

## THE LAST DAY'S BOMBARDMENT OF WAGNER AND GREGG.

The New York Herald's Morris Island correspondent, writing on the 6th inst., gives the following glowing description of the terrific bombardment to which batteries Wagner and Gregg were subjected on the day previous to the night-decampment of the Confederates from Morris Island. His account is very readable and partakes not largely of the imaginative:

In accordance with an order given the previous day, fire was opened on Wagner from all our batteries yesterday morning at daylight. The fire from our batteries was rapid and effective and the range being obtained, we poured into that work projectiles such as never before were brought to bear upon any sand battery.

The results were most encouraging. Our heavy rifle projectiles plowed through the parapets of the rebel work and plunged deeply into the covering of the huge bomb-proof, where they exploded and threw high in the air immense quantities of sand.

The firing was at short range and very accurate. Not one shot out of ten failed to be effective. At times two or three shells would strike together and the gleams of fire, the volumes of smoke and tons of sand that shot quickly up, then rolled off the dingy clouds and gave the immense mound covering of the bomb-proof an appearance not unlike a miniature volcano in full eruption.

The rebels attempted to make some defence in the early moments of the bombardment and for a while fired rapidly and spitefully their cannon, grape, shrapnell and shells; but they could not stand to their guns. The fort gleamed like hell with fires of exploding shells and instant death awaited the bold spirits who dared to face our guns.

In half an hour the fort became silent. Not a shot was again fired from it during the day and not a living being showed himself above the parapet or indeed outside the bomb-proof.

Early in the morning the frigate New Ironsides steamed up to a position off the fort and opened her immense batteries on the work. Her practice was most excellent and her fire very rapid. Two or three of her 11 inch shells were in the air or exploding in the fort at once. Such a furious fire was never kept up by her before. From daylight until dark her guns were in full play and Wagner smoked like a coal pit from the bursting shells.

The joint bombardment continued until night set in and made objects undistinguishable. The effect of our fire upon the fort was marvelous. The great mound of sand under which the garrison found safety was ploughed down by the furrowing shot. At least 8 feet of earth was ploughed off by the infernal fire. The parapets were knocked down, the guns dismounted and the fort was terribly battered and could scarcely be recognized. All its lines seemed to be defaced and it presented the appearance of an irregular mass of sand—a heap without form or shape.

It was apparent that another day's fire would expose the timbers of the bomb-proof and its destruction would be but the work of an hour, if the rebels could be prevented from repairing the damages during the night.

Our success to-day was pretty nearly beyond doubt. At dark, all but 2 of the breaching batteries had ceased firing. Two heavy rifles and 17 mortars were still in play and continued their fire during the entire night.

Professor Grant's calcium lights were placed well forward and threw upon the breach of the bomb-proof a brilliant stream of light, which made every portion of the rebel works as plainly and clearly defined as it could be under the full rays of the noon day sun. Our guns were easily aimed and not a rebel, it is said, made his appearance near the work during the entire night. Indeed, to have done so he would have been a fortunate one to escape the shells from our guns or our sharpshooters' rifle balls.

The firing of the night was very accurate and considerably reduced the size of the bomb-proof.

This morning at daylight all our batteries again opened upon Wagner and the firing is now going on most vigorously. Before 7 o'clock, all the monitors and ironclads took up a position in line before the rebel work and began their work of the day.

Up to this time (10 o'clock) they have been firing rapidly, with good effect. Not a gun has been replied to by the rebels on this island, though the batteries on James and Sullivan's island are in full blast. We are trying to breach the bomb-proof, which is covered with 25 feet of sand.

All is going on most satisfactorily. As I close we think we have them in a tight place. The steamer sails too soon to justify any conjectures as to the result; but I can say we are hopeful.

The naval battery has been directed against Gregg, aided by 1 or 2 guns of less calibre. It has not fired since yesterday noon and shows that it too has experienced no small amount of battering. Its parapet and bomb-proof are badly furrowed and torn up and I was quite confident that I saw a breach in the bomb-proof yesterday afternoon. Whether it actually exists may not be so certain.

The condition of the rebels on this island is not of the most comfortable character. They cannot find a place outside of their bomb-proofs where they can be at all safe.

The heat to-day is intense and the sufferings of the rebels, cooped up as they are, in close shelters, sweltering in the terrible heat of those black holes and deprived of fresh air, may be

inconceivably great. Besides, they have no other water than that obtained from wells dug in the sand about them, in the old quarantine burying ground. No more water comes from Charleston to them and no more supplies.

