The Yankee Irish Soldiers.

An Irish Legion of the Yankee army are (or were lately) encamped at La Grange, Tennessee. One of them thus writes to a Northern paper:

Yesterday we received intelligence that the commander of our corps, Gen. S. A. Hurlbut, had issued an order forbidding the circulation of the Chicago Times in this department, and to-day our fears were confirmed by the publication of the order in the Memphis Bulletin. Poor old Hurlbut! He too it seems, is taking to the suppression of the press and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act; yes, even to the issuing of proclamations, (the first decisive proof of loyalty to the Government, and at the same time of military imbecility,) and he performs these acts with as much grace, and as much apparent pleasure, as he would the emptying of a bottle of "Old Bourbon," or the confiscation of a cask of the same from the secesh. Poor old negro worshipper! With him the pen is truly mightier than the sword; for, what his sword could never do, behold his pen has accomplished. Don't think hard of him, Mr. Editor. He is only ingling for Abolition favor, and who would envy him? God knows, I wouldn't. "Forgive him for he knows not what he does."

Doubtless many of your readers would like to know how the Legion is weathering the storm. We had pretty rough times for a while after coming down here, but at present we are very comfortable, and, if we had not left so many Abolitionists behind us in Illinois, we would be satisfied. But enthusiasm is gone. Loyal and true the soldiers of the 90th surely are; they love the land which gave them refuge when oppression drove them from their own; but, although willing to battle for the constitution and the laws while a man remains, they do not love the negro. They do not consider him an equal, although certain laws of Massachusetts (the State that did not answer quota) declare him their superior. They consider themselves as swindled into this war under false pretenses, as they never enlisted to free slaves. Still, they love their bold, dashing, generous-hearted colonel and will be guided by him; but their enthusiasm has departed. They no longer have a heart in the contest, and all they ask is, that as they are no longer allowed to fight for the constitution, they may be disbanded and sent to their homes, for they do not wish to fight for the negro.

Such are the sentiments of the Legion. Among us the Times need not want for supporters, and to-day, if there were any means of smuggling your paper through, I would send a club list. But I hope our friends at home will not let you fail for want of support.

Cheering.

The Chattanooga *Rebel* of the 31st March, has the following encouraging article:

In the beginning of this war the South was in most danger for the lack of powder and ball. Many heads were at one time ominously shaken, and men whispered strangely in each other's ear. The need was an plenty however, and long since the thought of its existence has passed out of mind. The present topic of foreboding is food.

Yet, never was the earth so healthful. Within the interior regions of the country the land is laughing out the promise of a rich crop of wheat from every seam and furrow. Especially from Middle Tennessee do we receive cheering news of plenty in the fields. "There has never been in my recollection," writes a farmer of sturdy sense and long observance, "a season, which affords us so much hope. The wheat is coming up beautifully, fresh and lively. I calculate to raise a large overplus beyond last year." Others, verbally and by letter, confirm this statement. The gentle rains of Spring now coming with the April weather, will, by the goodness of God, give us barns loaded to overflowing next fall. We have only to collect the crop.

To do this we must possess the country. Let the soldiers fight for the territory, and the women and children will gather the tillage. We will not starve.

THE PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—The London Morning Star acknowledges the receipt of a sample of the new substitute for cotton invented by Mr. Ferrar Frenton, Mapleton, England, and describes it as follows:

It is, in appearance about as much like cotton as sawdust is like wheat flour. It is in color rather brown than white. It is rough, hard, and brittle. Its fibres are thin but short. It has no soft down clothing and intertwining with its threads. It is, in fact, a woody rather than a woolly substance. The process to which it has been subject has no doubt effected a considerable change. Neither rhea, nor hemp, nor jute, nor China grass could have been made to yield such a material by any of the arts known to our chemist or manufacturers. Flax cannot be beaten into fibres thus fine, nor steeped in any liquid with which we are acquainted until thus intermixed.

EFFECTS OF THE BLOCKADE.—The following dialogue is said to have come off a few days since, between a young gentleman and an old darkey, who plays the fiddle for the boys in the country. We give it as related to us by a friend when speaking of the effects of the blockade:

"Sambo, I want you to come up to our house and play the violin."

"Yes, massa."

"Now don't forget it for we are going to have a wedding. So here is your dollar in advance. Now, be sure and come early."

"Dollar won't do me dese hard times, mus hab more money 'n dat."

"Why, I thought your price used to be a dollar. How much do you charge now?"

"Well de fac is dis, massa, I used to play for a dollar—But since de ports hab been blockaded de price ob rosum hab riz, and I cant afford to play for less dan one dolla and a half; fac, massa.—*Sherman (Texas) Journal.*

DANGEROUS FEMININE AMUSEMENT.—A new amusement for women has been invented out in Winstead, Conn., as a sort of relief to the skating fever, when the ice is bad. They stick a penknife into a door, about three feet from the ground, and kick at it; if they hit it they take it out and stick it in higher up. This was getting to be a favorite exercise, and a good many girls could kick pretty high, but the amusement has come to a sudden end through an accident to a young married lady of the place, who, at the first vigorous kick, went over backwards upon the floor, injuring herself severely.

