

The Franklin Repository.

BY M'CLURE & STONER.

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VICTORY!

Nine Days of Terrible Slaughter!

GRANT ADVANCES FROM DAY TO DAY!

The Rebels Defeated on Every Field!

TREASON OVERTHROWN!

Lee Retreats South of the Pot!

GRANT PRESSING FORWARD!

Thursday the Waterloo of Rebellom!

Sheridan Severs Lee's Lines and Destroys His Stores and Munitions!

He Enters the Richmond Entrenchments!

BUTLER WITHIN EIGHT MILES OF RICHMOND!

BEAUREGARD DEFEATED IN ATTEMPTING TO RELIEVE FORT DARLING!

SIGEL MOVING ON LYNCHBURG!

SHERMAN CAPTURES DALTON!

HE DEFEATS JOHNSTON AT RESECA!

Union Loss 25,000!—Rebel Loss Over 40,000!

The Opening Fight—Lee Attacks in the Wilderness—Hill Engages Hancock—Hancock Holds his Ground.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

WILDERNESS BATTLE—FIELD, May 7—2 P. M. How perfect have been the combinations, how completely on time they have been executed, how well in hand the army has been every hour and is now, how masterly and successful thus far has been the movement—all this is so clearly apparent that I can but notice it here even while a spirited battle is being fought only half a mile from where I write.

Immediately after "writing up" this morning I rode out to Griffin's lines, then reported to be menaced by the enemy. His division was in line of battle at right angles with and on either side of the Old Turnpike. The enemy had evidently despatched a force from his line on Mine Run, to worry and delay our march by threatening in flank. Gen. Griffin had sent the 18th Massachusetts and 83d Pennsylvania, under Col. Hayes, of the former, to feel what out on the turnpike. It was here that Charles Wilson fell, the Rebel skirmish line opposing a vigilant front. Finally, after some little firing, Gen. Warren, who had come up in person, ordered an advance down the road in force. A rebel brigade moved on upon the right of the road, and Bartlett's upon the left, with each flank well supported.

Field officers were obliged to dismount, so dense was the growth of dwarf pines. An advance of less than half a mile and a smart fusillade opened the action: The two brigades carried the first eminence, and were pushing up a second, when, owing to failure of the commands right and left to connect and form a contiguous line, the Rebels flanked them on both sides. Col. Hayes, 18th Massachusetts, finding himself in command of several regiments and the enemy all around him, formed a line facing to the rear and fought in both directions. At length he gave the order to fall back, and the movement was being executed when he was hit on the scalp and fell. The brigade bugler brought him safely off. Meanwhile fresh troops were put in, and the Rebels slowly drove along the whole front the fighting. In this hour the enemy has ceased to make demonstrations, and we are waiting for Hancock to join on our left. Gen Grant is speaking a wooden pipe, his face as peaceful as a summer evening, his general demeanor indescribably imperturbable. I know, however, that there is great anxiety that Hancock should fall into position, for it is believed that the entire Rebel force is massing upon us.

WILDERNESS BATTLE—FIELD, May 5—9 P. M. Heavy fighting since three o'clock, mostly at the extreme left, under Hancock. Getty's Division, Sixth Corps, was at the right of Orange Plank Road, fronting toward Mine Run, where Carr's Division, Second Corps, joined him on his left. The other divisions of Hancock's Corps were pushing up; in the twinkling of an eye the Rebels were on him in great force, with the evident purpose of turning our left. The ground was fearfully overgrown with scrub trees, thick as one sees urgent requests came back in a few minutes. The enemy was repeating his tactics at Chancellorsville of falling with tremendous force and superhuman vim upon one wing. This time he was not repulsed, but foiled.

