Daily Appeal.

EVENING EDITION.

ATLANTA, GA.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1864.

AFTERNOON EDITION--FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1864.

THE ARMY IN OUR FRONT.

A tour of observation and inspection among the rude huts which compose the encampment around Dalton, is pronounced by the best doctors a certain remedy for every species of patriotic disorder. Gen. JOHNSTON has wrought the change. That officer may yet have to exemplify and perfect the confidence of the nation in his great ability by some shining results on the tented field; but, in respect to his power as an organizer, his reputation is safe against all time.

The condition of the troops in point of discipline, bodily comfort and spiritual health, is excellent. They feel confident, and look ruddy with cheerfulness and strength. The wisdom of the commanding general in great things has been rivalled by his matchless tact in lesser ones. The feeble and decimated ranks which he found, have swollen into sturdy and solid columns. Where there was repining, there is animation, zeal and hearty good will; where there was debility, there is vigor.

Among other things, the parole system inaugurated by Gen. JOHNSTON has proven wonderfully efficient. It has not only prevented desertion, but it has encouraged enlistments. Every soldier who goes off on leave, cheered, contented, happy, brings back a recruit.

The reconstruction of every department of the army is another of the benefits of General JOHNSTON's administration, and has had a great influence over the comfort and confidence of the men.

It is the habit of Gen. JOHNSTON to ride among his troops and to be his own inspector. He has thus become familiar to them. They know and esteem him. On the other hand, he knows them, and the parties improve mutually on acquaintance.

In another part of to-day's paper we publish a letter from our special correspondent "Waverly," who gives a picturesque survey of affairs in front, and furnishes a variety of hints, from which we are able to form a notion of the real condition of things. Our correspondent has ridden through the army, conversed with most of its commanding officers, and gives us the result of his experience in a series of sketches and reflections, which may be relied upon as temperate and impartial. These are gratifying beyond expression. They assure us of one thing, that the army of Gen. JOHNSTON cannot be whipped, and gives us good reason to hope that it will triumph as soon as it meets the enemy. A sunshine of the heart, as well as of nature and the season, pervades the atmosphere of the front, and will go far to ripening the fruit in good time.

DESERTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Of all military crimes the greatest and the one the most severely punished by law, is the crime of desertion. As the cause by the effect, so is criminality measured by the extent of injury which the crime involves. Desertion, therefore, as tending to weaken the army, to generate disorder in its different organizations and introduce contempt for military discipline without which no army can exist, is considered as the most grievous offence which a soldier can commit against the State, and is, consequently, punished with death.

Too much good of any army placed under all and any possible string of circumstances, and the military law of every nation awards capital punishment to the soldier who deserts his standard. How much more so, should it be, then, with our army, placed as it is under such peculiar circumstances! When fighting for freedom or slavery, life or death, honor or dishonor, against overwhelming odds, we need every arm that can be raised, every sinew that can be strung, every gun that can be brought to bear, to help the country in its desperate struggle! How base and criminal for the soldier to abandon his country when most she needs a helping hand! To desert his comrades in arms when already the odds are against them, and basely to skulk in the rear, in cowardly defiance, not only of military law, but of all principles of delicacy, honor and patriotism!

This question is, unhappily, very little understood. A great many desert, saying to themselves: "I must go home to see my family." "I will come back." "I am only one in a thousand." "I do not see any wrong in it." Yes, all this is very true. You must see your family, but to effect this end you desert your country, to whom, first of all, you owe duty and allegiance. You double upon your comrades their already very large share of fatigue and danger, and you expose that same family, by your vicious example, to the invasion of a merciless enemy, and also, to lose you forever, should justice overtake your transgression with deserved punishment.

You will come back—when? Once at home, of whose comforts and joys you have been weaned so long, minutes pass like seconds, hours like minutes, weeks like days. Lulled to sleep by the treacherous quiet and apparent security which surrounds you, you mind not the tread of armed thousands marching against that very home which you prize so much; you forget your soldier's oath and the comrades you have left in the lurch; you grow deaf to all patriotic considerations, and when you had intended to come back in a week; you while away months in criminal dalliance, and you are only awakened from your dream by the but of the guard's musket ringing against your door—a fearful sound to interrupt a blissful dream; it is your death-knell! The guard leads the deserter but to execution. Is your dream worth such a terrible awakening?

You are but one, there are plenty of others. Yes, you are but one, 'tis true, perhaps not much of a man! But example is contagious, there is a certain fascination in crime, which attracts the multitude, and thousands may simultaneously make the same reasoning. See how quickly that small, sneaking voice has swelled into a rushing sound, as of a hurricane.

Such are the principal reasons which men give for deserting. Some, the greater part, we believe, are sincere, others false to themselves and to the dictates of honor. Both deserve the severest punishment. The former for the sake of example, the latter for the sake of justice!

