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Operations at Morris' Island.

It seems that Gen. Gilmore has repeated the tactics with which he reduced Fort Pulaski. A correspondent writes as follows concerning the operations against Morris Island and Fort Sumter:

" Morris Island is separated from Folly Island by a narrow channel called Lighthouse Inlet. On this point of land, for the last few weeks, our troops have been busily engaged in building sand batteries and mounting guns right under the noses of the rebels, and within 800 yards of their works on Morris Island. The work was all performed under cover of the night, and so quietly that the rebels had no suspicion of our movements.— Screened from observation by the nature of the ground, hundreds of men were engaged night after night, silently and industriously throwing up earthworks and mounting heavy guns so near to the enemy that a loud word might have revealed the work. Shortly before daybreak brush would be so disposed as to conceal the work of the previous night, without exciting the suspicions of the enemy. The morning light would dawn upon a quiet and deserted scene—not a soul to be seen—not a sound to be heard—not a thing to indicate offensive operations that the night had concealed. In this manner batteries were thrown up, and *forty-six guns and mortars put in position.* So quietly and secretly were these operations carried on, that the intelligence of an attack about to be made on Morris Island was startling even to us. We were unprepared for the activity and energy displayed by Gen. Gilmore.

THE ATTACK.

At daybreak on the morning of the 10th the brush and boughs which had served to conceal the battery on Folly Island from observation were hastily removed and the guns exposed to the enemy. At 8 o'clock the first gun was heard from our battery, and it was soon followed by a succession of rapid shots, which told that the action had fairly commenced. Gen. Gilmore and his staff watched the contest from a high lookout, situated in the rear of the battery and out of range of the enemy's shells, while around and grouped upon the rising ground stood crowds of officers. The battery was screened from view by a grove of trees, but the incessant cannonade and the dense white smoke, which rose like a cloud in the air and above the tall pines, told how fearfully the contest raged.

The firing had continued for two hours without intermission, when three of our iron-clads were seen to approach the land and open an enfilading fire on the right, and, soon after, four navy launches, which had made their way through the creek, opened on the left.

About this time the report came from the front that the first fire had dismounted one of the enemy's guns. The gratifying intelligence passed from mouth to mouth, and we grew elated with hopes of victory. Soon after this the fire from the enemy's battery slackened, and the signal was given for the force lying in the creek to land and attack. The men, impatient of delay, rushed forward with a shout, to the first line of rifle pits.

where the enemy made but a slight resistance, and retreated in disorder. Our troops succeeded in surrounding a portion of them, and took 96 prisoners, including several officers. Those that managed to escape fled to the other end of the island, and took refuge in Fort Wagner.

The slow and laborious work of crossing artillery in a seow was now commenced, and the scene on the beach became confusing. Every preparation had been made, however, and no time was lost in following up our advantage. The troops were pushed forward, while the iron-clads proceeded to the other end of Morris Island and opened on Ft. Wagner, before the enemy had time to breathe freely again. The fort replied briskly, and the cannonading lasted, until nightfall. In the mean time the artillery and infantry were still crossing the narrow channel which separates the two islands, and the returning boats took back the wounded. There were not many of them, thank God! What our loss was in this attack I was not able to ascertain. It is supposed to be not more than 30 or 40 killed and wounded.

An inspection of the enemy's works proved them to be very strong and well calculated for defense. Along nearly the whole length of the island nature has thrown a cluster of hills which rise in some places to a height of 50 or 60 feet. Upon these hills, which form an irregular earthwork, are mounted nine guns and three mortars. The guns appeared to be chiefly of heavy calibre, one being a Whitworth breech-loading piece of English manufacture. None of the guns were spiked—an indication of extreme haste on the part of the rebels.

THE ASSAULT.

The next day dawned upon our troops in position, and shortly after daylight the order was given to attack. The men advanced on the fort, the 7th Connecticut in line of battle, the 76th Pennsylvania and 9th Maine in close column, but when within a few hundred feet of the battery they were met with a hot fire of grape and canister. The order was given to lie down to escape the murderous hail. Soon the order "Forward" was given, and the 7th Connecticut rushed impetuously forward, and by their dauntless and irresistible bravery gained the parapet of the fort. It was the work of but a moment, and the fort was in our hands,—and had the men who obstinately stood and battled upon the parapet been supported, they could have held the ground their bravery had secured, but—1 regret to record it—the Pennsylvania and Maine Volunteers hung back, and their momentary indecision decided the fortunes of the fight. The Connecticut men had to give way, and what promised to be a victory was turned into a repulse, and our troops retired in confusion under a destructive fire from the fort. Our loss I could not accurately ascertain, but it is estimated at not more than 150 killed, wounded and missing.

