

# NEWSPAPER WEEKLY PROGRESS.

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BY J. L. PENNINGTON.

THE NEWBERN WEEKLY PROGRESS AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Every Tuesday morning, at TWO DOLLARS a year for single subscribers, and only ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF to clubs of six or more. The Paper will not be sent to any one till the money is received, and all subscriptions will be discontinued when the time paid for expires. Money, if mailed in the presence of a Postmaster, may be sent at our risk.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 8, 1862.

North-Western Virginia.

We find extensive correspondences in the Virginia papers complaining bitterly of the abandonment of the North West by our soldiery and urging vehemently upon the war department at Richmond to send aid to assist them in beating back the Yankee thieves and robbers, and saving their country from disgrace and ruin.

It sickens the heart to read these mournful accounts, and it is to be hoped, and we devoutly pray, that this fine country, comprising a fourth of the area and a third of the white population of that old and honored Commonwealth, is to be abandoned to the enemy that the Government will at once notify the honest inhabitants of the fact that they may abandon their fated homes and come down where they can enjoy the pleasures of civilized society; for in that, hitherto, prosperous and happy country, are to be found as wise and patriotic men, as intelligent, frugal and christian-hearted matrons and as sprightly, interesting and lovely maidens as are to be found anywhere in God's creation, and it is a crying shame that such people should be sacrificed to the gratifying of the wicked lusts of such vile wretches as now infest and menace that country.

All sober and considerate men everywhere, both in America and Europe, agree upon this one proposition, that the Northern people and government are intoxicated with malice, hatred, and envy, and it is said that the leaders about Washington absolutely keep themselves drunk with rum, otherwise they could not venture to perpetrate such horrid deeds of wickedness and crime as have marked their course at every turn since this degrading struggle commenced. And yet, in all the border Southern States thousands of men have been and are still found wicked enough to wink at, and actually aid the enemy in his deeds of unparalleled outrage. Had the people of Missouri, Kentucky, Western Virginia and Maryland acted with the promptness of North Carolina when Lincoln committed the overt act, the struggle would not have lasted to the present time. But unfortunately those States were cursed with leading men that merited elevation at the end of a rope much more than to offices which they perverted to the destruction of their country.

The great base of our country has been the yielding, on the part of the people, instead of governing themselves, to be governed by an unprincipled set of demagogues. The people are right, and could they have had their way those States never would have been overrun as they have been. We are happy, however, to see that Kentucky is raising her head and we begin to feel confident that the day is not far distant when she will hurl back the invading foe to his own native haunts of iniquity and abomination. The following extract from the pen of the Editor of the *Bowling Green Courier*, has inspired us with new hope and zeal. We commend it heartily, to the careful reading and prompt emulation of all faint hearted persons hereabouts. True, that Burnside with his expedition is said to be on his way here and so it may be, but if all our people will but come up to the work in the spirit of the extract, better would it be for Burnside were a millstone hanged about his neck and he cast into the midst of the sea:

OLD KENTUCKY.

The writer, after alluding to the tardiness which at first characterized the movements of Kentucky, says:

Thank God that sleep is at last broken. The giant is at last aroused. "There's life in the old land yet."

Kentucky was not dead, but slept. She is now aroused, erect, defiant, self-reliant, she is Kentucky again; and her sons, with arms of giant strength and hearts of oak and stubborn resolution, are in the field to shield her from evil, to defend her rights, to vindicate her good name and honorable fame, and, by their deeds of valor and heroic endurance, to make the title of Kentuckian again the synonym for all that is generous and true and brave.

Yes, "there's life in the old land yet"—life in the veins of freemen, in the gale that sweeps across the borders of the State, in the soil in which rest the remains of the illustrious dead, on the highest peaks of the Cumberland and in the valleys of the Ohio,—life everywhere, in the Spring tide, healthy, vigorous, growing,—life that cannot be crushed out by tyranny and usurpation,—life immortal as freedom itself.

