New Orleans Bee.

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NEW ORLEANS:
SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14

NOT ARRIVED — None of the four or five steamers, presumed to be on the way from St. Louis to this city, and some of which are considerably overdue, has yet arrived. The telegraph is working through to Baton Rouge and Port Hudson, and no report of them comes through that medium. The week's arrears of news are looked forward to with intense interest. Meantime the air is agitated with a contrariety of grape vine elongations and angelic assions of war items of vast import. We hope to have something more tangible and less problematical by the Western steamers.

HAYS.—E. S. Benedict, 75 Magazine street, advertises elsewhere a large and select stock of hats, of French and American manufacture, in the latest style, and recvived by every steamer For sale by the package or dozen.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Emily B. Souder, Capt. Winchester, will leave her wharf this morning, at 8 o'clock, for New York direct, with a full freight, $10,000 in specie, the U. S. Mails, and the following passengers

Car. Vol. Hussars; J T Pays, E Finger, J Baurier, L M Lacey, H T Jett, A Capeller, R Isenestaung, Benj. Bernard and wife, Mr. Barnes and friend, Master Keating, J H Jackson, J Prince, F Dorion, Master A & E Jackson, Simon Stern, A E White, J W Stone and friend, E Pick, Marcus Mintel, Adam Schneider and child, Sch Sarah and lady and child, Mrs Hy Bender and daughter, Mrs Papinet, Mrs E Rousseau, Miss A White, E A White and Lady, A Kreeger, Miss F Levenicke, Mrs C E Keating, Miss Keating, daughter and servant, Miss L E Dorsch, Mrs Wilie, W C Gray and lady, Mr. Smith, J P Griffith and servant, Capt Mims, John Pownall, A S Blakely, Mr Blake, J W Pelt, A Prudeux, F Brasier, H P Allen.

News from a Mobile Paper.

Account of the Fighting in Mobile Bay—Fort Gaines Surrendered —Against Orders—How Fort Powell was Blown Up—Proclamation by the Mayor of Mobile—Preparations to Leave the City—Rebel Particulars of the Disaster to Stonewall.

(From the Times-Picayune, last Evening.)

We are indebted to a distinguished naval officer who arrived this morning from the fleet for the Mobile *Tribune* of August 9th, from which we extract as follows.

BATTLE CLOSE UP TO THE ATTACK.

(From the Mobile Tribune, August 9.)

Early on Thursday, the 5th of August, the Federal fleet with 20 craft, including two double and four single turreted monitor and an ironclad double-ender, commenced closing in their line southeast of Fort Morgan, as with a view to concentrate their efforts on Fort Gaines, having during the preceding nights landed a force of from three to five thousand men on Dauphin Island. During the early part of the day they kept up an irregular and desultory fire on the fort, as if designing to make a demonstration of a combined attack by land and sea. But their front did not proceed in binding the cool and veteran valor encountered in the line of lower defence, and keeping on the watch for the wily for he stood ready for them at any time of the night or day.

The fleet then commenced their forward movement, and closing up on the centre, so as to bring their leading ships of the extreme right and left abreast, they soon found themselves *en échelon* and made their way toward the front of the fort. In front, westward, rode the Tecumseh, a double turreted monitor, vomiting fire through eight apertures, constantly revolving. On her left a large wood frigate, and in their wake the balance of the fleet, each succeeding fle covering in part that which preced ed it.

Thus sailed up the Federal fleet with a force of over three hundred guns of the largest calibre to overpower a fort and fleet mounting not more than forty of vastly inferior weight.

At 7:30 A. M., as their line advanced, they discharged their broadsides at the fort, and kept mooting on until the broadmost vessels were within not more than a half mile from our batteries. Suddenly a deep voice is heard, and the command "Commence firing" rang along our batteries.

It is answered with a cheer, a soul stirring cheer, that comes from the willing and devoted breasts of brave men who for twenty minutes have stood like statues by the side of their guns. Soon the pieces are sighted, the lanyards pulled, and the swift sharp sound of the heavy Parrots goes whistling through the air. But to each shot fired by us a hundred shells reply. Soon the heavy slope of the southern glacis and the turf of the parapet, are seen tearing up in every direction, burying under their flying masses the heavy chases of our cannon and covering up with rubbish the gallant fellows serving the pieces.

