For the Journal.

I have just read the speech of Vice President STEPHENS before the Georgia Legislature, delivered on the 16th of March. This speech is, indeed, a melancholy exhibition and proof of human weakness. That a man in Mr. STEPHENS' exalted position should have delivered such a discourse, at such a time, charging the Government with gross violations of the Constitution and laws, even if it were true, will be deeply regretted by all patriots, and it matters not what his motives may be, will do our cause and country more harm than good. He is evidently a theoretical and visionary statesman, knowing but little of the practical effect of the stern realities of human affairs. This extraordinary speech is in accordance with Mr. Stephens' whole political history, which has ever been as changeable as the colors of the chameleon. His patriotic expressions, when considered alone, are noble, but when coupled with his opposition to the measures of the Government—measures demanded and justified by an absolute and paramount necessity—they are shorn, in a great degree, of their beauty and good effect. In his allusions to the noble patriotism, heroic endurance, and sacrifices of our forefathers, in their struggle for independence, for whom he expresses such high admiration, he omitted to state that their patriotism was so intense and self sacrificing that they made Washington Dictator, thus placing all power to his hands, and by which it is more than probable their independence was achieved, and their liberties saved.

Had the last Congress proclaimed a Dictator for similar noble motives, our country would doubtless be in a better condition than at present, and we would have been spared the great misfortune and humiliation of reading a speech from the Vice President, fraught with such dangerous consequences. His remark that he would return upon his heel to choose between masters, thus evidently placing the patriotic President of our own choice on a level with Abraham Lincoln, our barbarous enemy, is a sad comment upon Mr. Stephens' patriotism, good taste and judgment.

The conduct of Mr. Stephens does not show the statesman, but the politician. He is greatly mistaken if he thinks his course in denouncing the Government, in times like these, will be approved by our patriotic and brave soldiers; nor will they find fault with a law that requires every man within the conscript age to perform his share of duty in the army. Notwithstanding Mr. Stephens' opinions, it is gratifying to know that the acts so condemned by him, have received the approval of the Judiciary of the whole nation.

His unfortunate reference to the Holden faction of North Carolina will be received by all disloyal persons with great pleasure, and give them renewed energy in their treasonable efforts to place us under the degrading and miserable thraldom of our base, cruel, and detestable enemies. But the good people of North Carolina have amply proved their patriotism from the commencement of the struggle, and the great majority they will soon give for their patriotic Governor, will deserve and command the admiration of the whole Confederacy, and consign to eternal infamy those who seek their own elevation in the degradation and destruction of their country.

It may be well to observe, that I am no apologist of President Davis. He has, in my judgment, characteristics which mar the symmetry of his character. But man is imperfect, and imperfections attend all his works. He is, however, the President of our free choice, in whose hands we have entrusted the direction of public affairs. In times like these it is the duty of all good patriots, however high or low their position, to do everything to strengthen, and nothing to weaken the Government.

I believe Mr. Davis to be a true lover of liberty, a true, patriotic, honest and able man, and shall therefore stand or fall by him in this contest, which I know to be just and glorious, and is so dear to my heart. Should any great calamity ever befall us, I shall be able to proudly say, "It was not I who did it."

But this is impossible; our strength is from above, and we must and will triumph. CATO.

From the Richmond Enquirer 14th.

CAPTURE OF A BUFFALO CAMP IN NORTH CAROLINA.

On Friday last, three privates belonging to Captain Bower's company of the 62d Georgia infantry, aided by a few citizens of Bertie county, N. C., attacked a Union camp near Windsor, in that county, consisting of thirty or forty Buffaloes, four Yankees, supposed to have escaped from Danville, and about forty negroes, routing and capturing many of them. They were led by a Captain Hoggard, formerly considered a good and true officer in the army of the Confederate States.—He was, we learn, among the killed. When he first entered the Confederate service he was very firm in his devotion to the cause, but it is said that his defection commenced when he began to read the North Carolina "Standard;" since which he has grown worse and worse, until at last he has met with his reward in infamy and death. The four Yankees were recaptured and forwarded to Richmond, and the other prisoners were sent to Jackson and Windsor.

Our country abounds in food. Corn cribs are everywhere overflowing, smokehouses are filled with bacon, while of flour, vegetables and fresh meats, there is an abundance. Yet, this vast storehouse of supplies has been closed to our people, and the gaunt form of necessity is stalking through the land. Who is to blame? The men for whose protection our armies are struggling, and in defence of whose interests a holocaust of human lives have been offered, stand idly by, hugging their paltry dollars, and groaning over the griefs of the Confederacy. If money is to be made, none are sooner in the mart of speculation, with eager eyes and grasping hands to add to their store; but if a sacrifice of personal interest is demanded, or if they are called upon to do a substantial act of duty to their fellows, they draw back into their shells, and bury themselves in the darkness of their own narrow natures.

