For the Journal.

Personal Experiences in Lincoindom.

No. 6.

The Stonington boat is steaming up, and we must be off, fifteen miles an hour, up Long Island Sound, neck and neck with the "New York" and the "Granite State," a lively race! Arrived at Groton, we enter the luxurious night cars and swiftly pass along through Connecticut and Rhode Island to Massachusetts, via Stonington and Providence, arriving at Boston. On the boat was a R. I. battery, Governor Sprague's, we believe, and some Massachusetts companies, among them was pointed out to us the man who killed Jackson, the first martyr in the cause of Southern Independence. Hurrying on from Boston through New Hampshire, we reached Portland, Me., the scene of our first *personal experience* of the tyranny and falseness of the present dynasty at Washington; *apropos* of the dynasty, we *do* wonder whether "Lady Lincoln" has allowed the mellowing influence of time to assuage the poignancy of her grief for Prince Albert, and laid aside "that elegant and costly half-mourning robe" for one more becoming the consort of that heroic chieftain of bonnet and plaid notoriety.

What a glow of *manly* pride must have suffused that sallow cheek, irradiating those *handsome* features and lighting up the dullness of that snakey eye, when, having braved all the horrors of an imaginary assassination, Abraham, the first, *triumphantly* sneaked into Washington! Do you not suppose that on that eventful journey he cast many a lingering regret to the happy days of youth, when "sailing down the river, the Ohio-o," he peddled *notions* from the deck of his gallant flat; or later in life, ere his *little* soul had been ruffled by mighty aspirations, when he plied the woodman's axe, in the humble task of splitting rails at the ridiculously low figure of three shillings York currency per hundred! If ever mortal had greatness thrust upon him—*ecce homo!* Surely there *must* be something rotten in the system which, passing by undoubted talent and acknowledged services, foists upon the nation a man celebrated for nothing but his obscurity. We all know that of late years, just in inverse proportion to the position and distinction to be conferred, was the individual chosen, hence, the presidential chair being the highest gift in the power of the people, the aptest qualification for it was the candidate's being entirely unknown, and consequently *never having done anything*. The few *will* rule, and if they cannot by Divine or birth right, they will by some other. It has been a common belief in America that the people were self-governing and elected their Chief Magistrate; but like many other popular belief, it has had merely the shadow of a foundation. *Conventions* ruled the people and *cliques* ruled the Conventions, hence the aptness of a *nameless* candidate bound hand and foot and laid upon a *platform* to be carried whither soever this clique might dictate. Hence the "Buffalo platform," the "Chicago platform," &c. How many flanks, bolts, or nails, did *the people* furnish for these contracts? None. They were built like "Stevens' Battery," (if it be built) beyond the vulgar gaze. No wonder that work thus put together should tumble down and bury *the people* beneath! We might expatiate, but we consider we have already somewhat exceeded the limits of our present subject and dismiss the matter, expressing the fervent hope that our new Confederacy may steer clear of the rocks and *shallows* upon which the old has stranded, and is even now shivering in her every timber!

We took up our temporary abode in Portland. This is one of the most beautifully situated cities on the continent, with a population of about 30,000. The houses are well built and the streets handsome, some of the latter, such as Congress and Park, are lined on either side with rows of magnificent old elms whose interlacing branches high overhead form a delicious shade, and of a Summer's moonlight eve a promenade of the most captivating witchery. The city is built upon an eminence commanding and surrounded on three sides by Casco Bay, a most beautiful expanse of water, studded over with 365 islands, varying in size from the merest spec to several miles in area, on some of which are fine farms, sea bathing retreats and hotels, much resorted to by pic-nics, fishing parties and *clambakes*, that quintessence of down east Yankeedom. Extending around the city and facing the bay is a very fine smooth gravel road called the "promenade," a great resort for the citizens, affording one of the most beautiful panoramic oceans views we ever beheld. On one occasion during the prevalence of a gale we saw spread over this bay some 500 Mackerel and Herring boats, the majority of them perfect models of symmetry and grace, more like yachts than plebian fishermen; they swim like a duck and sail very swiftly. How we longed for about a hundred such craft armed with a long swivel gun a piece!—Nothing but a steamer could overhaul them, and on a wind they could show a lessening stern to the fastest steamer in the American Navy. A hundred such craft flying the Confederate flag would have *made the fortune* of the Boston and New York Insurance Companies, besides supply us rebels with some few *luxuries*.

