The Pittsburgh Post.

Volume XX. **PITTSBURGH, MONDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1862.** **Established 1842.**

M'CLELLAN'S OPERATIONS.

SIX BATTLES IN SIX DAYS.

Ninety-Five Thousand Union Troops Opposed to One Hundred and Eighty-Five Thousand Rebels.

Splendid Military Achievements on the Chickahominy.

THE BATTLE OF WHITE OAK SWAMP.

The Famous Rebel General Stonewall Jackson Killed.

TERRIBLE CHARGE OF HEINTZELMAN'S CORPS.

The Battle at Charles City Cross Roads.

The Union Generals McCall and Reynolds Wounded and Taken Prisoners.

Serious Loss of Cannon and Baggage.

The Brilliant Action of the Gunboats on Monday.

Our Army Safely Located on the Banks of the James River.

The Battles of Peach Orchard, Golding's Farm, Savages Station, Gaines' Hill, and Beaver Dam

The Rebel General Barnwell Rhett and the Rebel Colonel Lamar, of the Yacht Wanderer, Killed.

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

We give below an interesting account of the battles on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, compiled from the *Herald* of July 4th.

A fearful crisis in the history of America is past. At last the Army of the Potomac is safely sheltered upon the banks of the James river, and we are permitted to present some account of its bold, masterly and unprecedented movements. Six battles have been fought, and three hundred thousand men engaged. Twenty to thirty thousand of these are dead or bleeding in gattestations of the valor, or desperation that animated them. A retreat, or rather a strategic movement, has transferred the scene of operations from the Chickahominy to a distant point, and all speculations based upon previous positions of the grand army are as vain as the conclusions based upon its present are bewildering.

We know that the army is safe. It has won great victories, though outnumbered by an enemy twice its superior, and holds its columns intact, the spirit of its men still invincible and the faith of its officers unconquerable. If ever the nation should thank God it should be at this time.

The particulars of the battle of Friday are in part known. Whatever may have been designed or whatever may have been necessitated in the vacation of the north bank of the Chickahominy, it was at least certain that said non-occupation would compel the evacuation of White House and the York River Railroad, and therefore oblige a falling back to the James river, as a new source of supplies and a new base of operations.

The Retreat to the James River.

Somehow the rumor got wind at once that the army was to move, and during Friday night the teams went in long and winding array towards Savage's Station, whence they took their way over the hills to the Williamsburg road, and thence to White Oak Swamp. Next morning the procession continued, and the large siege pieces that had reached White House the previous week went passing along, with ambulances, batteries and pontoon trains—all orderly, as it moving in furtherance of the cherished plan towards the city of Richmond. There was a degree of celerity in their advance that only those acquainted with the state of things could remark, and the quartermasters had faces a little anxious, though they said nothing. That it takes much patience to await the tardy march of an army all know, even when the troops are free to go in advance, and the teams follow leisurely; but when the teams take the right of way, blocking up every foot of road, sticking in the bogs and upsetting down the hills, the march is indeed devious and distressing. Such was the case with our route on the several marches of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, when the tedium was more than usually apparent because of our anxiety to go forward.

The Order to Retreat.

It was generally understood at daylight on Saturday also that the army was to evacuate its line of entrenchments. To do this with the requisite precipitancy it was necessary to move only the most essential baggage and leave behind everything that was ponderous or bulky. The officers were given to understand that they must discriminate between necessaries and luxuries, and the sick told that ambulances could be granted to very few, if any. The wounded were told nothing, but the silence was ominous to them, as it foretold them left on contested ground in the hands of heartless traitors, while the army should be receding, column by column, toward the remote and doubtful James. The scene on that memorable Saturday morning can never be forgotten. White House resigned, our supply depot cut off, a part of our line of earthworks deserted, and the army grouped tentless and expectant, in the open field, sleeping after the labors of the battle. Hundreds of soldiers were limping hither and thither, their arms in slings, asking for their regiments. Hundreds of others started upon painful and almost hopeless pilgrimages to the James, where they fondly believed the Union gunboats to be, and felt that under their watchful ports there would be rest, safety and shelter. The long lines of fevered, staggering people struck out for the river, and many a drop of blood spattered the sand as they filed through brook and wood, over hill and dale, nerved by the certainty that every footfall ensured more directly their deliverance. Some of the wounded hobbled ten miles the first day, upon crutches, and we saw one man with a ball through one hip and the other ankle broken that kept up with an ammunition wagon through eleven hours. The ambulances were crowded with men until the springs bent flat upon axles, and a very common matter to see the oozing wound of a man lying in the tail of the wagon with bloody feet dripping upon the sand. All day long the wagons, when not in foggy files, and the troops sauntered toward the same *ultima thule*. Great siege guns and greater pontoons went ringing in the cortege, and horsemen, teamsters and negroes vied with each other in cursing and swearing.

