

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSENGER, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Whole No. 2640.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1861.

New Series--Vol. XVI, No. 9.

MISCELLANY.

BENHAMED, the FISHERMAN, OR THE The Robison Crusoe of the Juniata.

Dear reader, are you prepared to listen to a tale of wild adventure and hair-breadth escapes? If so, 'retain your linen' and give me your attention. The thrilling incident I am about to relate, though clad in the habiliment of romance and garbed in the guise of fiction, is nevertheless true.

The scene is laid in the lovely valley of the Juniata, and upon the bosom of the beautiful river of that name. It is not my intention at present to bring before you scenes of the days of Alfarata, of years long gone, when that charming Indian maiden was supposed to have roamed along the margin of this magnificent stream, in all her 'unspoiled' loveliness; when Logan's wild shout rung up the valley, echoing and vibrating through the mountain gorges of the giant hills that overlook the river; nor of the times when the red man's drum was heard summoning the warriors to the war dance, and other amusements peculiar to the aborigines, in the days when the Indian was lord of the soil, when he trod the banks of this river in all his savage and barbaric pride. My story is one of the present century. Just three years ago.

The present hour changed from former years:

The voice of Alfarata and her red warriors brave, now forever silenced in their green, grassy graves.

The blue Juniata that once flowed so musically along, rejoicing in its own being, is forever hushed. Navigation demanded it. Its mossy margin is torn up as if by a mighty earthquake. The railroads of advancing civilization required it. The shrill whistle of the iron horse has superseded the terrible scream of the panther and the fierce howl of the wolf. The boatman's winding horn has taken the place of the Indian's drum. But with all these mighty changes, it still retains a large share of its former greatness and magnificence. Sweet Juniata, land of my birth; home of my childhood; land where the notes of silvery bird songs are never hushed, and where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky, though varied in color, vie with each other in their resplendent beauty. But how art thou changed! But though thy pristine days of loveliness and splendor have passed away, thou art yet beautiful. But I am digressing, and must to my story.

On a lovely morning in the month of June, 1859, there might have been seen a canoe containing a 'solitary individual,' shore out from the mouth of the Kishacoquillas creek into the placid waters of the Juniata. When near the middle of the stream, this lone individual relaxed rowing and allowed his boat to drift carelessly down. And while it is floating lazily along, let us take a look at the occupant of the skiff, whom we will name Benhamed. There is nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. He is short of stature, very lusty, not the result of good living, but more the effect of his frequent visits to the tavern and ale house. His hair is what some would call curly, but we will style it by the more romantic name of auburn. His eyes are blue, for he had only one, was of the 'mildest gray,' and over where the other eye ought to be, was a green patch. His face was not the 'fairest that e'er the sun shone on,' nor did his complexion outvie the lily, but looked as if it had stolen the deep carnation of the deathless rose. His funny old nose was neither a Grecian, Roman, nor Aquiline, but a pug of the 'pug-gest kind,' and had attained the hue of a full-blown pincus. His gaudy trappings and glittering paraphernalia consisted of a straw hat minus a crown, red flannel shirt bespangled o'er with tin stars and buttons, and a huge red comforter in which was blended all the colors of the rainbow. His pantaloons were of a kind of a 'pink snuff-colored' arrangement, and seemed to fit him too much. His shoes were of the square-toed species, and were tied together with a pair of old suspenders or saddle girths. This is the description as near as my feeble pen can give of our hero. Take him all in all, he was a man whose likes we shall never see again. But there is another important article we almost forgot to notice: that is, our hero's much cherished bottle of 'five sings' (things)—the ingredients of which were 'a quart of whiskey, some whiskey, a pint of whiskey, a gill of whiskey and a little more whiskey,' quite a variegated mixture truly! Benhamed by occupation was a fisherman, and was known as the 'intrepid turtle hunter of the Juniata.' He was now on one of his piscatorial expeditions, but how successful the sequel will show. He was drifting slowly and lazily along, ever and anon indulging in potations from his bottle of the 'oil of barley.' But look! a dim speck is rising on the distant horizon; now it grows larger and blacker. Benhamed, thoughtless man, glides on unconscious of the danger that is threatening him. But hark! what sound is that which breaks upon his ear and startles him. It is the low muttering of the distant thunder. Now it rolls down the valley; volley after volley of heaven's artillery shakes the