The battle raged for three hours precisely where it began, along a line of not more than half a mile. Fast as our men came up they were sent in—still no ground gained, none lost. It was all musketry, roll surging upon roll—not the least cessation. We were fighting 20,000 men, and such was the nature of the country but two guns could be planted bearing upon the enemy. Hayes' brigade of Birney's division became warmly engaged soon after the ball opened. A little while and he asked for reinforcements. Hancock sends back word: "I will send a brigade within twenty minutes. Tell Gen. Alexander Hayes to hold his ground. He can do it. I know him to be a powerful man." Within that time Gen. Hayes was killed, and his body brought to the rear. The work was at close range. No room in that jungle for maneuvering, no possibility of a bayonet charge, no help from artillery, no help from cavalry; nothing but close, square, severe, face-to-face volleys of fatal musketry. The wounded stream out, and fresh troops pour in. Stretcher-bearers pass out with ghastly burdens, and go back reeking with blood for more. Word is brought that the ammunition is falling. Sixty rounds fired in one steady stand-up fight, and that fight not fought out. Boxes of cartridges are placed on the returning stretchers, and the struggle shall not cease for want of ball and powder. Do the volleys grow nearer, or do our fears make them seem so? It must be so, for a second line is rapidly formed just where we stand, and the bullets slip singing by us as they have not done before, while now and then a limb drops from the tree-tops. The bullets are flying high. Gen. Hancock rides along the new line, is recognized by the men, and cheered with will and a tiger. But we stay them.—The 5th Corps is all up, and it must be that troops will come up from Warren or Sedgwick, or else they will retreat the enemy's attention by an attack upon another quarter. Yes, we hold them, and the fresh men going in will drive them. I ride back to General Headquarters, and learn that an advance has been ordered six hours ago along the whole line. Gen. Meade is in front with Warren, Gen. Grant is even now listening for Wadsworth's division or Warren's Corps to open on Hill's flank, for it is Hill's Corps that is battling with Hancock. The latter reports that he shall be able to maintain his ground. The severe fighting for the day is over, and it is sunset.

I write now at 10 P. M. Since dark there has been brisk firing at intervals at different points along the line. The enemy has been splendidly foiled to-day in his intention of beating us before we should be ready to fight. To-morrow we shall be altogether ready. Our line to-night extends perhaps six miles from north-east to southwest, the right being a little advanced. Gen. Burnside has come up 25,000 strong and will probably be the reserve to-morrow. Our loss to-day may be estimated at 3,000 to 4,000. The main battle, probably a decisive one, must be to-morrow. To-day we have fought because the enemy chose that he should. To-morrow we choose that he shall.

The Terrible Battle of Friday—Every Corps of Both Armies Engaged—Night Closes on a Most Bloody and Indecisive Battle. Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune.

FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. Friday, May 11—11 P. M. Fourteen hours of severe fighting to-day, and still nothing decisive. The position this morning was that of last night, substantially. Gen. Sedgwick, with two of his divisions, Rickett's and Wright's, has fought upon the right; Gen. Hancock, with the four divisions of his corps, viz: Birney's, Carr's, Barlow's and Gibbons's, with Getty's Division of the 6th Corps, has fought upon the left; and Gen. Warren, with his full corps and Stevenson's division of the 9th Corps (Burnside's), has fought in the center. Burnside's corps has constituted the reserve, and has marched and countermarched incessantly, and gone in by brigades at the center and on the left.

Sedgwick was to advance at 5 A. M., but Ewell, who commands opposite him, attacked at 4.45. Sedgwick says Ewell's watch must be 15 minutes ahead of his. This action on our right was spirited and well fought. At the expiration of an hour the rebels were handsomely borne back, the firing ceased, and each side held the ground they had bivouacked upon. Our loss was severe, and the enemy's could not have been less.

