

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.

The battle is over; it is midnight; the ocean beach is crowded with the dead, the dying and the wounded. It is with difficulty you can urge your horse through to Lighthouse Inlet. Faint lights are glimmering in the sand holes and rifle pits to the right, as you pass down the beach.— In these holes many a poor wounded and bleeding soldier has laid down to his last sleep. Friends are bending over them to staunch their wounds, or bind up their shattered limbs, but the deathly glare from

sunken eyes tells that their kind services are all in vain.

From the 48th Regiment.

We are permitted to make some extracts from a letter from Lieut. A. H. INGRAM, Co. C, 48th Regt. N. Y. S. V., dated Morris Island, S. C., July 24th, 1863.

"I hasten to send word that you may rejoice and be thankful once again with me, that I am still unharmed, though such a feeling just now seems almost selfish. We have had ten days fighting since we came to this Island. But Sumter got the range of our camp, and shelled it the greater part of the time. We often dodged the shells by falling into sand pits of our own digging. Our last engagement was the storming of Fort Wagner, a battle which for daring, bloodiness and disaster has not been equaled during the war. The attack being made at night, our forces fired into each other; also the fort appeared to be mined—the rebels would appear at a certain place and give us a volley, and when our boys would make a dash, they would leave under ground and soon appear in another place in our rear, confusing our forces entirely; had it been day time, so that we could have seen to pick out these places, no doubt we would have held the fort, as a part of it was in our possession nearly three hours. The 48th distinguished itself as twice heretofore; most of the officers were cut down before reaching the parapet; our colors, however, were planted there—the staff was shattered—the hunting riddled—only two other colors were planted. Sidney Wadhams is missing. The last I can learn of him, he was on the rampart of the Fort, calling to some of the men to "come on," perhaps he was killed, though I hope not; if dead, he died nobly. * * * I have just received your let-

ter of the 9th, am glad to hear from the 150th; they too have smelt powder. I do hope they will never be cut up as badly as the 48th.

"The wounded prisoners in our possession have been sent to Charleston, to be exchanged for ours. We hope soon to hear from many, whom we now think dead. I have no time for farther particulars; you will doubtless find full accounts in the papers. I am very well except fatigue."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The Last Attempt to Storm Fort Wagner.

TERRIBLE FIGHTING AND REPULSE.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

MORRIS ISLAND, July 19.

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 Massachusetts, the 6th Connecticut, and the 48th New York, 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 cannister, 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 General 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; and the list I send you will tell how many other brave officers fell with them.

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,

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 Brigade, composed of the 7th New Hampshire, the 62d Ohio, Col. Steele, the 67th Ohio, Col. Voorhees, and 100th New York, Col. Danely, 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 reinforcements 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 Gen. 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 to rise again.

Without a moment's delay any 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,

Army Correspondence.

A letter from Frank Cady of this city, a member of the 48th Regiment, has been shown us. It is dated Hilton Head, July 24th. This Regiment, it will be remembered, was the first to enter Fort Wagner, in the late assault near Charleston. Frank says:

"As soon as we got the orders the boys gave a yell and started on the double quick. They drove the Rebels off the parapet of the fort, but as soon as they were in, the enemy opened with grape and canister, mowing them down like grass. The water was also let into the moat at the same time, drowning many of the wounded. The 48th held the fort till 10 o'clock, awaiting reinforcements, and then had to retreat. While there they were fired upon by some of our regiments, through mistake.— They came out with only 152 effective men."

He reports "Black Sambo," a well known colored boy of Hudson, in the 54th Mass. regiment, looking very "natural." He encloses a paper containing rebel signals for blockade running, taken from a rebel officer's tent. They consist of a red white and blue color at intervals on the staff.

Lieut. Edw. Taylor, of Co. E, 48th, reported killed in the fort, has reached his home on Staten Island in safety on parole. He was wounded in the side. We were well acquainted with him—a young man scarcely of age, but "every inch a soldier." On the night of the battle, it is said, his father saw in a vision the body of his son enclosed in a coffin—a singular coincidence.

The Battle Flag of the Forty-eighth.

Raise gently now the shattered staff! O! sergent tried and true!
And blend its folds of azure with kindred heavenly blue;
It shook above the bloody fight, it fanned the dying brave,
When gore leaped forth from gaping wounds and stained the hero's grave;
When death shot sped, when swords were clenched round Wagner's flame-girt wall,
Fluttered its plumes as wounded doves to see its bravest fall;
Though torn and worn by ball and shot it glistens proudly yet,
As first it soared 'neath Northern skies the unstained bayonet.
Like maddened waves our dark lines beat the foe's walls of sand,
And bayonets flashed like flying spray upon that island strand,
As mangled flower it floated on above the soldier's head,
And reared its crest on Wagner's peak, 'midst dying and the dead;
While valient hearts rushed to its shade, a steel-encircled zone
Clung to its form as needles cling around the polar stone,
Till Strong lay bleeding on the brink and Green's brave voice was still,
And death-thinned ranks wound slowly from the cannon-bristling hill.
Unwrinkled once its silken folds, as infants' stainless cheek,
Now ragged as the cloud which crests the heaven-reaching peak;
But dearer far in present guise than when its hues were young—
Each bloody fold and tattered stripe speaks with a fairy tongue.
They tell of comrades sleeping chill along the Southern fields,
The hard fought fight which to Death's hand his weeded harvest yields;
Our eyes grow dim to see it wave, our soldiers eye their scars,
We look with pride upon its form—God bless our Stripes and Stars!

