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By J. B. OVIATT,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

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Ridgway, Elk Co. Pa. May 21, 1860

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Eldred, May 17, 1860.

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J. L. BROWN,

SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN, CONVEYANCER and Real-Estate Agent: Office, Williamsville, Elk Co., Penn'a.

—REFERENCES—

Chapin & Boyle, Esq's, ... Ridgway, Pa.
Hon Thomas Struthers, ... Warren, Pa.
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OSWAYO HOUSE,

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Fronting the Public Square, Olean, N. Y. James M. Miller, Proprietor. The Fobes House is entirely new and built of brick, and is furnished in modern style. The proprietor flatters himself that his accommodations are not surpassed by any hotel in Western New York. Carriages run to and from the New York and Erie Rail Road. 8-tf.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean Co Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession in the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over C. K. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

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Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. Barbor, Proprietor. Travelers will find good accommodations and reasonable charges.

LARABEE'S HOTEL,

R. Larabee, Proprietor,—Allegheny Bridge, M'Kean Co, Pa. This house is situated about nine miles from Smethport on the road to Olean, and will be found a convenient stopping-place.

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By T. Goodwin. This house is situated about five mile from Smethport on the road to Olean. Pleasure partie and others can be accommodated on the shortest notice

W. S. BROWNELL,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Glass, Nails, Oils, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

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Enoch B. Dolley, Proprietor, at Port Allegany, McKean County, Pa. This Hotel is situated at the junction of the Smethport and Allegany River roads, nine miles east of Smethport.

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SMETHPORT, M'KEAN Co., Pa.

WM. HASKELL : : : : Proprietor.

This House is well calculated for the accommodation of the Travelling Public; having recently been repaired and remodeled. Good Barns and Stables. Charges reasonable. Stages for Olean, Shippen and Ridgway.
Smethport, July 2, 1860.

To Those Interested in Mining and Mineral Lands:

W. H. BARNES offers his services for the examination of Mineral Lands in M'Kean and Elk counties, and will give his opinion as to the VALUE OF MINES, &c. Those engaging his services will receive all necessary and reliable information. Residence at the Bunker Hill Mines.
Sergeant, M'Kean Co., June 30, 1860.

S. C. HYDE,

[illegible] at-Law, Smethport, M'Kean co. Pa. Col[illegible] promptly attended to. Feb 14, '61.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

"And you are willing he should go?"

"why not," answered the young wife enthusiastically. "I should despise myself, Adele, if I were not willing to give my husband to my country. France needs all her sons in this extremity. I thank God I have Henri to offer on her alter."

Her sister shrugged shoulders. "You always were romantic, my dear," she said. "For my part, if I had a handsome husband, a splendid estate in Normandy, a hotel in Paris, dimonds, cashmere, equipages, servants as you have, I should not be willing to risk them so slightly. Suppose Henri is kliled. You will be a widow, and for a time at least, can enjoy none of these things."

,,Oh! Adele, how can you talk so? Has not the good father Lacoire been telling us, ever since we were children, that the curse o modern times was its materialistic view of life? that to eat, drink, and be merry seemed to be the whole purpose of existence? That luxury had corroded national virtue? That the day of heroism had passed. How often has my heart swelled against these imputations, for I will not believe that human nature has sunk so low! No I have often told him, the diviner parts of our race have not all died out. We are still capable, we women of making sacrifices for our country; and our husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, still capable of dying for it. I could, myself, if the occasion called for it, be, I hope a seconb Joan of Arc. I never loved Henri half so well as since he came home, the other day, and told me, that in this crisis of France's fate, he had determined to offer her his sword, and, if necessary, his life. We can die but once. What more glorious than to die in an holy cause!"—And the young wife looked sublime as she spoke it.

