New Hampshire regiment to push forward, and led by Gen. Strong and Col. Jackson in person the gallant fellows dashed up against the fort.—Three companies actually gained the ditch, and wading through the water found shelter against the embankment. Here was the critical point of the assault, and the Second brigade, which should have been up and ready to support their comrades of the First, were unaccountably delayed. Gen. Strong then gave the order to fall back, and lie down on the glacis, which was obeyed, without confusion.

It was while waiting here, exposed to the heavy fire, that Gen. Strong was wounded. A fragment of shell entered his thigh, passing entirely through the fleshy part and making a serious wound, although the bone escaped fracture. The breast of Gen. Jackson's coat was torn off at the same time by a piece of shell, slightly wounding him. Neither of these brave men would lie down to escape the metal, but stood unflinchingly throughout, eliciting the unbounded admiration of their men. Finding the supports did not come, Gen. Strong gave the order for his brigade to retire, and the men left the field in perfect order.

A little while afterwards the other brigades came up, and made up for their apparent tardiness by glorious deeds of valor. Rushing impetuously up the glacis, undeterred by the fire of the enemy, whose fires were not terminated for a second, several of our regiments succeeded in crossing the ditch, scaling the parapet and descending into the fort. Here a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Our men fought with desperation, and were able to drive the enemy from one side of the work to seek shelter between the traverses, while they held possession for something more than an hour. This unparalleled piece of gallantry was unfortunately of no advantage. The enemy rallied, and, having received large reinforcements, made a charge upon the band of heroes, and expelled them from their nobly won position by the sheer force of numbers. One of the regiments engaged in this brilliant dash was the Forty-eight New York, Col. Barton, and it came out almost decimated. The most distressing part of its disastrous treatment is, that the enemy did not inflict the damage. It was the result of a mistake on the part of one of our own regiments. The Forty-eight was among the first to enter the fort, and was fired upon by a regiment that gained the parapet some minutes later, under the supposition that it was the enemy.

About midnight the order was given to retire, and our men fell back to the rifle-pits outside of our own works, having engaged in as hotly contested
a battle as has ever been fought.
Our casualties, as may reasonably be expected, were very large. The list of killed, wounded and missing feet up fifteen hundred and thirty.

### ONE HUNDREDTH NEW YORK.

#### Killed.
- Sergt. Charles L. Hands, Co. A.
- Frederick Sheffer, Co. F.
- Ensign L. Begley, Co. F.
- Victor Koolsh, Co. G.
- Robert A. Knapp, Co. G.

#### Wounded.

#### COMPANY A.
- Sergt. James J. Sayward—in left arm slightly.
- Corp. Nicholas Shutt.
- Corp. Wm. Gerrick—severely in larynx.

#### COMPANY B.
- First Sergt. Byron Burk—suffering in three places.
- Sergt. James J. Sayward—in left arm slightly.
- Corp. Nicholas Shutt.
- Corp. Wm. Gerrick—severely in larynx.

#### COMPANY C.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.

#### COMPANY D.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.

#### COMPANY E.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.

#### COMPANY F.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. C. H. Renert—_ D. Garnin.

### COMPANY G.

#### COMPANY H.

### Missing.
- Adjutant H. H. Haddock, wounded.
- Corp. Clark Dickerman, wounded.
- Corp. Justin Somor, wounded.
- Ensign L. Begley, wounded.
- John Allen, wounded.
- B. J. Dougherty, wounded.
- Capt. Warren Granger—_ D. Garnin.
- Corp. Wm. L. Ereps—_ D. Garnin.
- Capt. Warren Granger—_ D. Garnin.
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EVENING EXPRESS.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 27, 1863.

"ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY."

THE WAR.

IMPORTANT FROM CHARLESTON.

Second Bombardment of Fort Wagner.

Our Attack Repulsed with Heavy Loss.

Full and Graphic Description of the Scene.

NAMES OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

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

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

The first assault failed, as I stated before, on account of the tardiness of the 7th Pennsylvania and the 9th Maine to properly support the successful assault of the 7th Connecticut, who were left alone on the parapet and within the ditch of the fort to battle with the whole rebel garrison.

