THE DAILY PITTSBURGH GAZETTE

AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1786. PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1862. VOLUME LXXV--NO. 170.

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First Mortgage on Improved City Property, worth double the amount	$165,600 00
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Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s Stock	4,000 00
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Commercial Bank do	5,135 91
Mechanics' Bank do	2,012 50
Union M. Insurance Co.'s Scrip	160 00
Bills Receivable, business paper	16,297 18
Book Accounts, accrued interest, etc	6,216 72
Cash on hand and in hands of agents	11,385 15
	$308,508 16

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Statement of Assets, January 1st, 1860, published agreeably to an act of Assembly, being—

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Temporary Loans, on ample Collateral Securities	89,135 70
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Cash	27,919 00
	$2,203,053 68

The only profits from premiums which this Company can divide by law are from risks which have been determined.

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Since their incorporation, a period of thirty years, they have paid losses by fire to an amount exceeding Four Millions of Dollars, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of Insurance, as well as their ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.

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ASSETS, OCTOBER 30, 1860:

Stock Accounts	$63,000 00
Mortgages	2,100 00
Office Furniture	250 00
Open Accounts, &c	7,809 00
Cash	18,351 99
Premium Notes	27,695 14
Notes and Bills Discounted	174,075 12
	$233,281 25

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JAS. VEECH, (late of Fayette county, Pa.,) ATTORNEY, &c. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Office—S. E. corner Fourth and Grant streets.

my22:6m

JOHN G. MACCONNELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE, second story KUHN'S LAW BUILDING, No 93 Diamond street.

Will attend to the settlement, scouring and collection of claims, bounties, &c., in Washington, District of Columbia. no19:6mw

JOHN M. KIRKPATRICK ... JOHN MELLON.

KIRKPATRICK & MELLON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 133 Fourth street, five doors above Smithfield, Pittsburgh, Pa. myl7:dlf

THOMAS EWING, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OFFICE, No. 100 Fourth street, corner of Cherry alley, Pittsburgh, Pa. anll:dawlyT

SAMUEL A. PURVIANCE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE, Fifth street, adjoining the office of Marshall & Brown, Pittsburgh, Pa. ja29:dly

C. B. M. SMITH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed to KUHN'S LAW BUILDINGS, No. 12 Diamond street, next door to St. Peter's Church. my16:dly

S. SCHOYER, JR. ... SAMUEL C. SCHOYER.

S. & S. C. SCHOYER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office, 139 Fourth street, Pittsburgh. je3

PIANO STOOLS.—Largest assortment of Piano Stools in the city, just received. CHARLOTTE BLUME, 43 Fifth street, Sole agent for Knabe's unrivalled Pianos. my27

SWITZER CHEESE—2 casks just received and for sale by B. DALZELL & CO. my30

Pittsburgh Gazette.

S. RIDDLE & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, Publication Office No. 84 Fifth Street.

MORNING AND EVENING EDITIONS, DAILY, CONTAINING THE LATEST NEWS UP TO THE HOUR OF PUBLICATION.

TERMS:

MORNING EDITION—$6 per annum in advance, or 12 cents per week from carriers.

EVENING EDITION—$3 per annum in advance, or 6 cents per week from carriers.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 4.

THE EVACUATION OF CORINTH.

Further Particulars.

A telegraphic dispatch from the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, gives the following particulars preceding and accompanying the evacuation of Corinth. We condense the account:

On Saturday, the 17th inst., there was a general advance of the entire army; a position was taken, rifle-pits dug, intrenchments thrown up, and seige-guns planted. During Sunday and Monday there were picket firings and skirmishing with a body of rebel infantry, concealed in a piece of timber on our left. Monday night and Tuesday were characterized by similar demonstrations.

We were now close to Corinth; so near that during the night we could see the signals sent up by the commanders of the different corps of the rebel army; hear the falling of trees, the building or destruction of bridges in the rebel camp; the rumbling of the trains as they arrived and departed from the depot, and the shrill whistle of the locomotives, all indicating that unusual demonstrations were being made in the beleaguered city.

On Wednesday, there was a trifling skirmish and shells were for the first time thrown towards the enemy and spiritedly returned. No great damage was done, however.

Thursday, skirmishing and picket-firing as usual. It was on Thursday night that Col. Worthington, of the Iowa 5th, the officer of the day for Gen. Pope's division, while making the grand rounds to the several picket stations, a little past midnight, was shot and instantly killed by one of our own men.

Friday, there was sharp skirmishing on Gen. Pope's right and Gen. Nelson's left. Shells were fired with great rapidity during the day, most of which were out of range, and did no harm. Friday night picket firing was carried on as usual.

On Saturday there was brisk cannonading on the part of both armies, principally with field artillery. The results were inconsiderable.

Sunday this was renewed.

On Monday, the 26th, there was a brisk engagement between the advance of both armies; shot and shell from rebel batteries fell like hail in our ranks, and for a time a general engagement seemed inevitable. This finally subsided, only to be renewed with more spirit on Tuesday.

Tuesday afternoon Col. Purcell, of the 10th Iowa, acting Brigadier General, commanding four regiments from Pope's division, encountered a brigade of rebel infantry, and after a sharp fight, compelled their retreat with considerable loss. We lost eight or ten wounded, but none killed.