But the firing, which on the part of the Federals is kept up at a furious though almost harmless rate, on our side is calm and deliberate —While the cowardly Yankees, conscious of their overpowering numbers are wildly wasting their ammunition, our shots are husbanding shots as men who heed not the intoxication of a furious enthusiasm to keep up their sinking courage. At almost every shell from the fleet passed over the fort and explodes far beyond its precincts, not a shot of ours is uselessly thrown away, but is heard crashing in the heavy timbers of their wooden sides, or shaking to their deep sockets the almost impenetrable steel plates which protect their sides

Each beating and battery is worked with equal skill and gallantry. Here, you see the jolly, jovial face of brave Capt. Hughes passing a joke or exchanging a smile; there, the grim, stern, soldierly visage of Capt. Campbell whose every tone speaks the deep, earnest and undying faith in his heart bears to our cause; yonder, the well-dad and aristocratic-looking Whiting, dressed as on parade-day, and handling his own gun with consummate skill, and though with coarse ou, so roughly handles the Brooklyn that she stops and rests under the well-directed fire, and hastens to get out of his range.

But over and conspicuous above all, two tall forms tower and unflinchingly over the highest parapets. Here is Maj. Gee, whose sarcastic smile seems to laugh away the danger he so recklessly dares. His commands the 1st Alabama battalion, that noble corps, so long allowed to rot in the druggery of garrison life, when their hearts were beating high for the glorious labors of the field

The other is a tall, stately man, of formal military and dignified bearing. His white hair and whiskers are cut and trimmed in the most approved style, and the man-of-war man and his energetic yet reserved face bears the stamp of ineffable quietude, with which that noblest work of God, "an honest man," is at any time ready to appear before his Maker, conscious to have, throughout the longest life, done his duty, his whole duty. It is Brigadier-Gen. Page, who for years preceding the war had been serving his country in that navy chosen so justly proud of his deeds—now so justly degraded in the eyes of the world.

As he slowly paces exhibitary he stops, and in a few simple words encourages the men and advises the officers, often sighting the piece which under his experienced eye sends, lightning-like, its steeled bolts into the enemy's sinking planks. Yet the long line still slowly advances, and as the first ship is entering the channel our fire concentrates on the monitor Tecumseh, who steering off westward seems bravely to stand the shock, till suddenly, and just as Capt. Hughes has sent her sandship one of his heaviest shots, she disappears as by magic from the broad bosom of the waters, engulphed in a whirlpool, which so rapidly closes upon her that before the astonishing gaze of the spectator has commenced watching for her, nothing more than a ripple is seen settling on the surface of those waves which a moment before she was so proudly riding. Sunk, in the deepest depths of the Gulf—sunk with one hundred and fifty living souls, not of whom only escaped—the Captain and Pilot to the ships, and four men to the shore. A cheer, the cheer of five hundred men is raised—over what is now the grave of the insolent invaders.

Yet the frightful example before them deters them not, and rushing on under increased steam they advance, coming through the Fort till the foremost ones have already presented their broadsides to the western flanks of the fort. But there instead of being able to concentrate our whole fire on them, the traverses are so awkwardly disposed that the guns of the southern bastions cannot be brought to bear on the channel, there being no room to swing them to the right and these, as predicted by the gallant Page and his predecessor the navigate Higgins, across the illustration of their oft-repeated prophecies, as to the folly to provide the fort with defences calculated only to repel the enemy whilst off in the Gulf, instead of tempting him to come right abreast of the fort, and there pouring in our deadly volleys. Thus, as each succeeding vessel passes out of the range of our heaviest metal, the brave commanders are compelled to turn their mission away from it and direct their fire on the succeeding fle, so that at no time more than five, and frequently less than three guns, are engaged in impeding the progress of the fleet. Even even under such disadvantages the brave defenders of the fort give not up the contest.

[A few lines here are so blurred that we are unable to decipher them.]

There, on a level almost with the water, sporting the safe cover of casemated embrasures, stand to their pieces the veteran remains of the 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery. There they stand exposed, not only to the raking fire of the heavy ordnance of the enemy, but to the small arms and heavy howitzers of his sharpshooters ejected in the topmasts of the piratical vessels, but alas, their pieces are too light to play havoc with the triple cuirass of the iron-clads and their shot bound off almost harmless from their sides.

The disappointment of the brave men can hardly be controlled by their daring leaders.

Capts. Johnston and Fisher were in the absence of their gallant Colonel, Andrew Jackson, Jr., then under orders at Mobile, directing their efforts. But vain, vain the hope to arrest the progress of the iron monsters, as under a full head of steam, put on by their officers as a substitute for real courage, they fire wildly and at random over the little heroic band, which, covered with the sand of their unturfed parapets, winced with rage the passage of the fleet.

But hark! a potent voice, yet unheard, is now adding its grave and ominous sound to the awful concert. It is the Tennessee. It is the hero of the Metrinac. It is the Nestor of modern days, the intrepid Buchanan, who now lets loose on the enemy the direful dogs of war. All seem to hushed into that awful sound which lurks in our ears as the precursor and harbinger of a change of fortune. It is the grey haired veteran, who, standing on the deck of the Merrimac, sunk the whole of the boasted Yankee fleet at Fortress Monroe.