Kentucky is alive. Her true sons, jealous of her fame and her honor, and proud of her history, no longer clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes and scourge themselves and seek through fasting and prayer to avert the wrath of Heaven, but, as they contemplate her present position, and consider the many indications of her regeneration, they celebrate her deliverance with feasting and thanksgiving and hymns of joy and praise.

The scales are lifted from the eyes of the people of Kentucky. They see things as they are. Yawning at their feet is the dark and bottomless gulf into which they will not drift; and escaping from it, with lusty efforts they are stemming the dreadful current down which they lately floated without a struggle, challenging the admiration of the world in their newly developed strength and newly manifested spirit.

In the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, with Marshall and Williams, and Barnes, and May, and Moutree, at West Liberty, and Hazle Green, and Owensville,—and all through the Blue Grass counties, are indications of life and power that must strike terror into the coward hearts of the tyrant and his hireling tools and base-born minions, and cause them to cry out for help against the people of the land, whom their days are numbered in the land.

Thank God! Kentuckians, "there's life in the old land yet!" Let the loyal sons of Virginia's daughters, eldest born of States in the first impulse of their joy gather around the "flag of the people" and bear it through fire, and flood, and death, to the borders of the Commonwealth on the east and north and west, sweeping away as chaff before the wind, as stubble before the fire, all those who have thrust your State into a dishonored grave, and made you the slaves of strangers who are not worthy to unloose the latches of your doors.

Another Rumple.—We understand from a gentleman, who ought to know, that a stout compass was kicked up at the Washington Hotel night before last by some gentlemen with a drop in the eye, in which a portion of one side of the house was knocked down and other mischief done, but to what extent we did not learn. These difficulties will continue to happen while bar rooms are permitted to be kept open at night. These institutions had better be closed at once, from sun down to sun up in the week, and all day on Sundays, or it will soon become a military necessity here, as it has in many other places.

We are credibly informed that if a grog seller ventures to open his shop at Norfolk or Portsmouth, after dark, he subjects his entire stock to the mercy of the man who goes around with an axe.

The Richmond Examiner of Monday has what it calls a communication from its Washington City correspondent, which by the way, as we take it, is bogus, and smells very much like it had originated in the office of that paper, but which makes its points too well and strikes its blows too plump to be lost.

After giving the war department at Richmond a regular curving down, in which it publishes a long list of names of those who have been permitted to go to Yankee land with free passports, charging that all, or nearly so, are Lincoln spies in the regular employ of the Ramp Government, it winds up in the following style:

Whoever may have kept in his memory the most striking incident in the lobby history of this corrupt capital must be aware of the fact that once, when a printer was elected by a Democratic Congress, H. Greeley had a share of the profits. How this was engineered is immaterial; but I learn that a still more ingenious device has been practiced by him since the late election in relation to Southern contracts. I am credibly informed that these astute politicians, and several others of no less notoriety, are participating largely in several contracts made in Richmond; and I suspect the names of some of these agents are in the hands of the State of Virginia. One of these contracts from all accounts, will yield a clear profit of a half of a million of dollars.

There will be no war with England. Having plunged into the slough of dishonor, Seward will wade through rather than turn back. Yet it is said in diplomatic circles that the stone wall blockade is an offence against God and all the world. War is a calamity, but the Yankees are making its evils eternal. Providence formed the ports for the use of mankind in all ages, but Lincoln is destroying the work of God, and would annihilate the planet upon whose productions the whole civilized world is in great measure dependent. If, therefore, such Vandal barbarity should be likely to involve the United States in a war with England, the Yankees will submit the degradation of fishing up the stones against one by one, and taking them all back.

Lincoln's programme, however, does not now contemplate a subjugation of the cotton States. He would submit to a political separation to-morrow if the ports were sealed against the rest of the world, and the people would not themselves trade with the North. He does not mean to conquer the border States—and that with as little fighting as possible. The plan is to threaten the communications of the army of the Potomac, and when it falls back to advance and entrench, and then to dig their way into the heart of Virginia. If they get the Tennessee railroad and send a column to capture the ocean shore road, they think the Southern army will retire into North Carolina. They will follow and when you turn upon they will entrench. They swear to have Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee by threatening communications and entrenching.—The ocean at present is theirs.