THE REPULSE AT FORT WAGNER.

Partial Lists of Killed and Wounded in the New-York and New-England Regiments.

The following reports of casualties among the New-York and New-England regiments which participated in the assault upon Fort Wagner on July 19, are the most complete which have been received. It must be remembered, however, that very many are included whose wounds will not incapacitate them for active duty for more than a few days:

NEW-YORK REGIMENTS.

FORTY-EIGHTH NEW-YORK.

Cot. W. B. Barton, severely in hip.
Lieut.-Col. James M. Green, killed.

COMPANY A.

Missing.

Lieut. Charles E. Fox, supposed to have been wounded and he since died.	B. M. Cann.
Serjt. T. B. Carman, supposed killed.	Patrick Donegan.
Corp. Vredlering.	Herich Limburg.
Corp. Jessie Smith.	Wm. McCormick.
Patrick Brady—supposed killed.	James Larkin.
	Daniel Nelson.
	Walter Smith.
	Luther Ketchum.
	Cornelius Cadmus.

Wounded, in Camp or Hospital.

Serjt. Robert McKellar.	Joel Amos.
James Hill.	John Nolan.
James Grady.	John Holahan.
David White.	Patrick Smith.
Peter Nolan.	George Carman.
Francis Summerford.	B. McCarty.
John Lewis.	

COMPANY B.

Capt. Nere A. Ellering—leg.

Missing.

Serjt. J. R. Depew.	Daniel Dyckman.
Corp. John Gardner.	John Denaghy.
Corp. Sidney Wadhams.	Daniel Madden.
Corp. Isaac J. Mason.	John Yasous.
Corp. Alex. Myers (color guard.)	Wm. J. Owen.
Corp. Geo. Tuesdell.	Carl Rolricht.
Martin Coffee.	Joseph H. Sietvers.
John Coffee.	Daniel B. Smith.
John Curtis.	Isaac Silcocks.
	John Miday.

Wounded and in Camp or Hospital.

Serjt. Peter W. Smith.	Charles Travis.
Corp. Freeman Atwood.	Thos. Van Tassel.
Wm. Brown.	Adam Welsart.
John Halton.	Robert Maxwell.
Thomas McGarry.	Charles Scott.
Wm. McCloud.	

COMPANY C.

Killed.

Capt. James Farrell.	Daniel Kane.
Lieut. Robert S. Edwards.	

Missing.

— Becker.	— Marshall.
— Fenwick.	J. A. Smith.
— King.	— Slurgix.
— Lord.	— Nesbitt.
— Levy.	— Hibson.
— Lankin.	

Wounded.

Serjt. F. Frankenburg—severely.	— Gorman.
Serjt. Shultz.	— Osbourne.
Corp. L. Bond.	— Ryan.
Corp. J. O'Brien.	John Smith.
Corp. Warner.	W. Mason.
— Bondy.	M. Carroll.
— Betts.	M. Sullivan.
— Dumpsey.	John O'Brien.

COMPANY D.

Wounded.

Capt. Jas. O. Paxton—dang. severely.	D. Emmons.
First Serjt. Patterson.	J. Graham.
Serjt. J. G. Abbott.	W. J. Howell.
A. Lippencott.	T. Jones.
Corp. L. Frim.	Timothy Moore.
Corp. Christoph'r Harblson.	J. Spear.
Corp. S. White.	E. Souder.
E. H. Crossdale.	B. Stites.
	J. Zerwick.

Missing.

Serjt. Crammer—breast, severely.	C. W. Cole.
Corp. L. O. Church.	J. D. Lodge.
D. Basworth.	C. W. Manner.
J. B. Bechtel.	A. Mason.
D. Clifton.	A. Palmer.
J. Clark.	H. Smith.

COMPANY E.

Killed.

Lieut. Joseph Taylor, in the fort.

Wounded.

Serjt. J. Sweeney.	Thomas Walters.
First Lieut. Geo. Morton.	George Degarmo.
Corp. Jas. Dunn, Color G'd.	W. T. Manley.
Corp. Edw. Johnson.	Frederick Post.
W. Andrews Bagler.	J. B. Raynor.
Andrew Evans.	F. Taylor.
W. T. Major.	A. Vieland.
D. B. Runsey.	E. Wakefield.
C. Smalls.	J. Hanna.

Missing.

Corp. George Gardner.	E. Gilmore.
Corp. Charles Haines.	William Hawkins.
Capt. Maxwell.	Charles Messenger.
Capt. A. Bates.	R. McNally.
R. Anderson.	F. Smith.
J. Benton.	C. Smith.
J. Brown.	W. B. Terry.
James Dolan.	T. Vesey.
Robert Douglas.	J. Vangant.

COMPANY F.

Killed.
J. F. Fonday.
W. H. Foley.

Wounded.

First Sergt. Hutchinson
Corp. Onderkirk.
Corp. L. E. Lyon.
M. Bower.
J. H. Deacon.
W. Furniss.
J. Mottshed.

D. McManus.
H. McFarland.
M. Nolan.
J. Ryan.
E. Sheridan.
W. Tuttle.
L. Vorhees.

Missing.

