BY FULTON & PRICE, PROPRIETORS,
To whom all letters on business must be addressed.
JAS. FULTON, Editor....A. L. PRICE, Associate Editor.

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Weekly, one year, invariably in advance,.....$3 00
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Daily paper, one year, invariably in advance,....$3 00
6 months.....".....".....4 50
3 ".....".....".....2 25
The paper will, in all cases, be discontinued at the end of the subscription year, unless renewed

Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 19. } CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA—WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1863. { NO. 29.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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☞ No advertisement, reflecting upon private character can, under ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, be admitted.

Professional and Business Cards.

JOSEPH L. KEEN,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER, respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to take contracts in his line of business. He keeps constantly on hand, LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER, PLASTERING HAIR, Philadelphia PRESS BRICK, FIRE BRICK, &c.
N. B. To Distillers of Turpentine,—he is prepared to put up stills at the shortest notice May 20—37-1y.

General Notices.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED being at home at this time and being anxious to settle up his business before his return, hereby gives general notice to all his creditors to present their claims duly authenticated to Richard C. Holmes, Esq., for payment, as he has been duly constituted my Attorney for that purpose. Persons indebted to me will please make immediate payment to said Attorney.
CHARLES T. STEVENS.
Clinton, N. C., March 28th, 1863.
April 4, 1863. 149 3t 28 2.*.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of the late Dr. P. M. Walker, are requested to present the same for settlement to J. G. Wright, Esq
M. H. WALKER, Adm'x.
April 24, 1863 147-6t—28-1m

NOTICE.

IN PURSUANCE of a decretal order, made at Fall Term, A. D. 1862, of Wayne Court of Equity I shall sell at public auction at the premises, on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1863, at the hour of 12 M., a tract of land situated in the county of Wayne, on the North East river, adjoining the lands of the heirs of Wm. Whitfield, L. W. Lewis, Hezekiah Grimes, and others, known as the John T. Bryan place, and containing about seven hundred and fifteen acres.
Terms cash, or five hundred dollars cash and the balance on a credit of six months, as the purchaser may desire.
W. G. MORRISEY, C. M. E.
Goldsboro, March 23th, 1863.
April 1, 1863. 27 ts

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, at the March Term, 1863, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter sessions for New Hanover County, having duly qualified as Executors to the last will and testament of Moses Lippman, dec'd, hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of the said Moses Lippman, to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same, to present them within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
JACOB LYON, } Exec'rs.
S. ANATHAN, }
March 13, 1863.

WE HAVE placed all the notes and accounts due Moses Lippman, by the citizens of Sampson County, in the hands of Patrick Murphy, Esq., Attorney at Law, for collection. Debtors will please promptly call upon him and settle, and thus save costs.
JACOB LYON, } Executors.
S. ANATHAN. }
March 13th, 1863 131-6t—25-1m*

$50 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, on last Saturday night, my negro man ARNOLD, aged 20 or 25 years, dark copper color, common size, about 5 feet 7 or 10 inches high, formerly the property of D. L. Perkins, of Black Mingo, S. C., brought by me at Salisbury, N. C., on 1st January last. I am inclined to think said boy will endeavor to get to the Yankees, having been raised, I think, somewhere in Eastern North Carolina, perhaps Washington, or the said Perkins, I think, was formerly from Eastern North Carolina. Said boy worked, or was hired a part of last year, to Arnold & Cooley, Wadesboro', N. C. I will give the above reward for his confinement so that I can get him again.
Ranaway, also, with said boy, a negro man, ELLICK, 25 or 30, black and stout built, 180 or 190 pounds weight, the property of John Spencer, or the widow Spencer, of Anson county, N. C. Said negroes may be in company.
Address, Norwood's, Stanly county, N. C. Spencer's address, Lilesville, Anson, North Carolina.
ROWLAND HARRIS.
April 9, 1863. 24-3t*.

$20 REWARD.

I WILL PAY the above reward for the confinement in any jail where I can get him, of my boy WASHINGTON, who ran away from me about the 1st of October last. He is about 21 years old, 6 feet 8 or 9 inch's high, and of a dark copper color, his eyes keen in and his forefinger on his right hand is off at the first joint. Said boy may be trying to get to Virginia where he came from or to the Yankees.
Address, J. R. TOWNSEND,
Little Rock, Marion Dist., S. C.
April 9th, 1863. 28-10t*

$90 REWARD.

