# INTERESTING FROM THE PENINSULA.

## General McClellan Among His Victorious Troops After the Battle of Fair Oaks.

## Report of the Aeronautic Telegraphic Observations During the Combat.

## Additional Names of the Killed and Wounded.

## THE SKIRMISHING AT THE OUTPOSTS.

## The Rebel Guerillas Around White House.

## ATTACK ON A UNION TRAIN.

## Two Schooners and a House Burned by Them,

## &c., &c., &c.

### Our Special Army Correspondence.

CAMP NEAR THE CHICKAHOMINY, June 5, 1862.

*Our Army Still Advancing—The Bridge Building, &c.—Beauregard's Evacuation—The Rebel Long Roll—The Guard Placed Over Property—The Weather, &c.*

To-day a portion of our army crossed the swamp to the Richmond side of the Chickahominy, while our artillery were making a diversion above the bridge that carried them safely over by shelling the enemy's batteries and picket camps vigorously. The movement was successful, entirely so. In the meantime the enemy replied to our fire, and killed two horses and wounded one man. The work of bridge building and corduroying the approaches to them progressed without interruption, notwithstanding the fire directed against our working parties.

This evening the news from Beauregard's late army was promulgated in the camps. In the rebel army the long roll was beaten at eleven o'clock. They probably expected that our column would cross to-night.

The following notice was found lying upon the ground near one of the houses:—

NOTICE.—The subscriber, who is a single and defenceless lady, sincerely petitions for the protection of her premises and property therein against such as may pass. For the compliance of the above I tender my heartfelt gratitude. K. J. TIMBERLAKE.

MAY 29, 1862.

A strong patrol force has been placed in that neighborhood to prevent outrages. The proprietor of the premises in question has gone to Hanover Court House.

This is another wet day. The rainy season seems to have fairly set in, and the roads used by the army wagons are in a deplorable condition. Communication with the White House and the railroad stations is very slow and difficult. The army mails are delayed vexatiously, and we are cultivating the virtue of patience with but indifferent success upon a refractory soil.

SIX MILES FROM RICHMOND, June 6, 1862.

*Before Richmond—Bridge Building Continues—The Sharpshooters—Their Trials—"California Joe"—His Generosity—His Skilful Aim—A Daring Exploit—General Pettigrew, &c.*

We are still before Richmond, and not in it. A few more days will tell a different story. General McClellan's plans to drive the enemy from Richmond and take possession of the Confederate capital are working to rapid culmination—a culmination whose synonym is success.

Building bridges across the Chickahominy is the engrossing feature now of army activity. As before Yorktown, Colonel Berdan's sharpshooters have come nobly and effectually to the rescue, and, through the sharpness of their sight and unerring accuracy of their firing at long range, are again making their presence and efficiency felt. There is this difference between the firing here and before Yorktown. Instead of good rifle pits, solid ground and the solacing shade of a blossoming peach orchard, as in the advance on Yorktown, they have now to wade to their middles in water, and plunge through bogs and marshes, to get within rifle range of the enemy. It is here their Sharp's breech-loading target rifles, with double triggers made expressly for them, come into splendid use; for, being breech-loading, they are able to load the pieces while wading through water or mud to any depth below their chins—an advantage the enemy do not have, as in leading they require some solid resting place for the breeches of their guns. While Berdan's skirmishers are using these pieces, others remain on the bridges doing destructive execution with their heavy telescopic target rifles, or "light artillery," as the boys call them, the latter doing the long range work. They have driven the rebel pickets away, and effectually protect our working parties. In this long range business, "California Joe" is about, as usual, and adding to his laurels, still using his own pet rifle. Speaking of California Joe, I must here be pardoned a digression in stating a fact about him that never yet has found its way into type. Bachelor that he is, and rough of exterior, he has a heart as big as an ox, "rudely stamped and wanting love's majesty." Shortly after joining the regiment he drew up his will, giving, in case of his death in battle, $60,000, on deposit in the Merchants' Bank, Philadelphia, to the widows and orphans of those of the regiment killed during the war. I was told this fact by an officer of the regiment, who witnessed the will. And here is an incident of which he is the hero:—Our General was to-day near one of the bridges, giving directions about the work. A rebel sharpshooter had been amusing himself and annoying the General and other officers by firing several times in that direction, and sending the bullets whistling in ungrateful proximity to their heads.

"My man, can't you get your piece on that fellow who is firing on us, and stop his impertinence?" asked the General.

"I think so," replied Joe; and he brought his telescopic rifle to a horizontal position.

"Do you see him?" inquired the General.

"I do."

"How far is he away?"

"Fifteen hundred yards."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I'll try."

And Joe did try. He brought his piece to a steady aim, pulled the trigger and sent the bullet whizzing on its experimental tour, the officers meantime looking through their field glasses. Joe hit the fellow in the leg or foot. He went hobbling up the hill on one leg and two hands, in a style of locomotion that was amusing. Our General was so tickled—there is no better word—at the style and celerity of the fellow's retreat that it was some time before he could get command of his risibles sufficiently to thank Joe for what he had done.

