THE BATTLE NEAR WILLIAMSBURG REVISED.

Heintzelman the Marshal Key of the Fight.

Hooker's Division and Its Supports, the Avengers of Bull Run.

THE GREAT WILLIAMSBURG RUN.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., May 7, 1863.

The physical impossibility of dividing a man whose horse has been stolen, whose top-boots are on the feet of a distant thief, and who is near paralysis from sleeping on the brick floor of a cellar without blanket or overcoat (both strapped to the saddle of the horse), into three or more editorial parts, each efficient for describing an extended line of battle, will be the apology and the justification for the meager account of the principal part of the decisive action of Williamsburg, sent by me yesterday to the readers of THE TRIBUNE. To do justice, and to write history, I will now, on the day after the fight, say that in Hooker's Division and on the left of the Union line, and under the fighting Heintzelman's generalship, was fought the battle which has at last avenged Bull Run—which has smitten the Rebellion in Virginia with deep discouragement and a great fear—and has opened to the troops of the North a pathway (if need be) to the Gulf of Mexico and to a reconstruction of the Union.

The second line of Rebel defenses above Yorktown consisted of thirteen formidable earth forts, within sure artillery touch of each other. One of them, Fort Magruder, was of great strength. Most of these forts were in front of Heintzelman, and on his left. With the exception of Emory's cavalry and of Benson's Battery, the command of Heintzelman formed—bear with the repetition, for the sake of the clearness of statement—the extreme left. There was no infantry whatever beyond him. Full two-thirds of the Southern army engaged in this important action, were therefore massed against Heintzelman.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock Hooker gave through the down-pouring rain the order to drive in the enemy's pickets. The battle began.

The enemy were not in great force. Our utmost numbers were 8,000. All of these were exhausted with a twelve-miles' march through the most atrocious mud-roads that can disgrace the barbarism even of a Slave State—with a twenty-four hours' rain from which they had no shelter—with a want of food for which official negligence cannot justly be imputed. But they went to work with characteristic Northern resolutenes, and sent the Rebel pickets in flying. But re-enforcements from Williamsburg began to come in immediately—the oldest and best troops in the Rebel army—most of them of the Bull Run and Manassas experience. At 9, the enemy grew thicker and more aggressive. Hooker's second and third brigades went in, and were soon followed by Emory's cavalry and Benson's battery. The fight now became furious. The great preponderance of the Rebels, with their carefully cultivated contempt of the courage of Northern men, impelled them upon our regiments with audacity and the characteristic rage of their civilization. The steadiness and pluck of the Northerners were what was expected of disciplined American troops. Our musketry fire was terrible. Rapid, in time, and with deliberate aim at the breast, it mowed the enemy in great swaths. The oldest Mexican war soldiers on the field noted its rapid and solid character, and said that they had never seen it equalled. It, however, began to exhaust the cartridge boxes. Soon the equilibrium of the fight was lost, and the result, to Heintzelman's experienced eye, when he arrived on the field at 12½, wore a doubtful look. He instantly sent [illegible] to Kearney for re-enforcements—then hurried an orderly [illegible] to Gen. Sumner to represent the instant necessity of his re-enforcing him with more troops, or by a diversion to be made by an attack on his part on the enemy's center. To Kearney, in his rear, full [illegible] sent staff officer after staff officer, to hurry him to extraordinary efforts to come up. For a whole hour at a time, he was left entirely alone on the field. His impatience, like Napoleon's for the head of Grouchy's column at Waterloo, was so intense, that in five minutes after the return of his messengers, he repeatedly sent them back with new entreaties to Kearney to move quickly, to save the unequal fight. They did not come, for the rain had utterly ruined the swamp road. The danger grew fast, and began to culminate at 1½ o'clock, when the enemy made a determined charge with the bayonet on Hooker's left with a column of 6,000 fresh troops just up from Williamsburg. They, of course, pushed our few and exhausted men back, and captured six of our field-pieces, three of which they succeeded in finally carrying off. The nature of the ground was such—covered with thick woods and brush—that we could not use our artillery with full effect; but its fire compelled the shouting captors to abandon three of their prizes. The loss of these guns was purely the result of the killing of their officers and cannoniers and drivers and horses in numbers sufficient to disorganize the sections, and more especially of the exhaustion of the supply of ammunition by the supporting infantry regiments behind them. Here now commenced the development of the crisis of the fight. Volleys of ball cartridges cannot long be resisted by the bravest of the brave holding in their grasp only empty gun-barrels. Pressed harder and closer by the new troops that Johnston had got up from Williamsburg, the 7th and 8th New-Jersey gave ground, and soon fell into disorder. It was not strange—for, their cartridge-boxes empty, the men felt themselves to be unarmed. Captain Cranncey McKeever threw himself in their way and endeavored to rally them, without effect. His resolution was promptly taken. He took a squadron of Col. Averill's 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry; deployed them in the woods on each side of the road and ordered them to fire upon the stragglers and force them back into the fight until the re-enforcements should come up. The order was obeyed. The men—who had not shown any symptoms of panic, nor were in any danger of a stampede—returned to their work. But without cartridges it seemed useless, and soon a straggling into the woods again commenced. Heintzelman, having no aid within miles of him, took his escort of 3d Pennsylvanians, commanded by Capt. J. C. White, and persuaded them to return to their ranks and resume their ground. It was heroic of any portion of the 8,000 exhausted and now substantially unarmed men to face 25,000 comparatively fresh troops, pouring in upon them with a fierce and steady increase. But a Massachusetts regiment (God bless that State, and God bless her people!) greatly assisted this devotion by fixing bayonets on their empty musket barrels and standing still for the coming avalanche. It was now that Death passed fastest through our ranks. Officers fell thickly and men went to earth in heaps. Ten minutes more would have ruined us—for demi-gods could not have sustained such an inequality as 8,000 to 25,000. Ten minutes more would have saved the Rebellion and caused the recognition of the revolted States; ten minutes more would have crushed military reputation, and driven a political party out of power—and its administrators perhaps out of life. But now Brigadier Berry of the stout State of Maine—wading through the mud and rain at such speed that he actually overtook and passed three other brigades, came in sight. Heintzelman shouted with gratitude. He ran to the nearest band and ordered it to meet the coming regiments with "Yankee Doodle," and to give them marching time into the field with the Star-spangled Banner. A wild "hurrah!" went up from the army, and with a yell that was electric three regiments of Berry's brigade went to the front, formed a line nearly half a mile long, and commenced a volley firing that no troops on earth could stand before—then at the double-quick dashed with the bayonet at the Rebel array, and sent them flying from the field into their earthworks, pursued them into the largest of them, and drove them out behind with the pure steel, and then invited them to retake it. The attempt was repeatedly made, and repeatedly repulsed. The count of the Rebel dead in that battery at the close of the fight was 63. They were principally Michigan men who did this work.