earth like the tread of an army of giants. The large rain drops begin to fall; the wind rises, the storm king is abroad, and so is Benhamed. The waves are lashed to fury. Benhamed sees the great danger he is in, is horror-struck, and holds on to his frail bark with a deathlike grip while the gale increases. He seizes the oars, but how can human strength cope with all the elements combined. He hears the rumbling of the dam at the two locks, thinks his case is a hopeless one, and in the frenzy of despair clutches at every passing object. He cries for assistance, but no answering shout is heard. His garments are saturated with rain; he is about giving himself up to his fate; he falls on his knees in the bottom of the boat, not to pray, but to see if his stomach bitters are safe. He finds the bottle, and determines to die, if die he must, with his 'five sings.' He raises his head, looks around him in every direction for succor, until his eye catches a glimpse of the small island at the mouth of Jack's creek. Hope is again kindled in his bosom; he springs to the oar and sculls vigorously for the island. If he can but reach it in time—he is hearing it—but, great God! the mad waters are bearing him past this, his only hope of escape. Black despair is again settling upon his brow, but he resolves to make one more effort before resigning himself to his fate. He leans over on the edge of the skiff as it flies past, and with a giant's grasp seizes a small root that is dancing upon the waters, attached to some shrubbery on the island, and pulls himself and boat ashore. Down on his knees again, he freezes on to his bottle of the essence of mania a potu, elevates his face to the still darkened heavens, and—takes a drink; ungrateful man; he should have returned thanks for his deliverance from a watery grave.

But his trouble was not yet at an end; here he was on an uninhabited island without a copper in his pocket, and his boat was not strong enough to attempt to reach the mainland in the then troubled state of the elements. What could he do? To cry for assistance would be useless. He sat himself down bemoaning his sad fate. As he sat thinking, he felt a drowsiness come over him that he could not by any means shake off. He was going to the land of Nod, and he could not help it. The bottle falls from his hand. He rolls off the stone on which he had been sitting. Benhamed sleeps—sleeps on that lone island, heedless of the chilling wind, the blinding rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, the thunder's deep diapason, the roaring of the waves, and all the excitement of a terrible storm; yes, he sleeps, not that balmy sleep that is usually the reward of tired nature. It was a dreamy, drunken snooze. But look, he smiles in his sleep; Benhamed is dreaming, dreaming of his home in the land of 'Switzer Kase and Lager' of the many happy scenes of his boyhood days away in 'old Berks,' of the times when he tramped over the hills and plains of 'Tulpehocken,' when with a card of ginger bread under his arm he made his way, hand in hand with the maid of his heart, to the fair at Kutztown. But now a change comes over the spirit of his dream. That beautiful smile disappears, a cloud darkens his brow. Now he dreams of 'sundry accidents by flood and field,' of hair-breadth escapes from the 'imminent deadly' storm, of his being shipwrecked and cast away on the identical island on which 'Robinson Crusoe' lived. But Benhamed, unlike 'Bob Crusoe,' was not blessed with the presence of a man Friday to cheer his lonely hours. Thus he lay dreaming, he knew not how long. When he awoke, 'Old Sol' was pouring down upon him his most scorching rays. The waters of the Juniata were as placid as when he embarked that morning, so full of hope and whiskey, to lure the little fishes from their watery home. His first impulse after awakening, was to reach for his bottle of 'five sings,' and as he reached he cast his eyes to the spot where he had moored his boat from the storm. But oh, what a look of horror and despair encircled that classic brow, when he saw that his boat was missing—his only hope of safety torn from him. With his bottle in one hand and hat in the other he marches to and fro over the island, hurling imprecations dire on the malicious fiend that had stolen his 'bonny boat.' Would he succumb to his fate? No, while there is life there is hope, so Benhamed concluded to drown sorrow by a draught from 'de bottle dat's black, dat lay massa blue devil flat on his back.' But here the 'unkindest cut of all,' not a drop of 'boomerang' remained in that bottle. What mortal could stand the blow. But, methinks, we hear you say, cheer up Benhamed; there is a clear running river flowing at your feet (Heaven's draught that never slaughters) drink and let your soul revive. No, my friends, you are mistaken in your man. Benhamed's 'internal improvements' had not known for many years the blessings of cold water; it would do well enough in his estimation, for navigation and 'sich like,' but as a beverage he did not approve of it. It would astonish his stomach! Well, Benhamed did give up and sat himself down again to reflect over his misspent life. There he sat until the gnawings of hunger awakened him to a sense of his desperate situation. He sprang to his feet and gazed wildly around him: on one side

