

THREE MONTHS AROUND CHARLESTON BAR; OR, THE GREAT SIEGE AS WE SAW IT.

No. II.

BY ROBERT STEWART DAVIS.

SLEEP under the range of Sumter's and Wagner's guns, with the chance of a night-sortie by the enemy!—the veteran may do this: we cannot. Therefore, while the soldiers not on picket-duty at the front sleep soundly in their sand-beds, we cannot even catch a fitful slumber, but, alternately standing and sitting, fully realize war in the night-time. If beneath the roof of a Northern home, when chancing to wake in the dead of night, the awful stillness of the midnight hour has driven sleep far away from our eyelids, need we be surprised at this nervous wakefulness with which Morris Island frets us? Listening for the night-attack,—how one within bullet-flight of the enemy will listen!—thus we pass the heavily-moving night. It is not the dull beating of the waves against the beach, or the sharp ring of the sentry's "Halt!" or the distant rumbling of the coming thunder-storm, that attracts our attention.

Hark! was that not picket-firing? There goes the deep boom of a monitor's gun, and off towards Wagner we hear the dull, heavy explosion of a shell. Again, "crack!" "crack!" go the rifles. What can it mean? It may be that the enemy are feeling our lines preparatory to an attack. We have the counter-sign. How did we get it? No matter: let us climb this neighboring sand-hill, and peer through the darkness to our heart's content.

There is no moon, and the stars scarce twinkle through the fleecy clouds. This darkness lends an additional charm to the scene before us. Yonder, in the channel, is the fleet,—iron-clads, gunboats, supply and ordnance vessels. They carry no lights: blockade-runners would have a merry time if they did. Ah! that is the flag-ship. We know it by the signal-light. The admiral is signalling to the shore. I wish we could read that message as the signal-light rapidly moving in its half and quarter circles flashes from the deck of the *Augusta Dinsmore*. Perhaps, if translated, it would read thus:—"General, have you been attacked?" The signal-officer at head-quarters receives the answer, and immediately a torch upon the sand-hill below us "calls" the flag-ship, and, perhaps, replies, "No: it was a false alarm."

The picket-firing has ceased; but it did not fail to startle the camps of both friend and foe. Signal-lights flash upon the

darkness in every direction. They are rapidly moving here and there upon Folly Island. A light gleams from the parapet of Sumter, and is answered by Gregg, Wagner, Moultrie, and all the rebel fortifications in the harbor; and even from the tall look-out of the enemy on James Island near Secessionville the vigilant rebel sends back his reply.

Did you see that vivid flash yonder, coming up as it were from the earth? It was but for an instant: yet now mounting up slowly in the dark sky is a long trail of fire. It is a mortar-shell from Wagner. Will it come near us? It seems an age travelling. Now it has reached its zenith, and begins as slowly to descend over our camps. Lower, lower comes the shell, and while we, breathless with a proper anxiety, see it coming almost in a direct line for our sacred heads, the fiery fuse changes into a ball of fire: the shell has burst, and instantly comes to us the sharp twang of the explosion, while the whizzing fragments bury themselves in the sand, we know not where. Beauregard thinks that he can shell the Yankees off Morris Island. He has undoubtedly informed Mr. Davis that "Gillmore and his minions will not be able to survive the night." But Beauregard is mistaken,—not the first time during this war; and, although Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter keep up a continual shelling over our camps, thanks to protecting Deity, the night progresses without a casualty.

But another treat is in store for us. As if a vigorous shelling from the enemy were not enough to try our patience, the elements must join in the artillery chorus. This is war! a tropical thunder-storm joining its deafening thunder, livid lightning, and rain-torrents to the unwearying compliments of the enemy's cannon. As before we wondered where a shell would burst, now we wrap ourselves up in our blanket,—would the contractor had put more wool in it!—and are speechless with awe as the huge thunderbolts descend with a fearful crash and, illuminating every thing for an instant as with daylight, bury themselves in the earth or neighboring sea. Does it rain? "Bucketsful" will not express the copiousness of this drenching. We are gradually becoming completely soaked with the superfluous element, and we would be homesick, direfully so, were it not for the conversations of the soldiers around us, who, if they were undisturbed by the noise of shells, are not water-proof. Two jolly fellows are burrowed in the sand not far from us, and have evidently been sleeping under one blanket.

"I say, Bill," says one, "you've got all of the blanket."

