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M'CLELLAN ON THE PENINSULA.

Brilliant Address to His Army on the Birthday of the Nation.

HONOR TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

He Compliments Them on Their Valor, Endurance and Success.

The Rebel Capital Shall be Captured.

The Constitution Shall Prevail, and the "Union Must and Shall be Preserved."

All Quiet and the Army in Good Spirits.

Additional Particulars of the Famous Charge of Heintzelman's Corps.

MORE OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED

OPERATIONS OF THE GUNBOATS.

THE APPOMATTOX EXPEDITION.

Important Statement of a Refugee from Richmond, &c., &c., &c.

Gen. McClellan's Address to His Soldiers.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, July 4, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC!—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking, in return, guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skilfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the Army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base, complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat. Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called confederacy; that our national constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace, and external security to each State, "Must and Shall be Preserved," cost what it may in time, treasure and blood. GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

The Army of the Potomac in Good Spirits.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1862.

Advices from the Army of the Potomac up to last night indicate that all is quiet and the army in good spirits.

General Heintzelman's Division.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS, GEN. HEINTZELMAN'S CORPS D'ARMEE, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER, July 2—Evening.

McClellan's New Position on the James River—Its Strength and Topographical Features—The Army is Safe—McClellan's Ability to Hold the Position Until Reinforcements Arrive—Recently for Immediate and Strong Reinforcements—Scenes at the Hospital in the Berkeley Mansion—Operations of the Corps of General Heintzelman on Friday, Saturday and Sunday—Gallant Conduct of Kearney's Division—Abandonment of General Berry's Redoubt—List of the Surgeons Left with Our Wounded at Savage Station, &c., &c.

My last letter gave a resume of military events, so far as this army corps is concerned, coming down to Friday last, June 27. Before entering upon the details of the momentous events of that and the succeeding four days, it may be well to say a few words about the present position and condition of the army. I am aware that the most material facts in relation to the movements of the army during the past week, and to its present condition, have been withheld from the country, and suppressed by the War Department at Washington. The effect of this must have been to produce the utmost degree of consternation and alarm throughout the country. I propose in these lines to relate the truth, as I saw it with my own eyes. And I am confident that when the truth is known confidence in the army will be restored, and the people will see who is to blame for the recent reverses. Let me say in the outset that the Army of the Potomac, or, rather, the shattered remains of that gallant army, is perfectly safe and secure in their present position, and that they can and will maintain this position for a couple of weeks longer, if, during that time, they are reinforced by fresh and disciplined troops. But let me be equally frank on the other hand, and declare, in all candor, that if more than two weeks elapse before they arrive the Union troops will be driven from the peninsula.

The Army of the Potomac is now massed on the left bank of the James river, along a space of about five miles on the river, and to a distance of three miles back therefrom, at a point from six to ten miles below City Point. The spot is designated as Harrison's Landing. It is twenty five mile southeast of Richmond, in a direct line; but the river is so tortuous and crooked that it is nearly twice as far by water. The plantations in the vicinity are exceedingly rich and fertile, the wheat being either just cut or else fully ready for the reaper. The banks of the river slope down to the water's edge. The river bottom itself is a continuation of this very gradual slope, which makes the water near the shore exceedingly shallow. In order to afford landing places for vessels, therefore, long wooden piers or wharves are built, running far out into the stream. These landing places are usually designated by the names of the individuals who built them and upon whose plantations they abut.

The ground for miles around Harrison's Landing is admirably situated for defence. The army, since its arrival here, has made the most of these natural advantages, and is now strongly intrenched. As all of our heavy siege guns, and indeed all our artillery, except some sixty field pieces, have been saved, it will be seen at once that we are in good condition to stand even a siege, if the enemy should attempt one. But this is not expected.

The large Berkeley mansion, and the two smaller houses adjoining, as well as several negro huts in the vicinity, are all occupied as hospitals. The family—named Stark—I believe, have not been here since last March, and are now in Richmond. They removed most of their portable personal effects in April and May but left in the house all of their rich carpets, elegant furniture, &c. The rain has poured down in torrents to-day to-day; the grounds around the house are one mass of mud, and in two hours after the house was opened the rich carpets in every room were covered with a thick layer of the sacred soil, which, being tramped and grimed into them, has completely ruined them. Upon these once elegant but now muddy carpets, our wounded officers and soldiers are now lying closely crowded together. Two of the rooms down stairs are used for amputations, and in this department of surgery the surgeons have been busy all day. For the want of space, the sick and those slightly wounded are made to go outside the house, there not being room enough inside for the severely wounded alone. There are a great number of steamers and sailing vessels out in the stream, which are being fitted up to receive these sick and wounded men, and in a day or two they will all be removed to comfortable quarters.

