals Law and Robertson, while the other moved steadily past that front, and aimed to penetrate the long interval between Bratton and Benning, in other words, to cut Jenkins' brigade off from the bridges over Lookout creek. The first column met with little success, being checked by the sharp fire of the Albamians and Texans; but the second promised other results. The situation was a critical one, but Gen. Jenkins quickly divining the object of the movement met the issue by ordering Bratton to return to the bridges, and the remainder of the division to hold its position at every hazard until the safety of the former was assured. Lieutenant-Colonel Logan, of the Hampton legion, with fourteen companies, whom he had relieved from picket, having reached the field, was ordered to the left of Benning, where, occupying a hill, he extended our line, and naturally contributed to the check of the enemy.

Bratton now reluctantly abandoned his hard earned advantages, which ten minutes more would have combined to make our victory complete and enable us to capture a battery and bring away a large number of well filled wagons, now fall back in perfect order, and fortunately reached the creek. There he formed another line of battle, Law, Robertson and Benning cautiously dropping back behind their skirmishers and re-crossed the bridges. The South Carolinians then followed bringing away as many of their wounded as could be safely borne, and behind all Gen. Jenkins followed himself. Col. Logan with his skirmishers and a regiment from Benning's brigade alone remained on the opposite side to protect the crossing of the slightly wounded who were slowly making their way to the rear, and finally, he too retired and established his pickets at the bridge. From these facts it will be observed that there was no disorder, no irregularity of any kind, and that the division fell back unpressed and with the same undaunted front with which it had advanced to the encounter. The Northern press with its usual mendacity will probably claim to the contrary.

Although we had not achieved a victory, we had judging by results, been blessed with a providential success. The Federals encountered by Jenkins' brigade were undoubtedly on the eve of a disastrous defeat, as is shown by the facts already set forth—namely, the breaking of their lines and the falling back in front and on the right and left flank until wagon trains and prisoners were captured in the rear. On the other hand, the pressure of the Yankee columns from Brown's ferry where it was known there were at least two corps, not distant more than a mile and a half, so threatened the integrity of our position that it eventually became critical in the extreme. Probably from seven to ten thousand troops enveloped the line designed to protect Bratton from an attack upon his rear, and in a few moments they would have intersected the only road by which he could return. Being unable to counteract a movement on so grand a scale with the small force at his command, Gen. Jenkins did the next best thing, which was to recall Col. Bratton and compel him at the moment of success to abandon all the fruits of his struggle, which had been so gloriously wrested from the enemy.

Instead of censure, therefore, praise belongs to every officer and man concerned in the expedition. On the part of General Longstreet, the design was just like himself—bold, daring, dashing; and had it not been for the circumstances mentioned it would have resulted in complete success. On the part of General Jenkins, the movement displayed an admirable tact, because upon his quick perception and prompt judgment in an emergency which required the ablest generalship, depended the safety of the troops. On the part of the latter, hard fighting, superb discipline, coolness and order characterized their motions from beginning to end, and all these combined to give our arms the *éclat* of success. In brief, while we failed to achieve entire victory and its attendant train of benefits, our success was in fullest measure until the appearance of overwhelming forces from another direction, when another success ensued in the withdrawal of our troops, without the loss of a single man in the act.

The loss in Jenkins' brigade, killed and wounded, is three hundred and sixty-one. In the other brigades, as I am informed, it is from thirty to fifty. The loss of the enemy is estimated by one of our scouts, who counted dead and wounded, at from one thousand to fourteen hundred.

Twenty odd prisoners were captured by Col. Gary and one flag. A large number of mules were killed by his order while the legion was moving back, it being impossible, as they were unharnessed, to bring them away. The fight commenced at about 1 o'clock and terminated a little before five, the darkness of the night necessarily requiring every movement to be cautiously made. The prisoners state that Col. Gary was opposed by Brig.-Gen. John J. Geary, of Kansas and Virginia infamy. Our colonel is the same officer to whom I adverted in a former letter as originating the system of granting furloughs for recruits, now operating so admirably in the army. During the fight he was wounded in the side, but still remains with his command. The Hampton legion has now been in some twelve or fourteen pitched battles, and though I gaze on the bloody field of Sharpsburg only seventy five men clustered around its honored banner, it now ranks among the best regiments in the service. In the late engagement, its flag was shot down three times. Col. Coward's fifth regiment also behaved magnificently, one hundred and three out of two hundred and eighteen being killed and wounded. But all, without exception, come within the category of gallantry, and it would require columns to describe the various incidents which have become the theme of camp discussions.

