

front." Major Hicks was brought from the front, and Captain Littell was wounded and fell on the edge of the moat. Adjutant Miller was shot, and fell into the moat. Lieutenant Stumbaugh was last seen on the edge of the moat, trying to find a crossing place, and many of the men were seen falling into the water and mud. We have not a word of reproach to cast upon any officer or man engaged in the assault, believing every one tried, at least, under the circumstances, to do the best he could. But we do not believe that four companies of any regiment, with the ordinary support, could take any battery in South Carolina, for after Fort Wagner had been bombarded, more or less, for six days, by our iron-clads, monitors, the Ironsides, several wooden vessels, and our land batteries, it was again stormed by twelve or fourteen regiments, when all were repulsed, with a loss of 1,500 men. In this charge we lost but twenty-four men, killed, wounded, and missing. To-night we go on advance picket for twenty-four hours. Last night one-half of our force worked all night. The only complaint that can be heard is, "I don't like to risk my life and get no credit for it, but instead be called a coward." Yet we hope the day is not far distant when we will be allowed an investigation, and only the guilty made to suffer.

Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, it is necessary to say, was with the regiment in the first charge, and was not sick in hospital, as reported. Colonel Strawbridge was also with the regiment, and only stayed back on account of a severe rupture, which prevented him from keeping up on a double quick.

Respectfully yours,  
L. A., Battery No. 4.

## The Siege of Charleston.

News by Mail to Monday, 10th Inst.

The correspondence of the New York *Herald* from Morris Island, of the 8th to the 10th instant, inclusive, has the following details of the bombardment of the forts in Charleston harbor:

To-day (the 8th,) the siege goes steadily on. In the sultry heat of the morning, the fierce glare of midday, and the cool, quiet hours of the night, our forces are constantly, hopefully and cheerfully laboring for the possession of the envied prize.

I never saw in any army such confidence as is felt by the soldiers of this corps in their leader, and in the result of the operations now in progress. From the humblest private up to the commanding general of division I have not seen a man who was not elated at the rich promise before us. Day after day and night after night, hauling big guns, digging in the trenches, standing on guard, under arms in readiness for an attack, the army of General Gillmore is more than contented—the men are more than gratified. Their enthusiasm is remarkable.

The task before us is one of no small magnitude. For a time rest contented with the intelligence that our guns are going forward, that our batteries are going up, and that the final preparations are steadily approaching completion. Be assured that as soon as the opportune moment arrives the blow will be struck, but that as yet we propose to move with care and certainty rather than with haste and recklessness.

The health of the command is excellent. The intense glare of the sun upon the fine white sand, however, has its effect upon the men, whose eyes are weakened and whose faces are scorched as if they had stood before an oven ever since their advent here. Night blindness—a peculiar malady which unfits a man for duty as the sun goes down—is noticeably prevalent, and is traceable to the glistening of both sea and shore in the fierce sunlight.

By a flag of truce to-day there came into our lines a singularly shaped parcel, addressed to General Gillmore. It contained various pocketbooks, purses, knives, pipes, pencils, &c., the personal effects of several of our men who have recently died while prisoners of war in the rebel hospitals at Charleston. In the advent of this packet, and with the trivial though cherished mementoes of the fallen men, who, with their life-blood, have sealed their devotion to their country, we see some little evidence of a return of the celebrated Southern chivalry. The pockets of those who fell in the trenches, however, were rifled of their contents where their owners perished.

Among the articles thus sent in were the following belonging to New Hampshire men, the "N. H." on the soldiers' caps being interpreted by the rebels as meaning "New Haven":

Captain H. B. Leavitt, Co. G, 7th N. H., (dead) \$38 80. Also a note for \$200.

W. E. Trimbull, Co. E, 7th N. H., (dead) \$22 95.

Lieut. J. H. Worcester, 7th N. H., (paroled) two pocketbooks tied together—one marked G. E. Marshall, \$84 56.

Jas. Relation, Co. H, 7th N. H. (paroled) knife, silver watch and likeness.

Fred. Inkerson, Co. A, 7th N. H., (paroled) saw a watch and pipe.

So far as we can ascertain, the rebels have not relaxed in their preparations to resist our approach toward Charleston. They are working like beavers on James Island, building batteries and mounting heavy guns with which to enfilade our position. With our glasses we can see the features of the men and the flashing of their spades in the light of the rising sun. They labor as if confident of checkmating us. Saturday night they hauled down a monstrous piece, requiring sixteen horses for its transportation. There was evidently a great jollification in honor of its arrival, for the shouts and huzzas of the secesh were wafted over toward us till a late hour.