Fort Wagner and the Cummings Point batteries must fall into our hands. It is merely a question of time. Cummings Point is within 1,250 yards of Fort Sumter. You can imagine that the position, in the hands of a man of Gen. Gilmore's wonderful engineering skill, would be promising of result which would startle the North, even amid the events now stirring in the vicinity of Washington.

Our iron-clads have been struck a number of times by well-directed shots from the Fort, but they have received no serious damage, and their reputation for invulnerability is sustained.

THINGS FROM BEHIND SCENES

Our Fort Pulaski Correspondent.

FORT PULASKI,
Savannah River, Georgia,
June 18th, 1863.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn City News:

To-day the 48th was paid for four months—our late Commander Gen. Gilmore came up and we met him at the south dock saluting him with eleven guns from the Fort. It is now decided that the 48th move in a few days to Charleston or rather near that city, on Foley Island, perhaps to see severe service again. You doubtless have received the official account of the capture of the Savannah ram Atlanta, formerly called the Fingal. I saw the smoke of the guns and heard the cannonading. Our steamer, Island City, would have captured two small steamers loaded with ladies had she been up a little sooner for she had on board two brass howitzers while the excursionists had no guns, but on seeing the condition the celebrated, and much dreaded powerful ram was in, shifted their rudder right about for Savannah. The ladies and the soldiers had danced together all night at a ball in honor of the glorious trip they expected to take through batteries and iron clads to Charleston and then back on railroad car to Savannah. If a rebel had deserted through their ranks from Richmond of course you heard the news the same day, but most likely you received it by Fortress Monroe, via Washington.

WILL. WATKINS.

Letters from the People.

The Heroes of Brooklyn.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN CITY NEWS:

Brooklyn has every cause to be proud of the men she has sent to the field. The officers and men of every Regiment that has left Brooklyn, have acquitted themselves with honor, and reflect credit on our city. Our latest laurels have been won by General Spinola, who, with the Excelsior Brigade charged the Wapping Heights, and carried them in the face of a heavy fire." So says a Brooklyn cotemporary. True, and "bully" for Spinola.—But, gentlemen, in our admiration for our *persona* friends, don't let us overlook the brave deeds and noble conduct of other officers and Regiment issuing from Brooklyn. As yet, I have seen no mention of the daring acts and splendid conduct of the gallant 48th, of Brooklyn. Their landing on Morris Island, together with other Regiments, is one of the finest pictures of the whole war, and especially on this occasion did the 48th stand out in bold relief, on the foreground of this historical group. It was their orders to be the *third Regiment to land*, and as the swarm of boats pulled up to the shore, filled with men, locking in the face a brazen-faced battery filled to its teeth with grape and canister, the word was given for the Brigade to land. They hesitated. The gallant Col. Barton, of the 48th, shouted, "Land, men!" and like a shower of grape they were upon the beach, the *first*, not the *third*, charged upon the battery, and took it. The noble Barton received a bad wound in the hip, and is now at his residence, Oxford st., Brooklyn.

Another picture, unsurpassed for daring and military precision: "One day, during the erection of our works on Morris Island, the 48th was detailed to mount some heavy mortars at a point very near Fort Wagner. General 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 the 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, General Seymour complimented them in the highest style of praise, telling them it was the first time he had ever seen heavy mortars mounted in open in the face of a fire of a hostile fort, so near as that. The 48th have cause to be pleased with the compliment, which, coming from Gen. Seymour, was worth something, and, indeed, should make every true citizen's heart beat with pride, at the noble conduct of the Brooklyn Boys.

G. H.

LIBUT. COL. GREEN.--Robert Green, brother of the lamented soldier whose name heads this paragraph, arrived from Washington last evening. Here he had been to procure the necessary papers authorizing him to recover the remains of his deceased brother. He will leave this morning for New York, from whence he will sail for Port Royal in the steamer Arago. Mr. G. had personal interviews with both President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, and carries with him letters of recommendation signed by them.