There is not a passing day on which the living illustrations of these remarks may not be seen by every reader of this article. They are the people who are hoarding their supplies, chuckling over the ease with which they have ground out from the widow and orphan the taxes they are reluctantly compelled to pay, and boasting of the thousands of bushels of corn and pounds of bacon which, when the demand exceeds the supply, they intend to put into the market. Thank God for the many honorable exceptions to the rule which the war has developed, but we fear that if the religion of men is to be measured by their riches acquired during this struggle, in speculating on the necessities of the people, a vast number of Confederate citizens will be missing from "Heaven's celestial throng."

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

South Carolinian.

Interesting to Farmers.

The following extract, from Circular No. 8, issued from the Bureau of Conscription, dated March 13th 1864, contains useful information to agriculturalists having a less number than fifteen hands:

"SCHEDULE OF TERMS."

"When there are two or more farms contiguous, or within five miles of each other, measuring from the homesteads, having on each five or more hands, amounting in the aggregate to fifteen hands, or where one person has two or more plantations within five miles of each other, having an aggregate of fifteen or more hands, there may be detailed one person as overseer or manager of the two or more farms: provided there is on neither of the farms a white male adult, declared by the Enrolling Officer and the temporary Board capable of managing the farms with a reasonable efficiency, not liable to military duty; and provided the person detailed was, on the first day of January, 1864, either owner, manager or overseer, residing on one of the farms: and, provided the owners of said farms shall execute a joint and several bond, on the terms prescribed for the owners of fifteen hands, except that such persons shall not be allowed the privilege of commutation provided in the 4th article of the 10th section of the Act recited." (17th February, 1864.)

"Where details are allowed to persons having less than fifteen, and five or more than five hands, they shall enter into like obligation as prescribed for the owners of fifteen or more hands, except that for each hand less than fifteen, down to five, there shall be supplied five pounds less meat, thus: each of fourteen hands, ninety-five; thirteen hands, ninety; twelve hands, eighty-five; six hands, fifty-five; five hands, fifty pounds."

"Where details are allowed to persons having less than five hands, they shall enter into like obligations to sell all their surplus provisions to the Government."

The Richmond Examiner says if Grant is successful this summer the war may linger along, but there will be no more danger in it; the last great effort will have been made, the last trump will have been played and the game will be in our hands. The military exhaustion of the United States will be contemporaneous with its financial collapse and with the recognition of the Confederacy by all Christian nations. In our opinion, based on such data as are now apparent, the trial of the two nations will be decided within the next five months, and judgment rendered on the land that lies between the Rappahannock and the James.

Why is a young lady who is receiving the attention of a gentleman like a lady who sends relief to Ireland? Because her heart goes pity Pat.

EXCITEMENT IN THE YANKEE CONGRESS—UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO EXPEL MR. HARRIS, OF MARYLAND.

In the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 9th inst., the Speaker (Mr. Colfax) called Mr. Rollins, of New Hampshire, to the chair, and, rising to a question of privilege, offered a resolution to expel Hon. Alexander Long, of Ohio, on the ground that he had declared himself "in favor of recognizing the independence of the so-called Confederacy, now in arms against the Union."

Mr. Colfax submitted a few remarks in support of the resolution, and was followed by Mr. Cox, of Ohio, in a speech of some length:

Mr. Cox, in his opening remarks, said he was not in the House when his colleague made his speech, but he was informed by members around him that they would bear the interpretation put upon them. Had he been in his seat yesterday, with all due respect to his colleague, he should have disavowed, in behalf of the Ohio delegation, any remarks looking to the recognition of the rebellion as crystalized at Richmond. He did not know a single member of that delegation, excepting his colleague (Mr. Long) who was willing to recognize the Confederate Government. He spoke of this because of the attempt to make partisan capital. He believed that his colleague at the time spoke only his own sentiments, and not those of his party. Recently there was a Democratic Convention in Ohio, representing one hundred and forty-five thousand voters, and in that Convention no sentiment like that of his colleague was uttered.—The Democratic people in that State rallied and sent their friends and brothers to the war, although they did not agree to the African policy.

During the debate which followed, Mr Miller, of Pa., protested against the lecture on patriotism from his colleague (Mr. Kelly), who stands on the record as having uttered *a deliberate falsehood*. He was not the man to talk about perjury and fidelity to the Union.

Mr. J. C. Allen, of Illinois, knew no parallel case to this, of moving to expel a member for words uttered in debate. He had imagined that under the Constitution the Representatives on this floor had the right to express their opinions freely. He dissented from the opinion that we should recognize the Southern Confederacy; but if that was the gentleman's honest conviction, he had the right to express it. If the gentleman from Ohio had been giving aid and comfort to the enemy, others in high places had been doing the same thing. The President had not only violated the spirit but the letter of the Constitution *by his repeated acts of usurpation*. Much as he hated the rebellion, he loved the Constitution, because it was designed to protect all men in their liberties.

