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Wilmington Journal.

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WILMINGTON, N. C., JAN. 26, 1865.

WE understand that on Thursday last there was some skirmishing between the left wing of our forces in the neighborhood of Sugar Loaf, and the Yankee infantry, who had made an advance from their entrenched position. During the afternoon, it is reported, whilst the Yankee vessels were engaged shelling the woods, their infantry made an attack on Clingman's brigade, (occupying our left,) with the evident intention of flanking them, but were repulsed and driven back to their entrenchments. No casualties have as yet been reported, but we learn that several of our men were wounded.

John Sipé, Co. B, 42d Reg't N. C. T., (of Newton, N. C.,) wounde in above skirmish, and brought to General Hospital No. 4, died on yesterday.

In the river below no movements have been made by the enemy's vessels that we are aware of.

WE would call the attention of our cotemporaries to the fact that Fort Fisher never was *surrendered*—but was carried at the point of the bayonet by overwhelming numbers, after all the guns on the land face had been dismounted by the terrific fire from the fleet.

The enemy's loss, in Sunday's fight, is estimated to be at least one thousand in killed and wounded. The Fort was charged three times on Sunday afternoon and night, before it was captured.

IT is understood in official quarters that a magazine exploded in Fort Fisher on Monday morning, and that the enemy lost about four hundred from its effects.

THE friends of the gallant Major Reilly, need have no fears of his being barsnly treated by the enemy, because of his having been in the U. S. service, as we have been shown the original acceptance of his resignation, dated Washington, May 31, 1861.

WE are reliably informed that Gen. Curtis, of the Yankee army, was killed in the fight at Fort Fisher on Sunday last. We also learn that a Yankee aid-de-camp was killed in the skirmishing on Thursday.

Lieut. A. B. Barr, Co. D, 36th Regiment N. C. Troops, writes that he is wounded (but not seriously) and a prisoner. Sergeant Turrentine, of same company is killed; Sergeant Pridgen is slightly wounded. Also privates A. Eudor, slightly, and John Sellars, R. Waddell and ——— Fisher, seriously wounded.

IT gave us pleasure on yesterday forenoon, to meet with our young friend, but old in the service of his country, Capt. Henry G. Flanner, of Wilmington, but now commander of Latham's battery. His numerous friends will no doubt be pleased to learn that the Captain looks well, notwithstanding the many hardships he has undergone during the war. He is one amongst a few others, only, who survive of the battery as it was first formed. We are promised a list of casualties which have occurred to the battery since Capt. Flanner has had charge of it. It will not be a pleasure to us to publish it, except to show to their friends and the country that Latham's Battery has acted a most noble part in this war. May Capt. Flanner and his command live to enjoy the fruits of the freedom for which they are fighting.

THE WAR OVER SOUTH. It gives us pleasure to state, on the authority of the gentlemanly Superintendent of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, Capt. Henry M. Drane, that his trains are now running through to Kingsville, and that communication is open to Columbia. Communication to Charleston and Augusta, via Kingsville, was expected to open yesterday; at all events by to-day. Communication is also open to Charleston via Florence.

The late freshets have caused sad havoc with our Railroads, in the way of washing up bridges and trestles. For several days no mail train has been enabled to pass Kingsville, either North or South, on account of the freshet in the Congaree, which caused a portion of the bridge or trestle work over that wide scope of swamp or river to be carried away. We are pleased to hear that these breaks have been repaired, and we do fervently hope, that as matters now stand, our forces intended to meet a formidable foe at a certain point, may be enabled to get to the right place in the right time.

WHEN a great public calamity occurs, it is natural that people who are immediate sufferers by such calamity, should seek some victim upon whom to place the responsibility. We do not claim to be any better or purer than our neighbors. If the town of Wilmington falls, it seems to us that the labors of a reasonaly intelligent and tolerably industrious lifetime are gone—Knowing this to be the fact—sympathising with others—with loved friends and relatives—ladies whom we can no longer protect; with servants whom we have protected, who look to us for protection, who beg us to protect them—who beg us to carry them with us wherever we go. Seeing and feeling all this, we may have said somethings about General Bragg which, under other other circumstances, we would not have said.—Generally, we are thoughtful and cautious: This is simply because we control our feelings. Possibly we have given vent to them—possibly we have blamed our authorities when we out not to have blammed them. We do not known. We say this however:—Whatever we lose, other people, just as good people, have already lost as much. Any sacrifice that is due and necessary for us to make, that sacrifice we are willing and ready to make. We can do no more.

The cause is not gone. We do not give up the ship. We do not mean to give it up. We must expect to meet difficulties. We must have expected that from the first. Let us be men. Now is the time to try our manhood.