RUNAWAY FROM THE SUBSCRIBER'S Plantation, in Duplin County, on the 14th July, two negroes named ABRAHAM and SARAH. Abraham is dark complected, tolerably full face stout built, aged about 18 years, and has a down look when spoken to. Sarah (his sister) is light complected, full face, has a pretty bold look when spoken to, aged about 20 years, medium height and size. The above negroes are supposed to be lurking at or near Bear March Church and vicinity.
A reward of Forty Dollars will be paid for their delivery or safe confinement in jail so that I can get them, and an additional reward of Fifty Dollars for evidence to convict any white person of harboring them.
A. B. BRANCH.
Branch's Store, March 19th, 1863. 25-4t*

DESERTER—$30 REWARD.

DESERTED from Camp 20th N. C. Regiment, near Fredericksburg, Va., on the 5th of March 1863, private ROBERT TEW, Co. "H" 20th N. C. Reg't. Said Tew is 5 feet 9 inches high, dark complexion, and black eyes and black hair. He is about 35 years of age, and has a very serious impediment in speech.
The above reward will be paid for his apprehension and delivery to me in Camp, or for his confinement in some Jail so that I can get him.
D. J. DEVANE,
Capt. Co. "H" 20th Reg't N. C. T.
March 19, 1863. 26-4t.

$45 REWARD.

STRAYED from the Plantation of L. R. Hurst, in Duplin county, a red COW, marked, swallow fork in each ear, and had a bell on when she left, also with calf and two spotted yearlings, I believe not marked, one a bull the other a heifer. I presume they will go back to Onslow county. I will give the above reward to any one to take them up, take care of them and inform me of the fact. The cow is a very fine milch cow.
E. W. FONVILLE,
Warsaw, Duplin county, N. C.
March 26, 1863. 26-3t*.

The Despotic Arrests in the North—Seward's Brags of Tyranny—A Leaf from his Portfolio.

The Hartford (Connecticut) *Times* says, in speaking of the arbitrary arrests in the North:

On the direct question of upholding or condemning the conduct of the present administration at Washington, in seizing men without the process of law, and hurrying them to prison without granting the hearing to which, under the Constitution, they are entitled, the Republican Abolition party in the New York Legislature have just voted to sustain the arrests. No such arbitrary stretch of power in defiance of the people's liberties is ever ventured upon by the monarchical Government of Great Britain.

It was these outrageous arbitrary arrests, in fact, which contributed more than any other one cause to arouse and exasperate the American people, and by producing the great political revolution that has overthrown the administration party in all the great Western and Central States, arrested the monstrous acts of the infatuated men at Washington, and brought the perpetrators of them to a dead pause. To illustrate the incredible extent of their infatuation and insolence, we quote from the diplomatic correspondence of Secretary Seward a shameful but characteristic passage.

The Secretary's whole official correspondence was by Congress last winter ordered to be printed; and such another mass of official writing, whether from its voluminous amount, or the character of a large portion of the dispatches themselves, was never before seen in the transactions of this Government. We may add, that this country was never before so disgraced in its diplomatic correspondence. Here is the passage; it is taken from a dispatch to the British Minister:

MR. SEWARD TO LORD LYONS.

"My lord, I can touch a bell at my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen in Ohio. I can touch the bell again and order the imprisonment of a citizen in New York; and no power on earth but that of the President can release them. Can the Queen of England, in her dominions, do as much?"

But that party now begins to see that they have rung the bell too much. They hear echoes and reverberations that they never expected. That bell is now tolling the knell of the liberty crushinging fanatics who rashly dared to awaken its slumbering tones. Mr. Seward rung it in Connecticut. He will hear its reverberations come crashing about his ears on the first Monday in April.

The good women of Selma, Ala., are making cloth hats for their husbands and brothers. The *Reporter* says:

Hats are made of cloth of different kinds and colors, to suit all tastes and complexions, and sold at reasonable prices. We have seen several that were equal in all respects to any soft hat ever brought from abroad.

WILMINGTON, N. C., APRIL 9, 1863.

From Washington, N. C.

We have conversed with a gentlemen who left Gen. HILL's headquarters at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and learn from him that Gen. HILL has the town perfectly surrounded, that two transports, or gunboats, had been destroyed by our forces. The Steamer Louisiana had not been disabled. She was still at Washington, unable to get down the river. On Tuesday the enemy attempted to reinforce Washington from Newbern, when a fight took place somewhere between Swift Creek and Chocowinity cross roads, and the enemy driven back. Picket skirmishing is continually taking place. We did not learn whether we lost any men in the above fight or not.

Gen. HILL had sent a demand for the surrender of the town, which was refused. He then requested the women and children to be removed, which was also refused. From what we can gather, it appears that the enemy are unable to procure provisions either by land or water. We know where the General's headquarters are, and the position of his batteries, but we think it would be imprudent to publish it. We hope to receive something definite from there in a few days.