Among our dead is Col. Kilpatrick, of the 1st regiment, a promising young officer, who had the honor of firing the first shot at the enemy near Stone bridge, in the battle of Manassas. Beloved by all under his command, as well as by his official associates, there is no loss that will be more keenly felt, and no absent form more sincerely lamented. He was shot in the breast while shouting an order to charge, and breathed but one or twice, during which he faintly whispered the name of his mother, and then died. Capt. Coker, A. A. A. G. of Jenkins' brigade, was dangerously wounded, and there is little hope of his recovery. Capt. R. M. Simms, A. A. A. G. of Hood's division, had a narrow escape, a ball passing through his coat and causing a severe contusion of the arm.

The primary object of the enemy has doubtless been accomplished. They have obtained the possession of the greater part of the railroad between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, relieved their wagon line of communication, and can now supply the army abundantly. Whether the two corps in question were intended simply to occupy the valley and protect the railroad during the winter, or the movement is preparatory to others more important, it is difficult to determine. Whatever is done by them must be done quickly, or the season for military operations will have passed away.

Whatever may be said out of the army to the contrary, those on the spot who are familiar with the country are satisfied that our commanding officers have acted judiciously in allowing the Federals to march up the valley and effect a junction with the forces in and around Chattanooga.

QUEL QU'UN.

LETTER FROM THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.

Special Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

CANE CREEK, October 30, 1863.

The enemy fell back rapidly from Tuscumbia, but we came up with them on the night of the day on which they commenced retrograding. At daylight yesterday, the skirmishing began and continued steadily during the day, the enemy in strong force stubbornly holding us at a point seven miles east of Eastport, where it is now known they are crossing. Yesterday evening the advance of their overland march reached Florence. The Tennessee river is too high to enable us to harass their flanks on the other side, but we will probably be busy in their rear. Gen. Roddy was on their flank yesterday, between this point and Eastport.

I am a false prophet. Gen. Ferguson did catch Spencer's tory battalion near Norman's bridge on the Big Bear. The battalion was 675 strong, newly clothed and admirably armed. They withstood Ferguson's furious onslaught only a few minutes, when they broke for their hiding places. Over thirty prisoners and two pieces of artillery were captured. In order to effect their escape, arms, knapsacks, etc., were thrown away, some of which were found several miles from the battle field. You can form some idea of the material composing this brigade from the fact that so far as known no Alabamians are among the prisoners or killed. It is called the 1st Alabama battalion, but the Alabama element melted away at the first approach of danger. Those rascals are now scattered over the country and will be mischievous as a body of detached and scattered thieves, but as a military organization it is destroyed.

Provisions and forage are becoming lamentably scarce. Half the strategic talent of the army will be required to find food and forage.

Our casualties yesterday were trifling. I hope to get possession of complete lists before the courier who bears this leaves, of the killed and wounded. Ferguson lost two killed and five wounded in fighting Spencer's battalion. B.

PRESIDENT DAVIS IN CHARLESTON.

From the Charleston Courier.]

His excellency President Jefferson Davis and suite, arrived in our city Monday afternoon, by special train from Savannah.

According to notice in the morning journals, the committee of arrangements appointed by the city council met in council chamber at ten o'clock, and the meeting organized by calling J. K. Sass, Esq., to the chair.

Mr. Sass, on taking the chair, read a dispatch from the Hon. A. G. Magrath, chairman of the citizens' committee, who had gone to Savannah to meet the President, inviting the committee to meet them at the Savannah railroad depot, in St. Andrew's parish. The dispatch also stated that the President was accompanied by Col. Johnson and Col. Lee, two of his suite.

Mr. Sass also read the following orders of march of the procession from the depot:

FIRST CARRIAGE.

President, general commanding, Judge Magrath, Hon. Pierre Soulé.

SECOND CARRIAGE.

General Gilmer, Colonel Miles, and the President's two aids.

THIRD CARRIAGE.

Colonel Hampton and the general commanding's aids.

FOURTH CARRIAGE.

Aldermen Riggs, chairman committee city council, Gen. Gilmer's aids.

Other carriages with committee of arrangements and general committee.

Fifth military district commandant, with his staff, all on horseback.

