

A Waif from Fort Welles.

PORT ROYAL, Sept. 2, 1862.

MR. EDITOR,—The recent high supply of whirling winds and "moving sands" which we have had, doubtless deprived the writer of the accompanying unfinished letter, of his valuable piece of property. He should shut down his windows better, that is if he has any. However, as I deem the thing "too good to be lost," as the papers say, I send it to you. And as the MS. possessed neither superscription nor signature, the writer will unquestionably feel much obliged to you if you will publish it—as there would seem to be no other way for him to get a copy to forward to his friend. Yours, respectfully,

M. Von H., Vol. Engr. Regt.

Encampment of ——— Pioneers, at the inchoate city of Hilton Head, S. C., August, 1862.

MY DEAR C.—When I say "Pioneers," don't understand me to mean, if you please, those intensely-bearded, bear-skinned, chamois-aproned individuals, whom in times past we were wont to admire, as the most conspicuous and "tallest" adornment offered to the public eye on N. Y. Regimental Parade days. Not at all. The inchoate city of Hilton Head has not got along so far. It has as yet neither Russ pavements nor graded avenues to march over, nor admiring Broadways, nor even an eligible Park wherein to exhibit its troops' proficiency in the difficult science of military evolutions. And yet its steps in the line of general advancement have been gigantic, immense. Its moving sands were sodden, at the first, with the blood of a hissing and serpentine rebellion, and when the nests of the reptiles hereabout were shelled out, and blown in fragments far across "Skull Creek," and those marvelous machines of fire and smoke and smut, our *gunboats*, which have sprung into existence like the fabled dragon's teeth, just to suit the occasion, then it was the Pioneers were here landed—as were others ere now, hard by old Jamestown, or on Plymouth rock.

This young city of Hilton Head, however, is very greatly ahead, in comparison with other foundational settlements, as regards its immunity from draw backs. Its complete freedom from all unusual sickness or epidemics—for which thank God!—and all attacks of foes, is remarkable. New colonies have heretofore been proverbially subject to assaults of various sorts, while this has not. The savages, or more politely, the aborigines, who were native to the soil, and who so willingly and so hastily made way for us to land, have not since made any show of returning "to hurt or to make us afraid." And we have now, since that exciting period of the original chivalry's skeddaddle, so well established ourselves, as to be able to boast of possessing camps of well-drilled men on every hand, and outpost and picket arrangements the most systematic and perfect. We have indeed been busily engaged here as if with a view to permanency. We have already, in so brief a period of time, thrown up dwelling-houses, stores and hotels; and established a Printing Office, Post Office, and Custom House. Have laid out the lines of an ordnance yard, and have established commissary and quartermaster's departments of the utmost efficiency, and remarkable completeness. And have erected, for these officer's convenience, long lines of warehouses and offices, and governmental depots, which are well filled with the usual stores, provisional and military. Our rulers have also, with a kindness not overridden by keenness, vouchsafed the means of living, and prepared places of protection freely, for helpless "contrabands," the aged, the maimed, the deserted. They have also constructed roads and bridges, and built causeways and wharves, some of which are of inestimable convenience and vast magnitude; and have thrown up, with a rapidity and power approaching to Herculean, a connected and connecting series of works of fortification, from point to point, which have been and are the admiration of Engineers of other lands.

How would the insanely besotted, weak-headed and short-sighted offspring of the Jeff Davis heresy stare, could they even at this early stage of our proceedings behold what has been accomplished, in the line of exaltation upon their once familiar, but now, forever lost "Sea Island" shores! Time might have rolled on, and ages passed away, yet never would the unimproving chivalry have be thought themselves to advance a pace beyond the original—or rather again aboriginal—method they have of doing things. Still do they grind their corn as did the Israelites in the days of the patriarch Abraham, between two stones, by hand.—Still do they spring ashore from their rude canoes and pine-log "dug-outs" with the ancient-time simplicity of the followers of Columbus on the first discovery. And really, the utmost stride towards improvement in all Seceshdom—yea, among these rich Sea Islanders—has been for the master to provide himself, sometimes, with a stalwart slave, about whose neck to swing his leg, and let "the

boy" wade ashore with his elegant burden. Even their to-the-world's-end-belauded product, cotton, upon which they so immensely plume themselves, were nothing, but for the superior judgment, foresight, and shrewd comprehension of a Yankee schoolmaster. Yes; to the sneered-at race of the North, to the invention-weaving brain of an humble member of a class whom they affect to despise and profess to deride, is due the great weight of all their greatness; for without the Cotton Gin of WHITNEY, of New Haven, they were still, at the best, but a third-rate class of producers!

GENERAL HALLECK.—A Western letter-writer has given the following pen-portrait of Gen. Halleck:

"To those who have never seen Gen. Halleck, it may be interesting to know that the steel engraving of him is a very correct likeness. I suppose there is but one, as I never have seen or heard of more. It gives, however, the idea of a large man, while he is below the medium height, straight, active, and well-formed, and has a brisk, energetic gait, significant of his firm and decisive character. His nose is delicate and well formed, his forehead ample, his mouth by no means devoid of humor, and his eye the most remarkable I ever saw in any man, except Professor Agassiz. It is of a hazel color, clear as a morning star, and of a most intense brilliancy. When he looks at a man it seems as though he were literally to read him through and through.

He has a fine physique—is stout, burly, weighs two hundred pounds avoirdupois, has a round head, is middle aged, black hair falling fast with silver. He walks by the hour in front of his quarters, his thumbs in the armpits of his vest, looking mostly at the ground, but casting quick looks, now to the right, now to the left, evidently not for the purpose of seeking anything or anybody, but staring into vacancy the while. His eyes see only the problem before him, which, with the forces under him, he is to work out to a satisfactory conclusion. He is bronzed already, and in complexion reminds one of Daniel Webster, though not so dark hued as Webster. Such is his personal appearance. I understand that he does business off-hand, is impatient at long stories, and cuts many an officer short in their verbal communications. He evidently has his odd ways. I am informed he puts on a citizen's dress, and walks through the camp.