LATER.

We learn, just as we are going to press, that a dispatch has been received from Rocky Mount stating that the town of Washington was taken possession of by Gen. HILL on yesterday. We have no doubt of the correctness of the report, as we are aware that such a result was expected to take place some time during the present week.

From Charleston.

After all it seems that we have been somewhat disappointed as to the renewal of the attack on Charleston. Up to half-past one o'clock, yesterday afternoon, no demonstrations had been made by the enemy toward a renewal of the fight. What has taken place since that hour we are not advised. Perhaps the battering their iron clads received on Tuesday, will keep them off for some time to come. The sinking of their best Monitor is no small affair. We publish below a long account of the battle, from the Charleston *Mercury*.

From the Charleston Mercury.

The Attack on Charleston Opened.

At last, the long period of doubt and delay is at an end; and this goodly city, girdled with the fiery circle of its batteries, stands confronted with the most formidable Armada that the waves of man have ever put afloat.

The first scene in the novel drama of the war, which, we trust, is to add new lustre to the fame of Charleston, has closed. Let us render thanks to the Lord of Hosts that the result, thus far, has been one of proud triumph to our country. As yet, however, we have but entered upon the ordeal. It will be for the next few days to tell the tale of our sad disaster, or complete success.

In view of the reticence which (for reasons of military policy) has heretofore marked our allusions to the presence of the iron-clad fleet, a brief review of the week will not be out of place. About noon on Senday last the first intelligence was flashed to the city from Fort Sumter, that the turrets of the far-famed Monitor gunboats were looming up against the southeastern horizon. During the afternoon the entire fleet hove in sight. Eight Monitors, besides the frigate Ironsides and twenty-seven wooden war vessels, took up their position just beyond the bar. As the news became bruited about the city, very many of our non-combatant population (previously incredulous of danger) made hasty preparations to depart; and every train that has left the city since has gone heavily laden with the eleventh hour refugees and their effects.

Sunday night quietly passed by. Monday morning brought us reports of the movements of transports up the Stono river, and the debarkation of a considerable force of Yankee troops on Cole's Island. But throughout Monday and Monday night, the armored fleet held its position beyond the bar. On Tuesday morning it was observed that another Monitor had arrived, making a force of no less than ten iron-clad vessels including the Ironsides.

At two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon a despatch from Fort Sumter announced that these ten vessels had crossed the bar, and were cautiously steaming inward—the foremost one having at that time reached a point about three thousand yards from the Fort. The next news was brought to us, an hour later, by the dull detonation of the first gun from Fort Moultrie, which was immediately answered by a heavy report and a cloud of white smoke from the turret of one of the Monitors. At ten minutes after three, the enemy having come within range, Fort Sumter opened her batteries, and, almost simultaneously, the white smoke could be seen puffing from the low sand hills of Morris and Sullivan's Islands, indicating that the Beauregard Battery on the left, and Battery Wagner on the extreme right had become engaged. Five of the iron clads, forming in line of battle in front of Fort Sumter, maintained a very rapid return fire, occasionally hurling their 15 inch shot and shell against Fort Moultrie and the minor batteries, but all directing their chief efforts against the east face of Fort Sumter. Gradually, but visibly, the distance between the attacking vessels and the Fort was lessened, and as the enemy drew nearer the firing became hot and almost continuous.

About half-past four o'clock the battle became fierce and general. The scene at that hour, as viewed from the Battery promenade, was truly grand. Battery Bee had now mingled the hoarse thunder of its guns in the universal din, and the whole expanse of the harbor entrance, from Sullivan's Island to Cumming's Point, became enveloped in the smoke and constant flashes of the conflict. The iron-clads kept constantly shifting their position, but, whichever way they went, their prows, always turned towards the battlements of Sumter, poured forth their terrible projectiles against the walls of that famous stronghold. Ever and anon, as the huge shot went ricochetting towards the mark, the water was dashed up in vast sheets of spray, towering far above the parapet of the Fort, while the wreaths of smoke constantly ascending from the barbette guns showed how actively the artillerymen of the post were discharging their duties. In the foreground, our own staunch little ironclads, the Palmetto State and Hicora, could be seen steaming energetically up and down their chosen fighting position, evidently impatient to participate in the fray.