In the assault of the 18th last, but one brigade, and then a small one, under the command of Gen. Strong, were engaged; in that of last evening a whole division, consisting of three full brigades, were drawn out in line to take part in the action, upon account of some misunderstanding of orders but two actually participated in the fight.

Gen. Gilmore designed to commence the bombardment of the fort at daylight yesterday morning, but on account of a terrible thunder storm, which commenced early in the evening, and continued until morning, delaying the work of the engineers and dampening the ammunition, the action did not open until half-past 12. At that hour Admiral Dahlgren signalled that he was ready, and in a few moments the Montauk, his flagship, the Ironsides, the Catskill, the Nantucket, the Weshawken and the Patapsco, moved into line, and commenced hurling their heaviest shot and shell around, upon and within the fort, and, with intervals of but a very few minutes, continued this terrible fire until one hour after the sun had gone down. During all the afternoon the iron fleet lay about one mile off from the fort, but just at the close of the engagement, and but a few moments before the first assault was made by Gen. Strong, the Admiral ran the Montauk directly under the guns of Fort Wagner, and within 280 yards, fired round after round from his 15 inch gun, sending, as every shot struck, vast clouds of sand, mud and timber high in the air, making one huge sand heap of that portion of the fort facing the sea, and dismounting two of the heaviest guns.

Deserters and prisoners tell us that Fort Wagner mounts thirteen rifled guns of heavy calibre, but during all this furious bombardment by land and sea, she condescended to reply with but two; one upon the whole fleet of iron clads, and one upon the entire line of land batteries. She may possibly have fired one shot to our one hundred, and I think even that is a large estimate. There were no casualties on the monitors or Ironsides, but one man killed and one slightly wounded within the batteries. The firing was almost entirely from our own side.

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

The afternoon passed, and the heavy roar of the big guns on land and sea gradually ceased. Slowly and sullenly the monitors, with the exception of the Montauk, moved back to the anchorage ground of the morning. For eight hours the monitors and the Ironsides have kept up a continuous fire, and Fort Wagner has not yet surrendered. For eight hours fifty-four guns from the land batteries have hurled their shot and shell within her walls, and still she flaunts the red battle flag in our face.

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

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

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

Gen. Strong was assigned to the command of the 1st Brigade. Col. Putnam, of the 7th New Hampshire, who, although of the regular army, and considered one of the best officers in the Department, had never been in battle, nor been under fire, took command of the 2d, and Gen. Stevenson the 3d, constituting the reserve. The 54th Massachusetts, (colored) Col. Shaw, was the advance regiment in the 1st Brigade, and the 2d South Carolina, (negro) Col. Montgomery, was the last regiment of the...
These brigades, as I have remarked before, were formed for this express duty. Many of the regiments had never seen their brigade commanders before; some of them had never been under fire, and, with the exception of three regiments in the First Brigade, none of them had ever been engaged in this form of attack. All had fresh in their memories the severe repulse we had met on the morning of the 11th inst. For two years the Department of the South had been in existence, and until the storming of the batteries on the south end of Morris Island the army had won no victory fairly acknowledged by the enemy.

Just as darkness began to close in upon the scene of the afternoon and evening guns, 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., Col. Jackson; 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 parapet guns on Fort Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings' Point, and all the guns on Fort Wagner opened upon it. The guns from Wagner swept the beach, and those from Sumter and Cummings' Point enfiladed it on the left. In the midst of this terrible shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the fort, portions of the 54th Mass., the 7th Connecticut, and the 45th 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. As the morning of the assault of the 11th inst., these men were exposed to a galling fire of grape and canister, from howitzers, raking the ditches from the bastions of the fort, and from every other mode of warfare. The rebels fought with desperation, and so did the larger portion of Gen. Strong's brigade, as long as there was an officer to command it. When the brigade made the assault Gen. Strong and his staff rode at its head. When it fell back, broke, turned, and bleeding, Major Phipps, of the 3d N. Y., was the highest commissioned officer to command it. Gen. Strong, Col. Shaw, Col. Chatfield, Col. Barton, Gen. Gilmore, and Col. Jackson all fell; and the list I send you will tell how many other brave officers fell with them.

