day for Capt. Biggs and Col. White, who were at West Point together and had long been on terms of intimacy. The opportunity was embraced by Gen. Burnside to converse with the rebel Colonel in person, and the meeting was characterized by the utmost courtesy of demeanor on both sides.

In the course of an hour the General returned on board, and the Price was moved back to her previous anchorage. At 10 o'clock the fort opened fire as usual on our forces down the Split; but no reply was made, as the signal had not been given. The firing was kept up at intervals all day, numerous charges of canister and shell being thrown from the battery of small cannonades on the beach face of the fort. The 8th Connecticut was on duty all day in the trenches, and it is really surprising that no accidents (beyond the amputation of a man's great toe by a fragment of shell) should have occurred.

In the afternoon a mail was sent from the fort to Beaufort under flag of truce, in charge of Capt. Pool; and the letters containing nothing of an objectionable nature were delivered by Major Allen. The very fact that this mail was sent would seem to show that no definite idea of the nature or condition of our batteries had been formed in the fort, even with the aid of the observations from the flag-staff cross-roads. The nature of the ground was such in fact, as to afford concealment and shelter to our men; and though the enemy had surveyed and staked the beach for a distance of 1,500 yards, and directed his fire with great precision, round shot flew harmlessly over the sand hills, and shells in bursting almost spent their force in a second of the sand in which they would bury themselves. Gen. Parke's was thus enabled to continue his batteries in comparative safety, the [illegible] nullies to be feared being those fragments of shell which had burst in the air. From his preliminary reconnoissance until the completion of the batteries and magazines, only thirteen days elapsed, and of this a part was used in the transport of ordnance and materials across Bogue Sound from Carolina City. It will therefore be understood that neither Capt. Williamson, Capt. Morris, nor Lieut. Flagler could have idled much; in fact, they deserve the greatest credit for the nothing and which they displayed in the prosecution of their work, the greater part of which had to be done under the fire of the twenty-one guns of the fort which bore directly upon them. While these three officers are all brave, it will not perhaps be deemed invidious to particularize the bravery of Capt. Williamson, whose perfect impassibility to fear is proverbial. As Newbern his reconnoissances of the enemy's position were made with a daring seldom witnessed; and on the Banks here the same trait has been exemplified. One day when in the batteries he was anxious to verify the measurements between the distance stakes of the enemy, as they might have been intended as a blind to mislead us. I saw him go out on the sand-hills in plain sight of the fort, and with the assistance of Lieutenant Pollock, apply his tape to the ground for a distance of two hundred yards; this, when he was not more than 1,400 yards from the muzzles of Col. White's guns.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

It has already been remarked in this correspondence that Gen. Burnside never willingly undertakes an important enterprise on Sunday or Friday; the first because he regards the day as one of rest, and the other because so many men, and especially sailors, hold a superstition in regard to its influence on results. And yet it has curiously happened that each of these brilliant victories which his army has won, was commenced or accomplished on Friday. At Roanoke the naval engagement occurred on Friday, and the army was landed; the battle of Newbern was fought on the same day of the week; and this other great success was achieved on the same day. It is intimated also that the General was married on Friday; so that the day, however fraught with misfortunes to others, may clearly be regarded as his "wheat-ear" time. An order was sent to him by Gen. Parke on Thursday to open fire, but owing to some delay or misunderstanding, not a gun was fired until yesterday morning.

We were all astir at daylight, for we knew well enough that Gen. Parke had given the necessary order on the evening previous. Along the river front of Beaufort a score of glasses were kept pointed at the banks, where, through the gray mist, the embrasures of Capt. Morris's battery, just unmasked, could be made out. At 5½ o'clock there came from the 10-inch mortar battery a huge puff of white smoke, and in another minute the smoky balloon of the bursting shell was seen high in the air and far beyond the ramparts of the fort. Then came the heavy thunders of the two explosions, and a great cheer burst from the whole line of soldier spectators. Capt. Morris followed suit with a shot from one of his guns, which went over, and fell with a great splash in mid-channel. Then came a shell from Lieut. Prouty's 8-inch mortar, which burst over the fort; and after that the all charges came thick and fast from all three batteries. The column of smoke from Lieut. Flagler's first discharge had hardly reared itself over the battery before the sun on the flag-staff, who doubtless had expected his usual quiet observations, was seen to come down the bulkhead by the run; standing not upon the order of his going, but going like a man well hit when the cool breath. Groups of hilloes in the silly-port and on the glacis were observed like chaff by a wind, and all sought refuge within the walls. All but two, whom I saw hiding like a pair of ostriches, behind a frail wooden boat which had been hauled up high and dry on the glacis. The second projectile had hardly screamed over their heads before they left their place of concealment and sent the fort into the fort.

