THE CAPTURE OF NEW MADRID.

The following account of the capture of New Madrid is the first detailed report of the victory which we have seen. We take it from a letter in the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

"NEW MADRID, MO., March 14.

"Ten days ago we arrived here and opened up a little entertainment for the chivalry, strongly intrenched at New Madrid. We had nothing but a few batteries of light artillery, while they played on us with from five to six gunboats, and eight 32-pounders upon the walls of two forts. Gen. Pope at once saw his position, and sent back to Cairo for four siege guns—24-pounders. He kept, in the meantime, constantly harassing the enemy, without exposing his own men, awaiting the arrival of his guns. He likewise, during the darkness of one night, had rifle-pits dug, and a battery of Parrott guns planted upon the river bank at Point Pleasant, seven miles below New Madrid. Gen. Plummer was placed in command. The first introduction to the chivalry were a few 12-pounders and a shower of musket balls, well aimed, at a couple of the transports well laden with luxuries and comforts for New Madrid and Island No. 10. They suddenly wheeled about and left for Dixie. Such an insult must be wiped off the bank of the Confederate river, and forthwith a gunboat was dispatched to shell Plummer out of his holes. But the gunboat came a little too near, and forthwith port-holes and pilot-house received hundreds of muskets balls from the sharpshooters; and it speedily moved to the opposite side of the river, in easy shelling distance, and for seven days from one to three gunboats have done their best to dislodge the gallant Plummer, and without success.

"On Wednesday, March 22, our four guns arrived. We drove in their pickets at sundown, and a thousand spades were noiselessly making trenches and preparing hasty protections for the guns. They were in position before daylight, and as the fog lifted from the marshes and the river, four shells were gently thrown over into the upper fort, much to the astonishment and indignation of the gentlemen from Dixie. In a few moments nine gunboats were in position, some of them throwing sixty-four pound shells, and eighteen 32-pounders upon the two forts now doing their best to send us all, as the boys say, 'to the happy land of Canaan.' The Tenth and Sixteenth Illinois were placed in the trenches as sharp-shooters, and the Thirty-ninth, Twenty-seventh, Sixty-third and Forty-third Ohio regiments were placed on the flanks and in the rear to support the battery. The First Regular United States Infantry, under Captain Mowery, manned the guns. Fortunately, they had been well drilled as artillerists, and behaved admirably. Colonel Bissell's engineer regiment were most valuable aids. While I have no desire to puff any regiments, I must say the Thirty-ninth and Twenty-seventh Ohio regiments deserve great credit for their coolness and bravery.

"On Wednesday evening two companies of the 27th and two of the 37th, all under Lieutenant-Colonel Kennett, were ordered to drive in the pickets of the enemy, without firing a gun if possible, so that the engineers could lay out the earthworks and prepare for the guns. They came upon the Confederate pickets, and drove them in without firing a gun. The Confederate pickets, as they retreated, fired volley upon volley, but did not wound a man. There four companies took position and remained upon the field until this morning, making 36 hours. The balance of these regiments took position at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning, and remained at their posts until this morning. They were just in range of the guns from the fort and battery, so they flew at the guns they supported, and for twelve hours the shot and shell flew about and over them like hail. The two regiments were protected by a low bluff of a slough, besides, with pocket-knives and bayonets they scooped out the dirt, so that as small an amount of Ohio humanity as possible should be exposed. It is perfectly safe to say that one hundred shot and shell struck within from four to six feet of the 39th without killing a single man. Shells frequently buried so near that exploding would cover with dirt twenty men. Generals Pope and Stanley rode down and witnessed for a time the firing, and they remarked that it was a miracle that so few were killed or wounded. One round shot from the enemy struck one of our large guns on the muzzle and knocked a piece out of it six inches long, unfitting it for further service, at the same time killing two men and wounding two or three more. The boys toward evening got tired of laying flat; and if the firing ceased for a moment, every fellow would jump up and yell as loud as he heard a mile.

"The day was delightful; the warm spring air, the first fruits of mother earth in sweet spring flowers opening their buds amid the green grass blades. But as night approached the sun sank in the red horizon, and before midnight there came on a most terrific thunder storm. The lightning blinded you by its brightness, and left you bewildered, while the thunder peals to hush the puny columbiads that had all day jarred upon our ears. Amid this storm our men stood to their posts, and moved still nearer to their enemies. Amid the same storm, while Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts with such fury, the evacuation of fort and barracks took place; for, lo! as daylight appeared, not an enemy was seen upon the works. Our flag was soon floating at both forts, and as I write the sound comes to me from a band with 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle,' while the boys catch the song, and loud prolonged cheering is taken up camp by camp.