Mr. Harris, of Maryland, said he *endorsed every word* that the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Long) had uttered, and would stand by them for weal or woe.—You say the gentleman meant treason at the very moment you say he was sincere and honest. He was willing to go with his friend anywhere on that issue.—Could not a man say, when a war is carried on to exterminate a people, that he would rather have peace—thus saving lives on both sides, and the money of a ground-down people, and especially when the sentiments came from distinguished men to back him. Not one of you can be compared with the men the gentleman quoted yesterday. He was a peace man—a radical peace man. He was for recognising the Southern Confederacy, and for acquiescing in the doctrine of secession. He had a hope, but it was not in this House. A tornado would come and sweep you from power, and give it to honest men who have humanity and some regard for the principles of their fathers. War would never bring you a Union worth a cent. He was for peace and Union too. [Laughter.] He was a better man than any of them. [Renewed laughter.] If we cannot make peace let us have two splendid Governments—two happy Governments.

He was a slaveholder, and was still, if all his slaves had not been stolen from him. He looked on those who opposed slavery as madmen. He compassionated them. If it was a sin he was willing to bear it. The North had been deceived by stereotyped falsehood. When this war commenced Secretary Seward said it could be put down in sixty days. Instead of seventy-five thousand men ending it you have now called for a million of soldiers. *A braver set of men never existed on God's earth than exists in the South*: and when you attempt to elevate the negro with the white man, you stir up strife. The Puritans saw nothing in the Bible against slavery, and when they found slavery unprofitable, they sold their slaves to the South. Having taken their gold, their descendants now turn round and attempt to dispossess the South of the property. He had voted against men and money to carry on the war; he would not consent that our money should be *spent by a tyrant*. Not a man or a dollar would he vote for this *infernal war*. It was the most stupendous folly that ever disgraced any people on the face of God's earth.—If this be treason make the most of it. It was the right of a Commoner to say he would not entrust the means of carrying on the war to a King. Who is the war power? The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them into subjection.—That is not done yet, *and God Almighty grant that it never may be*. I hope you will never subjugate the South. The President has proved himself unfit to be trusted with the moneyed power.

Mr. Tracy, of Pennsylvania, rose to ask a question, but was loudly called to order by members on the opposition side. He desired to know whether, within these halls the gentleman could invoke Almighty God that the American arms shall not prevail.

Mr. Harris—Is that a point of order?

Mr. Tracy again essayed to speak, and was called to order from the opposition side. Much confusion prevailed.

Mr. Tracy, elevating his voice above the din, asked whether it was in order for treason to be uttered within these halls. [Renewed cries of "Order" and "Sit down."]

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, rose to a point of order, and desired that the language of the gentleman from Maryland be taken down at the Clerk's desk, in accordance with the rule.

The objectionable sentence, as taken down and read, is as follows: "The South ask you to leave them in peace; but no, you say you will bring them into subjection. That is not done yet, and God Almighty grant that it may never be. I hope you will never subjugate the South."

Mr. Harris, of Maryland, exclaimed: Is that all?

Mr. Pendleton raised a question of order, when

The Speaker *pro tem.* pronounced Mr. Harris out of order for using that language.

Mr. Washburne—For one, I protest against any man uttering such language in this hall.

Mr. Harris—You mean you are afraid of it. (Cries of "order" from the Republican side.)

Mr. Washburne objected to the gentleman from Maryland proceeding with his remarks.

Mr. Harris resumed his seat, unanimous consent being requisite for him to continue his speech.

Mr. Fernando Wood said he would refer to the House the exact language of the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Long,) which had not been properly stated.

Mr. Washburne—Were you present yesterday?

Mr. Wood replied he was not, but he held in his hand the identical manuscript. He thought it was due to the gentleman, before the House voted on it, that they should hear what the gentleman did say. The language is as follows: "I now believe that there are but two alternatives—either an acknowledgment of the South as an independent nation, or their complete subjugation and extermination as a people. Of these alternatives, I prefer the former."

If, said Mr. Wood, he is to be expelled for the utterance of these sentiments, you may include me for a concurrence in them.

Mr. Colfax stated what he understood Mr. Long to say yesterday.

Mr. Long said he had the manuscript now before him from which he read. He prepared his speech four weeks ago. He had not altered a word.

Mr. Colfax did not believe, after the gentleman had so long deliberated, he had changed a word. In order that members should see the printed speech, which will appear in the *Globe* of Monday next, Mr. Colfax suggested, and there was unanimous consent, that the consideration of the pending resolution should be postponed until Monday, at two o'clock.

Mr. Washburne then offered a resolution expelling Mr. Harris, the vote upon which resulted—yeas 81, nays 58. There not being the required two third vote, the resolution was declared *rejected*.

Mr. Schenck then offered a resolution declaring Mr. Harris, "an unworthy member of this House, and is hereby severely censured." This resolution was adopted—yeas 92, nays 18.

The House soon after adjourned.

