Daily Appeal.

EVENING EDITION.

ATLANTA, GA.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1864.

FROM THE FRONT.

Firing was heard in this city yesterday evening in the direction of our front. It was nothing more than skirmishing along our lines in front of HOOD'S division. All was quiet this morning. The enemy are demonstrating toward our right, with the evident intention of reaching Roswell.

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER.

The present war upon the American continent is often pronounced to be unparalleled in the annals of history. For brutality, savage fierceness and diabolism on the part of the invader, it is doubtless true. But there is a period in the history of the children of Israel which is exactly similar. It will be recollected that the Israelites, growing vain and conceited, and filled with lofty conceptions of future grandeur, and of their own powers, began upon the plains of Shinar the erection of a tower which they designed should reach the heavens, and serve in future generations as a monument of their skill. Every energy was exerted to accomplish the task, but when they had reached a certain point, lo and behold, confusion and dismay entered their ranks. They lost their homogeneity in the twinkling of an eye. From a nation speaking one language, they suddenly found themselves speaking all the tongues of the earth. Neighbor could not understand neighbor, and so the work on the tower ended and its name written—BABEL. Their vanity and impiety received its death blow.

The American people grew vain and impious, as they increased in wealth and importance. They bowed down in adoration of a piece of bunting, idolizing and worshiping it with more reverential awe than ever did the pilgrims at the shrine of Mecca. Their minds became inflated with visions of a splendid empire, embracing the entire continent, and of their ability to cope with a world in arms. They cherished the idea until it became vitalized into a controlling belief. They ignored the Bible and proclaimed their allegiance to the doctrines of a Higher Law and of Manifest Destiny. Their self-conceit and inflated pride knew no bounds. Extending beyond the limits of reason, they gave themselves up to the wildest license of thought and opinion. Everything, from the soil they cultivated to the love they desecrated, was to be free. They defied Jehovah, if their sentiments conflicted with His laws. The foundations of society were upheaved, and corruption festered in the body politic. Elections became a mere struggle for spoils, and not principles, and the halls of legislation a scene of bacchanalian revels.

In the providence of God, for the sake of humanity and Christianity, secession was inaugurated to put a quietus upon American pride. Confusion reigned throughout the land, and America became a second Babel.

But the end is not yet. With the separation of the Southern States from the Northern States, as regards the Northern States the confusion did not cease. The Spirit of Discord, not, however, as demoniacal as their passions, still prevails. They dream still of empire, of their unequaled prowess on the field, and have not forsaken their idolatry of a rag. There is one party, devoted to the extinction of slavery in the world, and the peculiar exponent of German atheistic principles, already marshaling its hosts for the Presidential campaign, under the leadership of FREMONT. The other wing of the Republican party, who seek to achieve the same ends by different means, will probably choose for its standard-bearer ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Democratic party, opposed to the Republican party, will probably battle under the leadership of MCCLELLAN. The lines will yet be more distinctly drawn between them. They are divided upon the question as to who shall have the spoils of the South, and its discussion will produce such bitterness and hate among the disputants as to redound to our benefit.

The South has become united in her energies and purposes. She recognizes the supremacy of the Ruler of the universe, and that an adherence to His laws is necessary and right. Her gallant chieftains are not puffed up with successes upon entrenched battle-plains, but return thanks to the Most High that He has smiled upon their efforts and crowned them with victory.

Why is this marked distinction between the condition and opinions of the two peoples? The North is discordant, because diseased. The substratum of her society is not *African* servitude. Her slaves are of the same color, form and aspirations as themselves. This explains, in a nut-shell, the difference between the conditions of the two peoples.

Is there no hope conveyed in these reflections to the Southern heart? If we still retain our unanimity of purpose, our humility and respect for the author of our Being, can we not feel assured of final success? Confident in the strength of Jehovah, and appealing to Him for aid, let us not become appalled by disaster, or elated by success.

Rest assured, whatever fictitious successes may be achieved by our foes, they are nearer subjugated to-day, than the people of the South.

THE COMMERCIAL AND MILITARY SPIRIT.

The commercial and military spirit in different periods of society appears in striking contrast, if they do not stand at times in adverse relations to each other. We may trace in one the source of lofty pride, in the other of degrading instincts, as the one or the other predominates. Not that we would affirm that where the commercial spirit is predominant in nations, there is an entire absence of elevated feeling, but that where the mercantile spirit is ingrained, as it were, there is a tendency to mercenary impulses. Where they happen to be in fortunate equipoise, it is the happiest of national combinations, as we shall see.

The most remarkable example that ancient history presents in any two nations of the contrast to which we have alluded, is the different character of Rome and Carthage—the first inordinately military—the last intensely commercial. Among the Grecian republics Athens and Sparta stood in nearly the same relation.

