

A native of this city came in a day or two after, and reported that Captain Dickinson was outside with two hundred cavalry. They were in the same locality all of the last Spring. When Jacksonville was taken in April last, Capt. D. with his band crossed the St. John's river, and with the exception of small scouting parties, has not till now returned. He will doubtless find it to be the part of wisdom to remain *outside*.

The man who brought in the above news went to St. John's Bluffs, with the permission of the authorities here, to visit friends. The rebels regard him as an obnoxious person, and on hearing of his presence in these parts they attempted to entrap him. He, however, escaped their toils, and by taking the woods he made his way to town.

The condition of the negroes is about as it has been. They are now gathering the fruit of their Spring and Summer toil. The quantity is not large, but as, on account of the great demand for vegetables the prices received are high, they have made a pretty good thing of it. The ordinary price of peas has been fifty cents a peck, potatoes fifty cents a peck; small watermelons, forty and fifty cents, &c. It is now time to prepare their gardens for Fall and Winter crops. For this purpose seeds are much needed. We hope to receive a supply from friends at the North. It is said that crops cannot be procured from seeds raised here. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the poverty of the soil occasioned by the neglect to manure and otherwise enrich it. It is to be regretted that much of the toil of this industrious class of citizens is unrequited. The frequent and sudden change of regiments, often between the visits of the paymaster, prevents the soldiers from paying their wash-bills, and thus the earnings of weeks, as well as the little stock of starch and soap, are swept away. The women, in this way, lose from three to thirty dollars each. An industrious shoemaker informs me that by these changes he has lost more than one hundred dollars. I am ashamed to state that in some cases our soldiers do not pay when they have the money. This is the exception not the rule.

Language is inadequate to express the horror which fills our minds as we read of the late riots in the metropolis of our land. We would not have believed it possible that men could become so much like fiends incarnate as to invade the sanctuary of innocence and ruthlessly trample upon the rights of persons who were peaceably plying their own avocations and yielding obedience to just and righteous laws.

A steamer has arrived to-day, but she brings no letters or papers from North of Port Royal. The old story is repeated, "As we were going out of Port Royal harbor the Arago with mail from New York was going in." We must wait now a fortnight or more. Our latest dates were of August 8th.

I. W. B.

DEATH OF LIEUT.-COL. GREEN.—By today's New York papers, we learn that Lieut.-Col. James M. Green, of the Forty-eighth regiment, well-known Trojan, was killed at Fort Wagner. He was a brother of Robert and John C. Green, and was a popular and estimable citizen, as well as a brave, competent soldier. He enlisted as a private soldier in the Seventy-first regiment, and participated in the battle of Bull Run. He determined to adopt the profession of arms, and was appointed Major and afterwards promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Forty-eighth regiment. But a short time ago he was home on a leave of absence. It appears that he was mortally wounded, and died in the city of Charleston. Hosts of friends at home will regret his early, heroic death.

More than half the time 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 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.

**Official List of the Killed and Wounded
in the Brooklyn 48th Regiment.**

The following is the official list of casualties in the 48th Regt. N. Y. Vols., during the charge on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1865:

COMPANY A.

Lieut. Chas. E. Fox, wounded; Private Patk. Brady, killed July 18th; Corporal Jessie G. Smith, missing; Privates Patk. Dunnegan, missing; Coml. Cadmus, missing; Erick Limberg, missing; Bernard McCann, missing; Wm. McCormick, missing; Luther S. Ketchum, missing; Walter S. Smith, missing; Sergeant T. J. Carman, missing; Private Danl. B. Velsor, wounded; Corporal G. D. Vredenberg, wounded; Privates Jas. Larkin, wounded; J. E. Ames, in hospital at Hilton Head; F. Commonfort, in hospital at do; Jas. Brady, Joe Hunt, Peter Nolan, in hospital at Beaufort.

COMPANY B.