was the dark mountains whose huge boulders and tall pines seemed to look with scorn upon the poor fisherman. There was the deep, dismal gorge or gap, named after Mrs. Bixler, the witch woman who once had her abode there, and whose weird laugh was often heard in concert with the ear-piercing cry of the wolf and panther. On the other side a mile or more distant lay the beautiful village of L—n with here and there a farm house. He heard the distant crowing of chanticler in the barnyard, the 'lowing of the herd as they were winding o'er the lea.' He screamed and yelled, but in vain; no ear heard, no eye saw him. As if to mock at his hunger the fish would leap from the water and laugh at him. The snapping turtles would rise to the surface, cast a withering glance, and disappear; they knew he was their mortal enemy. It was more than flesh and blood could bear; he was becoming mad; hunger, thirst, and fatigue were making fearful inroads upon his reason. His 'squinter' was protruding from its socket. He had a wild light in his good eye that made him indeed an object of pity. But stop, an idea struck him: he bethinks of another expedient.—Benhamed had heard of castaway mariners raising their underclothing as signals of distress, and he determined to do likewise; so he doffs his crimson laced shirt, a garment that the fair hands of his charming inamorata had bejeweled with oriental splendors, lashes it to a bush, and awaits an answer to his emblem of distress. The shades of night were closing around him. The frogs all along the margin of the river were singing their evening songs; the whippoorwill flew above his head uttering its queer, quaint noise. There was however no music in it for him; he was not to be 'moved by a concord of sweet sounds.'—But he starts: 'S'death, he hears the distant dipping of oars. He stretches his obese form to its full height, strains his eye to its utmost tension—even the decayed optic seems to have regained its sight—the green patch assumes a horizontal position: in the dim distance he perceives a dark object. It is getting nearer and more distinct; glorious sight, it is a boat, and in it a dusky form. He seizes his flag, waves it above his head, and in clear, wild accents, cries for deliverance. The 'dark gondolier' hears him, and pulls for the island. The boat had scarcely touched the sand when Benhamed and his bottle were aboard. He dropped the bottle, embraced his deliverer, and told him for the love of heaven to pull for the shore. He then 'catterpilled,' or swooned away, perfectly overcome with joy. The proprietor of the boat proved to be a dusky descendant of Ham, who lived a few miles down the river, and was on his return to his old cabin home to Dinah and the Picaninies. He landed Benhamed safely on the tow path of the canal, and after another embrace the rescued and rescuer part forever. Benhamed had no leathern purse, filled with doubloons, to offer his preserver, but he said he would give him a first rate drink of 'five sin's' if he had it. The 'sable mantle of night hung o'er the scene black as the dunest smoke of Hades,' when this destitute, mad bespattered, rain-drenched fisherman started on his winding way for home, which placed he reached just as the 'bawdy hand of the dial was on the point of ten.'

Dear reader, little more remains to be told. Benhamed never followed the life of a fisherman afterwards. He lived about two years after the occurrence of the events narrated in the preceding tale, and then 'shuffled off his mortal coil,' a victim of bad rum. The 'Daring Turtle Catcher of the Juniata,' is no more. May the turf rest lightly upon him.

Notes of A Voyage to Hayti.

PORT AU PRINCE, Oct. 11, 1861.

Messrs Editors:—Hoping a line from me might be acceptable to your readers, I seat myself to pen you a few lines. We set sail from New York on Sept. 5th. We had a pleasant breeze and all went well for a few days, when a dead calm set in which lasted eleven days. We drifted 300 miles out of our course; consequently our voyage was extended to five weeks instead of three.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on our passage except the death of a child. On the 17th it was attacked with croup and sea-sickness, and at midnight it breathed its last. On the 18th, I witnessed for the first time a burial at sea. It was at sunset, the sea was perfectly calm—not a ripple on its glassy surface. On the deck stood eighty-nine of the noblest specimens of the Anglo-African, with saddened and subdued countenances, forming a scene that would have done credit to an artist's pencil, and been admired anywhere except in republican America. The clergyman repeated the burial service, and as the body was committed to the great deep, not a sound could be heard except his impressive voice; even the mourners ceased their sobs, so deeply were they impressed with the scene. For my part I never wish to witness another of the same kind.