In the Middle Ages, the commercial spirit found an abiding place in the small republics of Venice, Genoa, Pisa and the Hanse towns, while the military spirit reposed, with most commanding power, in the two powerful monarchies of France and Spain. England not having yet developed a decided national peculiarity. Venice, of all the republics of the medieval period, exhibited that happy balance, to which we have adverted, between the military and commercial spirit, her annals being made illustrious from martial achievement, and her position placing her at the head of those States that have exhibited commercial grandeur in the highest degree.

Among modern nations England and France embody the largest share, respectively, of the contrasted spirit we are illustrating. It must, however, be admitted that England, like Venice, exhibits a considerable share of that blended spirit of mercantile and martial power which made the latter so illustrious. We allude to those epochs of her history in which the genius of a CHATHAM vindicated the manhood of the nation from the debasing influence by which the narrow system of policy of a WALPOLE and NEWCASTLE had lowered it in the eyes of Europe. The no less elevated policy of his son, the younger PITT, battled with equal vigor, but not with equal success, against the ambition of he, who, aiming at universal empire, sought to erect it on the ruins of the commercial interest.

But whatever may have been the lofty aim and spirit of the British policy down to the period of the general peace, that policy has been since essentially mercenary and self-seeking. And it would appear as if the gold discoveries in sharpening her avarice has given a fatal predominance to the *auri sacra fames*. Her military is under the deep eclipse of her commercial spirit. She had the largest share of this gold which, we hope, may not prove a fatal gift. Having obtained the largest portion of the treasure, she hugs it to her bosom with miserly affection; while the Yankee nation that emulates her in the meaner attributes of avarice, and has no sympathy with the loftier qualities of her character, is resolved to supply the most striking illustration furnished in modern times, of the ascendancy of the coarse instincts belonging to the commercial character over the heroic and elevated virtues that are native to the military spirit. C.

EXCITEMENT IN AUGUSTA.—We learn from passengers by the morning train, that considerable excitement prevails in Augusta, in consequence of an anticipated raid from Port Royal, S. C. Preparations were being made to receive them.

WHO WILL TAKE HIM?—Dr. Robert Battey informs us that he has in his hospital a Tennessee youth, who has the consumption, and ought to be discharged from the army and restored to his parents, if it were practicable to do so. He is not strong enough to be turned out a wanderer through the lines to seek his home unaided. Is there not some Tennesseean comfortably situated upon some farm in Georgia, or some Georgian so circumstanced, who would take pleasure in offering a home to this young man, where he can be more tenderly cared for than is practicable in the wards of a hospital, until such time as a way may be opened up for a return to his own home?

FROM HAVANA.—The Mobile *Tribune* of the 8th states that another smart little steamer made the trip from Havana to this port that morning, though not without running considerable risk and danger from the blockading fleet outside. She was chased in by no less than five of their fastest vessels, which kept up a steady fire on her until she had got under the guns of Fort Morgan.

MISSISSIPPI WHEAT CROP.—The Meridian *Clarion* of the 8th, says that the most gratifying accounts are given of the condition and prospects of the wheat crop in that State. Scott, Smith, Jasper, Newton and other counties in Southern and Eastern Mississippi, that heretofore have produced little or no wheat, will yield this year an abundant harvest.

DISTURBANCE AT VICKSBURG.—The *Mississippian*, of the 8th, says that its regular correspondent "Logan," who is now in Yazoo county, Miss., has been permitted to make the following extract from a letter dated Canton, 2d inst.: "A gentleman came out from Vicksburg a few days ago, who says there was a great fuss there last week. Some negroes insulted some ladies, and the citizens undertook to punish them, and two or three of the citizens were killed. The Yankee soldiers then turned in on the negroes, and "slew them fore and aft." The troops reported as landing at Vicksburg were some of Banks' men whose time had expired and were going home. They got on a general 'bust,' and thus added to the disturbance."

☞ Horses are being impressed in Columbus, Ga., for Gen. Johnston's army.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—The correspondent of the *Mississippian*, writing from Yazoo county, under date of the 3d instant, says:

Most of the troops which had arrived at Vicksburg within the past few weeks, have gone up the river, so that the people in this section may, for the present, dismiss their fears of another raid in force. Indeed, with the forces which are now available, no danger is to be apprehended. The enemy will find it prudent to stick close to his base. Very heavy firing was heard yesterday, and again this morning, in the direction of Greenville. Marmaduke must be engaging their attention thereabouts. The Federal troops from the trans-Mississippi are reported to be very much demoralized by their late defeats. The 11th Illinois is said to be almost in a state of mutiny.

