

In the absence of all excitement whatever, a military nature, or political either at present, we have nothing to write about unless we fight on the great revival again. It seems to be gathering strength daily and nightly, growing wider and deeper, and now I learn from reliable authority that the religious excitement prevails throughout the army of Northern Virginia, and also in some divisions of the army of the West. It is truly encouraging, and from its effects we hope ere long to see the welcome dawn of peace. During three weeks past scarce a day or a night has passed in which we have not had divine services in camp. At first a small arbor was constructed, sufficient to accommodate two hundred persons, but since that time various additions and improvements have been made, until now, at least two thousand persons can be comfortably seated; and yet large numbers are obliged to stand around the outside or squat like tailors on the ground. Some four or five scaffolds have been erected around the hallowed spot on which blazing fires of pine knots are kept burning during night services, and many of the night scenes presented are of the most affecting and thrilling nature. Soon after sunset squads from other brigades come in—they flock together from every quarter, and by the time the drums are done beating tattoo every seat beneath the arbor is occupied as well as every foot of room about the firestands on the outside. And the men listen to what is said, they are not prompted by curiosity or the vain notion of seeing and being seen, a most wonderful motive power in some sections. Here we see no gaudy dress or jewelry, no hooting and howling and yelling of fast young men on the outskirts of camp—nor fast young ladies either. The altar here is not an improvement on the Ancient Roman Amphitheatre, like we have seen in by-gone days, where the gladiators and gladiatrices made night indeous with unearthly shouts and disgusted every sensible person with their—shall I say it?—corrotings. We have no loafers, no pleasure seekers, nor shriekers, nor game-making—all feel an interest in the great work now going on, and all alike express themselves as convinced of its thoroughness and sincerity. Notwithstanding the addition of an equal number of females might bring some evils, yet we painfully miss them, and listen in vain for a lady's voice when a thousand rough soldiers begin to sing a hymn or spiritual song. And such singing—Oh! it is indescribable! It is overwhelming. It seems like a flood of the most seraphic music is bearing us on. So grand! So sublime! I cannot account for it, except it be the feeling with which the men sing, and that feeling seems to be imparted to all within hearing distance.

RACCOON FORD, RAPIDAN, VA., September 16th, 1863.

At early dawn on Monday morning last we bade adieu to our quiet camp, taking up our march for this place where a battle was expected hourly. The enemy in heavy force (we are told) advanced from Culpeper C. H., and, perhaps, would have crossed at this ford but for the obstructions placed in the way by the rebels. During Monday afternoon sharp skirmishing and pretty hot artillery firing was kept up between the advance of the two armies. Our pickets held the north bank of the Rapidan, while our artillery occupied positions on the heights on this (the south) side. All day yesterday occasional firing was kept up, and to-day also at intervals heavy reports jar the stillness of the autumnal air. The casualties, so far as I have been able to learn, have been quite slight on our side, some dozen killed and twenty-five or thirty wounded, principally artillery men. It is hard to tell what will turn up here; some think we will have a general engagement, others think we will not. From all indications I am inclined to favor the former opinion. For the last six hours a heavy column of Confederate infantry and cavalry have been seen approaching the river, and it would not surprise me at all if they should cross to night, indeed I think it very probable; and so sure as we cross, that sure will we have a fight, unless the Yankees back down and get out of the way entirely. The enemy no doubt thinks we are weak since Longstreet with his whole corps has left us, but if they engage us they will be apt to find out their mistake.