Corp. J. A. Hyatt.
Corp. E. C. Williams.
Corp. W. H. Howard.
W. Burns.
H. W. Kellogg.

M. Lemago.
T. Lanery.
J. Murphy.
H. McLinchan.
S. Robbins.

COMPANY G.

Wounded.

Capt. Wm. S. Lockwood—
arm and shoulder.
Lieut. James A. Barrett—
thigh.
First Sergt. Edward Coler,
Sergt. Sparks.
Corp. W. W. Luyster.
Brown.
Carlin.
Freeman.
Groves.

A. Havens.
Hall.
Johnston.
Charles Liminey.
Lynch.
Laxy.
Mackay.
E. Miller.
Powers.
H. Walling.
J. Yerks.

Missing.

Sergt. Clayton.
Corp. Walling.
Joe Allen.
Joseph Allen.
Dowell.
Church.
Harkson.
Ford.
Averney.
Sod.
Joe.

Morton.
Nichols.
Pease.
Payne.
Price.
Stebblings.
Wilson.
Witherspoon.
J. Yorasky.
Job Liminy.
Strigier.

COMPANY H.

Killed.

Capt. Fred. Hurst—large shot through the breast.

Wounded.

Lieut. A. F. Miller—bullet and bayonet wound in leg.
Asst. Sergt. H. Moteby—badly.

Wounded or Missing.

Sergt. John Smith.
Sergt. F. Johnson.
Corp. A. Hillicker.
Corp. A. Ellison.
Corp. J. M. Westerfield.
Corp. G. J. Gregory.
Corp. Benj. Seward.
Corp. J. Brower.
N. S. Ackerly.
Wm. Bouton.
M. R. Conklin.
W. H. Conklin.
G. F. Conklyn.
Frank Conklyn.

H. Dunge.
Wm. Hess.
J. J. Johnson.
Thomas Yelley.
Chas. Mills.
James McPherson.
J. L. McKee.
P. Ostrander.
Lake Rose.
Wm. S. Scudder.
Horatio Jewell.
Wm. Vance.
M. Vanerken.

Of those classified as wounded and missing, eight are the former and twenty-four the latter, but the list does not designate which were the wounded ones. Companies G and I are not at Morris Island. Total casualties in the eight companies 235, including three officers killed, three missing, and believed to have been killed, and six wounded, and brought off the field. Only three of the officers came out of the fight untouched—Capt. COAN, Lieut. ROBINSON, and Adjutant CHRISTOPHERA HALE, and each of these three had their clothes hit. Capt. COAN is in command of the regiment.

From the Brooklyn 48th.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn City News:

St. AUGUSTINE, Florida,
August 4th, 1863.

My Dear Sir—The Brooklyn 48th have landed here, and six companies of the 7th Connecticut, leave here to-day for Morris Island. We expect to stay in the ancient city for a time—all quiet and healthy here—everything delightful. Enclosed is a copy of the *New South*. I am just off guard and the steamer Boston leaves with the mail in half an hour. Send my papers here, they are a treat worth having, especially now that the rebellion is getting drunk.

Yours truly, WILL WATKINS.

We extract the following paragraph from the copy of the *New South* forwarded by our correspondent:

THE 48TH NEW YORK.—A detachment from this regiment, now greatly reduced by the casualties in their brave and determined charge on Fort Wagner, was one day, while we were constructing our works at the front on Morris Island, detailed to draw some mortar down to them, under Gen. Seymour's direction. The latter addressed them "now men, we have got the enemy pretty well cowed—let us show them we are not afraid of them; we will mount these mortars right before their eyes." The boys gave a shout and dragged the mortars, one after another to their positions where they were mounted in plain view of the enemy. They were of course vigorously shelled, but had only one man wounded. After the work

was done. Gen. Seymour had the men formed, in line and spoke to them as follows: "My brave men, you have done well; this is the first time I have ever seen heavy mortars mounted directly under a hot fire from our enemy's fort, in broad daylight, and I give you the praise due for your coolness and bravery." Gen. Seymour has the reputation of being "hard" on Volunteers, but we are convinced that where they come up to the proper standard of discipline and bravery, he will never do them injustice. Capt. Wm. B. Coan, of Co. B, who had his coat torn by a grape shot, in the late fight, is now in command of the 48th.

A Letter from Will Watkins.

ST. HELENA ISLAND.

Evening of Friday, July 23, 1863—10 P.M.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn City News:

MY DEAR SIR—The Arago leaves Port Royal in the morning for New York. The camp of the 48th are alive to-night packing up and cooking rations for a sail in the morning, destination where—cannot tell.

We go, without doubt, to Folly Island, with all the regiments on this Island, negroes and all. Gen. Gilmore is wide awake. It is quite certain an effort will be made to drive the rebels off Morris Island in order to plant guns to reduce Fort Moultrie, which will be something before the final attack on the other forts and the city of Charleston. General Gilmore is one of our first class engineers, and, no doubt, warm work is ahead. The 3d New Hampshire are ordered to land on Folly Island at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. They constitute a part of our brigade, and were with us to-day.

The negro regiments now here will have an opportunity to do something, and the Massachusetts blacks feel pretty smart.

The weather is fine, and green corn and water-melons are plenty. Yours truly,

WILL WATKINS.

Letter from Morris Island, S. C.