"No, I haven't," replies Bill; "I've only got half of it."

"Well, where's the other half? I haven't got it."

"The contractor has got that," rejoined Bill.

That man is a wit; for if his humor works thus well in a deluge of water and under the range of the enemy's cannon,

what could he not say under more favorable circumstances? Our soldiers are wonderful men, so easily adapting themselves to every change of camp-life. They will, when in quarters, build themselves comfortable huts, and furnish them with rude imitations of bedsteads, tables, and chairs; but on an expedition like this they appear just as contented with half-rations and no shelter. This adaptability of the Yankee soldier is only the reflex of his private life; and, as in days of peace he could make a good shoe one day and deliver a Fourth-of-July oration the next, so now he brings the almost infinite resources of his character to make any phase of military life agreeable to himself.

But the morning draws on apace; and, as General Strong is to assault Wagner at daybreak, we arise from our humid bed without a pang of remorse at losing a "second nap." How cheerfully the soldiers appear after the shelling and drenching of the night! Not a murmur or complaint is heard; and if it were daylight I dare say every countenance would have a smile, and every eye a twinkle, over the night's adventures.

As silently as possible the troops are prepared for the assault. The assaulting and reserve column are in line, and two batteries of light artillery are ready to support. We thread our way to General Strong's tent. Stop! do you not see that figure standing by a horse and leaning its head upon the animal's neck? We hear the murmur of a voice at prayer: it is General Strong offering up his petition for divine mercy and assistance. We pause, and, as we see him thus engaged, we say to ourselves, "There is a general whom we thought to be reckless of his life, and without thought of the future; but how mistaken! he is a Christian warrior, and in battle it was the consciousness of a soul at peace with God which so nerved his arm and made him the admiration of the soldiers. The prayer is ended, and as he leaps upon his horse he turns, and, greeting us with a smile which even makes the struggling daylight seem more pleasant, says, "Well, gentlemen, Wagner has been quite attentive during the night: we will now return the compliment."

Generals Gillmore and Seymour are present to witness the assault, and the prayers of all go with the troops moving in serried column to the front. A monitor from the fleet has moved up the channel and taken a position so as to shell Wagner, and also prevent reinforcements reaching it from Cummings Point. No sooner do our troops come within easy range than they are greeted with a murderous fire of grape and canister from the siege-guns of Wagner, and a storm of bullets from the enemy's sharpshooters, who, retreating before our advance, have taken refuge behind the parapet, and add the unceasing rattle of their musketry to the roar of siege-gun and howitzer. In vain does the Nahant endeavor to silence the fort: her fire is too slow, and the rebels between shots work their

guns with vigor. Our troops boldly face the conflict, and run at "charge bayonets" through the galling fire for Wagner. But it is too much to expect of them. Wagner belches forth volley upon volley: the lines waver,—one regiment halts,—the left wing of another gives way,—one alone unbroken reaches the ditch, and rushes up the parapet to battle with the enemy at his very threshold. The men who have gained the parapet fight bravely; but why should they thus uselessly throw away life?—their comrades do not come to the rescue; the reserves are not ordered up. Wagner has proved itself a more powerful enemy than was suspected; the assault is abandoned, and the troops come back, with disappointment upon every countenance. No one feels the failure more keenly than General Strong, and we see in the glance of his eye a stern determination to retrieve the ill issue of the action.

Wagner having thus repelled an assault, Gillmore determines to first silence it by a bombardment and then storm it with an overwhelming force. Accordingly, he begins the erection of siege-batteries, at distances from Wagner varying from eight to twelve hundred yards. All of the soldiers who can be spared from the immediate front are set to work, either to haul up from the lower end of the island the siege-guns and mortars which have been brought over from Folly Island, or to labor on the line itself of the batteries. It cannot be expected that the rebels, holding fortifications which overlook this entire island, will not discover our battery-building, though the larger number of troops are at work in the night-time. Immediately Fort Johnson (on James Island), Sumter, and Gregg open upon the battery-line with a slow fire, and throw shells in painful proximity to the spades of our eagerly digging troops. Wagner would delight to join in this complimentary salute; but our sharpshooters pick off with their telescopic rifles any gunner who dares to show himself at the guns which point inland; the fleet, however, are unable to silence her guns which bear seaward although they have taken a favorable position in the channel, and explode their huge shells over and inside the fort. In the night, however, Wagner, no longer subject to the bombardment of the fleet or the keen watch of our sharpshooters, is enabled to break her silence, and treat the trenches to some very superior mortar-practice.