Natalie had been married but a year or two. Her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability had won for her, at eighteen, the heart of the young de Tankerville, the greatest match of the season. Passionately attached to each other, they spent the hours continually together: they read, they did every thing in company. The life they led was more like an idyl than like a life in modern society and in Paris. In the midst of this dream of bliss came the news of the retreat from Moscow. All Europe rose against France. The Emperor, beaten back from Dresden to Leipsic, and from Leipsic to the Rhine, was making a last desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the nation. It was in this extremity that the young count stepped forward. His father had been a constitutional royalist in the last days of Louis XVI., and though the family had never emigrated, it had never, on the other hand, attached itself to the fortunes of Napoleon. So long as the great Emperor pursued his career of conquest, so long the Tankervilles held aloof from him. But now, when the question was not Napoleon, but the nation, the young count felt that the time when his country demanded his services. In view of the dismemberment of France, what were lands, houses, life itself? "Save the nation!" was the cry that rose to every patriotic lip. Women brought their jewels, men brought their lives. Foremost among these were Henri and his wife.

"Well," said Adele, who had one of those cold, selfish natures, that could not understand how anybody could do anything noble or heroic, "I think you and your husband mad. But go your own ways."

"I wish you were mad in the same way. We are mad as Leonidas was mad, as Tell was mad, as Bruce was mad, as every other hero was mad that has died for libery. It is not now a question of the Emperor. It is a question of counry. It is not whether Napoleon shall reign, but whether France shall be dismemberd. It is wnether the flag of the nation, that glorious tricolor which waved at Marengo and Austerlitz, shall be trailed in the dust, or shall still bring tears to the eyes of Frenchmen when they see it, in foreign lands, floating from the mast head."

We will not dwell on the parting of husband and wife. Natalie bore up heroically. Not Lady Russell, when leaving her lord on that sad morning of his execution controlled herself more nobly than did Natalie now. But when the door had closed on Henri when she heard the clatter of his horse's feet down the stree, then she flung herself on her bed, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

It was an eventful winter. A battle was fought almost daily. Like a lyon in the coils, Napoleon turned first on one and then on another of his foes, and always unexpectedly. In the brightest days of his intellect he had never been so terrible as now. Henri was foremost in all these battles. Once he saved the Emperor's life. The cross of the legion of honor soon decked his breast. He received the decoration from Napoleon's own hand, on the very day that he heard Natalie had presented him with a son. But the genius of the Emperor and the valor of his troops were of no avail. Treachery was at work in Paris, while Napoleon was absent in the Campaign. The capital was surrendered. Napoleon wrs forced to abdicate.

Every one knows what followed. The Bourbons came back, forgetting nothing, as we said, and forgiving nothing.

"Ah! my bleeding country," Henri would cry to his young wife. At other times it was "Oh! for one hour with the Emperor."

At last the nation could bear it no longer. Napoleon landed; the army rose in his favor; the king fled; a constitution was proclaimed. Once more the young count buckled on his sword.

"Again I say go," was his wife's heroic parting, "and again and again. I will stay at home and pray. I think sometimes it is harder for women than for men. You have the excitement of the campaign. But we can only wait and wait, from one dreary day to another; we can only pray and pray through the sleepless hours of night. Do not suppose, because I say this, I would keep you back. Go, and may God crown you with victory; or if not———."

"If not," said her husband interrupting her "I stay on the battle field."

Alas! it was a prediction. A few days later, when the old Guard, at the end of that terrible day of watterloo, closed up thier ranks, and to the demand to lay down their arms, replied "The Guard dies but never surrenders." Henri de Tankervill, fighting with the braveest and fighting longest almost of all, sank under a dozen wounds.

Did his wife regret what she had done?

"No, no," she cried, in answer to the cruel reproaches of her sister, "I would send him forth again, if I could. I would rather be the widow, a thousand times over," she added, with flashing eyes, "of a soldier who died for his country, than the petted wife of one who had failed France in her hour of need, for such would be either a coward or a traitor."

Nor did she ever think otherwise. In after years, rich and titled suitors solicited her hand; but she lived faithful to the memory of her lost Henri. Her chief consolation was to take her child, as soon as he was able to understand her, and showing him the cross of the legion of honor, which his father had won in battle, point afterward to the portrait which hung overhead, and bid him emulate the heroism and patriotism of the departed.