The Battle of Peach Orchard.

At daylight on Sunday, our whole line of earthworks had been deserted, and our artillery moved to the rear. Here it was judiciously disposed, the batteries masked, and the infantry covered by thicknesses of woods. The spot was a part of the battle ground of Fair Oaks, but it is designated as Peach Orchard Station.

At daylight the enemy came eastward on the Williamsburg road, one column advancing down the railroad. They opened from two batteries on the left; but their firing was awkward and ineffective, as likewise their musketry, which was close and might have been more serious. When they reached a line of march, about three hundred yards from our front, the whole terrible fire of our cannon burst upon them. They staggered, but before the full effects of our discharge was discernable the pieces rang again and their columns were fearfully thinned. For half an hour our fire was so close that it seemed the perpetual echo of a single report—a continuous blaze of flame and ball, to which the Confederates replied feebly, but with some show of determination. Gen. Sumner rode in the thickest of this fight, and the gallant brigade of Meagher was like a wall of shamrock. Indeed Richardson's division vied with Sedgewick's, and Heintzelman's troops were not behindhand in the rapidity of their discharges and the steadiness of their behavior. The whole fight, though it lasted from eight o'clock A. M. to twelve, was like one incident, and it terminated with a loss to our side of not more than 150 men, to the rebels of not less than one thousand five hundred. The efforts of the enemy to overreach us on the left were made futilely, for we took pains to cover our line of general retreat along the Williamsburg road, by deploying our left along that road to a creek that crosses it more than a mile in the rear of Savage's. They endeavored to charge through the brigades of Burns, Dana and Gorman; but the steady fire of such regiments as the Massachusetts Twentieth baffled them in that regard. Having held the place until in the judgment of the generals, our teams, heavy artillery and ambulances were far across White Oak Swamp, our troops fell back leisurely to the neighborhood of Savage's Station, and again drew up in order of action. The fight of Peach Orchard—for so it will be called—was a decisive victory to the Union troops. It was fought with a small force, against immense odds, and in the rear of the main army that was every moment receding. To conduct an action so manfully in view of these gloomy facts argues bravery akin to invulnerability. The large figure of General Sumner, with his long white beard, handsomely mounted and followed by a dashing staff, is a feature of this fight that will be forever imprinted upon the minds of his soldiers. When they saw him gallopping down the lines they cried: "Here comes the Old Bull, boys; give him three cheers!" and fought with renewed enthusiasm. The conduct of Gen. Dana is universally approved. Cool, steady and valorous, he exhibited in this action the great self-possession that marks him in daily life.

Colonel Sully, a son of the distinguished artist, was acting as general of Gorman's brigade during a part of the battle. He also won encomiums for his generalship.

The Battle of Savage's.

The battle of Savage's was more sanguinary. It commenced about five o'clock in the afternoon and lasted till eleven o'clock at night. The rebels, when we had fallen back from Peach Orchard, filed with large reinforcements and additional batteries, as well as with several squadrons of cavalry, towards several roads leading to the Chickahominy, and covered by the thick timber, were enabled to remain concealed until they had reached a wheat field that stretches from Savage's to a dense belt of woods in the direction of the farms of Dr. Trent, and Messrs. Mickey, Dudley and Couch. Suddenly appearing out of the edges of the timber, they opened with rifled cannon upon our forces, drawn up in full view to the south of the railroad. Directly they ran out three batteries to commanding points in the wheat field and opened a rapid enfilading fire of shell and grape. This was at first so staggering that our men could not form nor our artillerymen bring their batteries into service. The 106th Pennsylvania regiment was seized with momentary panic, but soon recovered and did good service. The first named lost in the beginning of the fight a hundred killed and wounded men, and a regiment of rebel cavalry galloped in and drove the regiment off, so that the wounded had to be resigned. In the meantime a rebel brigade was observed stealing down to the right, as if with the design of flanking our troops by reaching a position on the Williamsburg road. Captain Pettit at once planted two guns on the railroad and swept the column with grape and cannister, until it went back to the woods upon a run. Some of the sharpest infantry fighting of the war ensued, in which parts of Sedgwick's, Richardson's, Hooker's, Kearney's and Smith's divisions engaged with various success. The rebels came determinedly across the field, firing as they advanced, until General Sumner ordered our troops up at double quick to a charge. About four thousand of them went off at once, with a roar that might have drowned the musketry. The rebels kept their position for a moment, and then fell back to the rear of their batteries. Meagher's brigade, however, succeeded in charging right up to the guns of a Virginia battery, two of which they hauled off, spiked, and chopped the carriages to pieces. The Eighty-sixth, Sixty-third and Sixty-ninth participated in this gallant act. It was here that the brave Col. Pierce, of the Twenty ninth Massachusetts regiment, formerly General Pierce, of Big Bethel fame, lost an arm. It was taken off by a solid shot.

