Pittsburgh Gazette.

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PITTSBURGH:
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Pittsburgh Weekly Gazette.

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE, published this morning, contains full details of the battle at Hilton Head, occupation of the forts; affairs in Kentucky, of the progress of events in Missouri, around Washington, the Upper Potomac, and the latest news by telegraph and mail from all important points.

On our first page will be found a highly interesting letter from our own correspondent, at Hilton Head, South Carolina.

The Southern News by Telegraph.

THE news from the South in our telegraphic reports to-day, is of course to be taken with several grains of allowance. When they tell us of the alarmed Savannians flying up the country, the concurrent probabilities make this likely, and we are inclined to believe it. But when they tell us that Gen. Sherman has not yet occupied Beaufort, and that before he does so Gen. Lee may have made preparations to defend it, we are in quite a different mind about that matter. Gen. Sherman and Com. Dupont have Beaufort entirely within their control, and can land troops and occupy it at any moment. Not so Gen. Lee and "Admiral" Tatnall. If they are really making any defensive preparations, which is probable, they will try to defend some more defensible point than Beaufort, with which they have not even railway communication, by land, and as for the inlets, Tatnall's "mosquitoes" have already shown an excellent discretion in keeping well out of the way of danger—though, we generously give them credit for being sufficiently blood-thirsty under more favorable circumstances.

LATEST FROM THE FLEET!

Another Letter from Our Own Correspondent.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE.

&c., &c., &c.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Nov. 9, 1861.

The naval victory, here, will be known as the victory of Hilton Head. The south island, on which the main fighting took place, is called Hilton Head; the northern island is known as Bay Point.

The regular garrison at Hilton Head consisted of 800 men, from South Carolina, but was reinforced since Monday by 1,000 men, from Georgia. The troops were all raw, and were made up of hasty levies of Home Guards. The knapsacks of the Columbia Rifles, evidently a crack home company, were new and their rifles also. We know that, because they left them all behind.

The fortification at Hilton Head is an old one—that is, it was constructed at least six months ago. It was scientifically constructed, being a regular fort, of earth work, mounting twenty guns, and was a very strong position. Four of the guns were rifled and were made at Richmond. The others were 32-pounders, stolen at Norfolk, excepting one English gun captured by us in the last war with Great Britain, and housed at Norfolk.

The fire from the Wabash on Thursday morning dismantled five of the guns, shattering the carriages to splinters. Two were spiked, and the rest were loaded and left, their fright giving them no time to shoot them off.

The guns were served by a German Artillery Company, from Augusta, Georgia. One of them lies dead in the field behind the fort, and was a sturdy, fine-looking fellow. A piece of shell passed clear through his heart.

The Georgians ran first. They left at 12 o'clock, making a clean track for the ferry at the further end of the island. They were followed shortly after by the cavalry, then by the South Carolina troops. They started with all their equipments, but the panic increased as they ran, and then they dropped everything. The road from here to the ferry is strewn with guns, blankets, knapsacks and accoutrements. It was at bad a panic as that at Bull Run, the road being covered with every thing portable and eatable. The Artillerists ran last. The officers left everything in their quarters—swords, trunks, clothes, letters, money and liquors. The fort appears to have been commanded by Col. De Saussure, of South Carolina.

They sent their wounded back two miles from the beach, and carried all but two off during Thursday night. How many, cannot be ascertained, but probably not over fifty, as the infantry do not appear to have been in the trenches. They left without firing a shot.

The magazines were full of ammunition, and a large quantity of musket cartridges was found back in the fields, where the infantry had probably bivouacked. They were in new, prime boxes, and along with them large numbers of percussion caps were found; of English make, and it is probable the cartridges came from England as well as the caps. About one hundred boxes were found. The balls for the forts were from the foundry at Richmond.

Every white person on the island left with the army, taking all the negroes they could with them. Many of the negroes, however, have since found their way back. They represent that the whites along the coast have fled back to the highlands; that the negro men refused to work *as soon as they heard the guns;* that the planters then sent the women to work and tried to carry the children off, expecting the women to follow; and that the women, in most cases, have remained where they were left.

