

as his sleeves and prepared to get down, "how did you serve him?" "He wouldn't turn out, I'm high, as I turned out myself." (Laughter.)

Solomon says there is nothing new under the sun—of which the modern saying that history repeats itself, is but a paraphrase. The records of nations are full of just such trials as we are passing through, and combined, present a panorama of God's dealings with communities and races. We cannot understand the deep significance of the present. When it becomes the past we will comprehend it, and as painfully read the workings of Providence in our national affairs, as the captive prophet Ezekiel saw by the river Chebar, the appearance of the likeness of God in the whirlwind which came from the North. I have faith to believe that He does not intend the blood of our gallant boys shed shall be in vain. It is impious to suppose He will let us be conquered by such a cruel and wicked race as the Yankee, if we only prove true to ourselves. Our sons are filled with martial enthusiasm; they have made a piece of common bunting, that not many months ago was no more than any other strip of cloth, prominent among the world's standards ablaze with glory, and classic in the history of chivalric deeds. They are led by the greatest general in modern times, who is nearest the approach to Washington in all that is noble and true, and on whom is bestowed, universally, the well-earned title of "the Christian Warrior." (Great applause.)

Do you think God will forsake such a Chief, if the people prove true to him? With such prospects before us, such assistance to support us, let us not basely conquer ourselves. Above all things do not discourage the men who have enlisted for the war—those great and gallant veterans. God bless them, my heart warms at their patriotism. They first volunteered for twelve months; then were conscripted for three years; were promised furloughs they never got; have had to quietly witness mismanagement heap for heavier burdens upon their unweary shoulders, (the greatest trial of all); and yet, when the hour demands it, come up and again present their lives a voluntary offering upon the altar of their country. (Applause.) I have read or heard of nothing in this war that has given me so much encouragement as this evidence of the spirit of our soldiers; and I am here, my friends, to-day, to beg you not to discourage them. If you are out of spirits, don't try to dishearten the men who are bearing the burdens of the war; who plod their weary rounds on picket under the silent stars, away from wife and child, and home, and friends, whilst you repose safely in your feather bed, under your own roof and in the bosom of your family; who amid the red flash of artillery and hissing dead shot, charge the fearful heights, whilst you drive your team afield, listening to the melody of the birds instead of the shriek of the demon shell, winged with death and destruction. What are your sufferings and sacrifices contrasted with theirs? I tell you, my friends, when I saw these glorious men re-enlisting for the war in Virginia and in the South, my heart jumped for joy as if I heard of a great victory. And no it was, one of the greatest ever achieved. It was the best peace meeting held yet, and did more to incline the hearts of our enemies to negotiations. I forgot my forebodings, and felt ashamed that I ever doubted, or grumbled at my hard lot—for you must know that I grumble and growl like the rest of you.

You do not, my fellow-citizens, end your duty when you reluctantly let your sons go to the war. You must sustain them there.—When you write to your boy, my friend, do not tell him how badly you suffer, or that his wife and children are crying for bread. Do not write that the war is all wrong; that the original secessionists got us into the scrape, and that his sacrifices and sufferings are for nothing. Keep these opinions for pay-day. When he is called upon to charge that deadly battery and storm those heights glittering with bayonets, do not let his steps falter because of the suggestions you have made that it is all for naught. Rather let him be inspired by the reflection that bright eyes are at home to reward his valor; that loving hearts beat with pride at the news of his gallant achievements; that he is assisting in placing his country among the proudest nations of the world, and he will rush forward to the heights of victory, and if he falls his last moments will be disturbed by no doubts and regrets, but he will calmly watch his life-blood ebb away, and with his last breath thank God he has friends, home, and a country worth fighting for, worth dying for. (Applause.)

As long as we do fight let us fight our very best, and when we quit fighting, let us quit short off. As long as we do maintain the contest let us send every man to the field who would be of less service at home; and encourage him; divide the last bushel of corn with his wife and children at home, suffer, endure, hang on manfully, and if the worst comes, to the worst; if perchance we must, poor old North Carolina, whose muster rolls will be her eulogy, will go down as she went out, harmoniously, with dignity and decency, and evoking the admiration of the gods at her fortitude and heroism. (Cheers.)