There again he confronts them, and as each passes and fearful of his blows, gives him a wide berth to the eastward, he pours into them his steady and regular fire, first the monitors, shying off to the west at least 1,200 yards, then the cautious Brooklyn and Hartford, then the whole fleet running past him, in terror as much of his name as his deeds. One, two, three, then six, then ten, then twelve, seventeen pass him afar off, and seventeen receive his salute, and when they rush down towards the western shore far beyond his range. Of those who lag behind two engage the Selma, each of which could haul her upon her dock as a fancy jolly boat, three make for the Gaines, which, in still greater disproportion, rushes in their midst, and boldly attempts to grapple the most powerful of her adversaries. Foiled in this fool-hardy enterprise, extricating herself from the grasp of her powerful enemy, she rushed towards shore, where she beaches high and dry on the solid sand.

But, yonder near the western shore, the Selma, raked fore and aft by the broadsides of her antagonists, and her decks covered with dead and dying strikes that flag which she so valiantly defended.

Meantime the Morgan has nugged in the eastern shore, and exchanging rapid shots with two of the Federal ships, she adroitly manages to draw off from the unequal contest, and thus save at least one of our gallant ships after receiving only slight injuries. With the gallant dead of Capt. Harrison, who on the same night took up his vessel to Mobile, keeping up a running fight with three of the enemy, the world is already acquainted, but what they know not is, that when she started, he and his noble crew had pledged themselves on their sacred lives and honor to blow her up sooner than let her fall in the enemy's hands.

And now all anxious eyes are turned towards the Tennessee, which, amid the midst of the combat, seems proudly and defiantly to espace the combined efforts of the seventeen heavy Gratis hovering on her flanks and rear.

As she steams up westward, in quest of the arrant crew, she realizes the very image of courage and pow combined, and appears to our eyes like the Leviathan of biblical mythology. On, on, she rushes, and as she nears the western shore, the enemy's fleet scatters in every direction—four towards town, and eleven with the two monitors, north and south of her Still she keeps on her frantic race, driving them before her, when, sooner than be beached, they finally turn and accept the challenge. There, to the midst of thirteen vessels, two of which more powerful than herself, with 8 guns against 22, she engages the fight, gives the first signal, and makes the first charge.

Thus, as an infuriated bear worried by a pack of hounds, now rushes and tears up one, rips another open, disarms them and smashes a third under his powerful claws, then falls back to take a fresh spring, and makes for the vital parts of the yelping pack, the brave Buchanan darts right and left, forward and rear, at each vessel in turn, and though his speed is not equal to the nimbleness of the foe, his heart, yet each time he rushes toward one of them the latter hastily backs without his reach.

At last they form a ring about him at more than a mile distant, a complete semi-circle, the line to leave in the centre, and concentrating their fire on her, hid broadsides after broadsides into her race in the world's history. Then the bank shot for shot, blow for blow, steel for steel, exhibiting fire at once from each of her port holes, so severely punching three of her nearest adversaries as to compel them to draw back and screen over on shore. Slow keeps up the unequal con test in spite of the fearful odds against her

As the conflict was waxing warmer, auxiliary groups were formed on the ramparts of the fort, watching in breathless silence the progress of that unparalleled engagement. The fort has long since ceased firing, except when a Yankee craft, formerly the Bucheud, I believe, came up hardily to sent admittance, and then was compelled over to the brave sergeant, he, with a contemptuous smile, sent through her a heavy "Hooker," which soon settled her account, when the Morgan detailed a party of men to go and burn her up, the crew having taken to their boats and escaped.

In the interior the group stood our General, who alone had a spy glass, and in whose intelligent and impressible features we were read and the progress of the fight far better than even the naked eyes. Suddenly he drops the glass from his eye, raises it again, and in a low voice utters to himself "she has ceased firing"

And true it was, the noble ship had struck her colors, not that she was tired, not that she was conquered, but as we learned soon after ward, because her powder chambers had caught fire she had become an inert and unmanageable mass unable any longer to confront the foe Brave Buchanan had a leg, and two arms shot off, and seventeen receive his salute, and when they rush down towards the western shore far beyond his range. Of those who lag behind two engage the Selma, each of which could haul her upon her dock as a fancy jolly boat. three make for the Gaines, which, in still greater disproportion, rushes in their midst, and boldly attempts to grapple the most powerful of her adversaries. Foiled in this fool-hardy enterprise, extricating herself from the grasp of her powerful enemy, she rushed towards shore, where she beaches high and dry on the solid sand.

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