New-York Daily Tribune.

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FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

ANOTHER CAVALRY EXPEDITION.

Two Battles and Two Victories.

The Rebel Cavalry Twice Whipped.

GEN. POPE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON, July, 24, 1862.

To the Hon. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

SIR: A cavalry expedition sent out by Gen. King, on the 22d inst., from Fredericksburg, returned last evening. Early yesterday morning they met and defeated a body of Confederate cavalry, about 100 strong, stationed near Carmel Church, on the telegraph road from Fredericksburg to Richmond, burned their camps and six cars loaded with corn, and broke up the telegraph to Gordonsville.

An hour later a large body of Stuart's Cavalry came up to attack them, and these too, were defeated and driven across the North Anna River, and pursued till within sight of Hanover Junction. Several prisoners, a large number of horses, and many arms, were brought back. A march of 70 miles, and the encounter and defeat of two bodies of Rebel cavalry, were accomplished in 29 hours, and without the loss of a man.

I have not yet received the names of the commanding officer and troops who have thus distinguished themselves, but will transmit them to you as soon as the particulars are received. The damage done to the Virginia Central Railroad by the expedition of the 19th inst. has not yet been repaired.

JOHN POPE, Major-General Commanding.

CAMP AT WATERLOO, FAUQUIER CO., VA., Thursday, July 24, 1862.

Sutlers are now precluded from receiving supplies by railroad, on account, it is said, of salt and other contraband goods having passed in large quantities through our lines to the enemy.

The mill in which a large supply of cloth for Rebel uniforms was found some time ago near Warrenton, was destroyed by fire this week.

Sergt. Raly, of the 104th New-York (!), accidentally shot himself yesterday through the thigh, and W. Chapman, of the 105th New-York, accidentally shot himself in the abdomen. Though severe, it is not supposed the wound will prove fatal. Dennis Lawler and Lyman Gallup, of the new regiment, were thrown from a wagon and badly injured.

Our troops rejoice in the great improvement in their culinary arrangements, consequent on the new order to forage on the enemy. They now enjoy the delicacies of the season. Some of them have large quantities of Confederate notes, cheaply obtained, with which they purchase any live stock the country affords.

Intercepted letters possess some interest.

A lady writing to a friend, says: "The horrid Yankees have arrived. There is skirmishing every day about the Rapidan River. The girls in this part of the country turn their backs when the Yankees come in sight." She incloses a dollar for the purchase of tea.

Other correspondents express discontent and despondency at the state of affairs at Richmond, and throughout the South, and wish they were home again. Richmond is said by others to be an immense slaughter-house, the stench arising from which is almost insufferable.

Some of the letters contained pictures of Jeff. Davis, and other prominent Rebels. A number of them contained Confederate scrip, with directions to make purchases.

There are no military matters at present to communicate.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

An Alarm in Camp—Grand Reviews—Visit of Col. Rotch—Auction Sale of Damaged Hay and Grain.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER, VA., Wednesday morning, July 23, 1862.

Yesterday morning the first report that was heard all round the camp, was that several companies of Rebel cavalry were seen by many at the early hour of 4 o'clock a. m., at the opposite side of the river, opposite the mail-boat landing. The river immediately opposite the mail-dock is rather narrow—less than half a mile—and the shore is lined with trees of the darkest foliage, to the water's edge. A little to the right, however, there is quite an open field, and away up at the end of this field, and about two miles from the water's edge, there can be plainly seen a respectable looking farm-house and out-offices, just on the skirt of a line of woods which here limits the view. With the glass, I have often seen men walking about the field in front of this house, as also cows and horses. There are stacks of hay also visible, smoke from the chimneys of the house, and in fact, everything that could indicate that some farmer was pursuing his peaceful avocations, ignoring altogether the idea that on the opposite bank of the river was stationed a monster invading army.

In the morning, the reported appearance of the cavalry was freely discussed, but, as no demonstrations were made during the day, the anxiety died away. Toward evening, however, every body was again talking of the cavalry. The questions o', What were they going to do? what were they there for? were they not artillery? &c., &c., perplexed not a few. About 6 o'clock, p. m., the gunboats were noticed moving about, and taking positions not very far from each other. Some heavy firing was heard about 5 o'clock, p. m., down the river, but we were all taken by surprise when, at 6 o'clock, and just as the masts of the mail boat were visible over the trees of the bend of the river, bang went a solid shot from the gunboat immediately opposite us. We waited anxiously for a few minutes. This was the first shot fired from this spot since the army has been here. No response. Again—bang—bang—and clouds of smoke rose from the boat's bows and quarters.