LAST Friday night it rained hard and continously all night and also nearly all day on Saturday. We fear our rivers have again been swollen as high as they were by the rains the week previous

THE Yankees appear to have left their base in front of Maj. Gen. Hoke's forces on yesterday and concentrated at Fort Fisher. Their fleet has also disappeared. They of course hold Fisher. Whether they have re-embarked their main body, we are unable to say. They occupy Smithville, it having been evacuated by our forces.

There was considerable skirmishing around Fort Anderson Saturday evening and Sunday morning. It is supposed the enemy are anxious to silence Anderson, in order to open the way up the river for their gunboats. In this attempt we hope and believe they will meet with sad disappointment. All quiet below last evening at 6 o'clock.

IT appears to us that some steps should be taken relative to the sufferings many of the poorer class of this town are undergoing. We are informed that there are many who have neither food or fuel, and it is totally out of their power to procure the absolute necessaries of life at the present *enormous* prices asked. We do hope, if there is any humanity left in town, some attention will be given to this important matter. It appears to us that something could be done even at this late day.

IT is understood that the Yankees have sent off all the Confederate prisoners they captured at Fort Fisher.

FLAG OF TRUCE.

Major Venable, of General Whiting's staff, carried a flag of truce down to the enemy's line on Wednesday morning, and returned late on that evening. General Whiting has been quite severely wounded, while also Col. Lamb in the thigh, severely. Both are believed to be doing well. The fighting at the fort was desperate on both sides. The casualities on our side we are unable to report. They will be published as soon as circumstances will permit.

Our losses are heavy. From what we can learn from private sources, they will amount to over one hundred killed, and four or five hundred wounded. Our whole loss in killed, wounded and prisoners will not amount to less than three thousand. When we say that among the prisoners are General Whiting, Col. Lamb, Maj. Hill, Maj. Stevenson, and so many other men, good true and brave, our own feelings can be appreciated.

Of course the fall of Fort Fisher necessitated the fall of the other forts on the river below it. Everything below New Inlet is in the power of the enemy, even if it is not already in his possession. But that does not by any means imply possession of the town of Wilmington. It *does* mean closing up the blockade running port of Wilmington. In that sense of the word it is a severe blow.

Betwixt us and the enemy there are Forts Anderson and other works. They are now attacking them. We think we know the men in them. John Hedrick, and men like him, will fight the thing out. We only regret that we are not with them. God knows we would rather be with them in the Forts than trying to set up type here, as we are doing now.

We do not think that Wilmington must necessarily fall. The *pott* of Wilmington is already gone, That has gone cheap. The Confederacy has lost its best port. The men of Wilmington must now defend their homes. We think they can do so:—We think they will do so. Let us all try. The truth is, every tolerably decent white man, who does not want to be a slave, must take his position, willing to give up his life for the cause in which he is engaged. It is perfectly useless to blow up the President or General Bragg. We do not believe that either of these gentlemen are perfect, nor do we think that, even if they *were* perfect, they could save us. They are simply clever and patriotic gentlemen. Let us—all of us, be equally so. That is simply the way to say it, and to do it, or at least try to do it. Neither President Davis nor General Bragg can fight for us. We must fight for ourselves, and for our country.

P. S.—We are officially informed that the cannonading below last afternoon was from the enemy's gunboats at our forces at or near Sugar Loaf. Other reports say that the enemy attacked Hoke's forces yesterday afternoon, but whether this is true or not we are unable to say.

WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE & R. R. R.

Great credit is due to our railway authorities for the promptitude and efficiency displayed by them in meeting the extraordinary demand made by our people for transportation facilities. We mention the Wilmington and Rutherford railroad because it is less known, and may be said to branch off from the great thoroughfare of Southern travel. The cars on this road are kept running night and day, superintended by all the officers of the road, from the President down, and we doubt not at a heavy loss to the company. We were somewhat astonished to see the conductor of the passenger train, Capt. Lachlin McLaurin, maintaining a kind of order amidst a wilderness of boxes, chairs, bureaus negroes and babies, the same patient and gentlemanly demeanor which was characteristic of him in the "*piping times* of peace." The public should remember individuals and corporations who stand by them in this emergency.

We copy the above from the "*Carolinian*" of the 19th, for the purpose of calling attention to a matter which we have neglected, and also to Capt. McLaurin's and the other officers of the road, untiring exertions to render every assistance in their power, to our citizens. While the Charlotte Road has been doing all it could we are free to say that we feel confident the Wilmington & Weldon, and the Wilmington & Manchester Roads have acted in a similar manner. For our part, we think they have acted in the most benevolent manner towards our citizens who have manifested a desire to leave here on account of our present situation.