Night came on, but put no end to the carnage. The steady roar of cannon, and the sharp, quick ring of musketry, now bursting into volleys, now degenerating to that rasping noise made by file firing, filled the whole air. The darkness was lit up by the fitful flashes, and, to complete the awful picture, the woods were set on fire by bursting shells, and conflagration painted fiery terrors on the sky.

The Rebels Fire into our Hospitals.

In the battle of Savage's the rebels fired into our hospitals, repeatedly, although admonished by the customary red flag, and afterwards by a white flag. Deaf to all appeals for forbearance, they continued to hurl messengers of death among those already past their vengeance, and the wounded were compelled to lie immovable and receive the quietus to their sufferings from the hands that had already maimed them. A few had limped away from the hospitals, but were shot down whenever they were discovered by the bloodthirsty foe.

The Loss at Savage's.

The battle of Savage's was much heavier than that of Peach Orchard. We lost in addition to our wounded, all of whom fell into the possession of the enemy, about seven hundred to a thousand men, the greater part of whom were killed and wounded. Most of the wounded and all the killed were left behind, as we had no means of transportation for them and the exigency of the army would not allow of delay in waiting the tardy movements of the wounded. The enemy lost severely, and several of his caissons were blown up by the effectiveness of our firing. During the several parts of the action we took not less than five hundred prisoners, but were compelled to let them go for the same reason that operated in the case of our wounded.

Falling Back from Savage's.

The weary but still resolute soldiers received orders at midnight to fall back rapidly from Savage's across White Oak Swamp. The enemy was making furtive attempts to overreach them in this respect, and it was likely to become a tight race between the rebels and Unionists as to which should first cross the creek and gain the high grounds on the other side. If they should be more speedy, and succeed in placing the swamp between ourselves and them, our retreat would be almost inevitably cut off, and almost the whole army butchered or surrendered. Although every soldier and officer felt this dreadful alternative so close, no one acted otherwise than as a Northerner and a man. There was no murmuring, no flinching, no undue hastening, only the subdued talk of soldiers comparing opinions, the steady tramp of battalions, and now and then the gritting of teeth, or the hard drawing of a breath to indicate the bitterness in the hearts of all. Had some lost spirit supplied the torch, there was the requisite fire in the whole army to rush headlong upon immolation at Richmond, and end the campaign with honor if not with consummation. At dawn all had reached the swamp and the enemy was coming on behind.

The Great Battle of White Oak Swamp.

The enemy followed us hard toward White Oak Swamp, the faithful fellows of Heintzleman, Sumner and Franklin protecting our laggard baggage and artillery. These, indeed, were compelled to keep in line of battle across the country along the whole extent of the retreat, for the enemy was forever endeavoring to turn us upon the right and left. Notwithstanding this, our march exhibited no symptoms of haste or fear; the trains went on duly but not riotously, and when finally the last wagon and cannon went plashing thro' the swamp, our teams whitened all the hills on the southern side and the weary soldiers, having torn up the bridge, laid themselves down to rest. It was now eight o'clock on Monday, a day arid, dusty and closer than the panting but indomitable Northerners could well endure. Many of them were hungry; the water in the swamp was such that the stomach turned at it with loathing, and the wounded hobbled here and there with dry eyes that seemed to plead for drink. White Oak creek runs through a belt of swamp timber, precisely as the Chickahominy flows through its encompassing morass. The creek is not more than four or six feet deep, and had been made passable by the engineers' brigade, who built a good corduroy bridge across it. A strip of bottom land lies on both sides of the swamp, and on the fourth side a steep hill, crowned with a farm house, formerly the headquarters of Gen. Casey, had been encircled by our own troops with a line of rifle pits. An abatis also stretched across the bottom land. Beyond the stream the country was rising, and two farm houses lay opposite each other at a little distance, where some of our officers stopped to rest and refresh.

Beyond the most eastern house ran a small creek, supported by a thick wood. This was the right of our new line of battle, where General Hancock was posted with his brigade, consisting of the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Maine, Forty-third New York, and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania. Generals Brooks and Davidson lay close in to Hancock, and the batteries of the division were commanded by Captain Ayers, formerly of Sherman's battery. Generals Sumner, Heintzleman, Porter and in fact the whole of the army, excepting the corps of Keyes and an immense number of stragglers that had pushed on toward the James and could not be rallied in time to be of service, extending the line of battle upwards of four miles to the left, bordering the whole distance upon the swamp, with batteries ranged upon every commanding hill and a strong picket situated at Charles City Cross Roads, where it was shrewdly expected, the enemy would attempt to come out in force from Richmond.