--The following complimentary notice of the deceased, is from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, July 28:

Among the list of those killed at the second attack upon Fort Wagner, we find the name of Col. Green, of the 48th regiment, who was one of our most esteemed citizens, and who has proved himself to be one of our bravest soldiers. Col. Green was a young man of much promise; one who by his deeds of Christian love, by the deep interest he took in Sabbath schools, and as a prominent and active member of Dr. Robinson's church; and by his general Christian deportment, had endeared himself to a large circle of friends, who now are called--as many quivering lips and falling tears we noticed yesterday testified--to mourn his loss with the deepest sorrow. At the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted as a private in the 71st N. Y. regiment, fought at the battle of Bull Run, where, as his comrades testify, he acquitted himself with undaunted bravery, escaping without a scratch, but having his clothing perforated with the missiles of the enemy. He returned with the regiment at the expiration of three months, but with a wish and determination to return to the battle-field, which wish was gratified, for shortly after his return he was appointed Captain of one of the companies of the 48th regiment, then forming under Col. Perry. From a Captaincy he was soon promoted to a Majorship, and shortly after again promoted to the position he occupied at the time of his death. At the first attack upon Fort Wagner he led the 48th, and after a desperate struggle, as the readers of the *Eagle* know, was repulsed with heavy loss. A number of officers fell but Col. Green escaped, after having his scabbard shattered and the skirt of his coat shot away. In his last letter, dated July 11th, he gives a vivid description of that terrible onslaught, and speaks in glowing terms of the conduct of his men, to whom he was dearly attached, and whose affection was warmly reciprocated by those under his command. After speaking of the hardships he and his men endured, how long they had been without sleep and food, he closes his letter with the following words:--"I do not know what is before me, but trusting in God I will endeavor to do my entire duty." Christian patriot! Thy duty is done. Thou didst offer thyself upon the altar of thy country, and God has accepted the sacrifice. Yea, we do know that thou didst willingly offer up thy life's blood in behalf of the land that gave thee birth; that thou didst realize "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Therefore we would not call thee back, for thy work on earth is finished; but dropping many tears in sweet memory of thee, we would say "Peace to thy ashes! Rest! soldier of thy country, and soldier of the Cross.-- Rest! until the archangel's trumpet shall sound, and then thou shalt come forth with all the redeemed, receive thy crown, and hear the welcome and joyful summons, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'"

--One of the regiments with the naval expedition is thus spoken of:

The Forty-eighth New York, Colonel Perry's famous Continental Guards, is known as the Methodist regiment among the other troops, its Colonel having been formerly a Methodist minister, as well as eight or ten of its line officers; the other officers are nearly all ex-members of the New York Seventh, and these apparently incongruous elements are said to harmonize admirably; the religious portion, I imagine, preponderates, for prayer meetings have been numerous in camp; conversions are common; a dozen or more privates were baptized on one Sunday in Washington, and at Annapolis the fighting parsons organized a movement upon the forces of Sulaoi; went into the town, preached and prayed, and incited a violent revival of religion. They leave their mark among those quasi Southerners, and will doubtless do it in another and equally durable manner further towards the Gulf of Mexico.

PERSONAL.—Joshua T. Fonda, son of John T. Fonda of this city, a member of Co. F, Forty-eighth regiment, was killed at Fort Wagner. It is hoped that Mr. Robert Green will be able to recover his body and bring it home.—R. D. Marsh, left Keeseville on the 27th of June for Fort Edward, with four or five thousand dollars in his possession, for the purpose of investing that amount in business at the latter place. As nothing since has been heard from him his friends have commenced a search for him.—Dr. Bontecou is on professional duty at Fort Wagner.—Father Theobaud, formerly pastor of St. Joseph's Church, has resumed that position.—Col. Crocker and other officers of the 93d are home to take charge of the drafted contingent of Washington county.

Charles A. Leib, Sner, who enlisted in the 48th N. Y. S. V., was killed in the attack on Morris Island, on the 13th inst. A private letter shown us says he fought and died as became a brave man. He lived near the Powder Mills, in this

HOME ON FURLOUGH.—B. R. Corwin, who went from this village as 1st Lieut. in the 48th Reg. N. Y. Volunteers (Continental Guards), but has since received the appointment of Major and been in service for some time past in the 2d South Carolina Volunteers, arrived home on Monday. The Major looks as though he had seen hard service under a Southern sun. When he expects to return, or what special information he brings of the fate of the boys of the 48th, his old associates, we have not learned, as we have been unable to see him but for a moment.