We are informed, that if it becomes necessary to evacuate this town, it is the intention of the Commanding General to exercise the authority vested in him by act of Congress and destroy the cotton remaining here. Instructions have been given already to facilitate the removal of that in private hands, and parties not promptly availing themselves of this privilege of removing their property to a place of safety, will have no cause of complaint, when the military authority destroys it, should Wilmington unfortunately fall, let the enemy find it a barren gain, and not realize a capture such as made in Savanah.

[BY FLAG OF TRUCE.]

The following letter was received by flag of truce on Wednesday night, dated Fort Fisher Jan. 16th, 1865.

Dear WIFE: I am a prisoner, and not hurt. Buff is not hurt. We are both well, and expect to start North in a short time. You must do the best you can.—Tell ANN that BEN is not hurt; he is well. A. B is hurt but not bad. I think BEN ROTE will be paroled when he gets well.

A. B. KINSLOW.

BRUNSWICK COUNTY, Jan. 19th, 1865.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

It will relieve the apprehensions of the many friends of the command to know that the garrisons of Forts Caswell and Campbell successfully evacuated their positions at 1 30 o'clock, A. M., on the 17th inst., after destroying all public property, and entirely demolishing the Forts. They are now in a safe position, unimpaired in morale or material.

Very respectfully,
Your ob't serv't.,
WM. CALDER,
Adj't 1st Bat. Art.

Col. Murphy's Company all Safe.

We have received the following note from Col. E. L. Faison:

MESSRS. FULTON & PRICE:

Will you state for the benefit of friends, that Capt Murphy and officers are all right. Most of our officer came out safe. Several were killed, and a few wounded Mat. Murphy was killed.

E. L. FAISON.

SHOCKING MURDER AT EUFAULA.—One of the *attaches* just returned from Dadeville, brings the intelligence of the murder of Col. Joseph Johnson, of Eufaula, Tallapoosa county, on Wednesday night last, by a band of deserters. Col. J. was attending the sick couch of an invalid wife, and about eight o'clock on the evening above mentioned had seated himself near the window. A shot fired by some unknown person outside, penetrated his skull and caused almost instant death. A party of men in the vicinity were seen running from the spot and were fired upod by Col. Johnson's son-in-law, but all the murderers escaped and none of them at last accounts were apprehended. It is alleged that Col. J. having been instrumental in the punishment of some of these marauders, excited the revengeful feelings of the band, and they determined to take his life. We trust that they may all be brought to justice, and summarily dealt with.—*Montg. Mail.*

TELEGRAPHIC

Reports of the Press Association.

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

ARRIVAL OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

RICHMOND, Jan 20 h, 1865

The flag of truce boat arrived at Varina to day, with five hundred returned prisoners. No further particulars only telegraphic communication thus far received.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

The Senate passed the House bill to authorize the establishment of an office of deposit in connection with the treasury. The consolidation bill was further discussed until adjournment

In the House, J. M. Leach submitted a resolution declaring that no exigency existed justifying the suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, which was rejected by yeas 28 to nays 43. The Senate bill authorizing the reserve troops to be removed from one State to another was passed—yeas 63 nays 16. The exemption bill was further considered, but without result

ACTION OF CONGRESS IN SECRET SESSION.

RICHMOND, Jan. 20th, 1865

The Examiner states that the Senate, in secret session, has adopted resolutions creating the office of commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Confederacy, and recommending the re-instatement of Gen. Johnston, by a vote of yeas 20 nays 2,; and that the House, in secret session, concurred in said resolution—yeas 62 nays 14

The Examiner also says that Hood has been relieved, it is said, at his own request, and that his army is believed to be under the command of Dick Taylor.

NORTHERN NEWS—THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER—YANKEE AND CONFEDERATE LOSS—EXPLOSION OF A MAGAZINE AT FORT FISHER, AND LOSS OF LIFE AMONG THE YANKEES

RICHMOND, Jan'y 20th, 1865.

Northern papers of the 18th are chiefly filled with official and unofficial reports of the capture of Fort Fisher.

A summary in the Baltimore American says that the fleet and the army transports sailed together from Beaufort and arrived at the scene of operations on Friday, when the troops were promptly landed without opposition. Friday and Saturday were occupied in the bombardment of the Fort, the navy fire being unprecedentedly heavy. On Sunday the assault was made. In this the navy assisted, Com. Porter having landed seamen and marines, with orders to board the Fort on the sea face. The troops, commanded by Gen. Terry, consisted of the same divisions which participated in Butler's *fiasco*, strengthened by an additional brigade. The assault commenced at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and full possession of the works was obtained by ten, after a desperate and sanguinary fight.

The Federal loss was heavy, especially in officers. Gen. Curtis was wounded. The garrison fell back to the extreme end of Federal Point, where they were captured

The American says we captured over two thousand prisoners, including Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb, both of whom were wounded, and seventy-two guns. Later dispatches give higher figures.