All day Friday, June 27, General Heintzelman was actively engaged in forwarding the movement of the army towards the James river, which really commenced on that day. His headquarters were at Savage station, to which point, also, the general headquarters of the army had been removed (from Mickey's) the previous afternoon. During that day the enemy appeared in strong force in front of the positions occupied by the divisions of General Kearney and General Hooker. These positions, however, being strengthened by the extensive earthworks previously thrown up by General Heintzelman, the enemy did not venture to attack.

On Saturday, however, the enemy received information that the Union troops had abandoned White House, and were retreating towards the James river. This emboldened them, and they attacked Kearney and Hooker furiously. The troops composing the divisions of these officers withstood the onset with great steadiness, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in repulsing them at all points. In the fighting of this day General Kearney's brigadier generals, General Robinson and General Berry, distinguished themselves for their gallant conduct, and the undaunted courage of their men deserves special commendation. General Robinson is in temporary command of General Jameson's brigade during the severe illness of the latter. He is a major in the regular army, and a splendid officer. I must not omit to mention also the magnificent conduct of the Fortieth New York (Mozart) regiment, Colonel Thomas W. Egan. After Lieutenant Colonel Egan's honorable release from the unjust imprisonment to which he was subjected some weeks ago, General McClellan wrote a letter to Governor Morgan, of New York, requesting that Lieutenant Colonel Egan be promoted to be colonel of his regiment, on account of his being "the senior officer of the regiment, active, energetic and every way competent." "It gives me great pleasure," says General McClellan in this letter, "to recommend him as well deserving the position of permanent commander of the regiment." This letter was endorsed by Gen. Heintzelman, Gen. Kearney and Gen. Birney, the commanders respectively of the corps, division and brigade to which the Fortieth regiment is attached. General Heintzelman says in his letter:—"This promotion of Lieutenant Colonel Egan would only be a small reparation for the injustice he has suffered." General Kearney says:—"Lieutenant Colonel Egan has proved himself a gallant officer, and has always led his regiment with bravery and distinction. He merits the appointment." Lieutenant Colonel Egan accordingly was commissioned as colonel of the regiment. On this day he led his regiment into action as usual, and contributed largely to the glorious result. The enemy were driven back with heavy loss after desperate fighting, and Kearney remained master of the field.

By Sunday, however, the general movement of the army towards the James river was so far advanced that it became necessary to abandon Savage station, and consequently the line of redoubts west of that point and beyond the Seven Pines. These redoubts had been erected with infinite labor by Gen. Berry's brigade. The troops of the whole division had defended them with obstinate courage, and they received the order to abandon them with great reluctance. The order was imperative, however, and it was obeyed. Heintzelman's whole corps fell slowly back from Savage station towards White Oak Swamp in perfect order, keeping the enemy well in check all the time. There being no means of transporting them, two thousand five hundred sick and wounded soldiers were left behind at Savage station. The following surgeons remained with them, and will give them all attention, namely:—Dr. Swinburne, of Albany, in charge; Drs. Voorhees, of New Jersey; J. M. Fox, Underwood, Newell, Dowling, White, O. Munson, W. A. Smith and Nordman, of Philadelphia; Thompson, of Maine; Hogan, Middleton, Page and Potter, of the Seventh Maine. Besides these surgeons, fifty nurses were also detailed and left.

The Battle of Malvern Hills.

The last of the series of battles in McClellan's magnificent movement was fought on Tuesday evening last, July 1, on Malvern Hills, about seven miles from the position the Army of the Potomac occupies at present. The ground is for the most part open and undulating, presenting a splended position for a battle field. After the fight of the previous day, further to the front, our army fell back during the night and took up the most eligible position the country afforded, until it was enabled on Tuesday night to fall back still further to Harrison's Landing. In the morning, anticipating a vigorous pursuit by the enemy, General McClellan himself established the lines of his army, and personally placed his troops in position, prepared to meet the attack. The line formed a magnificent semicircle. Gen. Keyes was on the extreme right, with a portion of his command. Gen. Franklin's corps joined Keyes' left, and next in order from right to left were placed Sumner's corps, consisting of Richardson's and Sedgwick's divisions; Heintzelman's corps, embracing Hooker's and Kearney's divisions; next General Couch's division, which was detached from Keyes' command, while Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps, consisting of Gen. Morell's division and the regulars, formed the extreme left. The configuration of the country rendered the left almost certainly secure; for the lowlands beneath were completely commanded by our artillery and the gunboats. The right, however, was not so secure, and that was the reason the position was found to be untenable afterwards. The enemy did not get his pursuing troops in position until the afternoon. For several hours heavy cannonading was kept up on both sides—our ponderous siege guns, which were ranged in a splendid position near the centre of our lines, pouring destructive volleys into the columns of the enemy as they were being brought forward and formed into line. After the artillery on both sides opened in the afternoon, the shot and shell filled the air, and a most terrific cannonading was kept up, with intervals, for hours. About half-past three o'clock the enemy's skirmishers advanced near our centre, and the opposing lines in front of General Couch's position were soon hotly engaged. In this attempt to break our lines the enemy signally failed. He was speedily driven back at the point of the bayonet, and lost several colors, which we captured.