Captain N. A. Elfwing, wounded; Ser. Deputy, Corporals John Gardner, Sidac, J. Mason, Alex. Myers, Geo. Trucadale, Coffee, John Curtis, Danl. J. Dyckman, John, Danl. Madden, John Nica, Isaac Silcocks, Jot. Van Tassel, missing; Chas. J. Travis, Adam Westcott, Wm. Brown, Sergeant Peter W. Smith, Privates Wm. McCloud, Thos. Van Tassel, in hospital at Beaufort; John Holton, Jas. H. Silvers, Danl. B. Smith, Carl Robericht, Wm. J. Owea, in hospital at Hilton Head; Corporal Froeman Attwood, Private Jas. McGarry, wounded.

COMPANY C.

J. Farrell, Captain, missing, probably killed going up the slope to Wagner; R. S. Edwards, Lieutenant, missing; J. T. Lawrence, Sergt., missing; Privates J. S. Marshall, missing; Peter Fennick, missing; John A. Smith, missing; George P. Becker, missing; James Nesbitt, missing; Amasa King, missing; Daniel Kane, killed; Dennis Levy, in hospital at Beaufort; Wm. Mason, in hospital at Beaufort; John J. Bondy, in hospital at Beaufort; Sergt. S. H. Frankenbourg, in hospital at Beaufort; privates Wm. Osborne, in hospital at Beaufort; Josiah Sturgis, Corporal J. O'Brien; privates John Smith, Philip Larkin, James C. Hibson, John Love, in hospital at Hilton Head; Martin Carroll and Michael Sullivan, in camp wounded.

COMPANY D.

Capt. James A. Paxton, dangerously wounded, at Beaufort; Sergt. G. W. Crammer and Corporal S. O. Church, missing; Thomas McDowell, killed; Privates J. B. Berthel, Daniel Clifton, John Clark, C. W. Mounce, A. Mason, H. Smith, John I. Willis, A. Palmer, missing; Sergeants G. P. Patterson, J. G. Abbott, A. Lippincott, wounded; Corporals Levi Pimm, Thomas White, in hospital at Beaufort; S. K. Daffie, wounded; Privates C. M. Cole, J. De Camp, Thomas Jones, wounded; D. Emmons, Isaac D. Lodge, Elmer Sauder, wounded, in hospital at Beaufort; J. P. Croseada's, James Spear, John Graham, Wm. J. Howell, John Ronck and Corporal Aaron Cole, in hospital at Hilton Head.

COMPANY E.

Joseph Taylor, Lieut. wounded, paroled and gone North; Corporals E. Johnson, missing; C. H. Haynes, do; C. A. Bates, do; Privates Jas. Brown, missing; Fred Gilmore, do; W. H. Hawkins, do; Peter Smith, do; B. E. Terry, do; Theo. Vasey, do; James Van Zandt, do; Jas. Dotan, do; 1st Sergt.; Wm. Andrews, musician; Privates Robert Anderson, Geo. Degamo, Jas. Hanna; Wm. T. Manley, Richard McNally, Fred Post, Jos. B. Rayner, F. B. Taylor, Abraham Vreeland, E. Wakefield, wounded, in Hospital at Beaufort; Privates John Burton, Robert Douglass, Charles Messinger, Chris. Smith, paroled, in Hospital at Hilton Head; Corpl. George E. Gardner, in Hospital at Hilton Head.

COMPANY F.

Capt. S. E. Swartout, slightly wounded, gone North; Lieut. S. W. Master, sick in Hospital at Hilton Head; Privates J. T. Fonda, H. W. Keliogg, M. Limage, J. Murphy, M. McClenahan, and Corpl. E. C. Williams, missing; Sergt. E. J. Hutchinson, and Privates W. Furness, D. McManus, J. Motishaid, wounded, in Hospital at Beaufort; Privates M. Bowa, and T. Lowery, wounded, in Hospital at Hilton Head; Corporals T. A. Hyatt, W. B. Howard, and Privates W. H. Foley and L. Robbins, wounded, paroled and gone North.

COMPANY H.