A squadron of cavalry, consisting of Company A, 5th South Carolina cavalry, Capt. Edwards; Company H, 5th South Carolina cavalry, Capt. Skinner, and the Charleston Light Dragoons, Capt. R. B. Colcock, all under the command of Col. R. J. Jeffords, was also drawn up in readiness to receive and act as an escort to the distinguished visitor.

About one o'clock the train arrived, and a salute in honor of the President was fired by the Marion Artillery, Capt. Parker.

When the train stopped at the platform Gen. Beauregard, Gen. Jordan, Col. Rhett and others, stepped into the car to meet the President and tender him a welcome.

After a cordial greeting the President was escorted from the car to the platform and introduced by Judge Magrath to Alderman Riggs and others of the council and citizens' committee.

The procession, being formed, took up its line of march up Spring street to Rutledge, from Rutledge to Calhoun, up Calhoun to Meeting, and down Meeting to the City Hall.

The streets along the line of procession were thronged with people anxious to get a look at the President. The men cheered and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs in token of recognition.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the day, was the display which met the President and his cortege as they passed down Rutledge street. At the corner of Bee and Rutledge streets, Maj. Trezevant, commanding the Confederate States Arsenal here, had arranged a pyramid of ten inch shell manufactured at the Arsenal. This was topped off with a beautiful "Harding" shell, called so after its inventor, Capt. Harding, also an accomplished officer connected with the arsenal. In this was the staff of an elegant battle flag, and the whole surrounded with Yankee trophies of all sizes. On each side of this striking pyramid were the sturdy artisans of the arsenal, with their aprons on, their hats off, their tools in their hands just as they had left their shops but a few moments before.

With their implements of industry in their stalwart arms, and the products of their labor lying by them, one could but feel that such men are all important in the prosecution of our efforts at independence.

It was a most gratifying impromptu scene, and was the subject and general eulogy by all who witnessed it.

The Mills house, Charleston hotel, Pavilion, and many public and private residences, hung out the State and Confederate flags. From the city hall to the court house a garland of laurels had been extended, with a banner in the center, bearing the following inscription: "The ladies of the soldiers' relief association welcome President Davis to Charleston."

On the arrival of the procession at the City hall, President Davis alighted from the carriage amid the cheers of the citizens, and was introduced by Judge Magrath to Mayor Macbeth.

The mayor received the President in a short but eloquent address, and extended a cordial welcome to the city.

The President briefly returned his acknowledgments, after which he was introduced by the mayor to the assemblage of people below.

President Davis advanced to the front, and addressed the large crowd present in a brilliant speech, which we regret to state was only partially obtained in consequence of the rush made by the crowd to get a close view of the illustrious speaker.

He commenced by making a graceful allusion to his former visit to Charleston, when he accompanied the remains of the lamented and illustrious statesman, John C. Calhoun, back to his own beloved State. If it be that the departed spirit can look down upon the events of life, with what interest can we not believe he views our present struggle, and in our trial watches over us with all a guardian angel's care. He came because his feelings drew him here in this trying time. He desired also to confer with our commanding general, and by personal observation acquire some of that knowledge which would enable him to understand more clearly the reports which would be submitted to him. Our mayor had said truly that here began the revolution. Before he commenced political life, he had imbibed the doctrines of State rights as expounded through the *Southern Quarterly Review*, by the learned Dr. Cooper, of this State.

Charleston was now singled out as a particular point of hatred to the Yankees, as the nest of the rebellion; but just in proportion to that hatred as is the love of every true son of the Confederacy gathered around us. There is no where a generous spirit in the land that does not watch our progress with the most anxious solicitude. There is not a soldier in the army who would not, if he could, prefer to strike a blow in the defense of your city, and preserve it from the enemy.

While they had felt this anxiety, they had not been wanting in confidence. They remembered how the Palmetto logs of Moultrie, in former times, resisted the thus dreaded British fleet, and we can point to the defense now against the still more formidable attack on Sumter as but the renewal of the deeds of the past. Though crumbling in her ruins, she yet stands, and every one looks with the anxious hope that the Yankee flag will never float over it. Nobly has the little heroic garrison that now holds it responded to every expectation. The commanding officer there is worthy to be the descendant of that heroic band that defended the pass of Thermopylæ, and future records will record his name as glorious, for the defense of the approach to your harbor. Whatever may be in the future, which is in the hands of the Supreme Being, we have written a proud page in our country's history.