In the mean time, the shells were seen bounding along through the clear sky, the only result being the disturbance of the turkey buzzards from their quiet retreats, floating heavily and lazily in the air, looking in every direction as if wondering what could be the matter. Another short time of suspense. "If there is a battery there," said a Colonel who stood near me, "they will now fire on the gunboat." But they did not fire, and we were quite disappointed, for we expected a response. One or two shells more were fired, but no notice was taken of them, and all and everything in this neighborhood resumed its wonted quietness.

There was a magnificent review in the front, yesterday, of Gen. Sumner's corps, of about 20,000 men. Gen. Heintzelman's corps will be reviewed to-day. Three steamers went up the river yesterday, under flags of truce, after our wounded. The Ariel went as far up as Haxall's, and the Spaulding and Knickerbocker went to City Point. The two latter brought down 780 wounded men, most of whom are doing well, there being only two bad cases among them.

Col. Rotch, of Gov. Morgan's staff, has been here ever since the army has been in its present position, examining into the condition of our State troops and visiting the different regiments, rendering all possible aid in increasing their efficiency and in filling up the numerous vacancies. We believe no other State has an agent now in the field looking directly after the interests of its troops; but the large number of regiments New-York has in the Army of the Potomac (nearly sixty) makes it imperative on the State authorities to have some confidential person to keep them in direct communication with the Governor. Although the State has ceased to have immediate control over its troops, except in filling vacancies, the interest and care it still manifests is of the greatest advantage to them. Col. Rotch seems well fitted for the position, and is active and energetic in fulfilling its duties.

Two thousand bushels of damaged corn and 1,900 bushels of damaged oats are advertised by bulletin on Captain J. B. Winslow's tent as for sale by auction this day at 12 o'clock. Immense quantities of hay, at least 1,200 bales, have been thrown into the river during last week; the banks of the river for miles at either side are full of it. Those contractors who were bound to deliver the hay here had not one bale destroyed as the hay was protected by a covering of boards, while those who contracted to deliver in the cities, subject to the order of the Government, merely packed the hay on the decks of the schooners without any protection whatever. The consequence is that the loss has been very great. The 2000 bushels of corn, the cargoes of nine vessels, will be sold for anything it brings, and if there are no buyers, it is to be immediately thrown into the river.

I send you a copy of *The Richmond Dispatch* of the 22d, for which I am indebted to Col. Allen of the 11th New-York—formerly of the 1st New-York. I also send you a copy of *The Richmond Examiner* of the 21st, and have to thank Quartermaster H. A. Grants for it. Both of these gentlemen were up with the flag of truce yesterday.

I have to record the death of Surgeon George Whitesell of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Whitesell volunteered his services to this army. He only labored two weeks when he died.

The weather here could not be finer, and all the troops are in the very best of health and sprits.

D. I. S.

MALVERN HILL HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Certain errors occurred in a dispatch of your Harrison's Landing correspondent, published in THE TRIBUNE of the 17th inst. These I was at first disposed to let pass, but finding a general wrong impression existing at the North relative to the treatment of our wounded, I will now state some facts.

Your correspondent states that "the doctors of the different armies dined together," etc. As far as concerns the three Union Surgeons then just released—Dr. Chamberlain, 4th Michigan, Dr. Jewett, 10th Massachusetts, and myself—I can certainly say that we did not dine with the Rebel officers. In fact, these officers were on flag of truce business, and, as so engaged, were the guests of Lieut.-Col. Sweitzer, Union officer in charge, and we of the Medical Department had really no call to have anything to do with them. And if we had partaken, we could not have done so with "the utmost good feeling;" the wrongs of our brave wounded were too fresh in our minds, too recent the repeated exhibitions of cold unconcern and brutal neglect of our wants and sufferings by the Confederate officers.

Justice compels me to state that the attention showed to and entertainments pressed upon the Rebel officers by Dr. Watson, Brigade Surgeon in charge of the Vanderbilt, was almost sycophantic and in marked contrast to the cold unconcern with which the Union officers were earlier received. It was only after earnest representation that breakfast was ordered and made ready for my fainting wounded; and though it was known our ambulance train had been loaded since daylight, or soon thereafter, and that we were weary and famished, yet Dr. Watson offered us surgeons no breakfast or other refreshment; but for the kindness of one of the inferior officers, we should probably have gone without, as there was no chance for us to buy our breakfast.

I am astonished at Dr. Watson's statement (alleged) of his belief that our captive wounded would be well cared for by the Confederates, after what I had told him of our bad treatment. I here say that although some allowance can be made for the necessities and poverty of the Rebel commissariat and medical department, still culpable neglect of proper action and sending proper supplies, and an entire indifference to our men's suffering, seemed the policy and prevailing feeling of the Rebel authorities.

I notice also the name of W. C. Warner as one of our wounded in Richmond from Malvern Hill. This fellow got drunk, abused some of our wounded, and to cap all, stole some eight bottles of our liquor (our supply was most lamentably deficient before, for our needs), and deserted from us. He was left behind as an attendant. Till he turned up in Richmond, I had no idea of his whereabouts. I have mentioned his evil deeds in my report to the Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac.