Sabbath, Sept. 29th, we anchored off Turk's Island. At two o'clock about twenty-five of us repaired to the island. We were taken in a small sail-boat, and were received very kindly by the natives who invited us into their dwellings, and regaled

us with cocoa-nuts, and other tropical fruits. I was very much struck at first with the singularity of the houses. They were large frame dwellings, some of them quite elegant, without windows or chimneys. They have lattice blinds but no windows. We visited the President's house, and found it a commodious building, commanding a fine view of the sea, and surrounded by manilla, date, cocoa, palm and pine trees. Flamingoes and other birds which we had seen only in menageries were walking about perfectly domesticated. We repaired to the beach, gathered some beautiful shells, and then visited the chapel, where we heard the American Consul deliver his farewell address.

About half past eight we started for our brig. Standing on the beach, we gave twice three cheers for Turk's Island and its inhabitants. Upon reaching our vessel we sought our berths, and were soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. On the 6th inst., we entered the bay of St. Marc. I assure you I was rejoiced to see the Queen of the Antilles, and so were all on board. As the pilot came up we proposed three cheers for the Island of Hayti, and twice three for our President, for here you know we are black Republicans literally. The cheers were given with a hearty good will, and then one of the clergymen knelt and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for our safe arrival. I cannot express the thoughts that crowded thick and fast upon my mind as I viewed our beautiful Island home. Suffice it to say, I was truly grateful that God had given us a home where 'none dare molest us or make us afraid.' We found St. Marc a very pleasant village of about one thousand and five hundred inhabitants. I visited the market and was very much pleased as well as surprised at the abundance of everything which I had been informed could not be procured in Hayti.—I found the market stocked with eggs, butter, cheese, &c, vegetables of every description, fruits of every clime, and birds of different plumage. I visited the emigrants, and found them pleasantly domesticated in cozy little houses, every family by itself.

I bade adieu to St. Marc on the 8th.—On the 20th I arrived here, the capital of the black republic. Thus far I like it very much. The natives all speak French, and the higher classes appear to be very refined and intelligent. The lower classes are rather degraded, as they are in all Catholic countries; besides having a country in which, if they choose, they can live out of doors all the year round, they have no incentive to labor. But I am wearying you with my long letter, I think I will stop, as the clock is striking twelve, and I shall soon intrude on the 'wee small hours.'—In my next I will write of the emigrants here and at Dillard, and give a particular description of Port au Prince.

Yours truly,
ONEDA E. PAULDING.

Words Rightly Spoken at a Momentous Time.

Shortly after Abraham Lincoln assumed the duties of President of the United States, while traitors infested the National Capital, and the gloom of rebellion was fast thickening over the face of the country, he was visited by several Governors of as many States, among whom was the chosen son of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin. The President was contemplating how to act. He seemed to be self-willed, and had the nerve, but something like a doubt lingered in his mind. He paced the floor in a meditative mood some time, and said but little. There was a solemnity in the crowd of intelligent men and statesmen around him, that indicated deep, thoughtful contemplation.

Each of the limited party present had already expressed his views upon the importance of the occasion. The whole machinery of the Government was in bad order, and in the several departments there were traitors still clogging the wheels.

An unbidden tear started down the cheek of the patriot President, but he nerved himself for the work before him. The temple of liberty was tottering indeed; column after column was falling. His mission was the arduous one of rebuilding it. The President seated himself in a chair, once adorned by Washington, the Father of his Country, when all at once he sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, the Union and the Constitution must be saved. I have been contemplating whether the States will respond to my proclamation, if I issue it now. Governor Curtin, what will Pennsylvania do?'

Gov. Curtin, who was standing looking out of a window, turned and confronted the President and replied, 'What will Pennsylvania do? Why sir, she'll furnish a hundred thousand men in a week, if it be necessary.' This noble and prompt reply of the favored son of the blue mountains of the Keystone State clinched the nail.—They were the right words spoken at a momentous time. The eye of the Springfield statesman grew brighter, his tall manly form stood more erect, and shaking hands with the Governor, said, 'Those words encourage me, they take all doubt from my mind, they ease my heart of a heavy weight, my proclamation shall issue to-morrow.'

Joy beamed as brightly in that congregation of intelligent men, as the sun ever did, after a gloomy day.

The proclamation was issued, and when the unseen electric spark sped the announcement to all parts of the country, a couple of companies from the interior of the State of Pennsylvania responded, and forthwith they arrived at the Capital of the Nation. Pennsylvania was first in the field, almost before the ink was dry in the proclamation; and the glorious old State has now more men, good, solid, noble, truehearted patriotic men in the American Army than any other State in the Union, and has a few more of the same sort left.