THE ENEMY IN NORTH GEORGIA.—The Rome *Courier* learns that a squad of Federal marauders visited the vicinity of Alpine, in Cherokee county, last Monday night and took Dr. Jesse King, recently elected tax-collector of the county, from his bed and carried him off. Dr. K. had a few days before returned from the army, having served as assistant surgeon. Mr. Nelson A. Cross has not been heard from since he was dragged away from his home.

☞ The city council of Lynchburg, Va., have asked that the members of the Lynchburg home company, be exempted from military duty, and Gov. Smith has expressed a willingness to comply with the request of the council.

A BLUNDER.

The Columbia *South Carolinian* has received assurances from several railroad officials that Government has gained nothing whatever by that arrest of private travel between Augusta and Richmond, which has trammeled the business and interfered with the most serious interests of the community. Not one additional car load of produce has been received for transportation since the order was issued, and no more troops are taken aboard than could be accommodated without the restriction which appropriates the passenger trains to their use alone. There is, therefore, no excuse for the continuation of this regulation, which the public has borne so uncomplainingly, though it has caused many a heartache by stopping persons whom the sickness or death of some dear and near relative had summoned to another part of the country. The ill-advised restriction should be removed.

MIXING.—A correspondent of a Northern journal thinks "the checker board fashions of Washington are improving," because during the week a party of negroes, men and women, very black and seedy, spent a morning in the 'ladies' gallery' of the House of Representatives. The white doorkeeper, in escorting them to conspicuous seats, well nigh tore his coat tail with politeness, and during the remainder of the day he strutted about as if he had accomplished a great deed. The wife of a member of Congress or governor of a State may be turned away from what is called the diplomatic gallery, but when seated in the ladies' gallery they must needs be abused and denounced as disloyal if they dare to express the wish that a party of negroes shall not interfere with their ideas of taste or propriety.

CROPS.—A letter to the Charleston *Courier*, from Johnson's Postoffice, S. C., says that the peach crop is very much cut down. I believe none but the native trees have fruit, and much of that will drop. Apricots, none. Apples and pears, very little hurt. Grapes, very promising. Wild plums and chickasaws, all killed. The gardens were much injured, as far as early vegetables are concerned. Corn is more promising this year than it was last year at same time; it has come up better. Wheat is looking better and more promising than it did in the early part of the season. The terrible winter which just closed—the coldest and most severe in very many years—has killed many farm animals of all kinds, which could not be fed as well as they should have been to enable them to withstand the severity of the weather.

INCENDIARIES AT WORK.—The *Intelligencer* of this morning learns from a gentleman just from the front that on Wednesday night last between 11 and 12 o'clock a fire broke out at Dalton near the Magazine. After some trouble it was put out and the magazine saved from explosion. It is no doubt the work of an incendiary, and intended as a set-off for a like attempt made some time ago on the Yankee magazine in Chattanooga. We rejoice to know that the scoundrel who set it on fire was foiled in his undertaking, although he escaped.

Suppressing an Unlawful Distillery.

The Rome *Courier* states that Nathan White, who had a small distillery, in some sly nook, away up in the mountains, in the extreme part of Floyd county, somewhere below Cassville, was arraigned before the Inferior Court last Tuesday, charged with unlawfully distilling spirituous liquors. The charge was sustained, and the court ordered that the still was forfeited under the law, that the metallic parts be turned over to the State, the wooden parts burned, and that Mr. White be held in custody until he should give a bond for $5,000 for his appearance at the Superior Court to answer to the charge.

STANDING FIRM.—Gov. Medary is of opinion the Democracy of Ohio will stand firm on the peace platform adopted by the late State convention. The resolutions in reference to the war we published some days since. In a late number of the *Crisis* Mr. M. says: "There can be no doubt about the fact, that any attempt to transfer the Democratic party on to a war platform will be resisted with more determination than some men, who would sell the country for an office, suppose. They want neither Lincoln nor any of his major-generals. The strength, and the only strength of the Democratic party, from first to last, has been opposition to this war—unholy, barbarous and ruinous."

☞ J. L. Brington, Esq., has the honor of constituting the entire reserve of Dougherty in active service, the remainder having been detailed to raise provisions. The Macon *Telegraph* suggests that he should be detailed "to keep a hotel" for he is one of the very few who know just how to do it. If that can't be done, we should put him in the commissary department—for, in the way of providing for the inner man, he is almost without a rival.

PRICES IN COLUMBUS.—The Columbus *Times* states that an auction in that city on the 21 ult., two or three likely negroes were sold at an average of about $3,000—by the way a great falling off from the prices ruling some three months ago. A lot of salt was sold at 60 cents per pound; flour $1 10; sugar $5 75@$6 25.

☞ The Savannah *Republican* is informed by a gentleman just from Florida that a negro who escaped from the enemy near Gainesville and came within our lines, reports that the Yankee transport Hunter was destroyed, a few days ago, by a torpedo in the St. John's river, between Pilatka and Jacksonville. There were a number of Yankee officers on board, some of whom shared the fate of the vessel.

