

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS ADVERTISING IN THIS CITY.—Persons desiring to advertise transiently in this paper must send the money with their advertisements if they expect them to appear.

REMEMBRANCE FOR THIS OFFICE.—Persons desirous of resending money to this office can do so by the Southern Express at our cost and risk.

THE NEWS.

The C. S. House of Representatives yesterday removed the injunction of secrecy from the Senate Military bill as amended and passed by that body. The principal amendments made by the House are given in our telegraphic column. The bill was sent to the Senate for further consideration in that body.

The House has also passed the Tax and Currency bills and sent them to the Senate for its concurrence. The Senate has repealed the law authorizing the organization of bands of partisan rangers, and requiring those in service to enlist for the war.

One hundred and nine Yankee officers escaped from the Libby prison Tuesday night, only one of whom has been recaptured.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

We publish in full in to-day's paper the address of our President to the army, a brief synopsis of which was given in our last issue. We have rarely, if ever, read a composition which combined as much honest, patriotic feeling, written out in as good English as this. From the commencement of the most trying Administration that mortal man was ever called on to conduct, the State Papers signed by the name of "Jefferson Davis" have extorted praise from even the deniable Yankees, and won commendation from the best critics of the trans-Atlantic world.

The air of manliness and dignity which characterizes every emanation from his pen must be acknowledged wherever manliness and dignity, unswerving, no matter how imminent the dangers or how heavy the responsibilities that cluster around, are appreciated. He is called cold, dogged, obstinate, ascetic, ill-mannered. Such he may be. But yet, we say, he has borne himself like a man—a true, patriotic man in the awful storm in which he has had, day and night, in health and in sickness, to grasp the helm of the ship, freighted with a priceless cargo, and never take his eye from theinnacle while steering it.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE WOMAN.

A letter received in this city, yesterday morning, communicated the intelligence of the death of Mrs. THOMAS G. BROWDER, the widow of Thomas G. Browder, of Norfolk. She died in the seventy-eighth year of her age. She "gently breathed her life away without a struggle, and entered upon that rest which remaineth for the people of God." Such is the language in which this intelligence was conveyed to the daughter, grand-daughter, and great-grand-daughter of the deceased. She was, from early life, an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church, and in her dying moments proved and exemplified the strength of the faith that was in her by the calmness with which she met the "grim foe," and the confidence she felt that he had "no sting for her" as far as the eternal world is concerned.

AFFECTING SCENE—SENTENCE OF FORDE.

Forde, the murderer of Dixon, former Clerk of the House of Representatives, whose recent trial resulted in a verdict of guilty and the fixing of his punishment at 18 years confinement in the State Penitentiary, was carried before the Hustings' Court of Richmond, on Saturday, when sentence was pronounced by Judge Lyons. The Register gives the following account of the proceeding:

When asked by Judge Lyons if he had anything to say why the Court should not then and there pronounce sentence upon him, Forde, in a tremulous voice, with tears rolling down his cheeks, replied that he had little to say—certainly, nothing he could say would avail him from the ignominious punishment about to be inflicted. He hoped his enemies were satisfied now. They had pursued him in the most unrelenting manner; but he forgave them, and trusted that they would meet with that mercy in another world, from an all-wise God, which he himself could not give.

His fate now, he continued, was a matter of small consequence; simply a ripple upon the wave. He would, perhaps, scarcely be injured in his living grave before the friends who had stood by him with such devotion, would forget him in the noise and bustle of this world, they would forget him in his living grave. But there was one whom he would have behind whose heart was broken for one who had followed him, and who had left the world a stranger with green hills of Kentucky for his happy home. He had prayed that God would temper the wind to the storm which would be his protector and comforter to her. Overcome by his feelings, the unfortunate young man sank into his chair, and bowing his head upon his breast, wept like a child.

The Judge, the Prosecuting Attorney, and the counsel for the accused were all affected to tears, and remained silent for some moments.

Forde finally stood up, when the Judge said it was painful duty to sentence one so young, of an unblemished family, and liberal culture, to the State's prison; but as an officer of the Commonwealth, he would not proceed to pass sentence, which he did in a few words, allowing the prisoner sixty days before carrying it into execution, that his counsel might have ample opportunity to apply to the Court of Appeals for a new trial.