TO YOUR POST.—The Mobile Advertiser and Register properly says the time has come when every officer and soldier of the army should be at his post. The voice of the North is again loud for war. The Van Burens and Bradys, among the Democrats, have ceased to talk of peace, and swell the shout of the Republican for more bloody fields to crush the Rebellion. We have before us the mightiest campaign of the war. If our soldiers are at their posts and fight as they have done, we shall be victorious, and there is every reason to believe that it will be the final and crowning struggle.

Indeed the North virtually admits that the fate of Lincoln and his Puritan party hangs on the issue of the campaign. It is for Lincoln victory or death, a crown or a halter. If he overwhelms us in Virginia, at Charleston, Vicksburg and Murfreesboro', he is "master of the situation" at the North, and for us there are the horrors of a long war. If he fails, his own people will turn upon and rend him. This is what they believe, and it is upon this programme that the Juo. Van Buren Democrats cry for war, and give Abraham Lincoln six months, or "ninety days" within which to win his crown or lose his head. How important, then, that our armies should be full, and that stray Confederate uniforms should vanish from the streets of the cities, and be seen only with their regiments in the field.

The following is one of the best epigrammatic retorts on record:

You men are angels when you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage vow is said.

The lover not to be outdone, replied as follows;

The change, dear girl, is easily forgiven—
We find ourselves in hell in stead of heaven.

INTERESTING TO WEARERS OF BUFF FACINGS.—The white or buff facing of the Confederate uniform is so easily soiled and so difficult to clean, it is fast going out of use. In defiance of the regulations, our officers are having their coats made plain without any facings. In the English army many regiments have white or buff facings, and they find no difficulty in keeping them perfectly clean. A little dry pipe clay well rubbed into the cloth, and then brushed out, is the only means used by them. If the cloth is greasy, make the pipe clay into a paste with a little water, rub this paste on the cloth with a piece of sponge or any other suitable thing, dry it well, rub the dry powder in and brush out; it will clean both the cloth and lace. A coat can be cleaned in this way in ten minutes.

CATALOGUE

Of Auction Sales by Wilkes Morris, Auctioneer.

Champagne, $160 per basket; Mustard in ½ lb. cans $18, in ½ lb. bottles, $30 per dozen; Sperm Candles, $5 25 per lb., Star Candles, $5 50 per lb.; Castile Soap, $3¾ a $3½ per lb; Sole Leather, $3½ per lb.; Congou Tea, $6¾ to $6¾ per lb.; Young Hyson Tea, $5½ per lb.; Gunpowder Tea, $4½ per lb.; Imperial Tea, $5½ per lb.; Extract Logwood, $3½ per box; Table Salt $3 30 per 3 lb bags, Nails, 8½ to $1 per lb.; Coates' Spool Cotton, $3 10 to $3 20 per lb.; Soda Ash, $2 25 to 2 50 per lb.; Sal Soda $½ to 1¼ per lb.; Weding Hoes and Rice Hoes, $15,25 per dozen; Sulphate Quinine, $22,50 per ounce; Cotton Handkerchiefs, $16 62½ per dozen; Chambrey $1 50 per yard; Stripes, $1 75 per yard; Ladies' Congress Gaiters, $14 per pair; Misses Morocco Gaiters, $9 per pair; Ladies' and Misses ass'd Shoes, $9; Ladies' Morocco Boots, $10; Ladies Bootees, $21 per pair; Mens' Congress Gaiters, $12 50 per pair; Letter Paper, $47,50 per ream; Kuvelopes, $50 per m.; Commercial Note Paper, $48 per ream; Bill Envelopes, $39 per M.; Blank Books, $36 per dozen, Foolscap Paper, $0 50 per ream; Note Paper, $20 per package, ½ ream; Memorandum Books, $12 per dozen; Mackerel, $4 10 per barrel; Copperas, $1 10 per lb.; Coffee, $3 20 to $3 30 per lb.; Brown Sugar, 92 to 95 cents.; Kerosene Oil, $16 per gallon.

The scarcity of food at Vicksburg, arising from temporary causes, no longer prevails. The army is now well supplied.

From the Greensboro' World.

The Troopers Dirge.

BY LAMAR FONTAINE.

To horse! To horse! The bugles call
And softly swells the sad ning strain,
That bids us to the burial
Of one who ne'er shall mount again.
He course is run—his fame is won—
For well he reined as staunch a steed
As ever bore to daring deed,
When charging hosts came spuring on.

His course is run—his battle's done—
He died, as aye he wished to die,
The fair-fought field was fully won,
And Victory pealed her clarion high.
Nor on his lip of beauteous pride,
When high in hope, he rode among
The brave, the noble and the young,
Wreathed such a smile as when he died.