We have rumours here of dissensions between Mr. Benjamin and General Beauregard, which would be a most unfortunate event. The genius of Beauregard is much dreaded, and Lincoln would be happy to learn that his arm had been paralyzed. And the Yankees are still fearful that President Davis himself will some day vault into the saddle of his horse and charge into the North, and ask the speculators of Calumet, "Having no conception that an invasion of the North would exasperate and rouse all the Yankees to arms was an egregious error. The way to rouse them was the policy adopted, viz: awaiting their attack. If you had attacked them, many in doubt of result would have, unannounced, awaited events."

The revenue policy of the Provisional Government, unfortunately, plays into the hands of the enemy. By the reports of Mr. Seward's spies in Europe, who, like curs, have dogged the steps of Messrs. Yancy and Mann, I learn that just when an association of shippers were preparing to send over a large number of cargoes, amounting to fifty millions in merchandise, for Southern ports, a copy of your tariff was adroitly furnished them, which, as the French say, caused interpellations, and destroyed the enterprise. The merchants in question were Mr. Yancy on the subject, prefacing their communication with reminiscences of Southern States, and Southern traditions, which had induced them to believe the South was pledged to free trade. They had read the speeches of Calumet, having no correspondents in the South, if they landed fifty millions in merchandise, they would also have to send out seven and a half millions in specie to pay the duties. That 15 per cent. added to the enormous insurance, and other risks, deterred them from sending further in that matter. They had no money for their cargoes; all they desired was an exchange of their commodities for our cotton. Yancy was in candour compelled to admit that a duty of 15 per cent had been imposed by the Confederate Congress. These merchants have concluded that the safest course is to send the ship to New York, and rely upon the smuggling capacities of the speculators North and South for the sale of the goods—and upon obtaining cotton through the instrumentality of Lincoln's fleets.

Brownlow is to be Brigadier. A band of incendiaries has been sent to Virginia to burn the railroad bridges.

THE CHICKEN QUESTION.

(1.) SNEAK TO ADDUCE.—(Extract.)

"CHICKEN DEPARTMENT,"  
APLUND, November 30, 1861.

ADDUCE, your's a smart chap. Did the thing decently the other day. We'll whip em all soon.

By the by, Adduces, we have "gone and done it," I'm afraid. One of our boys has just grabbed four of old Cornfed's fine cocks out of one of Bull's royal coops, and I wouldn't be surprised if that last old chap runs about it; so look sharp and keep your eyes skinned, for you are my man. I'll just tell you Adduces (who you needn't say nothing about it except upon a pinch), that the chap wasn't exactly authorized to steal the chickens. You understand.

Yours, &c., WILLIAM SNEAK."

(2.) BULL TO LYON.

"BULL PEN, Nov. 30, 1861.

Else other night one of my royal chicken coops was assailed by a rock from a fellow in the service of Wm. Sneak, Esq., and no one appearing to defend it, it was invaded and four notable cocks, which cousin Cornfed had entrusted to my care, were abstracted.

If the aforesaid Sneak has not returned them to you before this, show him this note, and take him by the hair and tell him that I will have those chickens instantly, or I will lick him, as I have a mind to do anyhow.

I am, &c., BULL."

(3.) SNEAK TO LYON.

"CHICKEN DEPARTMENT,"  
APLUND, Dec. 24, 1861.

My Lord:—The respectable Mr. Bull's letter, which you sent me, says so and so, though you know all about it, I'll say it over again to fill up and get started.