The list of dead which I left on the Vanderbilt, and which you have published, was then incomplete. I furnished a full list, 35 in all, to the reporter of *The World*. This list appears in to-day's *World*, and is official and authentic.

I came North in charge of wounded on the hospital ship Euterpe, and there saw some of our former patients who were sent to Richmond, and heard of the untimely death of many of the severer cases; their deaths hurried on, if not caused by the inhumanity of transporting badly wounded men *seventeen miles* over a rough road.

Major Barnum, 12th N. Y. V., is doing well and has gone on to his home in Syracuse, N. Y. Lieut. Hardin, 7th N. Y. V., is dead. He had had an amputation of the thigh. Capt. H. R. Howlett, Company F, 36th N. Y. V., has come home—is doing well.

H. H. Fellows, another amputation case, wounded also in the face and shoulder, died in Richmond. He was a noble young man.

I can speak with candor of the untiring assiduity and cordial co-operation of my fellow surgeons. Also in my official report I mentioned several specially meritorious soldiers who had acted as hospital attendants. Among them are Sergeant Seage, 4th Michigan Vols.; Corporal J. M. Duddy, 61st Pennsylvania Vols.; Corporal M. Brennan, 6th U. S. Infantry; Private Harvey Lewis, 4th Michigan Vols.; Private Fred. Vincent, 25th New-York Vols.; Private Yaeger, 55th New-York Vols.; Private Jesse Martin, 5th New-York Vols.; Private Hugh McNamara, 36th New-York Vols., and Private Philip Marion, 24 New-York Vols.

Dr. Guild, Medical Director of Gen. Lee's army, seemed to feel for us in our position, and we had the idea that but for constraining orders from higher authorities, he would have done much more for us.

Our instruments were taken from us by authority on July 8, before we had done with them. Early in our captivity our stores left by our own army were broken into, and all our coffee, sugar and much of our liquor stolen. Subsequently we often suffered from petty larcenies.

I decidedly object to your correspondent's calling Malvern Hill a Rebel hospital. The Rebels termed it the "Yankee Hospital at Malvern," and our own people did all the work there.

Respectfully,

CHARLES B. WHITE, Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, Late Senior Surgeon at Malvern Hill Hospital, near Turkey Island Bend, James River, Va.

New-York, July 24, 1862.

EXTRACTS FROM RICHMOND PAPERS.

From The Richmond Dispatch, July 22.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

It is now understood that a general exchange of prisoners of war has been agreed upon. The basis of this exchange is the cartel of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain. The surplus on either side will be paroled.

[*The Examiner* says that it is credibly informed that the exchange will leave the Rebels between 8,000 and 10,000 surplus to be immediately paroled.]

THE DASH ON BEAVER DAM.

No train was sent West from the Central depot yesterday, but a dispatch was received last evening from Col. Fontaine announcing that the enemy had left the neighborhood, and that the necessary repairs to the road had been made. Consequently, a train will leave for Staunton this morning at the usual hour, and we have reason to believe that travel will not again be interrupted.

SEIZURES.

Government officers, last week, seized a large amount of sugar and some 500 barrels of flour, which were stored in Charlotte, N. C. Thirty cents per pound was allowed for the sugar. The sugar and flour both were taken for the soldiers.

THE YANKEES IN ORANGE COUNTY.

The Lynchburg Republican of the 19th says the Yankees have retreated into Culpeper County. It add:

They are estimated to number between 30,000 and 40,000, and are mostly stationed in Culpeper and Madison. The report of the taking of Madison Court House by the enemy is confirmed. After the skirmish on Friday morning at Orange Court-House, our cavalry retired toward Gordonsville, and the enemy mustering courage advanced as far as Mad'on Run Station, four miles from Gordonsville, where they captured two of the section-masters on the railroad. About the time of their arrival there, our troops having been re-enforced, made their appearance, and a grand stampede commenced among the enemy. Our men pursued them some two miles, and captured some seventy of them, who were sent to Richmond on Saturday. There need be no fears of the enemy in that quarter.

THE YANKEES IN LOUISIANA.

The Rev. Henry T. Lee of West Baton Rouge, La., which place he left two weeks ago, has arrived in this city. He gives an interesting account of affairs in Baton Rouge, the Capital, and the vicinity. The people of Baton Rouge are immovable in their loyalty to the Confederate States. The Union force there, under Gen. Williams, is about 1,800, about half of whom are sick. It is a common sight to see the Yankee soldiers lying sick in the store doors, and squads of them totter from the hospital doors to any place they can find in the streets where a breath of air may cool their fever-racked frames. For some time before Mr. L. left, the citizens of West Baton Rouge were not allowed to cross the river to Baton Rouge unless on "parole," a ceremony which is described as nearly equal to taking the oath of allegiance.