The main sea channel is defended by two forts, "Preble" and "Scammil," while inside a very formidable new one is in process of erection; close by this is the pier erected at a cost of $100,000, to accommodate the "Leviathan," afterwards named the "The Great Eastern." We think the Portlanders were badly treated by the directors of this ship, partly through their covetousness, but mostly through the false representations of emissaries from New York, which would, if they could, monopolize "all creation and the rest of mankind."—Although the State of Maine seems entirely given over to her *idols*, and the same may be said of Portland, yet there were many true friends to the South, infinitely more than would have saved several Sedoms at Lot's lowest figure. We cannot, of course, mention names, but we found friends there, even next door neighbors to the intolerant Neil Dow, of Maine Liquor Law notoriety, and that remorseless foe to the South, Senator Pitt Fessenden. Some of those men we saw arrested and sent off like felons to LaFayette, and some are still in prison; and for what? a suspected sympathy for the South and a desire to return there. Some of them had business connections in New Orleans, and spent a portion of every year there. We knew members of an association of *gentlemen*, not rowdies, who were sworn (after these arrests) to defend each other to the death, in the expression of their opinions. "The Bangor Democrat" newspaper had been attacked and burned, and others more or less severely handled; but after this association was formed, we heard of no more such scenes. There were some few at whose houses we were a welcome guest, even after we had been branded as a rebel sympathizer and a privateersman. True, the love of one or two even of such, waxed cold after our trial. One of our friends, because he was opposed to the war and the administration, and hesitated not to avow it, had his house mobbed, with a threat that unless he displayed *the flag*, it would be burnt about the ears of himself and family. He refused, and *did not do it*. He was bold and resolute, and they *dared not* execute their threat. This man spared no opportunity of a fling at the Abolitionists, and was to the last in favor of the South being allowed to depart in peace. He assisted us much in our own little job. We witnessed the party going to arrest Col. Bateman, bearer of dispatches from Messrs. Yancey and Rost to the Government at Richmond—but, although *mighty smart*, the U. S. Marshals were foiled. The Colonel was sent to LaFayette, but he left his sister in Montreal, (they came from England by the Canada steamer,) and she, we understood, carried the documents through safely.

Portland is much Anglicized, or rather *Canadianized*. Many Canadians do business here, and much property and real estate are held by them. The international trade has been the making of this place. Here is the present ocean terminus of the finest Railroad in America, the "Grand Trunk," which extends from Quebec on the Lawrence to Port Sarnia on the Detroit river, a distance of about 1,000 miles in a direct course. The Portland Connection, a distance of 297 miles from Montreal, was built on a 99 years lease to supply a winter harbor for the Canadian line of trans-Atlantic steamers. Much inconvenience is apt to arise, especially in time of war, to a country leasing a port of entry from another, as Britain experienced on this very road during the Crimean War, when she wished to transfer a lot of Minnie rifles, of no service to her in Canada, and it being in winter she could not get them out save through Maine and over this road, but Mr. Marcy, then State Secretary, refused the permission and there they have remained ever since; but the sequel proves the *modesty* of those people. At the commencement of this war the United States were badly off for arms, and Maine was unprovided, but surely she could not long remain so—for was not Washburne Governor of Maine? had not Canada the guns? and did a real Yankee ever lose anything for the want of asking? Gov. Washburn, on a refusal of the authorities to sell, actually begged the loan of the very arms they had, during England's need, refused her a permit to cross their territory!!! Tell it not in Boston, whisper it not in New York! *Cause why, it makes them mad.* England learnt a good lesson then, and she is now continuing the "Grand Trunk" from Quebec to St. John, N. F., and Halifax, N. S. The latter has one of the most magnificent harbors and roadsteads we ever saw, and is never blocked by ice; whereas the St. Lawrence River and Gulf are entirely frozen from November till May. We were once frozen in at the Gulf entrance and remained so for days, with nothing visible from the deck but fields of ice as far as eye could reach, covered with myriads of seals—the deck, spars and rigging all cased in ice. We felt as if we could forswear ice, were July and August to last the year through! In Portland we first heard the hymn about "being in the army of the Lord and John Brown's soul's a marching on." The words and sentiments shocked us, but the music we thought very beautiful,—worthy a better cause. It was *all the rage* in New England, and every night parties of soldiers were singing it on the streets. If we would not listen to this blasphemous *hymn* and hear it echoed from every hill in our State, we must be up and doing—we must drown it out in the best blood of our invaders, and wash out the memories of such pitiful and disgraceful blunders as Hatteras, Roanoke and Newbern. We *must* do better, and have the right men in the right place, or give up the cause in disgrace! D.

DEATH OF REV. BISHOP MEADE.—The death of this eminently pious Ambassador of Christ will be read with profound regret throughout the Confederacy. We copy the following notice of the melancholy event from the Richmond *Enquirer* of Saturday:

We are deeply pained to make this announcement. A good and great man has fallen in Israel, at a time, too, when to human appearance he could ill be spared. Two weeks ago Bishop Meade left his home to come to Richmond to attend the Consecration of Rev. Dr. Wilmer to the Episcopate of Alabama. On that day he was very feeble, so much so he had to be assisted to rise from his seat. He returned to the house of Mr. John L. Bacon, where he was staying, only to die. Kind friends waited on him; all that skill or kindness could do was done for him, but without avail. After suffering much and great agony, he died on yesterday morning, March 14th, in the seventy-third year of his age, from some disease of the heart.

