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

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Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 19. } CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA—WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, FEB'Y 5, 1863. { NO. 19.

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Professional and Business Cards.

WALKER MEARES,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
No. 45 MARKET STREET.
A full stock of Medicines, Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Hair Brushes, Paint Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Fancy Articles, Landreth's Garden Seeds, &c., &c., constantly on hand.
The attention of Physicians is especially called to the stock of Medicines, which are warranted as being pure.
November 25, 1859.

WILLIAM H. LIPPITT.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, and Dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Garden Seeds, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, &c. &c., corner of Front and Market sts., immediately opposite SHAW's old stand Wilmington, N. C. 5

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

General Notices.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having qualified at December term, 1862, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the County of New Hanover, as Administrator on the estate of Elizabeth Bunting, deceased, requests all persons indebted to said estate to made immediate payment; and notifies all persons having claims against said deceased to present them within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
W. S. LARKINS, Adm'r.
Jan. 22nd, 1862 17 3t*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having qualified, at September Term, A. D., 1862, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of New Hanover county, as Executor upon the last Will and Testament of W. A. Heyer, deceased, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present the same, duly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. A. ADRIAN, Executor.
Jan. 7th, 1863.—15-9t*

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of North Carolina, at its present session, for the passage of an act to amend the act to charter the town of Monroe, in Union county, N. C.; and in case of adjournment before the passage of the act, application will be made at the next session of the Legislature thereafter for that purpose.
Jan. 1st, 1863.—16-6w*

For Sale and to Let.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

I OFFER FOR SALE, my Plantation, on Cape Fear River, 5 miles from the village of Cummerville, Barnett county, containing 1175 acres, 350 acres cleared, including 100 acres of very fine bottom land. The improvements consist of a good dwelling with 10 rooms, and necessary out buildings. A. M. McKAY,
Jan. 28, 1863 —18-4t* Summerville, N. C.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale 206 ACRES OF LAND in Richmond county, located by the F. & A. Plank Road, ½ mile from the Elerbie Springs and 12 miles from Rockingham.
There is about 75 acres under cultivation, a comfortable dwelling, with four large rooms, and fire-places in each, a dining room, a neat office, and all other necessary out buildings, for a small family; all are entirely new and conveniently arranged.
The situation is remote from the seat of war, and will afford a quiet and safe retreat for those disturbed by the presence of the invading foe.
Terms will be made easy if application is made soon to D. B. Nicholson, near the premises, or to the subscriber at Queensdale, Robeson county.
A. McQUEEN.
Jan. 14th, 1863 81-2w—16-3w

TURPENTINE DISTILLERY AND LAND FOR SALE.

I OFFER FOR SALE MY STORE AND DWELLING HOUSE, TURPENTINE DISTILLERY, with fixtures, and 435 acres of PINE LAND, situated within half a mile of Bladenboro' Station, on the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad, and 54 miles from Wilmington.
For further particulars, address me at Bladenboro', Bladen county, N. C. In my absence, Mr. Colin Monroe will show the land. ROBERT TAIT.
January 9, 1863. 78-6t—16-6t*

FOR SALE.

800 ACRES OF LAND, in Columbus county, within three miles of Fair Bluff and one of the Wilmington & Manchester Railroad. There are about three hundred acres of cleared land under good fence. There are also about two hundred acres of choice swamp lands, easily drained. Any person wishing to buy would do well to call on the subscriber, or address me at Leesville, Robeson county, N. C. GILES P. FLOYD.
Jan. 15, 1863.—17-3t*

STEAM SAW AND GRIST MILL FOR SALE.

HAVING BEEN DISAPPOINTED in getting Timber, we now offer our PORTABLE STEAM SAW AND GRIST MILL for sale. The Engine is a strong 2 horse power, first-class Saw Mill, comparatively new, built by Messrs. Talbott & Bro., Richmond, Va., (whose work is sufficiently known, and need no puffing.) The Grist is complete, put up at same place. The Rock 4 feet diameter, and grinds as good meal as any water mill in North Carolina.—It has all the improvements and conveniences that a Mill can have. Any person in want of a No. 1 Mill, come and see it perform, and there will be but little doubt of our trading. With plenty of timber and good attention, it can saw enough lumber in three months to pay for it. A good Iron Axle LOG WAGON and two MULES can be bought with it. PEARSALL & SOUTHALL.
Kenansville, N. C., Jan. 4, 1863. 74-2t—15-tf