The 1st Brigade, under the command of General Strong, failed to take the fort. It was now the turn of Col. Putnam, commanding the 1st Brigade, composed of the 10th N. H., 62d Ohio, 67th Ohio, and 100th N. Y., and the 101st N. Y., Col. Dancy, to make the attack. But 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 minute 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 were heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cummings' Point.

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

Without a doubt, many of our men fell from our own fire. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of individual companies, to say nothing of the regiments.

More than half the time we were in the fort, the fight was simply a hand to hand one, as the wounds received by many clearly indicate. Some have sword thrusts, others are hacked on the head, some are shot through.
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 to 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 of the other belligerents.

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 glittering in the sand holes and rifle pits to the right, as you pass down the beach. In these holes many a poor wounded and killed 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.

In the night assault, and from its commencement to its close, General Gilmore, his staff, and his volunteer aids, consisting of Colonel Littlefield, of the 4th S. C., and Major Seabrook, of the Paymaster's Department, were constantly under fire, and doing all in their power to sustain the courage of the troops and urge on reinforcements. All that human power could do to carry this formidable earthwork seems to have been done. No one would have imagined in the morning that so fierce a cannonade from both the navy and the batteries on shore could fail to destroy every bomb-proof the rebels had erected. But the moment our men touched the parapets of the fort, 1,300 strong streamed from their safe hiding place, where they had been concealed during the day, and fresh and strong, were prepared to drive us back. We then found to our sorrow that the 15 inch shot from the monitors, even when fired at a distance of but 1,000 yards, had not injured them in the least. Only the parapets of the fort had been knocked into sand heaps. In their proper places I forgot to mention that the gunboats Wissahickon, Capt. Davis, the Chippewa, Capt. Harris, the Paul Jones, Capt. Hagen, and the Ontario, were also engaged in the bombardment at long range, and that during every day of the week, from the 10th to the 17th, had been more or less engaged with the work. The amount of shell thrown at Fort Wagner would almost build another Ironsides.

A Visit to the Hospitals.

I left the battle field last Monday to visit the hospitals in Beaufort and at Hilton Head, where nearly all the wounded had been brought. The large old mansions are nearly all full, and for wounded and dying no better accommodations, so far as the main buildings are concerned, could be found. But in other respects, I regret to say, the medical department were not prepared for so large a demand upon their time and skill. Soldiers are still lying in their beds who have not yet had their wounds dressed or the bullets extracted from their bodies. By far the most efficient persons I have seen about the hospitals are, with perhaps two or three exceptions, a few ladies who are indefatigable in their exertions, and who are more successful in relieving distress than many of the distinguished graduates from French academies, who seem to have nothing else to do than to wear a major's uniform, and criticise each other's skill, or rather want of it.

It is an outrage that in a department where so much time has been at the disposal of these medical officers, everything necessary for the comfort of at least 1,000 wounded should not have been immediately on hand. I have spent the morning in a hospital where there are 75 men who have not yet had their wounds attended to. One surgeon is in attendance, and a faithful one, too; but what can he do with so large a number?

The large mansion formerly occupied as the headquarters of Gen. Bennetts, is now filled with officers. Geo. Strong, Col. Chatfield, Siibe, Rodman, and nearly all on the enclosed list are here, but, if their wounds will admit, will go North on the Arago to-morrow. These officers have received every attention, for their friends are many, and no complaints can be heard from them, but the poor privates for days had nothing but newspapers to cover their nakedness.
though the stores at Hilton Head were full of sheets and blankets.

We thought late last evening that we were upon the point of changing the battle ground from Morris to Port Royal Island. The rebels were reported in force opposite Port Royal Ferry, and a dash upon our pickets, and a raid, with cavalry and artillery, up the shell road to Beaufort anticipated.

We were prepared for them. If they are disposed to try the same experiment we have ourselves been entertained with at Fort Wagner, and attempt an assault upon Fort: Beaufort...
The 48th N.Y. Regiment lost in all, about 450 men, and only three of its officers escaped unharmed.

Accounts from the Enemy.