The rebel artillery have been planted on the side of the hill, across the Chickahominy, and a gun was pulled out on an excavation in the hill; but very soon two of the gunners were killed and three wounded by some of Berdan's men. This compelled the abandonment of the gun.

Two men of a Massachusetts regiment—Sergeant Mathew Linn, of Company E, and private John Hearnan, of Company B—performed a daring exploit to-day. It was found necessary to communicate an order to one of our generals across the river. The distance by the road our men, in the present disposition of the rebel forces, are obliged to take, is eleven miles, and across the river it is only half a mile. The two men named volunteered to cross the river. They had to swim about a quarter of a mile, and wade through mud and water waist deep the rest of the way. A part of their work was to observe the position and force of the enemy's pickets. It required a good deal of skulking and artful dodging to accomplish the latter part of their mission; but they got through with satisfactory success. In nearing our troops, the display of a pole mounted white shirt by one and a white handkerchief by the other only saved their being shot. The general who sent them on the mission, besides furnishing the shirt and handkerchief, was so well pleased with the success of the men that he ordered both to be relieved for a month from all duty except fighting.

The entire corps are ready and anxious for the opportunity to distinguish themselves in the next battle.

Our wounded are doing exceedingly well. Many will be ready very soon to resume their muskets. I saw today General Pettigrew, the rebel brigadier captured in last Saturday's battle. He is still in Dr. Gaines' house, and is the recipient of the best of care. He is very silent, and shows a moroseness foreign to gentlemen of Southern birth and education. His wounds being only flesh wounds, he will probably be in a condition very soon to render his transfer to some Northern fort feasible.

Sergeant Lathrop, Company H, Fourteenth New York Volunteers, was shot through the lungs to-day while on picket. The wound is pronounced mortal.

The men of this corps were never in finer condition or spirits. Its gallant behavior under fire has shown what it can do and augurs what it will do. The "on to Richmond" spirit was never more ardent or hopeful. All that the boys are waiting for is an order giving them another chance to try the power of their cannon, bullets and steel against the enemy. They will not long wait this order.

Everything has continued quiet lately in this section of the advance army. The utmost order and stillness prevail—no parades, drills, noise or regimental music. This order means something, and this stillness is that presaging the coming storm.

IN CAMP, FAIR OAKS, Va., June 8, 1862.

*The Change of a Week—The Rebels Must Fight at Richmond—The Flag of Truce—The Noise of War Again—A Sharpshooting Duel—Experience of a Union Officer, Prisoner Within the Rebel Lines—The Rebel Wounded—General Joe Johnston Among Them, &c.*

A beautiful Sabbath morning, one week after the battle—what a contrast between the two days. To-day all is calm, and, with the exception of a low rumble from an occasional gun on our right, almost perfect silence prevails. One can hardly realize that two large armies are lying face to face, with pickets within talking distance, nearly the whole length of their lines, and that a great fight may be precipitated at any moment.

Richmond is, to a great extent, among the politicians and people of the South, especially Virginians, looked upon as the "last ditch," and Jeff. Davis and his associates are expected to die in it, according to promise. Should he retreat from there without a fight, under the plea of military necessity, his army would go out of there more thoroughly disorganized than even Beauregard's from Corinth.

In my last I mentioned that a flag of truce had been sent into our lines by the rebels. I learn that its object was to ask permission to come and search for the bodies of a number of their officers of high rank, who were missing. Among those mentioned were General Pettigrew and Colonel Long. The matter was submitted to the General Commanding, and an answer returned, announcing that the two officers named above were prisoners, and that it was deemed inexpedient to allow them access to our camps at present.

While writing the above the stillness of the morning was disturbed by a rapid picket firing, which was succeeded by the heavy report of artillery, which continued for about half an hour. I hear that it was caused by an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the rebels to drive in our pickets on the right of us. I have not time to learn the particulars in time for this mail.

This is Sunday; but during the day the enemy, however, have molested somewhat our pickets and fatigue parties by musketry shots from rifle pits, but without any damaging effect. Our advance sharpshooters retaliated through their Sharp's rifles with more serious results. More than one rebel sharpshooter was laid low in his rifle pit, through the unerring aim of our men. Just before night, Weeden's battery sent over some of their shell's among the enemy, the effect of which must have been unpleasant, judging from the celerity of the rebels to increase the space intervening between themselves and our pieces.