There were two forts on Bay Point, mounting 35 guns, and manned by 1500 men. Several of the guns were dismantled, and the rebels appear to have taken a greater scare there than here. They left every thing—guns in boxes never opened, ammunition, boat loads of stores, flour, pork, coffee, and small stores—clothing, trucks, tents and all. The cowards ran with nothing to impede them.

The marines landed first, and the camps were given up to them to pillage. They reaped a rich harvest, leaving the ground covered with letters, which were picked up by those who followed, and nearly every one in the first has a letter, picked up from the ground, most of which are rich in their contents. I picked up one, from a man in Americus, Georgia, to his brother in the fort, and the first sentence which struck my eye was a quotation from Scripture—"Put thy trust in the Lord and He will not suffer thy fort to be taken." The fellow seemed to have put his trust in his legs.

Most of the troops are now on shore. The N. Y. 79th has possession of Bay Point and the rest are on Hilton Head.

Our loss was five killed and fifteen wounded. The Wabash had one killed and four wounded; the Seminole one killed and five wounded; the Mohican one killed and three wounded, and the Susquehanna two killed and three wounded. The Chief Engineer of the Susquehanna was killed. The five dead were buried yesterday.

The loss of the rebels cannot be fully learned, as they buried their dead in the sand as fast as they could. Thirty have already been found. We have some few prisoners, and contrabands without number.

The Wabash got one ball through her mainmast, had her spanker boom shot away, and got three balls below the water line, one of which came near floating the magazine. The Seminole had her mainmast splintered. The injuries to the fleet, however, are not great, especially considering that they were within point blank range.

The negroes describe the bombardment as terrific. Bombs fell three miles inland, and the surface of the island is plowed up in all directions. One of the negroes says it looked as if it were raining fire and brimstone from heaven and the earth jumping up to meet it.

I have a Palmetto musket as a trophy which I will forward at first opportunity. I enclose a Sea Island cotton blossom and pod. R.

The Battle of Port Royal

This great Naval Bombardment, the most celebrated of modern times, and one of the most brilliant specimens of naval tactics, and splendid gunnery, will forever remain a most interesting event in the history of the Great Rebellion. We therefore dedicate a large part of our space to this subject, and in addition to the letter of our correspondent, present a description of the magnificent scene, selected from the correspondence of the New York papers.

The reader, in reading the following description, will recollect that Hilton Head, on which Port Walker is situated, is on the South or Savannah side of the entrance of Port Royal Bay, and the two other forts on the Charleston side. Our ships sailed up and down the bay, in the form of an ellipsis, delivering their fire as they passed the forts.

The plan of our attack was equally simple, admirable and effective, being neither more nor less than for the ships to steam in a circle, or ellipse, running close to one shore as they came *down* the river, drifting or steaming as slowly as possible past the batteries there, and paying their fiery respects, then making the turn to go back, and as they went up the river, favoring the others with their good compliments.—the game to be continued *ad libitum*, or until the Rebel flag came down.

The ships were all prepared for action the day before, and, at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning, began to move from their respective points of anchorage, and take their appointed places in the line of battle. At about half-past nine o'clock, they began their magnificent march, in the following order, as nearly as it could be preserved; though, after making the first voyage round, it was found feasible and more effective to change slightly the plan, and proceed in a single line, which was done, in obedience to orders signalized from the flag-ship.

THE ORIGINAL ORDER OF THE BATTLE

Port, or Flanking Column	*Starboard or Main Column*
Bienville, Captain Lowe	Wabash—Flag-Officer Dupont, 50 guns
Steedman, 9 guns; 8 short 32-pounders, and 1 long rifled pivot gun forward.	Susquehanna—13 guns
Penguin—9 guns	Mohican—7 guns.
Augusta—9 guns.	Seminole—7 guns.
Curlew—7 guns.	Pawnee—9 guns
Pembina—1 large rifled gun; 2 small howitzers.	Unadilla—9 guns.
R. R. Forbes—1 gun.	Ottawa—9 guns
The Pelican did not come into the fight until the second round, having been engaged in towing the "Dale" to sea.	Pembina—9 guns.
	Vandalia, in tow of the gun-boat Isaac Smith—22 guns.
	Isaac Smith—1 large pivot gun.