The Richmond papers of the 23d publish the following dispatched from Gen. Beauregard:

Charleston, July 18—6 P. M.

General S. Cooper:
The Ironsides, five monitors, four gun and mortar boats, two land batteries (five guns), have fired furious all day on Battery Wagner. Four killed, fourteen wounded, and one gun carriage disabled.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

CHARLESTON, JULY 19—3:40 A. M.

General S. Cooper:
After a furious bombardment of eleven hours from the ships of war, shelling—shoveling—shoveling men, women, and child, the enemy assaulted Battery Wagner desperately and repeatedly, commencing at dark. Our people fought worthily, and repulsed the attacks with great slaughter. A number of prisoners were captured. Our loss is relatively small. It includes, however, valuable lives. Brigadier General Tallaferro commands on our side. Pickets now well in advance.

Charleston, July 23—The enemy recommenced shelling again yesterday, with but few casualties on our part. We had, in the 14th instant, about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The enemy's loss, including prisoners, was about two thousand. Nearly eight hundred were buried under a flag of truce. Colonel Putnam, acting brigadier general, and Colonel Shaw, commanding the negro regiments, were killed.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, General.

Rebel Account of the Previous Repulse.

[From the Charleston Mercury, July 19.]

Before the papers of our last issue had reached the eyes of our readers, another bloody and important action had taken place upon Morris Island.

The enemy evidently did not at first feel secure, in his newly gained position. During Thursday night (according to the statements of prisoners), the Yankee troops were drawn up in line of battle. At daybreak, finding that the expected descent of batteries was not making, they commenced a general and repeated assault on our works. A number of prisoners were captured. Our loss is relatively small. The enemy, however, was met with a vigorous defense. General Talleferro commanded on our side. Pickets now well in advance.

Beat again with us.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Charleston, July 25—The enemy recommenced shelling again yesterday, with but few casualties on our part. We had, in the battle of the 14th instant, about one hundred and sixty killed and wounded. The enemy's loss, including prisoners, was about two thousand. Nearly eight hundred were buried under a flag of truce. Colonel Putnam, acting brigadier general, and Colonel Shaw, commanding the negro regiments, were killed.

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Beat again with us.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, General.
The day was won. In the melee we had taken 130 prisoners and 95 of the enemy's dead lay strewn immediately in front of our works.

The prisoners were brought to the city and marched to jail. Their bearing was very imperious. They admitted the severe character of their losses, and stated that Gen. Strong, with Lieut. Col. Rodman, of the 7th Connecticut, had been badly wounded. It appears from their statement that their regiments are very far from being full, many of their companies having dwindled down to a mere handful. Brig. Gen. Seymour is on Morris Island, and Major General Gilmore, who now succeeds Hunter in the command of the Department, has his headquarters for the present on Folly Island. The following are the names of the Yankee commissioned officers who were taken in the fight:—Capt. David H. Hogeland, 76th Pa.; Capt. Jerome Tourtelot, wounded; Capt. V. B. Chamberlain, Lieut. W. E. Phillips, 7th Conn.; Lieut. E. W. Ware, 9th Me.; Lieut. E. C. Jordan, 7th Conn.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We have from semi-official (Washington) sources some indication of what has been done by the Army of the Potomac during the past week. Our troops have kept up a close scrutiny of Lee's movements, and have succeeded, by rapid marches, in baffling several attempts made by him to pass through the gaps of the Blue Ridge. He tried successively Snicker's, Ashby's and Manassas Gaps, but found a strong National force at each, and at the last two was driven back with loss. It is believed that he is now moving rapidly toward Staunton, up the Shenandoah Valley. Our cavalry have, as usual, been very active. At Chester Gap they recaptured 1,100 of the cattle stolen by the enemy, and several hundred sheep, and a large number of horses have also been recaptured.

A dispatch from headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Front Royal Saturday, announces an engagement with the enemy's rear guard on the day previous, and the disappearance of the whole rebel army on Saturday morning—supposed en route to Culpepper and Orange Court House.

END OF THE REBEL RAID THROUGH INDIANA AND OHIO—CAPTURE OF MORGAN AND HIS COMMAND.