The equilibrium of the battle was restored. It was now 4 o'clock, and Jamnison and Birney came up with their brigades, covered with mud and steaming with the rain, but eager for a share in the blessed work. They went to the front, and soon the tide of the fight turned backward. But Berry's timely arrival, for which he is entitled to both gratitude and honor, saved the day. At dark his troops were in unrevoked possession of the battery they had captured; the rest of Heintzelman's force was well placed, and in full front of the enemy's line, while the enemy themselves had withdrawn from the plain to the cover of their works. We were ready for the renewal of the fight on the morrow. They were widpired. Our men lighted their fires, and cooked their coffee, and tried to dry their clothes. Theirs were strapping their knapsacks on their shoulders for a flight. They had met the Yankee on an open field, and knew that at last they had met their masters. So, through the mists of the rainy night, the Confederate Army of the Potomac stole out of their intrenchments, and obeyed the order to retreat. Bull Run was avenged. The Williamsburg Run began at 9 o'clock in the evening, and now, 30 hours after, is in full panic and disorder, under the sabering of our cavalry and the shelling of our artillery—far away here toward Richmond.

It was not till after sunrise that the last of the Rebel army, composed of cavalry, passed through Williamsburg. They left one large gun in their works; abandoned a splendid brass piece on the road, with two caissons; strewed every rod of their path with muskets, bayonets, knapsacks, blankets, and overcoats; littered the way with all the wreck and ruin of a beaten and demoralized army in full flight from imaginary as well as real terrors. There was a harvest for the blacks who had not been driven in coffles by their owners to Richmond. From all parts they slighted upon this abandoned property, much of it new and valuable, fresh from the Commissary's stores, and left upon the roadside in wagons, only because it impeded flight. The blacks of Williamsburg are rich in "portable property" to-day.

The Rebel flight had, however, no such indulgence as was granted to it at Manassas. Heintzelman is a fighting man. Between 6 and 7 the next morning, Jameson was in possession of Williamsburg, with a regiment of infantry and a battery of light artillery. This General and Capt. McKeever were the first of the hated Yankees to enter the sacred old town. Only half an hour before had the rear guard of the flying foe passed out at the other side. Prisoners were taken in large numbers. Soon Averill's 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry flew through the deserted streets in hot pursuit—when three miles out they rode through an abandoned field-work, mounted with heavy guns—and rode on toward Richmond—gathering up as in a net exhausted and dispirited Rebels at every furlong. Detachments constantly return with prisoners. Their numbers threaten to embarrass us.