We expected a rumpus; these grand reviews by Ewell and Lee were infallible signs of a march or a battle; many of us said so then, and now we know it to be a fact.—Within the last ten days Gen. Lee, together with Gen. Ewell, has reviewed the entire army of Northern Virginia, and it is said they expressed themselves highly pleased with its discipline and condition. It would be impudent for me to say any thing about our number, but the reader may rest assured that it is sufficiently large to repel any force which the enemy can bring against us. There is no doubt but our army is vastly improved since our return from Maryland, and if we should meet the enemy in battle we confidently hope for a complete triumph—not need the people at home be surprised to hear of our engagement soon. The sun is now not more than an hour high, and at this moment the cannonading is heavier than it has been at

who knows but it may be so tomorrow? We are being harassed in a place (I should within a mile of Clark's Mountain (which some of my readers will recollect) and about one and a half miles from Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan river, some seven or eight miles below Orange Court House. It is very uncertain whether we remain here till to-morrow's sunrise or not, our movements are frequently sudden and incomprehensible, and I may add very disagreeable sometimes to boot. For instance, if we should be roused at midnight to-night, marched, quick time, to the river, and then have to pitch in and wade—there would be nothing very romantic in that, especially if the Yankees should amuse themselves by throwing shells at us while we are staggering about in the water or slipping and falling on the banks. But we will not trouble ourselves about the future, self-preservation at the present is a soldier's first duty. A man was shot to-day for desertion, he belonged to the 2nd N. C., our brigade. There is no mercy shown to deserters now, so sure as they are caught, that sure will they be executed; their day of grace is past. Let me warn all good citizens against harboring men absent without leave, by so doing they are running a great risk—the law is positive.

PIEDMONT RAILROAD.

We learn from the Danville papers that the rails have been laid for a distance of fifteen miles on this road, and that the work is progressing finely. It is thought the road will be completed to Reidsville, half-way between Greensborough and Danville, by the middle of October, when passenger trains will be put on the road, connecting with this place by Harvey's stage line.

The Directors held a meeting in Danville on Wednesday last, and located the first depot at "Len's Old Field," about eight miles from Danville, giving it the name of Pelham, in honor of Maj. Pelham, who fell at Kelly's Ford on the 18th of March last. We believe Maj. Pelham was a native of Person county, but had resided in Alabama, the greater portion of his life.—Greensborough Patriot.

ADMISSION OF WEAKNESS.

The New York Tribune, of the 25th ult., has the following in reference to the French conquest of Mexico: "There are many who blame our Government for not bearding him (the Emperor) more promptly and fiercely, in view of his Mexican adventure. We non-concur. We have a great and momentous war on our hands, which, for two years, has taxed all our energies. We have had no fleets nor armies to spare for operations in and around Mexico, and we think our Government has consulted its own dignity and the nation's interest by keeping silence. That silence has not been misinterpreted. No-body believes our Government are reconciled or indifferent to the subjugation of Mexico by French arms, and a diplomatic protest, nothing behind it, would have been a confession of impotence. Let us calmly bide our time.

POISONED BALLS.

The Yankee papers say that their armies are now engaged in the manufacture of a poisoned ball which will prove "a fatal extinguisher to rebellion" whenever it strikes. It is a minnie ball in three parts—the point being of some hard metal, coated with a poisonous solution of copper. When the ball strikes the three parts separate, and the poisoned point penetrating deeply beyond the collar and cup which makes up the remainder of the ball, cannot be extracted, and will inflict an incurable wound, the copper coating producing gangrene in a few hours.

GETTING RICH DURING THE WAR.

Chronology, which has had many important uses, is likely to have yet another. In "the good time (of peace) coming," when men speak of the wealth of others, they will ask, How old is it? When was it amassed? And if the answer be, that they gathered it during the war, this fact will strip it of all respectability. To have grown rich in 1842 or 1863 will be accounted a dishonor then. It will pass for robbery of the country at large, of the families of soldiers, of the poor. In other words, it will be seen as it is. No disguise will cover it up; no apology extenuate it. Religious Herald.

FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

We have no change to report in the situation of affairs on the Rapidan. Passengers by the Central train report that firing was heard in that direction yesterday morning, and with this vague and uncertain information we are compelled to be content.

A small body of the enemy's cavalry made their appearance in Madison county on Monday, dressed in our pickets, and occupied Madison Court House at last accounts.—Rich Examiner.