He hoped it would not be, as our enemies desire, that they should ever set foot upon the soil of Charleston. But should it ever be otherwise, he trusted ours will be the glory he had desired for his native county-town, Vicksburg, and the whole be left one mass of mobbish. He felt assured we could part from our property, if necessary, in this way without one tear or sigh of regret. Who would possess it? Look at New Orleans. Who possesses property there? It is only a question whether you will leave it a heap of ruins or a prey for Yankee spoils. [Cries of "ruins, ruins."] Such he believed to be the spirit of the land.

But he did not believe Charleston would ever be taken. It was not his expectation. Just in proportion as the enemy advanced upon us, they increase their difficulties—difficulties which they have not yet overcome. They are yet brought under a concentrated fire, and as they approach the inner lines of circumvallation their difficulties will be still further increased as they progress.

Then again we had other means which he need not refer to them. When they attempt to attack us upon every side, and beleaguer us at different points, other arms will be released, and other arms will come to your assistance. In any event, therefore, he looked forward to a glorious record of the close of the struggle for Charleston. In any probability he looked forward for her honor to be preserved. On our fields South Carolinians have already added luster to the brilliant victories of the present day and to their glories of the past. The rolls will be lengthened out beyond that of our forefathers, just in proportion as the battles of the present day exceed in magnitude the battles of the past.

South Carolinians, like the plume of Henry the Fourth, have been a rallying point wherever their banners were borne. We will have more glorious names to record and proud incidents for our descendants. The new has overshadowed the old. Every man has now an opportunity to carve out his own name and fame, and to be the author of his own history. We all like to trace back to the fame of our fathers and to leave some glorious record for our descendants.

He had but a very short time to stop. He had come for the purpose of learning our wants and seeing something for himself. He knew it would be useless here to address them words of encouragement. The records here show that we had no croakers, or that they are extinct. Such is not a characteristic of the people of Charleston. But let us not be inactive; let, then, all our efforts in this, our crisis, be directed to the future.

Let us trust to our commanding general—to those having the charge and responsibilities of our affairs. Errors we must expect to be committed. It is a work beyond which no man can look. It is by united effort, by fraternal feeling, by harmonious co-operation, by casting away all personal consideration, and looking forward with an eye devoted simply to the salvation of our country, that our success is to be achieved. He who would now seek to drag down him who is struggling, if not a traitor, is first cousin to it. For he is striking the most deadly blows that can be made in our limits. He who would attempt to promote his own personal ends, he who is not willing to take a musket and fight in the ranks, is not worthy of the Confederate liberty for which we are fighting.

He trusted it would be in his power to see many of our citizens, and to make their acquaintance before leaving.

From every quarter they had received by telegraph whatever was transpiring. We have an army relatively stronger and better than it was twelve months ago—an army that bears hunger and privation, and that neither struggles, but always welcomes cheerfully the word—onward.

The President then thanked the people with all his heart, and gave them his prayers for each and all, and above all, for the sacred soil of Charleston.

The President retired to the council chamber, where he was waited upon and introduced to a large number of citizens, citizens and ladies. After the ceremony of presentation he was again escorted to the carriage and conducted to Governor Aiken's, at whose house on Wragg's square he will stay while in the city.

Another Appeal to the Women of Georgia.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, LAGRANGE, GA., November 1, 1863.

EDITOR INTELLIGENCER: Numerous appeals have already been made and responded to. The quartermaster-general, of the State of Georgia has appealed for "socks," Gen. Beauregard for "bells," nitre bureau for "potash," the doctors for "poppy seed," and the country for "patriotism."

A few appeals may have required sacrifices. This one can be met without that, at any rate, by a sacrifice too trifling to deter any from responding.

Have the people at home done everything in their power to advance a cause so sacred and dear to us all? Have they exhausted every facility to promote the comfort and health of the defenders of the land? Do they fully realize the destitute condition of our torn and shattered armies? The noble, self-sacrificing soldier, who wears his post on the watch-tower of liberty! Do they realize it? Do the chilling winds of winter, the pelting rains, the miasms of Chickamauga swamps, effect only the soldier who suffers under it? Surely not. Then they withhold from him, from the only truly patriotic, the patient, the weary, the suffering yet watchful bulwark of your safety, those things which certainly are not necessities.

Can a humane and christian people withhold that which would shield him from disease and death? Ought they not to suffer a little, a very little inconvenience, if by so doing they furnish absolute necessities to the soldiers? Will you do your duty when made aware of the necessity? I believe you will.