On Wednesday, the 28th, there was heavy cannonading during the entire day. At ten o'clock in the morning, a force of Federal infantry were thrown out to plant a 24-pound Parrott gun upon an eminence commanding a piece of timber on our left, which sheltered the rebel regiment, who so continually and persistently annoyed us. The enemy discovering our intentions, advanced a body of troops to take the gun. Our forces were immediately drawn up in line of battle to await their approach. Not a man stirred from the ranks until the enemy approached within fifty yards of our lines, when Col. Purcell ordered the 5th Minnesota to charge bayonets. Ninety rebels were killed outright in that wonderful charge. Hundreds were wounded, and the enemy fled in ignoble confusion.

Wednesday morning a council of war was called, in which all the Generals participated. One result reached, was the determination to make a general advance on Thursday. Another, was the conclusion to send Col. Elliott, of the 2d Iowa cavalry, with eleven companies of his own command, and eight companies of the 2d Michigan cavalry, upon an expedition to the south of Corinth, which he so ably executed.

At six o'clock Thursday morning the troops were formed in line of battle, with three days' rations in their haversacks. Col. Purcell's brigade made the first attack upon the enemy, which was done with such spirit that he incontinently fled, abandoning with great precipitancy the rifle pits and intrenchments occupied the preceding night. This was accomplished by eight o'clock.

A heavy fire was then opened along the whole Federal line, which was replied to with great spirit for several hours, after which the enemy ceased, and after a little while all was quiet and we were resting on our laurels. It was at this time, probably, that the bulk of the Confederate troops left Corinth.

Later in the day the bombardment was resumed, without eliciting any reply. This was continued at intervals during the night, with like results.

Friday morning the idea seemed first to strike the generals that Corinth was possibly evacuated; and scouts were sent forward to ascertain if it was not true. They soon returned with the news, and speedily the army was in motion to the music of the national anthems. They marched past the rebel fortifications, into the city of Corinth, and soon the glorious old banner was waving from the summit of the court house. As its brilliant folds were unfurled in the glad breeze of that bright morning, a loud cheer of exultation leaped from fifty thousand throats, baptising in an ocean of sound the flag of the Union.

An examination of the fortifications showed that their strength had been vastly overestimated. It was the Quaker guns of Manassas farce re-enacted at Corinth. A determined assault would have carried the place at any time, and bagged the enemy. The town itself was barren of men and trophies. Not a gun remained. Everything of value excepting a small warehouse filled with commissary stores was removed or destroyed, burning buildings and the smoking remnants of provisions and bridges indicated the recent evacuation, and the rumbling of the cars in the distance almost within the limits of the town, showed how leisurely the rebels had departed.

A cavalry force, with two pieces of artillery, was sent to follow the fleeing Confederates, but cavalry is no match for locomotives, and they probably mostly escaped. There was a rumor that 2,000 stragglers were captured. This is the feast, the enjoyment of which has been so long a time promised to the loyal citizens of the Union—$100,000,000 of money and 10,000 precious lives is a fearful price for the occupancy of a deserted town and the capture of 2,000 rebels.

Gen. Halleck and Gen. Grant have removed their headquarters. A force of Confederate cavalry, estimated at 8,000, had left in the direction of Memphis by land on the Kossuth road, who were being pursued by the Federal cavalry and artillery, with a prospect of speedily overtaking them.

When our forces arrived within the town they found conspicuously posted upon the front of the empty warehouses and deserted dwelling houses "this house to let, enquire of G. T. Beauregard."

Gen. Halleck is said to have been very indignant when he found the bird flown and the nest still warm on his arrival. There is also a feeling of regret manifested on every hand by the army that an opportunity was not afforded them to whip out the rebels in a fair fight.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.—C. P. Wolcott, late Attorney General of Ohio, has been designated as Assistant Secretary of War in place of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, resigned. He will somewhat relieve Assistant Secretary Watson, whose labors have been too great for any one man to perform ever since his appointment. Secretary Stanton has for more than a week stayed day and night at the War Office, taking all his food and sleep there.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

The Only Correct Account of the Battle at Front Royal.

OUR TROOPS UNDER GEN. BANKS.

THE GENERAL COMMANDING.

The Bearing of the Troops.

CONTRABANDS AND HOSPITAL PATIENTS OFF IN A PANIC.

&c., &c., &c.

Our Special Correspondence.

WILLIAMSPORT, MD., June 1st, 1862.

DEAR GAZETTE: Your "Special" arrived in this town on Thursday last, and up to this writing, is the only visitor from Western Pennsylvania—much to the surprise of the troops from that region, now here. I have made several attempts to telegraph particulars to you from Hagerstown, six miles north—the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railway, but the Government operator there, my friend Charlie Lonsberry, formerly of the P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., cooly advised me to save my paper, as he could transmit *nothing* for the press save the regular Associated Press report, via the War Office. I was somewhat mollified on learning that even this has been suppressed by censor Sanford, as contraband. This by way of apology for not posting your readers earlier.

I arrived in Williamsport simultanously with a torrent of rain, which had been traveling thither from a different direction; it has rained ever since, with a few hours' interval. The streets are innocent of gas lamps or boulder, and the encampments are located all about, from one to five miles. Your correspondent came here, too, in the same condition with most of Gen. Banks' army—free from any incumbrance of baggage whatever, not even an extra shirt! Imagine the rain, mud, darkness and desolation of my plight, as I started from an overflowed hotel, without dinner, to hunt our troops out of the "Army of the Shenandoah."