As I close, the firing from our batteries and from the ironclads is rapid and intense and will be maintained until the result is reached.

The rebels in Wagner have been so thoroughly humiliated and depressed by our terrible bombardment that they do not show their heads. Their sharpshooters are silent. Not a rifle has crack'd since yesterday morning.

Our men in front boldly seat themselves on the parapets and calmly watch the effects of our fire, within 100 yards of the rebel work. As yet, none have been injured by the rebel shell, but 1 or 2 were wounded yesterday by fragments of projectiles.

Our sappers, taking advantage of the quiet state of the rebels, have pushed their sap most vigorously—working like badgers under our fire.

Our loss since yesterday morning has been exceedingly small—only 1 man killed and 5 or 6 wounded.

## ANCIENT WARS.

The word battle, in the military art, signifies an engagement between two hostile armies, drawn up in regular order.

Unlike different nations of old, our generals entertain no superstitious notions of omens, but fight when it may be deemed expedient.

The rigid superstitions of the Jews in olden times prevented them not only from giving battle, but even from defending themselves, upon the Sabbath day.

The Athenians were prohibited by the ancient laws of the country from drawing out their forces for battle till after the 7th day of the month.

Lucian, speaking of the Lacedæmonians, relates that, by the statistics of Lycorgus, they dared not fight before the full moon.

A similar custom prevailed among the ancient Germans, who regarded it as impiety to engage in the wane of the moon.

The Romans had their peculiar days, called *preludes dies*, wherein alone it was lawful to join battle; and others, wherein it was unfit, called *dies atri*; but, less scrupulous than the Hebrews, these latter were only observed in respect to attacking.

The ancients never joined battle without a great deal of ceremony. The signals of battle among the Romans were sounding the clarion, a general charge, striking upon their shields with their javelins, and displaying from the *prætorium* a peculiar flag, called by Plutarch a red mantle. Similar to this was the custom which prevailed among the Greeks, of singing the psalm, or hymn of combat, as they moved forward to the charge.

The many readers unacquainted with modern and ancient military events will be astonished, possibly, when we assert that notwithstanding the great armies which have been opposed to each other upon sanguinary fields, during the progress of the rebellion, they are but small bodies of men, compared with the immense armies of ancient times.

Indeed, the armies which we are assured by history have been brought forth to battle in the earlier ages almost stagger our belief.

Se-ostris is said to have led 600,000 foot, 24,000 horse, and 27,000 armed chariots on his famous expedition into Upper Asia.

We are told in Scripture that Zerah, a barbarous potentate, invaded the kingdom of Judah with a million of his subjects, who were totally exterminated by the Jewish monarch Asa. Nor are the counts of the numbers engaged at Mount Zemaraim on both sides, and the carnage of the Israelites less marvelous.

Xerxes invaded Greece with a fleet of more than 1300 trienners and a land army of 2,100,000 men. According to Herodotus, the whole of his sea and land forces numbered about five millions.

The last Darius, when he engaged Alexander at Issus, mustered in his army 600,000; and some historians make his forces at the battle of Arbela amount to a million. The ease with which these immense hosts were defeated by comparatively trifling numbers of Greeks give us the meanest idea of their bravery and military skill. We must except the instance of Plato, where the victory was obstinately disputed, and the carnage consequently dreadful. There are few instances upon record of a battle so completely decisive. Of 300,000 men, of whom the Persian army consisted at the commencement of the action, not four thousand escaped the destruction of that fatal day.

The Romans, although they sometimes kept very numerous forces on foot in different parts of their dominions, seldom employed above forty thousand men in the same army. In their war with the Gauls, subsequent to the first Punic, they levied between seven and eight hundred thousand troops, but they acted in separate corps. One of the largest armies they ever brought into the field was that defeated, or rather destroyed, at Cannæ, by Hannibal. It consisted of 76,000 foot and 8000 horse, of whom only about 3000 escaped death or capture. This defeat, terrible as it was, was some years afterward revenged by the slaughter of 60,000 Carthaginians on the banks of the Metaurus.

We shudder at the cruelties which sometimes accompanied the triumphs of Rome over her more barbarous and undisciplined enemies. Scipio destroyed 50,000 Syrians at Magnesia. Marius, in his contests with the Teutones, exterminated 300,000 of them. In a second battle against the Cimbri, he slew 120,000

men. In three battles against Mithridates, Scylla cut to pieces 200,000 men. The bloody defeats he sustained from Lucullus, during the siege of Cyzicus, cost the same Mithridates 300,000 of his forces. On one occasion Julius Cæsar cut up an army of 363,000 Helvetians; on another occasion he extirpated 430,000 Germans who had crossed the Rhine in quest of new settlements.