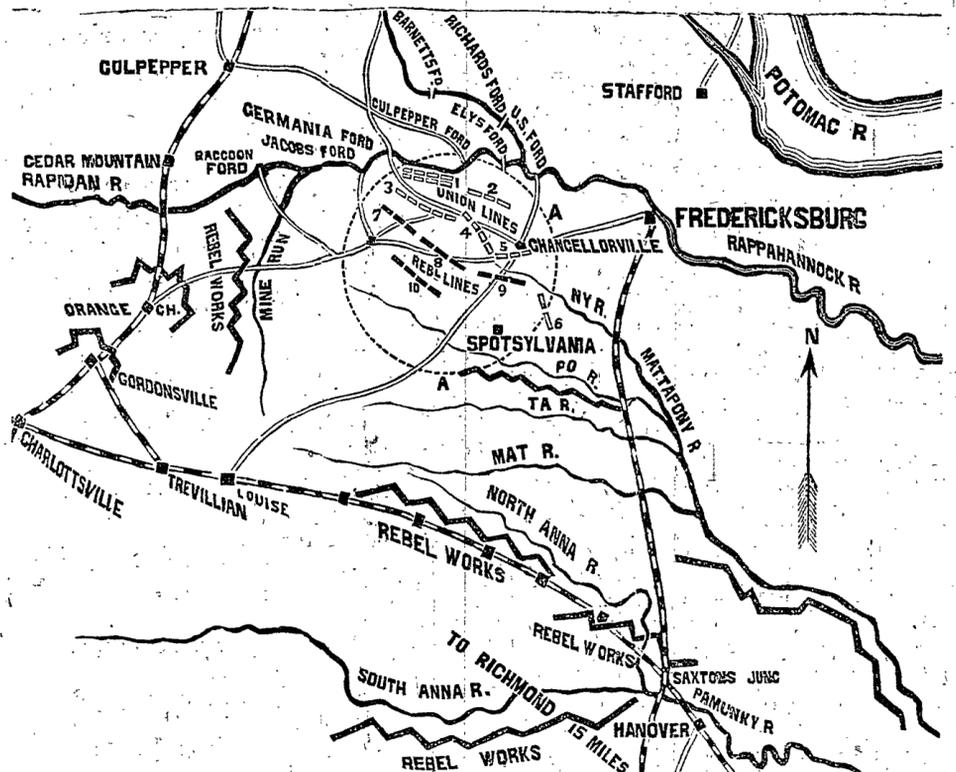
Gen. Sedgwick's staff were brilliant and ubiquitous throughout, while the old General was the man of Antietam and Fredericksburg repeating himself. This action barely over, and suddenly we heard from the extreme left that peculiar monotonous swell and volume of sound which tells of large numbers engaged—so many that single shots and even volleys of long lines are not distinct, but are merged in the mighty noise of a great battle. Hancock was engaged.

Only 10 o'clock and Lee had tried each wing and had met in each case more than he could overcome, and we asked ourselves what next. All movements were silent and invisible, and unknown until he developed them in the event. We can deliver blows in the direction whence blows are dealt us—not against an enemy advancing in bold sight, but against one who has mysteriously gathered and poised himself for a deadly spring.

But the suspense is not long. Both combatants are too eager to compel the issue for either to delay another and still another encounter. Shots begin to ring all along the six miles of front.

At 11 o'clock the enemy press close upon Warren and Sedgwick, and train a number of guns exactly upon the latter's headquarters. A man and three horses are killed within 20 feet of the General, and in the very center of his grouped staff. Finding the enemy disposed to renew the engagement of the early morning, Sedgwick accepts the challenge, and advances his whole line. The men go in with more dash and hold on more sturdily than in the morning. Ewell is driven back to his second line where his guns are in position, and there makes a stand.

The Grand Advance on Richmond—Scene of the Great Battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, with the Rebel Defences of Richmond.



1. Reserve under Burnside.
2. Sedgwick's Sixth Corps.
3. Warren's Fifth Corps.
4. Getty's Division, Sixth Corps.
5. Hancock's Second Corps.
6. Union Cavalry under Sheridan.
7. Longstreet's Rebel Corps.
8. Rhodes' Division of Ewell's Corps.
9. A. P. Hill's Rebel Corps.
10. E. R. R.'s Corps in Reserve, embracing the A. A. A. Battlefield.

divisions of Warren's corps lay up to Hancock, the prospect is better, and there an assault is ordered.

It is noon, and Sedgwick's second fight is over, and he again rests on the line of his last night's bivouac. Wadsworth advances and finds the enemy—A. P. Hill's corps—strong and prepared. The divisions on his right and left become engaged with him, and the work is warm. Here, as elsewhere, the contest is in a tangled jungle, and the soldiers push aside the bushes and find mortal enemies bursting through the adjoining growth of bushes, and face to face with them.

Half or three-fourths of an hour of alternating success and repulse, and Gen. Wadsworth orders a charge to recover his command from a slight wavering. He is cheered loudly by his men who loved the gray-haired chieftain. One horse is shot under him. He mounts a second and spur to the front, but his men saw him fall. He was shot through the head, killed instantly. His command fell back to their original position with comparative order.

But this battle does not pause for a hero's stain. From noon until 5 o'clock, a number of sharp assaults at various points were made and invariably repulsed, whether made by us or by the enemy. Each one of these affairs were material for a long letter, but I find it simply impossible at this time to ascertain and write out correctly the facts in detail.