I first found Lieut. Harbors, of Hampton's battery, then encamped in Doubleday's old earthwork, commanding the Potomac ferry, at the point where Col. Rowley crossed last spring, when Blythe took a celebrated sketch of the scene from the very position occupied by the battery. The boys "surrounded" me, and I was carried to the sibley designated headquarters. Here I met Lieuts. Fleming and Irish, Sergts. Todd, Paull, Beatty, and privates Striff, Sloffy, (first reported missing,) Wilkins, Leech, Stewart, (also reported missing,) with many others whose names I cannot now recall, well and hearty. I am entrusted with several trophies and relics, and letters and verbal messages innumerable, all of which I will endeavor to deliver in person, in due time. I am too late to record the part taken by the gallant Pittsburgh battery in the several engagements attending the retreat of last week; that you have heard from other sources; but I may add that our Smoky City has reason to be proud of the gallantry, coolness and consummate skill which was so strikingly displayed by Capt. Hampton's command during the retreat. I have heard more than one body of infantry acknowledge that they owed to this battery their safety. I may also be allowed to state that the "stovepipe battery" story invented by the reporter of the *World* is purely a fiction, so ludicrous as to weaken the credit to which the gallant Captain is justly entitled. It was not a time for the comic; all was terribly stern and real. Capt. H. was separated from his guns during the battle near Cedar Creek. His guns were in the front of the column, and his forge and battery wagons in the rear. Captain Hampton had gone back to bring up the latter, when the enemy's cavalry, in strong force, appeared in front and flank; the battery cut its way through the enemy, and brought off all its guns, also relieving and covering the retreat of the front of the column. The train, with the battery wagons belonging to Capt. Hampton, were thus cut off from the battery and the army, and only escaped capture by making a wide detour via the Hancock road, crossing the Potomac there, and arriving in Williamsport on Tuesday, in company with Capt. Coliss' Zouaves d'Afrique, who had also been cut off and separated, and Col. De Forrest, of the Ira Harris Cavalry. You will have published the details of this escape before this reaches you, and therefore I omit details.

I next sought the camp of the 46th Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel Knipe, where I found my friend Captain Ben W. Morgan, of Company F, composed almost wholly of Pittsburghers. I received the cordial greetings of Captain M., Lieutenants Craig and Matthews, all of whom are well and hearty, after their terrible march down the valley. Company F, lost 15 men, and achieved for themselves a character for bravery and coolness worthy of veterans. Under their brave young officers they have made a record which will be transmitted to posterity. I will relate an incident to illustrate this: On Tuesday evening succeeding the fight, certain troops which had been sent over the river to make a reconnoissance, and which had advanced to near Falling Waters, were driven in by Jackson's rear guard, which had been threateningly advanced from Martinsburg, to cover his retreat. These troops, consisting of cavalry and artillery, encountered the 46th posted with arms stacked, at the edge of the woods, about a mile from the Potomac, and informed them that the enemy was advancing in strong force. The cavalry and artillery were crossed over to the Maryland shore, the 46th being drawn up on the Virginia side to cover the ferry. Captain Morgan obtained permission from Lieutenant-Colonel Selfridge to make a reconnoissance up through the adjacent woods, to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. It was now dark, and raining. Company F, marched steadily up the hill, and deployed in the woods, still advancing to feel for an enemy, when they suddenly encountered a cavalry picket. Nervous persons might have left at the double quick, at this point, reporting a strong force of Ashby's men—without waiting for facts. But the gallant Morgan cautiously approached, and hailed a horseman, dimly seen in advance. He was answered, and found Captain John H. Stewart, with the Union Cavalry, the only federal picket then across the Potomac, in front of Williamsport. Captain Morgan then marched back to the river, reported no enemy in sight, and the 46th returned to their encampment.

These little incidents exhibit coolness and steadiness as much as graver matters. The 46th is a fine body of men, of which Pennsylvania may well be proud. Their part in the late battle at Winchester was highly creditable to themselves and the State from which they hail. Company F, Capt. Morgan, and Co. B, Capt. Foulk, are from Pittsburgh. Lieut. Chambers, of Co. I, is an Allegheny boy. I enjoyed the hospitality of Capt. Morgan, while in camp, and tested the merits of camp life by sleeping one very wet night under his tent. And I did sleep, soundly, while the rain came down in torrents, one blanket spread on the earth, and one for cover, the canvas roof and walls above and around me. And in the morning I arose vigorous and refreshed, and eat a hearty breakfast of soldiers' fare.

Permit me here to digress so far as to say, that I found our men here under excellent discipline. Notwithstanding the demoralizing effects of a retrograde movement of some 60 miles, performed under all the difficulties of forced marches, with continual skirmishing and fighting in front, on both flanks and in the rear, by an enemy in overwhelming numbers, the camps around Williamsport are as orderly, the men as cool and as decorous, as any troops I have ever seen, under the most favorable circumstances. This speaks volumes for both officers and men.

I here met Lieut. Charles A. Atwell, of Knapp's Pennsylvania Battery, an Alleghenian, and one of the few surviving heroes of

THE BATTLE OF FRONT ROYAL.

As Lieut. Atwell and his command are all from your vicinity, and as I have as yet seen no detailed statement of the part taken by the Battery in that terrible affair, permit me to give a brief description, as furnished from several authentic sources.