"Gen. Pope and staff rode over the ground this morning, and were astonished at the great strength of the works and the splendid prize of guns and ammunition left behind. Eighteen 32 pound guns were upon the walls spiked; so hastily was it done that Yankee ingenuity in a few hours removed sixteen of the spikes and turned their grinning mouths to look for gunboats from Island No. 10. There was a large stock of ammunition of every kind, sabres, guns, clothing, cooking utensils, suppers on the table not eaten, whole baskets of champagne and claret unopened, wagons, three hundred horses and mules, and tents to accommodate six thousand men left standing.

"One side of the fort was filled in by sacks of shelled corn—enough to make mush for all Ireland for one year. Many fine pieces of light artillery.

"Two men were found asleep in the fort this morning, not knowing their friends had, during the night, left for Dixie. They, you may judge, were a couple of astonished individuals. A same load, likewise came up to the wharf and loaded, tied up their boat, and were dumbfounded that, of all the gay chivalry they left the evening before, not a knight remained. The dwellings were all vacated, negroes and all save and except the dogs. The last named bristed up, and barked, and snuffed at you from under ruin of porch and from kennel, where so lately they had been petted and fed. What ruin and desolation these men are bringing on their loveliest and most fertile spots! This is one of the wealthiest counties in the State. The houses in the suburbs, are, many of them, elegant and splendidly fitted up. Their parlors with fine pianos, and rosewood and mahogany furniture all left. The fireside around which so many fond recollections cluster, desolate. All these luxuries and comforts, and the multiplied blessings that have crowned their lives, were accumulated and enjoyed under the old flag; but they wished simply to wipe out some of the stars and a few of the bars, and possibly they have got wiped out instead. Well, it is a great victory, and shows as much generalship as in any battle yet fought.

"General Pope could have taken the fort the first day of his arrival, but he told his officers 'it would be at a sacrifice of one thousand of my men;' but says he, 'I will take it and lose but few. My conscience will not permit me to sacrifice useleasly the lives of the men intrusted to me.' He sent messengers to Cairo for larger guns, and in thirty hours after they were loaded at Cairo they were playing upon the forts at New Madrid, behind safe breastworks, which the enemy never dreamed were built under their very noses. To such generals, desirous of glory, this was a strong inducement to go in and win the laurels. The general's reply to some of the assault officers: 'Gentlemen, you shall have the fort; but my conscience will not permit me to unnecessarily sacrifice the lives of my men,' gives an insight into what I call true generalship, and really requires more bravery to carry it out than the man, who, for fear of public opinion, or desirous to make a name, rushes headlong at the first sight of his adversary. But what puzzled many was how four guns of 24 pounds could take two forts with eighteen 32-pounders, and five or six gunboats in the bargain. But it has been done."

FROM NASHVILLE.

THE REBEL SPIRIT RAMPANT.

Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.

ADVANCE CAMP, BEYOND NASHVILLE, March 12 1862.

We have now well occupied Nashville, and a more vile secession domain I have never beheld.—Rebels stalk boldly in the streets and talk loudly in public places of what they will do and how they will set subjugate the Yankees. *Baltimore in its worst days was a paradise to Nashville.* Saturious are they that a secret league has been discovered, whose members have sworn to buy no goods from north ra men or fraternize with northern men under any circumstances. The merchants will not open their stores and will not take United States Treasury notes, nor will our men, in retaliation, take the shinplasters of the Nashville banks in circulation.

CONDITION OF THE CITY.

Nashville is like Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Had it not been for our troops arriving, I verily believe the grass would have grown in the streets. The lower part of the city is entirely inundated by the great overflow of the Cumberland, which has not been so high since 1836. Business is entirely suspended, and the Confederates stand in wondering groups at the corners of the streets, looking at our vast columns as they file through the streets with their long lines of baggage wagons and parks of splendid artillery. Yet, with all this immense array the secessionists threaten the Lincoln hordes, as they call them, with all manner of evil. Gen. Buell has probably an eye on them, and will soon bring them up on a round turn before they are aware of it. A reporter of the Philadelphia *Press*, connected with the Ohio Third, captured the Colonel of a Mississippi regiment on Friday last, near Murfreesboro', together with his horse, saddle and arms, receiving a sabre cut on his hand for his trouble. Last night a captain of the Tenth Ohio was shot in the street by a citizen, and officers are daily insulted by them. How long this will last God only knows, but soon forbearance will cease to be a virtue, and a severe retribution will be the consequence.

