

within 280 yards, fired round after round from his 15-inch gun, sending, as every shot struck, vast clouds of sand, mud and timber high up into the air, making one huge sand-heap of that portion of the fort facing the sea, and dismounting two of the heaviest guns.

Deserters and prisoners tell us that Fort Wagner mounts thirteen rifled guns of heavy caliber, but during all this furious bombardment by land and sea, she condescended to reply with but two; one upon the whole fleet of iron-clads and one upon the entire line of land batteries. She may possibly have fired one shot to our one hundred, but I think even that number is a large estimate. There were no casualties on the Monitors and Ironsides, and but one man killed and one slightly wounded within the batteries. The firing was almost entirely from our own side. With the most powerful glass, but very few men could be seen in the fort. At half-past two, a shot from one of our guns on the left, cut the halyards on the flagstaff and brought the rebel flag fluttering to the ground.

In a moment, almost before we had begun to ask ourselves whether they had really lowered their flag, and were upon the point of surrendering or not, the old red battle flag, which the Army of the Potomac has so often and defiantly shaken in its face, was run up about ten feet above the parapet, a little cluster of men rallied around it, cheered, waved their hats, and then disappeared, and were not again seen during the day. Fort Sumter, the moment the rebel flag came to the ground, sent a shot over our heads to assure us that it had been lowered by accident and not by design. In this shot she also desired us to distinctly understand that before Fort Wagner surrendered, she herself would have to be consulted. With the exception of this little episode almost profound silence, so far as the rebel garrison themselves could maintain it, prevailed within the fort. A heavy cloud of smoke and sand, occasioned by our constantly exploding shell, hung over the fort all the afternoon, and it was only when the wind drifted it away that we were able to see the amount of damage we had done. In a few hours what had been the smooth regular lines of the engineer, and the beautiful sodded embankments, became rugged and irregular heaps of sand with great gaps and chasms in all sides of the fort exposed to our fire. From my point of observation, a wooden look-out, fifty feet high, erected for Gen. Gilmore and staff upon a sand hill of about the same height, and situated a short distance back of the batteries, it seemed as if no human being could live beneath so terrible a fire whether protected by bomb-proofs or not, and in this opinion I was fully sustained by nearly every person around me. There seemed to be but one opinion, and that was that we had silenced nearly every gun, that the 15-inch shells had driven the rebels from the bomb-proofs, and that if there had been a strong infantry force in the rear of the fort we had made it impossible for them to remain there and had slaughtered them by hundreds. But there were a few later developments that proved their opinion was the correct one, who said this profound silence on the rebel side was significant, not of defeat and disaster, but of ultimate success in repulsing our assault.

For eight hours the monitors and the iron-sides have kept up a continuous fire, and Fort Wagner has not yet surrendered. For eight hours fifty-four guns from the land batteries have hurled their shot and shell within her walls, and still she flaunts the red battle flag in our face.

In a few moments signals are made from the top of the lookout, and soon generals and colonels commanding divisions and brigades were seen galloping to the headquarters of the commanding general. A few words in consultation and Gens. Seymour, Strong, Stevenson, and Cols. Putnam and Montgomery are seen hastening back to their respective commands. Officers shout, bugles sound, the word of command is given, and soon the soldiers around, upon and under the sand hills of Morris Island spring from their hiding places, fall into line, march to the beach, are organized into new brigades, and in solid column stand ready to move to the deadly assault.

Not in widely extended battle line, with cavalry and artillery at supporting distances, but in solid regimental column, on the hard ocean beach, for half a mile before reaching the fort, in plain sight of the enemy, did these three

brigades move to their appointed work.

Gen. Strong, who has so frequently since his arrival in this Department, braved death in its many forms of attack, was assigned to the command of the 1st Brigade. Colonel Putnam, of the 7th New Hampshire, who, although of the regular army, and considered one of the best officers in the department, had never led his men into battle nor been under fire, took command of the 2d, and Gen. Stevenson the 3d, constituting the reserve. The 54th Massachusetts (colored regiment), Col. Shaw, was the advanced regiment in the 1st Brigade, and the 2d South Carolina (negro), Col. Montgomery, was the last regiment of the reserve. The selection of the 54th Massachusetts to lead the charge was undoubtedly made on account of the good fighting qualities it had displayed a few days before on James Island, an account of which you have in my letter of the 17th.