Stern eyes became as woman's weak,
Nor scorned to soil the clustering gold
That floated o'er her marble cheek,
With tears that would not be controlled.
For the' none bolder struck with brand,
When boiling veins were up and wild,
Yet never e'en the gentlest child,
Had kinder heart or tiner hand.

To horse! To horse! No more I weep,
His short career was run full fast;
And thus on battle field, I'd sleep
My long, long sleep of death at last.
No more I weep—but far away
Are deep blue eyes to weep in vain,
Fair lips not soon to smile again,
And hearts to wail this bitter day.

From the Chicago Times.

Morals of Yankee Officers.

The most lamentable fact that has been brought to my notice is the large number of officers who have lately been tried by court martial. The commission of atrocious crimes and all sorts of disgraceful offences by officers, high and low, from colonel to lieutenant, is of daily occurrence.—One officer has been guilty of theft, another of drunkenness, a third has proven himself a coward, a fourth has had a fistic encounter with a soldier, a fifth was caught in the company of negro wenches, and so on *ad infinitum*. A lieutenant was recently found in a miserable log hut, long after tattoo had been sounded, in a condition of drunken bestiality. A few cedar logs were heaped together in the fire-place, and the fire leaped cheerily up the chimney—In the center of the room a barrel served as a table, and around there sat the lieutenant, in the full uniform of a United States officer, playing cards with three blubber lipped, greasy negro wenches! A court martial was convened, and the offender was charged with violation of one of the articles of war, or, in other words, with conduct unbecoming an officer. To this charge there was a single specification, setting forth the time, place, and circumstances of the alleged offence. The court sat in due form. The charge was read, and the accused plead not guilty.—The specification was then recited, and to this the accused naively plead guilty! Here, then, was the height of rebellion extravagance. Guilty of keeping company with negresses, but not guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer!

THE LAST MUD STORY OUT.—We have some much stories of "Virginia mud," but the following extract from a letter written by a Federal soldier from Stafford Court House to a Northern paper bears all them mud stories extant:

As an illustration of muddy traveling, I may relate a story of a march, which came from one of the officers on Col. Slocum's staff. As he rode to the top of an eminence, on the way down, he says: "I saw a driver astride of his team, in a distant mud hole, jerking vigorously at the single line with which he drove his four mules, and waving his hat furiously above his head. At first I thought he was trying to urge his team over the slough, but soon saw that it made no progress forward, while the driver continued his exertions, and the thought of deserting his saddle appeared not to have entered his head. I reached the spot, but the hand and head of the driver alone remained above the mud. I saw him throw his hat towards me with a convulsive movement, heard him cry three cheers for the American Union, and the mud closed over him.

THE YAZOO EXPEDITION.—A letter from Vicksburg says it is quite likely that these expeditions through the swamps of the Yazoo and Sunflower rivers will yet prove the entire destruction of the Federal army. Most of their gunboats are in those waters, and when the river falls they will be left on the dry land; and some twenty thousand troops accompanying the expedition, will be cut off from retreat by means of the transports, and sure to fall into our hands. There is no cause for apprehension, and before we get through with them they will wish they had never attempted to get to Vicksburg by that route.

IRON FORGES IN GEORGIA.—Hon. Joo. W. Lewis devotes a portion of a letter to the Atlanta Intelligencer, to the production of Iron. He says:

And having now, with some friends, nearly completed a new forge, I am seriously meditating about putting up at once another furnace. The Confederacy needs to-day fifty more than they have for use through this war and afterwards. Besides the forge spoken of, three others will soon be in operation in the mountain regions of Georgia, which will supply its present pressing wants in bar iron. If I had command of the proper labor and managers, I would build and work forges and furnaces while this cruel war lasted—knowing that the country will need the products of all that can be built and worked; and I hope that forges enough will be put up after crops are made, to manufacture an abundance of iron for our own use.

AHEAD OF ALL.—Many are the jokes got up in camp, but we think this one will "extricate the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery." Since the publication of the chaplain story, last week, a friend told us the following: Col. A. and Col. B. were commanders of rival regiments in the same brigade. Each anxiously watched the other to prevent being outstripped in efficiency. One day B. was startled by hearing that a revival was going on in A.'s regiment. He immediately turned round to his adjutant and instructed him to issue a general order convening a revival forthwith. He then made inquiry as to the progress of the revival in A.'s regiment, and learning that fifteen had been baptized he ordered the adjutant to make a detail of twenty men to be baptised forthwith 'for,' says he, 'I'll be hanged if I don't get ahead of A. this time.'—*Vicksburg Whig.*

From the Chattanooga Rebel, April 5th.

The Situation.