The Post Hospital—Efficient Surgeons—Under the Guns of Fort Sumter—The Doom of Charleston—Beauregard's Blunder—Death of Lieut. Col. J. M. Green.

Special Corr. of the Advertiser and Tribune.

Picket Post, August 7th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR—I last wrote you from the Post Hospital on Folly Island. The climate and excessive labor of the soldiers are such here as to prostrate at times the most athletic and healthy. A few days rest, however, and the skillful treatment of Dr. C. M. Clark, the accomplished Post Surgeon, usually enables most persons with ordinary cases of disease to return to duty. There are now in the hospital about fifty cases, the most of whom are convalescent. There are a few there who were so seriously wounded that they could not be moved North, who, of course, receive particular attention. In addition to the regularly detailed nurses, we have here Miss Barton, from Massachusetts, and Miss Gage, from Ohio, who, like good angels, are devoting their united and untiring energies to the comforts and wants of the wounded. These appear to be the only females in this Department whose nerves are sufficiently strong to enable them to extend their mission of mercy even where the cannon roars and the musket rattles. Permit me in this connection to make honorable mention of Dr. C. M. Clark, of the 39th Illinois, and Dr. James Westfall, of the 67th Ohio. These officers have both followed the war-path with their regiments for the past two years, and have been very successful in the general discharge of their duties. Recently they have had that which I suppose every young Surgeon desires, viz: a fine opportunity to try their surgical skill,—and most handsomely have they acquitted themselves.

Dr. Clark has performed several very critical cases of amputation, and with such perfect success that his skill is acknowledged by the entire medical corps of the department. He was formerly a student under the

Dr. Mott, of New York city, and, it is said, he possesses many traits of his preceptor's character.

Dr. Westfall is a graduate of the medical department of your own State University, and handles the scalpel with a will and dash which clearly indicates that he has been under the "big Gunn" of that popular institution.

I am in front to-day, on picket duty with the 39th Illinois. Less than half a mile divides us from Fort Wagner, whose sharpshooters are constantly exchanging conical compliments with those who still stand by the Stars and Stripes, while from the frowning walls of Fort Sumter constantly come forth shot and shell that fall harmlessly at our feet, or bury themselves in the sandbags that surround us. Wagner keeps her artillery silent; several of our heavy guns are pointing directly towards it, and the iron-clads are lying in close proximity, which doubtless tend to keep it quiet.

Fort Johnson is farther in the distance, and near the suburbs of the noted Secesh city. It however constantly reminds us of the fact that it is not ignorant of our locality, and feels that we are operating on ground sacred to its own safety.

Of Charleston we have a very fine view. The spires of her churches, from whose altars devout prayers doubtless daily ascend for secesh, tower up in beauty and grandeur. Yet my faith in God and our land and naval forces is such as to lead me to think that even over this city of pride and impudence there hangs a doom.

I see not far in the future, what I trust every loyal heart desires to see. From every through her streets flames flashing ascending heavenward, as an atonement for her sins and transgressions, of which modern times cannot furnish a parallel.

I am not at liberty to speak of our doings or designs, but I hope soon to be able to chronicle crowning acts in this Department. Our friends in Charleston are becoming fearful of the gradual approach of our forces, and greatly lament that we were ever permitted to gain a footing on Morris Island. Beauregard is blamed, and that too, in my estimation, not without cause.

Beauregard evidently committed a great error in leaving Folly Island in the condition that he did. Concluding, as he evidently did, that it was impossible to fortify it sufficiently strong to resist the onslaught of the iron-clads, the judgment of a boy ten years in trousers would have dictated that the timber on the island should have been slashed and that the great sand-banks—Nature's fine forts—that lined Light House Inlet be levelled to the ground. Had this been done, we should have been deprived of the fine cover which we have had for our operations, and we could have erected batteries where we did only under a terrible and deafening fire of the enemy's heavy guns on the island, which would have been next to impossible.

We have had several interviews with the enemy under a flag of truce, relative to the exchange of wounded prisoners, which has finally been effected. Several valuable officers who it was supposed were dead, have been returned to us; and yet as the smoke and dust clear away from Fort Wagner, we find that we lost in the unfortunate charge upon it, many very excellent officers, whose death we deeply mourn. Among that number is Lt. Col. J. M. Greene of the 48th N. Y. Regiment and formerly a highly esteemed citizen of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

He lies on the parapet of the stubborn old Fort, while impetuously urging his regiment on to the terrible charge. Col. Green was a private in the ranks in the first Bull Run battle, where he fought gallantly, and thence rose gradually to the rank which he honorably held when death met him. A sensible, sociable, and true friend, a gentlemanly, brave and judicious officer, Col. Green had unconsciously drawn around him a large circle of co-patriot friends, who are left to mourn his early but heroic death.

"Sound the clarion, fill the air,
To all the sensual world proclaim—
One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name."

ANTHROPOS.

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 ball struck at the rear of me, within a few paces of a 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 at intervals,—preparatory to a charge, and the Rebs 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 Rebs 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 kept 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 ordinance, 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 fatigue 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. Elevation) occupying the advance picket ditch, near Wagner, which the Company had held for some time during the night.

All the next 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, lightning, 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, lightning, 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 mazines 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 come 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, buck-shot 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.

THE FORTY EIGHTH NEW YORK.