Prisoners came in at the rate of 100 an hour. The day was excessively hot, and the men were most exhausted. We had neither gained nor lost ground, but continued this thing long enough, and we hoped to finally wear them out. At 5 o'clock Hancock was preparing for a grand movement of our entire left. He did not make it, for the enemy anticipated him, and he had to repel perhaps the most wicked assault thus far encountered—brief in duration, but terrific in power and superhuman momentum.

The first few minutes we were staggered. Stragglers for the first time in all this fighting appeared to the rear in large numbers, choking the roads and causing a panic by their stampede and incoherent tales of frightful disaster. It was even reported at general headquarters that the enemy had burst entirely through, and supports were hurried up. Grant and Meade seated their backs against the same tree, quietly listened to the officer who brought the report, and consulted a moment in low tones. The orders for sending reinforcements were given, and for a little time not a word was spoken in the group of more than twenty officers. They but looked into each other's faces.

corps, under Gen. Seymour, who had been assigned to it but two days before. The brigade is new to the 6th Corps, and is known as the Milroy brigade; connecting on the left of Seymour by Shaler's and then Neill's brigades, the latter being a brigade of Getty's division that had not been sent to Hancock. These troops were at work intrenching when they fell upon the enemy. The enemy came down like a torrent, rolling and dashing in living waves, and flooding up against the whole 6th Corps. The main line stood like a rock, but not so the extreme right. The rebel line was the longer, and surged around Seymour's brigade, tied over it and through it, bent against Shaler, and bore away his right regiments. All this done in less than ten minutes, perhaps not five. Seymour's men, seeing their plumes running back, and hearing the shouts of the rebels, who charged with all their chivalry, were smitten with panic, and standing on no order of going, went at once, and in an incredibly short time made their way through a mile and a half of woods to the plank road in the rear. They reported, in the frantic manner usual with stampeded men, the entire corps broken. Grant, as in Hancock's case, did not believe it. But when three of Sedgwick's staff rode into army headquarters separately and stated how they had ridden from Sedgwick's to keep Seymour's men to their work, had been borne back by the panic, and had last seen Sedgwick and Wright hard to the front working like Trojan's to hold the wavering line, the situation seemed more critical. No word came in from Sedgwick. It began to be feared that he and Wright, disdaining to fly, were prisoners.

Artillery moved quietly to commanding positions, to be prepared for the worst, and cool heads felt that were the whole 6th Corps broken, the army, as an army, would still be invincible. Warren's corps is instantly, but in perfect composure, disposed to meet the situation. Grant and Meade and Warren are in Grant's tent, and from which officers come and go with a certain earnest air that bespeaks urgent and important cares. So during an hour. No firing has been heard the last three-quarters of an hour. The rebels must have ceased to advance; but how far have they penetrated, and what is the present situation?

The 6th Corps' flag comes in. Where is the 6th Corps' chieftain? My watch says ten o'clock at night. A dispatch received. John Sedgwick safe. Wright safe. The 6th Corps holds a strong line; only Seymour's and a part of Shaler's brigade have been broken. The enemy can do nothing more. The 6th Corps proper has not lost its pristine glory. Compelled to withdraw, under orders after the defection of its right, it is still invincible—now and ever shall be. I may not refrain from mentioning, for gallantry, Sedgwick's staff and Wright's.

Riding in the thickest with rare presence of mind and rare judgment; they won and deserved John Sedgwick's emphatic commendation. Gen. Seymour and Shaler were captured. It should be stated that both are awarded by their division and corps commanders every credit for doing all men could to recover their troops from panic, communicated to the latter's brigade, not beginning there.

The Engagement of Saturday—Lee Retreats and Both Lines Changed—Grant Advances—An Awful Anthem of Shot and Shell.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune. SATURDAY, May 7, 1864. At precisely 4 1/2 o'clock this morning our batteries placed in position during the night, our right ushered in the daylight with an awful anthem of shot and shell, reminding one of the sublime terrors of Gettysburg. This cannonading was continued for a half hour, and was directed upon the foe occupying our lost ground of the night previous, but no reply could be provoked. The occasional shot of our pickets then only caused, aimed at some luckless straggler in Rebel camp.

for the noble brave sepulchred in shallow graves, dug by soldiers under orders to march.