VALUABLE SOUND LANDS FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, wishing to move to his late purchase in S. Carolina, offers for sale his Plantation on Topsail Sound, 12 miles from Wilmington, containing over five hundred acres of the best quality Pea Nutt land. About half of the tract is now under cultivation. Also, a small tract of piney land, lying in front of said place, on the main road leading to Wilmington. These lands are principally on the Sound, convenient for fish and oysters—or for making Salt—and are believed to be as desirably located as any lands on the Sound. There is about one hundred acres of the very best Pea Land, ready to clear, a portion of which has already been deaded, and contains a large quantity of seasoned trees, the very best for boiling Salt—and convenient to the Sound. Persons wishing to purchase a desirable residence would do well to examine the premises. Terms made easy.
N. F. NIXON.
Dec. 19, 1861. 17-tf

$50 REWARD.

RUNAWAY FROM THE SUBSCRIBER, on the 25th day of November last, my boy WILLIS, aged about thirty years. WILLIS is about 5 feet 10 inches high, of dark complexion, has a down cast look, a little stooping, and limps slightly in his walk, caused by a severe burn on (I think) his left thigh and leg. When last heard from said boy, he was in the neighborhood of Laurinburg, N. C., and I have no doubt is trying to make his way to the free States, either by way of Wilmington, N. C., to the Yankee fleet, or through the country in some other direction. I have good reason to believe that he has been passing on a permit written by himself, fictitiously signed, and may attempt to pass himself as a free negro. I will pay the above reward for his apprehension and delivery to me, or one half the amount for his lodgment in any Jail within the limits of the Southern Confederacy, so that I can get him.
W. R. MEDLIN,
Clio, Marlboro' District, S. C.
January 28-18 $6.

CLINGMAN'S BRIGADE,
Headquarters 51st Reg't N. C. Troops
Jan. 15th, 1863.
THE following named soldiers having deserted this Regiment, are hereby published as deserters, and thirty dollars reward will be given for each or either of them, when lodged in jail or delivered to me at these Headquarters: LEVI and ROBERT H. MERRITT, of Sampson county, and JOHN J. JAMES, of Duplin. I earnestly appeal to the Mounted Patrol of these counties to hunt up and deliver the above named men to the hands of justice.
S. M. STANFORD.
Capt. Co. C, 51st N. C. T.
Jan. 15th, 1863 82-1t—17-5t*

GRINDSTONES

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, of any size required, from Deep river, can be furnished on application to
LINEHAM & CO.,
Branch P. O., Chatham Co., N. C.
Orders can be left with Mr. A. E. Hall, who is our agent in Wilmington.
Nov. 28th, 1862. 10-3m*

STILL IT COMES.

850 LBS. BALTIMORE SOLE LEATHER,
3000 LBS. TENNESSEE SOLE LEATHER,
1100 LBS. WAX UPPER LEATHER,
20 BUSHELS OF SHOE PEGS,
Being received, and for sale at
JAMES WILSON'S,
Oil, Leather, Saddlery and Harness Establishment
Jan. 28-63 12-18-2t

Edson B. Olds, just from Fort Lafayette, was escorted to his seat in the Ohio Legislature, at Columbus, by a procession two miles long.

AN APPEAL FOR PEACE.—Such language as is contained in the subjoined impassioned appeal for peace would, a few months ago, have procured for the writer a place in some LINCOLN bastile. But so great is the change that has come over the spirits of the men in power in Yankeedom, that they dare not, raise their hands to punish the offender who penned nor the offenders who republish it. The Administration is evidently conscious of its weakness:

A TRUCE DEMANDED.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal.]

Is it not time to recognize, at length, the impotency of the Federal Government to do what it has no authority to do? Were the Administration indeed taking care of its citizens, and not exclusively of negroes who cannot be its citizens, a solution of the problem would be easy.

Peace! Peace! PEACE! We cry, by the Holy Name of Him who, at this Christmas time, was heralded by angels as bringing "peace to men of good will."

Oh, stop this horrid butchery of Americans by Americans! Stop this flood of woe and desolation, by which this land is becoming *most desolate! Have* you accomplished anything? Did we not forewarn you so? If *you* are so blind as not to see, you *ought* to trust those who have proved they *can* see. Stop this war! Wicked and foolish men, you are in despair at the prospect before you, and yet you dare, as if you were fully sold to the demon, to cry out still: "Slay! slay! more blood! more carnage!"

Call a truce! Let us put off the renewal of the contest, if it must be renewed, till we know for *what* we are fighting. Let us put it off, till the vile cause of it, the abominable thing, New England fanaticism in the manipulation of New York roghes, has been put out of the way! Then, then only, we may have, not a truce only, but *peace.*

The Yankee Iron-Clad Navy.