A FAIR SPECIMEN OF THE SECESSION WOMEN OF SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

At Cave City I took a freight train for Bowling Green, and only got as far as Bell's Tavern at dark, a stopping-place for the traveller who visited the Mammoth Cave. The landlady was a perfect virago, and treated us very ungraciously, being a rank secessionist of the baser sort. Though we treated her as a woman should be, with politeness, we actually made her, by threats, give us supper and lodging, for which we had to pay her two dollars. The country being entirely drained, we were glad to even get a place on the floor to sleep, for that price. Hire we remained all night, half frozen, for it was very cold, listening to the rain pouring on the roof. In the morning the rain poured in torrents and the mud was knee-deep. It was nearly nine o'clock before we got breakfast, and then our hostess was in a wretched humor. Scarcely had we finished when the right wing of Colonel Willich's regiment, the 32d Indiana, came into the house and tracked her porch with mud, which the poor fellows could not help, as it was the only shelter afforded them from the heavy rain and sleet which was falling.—The virago was then in a perfect fury, and abused the Yankee troops in fine style, which the German troops took very good humoredly, singing their student songs and ballads of the Vaterland, ending in a grand chorus of the Marseillaise, which sounded grandly, coming from the throats of over four hundred singers, the heroes of Green River.—This Cave City hostess was the woman General McCook had to shut up in her room when he was there, as she threw sand into his meat while cooking, and abused him soundly, threatening to shoot him. This is a fair specimen of the secession women of southern Kentucky.

FROM THE UPPER POTOMAC.

Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.

THE WINCHESTER RUMPUS.

WINCHESTER, VA., March 14.—This formidable place, so long desired and so long a bugbear to this division, has at last fallen into our hands, and now that it is taken, and we have seen the extensive and carefully-made fortifications, about which so much has been said, it is only a matter of wonder that we could have been so long and completely deceived.

A WEAK FORT.

The fort however, is a very weak sort of an affair. It is rectangular in shape, and is formed, on the side fronting the road, of two rows of barrels filled with earth, two in height, and dirt thrown up to cover them; the other sides being a mere embankment of earth. A ditch, some four feet wide and three deep, surrounds it on the outside, but the soil is crumbly, the dirt has fallen in, and, as if that were not enough to destroy its efficiency, at two of the rear corners it is left unfinished, so that there is no obstacle there to an assault except the height of the breastwork. In front its height is about six or eight feet; in the rear and right flank something less.

The works are about fifty yards long by thirty in width, and in the centre of the space enclosed is a good-sized white house, which served as quarters for the Confederates, and would have proved excellent as a mark to show our artillery the centre of the place and where to direct their fire. There are two bomb-proofs made of bags and barrels of earth piled in double rows and covered with earth. I call them bomb-proofs, because that is what they were meant to be, but they are very far from being proof against rifled shells or solid shot. A single shot would destroy the structure, and two would blow the whole thing up.

This, then, is the sum of all those boasted fortifications that frightened Patterson last July, and have been a terror to the whole division ever since. A simple earthwork, with a ditch half covered in, three rifled palisades, five pieces to defend them, and two so-called bomb-proofs. A wooded hill on the left commands the position, which was filled with Confederate riflemen, and rifle-pits had been dug on a small elevation on the right. The fort itself could not have contained at most more than two or three hundred men, who would have had very slight protection from the breastworks. And if the fort were the only obstacle to the capture of the town, a single regiment, with a section of artillery, could have taken it.

WHERE WERE OUR SPIES?

So much for the defences of the town. To me it is a source of wonder that, being what they were, so general an impression could have prevailed that they were formidable. Where were our spies?—Have we not a secret-service department, and do we need any better proof that these facts were not known than the certainty that the place would have been attacked long ago if they had been?

JACKSON GOES OFF QUIETLY.

Jackson, the Confederate commander, had a force of not more than six thousand men in all, with many guns to protect his entrenchments. The furlough system which was found necessary to induce reenlistments had reduced his force from fifteen, as it was currently reported, to six thousand men. On Monday he commenced his retreat, sending off all his guns very quietly at first, and when they were well on their way, his baggage, and for three days he was moving, with our army only eight miles from him, and, in fact, of everything about him. When on Wednesday a reconnoissance was made, the column coming down the Martinsburg road was found to have occupied the town, and Jackson, with everything he had, quietly abandoned it.

THE TEST OF LOYALTY AT WINCHESTER.

Correspondence of the New York World.

The soldiers have invented an excellent test of the disposition of the inhabitants who walk the street, and it is so amusing and ingenious that it ought to be mentioned. I think it ought to be named the secesshometer, and patented. Ascertaining that the ladies especially, and many other citizens, carefully crossed the street in order to escape from passing beneath the stars and stripes which a sutler had raised over his store, another flag was raised above the opposite side and still another was thrown across the middle of the street. Placed in this dilemma to choose either sidewalk or the street, they would of course pass on, not, however, true to their quick Southern instincts, without a manifestation of their bitterness toward the flag which symbolized the protection which has been around them all their lives. But, best of all, a flag of the Confederate States army had been placed by some sportive soldier on the sidewalk over which all must pass. One would scarcely observe it until just upon it, and then he would be sure to show his disposition, either by trampling it indignantly under foot or by shrinking back in sacred horror. The result in every case would furnish a crowd of soldiers with cause for an immense amount of merriment.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

LETTER FROM ISLAND NO. TEN.

