

Franklin Repository

CHAMBERSBURG

Wednesday Morning, July 8, 1863.

JOHN K. SHRYOCK is authorized to receive subscriptions and contracts for advertisements for the Repository in the Eastern cities.

THE FRANKLIN REPOSITORY.

The FRANKLIN REPOSITORY will henceforth be issued by ALEX. K. McCLELLAN and HENRY S. STONER as Editors and Proprietors. It has been enlarged to its old form of FORTY-EIGHT columns, its size thus increased fully one-third, and the paper appears in entirely new and beautiful type. The old terms of two dollars per annum in advance, or two dollars and a-half if not paid within the year, have been adopted, from necessity, as no paper of the size of the REPOSITORY can possibly be published for less. Indeed, but for the hope that printing paper must in a reasonable time become cheaper than now, we could not venture on the experiment of attempting a first-class local paper at the low rate of two dollars per annum.

Able assistance has been secured in the Editorial department, and the Local Items of the county will be given in the fullest possible manner. Able and reliable correspondents have been secured at Washington, Harrisburg and the Eastern cities, and the latest news by Telegraph will be given in each issue down to the date of publication. A full and reliable weekly review of the Markets will always be found in the REPOSITORY, and the very latest sales of Flour, Grain &c., will be furnished every Tuesday evening by Telegraph. Local correspondents in different sections of the county have been engaged, who will regularly report the condition of the Crops, and all items of general interest. In short, we hope to make the FRANKLIN REPOSITORY the most complete Local, General, and Political journal in the State out of the leading cities. If in this we succeed, and thus merit the patronage of the people of Franklin county, we feel assured that we shall not appeal in vain for their generous support.

Politically, the FRANKLIN REPOSITORY will, during the war, have but one article of faith—the positive and unconditional re-union of the States under the regularly constituted authorities of the Government. It will resist alike Disunion and cowardly Compromise with armed treason, as disaster to the living—as dishonor to our heroic dead. It will give a cordial and earnest support to the administrations of President LINCOLN and Governor CURTIN, and will demand that every possible means within the reach or power of the government, be employed to secure the unity and lasting Peace of the Republic.

THE VICTORY AT GETTYSBURG.

At length the two great opposing armies have met in an open field with the firm resolve to conquer or be destroyed, and the God of battles has given victory to the Union arms. It was no drawn struggle—no doubtful triumph. After three days of the most deadly strife, marked by a heroism on both sides before which Roman story pales, the rebel columns reeled back upon their mountain base defeated, routed, decimated, without heart or hope.

Under cover of the night their shattered legions commenced their retreat, hugging the mountains closely for protection, and leaving their thousands of dead to find hospitable graves at the hands of their foe, while other thousands of wounded were left to the humanity of those by whose hands they had fallen. The pathway to their home of desolation and want was marked by the pale and lifeless monuments of their disaster, and thousands of their living have, under the dark cloud of disaster, deserted their ranks and come as suppliants to our doors.

Scarcely half the insurgent army is in battle array to-day. Its sullen steps were turned upon the Potomac only to find that the very elements have risen in terrible vengeance against them. Hopeless and dispirited they find the waters dividing them from safety, defy their retreat, and the battle of despair must be fought ere repose can be found from the shock of the discomfiture at Gettysburg.

Their long, broken lines filed through Hagerstown toward Williamsport

yesterday, and as the Potomac is impassable, the historic ground of Antietam will doubtless be chosen again by the rebel leader for the last desperate effort for existence. It was there that he learned the bitter lesson of the madness of invasion nearly one year ago, when a defeated, disorganized army assailed and dislodged him. Now the Army of the Potomac marches upon him with the victory of Gettysburg streaming on their banners, and their hearts strengthened by the triumph of the Right, and they will strike with resistless fury upon the invading foe.

Mingled with the joy of every loyal heart at this great triumph, will be the deepest sorrow for our fallen heroes. To protect our homes and to preserve our Nationality fifteen thousand of our bravest troops have fallen. They will be mourned as the Republic's noblest sons, and green will be the chaplets woven for them in the memory of every friend of order and government.