The action commenced at precisely 10 a. m., the first shot being fired from the Hilton Head fortification at the flag-ship, and three guns were fired before we replied. The shots then elicited a reply, Com. Dupont being too polite to a gentleman to permit so marked a compliment to be long unrecognized and unanswered. The two entire broadsides of the Wabash, composed of two batteries of 26 gunsecch, and the pivot gun, at once poured in their fearful storm of shells upon the batteries, on both sides of the river at once. The men, who had stripped to their work, instantly reloaded the guns, and as the frigate moved with just sufficient speed to give her steerageway, and keep her under control, she had the battery in range for twenty minutes, for all of which time the men were loading and firing at the rate of once a minute for each gun—thus giving the immense number of 440 shells that were rammed in upon that devoted garrison by the Wabash alone every time she passed; for after the first fire she used only the starboard guns. Let it be noted, too, that the ships were within point-blank range of the shore, some of them approaching within less than 200 yards of the battery; the Bienville, which ran closer in than any other ship, was so close as plainly to distinguish the color of the dress of the men who worked the guns, and to hear their cries of encouragement to each other. When it is remembered that the guns used are large enough to carry with effective precision two miles and a half, a slight idea of their tremendous effect at such short range can be formed.

Though the rebel guns in this work were Columbiads of the largest size, and carrying a 120-pound projectile, and the guns are so heavy as to require twelve men to work each one, and move it effectively on its carriage, such was the irresistible force of our shot that in 20 minutes three of these immense Columbiads were dismounted—knocked from their carriages, and rendered completely useless.

Of course the ships were not obliged to wait until they got abreast of the works to commence firing, but the make of the river permitted them to begin to throw angular raking shots at a distance of three quarters of a mile, firing *down* the river, keeping it up as they slowly drifted past, and finally finishing the round by pitching some parting shots up the river at a similar angle with the ones first fired. This plan permitted seven or eight of our vessels to play on the fortifications at the same time.

The peculiar make of the river is such that not more than eight of our ships could bring their guns to bear on the shore batteries at the same time; but even then the sight was one of the most magnificent conceivable. Eight vessels would deliver a broadside of not less than 50 guns at a single fire, led by the battery of the Wabash, of 27 guns, and as each gun could be loaded and discharged once in a minute at the very lowest estimate, it will be seen that more than 50 bombs and other terribly destructive projectiles were rained into the Hilton Head fortification every minute that the fleet was within range.

Each ship was in effective range of the fort for about 20 minutes, every time the line came round; they moved like a terrible procession of destroying angels, and as fresh as at their visits, which indeed were few, but not far between, the combined forces hailed upon the doomed shore a fiery storm of more than 400 fiery shells.

The spectacle was one of the most impressive that could be presented to the eye of man. The air was filled with bursting bombs—each deadly projectile, as it hummed through the air, first rose heavenward in a graceful curve, and then swooped down to earth to fulfill its fatal errand, leaving through the air a thin wavering line of smoke that was first snowy white, then light purple, then fading to a pale blue, quickly blended with the azure of the clear Southern sky. Beautiful as was the airy course of the death missile, its earthly track was marked by a crimson stream of flowing blood, by the sickening crash of shattering bones, and by wreck, ruin and destruction of whatever thing it touched. Nothing could stand before this fiery storm—guns were hurled from their carriages; houses were knocked into heaps of brick and mortar, and beams and boards; the formidable fort-walls of the solidest masonry were in places torn and splintered, and the tough trees of the pitch-pine woods were shivered, twisted, wrenched and cut off like slender reeds; and the men were beaten into quivering masses of bruised, gory flesh, or were torn into mutilated, ghastly, sickening objects.

The terrible effects of a shell bursting in the midst of a group of men cannot be adequately described, for words and pen alike are weak. A knot of men are talking together, full of sturdiest life, and earnest action; every word and gesture denoting the healthiest and most vigorous manliness and strength—there comes a puff of pearly smoke, a blinding flash of red fire, a sharp, sudden report, and in an instant the active life of the eager man is crushed and beaten out, the parched sand drinks up their life-blood before the smoke can clear away; but the mangled limbs, the still throbbing brains, the gaping wounds, half filled with dirt and purple mud, are not covered by the sand until that later hour when the sword and musket are laid aside for the pick and spade, and men forget their deadly hates to consign "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

The effects of a round shot, or of one of the newly-invented rifled cannon projectiles, are not so ghastly and terrible to the eye—the men die, but their limbs are not torn and twisted off as by the iron splinters of a bursting bomb.

