

Clearfield Republican.



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NEW SERIES—VOL. II.—NO 3.

The Charge of Macdonald at Wagram.

In the battle of Wagram, Napoleon sent Marshal Davoust with fifty thousand men to make a circuit and attack the Austrians on the farther side of Neusiedel. As soon as Davoust appeared on the plain of Wagram and opened his artillery on the exposed ranks of the enemy, Napoleon ordered Marshal Macdonald, with eight battalions, to march straight on the enemy's centre, and pierce it. This charge formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner did the Arch-duke see the movements of this terrible column of eight battalions, composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre, than he knew that the hour of Europe's destiny and of his own army had arrived. He immediately doubled the lines at the threatened point, and brought up the reserve cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheeled around the spot on which such destinies hung, and opened a steady fire on the approaching column. Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to answer the Austrian batteries, that swept every inch of ground like a storm of shot. The cannoniers mounted their horses, and started on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, and approached to within half a cannon shot, and then opened on the enemy's ranks. The column marched up to this battery, and with him at its head, belching forth fire like some huge monster, steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back and closed on each other, knowing that the final struggle had come. At this crisis of the battle nothing could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here where the incessant and rapid roll of cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of his antagonist the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column in to the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge, the head of that column disappeared as if sank into the earth, while the outer rank, on either side melted away like snow on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress. On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion in Macdonald's nature was aroused, and he had fully resolved to execute the dread task given him or fall on the field. Still he towered unshaken his falling guard, and with his eyes fixed steadily on the enemy's centre, moved steadily on. At the close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on his mangled head, that column would seem to stop and stagger back, like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, the calm steady voice of Macdonald ring back thro' his exhausted ranks, nerveing them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed of every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly.

The Austrian cannon, gradually wheeling around till they are stretched away in parallel lines like two walls of fire on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms, but the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or die, to his devoted followers. There is no excitement—no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men when pouring on the foe his terrible cavalry. No cries of "Vive l'Empereur" are heard along the line; but in their place is an unshakable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and the world are on them, and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits, and human effort the spot where it ceases forever. No man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-armed leader at its head. But now he halts and casts his eyes over his little surviving band that stands all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path, and as far as the eye can reach, he sees the course of his heroes by the black swath of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the sixteen thousand men with whom he started but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen, and here at length a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Napoleon stops beating at the sight of Macdonald stands. He bears the Empire on his single brave heart—he is Empire.— Shall he turn at last and sound the retreat? The fate of nations waver to and fro, for like a shock in the distance, Macdonald is seen still to pause, while the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "Will he turn and fly?" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself. No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed. The Emperor stands or falls with him, but shall stand while he stands.

Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the Old Guard in motion, and shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. "Forward," breaks from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answers the volley that smites that exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian cen-

tre. The day is won—the Empire is saved and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat.

Such was the battle of Wagram, and such the charge of Macdonald. I know of nothing equal to it, except Ney's charge at Waterloo, and that was not equal, because it failed.

On riding over the victorious field, Bonaparte came where Macdonald stood amid his troops. As his eye fell on the calm and collected hero, he stopped, and, holding out his hand, said: "Shake hands, Macdonald—no more hatred between us—we must henceforth be friends, and as a pledge of sincerity, I will send your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." The frankness and kindness of Napoleon effected what all his neglect and coldness had failed to do—subdued him. Grasping his hand and with a voice filled with emotion, which the wildest uproar of battle could never agitate, he replied: "Ah, sire, with us it is henceforth for life and death!" Noble man! kindness could overcome him in a moment. It is no wonder that Bonaparte felt, at last, that he had not known Macdonald's true worth.