Knapp's Battery consists of six Parrott guns, ten-pounders, rifled, with 142 men, rank and file, and 140 horses; attached to Brigadier General John W. Geary's command. Previous to the late retreat, Capt. Knapp was at Rectortown, on the Manassas Gap railway, with his battery complete. On the 17th ult., Lieut. Atwell was ordered to take one section of two guns, with 38 men, to Front Royal, and report to Col. Kenley, of the 1st Maryland infantry. On Friday, 23d ult., the guns were posted on an elevated hillock, immediately north of and commanding the town with its several approaches. About 2½ o'clock, p. m., of that day, the rebel forces under Gen. Ewell, estimated at 10,000 strong, including about 2,000 of Ashby's cavalry and the Baltimore Light Artillery, 8 guns, suddenly made their appearance from the valley of Suray, having surprised and captured the pickets of Col. Kenley. The battery of two guns, under Lieut. Atwell, were in position, and immediately opened upon the approaching forces as they appeared massed in the plain, with deadly accuracy. This had the effect of checking the advance, when a regiment of rebel Zouaves were deployed to the right under cover of the woods, feigning an attack on our flank, and also threatening the camp of the Maryland 1st. Two companies of the latter were deployed in front of the Zouaves, while a well directed fire of shells drove them under cover of the wood in some confusion. The camp and stores of the Maryland regiment were completely destroyed under cover of this fire, to prevent its capture by the evidently overwhelming force of the rebels, which was now advancing from every direction, having made a wide detour by the mountains to avoid the guns of the battery.

A culvert which carries the branch road leading up to the town of Front Royal, well known to the rebels, seemed to offer a good opportunity of covert approach; and while our brave boys were checking the advance of the Zouaves, on the right, while our troops burned their camp and stores, the enemy suddenly appeared through this culvert on our left, within half a mile of the position of our guns. Two shells were neatly exploded directly in the opening of this culvert, in quick succession, which threw back the advancing enemy in confusion, with fearful loss, amid the applause of the infantry, who, up to this time had stood drawn up in the rear of the artillery, as a support.

It now became evident, from the position of the enemy in threatening masses on our front and both flanks, that the position north of the town had become untenable; Lieut. Atwell was therefore ordered by Col. Kenley to retire and take a position to the right and rear, to cover the retreat of the troops across the Shenandoah. The railroad crosses the south branch near its confluence with the north branch, and runs west along the latter. The wagon road to Winchester crosses both branches a little above the railway bridge. On the point between the branches of the Shenandoah, near the wagon road bridge, the guns were next unlimbered by Lieut. Atwell, and a terrific cannonade opened on the enemy in front. Meantime, the rebels had got their guns into position, and commenced to drop their shells in close proximity to our two guns—which they were evidently desirous of silencing. Our men stood to their guns with the steadiness of veterans, and fired volley after volley with such precision as to elicit shouts of admiration from the infantry, who were soadmirably protected thereby. Lieut. Atwell here had a narrow escape; a shell from the rebel battery was announced by a gunner, and he leaped suddenly aside, barely missing the explosion which almost instantly followed.

By this time our force had all safely crossed the river, and were formed in line on a hill in the rear, to the left of the Winchester road. The battery was now moved to a position immediately in the rear of the bridges, to cover our troops while burning the same. But it was now perceived that the enemy, kept at bay in front, had forded the river both above and below the bridges, and the attempt to burn was therefore given up as useless. Our little force had now been engaged for more than two hours and a half by a force more than three times their number, with four times as many guns. Our battery had, so far, done splendid service, checking every attempt at an advance from the front, and compelling the rebel masses to keep at a respectable distance, out of musket range. But their overwhelming numbers, and their cavalry, intimately acquainted with the ground, enabled them to make wide flanking movements, compelling our little force to retire to avoid being entirely surrounded. A rapid but orderly retreat was now made up the Winchester road to where the Newtown road branches off to the west, where Banks' troops had been stationed. Up to this time Col. Kenley had confidently expected reinforcements from Newtown. His forces, all told, amounted to about 900 men, and two guns. The order of retreat, at this point, was Lieut. Atwell in the advance, two guns, thirty-nine men; two companies of the Pennsylvania 29th, Col. Murphy, and two companies of the New York 5th cavalry.

While our brave little army had been so gallantly contesting the ground to this point, inch by inch, the enemy, cavalry and infantry, had gained our right flank and front under cover of the woods parallel with the Winchester road; it was Col. Kenley's intention to make a charge across the field on the right, upon these flanking forces, and Lieut. Atwell was ordered to open down the road with spherical case upon the advancing foe. The guns were unlimbered, and being double shotted to clear the road, so soon as our own force should make their charge to the right. But the enemy's cavalry, as though comprehending our intentions, instantly charged across the field on our right, and were gallantly met by our troops, who crossed the fence to meet them. In front, right, flank and rear, we were furiously assailed, by overwhelming odds, in a hand to hand encounter. The battery, before it could be loaded; and while friends and foes were mingled in a confused mass, and engaged in deadly conflict, was surrounded by rebel cavalry, and called upon to surrender. Up to this point, the loss was private Edgar, who fell from his caisson, wounded, and was ran over, and Sergeant Hammond, of Philadelphia, shot in the leg. Lieut. Atwell, seeing that everything was lost, and his small force without side arms to protect themselves at close quarters, gave the word "forward" to his command. One piece did plunge forward, through and over the rebel cavalry which filled the road, and outrunning the pursuing cavalry, reached a point three miles from Winchester, about midnight on Friday, when the exhausted horses were unable to drag the gun up the hill, when aided by the united efforts of the Lieut. and his men. Reluctantly, but necessarily, it was dragged to one side, and covered with bushes, and the men reached Winchester. The other gun was captured in the road when the charge was made, and the brave men made prisoners.