Just as darkness began to close in upon the scene of the afternoon and the evening, General

(colored regiment), the 6th Conn., Col. Chatfield, the 48th N. Y., Col. Barton, the 3d N. H., Col. Jackson, the 76th Penn., and the 9th Maine Col. Emery, to advance to the assault. At the instant, the line was seen slowly advancing in the dusk toward the fort, and before a double-quick had been ordered, a tremendous fire from the barbette guns on Fort Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings Point, and from all the guns on Fort Wagner, opened upon it. The guns from Wagner swept the beach, and those from Sumter and Cummings Point enfiladed on the left. In the midst of this terrible shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the fort, portions of the 54th Mass., the 6th Conn., and the 48th N. Y., dashed through the ditches, gained the parapet, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, and for nearly half an hour held their ground, and did not fall back until nearly every commissioned officer was shot down.

As on the morning of the assault of the 11th instant, these brave men were exposed to a most galling fire of grape and canister, from howitzers, raking the ditches from the bastions of fort, from hand grenades, and from almost every other modern implement of warfare. The rebels fought with the utmost desperation, and so did the larger portion of Gen. Strong's brigade, as long as there was an officer to command it.

When the brigade made the assault Gen. Strong gallantly rode at its head. When it fell back, broken, torn and bleeding Major Plimpton, of the 3d New Hampshire was the highest commissioned officer to command it. Gen. Strong, Col. Shaw, Col. Chatfield, Col. Barton, Col. Green, Col. Jackson, all had fallen.

The 54th Massachusetts, (negro,) whom Copperhead officers would have called cowardly if they had stormed and carried the gates of hell, went boldly into battle, for the second time, commanded by their brave Colonel, but came out of it led by no higher officer than the boy, Lieut. Higginson.

The 1st Brigade, under the lead of Gen. Strong, failed to take the fort. It was now the turn of Col. Putnam, commanding the 2d Brigade, composed of the 7th New Hampshire, the 32d Ohio, Col. Steele, the 67th Ohio, Col. Vorhees, and the 100th New York, Col. Dancy, to make the attempt. But alas! the task was too much for him. Through the same terrible fire he led his men to, over and into the fort, and for an hour held one-half of it, fighting every moment of that time with the utmost desperation, and, as with the 1st Brigade, it was not until he himself fell killed, and nearly all his officers wounded, and no re-inforcements arriving, that his men fell back, and the retreat and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and guns from Cummings Point.

In this second assault by Colonel Putnam's brigade, Colonel Turner of General Gillmore's staff, stood at the side of Colonel Putnam when he fell, and with his voice and sword, urged on the thinned ranks to the final charge. But it was too late. The 3d brigade, Gen. Stevenson's, was not on hand. It was madness for the 2d to remain longer under so deadly a fire, and the thought of surrendering in a body to the enemy could not for a moment be entertained. To fight their way back to the intrenchments was all that could be done, and in this retreat many a poor fellow fell, never to rise again.

Without a doubt, many of our men fell from our own fire. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so

found, the flight of grape and rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of individual companies, to say nothing of the regiments.

More than half the time that we were in the fort, the fight was simply a hand to hand one, as the wounds received by many clearly indicate. Some have sword-thrusts, some are hacked on the head, some are stabbed with bayonets, and a few were knocked down with the butt-end of muskets, but recovered in time to get away with swollen heads. There was terrible fighting to get into the fort, and terrible fighting to get out of it. The cowardly stood no better chance for their lives than the fearless. Even if they surrendered, the shell of Sumter were thickly falling around them in the darkness, and, as prisoners, they could not be safe, until victory, decisive and unquestioned, rested with one or the other belligerent.

In this night assault, and from its commencement to its close, General Gilmore, his staff, and his volunteer aids, consisting of Col. Littlefield, of the 4th S. C., and Majors Bannister and Stryker, of the Paymaster's Department, were constantly under fire and doing all in their power to sustain the courage of the troops and urge reinforcements. All that human power could do to carry this formidable earthwork seems to have been done. No one would have imagined in the morning that so fierce a cannonade from both the navy and the batteries on shore could fail to destroy every bomb-proof the rebels had erected. But the moment our men touched the parapets of the fort, 1,300 strong streamed from their safe hiding place, where they had been concealed during the day, and fresh and strong, were prepared to drive us back. We then found to our sorrow that the 15-inch shot from the monitors, even when fired at a distance of but 1,080 yards, had not injured them in the least. Only the parapets of the fort had been knocked into sand heaps.

American and Gazette.

Correspondence of North American and U. S. Gazette.

The Combats at Charleston.

FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., July 13, 1863.