A St. Louis paper tells this: A man and his wife were engaged in arranging for separation. The difficulty of adjustment was the baby. The wife tearfully begged to be allowed to keep "the dear little fellow," while the husband angrily and persistently refused. At length the wife almost threw the child into the husband's arms and exclaimed, "take him; I can soon get another."

RE-PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

From the Mobile Tribune

A Soldier's Experience on Furlough.

"Oh, Pleasure! thou art indeed a pleasant thing,
But one must be damned for thee, no doubt,"

MR. EDITOR:—I have just returned from an invasion of Mobile, and, like Lee in Pennsylvania, Bragg in Kentucky, and some of the rest of us on Big Black, my stay was abbreviated, and I thank God I am safe back at my base, not much worse off than when I left.

Not long since I schemed a fifteen days' leave, drew two months' pay, and within a reasonable time established my headquarters in your city. The plan of my campaign was an economical one, the state of my military chest not admitting of a protracted line of operations. By lying in bed all one day I had my coat made as good as new. By buttoning this up to the chin I should not only give myself the soldierly appearance for which we are remarkable, but I should maintain a proper degree of reserve in regard to my linen, of which nothing could be seen and just enough of collar to give assurance that a shirt was there; and then, with my boots outside nearly meeting the skirts of my coat who could criticise my pants?

With a well established policy of moderate enjoyment, avoiding the Scylla of intoxication and the Charybdis of sobriety, determined to see and taste every rational happiness, and only to get drunk late at night, I sallied forth with all the complacent dignity of our Bishop General on his way to an egg nog frolic.

I soon encountered a group of acquaintances, who greeted me with a warmth truly gratifying; and when they described the pride they had felt at my exploits and their grief at my wounds, I would have been ungrateful indeed, had I not glanced around for a drinking saloon. Most singular coincidence! we were standing in front of one—the citadel of which we attacked in solid column; and I found that, unlike most assaults, my column increased as we advanced, so that by the time the glasses were deployed I had gained a loss of about ten drinks. But they were all men who admired me, and wanted to drink to my "specty pro motion," so I threw down a Confederate twenty with as much non-chalance as a quartermaster, when the expert and gentlemanly barkeeper leaned over the counter and whispered with his blandest smile—"seven more, if you please, major; dollar a drink.

Bidding adieu to my enthusiastic friends, I left them planted where I found them, at their picket station, exercising a most commendable vigilance, lest some new comer should escape their congratulations, while I drifted slowly along in the direction of the headquarters of her of whom I had thought in the snows of Tennessee and in the dust of Mississippi—in the midnight bivouac and in the din of battle—who has been my guiding star, my angel and my dream. Now I was to find her dark eyes, which I had left dimmed with tears, sparkling with pride at my fame! Bully for me.

After I had turned the corner of Royal and Dauphin, I overheard an exclamation behind me, which made me turn my head in time to see the neatest little boot in the world, at the end of the most bewitching openworked stocking, as an angry beauty shook her dress out after clearing the crowd of soldiers, citizens, police officers and newsboys congregated at the corner.

"The odious wretches," she said to her companion, "they had much better be with their regiments than standing on every corner staring people out of countenance."

"Major Comb," I said to myself, "as long as you remain in Mobile, never suffer yourself to stand on a corner and stare at pretty women."

Fifteen minutes walk brought me near the present residence of my fair refuge without other adventure than hearing a female voice from the back gallery of a first class mansion, in genuine caterwauling tones:

"You, Nancy Jane! What's them stockings doing blown down in the dirt? Put that baby down and come right up here this minute and fix my hair. You know Colonel Buttonzolover will be here directly, and there you are nursing that nasty, st—ng little brat—oh lord, ther's an officer!" she exclaimed, making a hasty, but not graceful exit as she met my admiring gaze.

Whereupon I made the following philosophic observation: "When you get married, Major Comb, don't have any *back gallery* to your house, and then women *can't* scream at the servants. A sweet voice, as has been justly observed, is an excellent thing in woman—and most young women have it, except when they speak through their noses or scream at servants—but when they do both together—scream at niggers through their noses from a high back gallery, it is a combination awful to hear."

After having delivered myself to this effect, I gave my moustache a fascinating twist and entered the mansion where dwelt my Juliana Marina. When my eyes became accustomed to the obscurity of the parlor, I found myself drawn up in line of battle in front of a creature that I must describe.

It stood in front of me in the full uniform of a major of cavalry, with the most braid on its sleeves, the biggest star on its collar, the longest boots and brightest spurs I ever did see. Its hair was sleek, and its moustache and goatee were waxed to sharp points. On its hands were pink kid gloves, and it smelt sweet. I had seen such things, but not at large. They were either following a hand organ or riding a black pony in the ring of a menagerie.