ATTENTION! HOME GUARD!

The Home Guard of the following counties: Iredeil, Wilkes, Alexander, Yadkin, Surry and Ashe, are hereby ordered to report to Colonel Faison, in the vicinity of Gwynn's Factory, at the earliest possible moment, bringing with them rations, their arms and ammunition.—Iredeil Express.

SALISBURY, N. C.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1863.

We see that the name of our Congressman, Dr. J. G. Ramsey, has been announced by his Westchester friends in the Western Democrat, for Congress. We do not know whether he will consent to run or not. It should, however, we presume he will meet Mr. Lander at his appointments, and probably issue a circular announcing his views on political subjects of general interest.

We have been authorized to announce Col. W. P. Byrum, a candidate to represent this (the 6th) District in the next Confederate Congress.

Our thanks are due Mr. W. W.

For his encouraging words, he has our best wishes, and we assure him, that it shall be our aim in the future, as it has been in the past, to labor for the welfare of our State and the best interest of the whole country. We have never been so much impressed with the truth of the saying that "United we stand, divided we fall," as in the present condition of affairs. If we fall by division amongst ourselves, we fall into a vassalage more slavish than that of our negroes, while there is not a doubt, they (the negroes) will be made to lord it over us and our children with an impudence unparalleled in the history of the world. Let our people take courage for a brighter day is dawning, we hope, upon our country. Only let us be true to ourselves and He who governs the Universe, will deliver us.

To those, who, in a measure, hold the matter in their hands, we appeal. We mean the Farmer and Planter. Let patriotism and charity and liberality govern you in this emergency, in the disposition of the good things, with which God has crowned your efforts, and all will be well.

The Daily Progress discloses an alarming state of things in that city having relation to high prices, scarcity of commodities and the suffering of the poor. We hope its description may not fall under the eyes of any who will rejoice at it and take courage for inflicting additional distress.

In the mean time, we hope the Commissioners of Salisbury will, at the earliest moment, call a meeting of their body to consider what may be done to provide against suffering in this community. We mention the Commissioners, because they are the public guardians of the Town, and any movement with the object referred to, properly emanates from them.

A correspondent of the Raleigh Progress, signing himself "Vido," takes us to task, for having, as it alleges, deserted the ranks of the "Conservatives," &c. But we quote "Vido," as follows:

"The Salisbury Watchman." "Mr. Editor:—I have read the above named paper and carefully watched the course of its Editor for the last two years, and it was with profound regret I observed a change gradually coming 'over the spirit of his dreams.' In commenting on the same fact as presented to his notice in a recent editorial of the Progress, the editor vociferously asks: 'Who are the friends we have abandoned?' We answer emphatically the conservative party with whom he acted in the election of Gov. Vance."

Now if the "conservatives" who supported Governor Vance differ with him, then "Vido" is right in alleging a separation between them and "ourselves." But if they still adhere to our excellent Governor, he is wrong. For we are not aware that we differ with the Governor on a single subject relating to the policy which should rule in this the day of our trial. And the separation, if it has occurred, was by no change in us or in our editorial course.

As to the "conservatives" of whom this correspondent speaks, we must confess to an inadequate knowledge of them and of what they profess. We were a "conservative" before the Union was dissolved, and when we believed that the democrats were anxious to bring about disunion. We were a conservative against them in advocating the ancient principles and practices of the old Government in its best days; and then thought, and still think, we were right. But after President Lincoln made war on the South, and the States asserted their sovereignty by withdrawing from a Union which had failed to secure and defend their rights, and set up a new Government, old things passed away with us, and we felt it our first duty to aid in firmly establishing the new Government, a work which required the undivided, undistracted, ener-

gies of all. We have not abandoned the necessity for still preserving old party distinctions, or the applicability of old party names. On the contrary, we believe that be would now waste time and influence in attempts to perpetuate them with all their necessarily attendant distractions, is either a fool or an enemy to the Confederacy.