"It is a prouder inheritance to you, darling," she would say, kissing him passionately "than if he had left you a throne. Think how your heart will glow, in years to come, when you see men pointing to you, and saying, "His father, too, was one of the grand army."

BOMBARDMENT OF PORT ROYAL.

Commencement of the Engagement—A Terrific Bombardment.

At presicely five minutes before ten o'clock, the Bay Point Battery opened its fire upon the Wabash, and that at Hilton Head followed almost within a second.—The ships were then nearly midway between the hostile guns, and scarcely within range. For a minute they made no reply; but presently the Wabash began. Then grandly she poured from both her massive sides a terrible rain of metal, which fell with frightful papidity upon either shore. The other vessels were not slow in following her example, and the battle was fairly begun.

From my point of observation, on board the Atlantic, it was apparent that few of the shells, which at first were the only projectiles used, bursted within the fortifications. The guns had too great an elevation, and their iron messengers went crashing thro' the tree tops a mile or two beyond the batteries. The same was the case with the rebels, whose shot passed between the masts and above our vessels. The frigates and gunboats, each having delivered her fire, which mainly in this round was directed against Bay Point, passed within the Bay, indifferent alike to the bursting shells, humming projectiles and hot round shot which the rebels furiously discharged, breaking the water into foaming columns eveywhere about them.

Within a distance of nine hundred yards from the rebel guns, the Wabash threw in her fiery messengers, while the other frigates, no further away, participated in the bloody strife; and the gunboats from their sheltered nook, raked the ramparts frightfully. Thus the fire of about fifty guns was concentrated every moment upon the enemy, who worked heroically, never wavering in his reply except when the Wabash was using her batteries directly in front of him. Then it was too hot for flesh and blood to endure. Shells fell almost as rapidly as hail drops, within and for a mile and a half beyond the battery. As they struck and plowed into the earth a dense pillar of smoke and sand would shoot upward, totally obscuring the fortification and driving the blinded gunners from their pieces.

In describing the their circuit and delivering their fire, the vessels consumed rather more than an hour for each round. Little more than half of this time however, was spent in getting into position, for gliding slowly around, perhaps entering the bay beyond the fort a half a mile, just far enough to permit the safe turning of his immense ship, the Commodore brought her back and repeated from his starboard battery, until the guns became too hot to handle, that devastating fire. What is true respecting the firing of the Wabash is also true respecting the Susquehanna, Bienville, Pawnee, Mohicon and the rest. Each vessel discharged her broadside at the shortest possible range, loading and firing again and again with all the coolness and precision exercised in target practice, before she passed the battery.

BRAVEY OF THE CONFEDERATES.

But the enemy was by no means inactive. He offered a stubborn, an heroic resistance. Looking through a powerful telescope, belonging to an engineer officer 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 amunition. This terrible fire from the fleet was falling all around them, but they moved not and I doubted if they were alive. Finally they sprung up and loaded their piece—a shell at that instant bursted near them, and they disappeared, doubtless blown to attoms. I heard frequently during the fight most unqualified expressions of approval for the manner in which their guns were served. That their markmanship was good, the torn hulls and cut rigging of our vessels, rather than the number of killed on board, furnish full evidence.

CESSATION OF THE FIGHT.

After the second round had been brilliantly fought on both sides, the Wabash gave a signal for the vessels which had been most actively engaged to cease firing and give refreshments to the men. Accordingly the steamers repaired to a point beyond the reach of the batteries and the poor sailors—nearly exhausted with their work—satisfied their hunger and gratefully sought a few moments' repose.

THE FIGHT RENEWED.