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PRESENTATION AT FORT PULASKI, GEO.—On the 15th ult., word was sent to Major James M. Green and First Lieutenant S. R. Wallace, that a disturbance had occurred in the quarters of Co. F, Forty-eighth Regiment. They immediately hastened to the scene of trouble, when they found the company drawn up in line, looking as trim and clean as veterans. As soon as the officers reached the locality, they were taken prisoner; the Orderly Sergeant advanced to the front, and in the name of the company, presented them each with an elegant and costly sword. The Major and the Lieutenant accepted the same, with brief responses, hoping they should never hesitate to lead the men at all times, and that they might never do anything of which themselves, or those who followed them, would be ashamed.

The presentation ended with three cheers for each of the worthy recipients, and three more for Capt. Lockwood, the present Commandant of Co. F.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

48th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V., Co. E,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C. July 7, 1863.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEMOCRAT:—

At last we are in the field again.— After doing Garrison duty and fatigue in Fort Pulaski for one year and twenty-three days, we were ordered (8 Companies of the Regt.) to St. Helena Island, June 19th. There we were Brigaded with the 76th Penn., Vols., 3rd N. H. Vols., 9th Maine Vols, and the "Pardeus les Enfants," or "Independent Battalion," and commanded by General Strong. On the evening of the 3rd, we got orders to be ready to strike tents at 5 A. M., the 4th at 6 A. M. the 4th struck tents and lay down until 12 M., when "fall in" and then we had to carry our tents to the dock a distance of 2 miles. At 4 P. M., we got off and embarked on board the steamer Canonicus and started for Folly Island. When we got up here we were too late to cross the bar for that night and had to return to the Head and stay there nearly all day Sunday on board the boat.— The men suffered from the effects of the sun, for the boat was small and much crowded. Sunday night made out to get there in time and crossed the bar the boat striking heavily four or five times. Landed at 12 at night and marched about three miles and halted for the night, but just as we had got comfortably settled on the beach and were resigning ourselves to morpheus, "fall in" sounded and we had to move again. We halted just at day-break and slept until sunrise and then moved on to our present encampment. We are encamped in a thick swamp behind a high bluff of sand. We are just out of range of the guns of Fort Sumpter and the Morris Island batteries.

Our tents came up last night just at dark and to day we have been working very hard putting them up and clearing up the streets and digging wells and I am so tired I can scarcely write. One of the 6th Conn. Vols., was shot yesterday on picket and three of the pickets the day before fell from the rebel battery. We are preparing to make the attack now in a very few days perhaps before you get this. It would not be prudent to mention the location of our guns or the number of them, but one battery is within a half mile of Fort Sumpter. The Surgeons have all had orders to-day to get an extra supply of lint and bandages, &c. Heckman's Brigade that caused all the trouble between Generals Hunter and Foster is expected here to-night. Also the 10th Legion and the Brigade to which they belong. We have had our work for

nothing to-day for while I have been writing, orders came from Head-Quarters for us to cook three days rations and be ready to move to-night. Hoping my next may be dated in Charleston, I bid you and your readers good day.

More anon. P. B. M.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF MORRIS ISLAND, S. C. }
2 MILES FROM BATTERY BEE, 48th REG'T. N. Y. V. }
JULY 11th, 1863. }

EDITOR GOSSEN DEMOCRAT:—

On the evening of the 8th, our Reg't. was ordered to march to the Pawnee landing on Folly Island, where we were to embark in surf boats to land on Morris Island. After marching over there, we found there was not boats enough to carry us and marched back to camp, arriving there just before daylight. The evening of the 9th we started again for the landing, the rest of our Brigade embarked before us and left boats enough for four Companies of our Regt. who started under Lt.-Col. Green. The rest of us marched up to the upper end of the Island and lay down behind the batteries, fronting the batteries on Morris Island. At 6 A. M. the 10th, our batteries opened fire. The rebels replied lively and the shot and shell came in very unpleasant proximity to our ears. After firing about an hour and-a-half, several of the guns were silenced and our Brigade was ordered to land and charge; the boys pulled with a will and just then the rebels opened a tremendous fire on the boats; one boat was cut in two and one man had his leg carried away; none of them were drowned however. The 6th Conn. Vols., Col. Chatfield were the first to land. The detachment of our Regt. should have landed last, but owing to some delay in the 2nd Regt. General Strong asked if our boys would land next, which they were only too glad to do and in about three minutes away went the boys across the marsh double quick, the 6th carried the batteries and our boys the rifle pits, Captain L. H. Lent, our senior Captain acting Major, was killed first, by a sharp shooter. The batteries are very strong and would never have been taken except by storm. As soon as the flag was planted on the first range of batteries, we crossed over and dashed up to the rescue and carried the whole line to within two miles of Battery Bee. The boys were then completely exhausted, for they had no rest the night before, so we halted. I was Acting Hospital Steward as our Steward was sick and I had my hands full for four or five hours. Our Regiment lost four killed and twenty-five wounded, many of them severely. Our loss was the heaviest of any Regt. by twelve men.— I had the wounded all sent over to Folly Island, from whence they were sent to Hilton Head. We have a large number of rebel wounded, they suffered severely in killed. One Captain said he posted five sharp shooters to kill Capt. Lent. At daylight this morning three