At 6·10 the fort replied with a shot from Capt. Manny's 32-pounder battery on the lower terreplein, which struck on the hill to the right of Morris's battery without doing harm. The compliment was acknowledged by Capt. Morris with two of his shots, aimed straight for Manny's battery, both striking on the plunge near him, and throwing masses of dirt into the air as they ricocheted to the rampart. The heavy columbiads and 32-pounders on the upper terreplein now opened fire on our position, and the 8-in. charges followed each other so rapidly that the fort looked almost like a volcano belching fire and smoke. The noise of the cannonade was scarcely uninterrupted and great [illegible] that it seemed as if a dozen tropical thunder-storms were raging simultaneously in our vicinity. The sun shone bright on the scene of strife, and above the smoke cloud on the fort would now and then be seen [illegible] the rich colors of the Rebel flag, streaming straight out in the strong breeze which blew from the south-west.

By 8 o'clock the fort was firing nearly a gun a minute, and our batteries still more rapidly. I counted seven shots and eight shells going from our side in fifteen minutes; and it must be recollected that we had only eight mortars and three guns at work. At 8 the squadron moved up to the edge of the shoal in grand style, Commodore Lockwood on the Daylight leading, and, following each other round in an ellipse, as the large vessels did at Port Royal, they delivered their fire in turn. A heavy sea was running at the time, and the little gunboats rolled unmercifully from side to side. Their shot fell short with the exception of the Chippewa's, a shell from which went clean over the fort, and exploded on the Town Marsh, not more than a hale-mile from the Beaufort wharves. Then there were sudden retreats of timorous spectators, you may tell me; and the more unsteady of nerve continued their reconnoissances from a safer distance inland.

The gunboat attack on the fort was not borne meekly, for the ellipse had not been sailed over before Capt. Poor opened on the squadron from his heavy guns on the south angle of the upper terreplein. His column-and 8-inch rifles were served so well that a shot entered the Daylight, almost letting daylight through her; a shell tore through the Georgia's flag; the rigging of the Daylight was cut—as the saying in North Carolina is it—into "strips and strings;" the Chippewa was grazed; and the Genshok had some of her braces and back-stays carried away. The boats all stood well up to the rack, and might have added materially in the work of reduction, if they could only have had the smooth water in which they lay all Tuesday and Wednesday. As it was, their shot did no damage whatever, if we may believe the statements of the garrison, the best directed falling on the rearward face of the glacis. It certainly seemed to me, however, that some of their shells exploded on the rampart and in the ditch. As an instance of the unsteadiness of the vessels during the action, it may be mentioned that one of the Georgia's 32-pounder guns of 5,900 weight, was tilted up behind until the muzzle actually smashed the half-port lid which hung below it.

The scene at this time was very grand, and would have afforded the materials for a Vernet battle-piece. The squadron steaming slowly in their elliptical course, and firing by turns; the fort pouring fire and smoke at two sides; our land batteries all engaged at once; the smoke puffs of the badly sent bombs showing clear and white against the blue sky; the flag of treason and rebellion flying over the green slopes of the work; and the bright sun above all shining on the picture. The thunder of cannon now shook the ground beneath our feet, and the window panes rattled in the house as if they would be shivered the next instant. Women who had friends in the fort would stand on the door-sill pressing through the window, and wave their handkerchiefs in joy so long as the fort was firing upon us without reply, but when our attack was raging from land and sea, shell after shell bursting within the walls or on the ramparts, and one gun after another becoming silenced, they shrank from view, and no doubt gave way to their grief in the privacy of their apartments. As I walked that morning along the river front to the boat in which I was to cross to Morehead, and saw the tearful eyes and mournful faces of women, I could not help thinking of that April day a year ago when the terrible fire of thirteen Rebel batteries was directed upon a few loyal men in Fort Sumter, and I thanked God in my heart that the day of retribution had come so speedily.

At 10 o'clock, the gunboats, finding it useless for them to continue the engagement, hauled off, and took the position opposite our camp whence they had started to the attack. Up to this time many of Capt. Morris's shot had been wasted by the extreme elevation of the guns, and Lieut. Flagler's heavy mortars were bursting their shells in mid-channel. Gen. Parke had stationed Lieut. Doing of the Signal Corps at Morehead City, Lieuts. Fricker, Andrews, and Walk at Beaufort, Lieuts. Marsh, Lyon, and Palmer on the Banks, Lieut. Beasley at Carolina City, and Lieut. Hopkins on the gunboat Daylight. A perfect system of communication was thus established on all sides of the besieged fortress, and orders and communications could be transmitted from headquarters to any desired point rapidly and with accuracy. In fact, as I have previously stated, the value of the Meyer code to the army has been thoroughly proved in Gen. Parke's division, if never before.

The signal officers at Beaufort and Morehead were directed to observe the flight of our shot and shell and report to the batteries when the projectiles were going far astray. At half past 10 the following message was despatched over from Morehead:

"The range is too high and the heavy shells burst too far behind the fort."