Later in the afternoon the enemy brought out three light batteries, posted them near some barns in a wheatfield, and opened a fierce fire on the same portion of our line. Several of our batteries in Hooker's and Kearney's divisions immediately returned the fire, and soon silenced those of the enemy. It was nearly sundown when the enemy made another attempt to pierce our lines in front of General Porter's and Couch's positions. A terrible cannonade was opened, and, simultaneously, heavy lines of rebels were pushed to the front, under cover of the artillery. Our troops met them in the most gallant style, and the battle raged fiercely for two hours or more, the tide gradually sweeping round from left to right. Heavy columns had been seen in the afternoon bearing to our right, and apprehensions were entertained that the enemy might burst out in that direction; but, happily, these painful apprehensions were not realized. The rebels hurled their forces, however, with fearful fury against our lines. General Couch, who had immediate command of that portion of the line, in the most gallant manner planted the colors of his regiment where he wanted them, and inspired his soldiers with confidence. No troops fought more bravely than those engaged in this battle. After the firing was running round to the right General Porter sent to General Sumner for reinforcements, and several regiments, including the Irish brigade, were sent. This bold brigade, headed by the intrepid General Meagher, arrived in front in time to render the most signal service. Lieutenant Colonel Burke, of the Sixty-third New York, is among the wounded. During the engagement it was a magnificent sight to see, amid the bursting shells, infantry, artillery and cavalry moving inside the semicircle, with remarkable celerity, to different parts of the field. General McClellan, accompanied by a portion of his staff, rode along the field, and was loudly cheered by our troops. In this battle, which closed soon after darkness set in, the rebels did not gain one inch of ground. We drove them back at every point with fearful loss. Where our artillery opened with grape and canister the killed and wounded rebels were actually piled upon each other. Several rebel regiments which came out in defiant line of battle were terribly cut up. The battle was brief, but bloody. The rebel loss must have amounted to several thousand. It is impossible to accurately estimate our own, as circumstances compelled us to leave many on the field. It is believed, however, that one thousand will more than cover it.

During the night our troops retired to Harrison's Landing, where the wagons were also conveyed, and where we are now receiving reinforcements. The fearful rain storm on Wednesday tended to increase the disadvantages under which our troops have been laboring. They had been fighting in the daytime and marching at night for six or seven days. The splendid manner in which they fought has shown the temper of our troops.

The enemy made no attack on Wednesday, and the time was occupied by our generals in getting up the stragglers, and in putting the various commands in good fighting order.

On Thursday the enemy had pushed some artillery forward so as to throw some shell into our position; but the gunboats returned the fire with effect. At noon everything was quiet in that vicinity.

STEAMER J. A. WARNER, OFF HARRISON'S LANDING, July 2, 1862.

The New Army Position—The Loss—Arrangements for Supplies—General McClellan—The Work of the Abolitionists—Why Were Reinforcements Not Sent?—The Twentieth New York Volunteers, &c.

Our peninsula army, after a series of severe battles with the rebels, who outnumbered us as two to one, defeating and repulsing them in their endeavors to stop its necessary and prudential retreat, is now encamped in this vicinity, where the transports lie with commissary and quartermaster's stores.

From your correspondent's present position, it is impossible to approximate to our own or the enemy's loss. His loss must be terrible, as our artillery in covering the retreat was served with great rapidity, precision and effect.

General McClellan left the steamer a few moments ago, having come on board to converse with Generals Van Vliet and Ingalls, in reference to the speedy landing of stores.

Our brave and undaunted "Little Mac" looks as cheerful and self-possessed as when he reviewed the 250,000 men around Washington in the early spring. *The General, in his earnest manner, said to a well known brigadier general, bringing his brawny arm down with emphasis, "We have fought them every day for a week, three to one, and have whipped them invariably."*

There is, of course, a feeling of great despondency in the army. Not a breath of complaint escapes officers or men of General McClellan; but the curses loud and deep which fall on the air against the real authors of this withdrawal of our lines from before Richmond are ominous of the doom which awaits them from the great tribune of public sentiment at the North and in the border States. It is now beginning to be believed that this war is to be attempted to be made to last until the negroes are freed, no matter what hecatombs of victims from the whites of the North are made to satisfy this moloch of abolitionism. How long will this bloody mockery last, when men are bidden to make their graves and lie in them by the unprincipled and incarnate abolitionists, who by some means appear to have obtained control of the conduct of army movements? For months even the New York *Tribune*, the vilest of the vile sheets of abolition and incendiary views, has admitted the fact that the rebel force outnumbered ours two to one; and yet the powers that be have listlessly and unconcernedly allowed this time to pass by without reinforcing our army here, virtually consenting, not to say conniving, at McClellan's defeat and the useless slaughter of his brave officers and men. To be sure, a paltry reinforcement of one division, say 7,000 men, was sent to us. What a contribution towards making up the 100,000 additional troops required to meet an enemy, even then superior in numbers, behind most formidable intrenchments!