THE FRENCH TOBACCO.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says much surprise is manifested there at the course of the British journals in denouncing the comity shown by the United States to the French Government, in regard to the importation of tobacco. The correspondent writes, in the register of the French Government, in regard to the request of the French Government, in regard to the importation of tobacco, in regard to the request of the French Government, in regard to the importation of tobacco.

DARKNESS.

The President of the Charleston Gas Light Company gives notice in the city papers that on and after that day all parties must have a illuminating substitute for gas which they can no longer make owing to the inadequate supply of wood.

THE PLOUGH.—IS THERE NOT A GOOD TIME COMING?

We do not remember that since the year of 1823 farmers were had the weather which has this year been vouchsafed to them, for making all the preparations for a crop as good as by industry and skill can be obtained from a soil which, when well tilled, will always remunerate the tiller thereof. This year, however, differs from 1823 in one or more important particulars, and the difference is in favour of the "good side." In 1823, the cold never froze the ground, and, therefore, it was not mellowed. Nor did, in this region, a grain of snow fall to keep warm and nurture the young blades of wheat forced into an unnatural growth by a season of unprecedented warmth. We well remember it. Thousands upon thousands of pounds of pork and other salted meat were destroyed by the excessive heat, and we recollect an instance in which, in the month of January of that year, a pair of strong horses pulling a carriage fainted and fell by the roadside overpowered by heat. In contrast with that memorable year is this. Without being blasted and blighted with frost and snow as in the opening of 1857—a spell never to be forgotten—we have had cold enough to mellow the ground, have recruited soil enough for purposes luxurious, as well as medicinal, and best of all, have had open weather enough to put the farmers and gardeners far ahead in their operations of any February weather that they have seen in the last six years. They are not prostrating the opportunity given to them. The plough and the spade are doing their work, and the result—God willing—will be realized in enough to sustain us in the struggle for liberty in which the savage foe anxiously thinks we will perish for the want of food.

In connection with this, we gladly look upon the spectacle which our army is presenting to the admiration of all the world save Yankeeedom. The men, in good heart and spirits, are re-enlisting, and defiantly telling the hated Yankee that no terms but independence with peace will be accepted by those who are resisting "a gigantic brigandage," such as civilized earth never before witnessed. The Yankee press is desponding—the Yankee Congress is distracted by its own quarrels—the Yankee finances are going to Davy Jones' locker with more than railroad speed—the Yankee Government is now the bye-word and scorn of all christendom, and soon we shall see the Yankee nation "sub-side" from the attitude of a "bully" firing his begrimed banner in the face of all the world, into a power which, if recognized at all, will be only acknowledged as a concern too contemptible to evoke anything from the rest of mankind but that pity which, not "akin to love," is inseparable from the most sovereign contempt.

THE NEWBORN EXPEDITION.—CAPTURE OF THE "UNDERWRITER."

The intelligent correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, who accompanied the expedition of Capt. Wood which captured and burnt the Yankee gunboat Underwriter during Gen. Fickett's late attack upon Newbern, writing from Kingston under date of Feb. 7, gives the following particulars of that daring but highly successful and praiseworthy adventure:

Undoubtedly a large majority of my readers will remember the account I wrote of Captain Wood's previous expedition on the Rappahannock to which he boarded the "Satellite" and "Reliance," and it will be, therefore, unnecessary for me to go over again the details of preparation and departure usual upon such boasting parties. Suffice it to say, then, on the morning of Sunday, 31st January, our boats were launched in the Neuse river, and in an hour's time we were pulling down towards the appointed rendezvous, some forty miles above Newbern. On by one the boats were started, and the only party to arrive at our commander, Captain Wood. About two o'clock his boat rounded the point, and he stepped ashore into the brigandish looking barge which had established. Without delay the arms and ammunition were distributed, the boats made ready, everything put ship-shape for the night, and between two and three o'clock we hauled out into the stream.