Since the bombardment of Wagner no flag has waved over it, and its parapet has remained, without repairs, an irregular heap of sand, hardly distinguishable from the hills and ridges which abound in its vicinity; but the fort is not the less serviceable on this account. Indeed, from its resemblance to the natural earthworks with which the island is covered, it may be considered more dangerous to approach than if its position were indicated by a lofty parapet or a defiant banner. We should be likely to stumble against it almost without knowing it, were it not for the vigilant enemy lurking there.

The firing upon our trenches is daily and nightly practiced by the enemy. The discharge of their artillery, though not rapid, is quite regular, and is frequent enough to show the determined nature of their resistance. For the past three or four days, however, they have failed to inflict any casualties upon us, with the exception of a single man wounded on Saturday night.

On Saturday night the pickets of the enemy were driven in about two hundred yards by our advance in front of Fort Wagner. The position thus secured was held in the face of the rebel sharpshooters throughout the following day, and last evening our trenches were advanced and our entire lines were moved forward a distance of one hundred and sixty yards.

For the past five days our losses have averaged only one per day. Nevertheless, our men are constantly under fire, and gradually lessening the distance between them and the rebel guns. As they become skilled in dodging the enemy's projectiles the number of injuries is diminished.

A member of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment was seated in the trenches a few days since, leaning against the earthwork, with his back toward Fort Wagner. A solid shot from one of the rebel guns struck the thick embankment behind him, and though no visible effect was produced upon the face of the parallel, the soldier was instantly paralyzed and rendered utterly helpless. He was removed to the hospital, and although there were no marks of injury about him, he lived only two days.

The soldiers find adequate shelter in the bomb-proofs from the bursting shells, and it is only through carelessness or neglect that any are injured. A private in the 9th Maine regiment was sitting securely in one of these diminutive rat-holes the other day, but in a moment of bravado he thrust out his legs. He had scarcely straightened himself when his left leg was taken off at the knee.

The weather is fine, but intensely hot. For four or five days the customary sea breeze has been withheld, and, in consequence, there is a vast amount of suffering. There is not a pound of ice upon the island, either for the sick or well, and it is understood that there is none in the department. Cannot the generous philanthropists of the North send us a schooner load at once? Certainly they could do the soldiers here no favor more acceptable than to provide them with an occasional sip of cool water.

A cargo of ice left Boston for Charleston on Friday forenoon, per the barque Growler, Capt. Merrill.

Speaking of the situation on the 10th, the correspondence says: Affairs have not materially changed. The same steady progress in our field operations is to be observed, and it looks as though the crisis cannot be far off. Our works have been pushed on toward completion without the slightest interruption, although the enemy have maintained a heavy fire of shells upon our approaches from Fort Johnson, their new works on James Island, Fort Sumter and batteries Gregg and Wagner. The loss on our side has been inconsiderable during the siege operations.

The engineers last night advanced our front lines to a point about two hundred yards nearer Fort Wagner, and before daylight had made themselves secure against attack. The enemy kept up a heavy fire during the evening, but did not prevent the success of our movement.

Our men did their work manfully, and with a perfect disregard of the dangers of their position. Our batteries kept the fire of Wagner down somewhat, and prevented any advance of the enemy to interfere with our fatigue parties in the front.

#### REBEL DESERTER'S REPORT.

A rebel deserter reports that the rebels have removed nearly all their heavy guns from both Wagner and Gregg, and are transporting them to their new batteries on James Island. It is also believed that they are in a measure dismantling Fort Sumter of its heaviest guns, and putting them in position in new batteries. Whether these batteries, which are exceedingly formidable, so far as the strength and position of the works themselves are concerned, are for offensive or defensive purposes, is a question. If for the former, it is doubted whether they will be a complete success. Probably, if for the latter, they will do better. At all events, the rebels are most active in pushing forward

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these batteries. we can see large fatigue parties daily at work on the different works on James Island.

Since a portion of our squadron has anchored inside the bar, and additional precautionary measures have been taken by Admiral Dahlgren to make the inside blockade more efficient, but one vessel has succeeded in eluding our watch and escaped into Charleston. A number of vessels, it is understood, have attempted to run in, but have given up the job as too risky, and have gone back to Nassau. Still the Anglo-rebel efforts to supply the rebels with munitions of war have by no means ceased. The navy have information of a large fleet of steamers at Nassau which intend to try their luck during the coming dark nights. Among them is one large new steamer, on her first trip, loaded with the heaviest rifled guns, of English manufacture, for the defense of Charleston and for the armament of the rebel iron-clads. She is now expected nightly. It is barely possible she may get in; but it is doubted for sufficient reasons. If it costs a half dozen vessels, she will be captured or sunk. The game is about up with blockade runners in this quarter.