While we stood gazing thus on each other, that mysterious rustling of silk and voluptuous perfume which precedes a pretty woman, announced the approach of the ambition of my life—

"Ju-u-lianna!"
"My dear Curry!"

were exclamations to be followed up, when she saw that thing behind me. Pausing in her advance towards me she exclaimed to it—

"Why, how de do, Major; I am delighted to see you; do you know Major Peter Nip Ninnego? Major Curry Comb, Major Peter Nip Ninnego, of Gen. Heltersplit's staff."

It addressed itself to motion, and to my utter astonishment, it did speak.

"Aw, Miss Julia, been taking a dwedful wide with the General. Always wequest me to wide with him, you know, although I wemonstrate, but weally, he wequires my advice, on all occasions. I am bwoke down!" and it dropped languidly into a fauteuil, and fanned itself with an embroidered hankerchief. In vain I tried to participate in the conversation; it seemed my sunburned face and hands were no match for the pomatum and gloves of Major Peter Nip Ninnego, of Gen. Heltersplit's staff—and I felt more like a bronze ornament on a chair than the dashing cavalier I had thought myself.

The thing was so elegantly gotten up—there was but one defect, and that was where its spurs would dig into its boots. Thank God, that is one point which your ready-made soldier can't get over. Being unaccustomed to wear spurs, they cut their boots at every turn. They can no more wear a spur than they can sit on a horse. Perceiving that it caught my glance, fixed on its feet, I observed that "he wore a cruel spur."

"Aw, yes; but you see I take them off when I wide—my mare is a wace horse, and wuns away!"

It required all my dignity to preserve my gravity, and seeing that Julianna Marina was displeased with my manner toward Major Peter Nip Ninnego, of Gen. Heltersplit's staff, I turned my back on them and commenced studying the "Pilgrim's Progress," which I found lying on the table.

"Do you know, my dear Miss Julia," it said in a low tone, "all that I wequire to complete my happiness?"

"A looking glass, six by four!" said I over my shoulder.

"It is the knowledge that you will wegwet me while I am gone on this dwedful business."

"But you will call before you leave," she asked, and I saw in a mirror before me that she took its hand in hers and pressed it.

"Would a Mussulman leave Mecca without visiting the tomb of the Pwophet?"

"You be d—d!" I muttered; "but thank God, it is going off somewhere." (This dreadful expedition turned out to be a pleasure trip up to some works at Choctaw bluff.)

However, much to my relief, it soon took its leave; and I had the satisfaction to see it spur its feet twice in bowing itself out.

"Now, Miss Juliana Maria Luvemel," said I, with that mild dignity for which Gen. Adams so much admires me, "please define your position and explain your conduct. When we last met, my attentions were sufficient for you, and you had no use for such things as have just left you. What am I to think? Speak freely, for the sooner we understand each other the better.

She entrenched herself behind her tears and sobbed out, "I did think I loved you, Curry, but you ou-ou stayed away so long, and Maj. P-P-Peter Nip-Nip-Nip Ninnego has been so-so-so"—

"Say no more, my dear child," said I, gentleness in my smile but bitterness in my heart.

For your love and to gain your applause what have I not dared? My flag proudly bears the name of every bloody field from Belmont to Murfreesboro'; but if to a man like me—straightening up—you prefer the lemon scented cuss, why you may do very well for little Nip Ninnegos, but you would never do for the mother of the heroic little Curry Combs!"

Cramming my hat as far down on my head as it would go, I stalked majestically for h, my nose in the air, my chin pointed horizontally, and hands clenched, and, had I met Major Peter Nip Ninnego, of General Heltersplit's staff, I should have taken it by its mind legs and beaten its brains out against the curbstone.

But instead of meeting him, I encountered the gallant Colonel Buttonzolover, with the sweet gentle girl leaning on his arm, who had been so anxious to get her hair fixed.

"And do you love me so much!" she asked in a tone which was music itself.

"Never mind, old fellow," I thought to myself as I passed them, "you'll discover the difference if you ever marry her and have a *back gallery* to your house."

Meeting my esteemed friend Von Shnideriking, who, having just been promoted, sported his three for the first time—"he wore them well, and may he wear them long"—we went to the club, and amid the genial hospitality, wit and good juleps of that institution, I ceased to think about the false Juliana Marina Luvemel and Major Nip Ninnego, of Gen. Heltersplit's staff. Rendered desperate by the juleps and my broken heart, I invited Von Shneiderkins and some amphibious animal that called us "bloody soldiers," to dine with me at that Frenchman's down on Conti street. We had a heap of fun out of the "Gunboat," as the Colonel called him, and made him so drunk that he took Von Shneiderkins' head for Sand Island lighthouse, and the last thing he said as we left him was:

"Haul her up when you strike four fathoms."

What he meant was none of my business, but paying for his dinner was, I found out to the tune of one hundred and sixty five dollars. Having "Gunboat" on his beam-ends, the Colonel and I went to the theatre to see a new play by a Mobile man. I think the play was a good one, but Van and I enjoyed ourselves better looking at the ladies' necks than at the stage. How amiable in them thus to display those charms we are ashamed to ask to see! Bless their sweet souls they know the *more* we see of them the more we love them, and they let us see as much as possible.