But as the enemy passed out of Williamsburg, on the north side, preceded by the terrified inhabitants, whose fears of us have been systematically aroused and made morbid by the contrivers of this rebellion, they left the Churches, the College, the Court-House—all the public buildings—filled with their wounded. Their ambulances and hospital-wagons went out full also. At the several points of the fight, yesterday, they left these victims of our fire. The saddest sight I ever saw was the 82 wounded lying upon corn husks, in the tobacco barn nearest Hancock's ground. Beneath the central window of the hospital nearest Heintzelman's field, limbs, amputated, were thrown out of the building, and in such numbers, from the number of the wounded, that they formed a ghastly pile, that soon mounted to the sill. Here, in the town, too lie in every form of physical misery, surrounded by their own surgeons. "Surrounded"—I leave the word—but so few of these officers had stayed behind, that at 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening I saw, oh, so many! who feverishly felt around for their water bottles, and with all the language of anguish asked, when the "doctors" would come. Scattered among these sufferers lay forms from which came neither movement nor sound. Death had ended their torment. Lifting a linen cloth from the face of one of these, in the William and Mary College Chapel, I saw the features of an officer of the common type of Virginia development. I mused as I looked at the mean mouth and narrow brow, if this could be one of the Pleasants family, for upon his breast was pinned a label: "This is Captain Pleasants. Mark his grave." And I thought of his father (if he *was* the son of the progressive journalist who had fallen by the bullet of the dueling, slave-driver Wise), and I thought of the degeneracy that Slavery and its fruit, servility, fastens by a law of God upon the stock of men of noble minds and of noble men. By an association of ideas, too, springing from contrast I recalled a modeled figure lying in Fort No. 2 from the Rebel left, in the well-known dull gray uniform and the uniform graceless slouch hat, of the canal-driving pattern of the New-York and Erie tow-path. The Confederate uniform gray blanket was drawn high up from his poor shoes and his ragged stockings, and covered the soldier's head. Thinking him [illegible] dead, I lifted it and [illegible] beneath a head that would have served for a bust of Attila overlooking Rome. The brow had wonderful force and infinite will, mixed with the beauty of a woman. The most charming clusters of jet black hair, and a flowing beard, that shone in the sun, mingled with the streams of blacker blood that seemed to glue the mouth to the soil. Swollen and discolored as was the jaw, and bloated the lips, the face and whole head were of a magnificent cast of savage grandeur and elegance. His figure, too, was a Titan's—yet when our surgeon and his aids began to place under him a board, to bear him off to our hospital, the resemblance of a man who had been lying 24 hours in the rain, with his jaw shattered and his throat torn apart, with a Minie musket ball, asserted anew the supremacy of the nervous sensibility over the spirit. Feeble groans—the groans of a dying girl baby—gurgled through the blood which filled the gigantic soldier's mouth, and protested against pain. Abandoned wounded in forts, in corn-fields, in churches, in court houses, in record offices, in colleges, in hospitals! What of the abandoned dead? They strewed the woods—they strengthened with their weight the lines of the rail fences—they spotted while they manured the fields of growing wheat—before the line of our musketry fire they paved the earth—they were thick in the forts—thicker on the edge of the timbered positions where our shell and grape smote them from afar and would alone have discouraged their bayonet charges if numbers had not justified them, and the laws of battle required them. The poor corpses of the poor fellows—(who *can* hate the dead foe that in worn, and cheap, and comfortless, and ill-fashioned, and rudely patched, and dirty clothing, appeal to you through that poverty of the poor and that helplessness of the ignorant, which all over the globe is heard and respected by the generous) were lying everywhere under the feet of our advancing regiments. The sun of Tuesday went down on the unfinished work of our buried parties. The labor of interment begins again this morning. The whole day will scarcely suffice for it.

The battle of Williamsburg, in Heintzelman's portion, was an infantry battle purely. The use of artillery was almost impossible. It was a square, stand-up fight with leaden balls and steel bayonets, for conducting which to a successful issue no man in the United States could have been better chosen than this grizzled and bronzed Pennsylvanian of 36 years' active service. It is not the flattery of compliment to say that he saved the battle and saved the army. It is a truth which the soldiers and officers on the left gratefully feel and surely know. From the beginning of the action to the end of it he was without a superior in rank, and received not a single command. He did what he did unaided and unadvised, and an advised people will surely give him his reward. Every member of his staff caught his resolute and fiery spirit. When the ominous words, "It is a retreat," began to be heard among the discouraged New-Jersey troops, his Medical Director (Milhau) packed up his instruments and rapidly began to place his wounded in ambulances and wagons, using force and threatening death to the few that refused to assist in the duty. But McKeever's prompt remedy to the early symptoms of a panic restored him soon to his dreadful labors.

Let me again distinctly say that only the depth of mud, the fury of the storm, and the hunger and weariness of the overmarched and chilled men, delayed the arrival of Kearney's Brigade and delayed the coming of the almost fatally-needed supports. The weather and the roads could not be controlled; nor could Heintzelman afterward control the consequence of a neglected discharge of *some* superior officer's duty—the reconnoitering of the roads leading around the scene of battle and upon the flank of the main line of the Rebels' retreat; nor the consequences of neglecting to report to him at midnight what was known to *some* officers—that the enemy were in full flight. Now we know that upon a cross road, we could have cut off and bagged a large part of their army. Upon the direct main road, a prompt cavalry pursuit, commenced as early as 1 o'clock in the morning, would have delivered into our hands thousands of weary and beaten men, who would have preferred the inconveniences of captivity to the weariness and pain of further retreat.