Hancock's position was a strong one, and it would have taken a strong enemy to dislodge him. The fire commenced at this point on Monday, when the bridge that the engineers had constructed for the passage of our army, having subserved its purpose was removed from White Oak creek. Previously the railroad bridge had been burned, the culverts blown up, and a lot of superfluous ammunition and cubrous baggage run by train into the Chickahominy.

He appeared on White Oak Swamp in strong force, and directly opened from some twenty musket batteries, that blew up several of Captain Mott's caissons, dismounted his pieces, and raised a hubbub generally among teamsters, wagoners, cannoniers and infantry. The Twentieth New York at this time made their celebrated stampede, for which, next day, the Provost Guard, by order of General McClellan, picked them up and took them to headquarters like so many culprits.

However, very soon our light batteries recovered themselves and vigorously responded to the enemy, who was soon at a perceptible disadvantage, so far as accuracy and effect were concerned. Our infantry, too, fell in line, ready to support the batteries or meet half way any attempt of the rebel infantry to push across the creek. Thus the battle progressed till late in the afternoon with serious loss on both sides, more wounds from cannon shot, perhaps, resulting than at any other time in any battle. The rebels made some desperate efforts to cross the creek, but General Smith brough his men up to close quarters with them whenever they dared the contest, and although in each case our best and most beloved soldiers bit the dust, there were no signs of holding off. The cannon firing was incessant here, some of the largest, and closest of the war, and the infantry fire extended along whole columns.

The Enemy at Charles City Cross Roads.

The cannonading had continued several hours with fearful effect among our baggages and artillery teams. We had, however, prevented the enemy from crossing the swamp in our front, and fondly hoped that he would be unable to pierce its fastness at any other point of our right or left. That this hope was ill founded was soon justified by the appearance of the enemy in good force at Charles City Cross Roads, which lies about four miles from White Oak Swamp, the South, and about a mile and a half or two miles from the James river at Turkey Island Bend. He had advanced direct from Richmond eight brigades, the first under command of the redoubtable Gen. H. A. Wise, and when discovered at the Cross Roads did make [illegible] ng to work [illegible] on our [illegible] ay. Two [illegible] Comps might [illegible] after run and [illegible] Porter and Keyes were ordered up to repel these new comers, the troops of the former still suffering from the battle of Friday in so great a degree that many regiments had no organization at all, and many brigades scarcely a regimental organization. At five o'clock they engaged the enemy, hidden by woods and the swelling of hills, and the firing from musketry and field batteries was soon intense. The rebels did fatal execution among us, and some of our most valuable officers fell here, wounded and dying.

The reports of ordnance had now been heard so many days that such chaos seemed the normal condition of nature, and painfully the battle went on. It was scarcely an enthusiastic fight, for all the romance of battle had worn off by reason of its monotony. The men fought well, however, though half dead with heat, thirst and weariness. Some broke for the river and plunged in the cool water for an instant, then, emerging, rushed back to the fray and fought like lions.

Fresh troops and superior numbers seemed bearing the tide of battle against us at five o'clock, and the fate of the army hung trembling in the sunset, when a new advocate—half of God, half of man—came to our relief.

The Gunboats Open Fire.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the gunboats Galena, Aroostook and Jacob Bell opened from Turkey Island Bend, in the James river, with shot and shell from their immense rifled guns. The previous roar of field artillery seemed as faint as the rattle of musketry in comparison with these monsters of ordnance, that literally shook the water and strained the air. The shells seemed to be supplied with eight second fuses, and a considerable interval elapsed between the shock of the report and the subsequent explosion of the shells. They fired about three times a minute, frequently a broadside at a time, and the immense hull of the Galena careened as she delivered her complement of iron and flame. The first few shots went wide, but the man in the Galena's topmast lookout signalled the proper elevation to the guns, and soon they threw among the serried rebels on the hill their ponderous obligations, that cut down whole ranks, spreading confusion, desolation and dismay. The fire went on with the same fatal effects, making music to the ears of our tired men, and consternation among the exultant and bloodthirsty traitors. They—already confident of concluding their work and driving us into the James—began to reel and grow uneasy.—Their fire perceptibly slackened; their ranks seemed slow to close up when the naval thunder had torn them apart: disaffection and disappointment had already seized upon them, and every deep tocsin from the Galena added its impetus to the prevailing dread, when

Heintzleman Charged.