This news was timely, and acted upon at once by Capt. Morris and Lieut. Flagler. The guns of the latter were depressed, and the fuses of the other shortened; and after that for several hours two shots out of three must have struck the work. Lieut. Prouty, whether because he was nearer the fort, or that his position a little to one side enabled him to see the effect of his shells better, got the range early in the day and made excellent practice throughout.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock, the two armed barges in command of Capt. S. D. Nichols and Lieut. Baxter of the Marine Artillery, were hedged down to within three miles of the fort, opened fire, and threw about thirty shots, some of which must have done execution, for the marks of the Parrott projectiles were seen on that face. At 11 o'clock the platforms of the right hand mortar, and the third from the right, in the 10-inch battery, had become thoroughly splintered by the powerful concussion to which they had been exposed for nearly six hours, the sand having worked out from beneath in places, and left the planks to bear the whole strain without support. A rest was accordingly taken to make the necessary repairs, and another forced intermission of Lieut. Flagler's fire occurred soon after, by the breaking of the shoulders on three of the beds. The damages repaired, work was resumed, and continued without further interruption until the close. Late in the day, when one of the enemy's guns after another had been silenced, and the fire of the fort slackened off, Lieutenant Flagler's practice was really splendid, for he was enabled to stand with tolerable safety on his parapet, observe the effect of his fire, and give the necessary directions for its management. One of his men, a private in the 3d Artillery (N. Y. Vols.), whose duty it was to watch the fort and warn his comrades of coming shot or shell, was driving an alignment at the about this time, when a gun was fired by the enemy. He saw the puff and cried out, as usual, "Down!" but failing to get shelter in time, the ball—a 24-pounder from Capt. Manny's battery—struck him in the chest and tore him to pieces. His breast-bone and ribs were split off as if they had been the lid of a box, his heart fell out, and a bruised mass of flesh and blood was buried in Lieut. Flagler's face and over his person. Dabs of flesh and clots of blood were splashed over the walls and platforms of the battery, and the quivering remains of the poor fellow were pitched headlong into the sand. Of all the sad and sickening sights of a battle-field this must have been almost the worst; the recollection of it is too much for endurance.

All through the bombardment, the bravery of two companies of Rebel gunners was especially notable. One, at the 24-pounder battery on the lower terreplein, was commanded by Capt. Manny; the other—Capt. Pool's—worked the battery of heavy guns at the south angle of the rampart. Flagler's shells and Morris's shot would strike the crest, or at their feet, and envelop them in clouds of smoke or dust; but as soon as these were blown aside, the Rebel gunners would be seen sponging or loading their guns with redoubled zeal. North Carolinians may not have fought as they should at Roanoke and Newbern, but I could pick out of the garrison of Fort Macon a score of men who would stand killing as well even as our Rhode Islanders, or Connecticut and Massachusetts lads.

Capt. Pool's battery was more to be feared by our gunboats and shore batteries than any other in the fort, on account of their weight of metal. On the south face of the angle in which they stood was an 8-inch columbiad on a barbette carriage; at the east side stood a 10-inch columbiad on a wrought-iron barbette carriage; and next to it was the 6-inch rifle, affectionately named "Maggie McRae," which has such a long range. Naturally the fire of Capt. Morris and Lieut. Flagler was directed first to this point; and with such success that by 2 p. m., the battery was silenced. The condition of the pieces will be described in the appropriate place. Our batteries were worked with a view to making the ammunition hold out until nightfall, when it was proposed to hand up fresh supplies and fill the service magazines. Our last shell practice was from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m., at which time nearly every bomb was burst in the fort or on the slopes. At 3½ o'clock a desperate effort seemed made by the garrison to silence our batteries, for all the guns bearing up the beach, not dismounted, were opened upon us. A thirty-two-pounder shot passed through one of Capt. Morris's embrasures, and striking the wheel of the gun-carriage, splintered it well. Some of the flying fragments of wood inflicted slight wounds upon two of the privates serving the piece, but in a short time the gallant fellows were able to return to their posts.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

At 4 o'clock, just as Lieut. Flagler was about to discharge his mortars, and the men stood by to fire their fuses, a white flag was waved behind the sandbag traverse at the S. E. angle of the ramparts. The signal being observed at all three batteries, the order was given to cease firing, and Lieut. Hill's white handkerchief, tied to a bit of stick, was raised in response. The Rebel flag then passed along the rampart, disappeared for a few moments, and was then seen coming through the sally port, followed by quite a procession. First came two officers in uniform, then the flag, two sergeants, two corporals, and a number of privates marching in two files, unarmed. The band of dejected men moved slowly toward the ruined chimney of the Elason house, which stands about midway from the Prouty Battery to the fort, and Capt. Pell, giving our make-shift flag to a little sailor boy of Capt. Caswell's party, went out to meet them accompanied by Lieut. Hill of Gen. Parke's staff, and Lieut. Prouty, all three beginning with dust and powder smoke. The usual civilities having been exchanged, Capt. Galon of the garrison stated that he was charged with a proposal from Col. White for a suspension of hostilities. Capt. Pell inquired for what purpose, and was told that it was in relation to the surrender of the fort and garrison. Lieut. Hill was at once despatched for Gen. Parke, and after his arrival a truce was agreed upon until the next morning. Communication was at once opened with Gen. Burnside, who still remained on the Alice Price, and Gen. Parke passed the night on board.