Before his death he spoke of his principles and views which he had held for more than fifty years. He said he saw no reason to change them. They were true and important, and he hoped his brethren in the ministry would maintain them. To a friend one or two days before he died he said: "Tell your people to be more determined than ever. This is the most unjust and iniquitous war that was ever waged, and we must be more determined than ever. God will give us success, in His own good time."

Thus has fallen a true Christian and patriot. May May his mantle fall upon his successor. May our people emulate his true Christian humility and perseverance and intrepidity of character, and let us all remember his almost dying words—"*be more determined than ever!*"

TO THE PLANTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY—HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, JACKSON, TENNESSEE, March 5, 1862.—More than once, a people fighting with an enemy less ruthless than yours; for imperilled rights not more clear and sacred than yours; for homes and land not more worthy of resolute and unconquerable men than yours, and for interests far less magnitude than you have now at stake, have not hesitated to melt and mould into cannon, the precious bells surmounting their houses of God, which had called generations to prayers. The priesthood have ever sanctioned and consecrated their conversion, in the hour of their nation's need, as one holy and acceptable in the sight of God.

We want cannon as greatly as any people who ever, as history tells you, melted their church bells to supply them; and I, your General, entrusted with the command of the armies embodied of your sons, your kinsmen, and your neighbors, do now call upon you to send your plantation bells to the nearest rail road depot, subject to my order, to be melted into cannon for the defence of your plantations.

Who will not cheerfully and promptly send me his bells under such circumstances? Be of good cheer, but time is precious.

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Official: General Commanding.
THOMAS JORDAN, A. A. General.

THE EXEMPTION OF PRINTERS.—The Virginia Legislature has very properly passed a bill exempting from military service "one editor and one assistant editor of each daily newspaper, and such employees as the editor or proprietor may certify on honor to be indispensable for the conducting the publication of a daily newpaper."

ADVANCE OF THE FEDERALS.—We have information from several sources that Paris, Tennessee, was occupied by the Federal forces yesterday. About three thousand, it was thought, composed the advance guard of the invaders. All the public property had been removed.—*Memphis Appeal, 13th inst.*

SMALL POX.—We regret to learn that a member of Capt. Godwin's Company, of the 31st Reg't, has broken out with this loathsome disease since his return to his home in Robeson county. It is supposed that he contracted the disease on board the yankee boat that conveyed him from Roanoke to Elizabeth City, after his release on parole. He states that there were two yankees on the boat who had the disease, and it is supposed by some that the intention of the yankees was to spread the disease over the State, as the 31st Reg't, sent in that boat, was composed of men from all parts of the State.

Every precaution should be taken to guard against the spread of the disease from any one of that Regiment for they are all probably liable to have it.

Fayetteville Observer, 17th inst.

Federal Prisoners.

On Sunday morning the Federal prisoners at Memphis were sent off on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to Tuscumbia, Ala. They composed a portion of the Yanks taken at Belmont, and a portion sent here from Fort Donelson, and numbered in all about two hundred and thirty-seven. They were placed in charge of a company of sixty Alabamians. Judging from their appearance, they were in good health, but in spirits very much cast down. Although many applications have been made to gain admission to their quarters, for the purpose of seeing and conversing with the prisoners, but few have ever succeeded in getting a pass. That was right. It is not very pleasant to a prisoner to be stared at, as if he belonged to a menagerie, by visitors; and sinners as great as these Yankees are, should be left to themselves and their own thoughts, as the solitude and loneliness of their prison-house will fasten repentance upon their evil hearts so strong that when they return to their homes in the North they will not be likely to join another abolition raid for the purpose of murdering and plundering the free citizens of this glorious Confederate Government.

There was a very large crowd gathered at the prison, and it was between 10 and 11 o'clock before the prisoners moved off towards the depot. As they passed along the streets, a lady stepped to her door and shook her fist at them and said, "Oh, you rascals, you murdered my son, and I will be revenged on you yet." The crowd that followed them to the depot made no ill-natured remarks about them, and many of the prisoners expressed regret on leaving Memphis, as their quarters were so good and their treatment so kind and courteous—much better than they had hoped it would be. Captain Adams, the commandant of the post, prepared plenty for them to eat while on their way to Alabama. The few moments the cars remained at the depot after the prisoners got on board, they were engaged in exchanging Memphis money for Alabama and New Orleans funds with the citizens, which seemed to gratify them very much. The instant the locomotive sounded its whistle the cars moved off, and the liveliest among the prisoners shouted "here's your mule," and in a moment more the iron horse had carried them out of sight, *en route* for a region and a home in the pleasant plains in old Alabama.—*Ex. Paper.*