Lieut. Perkins, of General Butterfield's staff, who was captured at the Hanover Court House battle, returned today, having been released on parole. A flag of truce was sent by Gen. McClellan, asking his exchange, which was complied with. It is understood that Lieutenant Washington, of Gen. Joe Johnston's staff, who was taken prisoner in the fight last Sunday, is to be given up for him. Lieutenant Perkins, having been released on parole, is restricted, of course, from giving any information as to the strength of the enemy or their fortifications. There are some facts, however, of interest he does state, which came under his observation during his abbreviated durance in Rebeldom, extending over a period of nearly two weeks. On the night of his capture he was taken to Ashland, where he remained over night, and the next day was conveyed to Richmond. In consideration of his infirm health, he was allowed to perform the journey on horseback, riding the horse of Dr. Waters, medical director of one of our divisions, which also was captured, but happily without the owner going with it, which he came very near doing, and would have done had he not played a smart trick and got out of their way. At Richmond Lieutenant Perkins was placed in one of the tobacco warehouse hospitals for medical treatment. His principal attendant was Dr. Marshall, surgeon of the Berdan Sharpshooters, captured on the same day. They had turned Dr. Marshall to good account, and he was making good use of his stewardship, ministering to the sick and wounded in the hospital. He was full of jollity, as usual, and as full of hope as regards his own future as an egg is full of meat. *The number of wounded rebels in the Hanover Court House affair and the fights of Saturday and Sunday, now in the Richmond hospitals and private houses, is placed by Lieutenant Perkins at seven thousand.* Every fourth house is a temporary hospital. The enemy confess being badly whipped at Hanover Court House, but do not acknowledge defeat in either the battles of last Saturday or Sunday. At the first fight they had more men engaged than we had. The attack on Saturday was made from the supposition that some thirty thousand of our men had passed the Chickahominy, and that, owing to the sudden and unprecedented rise in the river, no reinforcements could come to their aid. They proposed to come down and "scoop up" these thirty thousand. Lieut. Perkins heard the cannonading, and at night asked a rebel officer about the result of the fight.

"Did you 'scoop up' those thirty thousand?" asked Lieut. Perkins.

"You are a damned impertinent Yankee," was the rebel response.

The most important news of all Lieut. Perkins brings back is that confirming the report of the wounding of Gen. Johnston. He was wounded in the groin, and will be disabled from military duty for some time. Gen. G. W. Smith, New York ex-Street Commissioner, succeeds him in command of the rebel forces in and about Richmond. Lieut. Perkins says further that the utmost consternation prevails among the citizens and all classes in Richmond on account of the nearness of the Union army. He believes the enemy will fight desperately before giving up Richmond.

The cold rain storm of the past few days and the cold fall-like weather are not yet ended.

Our corps is now being paid off, and the bulk of the receipts of many regiments is now on its way to the families of the paid off soldiers. The "On to Richmond" fever runs higher each day.

ON THE ROAD TO RICHMOND, Va., June 9, 1862.

*A Contest for the Rifle Pits—A Scouting Adventure—General Prim—The Herald in Camp—The Weather—The Contrabands—The Roads, &c., &c.*

The firing which I mentioned as occurring yesterday morning was an attempt on the part of the enemy to dislodge a small force who had the previous evening driven them from one of their rifle pits and occupied it themselves. They succeeded, by planting a battery so as to enfilade it, in driving our men out, but failed to reoccupy it, as we held a position a little in the rear, protected from their battery. Since this everything has been quiet, with the exception of half a dozen Parrott shells and shot thrown at a locomotive which came down from Richmond within half a mile of our pickets. What the effect was I cannot learn—probably nothing serious, as the rebel train immediately backed off at full speed.

Yesterday Lieutenant Wells, of the cavalry, went with three men on a scout, to obtain certain intelligence regarding the enemy. A short distance from our lines they were fired upon by rebel infantry who had secreted themselves behind the fence on either side of the road. The Lieutenant and one of the privates dismounted, to avoid the fire, while the other two beat a hasty retreat. Their horses came into camp a short time after without their riders, and as they have not been heard from since it is feared the Lieutenant and his man have been taken prisoners. A party sent out, with one of the returned cavalry men as a guide, came upon the same picket, who fired an ineffective volley and retreated. No tidings of the missing men were obtained.

General Prim and suite visited a portion of our lines yesterday, and expressed themselves pleased with the soldierly appearance of our army.

The troops are all anxiously awaiting the order to advance on Richmond, but, having the fullest confidence in their General, are patient under the delays, and quietly await the development of his plans, the success of which they have never once believed to be subject to a doubt.

What the next move will be is a question the answer to which General McClellan wisely keeps to himself, and, although one might have a strong suspicion what it may be, it is better to avoid any prophecy regarding events.

The HERALD of Saturday reached camp at daylight this (Monday) morning, and was in the greatest demand. This is the quickest time made since leaving Yorktown, and shows an improvement in our means of conveyance. In many of the camps the arrival of the HERALD has been very irregular of late, much to the disappointment of its numerous readers. Where such failures have occurred there have been great exertions used to obtain a few copies, which could be sold at almost any price, and which were read to listening groups, and again read and reread until fairly worn out. A failure occurred in Hooker's division in the circulation of the HERALD of May 24, containing the account of the battle of Williamsburg. The few copies that reached were disposed of at twenty-five cents each in a few minutes, and hundreds of letters were written home asking friends to procure copies.