To Gen. MEADE was assigned the cruel task of meeting an invading foe within three days after the command was assigned him. That he did it wisely, heroically, triumphantly, stamps him to-day as the "Great Defender of the Republic!"

The plundered Border of Pennsylvania sends greeting to the authorities and noble sons of New York, who were first upon our soil to resist the relentless desolation of the despoiler. When sister counties of our State hesitated and faltered, the flags of the Empire 8th and 71st waved in our streets, and their guns bristled in the direction of the foe, and the gallant 7th was in Baltimore to swell our forces there. Heaven grant that the Northern frontier may never feel the devastating tread of a domestic or foreign foe; but should that dark day ever dawn upon us or our children, there will be strong arms and stout hearts from the "Green Spot" to rally to the rescue of the Empire State. Till then unfading gratitude will be cherished for the sons of New York by every heart that beats upon our border.

THE MATERIAL and subscription list of the Dispatch have been united with this office, and the subscribers to that journal will henceforth be furnished with the REPOSITORY. We believe that the arrangement will be acceptable to the readers, as it must be advantageous to all parties interested, and the public generally. Persons who have paid their subscription in advance to the Dispatch, will receive this paper without additional charge for the full period for which they have paid. Many of the readers of the Dispatch will doubtless miss its sprightly little face, but with the increased facilities afforded by the union of the two papers, we hope to meet every reasonable want of the entire Union party of Franklin county.

THE Democratic State Convention met at Harrisburg on the 17th ult., and nominated Hon. George W. Woodward, of Luzerne, for Governor, and Hon. Walter H. Lowrie for Supreme Judge. We have neither time nor room to notice the candidates or platform in detail, but in our next issue we hope to be able to do justice to both. It is a noticeable fact that the convention was in session while the Rebels were in possession of Chambersburg and threatening our capital, but not a word was said in speech or resolutions about the defence of our Commonwealth from the insolent rebel foe.

In our next issue we shall give in detail the movements of the rebels while in our county, and the prominent incidents which occurred during their stay, so as to furnish a complete and accurate history of the invasion. Our readers will confer a special favor by furnishing us the details of incidents worthy of note in their respective localities.

The publication of the REPOSITORY has been suspended for two weeks by the occupation of the Cumberland Valley by the Rebels. The outside of to-day's paper—the 2d, 3d, 6th and 7th pages—was printed three weeks ago, and if some of the news in that part of the paper seems stale, our readers must charge it to Gens. Lee and Jenkins.

Owing to the interruption of the telegraph by the rebels, we are without our telegraphic report of the Markets.



A GREAT VICTORY!

THREE DAYS BATTLES

Terrific and Unparalleled Conduct.

THE REBELS UTTERLY ROUTED!

They Retreat to the Mountain.

The Culminating Battle on Friday.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES FROM GEN. MEADE.

The Rebels Repulsed in Every Attack!

THE PRESIDENT CONGRATULATES THE COUNTRY.

SPLENDID CONDUCT OF OUR ARMY.

The Rebel Gen. Armistead Captured.

GEN. SICKLES' LEG AMPUTATED ON THE FIELD.

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

The Rebel Pontoon Bridges at Williamsport Destroyed.

RISE OF THE POTOMAC RIVER.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD ARMY CORPS, NEAR GETTYSBURG, July 4, 1863.

The battle of Friday was the most desperate, most fierce and decisive of the war. It was commenced at early daybreak on our extreme left by a determined attack by the enemy with musketry and artillery. The attack was met by the Sixth Corps and portions of the First and Fifth, the Third lying close at hand in reserve. The battle raged fiercely at this point for nearly three hours, when the enemy fell back, yielding to us the whole of the battle field of that morning, as well as of the previous day.