Then it was that the gunboats did their most efficient cannonading. Their shells and round shot flew straight across the parapet of the fortification, driving the artillery men from their guns and making dreadful havoc. The little steamtug Mercury, Master commanding Martin, gallantly steamed into a shallow bay to the left of the fort, not more than half a mile distant, and presenting her diminutive figure to the rebel guns, opened upon them with her 30 pounder Parrott, which was fired rapidly and with good effect. From her proximity to the fort Captain Martin was probably the first to see that the rebels were preparing to evacuate the place. In the rear of the fortification, extending about three-fourths of a mile, is a broad meadow, bounded by a dense woods. Across this open space the enemy was carrying his dead and wounded and wagons were hurriedly moving the equipage of the camp.

The Mercury steaming closer to the shore, found that the battery had been deserted and immediately took the news to the flag-ship, which by this time, with her sister vessels, was coming up like a destroying angel to renew the engagement. The Commodore almost simultaneously received the confirmation of the tidings from other sources, and even while listening to the words of the messenger, the rebels struck their flag.

END OF THE ENGAGEMENT—A FLAG OF TRUCE.

The signal to cease firing was at once hoisted, and it being precisely half-past two o'clock the bombardment had been nearly five hours in progress. The flag-ship lowered a boat and sent it ashore, carrying a flag of truce in the bow, and our own proud banner in the stern. Its mission was to inquire if the enemy had surrenderrd.—Commander John Rodgers, a passenger on the Wabash, who had come down to join his vessel, the Flag, now blockading off Charleston, and had been acting as aid during the fight, to Commodore Dupont, was assigned the duty of taking the flag ashore Himself and crew were unarmed, but they found no one to receive them. He planted the American ensign upon the deserted ramparts, and took possession of the soil of South Carolina in the majesty of the United States.—Another and larger Star Spangled Banner was afterwatds displayed upon the flag-staff of a building a few rods to the left, where the rebel standard had waved during the combat, and whence it had just been taken down.

Commodore Tatnall and his gunboats disappeared in the early part of the engagement. He sent a few shots towards the fleet, but as usual his boats were not near enough to do us any injury. Much regret is expressed that neither of our fast steamers pursued and captured the Commodore. He would have been an interesting prisoner.

THE STARS AND STRIPES ONCE MORE RAISED ON SOUTH CAROLINA SOIL.

Now comes the most exciting event of the engagement—the raising aloft of the stars and stripes on the ramparts of Fort Walker. Our men are now on South Carolina soil, and over their heads waved the American flag, whose folds have not floated on the breeze in the Palmetto State since the fall of Fort Sumter.—The cheers that uprose on the hoisting of this flag were deafening. The stentorian ringing of human voices would have drowned the roar of artillery, the cheer was taken up man by man, ship by ship, regiment by regiment.—Such a spontaneous outburst of soldierly enthusiasm never greeted the ears of Napoleon amid the victories of Marengo, Austerlitz, or the pyramids of the Nile. The next morning Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, was also occupied, and several gunboats were sent up to Beaufort, and the town was found deserted.

A VISIT TO FORT WALKER.

This fort, after its surrender, was placed in charge of Lieut. Barnet of the Wabash, who had been sent to shore with his battallion, consisting of seventy sailors and fifty marines. Sentinels were pacing upon the parapets, and at the approaches to the work, and pickets were stationed about two hundred yards from the outer limits, on the flanks and at the rear. Evidences of the wild confusion—nay, the abject terror—in which the rebels had left the fort, were abundant everywhere. There were twenty-three guns in the work, only three of which had been dismounted by our fire, and not one of the remainder had been spiked.—Several indeed were loaded, ready for our men to defend themselees in case they should be attacked; while the magazines, of which there were three in the fort, contained amunition enough to withstand a very long siege.

This encampment, consisting of about eighty tents, to the left of the fortifications, indicated, if anything, more plainly than the fort, how hurriedly its late occupants had decamped.—Most of the tents had been undisturbed. Officer's furniture, uniforms and other clothing, dress swords, small stores, with here and there an article which told that even in camp the warriors had not been wholly bereft of the society of their wives, mothers and sisters, were left as significant tell-tales of a sudden departure. Over the meadows to which I before alluded, were scattered blankets, knapsacks, (some of which, singularly enough, were recognized as those which had been cast away by our panic stricken troops at Bull Run,) muskets, bayonets, catridge boxes, and a few dead mules and broken vehicles—not camp wagons, but family carriages, which had been used to carry away the dead and wounded.