A VISIT TO BRUNSWICK AND ITS RESULTS.—Colonel Carey W. Stiles visited Brunswick early yesterday morning, in command of a battalion, as follows: The Wire Grass Minute Men, Capt. White; the McIntosh Guards, Capt. Cogdell; the Piscola Volunteers Capt. Atkinson; and Capt. McDonald's company, (either the Wise Guards or the Forest Rangers, there being a Capt. McDonald in command of each of those companies, our informant was unable to tell the name of the company present, as he only learned the names of the officers in command) The enemy were not in the city but on board their vessels in the harbor. Eight Yankee soldiers were engaged gathering oysters within musket range from the bank, and the temptation induced one of our men, a printer belonging to the Jackson Artillery who had accompanied the expedition to pull trigger on them, and killed one of the party. The rest began to row lustily away when other shots were fired at them and but two of the eight were left to return to their ships. The gunboats in the stream then opened their cannon on the city, but done no damage to our troops, as they had withdrawn, finding no enemy on shore to meet them. About 10 o'clock that night the Yankees again opened on the city and it is supposed that they were shelling the town.

Mr. Geo. Cavanaugh who had been employed at the Oglethorpe Hotel in Brunswick, happened to go on Blythe Island at the time the Yankees made their appearance in the harbor, succeeded in effecting his escape during Tuesday night, and after walking several miles through the woods reached the ears and arrived here last evening.—*Savannah Republican.*

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy.

Our Special Knoxville Correspondence.—Another Letter from "Big Corporal."

Come back to Dalton—When not to jump off the cars—The snow—Mountain scenery about Knoxville—The sufferings of our soldiers in the cold—Union grumblers—An escaped prisoner and his report—Speculations about the invasion of East Tennessee—Brownlow sent off—The best Hotel in Dalton—An apology.

DALTON, GA., March 8, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—I had to return this far to look after some of the baggage of our company that had been lost. Here a sprained ankle detained me for some days. Never jump off the cars while in motion, especially if you have just had a good horn of apple brandy.

Before I left Knoxville a severe rain storm, attended with lightning and thunder, had been succeeded by the fiercest blasts of winter. If you ascend to any inconsiderable hill top in Knoxville, (of which there are more than Rome was built upon,) you have to the south-east, starting far away at each extremity, the mighty mountain range called in the beautiful language of the Cherokees the *Unacoy*—a name signifying whiteness. I left it covered with snow. Since arriving here the weather has been still colder. The high mountains visible to the east of this place are also clad in the whitest robes of winter. This advent of winter in the spring season, may be a reasonable compensation for the spring-like character of the season through the winter months; but it is terribly severe on our brave boys now at Cumberland Gap, who so lately left the genial climate of the Gulf coast. How my heart ached for them as I heard the howling of the fierce midnight blasts, with the thermometer not much above zero! What coughs, catahrrs, rheumatisms, pleurisies, pneumonias, are now fastening on patriotic vitals, thought I! May heaven preserve these heros through all exposures, and reward them with the independence of our beloved South, with long life, with an immortality of bliss beyond the grave. Surely they deserve all that.

Some of the troops recently arrived from the Southern coast have been quartered in the buildings of the East Tennessee University, in Knoxville. I understand this caused some fluttering among the Trustees of that concern, some of whom are said to be Yankees by birth, and many of whom are Union men. No doubt that will be ranked among the "outrages" that the Southern Government "heaps" on the innocent and "beloved" people of East Tennessee, who are still so benighted as not to know that the "Union" of their idolatry is destroyed forever.

I met on Wednesday on the streets of Knoxville, a brave boy named Vestal, who was wounded and taken prisoner in the Battle of Fishing Creek, and who made his escape from the enemy. He says a large portion of the Federal forces which won the day at Fishing Creek, were drawn off to the west from Somerset and aided in the capture of Fort Donelson. He said that the great body of the others very recently had marching orders to leave for the West—doubtless to aid in striking some important blow, probably at Beauregard on the Mississippi River. Let our Generals imitate this good generalship of our foes, which can adroitly concentrate divided and distant forces and crush all before them by overwhelming numbers.

As it seems from Vestal's story, and from other sources of information, that there is no considerable Federal force at Somerset, I must think no early attack on East Tennessee probable. Our forces will not get a fight at that point. By way of Somerset and Monticello in Kentucky, and Jamestown and Montgomery, in Tennessee, the great valley of East Tennessee is penetrable, over a better road than *via* Cumberland Gap, and *without any fortification to encounter*. Why, then, should they waste men and powder at Cumberland Gap? The latter is "flanked," and must be abandoned whenever a Federal army occupies Knoxville or London. They will not do the latter without some field fighting, and I think not *with* it, but they of course would attack us in the field rather than behind strong fortifications. I regard, therefore the "massing" of the enemy's forces at Somerset or Monticello, as the only *true* symptom of the attempt on East Tennessee. As stated in my former letter the Unionists by thousands are running away from East Tennessee to join the Federal army. These fugitives carry with them a thorough local knowledge of the country and its affairs, and I can hardly imagine how a Federal commander could commit the blunder of attacking Cumberland Gap. Heaven send he may!