After the Fort was occupied the magazine was exploded by accident, killing two hundred Yankees and wounding a great many.

The Yankee loss during the fight was about nine hundred in killed and wounded, and the Confederate loss about five hundred.

Gen. Meagher arrived at Nashville on Saturday from Chattanooga, with several thousand men, on their way to Sherman via New York.

Gold 215.

VIOLATING THE SABBATH.

From an article in the Charleston Courier on the subject of "National sins," we copy the following in regard to violations of the sabbath day:

How many things are done on Sunday on the plea of necessity or great exigency. In the days before railroads when wagons thundered almost incessantly between our great marts and the producers of the country, the church goer in the country, or even in towns and villages, was often saluted by the sounds of the bells, and not unfrequently by the rude oaths of the teamsters accompanying a wagon.

Driving the wagon on Sunday was adopted by many even who would not, as others did, start a trip on that day—and yet the number of cases to the contrary was sufficient to afford data for a comparison.

Old and experienced observers have reported after full inquiry, and investigation, and reports from others, that even as a matter of thrift and profit in the end of trips and the condition of teams, the wagoners who respected the Sabbath had the advantage.

It happened often that a Sabbath-keeping wagoner, on his Sabbath encampment, selected, if possible, with reference to opportunity of attending worship, was passed by a friend or fellow of the rule knowing no Sundays on the road, and was sometimes jeered or rebuked for his foolish precaution and expensive scruples—and that before the next Sabbath, or often in two or three days, the "go ahead" man of all days would be passed by the team of his more considerate friend.

Such cases were often noted and reported by old men versed in the wagon line, and such instances can be and have been collected and reported for all the departments of business and trade.

Robert Peel, one of the shrewdest of British statesmen, and by no means prone to puritanical excess, reported, after years of observation and experience, that with no exception every man within his observation, who had treated all days of the week as alike days for work, had failed either in health or fortune, and often in both.

No right minded reliever in the Bible can believe that any of its precepts are not permanently and essentially conducive to the weal of men, however God's laws, like human laws, in this, often lie in conflict with the prejudices and passions of the man and the hour. How far and in what way the sabbath could and should be recognized and enforced by Government, is not for us now to suggest or indicate.

The executor of the estate of the late Senator Douglass, in Chicago, has exhibited receipts showing that in the settlement of his affairs he had paid Mrs. Douglas over $7 500, and the two children of the deceased statesman $7,000, after discharging all claims on the estate. Five or six years ago Senator Douglas was estimated to be worth about $600,000.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE POINT,
Fort Fisher, Jan. 7th, 1865.

Gov. Z. B. Vance, Raleigh, N. C:

DEAR GOVERNOR—I send by Mr. W. J. Palmer, the battle flag which flated over the "Mound" on the 24 h and 25th December, 1864. The following official report will associate a gallant North Carolina boy with the flag:

* * * * * * *

The staff on the Mound being unprovided with halyards, the battle flag had not been raised when the garrison flag was shot away. The order was immediately given to raise the flag, when private Christopher C. Bland Co. K 36th N. C Regiment volunteered and climbing the staff under a heavy fire fastened the flag. At once a terrific fire was poured on the Mound and one end of the flag requiring to be fastened, Bland repeated the heroic deed, and unscathed by the fearful ordeal fastened the flag firmly to the staff, where it now floats, although torn and rent by fragments of shell.

The Mound is the right flank work. After having the battle flag raised, I went to the left flank work of the fort, which commands the causeway into the fort on the river side, 2 881 yards from the Mound, and raised a battle flag on the parapet I missed the flag at dawn Monday morning, and on enquiring, learnt that not long before dark on Sunday the staff was carried away by an enfilading shot which together with the wind carried the flag over the palisades and some distance from the work into the marsh, and within the enemy's skirmish line. Maj. Gen. Butler reports officially that one of his men brought away this flag from the parapet. I know that Admiral Porter deserves the credit of taking it from the parapet, and as he did so little with his noisy fleet I think he should not be robbed of the honor.

Your friend,
WM. LAMB, Col.

