

ARRIVAL OF THE COSMOPOLITAN.

ONE DAY LATER.

HOOD'S ARMY IN SHERMAN'S REAR

A despatch from Nashville reports that a considerable force of rebel infantry has appeared on the line of the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Moving columns of rebels are spoken of as being near Dalton, at Altoona and at Big Shanty. At Altoona a severe battle took place on the 5th. The loss was severe on both sides. It is evident from these facts, as well as from rebel despatches that a large force is in Sherman's rear.

The Richmond papers have been received to the 4th inst., from which we gain a rebel history of Grant's recent operations. They make desperate efforts to conceal their losses, and belittle Grant's gains, but they finally confess that on the north side of the James our forces made a very important lodgment, which they tried to drive us from, but failed, and were subsequently compelled to conform their line to the new state of things, by abandoning others. In regard to the south side they also admit that their outer line of works was carried, but claim that they captured 1,500 prisoners. The most significant admission is that Lee's army is too weak to hold his present extended line, and the appeal for reinforcements is pitiable and desperate. Jeff Davis says he can spare Georgia no further reinforcements, for the disparity in numbers is as great as in Georgia.

The Invasion of Missouri.

Despatches from Missouri show clearly enough that Price is in considerable force, and that his invasion of the State has so far been very feebly opposed. Gen. Ewing succeeded in evacuating Pilot Knob, and fell back on the railroad to St. Louis as far as Harrison's Station, closely pursued by the enemy. His movements beyond that point were very doubtful, nor does it seem that he is likely to reach St. Louis. Price's forces are at De Soto, less than fifty miles from St. Louis, and apprehension is expressed lest he should move directly on the city. But the despatches give us no precise information as to the disposition of the forces under Gen. Rosecrans; and we can form no opinion as to the real purpose of the commanders on either side. If this invasion has found us, as often before, unprepared at the outset, it is at least certain that there are troops enough in the Northwest to make Price's defeat ultimately inevitable.

Gen. Schenck, discussing the Democratic peace platform with its McClellan war interpretation, brought down the house by this apt allusion:

"I know nothing at all that is like it, unless it may be the character of the fruit that is sold by an old lady who sits at the door of the court-house in Cincinnati. She is a shrewd old woman. A young sprig of a lawyer stepped up one day, and said to her: 'You seem to have some fine apples. Are they sweet or sour?' The old lady tried to take the measure of her customer, and find out whether his taste was for sweet or sour apples. 'Why, sir,' said she, 'they are rather acid; a sort of low tart inclined to be very sweet.'"

A Washington letter says that it is understood that arrangements are contemplated for the purchase of cotton on government account, and agents will be appointed at various places in the rebel states for that purpose.

Gen. James G. Speer has been dismissed the service for using disloyal language, protecting rebel property to the detriment of the service and arresting a general.

John Porter is engaged in both the gold and copper business. He is in Colorado working one of Belmont's gold mines and electioneering for McClellan.

The Sea Islands.

A correspondent speaking of the climate of the Sea Islands during the summer says:

Perhaps with some an old opinion still prevails that the Sea Islands during the summer season are unhealthful. Because severe and unhealthful diseases often visit portions of Florida and shores of the Gulf, unfavorable reports have been attached to this part of the coast. It is true that the yellow fever and some other tropical diseases have occasionally been imported and have wrought havoc in Savannah and Charleston, but I cannot learn of their ravages on these islands, laved by the sweet sea and favored by sea-tempered breezes. I think the sanitary statistics of the Department of the South will compare favorably with the figures of any region occupied by our army. The black vomit or yellow fever was brought up the coast to Port Royal in the early autumn of 1862, and created no little alarm; yet probably not a full score of genuine cases of the disease appeared, and only about twelve persons became its victims. As in similar cases, exaggerated rumors sprung from men's fears. Some of the lighter forms of fevers and dysenteries are the more common diseases, and these are less severe and destructive on these islands than they are in some other regions. Upon the whole, the islands should be pronounced healthful.

The principal annoyances in a residence here are the enervating heats of summer, and the swarm, of insects that make their levies upon the nerves and veins. The mean temperature of May was 71; that of June was 76; of July 85. The most unhealthful months are August and September. But about two-thirds of the year the climate is mild and agreeable. Yet no one should contemplate a residence here without a mosquito bar and good courage to do battle with sad flies and fleas. Moreover as a necessity of a semi-tropical region the rarified air always loaded with aqueous exhalations, has an enervating effect upon both body and mind. The indolence of the old planter was the result of climate in connection with their false forms of society. The stimulus of freedom, however, and the consequent necessity and ennobling of labor will overcome this obstacle.

The old whim, circulated by the proud and lazy slaveholders, that white men could not labor under the summer suns of these latitudes, has been completely refuted and annihilated by the protracted and almost Herculean labors of our army during the past two summers. The heaviest of the work on Morris island—the battles by day and night, the saps and parallels and the refitting of the rebel forts on Cummings Point—was performed under the heats of summer. At all times the fatigue duty of the army is severe, yet generally speaking, health and vigor have characterized our troops.

The tides oscillating from five to seven feet according to the curves of the coast, rushing in and out of the creeks, sounds and rivers, cleanse the shores and furnish excellent varieties of fish. Bass, shad, the famous drum fish, mullets, sheep-head croakers, and trout are often caught in abundance. Near the mouth of the Savannah and southward, are found as fine single oysters in vast beds, sometimes covering acres, as the world can boast. I have myself picked up a boat-load at a single tide. Raccoon oysters, eaten only by contrabands, line all the inner shores, fringe the marshes, and frequently swell into small islands.