Well, the fact is the rock was dashed at the coop, but, as the boys tell me, 'twas all in the most efficacious manner. Furthermore, besides, and moreover, you ought to have said, but "sublimely" and very properly waited for me to say, that the cocks in question was real fighting cocks of the contrabandist character. But it's pints is these:

1. Was these cocks chickens?
  2. Mightn't a fellow peep into his neighbor's coop?
  3. Did he peep scientifically?
  4. Spying the cocks, and taking them for chickens, hadn't he a right to nab them?
  5. Oughtn't he to have took the coop too?
- As to the first, cocks is chickens, by all the laws of henroosts, (see opinions of Duck in Mudpuddle, &c.) As to the second, I would like to ask, "Hasn't you peeped into your coop yourself?"
- As third and fourth will "doubtless" be agreed to, we pass to the 5th, and there's the rub—that's a fact.
- Sometimes I think he ort to have took the coop, and then I think he ort to; sometimes I am dubious; and then again I don't know what to think; and then, specially since the reception of My Lord's letter, all my arguments will slip over and get on the wrong side; and consequently, I am very much afraid, (not really afraid, though; no, who's afraid?) but I mean I feel compelled to decide that he ought to have took the coop. Inasmuch, however, as he did not take the coop with the chickens, and in accordance with the American doctrine—well, the fact is, as you say you want the chickens, and are so polite about it—I have decided to "fork over." But see here, (in your ear,) don't help old Cornfed any more.—The cocks are in the Bosting coop; send and get them.

Your humble, obedient servant,  
W. SNEAK."

(4.) LYON TO SNEAK.

Pish for your palaver; I didn't ask for that. Think I'd read it? I've sent it over to the old man, he'll see about it. Meanwhile I take the chicken and advise you to look out for squalls.

LYON.

Foreign News.

From the Norfolk Day Book of Monday we get the following additional Yankee and foreign news:

Boston, Dec. 31, 1861.

When the intelligence that Mason and Slidell were to be surrendered was first flashed over the wires to this city, the solid and many of the weak men of Boston were loud in the expression of their indignation. The Merchants' Exchange echoed with the declarations that "they never should be given up," even if war with Great Britain were to ensue. The excitement, however, gradually subsided, and on the receipt of Secretary Seward's letter to Lord Lyons the decision of the government was acquiesced in, cordially by some and doggedly by others. Since then the telegraph has kept the city in some degree of ferment by reports as to when and how the rebel Commissioners were to be surrendered. It was yesterday stated, on apparently good authority, that the Commodore Niagara, now in this port, would get up steam at once, go down to Fort Warren, and take the Commissioners and their secretaries, and their baggage, to England, minus other freight and other passengers.—Then, again, it was reported that the British steamer Persia would come in hot haste from the St. Lawrence, and relieve Fort Warren of its formidable quartette of rebels. But neither of these reports proved correct. It is true Captain Moodie, of the Niagara, with his usual alacrity coaled his ship, and at seven o'clock had steam up ready to go somewhere; but the fact was that the Niagara was simply to leave her berth to make room for the Persia, which might, according to the agent's advice, arrive here in the ordinary course of business, but without any view of taking to Europe the rebel Commissioners. Mr. E. C. Bates' Cunard's agent, had already made arrangements for coaling the Persia here; but a dispatch received this morning informed him that the Persia would not come to this port, but proceed to New York. Furthermore, it was stated on authority that the Commissioners would go to Europe, where they did go, by neither the Niagara nor the Persia.

It is surmised that the America, which leaves your port to-morrow for Liverpool, will touch here and take off Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who are very anxious to go by the first opportunity; but that matter rests with Lord Lyons. They are, as it were, now in his hands, although not actually delivered up, and we have not here yet ascertained what disposition he will make of them. It is certain, however, that no parade will be made about the matter when they do go, or by what vessel. A dip of the flag, and that will be all. It is surmised that the America, which leaves your port to-morrow for Liverpool, will touch here and take off Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who are very anxious to go by the first opportunity; but that matter rests with Lord Lyons. They are, as it were, now in his hands, although not actually delivered up, and we have not here yet ascertained what disposition he will make of them. 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