

We would respectfully refer our readers to the telegraphic news we present in another column for all the information we can now give them.

This much is certain. The advance upon Goldsboro' is made with a force and a determination which exceeds all our previous anticipations.

There was hard fighting yesterday in the immediate vicinity of Goldsboro', though with what result we have not yet been able to learn.

The enemy burned the two culverts on each side of the Goschen Swamp trestle work on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.

It will be seen by our dispatches that the Yankees have succeeded in burning the bridge over the Neuse river, about 2 miles from Goldsboro'.

Upon the whole, our people appear to be maintaining their ground. They are fighting valiantly and well.

We regret to learn that Col. Radcliff was taken prisoner at Kingston, but has been released on parole.

General Lee appears to have got Burnside into a big trap and to have given him a foretaste of tophet.

It appears doubtful from our dispatches whether any forces from Suffolk are among those advancing upon Goldsboro'.

The news from Fredericksburg is encouraging and likely to be true. Burnside is certainly no match for Lee.

The Election.

Don't all forget that there is an election going on at the Town Hall for Commissioners.

For the Journal.

[The Signal Corps is organized for the purpose of establishing communication by signals, between distant points.

The Signal Flag.

Written by a Member of the Signal Corps, Dept. of N. C. Air: "Bonnie Blue Flag."

There is a flag that's yet unused, A banner bright and fair, Which speaks by waves to right and left,

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah!! For Southern Rights, hurrah! Hurrah! for the Bonnie White Flag

To comrades, though far, far away, Who watch with anxious eye, These secret signs an import bear,

When night draws o'er the wearied earth Her cloak of sable hue, And bids, go dream of home and friends,

Then let us hope when war is o'er And great, and good, and free, We stand and boast ourselves with truth,

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah!! For Southern Rights, Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Bonnie White Flag

FOLLY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—The Richmond correspondent of the Grenada Appeal concludes one of his letters to that paper as follows:

From the London Times. Remarkable Spirit and Endurance of the South—the Feeling of Confidence at the Confederate Capital.

Whatever may be the result of the war, there cannot be a doubt that for years to come the States of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee must suffer under the devastations by it.

The Interest felt in England in the American War.

Every one feels that the struggle going on in America is the most remarkable event of our times.

But this American conflict is described entirely by only one party. We really know far less of the South than we knew of the Russians during the Crimean campaign.

FREDERICKSBURG.—The town of Fredericksburg, Va., having suddenly become a point on which public interest centres, we deem it appropriate to give a brief description of the place.

IS THERE NO REMEDY?—The Manchester Cotton Factory has made two dividends since the war began of \$125 per share of \$100—but these shares cost their present holders (most of them) much less than par.

A REPENTANT YANKEE.—An Ohio paper gives an account of the suicide of a man named David Lamb, who recently cut his throat with a razor.

How to Make Money and Serve the Country.

Under the auspices of Capt. Finnie, the Nitre Bureau of this city is producing and forwarding to Richmond from nine to twelve thousand pounds of nitre per month.

For the rapid production of this commodity, so indispensable in the conduct of this war, we are mainly indebted to the operation of the Conscript Act.

These, however, are not the only agencies employed in producing saltpetre. Last week an old lady, whose house was built in North Carolina, though they are now not more than ten miles from Knoxville, made from an "ashopper" filed repeatedly with earth taken from beneath them, \$98 worth of saltpetre.

Capt. Finnie pays seventy-five cents per pound for all that is produced, and the trade is becoming a very thriving one.

Of gun powder we shall henceforth have a great abundance if the Government can secure at other points such energetic and skilful agents as those employed in this Department.

Having Intercourse with the Enemy.

We find the subjoined letter in the Jackson Mississippian, and in publishing it, commend its spirit to all who would think of joining their property by complying with the demands of the enemy for supplies:

TO LUND WASHINGTON, AT MOUNT VERNON, Near Windsor, 30th April, 1781.

DEAR LUND,—I am very sorry to hear of your loss. I am a little sorry to hear of my own; but that which gives me most concern is, that you should go on board the enemy's vessels, and furnish them with refreshments.