The latest skirmish along the line of our front occurred near Antioch, nine miles from Nashville upon the Chattanooga Railroad on the 31st ult. An expedition under Maj. Dick McCann penetrated the rear of Rosecrans' army, and at daybreak reached a copse near the road in time to pay a morning's salute to the early train, which came along in a few minutes after. It consisted of several open cars of soldiers. Into these our sharp-shooters fired with great effect. The train was stopped as quick as possible, and the troops aboard formed in order of battle. But taking a by-road, Maj. McCann eluded pursuit, and reached our own guard-lines by night-fall. This gallant excursion is generally applauded as one of the most daring yet accomplished near the front. The enemy are reported to have lost forty-two killed and sixty-seven wounded. Maj. McCann has thus paid a deserved tribute to those who burned his home and cut down his roof tree by special order, some weeks ago. With the exception of this feat we have no news of active movements of general interest.

GOOD REASON FOR CHEEP.—The Cincinnati Enquirer charges that large quantities of military clothing, taken from soldiers who have died in hospitals at Louisville, Nashville and other points and those killed on the various battle fields, have been brought to that city, to be sent thence to the negro contrabands escaping servitude. It is also alleged that this clothing is more or less impregnated with disease, every variety of which, measles, smallpox, etc., is known to the soldiers. Is this an indirect way the "friends of the negro" have adopted to kill him off.

FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY IN ITALY.—says the Christian World of a late date: The town of Locarno is one of those pretty little half Italian, half Swiss towns which line the northwest shores of the Lago Maggoire. The church, with its dome towering over the other buildings, its colored marbles, and its quaint old frescoes by Luni, is the one sight of the little city.

Sunday, the 9th of January, there was present in the church a congregation composed, as is usually the case in this part of Europe, almost entirely of women. The men lounging about the piazza pointed to one another the enormous quantity of snow which had fallen during the last six days and nights in an almost unbroken column. Suddenly there was a dead heavy fall. Evidently, they said, "another distant avalanche," then a scream and murmur of horror which spread through the quiet streets. All rushed to the spot and found a scene horrible past all conception. The dome which covered the body of the church had never been cleared of the constantly falling snow, and the immense weight accumulated was too great for the strength of the worn out building. The whole dome gave way and fell in on the congregation then kneeling in prayer. In that position fifty three female corpses were found, after the ruins had been cleared by the inhabitants.—One, a bride of twenty years of age, named Bono, was alone extricated alive, and was carried to her home with "some hopes of recovery," but she had broken one arm and both legs. One old man alone perished among the fifty-three who fell victims in this awful ruin.

The first week of April is like a fat infantry-man.—It usually *blows* a little, after a March.

The Richmond Riot.

As exaggerated rumors have gone abroad concerning a late local disturbance in Richmond, the considerations that induced reticence have passed away, and we may, for general information, present some facts and considerations from the reports of the Richmond journals.

The Richmond *Enquirer* reports:

A variety of cases were presented before the Mayor, on Friday, the most interesting being cases in which several men and a half dozen women were charged with "taking, stealing and carrying away," from a number of stores, on Main street, a small collection of boots, shoes, brooms, books, tin pans, and trumpets, while on a promenade for plunder.

Several were discharged, others held to bail, and others remanded to answer.

The parties represented divers nationalities, and during the examination seemed to be particularly struck with the facility one gets into a difficulty and the astounding impediments in the way of getting out.

The *virago* who headed this outbreak is thus referred to by the *Examiner*:

The case of Mary Jackson, a huckster in the market and the leader of the woman's riot, was called. The prisoner was a good specimen of a forty year old Amazon, with the eye of the fiend.

It was in evidence before the Mayor that Amazonian huckster had been threatening and arranging for a riot for some time. She seems to have gone for her means largely into the speculation business in provisions. Two weeks ago, it was shown she purchased two veal calves near the city for $50 each, and asked immediately $75 for each.

One of the women engaged is the wife of a man who is receiving good and full wages under Government.—Another woman is receiving $25 a week as a tent maker; the husband of another is flourishing at large under Consular protection, and several of the women were shown to the wives or daughters or sisters of men of comfortable means and resources.

The Mayor remarked during the investigation:

There is no reason why there should have been any suffering among the poor of this city; more money has been appropriated than has been applied for. It should be, and is well understood, that the riot yesterday was not for *bread*. Boots are not bread; brooms are not bread; men's hats are not bread, and I never heard of any body's eating them.

The *Whig* closes some general comments, with the following remarks, which we commend to attention and consideration:

A prosperous and brave people, accustomed to repose, are much moved by disturbances, simply because they are not habituated to them. It is the constant presence of danger or of strife that makes men and nations indifferent to them. Bad society at the South been less accustomed to security, it would have been less alarmed by such disorders. The North, a brawling torrent, might deliberate at the South, a peaceful lake, because the pebble dropped in its waters shook it from shore to shore.