But why weary with that night's adventure? Arm in arm my steadfast friend and I staggered through the night, and had all the fun there was; and my last reflection was that "Gunboat" made a natural mistake when he thought the Colonel's head was Sand island light.

Seven o'clock next morning found me sitting alone on a bench in the public square, elbows on knees, chin resting in my palms, soliloquizing to the following effect:

"Well, I'll be d—d!" (very little doubt of that if you keep on); "I wish this war was over, so a fellow could get some Congress water in the morning. Even 'Blue Lick' is blockaded, and I feel as mean as Braxton did when he got the reply from his general—his foundation of rock—at Pallahoma. Lost my sweetheart, money all gone, prospect of the duels, and an elegant headache. One day gone out of my fifteen, and a tolerable heavy day it was. I don't think I will ask for any extension.

I then drew forth what was left in the military chest and deployed the crumpled bills on my knee. There was one ten, one five, three one's, and several little fellows, besides a memorandum of articles I was to purchase for friends at Morton. This latter rose in judgment like Banquo's ghost, and I was at a loss how to evade that attention to it rendered impossible by the state of my finances. Let's examine it:

"Mem.—Cigars for Gen. Breckinridge."

"Tell him no arrivals from Havanna."

"Mem.—Hairbrush and comb for O'Donoghue, of his staff."

"Don't know anything he has less use for."

"Mem.—Dozen marbles for Major Graves."

"Let him attend worship of Sundays, instead of playing marbles with Coleman and Clay."

"Mem.—One dozen good whiskey for Major W—n, same staff."

"Refer him to General Order No. 3, prohibiting the introduction of spiritous liquors into camp."

"Mem.—Pair of spurs for Fred. Airey."

"His old horse is ridden to death now; as a humane man I can't get him any spurs."

The fact is, I found all these requisitions were for superfluous articles of luxury which I ought not to encourage; and with this reflection came a brilliant idea. 'Twas plain I could no longer stay in Mobile, so I said to myself.

"I will return to camp, and tell the general that the reluctance with which he granted my leave has weighed on my mind so that I can stay no longer from my command. That I felt, when I saw the idleness and dissipation of Mobile, that every patriot ought to be preparing for the next struggle, and for that purpose I have returned. Then Hardee will commend my zeal—Breckenridge will commend my zeal—Adams will swear I am the d—dest zealous officer he ever saw, and who knows? this zeal may effect my promotion.—Breckinridge is most crazy to recommend me; and, the first thing anybody knows, instead of a major, even though it be of an independent command, I will be a—a—general, by G—d!"

With this philosophic reflection, I massed my funds, proceeded to take a light drink, and then started for the depot.

"Take your baggage, sir?"

"My baggage! I belong to the army of Mississippi."

I made the trip, and had fifty cents left to buy a drink of water when I got to Mississippi. The generals *have* been pleased with my zeal, and I am in a fair way to be promoted—if my uncle gets elected to Congress.

I will advise you promptly of army movements.—Joseph Eggleston still expects you to spend a week with him.

Your dissipated friend,
CURRY COMB.

Spiritualism.

The following important revelations are taken from a Richmond letter:

Somewhere in town there is a spirit-rapping circle of young ladies. They have had Dahlgren up repeatedly.—He says he did not intend to burn Richmond or kill Mr. Davis. He intended to capture "Jeff" and Cabinet, and carry them to Washington. As for the orders to burn the city, they were merely to intimidate the rebels. How, when the rebels never read them until he was killed?

Private John Clark, a Maine Yankee, has also been before the circle repeatedly. He says he is in hell, but is allowed a furlough occasionally, in order to talk with the "secesh gals." He says there will be three more great battles, most of which will end in our favor, and then we will be independent. Dahlgren also says we will be independent. These revelations are "reliable" of course.

Not long ago, a similar party was gathered together in this city, on which occasion it must be confessed that the ghosts were in a more than ordinarily merry mood. The first communication was to one of the individuals present, that he was a cruel wag, whereupon the table bounced up and down as if it enjoyed the tolerable joke that was implied. Then a more serious representative took the place of the predecessor, and revealed several startling facts connected with the war. Some of these were, that the struggle would cease in April, 1865; that there would be but four more battles on a grand scale, the last of which would take place in Tennessee; that Kentucky and Maryland would be left out of the Confederacy, and, with this exception, we should be eminently victorious.

It was also oracularly remarked, with considerable emphasis, by two legs of the table, that Mr. Lincoln would not be re-elected, but that Seward would walk into the Presidential chair by a grand *coup d'etat*. The revelations of this airy vision being so exceedingly plausible, induced a question as to his identity, whereupon he was politely invited to discover his name. And what think you, reader, the mysterious individual replied? D-E-V-I-L! and with an emphasis which by no means corresponds with the size of these capitals. At this unexpected notification, the party discovered that they were in bad company, and further research into the regions of his Satanic Majesty was abandoned.