Our own dead and wounded! The solemn list below, incomplete as it is, though made up at points all along the line from Hancock's extreme right to Heintzelman's extreme left, is a witness to the obstinacy of our combat and its inequality. But great results justly bear a great price. Further details of our losses and more minute incidents of the struggle will be given to you to-morrow. Suffice it now to say, that the North has reason to be proud of the soldiers which free institutions make. The Union troops in the battle of Williamsburg were heroes.

EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

FIRST REGIMENT.

Killed.

Capt. Benjamin Price, Co. D.
Capt. McCawley, Co. F.
Capt. O'Hilley, Co. G.
Capt. Price, Co. D.

Wounded.

Col. Dwight; very seriously in thigh, stomach, and head.
Lieut-Col. Fairchild; in both legs.
Capt. Brown, Co. E; seriously.
Lieut. Dodge, Co. G; seriously, in shoulder.
Private J. C. Tiffany, Co. A; through the foot.
Orderly-Sergeant Belcher, Co. A; shot through left breast.
Private James Rowen, Co. A; shot in side.
Sergeant Lyons Kelly, Co. G; right hip.
Private Lewis Miller, Co. B; back.
Private C. Ehling, Co. D; shoulder.
Private L. Kelley, Co. G; hip.
Private Thomas Allen, Co. K; slight.

SEVENTH NEW-YORK.

Private Herman Baur, Co. D, forearm.

FIFTEENTH NEW-YORK.

Private J. O'Mara, Co. I, leg and shoulder.

THIRTY-SIXTH NEW-YORK.

Private H. W. Roberts, Co. H, left hip.

THIRTY-SEVENTH NEW-YORK.

Wounded.

Private Thomas Carbury, Co. B, arm.

THIRTY-EIGHTH NEW-YORK.
(SCOTT LIFE GUARD.)

Killed.

Capt. Dewitt, Co. I, (another report says severely wounded in the head).
First Lieut. Watson, Co. A, (another report says wounded).
—— Sharp, Co. H.
Corporal Moran, Co. G.

Wounded.

Lieut. Walter Scott, Co. A; knee, badly.
A. R. Slater, Co. B; shoulder, badly.
Private F. L. Sackett; arm, seriously.
Capt. Denet, Co. D; arm, slightly.
George A. Kemmitten, Co. E; finger, slightly.
Private August Barton; arm, badly.
Lieut-Col. Strong; in hip, severely.
Sergeant Moran, Co. A; shoulder, not dangerously; another report says seriously, in the back.
C. J. Mellen, Co. A; in back.
Orderly Sergeant Royan, Co. A; badly.
Jacob Shunk, Co. A.
W. Martin, Co. A.
Abraham Savdem, Co. A; in shoulder.
Second Lieutenant Miller, Co. B.; badly wounded; since reported dead.
G. White, Co. D; left hip.
G. Holcomb, Co. D; neck.
Corporal Libby, Co. E, thigh and back.
Horace Wright, Co. E., badly, in shoulder.
Martin O'Neill, Co. F.
—— Fullerton, Co. G, slightly.
T. Owen, Co. G, in arm.
H. Kane, Co. G, in arm.
W. A. Maloney, Co. E, in back.
Hugh Donnelly, Co. K, in shoulder.
Capt. Dwyer, Co. E, severely.
Capt. Funk, Co. H, severely, in arm.
Lawrence Rogers, Co. B, left hand.
Private George White, Co. B, thigh.
Private James Cokely, Co. H, thumb, amputated.
Private Michael Connolly, Co. I, thigh, badly.

FORTIETH NEW-YORK.

WOUNDED.

Private Peter Jefferson, Co. G; finger, slightly.
Private W. Earley, Co. D; side.
Private — Gormley, Co. F; cheek.
Sergeant Woodward; contusion.
Private P. Jefferson; Co. G; hand.
Private Felix Duchanel, Co. K; hand.

FIFTY-FIFTH NEW-YORK.

WOUNDED.

Private Peter Votram, Co. A; right leg.
Private Louis Fredoff, Co. F; breast and fingers.
Sergeant Charles Irwin, Co. G; thigh.
Private Philip Rhotz, Co. H; head.
Private Julius Cramer; thigh broken.
Private — Winkenwold; cheek.
Private — Tarbod, Co. I; right side perforated.
Private George Dardinger; scalp.
Private W. H. Hufford, finger.
Private Emile Mehl, Co. I, head.

SIXTY-SECOND NEW-YORK.

WOUNDED.