MAIL FACILITIES—UNITED STATES GUNBOAT OFF ISLAND TEN—WHAT OCCURRED ON SUNDAY—CONFEDERATE BATTERIES ENGAGED ALL DAY—COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE MORTARS—WE GIVE THE CONFEDERATES PARTICULAR HAIL—ENEMY'S TRANSPORTS IN SIGHT—FLAG OF TRUCE—FLAG-SHIP BENTON OPENS THE BALL—NARROW ESCAPE OF OUR TRANSPORTS, ETC.

U. S. GUNBOAT CINCINNATI, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, Five Miles above Island No. 10, MONDAY, March 17, 1862.

Mail facilities are very irregular, this point at present are rather irregular, hence the delay in receiving correspondence. Letters are forwarded to Cairo by tugs and transports, which leave at so stated hour. The tug is sent to cover, sometimes for letters twice daylight, or in the night, as during the day. Again, they do not remain long enough to enable you to write or spend a postscript to your correspondence. This will account for the brief and unceremonious closing of your letter from here yesterday. You have a record of the movements of Flag-Officer Foote's fleet up to Saturday night. We continue by giving a brief synopsis of

WHAT OCCURRED ON SUNDAY.

Before daylight on Sunday morning firing between the pickets of the contending forces was distinctly and frequently heard on board of this vessel, so close were the enemy. Nothing unusual occurred, however, until Sunday, at 8 A. M., when we were signalled from the flag-ship Benton to follow her movements. We were soon out in the stream, under way, and in position—all stern down stream.

In the meantime the towboats Wisconsin No. 2, Hammitt, Pike and Wilson, towed the mortar-boats—eight in number—to commanding positions along the point, on the Missouri shore, where they were enabled to shell the enemy's batteries, both on the Kentucky shore and head of Island No. 10 At 8.30 A. M. we had dropped low enough down to see the enemy's tents and one or two batteries—the encampment extending a distance of fully two miles along the Kentucky shore. We could plainly see the Confederate transport Red River and two other steamers lying to at Island No. 10, under the point, steaming and ready for service. We knew by the smoke visible in the bend below, that other transports or gunboats were moving about in all directions.

A large side-wheel steamer laid sunk to the lower deck in the chute. There was no name on her wheel-house. The weather was chilly and cloudy, with every indication of rain. The line of battle was formed the same as during the evening previous—the Cincinnati and Benton being the lowest down the stream. The Louisville withdrew on Saturday, owing to a leak in her boilers, returning to Columbus, Kentucky, in tow of the Alps, for repairs. At 9 A. M., the Confederate transport Ohio Belle appeared in sight, being some three miles distant from us. She had evidently been sent up to reconnoitre and ascertain our strength and position. The Benton, as soon as she appeared, salut d her with a couple of 42-pound rifle shells, which, however, fell short, when the Belle immediately rounded down and at amed back as speedily as possible. At 9.30 A. M., a white flag was displayed from the enemy's upper battery, on the Kentucky shore. Our Flag Officer immediately responded by sending down a tug in charge of Lieut-nant Bishop, with a flag of truce, to ascertain their desires. On landing opposite the battery he was met by a couple of Confederate officers, who stated that their white flag was intended to signal their works below, and was not for us.—While our tug was returning home the Confederate steamer Grampus appeared in sight from below,—with a white flag flying from her jack-staff. The Grampus blowed her whistle, doubtless to hail our returning tug. This was not heeded, however, when the Grampus, after proceeding about half a mile further, rounded down and was soon out of sight. At intervals during the morning loud cannonading could be distinctly heard in the vicinity of New Madrid and Point Pleasant, indicating an engagement between our forces and the enemy at one or perhaps both of those points.

At 11 A. M. we gave our first shell from the mortars. It glided off beautifully, exploding directly over the enemy's camp on the Island, being elevated about one-fourth of a mile above the earth. From 11 A. M. till 6.30 P. M. our fleet of eight mortars were almost constantly engaged in shelling the upper battery, nearly all the shells exploding properly and timely. In and around the fortifications—a few well-directed shells being sent across to the Island below. It is proper here to remark that the mortars prove a complete success in every particular. During this time two of the mortars, commanded by Lieutenant Greggory, fired seventy-six shells—while the eight mortars gave the enemy two hundred and fifty-six shells—each weighing 213 pounds, minus the charge. The firing of the mortars was commenced with a charge of eighteen, which was increased to nineteen pounds of powder, thirty and thirty-two second fuses being used. The concussion produced was not so great as anticipated. The men worked with ease and comfort and passed through the day without the most trivial accident. The Benton, at intervals, between the hours of 11.30 A. M. and 7 P. M., treated the same battery to over fifty rounds of shell from her 24 pounder rifle stern guns—two-thirds of which were most capital shots. They sped on their fiery errand hissing, shrieking and singing tremendously, and exploding directly over or within the lines of the fortification. We have not learned the results of either the shells from the mortars or the Benton—can only say they were very accurately planted. The shells at times would skip and dance over the water, and striking and exploding on the ground, toss up a column of dirt a distance of from fifty to one hundred feet. Occasionally the Benton and two, and sometimes three, of the big mortars would "let go" at once, with a tremendous thundering roar, the loudest we have ever heard—the report of the mortars resembling the roar of the heaviest thunder, while the earth at times quivered like a young earthquake.