The strangest part of the proceedings remains to be told. Immediately after the investigation concluded, the table, apparently of its own volition, commenced to rap vigorously the word "decipher," and there upon three several times spelt out the word T—O—D—D—Y! T—O—D—D—Y! T—O—D—D—Y! (A very sensible spirit.)—Whether the supplicant was really "dry," or simply meant that it was "a long time between drinks," we leave our readers to judge. But one thing is evident, that if the demand came from the individual whose name is spelt above, it is no wonder that he was devilishly thirsty.—[Columbia South Carolinian.

HEADQUARTERS WILMINGTON, March 31st, 1864.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

AFTER consultation with his Honor the Mayor, I publish the following notice:—It has been reported to me that some provision dealers refuse to sell to the citizens at retail prices or in small quantities even at the present exorbitant rates—rates much beyond the specie basis. On the other hand blockade runners are able to procure meat, etc., by the wholesale, paying any price that is asked.

Notice is now given that unless provisions are brought into market at the customary hours, and a fair chance given to buyers residing in the City, the stock will be impressed for the use of the army and the navy at the Government prices.

If, however, provision dealers are willing to carry on their business as formerly, without violating the order forbidding the supply to Steamers running the blockade, neither their business nor their rates will be interfered with. The latter will no doubt be regulated by the state of the supply and the currency.

At present, as the citizens get nothing from market, I prefer that the troops should be supplied in preference to those abundantly able to procure provisions elsewhere.

W. H. C. WHITING,
Major General.

April 1st., 1864. 174-tf

A correspondent of the Atlanta Register writing from Montgomery gives a left-handed blessing to the speculators of that city. He says:

Prices and provisions are higher now than they were in March, and in addition, a good many have funded too deeply. This makes traffic the medium of exchange. To illustrate—a lady here wanted to buy a fancy head dress, price $100; she could not raise the rhino and bought it with a ham of meat. All this was very well, but on the lady's first appearance in public a rival belle remarked, "Ah, yes, there goes Miss ——, with her ham on her head."

The same writer narrates the following good story:

I have just heard a pithy and moral-pointed incident which I must tell you of.

Not long since a stout Irish soldier on his way to the front secured a comfortable seat in a vacant car.—A courier soon came in and pomposly told him that the car was reserved for Gen. Blank.

"Hell, be Jasus, here is room enough for me and the gineral.

"Yes, but I must have the rest of the car for his staff."

"Staff, ha—then, be dad, tell the gineral to stick his staff out of the window."

How to Save in the Use of Soap.

(AN OLD RECIPE.)

Cut up 1½ lbs. of hard soap into small pieces, in a gallon of water, add ¼ lbs. of washing soda and a table spoonful of salt; boil the mixture briskly for nearly an hour, then pour it off to cool and cut up into bars.

BLACKING IN REACH OF EVERYBODY.—The Southern Cultivator says China berries not only kill worms in Peach trees but also make Shoe Blacking. An exchange paper says: "As good an article of Blacking as is now sold at fifty cents, or more, a box, can be made just for nothing, in the following manner: Boil China berries in water and mix it to a proper consistency with a soot of Lamblack—soot from pine wood is preferable. Strain out the berries, or they may be boiled and the blacking stirred in afterwards. It may be made to use as a liquid or paste."

CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.—The Minister of War has just made known the price, now fixed annually, at which exoneration from military service can be purchased. It amounts this year to 2,3000 francs for exemption from seven years duty. At the same time the Minister offers a like sum for re-enlistment for a similar term. The price at which liberation from the service can be purchased by those already under arms, is fixed at 500 francs for every remaining year. The drawing of the conscription for Paris and the district has just terminated.

MIRACULOUS OCCURRENCE.—A lady in this city was sitting in the middle of her yard sewing, and a neat gold ring fell into her lap from (as she says) above!—She cannot account for it, but is serious in her declaration that it could not have been thrown there by *human* hands. Being neither wizard nor seer, we cannot account for this strange phenomenon, taking her version of its descension to be true. The yard is large, and she was near its centre and no ways near any building from which it could have been thrown; and, besides being a widow lady, at least of middle age, it is not probable that any cowardly, love sick swain took this opportunity of presenting a token of his affection, to be hereafter acknowledged.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

MARRIED.

In Bladen County, on the 14th inst., by Rev. R. S. Moran, Lieut. JOS. L. JACOBS, Co. I, 18th Reg't N. C. T., to Miss S. J. CARPENTER.

WILMINGTON MARKET, APRIL 20, 1864.

BEEF CATTLE.—Scarcely any coming in, and the market is bare. We quote on the hoof at $3 50 to $4 50 per lb. for net meat, as in quality.

BACON—Sells in the small way from carts at $5 to $5 50 per lb.

BEESWAX.—$4 per lb.

BUTTER—$12 to $15 per lb.

CORN—Scarce and in demand. Sells at $20 per bushel.