Almost every afternoon we are visited by a thunder storm more or less severe. The inhabitants who remain in this vicinity say more rain has fallen this season than at any other period within their remembrance. What relation exists between the smoke and vapor from the camp fires of two immense armies and this deluge of rain I leave to be determined by Messrs. Henry, Espy and Merriam.

As there seems to be a question as to how the contrabands should be employed, I would suggest that several hundred of them could be employed to excellent advantage in keeping the roads in order over which we have to transport our supplies. The matter of roads really seems to have escaped attention. There are many low places where the water settles, and which, being worked up by artillery and heavy teams, soon become a perfect slough of mud and mire almost impassable, which might have been kept in good order by a small drain to take off the water and a little shovelling in of earth to keep the ruts filled, all of which would cost less labor than to extricate one team after it has been fairly mired, to say nothing of the delay and waste of transportation caused by these comparatively few "bad places." Teams can take no more over the good roads than they can drag through these sloughs, and, consequently, go half loaded for the want of the labor on the roads that I have spoken of.

There has been a little artillery practice this morning, but the morning has been generally quiet so far.

NEAR RICHMOND, Va., June 10, 1862.

*The Order to Prepare for a Dress Parade—General Prim to Review the Command—Chaos Changes to Order at a Single Word to that Effect—The Review—The Prospects of a Fight, &c.*

As the men of General Butterfield's brigade were about to commence dinner yesterday, the words "General McClellan is coming," in excited accents, flew from regiment to regiment. Companies were formed, arms stacked and ranks broken in five minutes, with orders to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice, with white gloves, arms and accoutrements clean, &c. Dinner was resumed and despatched with incredible facility, with that quickness only at the command of the soldier when in haste. At one o'clock the order to "Fall in" was issued, and it became manifest that officers were obeyed in every particular. At this hour the nature of the preparation became known—that that illustrious foreigner, General Prim, was to review the corps. The day was very fine and propitious for the occasion, a gentle breeze counteracting a heat which otherwise would be disagreeable. Immediately after this hour a brigade was filing out of camp, the head of Butterfield's following in its train. In the former the thinned ranks of one of the regiments, with its perforated flag floating to the breeze, were honorably conspicuous. A little before two o'clock P. M. we arrived on the ground selected for the review, to the northwest of McQuade's camp. Already it was occupied by thousands, the different regiments being drawn up in line, seemingly without any order or classification as to brigades. Butterfield's took up a position in a similar manner. In a short time a general movement took place, and order, as if by a magician's wand, came out of seeming chaos. The corps formed by brigades, from right to left, one regiment behind another, in close column by divisions, artillery in front, General Butterfield's forming the left. Colonel McLean, of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, commanded on the occasion, General B.'s absence being imperative from severe illness, which has confined him to his quarters since the battle of Hanover Court House. Even on that occasion he assumed command contrary to the advice of his physician. As this arrangement was perfected, the review commenced by General Prim riding along the right of the first brigade, by the front, uncovered, down the left, again uncovering as he passed the respective regimental colors, and then in order to the left. The General was accompanied by a brilliant and memorable cortege of military leaders, some high in rank and fame. It was a cause of general regret that illness prevented our beloved chief, General McClellan, from being present. To the right and left of General Prim rode General Porter and Colonel McLean, Eighty-third Pennsylvania, the remainder of the glittering array riding behind, in ranks, according to position. Among these were two others of general Prim's suite, and conspicuous in the party was General Havelock, in his embroidered uniform of sombre hue. The different generals of Morell's division were present, with some forty or fifty other officers unknown to me.

The prancing horses, the gay uniforms, the rich caparisons, and the glitter of polished arms, reflected in the sun by every movement of the noble and spirited steeds, had a splendid effect.

The pomp, glitter and panoply attending the reviews of large bodies of military have a powerful effect on the beholder—captivating and entrancing every sense—a syren attraction, which rivets attention only to it, and, like one spellbound, leaves you insensible to aught else. I imagine General Prim must be very favorably impressed with this fine corps, and, no doubt, with our soldiers in general, wherever he has seen or may see them. No country in the world could produce a finer body of men in so short a time. The march and manoeuvres to, in and from the field were performed with a grace, ease and exactitude that would do credit to the best trained veterans. On this occasion the men looked particularly fine, with their arms bright as polished steel, the brasses of their cartridge boxes, shoulder and waist belts equally bright and glistening, and, in their clean and becoming uniforms, all united in adding to the *tout ensemble* of their fine and martial appearance. Should the General have an opportunity of contrasting with them the disorganized rabble of the Southern confederacy, he will not feel surprised that they are beaten at every point, nor entertain a doubt of the final result of the contest.

General Prim does not appear to be more than thirty-eight or forty years old. His hair and whiskers are very black; the latter are worn down the cheeks and under the chin, and cut with exact neatness. The eyes are of a similar color, and the whole features pale, regular and animated. They seemed to reveal honor and spirit, with a mind refined and cultivated. Such were the attributes they mirrored, as well as could be judged from a distance, by one who has to keep his eyes to the front.