In short, these islands need but the ideas and energy of northern minds and hands to transform them into a jeweled fringe of the sunny south; and the happy inheritance of new life and power will be one of the compensating results of the existing struggle. For the sake of this coast, as for the sake of the whole country in all its interests, pecuniary, moral and political, I would adopt this motto and policy: *Rebel property to pay the expenses of the revolution.*

Origin of Lynch Law.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says:

In America the term "Lynch law" was first used in Piedmont, on the western frontier of Virginia. There was no court within the district, and all controversies were referred to the arbitrament of prominent citizens. Among these was a man by the name of Lynch, whose decisions were so impartial that he was known as Judge Lynch, and the system was called "Lynch law," and was adopted in our pioneer settlements as an inexpensive and speedy method of obtaining justice.

Long after the death of the good old judge, when the manners and customs had changed, and wicked men usurped the prerogatives of the courts and set the laws at defiance, "Lynch law" came to be regarded as a reproach. The system has, of course, passed into disuse in Virginia, and is only revived occasionally in California or on our Western borders. The origin of the expression, however, is British, and dates from the early part of the fifteenth century.

Prince Puckler Muskau, in his "Tour in England," &c., gives the following account of the tragedy from which it derives its name:

In the fifteenth century James Lynch was chosen Mayor of Galway for life, an office then nearly equal to that of the sovereign in power and influence. His son Edward became attached to Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, but found it difficult to interest her. During the courtship Mr. Lynch went on a journey to Cadiz, and brought back with him the son of a wealthy Spanish merchant named Gomez. The young Gomez married the daughter of Mr. Lynch, and became very intimate with his brother-in-law Edward.

The latter, however, suspected that he was carrying on an intrigue with Anna Blake, and one night, having concealed himself behind a pillar, he saw young Gomez, wrapped in a mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a side door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartment. As the horrible certainty flashed upon him he darted like a tiger upon his rival, and buried his dagger a hundred times in his quivering body. He then fled to the woods. On the morrow he was found, and confessed his guilt.

His father condemned him to death. The people interposed and demanded his release. Even the soldiers went over to the mob and cried aloud for his pardon. The prison was about to be stormed, when James Lynch appeared at an upper window, his son standing by his side, with a halter around his neck. "I have sworn," said the inflexible magistrate, "that the murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it."

As he said these words he pushed his son out of the window and completed the dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggle gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

The Mayor resigned all his dignities, and never left his house till carried from it to the grave. Anna Blake is said to have died in a convent. And the rumor goes that both families disappeared from the earth. But a skull and cross-bones sculptured over the door of an ancient house in Galway, still marks the site of the fearful tragedy.

The new iron-clad *Monadnock* has made a very successful trial trip. She made a rate of ten knots an hour with all her stores aboard.

The yellow fever is abating at Newberne, N. C., and most of the cases now readily yield to medical treatment.

EXCELSIOR OF SHREWSBURG.—The exciting character of skirmishing makes such duty a passion with some of the men. I have heard of them dodging from tree to tree for cover, with gun cocked and finger on trigger, hunting men to shoot as a sportsman does snipe. Lieut. Baker of Gen. Meade's staff, told me an incident of this sort that happened recently. A man named Parker, of the 148th New York Regiment, who was afflicted with this singular mania, got ninety yards in advance of the other skirmishers, when he saw a grayback, whose enthusiasm in the same direction must have been equal to his own. Grayback saw Parker's so. They simultaneously raised their pieces and fired, and both fell dead, shot in the forehead.—[*Tribune Correspondent.*]

Miss Slidell's Marriage—A Curious French Matrimonial Romance.

[Paris (Sept. 9) Correspondence Liverpool Journal.]

The marriage of M. Erlanger, the banker, to Miss Slidell, is causing no small sensation.

M. Erlanger being just divorced from Mlle. Odella Lafitte (Charles Lafitte's daughter,) and the divorced lady being about to enter the bonds of matrimony, with the cause of the divorce, make the event of the highest order of picturesque interest. One of those curious circumstances which can never happen but in France is recorded of the incident which led to the divorce. The guilty party being pursued by the offended husband was, of course, struck with terror; but philosophy and contempt had done much to mitigate the pursuer's wrath, and so, instead of "chastising the insolence" according to the fashion observed in novels, he quietly placed his pocket-book into the hands of the fugitive, exclaiming, "*Ah malheureux!* You have only taken ten thousand francs, and you are going to Rome. Knowing your fair companion well, I can safely say that such a paltry sum as that will be devoured before you get to Marseilles. There is double the sum. This will enable you to go further off—to Naples, perhaps—and I shall be the gainer, for you will be forced to remain there." And with this consolatory speech the injured party coolly turned upon his heel and walked off.

So goes the legend, at least.

"The Mayor Wants to See Thee."

A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure he had met with on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said his nephew, whom we shall call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his quaker uncle, elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was running?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia, I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, "*William, the Mayor wants to see thee!*"—[*Philadelphia Press.*]

MARRIED.

In Beaufort, Oct. 6th, by Rev. T. W. Lewis, Wm. Runnels to Lauraetta Washington. Also, by the same, Oct. 7, Capt. Henry Davidson, of 33d Regiment U. S. C. T., to Miss Lucy E. Lovell, of Beaufort.

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