THE CAPTURE OF CAPTAIN PAINE.—A letter to the *Washington Chronicle* gives a detailed account of the capture of Captain Paine and his men of the 100th regiment. On the night of the 4th inst., the Captain with his detachment pulled in a boat up to the point on Morris Island, near the mouth of Lighthouse creek, and within easy range of Forts Johnson, Sumter and Wagner. Landing at a dock there, Captain Paine left his men in the boat and took a position near by. He was soon made aware of the enemy's presence by a sharp peremptory summons to surrender. Giving an evasive answer, the Captain dashed to his boat. He gained it, escaping a fire of musketry which was sent after him, but before the boat could push off about seventy rebels had it within close fire. The men of the 100th gave an effective volley to the rebels, but it was no use, and Captain Paine, rather than have his men all slaughtered, surrendered. The affair was witnessed by one of our picket boats stationed near, which succeeded in eluding the enemy. The following are the names of the persons captured: Captain L. S. Paine, Sergeant Mitzinger, O. Towne, L. Allen, P. Miller, F. Slottman J. Shoph, G. R. Snider, J. Goodman, Chas. Metzorf, all of Company D, One Hundredth New York Volunteers.

CAPTAIN PAINE TAKEN PRISONER.—The telegraphic news received yesterday, of the capture of Capt. Paine and nine men of the 100th regiment, will be read with eager interest by the many friends of that gallant officer in this county. Captain Paine and his company are from Tonawanda, and since the arrival of the 100th at Charleston, he has made himself famous by his skill, courage and success in scouting. Some of the most daring feats of the war will hereafter be credited to the Tonawanda Captain. We trust his exchange and release will be speedy.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED of New York regiments, in the attack on Fort Wagner, in Charleston Harbor:

*Dead.*—100th N. Y. A. Iseman, Co. F, shot in thigh; Lewis Bilhauer, Co. A.

*Wounded.*—48th N. Y. Col. W. B. Barton, hip; Capt. N. Eleving, Co. B, leg; Capt. S. M. Swartwout, Co. F, head; Lieut. Charles E. Fox, Co. A, hip, arm and head—a paroled prisoner from Charleston; Lieut. J. Taylor, Co. E, a paroled prisoner from Charleston, side; Lieut. A. F. Miller, Co. K, leg and thigh; Lieut. J. A. Barrett, Co. B, thigh; Josiah Sturges, Co. C; John Morton, Co. H; Corporal B. Leonard, Co. K; Wm. Hess, Co. K; Corp. Wm. D. Howard, Co. F; C. Roberts, Co. B; Samuel Roberts, Co. F; Wm. B. Smith, Co. B; James Larkin, Co. A; Charles N. Cole, Co. D; Charles Mills, Co. H; Corp. A. Ellison, Co. K; F. Konklin, Co. K; Corp. James Hyatt, Co. F; Jas. H. Silvers, Co. B; Jas. McGurney,

Co. H; John Lee, Co. H; John C. W. H. Foley, Co. F; C. Smith, Co. F; Douglass, Co. E; M. B. Konkli, Co. E; J. Omers, Co. B; John Burton, Co. B; Capt. Fred Hurst, Co. K; C. Meseng, Co. E; Charles Robersey, Co. B; Cornelius Jadmus, Co. A.

100th New York—Major D. D. Nash, left thigh; Lieut. Cyrus Brown, Co. E, leg amputated; Second Lieut. Lewis Brown, Co. E; W. C. Bartlin, Co. F; M. McGuire, Co. C; Jas. S. Ehlegger, Co. F; Wm. Carr, Co. C; Corporal Thos. J. Barker, Co. K; Corporal Augustus Herley, Co. K; B. Kerr, Co. K; Olander Moore, Co. K; Meritt Weeks, Co. K; Wm. Fettsburg, Co. K; Fred Mann, Co. F; John Kleberg, Co. F; Henry Roach, Co. H.

*Our dead in Rebel hands.*—48th New York. Amos M. Haven, Co. H, July 20; Thos. Kelly, Co. K, July 20; Geo. W. Nichols, Co. H, July 21; Jas. McPherson, Co. K, July 21; C. Ward, (doubtful) Co. K, July 21.

100th New York.—Geo. Flanders, Co. A, July 23; Howard Rebschardt, Co. K, July 22; C. P. Frank, Co. E, July 20; Julius G. Skinner, Co. E, July 22; Maller Caldwell, Co. K, July 19; William Kerr, Co. H, July 19; Christie Malley, Co. C, July 19; Geo. Kilven, Co. C, July 22; Christopher Shetal, Co. A, July 22; Peter Daniells, Co. G, July 22.