It is a fact patent to the army that after the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, where McClellan had used his forlorn hope, "Sumner's corps," with effect, and had driven the enemy back pellmell, the capture of Richmond would have been assured if a force of from 25,000 to 50,000 men had been at hand. Alas! it was not there, and since those bloody days of battle our troops have been exposed to miasma and the influences of neglect from those who should have given a helping hand, until the time of the last eventful, deplorable—yet, for the officers and men engaged, still glorious—series of struggles of the past week.

A slight mistake was made a few days since, in stating that the Twentieth New York volunteer regiment were under arrest. The Colonel commanding the said regiment was ordered under arrest on the field, and his sword was taken from him by General Davidson, of General Smith's division. It appears he was ordered to occupy a certain position, which he declined, refusing to take the order from General Davidson's aid-de-camp. He consequently led his regiment into an ambuscade, where the rebels shelled them and they lost heavily. At this time Captain Heym, the proprietor of the New York Stadt theatre, was wounded and taken prisoner; also Captain Katrie. Lieutenant Colonel Schnoepf is said to be taken prisoner; but the regiment was doing duty and are in the field under the command of the major. Had this regiment been led into battle by their brave colonel, now General Max Weber, who is sick with typhoid fever, at Suffolk, this would not have happened to them. The regiment fought well at all times; but the new colonel who commanded them did not have the confidence of the men.

HARRISON'S POINT, JAMES RIVER, July 3, 1862.

Operations of the Naval Flotilla in the James River—The River Police—The Danger of This Service—The Expedition Up the Appomattox—Loss of the Island Belle—The Support the Gunboats Rendered Gen. McClellan—The Reception They Gave the Rebels—Our Losses, &c.

While the attention of the country is centred upon the important operations of the Army of the Potomac during the momentous strategic movements of the past six days, the no less important operations of the gallant and effective naval fleet, under Commander John Rodgers, of the Galena, should not be overlooked or forgotten.

In the fleet are the iron-clad Galena, the flag ship; the Monitor, Captain Jeffreys; the gunboats Maratanza, Captain T. H. Stevens; Port Royal, Captain George H. Morris; Mahaska, Captain Harrison; Aroostook, Captain Beaumont; Satellite, Captain Gibson; Jacob Bell, Captain McKinz; Southfield, Captain Barr. The Stepping Stones, Island Belle and others, the names of which do not now recur to me, have been exceedingly active in attacking batteries, shelling rebel troops, burning their quarters, and in keeping open the river, by acting as patrolmen or the river police. All this service has not been unaccompanied by danger and loss of life. In the dense woods that crown the summit of the high bluffs on either hand, under which the gunboats are obliged to steam, lurk parties of guerillas, who pick off the men with rifle shots, and against whom there can be little or no protection. We move along rapidly, and, however sharp the lookout, the white puff of smoke, the sharp crack of rifles from silent woods, and the falling of men, are the only indications of the presence of a treacherous foe; and the shell, bursting in the rebel covert, finds no victims for its death-dealing fragments. They fire one volley, and, like cowards, slink away and escape their just punishment. The lookouts aloft are particularly exposed to the aim of these scoundrels, and so many have been killed or wounded that it became necessary to construct bullet-proof lookouts in the tops, which afford comparative protection to our brave men. The men at the wheel are likewise protected, and frequently all are sent below when passing these dangerous points. This river service, while it gains but little honor to the officers and men, is equally as dangerous as the more brilliant operations in attacking batteries or destroying a fleet.

An affair which occurred up the Appomattox river the other day has not received the attention its importance merits. Information was received by Captain Rodgers to the effect that a large quantity of coal was stored at Fort Walthall, about fifteen miles up the Appomattox, out of which the rebels drew large and valuable supplies. It was deemed important to capture this coal, which could be turned to a very good account in supplying motive power to our gunboats, or, in the event of the non-ability to take it away, to destroy it.