The boats were arranged in two divisions, the first under command of Capt. Wood, the second under Lieut. B. P. Loyall, and the two forming parallel to each other, we pulled rapidly down the stream. The trip was one of some little interest, but it would exceed my limits to give a detailed account of it. The river is wide and deep, the banks low and bordered with gnarled cypress trunks, whose branches hang over the water's edge, and cast a well defined shadow, and a dark broken light upon the water's surface. Only a swampy lowland with dense undergrowth and debris of fallen logs, huge junipers, and dead trunks, which waved their titan-like arms against the deep blue of the sky. Winding and curving in many a turn, the river seemed a succession of little lakes; wild ducks were at our approach, and flew with rapid wing over the forest covert, and from the ozy bank sprung the startled mallard and other. Into the depths below. Silently the two black lines of boats fled down the stream with muffled oars, issuing no sound, but the steady dip as they fell into the waves. Sometimes fallen logs obstructed the way, and the monotony of the hour was varied by a boat aground, with whose asters crashing into them, piling one into the other before the line could be stopped. Night came on, and the shores grew dim, dusky shadows fell upon the water, and the red and white stars of the stars appeared from zenith to horizon. Suddenly the dark boats were hauled alongside each other, received instructions, and this done, Captain Wood offered up fervent prayers for success, asking God to judge between us and our enemy, and once more we were winding down the Neuse. The night was very dark, and it was with great difficulty the way could be traced, the only bearings being taken from the light of the sky seen through the tree-tops ahead. About three o'clock the boats were hauled up to the Newbern, where the river widened, and the shores grew low and marshy. The night was foggy and thick; some rain fell.

To get a fair understanding of the plan of attack, I may say briefly that it was intended Gen. Fickett should open upon the Yankee lines early in the morning to divert their attention and drive them back into the town. He had with him two brigades only—Clingman's and Hoke's—while Gen. Barter had sent up the Trent to fall upon the town from the north with those in front. In addition to this, Col. Dearing, with a small force of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, had been sent across the Neuse to threaten Fort Mifflin, and prevent reinforcements from Washington. This was the position of affairs at an early hour this morning.

It was hard on to four before we were opposite the town, and so dark and foggy we could see but a short distance beyond our bows. The day before it had been ascertained the Yankee gunboats were in the Neuse, but upon reaching a position formerly occupied, they were no longer to be seen. For an hour we cruised around from point to point trying vainly to make their lights, and at last, daylight being close at hand, we were forced to give up the search and return up the river. There were no gunboats in the Neuse.

Meantime Gen. Fickett had opened fire upon the Yankee lines, and while we were pulling again up the stream we heard his guns booming through the mist, varied at times with the rattle of musketry. Going some four or five miles up the Neuse, we entered a small creek, and landed upon an island covered with tall grass, and a few stunted shrubs. We were still in sight of Newbern, but the boats were hauled close in upon the bank and the men completely hidden. The firing on the opposite shore was now at its height, and we could see by the sound of the guns that General Fickett was driving the enemy, and that the fight gradually turned towards the town. Worn out by a sleepless night and the fatigue of pulling fifty miles, the men threw themselves down upon the grass, and fell into a deep sleep; and, if they would have slept, but was selected another duty, an account of which will be given hereafter.