The only incident connected with the review was the rearing of a doctor's horse to such a degree as to fall over on his back. The rider showed great dexterity in disengaging his feet from the stirrups and springing from the saddle ere the animal came to the ground, thus, perhaps, saving his life, or at least a severe contusion. The animal became frightened and restive by the music. The review did not last more than an hour, the men getting to camp about three o'clock P. M., well pleased with themselves and general admirers of the Spanish chief.

Affairs are progressing slowly, but surely and steadily here. I think the public need not look for any decisive measures before Richmond for some days to come. Gen. McClellan is too wise to throw on the hazard of a die the great stake which a little time brings with certainty within his grasp.

Another of those rain storms which, it seems, are common to the "sunny South," commenced about two o'clock this morning, and still continues (three o'clock), and of course will, as usual, for forty-eight or sixty hours. The pleasant state of the camp on yesterday is again transformed into pools, dirt and mud.

The health of the men has much improved since we came here, scarcely a serious case being in the hospitals. All seem eager to give the rebels a good thrashing before Richmond—one they will not soon forget—except they run away, as at Yorktown; and of this it is hoped and believed there is little chance.

NEAR RICHMOND, June 12, 1862.

*Rebel Attack on a Reconnoitering Party—Two of Our Men Wounded—One Dangerously, &c.*

There was heavy firing in the direction of Richmond last evening. About half-past six o'clock P. M. yesterday, as Lieutenant Smith, of Company G, with a detachment of ten men, all of the Seventy-second New York Volunteers, were out reconnoitering, they were fired upon by the enemy's pickets, who appeared in large force, compelling our men to make a hasty retreat. Two men—George Sears, of Company H, and Lawrence O'Connor, of Company E—were seen to fall. The latter, being nearer to our party, was assisted up and taken along; but Sears had to be left behind. When the rebels arrived at where Sears lay they asked him where he was from and if he was badly hurt. Sears answered by pointing at a bullet wound in the breast. They told him to get away as quick as he could, and when they were gone to halloo to his party to assist him off, and they would not molest them. The rebels then went back, and our men came up and assisted the poor fellow, who was badly, if not mortally, wounded. He and O'Connor were placed in an ambulance and driven off to the nearest surgeon's quarters. As the rebels agreed, not a shot was fired, nor were our men interfered further with while assisting Sears. On examination of the wounded men it was found that Sears was badly wounded, the ball having entered near the centre of the breast, in a slanting direction, lodging in the right shoulder. O'Connor was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh, leaving the bone untouched. Sears is from Newton, N. J., and O'Connor from Dunkirk, N. Y. They are both from twenty to twenty-two years of age. At the time our party were fired upon they were three-quarters of a mile beyond our pickets, taking a plan of the roads. None of the rebels were hurt.

Two or three days after the battle of Fair Oaks, while a party of our men were reconnoitering in the woods, they saw two men standing perfectly still, slightly bending forward towards each other. On arriving at the spot both were found to be quite dead. A rebel and Union soldier had evidently charged bayonets on each other, both bayonets entering deep into the breast, directly in the centre. The bayonets and ends of the guns were almost side by side. Their death must have been almost instantaneous, as there were no signs of a further struggle or of great pain.

FAIR OAKS, Va., June 12, 1862.

*All Quiet—A Scouting Expedition—Rumors, &c., &c.*

Since my last things have remained quiet, with the exception of the usual amount of picket firing and skirmishing, which has done little injury to our side, and, I presume, but little on the other. A small detachment, under Captain Walker, was yesterday morning sent forward as advance pickets, with instructions to fall back if attacked. They advanced through a heavy wood to the left of Fair Oaks, when they came upon a considerable force of the enemy, in such close proximity as to distinctly hear the word of command given by the rebel officer—"Halt, battalion; front; right face; deploy as skirmishers; double quick, march." In a few minutes the rebels opened on them; but the gallant men felt disinclined to fall back without a shot, and accordingly poured a volley into a small body of the rebels who were not deployed. Three or four were seen to fall, whereupon the rest took to their heels.

Among the deaths at division headquarters is that of Lieut. J. Portland Parker, of the Fourth (Smith's) New York battery. Lieutenant Parker was in the battle of Williamsburg, where he behaved with the greatest gallantry, being everywhere in the thickest of the fight. He escaped the dangers of the battle field only to suffer from a cold and debility, caused by exposure on that field, which terminated in his death on the 4th instant. He graduated at Columbia College, and at the breaking out of the war was engaged in the practice of law under more than ordinarily favorable circumstances. He leaves a widowed mother residing in New York.

There are rumors this morning that the enemy are approaching in force on our left; but I place but little confidence in the stories. Come at what point they will, they will find our forces ready for them.

The weather for the past twenty-four hours has been bright and warm, without being intensely hot, and has done much towards drying up and rendering the roads decently passable. Two or three more such days and we would have good roads.