A conference was held between the two Generals, Commodore Lockwood and Col. White, at which the same terms as first proposed by Gen. Parke were offered and accepted, and the articles were duly signed. Gen. Parke agreed to hold the garrison as prisoners of war, on parole not to re-enlist until duly exchanged; the officers to retain their side arms, and officers and men to have the privilege of saving their private effects.

THE SURRENDER.

At 9 o'clock the garrison marched out by companies, stacked arms on the glacis, and remained in line until our troops approached. The Generals meanwhile had gone to our outposts to bring up the five companies on guard, which happened to be the 5th Rhode Island Battalion. The new colors of the battalion, presented by the ladies of Providence, had only reached camp the night before, and had not yet been taken from their cases. At Major Wright's request this was done by Gen. Burnside himself, who, unfurling the beautiful flags, handed them to Major Wright, who in his turn placed them in the custody of the Color Sergeant. Line was then formed, and the battalion breaking into column, the two Generals placed themselves at the head, Capt. Biggs and Capt. Morris followed, and then came Major Wright and the battalion. The procession moved up to the fort would stand on the [illegible] fort, around the foot of the glacis to the sally port, and halted on the slope with the color in front, as the Rebel garrison filed over the drawbridge, into the fort. Not a word was uttered by the Rhode Islanders, not a jeer or a scoff escaped their lips as the captive companies moved past their line. I have heard Burnside since declare that he felt proud of his men that in the hour of triumph they should have deported themselves with such magnanimity. How different would have been the case if the other party had been victorious we may infer from the conduct of our enemy on numerous occasions, now become a part of history.

Col. White, who all throughout the negotiations had borne himself with scrupulous good breeding, had invited Gen. Burnside to enter the fort and wait in his quarters for his men to arrive; but our noble commander declined, remarking in polite terms that he could never go beneath the flag which was then flying at mast-head. The garrison being all within the walls, the 5th Battalion marched around the fort, the companies being stationed on guard in turn until the circuit of the works was made.

THE REBEL FLAG LOWERED.

It was now past 10 o'clock, and the time for the great event of all had arrived. Over at Beaufort could be seen the wharves and houses thronged with spectators; and away up Core Sound were numerous small craft in plain sight, hovering on the edge of the grand picture which was presented on this bright and beautiful April morning. The squadron of gunboats, with steam up and colors flying, lay off and on outside the bar, ready to fight or salute, as might be necessary. At 10½ o'clock a squad of men from the garrison, detailed by Col. White for the purpose, cast loose the halliards and hauled down the Rebel flag. Ten minutes later four of the Rhode Island boys hoisted the American ensign, the glorious Stars and Stripes, to the mast-head, and a great cheer broke from our men, which was caught up and echoed by the sailors on ship-board, and even the citizens over the harbor, in Beaufort, whose loud shout came to us on the breeze. Not much time passed before the roar of a cannon was heard off to seaward, and then gun after gun thundered from the squadron until the whole national salute had been given. Then came congratulations and hand-shakings between the generals and their officers, and between brothers in arms of every grade; and every eye was moist, every voice cheery, and every face beaming with pleasure. Except; alas! except within the walls, where 400 American citizens, traitors to their country, prisoners of war shut up in the fortress which had been shattered about their heads, had no tongue to cheer for that country's glory, no heart to swell in joy at her triumph.

The flag of the rebel garrison of Fort Macon was made of the old American flag which was flying from her ramparts when Captain Pender and his band of traitors took the post from its solitary guardian, Ordnance Sergeant Alexander, on the 14th of April last year. The red and white stripes had been ripped apart, and arranged in the broad bars of the new dispensation. Of the thirty-four stars in the field, those which were not needed to represent the traitorous sister States of the Confederacy were cut out, and the holes left unsewn. The flag which was hoisted in place of this patchwork ensign, was found in the fort in one of the casemates. It had been taken from the wreck of the steamer Union which went ashore on Bogue beach and was wrecked at the time of the Port Royal expedition. The flag of the Confederates was presented by Gen. Burnside to the 5th Battalion to be transmitted to Gov. Sprague for the State of Rhode Island. But for the accident that the 5th had relieved the 8th Connecticut the previous evening, the captured flag would have gone to grace the legislative halls at Hartford.

A message was dispatched at once for the 4th Rhode Island, and sentries were posted on the drawbridge to prevent the entrance of our men into the fort to disturb the garrison while engaged in packing up their effects. In the course of an hour, the 4th was marching up the beach, past the batteries, with the regimental colors flying, and Capt. Joe Green's band at their head playing the national airs. The regiment was halted at the foot of the slope, and the band played the Star-Spangled Banner, Red, White and Blue, Hail Columbia, and Yankee Doodle. I had got within the fort some time previous to this, and, when the band struck up, went to the rampart to see the spectacle. A crowd of the prisoners had been standing or lounging idly behind the revetment, but, on hearing the familiar airs, stumbled to the slope, one of them saying, "Let's all be Yankees together, and hear the music." One surly fellow, who overheard the remark, said "No; he'd be—d if he would; he was as near that cursed flag as he wanted to be.