On the 26th of June Captain Rodgers ordered the Maratanza, Port Royal, Mahaska, Monitor, Satellite, Southfield, Stepping Stones and Island Belle to proceed up the Appomattox and effect the above named object. The fleet proceeded up to City Point and entered the Appomattox, which is a narrow and tortuous stream, and in parts exceedingly shallow and of dangerous navigation, and had safely progressed as far as a place called Point of Rocks, about ten miles up, when they were vigorously attacked by a body of men in the woods on a bluff, with musketry. Fire was immediately returned with shell, shrapnel and canister, and after a little the enemy were driven off. The vessels nearly all got aground here, and many of them remained hard and fast for several hours. The Maratanza was aground forty-eight hours, and the Island Belle about sixty hours, all exertions to get them off proving abortive. The enemy attempted to bring a light battery to bear upon the Maratanza, while she was in a most perplexing and unfortunate condition, and when she would have suffered greatly; but the guns of the other gunboats drove them off, and they relinquished the idea in the most considerate manner. At the end of forty-eight hours, by dint of hard labor, the Maratanza was extricated from her perilous position, comparatively uninjured. Meanwhile, reconnoissances by Captain Stevens demonstrated the fact that the enemy were in force up the river, and aware of our presence, and also the more important fact that the navigation of the river is entirely impracticable for long vessels and vessels of any draught at all. The enemy, fearing our visit, and undoubtedly divining one of its objects, set fire to the huge pile of coal at Walthall, and soon it was being consumed, with the property around it; and the light thrown out by the burning pile could be seen last night, showing that the work of destruction will be complete.

All efforts to get off the Island Belle—though her guns were taken off, coal and provisions transferred to other vessels, and other means adopted to lighten her—were fruitless; and at the end of sixty hours she was still aground, when orders came from the Flag Officer for the gunboats to proceed immediately up the James river, and render all the assistance they could in protecting the operations of General McClellan, who was then approaching the James river for a new base of operations. As it was found impossible to get the Island Belle off, she was burned, to prevent her from falling into the enemy's hands. The Island Belle was a small tug, armed with a short thirty-two and a small Dahlgren howitzer. Her machinery was badly out of order, and her loss is comparatively unimportant. Upon receiving information of General McClellan's movements, the entire fleet got under weigh and pushed down the Appomattox into the James river, thence up the latter stream to a point above Turkey Island, where General McClellan's left wing first reached the river. The rebels were treated to a dose of eleven-inch and hundred-pounder rifled shell, when they approached too near the river, and they gave our forces but little trouble at that point.

On Tuesday last, in the afternoon, the Galena and Mahaska shelled the rebels on our right wing, who were inclined to be a little too importunate in their advances, and occasioned them great loss of life. The fire was sharp and uninterrupted, and the effect must have been terrible. The enemy could be seen from the Galena, and of course her fire was exceedingly correct and destructive. Three or four nine-inch shell into a regiment was quite enough to produce great consternation, and the enemy were finally repulsed and withdrew out of range. The Maratanza, Aroostook and another are now lying a little below City Point, guarding the left flank of the army, occasionally dropping a shell or two into the woods to clear them of interlopers. The Monitor, Mahaska, Currituck, Southfield and another lie near in shore on the right flank, and keep it clear of intruders.

This morning the enemy appeared in considerable force on our front, and there was quite a lively little skirmish for two or three hours; but they were driven off. They also attempted to hang around our flanks, and the gunboats opened on them with good effect. If there is one thing more than another which the rebel has a deepseated and well founded aversion to it is a gunboat. They cannot endure it; and you may well imagine their disgust when they find the gallant army of General McClellan safely in position on the river, with his provisions landed at his door, and a goodly number of gunboats, with the terrible eleven, ten and nine inch shell guns, and hundred-pounder rifled guns, bearing over his entire camp and guarding with sleepless vigil both flanks. It is not a picture they like to contemplate.

All the disposable vessels in Commodore Goldsborough's squadron will probably be employed in this river, keeping open communication, and aiding Gen. McClellan "on to Richmond." A dozen more gunboats should be sent here immediately, and, under the intelligent direction of Captain John Rodgers, the river will remain open, and the way paved to the rebel capital. The naval branch of the service is now very important, and it is essential that the fleet in these waters should be large, powerful, and adapted to the service.

The army of General McClellan is in excellent spirits, and, when a little refreshed, is ready to meet the enemy again. The rebels are not likely to attack us here, as we have a strong position, with well protected flanks, plenty to eat and able to fling them when they come. They are away from their base of operations, and it cannot be considered an easy matter to transport provisions so far, when the roads are in as horrible condition as now. The recent heavy rains have well nigh rendered impassable the roads about here—indeed, I should think entirely impassable for artillery. Navigation about camp is most terrible. I have obtained soundings in several spots; but you may with propriety term the navigation "deep sea," as the mud is almost fathomless. Horses are of little use to those who, like myself, can't get them; and walking, unless one is protected by the highest kind of top boots, exceeding slow, tedious and uncomfortable. Stragglers are coming in hourly—those wounded I mean; and we shall soon be able to get at the loss sustained during the past week. My opinion is that it will fall far short of 15,000, and that of the enemy will prove more than double ours. Most of our siege trains came in safety, and not more than twenty pieces of artillery, if as many, can have been lost or destroyed. All this can be better stated in a day or two.