☞ The Columbus *Sun* states that Colonel Robert Toombs was in that city on Monday last, and that in a conversation on the street he stated that "the present is the brightest which has ever dawned upon our Confederacy."

SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A correspondent of the Columbus *Enquirer*, states that Sergt. J. W. Fulwood and John Lindsay, both of company I, 51st Georgia volunteers, were two of the unfortunate soldiers who were so seriously injured in the railroad accident near the Big tunnel, on the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, on Thursday, the 14th inst. One of these men, Fulwood, had his leg broken below the knee, and the other, Lindsay, was seriously injured in both hips. The name of the others Sergt. A. S. White and Private Joseph Mann, of company I, 51st Georgia. The thigh of the former, and the leg of the latter, are broken. They are all from Clay county, Ga.

☞ The Macon *Telegraph* is authorized to say that the Hon. E. A. Nisbet has been appointed to the office of administering the habeas corpus suspension act, under the second section of that act, within the State of Georgia, except in cases that may arise immediately within the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and that he has accepted the appointment.

☞ Chase has sold all his gold and failed to accomplish his object in keeping down the figures, and now, the New York *World* says, it is evident to any business man, who will take the trouble to examine into this matter, that he will be compelled to buy gold before the year is out in order to pay the interest in coin on the public debt.

☞ Ex-Gov. Neil S. Brown, of Tennessee, made a most telling speech at Newnan recently, upon the condition of the country.

GENERAL JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

A VIEW OF THE FRONT.

[Special Correspondence Memphis Appeal.]

From Atlanta to Dalton—What One Sees on the Way—Hard Tack—The Morals of the Army—The Commanding General and General Officers—What Gen. Johnston Has Done—That Cellar—The Scenery Around Dalton, etc., etc.

DALTON, April 28, 1864.

THE JOURNEY BY RAIL.

The journey by rail from Atlanta to Dalton is not so bad after all. Despite the indisposition of so many to make it, there are attractions along the route, and even at the end of it. Certainly the views, out of the windows of a boxcar, will repay one for keeping his eyes open and his body upright. They are unique and varied. There is the crowded depot, with its motley groups; you move out at half-past 7, a pleasant and inspiring hour on a fragrant morning; there is the shining Etowanah, whose banks are beginning to bristle with fortifications; and there is the quaint old town of Marietta, half hid in bloom and verdure. You pause just long enough to get a glimpse of the bowling-green—

"For talking age and whispering lovers made,"

but latterly dedicated to the hospitals and now crowded with invalid soldiers; and you are thence rolled again out of the wealth of shady street and tidy dwelling into the open country. On your left the purple Kenesaw gleams like a painted mountain against the calm, clear sky. Then comes a row of little knobs, fringed with pine and chestnut. They are as so many Indian chieftains decked for battle. They rise at length into the Etowa ridges, glittering with ore and smoking with furnace-heat. Kingston, all bustle and noise, and dogs and negroes, and cake and pea-nut baskets, comes next. And finally, before you reach the last whistle of all that ends this fantastic array of Georgia strength and splendor, the bright Hightower, with its military works like floating batteries at the mouth of some wide harbor, rises on the sight. Here you enter the amphitheater formed by the famous hills of Northern Georgia; there are dark glens; there are deep ravines; there are rock-ribbed glades and oven caverns. Many a Rip Van Winkle may be sleeping among those solitudes at this moment, never to emerge until cannon cease to roar, and the box conscriptor no longer disturbs the lowlands with his frightful presence.

THE ARRIVAL.

An accident delayed the train beyond its usual hour, and we did not reach Dalton until it was quite dark. The forests on each side of the road as we approached gradually grew brilliant with the reflection of the camp fires against the sky. Out of their farthest recesses came voices loud with song and mirth. The noise of the wheels could not wholly drown the healthful clamor of a happy soldiery. When we reached the car-shed the scene was truly animated. There were a number of ladies aboard, whose welcome by the friends they had come to visit struck me as a charming indication of the spirit of the troops. Without waiting for the crowd, I took up my valise and set out on foot for the camps of the —th Tennessee, where I expected to remain overnight. After a brisk walk of a mile and a half, varied only by the answers I got to my several anxious queries, I reached a sentry, who pointed out the very spot I was seeking, and in fifteen minutes more stood among a group of gallant gentlemen who were about to sit down to supper.

HARD TACK.