If we had no other encouragement, the illustrations with which history is full would sustain us with the assurance that a determined people fighting for their liberties cannot be conquered. You know that in the war of the Revolution we had greater difficulties to encounter than now meet us. It is a notable fact that we were whipped in three-fourths of the battles of the revolution. The enemy took the city of Charleston, marched through South Carolina, driving Marion and Sumpter into the swamps, then into North Carolina, driving our forces back into the wilderness of Virginia, and then returned to Wilmington having traversed two States with the air of a Conqueror. How far have the Yankees penetrated those two States? Our currency is an unsettled condition at twenty for one, but that of our Revolution forerunners was eight hundred for one. The enemy held every seaboard city, and indeed almost every city in the interior. Our armies were repeatedly scattered. The people were whipped out they would not believe it, and in this faith, through seven long years of blood and suffering, they finally prevailed.

How stands the case with us. The enemy has sent on us host after host and has not yet taken Richmond, Charleston, Wilmington, Mobile; none of our seaboard cities except Norfolk, New Orleans and Galveston—and the latter he was glad enough to leave. Instead of being whipped by an invading army in three-fourths of the battles fought, as were our ancestors, we have whipped an invading army in four-fifths of our engagements.

There is a rule in military science that requires an invading army to deposit a certain proportion of its strength in the line of march to protect its rear. Now consider the fact that they have never penetrated fifty miles into the interior of our territory, beyond the point where their gunboats could mass troops and protect their rear. Let them try to get from Chattanooga to Atlanta. By the time they reach there, they will have dropped enough of their strength along the line of march to protect their base of supplies, and being then in no unreasonable disproportion to Gen. Johnston's army he will fall upon them, and thrash them like dogs. (Applause.) It is true, we cannot cope with them on the water, for we have not yet a navy; but it fortunately happens that the most of this country is composed of good dry ground. We have never been much acquainted with the water affairs; indeed, I believe most of our people prefer whisky. (Laughter.)

The trans-Mississippi has been separated from us. Well, the people over there are lucky, for the supply of bad Generals has been cut off, and they flourish a little better on this account than we do. After three years' war, and at an expense of four thousand million dollars, the enemy has overrun the greater part of Tennessee, a portion of Mississippi and of Alabama, but he has still five hundred thousand square miles to overrun on this side of the Mississippi, when, if we are only as determined as other people have been in similar trials, his work will have begun. Why, gentlemen, the little country of Holland, no much bigger than this country, dug as it were out of the bottom of the sea, and inhabited by a heavy, plodding population, Philip the second of Spain, who was styled, in the lordly language of the age, the "dominator of three worlds," assisted by the finest army Europe ever saw, and commanded by the grandest captain of the age, undertook to impose the yoke of his empire on this little country, and, to his great astonishment, it resisted him. Their cities were burned to ashes, their fields laid waste, the dykes cut and the sea let in upon their country, and women and children drowned in their houses; starvation stared them full in the face, and, in some instances, they boiled and ate grass cut from between the tomb stones of the dead; and they fought and bled—how long do you suppose? Three years, as we have! Seven years, as our ancestors did! They fought Philip and the grand armies of those of his successors for eighty years, and their miserable little country which historians denominated outcast by men and gods, finally triumphed, preserved its liberties and secured a permanent peace, despite the efforts of a tyrant who held millions of men in subjection. Shall we ever allow ourselves to be put to shame by the valor of those who are sometimes termed, in not very elegant language, "the d—d Dutch," when we are possessed of grievances of which they never dreamed?

There was Scotland, who resisted the attempt of the English to subjugate her for four hundred years, and finally overcame her enemies and forced them to accept her King, James the VI, as James the I of England.—There was the little duchy of Prussia, hardly big enough for Frederick the Great to try one of his long-ranged guns in, without shooting over into some neighboring territory. Well, this little country fought the combined armies of five of the greatest powers in Europe, representing a population of one hundred million, whilst Prussia had a population of only five million, for the space of seven years, and finally came out with her nationality and liberties unimpaired, and richer than when she went into the war, though during the bloody strife her Capital had been taken and re-taken half-a-dozen times, and the country often one scene of the wildest desolation.