At 12 M. the transport Rob Roy landed a force of infantry on the Missouri shore, who spent the day in reconnoitering the enemy's fortifications. With the aid of the glass we could plainly see where our mortar shells had torn and cut off the limbs of trees and barked the timber back of the enemy's position. As our gunboats were dropping down on the enemy's batteries, stern foremost, it was deemed expedient to keep at the longest range possible. A dense smoke was visible for some time in the bends five or six miles below our position, indicating the enemy had numerous transports engaged, and were either bringing reinforcements or evacuating. On the main batteries, during the afternoon, the white flag was visible, being used to signal their friends below. It was late in the day before they run up the Confederate flag, which floated until the darkness of night set in. At 3 P. M. they struck their colors, and immediately run them out again, as if they were communicating with their adjacent fortifications.

At 5 P. M. the transports G. W. Graham and Silver Wave dropped down to the last mortar, some ninety yards below, where the gunboat Cincinnati was stationed, and landed a battery of Illinois artillery, together with several companies of infantry. While there the Confederate battery, which had quietly received our fire nearly all day, let loose for the first time a 120 pound rifled shell in the direction of the transports, evidently with the hope of reaching them. Their shell landed in the water, not more than twenty yards astern of the transports. A little more elevation, and this shot would surely have landed on either the Graham or Silver Wave, and proved disastrous to the troops crowded on these transports. We only received three guns from this battery during the day.

At 6.10 P. M. our art illery, which went ashore on the right-hand Missouri point, opened on the enemy's works over on the Island, which lies around the point from our fleet. The enemy immediately replied from guns of long range, their shells exploding within three or four hundred yards of the Missouri shore. About 6.30 P. M. the Benton waked up the upper batteries with a few well-directed rifle shells, without response.

Our gunboats and mortars, in position, were fully two miles distant from the enemy's battery, which we had been shelling all day. As we before remarked, the mortars are a "great institution," an indispensable feature in modern warfare. We had supposed the concussion would be too much for mortal men to stand a long while, and that they would be necessarily compelled to change their gunners every round or two at least. Such is not the case, however. After a few rounds, when they become warmed up, they belch out in great thundering tones, while within thirty seconds you will see and hear the shell explode, dealing destruction to everything within its scope. We were within two or three hundred yards of the mortars nearly all day, with our gunboats, and must confess we were delighted, almost charmed, with their ponderous belching music, knowing, as we did, they were calculated to give the enemy particular hail.

The roar of cannon appeared to frighten the birds. Flocks of blackbirds were sailing in every direction all day. A pair of frightened quails alighted on the launch, a small boat belonging to the gunboat, where they remained perched together some fifteen or twenty minutes before departing for Dixie.

After the interesting sweet of the day, and with the darkness of night, the cannonading ceased and all was quiet; a bright and beautiful sunset indicating fair weather on the coming morrow, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

To-day the weather is delightfully mild, clear and genial. Your paper seems days since prematurely announced the evacuation of Island No. 10. None of us are accurately posted relative to the strength of the enemy, but have seen enough to satisfy us he means fight—but he is strongly fortified. They are only waiting for our gunboats to drop down within range of their guns, when they will be lively time and double. We have heard from one of their 120-pounders, rifled, and of course naturally conclude they have a few more left of the same sort." While we can lay off and pitch out our mortar flotilla, while they shell the pure delight out of the enemy, we are satisfied—don't want any better fur. It is now nine A. M., and not a gun has yet been fired on either side to-day. We close here, as the tug leaves with the mail.

THE BOMBARDMENT ON MONDAY—TREMENDOUS FIRING—THE ENEMY'S POSITION NOT TAKEN.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CINCINNATI, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, 3 Miles above Island No. 10, March 17th—P. M.

At 9.40 A. M., to-day, after closing my letter, our artillery on the Missouri shore opened the ball on the enemy's batteries around the point, and out of gunboat range. At 10 A. M. we could plainly see the Confederate transports Mars, De Soto, Red Rover, Grampus, and other steamers, plying up and down the Mississippi, out of the range of our guns.

A Lieutenant of Infantry, who was out on a reconnoissance yesterday, saw nine of our mortar shells burst inside of one of the enemy's camps on the Island. He thinks a number were killed and wounded.

At 10.25 A. M. the flag ship Benton, and the Cincinnati and St. Louis were lashed together—the Benton being in the middle, with the Cincinnati on the port and the St. Louis on the starboard side, making a formidable forward or bow battery of ten guns—8-inch shell, 12-pounders, rifled (firing a projectile weighing eighty pounds), and 9-inch Dahlgren guns. Ten minutes later and the mortar fleet opened on all the enemy's batteries visible—four in number—and continued shelling them all day.