**FULL PARTICULARS OF CAPTAIN PAINE'S CAPTURE.**—We have already published the account given by the correspondent of one of the New York journals of the capture of Capt. Paine, of the 100th Regiment, and the squad accompanying him. The *New South* gives a somewhat different version of the affair, and we are inclined to believe the most correct one. A list of the killed and wounded is also furnished. The article is dated, Morris Island, Aug. 13th, and says:

On Wednesday night last, while on an important scout, Capt. Paine, together with the detachment with him, was taken prisoner by the rebels, who caught him, it seems, in a tight place. The facts involved in the affair, according to the best version, are substantially as follows: He started out in a small boat, with a sergeant and eight men, to go to the old wharf on Light House Creek, where the enemy had attempted to erect a battery, when we first came on the island, and where the steamboat was disabled by Myrick's battery, and afterwards burned by Captain Paine himself. A picket boat manned by a detachment from the 97th Pennsylvania accompanied Capt. Paine, to guard the water approaches to the wharf, from the rebel lines.

Capt. Paine reached the wharf in safety, and leaving his boat and crew at the end of the pier, he alone took a position on the dock, where he could observe the movement of the enemy and signal to our batteries, in case any rebel steamer attempted to communicate with Cumming's Point. He had been there quietly enough for nearly an hour, when he was summoned to surrender by a voice on the dock. To gain time he asked "what is that?" and started for his boat. The rebels, for so they proved to be, fired a volley at him, but not hitting him, and instantly a large party started in pursuit. Captain Paine jumped into his boat, and his men poured in a fire upon the advancing enemy. One or two of them was hit, and the pursuit for the moment checked; but only for a moment, and they were then on Capt. Paine and his little party, before the latter could load their pieces. They fired at close range upon the boat and it was immediately surrendered. It is reported that Capt. Paine was shot down. The report is not incredible, but the authority upon which it was based, makes it proper to say that the evidence is not strong, that he did fall. He and his party were taken prisoners. That fact is unfortunate, unquestionable. The picket lying near fired upon the rebels, and received a fire in return that instantly killed two privates in the boat. The boat then escaped and came in to report the facts. The enemy had retired before supports could be sent out to flog them, and rescue the prisoners.

The following is a correct list of those lost in Capt. Paine's boat:—Capt. L. S. Paine, Sergeant Metzinger, and Privates O. Towns, L. Allen, P. Miller, F. Slattman, J. Shoph, G. B. Snyder, J. Goodman, Charles Metzoff, all of Co. D, 100th New York, Col. Dandy. Killed in the 97th Penn., in the picket boat:—Joseph Russell and Joseph L. Eyre, Co. D.

The loss of Captain Paine, at any time would be a serious one, but at this juncture it is greatly to be regretted. He was a brave, skillful and shrewd officer, and the very best scout in the Department.

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## THE ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON.

### Incidents of the Fight at Fort Wagner.

The New York Evening Post says:—

Authentic intelligence from Morris Island to the 21st instant, received in this city through private letters, shows, as the result of General Gilmore's operations, that he now possesses three-fourths of the Island, and that although the assault upon Fort Wagner failed, he has succeeded in planting his heavy batteries in a position which commands Fort Sumter. The General is not at all discouraged by his failure at Wagner.

We find in the correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer the following incidents of the attack upon the Rebel Fort:—

#### BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF A BLACK SOLDIER BY THE REBELS.

One of the colored soldiers, who had faithfully stood at his post, and refused to fall back when the Rebels drove in our pickets, was afterwards brought into our lines. The Rebels, not content with having murdered him, had cut both his ears off and scalped him. As his comrades looked upon this heinous sight they grit their teeth and swore never to take another prisoner; and I can assure you that the Rebels will find that the Fifty-fourth will retaliate in this case without waiting for special or general orders.

#### A NEGRO SOLDIER CATCHES A REBEL.

One laughable incident connected with this engagement is as follows:—After the Rebels had retreated, a colored sergeant belonging to the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and very stunted, was seen coming in with a Secesh prisoner. The Rebel was one of those tall specimens of the chivalry who seem to have been originally intended for astronomical observations, while his captor was a stunted negro who could with ease have walked between the legs of his prize. It was a ludicrous sight—the little contraband, with expanding eyes, large mouth, ivory glistening, lugging his own arms and those of his prisoner, and beside him was a long-haired, sunken-jawed, sallow-faced specimen of Southern vegetation, humbly following his enterprising colored brother.

