

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHTING IN MOBILE BAY.

PROCLAMATION OF THE MAYOR OF MOBILE.

NON-COMBATANTS TO LEAVE THE CITY.

REBEL PARTICULARS OF THE DISASTER TO STONEMAN.

[From the Times' extra of Yesterday.] 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:

Rebel Account of the Attack. [From the Mobile Tribune, Aug. 9th.] Early on Thursday, the 4th of August, the Federal fleet, with twenty-six sail, including two double and one single turreted monitor and an iron-clad double-ended, commenced closing in their line south-east of Fort Morgan, as with a view to concentrate their efforts on Fort Gaines, having, during the preceding night, 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 designed to make against that point a combined attack by land and sea. But this feint did not succeed in blinding the cool old veteran who commanded the line of our defenses, and keeping on the watch for the wily foe, he stood ready for them at any time of the night or day.

Towards sundown, the fleet seemed to draw of some distance east of Pelican Island, and night closed in upon us with the quiet and balmy stillness of a Southern mid-summer day. As the sun rose on the following day, we discovered that the fleet had, during the night, hauled off to the eastward, and contracted their lines into a semi-circle nearly due south of the fort, and within not more than three miles from the main inlet into the channel. Their appearance was quite martial. The broad pennants that floated to the breeze from the top of their dark towers seemed to bid defiance to the diminutive forces that were roaming the ramparts of Fort Morgan, and call up a sneering comparison between their bulky forms and the puny size of our now little fleet, which was coolly expecting the advance of their formidable adversaries. At 10 minutes past 6 the signal shot was fired from the extreme right wing of the Federals, the shot falling short south-east of the fort, which was soon after followed by a shell which burst over the fort, sending its death-dealing over the officers' quarters outside. By this time all was movement and activity within the walls—the officers rushing to their several posts were leading their detachments to the southern batteries, and the firm, steady tramp of their brave followers was the only sound heard through the stillness of the morning.

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 into column and made their way toward the head of the Pass. In front, westward, rode the Tecumseh, a double-turreted monster, vomiting fire through eight apertures, constantly revolving—in her wake a large-sized frigate, and in their wake the balance of the fleet, each succeeding file covering in part that which preceded it. Thus sailed 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 moving on until the headmost vessel was 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 shrill sharp sound of the heavy Parrot goes whistling through the air. But to each shot fired by us a hundred shells reply. Soon the heavy slopes of the southern glacis and the turf of the parapet, are seen tearing up in every direction, burying under their flying masses the heavy chests 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 ever-waning numbers, are wildly expending their ammunition, our chiefs are husbanding theirs as men who heed not the intoxication of a furious cannonade, to keep their sinking courage. As almost every shell from the fleet passes 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 ships, or shaking in their deep sockets the almost impenetrable steel plates which protect their sides. Each battery and battery is worked with equal skill and gallantry.

Yet the long line still slowly advances, and as the first file is entering the channel our fire concentrates on the monitor Tecumseh, who, steering off westward, seems bravely to stand the attack. All suddenly, and just as Capt. Hughes has sent her amidship one of his heaviest shots, she disappears as by magic from the broad bosom of the waters, engulfed in a whirlpool, which so rapidly closes upon her that before the astonishing gaze of the spectator has commenced searching 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. Yet the frightful example before them deters them not, and rushing on under increased steam they advance, coming through the Pass 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 of the southern batteries cannot be brought to bear on the channel, there being no room to swing them to the right; and thus, as predicted by the gallant Page and his predecessor the intrepid Higgin, comes the illustration of their oft-repeated prophecies, as to the folly to provide the fort with defenses calculated only to repel the enemy whilst off in the Gulf, instead of tempting him to some right abreast of the fort, and then pouring in our deadly volleys. Thus, as each succeeding file passes out of the range of our heaviest metal, the brave cannoniers are compelled to turn their muzzles away from it and direct their fire on the succeeding file, so that at no time more than five, and sometimes less than three guns, are engaged in impeding the progress 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 Merrimack. It is the Nester of modern days, the intrepid Buchanan, who now lets loose on the enemy the direful dogs of war. All seems hushed into that awful sound which rings in our ears as the precursor and harbinger of a change of fortune. It is the gray-haired veteran, who, standing alone on the deck of the Merrimack, sunk the whole of the hoisted Yankee fleet at Porters Monroe, and who made them dearly pay for their honor to have once counted him among their bravest commanders. 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, yawning off to the west at least twelve hundred yards, then the cautious Brooklyn and Hartford, then the whole fleet running past him, in terror as much of his name as of his deeds.