One day, during the erection of our works on this island, a detachment of the Forty-eighth New York regiment were detailed to mount some heavy mortars at a point very near Fort Wagner. Gen. Seymour, who was personally superintending the work, as they were going down the beach, sang out, "Now, boys, we've got the Rebels cowed; let us mount these mortars right before their eyes, and show them we are not afraid of them." The boys did so, and got them all up with only one man wounded, although the Wagner guns were playing on them the while.

When they were through, Gen. Seymour complimented them in the highest style of praise, telling them that it was the first time he had ever seen heavy mortars mounted in open day in the face of a fire from a hostile fort so near as that. The Forty-eighth men were very much pleased with the compliment, which, coming from Gen. Seymour, was worth something.

The gunboat Seneca, Lieut. Commander Wm. Gibson, has taken a very prominent part in the naval bombardment of Fort Wagner. She has been up very near to the fort, and with her 11-inch Dahlgren and 50-pounder rifle did good execution. She fought every morning and afternoon, and during the bombardment on Saturday was engaged fourteen hours.

v
f
a
n
a
b
a
t
&
t
d
s
k
y
j
r
k
h
fc

Forty-Eighth Regiment.—The following compose the field and staff of the Forty-eighth militia regiment, as given by the *Palladium*. Of course, no person will infer that political considerations entered into their appointment.

- Colonel—James A. Beckwith.
- Lt. Colonel—A. B. Randall.
- Major—O. Vanness Houghton.
- Quartermaster—Chester Penfield.
- Adjutant—Michael Cummings.
- Engineer—A. G. Comstock.
- Surgeon—Dr. S. F. V. Whited.
- Chaplain—Rev. Jacob Post.
- Drum Major—B. D. Houghton.

CONTINENTAL GUARDS.

The Secretary of War having intimated his readiness to accept Col. James H. Perry's proposed new Continental Guards of Brooklyn in being authorized by Congress to raise more active measures are being taken by the officers of the regiment to fill your men of good moral character and physical ability to serve for three years or during the term the officers intend, as far as possible, to accept of such complete companies as are already formed, or may hereafter be formed, either in the city or in the country, provided the rank and file are composed of men possessing the requisite qualifications.

Departure of the Continental Guard

The Continental Guard (Forty-eighth regiment New York Volunteers) left the encampment at Fort Hamilton at three o'clock this morning, and embarked on the steamer John Potter, of the Camden and Amboy line, for Washington. The steamer touched at pier No. 1 North river at eleven o'clock this forenoon.

The regiment numbers about one thousand men, well equipped and armed with Enfield rifles. The uniform is the United States regulation. A considerable number of the men were formerly members of the Seventy-first. About sixty recruits, not yet uniformed, were left in charge of the camp, near Fort Hamilton, under Lieutenant Wallace.

Colonel Perry, the commandant of the regiment, is well known as a West Point graduate.

The following are the names of the staff officers: Colonel, James H. Perry; Lieutenant-Colonel, Wm. B. Barton; Major, Oliver T. Beard; Adjutant, Anthony D. Goodell; Quartermaster, Irving M. Abell; Surgeon, Dr. A. Perry; Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. J. Mulford; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. W. P. Strickland.

PROMOTED.—John A. Fee, of this city, has been again promoted. He was foreman of Engine Company No. 7 when the war broke out. He resigned his office in the Department and enlisted in the 61st Regiment N. Y. V. He left here as Orderly Sergeant. He was promoted in September, 1862, to Second Lieutenant, and transferred to the 43rd Regiment N. Y. V. He has been again promoted to First Lieutenant of the same regiment. We are indebted to him for a late Savannah paper, with the information that contrabands are flocking to our lines, in Savannah, in droves.

DEPARTURE OF THE CONTINENTAL GUARD.

The Continental Guard, which is commanded by Colonel James H. Perry, pastor of the Pacific street Methodist Episcopal church, Brooklyn, received marching orders at a late hour on Monday night, and left their encampment, near Fort Hamilton, early on Tuesday morning. Their departure was determined upon quite suddenly, and it was only by the greatest degree of dispatch and preparation that the regiment was enabled to leave at the requisite moment.

The Forty-eighth regiment, or Continental Guard, as they are denominated, have been encamped at Fort Hamilton for the past two months, and a great deal of care has been exhibited by the officers of the corps in the selection of their men, the regiment being composed of a select and hardy body of troops. The Guard numbers 911 men in all, over which are placed a reliable and efficient body of officers. Colonel Perry is a graduate of West Point, and has served in the position which he now occupies in the wars of Mexico and Cuba. He carries a sword by his side, which he has hitherto used in three campaigns with efficiency and bravery. Being a minister of the Gospel and a sound democrat at heart, Colonel Perry deserves a good deal of credit for the organization of his regiment. The men are armed with the Enfield rifles, and are dressed in the regular United States Army uniform. Most of them have seen three months' service, having been among those who snuffed powder at Bull Run and other expeditions of the present campaign. A second regiment is about being formed in Brooklyn with the same title, it being intended, if possible, to make a brigade, to be commanded by the Rev. Colonel Perry.

At twelve o'clock on Monday night positive orders for immediate departure were received, and the men were busily engaged until three o'clock yesterday morning preparing the necessary accoutrements for an advance. At that time they embarked on board the steamer John Potter, of the Camden and Amboy line, which conveyed them to Washington. Previous to their final departure they put in at pier No. 1 North river in order to take in any stragglers that might be around. Everything connected with the movable soldier was produced, and the regiment leaves us fully equipped, armed and uniformed.