The wounded and sick are being rapidly sent off by the Sanitary Commission, and you may soon look for quite a number in New York.

The mail will be sent to and from the army regularly in a few days.

Our Fortress Monroe Correspondence.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 3, 1862.

Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Sutler—The Abolitionists and the War—The Visitors at the Fortress—What They Say and Why They Say It—The Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments—All Well—The Passengers by the Nelly Baker—The Rebel Soldiers Are Not to Know Where They Are Going—Arrival of the C. Vanderbilt—Wounded Soldiers, &c., &c.

Yesterday the day was dark and gloomy, with heavy rain at intervals. Crowds of "skedaddling" sutlers and army hangers on congregated in and about the hotel, and told of hairbreadth escapes, and mourned over the loss of stale bread, cake, pies, paper collars and all the et ceteras of a sutler's store. Ten thousand rumors were started and spread from tongue to tongue. Madam Rumor held her court here in full sway. Towards evening quietude settled upon us. The Baltimore boat carried off a lot of the mischiefmakers, and we were not sorry, I can assure you. Several vessels went up the James river to-day with despatches, &c.; but that did not produce the sensation which an arrival from the new seat of war would have done.

The few abolitionists here would like to rejoice over what they term a defeat of McClellan; but as they are not in the majority they wisely have kept still. The way they conduct themselves shows that they hope to make this a war for "*the abolition of slavery or the dismemberment of the Union.*" Of late quite a number of English army officers have been guests at the headquarters of our army, always treated with marked respect and courtesy, and yet they come down here and report untruths about our army, its condition and the probabilities of its success. And, to make the matter better, they go to their national war vessels and tell their countrymen that we are irrecoverably whipped. The joke of the thing is that they are on their way to Canada, not being willing to stay on Yankee soil during the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence. They remember the days when a few farmers whipped the flower of the British army. Secretary Stanton would do well to keep these meddling British soldiers away from our line of operations, if he does not want misstatements made in regard to it.

The sutlers are clamoring for a passage up the James river, to open their vile swindling shops to rob the soldiers. To send them away altogether would be of great benefit to our poor soldiers. There are many abuses in our army; but I think sutlers in this category rank A No. 1.

Flag Officer Goldsborough's visit to Fortress Monroe yesterday gave rise to quite a number of absurd rumors, none of which are worthy of record.

I learn the storeship William Badger, Captain Henry P. Carr, will soon leave here for Beaufort, N. C., to furnish supplies for our naval vessels thereabouts. Captain Carr will be missed in these waters. His duties have been very arduous, and, by a very faithful performance of them, he has won the esteem of all who know him.

Mrs. Colonel Sweitzer, who came on here yesterday to learn the fate of her husband, while listening to the tales of the battle field, accidentally overheard two gentlemen conversing about her husband, and one of them remarked that "he saw him killed." The scene that followed baffles description, and the lady was borne to her room insensible. This is one of the sad realities of war, and the spectators of this sad scene will never forget it.

The Commissary's and Quartermaster's transports are rapidly leaving the Roads for a more convenient anchoring ground, and where they can readily supply the troops. Everything is bustle and hurry; yet everything goes on smoothly. The news to-day is much better than the radicals could have wished, and, despite the croaking, "all is well."

A report was circulated here that nearly all the officers of the Tenth New York Volunteers were killed or wounded. I conversed with two of them last evening, and they denied it. One of them informed me that Captain Briggs, of this regiment, was shot in the cheek; but it did not prevent him from doing his duty. Colonel Bendix and officers were all well on Saturday evening.

The despatch boats of the day are looked for with intense interest, and we expect nothing but first rate news. It now remains to be seen how near right we are.

The steamer John Brooks arrived this morning with a lot of wounded from headquarters, a full list of whom I forward you. These men are quite cheerful, and tell us that everything is working for the best. The Nelly Baker, Capt. A. W. Colden, arrived, bringing news from the army as late as five o'clock this morning. We learn by her that the fighting continued up to yesterday, when the enemy fell back, tired out and disheartened. The loss of the past few days has been four rebels to one Unionist. The rebel leaders are perfectly reckless in their sacrifice of their men. They should be more careful for their own benefit; but if they desire to end the matter soon let them go on as they have been doing. They were led into a trap day before yesterday in which they suffered terribly. They were placed between three fires, one being from the gunboats, and their loss is said to be truly terrific. At the time the Nelly Baker left this morning everything was quiet along our lines, and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of the opening of hostilities, on the part of the rebels at least.