Then I tell you the necessity exists. Thousands of our soldiers are without tents, and worse than that, without blankets. Many of the Georgia troops are supplied by their friends at home. Think of the thousands who have no homes! Yet they have been fighting the enemy for over two long years. They have met him and contested his approach to our borders upon many a hard fought battle field. They are still proudly and definitely defending our "homes and our fires, the green graves of our sires."

Under such circumstances, in this dark hour of trial, ought there to be a blanket in the house of any citizen of the "Empire State?" Ought not the chimnies, the parlors and the bedrooms to be strips of every carpet, if necessary, and devoted to the army? I think so, and think, besides, that any true-hearted Southern woman will be ashamed to let such articles remain about her premises when she is aware of the necessity to give them up. I believe there are carpets enough in Georgia to supply the Confederate army with blankets. They cannot be procured by purchase. Can I say for you, ladies of Georgia, "They shall be given?"

Then have them cut, lined with cotton cloth and hemmed. Forward to any of the following named officers, who will furnish the lining upon applications, and receive the hearty "three cheers!" from the gallant soldiers, and the sincere thanks of a grateful nation:

Major Thomas Poole, Q. M., Atlanta.
Major L. O. Bridwell, Q. M., Augusta.
Major —— Michaloffre, Q. M., Macon.
Major F. W. Dillard, Q. M., Columbus.
Capt. J. A. Stuckey, A. Q. M., Griffin.
Capt. G. W. Kennedy, A. Q. M., Forsyth.
Capt. T. S. Patton, A. Q. M., Marietta.
Capt. Thos. Foster, A. Q. M., Kingston.
Capt. J. R. Miller, A. Q. M., Rome.
And myself, LaGrange.

Let them come, and come quickly, and then let the Atlanta *Confederacy*, and "such cattle," prate about the incapacity of Gen. Bragg and the President—let them join hand in hand with "croakers" and the "home generals."

Let them speak insolently of the President as "seeon upon the frigid heights of imperturbable equilibrium." Let them discover the "astonishing spectacle of one wing of our army" at one place and the other at another place. Let them try to create discontent and sow the seeds of discord by referring sneeringly at the "art of war" with Napoleon, and the "art of war" with Bragg and Frederick the Great. Let them do all this and more besides. They will find that neither Gen. Bragg or the President are "cowards" to cater to the whims of "warriors at home." Give the soldiers the blankets since they have got the "poppy seed" and the "socks," and the "bells," and the "potash," and the "patriotism," and they will turn a deaf ear to the croakers, and strive, and fight on, and suffer on, until our bleeding country worthy of such heroic patriots is forever freed from the tyrant of so contemptible and so despised a foe. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

B. F. JONES,
Major and Quartermaster.

Papers favorable to the cause please copy and pay charges themselves.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

MISSIONARY RIDGE, October 19, 1863.

At a called meeting of the Soldiers' Christian Association, of Swett's battery, Liddell's brigade, held to-day, the following preamble and resolutions were read and adopted:

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His providence, has removed by death from our midst two of our little association, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of R. A. NORRIS, of Pension Grove, Louisiana, and C. K. DEVERAUX, of Brookhaven, Miss'ippi, who fell on the blood-stained field of Chickamauga, September 20th, 1863 our country has lost two noble defenders, and the Soldiers' Christian Association, of Swett's battery, two efficient and beloved members.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to the friends and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Memphis APPEAL and a copy be sent to each of the families of the deceased.

F. M. WILLIAMS,
Chairman.

JOSEPH CRAIG,
G. A. GRANNER } Committee.
JAMES D. WILSON,

☞ Mississippian will please copy.

☞ The great seal of the "new Commonwealth" of Western Virginia, has representations which symbolize agriculture and mining. The motto is, "*Montani semper liberi*;" mountaineers always free.

List of Unclaimed Freight Received at the Southern Express Company, November 3, 1863.

Pennington, package; M C Badger, package; W Dunn, 4 boxes; M A Chassell, box; G Clay, bundle; Dowling & Co, parcel; Leroy Mathews, can; E Cobb, box; S E Clark, bundle; N M Jones, bag; McClung & Co, box; F A Parks, box; J S Clemons, 2 boxes; R F Hays, box.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Reports of the Press Association.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1863, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

From Charleston.

CHARLESTON, November 3.—The President to