One, two, three, then six, then ten, then twelve, seventeen pass him afar off, and seventeen receive his salute; and then, with the wings that fear lends to the pale face and poltroon, they rush down towards the western shore, far beyond his range. Of these who lag behind two engage the Selma, each of which could but three make for the Gaines, which, still greater disproportion, rushes in their midst, and boldly attempts to grapple the most powerful of her adversaries. Foiled in this foolhardy enterprise, receiving in a few minutes 15 shots through her hull and machinery, crippled and almost sinking, she seems, under the vivifying touch of the gallant Bennett, to recover one moment the spasmodic energies of a dying man, extricating herself by a supreme effort from the grasp of her powerful enemy, she frantically rushes towards shore, where, as she beaches high and dry on the solid sand, her whole frame shattered and exhausted by the effort, renders a low rumbling sound, as the death-rattle of a giant. But yonder, yonder near the western shore, the Selma, raked fore and aft by the broadsides of her antagonists, is swept by their shot, and her decks covered with dead and dying. She strikes that flag which she so valiantly defended. Thus the gallant Pat Murphy falls into the hands of the enemy, who triumphantly raise their infamous stars and stripes over the immaculate standard of the South.

Meantime the Morgan has hinged in the eastern shore, and exchanging rapid shots with two of the Federal ships, the adroitly manages to draw from the unequal contest, and thus save at least one of our gallant ships after receiving only slight injuries. Well did she act, the brave ship, for as the Gaines and Selma were already disposed of, she would have been beset by not less than seven of the most powerful gunboats. With the gallant deed 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 to their sacred lives and honor to blow her up sooner that let her fall into the enemy's hands. And now all anxious eyes are turned towards the Tennessee, which, still in the midst of the

chase, seems promptly and defiantly to expect the combined efforts of the seventeen heavy craft now hurrying on her flanks and rear; but she soon realizes the fact that they are afraid of her, even in the proportion of 7 to 1. They intend to drive her under the guns of the fort, and leave her there until eaten up by the worms, starved out of coal and provisions, and will fall an easy prey into their hands. When the noble ship, like a thing of life, ceased to awake from deep slumber, and her whole frame, shaking with anger, vibrates through the iron nostrils of her powerful machinery, she emits a hissing sound, as the explosion of her long restrained fury, and suddenly speeding round, the darts with her utmost speed along the micrometers. As she steams up westward, in quest of the ardent crew, her broad plumes of black smoke and snow-white steam rolling back in heavy clouds in her wake, her pointed ram cleaving the waves in twain, she realizes the very image of our eyes like the Leviathan of biblical mythology. On, on, she rushes, as if at the pears the western shore, the sea towards town, and onwards, like the great monitor, north and south of her. Still she keeps on her frantic race, driving them before her, when, sooner than beached, they finally turn and accept the challenge. There, in the midst of thirteen vessels, two of which more powerful than herself, with 3 guns against 209, she engages the fight, gives the first signal, and makes the first charge. Thus, like an infuriated bear worried by a pack of hounds, now rushes and tears up by his paws another open, knocks down 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 cur. Thus brave Buchanan darts right and left, forward and rear, at each vessel in turn, and though his speed is not equal to the promptness of his lion heart, yet each time he rushes toward one of them the latter hastily backs without his teeth.

At last, getting straggled, they form around him at more than a mile distant, a complete semi-circle, the Tennessee in the centre, and concentrating their fire on her, laid broadside after broadside into her flanks. Yet she moved not, but gives back shot for shot, blow for blow, steel for steel, emitting fire at once from each of her port-holes, so severely punishing three of her nearest adversaries as to compel them to draw back and caven on shore. She keeps up the unequal contest in spite of the fearful odds against her.

As the conflict was waxing warmer, anxious 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 contemptible Yankee craft, formerly the Blacksnipe, I believe, thinking, no doubt, that the entrance was free to all, came up brazenly to seek admittance, and being turned over to the brave sergeant, he, with a contemptuous smile, sent through her a heavy "Brooks," 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 midst of the group stood our whole intelligence and in whose intelligent and impressive features we were reading the progress of the fight far better than with the naked eyes. Suddenly he drops the glass from his eye, raises it again, and in a low voice mutters to himself: "She has struck her bow!"

And true it was, the noble ship had struck her bow, not that she was tired, not that she was conquered, but as we learned soon afterward, because her rudder chains had parted, and she had become an inert and unmanageable mass unable any longer to confront the foe, or turn upon the base vultures who had stood far off from her, gathered around like all beasts of prey which come on the carrion but run from the living flesh, and the Tennessee was lost to our view. Bravo! Buchanan lost a leg, and two of his men were killed during the action, but, as informed by the flag of truce boat, the vessel herself was as sound as when launched, and had she not met with that apparently trifling accident, she might yet be the proud mistress of the Bay.

As it is, she will soon be one of the most, if not most redoubtable, of the enemies we may shortly have to combat.

Thus closed, at forty minutes past 9 A. M., the contest for the possession of Mobile Bay, having lasted two hours and a half, and resulted disastrously, but not ingloriously, to our arms.

Of the garrison of Fort Morgan the people may well be proud, and well may they confide in them that so long as they will be able to support animal life the Confederate flag shall wave over her ramparts. The casualties in the fort were few. Lieut. Smith, Co. A, 1st Alabama, while fighting his gun, had his right hand so badly shattered by a shrapnel shot as to render amputation necessary, and three men were slightly bruised by the falling bricks from the banquettes and parapets.