Up to this time the frigate Ironsides had born a very conspicuous part in the fight. Her long hull lay at the distance, apparently, of a mile from our batteries, and her tremendous broadsides were more than once fitly answered by broadsides from the Fort. It soon became apparent that she was unable to stand the severe fire directed against her. Steaming rapidly southward, she gave Fort Sumter a few parting shots and withdrew from the action. The Keokuk, a double turretted Monitor, soon after followed her example; and before five o'clock the firing had evidently begun to slacken. The remaining Monitors, however, still kept up the bombardment and our forts and batteries replied with undiminished alacrity. At quarter after five, p. m., the Monitors began to retire, and at half past five the enemy fired the last shot of the engagement.

Gratifying as were the general results of the fight, the late hour at which it closed precluded the possibility of our receiving the full details from the Forts. A despatch from Fort Sumter informs us that the Ironsides and Keokuk were both very roughly handled, and retired seriously injured. The Keokuk had her flag shot down, her foremost iron away, three holes in her smoke stack and a portion of her bow shot off. The practice of our gunners was most creditable. Nearly every shot struck some one of the ironclads, but with what effect is not known. Fort Sumter was struck thirty-four times. One of our guns was dismounted, but otherwise the Fort is in good condition. Fort Moultrie was uninjured. The casualties at Fort Sumter were a drummer boy, named Ahrens, mortally wounded; two men severely wounded, and three others slightly injured. At Fort Moultrie, one man was accidentally hurt by a fall from the flagstaff, on which he was replacing our flag, which had been shot away. We learn that he afterwards died. Two small houses on the back beach of Sullivan's Island were demolished by the enemy's fire.

After their withdrawal from the action, the enemy's iron clads anchored off Morris Island where they now lie. Many think that the fight will be renewed at daybreak this morning; but up to the time at which we write (3 a. m.) all is quiet. The reports we get from the Stono River say that the enemy's transports still remain in the stream. Doubtless the Yankee generals intend, before venturing upon a land attack, to await the issue of the struggle between their ships and our batteries.

WM. HOWARD has been appointed Postmaster at Tarboro', N. C., in the place of GEORGE HOWARD, his father, deceased. A very excellent appointment.

Last week, in mentioning the names of persons who were selling corn to the poor at $1, we forgot to mention A. Brevard Davidson of this county, who has done his part nobly in this respect, not only selling corn to the needy at $1 per bushel, but he has supplied some families gratis.
Charlotte Democrat.

The Federals at Vicksburg are nearly all sick. The scurvy dogs couldn't take Vicksburg, and so they took—the scurvy.

A great many Yankee officers wear spurs who would rather wear wings on their heels—when a big Rebel takes after them with a bayonet.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

FROM CHARLESTON—THE KEOKUK SUNK—NO FIGHTING ON WEDNESDAY.

CHARLESTON, April 8th, 1863.

Up to 10 o'clock, A. M., the enemy had made no renewal of the attack on Sumter. An official dispatch just received from Sumter announces that the iron-clad Keokuk, the most formidable of the Monitors, and possessing two turrets, has sunk off Morris' Island.

OFFICIAL FROM CHARLESTON.

RICHMOND, April 8, 1863.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 1.30 P. M.

To Gen. S. COOPER:—Seven turretted iron-clads and the Ironsides are within the bar. Twenty-two blockading vessels are off the bar. The Keokuk is certainly sunk on the beach near Morris' Island. No disposition is apparent to renew the conflict. Signed G. T. BEAUREGARD.

FROM PORT HUDSON.

MOBILE, April 8th, 1863.

A special dispatch to the Advertiser and Register from Port Hudson of the 6th, says the Hartford landed at Bayou Sara this morning, and destroyed the government stores. It is stated that Farragut has gone to Washington, via Memphis, on account of his health failing.

PORT HUDSON, April 7th, 1863.

The lower fleet has opened fire, lying out of reach of our batteries. They are firing slowly, without effect.

FROM VICKSBURG.

VICKSBURG, April 7th, 1863.

Another transport with troops has left the Yankee fleet to-day. The enemy cut the levee and turned the water into the old camping ground on the Peninsula. There is nothing from Hushpuckana, or of the fight of Harrison's cavalry below.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, April 8th, 1863.

In the Senate to-day, the substitute from the House for the exemption bill was disagreed to, and Committee of Conference asked for. The Senate bills passed extending the provisions of the impressment act to supplies for the navy, and to provide for the transfer of persons serving in the army to the navy.

The House passed the Senate bill for the relief of the Brunswick and Albany Railroad in Georgia; also the Senate bill to authorize the publication of the laws in three newspapers in each state, with an amendment; also the Senate bill to prevent the absence of officers and soldiers without leave.

FROM THE WEST.

JACKSON, MISS., April 7th, 1863.