In the civil wars of the Romans themselves we find instances, considering the number of troops engaged, of slaughter equally dreadful. In the battle before the Colline gate at Rome, Telesinus, a general of the Marian faction, commanded 79,000 men against Cornelius Sylla; 12,000 of these were taken and massacred in cold blood after the action. All the rest perished either on the field or in the flight by the swords of their implacable countrymen.

In the year 1218, fatally distinguished as being the epoch of the first irruption of the Moguls and Tartars into the southern provinces of Asia, the destroyer, Ghengis Khan, marched to the siege of Otiar at the head of 700,000 combatants. Mohammed, the reigning Sultan of Karasm, opposed him with an army 400,000 strong. The weaker party was defeated, and the Tartar conqueror commenced his sanguinary career by the destruction of 150,000 of his enemies. At the storming of Karasm, Mohammed's capital, 200,000 persons were massacred, and half that number sold for slaves; 90,000 were shot to death with arrows in cold blood on the plains of Nesa; 1,747,000 were butchered in the two cities of Noshabur and Tus, and their dependencies, 1,600,000 in the district of Herat, and in the last battle fought by Ghengis Khan against the rebels of Targat, 300,000 are reported to have perished. To dismiss this subject, the Chinese records inform us that in the first fourteen years of the Mogul empire the number of persons destroyed amounted to the dreadful total of 8,000,000.

But from the year 1200 down to the present century have contending hosts been less bloody in their conquests and more generous in their disputes, and the battles of the present age, as regards humanity, are favorably marked, in comparison with those revolting contests and conquests of olden times.

## HOW JEFF. THOMPSON WAS CAUGHT.

The redoubtable warrior and swamp ranger, Brigadier General M. Jeff. Thompson—as has been announced—arrived in this city Wednesday night, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and was escorted, under proper guard, to the Gratiot street military prison, where he now abides in all the state and dignity of a prisoner of war. He was accompanied by Capt. Reuben Kay, his A. A. G., who was captured at the same time and place as Jeff. Our reporter was permitted to visit General Jeff. at the prison yesterday afternoon and learned some particulars of his capture, and other incidents not uninteresting.

### HIS CAPTURE.

The General said he made an arrangement with some members of his staff to meet him at Pocahontas, the whole party being then at Little Rock, and intending to come to Missouri on a recruiting tour, the General going by way of Jonesboro, Arkansas, to see his wife, who was there. He made the best of his way to Pocahontas and put up at the St. Charles Hotel. Soon after his arrival Capt. Kay came and stopped at the same hotel. For two days Thompson was engaged in writing letters, while Capt. Kay employed himself drawing and examining maps. Monday evening found them still at work, they thinking themselves perfectly safe from war's alarms, General Davidson's army, as they were informed, having left that part of the country. About dusk, however, the two heard a noisy tramping of horses outside, creating more than ordinary confusion. Capt. Kay whispered, "What is that?" "Oh," replied Jeff, "it is some of our boys, perhaps, who have heard that we are here." Thompson was sitting near a window facing the street. A horseman rode up, and poking his insinuating face inside the window said, "Where is General Thompson?" "I am General Thompson, sir," replied Jeff. "Then you are my prisoner, sir. Why, how are you Jeff?" "Hello! Gentry, is that you?" replied T. nothing disconcerted, although he recognized Captain Gentry, of the Second Missouri State Militia cavalry, and commenced tearing up his letters. As Captain Gentry dismounted, Captain Kay whispered, "By thunder! here's the feds!" "Don't say a word," replied Jeff, "but take these maps and put them in the kitchen stove as quickly as possible—all the while tearing up his letters. Jeff. says he could have escaped but for those infernal letters; for he had his horses on the other side of the river, intending, if danger of capture presented itself, to make his way out of the back door of the hotel, swim the river, and once over, the devil could not have caught him. But that huge pile of letters—not less than fifty—implicated parties in this State and elsewhere, which would get them into trouble, and he determined to destroy them. Thus his chances of escape momentarily lessened, until Captain Gentry entered the room, tapped him on the shoulder, shook hands with him, and "claimed him as his own." Captain Gentry said he was in command of an expedition consisting of the First regular cavalry and his own company, the Second Missouri State Militia cavalry; that they were in search of Colonel Burbridge, who

they had learned was in that "neck of woods," but when some seven miles from Pocahontas, a man had told him that J. Thompson was in the town, telling the very house where he could be found. He had come after a Colonel," said Jeff, "and caught a general. He didn't go on the principle of the man who went a fishing and threw all the catfish he caught back into the river, saying, 'When I go a catten' I go a catten'; but when I go a fishin', I go a fishin'." He took whatever he caught; and by Jove, he took me."