I think they have found out by this time that the strategy of General McClellan is rather in advance of their views of military movements. Upon the whole, the news from the seat of war is truly cheering, the yarns of croaking abolitionists notwithstanding to the contrary.

Among the passengers of the Nelly Baker were two officers and twenty-eight privates belonging to the rebel army, and a more villanous, cut-throat looking set of pirates the world has never seen. On the arrival of the boat at the pier these worthies, in charge of a guard, were marched to the office and handed over to Provost Marshal Lieut. Wm. E. Blake, who temporarily confined them in the guardhouse in the fort until further orders. The following is a list of their names:—

J. J. Laughlin, Co. B, Thirtieth North Carolina.
Aaron B. Peor, Co. A, Thirty-first Georgia.
J. T. Rogers, Co. E, Fourteenth North Carolina.
Wylie Sands, Co. K, Fourteenth North Carolina.
S. H. Harder, Co. K, Twentieth Georgia.
D. Hannon, Co. D, Fourteenth North Carolina.
Jesse Sapp, Co. K, Forty-fifth North Carolina.
Alex. McBall, Co. H, Thirtieth North Carolina.
J. J. Bland, Co. E, Thirty-third North Carolina.
J. C. Gaston, Co. F, Fourteenth North Carolina.
Michael Jas. Boone, Co. A, Thirtieth North Carolina.
Alfred Rice, Co. F, Fourteenth North Carolina.
William McCauley, Co. H, Thirtieth North Carolina.
Stephen Boone, Co. A, Thirtieth North Carolina.

The above are prisoners of war. The annexed is a list of prisoners of state sent to the fostering care of Provost Marshal Blake:—

John Fisher.
A. L. Fisher.
M. F. Allen.
M. Ambloe.
Henry Sensieng.
F. W. Bills.
W. W. Bottoms.
Geo. E. Bottoms.

The entire batch were sent to the Rip Raps.

One of the aids of Major General McClellan, *en route* for Washington, also came down by the Nelly Baker, on business with the War Department. From him I learn many things which have not been made public before. This gentleman states that on Saturday he saw a copy of the *Richmond Examiner*, which had a lengthy article on the battles that had been fought. The editor laments the heavy loss of the Confederates, and seems quite despoding. While they claim that the rebels have driven our troops back from their strong positions, they do not even claim a victory, and admit their loss to be upwards of twenty thousand. The article further states that the rebel Secretary of War is very strict on the press, and allows nothing appertaining to the events of war to be published.

The rebel General Johnston, issued an order (published in the *Examiner*) prohibiting all the soldiers, officers as well as privates, from asking the names of towns and places through which the troops march, under penalty of imprisonment. This order is undoubtedly to keep the poor soldiers in ignorance of their positions. From a highly respectable and undoubted source I learn that this morning the enemy appeared within three miles of Harrison's Landing, and commenced shelling our troops. One of our gunboats ran up, and by a few well directed shots drove the rebels with great slaughter from their assumed position.

The transport Cornelius Vanderbilt has just arrived from above, with about seven hundred sick and wounded. She left at daylight this morning. Clement B. Barclay, Esq., the great philanthropist and kind hearted nurse of our soldiers, came passenger in her, having devoted himself chiefly to the care of the wounded from the battlefields. On his arrival here, covered with mud from head to foot, he sought Mrs. Sweitzer, and brought her the gratifying intelligence that Lieutenant Colonel Sweitzer was but slightly wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. This lady is overwhelmed with gratitude at the pleasing intelligence.

The lateness of the hour prohibits me from sending a list of the wounded brought by the C. Vanderbilt. By to-morrow's mail I shall send you a full roll. Dr. J. M Cuyler, medical inspector of this department, is working almost by superhuman aid in providing for the comfort of the poor wounded soldiers. Medicines and delicacies in abundance were supplied by him; also requisitions for clothing the troops were signed by Dr. Cuyler to Dr. S. B. Horn, of Philadelphia, surgeon in charge of the wounded on the John Brooks.

On the latter named boat I found Major Gamble, of the Seventh New York Volunteers (Steuben regiment), who was slightly wounded in the right side. A ball passed through his coat, grazing and crushing his ribs. Another ball, a grape shot, struck the hilt of his sword, bending it completely and skinning the knuckle of his thumb.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 3—Evening.

What McClellan's Recent Movement is Considered by the Rebels—What we have Gained by It—Arrival of the C. Vanderbilt with Wounded—Lieutenant Colonel Sweitzer not Killed—General Kearney Reported Killed.