But the people of the South are so used to order, that they love it, and so fond of peace, that they are now fighting for it. The manner in which the present war has been conducted should teach persons of Yankee or other foreign descent, and who are slaves of their passions, or the pliant tools of the evil-minded and disloyal in our midst, what the controlling race in this Confederacy is willing to do and dare in behalf of that social repose and public tranquility to which they have been habituated from childhood, and to the preservation of which every instinct of their nature is impelled and every power of mind and body pledged.—This race is as little inclined to bear disturbance from within as from without. They will put down a wee scess at home, in town or country, from whiter back, as promptly, resolutely and completely as they have rought and are still seeking to suppress and put under foot the violence of the Yankee invader. Taken by surprise, they may for a instant hesitate to inflict just punishment upon a novel species of crime and a new class of criminals; but the hesitation will be of the briefest possible duration. Repetition of outrage riots will meet with instant, stern retribution. If any class is suffering—if profligate commissaries or hoarding speculators have produced artificial wants, there is an appeal to the native benevolence of the proverbially hospitable, generous, open-handed people of the South. Violence before remonstrance is an unheard of thing under the Southern sun. It will not be tolerated. Law and order have always held sway in this land; and law and order will hold sway hereafter.

From the New York Herald.

The Florida at Barbadoes.

BARBADOES, Feb. 25.—Great is the excitement in this fast anchored isle of Barbadoes. The rebel steamer Florida, Capt. J. N. Maffit, arrived here in distress," asking for coal. It appears that the pirate craft has either had a hard mauling or a rough handling by the "old man of Monach."

The town is full of rumors of the wildest sort in regard to her operations. One is that she has had two fights with clipper ships armed for cruising, and sunk both. Captain Maffit was badly wounded in the first fight, but is now quite well enough to dine with the Governor yesterday, and was the observed of all observers. Even the negroes cheered him as he went up to the wharf.

The Florida seems to be well disciplined, the men well behaved and orderly, the officers polite and attentive.

The officers of the First are Florida-insane. They toast the Confederacy, and pay court to the officers of this pirate craft. I am sorry to say, Barbadoes is as Nassau; and that is surely no compliment. Secesh is all the rage. The South is full of glory, the North bad as bad can be.

The Florida sails in two hours. She has been detained by the Government, to permit some Yankee vessels to have twenty-four hour's advantage.

The four Lieutenants of the Florida are very young, from 22 to 19 years old; one, I think (Mr. Floyd) is 18.

We heard that Mr. Gordon has been appointed Rebel Commissioner or agent.

The Florida privately takes a mail for France and England. She went out in splendid style.

Barbadoes, Feb. 28, 1863.—On the morning of the 23d a loud noise alarmed the inhabitants. Mr. Trowbridge, our Consul, seemed impressed with the idea that the United States steamship Vanderbilt had met with the pirate Alabama; but at three o'clock, P. M., a steamer was described showing the Rebel colors. On anchoring several leading men of the day, (British, much to the disgrace of the nation,) went on board and offered her coal.

Our representative here, Mr. Trowbridge, immediately repaired to the Commercial Hotel, where he learned that it (the steamer there anchored) was the Rebel Florida, completely riddled and in a sinking condition. Without delay he repaired to the Governor and loudly exclaimed against his allowing it to repair in the port. I understand he used the following words: "My Lord, I hereby, in the name of the President of the United States of America, warn you from supplying or permitting any of your people aiding or abetting the Rebels. My voice is raised without power to back it; but the consequences will, one day or other, show themselves to the British Government. Calling upon all loyal citizens to take notice of my declaration, my Lord, I take my departure." Notwithstanding this urgent appeal, coals were supplied, repairs completed and Capt. Maffit feted by the Governor, and black and white went on board to see the vessel.

P. S.—It is just ascertained that the Rebels have kidnapped upwards of twenty men, which has occasioned a dispatch to the British Government from his excellency.

BARBADOES, Feb 25, 1863.—From the station lookout the Florida was seen at five P. M., to fire three vessels, some ten miles from the Barbadoes shore.

A large side wheel steamer, presumed to be the Vanderbilt, went after the Rebel who seemed love to, ready for a mouse. We are all excitement and anxiety here. No cannonading has been reported, only the echo of one or two heavy guns.

Everbody who can get an elevated position is looking out for the "sea fight." One of the vessels burned was a splendid guano ship, with guano on board. The crew are landing.

The Florida is now seen, all right, steering north by East. She is bound for the English Channel. This is sure.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

English Fairness.

The removal of the Acting British Consul at Mobile, by the British Government, for his conduct in reference to the shipment of a sum of money, recently, to pay interest on the debt of the State of Alabama, is perfectly in accordance with the policy which that Government has followed since the commencement of the war. Professing the strictest neutrality it has never let pass an opportunity to injure the Confederacy without compromising itself. Under the garb of perfect fairness it recognized a blockade which every man of sense knew was not efficient, in the face of its solemn pledge to disregard it. It closed the ports of the British empire against all privateers and vessels of war of both belligerents, solely because it knew that such a course would operate to the disadvantage of the Confederates, and on every possible occasion it has used the cloak of neutrality to hide a covert blow.