The crops in this section are rather backward in consequence of the protracted drouth, but the earth is being refreshed by a steady penetrating rain. It was never more needed, for vegetation was literally parched. As the soldiers are not now burthened with tents and other luxuries of the earlier part of the war, but encamp in real bivouac style, such [illegible] temporarily uncomfortable; but then comes the green corn, the blackberries, and the other good things which nature is anxious to yield them. It is to be hoped, by the way, that the pay department will send some of the new issue along this way, for there are commands in this section that have not been paid in twelve months. I have heard no one grumble on this account; but that their pay should be withheld for so long a time, seems very unjust.

YANKEE CHARACTER.—A letter dated the 3d of this month, says the Winchester *Bulletin*, and written by a worthy gentleman, who is a member of the LaGrange relief committee, now at the front, says:

Fifteen Kentucky boys came in last night wounded, and have been sent to the rear. They were taken prisoners and left at Dallas. They were stripped by the Yankees, save a few who were allowed a shirt. All accounts agree that the enemy devastate the entire country of every thing, even ladies' and children's clothing. When they evacuate they do not leave a solitary article of anything to eat or wear. Wheeler, in his captures at Carter's station, had a man who took a carpet bag from a Yankee, and upon opening the carpet bag found his own and his wife's miniatures, besides some letters and other things he had sent her, and which had been stolen by the Yankee. The Yankee claimed the carpet bag. He was sent out from the command and *received a promotion*—a just tribute to all such vandals.

THE VALLEY.—Affairs in the Valley grow in interest apace. The Yankees under Hunter, from 7000 to 8000 strong, with twenty-five pieces of artillery, are advancing toward Staunton, and are reported to have encamped at Lacey's Springs, on the valley turnpike, nine miles north of Harrisonburg, on Thursday night, and it is supposed occupied the latter place yesterday. At the proper moment and in the right place they will be met by our forces, and we venture to say in such a manner as will cause them to take to the right about and fly much faster than they did when "old Breck" got after them. Staunton is not going to succumb to the demonstration now making against it. It is more than probable the battle will come off to-day.—*Lynchburg Republican, 4th.*

LATE TORPEDO EXPLOSION.—On the authority of a Yankee captured by our pickets below here, we learn that in the late explosion of the torpedoes intended by the Yankees for the Trent river, forty-one whites and sixteen negroes were killed, and thirteen wounded—making seventy in all. It seems the "infernal machines" were packed in barrels and marked "whiskey" in order to prevent a knowledge of their being "planted" from reaching the Confederates, and the Yankees garrisoning the vicinity rushed to the scene of their contemplated rations. This will account for the number present and killed and wounded.—*Raleigh State Journal.*

LETTER FROM THE ARMY.

NEAR LOST MOUNTAIN, GA., June 7, 1864.

EDITORS APPEAL: Having a moment this morning I write you a line or two. Excuse me for writing with a pencil. We are unable to do better during such an active campaign as is now upon us.

Our division is at last with the army of Tennessee, after one of the hardest marches upon record, a continuous march of over three hundred miles we where to participate in the great struggle to come off sooner or later, some where in the vicinity of Atlanta. Our troops know what it is to meet the enemy in shock of battle. It is now familiar with them. They have fought over the fields of Oak Hill, Elkhorn, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and others too numerous almost to mention. We are at this place now in line of battle awaiting the enemy's advance. The pool tor, I am told, by those who know, is much stronger than the one we had at New Hope church. At the latter point we kept the enemy in check from the 27th of May to the 4th of June, when he abandoned the idea of assailing us in our works and moved to his left, extending his line to the railroad. This caused General Johnston to move to his right to confront the enemy in his position at this time. General Johnston knows what the Yankees are trying to do. He is fully alive to all his plans. The army has the utmost confidence in his ability to foil the plans of the foe, in whatever direction he may advance. The health of the army is good considering all things, and as to the spirit, it could not be better if it was on its march to raise up poor down-trodden Tennessee.

But, poor Tennessee! It makes me sad to mention the name. And, poor Tennesseans! it really makes me have a strange feeling to see those poor fellows—their homes long since overrun by the most heartless foe that ever waged a war for plunder and rapine—still going on, still adhering to their principles, still determined to be free or perish in the vindication of the rights of freedom and manhood. I saw, yesterday, a distinguished cavalry general, and he remarked, that of all the stragglers from our army, (whom I am glad to say are not very numerous,) not one of them is from Tennessee, though these poor fellows are leaving behind them their homes ever in their minds. Does not this speak volumes for these troops, whose homes have long been under the oppressors' heels?