It was suspected that the enemy had a large force concealed in the woods back of the fort, and many shells were thrown in them for the purpose of dislodging any troops there stationed. The supposition was partially correct; a number of men had fled from the fort to the woods, terrified at the tremendous effects of our fire. Many of these poor fellows were killed without having fired a shot.

Had Gen McDowell so shelled the woods near Manassas, instead of sending in, unsupported, single regiments of infantry, there had never been for us any Bull Run rout.

After the ships had made one round, and sailed their fiery circle once, the order of battle was changed; certain ones of the gunboats dropped out of their assigned places, having discovered that they could take up a position which would enable them to remain stationary, and still keep up a rapid and galling fire on the fort. Also, henceforth, the other attacking ships moved in a single line, the Wabash still leading.

Four of the gunboats ran into the bight of the river to the north of the Fort, where they were enabled to keep up an enfilading fire, that completely raked the entire fortifications of Fort Walker, and distressed the enemy exceedingly. These gunboats were the Ottawa, Curlew, Seneca, and Unadilla. They were afterward joined by the Pocahontas, under command of Capt. Percival Drayton, a South Carolinian, and brother of Brigadier-General Drayton, of the rebels. Capt. Drayton, though placed in this peculiar and painful position, evinced no lack of loyalty to the Union, or eagerness to give the rebels their due, and the Pocahontas was most active in the fight until it ended.

For the second time the fleet came steaming down; for the second time they poured in that terrible fire, dismantling the guns, shattering the buildings, and strewing in death numbers of their men; and for the second time the fleet passed on in safety, showing not the slightest sign of any intention of going to the bottom.

But the enemy was by no means inactive. He offered a stubborn—an heroic resistance. Looking through a powerful telescope, belonging to the engineer officers of the expedition, I saw when the ships were approaching the battery the second time, two men wearing red shirts. They had been particularly active, and now sat at the muzzle of a gun, apparently exhausted, and waiting for more ammunition. This terrible fire from the fleet was falling all around them, but they moved not, and I doubted if they were alive. Finally they sprang up and loaded their piece—a shell at that instant burst near them, and they disappeared, doubtless blown into atoms. I heard frequently, during the hottest of the fight, most unquestionable expressions of approval for the manner in which the rebels served their guns. That their marksmanship was good, the torn hulls and cut rigging of our vessels, rather than the number of killed on board, furnish full evidence.

By this time a new element began to mingle with the feelings of the rebel garrison. With astonishment and wonder—that they had not yet sunk any of the opposing vessels, began to mingle a large, a very large proportion of doubt whether they could do it.

Without paying more attention to the burning of the battery at Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, than to pitch them an occasional shot merely to let them know they were not forgotten, for the third time the fleet rounded their circular track, and came slowly down to pay their respects again. Again was the whole of the fire of the fort concentrated on the Wabash, and afterward in turn on each of the ships, as they passed in a fiery procession before the fort, delivering with the utmost coolness and the most exact precision their murderous fire, running even nearer than before, firing more effectually than ever, and again steaming away unharmed, and turning the point for still another round.

The utmost consternation now took full possession of the rebels, and in an uncontrollable panic they fled with the utmost precipitation. The panic at Bull Run was not more complete; indeed, not half so much so, for the rebels in their mortal terror ran for the woods without stopping for anything whatever. They left in their tents hundreds of dollars of money, gold watches, costly swords, and other valuables, showing that their fear was uncontrollable and complete.

The flight was observed first from the little gun-boat Mercury, was communicated to the flag-ship, and was immediately telegraphed to all the fleet.

Capt. John Rodgers, now the commander of the sloop-of-war Flag, who had been on board the Wabash, acting as aid to Flag Officer Dupont during the fight, was at once sent on shore in a boat with a flag of truce to ascertain if the flight was real or a feint. He found the fort entirely deserted, and immediately with his own hand ran up the Stars and Stripes on the ramparts.

At precisely 3 o'clock p. m. of Thursday, Nov. 7, 1861, the American flag was planted in South Carolina, on a South Carolina fort, for the first time since it was hauled down at the disgraceful capture of Fort Sumter.