General Gillmore was sent into this department to take Fort Sumter. Being an engineer officer of great reputation in the regular army, and having proved his abilities in the capture of Pulaski, none better than he could have been selected for the herculean task. From the very day of his arrival he set to work planning the reduction of the rebel stronghold. Morris and James Islands—the latter the scene of our defeat in June of last year—were both in the possession of the enemy, and only Folly and Cove Islands were held by us. James Island was almost encircled with formidable rifle pits, while Morris Island, with its Cummings Point battery, Fort Wagner, and heavy earthworks commanding the north end of Folly, presented an almost insuperable barrier to any approach toward the coveted fortress. Nevertheless, over Morris Island it was determined to pass. Light-House creek, a little stream about two hundred yards wide, alone separated us from the batteries on this island. Folly Island, at its extreme north point, has a natural sand bluff some twelve feet high, behind which, since June 16th, our boys, by night, have been erecting mortars and heavy rifled guns, until about fifty pieces were in position. Without the slightest noise, not a rattle of a chain, not the creak of a wheel, and the enemy lying in wait so near of our de-

At another point on Folly Island a small rifle-pit had been made which commanded the little village of Secessionville, about a mile distant. The General himself sighted a few days ago one of the guns mounted thereon, and it sent a shell into their midst, visibly causing a great scattering of the rebels. Under cover of the darkness, for two weeks past all the artillery and infantry in the department have been hurried forward with great rapidity, and landed on the south end of Folly. Regiments on Folly and Edisto Islands were placed on transports in daylight and sent to sea. At midnight they returned and landed again on Folly Island. The northern press of the 7th inst. intimated that all the troops were to be sent to reinforce Banks, and to carry out his impression and

deceive the rebel leaders these movements were executed. The monitors having been thoroughly repaired, lay off the bar awaiting orders to co-operate with the land forces. On the morning of the 9th inst. the 6th Connecticut, Colonel Chatfield, made a secret reconnoissance, and reported all well. About the same time a rebel lieutenant, who had been promised a "leave of absence" if he would ascertain the number of troops on Cove Island, was taken by our pickets, and his "leave" from daily duty at Charleston was granted by order of General Gillmore. From his conversation and that of deserters from their lines, we all thought, and truly, too, that the rebels were not apprised of our intended advance. All day Thursday Gens. Gillmore, Terry, Seymour and Strong could be seen intent on preparations for the coming contest. Surf boats, batteaux, scows and rafts, in fact, anything that would carry men, were hastily collected and secreted in the bushes. Secret expeditions up the numerous creeks were fitted out and dispatched. The most formidable of these, embracing three brigades, and commanded by General Terry, was ordered to proceed up Stono river and attack "Old Battery," on James Island, effect a landing and skirmish over the country between the fort and Secessionville. By this movement it was hoped to direct the attention of the rebels from Folly Island. At 6 o'clock the division started, the Pawnee taking the lead, followed successively by the Nantucket, McDonald, a mortar schooner and fifteen transports. As Gen. Gillmore, in his flagship, Mary Benton, steamed through the fleet, a more animated and glorious military display never was witnessed. The soldiers and sailors, in jubilant spirits, cheered lustily. The rain which had been falling at intervals all day ceased, and a most beautiful rainbow spanned the heavens. We accepted it as a sign of success, and kept up good hope and courage. At 7 o'clock in the evening, only one hour from the starting of the expedition, the Pawnee fired the first gun and opened the scene, the closing act of which shall be the capture of Charleston. The ruse succeeded well; rebel troops from the forts in the harbor, and especially from Morris Island, were sent in all haste to repel invaders. At midnight the expedition in boats started from headquarters, under command of General Strong. It consisted of the 6th and 7th Connecticut, 3d New Hampshire, 76th Pennsylvania, 48th New York, and Enfants Perdus, of New York regiments. Silently they embarked in the launches, and lay off the point of Folly Island until daybreak. At a quarter to five on the morning of the following day, the 10th inst., the concealed batteries on the northern point of Folly Island opened a terrific cannonade with forty-eight pieces, and woke the rebel sleepers on the opposite shore. The monitors having crossed the bar, joined in the cannonade. For three hours the firing was continued with great rapidity on both sides. General Gillmore, from the lookout and signal station, witnessed the entire bombardment, and the earnest workings of his countenance betrayed at the same time the excitement under which he labored and his certainty of ultimate success. At a few moments before eight he descended with "It's all right, boys," and to horse his entire staff went and galloped rapidly up the beach to the batteries, as the rebels were just sending their farewell messages across the channel. General Strong's division, heretofore secreted, then rowed to the opposite, and with a double quick leaped the rebel sand-batteries, as the graybacks were making tracks up the beach towards Fort Wagner. They left their entire camp equipage and valuables to the advancing forces. Our men took possession of the earthworks, and pushed on rapidly up the shore, driving them out of all the cordon of batteries up to the very ditch which surrounds Fort Wagner. We took at this point over one hundred prisoners, including three captains, three surgeons, and four lieutenants, one badly wounded. As they arrived under guard to the quarters of the Provost Marshal, and saw the old flag waving over the "White House," they cheered it with apparent loyal feeling. They all belonged either to the 1st South Carolina Artillery, a conscript regiment, or the 22d South Carolina Volunteers. A number of deserters into our lines for six months past have belonged to this artillery, and being mostly Irish and Germans, they had no heart in the work to which they were forced. All day we took prisoners, finding many secreting themselves in the bushes until the arrival of our forces. The dead and dying lay in heaps in the trenches, a ghastly spectacle. We had but few casualties. One man was killed and two severely wounded by the premature discharge of a gun in our rifle-pits. Several were wounded by the fire of their sharpshooters as we scaled their works. With such an important point taken, it seems singular that we suffered so little. But their guns were manned by three companies of South Carolina artillery, the infantry and a portion of the artillerists having been sent to James Island to attack Gen. Terry. Through all the heat, and it was intense, every man fought and labored with all the energy he possessed. On Saturday morning a force pushed forward and drew the fire of Fort Wagner. An attempt was made to scale the earthworks, but the force not being sufficiently strong, we withdrew with some loss. All day the monitors fired, reinforcing of Wagner. On Sunday the navy continued the target practice, and up to this hour they have yet to