The other day the General helped a teamster out of the mud, and then gave him a severe lecture for not driving more carefully. He laughed heartily to hear the witticisms of a teamster upon himself. The high water in the river made a slough all but impassable. The teamster had floundered through it, and reaching the top of the bluff, and being in sight of headquarters, relieved himself of volley after volley of oaths, upon the creek, his horses, the roads, and lastly upon General Halleck for not having the creek bridged. The criticism was just, but the General had already ordered the construction of a bridge, and being *incog.* could enjoy the verbal castigation. The army evidently has confidence in its commander, though, I doubt if he is personally known to many of the officers, and very few of the men."

AN OBSTINATE ORGAN.—In a small church at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it; but unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped and it continued playing two verses more. Then just as the clergyman completed the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when once more the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the centre aisle of the church, playing away, into the church yard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

MAKING LIGHT OF HIS LOSS.—General Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball during the recent battles, and was amputated above the elbow.—While being borne on a litter he met Gen. Kearney who had lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, General," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

—When the New York Fifty-fifth Regiment was ordered to retire at Fair Oaks, to give place to the Sixty-second, an Irish private from the former quietly took his place among the latter, with the

smiling salutation, as he looked to the cap on the lock of his musket: "Byes, I'm wid yez!"

—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from one of the camps near Corinth, relates the following anecdote: An Indiana chaplain selected for singing the hymn commencing,

"Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive;
Let a repentant rebel live."

He had scarcely uttered the last word of this line, when a private soldier in his congregation—an old man and a zealous Christian—earnestly cried out, "No, Lord, unless they lay down their arms." While the clergyman was offering the concluding prayer, a rifle shot was heard, as if from our pickets, a mile beyond. The report of the gun was immediately followed by an exclamation from the same venerable Hoosier, "Lord, if that's a Union shot, send the bullet straight, an' if it ain't, hit a tree with it, Lord!"

—The man who with a hammer smashes the end of his own finger, probably thinks he hasn't hit the right nail on the head.

General Order.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C.
GENERAL ORDER NO. 7.] February 1, 1862.

The Commanding officers of the vessels attached to this squadron, will give special attention to all intercourse between the men under their command, and the various plantations in their vicinity.

No stock or provisions of any kind must be taken, without paying a fair price for the same to the negroes.

No boat from any of the ships of this squadron, can be permitted to land anywhere, but at Bay Point and Hilton Head, without a pass from the Fleet Captain

S. F. DUPONT,

Commanding South Atl. Block's Squadron.

Deaths in the New Hampshire Seventh.

During the time that the New Hampshire 7th Regiment was stationed at Beauport, the following deaths have occurred up to Aug., 19.

Henry Ball, Private, Co. H, June 27.
John R. Fifield, Private, Co. E, July 2.
John H. Tuttle, Private, Co. A, July 17.
Charles H. Welch, Private, Co. F, July 19.
Wm. H. Frost, Private, Co. K, July 20.
Henry W. Battles, Private, Co. A, July 26.
Stephen Rolf, Private, Co. D, July 27.
Charles C. Balch, Private, Co. C, July 26.
Lewis A. Powers, Private, Co. A, Aug. 7.
Jabez F. Lawrence, Musician, Co. H, Aug. 7.
Harvey Wardew, Private, Co. A, Aug. 8.
Edward L. Tasker, Private, Co. C, Aug. 9.
Charles H. Fletcher, Private, Co. H, Aug. 10.
Patrick Wallace, Private, Co. G, Aug. 11.
Robert Innis, Private, Co. F, Aug. 12.
Lorenzo D. Wentworth, Private, Co. H, Aug. 13.
David S. Bullock, Private, Co. C, Aug. 14.
Alphonso Spiny, Private, Co. F, Aug. 14.
Norman R. Howe, Corporal, Co. H, Aug. 14.
Moses R. Kelly, Private, Co. K, Aug. 18.
John L. Waldron, Private, Co. I, Aug. 19.
John T. Rand, Sergeant, Co. K, Aug. 19.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE UNION SQUARE STORE, UNDER THE POST OFFICE—a fine lot of Letter and Note paper—ruled and plain—extra super and common qualities. Envelopes, Buff, White, Tinted, Opaque, Patriotic, &c.—all sizes and qualities. Steel and Gold Pens. Ink—black, blue and red. Inkstands, paper folders, erasers, port folios, pen knives, prize stationery, &c. &c. ALSO, Patten's Manual for Officers, Infantry Tactics, Duane's Engineers Manual and various other books of interest and value to the soldier. ALSO, a large variety of Novels, Song-books, pictorial papers, and by each mail the latest issues of the New York daily papers.

PORT ROYAL HOUSE, HILTON HEAD, S. C.—The subscribers wish to inform their friends and the Public that their House is now open for visitors, the travelling public, and permanent boarders, on reasonable terms. No pains will be spared for the comfort of guests.
FRANZ & GILSON,
Proprietors.

GROCERY AND SUTLER STORE.—Messrs. Franz & Gilson will keep constantly on hand, at their large warehouse under the Port Royal House, a good supply of Ship's Groceries and Sutler's goods, which will be sold at reasonable prices. They will also advance money and take bills of credit on Shipments upon the owners in Boston or New York.

REFERENCE:—Col. Peter Dunbar, J. J. Dunbar & Co., Hill & Simpson, Benton & Caverly, Potter & Snow and C. L. Curtis. All of Boston Mass.
FRANZ & GILSON.