Nearly simultaneously with the opening of the attack on the left, movements were discovered on the right indicating that an effort was making to flank our position in that direction. Our artillery on Cemetery Hill at once opened, throwing heavy volleys of shell over and to the right and east of the town. At this point we had eight or ten batteries in position, covered by earthworks. The enemy responded briskly to our cannonading, but with poor effect, and were evidently much annoyed by our fire. They, however, pressed their columns on to the right, and very soon our infantry poured on the flank and were earnestly engaged. The contest here was even more earnest and continuous than on the left. The Twelfth and portions of the Eleventh Corps withstood the shock, giving never an inch of ground to their assailants.

The fight raged here on the face of a lofty mountain, densely wooded, from the summit of which batteries could command our position on Cemetery Hill. It was evidently with a view of gaining this position that the enemy made the assault. For this purpose Hill's Corps, that had fought on the left on the previous day, was brought around to reinforce Early, and as the scheme was developed it appeared that the early attack on the left was intended merely as a diversion to cover this movement. From a distance the progress of the fight could be observed by the curling smoke rising above the woods, marking the line of the fierce contest.

In this struggle our reserved artillery was brought into play, and did most excellent service from impromptu positions on the elevated points back of Cemetery Hill, shelling the face of the mountain where the enemy were supposed to be. This reserve fire of shell, added to the steady and unflinching ardor of the glorious Twelfth corps, ultimately checked the vastly superior force of the enemy, who for an hour or two had been gradually advancing. At the critical juncture, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, one or two brigades of New York troops, supposed to be militia from Pennsylvania, arrived, and were immediately thrown into position to reinforce the right wing, which was being so badly pressed. This assistance determined the fate of the day. The enemy quailed before it, and soon the curling smoke that marked the line of the contest began to recede, surely indicating that the enemy were falling back; but if they gave away at all it was but slowly fighting at every step; and thus the battle raged for hours, and until afternoon, when the enemy abandoned the field in that direction. But they did not yet yield the day. For a period, hostilities seemed to be suspended; but the suspension was very brief.

The rebel columns seemed to be massed as if by magic, and within an hour their whole force was massed directly in our front, and once more the fierce and deadly contest opened. This time it was an assault along the entire line—a last resort, the forlorn hope of the enemy. They were weakened in numbers and dispirited and utterly demoralized; yet Lee had a reputation to save and a name to make, and at any sacrifice of life he seemed bound to win the day; but he strove in vain. The Union troops were fighting at home and among their own people. They fought like heroes, and, inspired by success, they had no thought of defeat. They could have withstood three times the force the enemy hurled against them. It was mere play for them to drive back the columns of the rebels, and so they did drive them back, and at five o'clock, after more than twelve hours of constant fighting, the contest terminated, the national troops victorious at every point, and having nearly the entire battle field in their possession.

Time fails me to tell upon the details of this brilliant and glorious battle. It would be interesting to see how we took thousands on thousands of prisoners, how the enemy were slaughtered how our men fell by thousands, heroically defending their national emblem; but let it be deferred: *the day is ours, the victory is won, the country is saved.*

At the close of the action General Lee had the impudence to send a flag of truce asking a suspension of hostilities, to give him time for the burial of the dead, and an exchange of prisoners. General Meade replied that he intended to capture all the prisoners the enemy had taken, and that he would bury their dead for him. Failing in this attempt to gain time, and badly worsted at all hands, the rebels had no other recourse but to avail themselves of the first opportunity to fall back to the mountains. So precipitate was their retreat last night, that their guards and sentinels in town were not relieved, and were captured.

This morning upward of eleven hundred stragglers were taken in Gettysburg, besides our wounded who had fallen into the enemy's hands on Wednesday. At early daybreak General Meade's army was started in pursuit of the rebels with his artillery; and at last accounts was pressing them hard.

The summary of this battle it would be difficult to give at this time. Both sides have lost heavily. The country about Gettysburg is crowded with wounded men. Every house and barn is a hospital. Probably in the aggregate, of both armies at least 50,000 men have been placed hors de combat. The apportionment of this loss would probably be twenty thousand Union and thirty thousand rebels. In addition to this, we have captured from twelve to twenty thousand prisoners, which is more than quadruple what they have taken from us, including our wounded who fell into their hands on Wednesday, and who were recaptured by us in Gettysburg this morning.