This is a succinct and truthful account of this bloody and unequal contest. That these two guns were admirably served, and acted the most important part in the Front Royal battle, must be admitted. The brave men stood by each other like veterans, and displayed the utmost coolness and deliberation. As an instance I may mention that, during the heat of the fight, the sliding scale of one of the guns was lost, when the gunner, Corporal J. Porter Stewart, of the First Ward, Allegheny, deliberately cut a notch in his thumb nail, and sighted his piece thereafter by placing his thumb to the graduated scale, making several capital shots. Such coolness deserves mention. I saw the notch in his thumb nail, and heard this incident substantiated by several witnesses.

You have been furnished a statement of the losses in the battery, and I need not recapitulate. I learn to-day, from a member of the Maryland First, that six of the Knapp battery men had arrived at Harper's Ferry, with several of the infantry. Col. Parham was wounded, unable to ride, and seated on a battery caisson, when captured. He has escaped, and therefore young Shriver, Atwell, Dorman, and others, who were last seen crossing the fence on the left, towards the mountains, may yet turn up.

INCIDENTS.

During the retreat through Winchester, on Sunday, the citizens, male and female, *did* shoot at, and otherwise mal-treat our forces. Gen. Banks, amongst the last to leave the town, was shot at by a scoundrel who, in citizen's dress, walked along the pavement in Winchester, as the rear guard passed through on the Sabbath of the retreat. Private John Clark, of Co. I, 46th Pennsylvania regiment, who had received a bullet in his shoulder, observing the assassin attempt, shot him dead on the spot.

Dumont C. Dake, a nephew of Dr. J. P. Dake, was accidentally wounded near Winchester, on the retreat, in trying to avoid a ricochet shot. The bayonet of his file leader penetrated his thigh, making an ugly flesh wound. Capt. Morgan, himself, bound up his leg with his handkerchief, but his wound so crippled him that he was unable to escape, and was captured.

That the *women* of Winchester threw scalding water upon our troops, shot at them with pistols and otherwise abused them, I am assured from good and sufficient testimony. At Martinsburg our famished troops first encountered any symyathy, on their way down the valley. Here the kind ladies depleted their larders, of everything eatable and drinkable, to refresh the troops. While all feel this kindly attention, I do not think it will be possible for General Banks to save Winchester from the just indignation of our men, when they return thither. Such treachery deserves retributive justice. The young man who was shot in the attempt to assassinate Gen. Banks, was the son of a man who had asked and obtained a guard of our soldiers over a few *ducks* which he had, around his premises.

THE UNION CAVALRY.

I found Capt. John H. Stewart in camp in a beautiful spot, west of Williamsport about a mile. The company have a very enviable reputation among the men of the army. They were in the thickest of the fight at Winchester, and performed good service. As an instance of the quantity of service performed, I may mention that they were in the saddle from the Friday preceding the retreat, until Friday last, and during those seven days had four meals and fed their poor horses four times! and yet, notwithstanding this severe labor, I saw no cavalry horses, in the three regiments, equal to Capt. Stewart's, and no men who looked more like duty. Col. Dick Ashby told one of our prisoners, who has since escaped, that he was going to have Capt. Stewart's horse. He is evidently a connoisseur in horse flesh; but I fancy that Capt. Stewart's horse will never become the property of Col. Dick Ashby while the former lives to defend him.

The following is the organization of Capt. Stewart's company of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, Col. Whetzckey—recruited mostly in Baltimore:

Captain—John H. Stewart, East Liberty.
1st Lieut.—John Hancock, Allegheny.
2d Lieut.—N. P. Patterson, 2d Ward, Pittsburgh.
1st Sergt.—Paul Derricks, Pittsburgh.
2d Sergt.—John Beltzhoover, Pittsburgh.
3d Sergt.—J. M. Schoonmaker, Manchester
4th Sergt.—Louis Winters, Lawrenceville.
5th Sergt.—Thos. W. Evans, Cresson.
6th Sergt.—Wm. Bostwick, 5th Ward, Pittsburgh—93 men.

The company lost two horses in the fight, but no men.

The ladies of Pittsburgh presented a beautiful silk flag to the Union cavalry, before they took the field. It was carried by them in the brilliant affair at Bath, where a vastly superior force of Ashby's cavalry was utterly routed and many captured. During that sanguinary engagement the silk flag was sadly tattered and rent by the enemy's bullets—but it was not dishonored. Since that time it is carefully folded away and preserved, until, should the company ever return to the fair donors, that tattered silk banner will be given to the smoky breezes of the Smoky City, an honored memento of a gallant victory.

THE MOOREHEAD CAVALRY,

Capt. Irwin Rodpath, are now at Harper's Ferry; all well. This is the company formerly commanded by the late Captain L. Sahl, Jr.

MAJOR GENERAL BANKS

is not a "paper general," let me assure you, but one of the genuine stuff of which great men are made. I have heard him severely criticised since his retreat—but not by his little army. The adverse criticisms which I heard, all came from civilians, who knew nothing about the General or his army. I took some care to learn how his army bore their terrible retreat, and whether they still had faith in their General. I enquired of officers and men, of infantry, cavalry and artillery, "what do you think of General Banks?" I invariably and uniformly met the response, "Gen. Banks is a *brick*," or its equivalent. I visited the General at his headquarters, and was introduced by an officer with whom I was acquainted, and I, too, as I retired, mentally ejaculated, "Gen. Banks is a *brick*." I found him hard at work in his tent in the field, just outside the town, (when some of his Generals of divisions had established themselves in citizens houses) surrounded by his staff, also under canvas,—in a plain undress uniform, with orderlies arriving under whip and spur from a six miles ride from the nearest telegraph office, at Hagerstown, and signal officers arriving with messages from the advanced stations across the Potomac—involved in business. He invited me to be seated, (on a camp stool,) quietly entered into a brief conversation, and in reply to my question regarding the cause of a heavy cannonading I had heard in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry for some hours, quietly handed me a dispatch he had just received, stating that our batteries on Maryland Heights were shelling the woods to discover the enemy known to be in force in front.