I mentioned in my last that Brownlow had been conveyed to Nashville. I understand his family is to follow soon. He was averse to going; believing, no doubt, that the Federal territory would come to him instead of his going to it—that the mountain would verily come to Mahomet. The gallant Captain Monsarrat did not think so, and has great faith (backened by some good artillery) that the stars and stripes will never again wave over Knoxville.

But I must bid adieu to Knoxville, *on paper*, as I have in *propria persona*, for a few days. This Dalton is a nice place to spend a few days, as you have doubtless heard. I am stopping at the best hotel in the place—at least I infer so, as the people who stop at the other grumble considerably. Your readers must pardon a stupid letter this time, as I am among the "killed and wounded," and am suffering pain. BIG CORPORAL.

The Duty of Each Man.

It is the duty of every individual to give, in times of peril, to his country, his whole power. We do not except from this bread proposition neither age, sex nor condition. Every person who cannot do so conscientiously and with a will, ought, in our judgment, to leave the Confederate States.

He who lives among us, enjoying equally the blessings of government, should support it by whatever of resources he may possess, and, if need be, by periling his life upon the battle-field. We hold this course to be one of imperative duty.

All men are not alike qualified for all the responsibilities which now press upon the country. But it is the bounden duty of each member of this and other communities to assume all that he is able to perform, and to seek only such position as he is qualified to fill; so that by economical arrangement of the powers of each the greatest total of results may be attained.

Genuine and true patriotism is unselfish, and will never stand in the pathway of the utmost good to the whole country. Private ends and personal ambition always yield their appetites to the public interest and the general good of the country by the truly patriotic man. Our State is actually invaded by the enemy; our Confederate army has been unsuccessful; and there is actual want of money, of arms and munitions of war, and of more soldiers in the field.

He who has money must contribute it; he who can increase, by labor or otherwise, arms and munitions of war, should act; and he who can bear arms should at once do so. Not one, but every one should inquire how, where and in what way he can do most to give strength and power to his Government, to insure its prompt and certain success in its struggle for property, liberty and life!

The time has come when we must drive back the foe, or be overrun and degraded. He who does not see and realize this issue is not to be envied for his penetration or his sagacity.

The period has come when we must act—and he who now refuses to put forth his powers, whatever they may be, in support of this desperate and deadly struggle, in behalf of his country, must be held either "a cumberer of the ground" he occupies, unworthy the name of a Southerner, and can be only placed as against us! This will be the only safe calculation to make upon him who refuses now to aid and assist his fellows, with all of his capabilities of character and of possession!

Nor can any be so dull and stupid as not to see that nothing less than our whole power can be relied upon for success. With the exertion of our entire strength we can repel the invader from our State; and we shall then exhibit the spirit of heroism which cannot fail to dispel the illusion from the enemy's mind, that a large portion of our people are false to the South—ignorant of their own interests—insensible of their duty, and fit subjects for Northern rule and dominion!

We assume that the whole power of our country is demanded; that it is the duty of each member of the whole to exert his own powers, so that the greatest results may be achieved. He who fails to act, falls short of duty, of interest, and patriotism.

It is the duty and interest of each one at this juncture to enter the army and to stand by the Government that seeks to secure to her citizens property, liberty and life. We are all in the same boat, and we must perish or live as one man. The responsibilities and duties rest alike on all.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

HEAVY SHOT.—We are gratified to learn that the large gun, recently cast in Richmond, for the Virginia, has been placed in its position on board of that vessel. It throws a solid shot, we understand, weighing 360 lbs. The shot is long, and has a steel point. This, together with her two Armstrong guns, put on board since her return from Newport's News, gives her one of the most formidable batteries in the world, in addition to her being perfectly shot and shell proof.

We would like to give our readers a description of this new gun and shot, but fear we have already stated more than is prudent, lest it should get to the ears of those the information is not intended for.

Norfolk Day Book, 17th inst.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

LATEST FROM NEWBERN.

GOLDSBORO', N. C., March 15th, 1862.

Our forces have made a stand at Kinston. Many are going down from here.

The fire in Newbern was caused by our burning naval stores. How far it extended we do not know.

Many of our defeated troops have come up and will return. Among them are several of the wounded. It is impossible to state the loss on either side.

The defeat was complete, and all on land. The forces were as thirty to four.

I believe the railroad engines are all safe.

The women and children from Newbern are here and at other safe points.

The following private dispatch from Goldsboro' has just been received:

There are conflicting accounts about the seventh regiment (Col Campbell's.) It is thought that they re formed in Newbern, and are now on this side.

SKIRMISHING IN VIRGINIA—FEDERALS ADVANCING ON KNOXVILLE, TENN.

RICHMOND, VA., March 16th, 1862.