But "Vido" further charges us as follows:

"The Watchman would 'restrain the people.' But why restrain the Conservatives and give loose rein to the some war horses of the Destructive party? Why publish the proceedings of the meetings of the latter and persistently refuse to do so for the former? The requested the meeting, held some time since, at Greensboro, of a new 100,000 man army, to publish their proceedings, was complied with most cheerfully, while the same request, coming from Conservative meetings, have been peremptorily refused without a single exception."

This is simply false. The proceedings of but one "peace meeting" have ever been sent to us—those of the meeting held at Stirewal's, in Rowan. We did not publish them because, in our opinion, they contained treasonable matter. No one has ever called to ask why they were not published. So "Vido's" assertions are so much falsehood, nothing more nor nothing less. But if they were true, and had reference to the meetings which he misnames "Conservative," we would not be without most excellent reasons for refusing to admit them into our columns. Some of them are absolutely treasonable; many of them highly mischievous, and all of them hurtful to the cause of the Confederacy.

The following communication we cheerfully publish, feeling that we are doing our own State and county but sheer justice in so doing. The editors of the Patriot we feel, have been guilty of slander in even intimating that such a notice as is appended to the article below, was ever stuck up in old Rowan for a "peace meeting" in this county! We do not believe a word of it, and we call upon the Patriot to retract the foul imputation upon the intelligence and loyalty of our people! We can very well, to some extent, understand the grudge of the Guilford boys. They have not yet forgotten the old "Town Clock" scrape—how they were foiled in their attempt to chisel us out of our "time honored" piece. Having failed in this, every little opportunity is greedily caught at to heap up opprobrium on us. But we will teach them better. The next meeting held here will not be a "peace meeting," but one in which the "hull on 'em," the editor included, will be made to stand up and answer for their conduct before the sovereigns of Rowan.

Mr. WATCHMAN:—I had just concluded the reading of a long and—funny article in the Progress, in which the editor "spread himself" in vindication of the good old North State, our mother, against all malicious enemies or wittings who have, or may, defame her troops, or impeach her devotion to the Confederate cause. This has been done so often by the newspapers, that, of late, it invariably experiences a sense of mortification that any man who really loves her should so far compromise her dignity and self-respect as to heed the slanders of idle scribblers. No really sensible man would indite a calumny against the State, and we think no other should be esteemed worthy to call forth a serious effort on the part of any of her intelligent sons to defend her.

But dropping the Progress and taking up the Greensboro' Patriot, the first article which met my eye contained a paragraph beginning thus: "But the studied efforts on the part of some at Richmond, to cast odium on the reputation of our native State," &c., led me to exclaim—"there it is again!" And glancing along the columns of that excellent paper, I lighted upon the following, which aroused the whole current of my feelings, arousing my indignation and leading me off into a mood to resolve upon something desperate. But experience admonished me to keep cool, and not to go off half cocked; so I rapped the Patriot in my pocket, and walked off into the country to see a new machine cranking sugar cane; (I felt like crushing every body that dared to stigmatize my county) in the mean time making up my mind what I should do, and it is this: "The Greensboro' Patriot must throw more light on the authorship of the notice it published from Rowan; disclaim all intention to stigmatize the county, or be held personally responsible! Here is the affront given the county, which I believe will be done by every man, woman and child within its limits."

ROWAN.

The subjoined notice of a public meeting to be held at School House No. 14, in Rowan County, did not reach us in time for the meeting to be benefited by its insertion; but lest the writer should think we neglected him intentionally, we give it a place in our columns:—Pat.

Notis at one o'clock Public Meeting at the old schoolhouse Number 14 the 19 of this month for a peace meeting for the ladies to meet and to try and see whether we cant get disonoholy war to an end and also all the chentlemen ar invited to come to the meeting and help us to speak and try for a speedy and lasting pece there has

will be the same as we would have had if we had not been so long in coming. We are glad to see the news of the children of God.