The force at the capital might easily be captured by a sudden dash made by our troops from Camp Moore, which is only 70 miles from there. It is a camp of instruction, under Gen. Ruggles, and does not seem to be much feared by the Unionists, who make frequent raids into the country. Not long since a party of Unionists surprised a straggling Mississippi company at Amite bridge, 24 miles from camp, and captured eight of them. They were in turn surprised by a party of impromptu guerrillas, and the prisoners retaken. The Yankees lost three killed, and their bodies were all the spoils with which they returned to Baton Rouge.

The negroes, so far, have proved very faithful to their owners, even under the immediate presence of the enemy. Two regiments of Massachusetts and Connecticut troops went to the farms of Col. H. W. Allen and Capt. R. B. Chinn, where they camped, and maranded, and tampered with the negroes to their hearts' content, but with little effect on the slaves. Only one case occurred where the negroes on a plantation (Dr. Nolan's) refused to work, and then they were told to go off to their white brethren. They started, but were captured and brought back by some planters. In Baton Rouge the Indiana regiments had a row with the New-England regiments about the "contrabands" who had escaped from their masters, and arrived in that city. The Indiana soldiers assisted the masters to reclaim the fugitives, which was resisted by the New-England men.

Gen. Williams had issued an order against negro stealing, and Commodore Farragut had declared that he would not tolerate it; but the citizens did not put much faith in this, particularly as the latter officer took off 300 fugitive slaves with his fleet when it sailed from Vicksburg.

The people in the country are preparing to move back from the bank of the river, in accordance with Gen. Van Dorn's recommendation, and in three months the banks of the Mississippi, from Baton Rouge to New-Orleans, will be tenantless. The river this year has been fifteen inches higher than ever known before, and crevasses of unusual magnitude have occurred. In the rear of our informant's residence there was a body of water 50 miles wide.

The Richmond Examiner of the 21st has a leading article strenuously urging that public opinion be brought to bear upon deserters and stragglers from the Rebel army, in aid of the Government which is taking active and various measures to return them to the ranks. It characterizes these soldiers as "a set of worthless, slouching, cowardly creatures, half mendicants and half thieves."

The Examiner also has an article arguing that "There is but one method of putting an end to the war; and that is by destroying Federal credit." And to do this, it contends, the Rebel army must assume and maintain the aggressive, and abandon retreats.

NEWS FROM REBEL SOURCES.

John R. Thompson, the "Dixie" correspondent of *The Grenada Appeal*, writing from Richmond, July 7, says of

M'CLELLAN'S STRATEGY.

We are not surprised, of course, that the operations of the last ten days are claimed as victories by the Northern press. Gen. McCall, who, you know, is a prisoner in Richmond, conversing with an Episcopal clergyman of this city, declared that McClellan's "change of base line" to the James River was but the carrying out of a plan some time resolved upon. "And was it a part of the plan, Sir," asked our clergyman, "that you should be in Richmond a prisoner?" The General was silent.

ARMS CAPTURED.

Every day adds to the amount of arms, ammunition, and stores captured by our forces. Trenches of uncommon size and suspicious-looking graves have been opened and found to contain boxes of fine Belgian rifles; large quantities of fixed ammunition and sabers have been dug up in the same manner, and wagons have been discovered concealed in the woods with clothing and commissary stores in good order. On Friday, Col. Thos. T. Mumford of Jackson's Cavalry overhauled a wagon containing the drawings of McClellan's Engineer Department, embracing plans of all his earthworks executed and projected, and an excellent map of the country from actual survey. The value of this acquisition is incalculable.

THE SITUATION.

The Government has so successfully kept from the public all intelligence of the movements and dispositions of our forces during the last four or five days, that I am unable to give you any information of affairs. All that we know is that McClellan is at Berkeley, on James river, where he has established his line of communication and received large re-enforcements. The weather is blazing hot—96° of Fahrenheit in the shade—and a week of such fierce suns acting on the "impenetrable morass" which protects his flank, will probably reduce his army to one-half its actual number. But then it will also decimate our own forces.

REBEL BARBARITIES.

The Bulletin reports that the flat boats on which the sick and wounded of Gen. Curtis's army were brought down the river, were, though flying the hospital flag, fired on by men, or more properly fiends, from the bank. Our men cried out to them to stop—pointed to the yellow flag, and begged them for God's sake not to fire, as the boats were loaded with sick and wounded men. But the touching appeal availed nothing—volley after volley was poured into the defenseless hospitals, without their being able to return a shot. Slowly and steadily they floated down the current, unable to escape the leaden storm, unable to hide or shelter themselves, unable to increase their pace and get out of range of the remorseless, merciless ruffians, who were murdering them in cold blood. All they could do, was to lie still and take it, each one wondering whether his turn would come next, until the firing attracted the attention of the rear guard, when the pitiful cowards ceased their slaughter, and ran away like whipped dogs. Why won't some Englishman take this as a text, and enlighten the British public on the subject of the barbarism of the Northern troops!