THE BOOK OF JOB.—Biblical critics seem agreed that our own book of Job was written in the East. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written by pen. A noble book; all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never ending problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with man here on this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epicmelody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true every way; true eyesight and vision of all things; material things no less than spiritual. The Horse—"hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*—he *laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody, as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great—as the summer midnight, as the world with it seas and stars.—*Carlyle.*

PERSONAL RENCONTRE.—A personal rencontre occurred late yesterday between W. W. Holden, Esq., editor of the Standard, and Col. D. K. McRae, editor of the Confederate. We believe that Col. McRae was the attacking party, having taken some exceptions to an article in the Standard.—Not much damage was done, and both parties were bound over to Court and to keep the peace, in the sum of $5,000 each.—*Raleigh Progress, 17th inst.*

A VOICE FROM OUR FATHERS

Among the many illsto which flesh is heir "the vapours" is about the most common, if not the most sickening malady. It is a leprosy of the contagious order, and no Croaker is without it: nay, the peculiar province of a Croaker is to disseminate its virus. Therefore, men should be as wary of Croakers as of any other contamination. As the world is constituted it is no easy matter to follow such advice. Croakers, like scandal mongers, are destined to abound, as they have ever done; and it is now as difficult to avoid them as it has ever been. This sect is as wide spread and as ancient as Sin. The Serpent in the Garden of Eden was the first Croaker of whom we have any record, and our Mother Eve the first victim of his disemper. Since then, the brood has degenerated, but, in its degeneration, has wonderfully increased. It is in the nature of all the meaner insects to multiply their species with peculiar fecundity: hence, Croakers of the modern genus are as numerous as they are noxious. It is true, there are many evils, even poisons, which have in them some element of good. There once was a solitary ray found in the gloomy cave of Trophonius. Possibly there may be a particle of advantage hidden away, somewhere, in the murky spleen of your political and social croakers. If there be, we cannot discern it.

That we have, just now, a superabundance of croakers in our midst is not, perhaps surprising. In times of tempest they are most prolific, as immediately after the storm their season is over. Nor is it strange that we have also many among us who cannot justly be classed with the instinctive and habitual croakers, and who yet consent to swell their disconsolate and pestilential chorus. It is incident to his natural organization that man, occasionally, drops into the "sulks," contracts the "blues," or gets "down in the mouth." And communities like individuals, are subject to all the depressive variations of "heaviness of heart." But what is there in the condition of public affairs to feed the morbid hunger of the hypocondriacs who prowl about, seeking whom to dismay? What is there to supply the grumblers and the faint-hearted with melancholy mutterings and evil bodings? What is there beyond the rueful and reasonless apprehensions of their own saturnine imaginations? What, indeed? To them a brisk breeze is as a tempest; a thunder clap as an earthquake; a serious disaster as "the crack of doom." *They* are not the men to wrest liberty from the iron clutch of despotism; not the men to snatch glory from the jaws of death; not the men to persevere in treading the thorny path to independence. They are not only a worthless, but a dangerous admixture in the social system. For them we know of no healing specific; but, for any who may have possibly been touched by their infectious palsy, we would suggest the saving and simple remedy of calm reflection to guide patriotic confidence.

Who, that coolly reflects, not only on the inherent virtues of our noble cause, but on the course of the struggle so far, can yield to despondency? Who that traces its varied phases, and contrasts its vicissitudes with all other efforts of a kindred character, can grow grim visaged? Who, that has faith in patriotic self-sacrifice and the plentifully-poured blood of pure heroism, can fear for the future, or quail for the present?—If there be any one, he need not quit his own clime for evidence enough to set him right. Here, and now, he finds history but reproducing itself, under a fresh set of circumstances; here he finds the past faithfully reflected in the present; here he can color every passing gloom which the immediate future may cloud on us by the hardly hoped for triumphs dragged from the very despairs of the far past.

The ruler at Washington, in our day, has taken the place of the ruler at London, in the days of the First Revolution—only the former has improved and enlarged on the example of the latter, in his effort to out Herod Herod. Abraham Lincoln, like George Guelph, denies the right of self government, demands submission, invades, makes war, devastates, coaxes, coerces, promises, deceives, proclaims immunities, fulminates threats, gives time for surrender, and does all other sort of things, in the Royal fashion, without a shadow of the legitimate prerogative which the Royal tyrant could and did set up. As the assumption stands, the parallel is defunct London exemplar, at every point, *we* have only to emulate the patience and preseverance, as well as we do the determination and fortitude, of those glorious souls who fought against Dutch George, of England, as we now, and for a kindred cause, fight against his modern copyist. This done, we will, as a race, have preserved the precious heritage of the First Revolution, and for the second time, turn ourselves victoriously, from an odious thraldom. That precious heritage has, for us, the most encouraging lessons, treasured in its history, as surely as it claims from us a second duty toward itself, The Duty is acknowledged by all; the Lessons should shame every Croaker in the land; but, they are forgotten or derided by that class.