The enemy is retreating up the Tallahatchie river towards Cold Water. Our shot and shell did great execution to their crowded camps.

Farragut, with three vessels, just above Port Hudson, signalled for the lower fleet but none is there, having gone down the river.

Information from Memphis, deemed reliable, says that Vicksburg is to be attacked this week. The Federals are contracting their lines around Memphis.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—We have been favored with an inspection of a new gun, the invention of Captain John Travis, for the cavalry. The guns, for there are two of them, are mounted on wheels and each swings on a pivot between; one is rifled and the other smooth—both breech loading. The construction and working of these guns are very simple, only requiring three men to each two. They can be fired at the rate of—rifled guns, twenty shot, weighing one pound each, per minute; smooth bore, 1,000 musket balls per minute, effective at 400 yards. The rifled gun will pierce two or three inches of iron at the distance of a mile, thus making it effective against transports, boilers, and the smooth gun can shower musket balls on a boat when disabled, or when trying to pass a point, and that at a small risk of life comparatively, as only three men are required to work them.

The shafts of the gun carriage are so constructed as to be used as a trail. The guns weigh ninety pounds each, and can be dismounted and carried off at will—and if a socket could be made in the pommel of the saddle—and we think this can be easily contrived by a skilful mechanic—a man could lift it to that place and make off with it, to prevent capture. In its simplicity of construction there seems to have been forgotten nothing to render it the most destructive engine of warfare we have ever seen or heard of. The means of loading are all that is claimed, though we do not choose to describe them. It has been examined by artillerists of competent experience, and the experience of the inventor in gunnery is almost sufficient guaranty that nothing short of the arrival at certain results would tempt him to bring it forward to the test of public trial.
Mobile Advertiser.

VALUE OF AN EXPLANATION.—A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying "Send me a blue pig with black tail, or else—"

The other in high dudgeon at the presumed insult replied,

"I have not got one, and if I had—"

On which weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which had formed the ground of the quarrel.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue one with a black tail, or else *some other color.*" But, retorted he, "what could *you* mean by saying, "I have not got one, and if I had— ?"

"Why, of course, if I had, *I should have sent it*, an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

HOW TO SAVE CORN.—It is suggested that many of the horses now in the use of officers of the army and Government might be dispensed with. For instance, those officers who are in command of posts on detached service, such as Quartermasters, Commissaries, &c., have no pressing need of a horse, and should not be allowed to keep two or three, or even one. In many cases, these horses are only used for pleasure and can be easily dispensed with. The corn which they consume is wanted for the people and soldiers, and for the horses in actual service in the army. With economy we have in the South plenty of food for man and beast, but with extravagance and waste not enough to last six months.
Western Democrat.

The Trans-Mississippi Department.

If nothing has happened to delay him, General Price has, before this, reached his command, and we may very soon look for some stirring news from the Trans-Mississippi Department. We have now west of the Mississippi, Lieutenant General Kirby Smith, General Price, General Magruder, and General Sibley. General Smith has been placed at the head of the Department, and has already issued an order announcing that fact. General Price, it is understood, will lead the field movements on the redemption of Arkansas and his own State, Missouri; General Sibley is moving to an important point from where he will be heard from soon; and General Magruder's field of operations is Texas.

Of the strength of our armies and the situation of affairs in the Trans-Mississippi Department, it would not be prudent for us to speak. It is only proper now to announce that a new order of things has been inaugurated, from which the most important results may be anticipated, and that right speedily. Of General Price's mission we are particularly hopeful. The people he goes to free have confidence in him: they are chafing sorely under the rule of their oppressors. We believe, therefore, that his rallying cry will be responded to enthusiastically, and we shall soon expect to record events of the greatest importance to the ultimate success of our cause, embracing within their scope the recovery of a large territory that now, it must be admitted, seems almost irretrievably lost.
Charleston Mercury.

SPEECH OF THOMAS H. SEYMORE,

Democratic Candidate for Governor of Connecticut, at Hartford, on Wednesday Evening, March 11th, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: I have spoken of the crisis in our affairs. The world has never seen one exactly like it.—Our rights have been taken away by arbitrary power. The sword and the bludgeon have been called in to effect these most wicked outrages. What have we to oppose to them? The ballot only; but the ballot is mightier than kings. [Applause.] The poet has well described how it

"As lightly falls
As snow-flakes fell upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God!"

[Great cheering.]