The New York *Times* gives the following information of the trial trips and experiments of the newly constructed iron-clads:

Monday morning the Ericsson iron-clad battery Weehawken made a trial trip. A very slight pressure of steam was applied to the engines, just sufficient to move the craft through the water, the principal object being to try how things worked generally, and to test the power of the helm. The first half mile steamed over sufficed to prove the efficiency of the engines, &c, and, when opposite Mr. Stevens', of Hoboken, it was determined to turn around abruptly, for the purpose of learning within what space such a movement could be conveniently effected. There are no more time, nor a larger "field," necessary than a Worden steamer would need to perform a similar evolution. The Weehawken came around as nimble as the Virginia Seymour, the tug which conveyed her. It is well to state that formal trial trips with Monitors of Class No. 2, are over. Each will probably make a short trial trip to test the working of things, but the only business to be done by them, which will in no wise involve any new naval principle, is the battles which they are about to fight.

The iron-clad battery Patapsco made her experimental trip outside Philadelphia harbor on Saturday. The singular effect of firing with 36 pounds of powder, causing no concussion inside the turret, and a terrific one outside, which has been illustrated in the trials of the Passaic and Montauk, was also perceptible. The Patapsco sailed to join the fleet.

The Ericsson battery Nahant will be up at the Navy Yard this morning at nine o'clock. Her trip down the Sound will exercise her engines admirably. She left Boston early yesterday morning, and when steering past Cape Cod was working in fine style. The Nahant and Weehawken will leave here together in a few days to reinforce those vessels gone before them.

Deep River Coal.

The President of the Chatham Rail Road Company has furnished the Raleigh *Standard* with the following letter addressed to him by Capt. Thos. R. Sharp, Superintendent of the Confederate States locomotive shop in that city, testifying to the valuable quality of the Reep River Coal. The experience of Capt. Sharp is corroborated, we learn, by the experience of the Superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road Company shops in Raleigh, and of the North Carolina Rail Road Company shops. We hope the Chatham Rail Road will be soon completed, and this valuable coal so essential to the public interests be brought into market:

OFFICE C. S. LOCOMOTIVE SHOPS,
Raleigh, December 12, 1862.

Kemp P. Battle, Esq., President Chatham Rail Road Company:

SIR—In answer to your inquiry as to how the coal furnished by the Egypt pits compares with other coal, I have the pleasure to say the Deep River Coal is far superior to any that I have ever before used.

For blacksmith's purposes it is fully one hundred per cent more valuable than the Clover Hill Coal that we have been using, and for foundry purposes, in the shape of coke, it answers most admirably.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,
THOS. R. SHARP,
Capt. and A. Q. M. Ral. City C. S. Loco. Shops.

PIETY IN A GENERAL.—The Captain of the Fifth Kentucky Regiment writes of KIRBY SMITH:

Before going into the battle at Richmond, Ky., he spent a season alone in his tent in prayer. When the battle was over, he returned to his tent, and gave thanks to God for the victory. When at Lexington, Ky., the minister at the Episcopal Church refused to officiate on thanksgiving day, and Gen. Smith arose, read a chapter, led in prayer, and finished the services. In the Kentucky campaign Gen. Smith was the only General who succeeded in his part of the programme.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.—Numerous instances of the fidelity of the dog have been put on record from time to time, and the army correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* relates the following fresh proof, as witnessed on the bloody field near Fredericksburg:

On Monday last as Hon. John Covode, in company with a number of officers, was passing over the battle field beyond Fredericksburg, their attention was called to a small dog lying by a corpse. Mr. Covode halted a few minutes to see if life was extinct. Raising the coat from the man's face, he found him dead. The dog, looking wishfully up, ran to the dead man's face and kissed his silent lips. Such devotion in a small dog was so singular, that Mr. Covode examined some papers on the body, and found it to be that of Sergeant W. H. Brown, Company C, Ninety-first Pennsylvania.

The dog was shivering with the cold, but refused to leave his master's body, and as the coat was thrown over his fece again, he seemed very uneasy, and tried to get under it to the man's face. He had, it seemed, followed the regiment into battle, and stuck to his master, and when he fell remained with him, refusing to leave him or eat anything. As the party returned, an ambulance was carrying the corpse to a little grove of trees for interment, and the little dog following, the only mourner at that funeral, as the hero's comrades had been called to some other point.

A Plain Talk to the Lincoln Government.

Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, just elected U. S. Senator, recently made a speech in the Yankee House of Representatives, in which he handled Lincoln and his satraps with gloves off. We make an extract as a specimen:

Now, Mr. Chairman, I have a single word to those who are temporarily exercising the functions of the Executive Department of this government. I fear they have not studied the history of the people of this country, or the characteristics of the race from which they have descended. That history, correctly understood, shows that in contests with power they have ever wrenched, even from unwilling hands, fresh guarantees for their liberty. I am led to make these remarks in view of the arrests of thousands of men in loyal States, without due process of law, by the orders of the executive officers of this Government, at the times and places where, in all cases, courts of justice were entirely open, and the execution of the laws wholly unobstructed.—The most remarkable page in the history of our race is the fact that while outrages have been committed upon the rights of our people, no resistance has been offered, no violence done, and no life has been taken as the penalty for the wrong. The desire of the people to preserve peace in their own midst has restrained them thus far from the commission of violence.

Attempts have been made to intimidate our people at the polls. Provost Marshals have been sent everywhere, and yet our people have not been provoked to violate order. But they are in earnest. They mean to preserve their liberties and their rights. The results of the last elections were of no temporary character.—Such a triumph has never before been witnessed in this country. There is not a man who voted the Democratic ticket last fall, throughout the country, who is not prepared, when the proper time comes, to lay down his life rather than sacrifice his liberty. We may as well understand this. Let us talk plain about it. Let us not try to deceive ourselves or others. We are no assassins. We are no law breakers. Our people have endured a great deal. They have submitted to arbitrary arrests and imprisonments. But let me say to you, in God's name, "pause, stop; you cannot go any further." Our people are resolved that you shall not. They are determined. Do not misunderstand them—We are for liberty—constitutional liberty. Our ancestors, in all times past, have vindicated it; and their descendants, after long suffering, will, if need be, vindicate it before God and the world.

I repeat, Mr. Chairman, our people are in earnest. They mean all they have said. They love the flag, because it represents Constitution, order, law. They do not wish to be slaves, and do not mean to be made slaves. We have had a bill passed here to-day, under whip and spur, without debate, without enquiry, extending amnesty to those who have thus wronged our people. I think you had better also pass a bill extending amnesty to those of you whom the people have condemned for your course here, so that you can have a political resurrection hereafter. That is the only way in which you can ever have forgiveness. If you expect that when the courts come to look at the monstrous bill which you have passed to-day, wiping out all the rights of those who have been imprisoned in prison, they will hold it as constitutional, you are greatly mistaken. No court of justice will hold that that gives indemnity for the wanton, reckless, tyrannical exercise of power. It is not justice before God in Heaven. My opinion about it is that you had better have left the courts open to our people, and let those men who had ruthlessly and recklessly violated every precept, law, and Constitution, take the legal consequences of their act.

CONDITION OF BURNSIDE'S ARMY.—The Washington correspondent of the Anti-Slavery *Standard*, writing from Washington, Jan. 12, says:

The condition of the army which is under the command of General Burnside is said not to be all that one could wish. Reports have come up continually from this army, since the battle of Fredericksburg, that it was in a state of discontent, if not of insubordination. The men are to an alarming extent discouraged, and anxious to go home. They are stupified with continual reverses. I know that it is the habit of Generals and Senators to say that our army is in good condition; that the troops are panting for a battle, and so forth; but such statements are entirely false. The army of the Potomac is capable of great deeds, and I believe will soon win important victories over the enemy, but it is nevertheless in a dangerous state of discontent this very day. There are reasons for it, too, which are plain to the least observant of men.

In the first place, these men are not paid. Small as is the sum due the men who risk their lives in battle, it is not paid to them as it is due, so that at this moment the majority of our troops have not been paid their wages for six months. The other day a sick or wounded soldier in one of our hospitals sent a letter he had just received from his wife to a member of Congress. The letter stated that the woman who wrote it and her children were suffering for want of food and fuel, and she asked a pittance from her husband—a portion of his wages. At that time the Government was in debt to the soldier to the amount of over sixty dollars, and not one cent of which could be obtain! This lack of money of itself will destroy an army in time, not so much from the want of the money as from the overwhelming sense of injustice which demoralizes the soldier.

SPEECH OF THE HON. JAMES W. WALL, OF NEW JERSEY, IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Philadelphia Press, Jan. 20.]