THE DAMAGE DONE—THE KILLED—SHOCKING SCENES.

There was plenty of testimony regarding the destructiveness of our fire—not alone from the prisoners, of whom about twenty fell into our hands—but also from the very earth itself, where numerous deep and long furrows, caused by ricochetting shells, and fragments of jagged iron, in countless quantity, told mutely and more impressively.

Eight dead bodies, some shockingly mangled were found within the fort. One was that of a young officer whose legs had been shot away. There was a mangled arm in one place, half buried in the sand; and in another near where the large guns lay prone with their carriages shattered, were mangled pieces of flesh immersed in gore.

Some were found with their heads half torn off, some with entrails spread for yards around them, some with mangled legs and arms, and with faces distorted with pain and horror.—Some lay prone on the ground, with backs towards the enemy, and others struck dead while in peculiar postures, as if calling and making motions to others. For two miles back in the woods dead bodies were found of those killed by our shells. In a massive bomb-proof in Fort Walker was found the dead body of Surgeon Borst, formerly of the United States army. He had doubtless retired to this place for safety, and it indeed seemed secure, formed as it was of massive walls and strengthened by great beams of wood. A large shell had whizzed into the small room through the small diagonal aperture, and struck a heavy piece of timber, tearing away the supports and tumbling down the wall about his head. A splinter from the fractured beam struck him upon the head, killing him instantly, just as he had thrown up his hands to shelter himself from the falling walls. His watch was still keeping correct time in his pocket, when a Federal soldier pointed out the fearful death.

PILLAGING BY THE TROOPS.

As the Federal troops landed, they scattered themselves about the encampment, apparently under no control of their officers, but possessed of the the idea of plundering the property which the rebels had left. This conduct was utterly inexcusable, as the victory had been won without their slightest aid; but for awhile nothing but pillaging went on. The soldiers were eclipsed however, in their disgraceful deeds by the crews and some of the officers of the transports. These last, not content with securing a slight memento of the fight, filled their boats with trunks, muskets and other "portable property," which they placed on board their ships, and then returned for more. It was painful to witness the wanton destruction of clothing, which the ravagers trod under foot after they had obtained it from trunks that were broken open in their desire to find more valuable spoils. The free use of whiskey, which was found in abundance among the officer's stores began to have its effects upon the men; and finally, only after stringent measures had been resorted to, was some degree of order restured.

REBEL HEADQUARTERS.

The officers of Fort Walker had established their headquarters at a rich old plantation mansion, not far from the fort, on an estate belonging to a family by the name of Pope. Here was a splendid library, a mass of papers and documents, and a file of the Charleston Mercury, for the last thirty or forty years, one was seen dated as far back as 1811. The order of battle for the day was found, giving directions for the mode of repelling a Federal attack. It appeared that they had been in constant expectation of our attack ever since the Bienville first appeared off the harbor on Monday, and had been busily preparing for us.

It was evident that the garrisoned rebels had large reinforcements close at had, awaiting an opportunity to come to their assistance, if requfred. Those reinforcements were kept in the back-ground to keep our forces ignorant of their strength, and draw us, as was believed, to destruction. The result showed that they reckoned without their host.

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 burdens as if expecting us to take them at once to a home of freedom. Every variety of negro and slave was represented. Darkies of genuine Congo physique, and darkies of the genuine Uncle Tom patern, darkies young and jubilant, darkies middle aged and eager, and gray haired, solemn looking fellows. Some appeared mystefied, and some intelligent. As fast as the contrabond article came within reach, it was placed in the guard house, an old frame building behind Fort Walker.

A VISIT TO FORT BEAUREGARD.