But to return. Our army is in good spirits, and ready to meet the enemy whenever our great leader is prepared to give the order. This may be near at hand—for Gen. Johnston has the enemy almost at the point he wants him. The enemy, however, will doubtless fight with much desperation, as they think the war will end with the coming battle. But in this they will be mistaken, at any rate, in subduing the South. Our troops are more determined than ever. The longer the war continues, the greater the hatred have we for the whining puritans of Yankeedom. We can never, never live with them again in peace. The gulf between us is impassable. It is wider than that which was made between Lazarus and Dives of old. In this gulf lie the bones of our brethren! It has been filled with an ocean of Southern blood. In it the sighs of creation's wrongs have been deposited for three long years and more. The widows' and orphans' tears are also there. But why talk about this, for nothing of the kind awaits us. We have only to be true to conscience and posterity, and all is right. The manhood of the South is at stake. When that is the case, can we expect a reverse? Never! never! All is involved in the contest that man desires to live for. With this before us, it is victory or death. But, as the enemy is receiving reinforcements, we would have all to rejoin their command who are possibly able to do so. We want every man in the line who can bear arms.

The crisis is upon us. The enemy has concentrated everything in his power for the coming fight in Georgia. Can our men stand back? I hope not. Then, soldiers of the Confederacy, leave your easy positions; come to the front, where you can assist in repelling the enemy, who is advancing upon the vitals of our country. Everything calls upon you. Can you consent to be the slaves of slaves? I trust not. Then come to the front; you can be of service. The enemy is in the heart of Georgia. Georgians, will you rally! The foe is in your grasp, if you will but put forth, with the army we have, your full force. Will you do it? I think you will. Look at poor Tennessee, and learn a lesson. I wish I could tell you how hard the oppressors heel bears upon that devoted land. Those remaining in that State could teach you words of warning were they here. They are oppressed; they are down-trodden. Their manhood has gone. The women see man how to man, and can they have respect for him who bows even to a slave? They cannot. It is then, with you to say whether you will hurry to the front; go under the directorship of the great Johnston, who is contending against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy in protecting your homes and firesides from pollution and ruin. He is a patriot and a warrior. He will lead you through the fiery furnace with victory inscribed upon your garments, if you will but give him the men to contend with the foe.

It is plain to all we must fight. We will fight to the bitter end. The heaviest campaign of the war is upon us. We must meet it as men deserving to be free. The time at last has come, to test the chivalry of the Confederacy. But can we fear anything when we remember our ancestors. Ever venerated shades of the departed patriots who have gone down on the bloody fields of freedom, look down upon your sons and comrades who meet to-day the same enemy in the same great cause of human rights and human freedom—battling for all dear to man and revered of woman.

But I must close this desultory letter, as we have orders to move. Move where? I am unable to tell to what point. I could not tell even if I knew. But you may depend upon one thing, that a great battle is between this point and Atlanta. Perhaps, more again. MEMPHIS.

Letter from Eastern Louisiana.

Correspondence Mobile Evening News.]

CLINTON, May 27.—"*Albit, crasit excessit, erupit*" Such is the language in which the history of Banks' expedition into Louisiana may be classically closed. The news this morning is that he is retreating at full speed down the Mississippi—his cavalry, artillery and wagon trains following the river road down the west side, and his infantry cleaning down in transports, eager to escape from the pursuing legions of Dick Taylor, (we cannot help still calling him Dick Taylor, although he is now a lieutenant-general), and the dashing cavalry force of that splendid soldier, J. P. Major. Gen. A. J. Smith's corps, (Yankees), which Banks borrowed from Sherman for the Red river expedition, have gone back to Sherman to Vicksburg. Not a Yankee, except prisoners, now treads the soil of Louisiana five miles distant from the Mississippi river and Berwick's bay.

It capably admitted that [illegible] and that it were thoroughly and well. I hear from New Orleans that Banks did not want to undertake the job having a very clear idea of what he would have to encounter, but that he was forced into it by the "Free State committee" of that city, who wanted as many of the interior parishes as possible represented in their State convention called for amending the Constitution and abolishing slavery. It seems they desired to make a show in the convention of a number of parishes represented, which, however, was quite a superficial and unusual exhibition of regard for appearances. Accordingly, as Banks advanced, bogus elections were held in all the Red river parishes, and men chosen to the convention who were never heard of before, except that some of them were notorious horse-thieves and scrip-dealers. These "delegates" went to New Orleans, and were quite prominent in voting that all the slaves in Louisiana were from that moment free. Inasmuch as none of them ever owned a negro—or anything else that was honestly come by—there was scarcely a division in the convention. Some few hinted at "compensation" to owners of slaves, but they were speedily put down by the representatives from Vermont and Massachusetts, and the ordinance of emancipation passed almost unanimously.

Besides the scheme of securing representatives in the convention, it was believed that Shreveport could be captured, and thus all of Louisiana and all of Arkansas be wrested from us at one blow. It would, indeed, have been a heavy loss to us. And when news came that the Yankee infantry had reached Mansfield, and their gunboats were steadily ascending Red river above Alexandria, there is no disguising the fact that we felt uneasy and alarmed. The victory gained by our troops was not merely a repulse of the enemy. It resulted in the capture of many prisoners, but other things that were needed more than prisoners were captured also—heavy artillery on gunboats, field artillery, ammunition, wagons and teams (of which we were in great want) medicine, commissary stores and machinery.