It is exceedingly doubtful if we have taken either Longstreet or Hill, as reported, though the report is based on statements of rebel prisoners. Other reports say that Longstreet is badly wounded, and some say that he is dead.

THE OPENING FEAT.

First Army Corps. GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 12—12 M. We left camp this morning at 12 M., and before we reached the heights overlooking the town we heard the gun which told that Bull Run's cavalry and horsemen were skirmishing with the enemy's light troops. Our information is that the enemy is there in force, with the prospect of a sharp engagement, if not a decisive battle.

COMMUNICATED BY THE FIRST ARMY CORPS. I came directly into town, being to be able to despatch letters or messages, but learn that a few days since the railway was torn up and bridges burned by the rebels, and the telegraph poles cut down for souvenirs. If no mails leave to-day we shall be obliged to send couriers to the nearest telegraph station.

IN POSITION. The First and Eleventh corps have got into position and the firing has ceased for the moment.

HEADQUARTERS, July 11—1 P. M. THE FIRST CORPS ENGAGED. I have just returned from the front. There has been some of the most gallant fighting by our boys ever known to warrior. Gen. Jas. S. Wadsworth's division, the first of the First corps, was the first engaged, and Col. Meredith's old "iron" brigade was the first to get into action. The boys walked into the fight just as they would into a harvest field, and mowed down the enemy like grass.

CAPTURE OF ARCHER'S BRIGADE—DEATH OF REYNOLDS. They have captured the famous Light Brigade of the rebel army, commanded by Gen. Archer, a native of Maryland, who is also a prisoner, but they have lost their favorite commander, Major General John F. Reynolds, who was killed at the commencement of the action. As you will get all the particulars of his death and career by telegraph, I will not elaborate upon them here more than to say that his troops had every confidence in him and will reverse his loss.

HEADQUARTERS, July 11—5 P. M. THE REBELS AGAIN ATTACK US—THE FIRST FULLY ENGAGED. In the brilliant line of action mentioned in my previous letter, our troops were victorious, having driven the enemy from their position. They were resting on their arms about two o'clock the enemy, A. P. Hill's corps, having been reinforced by portion of Ewell's (formerly Stonewall Jackson's) corps made an attack on our lines. The whole of the First corps was now fiercely engaged, General Robinson commanding the Second division and Gen. Rowley the Third. The enemy massed his whole force first upon our right, then upon centre, and lastly upon our left, and the iron hail and missiles fell upon us in unparalleled fury. Our boys never winced or flinched. It seems that the veterans of the First corps consider fighting one of their regular exercises.

THE FIRST CORPS FALLS BACK. After two hours of unprecedented fighting against a force of four times our numbers, and terrible losses, we were obliged to fall back upon the town, and through it to the heights, on the southern and eastern side, leaving our dead on the field and our wounded, both there and in the town hospitals, who were unable to walk, in the hands of the enemy. Our ambulance train was not yet up.

POSITION AND PLAN OF THE BATTLE. The battle of Gettysburg! I am told that it commenced on the first of July, a mile north of the town, between two weak brigades of infantry and some doomed artillery, and the whole force of the rebel army. Among other costs of this error was the death of Reynolds. Its value was priceless, however, though priceless was the young and the old blood which it was bought. The error put us on the defensive, and gave us the choice of position, from the moment that our artillery and infantry rolled back through the main street of Gettysburg and rolled out of the town to the circle of eminences south of it. We were not to attack but to be attacked. The risks, the difficulties and the disadvantages of the coming battle were the enemy's. Ours were the heights for artillery; ours the short, inside lines for maneuvering and manning; ours the cover of stone walls, fences, and the crests of hills. The ground upon which we were driven to accept battle was wonderfully favorable to us. A proper description of it would be to say that it was in form a long, narrow, somewhat sharpened horseshoe, with the toe to Gettysburg and the heel to the south.

Lee's plan of battle was simple. He massed his troops upon the east side of this shoe of position, and thundered on it obstinately to break it. The shelling of our batteries from the nearest overlooking hill, and the unflinching courage and complete discipline of the Army of the Potomac repelled the attack. It was renewed at the point of the shoe—renewed desperately at the southwest heel—renewed on the western side, with an effort consecrated to success by Ewell's earnest eaths, and on which the fate of the invasion of Pennsylvania was fully put at stake. Only a perfect infantry, and an

artillery educated in the midst of charges of hostile brigades, could possibly have sustained this assault. Hancock's corps did sustain it, and has covered itself with immortal honor by its constancy and courage. The total wreck of Cushing's battery—the list of its killed and wounded—losses of officers, men and horses—covered and the marvellous outpouring upon the field of dead soldiers and dead animals—of dead soldiers in blue, and dead soldiers in gray—more marvellous to me than anything I have ever seen in war—was a ghastly and shocking testimony to the terrible fate of the 2d Corps, that none will gainsay. That corps will ever have the distinction of breaking the pride and power of the rebel invader.

THE REBEL CHARGE. Then there was a lull, and we knew that the rebel infantry was charging. And splendidly they did it, too—the highest and severest test of the war that soldiers are made of. Hill's division in line of battle, came first, on the double-quick, their muskets at the "right-shoulder-shift." Longstreet's came as the support, at the usual distance, with war-cries at a savage insolence as yet untutored by death. They rushed in perfect order across the open field, up to the very muzzles of the gun, which tore lanes through them as they came. But they met men, who were their equals in spirit, and their superiors in tenacity. There never was better fighting since Thermopylae, than that done yesterday by our infantry and artillery. The rebels were over our defences. They had cleaned cannons and horses from one of the guns, and were winding it around to use upon us. The largest drove them back. But so hard pressed was this brave infantry that at one time, from the exhaustion of their ammunition, every battery upon the principal crest of attack was silent, except Cowen's. His serps of grape and canister was awful. It enabled our line, outnumbered two to one, not to beat back Longstreet, and then to charge upon him, and take a great number of his men and himself prisoners. Straggle! So terrible was our musketry and artillery fire, that when Armistead's brigade was checked in its charge, and stood still, all of its men dropped their muskets, and crawled on their hands and knees, underneath the stream of shot, till close to our troops, where they made signs of surrendering. They passed through our ranks scarcely noticed, and slowly went down the slope to the road in the rear.

SPIRIT OF THE BATTLE. The artillery fire continued without intermission for three hours, when suddenly, having formed under cover of the smoke of our own guns, the rebel troops were hurled against our lines by their officers in masses, the very tread of whose feet shook the declivity up which they came, with cries that might have caused less dutiful troops than those who awaited the onset to break with terror. Not a man in the Federal ranks flinched from his position. Not an eye turned to the right or left in search of security, not a hand trembled as to long array of our heroes grasped their muskets at a charge, and waited the order to fire. On and up came the enemy, hooting, cawing, showing their very teeth in the venom of their rage, until within thirty yards of our cannon, as the turbulent mass of gray uniforms, of flashing bayonets and gleaming eyes, lifted itself in a last leap forward, and to the muzzle and bullets went crashing, through it, leaving it as a scythe. Its overwhelming onward rush, in the next instant turned to the hesitating leap forward of a few soldiers more dazed than the rest, the world bounding upwards of more than a few mortally wounded heroes, and the succeeding backward surge of the disoriented remainder, which culminated in a scamp down the slope that was, in some instances, retarded by the pursuing bullets of our men.

The carnage of its assault among the rebels was so fearful that even Federal soldiers who rested on their arms triumphant, after the foe had retreated beyond their fire, as they cast their eyes downward upon the panorama of death and wounds illuminated by the sun that shone upon the slope before them, were seen to shudder and turn sickening away.