#### WHAT THE DESERTERS SAY OF WAGNER.

The deserters who came into our lines were examined separately, and from them the following facts were elicited: The number of men in Wagner at the time of our last assault was fifteen hundred. They had been brought up from Savannah the day previous, and landed upon Cumming's Point that night. All day Saturday, while the bombardment was in progress, these troops were not in Wagner, but concealed and protected by a high sand ridge which runs from Wagner, along the course of the beach, to Cumming's Point; and as soon as our forces marched up the beach to the assault these troops were placed in the fort, and in readiness to receive us. About an hour after we had retreated the fort was again reinforced by two battalions from Charleston. General Palmer, of Mississippi, is in command of Wagner, and the armament of the fort is as follows: A mortar and two siege guns facing this way; and a mortar, two 30 pound Parrotts, and a 10 inch rifled gun, bearing seaward. The fort is built in the most perfect manner, both as regards strength and the protection afforded to the gunners. In the bombardment the iron-clads dismounted two of her guns, and the Ironsides was the terror of the garrison, especially her broadsides.

Notwithstanding the fierceness of the bombardment, we only killed and wounded fifty of the garrison, so well protected are they by bomb-proofs. The troops from Savannah have all been brought to Charleston, and in the latter city great consternation prevails, so much so that the inhabitants have already commenced to move their valuables to Savannah.

Troops are being sent down from Richmond to the defence of Charleston, among whom are regiments of "Stonewall" Jackson's old corps. Wagner has one bomb-proof capable of holding two thousand men. Such is the substance of these deserters' information, compared and sifted out. They were dressed in the fearfully dirty "grey," and expressed themselves as "sick of this war." They were all foreigners and "substitutes," or conscripts in the Rebel army, and were certainly anything but in love with the chivalry. Upon being told that they would be well taken care of, and have plenty to eat, their eyes glistened as they beheld afar visions of Yankee provender.

#### THE PRESENT SITUATION OF AFFAIRS.

Monday afternoon we discovered that the Rebels were erecting a battery on James Island, with the idea of giving us a flanking fire. The McDonough immediately moved up Light House creek and shelled the position for some time. We heard nothing more from this new idea until yesterday morning, when this battery opened and threw shells clear across the lower end of Morris Island, exploding them upon the beach and in the channel. But nothing serious resulted from this fire, and if the Rebels depend upon this battery for our worryment, they are vastly mistaken. In the morning our iron-clads opened for a short season upon Wagner and Gregg, and then retired. In the afternoon a 30-pound Parrott was sighted at Sumter by the officer in command of our battery on the right, and the gun fired by a Sergeant of the First artillery, who was in Sumter at the time of its surrender under Anderson, and the shell burst right upon the parapet of Sumter, being the first shot which has been fired into Sumter since the present expedition.

This reminder drew out the fire of Sumter, Wagner, Gregg, Vinegar Hill, Fort Johnson and the new battery on James Island. All the batteries except Sumter directed their fire upon the iron-clad and mortar fleet, while Sumter especially noticed our batteries. This bombardment, without decisive results, continued till late in the afternoon, when it gradually ceased. To-day the same programme has been carried out, and the future will decide our success. The Rebels may try to drive us from our position, but they will receive a nice warming in case they attempt it. Gen. Gilmore has set out to take Charleston, and I believe, with good reason, that he will do it. It may be days or weeks before I read the Inquirer in the Mills House at Charleston, but I have no more doubt of doing it than I have of eating hard tack to-morrow morning for breakfast. *Entre nous*, Charleston is no less ours than Vicksburg. *Tempus fugit*, also the Rebels.

#### Anecdote of General Grant.

We find the following in the Detroit Free Press:—

"A gentleman of this city, who was an early friend of General Grant, furnishes the following reminiscences of the brave general who has so inseparably linked his name with the victories of the Western armies:—

"General Grant is of a Methodist family of Ohio, and married the daughter of a Methodist local preacher, and the granddaughter of the pioneer of Methodism in Western Pennsylvania, of the name of Wrenshall. When not much over twelve years of age he was at school, and had as a schoolfellow his own natural cousin, whose parents were British subjects of Canada. Young Grant was taught to forgive injuries, as a divine precept, and to do good and not evil to others, and his father had impressed his mind with love of country and reverence for the name of Washington. The Canadian had been otherwise educated, and believed Washington a rebel. On one occasion a discussion arose between the boys as to love of country and duty to a king, when John

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aid: 'U. S., (Grant had been nicknamed U. S.) your Washington was a rebel, and fought against his king.'