At 12 M. the Benton, Cincinnati and St. Louis, lashed together, rounded down, the mortar fleet operating beautifully. The Carondelet, Mound City, St Louis, and Cincinnati left in our rear to protect the mortar boats, transports and ordnance steamers.

The day was clear and bright. The huge volume of coal smoke pouring out of our formidable battery while descending the Mississippi, lashed together—the great mortar bombs and shells bursting high in the air, over the enemy's batteries, resounding and echoing on all sides, together with a fleet of little tugs and steamers laying off in the stream, out of range—made a very interesting picture. At 12.40 P. M. the Mound City, lying to on the Missouri shore point, blazes away at the upper battery with her stern guns. In the meantime, Flag-Officer Foote maneuvres the Benton, Cincinnati and St. Louis; the Mound City, lying ashore, opens out from the Benton, over the river, in their fire. The mortars are still planting shells into the upper battery thick and fast.

The flag-officer being in position, at 1.15 P. M. opens out from the Benton, followed by the Cincinnati and St. Louis; the Mound City, lying ashore, is also pouring in her rifled shells. The cannonading was kept up constantly from this time until 7 P. M., when our gunboats headed up stream, and anchored for the night.

Up to 2 10 P. M. the upper battery had not replied to our incessant fire, but the enemy opened upon us from three others still lower down. Fifteen minutes elapse and the upper, together with the balance of the batteries, give us a brisk fire.—Then shell and shot explode and fall around us almost too familiarly. The first shot that passed over the Cincinnati, barely missed Lt Messrs W. R. Hoel. All three boats were each hit several times, and slightly damaged by the enemy's guns. A shot passed through the upper deck of the Cincinnati, breaking the chalk at the after end of the plumber block, and then richocheting, passed upward back through the deck, water tank, and overboard. Another passed through the Benton's chimney, under deck, landing in the Captain's cabin. At 2.25 P. M., the Cincinnati shot down the flag on the upper battery, which was soon raised again. While we were floating close to shore, the shell and shot from the enemy's guns cut down the scattered tall cotton woods. At 3 P. M., the upper was signalling the lower batteries with a red flag. About this time one of the bow guns on the St. Louis burst, killing two, and wounding twelve of her men.

The guns on the upper Confederate battery were not dismounted at the close of the day, not withstanding our heavy and incessant fire during the afternoon. The mortars gave the enemy a few shells all n ight. They presented a brilliant spectacle as they sped through the heavens like meteors, exploding handsomely.

From the New York Times.

THE FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The failure of our forces, land and naval, to capture Island Ten will hand, has occasioned an uproar ludicrous ebullition of popular peulsa ce. *The delay seems to be generally accepted as a defeat. Men of average courage rush madly into Wall street and sell their stocks as if the crisis of the national destiny were upon them.* Less than a battle and a victory a day will no longer satisfy the public appetite. A day without them is lost, and is marked in the calendar with a black stone. An absence of good news is accepted as a reverse. A temper so unreasonable it is almost useless to ply with arguments. But there are multitudinous reasons for banishing all despondency so far as Island Ten is concerned. There is no trace of evidence that the plans of the assailants have miscarried, or that their force is load-quate to the reduction of the place.

We were forewarned that upon this point the enemy was preparing to risk his heaviest stake. Its fortifications, elaborate and designed to be impregnable, had been erected under the eye of Confederate engineer. Its armament was far more formidable than that of Dunelson or Columbus; its garrison was reported as 15,000 in numbers—men fresh from recent defeat and retreat, and eager to vindicate the vanishing prestige of Southern army. The insular location relieved them of that particular form of annoyance, the National bayonet. They had gunboats with which to meet our gunboats. The whole contest promised to be at long range, and dependent upon the ability of one party to dislodge the other, or to exhibit the larger wealth of ammunition. Such conditions naturally presupposed a protracted fight. Three days were required to bring Fort Donelson to terms, and three to achieve the great victory at Pea Ridge. The coming victory in the Mississippi will be cheaply and handsomely earned if it be bought by twice the expenditure of time.

And it may also be observed that the Mississippi Island is not one of those capital strategical positions which must be stormed, and may not be as readily acquired by a flank movement. Were Gen. Pope to withhold his fire, and Commodore Foote to withdraw his gunboats, the continued occupancy of the place would be simply a question of days.—*The same reasons which compelled the evacuation of Columbus, must, before the close of another week, render Number Ten untenable. The movements of Gen. Buell's and Gen. Smith's commands already threat n the rear of Memphis.* Memphis threatened in the rear by such a force as that which Gen. Buell is leading against it, can no longer be served or saved by the occupation of an island some distance up the river; and the army occupying the Island will assuredly be cut off if the city pass into the hands of the Unionists. We may be checked at Island Ten, but not less surely will the enemy be checkmated.