Private Charles Eddy, Co. C; back.
Corporal Jacob Grelser, Co. F, knee-pan.
Private O. W. Roffington, Co. L, lung.
Private Christian Smith, Co. F; abdomen.
Private James W. Griffit, Co. G; finger.
Private Ed. Kelly, Co. H; slight.
Private Norman Egleston, Co. H; thorax, severe.

SEVENTY-SECOND NEW-YORK.

WOUNDED.

Patrick Lynch, Co. F, both hands by shell.
Private Simeon Fiteman, Co. G, right leg.
Private August Schlutter, Co D, left knee.
Private Chas. Eberside, Co. C, left leg.
Private Chas. Gonly, Co. D, left shoulder.
Private Thos. S. Schuyler, Co. B, right arm and side.
Private Abraham Bass, Co. C, back.
Second Lieut. Hornet, Co. A, leg.
Private J. Murphy, shoulder.
Private C. Ehnoman, leg.
Private P. Lynch, Co. F, head, slight.
Private John Miller, Co. K, thigh.

SEVENTY-THIRD NEW-YORK.

Private Thomas C. Lind, Co. E, wounded in knee.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH NEW-YORK.

Private B. Barbett, Co. A, wounded in knee.

NINETY-EIGHTH NEW-YORK.

Private William Robertson, wounded in hip.

THIRTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Private Michael Nary, Co. E, left hip.
Private Charles Coward, Co. D; right shoulder badly.
Private Michael Healy, Co. D, jaw.
Private William Milligen, Co. F; hip.
Private John Kenmun, Co. F; cheek and nose.
Private Henry Jeremy, Co. I; thigh.
Private Joseph Miller, Co. F; [illegible]
Private Charles Leonard, Co. K, left arm.
Lieut. Wm. Followood, Co. L; right leg.
Private James M[illegible], Co. L; thigh.
Private Reese [illegible] Neald, Co. L; loin.
Private [illegible] D. Hughes, Co. F; hand.
Private John Schock, Co. A.

TWENTY-SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Private William Lamb, Co. I, arm.
Private James Booth, Co. I, head, by shell.
Private James McCauley, fatally.
Private Hugh Whitlie, Co. E, left leg slightly.
Private L. Lamb, Co. G, shoulder.
Private John Bunn, Co. F; scalp.
Private James McCauler, Co. A, shoulder.
Private Edward A. Reed, Co. F, arm amputated.

EIGHTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Capt. Morris, Company F, face.
Private Daniel S. Miller, Company K, leg amputated.

NINETY-THIRD PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Private William Geleney, Co. G, right arm.
Corporal Henry Fishel, Co. E, left breast.
Private David Shellenader, Co. F, badly, shoulder.
Private David Shanabrook, Co. G, knee.
Private Benjamin P. Loucks, Co. K, hand.
Private Samuel N. Shoont, Co. D, right side.
Corporal John Hutchin, Co. C, ankle injured.
Private F. J. Andrews, Co. F, breast.
Private Wm. B. Ramsey, Co. C, arm.
Private Henry Hiltz, Co. G.
Private William Eckert, Co. D, neck.
Private Andrew H. Rombart, Co. A, elbow.
Private Anthony A. Kramer, Co. A, scalp.
Private P. Delaney, Co. G, right arm.

NINTY FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA.

Private John Andrews, Co. F; wounded in breast.

NINETY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Sergeant Edward French, Co. K; right breast.
Private Frederick Telter; left side.
Private K. F. Derringer, Co. K; slight, face.
Private Albert Lamb, Co. F; leg and hand.
Private B. J. Kretmeier, Co. B; neck, flesh.

ONE HUNDREDTH FIRST PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Private Samuel Doyle; leg.
Private James F. Wiley, Co. C.; leg, slightly.
Private Alexander Miller, Co. K; arm.

ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SECOND PENNSYLVANIA.

WOUNDED.

Private James Cord, Co. E; thigh.
Private Wm. Followood, Co. L; knee.
Private Charles Leonard, Co. K; arm.
Private Joseph Miller, Co. F; arm.
Private John Barker, Co. F; arm.
Private John Kinmure, Co. F; nose.
Private Henry Jeremy, Co. I; thigh.
Private Wm. H. Bryn, Co. A; neck.
Private M. Naple, Co. E; left hip.
Private J. Davis, Co. H; left shoulder.
Private Wm. Milligan, Co. F; thigh.
Private Michael Haney, Co. D; mouth.
Private Adam Byerly, Co. L; thumb.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD PENNSYLVANIA.

Private Wm. P. Courter, Co. C, wounded in knee.

FIFTH NEW-JERSEY.