The army has recovered from the effects of the fight of the 31st and 1st, and is in excellent condition. I doubt if its *morale* was ever better than at the present moment. Every man is anxiously awaiting the order, "Onward to Richmond," and yet perfectly satisfied to wait, feeling assured that that order will come at just the proper time.

When that order comes, and the grand army moves forward as one body, it will be a spectacle for the world to gaze upon, and one the sight of which will cause Rebeldom to quake.

NEAR RICHMOND, June 12, 1862.

*The Battle of Fair Oaks—McClellan and His Army After the Battle—The Battle Field—The Killed and Wounded—The Hospitals—The Loss on Both Sides, &c.*

Soon after this conflict had been closed, and when it was anticipated that the grand and final battle of the rebellion was near at hand, General McClellan, accompanied by his brilliant staff, rode along the lines and through the ranks of his victorious troops. Malicious slanderers, designing men, disturbers of the public confidence, enemies of the country, might call the issue a reverse, a defeat of the Union army; but the result attests, Justice, holding the balance, has proclaimed, and history will establish the fact, that on this occasion a portion of McClellan's troops, when attacked by vastly superior numbers, which obtained a temporary advantage, finally drove the enemy from the ground with heavy loss and achieved a glorious victory. As Gen. McClellan rode through the ranks, thinner now by almost six thousand, by reason of the absence of those who had been killed and wounded, he was greeted everywhere with immense enthusiasm. The reverberations of those triumphant cheers—cheers at once for their youthful military chieftain and for their splendid victory—ran through the rebel ranks and increased the discomfiture and humiliation of the enemy. He rode over the battle field, spoke words of sympathy and tenderness to the wounded, animated the various regiments with the confidence which his personal presence inspires, and pointed them to deeds of greater glory. It was after this that he issued that spirited address to his soldiers.

The fields and woods where the battle raged were strewn with the killed and wounded. The long line of ambulances showed how sanguinary had been the contest. Five hundred wounded were taken to General Heintzelman's headquarters, at Sangster's station, on Saturday night, and were sent to White House for treatment. They were soon followed by more. The surgeons were exceedingly efficient in dressing wounds upon the field, and, subsequently, in caring for the heroes in the hospitals. All the buildings in the neighborhood of the scene of action were appropriated for that purpose; but they were inadequate to the accommodation of the hundreds which were being brought to swell the numbers already in. There was no discrimination made—the suffering soldiers of the enemy received the same kind treatment as our own. Outside these hospitals the poor wounded fellows lay. Some had blankets to cover them and some had none. It was a heartrending sight to see them, and scarcely one of them murmured at his lot. Fine fellows, who were wounded mortally, endured their sufferings with a fortitude hardly surpassed by that of ancient martyrs. The look of calm resignation on their faces was exceedingly impressive. And those who were wounded seriously or slightly bore the pain with equal patience. How many hopes were blighted on that battle field by loss of life or limb no one can pretend to say. One brave fellow, who had lost an arm, and who was one of those whom General McClellan stopped and spoke to, quietly regarded his loss as no more than his portion of the sacrifice for the preservation of the Union which the rebels desire to destroy.

For several days subsequent to the action the dead continued to be buried and the wounded to be brought in. Military manoeuvres are beautiful to behold, and the profession of arms has a singular fascination; but after the contest is over, then even veterans are more deeply impressed with the horrors of war. The spectacle of the dead and dying on the field, no matter how proudly the day may have been won, is sad indeed; but in the present instance, where brother meets brother in mortal combat on the battle field, and kindred are slaughtered by kindred, it is more than enough to awaken reflections which call loudly for vengeance on the instigators of the war. I saw two of our men who had been bayoneted in their little shelter tents after the enemy took possession of Casey's camp. There they lay, each in his tent, where he had been killed, each tent and each body bearing the mark of the bayonet. There were many horrible sights to be seen, which I am disinclined to attempt to describe. The loss on both sides was heavy. Ours—including killed, wounded and prisoners—is just about, not quite, perhaps, six thousand men, with eight pieces of artillery. That of the enemy is certainly not less than ten thousand. We took about five hundred prisoners, among them General Pettigrew, of South Carolina, who was wounded. All the suitable vehicles in Richmond were brought out to convey the wounded to the city. There are about seven thousand wounded rebels in the hospitals in Richmond, while we have buried between two and three thousand of their dead. The information appears to be reliable that the rebel General Joseph E. Johnston was seriously wounded in the groin, and that General Gustavus W. Smith is now in command.

NEAR RICHMOND, June 13, 1862.

*Another Day of Rain and Mud—More Firing—Horrid Death of a Rebel—Demoralization Among the Rebels—The Paymaster at Work, &c., &c.*

Another day of rain and mud, as disagreeable as can well be imagined. The soil is such in this vicinity that the slightest wet weather softens the roads like dough, and what few wagons attempt to move have to be hauled through it up to their axles. The railroad is of invaluable service to the army, which could hardly move without it.

Yesterday passed off quietly with our portion of the army. There was considerable firing on our right, which, I understand, was caused by an ineffectual attempt on the part of the rebels to shell our pickets from their position.