The following is a list of the officers: **Field**—Colonel, James H. Perry; Lieutenant Colonel, William B. Barton; Major, Oliver T. Beard. **Staff**—Adjutant, Anthony W. Goodell; Quartermaster, Irving M. Avery; Surgeon, A. Perry, M. D.; Assistant Surgeon, J. Mulford, M. D.; Chaplain, W. P. Strickland, D. D.

Non-Commissioned Staff—Quartermaster Sergeant, Van Rensselaer B. Hilliard; Acting Commissary Sergeant, G. P. Bicker; Sergeant Major, Samuel H. Mason.

Company A—Captain, L. H. Lent; First Lieutenant, R. R. Corwin; Second Lieutenant, H. W. Robinson.

Company B—Captain, E. K. Travis; First Lieutenant, N. A. Elwing; Second Lieutenant, F. Vidal.

Company C—Captain, Farrell; Lieutenants, McArthur and Hatfield.

Company D—Captain, D. C. Knowles; First Lieutenant, I. Paxton; Second Lieutenant, J. T. Edwards.

Company E—Captain, W. B. Coan; First Lieutenant, F. Hunt; Second Lieutenant, J. Boline.

Company F—Captain, J. H. Greou; First Lieutenant, E. K. Wallace; Second Lieutenant, A. H. Ferguson.

Company G—Captain, A. Elmhurst; First Lieutenant, W. H. Dabbar; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Nichols.

Company H—Captain, D. W. Strickland; First Lieutenant, W. L. Lockwood; Second Lieutenant, C. M. Parterson.

Company I—Captain, J. G. Ward; First Lieutenant, S. M. Swatout; Second Lieutenant, J. H. Perry, Jr.

Company K—Captain, S. J. Foster; First Lieutenant, S. Hale; Second Lieutenant, A. P. Miller.

Deaths in the Forty-eighth New York Regiment.

Colonel Perry, of the Forty-eighth New York regiment, reports the following deaths among his soldiers:

November 7th, off Port Royal, South Carolina, of typhoid fever, Issiah H. Davis, late of Fallsburg, Sullivan county, New York.

November 24th, at Hilton Head, South Carolina, Thos. E. Walling, of Keyport, New Jersey, inflammation of the brain.

November 26th, at Hilton Head, Wm. G. Hopkins of South Norwalk, Connecticut, inflammation of the lungs.

November 27th, at Hilton Head, Solomon W. Price, of Hauppauge, Long Island, inflammation of the lungs.

November 28th, at Hilton Head, John C. Welsh, of Claverack, Columbia county, New York, of gun shot wound.

1861

[Special Correspondence of the Sunday Mercury.]

HEAD-QUARTERS FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V. ANNAPOLIS, Md., October 13, 1861.

To the Editors of the Sunday Mercury: To-day being Sunday—and the only day in which a soldier has any chance of doing anything for himself—I thought I would just sit me down and pen a few lines to the numerous readers of that great paper, the Sunday Mercury, in order to keep them posted as to the ins and outs of a soldier's life. I will endeavor to tell you what I have seen in the beautiful city (so called by its citizens) of Annapolis.

Well, I visited the city, and could see nothing very nice or pretty about it, as I walked about the streets; but on going to the top of the dome of the State House, I had the most splendid view I ever witnessed in the United States. The white tents, of an army of 18,000 men, stood out in bold relief to the green fields and hills that surrounded them; and the Severn River, running, as it does, in all directions, around the different camps, making them healthy and delightful spots to camp in.

Our camp is situated on a narrow strip of land, bounded on the one side by a strip of water called Graveyard Creek, and the Severn, in all its beauty and stateliness, on the other. The French army of our Revolution was encamped here, and afterwards the American forces in 1812; so, you see, we have something to be proud of—fighting, as we are, for the preservation of this most noble of governments, as did the men that were on this same ground in years gone by fight to give us the Union, which we are now trying to uphold.

As you enter the State House, on your right hand you see the Senate Hall of the State of Maryland, in which room the immortal Washington resigned his commission. I stood on the very spot where he stood when he tendered his resignation to the president of the Congress and the assembled delegates, after rescuing his country from a tyrant. Over the door opposite the Speaker's seat is a large painting representing this great act, and around the room are hung portraits of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, and Thomas Stone—all signers of the Declaration of Independence from the State of Maryland; the ante-chamber leading out of this room has a portrait of Wm. Pitt delivering his speech upon the greatness and goodness of the undertaking of the Colonists (this picture was painted by Charles W. Peale, and presented to the State in the year 1791). There is also a picture of John E. Howard, Esq., the hero of Cowpens. Immediately opposite the Senate Chamber is the Hall of Delegates, which is a tastefully and neatly fitted-up room. In the large hall there is a stairway, leading to the Governor's Room, and the Circuit Court; immediately over the stairway are placed the State arms; the stairway leading to the left takes you to the Circuit Court-room, where, over the Judge's seat, is a full length portrait of Gen. Washington, attended by Gen. Lafayette and Col. Bingham (his aide-de-camp), the American army passing in review—he holding the articles of the capitulation of Yorktown in his hands. Passing out of this room, you turn to your right and pass into the State-Room, where I saw Governor Hicks, who kindly invited me in, and allowed me to examine the room—in which you will see two letters in the handwriting of George Washington, one of which appertains to the capitulation of Yorktown. Out of this room you pass out on the dome, from which you can see all that I have described in the best part of this letter.