Seven monotonous days are these batteries being built. We say monotonous, because it is the same scene, day after day, of monitor firing, rebel firing, and Yankee digging. To-day we see half a regiment hauling through the sand a cannon-truck carrying a huge Parrott or mortar; to-morrow it seems as if the same men were hauling the same gun. The continual bursting of the enemy's shells over camps and working-parties has lost all charms of novelty and excitement, and officers and men

appear as much at ease as if they were having one prolonged dress-parade. Everybody seems busy. If we go down to Lighthouse Inlet, there we find nothing but work, work, work; stores of all kinds are being brought over from Folly Island, in launches, scows, and steamboats; every thing indicates that Gillmore has inspired his men with his own indomitable will and perseverance, and a desire to make this the most successful campaign of the war.

About a mile up the beach the engineers are building, upon the highest sand-hill, a look-out and signal station. Around this look-out staff officers and newspaper correspondents have seated themselves to witness the various operations of the day. As from this point we can gain a full view of the situation, let us clamber up the burning sand-hill and join the party. The scenery is certainly warlike. Below and upon our left stretch our encampments, displaying all the details of camp-life; beyond them is Lighthouse Inlet, filled with transports unloading stores and ammunition; and across the inlet stretches Folly Island, dotted with tents, and a long line of army-wagons, laden with forage and commissary stores from Stono, is moving along its wide and hardened beach; upon our right, in the channel, lie the monitors, with steam up, their decks covered with protecting sand-bags, and smoke-stacks wrapped with chains, occasionally sending from their dark-mouthed turrets a fifteen-inch shell at Wagner, which, ricocheting, falls short of the enemy's stronghold, or, burying itself in the parapet or interior of the fort, throws aloft with its explosion huge towering columns of sand; a little to the rear of the monitors are the gunboats, moving in their battle-circle, and defiantly hurling their whizzing shell or howling conical shot at the determined fort; beyond them, and over the bar, stretch the long line of blockaders, sleepily floating on the silent waves, and the frigate Wabash looms up among them like some monarch of the sea, while the New Ironsides awaits, like a monster of the deep, an opportunity to cross the bar and salute Wagner with her heavy broadsides; before us are the lowlands of Morris Island,—a glittering expanse of sand interspersed with clumps of trees,—and we easily see our battery-lines as the men labor upon them, and gun and mortar bristle in concealment from the enemy. In front of our batteries stretches the line of our sharpshooters, so vigilant and active that the guns of Wagner bearing inland are silent. Beyond the sharpshooters is Wagner, with its moat, high slope, and thick brown sides pierced with frowning embrasures. The new Confederate flag flies over it, and at the monitors expert gunners serve the seaward guns. Yonder, on Cummings Point, is Gregg, mounting three guns, which occasionally send a short shot at the monitors: Gregg in the spring of 1861 was the iron-clad bat-

tery which assisted in the reduction of Sumter; now it is an earthwork, with guns bearing only towards us and the channel.

On our right, across the channel, looms up the Moultrie House upon the beach of Sullivan's Island: with its circular form and surmounting tower, it looks more like a fort than the former resort of sea-bathers. Not far from it, upon the left, lies Fort Moultrie, silent as its lesser light Battery Bee beyond. In the channel, midway as it were between Cummings Point and Sullivan's Island, stands Fort Sumter, not less defiant than the Southern Cross which flutters in the breeze above it. Her parapet is covered with huge guns, bristling in the sunlight, and sending forth at times an invitation to the monitors. Upon the parapet of her sea-face cotton-bales are seen hanging, doubtless as a protection to her gunners. Her lower tier of casemates are closed,—an improvement suggested by Dupont's attack last spring. But powder, and not cotton, is king; or else why do the rebel iron-clads skulk behind Sumter as if afraid to view the monitor fleet? Beyond Sumter, upon the right, is Fort Ripley; and upon the left, on James Island, is Fort Johnson, which the rebels—if we can judge by the large number of men around it—are strengthening and mounting with additional guns. Up and down the harbor ply steamers between Sumter and Charleston, bringing supplies and ammunition to the garrison.