Shall we not persist in our struggle for independence, and add another bright page to the history of the triumphs of a free people against despotism.

In concluding, fellow-citizens, allow me to remind you of a text of sacred scripture, which I think would suit your case. You know when St. Paul went to the city of Ephesus and announced the true God, he raised quite a row with Demetrius and the rest of the artists in the place, who had been accustomed to making their living by manufacturing shrines for the Goddess Diana; and they were about to massacre Saint Paul for his interferences with their profits. At the height of the excitement which was about to break out into actual hostilities, there appeared among them a fellow, the town clerk, whose name is not given, and I regret the omission, for I think he was the smartest unspurred man mentioned in Scripture, who got upon the court-house steps or "the stump" and spoke to the people. What? Do any of you recollect the passage? He advised the people "to do nothing rash." "For," said he, "you will be held accountable for this uproar. If Demetrius and the artisans have anything against this man, the law is open; let them impeach each other, the deputies are sworn, and it shall be inquired of in a lawful assembly." This is the advice I give you to-day: Do nothing rash.

If there is a man in the State of North Carolina who has reason to love her people and who should be ready to make any sacrifice eyes to the laying down of life for their welfare, it is myself. You have heaped honor after honor upon my head, and at length testified your great confidence by bestowing on me the highest office in the State within your gift. I have presumed on this expressed confidence to tell you the truth, as I honestly

conceive it to be. I have come among you to beg you in the name of reason, of humanity, to obey the law, to recognize order and authority, to do nothing except in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, to bear the ills you have, rather than fly to evils you know not of; in short, like the town clerk of Ephesus to implore you "to do nothing rash."

I have no more doubt about the establishment of the independence of the Southern Confederacy now, than I have of my existence, provided we remain true to the cause we have solemnly taken to support. North Carolina is pledged to it, by her original act, by the resolutions of her Legislature, by a hundred assurances of the most solemn character. She will dare endure to the bitter end. The men who suffer are the men who win.—There is nothing exists in the earth nor in the heavens worth having, that is not the reward of patient endurance. To endure is the first lesson of life. If we are not base metal we will stand the fiery test. I thank you for the indulgence with which you have attended to my rambling remarks and in retiring, allow me to express the hope and trust that ere many months, you may rest under the shade of our tree of national independence which has been so freely watered with blood and tears, while within its leafy branches the white-winged dove of peace shall tune her soft notes to the memory of your loved and lost, who rejoiced to lay down their lives for their altars and their firesides.

May God bless you all.

Arrest of a Government Officer at City Point upon the Charge of Communicating Reasonable Documents to the Enemy.—A Most Absurd Affair.—One of the most extraordinary cases of alleged treason that the war has yet developed—not even excepting the far-famed Patterson Aiken case—was brought to the surface yesterday by the arrest, at City Point, and the incarceration in Castle Thunder, of Philip Cashmeyer, special detective, attached to the immediate personal office of Gen. John H. Winder, commandant of the Department of Henrico, which position he has held for nearly two years, enjoying all the while the confidence of the General, and, to a degree, "all others in authority."

But few facts have as yet been developed from official quarters in regard to the arrest and the grounds upon which it was made, but they are in the main as follows: The flag of truce steamer Schultz, that conveyed the Federal prisoners to City Point, on Monday afternoon, in charge of Captain William H. Hatch, also carried several civilians and outside parties, among the latter Detective Philip Cashmeyer. Formerly he accompanied the flag of truce regularly, in a business capacity, but another arrangement threw him out, and he latterly had only gone down occasionally as a visitor, as he did on this last occasion. It was observed on the way down that he was quite intimate with the Yankee prisoners, and on several occasions seen in close conversation with one or more of the officers. While the prisoners were being transferred to the Federal steamer New York Cashmeyer was observed to pass a package from himself to a prisoner, who put it in his bosom. The prisoner was immediately "spotted," and being accosted by Capt. Hatch, who informed him that he would have to be detained this trip, unless he gave up the package just given to him by Cashmeyer. This the prisoner did once, and was detained and not suffered to pass on board. Upon examination of the package it was found to contain two enveloped documents, one in English and the other in German. The former embraced all the orders, etc., issued from the Department of Gen. Winder recently, and calculated to afford the enemy a full insight into the military organization of Richmond. With this evidence of Cashmeyer's crime before him, Capt. Hatch at once put him under strict arrest on board the Schultz. Upon the return of the steamer to the city yesterday afternoon, Cashmeyer was taken before Gen. Winder, who ordered his commitment to Castle Thunder to await the developments expected to be derived from the documents seized, and from other sources. The writings in German—Cashmeyer's native tongue—had only been partly translated last evening, but that portion of the letter translated is said to be treasonable in the highest degree. We have not learned to whom these alleged treasonable documents were addressed. They are in the possession of Gen. Winder.