THE ARMY AFTER THE RETREAT.

I arrived in Williamsport just as the rear of the army had crossed the Potomac, after a retrograde by forced marches, amid continued skirmishing, and after several severe engagement with an enemy known to be in immensely superior force, and under the best and boldest generals. I found the camps pitched in an orderly manner, and in the course of an extended ride around the various divisions, during the same night, saw nothing to tell any tales of fright or demoralization. Amongst the troops under Gen. Banks—which numbered about 4,500 men of all arms, when the enemy, under Jackson, Ewell and Johnston, in three columns, about 40,000 strong, made their appearance in front—amongst those who had thus been compelled to retreat I found but one sentiment—an earnest desire to be able speedily to advance to chastise the bold rebels who had ventured to make an agressive movement on a little fragment of an army.

There were some fugitives scattered up the Cumberland Valley which I met in Harrisburg, Carlisle, Chambersburg and all along below; these were—first, the convalescent hospital patients from Winchester, just able to run to avoid capture, without arms or officers. Some of these were badly scared. Second, crowds of contrabands, who preceded the army in its retreat, filling every road through the valley, and molested by none, even in their passage through Maryland. Thousands of the latter are now scattered along the Cumberland Valley, already overrun with blacks. It is a serious question with the honest farmers, what shall be done with such a vast increase in the population of this quiet valley.

But my letter is already too long, and my notes are yet unexhausted. I have given you no details of matters which I presume you already have from other sources, but have endeavored to select such facts as, coming under my personal observation, or related to me by trusty eye witnesses, may interest your readers.

It would be contraband, for me to say what reinforcements Gen. Banks has received, or what disposition has been made of his troops. Perhaps I may say, safely, that he re-occupied Martinsburg in force on Tuesday succeeding the battle, and that his entire command will probably be again *en route* up the Shenandoah ere this letter is spread before your readers. As Gen. Fremont is known to be in the valley near Strasburg, and Gen. Shields is advancing down from Manassas, towards Front Royal and Strasburg, perhaps you can see how the late victorious rebel force are to effect *their* retreat. Should they succeed in getting off as gallantly as did Gen. Banks, I, for one, will be prepared to award to stonewall-Jackson due credit. A few days, perhaps hours, will decide their fate. S. R.

General Banks' Army—Schools for Contrabands Broken Up.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—The *Republican* of this morning declares that Secretary Stanton was always opposed to the removal of General Shields' brigade from the command of General Banks.

The same paper also states that Gov. Stanley has disbanded all the schools for the instruction of contrabands which had been established in North Carolina.

Mr. Bouligny, of New Orleans, asserts that the cotton burning is not so general at the South as has been represented.

The battle before Richmond on Saturday is regarded here as having been very disastrous to the rebels.—*Special Dispatch to N. Y. Evening Post.*

LETTER FROM COL. BLACK'S REGIMENT.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

HEADQUARTERS 62D REGIMENT PA. VOLS, *In Camp eight miles from Richmond,* May 27, 1862.

My last letter to the *Gazette* left me at Fortress Monroe. As the headquarters of the army of the Potomac were at the White House, on the Pamunkey river, I took passage for the latter place on a government steamer, and had a most delightful trip up the York and Pamunkey rivers. The scenery is varied, and at numerous points strikingly beautiful—large, and in many instances, well improved plantations, interspersed with magnificent groves of woodland, high precipitous bluffs, with long stretches of wild bottom land, are the principal characteristics of the scenery. We stopped a few hours at Yorktown, and examined the boasted impregnable fortifications erected by and recently held by the rebels. They are certainly very formidable, and much more extensive than I anticipated, but the genius and high engineering skill of Gen. McClellan forced the rebel army, probably not less than 100,000 men, to evacuate without striking a blow.

I will state here, for the benefit of his numerous friends in Pittsburgh and elsewhere, that Col. Samuel W. Black and a portion of his 62d Pennsylvania regiment, were the first to enter the rebel works, and Col. Black, not having his regimental flag convenient, raised a small pocket flag on the ramparts, which justly entitles him to the honor of planting the first flag. He also established the first guard in the fortifications at Yorktown. Col. Gove's 22d Massachusetts regiment afterwards relieved the 62d Pennsylvania, and raised the first large flag. I allude to this matter particularly, as the friends of Col. Gove claim for him, and have published it in the newspapers, that he was the first to raise our glorious national standard on the deserted rebel works. You can rely on the above as a correct history of the facts; and simple justice to our brave Pennsylvania soldiers, and to Col. Black, who is as modest and generous as he is brave and daring, impels me to give a brief detail of what actually occurred.