SINGULAR MEETING OF BROTHERS AFTER SEVEN YEARS ABSENCE—BOTH WOUNDED.—A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, writing from Camp, near Manassas, July 27, relates the following affecting incident, of the meeting of two brothers after a separation of seven years:

"I, together with several other gentlemen from Montgomery, a day or two ago, witnessed one of the most singular, at the same time, most affecting incidents, which will probably occur during this most unhappy and unnatural war, if it should last for twenty years. We were straggling over the battle field, examining the ground upon which we had such a bloody conflict, and won such a glorious victory two days before. We came unexpectedly into the Centreville road, and seeing a horse on the left with the usual signs of tokening an hospital, one of the party being a physician, expressed a wish to go down and see the wounded. Upon inquiry we learned that the stable below contained thirteen wounded Yankees; we forthwith proceeded to the stable containing them, and on entering we found a Washington Artillery man seated by the side of a wounded soldier, evidently administering to him great care and attention. I introduced myself to him, and asked if he aided in working the battery which fought with the First Virginia brigade. He told me he did not—he had fought in a battery lower down, and then remarked "that it was very hard to fight as he had fought, and turn and find his own brother against him," at the same time pointing to the wounded soldier, from whose side he had just risen.

"I asked if it was possible that was his brother? 'Yes sir, he is my brother Henry. The same mother bore us, the same mother nursed us. We meet for the first time for seven years. I belong to the Washington Artillery from New Orleans—the to the First Minnesota infantry. By the merest chance I learned he was here, wounded, and I sought him out to nurse and attend him.' Thus they met—one from the far North, the other from the extreme South—or, a bloody field in Virginia, in a miserable stable, far away from their mother, home and friends; both wounded—the infantry man by a musket ball in the right shoulder, the artillery man by the wheel of a caisson over his left hand.

Thus they met after an absence of seven years. Their names are Frederick Hubbard, Washington Artillery, and Henry Hubbard, First Minnesota Infantry. We met a surgeon of one of the Alabama regiments, and related the case to him, and requested for the sake of the artilleryman, that his brother might be cared for. He immediately examined and dressed his wounds, and sent off in haste for an ambulance to take the wounded Yankee to his own regimental hospital."

Another change.—Let fall the cry of the Republicans was, "we must have a change," and with wide awakes and excitement they got a change—from Democratic principles to the Chicago Platform. Now they call for another change. But it is not a change of principles. They desire a change of name, for the purpose of perpetuating their name and hiding the past. Let every patriot and honest man go in for a change, but not a mere change of name to cover up the sins of the Republican party. Let us go in for a change back to the good safe old doctrines of the Democratic party, under which our marts of trade will again team with the living tide of freemen in the peaceful pursuit of prosperity and wealth. Let it be a change that will shake the miming regions again with the steady jar of the forges' blast.—One that will give the starving miners bread to eat, and that will secure the freedom of speech and the toleration of religious opinions. Let it be a change that will rescue the Government and bring up from the sorrowing hearts of freemen such a shout of joy as will make the heavens to echo and a Christian world to give thanks and rejoice. To such a change the Democratic party invites you. Do not, then, forget your duty to God, to humanity and your country, but whatever may have been your political connection in the past, join now with the Democracy, the time-tried party of the Constitution and the Union, the steadfast advocate of the rights of freemen, and the true defender of liberty, justice and equality.—*Sunday Dem.*

Rev. John M. Green, chaplain of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment who acted as its postmaster, is in jail, charged with opening letters and abstracting money belonging to members of the regiment and other persons.

The Rev. gentleman is a citizen of Mercer county.

THE WAR NEWS!

BRILLIANT NAVAL VICTORY.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS AND BATTERIES IN HATTERAS INLET.

OFFICIAL REPORTS OF GEN. BUTLER AND COMMODORE STRINGHAM.

15 KILLED; 35 WOUNDED.

46 Officers and 715 Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates Taken Prisoners.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE REBEL NAVY AMONG THE PRISONERS.

1000 STAND OF ARMS, 24 CANNON, AND A LARGE AMOUNT OF AMMUNITION AND STORES TAKEN, &c., &c., &c.

The Naval expedition which left Fortress Monroe on Monday, 26th ultimo, on secret service, under command of Major-General Butler and Commodore Stringham, has achieved a splendid success.—The rebel fortifications at Hatteras Inlet, which were of vast importance in a military point of view, have fallen beneath an attack of our intrepid navy, and the occupants of the forts, among whom there were several distinguished officers, have been taken prisoners. The rebels, who were commanded by Commodore Samuel Barron, late of the United States Navy, fought with much spirit, but our navy carried too many guns for them, and they were obliged to surrender unconditionally. Forty rebel officers, seven hundred and fifteen non-commissioned officers and privates, one thousand stand of arms, thirty-five cannon, a large amount of ammunition and stores, and several small vessels, laden with cotton and tobacco, were captured through the bravery of our men. Our special correspondent, who has arrived from the scene of the contest, which he left Friday afternoon, with Gen. Butler and staff, in the steamer Adelaide, under command of Commander H. S. Stielwagen, U. S. N., touching for a short time at Fortress Monroe, thence to Annapolis and Washington, gives the following account of the brilliant affair:

The expedition, consisting of the frigates Minnesota, Commodore Stringham; Wash, Captain Mercer; the gunboats, Pawnee, Captain Rowan; Monticello, Commander Gillis; and the Harriet Lane, Captain Faunce; with the transports, Adelaide and George Peabody, conveying troops to the number of about a thousand, left Fortress Monroe last Monday, and reached the rendezvous off Hatteras Inlet, fifteen miles below Cape Hatteras, on Tuesday morning, the Minnesota coming in in the afternoon, and the Cumberland and Wash joined the fleet the same day.

Preparations were immediately made to land the troops the following morning, at which time the transports ran near the beach, two miles north of the inlet, and, covered by the Monticello, Harriet Lane and Pawnee, about three hundred men were landed thro' a heavy surf, the force consisting of Capt. Larned's company of regular artillery, Capt. Jardine's company Ninth New York, two companies of the Twentieth New York, with Colonel Weber and Lieut. Col. Bliss; a detachment of marines from the frigates, under command of Majors Dougherty and Shuttleworth, and a detachment of sailors from the Pawnee, under Lieuts. Crosby and Blue, with Drs. King and Jones.

The gunboats swept the beach and neighboring cove of scrub oaks. All the boats being swamped and bilged in the surf, no more men could be thrown ashore. Meanwhile, the Minnesota and Wash—the latter with the Cumberland in tow—steamed up to the front of one of the rebel batteries and took their position at long range.

At ten o'clock the Wash fired the first gun, the eleven inch shell striking near the battery and bursting with tremendous force. The battery which was of sand, covered with turf and mounting five long thirty two's, instantly returned the fire, the shot falling short. The Minnesota and Cumberland immediately opened fire and rained nine and eleven inch shells into and about. The fire was terrific, and soon the batteries responses were few and far between, save when the frigates suspended fire for a while to get a new position, when the enemy's fire was most spirited.

No damage was sustained by our ships, and when they again took their position the cannonading was intensely hot, the shells dropping on the enemy's ramparts or falling in their works, exploding in death dealing fragments, and carrying death and destruction with them. The small wooden structures about the fort were torn and perforated with the flying shells; but the enemy did not return the fire with any regularity. At eleven o'clock the immense flag staff was shot away and the rebel flag came down, but the fire was still continued by them. At twelve o'clock the Susquehanna steamed in, and dropping her bowsprit, opened an effective fire. The cannonading on our part was incessant, and the air was alive from the hum and explosion of flying shells; from the explosion of shells that dropped in at the rate of about a half dozen a minute.

The enemy ceased firing a little before two, and after a few more shells had been thrown in the Commodore signaled to cease firing.

The troops had meanwhile advanced to within a short distance of the fort, and before we ceased firing some of our men

got in and raised the stars and stripes.—The place was too hot for the men, but the flag was left waving. Coxswain Ben. Swears, of the Pawnee's first cutter, stood for some time on the ramparts waving the flag amidst a flight of shells.

When the firing ceased the fort was occupied in force and held afterwards. The Monticello had proceeded ahead of the land force to protect them, and had reached the Inlet when a large fort of an octagon shape, to the rear and right of a small battery, mounting ten thirty two's and four eight inch guns, which had till then been silent, opened on her with eight guns at short range. At the same instant she got aground, and stuck fast, the enemy pouring in a fire, hot and heavy, which the Monticello replied to with shell sharply. For fifty minutes she held her own, and finally getting off the ground she came out, having been shot through and through by seven eight inch shells, one going below the water line. She fired fifty-five shells in fifty minutes, and partially silenced the battery. She withdrew at dusk for repairs, with one or two men slightly bruised, but none killed or wounded.