I witnessed a most horrid sight yesterday. It was the body of a rebel soldier, who, wounded, had attempted to escape by wading through one of the many swamps that interweave the battle field. He had penetrated it several rods, and become mired and unable to extricate himself, or, perhaps, failing from loss of blood, and unable to make himself heard amid the din of battle, had thus perished as he stood. His ghastly corpse still stood erect, all below the waist embedded in the mud—the spectral sentinel of the swamp. What a theme for the negro ghost stories in coming generations.

A sergeant from the rebels came in yesterday. He represents the rebel army as much demoralized, and says the North Carolinians are almost in a state of mutiny, one regiment having laid down their arms and refused to fight again.

The paymaster has again made his appearance in some of the brigades, and is, of course, a most welcome visitor.

This is especially the case in the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, where the men have not been paid for nearly six months, owing to a difficulty between the colonel and the brigadier who formerly commanded them. They have now received four months' pay, a great portion of which has been sent home to their families.

The allotment system of Massachusetts seems to work best of any of the schemes for the benefit of the soldiers' families, and is fully appreciated by the Massachusetts men. The amount of money sent home by them will probably average more per man by one-fourth than by any other State. This is in no small degree owing to the adoption of this system, and the labors of Mayor Fay and his associates in explaining it thoroughly to the men.

### Attack of Guerillas near White House.

WHITEHOUSE, VA., June 14, 1862.

*A Train Fired Upon—Two Schooners and a House Set on Fire—One Man Killed—Our Troops on the Lookout for the Marauders—Some of the Guerillas Captured, &c.*

By far the most daring attempt made by the rebels during the war was accomplished last night, within three miles of this place. Another bold movement was made by the same band of rebel cavalry, by whom a couple of schooners and a house were set on fire, and an unarmed man shot, besides taking several prisoners. The facts are as follows:—

On Friday afternoon, about four o'clock, an empty train of cars left Fair Oaks station for the White House, on the West Point and Richmond road. It started about an hour earlier than usual, and at twenty minutes to seven o'clock it was approaching Tunstall's, when the engineer and others observed what appeared to be two companies of our cavalry forming in line on each side of the track. Nothing was at first noticed of a hostile character by those on board the train, but when it arrived at the station several of the rebels, for so they turned out to be, fired at the engineer. He, however, saw the movement in time to fall forward and escape the shower of balls (which must have fairly riddled him), and, pulling the valve, the engine started with renewed speed, and was soon beyond their reach, but not before a number of volleys were fired by the rebel party at our men on board the cars, killing three or four and wounding some fifteen or twenty—three or four so badly that amputation became necessary. Several men, supposed to be the guard at the station, were seen tied to trees around, with a guard placed over them. The following is a list of the killed and wounded:—Three men were found dead upon the track this morning, having been shot and fallen from the cars. One of them is named Biers, a German, but the others no one seems to know. It is supposed that they jumped upon the cars as the train was moving from the station, and that they will be found missing when the roll is called, without knowing the cause.

The names of the wounded are:—

Lieutenant Breisford, Company I, Eighty-first Pennsylvania regiment, twelve balls in different parts of his body.

William Bradley, Company E, One Hundredth New York, leg broken.

Robert Gilmore, rifle ball through right hand.

O. Nefi, Company K, Tiger Fire Zouaves of Massachusetts, arm shattered by a rifle ball near the shoulder; arm since amputated.

A soldier, a Frenchman, shot in right ankle, leg since amputated below the knee. He was too low to learn his name. He belonged to the Fifty-fifth New York regiment.

Anton Hanemon, a laborer, shot while walking on the track. The ball entered his side. He is probably fatally wounded. He resides in Baltimore, has a family of children, is thirty-seven years of age, and has a wife and three children dependently as to be brought to the hospital. They were probably wounded by shot, and many had only scarcely perceptible flesh wounds. The killed were interred to-day.

Lieutenant Breisford's account is as follows:—I and several others, soldiers and civilians, were standing or sitting upon three or four of the platform cars as the train approached Tunstall's, when I observed a number of men (about a hundred) form on each side of the track, and as the train was slowly passing Tunstall's, the engineer was fired at. We then knew who they were, but had no time to do anything. No less than three volleys were fired at us as we passed them, and another when we were ahead of them. Several of our men fell with their faces upon the car, and escaped in almost every case. I received thirteen balls in my legs and side, one of which passed completely through my left thigh; the others were probably buckshot or pistol balls. Fortunately, none of the shot entered very deep, and I feel first rate. I thought when I saw the rebels that they were one of our own regiments forming in line.

The following of our forces were captured by the guerillas. They were on guard at the station:—

Captain James McGraugh, Corporal Christopher Stone, Corporal James Daly, private Michael Burke, private Daniel Sheen, private Patrick Russel and private Francis Murray, all of the Forty-second Tammany regiment, New York. Two others were captured, but we could not learn their names. Three or four others on the track were also captured. One man is said to have taken the oath of allegiance to the Southern confederacy. He was threatened with instant death if he did not.