The whole corps of this famous warrior, confident that a recovery of the fortune of the time could be made, prepared to give another great effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day and the cause of the country. Waterloo did not know such a charge of horse and foot, while our batteries upon the hill tops far and near played incessantly upon the foe.

Signals we given to the Galena to cease firing when this advance was determined upon, the Galena having already hauled off. This was done by consecutively placed signal officers all the way from the point of battle to the banks of the James river. When the thunder lulled and the great ship rested after her labors, Heintzelman made a little appeal to his generals, telling them that in the dash about to be made their confidence and courage might not only save the army, but do something towards avenging the great number of loyal men who had fallen in the several fatal encounters.

The soldiers, poor, heroic, jaded fellows, responded with a spirit that must have come from hungry hearts and soon the grand corps of Heintzelman was in line, with the gaunt, gray figure of its commander galloping down its columns. The enemy anticipated some such dash, for they directed their fire upon this part of the line—if possible—more concentratedly than ever. Then Heintzelman passed down the order, and like the surging of a sea long embosomed in a plain the column moved, slowly, certainly, vigorously belching fire and bull at every step; but never halting until they came close to the rebels that they might have halloored the names of each, man to man, across the little interval.—The latter came up bravely to the offered combat: but there was a destructiveness in our fire and a vehemence in our tread that they could not withstand. The fiery brigade of Meagher edged up gallantly on the right, using the musket right soldierly, and General Sickles' Excelsior Brigade, already fearfully cut up, went into the action like a battalion of fresh veterans. The brigade of Hooker was ably led by that distinguished officer, and General Kearney seemed ubiquitous, as he screamed his orders here and there, always urging his men on to the foe. The brigade of General Grover, including some Massachusetts regiments behaved finely here, but the whole corps was a unit, and Heintzleman was a genius.

Pushing steadily ahead, defying all efforts of the enemy to break or turn its line, the corps had at last the satisfaction of seeing the enemy break and fly in confusion to the swamp, totally dispirited and repulsed. We took in this engagement over two thousand prisoners, but as our object has been gained in covering our advance to the James river, it was not deemed of sufficient importance in view of their risk to be encountered in holding possession of them through the night. A large number of these prisoners, however, remain on our hands, and will serve in some sort to console us for the loss of very many of our own.

The Loss at White Oak Swamp.

The battle of White Oak Swamp was scarcely second to that of Gaines Hill in point of losses of life, wounded and prisoners. We undoubtedly suffered less than the enemy, who was literally butchered, but our own loss is, nevertheless, enormous. We lost all Mott's battery but a single gun, the whole of Randall's battery, one gun, we believe, of Capt. Ayers, and several others in various parts of the field. We could not have lost in killed, wounded and prisoners less than *two thousand five hundred men*, and our loss may reach twice that number. *But we gained our point and made the James river, depite all the enemy's attempts to cut us off therefrom.* In failing to do this he suffered the retreat, whereas in the pitch of battle we beat him back with immense loss, and so crippled that he was either unable or unwilling to fire a gun next day. The gunboat Aroostook and Galena are entitled to the most unbounded credit. They came into action just at the right time, and did first rate service. The rebels have so long held our gunboats in awe that their mere presence will produce a panic among them.

Wounded for the Great Cities.

The James river was full of transports on Tuesday afternoon, and the wounded will arrive immediately in New York and the large cities. As there is a prodigious quantity of them, it would be well if the benevolent could devise some means of assisting in the preparation for their reception.

Battle of Golding's Farm.

The general dejection that followed the retirement of our troops across the Chickahominy was particularly relieved by the good news of two considerable successes by the division of General Smith, who held a position on the extreme right, consisting of a line of breastworks and two redoubts. The left of these redoubts was strongly constructed, and had much annoyed the enemy, who had reason to believe that if heavy artillery were placed on it they might be compelled to evacuate the high grounds at both New Bridge and Old Tavern. Indeed it commanded these and other points.

Accordingly, when assured of the success of the left wing of their army, the rebels determined to seize the opportunity of advancing up on Smith's redoubt. This duty was assigned to Toombs' Georgia brigade, one of the best organizations in the Confederate service. They drove in our pickets about seven o'clock on Friday evening, and advanced, with close volleys of musketry, in two lines of battle. Hancock's brigade, consisting of the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Maine, Forty-third New York and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania regiments, was immediately under arms, as indeed they had been all day, expecting to join in the contest on the other side. They advanced over a piece of corduroy road, passed the redoubt to the right, and after passing a bottom or declivity, formed in line of battle about a third of a mile from the redoubt and on the ascending slope of a hill. Here they threw themselves upon their bellies, so that they could just peep over a crest by rising to their knees, and waited the onslaught of the enemy.