Still farther in the distance is Charleston, so near and yet so far. We can see only the spires of her churches as they glitter above an intervening forest and seem to beckon us onward. How exciting to think that but five miles intervene between us and the prize we covet! Farther to the left, and on James Island, is Secessionville,—a village with a high-sounding name, but few houses, which seem to cluster together like refugees from the wrath to come. Over all these different views floats a cloud of white smoke, which, streaming from the fleet, finally disappears amid the spires of Charleston, as if foretelling to the inhabitants the certain advent of the "execrated Yankees" and the falsity of their thoughts of safety.

Such is a poor description of the "situation" as it appears to our unpoetic vision. And who would not be unpoetic, seated upon this broiling sand-hill, in the focus of the sun's rays, and surrounded by sand-flies, sand-crabs, and insects which we never dreamed of in our Northern philosophy?

But the batteries are finished, and to-night the magazines will be filled and ready for the attack on the morrow. The New Ironsides has finally crossed the bar, and will to-morrow make her first trial of power on an enemy's fortifications. Her masts have been taken down, her deck covered with sand-bags to protect it against the plunging fire of Sumter's guns; and as she lies at anchor, surrounded by the monitors, we wonder which is the more valuable iron-clad,—the turret or the broadside.

While thus meditating, the night-shades gather, and in the deepening darkness fades away the war-picture. It remains for us to take refuge in our tent from the heavy dew, and court sleep in the midst of the rumbling of ordnance-wagons, the tramp of troops, the dull rumbling of the enemy's cannonade, and the never-ceasing splash of tidal waves, which threaten ere morning to wash away the sand from beneath our very tent.

The night has passed heavily, although its tediousness was relieved by a sortie of the enemy. They came down from Wagner to feel our lines: they felt them, and went back satisfied that they could not catch the Yankees napping. To-day is the 18th of July, and the sun has risen clear and beautiful, as if unconscious of the work of blood to which it is to give light. All things are ready for the attack, and await only the signal for action. At half-past seven o'clock, Sumter opens with her morning salute, and throws a shell which explodes near our batteries; and Wagner, seeing our gunboats taking their position in the channel, sends forth a welcome, to which the gunboats immediately reply, delivering their fire in succession as they move around in a circle. This is the beginning of the bombardment; and the gunboats, having from their previous practice acquired the accurate range, throw their shells at Wagner with effect, bursting many over the fort, on the parapet and sides, and in the moat. Soon our land-batteries open on Wagner, and disclose their whereabouts and calibre. Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg now reply vigorously, and the cannonade becomes fearful. The report of Sumter's guns is very heavy, confirming the rumor that the rebels are using in that fort fine English powder, and double charges at that. At noon the gunboats withdraw, and the iron-clads move up the channel and take position about a mile and a half from Wagner. With battle-flags flying, they redouble in thundering tones the sound of the cannonade. The New Ironsides is enveloped in the smoke of her terrific broadsides, the monitors belch forth fire and smoke from their turrets like small volcanoes, and the land-batteries keep up an incessant fire. The engagement now defies description. As well might we attempt to paint the lightning vivid-flashing through the storm-clouds. Our fleet and batteries fire with wonderful precision and effect; and such a continuous and heavy fire is poured into Wagner that it seems impossible for any garrison to withstand it. Shells and solid shot fall thick and fast, in front fire from the batteries and cross-fire from the fleet, the whole day long. Large holes are made in the parapet, and there is hardly a spot, either within or around the fort, that has not been hit. The bursting shells send cartloads of sand high into the air, the parapet is ragged and torn by the iron hail, and the smoke of the bombardment rests upon it like a pall. Yet Wagner withstands it all, and her gunners fire with singular regularity at the

fleet. Brave men are in that fort: they dare to die. Their flag is three times shot away, and as often some daring rebel leaps upon the parapet and again unfurls it to the breeze.

All day long is Wagner thus bombarded; and in the evening our troops are formed upon the beach for the grand assault. They are formed in two columns, the supporting and reserve commanded respectively by Colonel Putnam and General Stevenson. The storming-column, under General Strong, has already formed behind our battery-line, and awaits the coming of its companions,—the supports and reserves. With colors flying and brave hearts beating, the regiments await in column by company the order to “forward.” Now the cannonade redoubles its fury; our iron-clads and batteries roar with lurid flames, and the enemy, as if penetrating our designs, more stubbornly replies. As the twilight deepens, the flash of the guns becomes more vivid, and the shells of the rebel forts describe with their fuses fiery circles traversing the heavens in all directions; our batteries are one line of fire, the monitors floating volcanoes, and the Ironsides gleams with continual broadsides. Wagner is enveloped in a sheet of fire and smoke: yet steadily she fires her guns which point seaward, and, when we think her silenced, the fiery volume rushes from her embrasure, and a solid shot ricocheting by the fleet tells us of men whom our fire can neither terrify nor silence. Sumter, Johnson, Gregg, and Wagner gleam from their distant parapets; their shells burst over our batteries, but from them God protects the brave men who faithfully work our guns.