It was not in your power, I acknowledge, to prevent them from sending a flag on shore, and you did right to meet it; but you should in the same instant that the business of it was unfolded, have declared explicitly, that it was improper for you to yield to the request; after which, if they had proceeded to help themselves by force, you could but have submitted; and, being unprovided for defense, this was to be preferred to a feeble opposition, which only serves as a pretext to burn and destroy.

I am thoroughly persuaded that you acted from your best judgment, and believe, that your desire to preserve my property, and rescue the buildings from impending danger, was your governing motive; but to go on board their vessels, carry them refreshments, COMMUNE with a PARCEL OF PLUNDERING SCOUNDRELS, AND REQUEST A FAVOR BY ASKING A SURRENDER OF MY NEGROES, WAS EXCEEDINGLY ILLJUDGED, and, it is to be feared, will be unhappy in its consequences, as it will be a precedent for others, and may become a subject of animadversion.

I have no doubt of the enemy's intention to prosecute the plundering plan they have begun; and unless a stop can be put to it, by the arrival of a superior naval force. I have as little doubt of its ending in the loss of all my negroes, and in the destruction of my houses; but I am prepared for the event; under the prospect of which, if you could deposit in a place of safety the most valuable and least bulky articles, it might be consistent with policy and prudence, and a means of preserving them hereafter.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Columbus (Ga) Enquirer reports a case and instance of notable significance and encouragement to all except extortioners and blood suckers who do not wish any increase or development of Southern resources.

The Enquirer says: Mr. John Dawson, of Russell county, Alabama, exhibited to us, the other day, some beautiful bolts of cloth from his spinning wheels and loom.

We learn that these handsome fabrics were not only made entire with the spinning wheels and loom of Mr. Dawson, but that the cotton and wool were also of his own raising, and the loom of his own make.

A QUESTION OF AGE.—A correspondent of the Knoxville Register, with that laudable curiosity and observation which are the pre-requisites of knowledge, asks:

Why it is that when a man has passed his thirty-fifth year, and especially if he is over forty years, he is wholly disqualified for the business of buying hogs for the Government? Your paper has given us much valuable information on kindred topics, but I believe this mystery remains unexplained.

The Empty Sleeve.

Tom, old fellow, I grieve to see The sleeve hanging loose at your side; The arm you lost was worth to me Every Yankee that ever died.

A good right arm, a wary hand, A wrist as strong as a sapling oak, Buried deep in the Malvern sand— To laugh at that is a sorry joke.

Well! the arm is gone, it is true; But the one that is nearest the heart Is left—and that is good as two; Tom, old fellow, what makes you start?

"She deserves a perfect man," you say; "You not worth her in your prime?" Tom! the arm that has turn'd to clay Your whole body has made sublime;

I see the people in the street Look at your sleeve with kindling eyes; And you know, Tom, there's naught so sweet As homage shown in mute surmise.

Go to your sweetheart, then, forthwith— You're a fool for staying so long— Woman's love you'll find no myth, But a truth, living, tender, strong—

As I look through the coming years, I see a one-armed married man; A little woman, with smiles and tears, Is helping as hard as she can.

The years roll on, and then I see A wedding picture bright and fair; I look closer, and it's plain to me That is Tom with the silver hair.

From the Chattanooga Rebel, 14th Inst. Affairs in Mississippi.

The Yankees seem determined to open the navigation of the Mississippi river. It is the use of that great "inland sea" for which the Northwest is chiefly fighting.

Unquestionably this is a most formidable plan, and if successful will give the enemy a vantage ground in the West and Southwest incalculable in its benefits to them, and in its injuries to us.

It is unnecessary for us to enter into a detailed statement of the facts leading to this view—nor refer more particularly to the number and disposition of our forces.

More "Spirits" at Lynchburg. The Local of the Lynchburg Republican keeps a sharp eye out on all kinds of "spirits"—not confining himself to the present, and departed, but those in the act of departing, as the following will testify: