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MY SON'S WIFE.

I never liked my son's wife from the time I kissed her birdish lips on the threshold of my house, to the day when strong men carried her out. I did not wish Egbert to marry. We were very happy together till she came. He brought her from Europe, where he had been traveling for his health. The only notice I had of his intended marriage was in a postscript to the last letter he wrote before sailing. "Mother," he says, "I shall not come alone; I bring one to cheer and light up our old home. For my sake prepare to meet her like a mother, for a mother's love she has never known." From that time I knew I should never like her. It was like his father to act so abruptly and unadvisedly—so plebeian to marry in a foreign country with none of his friends round him; and then he was my only child; must a stranger, a foreigner, come between us; put her heart between ours, push me aside? No, never! Then, perhaps she might be beautiful. My Egbert was passionately fond of beauty; he often said he should never marry until he found a woman as handsome as his mother.

What if I, the mistress of the mansion, Judge Bentley's widow, should be overlooked in the admiration for the bride!

But I said nothing. New carpets and new furniture were bought to adorn her home; new pictures and books. I arranged her room with my own hands, looping up the heavy curtains and shading off the heavy light through daintiest lace; the velvet stuffed chair and footstool where I fancied the light fell softest. One would have thought me preparing for a dear, and only daughter instead of her.

The servants were charged to receive her with every mark of attention and respect. I even gave up my own maid Flora, the best hair dresser in the city, to her special use.

And when all was arranged, I dressed in my black velvet, and with my sweetest smile met them on the threshold. Good heavens! I had expected beauty and grace, for my Egbert was a proud man; but shall I ever forget the thrill that ran through me as he led her up the steps. How all the beauty I had ever seen or imagined faded before the marvelous perfection of that face. How the words of stately welcome I had prepared died on my lips before the courtly grace with which she took my cold hand and touched my lips. From that instant I knew my reign was over; for where that young creature dwelt, there she must rule. There was no ungraceful usurpation of authority, but gradually I felt my power waning; the chains slipped link by link from my hands, and she was the one to gather them up.—Visitors crowded to the house to see Egbert Bentley's bride, and at last they forgot to ask for old mistress. Days went by and glided into months, and against this thraldom I ceased to struggle. Why was it every sarcastic retort, every withering look was crushed down deep in my heart the instant I met her eye? Why was it I watched so intently every change in that white face I hated so? The years that have passed have not made me hate it less. Why was it every outward manifestation of that deadly bitterness was trampled down? An answer from that long silent form comes back to me in mocking tones—"because that hate was returned as freely as given." She hated as deeply as I and hers was the stronger spirit; she expected to triumph and to reign in my house after I had passed away. And I, dreamed and prayed for revenge, which came quick and abundant.—Her child came like a sunbeam into the house but quickly followed by a shadow. I watched—how earnestly, ye who have watched likewise can only know, and I saw before she did that she must die. One night I was in the garden. Margaret Bentley was in her own private room, on the lower floor at the eastern wing of the house; it was a beautiful secluded room almost entirely surrounded by trees.

As I passed an angle of the building I fancied I heard voices in the direction of her room, and knowing my son to be absent, was somewhat surprised. Softly I crept round under the foliage until I gained a station commanding the room.

A faint light from one gas burner revealed the faces of the occupants. The low French windows were open into the garden; and leaning against one in an attitude to show to advantage a form of perfect grandeur, was a man in the rich military dress of an English officer of high rank.

Of his face I only gained a profile view; it was strong and deeply cut. Margaret had risen apparently in surprise, for her shawl was fallen off, and she was holding her child. She was speaking rapidly and excitedly; with a light I never saw before in her deep eyes. The words I could not catch, but I saw her hold up her hand to the light—the hand on which glittered the wedding ring. I saw his face darken as he took a step forward, but she again held up her hand and pointed with her eyes to the child on her arm. With a strong, deadly imprecation he turned, sprang out of the window, and out of sight in an instant.—Oh! how I hugged my revenge as I stepped into the room! I might perhaps have spared her, but the revenge was sweet.

"Well, Mrs. Bentley——"

I am afraid I shall never forget her look of helpless terror as she fell back in her seat.

"Spare, oh spare my husband! Save me! I am innocent; my days are numbered For the child's sake, spare me!"

But her words fell on marble, for a long despised heart was now gathering strength; how I smiled at that grovelling form; my words were few, but the cry they received rings this moment in my ears. I never intended to tell my son, mark you; he was my idol; I would not wound his heart; she was the stumbling stone to be put out of my way. Neither did I believe her guilty, deeply as I hated her. I never believed her false to my son. Had such a thought entered my head, I would have killed her dead at my feet.

But my revenge—ah! it was sweet, and sweeter it grew as the day flew by, shortening her path. With what eagerness I watched that proud face, knowing how soon its beauty would be food for worms. How I watched the bending of that peerless form as it moved lower and lower toward the earth. I knew by the look in her eyes that it was forward to the mysterious darkness she was entering; I knew Margaret Bentley brought no willing heart to death's altar, and was not my revenge complete? No! it was not complete till she died. I stole into her room and laid my hand on hers. She started from the touch, and her lips moved.—The nurse said it was "forgiven" that trembled on her lips before they were sealed, but I know it was not, Margaret Bentley never forgave; neither did I. Just on the threshold of this world we stopped; shall we hate each other in the next? Will that white face of my son's wife meet me there? They say there is rest in the grave, but I fear that face will follow me even after its everlasting silence. If there is rest let it come quickly.

REBELLION

Lord Dunmore finding his province in what he thought a state of rebellion, his lordship determined to act with more rigorous severity. He issued a proclamation declaring martial law to be in force throughout the colony and erected the royal standard to which he commanded his majesty's subjects to repair.

More zealous in his intention to promote the interests of his country than discriminating and moderate in his policy, he projected a scheme of very questionable wisdom:—to allow, by the offer of freedom, negro slaves, of whom there were great numbers in the Southern colonies, to embrace the royal cause by rising against their masters. Even well-wishers to the British government censured this proposition, as tending to lessen the bonds of society, to destroy domestic security, and instigate savages to the most atrocious barbarities. By putting arms into such hands the friends as well as the enemies of the Government would suffer; the negroes neither would nor could distinguish between the well and ill-affected, and would involve all the whites within their power in a promiscuous massacre. The Virginians, when this proclamation was issued, were driven to the most furious resentment, and thenceforward set no bounds to their enmity. The project had the same fate with many of the compulsory schemes of Government, causing violent irritation without affording adequate benefits.

Mr. Connelly, a native of the interior part Pennsylania, proposed to Lord Dunmore to invade Virginia and other Southern colonies with parties of loyalists from the inland country, that he might acquire the co-operation of the Indians and of the slaves stimulated against their masters. His lordship approved of the design; but Mr. Connelly having set out to carry it into execution was seized on his way, and his papers being read the whole scheme was discovered and overthrown and Mr. Connelly sent to Philadelphia.

Mr. Martin and Lord William Campbell, respectively Governors of North and South Carolina, having adopted similar plans of exciting negroes to insurrection, and calling down the back settlers, were obliged to leave their governments and retire on board ships of war.

But in truth the cry of Dunmore did not rouse among the Africans a passion for freedom. To them bondage in Virginia was not a lower condition of being than their former one; they had no regrets for ancient privileges lost; their memories prompted no demand for political changes; no struggling aspirations of their own had invited Dunmore's interposition; no memorial of their grievances had preceded his offices.—*Bancroft's U. S., vol.* 8, *p.* 225—*year* 1775.

They rush on with headlong indiscretion, thinking not to involve the empire in a civil war, but to subdue the Americans by fear. The first step towards inspiring terror was, to declare Massachusetts in a state of *rebellion*, and to pledge the Parliament and the whole force of Great Britain to its reduction; the next, by prohibiting the American fisheries, to *starve* New England; the next to call out the savages on the rear of the colonies; the next *to incite a servile insurrection.—Bancroft's U. S., vol.* 7, *p.* 322.

SUCCESS OF THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

PARTICULARS OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE FORTS.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Fortress Monroe, Nov. 12, *P. M.*—The steamer Bienville has just arrived at Old Point from the Great Expedition. She left Port Royal on Sunday morning and brings highly important and most cheering intelligence. She proceeds at once to New York, where she will be due to-morrow. Capt. Steedman, however, left her at this place and proceeds at once to Washington with despatches and trophies—two brass cannon and the Secession flags taken from the Rebels.

He reports the gale encountered by the fleet to have been very severe. The steamers Union and Osceola went ashore and were lost, as previously reported. The steamer Governor foundered at sea, but the Isaac F. Smith succeeded in saving all her crew, with the exception of a few marines.

The fleet arrived at Port Royal on Monday, the 4th inst. On Tuesday the small gunboats sounded and buoyed out the channel under a fire from the forts, which did no damage. On Wednesday the weather prevented active operations, but on Thursday morning the 7th inst., the men-of-war and the gunboats advanced to the attack.

The Action Commenced.

At 10 A. M. the action commenced, and was hotly carried on on both sides, and lasted about four hours, at the end of which time the Rebels were compelled by the shower of shells from the fleet to abandon their works and beat a hasty retreat.

Our loss in this brilliant opening of the campaign in South Carolina was only eight men killed, including the Chief Engineer of the Mohican, and about twenty wounded.

The Rebels' loss in the action is not known, but fifty-two dead bodies were found by our men and buried. All their wounded, except two, were carried off.

Two forts were captured—Forts Walker, on Hilton Head, mounting 23 guns, and Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, mounting 19 guns. The guns were of heavy calibre.

They were both new and splendid earthworks of great strength, constructed in the highest style of military science, and pronounced by our engineers as impregnable against any assault by land forces.

The Rebels Retreat—A Complete [illegible]

The final retreat of the Rebels was a perfect rout. They left everything, and equipments of all kinds, even the officers' swords and commissions. All their letters and papers, both public and private, order books and documents of all kinds, were left in their flight and fell into our hands, affording our officers much valuable information.

Among the papers was a despatch from Jeff. Davis to the commander of the post, informing him of the sailing of the fleet, and that he knew their destination to be Port Royal. (Query—who was the traitor?)

The whole surrounding country was seized with a fearful panic on the arrival of the fleet. The day after the flight of the enemy from their entrenchments the Seneca and two other gunboats, under the command of Lieut. Amman, proceeded up to Beaufort, and found but one white man in the town, and he was drunk.

All the plantations up the river seemed to be deserted except by the negroes, who were seen in great numbers, and who, as the boats passed, came down to the shore with bundles in their hands, as if expecting to be taken right off.

Our troops seized all the letters in the Post Office at Beaufort.

Landing of the National Army.

After the capture of the forts the whole army, about fifteen thousand strong, were safely landed and established on shore.

The forts were but little injured, but the Rebels could not stand the explosion of our big shells.

The force of the enemy in the forts, as ascertained from their papers, was from three to four thousand men, under General Drayton, of South Carolina.

Our victory is complete—the enemy leaving everything but their lives, which they saved by running.

J. S. Bradford, of the Coast Survey, bearer of despatches, and R. H. Wyman, Commanding the Pawnee, also arrived here in the Bienville, and took the boat from here this evening for Baltimore.

The boats from the Wabash were the first to land after the fight, and Captain John Rodgers was the first man on shore.

The boats returned loaded with valuable trophies of all kinds, one of our officers finding an elegant cavalry sword with a solid silver scabbard. Swords, pistols, etc., etc., were scattered about in every direction and in any quantity.

But four prisoners were found, two of whom were wounded.

All hands connected with the fleet are represented as acting in the most gallant manner.

The reporters who accompany the expedition return to New York with full details.

None of the Federal Vessels Sunk.

Notwithstanding the heavy calibre of the guns in the Rebel forts, and their abundant supply of ammunition, as subsequent discoveries proved, not one of our fleet was either sunk or burnt, and none were seriously injured or even disabled!

The gunboat Pawnee, which rendered efficient service in the fight, suffered more seriously than any of the war vessels engaged, and yet she was not disabled in the slightest. A roundshot went through her wardroom, and another ball damaged the Second Lieutenants room, doing severe havoc to the furniture, but doing the ship no material damage.

This ship lost six in killed and two other of her gallant fellows were wounded.

Your correspondent regrets that he is unable to furnish the names of the killed and wounded.

The flag-ship Wabash escaped with only trifling injury. Her mainmast was, to use navy parlance, "badly wounded" by a round shot.

The Pocahontas had but one man injured.

The Chief Engineer of the Mohican was, as before staied, killed, and an Assistant Engineer of the Pocahontas is reported to have been badly injured, if not killed.

The Rebels Set a Trap but it Misses Fire.

When our brave fellows landed to take possession of the forts they found the Rebel flag at the fort on Hilton Head still flying, and just as one of our men pulled at the halyards to draw down the traitorous banner an explosion took place in the house just vacated by the Rebel officers, but doing but little damage and injuring no one. It was found on examination that they had, before evacuating the place, arranged what they thought would prove a deadly trap to the victors. Mines had been laid and matches so arranged that when the halyards of the flag should be drawn down by our troops the mines would be sprung, firing the magazines, and blow up the whole work, and involve the victors in the common ruin. But it did not go off, and soon the brave old flag—*The Stars and Stripes*—waved in triumph from the Rebel flagstaff.

The magazines were found to contain a large quantity of powder and a vast quantity of ammunition, shot and shell, and various descriptions of projectiles, the latter chiefly of English manufacture.

Two small brass cannon, with the Rebel flags captured, and other articles convenient of transportation, were selected as trophies, and sent to Washington to the Secretary of the Navy.

The Susquehanna had three men wounded.

The list of casualties, as befoee stated, gives only eight killed and some twenty wounded, only a small portion of whom were considered seriously or dangerously hurt. All the wounded were doing well and the great part would be sent home in a few days.

The town of Beaufort was found, as before stated, completely deserted, except by negroes. The traitors had not occupied it when [illegible] gathering their position and occupying points which enable them fully to command the place. It was, however, virtually in our possession, the Rebel troops having entirely abandoned it, and when our gunboats visited the place they met no obstruction or opposition whatever.

Additional Particulars.

[The New York Tribune's Special Account.]

New York, Nov. 13.—The *Tribune's* special account from Port Royal says:

The Wabash led the attack, the steamer Blenville flanking the movement, which was in a circle, first delivering broadsides into Fort Beauregard on the northwest, and as the fleet came round raking Fort Walker on the southwest.

Both forts responded vigorously, and the Pawnee and Mohican having for the time got aground were considerably damaged.

The bombardment lasted four or five hours, when the enemy suddenly retreated.

The Rebels loss is supposed to have been two hundred

General Drayton commanded at Fort Walker, and Colonel Elliott at Fort Beauregard.

The Rebels retreated across Skull Creek to a village twenty-five miles in the interior, where, it is supposed, they intend to make a stand.

The negroes had already begun to pillage and destroy in Beaufort. The white population all fled to Charleston by small steamers by the inside route.

Gen. Sherman has already hundreds, probably thousands, of negro laborers at work.

A great panic had seized the inhabitants of Savannah, and it was believed the capture of that city would be easy.

It is understood that General Sherman will improve the defences of his position before making any forward movement.

In the forts captured was found a large supply of ammunition and stores of the best description.

Commodore Dupont will immediately survey the harbor and place buoys and erect lights, and the position will thus be made a permanent base of operations.

Every one entered the fight with a determination that the forts should be silenced though it cost our entire fleet.

The fleet stood between eight hundred and one thousand feet from the forts, used five-second fuses, and *poured shells into them at the rate of two thousand per hour!*

Not a single shell sent by the Rebels burst in any of our ships, and every ship in the fleet was in good fighting condition at the termination of the contest, when the Rebels took to their heels.

The Surgeon of Fort Walker was killed, and at Charleston next day 13 minute guns were fired, indicative of the burial of a Brigadier.

Description of the Batteries--The Mode of Attack on Both Sides--How the Batteries were Served--The Excitement on Shore.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, gives the subjoined details of the commencement of the fight, and with the incidents attending its progress. Of course the dispatch of the Associated press, given above, is the latest:

In anticipation of the arrival of the great expedition, the rebels for some time past have been engaged in erecting batteries upon the point at Hilton's Head, and upon the opposite neck of land. The entrance of Port Royal lies between the batteries; the principal fortification on Hilton's Head was denominated Fort Walker.