The Battle of Sunday—Gen. Crawford and the Reserves in a Terrible Struggle—The Rebels Defeated. Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

HEADQUARTERS, 5TH ARMY CORPS, May 8. And the work of war still goes on. This corps has again been heavily engaged to-day. The closest and severest contest of the day has only just ended. Our column marched all night. It was the last to leave the entrenchments where the battles of the Wilderness were fought, and, first in the fight there, was first also in the fight here.

Advancing from Todd's tavern, on the road to Spottsylvania C. H., four regiments of Gen. Bartlett's brigade, of Gen. Griffin's division—the 1st Michigan, 44th New York, 83d Pennsylvania, and 18th Massachusetts regiments—were sent ahead as skirmishers. As we passed down the road shells were hurled at us with great rapidity. Gen. Warren and staff were advancing down the same road. Gen. Warren had his horse disabled by a piece of shell. Lieut. Col. Locke, his Assistant Adjutant General, was hit in the cheek by a fragment of a shell, inflicting a severe, but not dangerous wound. The General and staff, however, marched on, regardless of the dangerous missiles falling about them furiously and fast.

As we advanced the enemy fell back, making only slight resistance. Reaching what is called Alloop's farm, we came into a clearing of about a hundred acres, and triangular in form. The rebel artillery had been stationed in this clearing. To the rear of the clearing is Ny run, a small stream, affording no obstacle to the advance of troops. The woods are a mixture of pine, cedar and oak, but not so dense as the scene of our late battles. The wooded ground rises beyond the run, and is ridgy. At the opening into the clearing the road forks, both leading to Spottsylvania C. H. some three miles distant from this point.

The line of battle advanced through the clearing. Having driven the enemy up to this point two miles into the woods fronting us, our forces pushed them; and now began the serious opening of the day's work. Our troops ran on to three lines of the enemy, the last behind earthworks. Two corps of the enemy—Ewell's and Longstreet's, as was afterward ascertained—were here awaiting us. The fight was terrible. The remaining divisions of the corps—General Crawford's and Gen. Wadsworth's, the latter now commanded by Gen. Cutler—were hurried forward rapidly. The fight became general, and lasted four hours.

Our troops behaved magnificently, keeping at bay more than treble their number. It will be understood that the remaining corps of the army, which had taken the road by way of Chancellorsville for this point, were still behind. It would not do to be driven back, and our men fought with a desperation showing not only their usual firm courage, but fullest appreciation of the position of affairs and the importance of holding their ground.

This opening fight commenced about eight A. M. In the afternoon there was a succession of other battles, the Fifth still being engaged. Just before night one brigade of the Sixth corps went to the assistance of the corps, and, with this exception, the Fifth did all the day's fighting. The closing struggle of the day was, if anything, more desperate than the one of the morning. The fiercest effort was made by the enemy to drive us back and get on our flanks; but the coolness and courage of our men repelled every effort.

battle, knowing their presence, fought with more determined desperation!

Monday's Engagement—Hancock Again Engaged—The Day Closes with the Armies Face to Face. Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Near Spottsylvania Court-House, Va., Tuesday Morning, May 10, 1864. A sharp engagement, commencing at 6 A. o'clock and closing at about 7 P. M., took place yesterday. The principal corps engaged on our side was that of Hancock, who, under cover of our artillery, crossed and established his troops in position on the south side of the River Po. This morning it is believed that Lee still remains in force, his lines being drawn up about two miles north of Spottsylvania Court-House. Our line confronts him facing nearly southward.

Our loss in the battles of Sunday and yesterday will probably amount to at least twenty-five hundred. Gens. Grant and Meade were at the front last night personally superintending Hancock's attack. Brisk musketry firing continuing for about ten minutes broke out on our left at 10.45 P. M. night.

The Great Battle of Tuesday—The Battle of the Po—The Rebels Defeated—Every Charge of the Foe Repulsed—Grant Again Victorious. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Wednesday, May 11, 8 A. M.

At 1 A. o'clock yesterday, the most desperate of all the battles yet fought was commenced. It continued up to nearly 8 o'clock. In dogged stubbornness, Waterloo and Solferino pale before the terrific onslaught of Tuesday afternoon on the banks of the Po. Two divisions of Burnside's Corps held the right, the 5th and 6th Corps the center, and the 2d Corps the left. Our line stretched six miles on the north-east bank of the Po, the rebels occupying the south-west bank and the village of Spottsylvania.