The escape of the vessel crew was miraculous. Until this time we supposed the day was ours; but the unexpected opening of the large battery rather changed the aspect of affairs. Things did not look cheerful at dark. We had men ashore who were probably in need of provisions, and in case of a night attack no assistance could be sent them from the Harriet Lane.

As we lay close in shore we saw the bright bivouac fires on the beach, with groups of men about them. The night passed without an alarm, the enemy, as we have since learned, laying on their arms all night, expecting an attack. At early daybreak on Thursday the men went to quarters in the fleet, and at a quarter past eight, the vessels having borne down nearer than the previous day's position, the action began, the Susquehanna opening the day's work by a shell from one of the eleven-inch guns. The Minnesota and Wash joined in immediately, and again the hum of shell and their explosion were heard. They fired nearly half an hour before the battery responded, when it answered briskly.—Our fire was more correct than on the previous day. The range had been obtained, and nearly every shot went into the battery, throwing up clouds of sand and exploding with terrific effect.

At twenty-five minutes past ten the Harriet Lane opened fire, and soon after Cumberland came in from the offing and joined in the attack. The Harriet Lane, with her rifled guns, did good execution, several projectiles from the eight-inch shell going into the battery, and, one going directly through the ramparts.—The fire was so hot that all the enemy that could do so got into a bomb-proof in the middle of the battery.

Ficilly, at five minutes past eleven A. M., an 11 inch shell having pierced the bomb-proof through a ventilator and exploded inside near the magazine, the enemy gave up the fight and raised over the ramparts a white flag.

We immediately ceased fire. Gen. Butler went into the Inlet and landed at the fort and demanded an unconditional surrender. Commodore Barron, Assistant Secretary of the Confederate Navy, asked that the officers be allowed to march out with side arms, and the men be permitted to return their homes after surrendering their arms. These terms were pronounced inadmissible by General Butler, and finally the force was surrendered without condition.

Articles of capitulation were signed on the flagship by Commodore Stringham and General Butler on the part of the United States, and by Commodore Barron, Colonel Martin and Major Andrews on the rebel side, and the latter's swords delivered up.

By the surrender we came in possession of one thousand stand of arms, thirty-five heavy guns, ammunition for the same, a large amount of hospital and other stores, two schooners—one loaded with tobacco and the other with provisions; one brig loaded with cotton, two light-boats, two surf boats, &c.

The enemy's loss they allow to be eight killed and thirty five wounded. Eleven of the latter were left at the hospital at Annapolis.

We took forty-five officers prisoners, many of high rank.

The prisoners are on board the Minnesota, and will be carried to New York, where you may expect them in a few days.

Our victory was a complete and brilliant one. We lost not a life, nor had we more than one, if any, wounded. Our men retain possession of both forts. I forgot to mention that Lieut. W. H. Murdaugh, late of the United States Navy, had his arm shot off, but escaped, with others, in steamers that waited in the Sound, out of range of our cannon, until the forts surrendered, when they escaped, with three privateer schooners, down the sound. Lieut. Murdaugh was formerly an officer of the United States Navy. He is a native and citizen of and receive his appointment from the State of Virginia. He entered the service on the 5th of September, 1841, and received his commission on the 15th September, 1854. It will thus be seen that he has had nearly 20 years experience. He was attached to the frigate Sabine previous to joining the rebels.

I regret to add that the Harriet Lane, on Thursday, while attempting to enter the Inlet, went ashore, and though guns, &c., were heaved overboard, she had not been got off when we left. She is somewhat staid, but makes no water, and strong hopes were entertained of getting her safely off if no storm sets in. She is in the breakers.

Your correspondent was on board at the time she got ashore. Fortunately no lives were lost, though several boats going to her assistance were swamped. We shall hear from her in a day or two again. Gen. Butler and aid came by special train to the city to-night, and immediately called on the Secretaries of Navy and War.

Official Report of Gen. Butler.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP MINNESOTA, } August 31, 1861.