Now, my friends, what is required of us at this juncture of affairs? I address myself indiscriminately to all those who have enlisted under our banner—to those who have enlisted under our banner for the vigorous prosecution of peace. [Great applause.] What is required of us, I say? Perfect freedom of speech, abnegation of self, self-possession, steadiness of purpose, and a firm and unalterable resolution to stand by the Constitution and the laws. Well, now, your declarations, my friends, in regard to these great objects of your party organization, as expressed in the proceedings of your convention, have raised a storm about your heads, and it rages at the present time. I am glad that it is so. I see in the very fury of the gale the means of deliverance. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I crossed the Black sea once in a fearful tempest—a tempest that sent the waves chasing after us like so many fiends; but it was the wild winds that drove away the mist then along the coast, and opened to our view the anchorage of the Bosphorus. If it had not been for the gale, we might have drifted toward the Asiatic coast and been caught between the Symplegades. Now, the rage of man is as the raging sea, and those that fear either will not do to pursue the leviathan under the tropics, or to grapple with the hydra of Federal abolitionism.—[Applause.]

Gentlemen, the doings of your convention have my hearty approval. They have called out all the bitterness of the opposition. Now, it is lamentable that there should be so much bitterness at the present day, but I suppose that it cannot very well be helped. If you and those associated with you in drafting your resolutions and glossed over the atrocious doings of the men in power—if you had compromised with your consciences and found an excuse here and an apology there for what has been done, you might have passed muster with the men in power, and been voted patriots of the second water, if not of the first. But, my friends, it is better as it is. The noble ends by noble means would obtain should not count the cost of the struggle. Who would win the crown must first wrestle with wild beasts at Ephesus, and I therefore rejoice that you have taken your stand in favor of State rights and constitutional rights, and that you are determined to maintain these. [Applause.] Do this, and you shall recover your liberties. [Great applause.] Fail to do this, and you will be crushed between the upper and nether mill stone. Now, gentlemen, another thing: Since you have come out thus boldly, as you should have done, the old talk is revived here in this community about loyal and disloyal, and tests of this kind are applied to one and another in this community. Now, those who use these words, in scorn or of hatred of you, either do not know the true origin and application of these words, or they are troubled with what is called the "King's Evil." [Laughter. Sir, what have loyal or disloyal to do with our institutions? They are not indigenous to our soil any more than the Canada thistle or the deadly upas. When the Americans cast off the British yoke, they banished the words "loyal" and "disloyal" from our political Bible. They are not to be found in the Constitution of your country or in the "psalm" of "Jefferson and Liberty." But I will tell you where you may find them. In the proclamations of Lord Howe, and Cornwallis, and Clinton, and in their orders which gave the Jerseys and Carolinas to fire and sword; and if you look further, you may possibly find them in the death warrant which consigned the martyr Hale to an ignominious grave. We are not called upon to indulge in any such language as this. Devotion to the Constitution of the Union of our country is the sentiment of our heart, and is all that we are called upon to render. As for those other word of "treason," and "traitor," which political hatred is constantly casting in the faces of patriotic liberty-loving men, they are of little or no account, excepting when the lying tongue may expose some individual to odium or positive injury. In such a case let the traducers beware. [Great cheering.]

But, my friends, again; the doings of your convention have raised a clamor in this and other communities, the amount of which is that you are about to inaugurate a civil war in the country. Now, then, we will take care that there shall be no civil war, [applause,] and we will take care that the people have their rights. [Great applause.] Who ever heard of a peace measure provoking war and bloodshed? These men, I fear, are troubled with distempered fancies. They have had so much to do with blood-letting, that it seems to have discolored everything about them. If they recall the mission of William Penn, they will be apt to conclude that peace measures, after all, are not so bad. When he came to the banks of the Delaware, it was a wild country. There he found a warlike tribe, who had been butchering each other, time out of mind; scalping each other, knocking out each other's brains. War to them was a pastime, and blood the incense of their lives. The story is a touching one. A grave man, animated by the true spirit of philanthropy, went in among the red men and talked to them as a friend. He got them together in council; he breathed into them something of the divine principle of charity that was in him. They listened to him as one sent by the Great Spirit, and all at once he held them, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. Involuntarily they laid down their arms, they buried the hatchet, and forever after ceased to make war upon each other.

But these men that have traduced you, your principles and your intentions, have conveyed the idea, or sought to convey the idea, that if the Democratic party could get power—as I have no doubt they are about to do, [great cheering]—the laws are to be overturned.—Ah, it is a libel on the great, and numerous and patriotic party. Their history is that of a law-abiding party, as you gentlemen, both of you (turning to Mr. Toucey and Mr. Eaton,) very well know. If the old Whig party were in existence, they would tell you so. They will do nothing when in power, either to grieve the living or sully the memory of the dead. Let our conservative fellow-citizens, men of property, give no heed to rumors and declarations of this sort, but believe that, in the event of any such triumph of the party to which I refer, the laws will be maintained, and that equal and exact justice will be meted out to men of all parties and sects, and persuasions.—[Great applause.]

Another thing. They talk to us of government.—They say you must support the goverment. Sir, I understand perfectly well what is meant by this cry "Support the government." It means, if it means anything at all, that we are to support this administration right or wrong; and that I do not intend to do. [Great cheering.] I can see when we can make a distinction between what is called the government and what is done outside of the government. There are several kinds of government. There is that of the South of Turkey, a government of the one man power. He may send his mutes with the bow-string to throttle those whom he fears and hates, or he may tie up his women in sacks and throw them in the Bosphorus. There are other governments where men in power act independent of any law, except the law of their own breath, and a higher law, which is not known to patriots. Then there is the constitutional form of government, under which I was born, which I have supported, and under which, when my time comes, I would wish to die.—[Applause.]—Now, although the Sultan of Turkey may not do what he pleases without being called to an account for it, there is no such inhumanity for a ruler under a republican form of government. Whatever is done in accordance with the constitution of the United States is the government and a portion of our national life; and whatever is done contrary to that constitution is no government at all, such as our forefathers established, but a wicked usurpation. [Cheers] Where are we at the present day? All the most valuable rights of the citizen, those especially that are set forth in the twelve amendments of the constitution, have been swept away by the men in power, and to-day—I lament to be obliged to say it—to-day we are living under a different form of government than that which our fathers founded and sealed with their blood. Our remedy for present abuses is not in revolutionary proceedings, but in the exercise of the right of ballot of which I have just spoken.

Now, gentleman, I see around me quite a number of naturalized citizens, and I wish to say a few words to them. The time has come when we may speak plainly to each other. I ask you, my friends, what induced you to this country? ["To escape tyranny."] Do you think me impertinent for asking the question and giving you the answer to it myself? Why did you leave the Rhine and the Rhone and the borders of Lake Geneva? Why did you leave the Neufchatel and Constance? Why did you leave the Elba and the Scheldt and the Hague? Why did you leave sunny Italy, the scene of civil war for more than a hundred years, and why the vine-clad hills of France? Why did you leave Caledonia, "stern and wild," and sweet lakes that nestle in the bosom of hills? Why did you leave Killarny and Kilkenny, and those consecrated places where Curran and Gratia thundered against oppression, and where Emmit laid down his life? [Applause.] Why did you leave the grave of your kindred in the Fatherland, "the God's acre" of Germany, and the churchyard of the United Kingdom? Why did you leave the historic scenes of the Old World, where the Roman, the Northman, and the blue-eyed Goth have been, and where they have left the impress of their moral power, or of brute force—scenes where I have sometimes stood, as it were, entranced, till I seemed to be incorporated with the past, while ages surged by me? Why did you leave the beautiful, the tender, the touching, the sublime—why did you leave all these for the new world? Better, perhaps, I have sometimes thought in these days of trial, that the good ship in which you embarked had been stranded on the French, the German, or the Irish coast, and you plucked from the remorseless wave—not less cruel and remorseless than the wrath of man—have returned to your native village, there to take up the burthen of life again; better this than that you should have come here just to taste the sweets of liberty, and all at once have the cup dashed from your lips. [Applause.]

And now for my answer. You come here to get rid of unjust law, of odious taxes "that take from the mouth of labor the bread which it has earned" to get rid of large armies and navies that eat out the substance of the people, to get rid of stamp acts and conscription acts, to be rid of provost marshals, and game keepers, and bumbaliffs, the instruments of the iron rule. [Great applause.] You came hither to get rid of a vile system of *espionage* for which our language has no name, and to get rid of the passport system that stops you at every frontier town till your passport can be vised and stamped. You came where speech was free and the press free, where there was trial by jury, where labor was honored, and man, the lord of his little patch of ground, or, it may be, of his acres, could take his children in his arms and thank God that he was born in land of freedom. [Great cheering.] This is what you came for. And you came where civil and religious liberty had found an asylum and reared her temples to justice and to the worship of the living God. But, men of foreign lands, you whom I have sometimes welcomed to our shores, I am bound to tell you that in some things you have been misled lately, deceived, beguiled, and cast, as it were, into the horrible pit. In the last year—a year which, for its violation of personal rights and disregard of constitutional obligations should be stricken from the calender—the men in power, disregarding the rights of the people under the Constitution, have struck down, in a succession of outrageous blows, many of the rights which you had acquired here, and the privileges which you had begun to enjoy, and have renewed here in our country some of the worst features of the rotten dynasties of European and Asiatic countries. And now, gentlemen, your remedy is in your own hands. United together, and firm in your purpose, you may recover that which you have lost, and recover these inevitable privileges in a constitutional way.