Previous to the arrival of the 4th, Joe Green had come on in advance, his silver-toned bugle under his arm as usual, and, when the national colors had been hoisted to the mast-head, he mounted to the rampart and gave us a patriotic solo on the instrument. The sweet notes lingered through the arched casemates and within the walls, as if loth to die away in space, and they touched the heart of many a soldier mother. When the gray-bearded old man came out at the sally-port again, he was greeted with three rousing cheers from the men of the 4th Battalion, which at this time was the only command there.

A TOUR OF THE WORK.

During the bombardment we could see in only a small degree the effects of the fire of our batteries, but once within the work the whole secret was laid bare. On every side were the evidences of a violent cannonade; and shattered walls and dismounted guns attested the terrible efficiency of rifled guns and heavy mortars. In the parade were a score of great pits dug by bursting bombs, of which the fragments were strewn on every side. The casemate fronts were scarred and shattered by Parrott shot. The coping was broken in many places. A solid stone step in one of the staircases which covered the magazines, had been bored through and through by one of these terrible projectiles; and the earth of the rampart was plowed in furrows or scooped out in mass, where they had passed. I sat long on one of the staircases and looked around at the scene of dreary desolation. The parade had once been finely sodded, but it was now bare of verdure except here and there a little patch which clung to life. The walls were yellow-washed, the arches over the windows painted red, and doors and window-frames, once white, were now begrimed with dirt and foul with grease. Before the casemate entrances the bars of iron removed from the railroad which leads to the fort-wharf, had been leaned against the wall as a protection to the inmates; but at one point the ends of two of these had been cut off by a Parrott shot which buried itself afterward to the very head in the solid brick. There it is sticking, and there let it stick as long as the walls stand, in memorial of the day. The parade was covered with prisoners and their baggage, and the scene was one of busy animation. With some exceptions the Rebel officers and men were ill clothed, their gray uniforms being made of coarse material, and some well tattered. The men themselves were of strong physique and might be worked up into good soldiers. They compared favorably with any of the lots of prisoners we have taken. Some of the officers—especially the adjutant—were handsome and of soldierly bearing. Col. White himself is tall, well formed, of dark complexion, has high cheek-bones, brown hair cut short, and wears no beard. He dresses in a light-gray uniform coat with red facings, three stars on the collar and a colonel's chevron on his sleeve; dark-blue trousers with a broad gold stripe; and the peculiar kepi which is prescribed for the Rebel army officers.

A tour of the fortification reveals in detail the damages inflicted during Gen. Parke's ten hours of bombardment. Leaving the sally-port and going to the right on the lower terreplein we see a hole between the second and third gun, where a shell has burst, a fragment splintering the carriage of the second gun; between the third gun and the angle there are three shell holes. On the south-west side is the Manny battery, two of the guns on artillery carriages mounted on wooden platforms. The glacis in front is like a plowed field, from the number of shot which have struck and shell which have burst. A rifled shot passed lengthwise through the front of the first gun, broke the elevating screw and killed the gunner as he was sighting the piece. While looking at this curious shot it was accosted by a sergeant of the 5th Battalion, who had formerly worked in THE TRIBUNE composing room, and learned from him that six of our printers were in the ranks of the battalion, and then a guard around the fort.

Next to Manny's battery comes one of six small carronades, the flanking guns which had been removed from the counterscarp gallleries, arranged as mortars, to throw grape, canister, and small shell. Their slide carriages were depressed at the rear and rigged with small pulleys, and poor apologies of wooden traverses had been made; but the battery reflected little credit upon the officers who organized it. The slope in front of these guns was well plowed and dug by our projectiles. The scarp wall on this face was scarred in 27 places by Capt. Morris's shot, some of the wounds being very deep and wide. At the south-east angle a shell had burst, dug a pit five feet deep, torn away a great piece of the revetment, and splintered the carriage of the gun next adjoining. The marks of six Parrot shots were to be seen on the angle of the escarp. In Pool's battery, at the south angle, a most remarkable effect of one of these shots was shown me. The shot had performed the cross-bar of the he barbette carriage of the 8-inch columbiad, broken the elevating screw, killed the gunner, and disabled the piece; then passing to the 10-inch gun, it dismounted it, killed two men, and wounded three more; then striking the brick revetment, it glanced to the next gun, which it disabled, and wounded Capt. Pool's son, who was acting as Captain of the gun, after which it fell into the ditch. The concussion prostrated every man at the three guns. These facts I learned from Capt. Pool himself, whose veracity cannot be questioned.