Now I am sure you want to know what they had to eat. Hard tack! Yes, nothing but hard tack. And what is hard tack? Not the new comic paper of my genial old friend John Happy—for that I date say would be excellent diet in its way—but the fare of the soldier, christened by himself, just as John Happy has christened his monthly—Hard Tack. Bacon, crackers and cold water. Yes, on my life, nothing else and a scarcity even of such, for one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, one major one adjutant and one chaplain, all gentleman of birth and breeding, used to luxury. "And how do you subsist on it?" said I. The chaplain looked quizzical, like a hermit in his cell, and the colonel replied with the air of Francis Marion to the British officer "Why, first rate. Two of us who had the dyspepsia are entirely well. Another who was dying of ennui and laziness is as fat and strong as a buck. We are used to it now and thrive on it famously. Just wait till we meet the Yankees and see what hard tack, well seasoned with high tactics, will do for them! Sit down man and eat your crackers and bacon, like a hero. Sorry we have no coffee nor whisky. As for coffee it played out yesterday, and whisky is voted out of fashion. We agree with Prentice, who says it is bankruptcy to buy it, but death to drink it." With this random, off-hand bit of military hospitality we ranged ourselves around a pine-board table and straitway "did" the hard tack in handsome style.

THE COMMANDING GENERAL.

The condition of the army was of course the first, as it is always the chief, topic of conversation. As usual the officers blazed off in a rhapsody about Gen. Johnston. It is wonderful how this quiet little man with his reserved manners and ubiquitous presence has gained upon his soldiers. Did you ever see Joseph E. Johnston? Well, he is a brusque, gray bearded man, with a keen, scintillant eye, and a sharp, cold, smashing face—a face which resembles a bright day in December—full of vigor and light. He does business upon the rigid rectangle principle, speedily and rather curtly. He is a gentleman emphatically, precise in his bearing, prompt in his action and decided in everything he says and does. He is a person who excites a greater amount of respect than regard. I should say that he is too careless with the world outside, a trait he shares with several military heroes of former times. An observant friend of mine describes him as not unlike the Duke of Wellington, both in his person and career. There is certainly a similarity in respect to the dogmatic self-reliance, the soldierly subordination, the unyielding temper, the nervous dash upon the field, the athletic common sense, the perfect training. The quarrels between Wellington and the war office are duplicated by Johnston and Richmond, as may be seen in the Mississippi campaign—I may also add, with equal success, for there is hardly an instance where the general has not the advantage of the department. In truth I think myself that Johnston is the best specimen of a soldier, as a soldier, on the continent. He is less general in his abilities than Lee, who is patterned after the Washingtonian model, but more concentrated on his profession and therefore nearer the Napoleonic idea.

THE NEW MAN AND HIS WORK.

What Johnston has done for this army will fill a long chapter in the book of the revolution. He found it in the last stages of disorganization. The fine capacity of Hardee had for a brief season stayed the disorder, and there was barely hope when the new chief reached the front. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he knows his business thoroughly. He saw upon a very superficial inspection the needs which had to be supplied, and he put his great energy to the task, with faith and zeal. He reorganized everything. There was no minute which escaped his vigilance. From the artillery which he cast anew to the quartermaster and commissary departments, which he infused with fresh life, he passed like a river, cleansing and inspiring. In a week he had every one mad, in a month he made them glad again. The lesson has taught them to feel that he is reliable beyond all others, and those who do not love him dare not deny the admirable skill with which he has converted an old and apparently broken down fabric to a great and powerful office. When a fortification goes up there is no evil omen deduced. The men believe that there is reason in the orders which are issued from headquarters, and work with a will whenever detailed to fatigue duty. The drills and reviews and sham battles have restored the ranks to order and training, and many of the brigades move with the ease and grace of a West Point battalion. The sanitary movements, too, have conduced to this happy effect, by keeping the men in warm clothing and snug huts, so that they find life not altogether a burthen and sorrow. They have so much confidence in their general that they value their present existence as being a sure guarantee of final triumph.

THE SUBORDINATE GENERALS.

Gen. Johnston is fortunate, I think, in his subordinates. There is not a more perfect officer than Hardee, nor a more magnetic leader than Hood. Cheatham is as useful in camp as he is dashing on the field. Cleburne is industrious, experienced and daring. Bate is earnest, laborious and warm-hearted. Stewart is a type of the Christian soldier and gentleman. Walker is single-minded, gallant and energetic. Stevenson is up in all the tricks of war, a West Pointer every inch of him. These are aided by a bright corps of brigade commanders. As a class they are temperate and attentive, and possess the confidence of their men. On the outposts, Wheeler, who is a truly fine cavalry commander, has his division in excellent efficiency. He keeps up with the times and is never caught napping. The provost marshal general, also, who comes very high in importance as standing at the head of the secret service, is a fine selection. Col. Ben. Hill gained a famous name as a fighter. Taken from the field and placed in the office, he is exhibiting the same shrewd characteristics, and I do not doubt has the situation constantly at his fingers ends. With such a staff about him, Gen. Johnston is hardly like to be involgled into a false step, or overcome by any enemy whatsoever.

A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

A group of idle soldiers, was the other day, standing upon one of the street corners in Dalton. The lads had nothing else to do, and were looking out for a victim to one those uncouth jests, which the soldier is too apt to pass upon the inoffensive passer by. At last a figure appeared in the distance, which seemed to combine all the requisites desirable upon such occasions—simplicity, ill appearance and age. He was an old man, in an old overcoat, with padded velvet collar and patched sleeve. He wore a greasy bell-crowned hat, tough brogan shoes and was mounted upon a sorry beast. As he reached a point a little in advance of the party, the ringleader, sang out at the top of his voice—

"Come out o' that coat! I see you in there! Mind your legs are wriggling out! Come out, come out o' that coat."