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Regiments charged the battery on the point of this Island next Fort Sumpter, but they were repulsed with heavy loss. At present the Monitors are shelling them pretty lively. To-night our Regt. and the 67th Ohio, are going to try to take it by storm. Lieut.-Col. Green had his scabbard shot in two and his pants torn very much, two balls through his blouse and his hat was carried away by a cannon ball. We have captured seven rifled guns and three mortars, beside a large quantity of small arms and ammunition, sixty prisoners beside the wounded, which are numerous and the boys are bringing in the wounded all the time.

SUNDAY, July 12th.

Every thing progresses favorably.— The Rebs shelled our pickets this morning, and wounding three men severely. Our men are throwing up batteries within three-quarters of a mile of Fort Sumpter. I hope we will be in Charleston in less than a week. More anon.

P. B. M.

Among those wounded at the recent attack on Fort Wagner, we find the name of Lt. Tuttle, Co. F, 48th N. Y. V. Mr. Tuttle's parents reside in this city. It is hoped his wounds are not of a serious nature.

ARMY RESPONSE

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P. B. M.

The Fight on the Charleston Railroad.

Correspondence N. Y. Times.

The special design of this enterprise was to destroy the tressel-work bridges at the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, crossing the Pocotaligo, Tullifinny and Cocosawatchie. These streams are all tributaries of the Broad River; and to reach them, it was determined, after a careful study of the peculiarly impracticable and most difficult country for military operations, to make a landing at Mackay's Point, at the Junction of the Broad and Pocotaligo Rivers, a distance of twenty-five miles from Hilton Head, where our troops could be debarked under cover of gunboats, and a march of

miles, would take them to the village of Pocatoligo, at which place it was supposed the enemy would make a stand. The attack was intended as a surprise.

DEPARTURE FROM HILTON HEAD.

At nightfall of Tuesday, the 21st, the expedition was ready for departure, but did not leave until midnight, as nothing could be accomplished by reaching its destination before daybreak. The vessels left in the order above designated, but the night was misty, and one or two of them ran aground, delaying their arrival at the rendezvous for some hours beyond the time which had been fixed.

Meanwhile the tug Starlight was despatched with some boats of the Paul Jones and a small company of soldiers of the Seventh Connecticut, under Captain Gray, to capture the rebel pickets at Mackey's Point and at a plantation on the Pocatoligo River, a few miles distant. This project was only partially successful. At the plantation, Lieut. Banks, of the enemy's picket, and three men were made prisoners, but through the incompetency of a negro guide, the guard at the Point escaped, giving warning of our approach. From the rebel officer who was taken, General Brennan learned that our attack had been apprehended by the enemy, and for several days they had been preparing for the encounter.

LANDING OF THE TROOPS.

The tedious process of putting the men ashore in small boats was commenced soon after six o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, and by ten o'clock men, horses and guns were landed, excepting the detachment of the Third Rhode Island Volunteers, who were on the gunboat Marblehead, which was aground all day some miles down the river.

The line of march was taken up soon after ten, the section of Lieut. Henry's battery being at the head of the column, with skirmishers of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment. Advancing slowly over an admirable road for seven miles, we failed, during the march, of encountering the enemy, who had prudently recoiled from a meeting until it should take place beyond range of our gunboats, although the nature of the ground over which we passed afforded many excellent positions for defence.

THE FIGHT.