The pickets skirmished right in to the main body, the rebels coming pell mell after them, hoping to capture the whole force, when, just as they turned the crest of the hill, Hancock's brigade and Brook's Fifth Vermont regiment gave them a staggering fire. At the same moment the artillery from the redoubt and below opened upon them and they fell, right and left, in heaps and flies, until the desperation of the Georgians changed to doubt and then to panic. As they attempted to fall back, our men rose to their feet, rushed some distance and lay down again, pouring in as before murderous volleys. The whole fight lasted half an hour or an hour, and ended in one hundred dead Georgians being left upon the field. Our loss was exceedingly slight, as our men were not only properly generalled, but the regimental officers of this brigade are some of the most effective in the service—as Colonel Cobb, of the Fifth Wisconsin: Colonel Burnham, of the Sixth Maine, Colonel Vinton, of the Forty-ninth New York, &c.

Our Loss at Golding's Farm.

The following are some of the losses in the Fifth Wisconsin regiment:—

Captain Horace Walker, wounded in arm with shell:
Captain Wm. Evans, dangerously wounded in abdomen:
Sergeant Morris Mullins, wounded in leg:
Wm. Turpin, wounded in knee:
James Anderson, wounded in leg:
John Thuscan:
James Watson:
Lewis Cotz:
Daniel O. Ripley:
Corporal Reese Walker:
Corporal R. S. Vanhorman:
H. J. Lawton:
W. McPhoster:
H. O. Saunders:
—All wounded more or less severely. Total, 14.

The Forty-ninth Pennsylvania lost three killed and ten wounded.

The Forty-third New York lost two killed and twenty-eight wounded.

The Sixth Maine reported thirty killed and wounded.

The Fourth Vermont four wounded.

Second Fight of Golding's Farm

The next morning the infuriated Georgians, who had meantime heard of their success of Friday across the Chickahominy, determined to attack our lines before General Smith's division a second time, and make another effort to occupy the redoubt near Golding's house. Their dead still lay in the bottom or meadow where they had fallen the night before, and our troops had stolen around in the night to a strip of wood near a picket station, where they dug and masked a rifle pit.

At eight o'clock the Georgians formed in line of battle, headed by Colonel Lamar, of the Seventh Georgia (known in connection with the celebrated slave case of the yacht Wanderer), the first regiment, by repute, to enter the rebel service. They did not seem dispirited by their ill success of the day before, but marched boldly up to the same inevitable fate—terrible volleys that cut them to pieces, literally butchering them—and their enemy, though so obvious to feeling, was nowhere plain to the sight. Lying in the tangled grass, buried in the timber, prone under the sill of turf or drawing a bead through a fence, the keen eyed Wisconsin, Maine or Pennsylvanian was holding the terrible rifle, every thrill of which sent the leaden messenger through flesh and bone.

In the beginning of the fight Lamar was mortally wounded, and in attempting to rescue him his Lieutenant Colonel was taken prisoner. Our rifle pit galled their retreat, a movement they were compelled to make, but all its heroic denizens were bayonetted. Lamar was a beautiful man, singularly like a woman, but he had all the fierce elements of the fire-eater, and died suppressing every moan or cry. His wound was a bad one and he must have suffered terribly. From Lieutenant Colonel Towers we obtained a Richmond paper, extracts from which are published below.

General McCall.

There is some doubt expressed as to the loss of General McCall. This gallant officer had his horse—a spirited black stallion—shot in four places during the fight of Friday. His coat was also torn repeatedly by bullets, and his aids trembled for his safety, as he persisted in riding hither and thither, encouraging his men. The gallant fight of these may be traced entirely to the coolness and collectedness of their commander. He has been the victim of neuralgia for a long time, but has fulfilled his duties unflinchingly through evil and through good report.—General Meade also of this division is mentioned for distinguished courage and activity. He is reported elsewhere as taken prisoner.

Rebel Officers Disguised.

The rebel officers were so disguised by questionable and obscure costumes that perhaps on the several engagements they lost fewer officers than we. Our officers, on the contrary, were so individually clothed that they were prominent marks for ball; hence the great mortality in this respect. Our troops say that during the whole fight they saw no rebel officers.

The Pennsylvania Reserve Corps fought on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, on each and all the leading fights, and their losses are terrible. In all cases they behaved like good and gallant soldiers, and the Commonwealth they represent has nothing in common with them of which she may not be proud. The reserves did not lost more than one hundred and fifty men in the engagement of Thursday, at Mechanicsville; but after the fight of Friday, they reported the almost increditable loss of two thousand two hundred men. The subsequent encounter must have raised their loss to 4,000 and in this is contained three Generals, including Gen. Meade, several colonels, majors, captains, &c., representing every part of Pennsylvania. Among the rumors afloat on the field of battle when we left on Tuesday, was one that General McCall had been killed. We understood, from what seemed to be a reliable quarter that Gen. Meade and Gen. Reynolds were missing.