redeem the promise made of taking the stronghold. Had we this, Sumter must yield in a few hours. The troops are in high spirits, and another week will bring down the rebel banners which flaunt so defiantly at us from every side of the memorable fort.

U. S. A.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 22, 1863.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 15th inst., we were all aroused by an attack upon our advance picket post. The 12th Georgia Battalion led in the attack, with the intention of feeling the works which we have for some days been constructing. They were unable, however, to reach the position, and were driven back with loss. We took three prisoners, all of whom were strongly "secesh." During the afternoon the Ironsides passed successfully over the bar, and took a position in the attacking fleet. At four o'clock on Thursday morning we were again aroused by heavy firing on James Island. The rebels, reinforced by the 6th and 24th Georgia regiments, parts of Jackson's old corps, made an attempt to out-flank General Terry's Division. The Pawnee, on Stono river, a mortar schooner, and the McDonald, on Lighthouse Inlet, came up to the fight, and by the brave fighting of Terry's men, the enemy were totally routed. The Pawnee received forty-eight shots, but they did not damage her iron-plating. The rebels were driven from their batteries, and the little town of Secessionville was abandoned. We lost but few men, and these mostly of the 54th Mass., a negro regiment, which behaved in the most soldierlike manner, in this their first fight with the enemy. The rebels must have been punished heavily, as our fire was very accurate and rapid. Throughout the entire day the monitors and mortar vessels kept up a continual shelling, the former always making ricochet shots, which went directly into battery Wagner. The fort did not reply to them, but, as on last Monday, they continued shelling the camps of the generals and their staffs. The sea-face of Sumter is now well covered with cotton bales, to resist the fire of our artillery. The most terrible of southern storms raged during the night, and the expected attack on Wagner had to be postponed until the next day. On Friday the first contrabands began to come within our lines, reporting the rebels as engaged in erecting additional earthworks on forts Wagner and Johnson; that Beauregard had returned to Charleston with troops; that starvation was raging in that city and the army was on half rations. During last night Terry's division returned to Folly Island to take part in the expected attack on Wagner. About an hour before sunset our batteries opened fire on the fort to obtain the range. An hour later the island was quiet, and not a sound aroused us until daybreak. At that hour the booming of the heavy guns awoke us, our earth-works had been exposed, and the whizzing shot and shell called us "to the front." A steady firing continued until 12½ o'clock, when the monitors took position, the Montauk, with the pennant of the Admiral at her foremast, in the lead. Directly behind her the Ironsides lay in all her massive proportions. The Catskill, Nantucket, Weehawken and Nahant followed successively. A booming shot from the Montauk opened the grand attack, and it was answered from the shore by a salvo of the wide-mouthed war-dogs of the army. The Ironsides fired rapidly and with great execution. The parapets fell here and there, leaving wide gorges which failed to protect the rebel foe. Sweeping across the pavement of the fort, it produced a like result on the embankments on the opposite side. The number and calibre of our ordnance we are not at liberty to state, but sufficient it was to keep shell bursting the whole afternoon within the battery. Timbers flew and guns were dismounted by the heavy artillery of the land and naval forces. Wagner replied but little. On the side opening on the beach the guns could not be used, as a company of our sharpshooters put a bullet into every man who attempted to fire the same. At 2½ P. M. the flagstaff of Wagner was carried away by a shot from the Montauk, and the rebel emblem fell in the dust. It was soon raised again on a stick, and planted on the parapet, the South Carolina battle-flag being placed alongside of it. Occasionally Sumter would open her heavy guns, especially the one they took from the sunken Keokuk, and fire at our batteries, but without doing any material damage. A little after three the flag was lowered on Sumter, for some reason I know not, but after fifteen minutes was again raised to its place. The barbette guns, as usual, were the only ones fired from the fort. It is doubtful if they have casemate guns in position. The fire was continued on our part with great fury until sunset, but elicited only an occasional reply from Wagner. About 7 o'clock a storming party was organized and under arms on the beach directly in the rear of our earthworks. It consisted of the 54th Massachusetts (negro) regiment, 6th Connecticut, 48th New York, 3d New Hampshire, 62d and 67th Ohio, 100th New York and 7th New Hampshire volunteers. The attacking column was under command of General Strong, and the supporting column under General Seymour. A heavy reserve force, the numbers of which we will forbear to mention, were all in position to support the advance. As the General commanding and his staff rode along the line, the shot and shell burst furiously on all sides. The long leaps of flame, as they shot forth in the darkness from the guns of the Ironsides, was grand beyond comparison. The