The old man turned fiercely. For a moment a fit of anger flashed across his face, but he regained his self-possession and rode on as the rest of the group joined in the chorus—

"C-o-m-e out o' that c-o-a-t."

When he had gotten off some hundred yards or more and the noise had lulled, he slowly turned his horse's head, and rode back. He had noticed the individual who had started the row and approaching the curb where he stood, said very mildly—

"Young man, what is your name?"

"Jeems Jones," was pertly replied.

"And where are you from, Jeems?"

"Lawrence county, Tennessee."

"Ah, indeed! And what was the name of your father and mother?"

"William Jones and Sarah Jones."

The old man heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes, I thought so," he continued, "for I recognized the family likeness the moment I laid eyes on you; and little did I think, when I last saw your father and mother, my old friends William and Sarah Jones, to meet a son of theirs who would insult an inoffensive old man, and a minister of the gospel, here on the streets of Dalton. Yes, Jeems, I know both of your parents well. I was raised with them. I've knelt down and prayed with them many a time in the blessed time of peace, when you were a baby in the cradle. And only think of what you have done to me. Here we are, poor exiled Tennesseeans, fighting in a strange land to get back to our own firesides. Some of us are dying or falling in battle every day. The green sod is scarce dry of the tears we have shed over some of their graves, and the air is yet full of the prayers we send up to God on high. And yet, you, Jeems Jones, so far forget your good old mother, and her training, and all, as to stop and insult me, an old man, and a minister of the gospel, while I am riding along, molesting nobody, but going my round of duty. I'm grieved; I ain't angry, but I'm mortified."

The old man paused. He had spoken eloquently and earnestly. The young soldier, who was doubtless a good hearted fellow at the bottom, but thoughtless, felt the stinging reproach keenly. Visions of home rose before his eyes as the words of a home-being fell into his ear, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. The crowd standing by looked attentively serious and quizzical. Some were inclined to giggle, but most of them were serious. The old man saw that he had spoken with effect, and like a prudent orator, took his departure, commending "Jeems to be more thoughtful in future, and think oftener of home and home folks!"

The crowd was about to disperse, when the hero of the occasion, who had gotten a hundred yards off, turned back and approached it a second time:

"Jeems Jones!"

"Yes sir!"

"You say you are the son of William and Sarah Jones?"

"Yes sir."

"Of Lawrence county, Tennessee?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, where is that collar?"

Jones opened his eyes—

"What collar, sir?"

"That collar of hemp around your hell-fired neck, you damned, lousy, ill-mannered son of a gun, God blast you!"

It was Col Colms, of the cavalry.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TROOPS.

Cheerfulness is the soldier's glory in camps. It is like courage on the field. Without it there is nothing. And whence comes this miraculous instinct, which makes heroes out of gloomy despondents, and clothes armies with invincible mail? It comes from faith—faith in the cause, faith in its leaders, faith in the final result. The opinion of the army now is that we shall win a peace through the next campaign. The men believe (and with reason,) that a merely successful defense in Virginia and here during the next six months will insure a cessation of active hostilities on the part of the enemy, and they hope for such a series of victories as will restore us Tennessee and Kentucky, and render farther invasion out of the question. So far as General Johnston is concerned, I have already said, their confidence is complete. They rely with equal courage upon themselves. With respect to Gen. Lee they are undaunted, and arise each morning eager to hear of some signal victory. The recent successes everywhere have increased their faith to a superstition that "it is our time" now, and when active movements do begin, the country may look out for bloody and resolute work.

AROUND ABOUT DALTON.

The scenery in this part of the world is very fine. Dalton lies in an irregular basin, surrounded by gentle undulations, which spring into hills and then into mountains. The town is scattered in every direction, but wears the appearance of a once thriving and beautiful village. There are many remnants of what were, in by-gone days, exceedingly pretty residences, with ample gardens and orchards. But war spares nothing. The few stray fruit trees are as bare of blossoms as the tenements of their original inmates.

Gen. Hardee has delightful quarters on the right hand side of the road. Gen. Johnston is a little out of the bustle of the heart of the town. Gen. Hood and Gen. Bate have also pleasant houses.

I was very much struck with the appearance of a place, which I noticed yesterday, while riding from the front with one of the most agreeable of our commanding generals. It is an old house—a family mansion, I dare say, in days of yore. It stands near the main road, to the left as you go out toward Tunnell hill, and overlooks a little ravine, pierced by a spring branch, that darts like an arrow of silver from a clear basin of water. This last is sheltered by a stone house, once the citadel of golden cakes of butter and stands of rich cream, but now tenantless like the principal building. The doors hang as listlessly as the soldiers that gather in its shady coolness. The bars of the single window are working out of the rotting sill. It is like a haunted house; and perhaps some of the lazy fellows who loiter here do fancy that it may be visited by the ghosts of the beforementioned beings of the dairy. Quien sabe? Who knows? When the moon shines the vanished milking pails and butter stands may come again among the frogs and crickets!