It was situated on low land, and at the time of the arrival of the fleet was partially concealed by trees and underbrush. Adjoining it were other batteries of similar size, but so connected as to prove a formidable bar to the entrance of the Union war vessels. Fort Beauregard was of considerable importance, having been mounted with heavy guns.

The garrisons are believed to have been South Carolina regiments, assisted by several additional regiments which were sent from Richmond. The manner in which these forts were constructed and garrisoned may confirm the statement that the enemy were apprised of the destination of the fleet, perhaps even before it left Hampton Roads. The batteries at Bay Point, opposite Hilton's Head, were equally formidable; inside of the Port Royal entrance, and behind the batteries, lay the fleet of Commodore Tatnall, of the rebel navy; this fleet consisted only of small vessels, carrying a few heavy guns, but principally light ones.

Tugs constituted a great portion of the fleet—many of these remained outside the mouth of the entrance until the arrival of our fleet off the coast, when they formed in miniature line of battle in the position already stated, behind the guns of their own forts and across the entrance. On the morning of Thursday last, the United States fleet, consisting of forty-two (42) vessels, headed by the flag-ship, approached the mouth of Port Royal entrance; this was at half-past nine o'clock; several of the transports remained off the coast outside.

The approach of the fleet created a great stir in the batteries. The war steamers were under full headway, being perfectly confident of their soundings and of their course. Upon arriving at a suitable position, the guns of the fleet opened a continuous and well-directed fire upon Forts Walker and Beauregard, as well as those upon Bay Point. Under cover of this fire an effort was made to run the guantlet of the batteries; the result was eminently satisfactory. A number of the vessels passed through the shot and shell from the shore batteries with very trifling injuries.

At least fifteen of them, according to the rebels own statement, succeeded in passing up the entrance and attaining position where [illegible] sailed off, the mosquito fleet of Commodore Tatnall open fire, but seeing the impossibility of making any resistance, soon dispersed and some were forced to run on shore, while others were driven up the inlets until almost out of sight.

Commodore Tatnall deserted his vessel and went on shore with his men to assist in working the batteries, and used them against other vessels of the Union fleet which were endeavoring to follow the advance force.—It must not be imagined, however, that the passage of the fleet through the channel was the work of a moment; it was not accomplished until the firing had continued from half-past nine in the morning to nearly five o'clock in the afternoon. The contest was hottest about half past four o'clock P. M. During the fight one of the Union gun-boats is believed to have been burned, and three steamers disabled. The manner in which these disasters occurred is not detailed by the rebels, nor is there any allusion to the loss of life on the Federal side

It is acknowledged by the enemy that they had twenty men killed in Fort Walker alone, but it is impossible to state what their loss was at the other batteries, although doubtless very great, as our fire is mentioned as having been very effective, the guns being well aimed and of heavy calibre.—No sooner did our vessels go past the batteries at Port Royal entrance and glide into what is termed Broad river, than they made for the mouths of the inlets leading to Beaufort and to Savannah, and towards Charleston. These they immediately blockaded, although not in time to prevent the escape of some of the small rebel vessels already alluded to. Not one of the Federal vessels was sunk, and the only one believed to have been destroyed by fire was the gun-boat referred to above.

The burning of this is described as being a grand spectacle, the guns going off as the flames reached them, and throwing the shell far into the woods on shore. The crew are said to have passed through the murderous fire to another vessel, and to have escaped with very little, if any loss. The Union vessels acted under special instruction in at once blockading the inlets which lead to the most important points, and afforded loop-holes of escape to the enemy. While a portion of the fleet entered upon this duty, however, four ships made at once for Beaufort, and at three o'clock on Thursday these vesels were in sight of the town.

REPORT OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS EXPEDITIONARY CORPS,
PORT ROYAL, S. C., November 8, 1861.

To the Adjutant General United States Army, Washington, D. C.

Sir—I have the honor to report that the force under my command embarked at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 21st of October, and arrived at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on the 22d.

In consequence of the delay in the arrival of some of our transports and the unfavorable state of the weather, the fleet was unable to set out for the Southern coast until the 29th, when, under the convoy of a naval squadron under the command of Commodore Dupont, and after the most mature consideration of the objects of the expedition by that Flag Officer and myself, it was agreed to first reduce any works that might be found at Port Royal, South Carolina, and thus open the finest harbor on the coast that exists south of Hatteras.