It is well to give such considerations as these full value. The Confederates can do no more than hold their position, so far as their present assailants are concerned. But in view of the danger pressing upon their rear, they will find the foothold they will purchase dearly, of small account, and necessarily to be abandoned before many days. We may, therefore, await the result of the pending conflict with entire equanimity.

THE SHIP-OF-THE-LINE VERMONT.—Capt. Townsend, of the ship Germania, arrived at New York, states that on the 13th he passed a 74-gun ship with a gunboat alongside. This was in latitude 36° 28' longitude 63° 10'. In all probability this was the ship-of-the-line Vermont, and from the fact that at night both she and the gunboat were seen steering S. S. W., all fears as to her safety may be set at rest.

FROM WASHINGTON.

From the New York World.

HUMBUGGING THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The War Department has discovered that certain persons have been engaged in furnishing them with bogus military information regarding the enemy, for the purpose of obtaining influence which neither merit nor political influence could obtain for them.

LOYAL NORTH CAROLINIANS DESIRING TO RETURN HOME.

A large number of applications were made to-day by loyal North Carolinians to the War Department, who desire to return to their homes, from which they have been driven by the infamous spirit of rebellion. Secretary Stanton will issue an order that the military Governor of Washington will issue passes to go South, on satisfactory evidence of the loyalty of persons desiring them.

A FREEDMAN'S ASSOCIATION.

An association, called "the Freedman's Association," has been formed here to take measures to provide for the numerous contrabands who are flocking to the city.

A DISCOVERY AND NO COMMENT—YANCEY AT HOME.

We learn by way of Nashville that Yancey, the Confederate Commissioner, was not captured as reported, but succeeded in running the blockade into New Orleans, where we hear of him as making a speech to his victims, telling them that there was no hope of help from either France or England, and that the best thing they could do was to burn their tobacco and cotton, and grow no more, just to spite those two nations.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

DUNOP'S ABOUT IT.

The testimony taken concerning the capture of Yancey is conflic ing. While a despatch from Nashville announces his arrival at New Orleans, we have advices from other quarters which declare his capture certain.

THE PATHFINDER AGAIN IN THE FIELD—IN PURSUIT OF A NEW ROUTE TO DIXIE.

General Fremont received his final instructions from the Secretary of War to-day, and leaves for his new department to-morrow. He will be accompanied by Major Zogoni, the hero of Springfield, and other fearless, enthusiastic and daring men.

THE GERMAN DIVISION.

The rejection of General Blenker, the present commander of the German Division, will probably induce the Government to detail General Siegel in his place, although the friends of Colonel D'Utassy are using every exertion to secure his promotion. The Colonel is now in this city, on parole, charges having been preferred against him by General Blenker.

MILITARY PRISON.

A large flour warehouse in Georgetown, on the canal, and near the ferry across the Potomac, has been fitted up as a military prison. Cells have been put up for those who are to be in solitary confinement, with lock ups for those sentenced to perform hard labor. It is hoped that these working parties may be made to repair the streets of Georgetown, so cut up by the trains of army wagons.

THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

Senator Wade's friends are sanguine of his success next week, in securing his re-election. He is a native of Massachusetts, and has been a Senator from Ohio since 1851. His principal competitor, Columbus Delano, is a native of Vermont, and was here as a Representative from Ohio from 1845 to 1847.

SPECULATION IN WHISKEY.

Speculation here has run high in whiskey.—Riggs, the barker, a secesh, bought five thousand barrels. Since that he has agreed to change the tax upon all whiskey in present hands, the price has gone down four cents per gallon.

ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT.

The *Republican* this morning says that there is no doubt but Congress will abolish slavery in this District. If there is any doubt that compensation will be made to the owners of slaves, it arises from the resistance made by the city officials to the pending bill, which provides for compensation.—But from the opposition made by the slaveholders, the consequence may be the abolition of slavery without compensation.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

GENERAL BLENKER SUSPENDED.

General Blenker has at last been suspended. His Division Quartermaster, Dr. S. Schetze, who paid to the General a monthly tax of $500, has been cashiered by a court-martial for numerous frauds.

GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

Another new military department, that of the Gulf, has also been constituted, under command of Major General Butler. It will comprise all the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, west of Pensacola harbor, and so much of the Gulf nation as may be occupied by the forces under Gen. Butler. The headquarters will be moveable wherever the General commanding may be.

GEN. DIX'S DEPARTMENT.

A new department will also be constituted out of Maryland and portions of Virginia, under command of Major-General Dix. Its exact boundaries are not yet determined.

Correspondence New York Herald.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AT PORT ROYAL.

HILTON HEAD, March 15.

The day after the Atlantic's arrival the missionaries, with that fine appreciation of the comforts of this life which has always characterized them, transferred themselves, bag and baggage, to the village of Beaufort—known to them by reputation as the Newport of the South—and then, with a rare forethought, selected the finest mansions in the village, and straightway settled down to their task.

The landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock could not have occasioned more surprise and astonishment to the innocent natives of that region than did the advent of our missionary friends to the soldiers and contrabands in Beaufort. Several affecting scenes occurred, but I can describe but one, as a sample. A leading lady, of great respect and veneration for the contrabands had been greatly interested by the speeches of Rev. Mr. French and Mr. Pierce, at post-prandial meetings on the Atlantic coming out, and by the resolutions passed at the same, in which it was resolved that the negroes should be addressed as brothers and sisters, and considered in that light—Mrs. French, becoming thoroughly imbued with the fraternal and sisterly ideas, which were advanced always after a hearty dinner, was fully prepared to meet the contrabands with open arms, spirit by the time the missionaries were ready to land.

Arriving at Beaufort, the party stepped ashore, and soon came across the peculiar institution in full feather. Mrs. French rushed towards and embraced a colored female, who was startled not a little by the peculiar style of the salute, and, in the words of the resolutions, exclaimed:—"You are my sister! (Closer embrace.) You are no longer a slave you are free—free as I am. You are my equal, and you are my sister!" This, with other sweet converse, did she her time beguile, and after a charming interview of this friendly character with the negro woman, whose eyes protruded from mingled fear and pleasure, Mrs. French moved on with the missionaries to green fields and pastures new. That was one of the incidents that marked the arrival of the missionaries in the field of their labors. There are others equally disgusting and maudlin, if I would but write them. The above will suffice, however, as it shows the drift of the missionary movement. The truth of the matter is, that nearly all of the missionaries are rabid abolitionists of the Garrison school, and the leaders—Mr. Pierce and the Rev. Mr. French—are a trifle ahead of their fellows in their fanaticism.

They teach the negroes that they are free now; that they are the equals of the whites in every respect; that they cannot be compelled to labor for another; that they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of the white; and, in short, are brothers and sisters in the same family, and entitled to the same treatment. They are told that they must defend themselves against any attempt by their masters again to enslave them. While coming out they had their meetings whenever they could, and passed series after series of resolutions, all recognizing the freedom of the slave and the abolition of slavery. The fiery speeches and remarks were of the most ultra character, such as you would expect at an abolition meeting or in metaphysics; but here we have those theories about to be reduced to practice. The missionaries having selected the best houses in Beaufort, and had them nicely furnished from the furniture collected from the various uncomplaid houses in the village, are now living in a gay and festive style, amply supplied with help from their brothers and sisters, and are prepared to summer in a delightful way.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

FROM TENNESSEE.

A CONFEDERATE FLAG OF TRUCE.

Last night an expedition was set on foot by Gen. McClellan, that promised to be a brilliant little affair. At three o'clock yesterday afternoon a detachment of men was quietly moved from the encampment down the Murfreesboro' road. At every stopping place a small party was added to the preceding one, until one hundred men had been increased to at least ——. A short distance beyond Kennett's cavalry camp the whole detachment of unmounted men was put into four-horse wagons, and just at dusk started, no one knew where, no one knew for what purpose.

After having ridden for some two hours, the whole column was suddenly halted, and an orderly came dashing back from the advance guard to inform the main body "that a body of troops was seen advancing in the opposite direction." Our column was halted, and the officers at its head immediately rode forward to see what was to be done. When this party arrived at the advance, nothing was to be seen but the trampling of horses' feet upon the solid road could be distinctly heard. In one moment the moon, for the instant obscured by passing clouds, burst forth, shedding a flood of light, and revealing a small party of men approaching on horseback, one of them carrying a small white flag, faintly fluttering in the slight air.

A party was sent to meet the flag of truce; and returned, bearing the name of "Lieut. Colonel Wood, of the Confederate Army, bearer of a letter from Major-General Hardee to Major-General Buell." Col. Wood and his party were at once ordered to advance, and in one moment he and his escort, the notorious Colonel Morgan, with fifteen of his cavalrymen, were in be midst of the Federal soldiers. That was a picture I never shall forget. General Mitchell and the Confederate Colonel sat on their horses, some distance apart from the main body, but where every word that passed between them could be distinctly heard by every man in the party. Colonel Morgan, in citizen's clothes, sat at the head of his men, on a magnificent dapple grey horse.

I had an ample opportunity to see him, sitting as he was within six feet of me, and hould judge him a very handsome man, six feet or more in height, broad, full chest, dark hair and whiskers. A gentleman of our party, who had known him from early boyhood, remarked them:—"John Morgan was generally the leader in all the boyish pranks played about Lexington, while he was a boy, and the wild, reckless spirit he then showed, has clung to him through early manhood." He was the proprietor of a woolen factory in Lexington, and had a large interest in a bank. I neglected to prefix the adjective "liaro" to that bank.

It is said that this avowed object in prowling about our camp in the way he has been lately doing, is to capture some General, in order that he may exchange him for Buckner, who is a devoted friend of Morgan's family, and the latter's beau ide