In this wicked raid many of our men were wounded—one, a captain, it is feared, mortally. Confederate loss, none. Brilliant engagement!

A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR CARRYING REBEL MAILS.

MOBILE, Ala., July 12.—The British steam-frigate Rinaldo was in our bay yesterday, receiving a well-filled mail bag for Europe. Large packages of Southern papers were sent to friends abroad, by which they will be enabled to obtain true statements of affairs in our distracted country.

One of our gunboats went down the bay and saluted Her Majesty's ship. The officers of the Rinaldo do not attempt to conceal strong sympathies for "Secesh." Her consort, the Racer, will be here ere long, on her way to Havana, and will receive the mail for England. If any of your friends desire to send letters abroad, they will soon have an opportunity of so doing.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true—there are persons here residing who cling to the Union idea of our enemies; but they are of the ignorant class, and females who were born and reared in the North. A goodly number of our population is composed of natives of the Eastern States, and they are as harmless here as they would be in their Puritanical homes.

STIRRING TIMES AT VICKSBURG.

The "Arkansas" Out—She Runs the Blockade—Grand Stampede of Rams and Steamboats—She Cripples the Carondelet—Narrow Escape of the Cincinnati.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT FLOTILLA, Wednesday, July 15, 1862.

The monotony and ennui which has hung like a pall for the last two weeks over our fleet was most effectually broken yesterday morning, and a rather unpleasant break it was. But to facts: About 3.30 a. m. the gunboats Carondelet and Tyler, and the ram Queen of the West got under way, steamed up the river a short distance, turned and headed up the Yazoo.

Rumors had been rife for several days that the Arkansas was preparing to come out, but a large majority hooted it down, and scoffed at the bare idea. It seems, however, that those in authority placed some credence in the report, and consequently the two gunboats and ram were sent to look up matters. Upon entering the river, the Queen shot up ahead of the rest, the Carondelet following, while the Tyler brought up the rear.

They had proceeded about five miles only, when those on the gunboats were startled by the appearance of the Queen coming full speed down the river, with evidently every pound of steam she could make at work on her shaft. She flew by the Carondelet with the words, "The Arkansas is coming;" and shortly after, a long, low, mud-colored craft, with a short, thick, black smoke stack in her middle, puffing out huge volumes of black smoke, came swiftly around the point, and made for the Carondelet.

The river was too narrow to turn back, even if Capt. Walker had so wished; but the captain is one who knows no such word as "back out," and, swinging around broadside, to avoid raking shots, the Carondelet belched forth a whole broadside on to the rapidly-advancing craft. Imagine the consternation produced when the balls were seen to strike and fall harmlessly in the water. "At him again" was the cry, and another broadside was poured into the monster at fifty yards range, but with no more effect than if so many peas had been discharged.

The Arkansas now ran into the Carondelet's starboard quarter with a fearful crash, pouring broadside after broadside into the gunboat, which, passing through the wooden casemate, raked the vessel from stem to stern. The Arkansas showed no intention of leaving her victim, but remaining along her starboard quarter raked her fore and aft with pointed shot. The Carondelet's stern and after division of starboard batteries kept up an incessant fire; but the huge solid shot flew off like India rubber balls.

There was no tangible spot to be seen, a very small round hole, just large enough to admit the gun, constituted her ports, and on elevating or depressing, the porthole moved with the gun. Finding his guns were doing no service, Capt. Walker had his boarders called away, and into the Rebel craft they poured; but not a man or a passage way could be found. The boarders now returned and the guns set to work, but it was so much powder wasted. The Carondelet's stern was now perfectly riddled, all the officers' quarters shot away, and everything literally torn to pieces.

At length a shot cut away the steam-pipe, and the scalding vapor spread to every part of the boat. Many of the men jumped overboard. At this juncture of affairs Capt. Walker led a boarding party on the Rebel's deck, but could no possible way of getting below. The hatches were all secured underneath, and the smallest kind of an aperture or hole was nowhere to be found. This discovered, the party returned to give up their boat only when the bottom of the river called for her. The flag, which still floated from her stern, was never to be struck to the Rebels as long as one board floated to hold it up.

What men were left stood by what guns could be brought to bear, and worked them until the Arkansas, thinking she had about finished her victim, pushed along past her and stood for the Tyler, which had stood by the Carondelet through the whole fight. The Tyler discovered her motion, and knowing her thin frame would stand no chance when brought in contact with the enemy's invulnerable sides, headed down the stream, keeping just clear of the Arkansas, and firing her stern battery. This chase was kept up until the mouth of the river was reached, when the Tyler, her boats shot away and badly cut up otherwise, came into view of the whole fleet.