The thousands of men on the transports witnessed the event with frantic delight, and hailed the flag with cheers that seemed to have no limit, either in number or in enthusiasm, and in less than five minutes half a dozen brass bands on the various decks were filling the rebel air with the joyous, triumphant, and unaccustomed strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle."

The action lasted exactly five hours, from the minute of firing the first shot to the instant of running up the flag.

Preparations were now instantly made to land our troops, that the place might be immediately and efficiently garrisoned, and secured against a recapture. The 7th Connecticut Regiment were embarked in 27 large boats, which little fleet was towed as near the shore as practicable by the steamer Winfield Scott, when they were pulled near to the beach by the oarsmen, and the men, numbering 1,046, sprang into the water, up to their hips, and with loud cheers waded ashore and took possession of the place. They were followed by the rest of the First Brigade, under the command of Gen. Wright. Pickets were thrown out that same night for miles in every feasible direction, double guards were set, and every precaution taken against a surprise.

There was but little heed, however, of so much caution, for the enemy had deserted in such a panic that the idea of return could never have occurred to them. Their tents were left standing and they had left in their hurried departure everything not actually upon their persons. The tents were filled with clothing, arms, food, bedding, and everything usually pertaining to a camp. In some of the tents were tables with everything laid for dinner, and covered with a bountiful supply of cold meats, bread, biscuit, etc., and in sundry bottles and demijohns were certain liquid comforts that caused special rejoicings to the hearts of the captors.

One of our soldiers discovered $1000 in gold and silver; and others were so lucky or unlucky, it is not decided which, as to discover considerable sums of South Carolina paper money.

The search for trophies was universal, and there were few who visited the shore on that memorable day of the battle, who have not secured momentoes of the action, more or less valuable.

The road the rebels took was strewn for miles with muskets, knapsacks, blankets, cartridge boxes, and other valuables that they had thrown away in their flight. They had retreated across the island to Seabrook, a distance of half a dozen miles, where they took boat for Savannah. Even the wharf at Seabrook was strewn with valuables, carried even so far and abandoned at the last moment. The troops who were in charge of the fort, and who certainly fought most gallantly, were the 13th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, under Col. Jones, and the 9th South Carolina Volunteers, commanded by Col. Heywood, and a battalion of German Artillery, under Colonel Wagener. They had in the fort about 1,300 men in all—enough to serve all the guns in the most efficient manner. They had also a field battery with 500 troops stationed at a point a short distance above Hilton Head, where they anticipated our transports would undertake to send troops to attempt a flank movement for the assistance of the navy. On the opposite side of the river they had 400 men. It cannot be denied that the resistance was as gallant as the final panic was complete; but the hardest fighting on the rebel side was all done by the German Artillery, they being the last to leave the fort, which they did not do until long after the greater part of the valiant Palmetto "Chivalry" had taken to the woods to save their precious necks.

They had spiked but one gun, a most valuable rifled cannon, which they temporarily disabled with a steel spike, which can with difficulty be extracted. The other guns were, most of them, columbiads of the very largest size, 120-pounders, and of the most admirable finish, being the finest and latest productions of the Tredegar Works, Richmond, and fully equal to any guns owned by the North. There were 22 of these guns in the fort.

The fortification is of the most admirable construction, evidently planned and built under the superintendence of a thoroughly able engineer, and is one of the strongest works of the kind in the whole country. Under the efficient command of Gen. Sherman, the force here is ample for present emergencies.

The whole of the military force was put ashore as rapidly as possible, and met with no hindrance whatever.

The fate of the Hilton Head Fort decided, as we anticipated, the fate of the force on the opposite side of the river. The two batteries were that night abandoned without further struggle, and at daylight in the morning the Stars and Stripes floated over both the two points and St. Phillip's Island.

The works there were two well-constructed earthworks, the one on Bay Point mounting 21 heavy columbiads, and the other mounting four columbiads.

These three batteries are amply sufficient to protect the harbor against any but such another immense naval force as has once shaded them, and may be considered impregnable against any power the Rebels can at present command.

We took a few prisoners, about 25 in all, most of them being the sick in the hospital.

Among the spoils are 300 muskets, the complete camp equipage of 3 regiments, 50 cannon, and immense quantities of ammunition.