Vain hope! It detained me but a moment. My meditation, ever of a rather aristocratic turn, sought the mansion, with its old angles and dormer window, its decaying roof, drooping vines and scattered shrubbery, and orchard in the rear, torn quite away and the very family monument in a far corner of the garden tottering with neglect and blackening with moss and mildew. What may not have been the history of the ancient house, mused I, in the past? It is a type, a symbol of the war. In the Old Dominion and in Middle Tennessee there are scores of such, shorn of their old splendor and robbed of plate, of paintings, of books, and left to the owls, the bats and the Yankees. Those who once gloried to trace their lineage throughout the foot-prints of birth and breeding made visible everywhere are gone. In this section of the Confederacy, however, there have not been many of these, and this lonely representative, therefore, occasioned the more compassion in my mind. Perhaps it never did give birth to poet, orator or soldier, nor burst with song or dance, nor was mad with Christmas revel or bridal mirth; it may have had for master "tenant grim and deep recluse," or, for aught I know, some wild scapegrace or reckless debauchee. Who can tell the true story of these old houses? Yet this I know and feel, as I survey the marks of beauty slowly receding in the mist of the evening and behind the black-night track of war—

"A woman's hand the roses twined,
That now are withered on the stem."

THE NEXT BATTLE.

When will there be a battle? is the universal query. No topic can be so momentous or so interesting. It is discussed as much at the army as at the rear. Indeed, rumors are as thick every day in Dalton as in Atlanta. Every quarter is eagerly sought which promises any response to the morbid raid after news. Brigadier-generals and colonels, not less than army correspondents, are to be seen hurrying after the last report. To the people in the rear Dalton is the "front," but in Dalton there is still a "front" farther on, and "news from the front" is hunted as assiduously as though it were a hundred miles away. And when will there be a battle? I do not know. At the present time there is no more prospect of one than there was a month ago, except that the weather is better, and, where two armies face each other so nearly, this encouraging circumstance may provoke hostilities at any moment. But, when it does come, be sure of the result. We shall be victorious. I have no doubt of it. The army is in better trim than it ever was, and utterly refuses to allow itself to be beaten. Hold fast to your faith and Confederate money, for both will be redeemed when the next fight is over.

WAVERLY.

LETTER FROM DALTON.

DALTON, GA., April 28, 1864.

EDITORS APPEAL: The enemy displays great activity just now in front. While they appear to be ready to make a demonstration on us, it is known that they are changing force at Cleveland. Thirty thousand are at that point, and eight thousand at Blue Pond, above Red Clay.

If they attempt a forward movement at all, it is thought they will advance by the old Federal road toward Spring Place, and perhaps make a feint toward Rome at the same time. But their movements, let them come as they may, are watched by sleepless eyes. It is believed now that their force exceeds our own, but little, if any, and that they have sent what men they think their can spare to the army of the Potomac. Whenever Grant strikes, he will endeavor to mass overwhelming numbers; but Old Abe, to dispose of so formidable a rival for the presidency, may interfere with his little arrangements.

I have seen and conversed with Sergeant McCorkle, an intelligent member of the 15th and 37th Tennessee regiment, who left Jackson, Tennessee, on the 16th inst. Gen. Forrest had his headquarters there at that time. He was recruiting and conscribing rapidly. He has one new regiment of infantry in camp at LaFayette, Tenn. His forces were somewhat scattered, occupying Jackson, Union City, and several other points. The spoils captured are represented as immense. Great quantities have been hurried off to Dixie. Many of the people, especially the ladies, received our troops with unbounded enthusiasm, and are yet true as steel to the South. I learned many interesting facts in connection with Forrest's movements, which I may mention in my next.

The weather is becoming quite warm, and roads dusty. The vicinity of Dalton is alive with activity, everything indicates our readiness for offensive or defensive operations.

The discipline of the army is very strict. Deserters speedily meet the doom of death. Less criminal offenders are punished severely according to the nature of their crimes. Absence without leave, missing roll calls, etc., entitles the culprit to a "position" in the pillory. This facetiously called "going before the board." The victims of the "board" are often saluted by some distinct rebel with such complimentary remarks as: "Hollow thace, mister, didn't you know that you couldn't pass that board?" "Boards are very strict now." "Come out that ticket office, I know you are there, I see your head sticking out at the window." HARRY.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

[Correspondence Memphis Appeal.]

DALTON, GA., April 28, 1864.

By the courtesy of Col. B. J. Hill, provost marshal general of the army of Tennessee, we have been permitted to glance over the Louisville Journal of a very recent date, from which we glean a few interesting items.