Last night, about 11 o'clock, Colonel James W. Wall, United States Senator elect from New Jersey, was serenaded at the Girard House, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Previous to his appearance on the balcony a plentiful display of fireworks was exhibited in front of the building, and there was much cheering and noisy demonstration. He was introduced by Mr. James C. Vandyke, in a brief speech, in which a eulogy was paid to the words "traitor," "rebel"—words which he said had more than ordinary significance, because Washington and his compatriots were proud to be honored with such appellations.

Mr. Vandyke was frequently interrupted by loud calls for "Wall," with cheers for New Jersey and Vallandigham, and groans for Cameron and Butler, intermingled with demonstrations of disapprobation and counter-cheering. In the midst of his remarks, the band struck up a lively air, and Mr. Vandyke was obliged to close.

Mr. Wall soon after appeared, and, after prolonged cheering, commenced his speech as follows:

Fellow-citizens of Philadelphia: I fear I have not words to express to you the heartfelt gratification that I feel at this most magnificent reception. It was only, my friends, a few weeks ago that I was told that the Democrats of the city of Philadelphia were all dead.—[A voice, "it is a lie," and laughter.] If this is a specimen of the mortality of the Democracy of Philadelphia, then all I have to say is, that you are the liveliest set of corpses I ever saw. [Cheers, and derisive cheers.] I do not know anything like it in the history of the world, except it may be in the book of Ezekiel, where we are told that "bone came to bone, and they stood upon their feet an exceeding great army." [Applause. A voice, "Three cheers for Gen. Butler."] My friends, there are a great many fanatical, thoughtless men in this community, who believe even now in the classical language of Abraham Lincoln [groans and cheers,] uttered from yonder porch, that "nobody is hurt." [Hisses and laughter.] But, my friends, there are thoughtless men in every community; but there are some honest, patriotic men who believe that at this hour the ship of State is tossing in the angriest storm it ever encountered.

I know, fellow-citizens, that there are many of us here to-night who, like honest Gonsalvo, Shakspeare's play of the Tempest, would give a "furlong of sea for a barren acre of ground." My friends, we must stick to the ship, and whatever be its fate, you and I must share its destiny. There is a precious freight on board this tempest-tossed bark. The waters are white with the foam beneath her bow. There is no time to take to the long-boat. That tempest tossed vessel is freighted also with the precious Constitution our fathers gave us. The compass by which they steered it is still on board that vessel, and in order to preserve it we have got to stick to the ship. [Cries of "that's so," and cheers.] My friends, there are men now navigating that vessel who are attempting to steer her by the compass of coercion, and to drive her by the chart of a "higher law." [Cheers and counter-cheers.] It is to watch these men that we have got to stick to the ship. I do not believe that the old vessel will ever be saved until a Democratic commander again walks the deck [cheers] and the strong hand of a Democratic pilot is upon her helm. [Renewed applause and cheers for Wall.]

Fellow-citizens, I have recently, at the hands of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey [three cheers,] been tendered the responsible officer of Senator of the United States. I go there, my friends, as I understand it, to advocate, as far as my limited abilities will permit—to advocote, I say, peace in that body. [Cheers for "peace."] I cannot say, my friends, how this is to be brought about, but I believe I speak the sentiments of the people of New Jersey, and not only of the people of New Jersey, but of the loyal people of Pennsylvania, when I say that they will hail the hour that shall bring us from out this lurid tempest of war into the calm and blessed shade of a long and lasting peace. [Cheers.] My friends, I go also, as I understand it, upon the floor of the Senate of the United States, to advocate those great principles of civil liberty which were handed down to us from our fathers [renewed cheers]—those great principles which are embodied in the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, every one of which, I am sorry to say, has been trampled under foot by the present Administration. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, you will recollect that it is but a few months ago that men were afraid to express the truth that was in them; but now, how great the change! A short time ago, I, gentlemen, endured obloquy and insult of the grossest character. Aye, my family had to submit to the grossest insults in the city of Burlington, and my daughters insulted by the wretches on the streets. When I ventured to complain I was charged with disloyalty. I have had no distinct accusation against me, though I have time after time demanded to know it. I wrote to Mr Cameron to know why I had been imprisoned in the dungeons of Fort Lafayette.—[Cheers and groans for Cameron.] But, gentlemen, after I had been imprisoned for weeks and then let free, I wrote to Mr. William H. Seward. I said—"Sir, I have written to the Secretary of War for the purpose of being informed why I was put in the Bastiles of the administration; now please tell me why I was let out?" [Cheers and laughter.] I have not been able to find out either.