Cashmeyer who is about 35 years of age, came from Baltimore to Richmond at the outbreak of the war, and was one of the first Government detectives appointed. In that capacity, and having an extensive acquaintance in Maryland and the District of Columbia, he was often called upon to vouch for the loyalty of parties coming into the Confederacy. At his instigation, suspected persons have been arrested, and upon his intercession others have been released.—He has travelled without check or restraint, from one extreme of the Confederacy to the other, as the custodian of dispatches of the utmost importance; in short, had the private and confidential ear of the commandant of the Department, such was the unlimited faith universally reposed in his integrity to the Southern cause. If the charge unexpectedly alleged against him be true, then his opportunities for inflicting vital mischief upon the Confederate cause have been numerous, and their importance incalculable. While a doubt of this exists we are willing to yield the accused the benefit of it. For that reason we may stay further comment at this stage of this most extraordinary case, but will resume it again as the facts and circumstances develop themselves.—Rich. Examiner.

YE MILK OUT OF THE COCONUT.—As we said some time since, the proceedings of a set of agitators in Greene County threw some light upon the question of the milk in the Coconut, by denouncing all compromise or harmony in this State and nominating W. W. Holden as their candidate for Governor upon that platform.

The rather peculiar movement of this candidate, so nominated, in accepting his paper after the passage of the late law of Congress in reference to the writ of habeas corpus, was another indication pointing to the milk in the coconut. Mr. Holden was to be a martyr on cheap terms. "Eloquent silence" was to be the dodge. Denied the opportunity of working against the Confederate authority, and bringing it into disrepute in North Carolina, he was, on this account, to be made the object of a sympathy soon to rise into a furor and ultimately to carry him into the gubernatorial chair.

Still, the milk was in the coconut.—Now it is out. Mr. Holden has, as we learn from the Raleigh papers, issued an extra Standard containing a card announcing himself a candidate for the office of Governor of North Carolina, at the election to be held on the first Thursday in August next.

This announcement will surprise no one who has paid any attention to the signs of the times. Things have been working for some time past. Some of those who have clung to and boasted up Mr. Holden, have sown the wind. Now they run a risk of reaping the whirlwind. If so, they at least, can have no right to complain.

Wilmington Journal.

"Is thy Servant a Dog, that he should do this great thing?"—Such was the exclamation of Hazeel when the prophet of Samaria told him of the evil deeds he would commit. Hazeel did not know himself. He did commit the enormities, the bare mention of which excited his indignation.

Our readers will remember that in November last we saw—though "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet" that the Standard, whilst professing to be the exclusive champion of Gov. Vance—so much so that it even denied that the Observer was his friend—was at that very moment paving the way to bring out opposition to Gov. Vance. The Standard of course denied our inference from its course. But behold the result! By a dispatch to the North Carolinian this morning, we find that this same Wm. W. Holden, Editor of the Standard and exclusive friend of Gov. Vance, has announced himself a candidate for the office of Governor against this same Gov. Vance! "Is thy servant a dog?"—Fay. Observer.

Dying out of the Convention Scheme.—

Within a few days we have received several assurances by letter and otherwise that the project of getting up a State Convention to enable North Carolina to "take her own affairs into her own hands," and to "withdraw the keystone from the Confederate arch, so that the whole structure would tumble to the ground," is pretty effectually knocked in the head. A letter from Stokes county informs us that but few even of the subscribers to the Standard are in favor of Convention. A letter from Guilford says that the project is dying out in that section of the State. And we see a card in the Greensboro' Patriot signed by a gentleman who had acted as Secretary to a Convention meeting in Backingham county, saying:—

"I have since become satisfied that such meetings can do no good, but are calculated to aid and encourage our enemies, and that the political wire-workers who are at the bottom of them so understand them. I therefore disclaim all connection with them for the future."