Capt. W. L. Lockwood, and Lieut. J. A. Barrett, wounded and gone North; Corpl. Wm. Lyster, missing; Privates Jas. Allen, missing; Jer. Allen, do; Isaac Cornell, do; David Clark, do; John Clarkson, do; J. B. Fort, do; Privates Aaron Huff, missing; E. Miller, missing; J. B. Stebbins, missing; Jas. Weatherspoon, missing; Ben Wilson, missing; Wm. Ziroskie, missing; Ben Pierce, missing; 1st Sergeant R. Edwards, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; privates L. Burr, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; Thomas Curtis, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; James Freeman, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; John Lacey, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; J. Liman, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; Albert Pace, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; H. Walling, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; James Yerkes, wounded, in Beaufort hospital; J. Givoney, wounded, in Hilton Head hospital; J. Lee; Sergeant J. Claverton, wounded, paroled and gone north; private J. Morrison, wounded, paroled and gone north; color sergeant George Sparks, wounded, paroled and gone north; corporal Andrew Walling, wounded and gone north; privates N. W. Pease, wounded and gone north; G. W. Nichols, died in Charleston July 21; Amos Havens, died July 20; W. C. Stigler, died in Beaufort July 23.

COMPANY K.

Captain Fred Hurst, badly wounded, in Charleston; Lieut. A. F. Miller, wounded, gone north; Sergeant John Smith, missing; private Daniel Johnson, missing; corporals A. A. Hilleker, missing; James Westerfield, missing; J. G. Gregory, missing; privates W. A. Boutoing, G. T. Conklin, missing; W. H. Conklin, missing; Theo. Kelley, died in Charleston, July 20; James

THE FIGHT ON MORRIS ISLAND.

Enemy Driven Back with Loss.

NAVAL ATTACK ON LAND AND FORT.

At Night. The Work Stormed by

A BLOODY BATTLE IN THE DARK.

Heroic Courage and Useless Carnage.

FAILURE OF THE SUPPORTING BRIGADE TO ARRIVE.

[Correspondence of the Tribune.]

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 17, 1863.

In my last I wrote you that Gen. Gilmore, in order to accomplish the capture of Morris Island without the loss of too much blood, made a strong feint upon James Island, in order to draw off the main body of the rebel infantry from Morris Island. In this feint he was entirely successful. The rebels not having the least suspicion that batteries had been erected on Folly Island, bearing upon their own, sent nearly all the infantry to James Island, to resist the supposed advance of Gen. Terry upon a small village on Folly River—Secessionville, a movement was made on their part, we took the batteries on Morris Island, and before noon occupied their mistake, island. The rebels discovering this, could do and the advantage we had gained, which nothing but wait for re-enforcements, they immediately telegraphed to Richmond.

On the night of the 15th, 4,000 Georgia troops, formerly belonging to the old corps of Jackson, arrived, together with two batteries of artillery.

Yesterday morning, this fresh force of old fighting men and the troops which had been upon Morris Island and in and around Charleston, were hurled at daylight suddenly upon Gen. Terry, supposing he could be surprised in his camp, driven back to Stono River, and the main portion of his command destroyed or captured before he could reach his transports. Gen. Terry had placed the brigade of Col. Montgomery, consisting of the 2d South Carolina (colored) and 54th Mass., Col. Shaw (colored) in the advance, with the 54th Mass. doing picket duty; the brigade of Col. Davis on the right, a short distance back from the line occupied by Colonel Montgomery, and the brigade of Gen. Stevenson on the left, on the line of Col. Davis.

The rebels advanced in solid column upon the 54th Mass., and at the same moment commenced a rapid cannonade upon the Pawnee and the Huron in Stono River, from a battery on their left, and on the Mayflower and the John Adams from one they had left upon their right. The attack upon the army and the navy was simultaneous, and for a moment surprised and staggered both branches of our service. The Pawnee received several shots before she was able to return the fire on account of her position in the river; the 54th Mass. being upon picket and thinly scattered along the line they had to guard, were, of course, compelled to fall back until they could form in battle line which they did in admirable order, but not until they had lost fifty-four of their best men in killed and wounded.

Gen. Terry quickly discerning that the engagement on the part of the Rebels was intended to be a serious one, formed his whole command in battle line in nearly the same relative position they occupied the night before, and then advanced to meet the enemy and accept battle.—The 1st Conn., Artillery, Capt. Russell, constituted the artillery force he deemed sufficient to bring into action. He placed this battery so that he could harass the enemy on his right and left, gave signals to the gunboats in Stono River and the creek to open fire, and then advanced along his whole line. The fire from the gunboats in the Rebel right and left and the bold charge of the 54th Mass. (colored) were so severe that the whole Rebel line fell back, broke and finally retreated in disorder through Secessionville and behind the strong batteries they have in position but a short distance from the village.