Lieut. Lalor, Co. E, shot through the head, dead.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. and Adjutant V. M. Healy, in arm.
Private Philip Reach, in arm, seriously.
Private Morris T. Marshal, Co. C, leg, badly.
Private George M. Bower, arm and leg, badly.
Private John Riley, Co. I, shoulder, badly.
Private George Bick, Co. K, shoulder, badly.
Private Henry Cook, Co. H, hand, slightly.
Lieut. Ellerson, Co. G, hand, slightly.
Col. Starr, wounded in wrist, slight scratch by shell in face.
Lieut. Wm. H. Hill, Co. C, lost an arm.
Lieut. Young, Co. K, wounded in arm.

SIXTH NEW-JERSEY.

WOUNDED.

Private Samuel W. Dilly, Co. E, leg amputated.
Private George Wegman, arm, badly.
Corporal L. A. Lippincott, thigh, seriously.
Private James B. Cox, Co. G, arm.
Private J. B. Scott, Co. G, head, slightly.

SEVENTH NEW-JERSEY.

KILLED.

James McConnicle.
Albert Tyson.
John McCrae.
Townsend Ireland.

WOUNDED—CO. A.

Orderly Sergeant J. F. Shaff, in leg, but not badly.
Corporal Smith, dangerous.
John Trimley, two places.
Corporal J. Shaff, shoulder, not dangerous.
Steven D. Bennett, slightly.
Charles Sisler, dangerous.
Charles Cipson, not dangerous.
G. Hess, not dangerous.
Silas Brooks, dangerous.
Lieut.-Col. Carman, wounded in arm, not dangerous.
First Lieut. Thompson, taken prisoner.

EIGHTH NEW-JERSEY.

WOUNDED.

Col. Johnson, mortally wounded, reported to have died at Yorktown.
Sergeant Henry Hartford, Co. D, arm, seriously.
Private —— Leers, arm, seriously.
Private Wm. Rose, arm, badly.
Charles W. Stevens, arm and side.
Private E. C. Allen, Co. E, left hip, [illegible]

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS.

KILLED.

Curtis Grover, Co. A.
Sergeant Brazier, Co. D.

WOUNDED.

J. Robinson, Co. A, leg.
G. A. Bailey, Co. A, leg.
E. K. Pierce, Co. A, arm.
A. P. Johnson, Co. C, leg.
D. L. Measer, Co. C, both thighs.
W. C. Hatch, Co. C, thigh and ankle.
Nelson Taylor, Co. D, arm amputated.
D. W. Fairbanks, Co. D, left side perforated.
W. O. Young, Co. E, leg and shoulder.
Wilcott, Co. E, in back.
O. Stevens, Co. F, shot in abdomen.
W. S. Hoyt, Co. G, shot in head.
A. P. Goodrich, Co. I, shot in foot.
J. Cravell, Co. I, arm, bad.
C. McCausland, Co. K, bullet in arm.
H. Whitmore, Co. K, shot in head.
G. H. Hathaway, Co. H, contusion in shoulder.

SEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS.

WOUNDED.

Private John Lawton, Co. H, in thigh, since dead.
Private Nathaniel Geary, Co. A, in thigh, amputated.

SECOND VERMONT.

Private Nolet, wounded in hand, slightly.

THIRD MICHIGAN.

Private James Sparks, Co. I, wounded in hand.

ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS.

Private Joseph R. Lemer, Co. I, wounded in arm.

The following is a list of the killed and wounded of the

M'CLELLAN DRAGOONS.

KILLED.

J. S. Smith, Co. A.
G. H. Royce.

WOUNDED.

W. W. McMann, Co. A, in hand.
T. W. Ward, Co. B, in shoulder.
Louis Fenr, in face. —— Baum.

Lieut. McClellan of the 6th U. S. Cavalry was wounded in his leg by a splinter of a shell.

Private Henry Van Nuse, 6th Regular U. S. Cavalry, was shot in nose and right shoulder.

Samuel Steinburger of the 1st Regular Cavalry was fatally wounded in the mouth.

Col. Burger of Rhode Island was wounded in the leg.

Augusta Sheny of the Pennsylvania Artillery had both feet amputated.

Surgeons A. B. Hasson and P. A. Quinan, Regular Army, are in charge of this hospital.

The following Rebels were taken prisoners while charging the New-York battery:

Capt. S. B. West of the 5th (State troops) N. C., wounded slightly in arm.
Capt. J. Brookfield, same regiment.
Lieut. W. H. Lyon, same regiment.
Lieut. Reed, 24th Virginia Vols.
Lieut. Weisenger, same regiment.
Lieut.-Col. J. C. Badham and Major P. J. Sinclair, of 5th N. C. (State troops) were both killed.

This regiment belonged to Gen. Hill's Division (commander of left wing at Yorktown), Gen. Early's Brigade; their Colonel was D. C. McCrae.

Lieut. Clark (J. P.) of the 5th N. C., killed.
Capt. Mullen, same regiment, killed.
Lieut. R. R. Grant, wounded.
—— E. C. Cuthbert.
Lieut. Hayes, badly wounded.
Capt. Garrett, wounded, badly.