FORT SUMTER.

This notable place, reduced to a mass of ruins, as the enemy suppose, and as it fast is almost the case, forms the subject of an interesting letter by Personne, the correspondent of the Charleston Courier, rather long for our columns, but from which we make the following extract, giving incidents of the recent assault by the Yankees, in which they were handsomely repulsed and lost 120 men in prisoners:

There is nothing in the entire range of facts or fancy to which the ruins of Sumter can be likened, that would convey an idea of their external appearance. On the sea face scarcely a brick is to be seen. Bashed by bullets, cart-load by cart-load, the wall has been chipped off until nothing is left but a grey, ragged mass of mortar, from which project the outlines of former casemates, heavy beams and iron bars. The berm or base is literally covered with the debris, amid which, at every step as you climb over the great fragments of stone and brick that have fallen from the parapet, you tread on broken projectiles of the enemy scattered in pieces whose weight varies from an ounce to a hundred pounds. The Sullivan's Island face is less shattered; but even here the pits are deep, and huge piles of material torn from the edge of the parapet by the overshot balls have fallen on the rocks below. On the Morris' Island face the spectacle baffles all description. For a distance, roughly guessed, of thirty yards, the wall is little less than a steep hill that descends from the parapet to the water's edge. This, too, is a ghastly pile of once magnificent shape, from which stand out, in almost sickening aspect, fragments of guns, gun carriages, masses of machinery, balls, bolts, rammers, sponges, all bound and mixed together with the iron, brick and mortar, in lumps and in dust, that have been wrenched from their long time honored places. Here, too, lie the myriad fragments of projectiles.

On the parapet, as you glance around the pleasant walk that has been the scene of so many sorrowful episodes, eagerly remembered by our fair ones, you observe that the demon of destruction has likewise laid his hand. One solitary gun, looming high above all else, keeps its lonely watch, and this has been partially covered by the dirt dashed over it in the passage of a shot. Other guns broken in every conceivable manner lie around, their carriages in splinters, and every vestige of their former use destroyed. Of the interior of the fort we must intentionally preserve silentium. One significant fact, however, may be stated. There is not a serious breach in the structure anywhere to be observed. The effect of the enemy's fire, though destructive, has tended to fortify the walls with their own debris, so that while the efficiency of Fort Sumter for offense is destroyed, the same means employed has improved its capacity for defense against every infantry assault that may be made against it.

Incidents.—During the day following the assault, [the last on Fort Sumter] the prisoners were fed on the same rations issued to our own men. One of the yankees expected something better, and vented his disappointment in curses of abdominal origin. Captain Mulvaney happened to be a listener, and turning to the discomfited fellow, promptly answered—"The next time you come visiting, sir, without an invitation, you had better bring your own provisions. We didn't expect you, or we might have had something cooked. Possibly you'd like another brick pudding." The pleasant sally turned the laugh on the officer, and that was the last of the growlers.

The meanness of the genus yankee sticks out on every occasion. After the assault, while Mr. Huger, of the Signal Corps, was going around the base of the fort, he suddenly espied a man, doubled up in one of the lower tier of post holes, who as soon as discovered cried out with considerable industry, "I surrender, I surrender; here's my arms; don't shoot." Then lowering his voice, as he delivered up his weapons, he confidentially remarked, "I say, Cap'n, there's another fellow in the next hole—take him too." He was of course immediately "took."—Personne.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE COMMISSIONERS.

The interview between Col. Ould and Gen. Meredith, at City Point, on Monday, resulted in nothing really substantial, although Col. Ould made a proposition to the Federal Commissioner relative to the exchange of officers, which, if accepted, will secure the release of all our officers now in captivity at the North. We do not know the nature of the proposition, though we may say that Gen. Meredith regarded it with favor. He, however, being clothed with no power over the matter, has to consult the Government at Washington in regard to it.—Examiner.