GENERAL.—Agreeable to your orders, I embarked on the transport steamer Adelaide and George Peabody five hundred of the Twentieth regiment New York Volunteers, Col. Weber commanding; Captain Jardine's company, Ninth regiment New York Volunteers with one hundred of the Union Coast Guard, Capt. Nixon commanding, and sixty of the Second United States Artillery, Lieut. Larned commanding, as a force to operate in conjunction with the fleet under command of Flag Officer Stringham, against the rebel forts at Hatteras Inlet.

We left Fortress Monroe on Monday at one o'clock P. M., the last ship of our fleet arriving off Hatteras Inlet about four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Such preparations as were possible for the landing were made in the evening; and at daylight next morning dispositions were made for an attack upon the forts by a fleet and for the landing of the troops.—Owing to the previous prevalence of south west gales a heavy surf was breaking on the beach. Every effort was made to land the troops, and after about 315 men were landed, including fifty-five marines from the fleet, and the regulars, both the iron boats upon which we depended were swamped in the surf and both flat boats were stove and a brave attempt being made by Lieutenant Crosby, United States Navy, serving with the army as post captain, at Fortress Monroe, who had volunteered to come down with the steaming Fanny, belonging to the army, to land in a boat from the war steamer Pawnee, resulted in beaching the boat, so that she could not be got off.

It was impracticable to land more troops because of the rising wind and sea. Fortunately a twelve pound rifled boat gun loaned us by the flag ship, and a twelve pound howitzer were landed, the last slightly damaged. Our landing was completely covered by the shells of the Monticello and the Harriet Lane. I was on board the Harriet Lane directing the disembarkation of the troops by means of signals, and was about landing with them at the time the boats were stove.

We were induced to desist any further attempts at landing troops by the rising of the wind, and because in the meantime the fleet had opened fire upon the nearest fort, which was finally silenced and its flag struck. No firing had been opened upon our troops from the other fort, and its flag was also struck. Supposing this to be a signal of surrender, Colonel Weber advanced his troops already landed upon the beach.

The Harriet Lane Captain Faunce, by my direction, tried to cross the bar to get in the smooth water of the inlet, when fire was opened upon the Monticello, which had proceeded in advance of us, from the other fort. Several shots struck her, but without causing any casualties as I am informed. So well convinced were the officers of both navy and army that the forts had surrendered at this time that the Susquehanna had towed the frigate Cumberland to an offing. The fire was then reopened, as there was no signal from either, upon both forts. In the meantime a few men from the Coast Guard had advanced upon the beach, with Mr. Wiegell, who was acting as volunteer aid, and whose gallantry and services I wish to commend, and took possession of the smaller fort, which was found to have been abandoned by the enemy, and raised the American flag thereon.

It had become necessary, owing to the threatening appearance of the weather, that all the ships should make an offing, which was done with reluctance, from necessity thus leaving the troops upon shore, a part in possession of the small fort about seven hundred yards from the large one, and the rest bivouacked upon the beach near the place of landing about two miles north of the forts.

Early the next morning the Harriet Lane ran in shore for the purpose of covering any attack upon the troops. At the same time a large steamer was observed coming down the sound, inside the land, with reinforcements for the enemy; but she was prevented from landing by Captain Johnson, of the Coast Guard, who had placed the two guns from the ship and a six-pounder captured from the enemy in a small sand battery, and opened fire upon the rebel steamer. It was evident from the position of the vessel that she was attempting to land upon the beach, and a few experiments that our shots fell short. An increased length of fuse was telegraphed, and firing commenced with shells of fifteen seconds' fuse. I had sent Mr. Fiske, acting aid-de-camp, on shore, for the purpose of gaining intelligence of the movements of the troops of the enemy. I then went with the Fanny for the purpose of effecting a landing of the remainder of the troops, when a white flag was run up from the fort.

I then went with the Fanny over the bar into the inlet. At the same time the troops under Colonel Weber marched up the beach, a signal was made from the flagship to cease firing.

As the Fanny rounded in over the bar, the rebel steamer Winslow went up the channel, having a large number of rebel troops on board, which she had not landed. We threw a shot at her from the

Fanny, but she proved to be out of range. I then sent Lieutenant Crosby on shore to demand the meaning of the white flag.—The boat soon returned, bringing Mr. Wiegell, with the following written communication from Samuel Barron, late captain in the United States Navy:

MEMORANDUM.