Who can be dispirited, that calmly reflects on the shifting scenes, and chequered character of that first great struggle, of which this is but the repetition on a vaster scale? Was not the attempt, on the part of the colonists, like that of a little David against a massive Goliath? If the North is, and has been, greater than the South in might of numbers and all the appliances of war on sea and land, was not Britain proportionately mightier than the Colonists? Was she not as determined to use her armies and navies and monies and corruptions for the absomte subjugation of her revolted Colonies, as the North is to do the same thing for the conquest of these Sovereign States? And was she not as lavish of the inexhaustible means in her power?—Did not George Guelph, like Abraham Lincoln, as often promise to his people and the world, and proclaim to the "insurgents," that the "rebellion shall and must be crushed," if not in thirty, or ninety, or three hundred days, at all events, some time before he would forbear? Did not George, like Abraham, speak cajolingly, and seductively, at every favorable opportunity, and then thunder away again at his one fixed resolve—subjugation? And yet he could not finally withhold Independence—neither can Lincoln.

"Aye," quoth the croakers, "but the enemy have got now in the field more than double our force, not to talk of their formidable fleets, and their teeming commissariats and countless other advantages." Suppose this were true, it proves nothing against success. When the effective force under Washington was not 17,000 men, that under General Howe was 50,000, not to talk of formidable fleets and countless other advantages." But, this alarming disparity did not deter the heros of that day, although it did the Croakers. It retarded, but did not finally withhold Independence—thus a similar condition can retard it now; but that is all.

"Yes," cry the croakers, "but look at the defeat of Hood, the victorious march of Sherman, the loss of Savannah, the many who are said to jump at amnesty and the desertions here and there and all that sort of disheartening thing." Just so the croakers shrieked after the defeat on Long Island, nearly ninety years ago. Indeed, that defeat was, in its immediate effects, infinitely more disastrous than any we have yet to chronicle for our struggle. Not only was it disastrous in the direct loss, but in the wide-spread depression, and the rich field it left for the croakers. Doubt and terror then seized the very best men: happily, in our day, doubt and fear are confined to the systematic croakers. So great was the dismay consequent on that Long Island defeat, that numerous desertions became alarmingly frequent: desertions in force, not driblets as, at worst, they now are. It was just the time for conciliation—a time such as Lincoln thinks Sherman has now brought about: and so the enemy sent envoys to treat with the Revolutionists and to offer amicable terms. To them Franklin, in that hour of dismal gloom made the bold reply that "there should be no peace or alliance, except as Independent States." And notwithstanding defeat, amnesty, desertion, gloom and croakers, Frank in predicted truly.

"Disaster and desertion," indeed, one the dastardly consequence of the other! But even if what the croakers falsely imagine of our disasters and desertions were not greatly exaggerated, they fall far short of those in the Revolutionary war—either separately or as connected with each other. When the British pushed their successes from Long Island to New York, was not panic and desertion in the American ranks almost universal? In front of New York two complete brigades—pure Yankee brigades—fled without firing a gun. Has General Lee ever yet had to ask, as the intensely disgusted Washington then did: "Are these the men with whom I am to resist the foe?" But they had deserted, and New York, more important for Washington than any dozen Savannahs to us, was gone. Never was greater gloom than then hung over the shattered remnant of the Revolutionary forces at Harlem. Even pious men took the repeated disasters and the miseries attending them, as proof that Heaven itself was arrayed against the struggle; they lived to buzza for it as a God blessed contest. "Anxiety, despondency and dread filled all hearts," says the historian. "Sickness greatly prevailed, and it seemed that America must yield from the mere inability to sustain her army. In vain did the dauntless Washington strive to reanimate the woefully dejected people; he was abused by the croakers for his pains. The cause was hopeless; yet independence was secured and all the croakers dumbfounded.

"Misfortune and scarcity so thicken upon us," cry the blear visioned Croakers, "that impossibilities cannot be overcome—our ranks cannot be replenished or fed, and so on." Short sighted creatures! None of this is true, and if it were, is there nothing in the lesson we have just recited, from a similar struggle?—Misfortune was then the order of the day, but the heroes who felt it could rise superior to it in spite of all the croaking which filled the air. And have we none such, if our straits were as great? The question seems insolent, and can only be asked of the croakers. What army of ours has ever been or is ever likely to be as was Washington's when he was a fugitive through the Jerseys? When he wandered, from post to post, dismay and distrust before him, death and disaster behind him? When, at last, he could not muster 4,000 men, and these "were without tents, blankets or entrenching tools, and but imperfectly clad and badly fed?" From the right bank of the Hudson, to the left bank of the Delaware, he was driven in disorder, without munitions of war, or many men to use, if he had them, and shorn of popular confidence. That was a spectacle for the croakers, and he was a woe-begone mark for their bitter reproaches. That was the moment for a Royal Proclamation, commanding "all insurgents to disband, and all political bodies to relinquish their assumed authority, granting sixty days within which to make submission"—pretty much as Lincoln now does, and with as much effect on the croakers of our day as the Royal Proclamation on those of that time. Of course "it was all up" then—and yet, Independence was won.

"The fearful state of our currency," cry the croakers "is enough to break the back of any struggle." Indeed! Why, our currency is sterling compared with that of the Revolutionary ers: and, yet Independence was won.—"Yes, but they had in those days, advantages peculiar to themselves"—so have we in our days. "They had a Congress composed of the wisest heads and bravest hearts that ever met for a country's need"—*possibly* ours may yet prove itself equal to such praise. They had, it is indeed true, a sympathizing foreign power, which, before it became an open ally, materially aided the cause by its loans, gifts, supplies of arms, &c. Well, we have resources, within ourselves such as they knew not and which are more than a set off to all that occasional aid In the matter of disadvantage, they had little of none which we had not, in like kind. Time numbers and circumstances alone are altered. They plucked Independence from the arms of ostensible superiority, enhedged with most formidable obstacles and under the shade of gloom—so shall we.

As with them, so with us, the progress of the war, and the extension of its atrocities, are but destined to intensify energy, and bring it to a standard worthy of the spirit that inspires it. When the Revolutionary Fathers had passed through their first darkest sorrows—so surpassingly darker than any that our croakers have yet imagined for us—the true people went revived, as if by magic. Then, loss after loss but enlarged the flame of patriotism. What though treason continued to show itself near the heart of the contest—what though men and officers of an American army, would still, occasionally, fly in disgraceful panic—what though gallant women found it necessary to participate in the fight—what though most exacting impressment laws became indispensable, on account of the indifference of some and the rapacity of others—what though an Arnold, like a Butler, ravaged the banks of the James, and British commodores made the fertile valleys of all American water courses mere waste—what though Cornwallis now, they vastly more numerous than the—what though the forces in the field were often, almost to the last hour, reduced to the meanest strength and to the intensest suffering—what though all the chief cities, or nearly all, were conquered—what though a dense cloud hung over the whole horizon and filled even Washington's heart with despest distress—"the divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," was nigh at hand, and out of the very debris of disasters Victory was gathered—Independence secured.—The "great news from the Jerseys," which culminated at Yorktown, was won by fragments of defeated forces: by little armies on the very verge of dissolution. Success being the true elixir of life, the Washington who, in the shadow of his trials and troubles, was denounced by all the Croakers as a mere Boœtian, came, anon, and suddenly, to be hailed as a Fabius, and a Solomon, and a Saviour. The blaze of a finished triumph had the marvellous effect of consuming all the blemishes which were previously conspicuous in him—to the jaundiced eyes of Croakers.

Now, will our croakers, one and all, take and reflect on the lessons presented, so pointedly, by the facts we have been at the trouble to adduce for them? These facts could be readily multiplied, and drawn out from our own history to fit exactly every feature of our struggle and its varying conditions; to fit every groove of our case in every instance. But, we could go even farther off and fare equally well; so far as the lessons of past history, applied to passing events can guide us to dispel apprehension. We could even satisfy the croakers that an agricultural people are rarely subjugated. There are certain natural resources which are a never failing aid to triumphant resistance in their hands.

Athens could not overcome Sparta, nor could Greece master Macedon, nor Carthage Rome—nor could Great Britain crush her own colonies. No; and all the inner circumstances that gave victory in these cases being with us, it is not in the Book of Fate that the United States can ever subjugate this Confederacy or rob it of its cherished independence. Croakers, go study the parallels of history, with what phylosophy you can, and—be silent.

GREAT SWELLING WORDS.—"That was a masterly performance," said Mr. Balloon to his friend Mr. Jones, as they emerged from the church where the Rev. Gassman had been discoursing on the Relation of the Infinite to the Impossible.

"Yes—no," replied Mr. Jones, "I suppose it was very fine, but it was out of my depth. I confess to being one of the sheep who 'looked up and were not fed.'"

"That's because you have'n't a metaphysical mind," said Mr. Balloon, regarding his friend with pity: "you've got a certain faculty of mind, but I suspect you haven't the logical grasp necessary for the comprehension of such a sermon as that."

"I am afraid I haven't," said Mr. Jones.

"I tell you what it is," continued Mr. Balloon, "Mr. Gassman has got a head. He is an intelligent giant. I hardly know whether he is greater as a subjective preacher, or in the luminous objectivity of his *argumentum ad hominem*. As an inductive reasoner, too, he is perfectly great. With what synthetical power he refuted the Homoiousian theory! I tell you Homoiousianism will be nowhere after this."

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Jones, "I went to sleep at that long word, and didn't wake up until he was on theodicy."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Balloon, "that was a splendid specimen of ratiocinative word painting. I was completely carried away when, in his singularly terse and marrowy style, he took an analogical view of the anthropological."