order was given to advance, and the negroes, with a courage unsurpassed, ran quickly toward the battery. Just then a thousand muskets from hidden marksmen shot murderous lead over the parapet, and killed file after file of the foremost assailants. Battery Wagner, Fort Gregg, known as Cumming's Point Battery, and the double mortar battery between Wagner and Fort Gregg, with Sumter, opened their shot, shell, grape and canister upon our advancing forces. Steadily, however, they pushed on in the darkness, alike unknowing friend or foe. Down into the muddy ditch and up the parapet the troops rushed. The standard of the 54th Massachusetts was seized by

three rebels, but the color-sergeant killed one, and hastily pulling the colors from the pole, he bore them on in triumph. The 100th New York planted their flag amid the dying on the top of the parapet. It was a fearful scene. In the darkness of night, thousands battled with thousands, and the loss on both sides was terrible. None who saw or participated in the bloody assault will ever forget that midnight hand to hand conflict. The configuration of the battery was peculiar. A fort with flanking angles, one towards the beach, and a ravelin or additional projection on the land side. Between this ravelin, which we held for some time, and the battery proper, a high parapet and ditch extended, covered by guns belching forth grape upon our men. A concentric fire was thus made through which no living man could pass. The southern flanking angle we also took and for an hour and a half retained in our possession. This position, like the other, was seemingly disconnected with the fort, for the only mode of transit was a bomb proof underground. Down these hidden passages secesh had kept themselves concealed from harm all day. We could go no farther. But three hundred men were able to enter the position, no reinforcements could withstand the terrible cross fire from the double shotted guns, and slowly and in good order we abandoned our ground and fell back to the advance pickets. The ignorance of the position, power, &c., of the battery, the concealment of their force in rat holes all day, and only exposing it when necessary, and above all, the terrible darkness of the night, robbed us of success. Our loss was heavy, and the enemy no doubt suffered equally. Generals Strong and Seymour and Colonel Field were killed. Colonels Green and A. killed. Contributed to our failure. Our leaders were gone, the master mind to direct the military force was wanting in the darkness. The horrors of that night none can depict. The scenes in the hospital who would care to describe. It was a dismal night for all, and glad we were to see the Sabbath morning light. It was a day of rest. Nothing but what the service demanded was required of any soldier. In the afternoon gangs of negroes could be seen throwing up sand on the battered parapets of Wagner. At 10 o'clock in the evening an attack was made upon our pickets, but the rebels were driven back with loss, and our lines were advanced some one hundred yards. A blockade runner attempted to get into the city, but a shot from the Ironsides fired her, and she was entirely consumed. On Monday, the 20th, we could distinctly see batteries being erected on James Island by the rebels, which will command our position. The gunboats and mortar schooners kept up the attack all day with but little intermission. On Tuesday the rebels sent up a little balloon to observe our movements. It remained up about a half hour and descended into Fort Johnson. Future movements of our troops cannot be foreseen. We will be in Sumter before many days. U. S. A.