Two or three months ago the Consul at Charleston, Mr. Bunch, received an order, of recall, through the influence, no doubt of the Yankee Government. He had not hesitated to avow that he entertained friendly feelings towards the Confederacy, and this was sufficient to cause his removal. The case of Consul Magee, at Mobile, is more recent. Supposing that he was acting in the interest of British citizens, he sent word to the commander of a British vessel at New Orleans, requesting him to call at Mobile and get the money deposited there to the credit of parties in England. The commander of the vessel in question came as desired, and obtained consent of the Yankee officer commanding the blockading squadron, to make the shipment. The money was taken to England, but as soon as the matter reached the ears of the officers of the Yankee Government, a demand for the removal of the offending Consul was at once made, and the British Government yielded. The Yankees were of course aggrieved that any one of the States now "in rebellion against the best government in the world," should have had an opportunity of preserving its credit unimpaired. They would have been glad to see the British stockholders lose every dollar of the interest as well as the entire investment, and they were greatly chagrined at the result of their effort to break down the State and its credit. Another point with them, and a very sore one, was that it was a breach of the blockade, and they feared the perplexing questions which might grow out of it. If British subjects could have their property conveyed safely through the blockade, why could not French and Spanish citizens do the same? They deemed it necessary therefore, to obtain a disavowal of the act, in order that it might not be made a precedent.

We have no particular objection to the recall of this or that consul by the British Government. The Powers of Europe have a perfect right to call all their consuls in the Confederate States home, if they please, and we long since expressed the opinion that our Government could do no better than to send them out of the country, and notify foreign Powers that when they desired to have the interest of their citizens looked after they must send agents accredited to the Confederate Government. There is no probability that the Government will pursue such a policy, but we hope that it will have independence and regard for its own dignity enough to prevent any other British consul from taking the places of Messrs. Bunch and Magee, unless they receive their exequaturs from President Davis. No doubt the British and the Yankees would be glad to send to those ports men who could be depended upon to act as spies but we hope the Confederate Government will not allow it. We have had quite enough of Yankee insolence and British assumption. Let us not encourage either in future.

From the Chicago Times.

Russian Emancipation.

The experiment of emancipation in Russia, planned two years since and submitted to the country for gradual preparation, was consummated on the third day of the present month. On that day twenty millions of serfs became free from the obligations which bound them to nobility, and were endowed with a new independence.—They require no independence because, in the first place, they are of the same color and nationality as their masters, and thereby entitled to dignity and respect, so far as their abilities can command them; and because, in the second place, they have not been reduced from dependence to helplessness, by a mistaken philanthropy which clothes them in destitution while it makes them free. In this the Russian and American emancipation systems differ most widely.

By the provisions of the royal ukase, the serfs acquire a right to hold, by lease or in perpetuity, as their means or disposition may dictate, the homestead property upon which they and their fathers have lived.—They also have other rights regarding the tenure of the soil. The serf may therefore be as poor as the African negro in whose behalf our emancipation is clamor, and yet he will have a home and the same means of support which have sufficed him heretofore. The land upon which he lives has been cultivated by himself, his father, and his ancestors, from time immemorial. Generations have added dignity to the spot of ground and educated and trained to the best method of developing that spot of ground, the Russian serf of the present day walks forth a free man, the possessor of his hereditary domain, and of an ample subsistence. Will any reasoning being compare this system with that which has already brought misery to thousands of emancipated blacks, who are dying of starvation and disease under our Abolitionism? Yet we are cited before the tribunal of public opinion, and made to stand degraded beside the enlightened philanthropy of Russia. There is no parallel between the cases.

With this comparatively easy and definite solution of the difficulty, Russia is in a condition of social disorganization and tumult. The nobility, naturally arrayed against the emancipation measure, have excited the hatred of the serfs, who worship the instinctive vision of royalty which has wrought their freedom by means to them unknown and incomprehensible. The dull fire breaks out occasionally at rumors of danger to the sovereign from the enmity of their former masters, and the lords of the soil have been in peril of extermination in certain localities. Not long since a fanatic priest raised the torch of war with the tale of an infernal machine presented to the Czar, and nearly three districts into revolution. With a new-found consciousness of strength and importance, the emancipated serfs become a terror to their benefactor, as a power which, having created, he cannot control. And so the national peace is upset, and the most zealous advocates of the imperial policy acknowledged to a social convulsion which they fear, and hope to pacify. That they will be able to pacify it is not certain. The Polish insurrection is believed to be spreading into the frontier districts of Russia, and if once the flame of revolution is lighted among the twenty millions of emancipated serfs, who apparently stand ready for any antagonism, the power of despotism and aristocracy will be swept away like chaff before the autumn wind.

"The Price of Whisky."