After leaving the State House, the next place of interest for you to visit is the Naval Academy, the building of which it is worth anybody's while to visit. On the grounds there are monuments erected to the memory of Capt. Herndon, of the Central America, and to the memory of Captains Somers, Caldwell, Decatur, Dorsey, Wadsworth, and Israel—all of whom fell while fighting in the different attacks on the city of Tripoli, in the year 1804; and for their gallant behavior their brother officers have erected these monuments. There are, at present, two regiments quartered here—the Michigan Seventh and the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers.

The next place of importance to visit is St. John's College, which is situated on an eminence at the upper end of the city, and on the banks of the Severn. It is a four-story brick building, and admirably adapted to those who wish to make the law their profession—as the General Assembly and the Courts of Appeal and Circuit meet in the adjacent buildings, affording decided facilities to all students of the law to hear such arguments as are frequently heard in these court-rooms.

On the left of these buildings is a venerable poplar tree, measuring twenty-three feet in circumference, said to be 200 years old, and which the citizens of this ancient city would not part with. Thus ends the description I promised to give you.

Fearing that I have encroached upon your valuable space too much already, I will now close. You may expect to hear from me again next week.

I am yours, truly, CORPORAL.

BURIAL OF CAPT. FEE.—The funeral of the late Capt. John Fee, 48th Regiment, who died from wounds received before Richmond, took place yesterday afternoon. It was attended by Engine No. 7 as a guard of honor, members of the Fire Department, and the Masonic fraternity. The cortege was one worthy of the gallant hero.

BURIAL OF A SOLDIER.—The remains of Capt. John A. Fee, of the Forty-eighth regiment N. Y. S. V. was this afternoon conveyed to the Cemetery. He died from wounds received on the 15th of July in front of Petersburg. The funeral cortege consisted of Firemen and the Order of Odd Fellows, of which he was a member.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1861

MILITARY MOVEMENTS IN THE CITY.

CONTINENTAL GUARD.

The Secretary of War having expressed his readiness to accept the Continental Guard now being organized by Bro. Perry, under the command of Colonel Jas. H. Perry, at present pastor of the Pacific Street Methodist Episcopal Church in said city, in case Congress shall authorize the raising of additional troops, active measures are now being taken by Colonel Perry and his officers to select men of good character and physical ability to serve for three years or the war. This regiment have already had a large force of men offered, but not having the proper authority from the government, did not deem it advisable to accept them; but now, as they consider there is no longer any doubt, are ready to take into consideration such full or part of companies as may be offered. From either the city or country, provided the rank and file of such companies shall be found to possess the required qualifications. As soon as their acceptance is official, immediate steps will be taken to give their men quarters and rations, and great pains will be taken to render this one of the most efficient and best disciplined regiments in the army.

Colonel Perry received his military education at West Point, and therefore considers the country fully entitled to his services, which he has tendered to the government. He served through the entire Texas war of independence, where he displayed great skill as a brave and efficient officer.

The headquarters of the Continental Guard is at room No. 2 Montague Hall, opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn.

At a meeting of Eagle Engine Co. No. 7, he at their house on Wednesday evening, July 26th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The report of the death of Captain John A. Fee, Co. I, 48th Regiment N. Y. S. V., a former member and ex-Treasurer of this Company, has been most fully confirmed by an authentic announcement of his demise at Chesapeake Head, July 15th, from wounds received before Petersburg, June 20th; and

Whereas, While bowing to humble submission to the especial dispensation of the inscrutable Will, we are pained to realize the loss of one whose long association with us has deepened every sentiment into the warm of a most attachment.

Resolved, That in the death of Capt. J. A. Fee the sorrowful realization is brought home to every member of this Company that the spirit of one of its most zealous friends and warmest supporters has returned to an who go with it.

Resolved, That while we deplore the loss of one upon whom the opening of early manhood were just causing the golden promises of eminence and honor, we would not forget the glory which surrounds him in the great of a hero and patriot.

Resolved, That to the discharge of the position which he has so meritoriously advanced he brought every essential qualification, and with the worthy reliability commensurate from his superior officers for his skill as a disciplinarian, we refer with pride to the attachment which he has secured from his command by his unwavering kindness.

Resolved, That to the relatives of the deceased we tender our heartfelt condolence in their bereavement, and implore for them the tender compassion of Him who holds in His hands the lives and destinies of all.

Resolved, That we attend the funeral of deceased in a body, wearing the usual badge of mourning, and that the House of the Company be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions, properly engrossed, be transmitted to the family of deceased, and the command of deceased, and published in the daily papers.

MICHAEL O'BRIAN, President.

JOHN McKEAG, Secretary.

Missing Soldier Heard From.

We find the following in the N. Y. Herald of last Sunday:—"WILLIAM FRAZER WOOD, of the Forty-eighth Regiment, New York Volunteers, who was wounded and taken prisoner in May last, while serving under General Butler, and who was supposed to have died, has just been heard from. He is at the Military Hospital at Annapolis; has a leg amputated, and is doing well. He has been in service since the breaking out of the war, and never received but one furlough, and that was to come home for thirty days and re-enlist as a veteran. His numerous friends here, as well as in Clarkstown, Rockland Co., N. Y., will be pleased to hear that he is still alive."