On the eastern face, the fifth gun was dismounted by a shot which glanced from the opposite slope, broke the carriage into pieces, and threw the gun over on its side. On the south-east face the number of shell holes was large, and the carriages of the first and third guns were somewhat splintered. On the north-east face a shell had burst beneath the first gun, close to the brick work of the traverse, but neither the gun itself was dismounted nor the carriage injured in any way. The next gun was dismounted, and the next but one beyond it. A Parrott shot had struck the corner of the counterscarp wall and knocked out nearly a cart-load of bricks and mortar.

On the upper terreplein the same scene of destruction presented itself. On the east side the revetment was badly shattered and the ground torn up. On the west side a shell which burst on the parapet tore up the ground beneath the first gun from the flag-staff and scattered the traverse. Another bursting at the second gun wounded three men and covered their comrades with rubbish; between this and the next gun two shots had plowed through the crest and glanced over to the opposite side of the work. At the S. W. angle a shell which exploded beside a 32-pounder tore a man into pieces. One of his comrades who related to me the circumstance, says he saw the shell coming and crouched behind the revetment. The shell burst almost in his lap, certainly it was not four feet from his knees, but by one of those curious chances of war the fragments flew over his head, and he escaped injury. On the S. W. face the third gun was dismounted by a shot which passed through the two uprights of the carriage frame. On the N. E. face the second gun was dismounted, one wheel being completely shattered, and the frame itself partly so. The revetment was badly broken at the angle, and the low chimney of one of the casemates was lifted off bodily and lay on the grass. On the S. E. face both the second and third guns were dismounted, one side of the carriage of the third being completely demolished. Sketches of this catastrophe were made by the artists of the two illustrated papers represented in the division. The same shot which did this damage had struck the brick traverse and glanced, breaking the granite cap, peeling off the iron traverse slide and throwing it up on the ramparts. The carriage of one other gun on this face was disabled by a shot, and the rampart was plowed up in numerous places.

This completes the circuit of the work. Officers, who were at the trouble of counting the marks of shot and shell on the work, state that there are 560—nine and a half of the whole number, 1,100, which were fired from the three batteries. It is true that the range was short, but this detracts nothing from the credit which is due to Capt. Morris, Lieut. Flagler, and Lieut. Prouty, for their practice. If, in a bombardment of only 11 hours, 17 guns could be disabled, 3 men killed, 20 wounded, and so much injury done to a fort which was protected from breaching by its glacis, what might not have been accomplished in the same length of time the Gen. Gillmore's guns and mortars were playing upon Fort Pulaski? Although one is a stone castle and the other an earth-sheltered work, a comparison between the nature and results of the two sieges would not be unfair. Thirty-six pieces of ordnance bore upon Pulaski—12 heavy 13-inch mortars, four 10-inch mortars, six 10-inch columbiads, four 8-inch columbiads, five 30-pounder Parrotts, two 42-pounder rifled James, two 32-pounder rifled James, and one 24-pounder James! The three batteries which fought Macon—for the gunboats and barges cannot fairly be taken into the account—mounted 11 pieces, all told; and yet the most brilliant success was achieved in one-third the time, and at the expense of only one man killed and two wounded!

There were found in the fort 20,000 lbs. powder, with shot and shell in proportion; a large supply of provisions, and abundance of water. The garrison is estimated by the Adjutant at 449 men, exclusive of officers; but at the time when I questioned him, he did not have the company reports in his possession, and could not give the exact figures. Two companies were armed with Mississippi rifles, the range and accuracy of which are superior; the remainder had the Harper's Ferry musket, with percussion locks.

With the means of resistance at their command, the garrison should have been able to hold out a much longer time than it did; but the effect of our Parrott shot was so remarkable, that no doubt the officers feared the magazines might be breached, and from motives of humanity they preferred a surrender to the chances of a long siege. Attention has already been called to the fact that a solid stone step over the magazine was bored through by a Parrott shot. There can be no question but that in another twelve-hours' cannonade, this magazine would have stood a fair chance of being exploded, unless some of the iron bars had been laid on the interior, to cause our projectiles to glance upward. Even then, it is not at all clear that the expedient would have been successful.

Adjutant Walker was so obliging as to give me the list of officers of the garrison:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. M. J. White, Adjutant Robert E. Walker; Quartermaster, Capt. J. F. Divine; Commissary, Capt. W. C. King; Surgeon, W. Strudwick.

COMPANY OFFICERS—Company B—Capt. H. T. Guion; First Lieut. T. Col man; Second Lieut. J. W. Stevenson; Third Lieut. R. D. Walsh. Company F—Capt. W. S. H. Andrews; First Lieut. D. Cordell; Second Lieut. A. J. Riggs; Third Lieut. R. W. Evans. Company G—Capt. J. L. Manly; First Lieut. R. E. Walker; Second Lieut. W. H. Pender; Third Lieut. J. D. Robinson. Company H—Capt. S. D. Pool; First Lieut. J. C. Mason; Second Lieut. J. F. Bateman; Third Lieut. B. T. Mann. Company K—Capt. R. H. Moore; First Lieut. R. C. Gainey; Second Lieut. W. Dana; Third Lieut. J. C. Robertson.