But at this point Mr. Balloon "soared aloft," so high that he left the more terrestrial Mr. Jones.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—It is thought probable by the Selma Rebel, that Gov. Harris may soon convene the Tennessee Legislature to have his successor installed into office. Judge Caruthers was elected to succeed Gov. Harris in August, 1863, and the latter is now merely holding over under the constitution until his successor can be put in legal possession of the office.—This can only be done by the Legislature, and since the election, the Federals have been in possession of the greater part of the State, and a sufficient number of members were not elected to constitute a proper quorum: consequently the Governor elected could not be installed. It is possible now to hold special elections in the State, and as the Confederates have the greater portion under their control, the Governor may have the election held.

From the Sentinel.

TREASON—TREASON—TREASON!!!

Gentlemen:—It is rumored on the street, that there is a resolution before Congress—in secret session—to open irregular negotiations through Commissioners with Lincoln, for peace. This is not only treason, but, under the circumstances, it is treachery of the most infamous character. If you please, let us know whether it be true or not. The people of Virginia, *certainly*, and, I believe, the people of the Confederacy, generally, will not allow themselves to be sold by traitorous Congressmen after this fashion.

Q.

Our correspondent, "Q," refers to a report which is pretty common up on the street, and which has excited, so far as it has gained any credit, the utmost surprise and indignation among our people. What the citizens of *Virginia*, at least, think of such revolutionary notions as are therein referred to, may be seen in the noble action of our House of Delegates on Tuesday last. Propositions not a whit more disorderly, ruinous and fatal than those referred to by "Q" were indefinitely postponed in the promptest and most indignant manner, by a vote of 101 to 2. That vote spoke for Virginia in substance and in manner. We do not doubt but that the honor of the State is as truly represented in Congress, and that no one of *her* delegates, at least, could have a part in such exceedingly reprehensible and intolerable proceedings as are imagined.

If there be, indeed, a single member remaining in Congress who is in favor of seeking peace by the Occoquan road, instead of the regular authorised mode of negotiation which the Constitution has provided, and which he has sworn to support, he knows but little of the temper of the people, if he supposes he would meet with the least encouragement or toleration or escape the most indignant reprehension. The sentiment of Gov. Vance is the sentiment of our whole people, and the sworn duty of our legislators. "Let all of our movements, whether of peace or war, be in *solid column*." There is neither dignity, honor, nor safety in any other; nothing but folly, treason and ruin.

WORTHY OF BEING NAMED.—A few facts have recently come to our knowledge in reference to the conduct of Major James M. Stevenson, 36th N. C. Troops, which are worthy of being named.

1

At the late battle of Harrison's Old Field, which was an advanced position, 14 miles from Savannah, Major Stevenson was in command with a part of his own battallion and parts of the 50th, 40 and 10th battallions. Gen. Hardee did not intend them to fight the enemy but merely to hold them in check a few hours; but the order to retreat failing to reach the Major, with his small force he fought the enemy till flanked by two two briadts, by whom he and his whole command came near being captured. Information reached Gen. Hardee that the Major's command was captured, for a Yankee brigade was in the road by which he would have to retreat.

Maj. Stevenson, however, seems to have known the country better then Gen. Hardee, a informent, and made his escape with all his men; except thirteen killed. He also brought off all his wounded, his artillery and wagons, and that same night marched into Savannah and reported in person to Gen. Hardee, by whom he was warmly received and highly complimented.

For this act of gallantry and skill we think the least that can be done for

Major Stevenson is at hand his exploit round. Such conduct, though doubtless highly appreciated by the commanding General does not always meet with recognition in official reports, and we esteem it an important duty of the press to encourage all acts tending to the efficiency of the army. By proper encouragement every private in our armies may skilfully act the General in emergencies.—*State Journal.*

AN INCIDENT.—It is said that the Yankee General Kilpatrick claims to be a relative of an eminent Baptist divine in this county. While in Burke county, hearing that the aged divine was at the house of a neighbor, he called to see him. With reluctance, Rev. they met, in accordance with usual custom, it being bed time, the parson knelt down to pray, and in his prayer petitioned the Lord of Host to send confusion among our foes, and scatter their hosts and bring peace to our land.

After the prayer was concluded Rev. Mr. K's daughter told Gen. Kilpatrick that she had some wheat in her gin house, and as she had learned that he was burning every one of them, she would like for him to permit her to have it removed before he burned the house.

He told her it was needless to remove the wheat, assuring her upon the word and honor of a gentleman that he would not burn her gin house. He immediately left the house, and proceeded to the gin house with some ten or fifteen men, and with his own hand fired it. The wheat and house were consumed. He gave as a reason for this conduct, *that the parson insulted him in his prayers.*—*Augusta Chronicle.*

PRISONERS.—Four hundred and