Not a vessel in the whole fleet, from some strange fatality, had steam enough to move. The Louisiana shore was lined with our transports, ordnance boats, &c., while directly opposite them, three or four abreast, lay Farragut's and Davis's fleet, scarcely two of which could fire without pouring their broadsides into some of their own vessels. All eyes were strained to see the cause of the Tyler's commotion. The ram-fleet which lay near the mouth of the Yazoo, are scattering in every direction. A moment more and the long-dreaded Arkansas steams into full view, and heads right for the center of our fleet.

Bang goes a gun at the ordnance boat Great Western, while one is fired from her port battery at the rams, which are leaving in every direction. She now passes the Richmond, whose splendid battery of nine-inch Dahlgren guns is held quiet by the J. H. Dickey, which lies just opposite. Bang, bang, go two more guns at the ordnance boat. Passing down, she puts two balls into the Champion, while in the mean time her port battery is busy with Farragut's fleet.

Steadily she pursues her way, nothing daunted, nothing checked. She is now more than half way down. She passes the Hartford, but the noble old flag-ship is situated like the Richmond, for the same broadside which would have hailed on the Arkansas, would have annihilated the splendid hospital-boat Red Rover, with her cargo of human freight. The Oneida hits her with eleven-inch, but her ponderous missile produces no effect. The Wenona and Wissahicon engage her, but she passes their fire unscathed, unharmed.

Can nothing burst the Rebel monster? A dubious shake of the head is the only response, as ball after ball drops from her sides into the water. Steadily but surely she keeps on the way, firing one broadside at the transports, and the other at some vessel on the other side. She has nearly run the gauntlet. One more boat only to dispute her progress, and that the Cincinnati, which, far below the rest of the fleet, is doing picket duty near the point. All eyes are upon her, and a repetition of her Fort Pillow experience seems inevitable.

On comes the Arkansas, seemingly like Anteus of old, picking up new strength at every step. She is sure of her prey, and is making right for it. The Cincinnati had not steam sufficient to tackle on her, or even hardly enough to hold her head up stream. She slipped her cable, however, and headed for the Mississippi shore, drifting down stream all the time, her own motive power being insufficient to stem the current. The Arkansas discovering her intention heads for her, when the gunboat opened a brisk and galling fire on the advancing Rebel at short range, the rifled Parrots apparently piercing her, the other shots dropping harmlessly off.

The ram fires heavily as she advances, and is rapidly gaining on her opponent. When just as all were expecting a collision, the Arkansas suddenly checks up, heads the other way, fires a parting broadside, and rapidly leaves the Cincinnati behind her. The gunboat had drawn her into too shallow water, which she had no intention of being caught in. The Cincinnati, assisted by the Wenona, kept up an incessant fire until she had rounded the point, and was in the arms of her friends. This unparalleled audacity and boldness elicits unqualified admiration of all.

Such a thing never took place before, and will probably never take place again. In broad daylight, in the teeth of a hundred guns, this craft slowly and deliberately made her way, selecting her own victims, and hurling the glove of defiance at the combined fleet. It is an example of cool, daring courage unexampled, and the name of "Catesby Jones," her commander, will be awarded by all men as deserving a place among the list of those "who know no fear." The fact of her success is undoubtedly owing to the circumstances under which she caught us.

Our position and everything worked against us. The Essex had discovered a burnt boiler the night before, and a new one was being inserted at the time. The Louisville was lying at the blacksmith-boat, repairing. The Sumter had her waste-pipe out and a new one being inserted. Everything worked in her favor. Those boats that were all ready could not use their guns for fear of doing more damage to their friends than their foes.

I will leave comments on this singular transaction for other pens than mine. Different persons will of course have different opinions. All that is left us is to say what might have been, and resolutions what we will do. The Arkansas is safe for a time. I won't answer for her being so long.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Tyler	10	33	10
Carondelet	5	20	13
Lancaster	18	10	..
Benton	1	3	..
Total	34	66	23

Lancaster shot in her boilers. Dickey struck three times. Champion struck three times. Great Western struck one time.

RUMORED CAPTURE OF THE REBEL RAM ARKANSAS.

CHICAGO, Thursday, July 24, 1862.

A special dispatch from Cairo to *The Tribune* states that officers by the dispatch boat from Vicksburg, say that on their arrival at Memphis, there was a rumor through Rebel sources that the gunboat Arkansas had been captured. They are inclined to believe the report, as an expedition was planned before their departure to cut her out.

FROM KENTUCKY.

The Guerrillas—Crops—Reception of the Confiscation Act.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NORTH FORK, Ky., July 19, 1862.