This morning I paid a visit Fort Beuregard, at Bay Point, which is a work not so formidable in an engineering point of view, but of sufficient importance to be a valuable acquisition to us. It was this battery or fort which caused all the damage to the fleet, their firing being of excellent ability. We found that this fort was well prepared to resist a landing force as the works were protected with well made *abatis*, and two twenty-four pounders to protect the land approach from the westward. There are 18 guns in this work, or rather series of works.

VISIT TO FORT BEUFORT.

Soon after landing a detachment of men proceeded up to Beaufort, and found it tenantless except by one dilapidated person, who presented some traces of cultivation, and of having been an original South Carolina gentleman, but he appeared to be either paralyzed by drunkenness or fear, and it probably was not the latter. He met the Federal troops on the outskirts of the city, and with his hat in his hand, and gently from side to side, hiccupped out a few unintelligible words as they passed in.—Slaves were found busily engaged in pillaging the deserted houses.

LANDING THE TROOPS.

As I close my long and hasty letter, troops were being landed from the transports to occupy and repair the forts and positions gained by their valor. They are encamping in a sweet potato field, the edibles of which they will soon doubtless exhibit a fondness for. Gen. Sherman's headquarters are at the mansion house lately occupied by the officers of Fort Walker as theirs.

DAMAGE TO THE SHIPPING.

Every vessel engaged in the action was more or less cut up., although none were injured so badly as to make it necessary to return home for repairs. The Wabash was struck by about 35 shots. One shot started her leaking, but not very badly. Her mainmast is so severely injured that it will probably have to be taken out.

The Bienville was in the hottest of the action, approaching nearer to the shore than any other of the fleet, and being punished for her temerity accordingly. She was struck by five shots, but one of which inflicted serious damage, though the others struck the rigging, cutting off the shrouds, etc., but inflicting no injury that cannot be repaired without taking her into dock. One shot from one of the heavy columbiads of Hilton Head struck her on the starboard bow. The shot killed two men and wounded three others. The injury to the ship was not considerable, beyond perforating her side, which hole was plugged up. The gunboat Penguin was struck in her steam chest, which exploded, thus rendering the vessel incapable of action.

Besides these specially mentioned, most of the fleet suffered but pot considerably. In fact not a vessel, save the Penguin, was incapacitated for immediate service, or so far injured that her own crew cannot put her in readiness for action at once.

The Pawnee was struck nine times, and the Mohicon also received a number of shots. These two were the most cut up of any of the smaller vessels of tee fleet. The Ottawa, Seneca, Vandalia, Seminole, Susquehanna, Pochahontas and Augusta all were several times hit, but none were disabled.

Some of the shots played queer pranks.—One solid Columbiad shot of 130 pounds weight ricochetted four times after striking the water, and then seemed about to pass through the Bienville, just above the water-line, when it suddenly took a flying leap clean over the latter ship, passing ten or twelve feet above her decks, and struck the Augusta, [illegible] yards beyond the Bienville.

COST OF THE BATTLE.

The Wabash fired during the entire action, 900 shots, being all 8, 9, 10 and 11 inch shells, with the exception of a few rifled cannon projectiles of a new pattern, and which were used simply as a matter of experiment. The Susquehannah fired 500 shots, the Bienville 185, and the average of the gunboats and the other smaller ships may probably be set down at 150 each. There were in all, 16 vessels engaged on our side, and probably from all of them were fired not far from 3,000 shot and shell at the two forts, Walker and Beauregard, the four-gun battery and the three steamers.

The average cost of each shot, reckoning shell, round shot, and rifled cannon projectiles of peculiar make, and taking into account the value of the powder used to fire them, may be set down at about $8. Thus the burned powder and broken shell-iron of the battle of Port Royal may be set down as having cost the country not less than $28,000. Reckoning then, says the New York Tribune, a few items of this battle, beginning with the immense cost of this fleet, which has been preparing since August last, the pay of the soldiers, the value of their food, and the expense of the two lost vessels on a very moderate scale, the entire cost is about as follows.