It is now seven o'clock. The troops move slowly up the beach, and are soon lost to view in the gathering darkness. They are now beyond the battery-line, and have joined the assaulting column under Strong. Seymour is with them, having a general command over all, while Gillmore and his staff choose a position for observation which, while it gives a good view of operations, is by no means the safest locality on the island. The rebels have seen the preparations for the assault, and know that our troops are approaching the fort. Their forts are silent, our batteries and fleet have ceased firing, and a strange stillness succeeds the fearful roar of the day's action. What a moment of suspense is this, as we await the gleam of musketry, the whistling grape and canister, which will soon greet our daring columns!

Hark! the storming-column is already charging along a narrow strip of land which leads up to the ditch of the fort. Sumter, Gregg, and Johnson break their ominous silence, and pour a hurricane of shells among the dense columns. Now Wagner, reinforced, flashes with musketry, and from her embrasures and parapet hiss the death-dealing' grape and canister. But our men are undaunted. In the dark, and before a fort of which they know nothing, they press on, and shout a fierce de-

fiance. In the midst of this whirlwind of death, they cross the ditch, rush up the parapet, and strive like heroes to gain the interior of the fort. Who fight more valiantly than the 54th Massachusetts, as they struggle in the midst of this darkness and death to indicate their race? They lead the advance, and follow without faltering the brave Shaw as he ascends the wall of the fort. The parapet is reached, and their lines melt away before the terrible fire of the enemy; but they fight on, though the voice of their colonel is heard no more, and their officers have fallen in the death-struggle. Their color-sergeant is severely wounded in the thigh, but, falling upon his knees, he plants the flag upon the parapet, and, lying down, holds the staff firmly in his hands. Noble Carney!

A half an hour the conflict has been raging, yet the storming-column has been unable to capture the fort. The supporting column comes up, and the battle rages more fiercely. What a work of death is here! The eastern angle of the fort is gained, and held by three hundred brave souls against the onsets of a superior enemy for over two hours. Who shall tell the history of these hours, with their deeds of valor more heroic than the thought of man can compass? It will never be written; for the brave and good perished unseen, and the gathering darkness of death and night covered the wounds of heroes. In the stronghold of the enemy the patriot died, God his companion, the storm of battle his death-knell. Only three hundred men gain the interior of the fort! Where is the remainder of the Union troops whom but a few moments ago we saw marching up the beach so proudly? Many of them are lying dead and dying on the parapet and in the ditch. See, in the light of the hostile cannon, the mass of the wounded and slain strewed a hundred yards around; and in yon darkness sneak to the rear the cowards who have deserted their flag and comrades.

But the fight goes on; and against fate men struggle for victory. Alas that such valor should come to naught! Officers and men alike are swept down in the merciless fire of the enemy's cannon, or, pierced by the unseen bullet, they call in wild agony upon God, and are no more. Strong and Seymour are wounded; the gallant Shaw is dead; Putnam has fallen, sword in hand, among the slain; and other officers without number fall in and around the fort, while striving to animate their commands to follow them. But the rebels have made too fierce a resistance. As our columns were moving up to the assault, Wagner was reinforced from Cummings Point; the garrison, which we thought had been killed by the day's bombardment, came forth uninjured from their massive bomb-proof, and poured a destructive fire of musketry and cannon upon our men so sure of victory. Again, our troops had to charge a distance of fifteen hundred yards before they reached the fort, and that, too, under the concentrated fire of

the enemy's fortifications. Death and terror have decimated our ranks, and fate has decreed that the valiant men who have fallen are sacrificed in vain. The reserves are not ordered up: it would be folly to longer continue the struggle. The assault is repulsed. The small band of heroes who have fought so long and earnestly to drive the rebels from the fort retire from Wagner, and pass out of range over the heaps of their dead comrades. Three long hours have they fought, and fought in vain: Wagner cannot be carried by assault.