"Grant replied: 'Jack, you must stop that or I'll flog you. I can forgive you for abusing me, but if you abuse our Washington I'll off coat and fight, though you are cousin Jack, and mother may lick me for not forgiving.' The boys fought. Jack got the worst of it, but 'U. S.' was about being whipped at home for fighting, when his father interposed and saved him, saying, 'The boy who will fight for Washington will prove himself a man and a Christian, if God spares him for twenty years.'

"Some years ago the boys, now men-grown, met in Canada, and recurred to school days. Jack said: "U. S., do you remember the licking you gave me for calling Washington a Rebel?"

"Yes, I do, and Jack, I'll do it again under like provocation. Washington is my idol, and to me it is more insulting to speak disrespectfully of Washington or my country, than to denounce myself. Mother's maxim does very well in private quarrels, but it don't apply where one's country is denounced, or its gods. Washington is first in the American pantheon, and I couldn't rest easy if I permitted any abuse of his name.'

"Such was and is 'Unconditional Surrender Grant.'

The cashier of one of the Broadway banks, New York, a few evenings ago, had occasion to enter the double-doored vault, just previous to the porter's time of going his rounds and turning the keys. The doors of the vault were closed, and the suffocating tenant, knowing it was the man's custom to immediately leave the building, at once set up a cry of terror—sounding, without, like the stifled tones of a ventriloquist—which, however, would have been unavailing, had not a clerk been accidentally detained at his desk. A faint call—"Let me out," was heard, and finally traced to the vault. The doors were opened, and the horror-stricken cashier, nearly helpless, pale and weak from fear, exertion and want of air, tottered forth. The five minutes' incarceration, and the terrible thought that he was left to die a lingering death, so changed him that the clerk could hardly recognize him. He now shudders at the sight of the vault, and has not recovered from the effects of his fright. He says the five minutes seemed days to him. It reminds one of Hoffman's story of "The Man in the Reservoir," or one of Poe's terrible tales—"The Cask of Amontillado," for instance.

## THE ATTACK ON FORT WAGNER.

Description by a Participant in the Fight  
—Gallant Conduct of the Forty-Eighth,  
Brooklyn, Regiment.

HILTON HEAD, July 29, 1863.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn City News:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have for some weeks kept silent, because I had nothing special to say. On the 4th day of July we left St. Helena Island for Folly Island. The weather was hot, and the marching and fatigue work on Folly Island was hard indeed for the Regiment. On the nights of the 7th and 8th we were out in line, spending part of the night in the woods by dim moonlight, and part in scouting and marching. On the morning of the 9th the Regiment approached Morris Island, giving us a fine chance to witness the cannon duel between the Secesh and our batteries, opening on the Rebs at 6 o'clock with artillery. About 8 o'clock a Monitor drew near, and opened on the Morris Island Fort; not long after, our men appeared, landing in flat-boats on the Island, off to the left; then howitzer shots were made by them at the battery, keeping up a brisk fire, the shells whizzing over our heads, and causing us to dodge. One of

struck at the rear of me, within a few paces of man who was coming over to the Regiment. He walked on, not seeming to notice it. Now three Monitors are engaging the batteries, signal flags in all directions, and the frigate Ironsides, still out to sea, has not fired a gun. A shell has just burst over our heads, coming from some distance toward Charleston, and still another. Our men lie in ambush behind sand-hills, palmetto trees, &c. Ten o'clock—the ball goes on; we can see the four companies of the 48th drawing near—double-quick a intervals,—preparatory to a charge, and the Rebels shelling our small boat howitzers. Gen. Strong's Brigade is the storming party. The 48th belong to him. Cos. I and G only, are left behind him at Pulaski. We learn that Gen. Terry has made a landing on James Island. Fort Sumter is just ahead in plain view, which makes our men feel like fighting. The cannon duel continues; our four companies, with sharpshooters, draw near the battery, picking off the gunners. Now for our order to go: It comes, and the other four companies start, double-quick, through and out of our battery or fort, down to the water, under fire from the Secesh battery; we cross in boats, the solid cannon-shot striking all around us, and soon landing on the other side, on Morris Island, (joining the other four companies which came up through the marsh from the left,) charge on the fort. The Rebels surrender. Other Regiments are landing in force, but the 48th follow up towards Charleston, and take two more batteries, turning some of the guns on the enemy, who are retreating between the sand-hills to Fort Wagner. The Monitors are at work all around the Island. Shell and solid shot fly all around us, and the troops are much exposed.

July 11th—In the early morn the 6th Connecticut Regiment charge a battery of great strength, and mount the parapet. The Ninth Maine break in their support, and lose to us the battery, with a destruction of many men. The 48th lost, the first day, seven killed and thirty-nine wounded. Brave Capt. Lent fell gallantly leading his Company. Six Rebel sharpshooters were posted to kill him, as they thought him a general.—The Forty-Eighth were called up in line, and slept last night on our arms. To-day the iron-clads are at work at Sumter, while the wooden gunboats are engaging Fort Wagner and the rebel batteries. Our reinforcements are coming up, the dead and wounded are attended to, and rations are coming over. Heavy loads of ordnance, guns, artillery and siege pieces are arriving, shells flying from the guns, and death is all around us. Near the rebel batteries we gained whole camps—tents and cooking utensils all falling into our hands, as well as pigs, chickens, corn meal, flour, &c., too numerous to mention—letters to be sent, and that had come here, from secesh towns and villages.—For the present we notice only something to eat, having slung away our haversacks containing three days' rations, in order that we might make a better fight.

Evening—Troops continue to come over. Telegraph wires are being laid to follow our troops. Monitors are opening on James's Island batteries. Gen. Gilmore and staff are just over, and I notice a fatigued party of three hundred men drawing up heavy cannon towards the secesh batteries near the other side of the Island.

Six o'clock—Sharp firing on James Island from both sides; at tattoo we are in camp, in line of battle, the 48th sleeping on the ground without blankets, all armed and equipped.

July 12th—The rebel gun-boat is off James's Island, in the creek. Slow firing this morning.—The rebels are landing troops (under Sumter's guns) on this Island. A light battery goes forward, drives off the gun-boat, and sinks a Charleston steamer. A rain storm in the night, and very dark. Two rebel spies, it is supposed, have been in our camp.

July 13th—Our troops have been under shell fire all day and part of the night, from Sumter. One of our men was killed by a shell. Our regiment in great danger all day. Hills covered with men—mortars and siege pieces brought forward.

Evening—The 48th advance in the entrenchments. Men tired and exhausted—heavy fatigue work continually. In the night our pickets were driven in, also Co. C, which had just relieved Co. B. It was dark, but we soon understood the matter, and pitched into the rebels, driving them back and taking a number of their men prisoners, and thus preserving a battery of Gen. Gilmore's then nearly completed, Company B (Capt. Elewing) occupying the advance picket ditch, near Wagner, which the Company had held for some time during the night.

All the next day—

...day sharpshooters busy on both sides—at one time four bullets struck quite near me at the same time almost. It was an ugly picket fight, watching for heads. The camp was severely shelled from Sumter until about noon. Their favorite pieces taken from the Keokuck burst, they having overcharged them, and I watched the shell whizzing over our camp through the air, reaching near Folly Island, a distance of about five miles.—The previous shells had burst almost in the tent of Gen. Strong and the 48th, which regiment he liked and preferred to keep near his quarters. Fortunately no one was even hurt by these threatening fragments of destruction which fell all around.—We hear that the men in Fort Moultrie mutined and turned their guns upon Fort Sumter, and that ten men were hung in Charleston.

July 14th—All day annoyed by sharpshooters in the intrenchments.

July 15th—Firing on both sides while batteries were being built or finished—sharp cannonading on James' Island with our gunboats—men still in the intrenchments.

July 16th—Work of mounting guns progressing—expect to be completed to-night—our camp shelled for a good part of the day—gunboats reply at intervals.

Midnight—Thunder, lightening, wind, rain, and grease light, down in a hole with fleas, reptiles and wet sand, by the side of a knoll, in a beautiful spot of that lovely and attractive place spoken of so often during the rebellion, I am writing with a lead pencil, in an old secesh, mouldy, ugly, and torn tent.

July 17th, night—Thunder, lightening, and rain. We are working by companies and regiments, conveying ammunition, shell and shot under the guns of secesh, very laborious work. The sea is lined with marines in small boats, sounding, and watching the Rebel Forts.

July 18th—This morning the 48th Regiment came into camp, wet through, and completely used up after all these days and nights of excitement and hard work. They have had one ration of whiskey—and received a few hours sleep, when the regiment were ordered to move to the front, in line of battle. The batteries and Navy had all ready opened and were directing their fire on Fort Wagner, when suddenly Fort Sumter and other well-known rebel strongholds were all speaking by the cannon's loud voice.