Rent of the vessels up to this time say,	[illegible]
Pay of the soldiers, &c., up to this time,	[illegible]
value of rations consumed up to this time,	[illegible]
value of clothing worn out up to this time,	[illegible]
value of powder burned,	[illegible]
value of Governor and Peerless lost, on the Cataline scale, $8?,000,	100 000
Total	[illegible]

THE CONFEDERATE FORCE.

According to the statement of the prisoners and the negroes, the forces at Hilton Head amounted to about 1,300 men, commanded by Gen Thos. J. Drayton, including 500 German Artillery, under Col. Wagner, 50 Horse Guards and some 800 infantry of the 9th regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Heyward, and the 12th regiment, Major Jones commanding. On Bay Point were 400 men, making the total rebel force little short of 2000 men.

THE FORTIFICATIONS.

The prisoners report that the fortifications at Port Royal have been occupied since the 8th of July last by a small garrison of South Carolina infantry. They were built by Major Lee, of South Carolina, and are well constructed earthworks, their main defect being in the parapet which was to low to sufficiently shelter the men. Bomb-proofs were to have been added, but time was not given for that.—A company of German flying artillery arrived the night before the bombardmnnt, and did efficient service at their guns.—Gen. Ripley commander in chief of the South Carolina forces, was present during the fight, and when the panic commenced mounted the parapet of the fort at Bay Point and entreated the men to stand by their guns, but his entreaties were without avail.

REMOVAL OF FREMONT.—The Venango *Spectator*, in speaking of the removal of Fremont, says: "In the first place there was no reason for the appointment of John C. Fremont to supreme command in the west, over the heads of Generals who have grown gray in the service, except personal reasons. He had never made his mark as a soldier. In his California campaign—his only one—he had shown that same spirit of insubordination and the same overweening vanity that marked his late career in Missouri. His California soldiering ended in a court martial, conviction reprimand and resignation from the service. Thus his military record was against him. It is true that with Kit Carson he had explored a pass through the Rocky mountains, and had received the praises of the newspapers for eating *mule-steak*. His conduct in California and Missouri is a strong protest against a too liberal indulgence in that article of diet. But an explorer, however great, is not necessarily a soldier, and we repeat that Fremont never received a military education—never commanded a regiment in his life before his appointment as Major-General, and that his slight military record, previously, was bad. He must therefore have been appointed on account of some supposed adaptability for the position; and when we take such qualifications for granted in a man, we are all influenced more or less, by personal predilections in his favor. Mr. Lincoln appointed Fremont because he liked the man—because he supposed he would *fill* the place, and in making the appointment he was no doubt influenced by the solicitations of a horde of scoundrels who wished to steal from the government. The appointment was made and the stealing commenced. It was stealing that will always occupy a high place in the records of thieving. Floyd is no-where. The fellow who stole the saw-log while the owner was sitting on it and left him astride the bark, was a bungler in comparison with the thieves around Fremont. They stole faster than they could hide—more than they wanted.

Seeing the incompetency of the man, and the utter ruin that threatened the public service in Missouri by his continuance in office, President Lincoln removed him. For this act he receives the anathemas of the thieves whose occupation is gone, and the curses of that other interesting variety of the human species—the Abolition Party. This is about the whole story of the "intense feeling" concerning the removal of Fremont.

We believe Abraham Lincoln has discoverep that unless he will violate the constitution of his country—pander to the fanaticism that has drenched our soil in blood, and is equally guilty with Secession in destroying the Union—he must look to the conservative men of the Nation for support, of which, while he keeps the Constitutional landmarks, the Democratic party will stand by him as a unit.—When Abolition howls at him for doing his duty we shall never stand neutral.

"DOCTOR, pway how long can a man live without bwains?" asked a Chicago exquisite of the city physician who had been commenting on the case of an idiot who had recently died. "Couldn't say exactly," [illegible] doctor's reply, "but if you tell me your age I [illegible] make a rough guess."

An old farmer listened a long time to [illegible] to the windy speech of a lawyer, [illegible] mont legislature, and finally gave [illegible] it was very hard to mow where [illegible] grass.