SICK AND WOUNDED FROM YORKTOWN

ARRIVAL OF THE OCEAN QUEEN.

Eight Hundred Suffering Heroes on Board

THEIR NAMES AND REGIMENTS.

Five Thousand Disabled Soldiers Left Behind.

Transportation to be Promptly Provided.

WORK FOR THE PHILANTHROPIC.

Praiseworthy Efforts of the Sanitary Commission.

The steamship Ocean Queen, from Yorktown, with 800 invalid and wounded soldiers, arrived in port at 8½ o'clock last evening, after a passage of 36 hours. News of her approach to the harbor having been telegraphed from Sandy Hook, Col. Bliss, and several gentlemen who take a lively interest in the timely work of the Sanitary Commission, were enabled to board the ship at the earliest moment. They found the soldiers in a cheerful mood, though many of their number were suffering from exhaustion and fever. Orders were at once given to supply everything that might be desired by the soldiers.

On Wednesday the Ocean Queen lay at Fortress Monroe, under orders from the Navy Department, and it was then understood that she was to remain in waiting to take aboard the Monitor's crew, in the event of catastrophe; but her commander's orders were countermanded later in the day, and 400 invalid soldiers were shipped.

This unexpected change in the ship's programme was effected by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Executive Agent and Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, who is now at Yorktown, and who will superintend the transportation of the entire number of disabled men at that point. Having prevailed upon the authorities at Washington to grant the Ocean Queen to the Sanitary Commission, Mr. Olmsted sent a telegram for Dr. Buck, summoning him, with staff, to the ship.

Dr. Buck, on arrival, at once took charge of the ship. He is assisted by the following staff:

SURGEONS—Dr. Peters, Dr. Bumpstead, D. Bridden, Dr. Watts, jr., and Dr. Sands.

WARD MASTERS—Sabine, Casey, White, Lockwood, Hyde, Eno, McLane, Cushman, Magie, James, and Mallery; the two latter were promoted soon after their arrival out.

These are assisted by 27 nurses, who volunteered their services. Among these should be prominently mentioned Miss Woolsey and Mrs. Howland, who first organized the arrangements for the comfort of the sick and wounded. These ladies are from New-York. Messrs. Pratt, Kirby and Fales were also efficient.

The Medical Staff at Yorktown, it may be added, is reported deficient, and the Sanitary Commission will immediately forward the necessary physicians and surgeons.

Mr. Charles Carpenter of Philadelphia, has charge of the ship under the Captain. It is the universal testimony that he has performed his duties faithfully.

The following soldiers died on the passage:

—— Rosencranz.
John E. Cavandy, Co. F, 44th Regiment Pa.
John H. Miller, 3d Pa., cavalry.
Henry Gilland, 1st Independent Mich.
Lyman Craven, Co. A, 8d Pa., Grey's Mills, Schuylkill County, Pa.
James Conine, Co. I, 12th N. Y., Lafayette, Onondaga Co.

The majority of the men are from Porter's division. They acknowledge that everything has been done for their comfort since they have been on the Ocean Queen.

Some of the number, we are pained to add, will probably not recover.

The sick on the Ocean Queen are to be landed and taken to their respective States as soon as possible. The following is the

LIST OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

FORTY-FOURTH (ELLSWORTH) REGIMENT.

John Whitehall,
John C. Cavalry,
Henry Cotter,
Wm. Caswell,
Alvin H. Twiker,
John Jay, jr.,
John A. Raymond,
Martin Vischer,
George Webb,
George Frank,
H. C. Hall,
A. J. Phillips,
Richard Cockrard,
J. A. Hyman,
J. H. Post,
D. T. Van Hiob,
G. J. Broadway,
E. W. Merrill,
Wm. S. Farrell,
Hiram Zeb,
Geo. Aker,
Chas. H. Zielman,
David Zeb,
Henry Faubanks,
A. Rosencranz (dead),
Jas. Lockey,
E. L. Lewis,
Martin Stewart,
Edmund T. Tephens,
Fred. A. Mead,
Henry Van Patten,
John B. Backer,
Silas Van Wagener,
Gardner Nichols,
Johnson French,
Wm. W. Grenell,
Seth P. Cole,
John Gay,
Adam Miller,
Lorenzo Herrick,
A. C. Cessford,
Oscar Williams,
Major Brown,
E. Hinchman,
M. H. Bliss,
J. S. Boyd,
H. Rowe,
E. H. Roberts,
Samuel McCady,
J. S. Brooks,
Hiram Banks,
Henry Fields,
H. D. Barnes,
Hentson Breyton,
Ezra Clark,
George Crandell,
James Peck,
Lewis M. Baldwin,
James Peck,
William J. Farrell,
George Webb,
John S. Metcalf,
John Storkine,
Oliver Baxter,
Frank Smith,
John Ansoait,
Wallace Hill,
Albert Sheffield,
Allen Lewis,
Ed Hunt,
Wm. P. Beach,
Prestlie S. Smith,
Oscar Thomas,
W. R. Haviland,
Charles Sherman,
John J. Chase,
King D. Evans,
J. C. Robins,
A. Roberts,
Burt Hindman,
S. H. Twitcher,
Wm. Moore,
Hiram Fuller,
Ernest Zeiter (Band),
C. Fleckner,
L. F. Spring,
Frank Smith,
Wyman Hall,
George Pearson,
O. Roberts,
Herbert A. Green,
Hill Wallace,
Charles S. Ballou,
Charles McLaren,
James Overbaugh,
W. M. Cummings,
Seth S. Cole,
Robert Orr,
John C. Calveny,
Wm. Smith,
Parley Eaton,
W. C. Jones,
H. Haverley,
A. D. Evans,
Perry Latham,
Ralph McDougal,
S. T. Wright.