The road alternated through dense woods, and through marshes, only passable over a narrow causeway, save at one or two points. Choosing a position at the opposite end of this causeway, the enemy opened a furious fire of shell and canister on our advancing column, which was promptly met by the battery under Lieutenant Henry. Immediately the order was given by General Brannon for his brigade to form in line of battle, the centre resting on the causeway.—After a brisk fire of both musketry and artillery, the rebels retired to the dense woods in their rear, tearing up the causeway bridge, which delayed the advance of our artillery until it could be repaired. Meanwhile, the First Brigade pressed on to the woods, which they penetrated, driving the enemy before them, and closely followed by the Second Brigade, under General Terry, who came up with a cheer, and were quickly in the engagement. Here the fight, if may be said, fairly commenced—the enemy's sharpshooters picking off our men rapidly.—The artillery fire from our side was not slackened while the bridge was being repaired, and it was not long before the batteries went forward to the work in support of the infantry.

This action began between twelve and one, and lasted about an hour, ending in the retreat of the rebels to another position at Frampton's plantation, which lies two miles beyond. The enemy were closely followed, and, after a fight more hotly contested than the first, our troops were again victorious, the second time driving the rebels from their well-chosen position, and two miles beyond, which brought them up to Pocatoligo bridge—not the railroad bridge—over which they crossed, taking shelter behind earthworks on the farthest side. To this point our troops nearly approached, but found farther progress impossible, as the bridge had been cut by the enemy on his retreat. This fact we con-

strive into a clear acknowledgment of his defeat. Although these events are thus briefly noted, it required upward of five hours of impetuous and gallant fighting to accomplish them. At no one time was the entire field of combat in view from a given point, and I therefore find it impossible to speak in detail of the operations of my own regiment. Both brigades participated in the action, and both Gens. Brannan and Terry were constantly under fire, leading and directing the movements of their men, awakening enthusiasm by their personal bravery and the skillful manner in which they manœuvred their commands. Frequently, while the fight was progressing, we heard the whistles of the railroad trains, notifying us of reinforcements for the rebels, both from Charleston and Savannah, and even if we had had facilities for crossing the river, it would have been unwise to have made the attempt in view of these circumstances. Gen. Brannan therefore ordered a retreat, which was conducted in a most orderly manner; the regiments retiring in successive lines, carrying off their dead and wounded, and leaving no arms or ammunition on the field.

Of the exact force of the rebels, of course, we know nothing, although Gen. Brannan was of the opinion that it equalled our own. Certainly their artillery exceeded ours by four or five pieces, and this we have from the seven prisoners taken, one of whom, Wm. Judd, belonged to Company B, 2d South Carolina cavalry, whose horse was also captured. The prisoners informed us that Gen. Beauregard commanded in person.

COL. BARTON'S DIVISION.

While these events were taking place between the main forces on either side, Col. Barton, of the 48th New York, with 300 of his own men and 50 of the 3d Rhode Island regiment, under command of Capt. J. H. Gould, went up the Coosawhatchie river, conveyed by the Potroon to within two miles of the town of the same name. Landing this force here, a march was made to the village through which runs the railroad. Arrived there, they commenced tearing up the rails, but had scarcely engaged in the work when a long train of cars came from the direction of Savannah, filled with troops. This train was fired into by our party, killing the engineer and a number of others. Several soldiers jumped from the cars while they were in motion, and were wounded.

One was taken prisoner—thirty muskets were captured, and colors of the Whippy Swamp Guards taken from the color-bearer, who was killed by our fire. The work of tearing up the rails was not accomplished in time to prevent the onward progress of the train, and our men afterward completed the job—also cutting the telegraph, and bringing away a portion of the wire with them. Col. Barton next attempted to reach the railroad bridge, for the purpose of firing it, but was unable, as it was protected by a battery of three guns. Fearing that his retreat might be cut off by the enemy's cavalry, he gave the order to retire to the steamboat, which was done successfully. His men had nearly all embarked when the cavalry boldly came directly under the guns of the Planter and Potroon and fired upon both steamers. A few rounds of canister dispersed them and the only damage which they inflicted was the serious wounding of Lieut. J. B. Blanding, of the Third Rhode Island Artillery.

THE RETURN.

Nearly all Wednesday night was passed in bringing the wounded from the battle-field and placing them upon the transports. This humane work was personally superintended by General Terry and Brigade Quartermaster Corrigell, of Gen. Brannan's Staff. As fast as the boats were filled they returned to Hilton Head, and by Thursday night the whole force had disembarked. Before our last regiment left Mackey's Point, the enemy's pickets had reappeared, but in sufficient force to molest us.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

Scarcely five minutes after the first engagement began, wounded men were brought to the