A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal gives the following estimate of the cost to the "consumer" of a barrel of stuff which he calls *whisky*, but which is not whisky, and, in fact, nothing but miserable plantation rum, distilled from dirty sugar house trash and known and designated by the jolly "consumer" as "splithead," "tanglefoot," "white eye," "sword fish" "long range," "Indian killer," "strike-nine," "liver-eater," "stomach biter,", "loafer's delight," and several other euphonic and appropriate appellations which we cannot now call to mind:

EDITORS APPEAL;—There is not one in a hundred of our soldiers, who ever stops to think of the enormous profits he is putting into the crafty ones, who are charging one dollar and fifty cents for a dram. Now, let me make a calculation, and see what the "dram seller" will make you pay for one barrel of poison. We will suppose that a man drinks two ounces at a drink, which is a large one. In one pint there are sixteen ounces, which gives him 12 drams for one pint of the worst beverage you could possibly procure. In one gallon there are eight pints which will give him $96 per gallon. In one barrel there are forty gallons, which makes a sum total of $3,840. Now suppose this stuff cost the dram seller $40 per gallon, (which is as much as they pay for it,) it will give the bar keeper a net profit of $2,240 per barrel. If you give three dollars in Confederate money for one in gold or silver, you will give these pests $1,280 for one barrel of poison. Now take my advice. Quit drinking, and send the money you give these men to your wives and children. J. C. H.

We are glad to know that one man has turned his attention to this matter, and we hope that he will follow up this communication with others, and to the "consumer," more startling calculations.

While on this subject we would like to ask a question or two. What becomes of all the liquor which is seized by our military authorities? Last year it was said to have been appropriated to the use of the artillery; but the field artillery got none of it, and the field artillery received but a trifling amount per day, during the bombardment, and none at all after the Yankees had vamosed. It is said now that it is appropriated to hospital purposes; but no man believes that the sick men in our army could dispose of it all, even if it were free as water to them. If that is the way it goes then there is no use of quinine or strichnine, or any other remedy against fever and ague, chills and fever or any known disease accompanied by "great shakes."

Tell us where the liquor goes! Who knows? Echo answers—"NOSE!"

New Orleans.

A correspondent of the New York Herald presents the following picture of the results of the blighting footsteps of the invader in this once proud city;

The change of affairs in New Orleans can be better understood by visiting the levee and St. Charles Hotel. The latter in times of peace at this season of the year was always crowded with the beauty, wealth and fashion of the South and Southwest; the rotunda was always filled with merchants, planter or Northerners, who were spending the winter in the South either on business or pleasure. Now the spacious drawing rooms are deserted; the ladies' dinning room, that used to present when the guests of the house were all assembled, one of the most brilliant scenes to be witnessed on this continent, is now closed, and the rotunda is but partly filled with men of an entirely different appearance from those who congregated there only a few years since, the majority now wearing the uniform of the army and navy of the United States. The levee presents a strange contrast with former years. Then the masts of hundreds upon hundreds of ships could be seen as far as the eye could reach; crowds of huge steamboats were constantly arriving and departing, the levee was filled with cotton, tobacco, sugar and molasses, ready for export, and large cargoes of the manufactures of the North were being landed for distribution throughout this section of the country. Now a few ship can be seen in either district; a dozen steamboats comprise all at the levee, and they are principally in the employ of the quartermaster, and the long line of heavy ships of war moored off the city presents a sight never before seen in New Orleans. On the levee a few bales of cotton here and there, a few thousand hogsheads of sugar and barrels of molasses, comprise all that can be witnessed in the way of trade; and the long line of closed stores and warehouses, with the proprietors' names painted out, give evidence how much the business of New Orleans has fallen off. The picture altogether is a very, very sad one, and the stranger, looking upon it naturally asks himself, when will there be a change for the better? To say that in my opinion there is an increase in the Union sentiment among the people of New Orleans and the surrounding country would be creating a wrong impression among the "Herald" readers. I do not think so; for I am confident, from all I can hear from those who are not only Unionists in heart, but who are in the employment of the government, nothing has been done to lead the people to suppose that it was the intention of the government to rule them save with a rod of iron. I may be premature in this assertion; but if a tithe is true of what has been told me by gentlemen of the highest respectability, and loyal men, it is no wonder there is no loyalty among the people of the South; on the contrary, the only wonder is that a spark of Union feeling can be found remaining. There will at some future period be made public a history of our first occupation of New Orleans which will, if there is any honesty of purpose among our people at the North, cause them to open their eyes and wonder that any success could attend our cause, prosecuted as it has been in this section of the country.

The Capture of the Schooner Hanover by the "Pirate" Retribution.

Capt. Case, of the schooner Hanover, of Provincetown, captured off the Island of Hayti by the "pirate" schooner Retribution, while on a voyage from New York to Aux Cayes, has arrived in Boston. He took passage, with his mate and one man, from Port au Prince to New York in the brig Bird of the Wave, Capt. Robert Murray. Capt. Case thus states the circumstances of his capture:

On the 30th of January was off the south side of San Domingo, close by the port of L'Ansed'Hainanit, when I saw a schooner running down with the American flag flying; her course was directly towards me; as she crossed my bow, I first saw her battery, with the guns run out; as her Captain hailed me the American flag dropped, and that of the Confederate States hoisted in its place; the display of force on the "pirate" was of course overwhelming, and I was obliged to obey his orders; he sent his lieutenant and five of his crew aboard in a boat; he lieutenant was a mere boy, a Southerner, of the name of Gray, who appeared to be ill at ease at the business in which he was engaged; he was quite courteous, remarking that the Hanover was a good prize for them, and then requested me to go aboard the Retribution to have an interview with her commander. When Captain Case stepped upon the deck of the Retribution, her commander, Capt. Lock, stepped forward and said: "Ah, Capt. Case, do you know me—have you ever seen me before?" Capt. Case replied that to the best of his recollection he never had. But I know you, Capt. Case, very well by reputation, said Capt. Lock; how is your brother, Reuben Case—your name, I believe, is Washington Case? I have sailed out of Provincetown several times; once in a whaler belonging to Mr. Choate."—Capt. Case then remarked that he was not over three miles from the shore of Hayti when captured. Capt. Lock replied that it was four miles, and that he was a prize to the chooner Retribution and the Confederate flag. As it was impossible to resist, I requested the favor that he would at once put me ashore; he assented telling me to take my clothing and that of the crew and the boat of the Hanover. He took my charts and those of the mate and the chronometer, which belonged to Mr. Wheelwright, the charterer of the vessel. I landed on the shore about dark. In the meantime a portion of the crew of the Retribution had been sent on board the Hanover, and both vessels sailed off together. I presume that she was taken to one of the cays and sold to wreckers. The people of Hati received me in a hospitable manner, stating that if the pirate had come within range of their battery, they would have given him a warm reception.

Decidedly Frenchy!

In the latest register of French loves and conjugal disasters, it is stated that the youthful bride of a well known banker's son-in-law, who had eloped with the Receiver General of Tours, has returned from her little journey perfectly, disgusted with the experiment and perfectly restored to her sense of duty and affection for her husband by the singular wit displayed by the latter, which showed at once his superiority over the man for whom she had deserted him:

"At the moment of elopement the gay Lothario wrote a line to the injured husband, giving notice of the destination the fugitives were about to seek, and offering to be stow any reparation of honor which the husband might choose to demand; whereupon the latter immediately dispatched an envelope containing ten bank note of a thousand francs each, with a short, pithy letter, saying that, as he know by sad experience the extravagant habits of his fair traveling companion, he was afraid lest for want of funds he might be induced to turn back, and begging his acceptance of the sum mentioned, to meet some portion of the expenses he had entailed upon himself by association with such a terrible spendthrift as the fair lady he had chosen. The laugh is wholly on the side of the husband, while the poor victorious lover sneaks about crest fallen, having lost place, preferment, honor and reputation."

LAKE PROVIDENCE.—The N. Y. Herald's correspondent announces the prospect of overflowing the country in this locality and drowning women and children with a savage glee such as only a Yankee is capable of:

Last night the water was let into Lake Providence. Laborers were digging all day long, and just at sundown the last shovelful of earth was removed and the Mississippi began to seek the head waters of Bayou Macon. This morning the little stream has swollen into a mighty river. The break is now a hundred feet wide, and the water tumbles and foams like Niagara. It is impossible to indicate the end. How this water rolling over their well cultivated plantations, and lifting from their foundations the splendid mansions, must astonish the Rip Van Winkles who live in the interior.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER MARION.—The steamer Marion, Capt. John Flynn, while engaged yesterday, in important military service in Ashley River, met with a misfortune, from the explosion of gunpowder, by which several large openings were made in her below the water line, causing her to sink in a few minutes. We are informed that the water is about five fathoms deep where she now lies, and she will be nearly a total loss.

Chas. Mercury, 7th inst.

Doings of the Pirate Florida.

NEW YORK, April 3.—Advices from Bermuda report the ship Star of Peace, of Boston, from Calcutta with a cargo of salt-petre was burned by the pirate Florida. The schooner Aldebaran was also captured and a prize crew put aboard, when the Florida went in chase of another large American ship.

PATRIOTISM OF VIRGINIA PLANTERS.—Several of the largest tobacco growing counties in Virginia have held public meetings and determined to cultivate no more tobacco the present year, notwithstanding the high price which the article is commanding. This is truly laudable and patriotic conduct. It is really refreshing, in these times of money making, to see such a patriotic spirit evinced by a people struggling for liberty.

CONFEDERATE NOTES IN WASHINGTON.—The Richmond Examiner learns from returned prisoners that Confederate money goes in Washington at twenty five cents on the dollar, and Virginia bank notes at six y cents on the dollar.—Our prisoners who have Confederate money send it out regularly and have it exchanged at these rates to get yankee money to make their little purchases of tobacco, papers, &c.

AN OLD FASHIONED TRADE.—One of our largest farmers in this county, the other day, made a trade with a manufacturer of cotton goods for 1,000 yards of osnaburge at twelve-and-a-half cents per yard, to be paid for in corn at fifty cents per bushel. This same farmer, a short time ago, sold the Government a thousand bushels of corn at one dollar per bushel. He had more corn than he needed for his own use, and very properly disposed of it instead of holding it for an exorbitant price.

Charlotte Democrat.

SALE OF STATE BONDS.—The bids for the bonds offered for sale by K