Northern Kentucky is now under a high state of excitement. The guerrillas without number, and in places innumerable, have made their appearance, committing depredations, stealing horses and money, and terrifying the loyal people out of their peace and happiness. They are under the command of Morgan, the noted Guerrilla Chief, although they are divided into numerous squads, all finely mounted, and armed for their hellish work of death. They have been hovering about Frankfort and Lexington for a number of days, having taken Georgetown, Midway, and other places of less note. A day or two ago they appeared before Paris, the county seat of Bourbon County, and twice made a formal demand for a surrender of the place, which was as often sternly refused by the citizens, aided by the Home Guards of Maysville, who went to their relief, led by our Congressman, the Hon. Wm. H. Wadsworth. After that they made an attack by night, but were resolutely repulsed. Since then they are reported to have been at Claysville, on the Lexington and Covington Railroad, apparently making their way, via Falmouth, toward Cincinnati. The people of Maysville and Mason Counties are greatly excited, and are volunteering in large numbers to help to arrest the course of these high desperadoes. A report reached here last night that John S. Williams, was at West Liberty, the county seat of Morgan County, with a guerrilla force, threatening the blue-grass of Eastern Kentucky and Maysville, by way of Owingsville and Flemingsburg. Not only Maysville but some of the county towns are raising companies of mounted men to help to rescue Northern Kentucky from the foul foot of the Rebel invaders.

The Secesh hereabout *profess* to be sorry that the invasion has taken place, and *hope* the invaders will not be allowed to reach this vicinity; but nobody gives them any credit for sincerity in this respect, but rather believe they would render the guerrillas all the aid and assistance they could, in case they should succeed in penetrating to this county.

The 16th Kentucky regiment, which has been stationed for some time on Big Sandy, watching the movements of Humphrey Marshall, passed down the Ohio, past Maysville, on yesterday, destined, it is said, for Paducah. As they are especially needed in Northern Kentucky at present; it is expected that they will be ordered to proceed up the Lexington Railroad, from Cincinnati.

The weather is quite warm and dry. The corn and other crops in many localities are suffering from the lack of rain.

The wheat crop, now all harvested, is being threshed and delivered in the markets. The crop is large, and the grain was never better in this latitude. It commands a good price, from 80 to 90 cents, and the farmers are very willing to dispose of it for current money.

The passage of the Confiscation bill, with its approval by the President, is variously received by the people, depending upon the intensity of their Union sentiment. Kentuckians generally disapprove of so sweeping a measure, as its tendency will be to undermine the institution of Slavery, but, for the sake of the Union, most of the loyal men will submit to it, as a step legitimately resulting from the attack upon Sumter, and necessary for the crippling of the rebellion. I frequently hear loyal slaveholders say that, in order to crush the rebellion and save the Republic, they would cheerfully give up their slaves. The patriotism of such men is pure, and the tender of compensation to loyal men only tends to bring it out in bolder relief. VT.

THE STATE BOUNTY.

ALBANY, Thursday, July 24, 1862.

Paymaster-General George Bliss, jr., commenced this morning the payment of the State bounty, and will continue to pay promptly in all cases where the proper evidence of muster and receipts are presented. Blank receipts have been sent to all the Adjutants yet appointed for the new regiments, and to all officers recruiting for the old regiments. New regiments that have not yet had an Adjutant appointed, should apply for one at once, and then get their blanks. For the new regiments, the Adjutant is the mustering officer; the men must be mustered in by him.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BOUNTY TO VOLUNTEERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, July 24, 1862.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will contribute $50,000 to provide for the bounty to volunteers.

MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA TO AID IN RAISING VOLUNTEERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, July 24, 1862.

A meeting of prominent citizens was held to-day, at the Board of Trade rooms, to aid in raising the quota of volunteers for Pennsylvania. Mayor Henry presided.

Forty-five thousand dollars was subscribed toward raising ten regiments in this city by thirty-six parties—several subscribing two and three thousand dollars apiece, and none less than a thousand dollars.

A grand war mass meeting, with the same object, will be held in Independence Square, on Saturday afternoon.

INTERESTING FROM MEMPHIS.

A Brilliant and Audacious Telegraphic Feat.

A Rebel Operator Reads Gen. Halleck's Dispatches for Four Days.

THE RAID OF THE ARKANSAS AT VICKSBURG.

Gen. Hovey and the Telegraphers.

From Our Special Correspondent.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Friday, July 18, 1862.

The telegraph line between Memphis and Corinth is exceedingly important. Gen. Halleck's messages to Com. Davis, Gen. Curtis, and the commandant of this post have all passed over it. Little of the line is guarded, but of late the Rebels have refrained from cutting the wires. Their unusual amiability is now explained; they found a better use for it!

For a week the Memphis operators have detected something wrong in the working of the instruments, and surmised that some outsider was sharing their telegraphic secrets. They communicated this suspicion to the Superintendent at Corinth, who promised to keep a sharp look-out.