There have been several arrivals here to-day from Harrison's Landing—the present headquarters of our army. A decided change for the better has taken place, and rest has added fresh physical and mental vigor to our troops. The cowardly hangers on of the army have quieted down, and things in general wear a more cheerful aspect. Rumors have decreased in number as well as in absurdity, and the plain facts now begin to come home upon us.

I am proud to say that even the enemy do not call our movement a defeat, or their gain of ground a victory. I have heard it stated by those who have seen very late Richmond papers, that the rebels put down their loss over 30,000 men, and the leaders in their journals are by no means of a healthy tone as regards our own prospects. To them the capture of their capital seems now more certain than ever, and despite their efforts they do not see how it can escape falling into their hands, although they intend to resist to the bitter end. In a measure they begin to see the outlines of the grand movement of our little Mac, and, knowing him as they do, they fear him beyond measure. Our gunboats are dreaded more than all, and in spite of their Fort Darling, the rebel nest will ere long be shelled out.

Officers and men who came down to-day, and with whom I freely conversed, say that when the facts of the past week are known in their true light, it will be seen that, although we have suffered severely, we have gained an advantage fully commensurate with our losses. For one I am satisfied that the movement has been one of superb generalship, and, moreover, that every time the enemy attacked us they were repulsed with heavy loss. The skedaddlers, who brought the first news, exaggerated everything they saw, and in many instances told downright falsehoods. I have seen several cases proved here in the past four days.

The sanitary steamer C. Vanderbilt arrived here this afternoon with a large number of wounded on board, but up to a late hour she had not come up to the wharf, being at anchor in the bay.

By her we learn that Col. Sweitzer, reported killed in my last letter, was only slightly wounded, but unfortunately is now a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. His wife feels very much rejoiced at the news, and, of course, prefers his captivity to his death.

It is rumored that General Kearney is killed. Another statement says he is wounded and a prisoner. It is hard to tell just now the true state of our missing; but quite a number reported killed and wounded have since turned up all right.

A batch of over thirty prisoners arrived here to-day. Most of them belong to North Carolina regiments. They were sent to Fort Wool, on the Rip Raps.

About five hundred wounded men arrived here to-day previous to the arrival of the Vanderbilt. She has about seven hundred on board. We are expecting others hourly. Thus far those who have arrived here are in the majority slightly wounded, and will do well. Of those arriving I know but little of the character of their wounds.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 4, 1862.

The "Fourth" at Fortress Monroe—The British Sloop-of-War Jason Salutes the Day—Arrival of the Commodore and State of Maine with Wounded—Arrival of the Hero with Five Hundred Rebel Prisoners—The Civilians to Leave the Fortress—The Rebel Tactics on the James River—Mr. Stanton and the Troops—The Missing Coming In—Our Loss Overstated—The Rebel Recklessness—An Advance of Our Forces Early Expected—What Is Expected of the North, &c.

This day was ushered in upon us in beauty, and it has been the most pleasant we have had in some time.

At noon salutes were fired from the fort, the gunboats and one from the British sloop-of-war Jason, who had a Star Spangled Banner at her main. The Brazilian corvette also flew our national emblem, but being a small vessel she did not salute. All the vessels in the Roads are decorated with their bunting, and yet one would scarcely believe that it was the anniversary of the glorious old Fourth.

The State of Maine was here to-day; but I am unable to get a list of the wounded on board of her. I, however, send you a few names, among them that of Colonel C. E. Pratt, who goes North to-night. He is wounded in the face, a terrible wound. The ball has not yet been extracted. He is in excellent spirits, and only regrets that he is obliged to leave his command at this time.

I also forward you a partial list [already published.—Ed.] of the wounded on board the Commodore, which arrived this afternoon. Colonel Lee, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, is on board, sick, but not wounded, as reported. There are quite a number of officers on board.

The Hero arrived this noon, with nearly five hundred rebel prisoners of war on board. I am free to confess that I never saw a worse looking lot of fellows in my life. They represent regiments from all sections of the South. Some of them are so ignorant that even now they do not know where they are.

An order is to be issued (so it is reported) to-day for all persons not connected with the army and navy to immediately leave this place. This has been brought about by the presence of a number of blacklegs and pickpockets who have infested this place for some days past. It is said that several persons have been robbed, or, to be more explicit, had their pockets picked. If this be true, this order will be hailed by all interested here with great joy; for we are crowded and run over with nearly all the villains in the country. Panic makers abound in countless numbers, and their infernal lies distract the people of the North and give aid to the enemy.

The wounded still arrive, and as soon as they are properly cared for and supplied with stores, ice, &c., they are forwarded North. It is almost next to impossible to get full lists of them as they now arrive.

I learn to-day that the Richmond papers put their loss down, up to Monday, at over 40,000. Magruder is reported to be a prisoner in our hands.

The enemy still find time and men to annoy us on the James river, and will try, if possible, to blockade the river below McClellan's head