Then the 3d and 4th Corps joined in the fight. As the rebels rallied for an instant, and attempted to make a stand, they were met by such combed volleys as threatened to reduce their columns to fragments. The panic which ensued is unparalleled in any battle in which the Army of the Potomac has ever been engaged. The enemy quailed like sheep before a tempest. Their main line again recoiled, but numbers, rebuffed by the horror and tumult, fell upon their knees, upon their breasts, upon their faces, shrieking and lifting up clasped hands in token of surrender and appeal for mercy. General Dick Garnett's brigade surrendered almost entire, but Garnett himself, by the aid of two of his men, succeeded, though wounded, in making his escape. Longstreet, who led the reinforcements which enabled the rebels to make their second, brief stand, was wounded, captured, and is now a prisoner. The musketry firing slowly ceased, and the discharge of artillery continued, for a brief period, but even these reverberations died away.

General Meade was not deceived in anticipating another onslaught. Lee's columns were collected and reformed with magical haste. Within an hour what seemed to be his whole force was again amassed directly in our front, where the contest once more opened. The assault this time was made with a fury even surpassing that of the first. It would seem as if the entire rebel army had resolved itself to a gigantic forlorn hope, and bore in its collective bosom the last and only one that could be made toward retreating the fumes of that army, or preventing the inevitable disgrace which hovered over it.

It is said by rebel prisoners taken in the later part of the engagement that this charge was led by Lee in person. The prestige of his name and his presence could certainly not have added to its power or enthusiasm. Yet the cool and gallant phalanx which, secured in its position and confident in its leader, waited with a lunge only broken by the occasional roar of artillery the approach of the foe, and viewed it as calmly and met it as unflinchingly before. Back, as easily as a girl hurls the shuttlecock, did the soldiers of our gallant men hurl into chaotic retreat the hosts that came on and on, over the stones and dices, over the bodies of fallen comrades, plugging their dead in heaps and making the follower which it trod ghastly and alive with staggering wounded.

THE FIED AFTER THE BATTLE.

(From the Correspondence of the Times.) Rebel officers with whom I have conversed frankly admit that the result of the last two days has been most disastrous to their cause, which they say, upon the success of Lee's design, they transfer the seat of war from Virginia to the Northern Border States. A wounded rebel colonel told me that, in the first and second day's fight, the rebel losses were between ten and eleven thousand. Yesterday, they were greater still. In one part of the field in a space not more than twenty

feet in circumference, in front of General Gibbons' division, I counted seven dead rebels, three of whom were piled on top of each other. And close by, in a spot not more than fifteen feet square, lay fifteen "graybacks," stretched in death. These were the adventurous spirits, who, in the face of the horrible streams of canister, shell, and musketry, scaled the fence wall in their attempt upon our batteries. Very large numbers of wounded were also strewn around, not to mention more who had crawled away or been taken away. The field in front of the stone wall was literally covered with dead and wounded, a large proportion of whom were rebels. Where our musketry and artillery took effect they lay in swaths, as if mown down by a scythe. This field presented a horrible sight—such as has never yet been witnessed during the war. Not less than one thousand dead and wounded lay in a space of less than four acres in extent, and that, too, after numbers had crawled away to places of shelter.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES have always fought well. They fought today more than well. Defending the State of their nativity not only inspired the men with extra courage, but many lived in Gettysburg and about here, and with them it was a fight in reality for their hearts and sides. Over the heads of their helpless wives and children were passing murderous shells of the rebel invaders. At any moment these shells might fall into their midst, carrying horror and death in their track. It is to be wondered at that they climbed in the manner they did the rugged ascent of Rock Hill—that they showed no fear of the rebels—that they drove the enemy from the hill, and kept them at bay? And they did keep them at bay, and by aid of two batteries planted on the summit of the hill, arrested the progress of the rebel advance.

The record of the 8th Corps shows numberless chief officers sacrificed in this fierce encounter, witnessing the desperation with which it was fought. Out of this little Corps nearly 3,000 men were placed hors de combat in this short engagement.