Upon the back of these comes the speeches of Governor Vance at Wilkesborough, Statesville and Salisbury, in which he took decided ground against the Convention agitation. This is no sudden view of the Governor; his speech is but an exposition of his well known and well settled views on this question, made public on the first proper opportunity, which was afforded by an invitation to address the people of Wilkes.

Upon the whole we congratulate our readers upon the death of the scheme. It has done a deal of evil to the character of North Carolina, but we have much to be thankful for that its power to do much more and worse is at an end.—Fayetteville Observer.

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL ON GOV. VANCE'S SPEECH.

We anticipated objection to a point or two of this very able speech, but we regret to see that the Journal is dissatisfied with it in particulars where it is not liable to complaint. It says that the Governor was too late in coming out, and intimates that the speech was made for "political effect or personal popularity." Facts within our knowledge dissipate this idea. It is well known that the Convention movement originated at the close of the late session of the Legislature in January, resulting from the killing of the so called peace movement. At that very moment Gov. Vance was invited to speak at Wilkesboro'; he promptly accepted the invitation, of course leaving those who invited him to fix the time. They fixed the 22d of February, and it is within our knowledge that he was much disappointed, having expected and desired a day immediately after the adjournment of the Legislature. It was not the Governor's fault therefore that he did not speak earlier. He spoke on the first invitation; and has availed himself of every opportunity, public and private, short of thrusting himself forward uncalled for, to make known his opposition to this Convention scheme, as well as to its progenitor, the peace movement. The Journal will thus see that it does great injustice to Gov. Vance in supposing that "there is something behind, or that the movement has been made under the spur of some impelling force or circumstance not quite apparent on the surface."

Next the Journal says, that whilst it can easily overlook Gov. Vance's "references to secessionists, &c." it cannot fail to regret the absence of any hearty assertion of the justice of our cause, or of our inherent right and resulting duty to assert and maintain our independence against aggression aimed at our liberties and institutions. Gov. Vance's arguments show conclusively the present necessity under which we are placed of maintaining our position, but fail to take the high ground of inherent and vital right. This we deeply regret, says the Journal.

It seems to us that the Journal must have been searching for something to cavil at, for no one else appears to have discovered any such "absence." We presume that the Governor himself will be informed of it for the first time on reading the Journal. But we ask the Journal to look at the Governor's Inaugural Address, Sept. 8th 1862, and his subsequent Messages of Nov. 1862 and Nov. 1863, and at his whole course in the Army and in the Executive chair, for sufficient—abundantly sufficient—evidences of his "hearty assertion of the justice of our cause." If any man has more emphatically shown this, by word and deed, for three years past, we would like the Journal to tell us who that man is.

Again, the Journal says:—

"Would that the Governor had long since openly and freely taken his position, instead of, with an overstrained policy, keeping a hollow truce with those who were secretly mining under his feet, while to the outside world they traded on his popularity. Would that he had not deferred his action until Mr. W. W. Holden had thrown off the mask, and the breach which that individual had been preparing, had openly culminated in his announcing himself an opposition candidate for the office of Governor."

We reply, that the Governor has always openly and freely taken his position, against the so called "peace movement" of last summer, until that was killed off, and then on this Convention scheme, which only originated two or three months ago. He did not defer his action till Mr. Holden had announced himself a candidate. To say nothing of the Governor's well known views and his speaking on the first occasion offered, the speech itself was delivered on the 22d. February and Mr. Holden's announcement followed it on the 3d. March.

An objection is made in some quarters of a want of "dignity" in the Governor's speech. The Governor was on "the stump," and whilst the Statesman shone in those noble passages of eloquence and patriotism and far-seeing sagacity with which the speech abounds, the Man might well enforce his plea for his country by some of those touches of humor which have helped to make him the idol of every crowd to which he has spoken. Let those who fear for the dignity of the Governor search his Inaugural Address, his Messages, and all his official papers, and they will search in vain for a single line inconsistent with the highest dignity of his high office. It seems to us to be an essential trait of a really great man, to be able to adapt his