All day long the fight was going on; but at length night came, and we prepared to go down again after the steamers. Two launches, under Lieut. Gift, had now joined us, and about eleven o'clock we hauled again into the Neuse and pulled down towards the town. Complacently worn out by the fatigue of the day, I had fallen asleep in the boat, and had slept for upwards of two hours, when the hail of "boat ahoy!" roused me from slumber, and I knew we were close upon the enemy. "Boat ahoy!" again shouted the watch as he sprang the rattle which calls the men to quarters. All abreast, about four hundred yards away, our boats were bearing down upon the steamer, which loomed up largely ahead of us. "Give way," shouted Capt. Wood; "give way, boys, give way," repeated Lieutenant Loyall, and give way they did until the boats nearly sprang out of the water. The instructions were that one division should board forward, and the other stern, but, through some mistake, all but two of the boats were forward. Loyall's alone going aft and Captain Wood's amidships. I was in the boat with Mr. Loyall, and could see the Yankees had all gathered in the ways, just aft the wheel house, and as we came up they greeted us with a volley of musketry, which flashed in our faces, the balls whistling unpleasantly into the boat or into the water beyond. The men gave way strongly, and as soon as they could the side, the grape shot was thrown on board the steamer, and we were fast alongside. Still the firing continued with great rapidity, and, having no support, we got the heaviest of it, only dividing with Captain Wood's boat, a few feet from us. Hot and fast going the firing; the Yankees, having all gotten on deck and armed, were pouring it into us with remarkable rapidity. The flashes came full in our faces, bigging them up with a deadly patter, while the lightning flashes of burning powder pervaded all about us. Struck by a splinter in the forehead, I could scarcely see or comprehend all the rapid movements of our little fleet; but I knew our boat was first at the side, Capt. Wood's close after, then came Lieuts. Hope, Kerr, Porcher, Gardner, Roby, and Wilkinson, while a short distance away, slackened up to prevent running down the other boats, was left with his launch.

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IMPORTANT ENQUIRY.

Since the public have understood that we are connected with the press, numerous enquiries have been made of us, as to the Government we are in favour of, and the object of the Convention now on foot in this State.

We do not pretend to be informed of the purposes of either government. That we know of we have no opinion, and we do not know if Gov. Vance has, nor is it likely that either would commit ourselves to the policy it intends to pursue. But we are willing to give our individual opinion for the benefit of all concerned.

The movement of the agitators is full of peril. The artful guile in which it is covered is as thin as gauze. The Government is not deaf to the warnings uttered, nor blind to the threatening aspect of affairs. The effort to conceal will not aid the purpose of the agitators. It is known that they mean revolution. If they can drift over the dangerous reefs of the profligate, into the smooth waters of a Convention, they hope, under the force of a recognized authority, to consummate the secession of North Carolina from the Confederacy, and the purchase of a peace from Lincoln by the sacrifice of the other States—by the violation of faith and honor, and by submissio.

Their fierce denunciation of our Government—their legislation to strip its policy of its moral sanction to aid and assist in the judicial "fictitious" in the facility for discharges from the military service—the threats of defiance and of repeated—not of remedy, legitimate and rightful, but of force and revolution—and following all this is the movement begun by which alone revolution can be accomplished—the leakage of the weaker vessels. All this tells the tale—but like the woe! Prophet of Rheason, the vice is not hid and the deformities are apparent. What will the Government do? Will it let the movement run to completion?—No. It will surround the Convention, and surround our rulers with military force, and will not suffer a single man to go to a mortifying statement, our flag to dishonour our property to confiscation, our wives and daughters to seclusion and ours to a degraded servitude under the brazen rule of Yankee meanness, mixed with impudent audacity, if the Government will suffer these things; then this agitation will be left alone to pursue its course.

But if President Davis and Gen. Vandyke and our Congress, and Leg. and Johnston and Beauregard, and our military officers and soldiers have a stake, and they feel it, upon our success, then agitation will be obliged to stop. How? It may readily be perceived how that difficulty may exist as to which Government should move first—whether one assumes to act alone or both in concert—whether it were better to crush the eggs or let them hatch—that the rule of the blood may be discovered—that the goose and other harmless fowls may be separated from the cockatrice.

These difficulties, however, will not be long of settlement; and our opinion is, that the arm that has for long been stayed in forbearance is about to fall. When it does fall, its hands will grasp the leaders in an iron clench tighter than a vice. No matter whether they be found within the bay, or presiding on the bench, or sitting among the audience in the Bazaar of agitation. If martial law be proclaimed in North Carolina—if the *Akens corpus* be suspended—if a military force be placed in our midst—if the leading agitators are arrested and punished—some by death, others by banishment, others by forced exile—in convenience of this kind of rule be obliged to be substituted for the mild way of the civil law, the responsibility will be on the head of agitators who teach that "our government is a despotism, and that a virtuous man, from his wish, that the 'arch may tumble'—the responsibility will be on those officials who are supposed of undue sympathy with skulkers and deserters, and who impose unnecessary restraints upon its officers.