Losses in the Reserve Corps.

Colonel Gallagher, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserve, was killed in Friday's fight. Lieut. Col. Porter and Major Snodgrass were missing and prisoners. The Bucktails report about one hundred and twenty-five men left. Four of their companies were with Kane in the Shenandoah Valley, and six with McClellan. A whole company was taken in the fight of Thursday. Major Stone commanded during the late battle. The Sixth regiment of Reserves were doing picket duty at Tunstall's Station, and it is believed they all escaped harm up to Saturday, but subsequently they might have suffered seriously. Gen. Seymour, who commanded the brigade, formerly commanded by a general of Dranesville fame, had two horses killed under him. The reserves made several desperate dashes with the bayonet. Their ammunition gave out at six o'clock on Friday, up to which time they had discharged one hundred rounds—fifty in cartridgebox and fifty in haversack.

The Fourteenth New York, Ninth Massachusetts and Sixty-second Pennsylvania were formed in the wood on the right.—About two o'clock they were attacked by a large force of rebels who had succeeded in entering the wood. They were at first driven back, but soon aallied and charged upon the enemy and drove them out of the woods. They held the position until sundown, when they were ordered to fall back. Early in the day Colonel Black, of the Pennsylvania Sixty-second, was killed early in the fight. He was an able and very popular officer, and is a great loss to the regiment and corps. On the opposite side of the ravine Colonel McQua e, of the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, assisted by detachments from different regiments of the Pennsylvania reserves, held the position until the left was broken, and it becoming untenable they retreated up the hill.

TO OIL REFINERS

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE MADE arrangements to fit up Oil Refineries, unde Dr. Tweddle's Patent TROMP APPARATUS patented February 4th, 1862, by which fire is rendered totally unnecessary in distilling Petroleum or other Oils, and we guarantee our work canno be excelled in durability, simplicity or economy

We refer with confidence to the following parties, whose Refineries we have fitted up:

Messrs. Long, Miller & Co., Petrona Works:
Wightman & Anderson, Eagle do
S. M. Kier & Co., Excelsior do
Alex. Taylor & Co., Jefferson do
Lockhart & Frew, Brilliant do

The above works were designed and constructe and put in operation by Dr. H. W. O. TWEDDLE

The following works we have also fitted up:

Economy Oil Company, Darlington:
Messrs. Chadwick & Crumpton, Kittanning:
Johnson Graham & Co., Woods' Run:
Brewer, Sill & Co., Pittsburgh:
Reese & Graff, do
Johnson & Brother, do
Forsyth Bros. & Co., Manchester.

DAVIS & PHILLIPS,

Nos. 109 WATER & 104 FIRST STREETS,

Brass Founders, Plumbers

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS.

mh11:3md

EAGLE OIL WORKS.

WIGHTMAN & ANDERSON,

REFINERS AND DEALERS IN PURE Carbon Oil, quality guaranteed, Pittsburgh. Also, Benzole and Car Grease constantly on hand.

Orders, left at Chess, Smith & Co's on Wate and First streets, will be promptly filled.

oc26-6m

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the undersigned until the

First day of July, 1862.

For the delivery at the U. S ALLEGHENY ARSENAL, of 300 sets of Field and Siege Gun Carriage Timber to be felled between this date and the 20th of August, and delivered in the early part of Fall next.

Security for the faithful fulfilment of the contract will be required.

The kinds and quality of timber required may be seen on application at the Arsenal.

Proposals to be endorsed—
"Proposals to furnish Gun Carriage Timber."
To
"JOHN SYMINGTON,
Colonel of Ordnance,
Com'd. Allegheny Arsenal."

je23-1w

WILLIAM CARR & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

And Importers of

WINES, BRANDIES, GINS, &C.

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Distillers and Dealers in

FINE OLD MONONGAHELA RYE WHISKY

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OWEN BYRNE,

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GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER CHEAP FOR CASH.

HAVING RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, with a choice stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, which can be purchased at prices far below the usual rates.

Great inducements offered to cash buyers.

se21-6m

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS

We are now manufacturing a superior article of

LIME,

which we are prepared to deliver from our COAL YARD, 509 LIBERTY STREET.