Last week a skirmish occurred near New Creek, Hampshire county, Virginia. Ashby's cavalry attacked the enemy and took forty prisoners. Our loss was two killed and one wounded.

Both Houses of Congress have passed resolutions advising that no cotton be planted this year.

Dispatches have been received by the Tennessee delegation, which state that on Friday, two thousand Federals passed the Cumberland Mountains and captured two companies of our cavalry.

A dispatch received this morning, says that a courier had arrived at Knoxville, and reports that the enemy, from five to six thousand strong, were twenty-five miles from Knoxville and advancing.

FEDERALS ADVANCING ON CUMBERLAND GAP.

LYNCHBURG, VA., March 15th, 1862.

The Postmaster at Cumberland Gap writes, that on the 12th inst., the enemy were in sight of that place, and that a fight was expected the next day.

CAPTURE OF FEDERALS BY OUR PICKETS AT EDISTO ISLAND.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 17th, 1862.

Lieut. Col. Bennett, of the fifty first Pennsylvania regiment, Lieut. Ryley of the forty seventh New York, and S. P. Willis, government agent and cotton broker, were captured by our pickets at Edisto Island, on Sunday, and brought here to-day. The prisoners were riding in a buggy when captured.

NEW MADRID EVACUATED.

AUGUSTA, GA., March 17th, 1862.

A special dispatch to the Savannah Republican, dated Memphis, March 15th, states that New Madrid was evacuated by the Confederates on Thursday night. The small arms and ammunition were saved, but the artillery was lost. The Confederate troops were at Island No. 10 and Tiptonville.

NORFOLK, VA., March 17th, 1862.

Seven (7) Federal sailing ships and four steamers are in the Roads, below Fortress Monroe, but do not venture towards Newport's News. A French War Steamer is above the Fortress.

THE FEDERALS AT JACKSBORO', TENNESSEE.

LYNCHBURG, VA., March 18th, 1862.

A gentleman who arrived this morning from East Tennessee states positively that the enemy has crossed Cumberland Mountain at Wheeler's gap, and is now at Jacksboro', Tenn., about forty miles from Knoxville. The state of the country, however, renders it difficult to advance further, and it is not improbable that the whole force of the enemy may be captured.

The reported capture of two of our Cavalry companies is untrue.

FORMATION OF CABINET.

RICHMOND, VA., March 18th, 1862.

The Cabinet has been formed, and the Senate confirmed the appointments this morning, as follows: J. W. Randolph, of Virginia, Secretary of War; Thos. H. Watts, of Alabama, Attorney General; J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Secretary of State; C. G. Memminger, of South Carolina, Secretary of Treasury; S. R. Mallory, of Florida, Secretary of Navy; J. H. Regan, of Texas, Postmaster General.

FROM TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 17th, 1862.

A special dispatch to the Avalanche, says that the enemy had crossed Cumberland Mountain, at Big Creek Gap, in large numbers. Gen. Ledbetter has gone forward, with a strong force.

NO FEDERAL TROOPS IN EAST TENNESSEE.

RICHMOND, VA., March 19th, 1862.

Dispatches have been received here this morning from Knoxville, from well-informed parties which state that there are no Federal troops in East Tennessee, and the former report of a contrary character is a mere hoax.

Bring in the Arms.

We would call especial attention to the notice issued by Lieutenant J. W. Archer, requiring all persons having public arms to return them forthwith to his office at Head Quarters in the town of Wilmington, and all persons having private arms in good order will please give or bring them for sale to said office, where a fair price will be given. Now is the time to bring them out.

From the Richmond Dispatch, March 17.

Evacuation of the Lower Valley.

From Mr. Henry D. Beall, lately of the Winchester *Republican* office, we have obtained the following account of the evacuation of Winchester, by Gen. Jackson, and its occupation by the enemy:

For several days previous to Tuesday, the 11th, the enemy had been concentrating large forces at Bunker's Hill, Smithfield, and Berryville, and everything indicated an advance movement on the part of Gen. Banks. On Sunday a skirmish came off near Smithfield, between fifteen of Ashby's cavalry and a strong body of the enemy's troops, in which the latter lost one man killed and one prisoner. The gallant "Black Horse" Cavalry, after inflicting this damage on the enemy, retired in good order. On Monday, the Yankee pickets were thrown nearer the Confederate outposts, and as a consequence several of them were allowed the honor of a personal interview with Gen. Jackson.

On Tuesday, at one o'clock, the enemy at Smithfield and Bunker's Hill formed a junction about six miles from Winchester, and about two o'clock attacked the pickets of Ashby's cavalry, about four miles from the town. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the enemy lost several killed and wounded. On the Confederate side there was no loss, except one horse killed. Detachments as skirmishers from Companies F and A, Twenty first Virginia regiment, were sent out, but the enemy in strong force continuing to push on, the skirmishers were compelled to fall back to the Second Virginia regiment.