Yesterday, they discovered that their uninvited confidant could talk as well as listen. The transmission of a message was suddenly interrupted by the ejaculation, "O pshaw!" A moment after it was again broken with "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!"

Individuality shows itself as well in telegraphing as in the footstep, or in handwriting. Mr. Hall, one of the Memphis operators, instantly recognized the performer, not by his tune, but his time, as a young man formerly in Buffalo and other Northern offices, but now employed by the Confederates. Mr. Hall surprised him by replying promptly, "Ed. Saville, if you don't want to be hung, you had better leave! Our cavalry is closing in on both sides of you!"

There was a little pause, and then the reply: "How in the world did you know me? However, I've been here four days, and learned all we want to know. As this is becoming rather a tight place, I think I *will* leave. You'll see me again when you least expect it. Good bye, boys!"

The Rebel operator made good his escape. He had cut the wire, inserted a piece of his own, and by a pocket instrument been reading our official dispatches. Some of the utmost importance, giving the very information most desired by the Rebels, were passing, and as they were not in cipher, he must have received them. One from Gen. Hovey, Commandant of this post, in reply to a question from Gen. Halleck, stated the precise number of our available men in Memphis (only about 3,000), and their exact location!

The ill effect of this exposure of our weakness has been guarded against as far as possible. Gen. W. T. Sherman has already started for Memphis with two of the three divisions under his command, and will arrive to-day. So we are in no special danger of a Rebel dash.

This brilliant and audacious telegraphic feat was performed between here and Moscow, only 22 miles distant, and probably within 15 miles of Memphis! We are at a loss here to understand why, after the enemy has disappeared, the magnificent army with which Gen. Halleck threatened Corinth is unable to guard 200 miles of railroad and telegraph, or to furnish fifteen or twenty thousand men for the capture of Vicksburg. We hope that our brilliant successes in the West are not to be followed by an era of HOW NOT TO DO IT.

The raid of the Rebel gunboat Arkansas, at Vicksburg, causes intense delight among the Secessionists. As yet, we have no information of it, except through *The Grenada Appeal*, but shall doubtless have a dispatch boat from Vicksburg to-day. The policy of the Rebels in building two or three large very powerful and well-protected gunboats was undoubtedly sagacious. They spent more money upon the Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, than our entire flotilla has cost. Indeed, the aggregate expense of our Mississippi fleet, up to the present time, including the cost of building all the gunboats, is less than *three millions of dollars*. No other part of her service has given the country such satisfactory results at so trivial cost.

On Wednesday, Gen. A. P. Hovey, commanding this post, ordered D. T. Bacon, esq., Manager of the Military Telegraph, to furnish him copies of official dispatches from Gen. Halleck to Gen. Curtis and Col. Fitch. Gen. Hovey's motives were doubtless good—to keep himself advised of everything important affecting his post, directly or indirectly. But Mr. Bacon knew his duties too well to commit the gross breach of official duty required of him. He respectfully declined to obey the order. Gen. Hovey directed his arrest; but Mr. Bacon was absent from the office when the order came, and one of his associates, Mr. Van Valkenburg, was arrested instead. The facts were laid before Gen. Halleck by telegraph, and "Old Brains" promptly responded, "Release the operator at once. He did only his duty in disobeying your order."

Capt. McGunnigle's request to be relieved on account of ill health has been granted, and yesterday he turned over the command of the St. Louis to Capt. Winslow. When Capt. McGunnigle parted from his men the scene was very affecting, for few officers are so universally or so deservedly beloved by those under them. He leaves for St. Louis to-day. R.

REPORTED DISPERSION OF GUERRILLAS.

Sixteen Prisoners Taken and the Booty Taken at Greenville Recovered.

PILOT KNOB, Mo., Thursday, July 24, 1862.

It is reported this morning that the detachment of four companies under Major Lippert, sent out from Rivas Station by Col. Boyd to intercept the guerrillas who made the raid on Greenville, has fallen in with the enemy, completely dispersing the band, taking 16 prisoners, and recovering the booty taken at Greenville. No further particulars are yet received.

THE REBEL ATROCITIES IN TEXAS.

The *Indépendance Belge*, of July 8, has a correspondent at Paris, who confirms the statement of Mr. Houzeau concerning the Rebel atrocities in Texas, published in THE TRIBUNE of yesterday. The correspondent says:

"A person who has arrived from America gives me some details on the war which is going on in that unfortunate country. He assures me that in Texas some planters destroyed by fire what they called their merchandise, that is to say, *their cotton and their negroes*, which they had collected in buildings, around which they had accumulated combustible matter. The proprietors, armed with guns and revolvers, killed the unfortunate ones who tried to escape. The person who gave me an account of these atrocities, told me that he visited the ruins of the dwelling a few days after the event. This well agrees with the details contained in the interesting letters of Mr. Houzeau which you have published."