Towards these responsible agitators the public odium will be directed justly and properly; and upon them will the hand of Government be necessarily laid. No protection can be taken under the shield of free speech and press. The freedom of speech and press do not comport with the devilish license which in time of war hazards the National existence.—*Raleigh Confederates.*

DISCOVERY OF AN ALLEGED PLOT TO LIBERATE THE PRISONERS AND ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT AND SEIZURE OF DOCUMENTS.

The Richmond Examiner, of yesterday, gives the following account of the discovery of a plot to release the Yankee prisoners now confined in that city, involving in its execution the assassination of President Davis:

For several days past the Government has been in possession of facts that hinted, beyond a doubt, to the existence of a secret organization of the loyal men, having for its object the forcible release of the Yankee prisoners held at the Libby and on Belle Isle, the assassination of the President, and the destruction of the Government buildings and workshops located here.

It is possible that other arrests will follow, as the treason will be proved to its death, no matter whom it affects.

HOUSE LITTLE GIRL.—Miss Rebecca Cox, of Amite county, Mississippi, a little girl, about thirteen years of age, has sent to our soldiers within the past two years, over two hundred yards of linen, several horse and blankets, and many pairs of socks, mostly the work of her own fair hands. She has set a most noble example and deserves much praise.

TO MAKE YEAST FOR BREAD AND LIGHT BREAD.—Take 1/2 table spoonful of sugar and 1/4 table spoonful of flour, add water enough to make it into a batter, about as thick as that used in frying. Let it stand a day and night, or two days and nights, if necessary, when it is ready for use. Take a wine cup full of yeast to two and a half pints of flour, pour the yeast into the flour, and add water, or sweet milk enough to make the dough, knead it well, and at night place the balls in the oven, and set it aside. Keep it open all night, and in the morning put it in the oven, gradually increasing the heat till the loaves have risen sufficiently, then put fire on the lid and bake it at once. Keep up the yeast by feeding it daily in summer, but not so often in winter, as it does not sour so quick, by adding sugar and flour, in the same proportion as above directed. Sometimes the yeast is not ready to cold weather for several days, but give it time and it is sure. This recipe is infallible. It is cheap, economical, and is very little trouble.

OUR NEXT CONGRESS.—The next Congress will be supplied as follows: A Dog and a Christian to sit it. A Lion and a Hawk to bag it. A Scorpion and a Snake to cry it. A Bunch and a Bunch to trim it. A Bull and a Scorpion to ring it. A Flea and a Flea to sing it. And a Foot to have the pleasure of climbing up a Hill, or running Miles, with a Marshall, to make it Walks Wright.—*Gainesville Cotton States.*

Captain John W. Burton, now a prisoner at John's Island, writes to his father in Virginia that the thermometer had been 20 degrees below zero; and they had suffered much, but were all well and hopeful.

TO MY SON.

My little blue-eyed boy, I love to hear thee play on thy harp, there's music in thy shouts of joy To a fond father's ear.

I love to see the hues of mirth Mantle thy cheek and forehead fair, As if all pleasure on the earth Had met to revel there.

God is no tyrant, who would spread Unnumbered dainties to the eyes, Yet teach the hungry child to tread That, teaching them, he dies.

FINANCIAL MARKET. Reported by HINDS & DENN, Bank Note, Specie and Stock Brokers, Petersburg, Va.

RECORDED BY DONNAN & JOHNSTON, COMMISSIONERS ASSOCIATES. Petersburg, Feb. 11, 1864.

SUGAR.—The market is about here; Fall Brown held at 30, and Crushed at 32. MEAL.—Sales at 25 to 30 per bushel, and scarce. FLOUR.—Market firm at 35 for good Brands. TOBACCO.—The market for good quality Leaf is firm at 80 to 110; Common and Fair 40 to 60.

NOTICE TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.—I have a large lot of TENT CLOTH, suitable for the use of the wagon cover, selling cheap. Also the best quality of wire and cotton rags, cast and wrought iron, and all kinds of fur, at JOHN P. AYER'S, Feb 2-40174 No 39 Old street