In the afternoon the two Beaufort companies were sent across in the stern-wheeler North State, and Capt. Guion's Company, which had been recruited in Newbern and its vicinity, were taken on board the Alice Price, which was to start up Core Sound in the evening. The remaining two companies are to go to Wilmington, where they will be within their own lines, and find their way home at their leisure. I heard from the men nothing but expressions of satisfaction at the prospect of getting back to their friends, and not a few declared they would not be caught in the field again. In numerous instances the privates complained that they had been drafted and forced to take up arms in a cause for which they had no sympathy. As a body, I thought they fraternized easily with our men, exhibiting none of that rancor, on the possession of which such scum as the Louisiana Wild Cats pride themselves.

The cases of the Alliance and Gordon, the two English (?) ships in port, are peculiar, and may lead to sharp diplomacy. Both are owned by Fraser & Co. Charleston, cleared from St. John's, N. B., for Havana and Liverpool, put in here in violation of their articles, disposed of their cargoes, filled up with turpentine and cotton, attempted to ship out of the harbor, but failed, and have been lying here since last August. The skipper of the Alliance is a native of Saybrook, Conn.; he of the Gordon was born and raised within thirty miles of where his ship is now lying. De Forest, of the Alliance, aided in carrying guns, ammunition and provisions to Fort Macon just before the battle of Newbern, acting for a whole month as captain of a little steamer which ran between Morehead and Macon. Both are regarded by the inhabitants of this district as Secessionists, and it is believed that they at one time were prepared to destroy their ships in case they were likely to fall into our hands. On Thursday word was sent to them by Col. Harland, of the 8th Connecticut, which garrisons Morehead, to come to headquarters and take an oath of neutrality. They refused; so guards were sent on board, and the troublesome Anglo-Americans were put under arrest. Thinking better of the matter, both took the required obligation yesterday and were released. A navy boat, however, has dropped down this morning, and is now lying between the two. They will make rich prizes in case they are seized, their cargoes being worth, at present market prices, not much short of $30,000 each. The amount of duties paid on their inward and outward cargoes to Jeff. Davis's Collector of the Port, was $[illegible]0; in the custodiance of $[illegible],150 of which, together with the collector himself, I was fortunate enough to assist Capt. Buffon some four weeks ago.

The capture of Fort Macon gives Gen. Burnside what he has so long needed, a port of entry and a good harbor for heavy-draft vessels. The transports, gun-boats, and stone-ships will no longer need to run the gauntlet of Hatteras Inlet and the Swash; for at Beaufort they tie up at the railroad wharf in three fathoms water within half an hour after crossing the bar. Four locomotives and 100 cars—ordered some time ago by Capt. Briggs, Chief Quartermaster of this Department, are now on their way, and will be put to work immediately on their arrival. There, and the wire for the telegraph, are necessities of the most pressing nature, and should be forwarded immediately.

Beaufort would be an agreeable resort this Summer for the families of officers or civilians connected with the army, the climate being salubrious, and the bathing, boating, fishing, and shooting unexcelled. Two large hotels, owned by rebels, stand idle, but they are not likely to be filled until the regulations of the War Department become less stringent. The town is under Martial Law, which is a guaranty of personal safety not to be underestimated. The fort is left in command of Col. Rodman of the 4th Rhode Island, the post having been declined by Capt. Morris, to whom it was offered by Gen. Burnside, he preferring active service to the monotonous life of a garrison. The 4th Rhode Island is sadly in need of rest and quiet, for it has endured many hardships on the Potomac and in this Department. It will be surprising, however, if the regiment gets them, for when there is hard work to be done or a desperate exploit to be met, the Commanding General is very apt to look around and inquire for Col. Rodman.

A general order will be issued from headquarters day after to-morrow, congratulating Gen. Parke and the troops under his command on the grand success they have achieved; and it will be ordered as on the occasion of previous battles, that the name "Fort Macon, April 26, 1862," be inscribed on the colors of the regiments assisting at its capture.

The flag of the gunboat State of Georgia, which was torn by a fragment of shell, has since been presented to Gen. Burnside by Capt. Armstrong, with the concurrence of Commodore Lockwood senior officer of the squadron.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, BEAUFORT HARBOR, APRIL 26, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER—No. —. The General commanding takes peculiar pleasure in thanking Gen. Parke and his brave command for the perfect labor, fortitude and courage displayed in the investment and reduction of Fort Macon.

Every patriot heart will be filled with gratitude to God for having given to our beloved country such soldiers.

The regiments and battery companies engaged have earned the right to wear upon their colors and guidons the words—"Fort Macon, April 26, 1862."

By command of Maj.-Gen. BURNSIDE.