It is a noticeable fact that all the powder is the very best *English* powder, that many of the cartridges are of *English* make, and that some of the projectiles for the rifled cannon are of a kind unknown in our service, but which answer to the description of certain new *English* inventions.

THE CONTRABAND ELEMENT.

As soon as the negro slaves observed us coming on shore they flocked along the banks in great numbers, some bearing parcels and bundles as if expecting us to take them at once to a home of freedom. Every variety of negro and slave was represented. I say negro *and* slave, for it is a melancholy fact that some slaves are apparently as white as their masters, and as intelligent. Darkies of genuine Congo physiques, and darkies of the genuine uncle Tom pattern, darkies young and jubilant, darkies middle-aged, and eager, and gray-haired, solemn-looking fellows. Some appeared mystified, and some intelligent. The quadroon and the octoroon, possessing an undistinguishable tint of negro blood mingled, one drop with seven of Southern nativity and ancient family, formed, to speak midly, an interesting scene.

As fast as the contraband article came within reach, it was placed in the guard house, an old frame building behind Fort Walker. Here quite a collection was made. They were huddling together half in fear and half in hope, when a naval officer of the Bienville looked in upon them, asking: "Well, well, what are you all about?"

"Dat's just what we'd like to find out, mas'r," was the response.

The officer assured them that they would be kindly taken care of, and perhaps found something to do, and need not be starved.

"Take de God for dat, mas'r," was the reply. On drawing them into conversation, they said that they caught a great deal of fish in Port Royal harbor, fishing at night, after the plantation work was over. Two slaves were found reconnoitering about on their own account, and on being brought into camp, explained that they belonged to Mrs. Pickney, of Charleston, and came down to "see what de white people were all about." They said that the white people all ran away when the ships came up, crying, "Great God! Great God! Great God! the Yankees are coming; fire the boats." Other slaves reported that "when de white folks see de little boats comin' up, dey laffed at dem, but when dey see de big onecher sided vessels comin', dey laffed on de oder side der mouts."

The number of slaves will probably increase each day, and the importance of their aid must be great.

BEAUFORT.

The town of Beaufort, I am told, is a private watering place. That is, the wealthy planters, for miles around, have erected commodious summer residences there, and in the height of the season the town accommodates from three thousand to four thousand inhabitants. The remainder of the year the white and colored population together does not exceed five hundred. When the reconnoitering party landed they found that extreme terror of an attack, consequent upon the defeat of their countrymen at the mouth of the bay, had prompted a stampede of all the white people, with one solitary exception, the day before. The exception was a man who doubtless would have gone also, but he was too drunk to move. He was taken on board the Pembina and questioned, but he was too stupid to give a coherent story. The negroes were then flocking in from the plantations and pillaging the houses. They told dreadful stories of how their owners had attempted to deter them from coming in by shooting a few down; but they had heard that the "Yankees" would give them liberty, and for such a boon they took the risk of a bullet.

FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 13.

The Emancipation of the Slaves.

Col. Cochrane's Regiment received to-day its Winter clothing. The new and beautiful uniforms made a gala day in the camp. The regiment, after evening parade, was formed in a hollow square and addressed by its Colonel. The Secretary of war was present, having ridden out expressly for the pleasure of seeing the Cassenurs in their new uniforms. Colonel Cochrane made a speech, in the highest degree eloquent and patriotic, in which he placed himself squarely upon the doctrine of the "military necessity of the emancipation of the slaves." The regiment received every sentence of this vital part of his speech with enthusiastic clamor. Immediately after the speech of Col. Cochrane there was a tumultuous demand for the Secretary of War. Mr. Cameron came before the regiment and said:

SOLDIERS: It is too late for me to make you a speech to-night, but I will say that I heartily approve every sentiment uttered by your noble commander. The doctrines which he has laid down, I approve as if they were my own words. They are my sentiments—sentiments which will not only lead to victory, but which will in the end reconstruct this our glorious Federal Constitution. It is idle to talk about treating with these Rebels upon their own terms. We must meet them as our enemies, treat them as enemies, and punish them as enemies, until they shall learn to behave themselves. *Every means which God has placed in our hands it is our duty to use for the purpose of protecting ourselves.* I am glad of the opportunity to say here, what I have already said elsewhere, in these few words, that *I approve the doctrines this evening enunciated by Col. Cochrane.* [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

The personal affection and respect manifested to the Secretary of War by the officers of the Chasseurs as he stood in their midst, gray-haired and worn with the exhausting labors of his Department, was a sight that will not soon be forgotten by the hundreds who hastened to catch the key-note of the war.