Yet, however, before I left home, I understood that a leading Republican editor of the State had asserted that I was put in that Bastile because I was one of the parties engaged in endeavoring to take Maryland out of the Union. [Laughter.] Well, when I saw that, I thought it was necessary in order that I might polish the lie and give it a Republican finish, that I should send to him a note, telling him to put in his paper of to-morrow that I was not only engaged in that work, but that I was in disguise among the Plug Uglies—the captain who shot down the soldiers of the Massachusetts regiment who passed through Baltimore on the 19th of April. One lie only equalled the other.—[Cheers.] But, gentlemen, during all these stirring times, when the hearts of men were failing them for very fear, I still had confidence in that sober second thought of the American people—never wrong, always right.

I always, my friends relied upon the reserved force of the nation, and I am happy to say that the reserve force of the nation is now coming to the rescue of its imperilled Constitution. [Cheers for the Constitution.] Put your faith, my friends, in that truth, uttered by a man who, I am sorry to say, does not now undestand the import of the lines he wrote—I mean Mr. Bryant, of the Evening "Post"—that

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

Mr. Wall then concluded by expressing a regret that his health would not permit him further to address his friends, and to assure them that he would take the earliest opportunity to again address his fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

EUROPE AND THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

No part of the admirable Message of President Davis will more fully command public approval than his exposition of the relations of the Confederate States and Europe. The position that the neutrality of Europe has consisted only in profession, and that she has practically and powerfully co-operated with the North in this war, is demonstrated by facts and arguments which cannot be gainsayed. The English Government, which has dictated the European policy towards the Confederate States, may be regarded as the most influential ally of Seward in his attempt to subvert the liberties and independence of the Southern people. Not that the majority of the English people sympathize with the North, nor that the Government itself desires the conquest of the South or the reconstruction of the Union. Nothing can be further from their wishes or designs.—They simply desire the thorough exhaustion of both belligerents, so as to remove from their path a hated rival. Every principle of English policy and of passion point out with the clearness of a sunbeam the real motives which govern the course of England in this contest. The only wonder is that we should ever have been blind enough to expect from her any other line of conduct than that she has pursued.

England has never forgiven the successful rebellion of the American Colonies. It is but a brief period in the life-time of a nation since she lost the most valuable jewels of her crown. Nations have good memories, and dismemberment is among the last things that they forget. All the greatness that America has since attained only aggravated the bitterness of her loss. It was not only wounded pride and mortification in being foiled and humiliated by thirteen feeble colonies, but it was the spoilation of the best portion of her territorial possessions, and all their elements of greatness, wealth and power. Suppose that England could have retained her American colonies, what a Power she would not be! She is great enough already; but with America, India and England one Empire, the world has never beheld such a Colossus. Instead of all this, she not only lost America, but America became her greatest commercial rival, and promised soon to be her most powerful manufacturing competitor in the world. It may be doubted whether, if the Administration of George the Third could have foreseen the future of America—and especially the wonderful development of the cotton culture—it would have acknowledged American independence under a war of twenty years. We remember to have seen an elaborate argument of a British nobleman of that era, endeavoring to prove that America would never become a wealthy and powerful country. Whether these ideas were common to his countrymen, we do not know; but it is certain that no man, save the prophetic Berkely, ever possessed the faintest idea of the future glory and beauty of the Western "Star of Empire."

The present war has only afforded additional incentives to the solicitude of the British Government for the destruction of both the United and the Confederate States. Not only a commercial and manufacturing rival—not only a country on which she was dependent for cotton, is to be removed from her path, but, as the war has shown, one of the most formidable military Powers of the earth. Taking into view the tremendous armies and desperate valor with which both North and South have conducted this contest, the reflection naturally occurs in England, what would they be united? What would become of Canada, and every other British possession on this continent? What would become of England herself, if, in a future contest with France or Russia, such a power as America should side against her? No wonder, then, that she plotted for thirty years the dissolution, through Abolition agitation, of the old American Union: and that, this object being accomplished, she intends to preserve just such a neutrality as will give both combatants a fair chance to worry and destroy each other. If she believed the subjugation of the South possible, she never would have afforded any degree of encouragement to the Southern cause; but she has long ago been satisfied that such a thing was impossible, and has endeavored to ride both sides the saping, giving aid and comfort through her Government to the North, and through her press to the South—now cheering one section, and now petting the other on the head—only anxious that each might rend and destroy the other. The only consolation is that she has now thoroughly lost the confidence of both belligerents, and whilst President Davis, in mild and manly terms, sets forth that fact in his Message to Congress, the Washington *Republic*, the semi-official organ of Lincoln, declares that the United States would accept mediation sooner from any other European Power than what it designates, in the language of Frenchmen, "Perfidious Albion."