THE 100TH REGIMENT AND COL. DANDY.—A correspondent of the *Express* with the 100th, has the following in regard to the gallant conduct of the regiment. We are pleased also to publish so warm an encomium of its Colonel, concerning whom in the past not good words altogether have been spoken:—

It (the battle of the 18th,) was a most disastrous affair, but I am glad to say that Buffalo has again reason to be proud of her sons in the 100th. The men behaved admirably; in the face of the most galling fire they advanced in line of battle on double quick, crossing ditches and fences, and up the walls of the fort, but it is no wonder they done so. How can men behave otherwise who have got a leader like Colonel Dandy? He was one of the first on the top of the walls, cheering on the regiment, and he stood there side of the only flag that was fetched up so far—the Buffalo Board of Trade flag—until all the rest of the regiments gave way, when we had to fall back. Every man in the 100th used the expression: "Col. Dandy is a brick."

The 100th has again covered itself with glory, but this time, as at Fair Oaks, its laurels have been dearly bought. We trust its ranks will speedily be filled up again, by conscription or otherwise, and that it may be made, notwithstanding its terrible losses, to outlast the war in which it has played so glorious a part.

27

RESTORED TO RANK.—Captain Charles E. Morse of the 100th Regiment, after months of vexatious delay, has been restored to his rank by the War Department, it having been proven to the entire satisfaction of the Judge Advocate General and the Secretary of War, that the charges upon which his dismissal was based, were groundless. His many friends will be pleased to learn that his reputation as an officer has thus far been completely vindicated. Captain Morse is now engaged in recruiting a company for the Sprague Light Cavalry.

Capt. Morse was formerly connected with the Buffalo Press. He is a ready writer and has many fine qualities as a soldier and a gentleman. We are pleased to record his restoration to his former rank.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE—FROM THE 100TH REGIMENT.

FOLLY ISLAND, June 25, 1863.

DEAR EXPRESS:—We have had a change of Generals—of course you know it—and now we have got a real old *work r.* He is stirring things up tremendously. That "something" which was "going to be did" all the spring, and was finally deferred on account of the hot weather coming on, is at last a definite thing, a tangible "something."

To use the words of an officer of Engineers, high in authority, "before two weeks are over, Morris Island will be paved with shot and shell."

Old fogey Generals have been playing off here long enough. Their day has been and gone, and if the prospects of this week are realized, events will culminate that will startle those who have so long considered that inactivity was doomed to reign forever in this department. The General formerly in charge of the Island had erected earth-works and planted his heaviest guns at the south end of the Island, and pointing towards the ocean.

Gillmore came and inspected. He opened his mouth and passed judgment, thus: "You have got a splendid plan of fortifications here, General. I suppose," hesitating and looking dubiously, "I suppose you have got the Island on a pivot, so that when Johnny Reb uses up one end you can turn this round onto them!"

The answer of the Gen. deponent knoweth not.

Gen. Gillmore immediately set men to work on mortar pits, earthworks and battlements for siege guns. Nine hundred men are working nightly within five hundred yards of the rebel batteries on Morris Island.

You needn't be afraid to publish this, as they will be unmasked before this reaches you.

A company of rebels came over on the island last night. They scouted round a little, and came within a stone's throw of our fatigue men, who paid no attention to them, but kept on working silently, carefully watching them, though, in the meanwhile. Every man might have been captured, but the game was too small to expose ourselves for.

We were shelled occasionally last week, and a few men of the Ohio regiments were killed and wounded. One officer, negro, had his head shot clean off.

Deserters from Secessionville come into our lines daily. They are obliged to swim two rivers, ford creeks, and work through salt-marshes the whole distance. The most of the marshes are of such depth and consistency, that it was impossible to move except by laying down and pulling themselves forward by grasping ahead the swamp grass. The boys gave them soft bread, coffee and butter, the first they had eaten in fifteen months. They seemed surprised at the kindness, and were overpowered with emotions of joy. The tears rolled down their cheeks, and with choked utterance said: "Could the rebel army be assured of such treatment, one-half would desert at the first opportunity." Two of the first lot were avowed Unionists from Tennessee. They laid four months in jail in a cell next to Parson Brownlow. Thumb screws

were applied four hours a day, to cure them of loyal proclivities and to force them to enlist, which they at first refused to do.

They one and all tell the same story: That when we landed on Cole's Island fifteen hundred men might have marched directly, and without opposition, into Charleston.

They assert positively, that at the bombardment, Sumter was on the eve of surrender. She was already signalled to do so, and could not hold out thirty minutes longer. Breaches were made in its walls large enough to drive a cart through, and it is so racked that it is now feared it cannot stand the concussion from its own guns.