Banks has proved himself well worthy of the title he won in Virginia—that of "commissary general of the Confederate army." Forrest, who commanded the fleet, ought to be called our chief of ordnance. It was with the heavy guns captured from his gunboats that Gen. Major erected a battery on Red river, below Alexandria, and for two weeks amused himself with shelling and driving back transports which attempted to go to Banks' relief. Major fired at the transports with Yankee ammunition out of Yankee parrott guns, and fed his men with Yankee provisions captured on their boats. I am informed that one steamboat, with her hold full of fine old whisky, was set on fire by Major's batteries and burned to the water's edge, the hull sinking to the bottom. After that, whenever our troops felt dry, they would go out to the wreck, fish up a barrel of old Bourbon, and solace themselves with that which was intended for Banks and his men, sadly in need as the latter were of "fortification in the flowing bowl" the recollection of their sorrows.

It may be asked if Banks' escape from Alexandria could not have been prevented, and his army there captured or destroyed. I think not. After losing 12,000 men on the expedition, he still had 15,000 or 20,000 left. Our lines around Alexandria were necessarily long and weak—and all Banks had to do was to pick out some point, and through it set sail. This he did, though constantly harassed and impeded by our troops. The state of alarm he was in may be inferred from this circumstance: After reaching Morganza on the Mississippi he halted and commenced fortifying. But, hearing that our cavalry had crossed the Atchafalaya in pursuit, and that our infantry were at Simmesport, with their backs to the east, he broke up suddenly at Morganza yesterday evening at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock his whole army was pushing down the river.

Thus ends the second grand invasion of interior Louisiana—a complete, disastrous, disgraceful failure. It is true, the enemy has utterly ruined some of the fairest portions of the State. They stole and sent off before they were defeated one thousand bales of cotton. They have left behind them in their track the ashes of many fine country mansions. They have burned magnificent agricultural implements, fences and every thing else that was combustible. Those wonderful pioneers of "progress," and the missionaries of civilization, have taught us, rebels and heathens that we are, some new lessons in humanity, of which let all of us be duly mindful. Such things, of course, re-establish and intensify the "loyalty" of the people. When I speak of Banks' failure, I mean the failure of his military plans. His stealing and burning plans were, to a certain extent, I am bound to admit, a success.

The New Orleans papers have but little to say about it. One of them complains of the Northern press for saying Banks is whipped. The Yankee scoundrel who edits it evidently thinks himself that Banks was whipped, but don't like to be told so. Unpleasant truths are generally the most disagreeable information that can be imparted. The Era is, I am glad to see, in a foaming rage, and complains bitterly of a large class of people there who, having "taken the oath," and "enjoy the protection of the flag," are secretly or openly rejoicing over Banks' supposed discomfiture. The Era calls this "ingratitude," and I should think it was. These people—to use a thorough Yankee phrase, very popular in that land of good grammar and refinement—"hadn't ought to do it."

Steel, since his demolition in Arkansas, is accused by the Yankees of being a copperhead. Canby, who has come to take charge of affairs, has been vibrating for several days between Baton Rouge and Vicksburg, and is supposed to be looking after the wreck, debris, and driftwood of the late Yankee army of trans Mississippi. A new commander, of the name of Slocum, has come to Natchez, and has issued a proclamation, charging the Confederates $50,000 for every Yankee they catch while working a stolen plantation, which sum he proposes to collect from the neighbors. He also objects to steamboats being fired into.

New Orleans papers of the 24th quote gold there at ninety-five cents premium, although they claim a series of victories for Grant and Sherman. CRESCENT.

The Military Prison at Andersonville.

A correspondent of the Macon Telegraph visited the military prison at Andersonville, on the 29th, 29th and 30th ult., and gives the following description of it:

Stockade.

This is an inclosure containing about sixteen acres, in the form of an oblong square or parallelogram, fenced in by uprights, twelve inches square and twenty-one feet long, of which sixteen feet are above ground and five feet under ground. They are tightly packed or rammed in the ground, and touch each other. A bold branch runs through the inclosure, supplying it with an abundance of water for bathing, etc. On each side of this stream the ground is slightly undulating, and by shifting your position, first one side and then the other, and taking a diagonal view, you can get a pretty good look at the followers of Abrahamus Primus, who, at my departure, numbered 18,410, including the inmates of hospitals and those detailed to work on the improvements.