Theofont at Mansfield, La., is clearly acknowledged. Northern correspondents say it was not only a disastrous defeat, but turned out to be a disgraceful rout. Gen. Stone is blamed with the disaster.

Much apprehension is said to exist for the safety of Steele's army in Arkansas. At last accounts he was pressed on all sides by Price' forces. The defeat of the Federals at Plymouth is tacitly admitted, or rather, freely hawed.

The situation here has undergone little change for the last few days. Various rumors are afloat in regard to the movements of the enemy—but nothing definite outside of official circles. Some heavy artillery firing is heard toward the front to-day, but we do not know what it means. The lines are very closely guarded. Colonel Ben. Hill, the able and efficient officer, spoken of at the beginning of this letter, is indefatigable in his labors, using every possible effort to keep spies out of our army, and to keep the general commanding posted in regard to the enemy's strength, movements, etc.

It is universally conceded that he is the right man in the right place. It will be remembered that Col. Hill commanded the 5th Confederate Tennessee regiment at Farmington, where he was for his native State the first badge of honor, and was complimented on the field by Gen. Beauregard. Since then he has distinguished himself in all the battles that have been fought in this department, and it is a matter of astonishment to others as well as Tennesseans that he has not long since been promoted. His courtesy and gentlemanly bearing towards all who call upon him, is only equaled by his gallantry on the field, and it is gratifying to know that for once we have a provost marshal general who is equally at home where the battle rages and grim death deals on all sides his missiles of destruction, or in a public office, where every man—whether private, officer or civilian—has a right to be treated as a gentleman.

We met to-day Col. J. M. Hughes, of the 25th Tennessee regiment, who is just out from Middle Tennessee. He is accompanied by Major Bledsoe, of the 4th Tennessee cavalry; Lieut. Cross Armstrong, of Hamilton's cavalry; and twenty-eight men. He gives much information of interest from Tennessee, which we will send you in a few days.

For the benefit of their friends who may be in the South, we give below the names of some who have been killed in Middle Tennessee since our army fell back last fall:

Lieut. A. G. Hallo, of Hamilton's battalion, killed in a fight with bushwhackers in Macon county; Lieut. Bowman company I, 4th Tennessee cavalry, murdered by Stokes' cavalry, after two days' imprisonment.

Lieut. Bob Davis, of the 8th Texas cavalry, wounded at the house of Wm. Officer, in Overton county, afterwards taken out and propped up against a fence and shot by Stokes' men. Mrs. Officer was shot and severely wounded at the same time, without cause, except that Davis and his men were found at her house.

Four other Texans were murdered at the same time, and one man named Lipscomb, belonging to some Alabama regiment of cavalry.

At another time Mr. A. Bledsoe and Capt. Green were taken unarmed and murdered, also J. L. Goss and Sud Arms, of Overton county.

Captain R. H. Bledsoe, of the 4th Tennessee cavalry, was wounded, taken and afterwards literally shot to pieces. Frank Marshbanks, son of Judge Marshbanks, of Warren county, who had been discharged from our army, was captured, without arms, and murdered by Stoke's men. Others might be mentioned, but time and space forbid. These men were all cut off in Middle Tennessee when our army fell back and have since been fighting independently. But few have been killed in open fair fight; our men nearly always coming out victorious when the enemy were thus met. Our friends in Middle Tennessee, are generally hopeful, and are planting as large as the unsettled condition of the country will permit. Though some will have to "flee the wrath to come," the masses long to see the return of our army, and will greet our advent into the States with a joyous welcome. More anon. OSCEOLA.

NORTHERN ITEMS.

W. T. Wiley, a member of the Yankee Congress from Western Virginia, in a recent speech, declared that "if he believed the Bible sanctioned slavery, he would curse God and die."

Gen. Pierce who was blamed for the disaster at Big Bethel, Va., denounces the statement of Parton in his life of Beast Butler, about that affair. Gen. Pierce declares that the battle was lost through the blunders of Gen. Butler.

It is stated that an overwhelming majority of the Republican members of both branches of Congress are opposed to the re-election of Lincoln.

Fort Lafayette is overrun with rats of gigantic size and intense fierceness. As the unfortunate prisoners lie in their uncomfortable cribs at night, they are literally covered with the disgusting vermin.

President Lincoln holds frequent interviews with the spiritual mediums at Georgetown, as a military necessity.

The number of emigrants that have arrived in New York from March 3, 1863, to March 3, 1864, is stated to be 35,409.

A magnificent Shetland wool (lace) shawl sold at the late great fair in New York for $1,000.

At the great fair in New York, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Mrs. Gen. McClellan and Mrs. Gen. McDowell presided at tables in the department of arms and trophies.

The steamer Electric Spark, designed for the New York and New Orleans trade, launched at Philadelphia a few days since, is 190 feet in length, and built with a view to a high rate of speed.

A sword was on exhibition at the great fair in New York, which is to be presented either to Gen. McClellan or Gen. Grant, as a majority of votes may decide. On the 12th, the vote stood, McClellan 3,986, Grant, 3,436; all others 40.