Best quality of **Family Coal** always on hand as usual.

my31 DICKSON, STEWART & CO.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

THOMAS RATTIGAN, EUROPEAN Agent, 115 Water street, Pittsburgh, Pa. is prepared to bring out or send back passengers from or to any part of the old country, either by steam or sailing packets.

SIGHT DRAFTS FOR SALE, payable in any part of Europe.

Agent for the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad. Also, Agent for the old Black Star Line of Sailing Packets, and for the lines of Steamers sailing between New York, Liverpool, Glasgow and Galway.

Cresson Springs, Cambria Co., Pa.

THIS DELIGHTFUL AND POPULAR place of summer resort, located directly on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, 2,300 feet above the level of the ocean, will be open for guests from the 10th of June till the 30th of October. Since last season the grounds have been greatly improved and beautified, and a number of Cottages have been erected for the accommodation of families, rendering Cresson one of the most romantic and attractive places in the State. The furniture has been thoroughly renovated. The society, of pleasure, and the salubrity of the air, will find attractions here in a first-class Livery Stable, Billiard Tables, Ten-pin Alleys, Baths, etc., together with the purest air and water, and the most magnificent mountain scenery to be found in the country.

Tickets, good for the round trip from Philadelphia, $9 50; from Pittsburgh, $5 00.

For further information, address

G. W. MULLIN,

jel0-6tf Cresson Springs, Cambria Co., Pa.

DIME SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

NO. 110 SMITHFIELD STREET,

(OPPOSITE THE CUSTOM HOUSE.)

CHARTERED BY THE LEGISLATURE.

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Open daily, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Also, Tuesday and Saturday evenings, from 6 to 8 o'clock.

Deposits received of ONE DIME and upwards.

Dividends declared in December and June of each year.

Dividends allowed to remain are placed to the credit of the depositor as principal, and bear interest, thus compounding it.

Books containing Charter, By-Laws, &c., furnished at the office.

This Institution offers, especially to those persons whose earnings are small, the opportunity to accumulate, by small deposits, easily spared, a sum which will be a resource when needed, their money not only being safe but bearing interest, instead of remaining unproductive. my31

NATIONAL LOAN.

PURSUANT TO INSTRUCTIONS from the Secretary of the Treasury, a Book will be opened on the 27th day of June, 1862, at the office of Hanna, Hart & Co., corner Wood and Third streets, Pittsburgh, Pa., for subscriptions, under my countersign, to U. S. Coupon or Registered Bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years, and payable in twenty years from date, and bearing interest at the rate of six per centum, payable semi-annually, to be issued under the Act of February 25th, 1862.

These Bonds, dated May 1st, 1862, will be issued in sums of Fifty Dollars, One Hundred Dollars, Five Hundred Dollars, and One Thousand Dollars. No subscription for less than Fifty Dollars, or for any fraction of that sum, will be received. Subscriptions for Fifty or One Hundred Dollars must be paid at the time of subscribing, in the U. S. Demand Notes, and the payments made interest from the 1st of May, 1862, in equal subscriptions for a larger sum may, at the option of the subscriber, be paid at the time, or one-third at the time of subscribing, one-third in twenty, and one-third in forty days thereafter, provided that no payment shall be less than Fifty Dollars.

Certificates will be granted in due time to subscribers for the amount so paid, the delivery of which the subscriber will transmit by mail to the Secretary of the Treasury. Bonds so allotted will be issued thereon to such subscriber, or his order, or to the holder thereof, carrying interest as expressed in such certificate.

Any other information desired will be promptly given on application to the subscriber, personally or by letter.

JOSHUA HANNA,
Subscription Agent.

PITTSBURGH LOAN AGENCY, }
June 27th, 1862. }

je27-d

T. J. GRAFF.....PAUL BUGUS.....WM. GRAFF

WESTERN STOVE WORKS,

245 LIBERTY STREET,

PITTSBURGH.

GRAFF & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS

Would call the attention of the public to their

LARGE STOCK

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COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES.

ALSO, IMPROVED

Kitchen Ranges, Grate Fronts, Hollow Ware, &c., among which will found the Best Cool Cook Stoves in the State.

The Diamond, Advance, Air-Tight Eclipse, and Iron City,

Were awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair for the BEST COAL COOK STOVES. Also FIRST PREMIUM awarded to the TRUE AMERICAN, GLOBE & REPUBLIC.

For the BEST WOOD COOK NOW IN USE. The KENTUCKIAN and KANSAS Premium Stoves are unsurpassed. We call attention of DEALERS and BUILDERS to the largest stock of

GRATE FRONTS AND FENDERS

IN THE STATE.

N B—We line the DIAMOND and ECLIPSE Coal Cook Stoves with Soap Stone Linings, which and the fire better than iron. ea6tds

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