Through the politeness of Adjutant Chapman, a Rev. Mr. Rice, of Perry, and myself, were furnished with a written permit (and the adjutant's presence) to visit the interior of the prison. I felt a little disconcerted at first, to be in the power of so many Yankees, but having that morning seen a gray back march in at the head of 1205 of them, I thought I could risk it. The eyes of ——thousand Confederate gray-backs were on his gray back as he wended his way at the header (his dark, sombre colors). When a squad of over two or three hundred prisoners are first put in the stockade, you have a chance of seeing a fine display of the military. All, or the most of our troops, march and countermarch until they are in the proper position, then the Yanks are marched down to the prison door, four deep, when the gates are opened to receive them. There, too, are the Florida boys, of the Florida Light Artillery, every man at his place around those beautiful Napoleon guns, captured from the Yankees at Ocean Pond. At the right, on a sorrel horse, you will observe an officer. His bearing commanding appearance. In person he is of slender form, about forty-five years of age, hair and moustache slightly silvered, keen gray eyes. This officer is Capt. Dyke, now in command of the company. Lieut. Gamble, his is in immediate command of the guns. He is a brother of Capt. Gamble, formerly commander.

There is a sufficient force here to guard all the Yanks Lee and Johnstonian said, and the country may feel no apprehension of their escape. But let not the officers in charge relax in their vigilance, but recollect the remark of Thomas Jefferson, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

While in the prison, I was asked many questions relative to the two armies, when an exchange would be effected, etc. The Yankees appeared to be quite communicative, and in most cases very respectful, making room for us to pass, as occasion required, and showed us the best way of going, etc. I hope these poor fellows, after the present series of battles, will be exchanged, as every death among them deprives us of one to exchange for our own. There are many things with in the stockade to amuse the visitor. The Yanks have many ingenious contrivances for cooking. They make numerous little dirt stoves and furnaces, and with a handful of spinters can cook their beans in an incredible short time. They have huts made of sun dried bricks and of pine-tops thatched over one another like shingles, which are impervious to the sun and rain.

They have also toy set banks attached to which are two little satanic majesties in the form of monkeys, one has on a red jacket (the gentleman). The other (the lady) is dressed in the highland costume and her "cutty sark is in longitude rather scanty." When this mill is put in motion, you will observe the lady and gentleman are very polite—bowing alternately to one another with a rapidity proportional to the velocity of the wheel. This outdoes the Frenchman and will make the latter ashamed of himself. They have also numerous wells about twenty-eight or thirty feet deep. If you walk along, stepping upon the square boards in the streets, you would little dream of standing over a well thirty feet deep, unless advised of it. I examined one of these wells. It is round in structure and, by means of a rope and bucket they draw excellent drinking water by hand. Of the sixteen acres enclosed, about three are taken up by the branch and swamp, so the remaining thirteen acres hold 18,410 man or a fraction of 1500 or over to the acre. The stockade will now be enlarged with all possible haste. Sometime since orders had been issued for its enlargement; but after the work had been progressing to some extent, were countermanded in consequence of an insufficient number of troops to guard a more extended area; but the recent heavy arrival of State troops and of prisoners makes it both expedient and necessary to enlarge the prison immediately. The authorities have ordered the construction of large shelters which the prisoners say they would be glad to have and will put them up by themselves if we will just send them in. Bathing establishments, cess-pools, etc., are in process of construction and a regular system of police instituted for the cleanliness and sanitary condition of the interior. It is very hot in here, the breezes being obstructed in a great measure by the stockade fence, and humanity suggests that some provision be made to shelter them from the hot sun of July and August.

The prisoners are divided into squads, wards, sections and divisions. Each squad has a sergeant, whose duty it is every morning, at 7 A. M., to call a roll of the ninety men in his squad, and if any are missing a report is made to Capt. Wirz, who is in command of the prison. The sergeant also reports all cases of sickness to the chief surgeon of the hospital, Dr. White, who decides upon all cases of admittance to the hospital. Hence, with the above arrangement, on referring to the books containing a list of the prisoners, it is not difficult to find the whereabouts of any prisoner, etc. All these detailed to work on the improvements have a star on their hats or some conspicuous place, to show that they are paroled and have the freedom of one mile from the camp. If out after nine at night, on trying to enter, they are apt to be halted by the guard and marched up under guard to Capt. Wirz's headquarters, there to receive what the boys call the old rapparee jewelry—a ball and chain. The captain's jewelry is a very popular article must, as I saw several sporting it about. Among the paroled are two bright, intelligent little boys, respectively thirteen and fourteen years of age. The names are Albert Walton and Rancom Powell. Both were drummers, the former in company G, 75th Indiana, taken at Chickamauga; the latter company I, 10th Virginia, which was gotten up in Maryland. He is a Maryland. They act as pages or flunkies to our officers, carrying messages and going on errands, etc. These little fellows want to go home—but are as lively as uncaged birds.