The excitement was intense at White House when the train arrived, and the news was given. All the force, including the citizens, were drawn up in a line to receive them, as well as a battery. Just about this time news arrived that the enemy had set fire to two schooners and killed a man named Bryan Potter. Potter is said to have been shot by a negro in uniform. The report has since been proved beyond a doubt, and that they also set fire to a house a short distance to the left, and destroyed a mule train.

There is no doubt but that these raids were committed by the same party. It is said that the small band were mostly dressed in our uniform, or so like it that it could not be distinguished from it. They had evidently but just arrived, dismounted their horses and secured the guard, when the train arrived. It was no doubt their intention to place obstructions upon the track for the purpose of throwing off the train, and massacreing all on board; but the early arrival of the train (an hour earlier than usual) frustrated their design to a certain extent. They are supposed to have been formed from the farmers and negroes, as several of the latter were seen among them in the neighborhood. Two regiments were immediately sent in pursuit, and in fact the whole country was scoured yesterday by our troops, and some five or six captured. They were sent to Fortress Monroe to-day. A Dr. Hamilton, a prominent secessionist, was arrested on suspicion of having been their guide, but as yet nothing has been proved against him, except that he admits that General Stewart and Colonel Lee called at his house last night, and inquired after the welfare of many friends left behind. He denies having anything to do with the affair whatever.

The band paid a visit to the sutlers' stores, clearing them out root and branch, destroying their tents and stores, taking their horses and wagons and making the owners prisoners. After burning the schooners, shooting a man on board, and burning the wagon trains, they swept right on, south and west, and it is supposed that before this they are with the Southern army before Richmond. Much greater damage was, no doubt, intended to be done by them, but such a sudden uprising of the soldiery in pursuit made the country too hot, and they left in haste. Some believe that the guerillas that attacked the station were a part of the rebel Stewart cavalry; while others think it was composed of those who, having taken the oath of allegiance, have been left without a guard, and to their own movements undisturbed. The rebels evidently dispersed into twos and threes as soon as they made these attacks, as no others could be seen when they were captured, one at a time. The rebels, no doubt, went round our left and gained King William county, crossed the Pamunkey about dusk, and made the daring raid as above described.

SIX MILES FROM RICHMOND, June 13, 1862.

*Attack on the Fifth United States Cavalry—Rumor of the Capture and Recapture of Mrs. Gen. Magruder, &c.*

This corps, after a respite of several days from the fatigues of marching and fighting, was called upon today to march to the relief of the Fifth regular cavalry, that had been attacked in the vicinity of the "Old Church," three miles from Coal Harbor, on a road leading to the left. Obedient to the summons the regiment marched forth to the work to which they had been called, unheeding the terrific heat, the scorching sands, and unknown hazards of battle that might, for ought they knew, await them before the close of day. Happily the men did not march far before, like the regiments of the Gallic king, they marched back again. The boys were doubly disappointed. First, it must be confessed, that the march was not in the direction of Richmond, and, second, that they were not allowed a passage at arms with their rebel rivals. However, this corps is under such training that they have long since learned to do what is ordered and not complain, and to cheerfully assume the responsibility and duties awaiting the soldier, taking the chances of a good fight as they come.

The object of our march, as I have stated above, was to go to the rescue of the Fifth regiment of cavalry. This regiment, it appears, has been stationed near the Old Church for some time, doing principally picket duty, and having a large field to cover with its videts. A large force of rebel cavalry, I have learned, drove in their pickets and subsequently had a short but spirited engagement with the regiment. Our loss was one man killed, a lieutenant, and several wounded, including a captain. The loss of the enemy is said to have been greater. As the story reached us, a strong force of infantry was in the rear of the attacking cavalry, and a smart and rough engagement was looked upon as likely to ensue. This singular story also prevails in connection with this affair, which I am unable to trace to its source, and which, moreover, is but slightly credited. The story has it that the Fifth cavalry regiment captured somewhere—rumor fails to designate the locality—Mrs. General Magruder. That the rebels made a dash to effect her rescue from Yankee durance; that they accomplished the object of their mission; that as old Priam did on his shoulder the noble Anchises bear, so they triumphantly bore away their prize, to be given in *propria persona* to her liege lord, or otherwise disposed of as the latter directs.

Everything remains about as usual along the Chickahominy. In front of our corps there is still some exchange of firing between the pickets, and the artillery practice at the close of the day is kept up with about the same vigor and results as heretofore.

### The Killed, Wounded and Missing in General Hooker's Division.

The following is the official list of casualties in Hooker's division in the fight of Sunday, June 1:—

SICKLES' EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

KILLED.

Geo. W. Lyons, Co. F, First regiment.
Sergeant Wm. Harback, Co. H, First regiment.
John Hallgreen, Co. A, Second regiment.
Felix Gallagher, Co. A, Second regiment.
Thos. McPhillips, Co.