But for the reply of Gov. Curtin, or had he hesitated for a single moment, the issuing of the proclamation would have been delayed at a time when weeks were months and months were years. Pennsylvania had her hundred thousand men ready by the time the National Government wanted them, and thus the words of our own active, patriotic, and prophetic Governor have been fully fulfilled to the very letter. He may be truly considered the 'hero of the war.' Impartial history will give praise to Gov. Curtin. His name will be as familiar as household words among all patriotic, Union loving people, long after the names of the few miserable wretches who are so steeped in prejudice, and so lost to all feeling of virtue, respect, and manliness as to calumniate him, shall have rotted with their carcasses in the grave of deep and blank oblivion.

His name is a tower of strength, and will increase in power as time progresses. Selfishness is not in his vocabulary. He stands this day in the wild sea of public opinion, like a proud, defiant rock in mid ocean, around and against which the waves are expected to lash, but to go back into calm water again, without doing any harm. His noble reply to President Lincoln, when men of iron nerve were wanted, is a stamp of the true character of the man. It was the musical ring of the true metal, the joyous tone of victory at the beginning, and the death-knell of thieving usurpations and foul rebellion.

The Official Report of Col. Brown.

Col. Harvey Brown has made the following official report of the late fight:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF FLORIDA,
FORT PICKENS, Nov. 25, 1861.

GENERAL: That Fort Pickens has been beleaguered by the rebels for the last nine months, and that it was daily threatened with the fate of Sumter, is a fact notorious to the whole world. Since its occupancy by Lieut. Semmer, the rebels have been surrounding it with batteries, and daily arming them with the heaviest and most efficient guns known to our service—guns stolen from the United States—until they considered this fort as virtually their own, its occupancy being only a question of time.

I have been in command since the 16th of April, and during the whole of that time their force has averaged, so far as I can learn, from eight to ten times the number of mine. The position in which I have thus been placed has been sufficiently trying, and I have at three separate times intended to free myself from it by opening my batteries on them, but imperious circumstances, over which I had no control, have unexpectedly in each instance prevented.

Affairs were in this state on the morning of the 9th of October, when the enemy fifteen hundred strong, attacked by surprise a portion of my command on an intensely dark night. They were defeated and driven from the island with great loss by less than two hundred regulars and fifty volunteers—all the efficient force I had disposable for the purpose. An insult so gross to the flag of my country could not by me be passed unnoticed, and I designed immediately to take appropriate notice of it; but, as I said before, circumstances over which I had no control prevented. I make these prefatory remarks to explain why I have now opened my batteries on the enemy, when, from the smallness of my forces, about one sixth of his, thirteen hundred to eight thousand, I have not the means of producing any decisive results, and as evidence of my having accomplished what I designed, the punishing the perpetrators of an insult on my country's flag.

Having invited Flag Officer McKean to cooperate with me in attacking the rebels, and to which he gave a ready and cordial assent, I, on the morning of the 22d, opened my batteries on the enemy, to which, in the course of half an hour, he responded from his numerous forts and batteries extending from the navy yard to Fort McKean, a distance of about four miles, the whole nearly equidistant from this fort, and on which line he has two forts (McKean and Barrancas) and fourteen separate batteries, containing from one to four guns, many of them being ten inch columbiads, and some twelve and thirteen inch sea coast mortars, the distance varying from two thousand yards from the fort. At the same time of my opening, Flag Officer McKean, in the Niagara, and Captain Ellison, in the Richmond, took position as near to Fort McKean as the depth of water would permit, but which unfortunately was not sufficiently deep to give full effect to their powerful batteries. They, however, kept up a spirited fire on the fort and adjacent batteries during the whole day.—My fire was incessant from the time of opening until it was too dark to see, at the rate of a shot for each gun every 15 or 20 minutes, the fire of the enemy being somewhat slower. By noon the guns of Fort McKean were all silenced but one, and three hours before sunset this fort and the adjoining battery ceased fire. I directed the guns of Batteries Lincoln, Cameron, and Totten principally on the batteries adjacent to the navy yard, those of Battery Scott to Fort McKean and the light-house batteries, and those of the fort to all.

We reduced very perceptibly the fire of Barrancas, entirely silenced that in the navy yard, and in one or two of the other batteries the efficiency of our fire, at the close of the day, not being the least impaired.

The next morning I again opened about the same hour, the navy, unfortunately, owing to a reduction in the depth of water, caused by a change of wind, not being able to get as near as yesterday, consequently the distance was too great to be effectual. My fire this day was less rapid, and I think more efficient, than that of yesterday. Fort McKean, so effectually silenced yesterday, did not fire again to day. We silenced entirely one or two guns, and had one of ours disabled by a shot coming through the embrasure.