Counterfeit Treasury Notes.

It is reported that the five and ten dollar treasury bills have been counterfeited, and are in circulation in this city. We have not seen any of them, but the counterfeit is said to almost defy detection.

Who are the Traitors?

A telegram found by our officers at one of the forts captured at Port Royal clearly confirms the report that our secrets are known to the rebels. Jeff. Davis telegraphed that the fleet had sailed, and that the destination was Port Royal. That our Departments are infested with spies, has now become a palpable fact, and the interests of the cause demand a most searching investigation, to be followed up until the parties are discovered and hung. Who are the traitors?

Bad News From Richmond.

Hints in private sources that the so-called Confederates at Richmond are in the greatest state of solicitude in reference to the people of that city. The distress among merchants, business men, and producing and consuming classes grows more and more grievous. Only two days ago the intelligence of the movements of the naval expedition, magnified by all sorts of rumors, almost drove the populace to madness. Richmond was for years an old Whig city, and the Union element is still alive. The Secession Wise, and the wretched robbers in the train of Floyd, having misled and fired up the populace, a good many conservative men had to yield in order to save themselves, and now that there is no business, no Government, no currency, and no confidence, the elements that were forced to yield will undoubtedly be organized, and strike a blow at the first opportunity.

Eastern Shore of Virginia.

Accomac county, Virginia, may now be considered an important point in the operations of the Government against the rebellion. The loyal sentiment in that county is known to be very strong, notwithstanding the fact that it is the home of Henry A. Wise, and in the sake of fostering this sentiment the Government has determined to throw a sufficient number of troops into the county to guarantee protection to all who may claim it. The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, together with Rich's Battery and Capt. Richards' Cavalry, were last week ordered there, and on Tuesday morning seven companies of Duryee's Zouaves left Baltimore, with a part of the Tenth Maine Regiment, for the same duty. It is understood that a portion of the Sixth Michigan Regiment is also to proceed there. We shall probably soon have interesting news from that quarter.

Important from Boston—Reinforcements Already Sent—More Soon to Follow—A Mutiny at Norfolk, etc., etc.

BOSTON, Wednesday, Nov. 13.—Three thousand of Gen. Butler's New England Division are under orders to leave camp, near Lowell, on Wednesday next. They will embark at Boston in the new steamer Constitution and some transport vessels, taking full field equipage and supplies.

The Boston *Transcript* learns from what it considers reliable sources that the Government sent from Annapolis, on Friday last, *five thousand troops*, to reinforce the naval expedition.

The *Transcript* is furnished with an extract from a letter written by an intelligent soldier in the Naval Brigade at Fortress Monroe, under date of November 11th, as follows:

"This morning news reached here that 3000 soldiers of the rebel army had mutinied at Norfolk, with the citizens, who had determined only to fight for the Union under the old gridiron."

In confirmation of this intelligence, Captain Lockwood, of the United States, a tug boat, reports that the Stars and Stripes were flying gloriously from Pig's Point, opposite Newport News, where the rebels have for a long time had a formidable battery.

New Advertisements.

SMALL PERSONS OR COMMITTEES engaged in selecting or collecting Blankets, Clothing, Hospital Stores or other goods for the volunteers in the army, are requested to forward them as fast as possible to the undersigned committee, at the CUSTOM HOUSE, corner of Fifth and Smithfield streets Pittsburgh.

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OFFICE OF THE 10 REGIMENT ARMORY CO., PA., Pittsburgh, November 12th, 1861.

TO CONTRACTORS.—Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until the 16th inst. for Repairing the Abutments of the Bridge over Big Bull Creek, near Bergen's Corners in Fawn township, and for putting on a new Wooden Superstructure—Span fifty-five feet. To be done by the first Monday in next month, stone-work to be done by the spring twenty-five feet.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the County Commissioners.

By direction of the County Commissioners.

no12-3t3d HENRY LAMBERT, Controller.

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