There is an unpleasant odor connected with the whole camp and prison, and unless something is done to purify the air, or counteract the idio-miasmatic effluvia generated from such a mass of human beings, and from the filth of the camp, there will be sickness among both prisoners and our boys. As far is a good substitute or a disinfectant in the place of lime, etc., and the Government will not [illegible] numerous kilns, all over the camps and thus keep the fumes continually wafting through the prison and camp, also to construct regimental cess pools, and keep them clean, and to insure the cleanliness of our own soldiers. I noticed much uncleanliness that can be avoided, and as the ladies (sorry to say it) visit the camp and prison, our boys should have pride enough to save their sweethearts from this unpleasant odor. But what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and if the officers do not take the matter in hand, it will not be done.

The water before running into the prison, is frequently polluted by careless soldiers or servants. This is, however, against the colonel's orders, but a severe punishment should be visited upon those who persist in violating the order. Most of the new troops stationed here are not conversant with the rules, and many little infractions of orders, which they have committed, arise from a want of a knowledge of the rules, and upon a little reflection they will, we hope, strictly adhere to their colonel's order about the branch.

Hospital.

This is a square enclosure of several acres, about two or three hundred yards distant from the south-east corner of the stockade. In it is a beautiful oak grove. This is in the care of Dr. White, chief surgeon, who visits it at 9, A. M., each morning to examine applicants for the hospital and give instructions to his assistants. There are from 500 to 600 inmates in this hospital, and here is a world of suffering to one who has never seen it, and as it beggars description I will not attempt to portray the scene, but pass on, simply remarking that from twenty to twenty-five die daily, and that Dr. W. does all in his power for them, and that the principal diseases are diarrhea and scurvy, the latter the more prevalent.

Burial Ground.

This spot is to your left, east of north, as you alight from the cars with your face to the east, or stockade, (distance about half mile.) It is in the southeast corner of an old worn out field. Here you will observe a hill of eight-or ten scalward In shinon, digging trenches six feet wide, and long enough to contain one hundred corpses laid closely together. They are buried in the clothing they die in, and in many cases are robbed by their own men of their underclothing, leaving the corpse but pants or drawers and coat. On Tuesday, the 28th was their heaviest work, in one day, viz: the burial of 32 dead. Up to that time (this 31 instant) they had buried 1497, and not 3000 as the Albany Patriot reported. Of this 1497, 1434 were not small-pox cases, and 43 were. The small-pox hospital is about one mile and a half southeast of the prison, and contains some inmates, the exact number not recollected, some forty or fifty, or less.

Rations and Bakery.

The bakery is on the branch near the stockade, and is worked by detailed Yankee cooks. Through the kindness of Adjutant Chapman, the books of the establishment were examined for my special benefit. From the books I ascertained that 30,333 pounds of bread were issued to the prisoners in the stockade daily, and 31,433 pounds to all the prisoners, including prison hospital, details, etc. This does not include the rations of our own forces, as they cook their own rations. To the prisoners are issued one-third one hundred pounds of bacon, or the same number of pounds of beef, (when we have it,) as of bread, which is something less than 10,500 pounds of bacon daily. How long can we feed them? Each prisoner gets the same rations as our own boys do, which is one and three-quarter pounds of bread, and one-third pound of bacon, unless he is a detailed hand, when he has increased rations.

The Lady Prisoner.

What! Yes, a lady prisoner. This female was captured at Plymouth, North Carolina, by General Hoke. She is all right, having a husband (Nervine Leonard) in the stockade as prisoner. When General Hoke attacked Plymouth there was but one boat, says a Yankee surgeon, (George Z. Britz, 101, Penn. vols.) upon which the women crowded to such a thick that all could not get on and escape. This surgeon and another by the name of Nicholson, (16th Reg't Conn. vols.) came on with their wounded to Camp Sumter, (about 21) and say that they had the privilege when taken either to go North or to remain at Raleigh, North Carolina, to take care of their wounded. Seven of the ten left for Yankeedom, and three including himself and Nicholson, remained. They returned to Macon and will remain there with the Yankee officers (if they can get through the lines at Richmond). Not being properly prisoners of war, their location, through prudential considerations, will be somewhat restricted. The lady prisoner seemed to be much affected on parting with them, as they had advised her with a promise to care for her, to come South to see her husband, stone at Raleigh she would have to remain, not being able to pass our lines till the battle was over about Richmond. She is treated kindly by our officers, her husband being permitted to come out of the stockade to see her.

The two surgeons above named are nice looking men, and quite affable and communicative. The lady prisoner is not in "durance vile," but has the freedom of the camps, as I saw her several times passing. The arrival of prisoners for the past ten days has been quite heavy. On the 23d inst., 900 arrived; 24th, 807; 25th, over 500; 26th, 720; 27th, (1003 plus 21 plus 93, equal) 1119; on the 28th, 888; 1005 of the Spottsylvania prisoners came on Sunday last, and on the 31st, 1800 more were expected.