The gallant Birney was twice struck by the bullets of the enemy, though happily but slightly injured. It is but proper to mention that this single action saved his day.

HANCOCK'S VALOR.

From the Correspondence of the Times. At 2 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, Longstreet's whole Corps advanced from the rebel centre against our centre. The enemy's forces were hurled upon our position by columns in mass, and also in line of battle. Our centre was held by Gen. Hancock, with the noble old 2d Army Corps, aided by General Doubleday's division of the 1st Corps.

The rebels first opened a terrific artillery bombardment, to demoralize our men, and then moved their forces with great impetuosity upon our position. Hancock received the attack with great firmness, and after a furious battle, lasting until five o'clock, the enemy were driven from the field, Longstreet's Corps being almost annihilated.

The battle was a most magnificent spectacle. It was fought on an open plain just south of Gettysburg, with not a tree to interrupt the view. The courage of our men was perfectly sublime.

At 5 P. M., what was left of the enemy retreated in utter confusion, leaving dozens of flags, and Gen. Hancock estimated, at least five thousand killed and wounded on the field.

The battle was fought by General Hancock with splendid valor. He won imperishable honor, and Gen. Meade thanked him in the name of the army and the country. He was wounded in the thigh, but remained on the field.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 3d, 8.30. NEAR GETTYSBURG.—To Major Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.—The enemy opened at 1 P. M. from about 100 guns concentrated upon my left centre, continuing without intermission for about three hours, at the expiration of which time he assaulted my left centre twice, being, upon both occasions, handsomely repulsed with severe loss to him, leaving in our hands nearly 3,000 prisoners, among them being Gen. Armistead and many Colonels and officers of lesser note.

The enemy left many dead upon the field, and a large number of wounded in our hands.

The loss upon our side has been considerable. Major General Hancock and Brigadier General Gibbons were wounded.

After the repelling of the assault, indications leading to a belief that the enemy might be withdrawing, an armed reconnoissance was pushed forward from the left, and the enemy found to be in force.

At the present hour all is quiet. My cavalry have been engaged all day on both flanks of the enemy, harassing and vigorously attacking him with great success, notwithstanding they encountered superior numbers, both of cavalry and infantry.

The army is in fine spirits. (Signed) GEORGE G. MEADE, Major General Commanding.

STILL LATER. OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM GEN. MEADE, WASHINGTON, July 5—8 P. M.—The following despatches have been received: HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Noon, July 4, 1863.—To Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief.—The position of affairs is not materially changed since my last despatch, dated 7 A. M. We now hold Gettysburg. The enemy has abandoned large numbers of his killed and wounded on the field.

I shall probably be able to give you a return of our captures and losses before night, and a return of the enemy's killed and wounded in our hands.

GEORGE G. MEADE, Major General. HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, 10 P. M., July 4.—To Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief.—No change of affairs since my last despatch of 12 o'clock, noon.

GEORGE G. MEADE, Major General. THE LATEST OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM GEN. MEADE. Lee Sneaks Away in the Night—Our Cavalry in Pursuit—Over Twenty Battle Flags Captured.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 5, 8.30 A. M.—To Major General Halleck.—The enemy retired under cover of the night and heavy rain, in the direction of Fairfield and Cashtown. My cavalry is in pursuit.

I cannot give you the details of our captures of prisoners, colors and arms. Upwards of twenty battle flags will be turned in from our camps.

My wounded and those of the enemy are in our hands. (Signed) G. G. MEADE, Major General.

Rebel Pontoon Bridge Destroyed—Capture of the Guns. WASHINGTON, July 5.—The following despatch has been received: HARRISBURG, Md., July 3, 8 P. M.—To Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief.—An expedition sent out by me has just returned, having entirely destroyed the enemy's pontoon bridge over the Potomac at Williamsport, capturing the guard, consisting of a lieutenant and 13 men.

W. H. FREESTON, Major General.