Gen. Terry, having been ordered not to bring on a general engagement, or continue one commenced by the enemy beyond the time required to repulse him, fell back to the ground he occupied in the morning, entirely satisfied with the result of his first battle with the enemy since he had assumed command of his division. Gen. Terry speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of the 54th Massachusetts, and says the best disciplined white troops could have fought no better. In fact, the 54th did about all the fighting, and suffered all the loss. Rebel prisoners captured in this engagement estimate their own loss from the fire of the gunboats and from that of the 54th Massachusetts at from two to three hundred. They were about 6,000 strong, and expected to overwhelm us.

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. Gilmore 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. Gilmore 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 signaled that he was ready, and in a few moments the Montauk (his flagship), the Ironsides, the Catskill, the Nantucket, the Weehawken and the Parapet moved into line in the order in which I have named them, and commenced hurling their heaviest shot and shell around, up on 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, within 200 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 or 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.

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; that they were keeping themselves under cover until they could look into the eye of our men, and send bullets through their heads, and would then swarm by thousands, with every conceivable deadly missile in their hands, and drive us in confusion and with terrible slaughter back to our intrenchments.

For eight hours the Monitors and the Ironsides 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.

"Something must be done, and that too quickly, or in a few days we shall have the whole army of Virginia upon us," said an officer high in command. "We must storm the fort to-night and carry it at the point of the bayonet!"

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. Col. Putnam of the 24th 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 Mass. (colored regiment,) Col. Swaw, was the advanced regiment in the 1st Brigade, and the 2d South Carolina (negro,) Col. Montgomery, was the last regiment in the reserve. The selection of the 54th Mass. 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.

In the midst of this terrible shower of shot

and then they pushed their way, reached the
 for portions of the 54th Mass., the 6th Conn.,
 and the 48th N. Y., dashed through the ditches,
 gained the parapet, and engaged in an 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 Inst., these brave men were exposed
 to a most galling fire of grape and canister, from
 howitzers, raking the ditches from the bastions
 of the fort, from hand grenades, and from al-
 most 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 com-
 mand it.

Just as darkness began to close in upon the
 scene of the afternoon and the evening, Gen.
 Strong moved to the front and ordered his brig-
 ade, consisting of the 54th Mass., Col. Shaw
 (colored regiment), the 6th Conn., Col. Chat-
 field, the 48th N. Y., Col. Barton, the 8d N. H.,
 Col. Jackson, the 76th Penn., and the 9th Maine,
 Col. Emery, to advance.

Instantly, 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 bat-
 teries 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 cascaded it
 on the left.

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

and you will tell how many other brave
 Co. list I send with them. Stories are flying about
 officers fell with them. That regiment broke and
 that this regiment was frightened. 54th Massa-
 run, that but for the 54th carried the fort;
 chusetta (negro) we would have carried it. Nor
 that the 9th Maine did not reflect upon the
 upon the gallant State she represents, and a
 thousand other reasons which I care not to
 enumerate. It is absurd to say these men did
 not fight and were not exposed to perhaps the
 most deadly fire of the war, when so many offi-
 cers and so many of the rank and file were
 killed.

It must be remembered, too, that this assault
 was made in the night—a very dark night—even
 the light of the stars was obscured by the black-
 ness of a heavy thunder-storm, and the enemy
 could be distinguished from our own men only
 by the light of bursting shot, and the flash of
 the howitzer and the musket. The 54th Massa-
 chusetta, (negro) whom Copperhead officers
 would have called cowardly if they had stormed
 and carried the gates of hell, went boldly into
 battle, for a long and 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 General
 Strong, failed to take the fort. It was now the
 turn of Col. Putnam, commanding the 2d Brig-
 ade, composed of the 7th N. H., the 62d Ohio,
 Col. Stebbins, the 67th Ohio, Col. Vorhees, and
 the 100th N. Y., Col. Dana, to make the at-
 tempt. 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 first brigade, it was not until him-
 self fell killed, and nearly all his officers wound-
 ed, and no reinforcements arriving, the men
 fell back, and the rebel shout and cheer of vic-
 tory was heard above the roar of Sumter and
 the guns from Cummings Point.

In this second assault by Col. Putnam's bri-
 gade, Col. Turner of Gen. Gilmore's staff, stood
 at the side of Col. 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
 2d brigade, Gen. Stevenson's, was not on hand.
 It was madness for the 2d to remain longer un-
 der so deadly a fire, and the thought of surren-
 dering 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 men. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so 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 line 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 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 Gillmore, his staff, and his volunteer aids, consisting of Colonel Littlefield of the 4th S. C., and Majors Bannister and Syker, of the Paymaster's Department, were constantly under fire and doing all in their power to sustain the courage of the troops and urge on 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 1,800 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.

The amount of shell thrown at Fort Wagner would almost build another Louisiana. N. P.

BEAUFORD, S. C., July 22.

I left the battlefield last Monday to visit the hospitals in this city and at Hilton Head, and nearly all the wounded have been brought in.

The large old mansions are nearly all full, and if there are to be wounded and dying no better accommodation, so far as the main buildings are concerned, could be found. But in other respects, I regret to say, the medical department were not prepared for so large a demand upon their time and skill. Soldiers are still lying in their cots who have not yet had their wounds dressed or their bullets extracted from their bodies. By far the most efficient persons I have seen about the hospitals are, with perhaps two or three exceptions, those who are indefatigable in their labors, and who are more successful in their operations than many of the distinguished surgeons of the French academies, who seem to be more anxious to do than to wear a major's uniform, and to exercise each others skill, or rather to show it.

By the Ben. De Russell from Morris Island, we have intelligence of this morning. The Monitors are still at work upon Fort Wagner, but seem to be doing nothing beyond preventing the Rebels from repairing the work.

From an officer on board of the Ironsides I learn that in the action of last night about a hundred shots were fired from the vessel, and about the same number from the Rebels. The Fort Wagner made but a feeble return, of course no damage was sustained by the Ironsides.

Lieut. Col. Hall, Provost Marshal General for the Department of the South, met the commander at Fort Wagner under flag of truce on Sunday morning, in order to arrange in regard to the burial of our dead. The Rebel officer would not treat with him, but told him that the dead would be buried and the wounded cared for as well as their own. Much indignation was expressed on account of placing negro troops in front on the night of the assault—they desire to be killed by white men and not by stolen slaves.

They reported Colonel Putnam, of the 7th New Hampshire, dead and buried, and Col. Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts, wounded and a prisoner.

Prisoners taken and deserters who have come in within the past few days, say that the Rebel loss during the fight of Saturday was quite three hundred; that at one gun there were four detachments of men shot down; and that late in the afternoon our fire became so hot that the officers commanding companies could not lead

or drive their men out of the bomb-proofs. The fighting qualities of the 6th Connecticut and the 48th New York they speak in the highest terms of, and say that the prisoners from these regiments will be unusually well treated.— They also admit that the 54th Massachusetts fought well, but say all the prisoners captured from that regiment will be sold into Slavery. They were all sent into Charleston the same night of the attack. By the Cosmopolitan, just in from Morris Island, I learn that an exchange of prisoners is to take place to-morrow. Our wounded are to be brought to this city. Col. Patnam is reported not dead, but severely wounded.

The Attack on Fort Wagner.

A BLOODY NIGHT ASSAULT AND REPULSE

Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

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.

The first assault failed, as I stated in my last letter on account of the tardiness of the 76th Pennsylvania and the 9th Maine to properly support the successful assault of the 7th Connecticut, who were left alone on the parapet and within the ditches of the fort to battle with the whole Rebel garrison.

In the assault of the 11th inst., but one brigade, and that a very small one, under the command of Gen. Strong, were engaged; in that of last evening a whole division, consisting of three full brigades, were drawn out in line to take part in the action, but on account of some misunderstanding of orders but two actually participated in the fight.

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.

Three-fourths of the island is in our possession; five batteries have been erected, in all containing nine 30-pound and four 20-pound Parrotts, and ten 10-inch mortars on the left, with two 30-pound Parrotts, ten 10-inch mortars, and three full batteries of light artillery on the right. The earthworks protecting these guns have all been erected by the New York Volunteer Engineers, under the direction of Capt. Brooks and Lieuts. Mirche and Suter, of Gen. Gillmore's staff. During the action of yesterday, Lieut. Col. Jackson, Chief of Artillery on Gen. Gillmore's staff, commanded on the left, and Capt. Langdon of the 1st U. S. Artillery, Company M., on the right. The extreme right rests on the ocean beach; the extra left, on the edge of a swamp, about 500 yards from the small creek separating Morris Island from James Island. The whole line of batteries sweeps in the form of a semicircle, and is at all points about 1,800 yards from Fort Wagner.—

Nearly all the guns upon the left are about 4,000 yards from Fort Sumter; but being of light calibre compared with the one on that formidable structure, were not brought to bear upon her at any time during the action.

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 signaled that he was ready, and in a few moments the Montauk (his flagship,) the Ironsides, the Catskill, the Nantucket, the Weehawken 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, 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 calibre, 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 or 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 flag-staff 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 had 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 denied 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 explod-

ing 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 ragged and irregular heaps of sand with great gaps and chasms in all the sides of the fort exposed to our fire. From my point of observation, a wooden look-out, fifty feet high, erected for Gen. Gillmore 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; that they were keeping themselves under cover until they could look into the eye of our men, and send bullets through their heads, and would then swarm in thousands, with every conceivable missile in their hands, and drive us in confusion and with terrible slaughter back to our trenchments.

The afternoon passed, and the heavy roar of the big guns on land and sea gradually ceased. Slowly and sullenly the Monitors, with the exception of the Montauk, moved back to the anchorage-ground of the morning. The music of the sublime billows, forever hymning their sublime chants, was again heard along the shore; the sun went down, not in golden glory, but in clouds of

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blackness and darkness, and mutterings of thunder and flashes of lightning. In the slight interval between the cessation of the cannonade and the assault at the point of the bayonet, the artillery of heaven opened all along the Western horizon, and in peal after peal demonstrated how insignificant is the power of man when compared with that of Him who holds the elements in the hollow of His hand.

For eight hours the Monitors and the Ironsides have kept up a continuous fire, 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.

"Something must be done, and that too quickly, or in a few days we shall have the whole army in Virginia upon us," said an officer high in command. "We *must* storm the fort to-night and carry it at the point of the bayonet!"

In a few moments signals are made from the top of the look-out, 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. Col. 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.

These brigades, as I have remarked before, formed for this express duty. Many of the regiments had never seen their brigade commanders before; some of them had never been under fire, and, with exception of three regiments in the 1st Brigade, none of them had ever been engaged in this form of attack. All had fresh in their memories the severe repulse we had met on the morning of the 11th ult. For two years the Department of the South had been in existence, and until the storming of the batteries on the south end of Morris Island the army had won no victory fairly acknowledged by the enemy.

Just as darkness began to close in upon the scene of the afternoon and evening, Gen. Strong rode to the front and ordered his brigade, consisting of the 54th Mass., Col. Shaw, (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 it 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 inst., these brave men were exposed to a most galling fire of grape and canister from howitzers, raking the ditches from the bastions of the 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. Stories are flying about that this regiment and that regiment broke and ran; that but for the frightened 54th Massachusetts (negro) we would have carried the fort; that the 9th Maine did not reflect much honor upon the gallant

State she represents, and a thousand other reasons which I care not to enumerate. It is absurd to say these men did not fight and were not exposed to perhaps the most deadly fire of the war, when so many officers and so many of the rank and file were killed. It must be remembered, too, that this assault was made in the night—a very dark night—even the light of the stars was obscured by the blackness of a heavy thunder storm, and the enemy could be distinguished from our own men only by the light of bursting shell and the flash of the howitzer and the musket. 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 N. H., the 62d Ohio, Col. Steele, the 67th Ohio, Col. Vorhees, and the 100th N. Y., 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 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-enforcements arriving, that his men fell back, and the Rebel shout and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cumming's Point.

In this second assault by Col. Putnam's brigade, Col. Turner of Gillmore's staff, stood at the side of Col. 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 loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so 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 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