### A SURPRISE.

Not long after the capture—Jeff. having destroyed his letters and Captain Kay his maps, with the exception of a few, which proved of considerable importance, and which are now in possession of the military here—an amusing incident occurred. Lieutenant Miller, ordnance officer of General Crandall's command, hearing that Jeff. Thompson was in Pocahontas, went in to see him. Unaware of the presence of Federal troops, he rode quite unconsciously into town, by mere chance passing the pickets in the dark and proceeded quite leisurely to the hotel where General Jeff. was stopping. At the door he was stopped by the guard, who told him he could not get in unless he was an officer. "I am an officer," replied Miller, "and must go in." He passed in and saluted Jeff., remarking, "Ah, you've got some feds. I see," observing a number of gentlemen in the room with blue uniforms and thinking they were Jeff.'s prisoners. "Yes, I have," replied Jeff., "and a damned big lot of them, too." Just then Captain Gentry walked up to Miller and said, "You are my prisoner." "Aint you joking?" asked Miller, still believing Thompson was in command. "Aint he joking, General?" appealing to Jeff. "Yes," replied the latter, "but it's a confounded serious joke." Then the truth flashed on the benighted and confused mind of Miller that he was in a town surrounded by Federal cavalry, and that, instead of Thompson holding those "bluecoats" in the room as his prisoners, he was theirs. The lieutenant resigned his sword without further parley.

### TOM REYNOLDS AND PROCLAMATIONS.

Tom Reynolds was mentioned. Jeff. said Tom had gone from Little Rock to Shreveport, Alabama, with his staff, about the 20th inst., intending to return to Little Rock in a few days. Some one said, "Tom is great on proclamations." "Yes; but he can't come up to you in that line, General, eh?" "Well, I had two or three more ready for you," said Jeff., "all printed and ready to distribute, but they are in possession of my staff, who failed to meet me; and I am very much afraid they will be published; they will not read very well while I am a prisoner." He then spoke of his famous proclamation about the "cattle on a thousand hills." He said it was a little high sounding, but events had proven every word of it to be true. "If the people," he said, "had turned out to a man, as I advised in that proclamation, affairs would wear a different aspect now. The war would have been ended sooner. But now I do not look for peace in fifteen years."

### COPPERHEADS AND BRECKINRIDGE MEN.

The General was very bitter on copperheads and secession sympathizers. "If a man," said he, "is a southern man, and not in the fight, he is worse than an enemy." He also denounced Breckinridge democrats. "There's Bela Hughes, Stringfellow, Jim Byrns, Willard Hall, Silas Woodson, Jim Craig, John W. Reid, John Scott, Dave Atchison and others, who denounced me in '57, because I wouldn't go into Kansas to fight—said I was fishy on the nigger question—and not one of them has ever struck a blow for the South; but nearly all of them are on the other side."

### APPEARANCE OF GENERAL JEFF.

The costume of the General is exceedingly unmilitary. He was clothed in a coffee-colored cloth coat, a canary colored vest, with brass buttons, and a pair of brown mixed jeans pants, and his shirt collar and cravat betrayed the most scrupulous indifference as to personal appearance. He talked with a fluency and comprehensiveness, however, that was truly charming, and only equalled by the characteristics of his proclamations. He has a smiling red face—a pleasant face, indeed—and his manner is quite agreeable, although dashed with a leaven of his well known egotism. He is about five feet eight or nine inches high, and presents anything but the formidable appearance his reputation would have one to expect. Pressing his visitors to call on him frequently, the party, of whom our reporter formed one, took their leave.

WHAT A MIRACLE IS—A priest, in Ireland, having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homeward, to explain a little more lucidly "what a miracle meant?"

"Is it a merakle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk, then, there forninst me, and I think I can explain it to you."

The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the sufferer, "why did you do that?"

"Did you fale it?" asked the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the man.

"Well, then, it would have been a merakle if you had not," returned the priest.

—A man in Bath who has never been accustomed to using glasses until he heard he was drafted, became almost as blind as Bartimeas as soon as the intelligence reached him.