Yorktown is but a small village of some ten or twelve antiquated and dilapidated buildings; the historical associations connected with the place are doubtless familiar to most of the readers of the *Gazette*, the struggles of our immortal ancestors for liberty and independence were here triumphantly ended by the defeat and surrender of the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, to our godlike Washington and his noble band of patriots. This brilliant acheivement gave to Yorktown one of the brightest pages in history, and will perpetuate its name to the remotest period of time. The old church in the village had evidently been used by the rebels as a store house, and the vandals had in various ways desecrated the sanctuary of the most High. Among the grave stones in the adjoining yard I noticed one on the date of 1745, and there were doubtless others much older, but time and the elements had so defaced them as to render it impossible to decipher the inscriptions. I could relate other interesting facts connected with the history of Yorktown, but it would occupy too much space in this letter, and I hasten on to the White House, where I found the main position of the grand army of the Potomac encamped, on the large and beautiful plantation, formerly the property of the wife of Washington, and where they spent their first married life. It was owned and recently occupied by a son of General Lee's, of the rebel army and former propietor of Arlington, the home of G. W. T. Custis, and whose wife was a grandaughter of Mrs. Washington. The house was sacredly guarded by our soldiers to prevent any injury to the property.

Through the politeness of Captain Shafter, of the 7th Michigan regiment, in command of the guard, I was permitted to examine the premises. I judged from the quantity of elegant furniture left in the house, that the degenerated and dishonored relatives of the great Washington had made a hasty retreat on the approach of our army. I observed a note, evidently written by a lady, tacked up in the hall. It read as follows:

"*Northern Soldiers*, who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his first married life, the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants." Signed, "A Grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington."

Some of the furniture, portraits, dishes, &c., were apparently very old, and probably valuable family relics.

Most of the slaves, about 100 in number, were left on the place. Among them, I discovered a very old and venerable looking woman, who had a distinct recollection of Washington and his wife—saw them married, and related to me several incidents connected with their early married life. She did not know her age, but thought that she was eight or nine years old when Washington was married. I have confidence in her statements as her memory seemed clear, and the impress of truth stamped upon her countenance. Her conversation was also interspersed with fervent and intelligent religious sentiments. This portion of Virginia is intimately associated with the history of the "Father of his Country." Unsurpassed in natural resources, it might have been the garden spot of the Union; but the baneful effects of slavery, and the the sad havoc of the present traitors' rebellion, have converted it into a barren and desolate waste. The demon of destruction has had full sway; but his minions are rapidly disappearing before the march of our irresistible Union army, and soon this lovely and fertile land will be reclaimed and made to blossom as the rose.

I attached myself to the 62d Pennsylvania regiment, and was cordially greeted, and have been kindly cared for by Colonel Black and his whole command. They do all in their power to contribute to my happiness and render me every facility to promote the object of my visit. The men are all remarkably cheerful, and confident of success in crushing the rebel hordes. Although the regiment numbers about 1100 men, and while at Yorktown endured the most severe labor and fatigue, there are comparatively few on the sick list. The social and moral department of the men is worthy of special notice. I have seen but one man under the influence of liquor, and with probably two or three exceptions have heared no profane language. Many of them are sincere christians, and their fervent prayers ascend every evening to the God that controls our destinies. Col. Black may justly feel proud of his command; when brought face to face with the enemy, they will fight bravely and fearlessly for the supremacy of the Union, and sustain the enviable reputation of the noble old State they in part represent.

On Monday morning last, the familiar expression of "On to Richmond" was fully realized. Our vast army, with its long trains of wagons, artillery, &c., commenced moving before daylight, and the rear of the column did not leave the ground until 11 o'clock. This will give you a limited idea of the immense caravan. In point of equipments and efficiency this splendid army has probably never been equalled—certainly not surpassed. Our advance is necessarily slow, as we approach the enemy, and I think Gen. McClellan displays good generalship and humanity in thus keeping the men fresh for any emergency, and having his plans all so arranged that if the rebels make a stand he can sweep down upon them like an avalanche and crush them at once. The entire army is now almost within hailing distance of Richmond, and from present indications we shall either have a terrible battle during the present week or take peaceful possession of the rebel capital.

As far as I have been able to learn, Gen. McClellan has the unlimited confidence of his army, and since the evacuation of Yorktown they have almost idolized the "Little Corporal," as he is familiarly called.

On Saturday I witnessed for the first time the sad realities of war. About 500 men of the 4th Michigan Regiment, attached to our brigade, went out with a company of cavalry towards the rebel lines to reconnoitre. After marching three miles they drove in the rebel pickets, and attacked a whole rebel brigade in their camp, completely routing them, and killing and wounding not less than one hundred, and only suffered a loss of two killed and six wounded. They also captured thirty or forty prisoners, and a large number of guns, pistols, swords and other trophies. Col. Woodbury, of the 4th Michigan Regiment, who is a brave and skillful officer and trustworthy man, led the attack in person. He kindly furnished me the particulars of the engagement. Gen. McClellan has pronounced it one of the most remarkable and brilliant achievements of the war. We learned from the prisoners that the rebel force was Sims' South Carolina Brigade, and they manifested the deepest chagrin at being defeated by only 500 men. I saw the wounded after they were brought in, and it was truly a sad sight. Although suffering intensely, the poor fellows were cheerful, and seemed proud of their wounds. The two that fell in battle were buried yesterday. It was a lovely Sabbath day, and the remains of the fallen patriots were followed to the grave by the whole brigade, consisting of the 4th Michigan, 9th Massachusetts, 62d Pennsylvania and 14th New York Regiments, with their officers—marching with solemn tread to the beautiful and mournful dirge played by the band of the Regiment to which the departed heroes belonged. The character of the day, and the associations surrounding us, together with the beautiful and appropriate funeral ceremonies, rendered it a most solemn and impressive scene.