During the last hour of the bombardment the inhabitants were notified to leave the city. They were deserting it like rats from a sinking ship. They affirm the astonishment of the Charlestonians as unbounded when they saw our monitors leaving the harbor.

The rebel soldiers are deluded and buoyed up with false reports and lies of the most unmitigated character. They were grave, and told that the Yankees were cleared out of Folly Island and sixty of them taken prisoners. Two of the deserters actually got passes to Charleston for the purpose of seeing them, there learning that we still held possession, they resolved to "come into the Union." They declared that the whole company would follow, but are "too chicken hearted" to brave the march.

Capt. Paine is earning an enviable reputation as the Yankee scout. He is doing invaluable aid to the service.

Lieut. Col. Otis, the loved "father of the regiment," has offered his resignation and been accepted. God knows every line officer and man in the command will miss him. The time may come when many things will be righted. Till then,

Yours, truly,

Co. H.

RE-APPOINTED.—Enrico Farvella, who commanded the 101st regiment when it first went into service, was last week appointed Colonel of the 85th N. Y. Volunteers.

DELIA S. AUSTIN, Asst. Sec'y.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT SMITH.—Lieut. ney B. Smith, of Company H, 100th regiment, New York Volunteers, who fell on the 29th day of June 1862, during the seven days' fight before Richmond was the fifth son of R. B. Smith, of Smith's Mills Chataqua county, N. Y. Lieut. Smith early took a deep interest in the support of the government, and under the second call of the President for volunteers his noble spirit prompted him to respond to the call and to offer his services to his country, and he accordingly enlisted in the month of October, 1861, as a private in the 9th Cavalry, a regiment then being formed in his native county,

He at once became a great favorite with both officers and men, and was appointed Orderly Sergeant of a company, which position he filled with great credit up to the time of his promotion as First Lieutenant in company H, 100th regiment N. Y. S. V., with commission bearing date October 29, 1861.

Lieut. Smith joined his company at the rendezvous of the regiment at Camp Morgan, Buffalo, N. Y., November 10th following, and remained on duty with his regiment up to the time of his death.

He was a fine officer, generous and brave and great favorite with all who knew him. He took part in all the affairs, skirmishes and battles in which his regiment was engaged on the Peninsula up to the 29th of June, 1862—among which may be mentioned—siege of Yorktown, battle of Lee's Mills, Williamsburg Bottom's Bridge and Fair Oaks, where he fought with great coolness and bravery, leading the left of his company in a bayonet charge. In this battle May 31 1862, he most miraculously escaped, receiving a severe bruise from a 12 pound solid shot which carried away the heel and sole of his boot.

On the 29th day of June he sealed his devotion to his country in offering up his life in its defense. Lieut. Rodney B. Smith, Jr., was born in Smith's Mills, Chautauqua County, N. Y., on the 29th day of October, 1839, and fell before Richmond on the 29th day of June, 1862, at the age of 22 years. His father, R. B. Smith, was a soldier in the war of 1812.

29

FROM CHARLESTON.

The Attack Still Going On.

GENERAL GILMORE'S SIEGE GUNS WITHIN ONE THOUSAND YARDS OF FORT WAGNER.

By the arrival of the United States gunboat Paul Jones, and the hospital steamer Cosmopolitan, at New York, we have news from Charleston harbor to the 26th instant, five days later than previous accounts.

The Paul Jones, under command of Lieut. John S. Barnes, left our naval and military forces still engaged in the siege of Fort Wagner. Everything was going on favorably. Gen. Gilmore had succeeded in erecting a battery of heavy siege guns, each weighing twenty tons, within one thousand yards of Fort Wagner.

Fort Sumter and Fort Johnston, on James Island, kept up a continual fire on the Federal forces on Morris Island, but with little effect, our casualties averaging only about six a day.

We also hear by the arrival of the steamer George C. Collins, Capt. Lunt, which vessel passed Charleston harbor at ten o'clock on Saturday night (25th), that at that time the heavy bombardment could be plainly seen and heard.

The army under Gen. Gilmore was full of confidence, and expected the early capture of Fort Wagner.

THE SIEGE TRAIN.

Gen. Gilmore has been busily engaged in training several heavy guns on Fort Sumter. This is no pastime, as the enemy are constantly shelling the engineers and soldiers. He had succeeded in making a disturbance on one of the parapets; showing what he could do when he was ready. So far he has only had 30-pounders; but he has received several Parrott guns, of 203 pounds, which will enable him to make a demonstration for which the Rebels are not looking. Reinforcements have also arrived.