It was a grand sight for us to witness. About 5 o 6 o'clock P. M. we received a ration of whiskey, having had but little to eat during the day; all around us as far as the eye could see was one swarm of shells flying and exploding. As evening grew near the breeze of the sea fanned us a little, when we started double quick up the beach for Fort Wagner, cheers were given the 48th by other regiments, Gen. Strong riding along without hat or cap—noticing us as if it might be for the last time—but it was a brave and honest expression of hope for victory. We heartily cheered the General, and on we went, under a severe shelling from Sumter, from which place we could be seen and our motive understood. When within a few yards of Fort Wagner, volley followed volley, and the Minie balls took down our men, while we in turn aimed at the heads of Secesh. A steady battle was now the work, the shades of night overtook us, and the fight grew more desperate, our men falling, but steadily gaining, crossing the moat over the first ditch, and on the parapet with our colors. Colonel Barton was wounded, Lieut. Col. Green (of Troy, N. Y.) killed while driving his knife into a Secesh gun; Gen. Strong wounded—but on they came to the slaughter! Our men are in close action, and two bayonets were run through a rebel colonel who boldly came out in the night endeavoring to rally his men to "Glory," as he remarked. Private Burnett, of Co. K, took the rebel's sword and brought it from the battle-ground. Now was the "tug of war." The Ninth Maine played on us the same trick that they had previously done on the same ground with the 76th Pennsylvania. It seems hard to go back on any regiment that has anything to do in this

war, but so very important to us was the capture of Fort Wagner—so plainly was it to be seen that it involved nothing less than the fall of Charleston—that any regiment which failed to support a storming party already grasping the prize, should receive the worst of censure. Our men were being taken prisoners, and in turn we were taking them. It was a hand-to-hand fight. I was taken prisoner and escaped the same night. On my way back, a shell from Sumter exploded, probably within two or three feet of my face, and from that instant I have not been able to write until to-day (July 29th)—not knowing anything until the next day, about eleven o'clock, when I was brought off the battle-ground by two privates of another regiment, who, in the excitement of the hour, took me to be a rebel. The One Hundredth New York, by some

...mistake, fired into our regiment, doing much injury to the 48th. Glass bottles, nails, hand grenades, grape and canister, explosive bullets, buckshot and small pigeon shot, were used against us; and it can be proved that chain-shot was used—a piece being brought off by our men. South Carolina will break the law of nations, and break her own neck.

In closing, I must add that but few of the old 48th (Perry) Volunteers are now left. It was a short work of death. But the Rebels say the 48th did not fight like men but like tigers, and also that no short contest since the war has equalled the desperate charge on the night of the 18th of July at Fort Wagner. We found that the fort was arched, also caves, and holes in the earth, entrenchments and ditches all filled with the enemy waiting for us. There were sand heaps of great thickness, Palmetto logs, cotton bales, iron, and being regularly casemated will take much, very much of navy power to reduce it. Could the regiments but have had light to see, and working harmoniously, the fort would have been ours, but so strong a place as it is, and dark as was the night, it is no wonder that so large a number were killed and wounded. By this time you probably have a list of the killed and wounded. I have not time to send them here, but that our Brooklyn friends may know something of the twelve day's work, with three fights put in for variety I would be glad to have this noticed in your valuable daily.

WILL. WATKINS

**WOUNDED.**—Among the wounded and missing in the 100th N. Y. Regiment in the last attack on Fort Wagner, we notice the name of 1st Lieut. John McMann, of this city, formerly an employe at the Penitentiary. Also Corporal Dressing and privates Lawrence, Callahan, Vibern, Munaner, Matkews, and McGuire, of the same company—C. A number of men were recruited here by Lieut. McMann for the 100th, but whether any of these were among the number we cannot say.

FROM CHARLESTON.

## The Second Attack on Fort Wagner.

### A BLOODY NIGHT ASSAULT

#### Repulse of the Federal Column.

Tribune Correspondence

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 19, 1863.

Again Fort Wagner has been assaulted, and again we have been repulsed, and with, I regret to say, a much more formidable loss in killed, wounded and missing, than in the first attempt.

Since the engagement of the 11th, Gen. Gillmore has strained every nerve to strengthen his position on Morris Island, and so far as human foresight can discern, has made his lines of defense impregnable before advancing to the attack.

Gen. Gillmore designed to commence the bombardment of the fort at daylight yesterday morning, but on account of a terrific thunder-storm, which commenced early in the evening and continued until morning, delaying the work of the engineers and dampening the ammunition, the action did not open until half-past 12. At that hour Admiral Dahlgren signalled that he was ready, and in a few moments the Montauk (his flagship), the Ironsides, the Catskill, the Nantucket, the Weekawken and the Patapsco moved into line in the order in which I have named them, and commenced hurling their heaviest shot and shell around, upon and within the fort, and, with intervals of but a very few minutes, continued this terrible fire until one hour after the sun had gone down. During all the afternoon the iron fleet lay about one mile off from the fort, but just at the close of the engagement, and but a few moments before the first assault was made by Gen. Strong, the Admiral ran the Montauk directly under the guns of Fort Wagner and