General John Morgan and his entire remaining band, numbering about 600 men, were captured by General Shackleford yesterday morning, near New Lisbon, Ohio. The following brief dispatch tells the whole story:

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.
THREE MILES SOUTH OF NEW LISBON, OHIO, July 26.

To Col. Lewis Richmond, A. A. G.:

By the blessing of Almighty God, I have succeeded in capturing Gen. John H. Morgan, Col. Clarke, and the balance of his command, amounting to about 400 prisoners. I will start with Morgan and Staff on the first train for Cincinnati, and await the General's order for transportation for the balance.

(Signed) J. M. SHACKLEFORD.
Colonel Commanding.

NORTH CAROLINA.

General Foster sends an official report of the late successful cavalry raid on the Weldon and Wilmington Railroad in North Carolina some of the particulars of which we have before given.

MISSISSIPPI.

It is reported by persons who arrived at Cairo from Vicksburg, yesterday, that Jackson, Miss., has been burned by our forces, and that the pursuit of Joe Johnston has been given over for the present.
LIST OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING.

We have awaited with painful anxiety for the particulars of the recent disastrous attack on Fort Wagner, as we believed one of our bravest Regiments—the 100th—had been assigned a position of dangerous distinction from which it could scarcely escape without serious loss. The accompanying letters, which we are permitted to publish and the list of killed and wounded, will fill the breasts of hundreds of our citizens with conflicting emotions of grateful pride and bitter sorrow. Although the casualties are numerous, the number of killed and seriously wounded is surprisingly small, and permit the indulgence of a well-founded hope that most of the gallant fellows will speedily recover.

The following account of the assault is taken from a letter written by W. H. Mason of Company C., to his parents in this city.

* * * * Now comes the tug of war. July 18th at day light we fell back from the picket line to the rifle pits. The Rebs commenced shelling us as soon as they could, our gunboats answering quite rapidly. About the middle of the forenoon our batteries opened, and the iron clad commenced moving up, and at 11:55 the first shot was fired from the iron fleet, the wooden blockaders keeping up a smart fire at long range. Moultrie kept almost perfect silence during the day. The bombardment continued from land and water till about five o'clock, when the fort appeared to have been silenced. The columns then commenced moving up to take it by storm. Fort Sumter shelled our troops as they advanced until we got within close range of Fort Wagner, when the rebels poured in a murderous fire of grape, canister and musketry, besides throwing hand grenades. Regiment after regiment charged on the fort, each one retreating in good order in their turn, except the 9th Maine, which broke and ran in a confused mass through the lines of the 6th Conn., 4th N. H., and the 100th N. Y. The 54th Mass., (colored) led the charge, and did well with the exception of a few panic-stricken ebones.

Not more than half of any regiment in the charge came out unharmed. We had about 4,000 in the field, with no artillery, against 1,500 behind breastworks, in pits and bomb-proofs, besides having the darkness in their favor; it being dark when the fight commenced, which lasted about three hours. Our retreating, battle-worn and wounded troops were fired into and cut down by our own drunken artillery, the 1st U. S. and 5th R. I., who answered the groans of the wounded with, "Go to the front, you cowardly dogs, or we will blow your brains out."

Our Regiment went in with about 500 enlisted men and 15 officers. The next morning (Sunday) the Assembly was beat to ascertain our loss. All we could muster was 225 men and 5 officers. Company C. lost 31 men and 2 officers, one of which has since turned up. William Mathews, formerly a clerk in Millington's umbrella store, has not been heard of since the fight, and is undoubtedly dead. Bob Kirk, of Company C., was shot through the lungs, and died next morning.

* * * An officer in the regiment gives a more particular account of its noble conduct. It will be seen that his estimate of the number of men which went into action is smaller than Mr. Mason's, and appears to be the most reliable. We particularly recommend his closing remarks to the consideration of those who sympathize with the disgraceful spirit of opposition to the efforts of the Government to send her warrior sons succor, and assure for their arms a glorious and speedy triumph over treason, that they may know with what utter disgust and contempt they are regarded by the very men who are suffering most from the hardships of which the opponents to the draft complain.