About three o'clock fire was communicated to one of the houses in Warrington, and shortly afterwards to the church steeple, the church and the whole village being immediately in rear of some of the rebel batteries, they apparently having placed them purposely directly in front of the largest and most valuable buildings. The fire rapidly communicated to other buildings along the street until probably two thirds of it was consumed, and about the same time fire was discovered issuing from the back part of the navy yard, and immediately adjoining the yard, as Warrington does on the west. Finally it penetrated to the yard, and as it continued to burn brightly all night I concluded that either in it or in Wolcott many buildings were destroyed.—Very heavy damage was also done to the buildings of the yard by the avalanche of shot, shell, and splinters showered incessantly on them for two days, and being nearly fireproof, being built of brick and covered with slate, I could not succeed in firing them, my hot shot or shells not having any power of igniting them.

The steamer Time, which was at the wharf at the time, was abandoned on the first day and exposed to our fire, which probably entirely disabled her. The fire was again continued till dark, and with mortars occasionally until 2 o'clock the next morning, when the combat ceased.

This fort, at its conclusion, though it has received a great many shot and shell, is, in every respect, save the disabling of one gun carriage and the loss of service of six men, as efficient as it was at the commencement of the combat, but the ends I proposed in commencing having been attained, except one, which I find to be impracticable with my present means, I do not deem it advisable further to continue it unless the enemy think it proper to do so, when I shall meet him with alacrity.

The attack on "Billy Wilson's" camp, the attempted attack on my batteries, and the insult to our glorious flag have been fully and fearfully avenged. I have no means of knowing the loss of the enemy, and have no disposition to guess at it. The firing on his batteries was very heavy, well directed, and continuous for two days, and could hardly fail to have important results.

Our loss would have been very heavy but for the foresight which, with great labor, caused us to erect elaborate means of protection, and which saved many lives. I lost one private killed, one sergeant, one corporal and four men (privates) wounded, only one severely.

My officers, non-commissioned officers and privates were everything I could desire. They one and all performed their duty with the greatest cheerfulness, and in the most able and efficient manner. I am much indebted to Major Arnold, my executive officer, for his valuable assistance—his whole conduct was admirable; and Captains Allen, Chaffin, Blunt, Robertson, Hildt and Duryea, and Lieutenants McFarland, Langdon, Cloisin, Shipley, Jackson, Pennington, Sealey and Taylor, merit my warmest encomiums for the coolness and deliberation with which they performed, without one exception, their duty under a heavy and continuous shower of shot, shell and splinters for two successive days. Lieut. Todd, ordnance officer, had full supplies of all required articles, which were on hand at the post, and the department was conducted with system and efficiency. Major Tower, Surgeon Campbell, and Assistant Surgeon Sutherland, in their respective duties, sustained their high reputations.—Captains Robertson, Duryea and Blunt, and Lieutenants Pennington and Sealey respectively commanded Batteries Lincoln, Scott, Totten and Cameron, and a small battery at Spanish Fort, and the other officers' batteries in the fort, with distinguished ability. Captains Duries and Bailey's companies were with the batteries at Lincoln and Cameron, and did their duty faithfully and efficiently. The companies of Captains Harbner and Duff, of the Sixth Regiment New York Volunteers, were successfully on duty at the fort, and rendered cheerfully important assistance to me. The regular companies engaged at the batteries, all of whom performed their duty so efficiently as to preclude my making a distinction, are companies A, F, and L, First Artillery; C, H, and K, Second Artillery, and C and E, Third Infantry, and companies G and I, Sixth Regiment New York Volunteers.

In closing, I tender to Flag Officer McKean and Captain Ellison, of the navy, and to their officers and crews, my best thanks for their able co-operation, which would have had the happiest results but for the unfortunate fact that great draft of water prevented their sufficiently near approach to the work of the rebels.

I am General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
HARVEY BROWN, Colonel Commanding,
Brigadier General L. Thomas, Adjutant General United States Army, Washington, D. C.

Estate of David Harshbarger, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of DAVID HARSHBARGER, late of Wayne township, Mifflin county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle immediately, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL HARSHBARGER,
Administrator.

REGISTERS and Ventilators for heating R halls and upper rooms. Revolving and Slide Registers received and for sale by oct30 F. G. FRANCIS.