The regiments of this brigade have a warm brotherly feeling, and the achievements of one are shared in alike by the others. This in part prompted me to relate the above incidents. The 4th Michigan regiment have covered themselves with honor, and they richly deserve it. Pennsylvania is largely represented in the army of the Potomac, but the different regiments are attached to different divisions, and as the latter are generally encamped miles apart, it has not yet been my fortune to meet the other Pennsylvania regiments, in which Pittsburgh is more directly interested—I allude to the Old 13th, Colonel Rowley's, and the 63d, Col. Hays. I hope, however, to have the pleasure of greeting them soon at Richmond. Of one thing I feel certain, that in the event of a battle *Old Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania will not be disgraced by their sons in the army.*

The people through this section of country are now apparently very meek and humble, the advent of our splendid army has effected a wonderful change in the deportment of those of the first families of Virginia who have not fled their homes, and whose boasted Southern chivalry has now given way to flags of truce planted in front of their dwellings. The negroes are delighted with our gold and silver in exchange for their hoe cakes, chickens, &c., fascinated with the music of our bands, and gaze with astonishment at the column of troops extending for miles in length with their bright guns glittering in the sun shine like a sea of molten silver. One of the sable contrabands remarked to me while we were on the march, "Massa, dis am de grandest ting I eber seed, better dan a circus." I asked him if he was free, he replied in his simple way, "I spec so, old massa, and missus, dem gwine away in a big hurry, and left us poor niggers all heah."

I enjoy camp life. The constant excitement, now that we are so near the enemy, and stirred up at intervals by reports that the enemy are advancing upon us, and the occasional booming of heavy guns, I think, strengthens the nerves; and the substantial living and physical exercise is certainly beneficial to health. I find, however, that a camp stool is a poor substitute for a writing-desk, and the unavoidable stir and excitement is not conducive to a proper frame of mind for letter writing. Richmond will probably be ours before this reaches you; in that event, my next letter to the *Gazette* will be dated at the Rebel Capital—*that was*. Should a battle occur, I shall not be far in the rear of the Pittsburgh boys. I have no particular desire to stop a rebel bullet, but if it is my fate to fall, I could not fall in a more glorious cause. Yours truly, D. R. S.

The Treachery of the People of Winchester.

A dispatch to the New York *Herald*, says:

Officers who have arrived here from General Banks' army, confirm all that has been reported in regard to the conduct of the people of Winchester when that place was evacuated by General Banks. The retreat was delayed two hours for the purpose of taking the stores out of the buildings in order to protect the property while the stores were being destroyed. The conduct of the people was infamously inhuman. The same people whose property had been protected by a guard of federal soldiers, fired at them from doors and windows as the army retreated. One captain was shot by a woman over whose property he had placed a guard only the night before. An orderly sergeant, while standing on the sidewalk, was murdered by another woman, who fired from the doorway of her house. These instances of barbarism invoked immediate and summary punishment. A feeling of the deepest indignation and resentment towards the people of Winchester pervades the whole of General Banks' command.

Our Correspondents.

We have correspondents in Col. Rowley's and in Col. Black's regiments, and also a special correspondent in the army in front of Richmond. We shall soon be in receipt, from all the sources, of a full account of the great battles fought on Saturday and Sunday, and the names of the killed and wounded from this region.

We have also a special correspondent in Halleck's army, who will keep us posted in regard to the interesting movements in that quarter, especially in matters relating to troops from this quarter.

THE ADVANCE ON RICHMOND.—McDowell is now moving down on Richmond by the railroad from Fredericksburg to that city. He is now in McClellan's Department, and we presume is under his command. Fremont is driving Jackson up the Valley of Virginia, and will probably follow him to Staunton. He is now within the bounds of Banks' Department, but being senior officer, will probably command. Banks is hastening after Fremont with a reinforced army. If all these movements are successful, the rebels will soon be forced out of Virginia.

THE VOTE ON EMANCIPATION.—The third member of the House of Representatives from California, F. F. Low, the bill admitting whom to a seat has passed both Houses, is a staunch Republican, and will add one more to the Emancipation vote on Wednesday. He is balanced by Mr. Allen, just elected from the Egyptian district of Illinois, who has arrived in Washington.

Mr. Stiles, from the VIIth District of Pennsylvania, adds another to the Conserve-Slavery party, but will be, as is believed, at least counterbalanced by repentant Republicans.

THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND.—There is nothing in the eastern or Washington papers concerning the battle of Richmond, more than we have published.

The New York *Times* thinks it was a general engagement, as all the army corps were engaged, although not all the troops. On both days the rebels were the attacking party, and after a desperate fight, they were repulsed. The anxiety of the country for the details is most intense.

GEN. FREMONT'S forced march across the Shenandoah mountains, and his overtaking Jackson near Strasburg and offering him battle, as soon as he came up, shows that he possesses all the characteristics of a good commander—enterprise, celerity, promptness and bravery. We hope he may be able to compel Jackson to fight before he escapes beyond reach.

TORREY'S ARCTIC FREEZER, warranted to freeze Cream in four minutes or less. It will freeze cream to a consistency fit for immediate use in less than half the time of any other freezer in the market. Directions for using, with a number of recipes for making Ice Cream and Water Ices, accompany each freezer. For sale at the Family Grocery Store of JOHN A. RENSHAW, my6 corner Liberty and Hand streets.