It was calculated to reach Port Royal in five days at most, but in consequence of adverse winds and a perilous storm on the day and night of the first of November, the fleet arrived at Port Royal bar not until the fourth, and then but in part, for it had been almost entirely dispersed by the gale, and the vessels have been straggling in up to this date. The transport steamers Union, Belvidere, Osceola and Peerless have not arrived.—Two of them are known to be lost, and it is probable all are. It is gratifying, however, to say, that none of the troop transports connected with the land forces were lost, though the Winfield Scott had to sacrifice her whole cargo, and the Roanoke a portion of her cargo, to save the lives of the regiments on board; the former will be enabled to again put to sea. The vessels connected with the naval portion of the fleet have also suffered much, and some have been lost.—After a careful reconnoissance of Port Royal bay, it was ascertained that the Rebels had three field works of remarkable strength, strongly garrisoned and covered by a fleet of three gunboats, under Captain Tatnall, late of the United States Navy, besides, strong land forces which the Rebels were concentrating from Charleston and Savannah.

The troops of the Rebels were afterward ascertained to have been commanded by General Drayton. One of the forts, and probably the strongest, was situated on Hilton Head, and the other two on Phillip's Island. It was deemed proper to first reduce the fort on Hilton Head, though to do this a greater or less fire might have to be met from the batteries on Bay Point, at the same time our original plan of co-operation of the land forces in this attack had to be set aside in consequence of the loss during the voyage of a greater portion of our means of disembarkment, together with the fact that the only point where the troops should have landed was from five to six miles, measuring around the intervening shoal, from the anchoring place of our transports, altogether too great a distance for successful debarkation with our limited means. It was, therefore, agreed that the place should be reduced by the naval forces alone. In consequence of the shattered condition of the fleet, and the de[illegible] 7th inst. I was a mere spectator of the combat, and it is not my povince to render any report of this action, but I deem it an imperative duty to say that the firing and manœuvring of our fleet against that of the Rebels and their formidable land batteries was a master-piece of activity and professional skill that must have elicited the applause of the Rebels themselves as a tactical operation. I think that too much paise cannot be awarded to the science and skill exhibited by the Flag Officer of the Naval Squadron and the officers connected with his ships. I deem the performance a masterly one, and ought to have been seen to be fully appeciated. After the works were reduced I took possession of them with the land forces. The beautifully constructed work on Hilton Head was severely crippled, and many of the guns dismounted. Much slaughter had evidently been made there; many bodies having been burried in the fort, and some twenty or thirty were found some half mile distant. The island for many miles was found strewed with arms and accoutrements and baggage of the Rebels, which they threw away in their hasty retreat. We have also come into pessession of about forty pieces of ordnance, most of which are of the heaviest calibre and the most approved modes, and a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage.

It is my duty to report the valuable services of Mr. Boutelle, Assistant in the Coast Survey. Assisting me with his accurate and extensive knowledge of this country, his services were invaluable to the army as well as to the navy, and I earnestly recommend that important notice be taken of this very able and scientific officer by the War Department.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. W. SHERMAN,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Proclamation of General Sherman to the People of South Carolina.

After landing and taking possession of the forts, Gen. Sherman issued the following Proclamation to the people of South Carolina:

In obedience to the orders of the President of these United States of America, I have landed on your shores with a small force of National troops. The dictates of a duty which under these circumstances I owe to a great sovereign State, and to a proud and hospitable people, among whom I have passed some of the pleasantest days of my life, prompt me to proclaim that we have come amongst you with no feelings of personal animosity; no desire to harm your citizens, destroy your property, or interfere with any of your lawful rights or your social and local institutions, beyond what the causes herein allnded to may render unavoidable.

Citizens of South Carolina, the civilized world stands appalled at the course you are pursuing. Appalled at the crime you are committing against your own mother, the best, the most enlightened, and heretofore the most prosperous of nations. You are in a state of active rebellion against the laws of your country. You have lawlessly seized upon the forts, arsenals and other property belonging to our common country and within your borders. With this property you are in arms and waging a ruthless war against your Constitutional Government