We hope never to see the slightest importance attached hereafter to any expression of sentiment in Great Britian upon American affairs. The only voice that has been raised officially in Europe in behalf of suffering humanity in this contest, is that of the great Empire of the French. We hope the day is not far distant when the Southern Confederacy, its independence recognized by the world, will be able to show its first and only friend that it is not forgetful nor ungrateful.

THE YANKEE WAR DEBT.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says that Thaddeus Stevens, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in his recent speech "brought out an appalling array of figures in his estimate of the future debt of the country, and his manner was as solemn as it was in the republican convention at Philadelphia, in 1856, when he mounted the platform after Fremont was nominated and pronounced the doom of the Republican party in that campaign. In one respect Mr. Stevens' speech was unequalled—no member of Congress ever iterated the words billions and millions as many times in a single debate; and as these terms were applied to our present and prospective debt and our means of liquidation, his remarks were listened to with the closest attention by the patriotic members."

The Herald says that the Radical Senators in Washington treated Greeley's warnings as to the feeling in New York "with contempt" and sent him back "with a flea in his ear."

The new iron frigate Archilles, 56 guns, 1200 horse power, building in England, will have eighteen compartments, as bulk-heads, all of which will be shot proof and water tight. The armor plates are 4½ inches.

From the N. Y. Tribune of 23d inst.

The Contagion of Secession.

We are beginning to feel the effects of woful example. The diabolical spirit of Rebellion not only encounters us in the field, but it has entered our legislative chambers, and, under the malign prompting of the Democratic party, bent upon rule or ruin, it is tampering with the popular loyalty. One year ago, men only murmured treason; but success has opened their mouths, and filled their hearts with abominable political devices. We are beginning to see that about the worst battle lost to the Union cause, thus far, is that of the New York State Election. Nobody believes Horatio Seymour to be friendly to the Administration or to feel any honest sympathy with its embarrassments—yet he is elected Governor. The mob in Albany has given us a bitter foretaste of possible anarchy. From the West, we hear of schemes designed by the desperate and disaffected—conspiracies tending to fresh ruptures and the final overthrow of the Republic. Wicked men, even at the North, are beginning openly and shamelessly to dally with disunion, and propose, since dislocation has come into fashion, to multiply the fragments of our institutions. All this is terrible. We can better afford to lose fifty fights than thus to weaken the morality of our cause. We can better afford to submit to invasion, than thus to make disintegration familiar to our constituencies. We can better afford to let the Slaveholding soldiers bivouac in the Capitol, than to be betrayed into negotiations which are full of danger, or to dally with compromises which, with their adoption, must precipitate us into unmitigated anarchy.—Already, we begin to hear of Western Confederacies, of New England Confederacies, of Middle States transmogrified into Middle Confederacies. Already, we have hints of new and tempting combinations, aiming at safe and convenient boundaries and the monopoly of internal navigation. Already, the coming Congress casts its dark shadow before; and, busy as the Devil always has been in Washington, a time is coming when he will redouble his activity in that uneasy seat of an endangered Government. Hitherto, the restoration of the Union has been, with the mass of the people, a matter of sentiment; but a time is at hand which will not be in the least poetical, and when we must confront public danger hardened into the most vulgar concrete.

Gestlemen who desire to be elected to Congress not as Patriots, but simply and nakedly as anti-Republicans, or anti-Government men, cannot be supposed to care much for the perpetuity of our institutions. They expect to fatten upon our national troubles. They are ghouls who will care little how cold the corpse may be, if, sooner or later, they may fairly get their teeth into it. They live, plot, spout, intrigue, bargain and scheme, solely for personal aggrandizement. Their loyalty is limited by their own lives and no thought of the weal or woe of posterity enters into their calculations. If, with the recognition of the Confederacy, these mortal traitors could be banished, and with them their whole brood of venal voters—if we could send them to rest in the black bosoms of their Confederate friends—if the honor, worth, religion, intelligence and wealth of the North could have but a fair chance of exercising their legitimate influence, we might consider with greater coolness the success of the Southern treason. But these men, after the accomplished dismemberment, would remain—would still be with us though not of us—would be then, as they are now, and as they always have been, the ready agents of Slavery and the paid pimps of the slaveholding interest. Establish a State upon the basis of Man-Owning upon this continent, and the minds of Wood, Brooks, Seymour and all that *genus* will gravitate toward it with all the force of a bad nature. Given these men in power, and the Northern Republic would be the bought if not the born thrall of the Davis dynasty, ready in Cabinet and Congress to do its dirty and demoniac work—ready to catch its runaways—ready to wink at the revival of the African Slave-Trade—ready to join an alliance against the moral sense of mankind—ready to promote the Secession of the West from the East—ready for war upon New England—ready to make our poor shadow of a Government in Washington as much the tool of the Southern Confederacy as ever the Cabinet of Charles II. was the tool of the French monarch.—Political chafferers, in the sacred name of Democracy, would sell themselves first, and next their neighbors.—There could be for us no permanence, no prosperity, no private happiness, and no public greatness.