Whilst this skirmish was progressing, Gen. Jackson's entire command was summoned from their camp to the expected field of conflict, and never did men respond with more enthusiasm to any summons. Our informant describes the scene at this juncture as exciting in the highest degree. The gallant and indomitable "Stonewall" Jackson superintended in person the selection of positions for the different batteries. His whole force, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, amounting in all to about 5 000 men, for four hours occupied their positions on the field; but the enemy, 18,000 strong, declined to advance to the attack, and night closed with the two armies about two miles apart. On the part of the Confederates there was no sign of trepidation, although outnumbered nearly four to one.

But the longings of the gallant Virginians for a conflict with the enemy were not to be gratified. The close of day brought an imperative order from those high in authority for the evacuation of the place, and with regret the army retired in the direction of Strasburg, bivouacking on Tuesday night about four miles from Winchester.

On Wednesday morning, about 8 o'clock, about 8,000 of the enemy marched into the town and took undisputed possession. They met with a cool reception from the loyal people of that beautiful section of the State, and, to the honor of the town, we are pleased to learn, that only two Union flags were displayed, and they by those so bankrupt in character and morals as only to excite pity for this last exhibition of their treasonable characters.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, General Shield's column advanced towards Newtown, but were met and driven into Winchester by Col. Ashby's command. On the same day, Gen. Jackson marched to Cedar creek, on the Valley turnpike, sixteen miles from Winchester and two from Strasburg, where he was encamped up to Thursday night.

Our informant expresses much admiration for the gallantry of Col. Ashby. That officer has been constantly in the advance of Gen. Jackson's forces, and has displayed skill and courage highly to be commended.

Large militia reinforcements have been sent forward to Gen. Jackson from the counties of the upper Valley, which, with the noble volunteers under his command, it is hoped, will be sufficient for the protection of the remainder of that beautiful Valley from the polluting tread of Yankee mercenaries and cut-throats.

Not the least agreeable information imparted to us by Mr. Beall, is the effect late movements have had upon the spirit of the people. Volunteering is going on with great spirit. The call of the Governor has aroused the most lukewarm, and entire companies of the millitia have enrolled themselves for the war in the volunteer service. General Garnett's brigade, almost to a man, have reenlisted for the war, whilst Col. Burke's brigade have manifested the high spirit of patriotism which might have been expected from true men engaged in a cause so holy.

Before evacuating, Gen. Jackson succeeded in removing all his stores, baggage, &c., so that not a dollar's worth of public property fell into the hands of the enemy.

Further Advices from Arkansas.

MEMPHIS, March 12.—A despatch from Fort Smith says Capt Rodgers arrived in charge of the ammunition train, and the official account of the battle at Elkhorn. The fighting was terrible. The Confederates were mostly armed with rifles and shot-guns. They charged the enemy again and again, clubbing their guns and driving them back from their first position.

The enemy had taken a second and stronger position.

When it became known to his troops that Gen. McCulloch had fallen, they were frantic with rage—fighting like demons—charging and putting to flight five times their number.

Fearful that McCulloch's troops would be disorganized, Van Dorn deemed it advisable to withdraw. He renewed the attack next day, and retired in splendid order, under cover of his artillery.

The attack was considered a brilliant manœuvre.

McIntosh, at the head of his command, fell early; also Hebert.

Prisoners report the Federal loss at six thousand.

The Confederates attacked the enemy on all sides, passing around them.

Van Dorn says he is not whipped and cannot be, with reinforcements.

We will soon have the Confederate train on Boston Mountain, out of reach of the enemy.

This news is reliable.

EXPENSIVE SHOT.—The Ericcson iron-plated floating battery, at Green Point, has been armed with two 11-inch columbiads, which have been furnished with 400 wrought iron shot, each ball costing $47, and weighing 184 pounds. These balls were made by forging square blocks of iron at the Novelty Works, then turning them at the lathe. The cost of the 400 amounts to $18,800, and their total weight is 73,000 pounds. Cast iron shot are liable to break in pieces when fired against thick iron plates. These wrought iron shot are for smashing through the sides of such secession batteries as the Merrimac, at Norfolk, and Hollin's Turtle, at New Orleans.—*Scientific American.*

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The Augusta *Constitutionalist* says:

"We heard one of our open handed and open hearted citizens observe yesterday, that he would be one of one hundred persons to subscribe one thousand dollars each towards building an iron floating battery, or "ram," for the defence of Savannah. The amount proposed might be divided into smaller sums, and so enable all patriotic citizens to contribute to such a worthy object."

THE SITUATION AT NEW MADRID.—NEW MADRID, March 9.—(*via* Union City, March 10.)—The enemy at this point is reported to-day to be thirty thousand strong.

General McCown's command continues to hold them in check.

Skirmishing between the pickets is going on all the time, but only a few have been injured on our side.—The loss of the enemy is reported considerable each day.