Gentlemen of the different clubs—for I suppose you are all represented here—I see in your organization the noble impulse, the patriotic purposes, the holy asperation and heroic resolve which have characterized the true friends of liberty in all ages of the world. Your late Convention was a remarkable one. Every town in the State was represented. This is something which has never occurred before. Nor is the explanation a difficult one. Every town has suffered more or less by the war. Every town has seen on the edge of its horizon the shadows of some coming despotism. Every town has given something of the flower of its youth to the cause. Some have returned crippled for life; others have come back to tell the story of how they were treated by those who should have been to them friends and protectors. Every town is loaded with taxes. In all of them there is more or less mourning. Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, and all of this misery, desolation, burthen, and oppression, for the sake of political abolitionism. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, a word or two more and I have done. What is the mission of the hour? It is to speak out, and speak plainly, and not only that, but to speak the whole truth; and if you do this, you may say that we have gone far enough in an unprofitable and cruel struggle. "It is time to sheath the sword and spare mankind." (Great cheering.) "Already have our quarrels filled the world with widows and orphans." But, perhaps, you say to me—some of you—we are to gain by this struggle, and therefore it should go on. Gain what? If you conquer the South, you have got to keep an army there to hold them in subjugation, and empoverish yourselves to pay for it. If you devastate the South and turn the African loose, you destroy that portion of your country which was once your best home market, and convert it into a desert. Is it liberty that we are to gain? Alas, my friends, you have well nigh lost your liberties by permitting the military to override the civil power. Depend upon it, such a contest as this, at the present time, there can be but one end, and that will be despotism for yourselves and children. The only hope is a return to peaceful counsels; the cry should go forth from one end of the land to the other, "We have had enough of this death struggle."

But what is to be done, they may say, after you get a cessation of hostilities? We cannot, perhaps, penetrate the future and be able to see at this moment what can or should be done. But allay the passions which war engenders, and we shall be at no loss to find a way. God will help us. [Applause.] It is not by force of arms that we are to have another Union, but by force of reason. Reason hides herself in these days—a poor, naked, shivering thing—amid the pelting of the storm. Go to your army, and they will tell you they have had enough of slaughter.—Brave men will tell you this. There has not one battle been fought since the war begun, whether in their favor or against them, that doubts have not arisen in their minds as to the possibility of conquring the South. Some of them remember what Chatham said on the rebellious colonies. They could not forget, either, nor should we forget, that the men on the other side of the "invidious line" are of our own kindred spirits also, and, reflecting on these things, these men of whom I am speaking, who are, many of them, looking to Connecticut and hoping for a democratic triumph here, [applause]—these men began to doubt the morale of the war. Is it for freedom, or is it the work of Cain in a multiplied, vast and fearful form? The pulpit may push it on, but the words of Christ shall rebuke the pulpit's thunder—"Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God."—[Tremendous applause.]

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—It being out of the question to get molasses at present, let every farmer plant every seed that he can obtain of the Chinese Sugar Cane, and make all he can of the sirup, which is an excellent substitute. It was profitably made before the war at less than 50 cents a gallon; yet we shall not fail to see it selling this Summer at $5 a gallon, unless the war should end. The proper time for planting is said to be late in April or early in May. The seed must be sown in good soil, and far removed from broom corn or other plants which bear seed at the top of the stalk. It will yield from 100 to 150 gallons of sirup to the acre and a large quantity of seed and fodder suitable for food for stock. After the canes is run thrugh the mill, there is much juice left in the stalk, which should be fed to hogs. At $3 per gallon for the sirup, it is more profitable than tobacco at $40 per hundred.
Fay. Observer.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The English papers come to us brimming with detailed accounts of the reception, in England, and the subsequent nuptials of the Princess ALEXANDRA, of Denmark, the bride of the Prince of Wales. The wedding took place on the 10th of March, and was quite a "sensation" to the British public. Among other incidents of the royal marriage, it is stated that six persons—all women—had lost their lives from suffocation in the crowd. We have only room to give our readers the verses of Tennyson, written in welcome to the Danish maiden, who is to share with Albert Edward the throne of England:

THE LAUREATE'S WELCOME.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
But all of us Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheers of the street!
We come her, all things youthful and sweet!
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Make music, O bird, in the new budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare!
Flags flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeples and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the lands desire,
Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir;
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Sa