The Hon. Alexander Long, who delivered the speech in Congress which created such a furore among the Republicans, is a representative from the county seat city of Cincinnati. He is about forty years of age, florid complexion, quiet in his manners and exceedingly temperate in his habits.

The British and California Banking company, with a capital stock of two million pounds sterling, advertises its intention of establishing a bank at San Francisco.

Capt. J. Miles Lewis, of the steamer Continental, died at New Haven, Conn., on the 19th, of typhoid fever.

The official "Naval Register" for 1861, states the number of vessels including those building for the Yankee government at six hundred and seventeen, among them 72 ironclads and two rams, the Avenger and Vindicator. From January 1st 1861 to March 4th 1864, the navy lost 29 vessels by capture, etc., including six ironclads and three rams.

Assistant Adjutant General Townsend, in his report, states that the number of nine months men under the act of July 1862, is 36,844 volunteers and 65,200 militia. The volunteers were all from Pennsylvania. Bounty was paid to 2,934 Vermont nine months men through a mistake of the mustering officers and paymaster.

Owing to the high price of butter, and imitating the example of Chase, the people of New York talk of issuing butter certificates.

The total number of women, landmen and boys in the Federal navy, at present, is estimated at 30,000. There are about 3,000 marines. The entire manual force is employed in manning 200 vessels of war, nineteen of which are steamers. A large proportion of the 200 however, are small craft.

The Democratic State Convention for nominating presidential electors and delegates to the Chicago Convention, on the 4th of July, meets in Springfield, Ill., on the 15th of June.

The newspaper offices in Cincinnati, Ohio, are paying fifty cents per one thousand ems for composition—the highest price ever paid in the Northern States.

A bill is before the Federal Congress providing that members of the Cabinet shall have seats on the floor of the House.

The motion before the Federal Congress to amend the Constitution so that the President shall hold office for six years, and be ineligible for re-election, has been defeated.

The mechanics at Washington City are preparing for a general strike on the 16th of May, unless they can get three dollars a day.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments there are four, teen brothers named Postly. Four of them are twins.

At an election at Leavenworth, Gen. John C. Fremont was chosen President of the Union Pacific railroad.

At the Sanitary fair in New York, the married ladies wore "black" aprons; the unmarried, white aprons, and widows, aprons trimmed with yellow.

Among the novelties at the Sanitary fair in New York is a "Spread Eagle," presented by Mr. Wright, of Indiana, and made of the hair of President Lincoln, the members of his Cabinet, and some seventy members of Congress. The beak bone is of the President's back, and the "bill" of Secretary Chase's—typical of "strong" backs and "green"-backs.

A. T. Stewart, of New York contributes one hundred thousand dollars to the New York Sanitary Fair. Com. Vanderbilt immediately subscribed two hundred thousand dollars.

Ex-Police Justice William Drinker, of New York, while recently addressing the Legislative Committee on cities and towns, at Albany, relative to the New York tax levy, fell down in a fit and expired within ten minutes.

The proprietors of the Burnet House, at Cincinnati, Ohio, have imported some fifty "Americans of African descent" from Baltimore, to be employed as waiters, porters, chamber maids, etc.

George Thompson, the Abolitionist, has concluded to be one a naturalized citizen of Lincolndom, and reside in Boston.

Dickens' new work is called "Our Mutual Friend."

A new house is to be erected in the suburbs of Washington City for President Lincoln. The White House will be used as a department of State, and for official receptions.

Gen. Butler sent a remonstrance to Washington against receiving some new recruits at Fort Monroe, on the ground that to do so would be to "rob the cradle and fill the grave." He probably wishes to reverse the order.

The Michigan Republican convention, to appoint sixteen delegates to the national convention at Baltimore, assembles at Detroit on the 13th of May.

The property of Jilson P. Harrison, of the rebel army, situated in Chicago, is to be confiscated.

The Louisville Journal says Forrest's and Faulkner's men once made their escape out of Kentucky simply because Grierson's cavalry was so depleted by furloughs as to be unable to prevent. Perhaps so—but our better opinion is that Grierson has had enough of Forrest.

Referring to the fact that the radicals are making a movement in favor of the postponement of the Baltimore Convention to nominate a candidate for the presidency, Prentice says: Aware that they haven't light enough to act by, they want to allow themselves as much time as possible to obtain it in. But there's danger that the light, when it comes, will fall upon clear eyes.

Prentice says the Abolitionists don't want the country as it was; they desire a new nation, and so they go in for miscegenation.

Philadelphia is endeavoring to get the seat of the Pennsylvania State Government removed from Harrisburg to that city. The common council have passed an ordinance pledging a million of dollars for the necessary buildings.

To the Missionary vessels Morning Star and Evening Star has been added the Day Spring. The Sabbath school children of Nova Scotia, of Scotland, and of Australia, have united and built a beautiful brigantine of