As our forces retire, Sergeant Carney, who has kept the colors of his regiment flying upon the parapet of Wagner during the entire conflict, is seen creeping along on one knee, still holding up the flag, and only yielding his sacred trust upon finding an officer of his regiment. As he enters the field-hospital, where his wounded comrades are being brought in, they cheer him and the colors. Though nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, he says, "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground."

But who shall describe the night succeeding this assault? Silence broods with death-wings over friends and foes; ambulances hurry with their precious freight from the field to the hospitals; litters bear to the rear mangled and bleeding men; soldiers with ghastly wounds drag themselves down to the hospital-tents, and, falling, beg for aid; fresh troops are ordered to the front to protect our batteries against assault; the fleet is signalled to keep a sharp look-out and be ready to assist in repelling an attack; the able assistants of the Sanitary Commission appear everywhere on the field and in the hospitals, giving to the wounded care and nourishment, and soothing the last moments of the dying; surgeons, with sleeves rolled up, work by the light of flickering candles over the amputating-tables, upon which lie many brave men whom they seek to save from impending death. "This," we thought, standing in the midst of pale faces, ghastly wounds, and severed members, "is the sad, sad prose of war, and these wounds call for a fearful vengeance." But the men are patient, and the blood trickling from wounds calls forth no reproach or complaint, but rather a genuine grief that Wagner was not captured. All night the work of humanity goes on, and as the soldier is laid upon a cot, his wound dressed and himself robed in clean underclothing, he first thanks God for remaining life, and then, in the midst of contending feelings, fervently blesses the surgeons and the Sanitary Commission.

The morning dawns, disclosing the fearful battle-field, and its sun kisses the lips of the heroic dead whose cause was just. Wagner and the rebel fortifications are silent; our batteries, wrapt in quietude, grimly look from their bristling embrasures, and the iron-clads lazily ride the scarce-heaving bosom of the harbor. It is the burial-hour of the dead, and this peaceful Sabbath is to be given, in all its sacredness and calmness, to the

heroes to whom life was denied while they battled for the right. In every position they lie upon the fatal field: some torn by the jagged fragments of shells, others looking so calm in their death-sleep that, were it not for the dull, lustreless eyes, you would not think them dead. Here is a man, his face stern and unrelenting, and the cartridge, half bitten, clenched in his tightened jaws. There is a boy,—somebody must weep for him,—his hands clasped and eyes upward turned, as he prayed while life-blood was ebbing. Yonder lie, in the stern embrace of war, a Union soldier and a rebel: in the darkness of the night they had met in hand-to-hand combat, each piercing the other with bayonet, and, falling together in the death-struggle, neither relaxed his hold. What awful scenes of death are these! How many wives and children must weep through dreary years of sorrow when the tidings of this battle shall reach them, and they wait in vain for the coming of him whom a cruel fate has destroyed!

The offices of the dead were then performed. Gillmore sent a flag of truce to Wagner, requesting of the commandant the privilege of burying our own dead. The request was denied; perhaps because, if granted, it would bring us too close to Wagner. Therefore the warriors are committed to the grave by the hands of enemies, and with sorrow we see them cast into the hideous trenches. How does passion, doubly whetted by treason, eat out every tender feeling of the soul! The rebels, wishing to insult the memory of the dead, bury Colonel Shaw in a trench with twenty-five of his negroes. How empty such a revenge! The brave Shaw could have asked for no more congenial companions for his grave than those men for whose vindication and honor he had yielded up his life. With his noble comrades he rests in greater glory in that gloomy trench in front of Wagner than a king in his monumental tomb surrounded by the jewelled wealth of his kingdom.

Wagner is a powerful earthwork. She has repelled two assaults, and the rebels doubtless think her impregnable. They are now, while the dead are being buried, repairing with their spades the damage done by yesterday's bombardment, and gradually parapet and slope resume their regular lines, and Wagner looks "as good as new." But Gillmore will yet devise a plan to capture that fort which will be successful, even though he has betrayed his intentions to Beauregard. With this belief, we enter the tent of the Sanitary Commission, and listen to Dr. Marsh while he relates how every soldier who went into that assault had been fed by the Commission during the day previous with beef soup, crackers, tea, and coffee.

"Hungry men will not fight," said the doctor.

"True," we replied; "and why should not valor be as readily excited by a good meal as friendship?"

"A strong hint," rejoined the doctor. "Walk in to dinner."

A tent-flap was drawn aside, disclosing ham and hard tack.