CORN MEAL—Sells in the small way from the granaries at $20 per bushel.

COPPERAS—Retails at $3 to $4 per lb.

COTTON.—Little or none selling. Generally held at $2 00 per lb.

EGGS—$5 per dozen.

FLOUR—Is scarce and in demand. We quote small sales during the week at $300 per bbl. for superfine.

FORAGE—Fodder and Hay $20 to $25; and Shucks $16 to $18 per 100 lbs.

HIDES—Green $2, and dry $4 to $4 50 per lb.

LEATHER—$15 per lb. for sole and upper.

LARD—By the bbl., $5 50 to $6 per lb.

NAILS—By the keg, $2 25 to $2 50 per lb.

PEA NUTS—$20 to $25 per bushel.

PEAS—Cow, $22 50 to $30 per bushel.

POULTRY—Live fowls $8 to $10 each, and dressed $4 00 to $5 per lb.

POTATOES—Sweet $25 to $30 per bushel.

RICE—Clean, $1 25 to $1 50 per lb.

SALT—Sound made, $25 to $30 per bushel.

SUGAR—$10 per lb. by the bbl.

SHEETING—Fayetteville factory, $6 per yard.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Held at $5 to $6 per gallon.

TALLOW—$3 50 to $4 per lb.

YARN—By the bale, $50 to $55 per bunch.

WOOD—Is in demand, and market poorly supplied. We quote by the boat load at $40 to $45 for pine and ash, and $50 to $55 per cord for oak.

MONEY MARKET.

Transactions during the past week in all kinds of securities have been limited.

The brokers are paying $20 for Gold and Silver; North Carolina bank bills $3 to $3 50; South Carolina and Georgia $2 50.

Confederate 8 per cent. bonds, 1888, and 7.30 Notes at par, in currency.

There seems to be a disposition among the wholesale dealers to depreciate the five dollar notes, but in the retail trade they are generally received at par.

The new currency is in demand, but is issued in a limited quantity and not equal to the demand.

TAKEN UP

AT MY RESIDENCE, on Western Prong, in Bladen County, on the 14th April, 1864, a pale sorrel MARE, about 3 or 4 years old, very tall and poor, and has some white in the face, and appeared to be much worried and jaded. The owner can obtain said Mare by coming forward, proving property, and paying charges. My address is Whiteville, N. C.

W. BULLARD.

April 20. 189-4td30 It*

CARDS, SUGARS, FILES.

480 PAIR WHITEMORE COTION CARDS, No. 10.
1 CASE, 500 PAIR GENUINE BELL COTTON CARDS.

Wool Cards, Razors, Mill Saw, Hand Saw and Barnard Files, Flour, Sugar, Plow Lines, Rope, Tacks, Hyson Tea, Copperas, Shoe Thread, Soda, Gun and Pistol Caps, Cod Liver Oil, Bitts, Spurs, Powder, Shot and Caps, Horse and Mule Collars, &c, &c., at

WILSON'S
Harness and Leather Establishment.
April 19th 188 3t—30-1t

COMPANY C, 1ST N. C. TROOPS, April 9th, 1864.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER of the above Company and Regiment would like to exchange places with some soldier stationed near Wilmington or Kenansville, whether attached to Infantry, Cavalry or Artillery. This climate is healthy, rations plentiful and his officers are kind. A liberal amount will be paid to any one wishing to exchange. His Company was raised in New Hanover county. In reply, give Company, Regiment and Captain, stating terms, &c., and address.

M. H. THOMAS,
Co. C 1st N. C. Troops,
Stuart's Brigade 3rd,
Johnson's Division 1st,
Ewell's Corps 2nd.
Army Northern Va.

April 19th 189 2t—30 1t

ENROLLING OFFICE NEW HANOVER CO., Wilmington, N. C., April 15th, 1864.

IN ACCORDANCE with Par. II Circular No. 16, C. O., Raleigh, N. C., April 11th, 1864, all white males, in New Hanover county, between the ages of 17 and 18, and 45 and 50 years, are hereby ordered to assemble at the Court House in the Town of Wilmington, on Friday next, 22d inst., then and there to form themselves into companies, elect their company officers, and furnish this office a copy of their muster rolls.

Companies thus formed will be examined by the District Medical Board during the approaching time of enrollment, or otherwise as the Commandant of Conscripts may hereafter direct, and such as are unfit for the service required will be discharged.

All persons between the ages prescribed who do not appear as above will be enrolled and assigned at the discretion of the Commandant of Conscripts.

H. B. WILLIS,
Lieut. & A. E. O.

April 16th, 1864. 186 td—30-1d

TAKEN UP AND COMMITTED TO THE JAIL of New Hanover County, a negro man who says that his name is WILLIAM, and that he belongs to Albert Hatch, of Columbia, S. C. The owner of said negro is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be dealt with as the law directs.

E. D. HALL, Sheriff.

April 18. 187 6t&30