THE PIRATE GEORGIA.—The United

Milwaukee 1864

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

BROOKLYN ITEMS.

RECEPTION OF THE 48TH REGIMENT VOLUNTEERS.—The 48th Regiment Volunteers returned home yesterday, after three years' active service. The regiment was organized in the Summer of 1861, by Col. James H. Perry, under the title of "Continental Guards." They were encamped at Fort Hamilton, where they remained until the 17th of September, of the same year, when they embarked in the expedition under Gen. Sherman and Commodore Dupont. They witnessed, from transports, the capture of the Forts at Port Royal, since which time they have participated in a number of battles and sieges, of which the following are the principal ones: Port Royal Ferry, Pocotaligo, Fort Pulaski, siege of Fort Wagner, Olustee, Port Walthall, Drury's Bluff, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom and Hatcher's Plantation.

The regiment, when it left Fort Hamilton, numbered over 1,000 men. The returned veterans number 128 men, while about the same number are left at the front, in the vicinity of Petersburg.

The returned officers are, Lieut. Col. Coan, commanding; Quartermaster Avery, and Surgeon Mulford. The line-officers remain with that portion of the regiment which still occupies the front.

When it was ascertained that the regiment had arrived in New-York, they were waited upon by the committee of the Common Council, consisting of Aldermen Van Buren, Norton, Whitney, Belknap, and E. Murphy. The 23d Regiment Militia, Col. C. E. Pratt, having been ordered out, marched to New-York and escorted them to Brooklyn by way of the Fulton Ferry. A large number of persons welcomed the veterans on their arrival on this side of the river. They were escorted up Fulton-street to Montague Hall, where a sumptuous repast was prepared, and with which all seemed satisfied. Brief addresses of welcome were made by Alderman Van Buren, Norton, and Belknap, Auditor Farou, and Street Commissioner Nodyne. Responses were made by Col. Barton, Lieut. Col. Coan, Col. Pratt, T. B. Wyman, esq., and Dr. Strickland, formerly chaplain of the regiment. After the edibles were disposed of the regiment was dismissed. They will be paid off and mustered out of the service on Saturday.

The flags of the City Hall and Court House were displayed in honor of the arrival of the regiment.

DRAFTING FOR THE 48TH REGIMENT, N. G.—Col. BECKWITH, of the 40th Regiment, National Guards, has notified the County Clerk, that a draft will take place in the First Assembly District of this county, on Friday next, to fill from the reserve militia of the District the several companies therein belonging to the 48th Regiment.

SENT FORWARD.—Surgeon Charles Devendorf, of the Forty-eighth New York, who was left behind with the wounded at Olustee, Fla., was sent by the rebels to Fortress Monroe and has arrived at New York. The Surgeon is a son of Dr. Devendorf, of Amsterdam, and may be expected home in a few days. From him we may be able to learn something from our men who were made prisoners at Seymour's late Florida massacre.

Am. 18/64

RETURNED HOME.—We were pleased this morning to take by the hand our fellow townsman CHARLES E. MATTHEWS, who returns home after a three years absence as a member of the 48th N. Y. V. Regiment, which has been under Maj. Gen. GILMORE. Besides the honorable scars of a soldier, he wears a testimonial presented to him by Major Gen. GILMORE personally, for meritorious conduct and bravery displayed at the storming of Fort Wagner, Morris Island, where he was the first to tear down from the parapet of the Fort the stars and bars, and hoist in its stead the Stars and Stripes.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6, 1865.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH VETERAN REGIMENT VOLUNTEERS—THEIR COOL RECEPTION IN BROOKLYN.—The Forty-eighth Veteran Regiment which was raised in Brooklyn, four years ago, by Rev. Mr. PERRY, of the Fleet-street Methodist Church, assisted by Mr. LUTHER B. WYMAN, a distinguished citizen of this city, arrived home yesterday. Mr. WYMAN and his lady received them on the part of the citizens, and when the regiment passed through the City Hall Park they were reviewed by Lieut. CHARLES SCHUBIG and two reporters. The Lieutenant was a member of the Fourteenth Regiment Militia, and served three years, during which time he lost his arm. He now occupies the position of Mayor's messenger, and as such represented the city. Supervisor SAMUEL BOOTH was also present, and that ends the list of either city or county officials. The regiment departed from Brooklyn about 1,100 strong, and after being recruited on several occasions to make up for losses in battle and by disease, comes back 800 strong, and as fine a looking set of men as ever shouldered a musket. They participated in the battles of Pocotaligo, Morris Island, the siege of Fort Wagner, Pulaski, Olustee, Chester Heights, in Virginia, Drewry's Bluff, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, Explosion of the Mine at Petersburg, Cemetery Hill, Chapin's Farm, Fort Gilmore, New-Market Road, Fort Fisher and Wilmington. The regiment left Raleigh, N. C., on the 2d of September, and arrived here yesterday. Dodworth's Band, hired at the expense of Mr. L. B. WYMAN, furnished the music in their march through the streets of the city, and they were provided with lodgings for the night in the Armory of the Fifty-sixth Regiment, Raymond-street. They doubtless had their own rations, as nothing was provided for them.