TWELFTH REGIMENT, NEW-YORK.

Roger Benjamin,
Samuel F. Willets,
Valentine Eberling,
Jas. Thomson,
Jefferson Burton,
Peter Lang,
John Ostrander,
J. Wamrath,
Jefferson Coon,
Chas Stewart,
Jas. Conine, dead,
Jas. Wilson,
Lewis Houghtalling,
Highbee P. Hicash,
J. W. Mercer,
Saml. Finn,
Frank Murphy,
Albert Loesmind,
Geo. W. Simons,
Robert Tilner,
Chas. T. Hyatt,
Wm. H. Lawton,
Jos. Gray,
John Flannelly,
Benj. Major,
Truman Stashlet,
Gibson H. Horton,
Wm. H. H. Lawton,
Edward P. Potts,
George Day,
Clerke Rowe,
Edward Dexter,
Remond,
John Popple,
G. B. Church,
Thos. Hart,
Wm. Foulsty,
Elisha Veeder,
Giles Cheesbro,
Jerome Cook,
Alvin Hardee,
Francis B. Lincoln,
Daniel W. Ford,
Frank Winter,
Warner J. Tillman,
Geo. W. Brown,
Benj. J. Bennett,
Horatio Bartlett,
Edwd. Ostiga,
George W. Hunt,
Lieut. C. H. Sutherland,
S. C. Tiffany,
Robert Swanson,
Francis Rockwell,
Chas. Gunnand,
Chas. Crowell,
Geo. W. Dayton,
Horace W. Wood,
S. A. Hawkins,
John T. Case,
Garnett Hicks,
John Dedels,
Capt. C. R. Phillips,
Christopher Mahon,
Daniel Ruff,
Lieut. Charles E. Gould.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW-YORK.

W. Kenyon,
W. Cochrane,
Edward Kahle,
G. Walter,
Michael Schlage,
H. C. Lauckstor,
John Mitchell,
A. J. Hartman,
Isaac Landy,
C. O. Murch,
M. Morris,
Jas. McCarty,
Geo. Gilbert,
Jacob Wort,
P. Keoplin,
Isaac Lawson,
Robert S. Gordon,
W. L. Smith,
John Wheeler,
James Parks,
James O. Cash,
Thomas Acker,
Daniel H. Farr,
John Fay,
Bzon Hinman,
E. O. Barrett,
Jas. Jack,
Andrew L. Hoffman,
Oliver M. Wade,
Aaron Galusk,
Enkee Michael,
Wm. Brownell,
W. G. Davis.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT NEW-YORK—COL. M'QUADE.

F. O. Whipple,
Edward Cook,
Cornelius Story,
Philip W. Williams,
George Page,
Sidney Dolmage, (Band),
Charles Estill,
A. C. Schermerhorn,
D. P. Sears,
Wm. Leo,
Pat Regan,
Jacob Ham,
Rd. Casper,
Martin Finge,
Henry W. Arnold,
C. T. Burley,
W. Hyer,
J. E. Land,
Thomas Thompson,
Horace Hallenbach,
D. Ashton,
J. W. Holsaffle,
Henry Rogers,
Fred. Winox,
Andrew Schmidt,
Henry W. Severance,
C. B. Vickery,
A. Magie,
Wm. McCulloch,
W. W. Gridner.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW-YORK.

Augustus Speckt,
John Cummings,
Hiram Aujoun,
Chas. Forsyth,
George McQuint,
Robert King,
Henry Leo,
Charles Durel,
John Heidom,
Pat Mahigan,
C. D. Baldwin,
Cornelius Degraff,
A. Hall,
Lieut. Leraw,
Lieut. Windel,
Thomas Davidson,
John Loyd,
C. Roach,
William Lavy,
C. Tassant,
Frederick Gebherd,
Andrew Foster,
Isaac Coombs,
John Jakes,
Felix McFleny,
John Lingens,
Robert Loftus,
Albert Schaub,
Jul