THE REBEL PRISONERS.

The Rebel prisoners have little heart in the matter. They complain of bad fare. "We have to subsist," said they, "on corn bread and water, and we cannot fight on that. But our officers live well enough." Our soldiers find this to be correct. They found, when they first occupied Morris Island, quantity of chickens and other delicacies which had been reserved for the use of the officers; showing that if they were not Sybarites in their luxury, they were certainly epicures.

The Rebel officers were excessively exasperated at being attacked by the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth. "We are gentlemen," said they, "and here you are sending against us your niggers to pollute our soil." On being asked for the body of Colonel Shaw, the reply was, that "he had been buried along with his niggers." It appears probable that they will fail of being conciliated; for Gen. Gilmore means to use the colored soldiers to the utmost advantage.

Offensive operations are now actively prosecuted. Charleston must be reduced, and every energy is to be strained to that end.

LATER.

NEW YORK July 30.

From passengers from the Cosmopolitan, it is learned that the principal guns of Fort Wagner have been silenced, leaving only howitzers for the Rebels to use.

Reinforcements are said to have reached Gen. Gilmore, besides several two and three hundred pounder Parrotts.

Offensive operations by Gen. Gilmore are being actively prosecuted.

Brig. Gen. Strong died this morning from wounds received at Fort Wagner.

WOUNDED AT FORT WAGNER.

The Tribune's Morris Island correspondence says:—Our loss in the late assault on Fort Wagner, according to the official report, is 1,517. The Rebels claim to have buried 650. This extraordinary proportion of killed would have only been reached by the indiscriminate slaughter of our wounded.

One hundred and eight of our wounded are still at Charleston and Columbia.

The officers and men of the 54th Massachusetts (colored) will not be given up to us, and unofficial reports say the negroes have been sold into slavery, and the officers treated with unmeasured abuse. In fact, all our wounded at Charleston have been treated most barbarously.

Opportunities to amputate were eagerly seized upon by the Rebel surgeons, and it was performed in cases of the slightest gunshot wounds.

On the left, our batteries were advanced six hundred yards nearer Sumter on the 25th, and six 200-pounders placed in position.

ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED AT NEW YORK.

New York, July 30.

The steamer Cosmopolitan, from Beaufort 25th, arrived here this noon with 185 wounded from Gen. Gilmore's army. Several deaths occurred on the passage, including F. Iseman, of the 100th New York.

Among the passengers are Col. Vores, Lieut. Col. Commager, Capt. Crane, Lieuts. Steven, S. Whitmore and Parsons of the 67th Ohio, Col. Steele and Capt. West of the 23d Ohio, Col. Barton, Captains Elwing, Swartwout and Lockwood, Lieutenants Fox, Taylor, Miller and Barrett 48th New York; Maj. Nash and Lieut. Brown of the 100th New York, and others.

Eight hospitals had been established at Beaufort and the inhabitants are very attentive to the wounded.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

The Charleston Courier says that the body of Col. Shaw, of the negro 54th Massachuse is regiment, was sent for during Sunday, 19th, but he had been buried in a pit, under a layer or two of his own dead negroes.

HEADQUARTERS DEP. S. C., GA. AND FLA., }
CHARLESTON, S. C., July 18, 1863. }

While the Commanding General regrets that the enemy have succeeded in effecting a landing upon Morris Island, he acknowledges with satisfaction the conduct of the troops in their brave and prolonged resistance against a force largely their superior in number, and he is especially gratified by the spirit and success with which the garrison of Battery Wagner and the troops under Colonel Graham repelled the assaults on that fortification, as it gives the assurance that he can rely upon the conduct and courage of both officers and men to check the progress of the enemy.

By command of Gen. BEAUREGARD.
THOMAS JORDAN, Chief of Staff.

Additional from Charleston.

Correspondence of the Herald of July 24th.

A FLAG OF TRUCE BOAT.

Early this morning the hospital steamer Cosmopolitan, under charge of Surgeon R. H. Bontecon, left Hilton Head, with thirty-nine wounded Rebel prisoners and five surgeons, to take them into Charleston harbor for exchange, according to an agreement made by Surgeon Craven and Lieutenant Colonel Hall on our part, and Gen. Heygood on the part of the enemy.

The expedition was in charge of Lieutenant Colonel James F. Hall, Provost Marshal General, and Dr. J. J. Craven, chief medical officer. Lieutenant Colonel Hall went aboard from Morris Island, and at ten o'clock the Cosmopolitan went into Charleston harbor.

APPEARANCE OF THE REBELS WITH A BLOCKADE RUNNER.