At 2 our artillery gained a good range, and poured shot and shell, grape and canister into their ranks, as they with frantic recklessness of life, charged forward upon our infantry lines. The enemy used but little artillery in reply. Prisoners state that they were deficient in ammunition, and could not.

The impression prevailed at headquarters during the fore part of the day that Ewell's Corps had left for Richmond on Monday. All prisoners taken were from Longstreet's and Hill's Corps, but before yesterday's battle closed, Ewell returned. If he had left as is probable, and Lee's entire army and our whole force were pitted for three hours at a hand-to-hand struggle without a parallel in history.

Gen. Grant and Gen. Meade were in the saddle constantly, personally directing movements. It was ascertained that the entire 9th Corps should charge the enemy's right flank, but pending the severest onslaught made by Lee just before dark, it was discovered that he had advanced around our right flank and was moving down in dense columns for a last and after-dark struggle to break through our lines and dash upon our supply trains, then known to be packed on the plank road to Fredericksburg.

This changed Gen. Burnside's purpose, and he securely held his ground and threatened the enemy's extreme right, while the 6th Corps charged his right center, and (at 7 o'clock) drove him from his first line of rifle pits, capturing five guns and between two and three thousand prisoners.

The quick eyes of our chieftains, however, saw the rebel manœuvre. Our men were faced about, our trains all moved to the rear, new positions instantly secured for our artillery, and the enemy's expected coming patiently awaited during all the long hours of last night. No demonstrations were made, however, and except the occasional shouts of pickets, all was quiet up to 8 o'clock to-day, when I left.

It was believed that the enemy had suffered so severely that he could not in his crippled condition avail himself of the decided advantage he had gained. By others it was supposed he had anticipated another flight, but as his communication with Richmond is believed to have been severed by Sheridan, and his flanks and rear constantly harassed by our forces, he must surrender or kill his "last man" in battle as he seems determined in frantic rage to do.

In so horrible a strife it must not be supposed that we escape the severest punishment. Our losses in yesterday's fight were much greater than in any of the battles of the previous week. It is true there is a smaller percentage of killed in proportion to the number wounded than in any previous battle, and a very large number are but slightly wounded. Roads, fields, and woods are literally swarming with these suffering heroes, who have defied wounds and death that the nation might survive.

So incessant have been the marching and fighting that many are being overcome with fatigue, and several have been sun-struck; yet never was seen so cheerful, so resolute, and even exultant a body of men upon any of the world's great battlefields. All honor to this sublime heroism, which so nobly welcomes death and wounds.

Rebel prisoners assert that Lee ordered all his wounded men able to hold a musket to take their places in the ranks again for yesterday's battle.

Our wounded are being conveyed with all possible dispatch to Fredericksburg, and thence, via Belle Plain, to Washington.

But for a tender regard of these disabled heroes, abandoned to their fate and burning up in the woods left on fire—(as the rebels also leave their dead unburied)—our army would ere this have been thundered by the rebel capital; but we can afford to wait. Men who have faced musketry and cannon for a week, and fought better each succeeding day, are invincible, and they will soon win the complete triumph their valor so richly merits.

Time after time did they hurl back in disorder the solid massed columns of the foe, and if perchance they staggered with the shock, it was only for more superhuman energy to charge back upon him. The old guard at Waterloo pales before these men.

Our entire losses thus far, in killed, wounded, missing, &c., must reach near 40,000.

The enemy's loss in killed is much greater than ours; his wounded about the same. He is supposed to hold some 2,000 of our prisoners, and we must have at least 5,000 of his men, while our scouts report the roads literally alight with his stragglers. It is a mathematical question requiring only a few more days to determine the limit of his endurance.

We crossed the River Po on Tuesday, but withdrew. We charged across it again last night, after the enemy had weakened his right in order to mass all his force on our right.

It was the Vermont brigade which charged the enemy at the rifle pits, and the 2d Vermont held them till midnight, when Gen. Meade recalled them.

This fact we have not lost a gun since the second day at the Wilderness, nor a single wagon, since the campaign opened.

All prisoners unite in asserting that Lee is dumfounded at the present conduct of our army. Immediately upon his getting orders from Jeff. Davis to return to Richmond and

(Concluded in Fourth Page.)