Commissary Department.

This is under the control of Capt. Winder, who has given general satisfaction. Supplies of meat and bacon roll in daily. The building is now about 300 feet long and nearly completed.

General Remarks.

Persons visiting Camp Sumter either to visit their friends or through curiosity, won't do well to call at Col. Person's office and read "The rules and regulations of the Confederate States Military Prison, and those making friendly calls on the colonel will engage him in conversation but a few minutes as "business men have business habits." By complying with the above, much trouble and probably a "difficulty" may be avoided.

Adjutant Chapman informed me that in some sections of the State the Masonic Fraternity had demurred at the supposed bad treatment of the prisoners, that he had received several letters from them on the subject. He says there is no ground for complaint, and that from the very beginning all has been done for them that was possible to do. The Masons (prisoners) I believe are buried in coffins or boxes, so also, were the first prisoners that died, but it is too expensive a business, and not usual in war. A few of the dead have had boards with their names, company and regiment on them. Among them we noticed the following: M. Wright, with a cross, (Catholic) and the initials I. H. S., (Jesus the Savior of men) company A, 2d R. I. Cav., died March 23, 1864, aet 21 years. Also, hereafter the body of Bernard Tolon, company D, 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, age, 17 years.

A solemn reflection came over me when I read the last inscription, to think that one so young should have fallen a victim to the fanaticism, which, like a mad storm, has engulphed our ones beautiful and happy country.

I observe that small squads of prisoners were searched, and that all money over $100 was taken from them, and that a large money order was not searched on account, I thought, of the rediculous. Why is this? And what goes with the money after taken from them? Here is room for a misapprehension, and criticism on the part of the public. Certainly our officers are not engaged in anything dishonorable.

Letter from Canton.

From the Meridian Clarion.]

CANTON, June 2, 1864.—A high military authority has said the war of separation would close this year. I do not venture to place my opposition to that "high military" gentleman, but I must say that this one has underestimated the credulity of the Northern people, and the cunning of the Northern statesmen. Files of Yankee papers in my possession, of various dates since the commencement of active operations in Virginia, show how the war has been sustained by the Lincoln Administration. That Administration is fortunate—the world at large unfortunate—in possessing, in the person of E. M. Stanton, one of the most unscrupulous ministers that ever figured in a cabinet. He certainly approaches nearer to those creatures of Milton's fancy, Moloch and Belial, than any one since Machiavelli's time, uniting the vindictive ferocity of Moloch with the subtlety of Belial. He telegraphs the most transparent falsehoods with a coolness and off-hand manner that is admirable.

In a telegram to Gov. Yates, of Illinois, after giving a monstrously exaggerated statement of Hancock's battle on the 12th, he adds, as though it was a matter of indifference, and one that he had well nigh forgotten, "Now is the time to send in your 100 days' men." Thus, you see, he leaves the plain inference that these "100 days' men" are only needed to make Lee's defeat a bit more overwhelming, while the naked truth is, that they are absolutely necessary to the success of the campaign, and had been counted upon from the commencement. It is by this means that the war is prolonged by the Washington Government. Other of Mr. Stanton's dispatches have the same tendency as the above, all going to prove him a master-spirit of evil.

The Abolitionists at Chicago got up a jubilation upon the strength of these dispatches, which came near ending in a row. They talked of mobbing the *Times* office, and did assault the editor. It is one of the characteristics of this war that while the Yankees were in an ecstacy of delight over glorious triumph of their arms in Virginia, a gentleman passed through the capital and found the people getting very jelly over our successes in an eight gallon keg of "blue ruin" that had been secured for the occasion. Such a life.

Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the lady imprisoned so long by the Lincoln Government for her Southern proclivities, is now in Paris. She has been admitted to an interview with the Emperor, and is regarded in Parisian high circles as the personification of the patriotic heroine. Her book, "My Imprisonment at Washington," is creating a sensation in the United States.

Gov. Seymour issued an order that the flag should be put at half-mast over all State arsenals, etc., in consequence of the death of his late opponent, Gen. Wadsworth. We have heard of crocodile tears.

Mexico and Rome.

The Vienna *Presse* recently contained the following curious article on the relations of Rome with the new Mexican empire, which we find translated for the New York *Evening Post*:

The Mexican monarchy is intended not only to react against the Anglo Saxon race and the Democratic idea of Northern America, but also against American Protestantism. Hence the immense enthusiasm with which the clerical party of both hemispheres has welcomed the advent of Maximilian I.

By the erection of this throne Napoleon III has rendered an immense service to the Church,