L. RICHMOND, Assistant Adjutant-General.

COM. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

UNITED STATES PROPELLER DAYLIGHT, BEAUFORT HARBOR, April 27, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to report that, on the 25th inst., our batteries on shore being in position, fire was opened about 6 a. m. on Fort Macon. On its being reported, I got under way, and steamed toward the other blockading vessels, making signals for them to get under way, to prepare for action, and form in line ahead.

When within range, as near as the shoals allowed us to approach, the Daylight opened fire, followed in succession by the State of Georgia, Commander James F. Armstrong; the gunboat Chippewa, Lieut.-Commanding A. Bryson, and the bark Genshok, Acting-Lieut. Edward Cavendy. The three steamers kept under way, steaming around in a circle, delivering their fire as they came within range, at a mile and a quarter distant from the fort.

The bark anchored after firing a number of rounds of shot and shell. Finding that the sea, from a south-west wind blowing on shore, caused the vessels to roll so quick and deep as to render our guns almost unmanageable to our range and the accuracy of our aim, I reluctantly withdrew after being engaged about an hour and a quarter, hoping that the wind and sea would subside so as to enable us to renew our firing in the afternoon, and the more readily adopted that course as we did not contemplate to be continuously engaged, but occasionally open fire on the enemy, whom we expected would hoist out for several days.

The wind and sea increasing rendered the renewal of the engagement impractic le that afternoon by the gunboats. Toward evening a flag of truce was displayed from the fort, which passed into our possession the following morning and we heartily cheered the reappearance of our old flag over the ramparts of Fort Macon about 10 o'clock, April 26, 1862.

On entering the fort, I had an interview with Major-Gen. Burnside, and we jointly signed the terms of capitulation on the part of the United States forces. We expended nearly one-half of our fifteen-second fused shells, and, I am happy to say, with good effect; and our time of attack was most opportune, as we drew the fire of the enemy from an important land battery, which enabled our forces to repair damages caused by the concentrated fire thereon. The fire of the enemy on the vessels from guns of greater range was excellent. Their shot and shell fell around us in every direction. Many good line shots passed just over and beyond us as we successively passed their line of fire, and we were exceedingly fortunate in receiving so little damage. The Daylight was struck by an 8-inch solid shot on the starboard quarter, below the spar deck, passing through several bulkheads and the deck below, to the opposite side of the vessel in the engine-room, about six inches above the machinery, among which it dropped. A splinter fractured the small bone of the right forearm of Acting Third Assistant Engineer Eugene J. Wade, and I am happy to state that this was the only casualty that occurred.

I am informed that our forces on shore had one killed and two wounded, and that the enemy had eight killed and twenty wounded. It is remarkable that so important a victory should have been achieve with so little loss of life, particularly as the interior of the fort was literally covered with the fragments of bombs and shells, and many of their guns disabled.

I herewith inclose the reports of the several commanders, and it gives me great pleasure to commend the gallantry of all.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, SAMUEL LOCKWOOD, Commander, and Senior Officer present.

To Flag Officer M. Goldsborough, United States flag-ship Minnesota, Hampton Roads, Va.

FROM NASSAU, N. P.

THE NASHVILLE STILL IN PORT.

The schooner Levi Rowe, Capt. Keller, arrived at this port on Saturday, from Nassau, N.P., which port she sailed from on the 19th of April. She brings us *The Nassau Guardian* of that date, and the following intelligence from our Consul at that place:

All business is at a dead lock, save that of furnishing supplies to the Rebel blockade runners. The House of Assembly is still in session, and mighty specimens of Bahama eloquence amuse the American visitors.

The weather is cool and pleasant, though the American visitors are turning their steps homeward, and filling all the sailing-vessels Northward bound. The steamship Karnak has been given up to the wreckers, and will prove a total loss. The pilot is much censured, as Capt. Le Messurier warned him that he was keeping too far to westward. A flattering testimonial to Capt. Le Messurier has been signed by all the Americans here who have sailed with Him.

Business at the Cat Islands is stagnant, and provisions are scarce, yet the Secession sympathy is strong as ever.

The British steamers Southwick, Ella Wesley (since captured and now in this port), Gladiator, and H. B. M.'s steamer Bull Dog, all engaged in bringing arms and munitions of war for the Rebel States, are in port. Also the confederate steamers Nashville and Cecile, ready to run the blockade. H. B. M.'s steamer Bull Dog, Commander McKillop, will sail soon soon for New-York.

THE FALL OF FORT PULASKI.

REBEL ACCOUNT.

From The Savannah Republican, April 28.

Corporal Law arrived in the fort, in company with the signal man, whom he went to pilot, at 3 o'clock Friday morning—the day of the surrender. He remained inside the works during the whole of the bombardment on that day, and left as the flag was lowered, making his way to the South Wharf as the enemy's steamer was approaching the north landing. When the bombardment commenced on Thursday, none of the enemy's batteries on Tybee were visible, except from the smoke which pointed out the different localities to our gunboat. The shot and shell from the fort