This is the sad but truthful history of the invasion of Mobile Bay. As to its consequences I am not able to judge, but they very slightly alter the state of things previously existing. If Mobile was seen against a water attack it was not on account of Morgan, Gaines and Powell, but on account of the shallow waters of the upper bay. That same obstacle still remains. And if she was open to a land attack by way of Passaicula and Bayou le Datre she cannot now be much worse off, because the enemy can land at Dog River. That river is, therefore as before, the real outer line of our defenses, and on its banks must be fought the battle for the possession of Mobile.

True, we lose command of the Bay, but this is a matter of private inconvenience, and not of military importance, as we draw our supplies from the Bay shores beyond Newburg and lumber, which may as easily be procured by the river; and by effectually closing up every possible avenue into the Apalaches, Texas and Spanish rivers, we may laugh at their vain efforts.

The real loss is in the destruction or capture of our fleet, and, above all, in the capture of Admiral Buchanan, Capt. Johnston, and their heroic crew. That fleet, small as it was, performed prodigies of valor, and gave the most emphatic denial to the sneers and slanders indulged in at their expense. They have done their duty, their whole duty, and a grateful nation will never forget it.

HEARST ST. PHIL.
Proclamation to the People of Mobile.
The enemy's vessels, as you all know, have run past the forts and are now in the Bay, so that the outer water defenses are of no further present use for the security of our city and homes. What the purpose of the enemy is, we have not yet discovered—whether to hold command of the Bay in order to dominate the forts, or by his shallow vessels to attempt to draw near enough to open a bombardment on it, it is now impossible to say. We must act without this information. We must gather every man for defence into some organized body, and hold ourselves in readiness to repel attack, come from what quarter it may. This is the only way to make our efforts useful and to stand strong against the progress of the foe in case he should approach as within reach of the weapons that we have at command.

The advance on us has been unexpected, and our arms cannot impede or repel the enemy in his present position, but his ulterior intentions may soon be unmasked in such a form as will bring our services into use, and then on your valor will depend the safety of the city.

We must defend this city to the last point of resistance. Let it not be said that Mobile is craven while we have the illustration of Richmond, Petersburg and Charleston looking us in the face. Let not the name of this city stand in the historical records of this unequalled war, beneath or in contrast with these grand instances of heroic fortitude and endurance.

Fellow-citizens, I can only counsel alacrity in this business and cheerful obedience to your commanders. They are striving with all their might, and they will not lead you to dishonor. My own services will be given to the cause with all the zeal I possess. And so, trusting to the benign influence of our own hands and hearts, I hope we shall escape all danger, or battle through it to a successful end.

R. H. SLOCUM, Mayor.
Particulars of the Evacuation of Fort Powell.
A member of the garrison furnishes us with the particulars of the evacuation. On Friday evening one of the enemy's rams, carrying four guns, began to reconnoitre in the vicinity of the town, on the bay side, and in a short time opened fire on it. That part of the fort was not completed, though two guns were mounted there, but they were so exposed that they could be of little service, and one of them was dismounted by the third or fourth shot from the ram. The fort, however, exchanged a few shots, but with what effect is not known. The ram neared the fort to within a few hundred yards, doing great damage to the works. One shot is said to have penetrated the bomb-proof. Two of its water tanks were destroyed, and other damage was done. The untenable condition of the place was obvious. Col. Williams, the commander, accordingly determined, before his communication with the shore was cut off, to evacuate. He accordingly arranged a fuse to communicate with the magazine, the men were collected together and quietly landed at Cedar Point. The explosion is said to have taken place at about 8 o'clock last night (the 8th).

Six hundred Yankees at once threw down their arms, but the remainder fleeing by this time the remainder of their General in giving up to such a small force, kept through the woods full-scale, better-skilled, making off to the left. Gen. Lytton ordered pursuit, and it is firmly believed, nearly the whole party will be taken, with but few exceptions.

The captured 1500 horses and many stands of arms, two brass 4-inch Ordnance and caissons, several colors and caissons. Stoneman had only two cannon. He gives an account that he was out of ammunition, but that is only his story.

The Mason papers complain of the plundering qualities of Stoneman's men. The Alabama brigade fought desperately, making repeated charges. The brigade was sent in pursuit of the enemy, and is now after them.

The Mason papers of the 4th state that the captured Stoneman raiders continued to arrive there as prisoners. A large number of officers captured at Newnan had also arrived. THE SURRENDER OF FORT GAINES.—The Tribune says: We learn yesterday morning that the order of Gen. Page, by Col. Anderson. It is considered a shameful surrender.

NON-COMBATANTS TO LEAVE THE CITY.—Gen. Dabney H. HARRY, commanding the District of the Gulf, has issued an appeal to all "men in the community" to take up arms at once. Non-combatants are to be removed immediately out of the city, many of them to Greenville, in Butler county.

THE SUCCESSOR OF BUCHANAN.—Commodore Farrand has assumed command of the rebel navy at Mobile, in place of Admiral Buchanan.