It may be said that we exaggerate this danger. We do not think so. For the political power of the Confederacy would be in the hands of a few men, who have been educated to detest the Union, and who would be ill satisfied with that partial success which left even a respectable fragment of the old Republic yet entire. Once fairly separated, they would begin to feel wants, the existence of which they do not now admit, and they would be only too ready to avail themselves of those commercial abilities which they have heretofore affected to despise. The great serpent of Slavery would reverse its trial, and look with longing eyes toward a North left at its mercy by the dissensions and the disaffection of its own children. Our social freedom would be a perpetual aggravation of the bad temper and jealousy which are the inseparable adjuncts of slaveholding. If we were prosperous, our prosperity would be a continual rebuke of that sin which has been called "the sum of all villainies;" and if we were hopelessly weakened by the dismemberment, our cities and our farms would be the cheap prey of every mad partisan who chose to promote a raid. Nor should we be without a hatred of slavery, intensified by the woes of which it had been the fruitful mother, and any effort to check or to silence the expression of that sentiment would but complicate the public dilemma. We should still have pro-slavery Governors, pro-slavery Senators, pro-slavery Presidents, and pro-slavery Representatives; and the very existence of a determined and uncompromising opposition would drive them into disgraceful diplomacies and intrigues, not to be thought of without horror! If we speak sharply, we beg the reader to believe that we speak sincerely. We have not, nor will we pretend to have, any confidence in the public virtue of that hungry place-hunter, who prates of the wrongs of the South and of the sins of the North—who has fine words for the Richmond *regime* and foul words for his own constitutional rulers—who would restore the Union by muzzling discussion and by a declaration of the sanctity of Involuntary Servitude, with all the solemnities of an act of public faith—who feels it to be a duty to anologize for his own loyalty and for the treason of the public enemy—who is half this and half that, and not wholly, body, soul, and spirit, the honest and unquestioning devotee of the Constitution and the Laws—who wastes that indignation upon the foes of Slavery which he should naturally bestow upon its friends—who is as utterly without pity for the poor and defenceless as he ignorant of that simple law of labor which makes the prosperity of the employer dependent upon his justice—who is, in short, a creature of shams and of subterfuges, and participates in public affairs without one ennobling sentiment or one benevolent aspiration. Why should the poor hybrid, half democrat, pretend to any reverence for human rights, or be at all coy about selling others, since he is so ready to sell himself? Let us see to it that the triumph of the Secessionists does not open for him a market.

Miss Sarah A. Lee has recovered a verdict of $5,500 against Andrew Morse, in a Maine Court, for breach of marriage promise. Supposed to be the largest verdict of the kind ever rendered in New England.

Gov. Curtin, in his annual message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, gives the President's Emancipation Proclamation a wide berth. He refuses to touch it.

KENTUCKY TO RESIST.—A reliable gentleman informed us yesterday evening that the report with reference to Gov. Robinson, of Ky., calling for troops to resist Lincoln's despotic policy, is undoubtedly so, and that the Governor has called for 60,000. We wait with great anxiety to hear the facts.

Winchester (Tenn.) Bulletin, 25th.

An amusing anecdote is related in the London Saturday Review, which shows the distrust the operatives have in the effort of the Government to substitute the use of Indian for Southern Cotton. At a Methodist meeting in Mancheste, the preacher prayed among other things, for a bountiful supply of Cotton. A pious old workman in the midst of the congregation thereupon ejaculated, "Yes, Lord, but not *Surat.*" The Review thinks he is like the man who fell overbord and prayed to the Lord to save him, "but to be quick about it."

BY TELEGRAPH.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

FROM CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 28th, 1863.

Still another English Merchant Steamer ran into a Confederate port this morning, bringing a general cargo of merchandize. She left Nassau on the 25th. This is her first trip to the Confederate coast.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 28th, 1863.

SENATE—Mr. Phelan, of Mississippi, introduced a bill for condem