Our troops are buoyant and hopeful.

A great battle is certain to ensue at this point.

General McCown has his batteries in fine condition.

Every able bodied man should at once take the field

Special Dispatch to the Memphis Appeal.

THE MINNESOTA.—This celebrated steam frigate, that was so badly peppered by the Virginia, on Sunday the 9th, we understand has been stripped of all her armement, &c., and hauled over on the Horse Shoe, where she has since sunk. This makes three of the most formidable of the Yankee frigates that have been demolished by the Virginia in a few hours, besides the small fry that she "done for," by way of a diversion.

Norfolk Day Book, 18th inst.

Wilmington District.

SECOND ROUND.

March 22, 23, Topsail Circuit	Union.
" 29, 30, North East	Macedonia.
April 5, 6, Duplin	Friendship.
" 12, 13, Magnolia	Providence
" 19, 20, Onslow	Queen's Creek.
" 26, 27, Smithville	Shallotte Camp.
May 3, 4, Whiteville	Whiteville.
" 10, 11, Elizabeth	Bladen Springs.
" 17, 18, Bladen	Andrew Chapel.
" 24, 25, Sampson	McGee's.
June 1, 1, Wilmington	Front Street.
" 8, 9, Wilmington	Fifth Street.

CHARLES F. DEEMS, Presiding Elder.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY!

RECRUITS WANTED FOR THE WAR!!

TO go into a Regiment now forming under command of Col. JOHN L. CANTWELL.

Clothing, rations, and the usual pay allowed, and ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY MONEY paid when mustered into service. Apply soon to

JAMES W. LIPPITT,
North East Corner of Front and Market Streets.
Wilmington, N. C., Feb. 26th, 1862. 145&27-tf

MARRIED.

In this city on the 12th inst., by Rev. M. Robbins, Lieut. J. S. ROBBINS, of 20th Regiment, N. C. T., to Miss R. J. ROBBINS, of this place.

On Stump Sound, on the morning of the 14th inst., at half past 11 o'clock, by J. W. Hardison, Esq, Mr. W. T. EVERITT, to Mrs. CAROLINE EVERITT, all of Onslow.

DIED.

In Wilmington, on this, (Friday) morning, March 14th, 1862, in the 38th year of her age. Mrs. ELLEN A. BAUMAN, wife of Mr. John Bauman of this town. Mrs Bauman was a native of Norfolk, Virginia, but long a resident of this place. She leaves an afflicted husband and sorrowing family to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and devoted mother.

In this town this morning at 2½ o'clock, EMILY BEAUREGARD, infant daughter of J. A. and Mary Bailey, aged 7 months and 18 days.

In Fayetteville, on the 11th inst., Rev JOHN L. NEWBY, Pastor of Evan's Chapel, Fayetteville, N. C., of pulmonary disease, aged about 45 years.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY!

FOR THE WAR!

THE undersigned will receive recruits in the Cavalry service for the War, (a portion of my present Company, the Howard Cavalry, having re-enlisted,) each recruit will furnish his own horse and horse equipments. Pay $24 per month. Clothing and rations furnished by the Confederacy. Horses valued, and if killed in action the value of the animal will be paid. Volunteers will, for the present, address me at Fort Fisher, N. C. W. C. HOWARD,
Capt. Comd'g Howard Cavalry.
March 11. 155-1m—29-1m

RECRUITS WANTED.

FOR the First North Carolina Cavalry, (Col Ransom.) This Regiment is ordered back from the Potomac to some point on the coast of North Carolina. The subscriber wishes to enlist 30 or 40 good men for his company.—Address, for two weeks, W. J. HOUSTON,
Captain Co. I, 1st N. C. C.,
at Kenansville, Duplin co., N. C.
March 7th, 1862. 152-2w29-2t*

TAKEN UP AND COMMITTED

TO the jail of New Hanover county, a negro boy named JOHN, who stated first that he belonged to Mrs. Mary James, of this county, and now says to Christopher Stephens, of Onslow county. The owner of said negro is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs. W. T. J. VANN, Sheriff.
March 10. 154-tf—29-tf

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!!

ARE you ready to uniform your Company?
ONE WEEK!
ONE WEEK!
ONE WEEK!
Only is required to fill your order at
BALDWIN'S,
BALDWIN'S,
MILITARY HOUSE! HEAD QUARTERS!
HEAD QUARTERS! Confederate Uniforms at
BALDWIN'S.
March 12, 1862. BALDWIN'S.

PISTOL and BOWIE KNIFE CASES at WILSON'S.
SEINE TWINE at WILSON'S.
250 LBS. of NORTHERN SHOE THREAD at WILSON'S.
POWDER, SHOT and CAPS at WILSON'S.
ALL KINDS OF LEATHER and SKINS at WILSON'S.
AXES, PITCHFORKS and GRINDSTONES at WILSON'S.
WHIPS, SAD