Flag officer Samuel Barron, Confederate States Navy, offers to surrender Fort Hatteras, with all arms and munitions of war the officers allowed to go out with side arms and the men without arms to retire.

S. BARRON, Commanding Naval Defence Virginia and North Carolina.

Fort Hatteras, Aug. 29, 1861.

Also a verbal communication that he had in the fort six hundred and fifteen men, and a thousand more within an hour's call, but that he was anxious to spare the effusion of blood.

To both the written and verbal communications, I made the reply which follows and sent it by Lieut. Crosby:

MEMORANDUM.

Benjamin F. Butler, Major General United States Army commanding, in reply to the communication of Samuel Barron commanding forces at Fort Hatteras, cannot admit the terms proposed. The terms offered are these:

Full capitulation.

The officers and men to be treated as prisoners of war.

No other terms admissible.

Commanding officers to meet on board flagship Minnesota to arrange details.

Aug. 27, 1861.

After waiting three-quarters of an hour, Lieutenant Crosby returned, bringing with him Capt. Barron, Major Andrews and Col. Martin, of the rebel forces, who, on being received aboard the tug Fanny, informed me that they had accepted the terms proposed in my memorandum, and had come to surrender themselves and their command as prisoners of war.

I informed them that as the expedition was a combined one from the army and navy, the surrender must be made on board the flagship to Flag Officer Stringham, as well as to myself. We went on board the Minnesota for that purpose. On arriving there the following articles of capitulation were signed, which I hope will meet your approval:

United States Flagship MINNESOTA, } Off Hatteras Inlet, Aug. 29, 1861.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

It is stipulated and agreed between the contracting parties that the forces under command of the said Barron, Martin and Andrews, and all munitions of war, arms, men and property under the command of said Barron, Martin and Andrews, be unconditionally surrendered to the government of the United States, in terms of full capitulation; and it is stipulated and agreed by the two contracting parties on the part of the United States government, that the officers and men shall receive the treatment due to prisoners of war.

In witness whereof, we the said Commodore Stringham and Gen. Butler on behalf of the United States government, and the said Barron, Martin and Andrews, representing the forces at Hatteras Inlet, interchangeably set our hands this twenty ninth day of August, A. D., eighteen hundred and sixty one, and of the independence the eighty fifth year.

S. H. STRINGHAM,

Flag Officer Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

BENJ. F. BUTLER,

Major General United States Army, Commanding.

S. BARRON,

Flag Officer Confederate States Navy, Commanding Naval Defences Virginia and North Carolina.

WM. F. MARTIN,

Colonel Seventh regiment Infantry, N. Carolina Volunteers.

W. S. G. ANDREWS,

Major Commanding Forts Hatteras and Clark.

I then landed and took a formal surrender of the forts, with all the men and munitions of war, inspected the troops to see that the arms had been properly surrendered, marched them out and embarked them on board the Adelaide, and manned my own troops into the fort and raised our flag upon it, amid the cheers of our men and a salute of thirteen guns which had been shot by the enemy.

The embarkation of the wounded, which was conducted with great care and tenderness from a temporary wharf erected for the purpose, took so long that night came on, and it was so dark that it was impossible for the pilots to take the Adelaide over the bar, thereby causing delay.

I may mention in this connection that the Adelaide, in carrying in the troops at the moment that my terms of capitulation were under consideration by the enemy, had grounded upon the bar; but by the active and judicious exertions of Commodore Stielwagen, after some delay was got off. At the same time the Harriet Lane, in attempting to enter over the bar, had grounded and remained fast. Both were under the guns of the fort. This to me was a moment of the greatest anxiety. By those accidents a valuable ship of war and a transport steamer, with a large portion of my troops, were within the power of the enemy.

I had demanded the strongest terms, which he was considering. He might refuse, and, seeing our disadvantage, renew the action. But I determined to abate not a title of what I believed to be due to the dignity of the government, nor even to give an official title to the officer in command of the rebels. Besides, my tug was in the inlet, and at least I could carry on the engagement with my two rifled six-pounders, well supplied with Sawyer's shells.

Upon taking possession of Fort Hatteras, as I found that it mounted ten guns, with