THE DAILY BEJ
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NEW ORLEANS:
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1863.

Sales at Auction To-Day

By D. E. Morphy, at 10 o'clock, at the Delta Warehouse, flour; at 10 o'clock, at No. 47 Magazine street, 50hr. candles and butter; at 11½ o'clock, at the corner of Bayou road and Villere street, furniture, piano and sewing machine.

By E. M. Jacobs, at 11 o'clock, at the corner of Dupré and Abadie streets, diary.

By McCarren & Landry, at 11 o'clock, at their mart, furniture.

OCCUPATION OF NATCHEZ.—We learn by a dispatch from Port Hudson, through the U. S. Military Telegraph, that Natchez, Mississippi, was occupied on the 14th, by the Federal troops.

The United States steamship Creole Captain Thompson, leaves at 9 o'clock this morning, for New York, with $300,000 in gold and assorted merchandise, and the following passengers:

Miss Jennie Gilmore, Mrs Peter Fenner and child, H Silsbury and lady, Mrs T M Blake and family, H Cluters and lady, Mrs E Robinson and child, Miss F Blake, Miss K Kelley, Thos Schorr, Mrs Lofland and child, A Servant, C Forcelli, M Deutsch, S S Schmidt, A T Montgomery, Mr Workum, J M Cobb, E A O Bilen, T Leduc, Captain E Thibeau, W W Dean, Miss A Leduc, Captain E Thibeau, W W Dean, Miss A Leduc, man, F W Lawrence and lady, Mr Cameron and family, Lieut W S Locke, Captain D M Prescott, F Staples, R Perry, J Schaerer, W Davis A Navarra, A Burke H M Hanson, J Colton, E Rabasal, F. Eichenberger and family, J T Woodward, W Dillon, Captain Brothers, Mr Bryan and family, F Mora, Mr Turner, A Bergamini, Mrs J H Payne child and servant, Miss M Carrage, Miss E Carlow, and fifty in the steerage.

Dealers and speculators' attention is called to the various attractive sales advertised by D. E Morphy, auctioneer, for this day.

At auction, to day, at 11 o'clock, a general assortment of furniture, &c., by McCarren & Landry, at their mart.

FULL PARTICULARS

OF THE

Battles of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (1st, 2d and 3d July).

[From the N. Y. World's Correspondent.]

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
Near Gettysburg,
Saturday Evening, July 4.

The campaign which has practically terminated in the rout whose last sullen echoes are now dying away among the hills beyond Gettysburg, was the most significant and remarkable of the war. It has served more vividly, it has taught more lessons, it has been a brighter advantage to the cause of the Union, and a more signal disaster to that of the rebellion than any victory won by the Federal armies since McClellan buried back the rebel legions to Virginia from the memorable field of Antietam. The Army of the Potomac, under a cloud since the slaughter at Fredericksburg and the blunder at Chancellorsville, has redeemed itself in the eyes of the nation and the world, to a level with its standard of the days when it was led to victory by the leader whose heart may well leap within him as he contemplates the last achievement of his beloved old time comrades. Theories of its inferiority, born of the mistakes of Pope, Burnside and Hooker, and nurtured by the contrast of its failures with the recent victories of Western troops, are effectually shattered. It is shown to the public—it has always been evident to military judges—that this army has the capacity, for hard, long, severe work, in *Fine*, and the energy to render it invincible in the hands of a cool and skillful General.

The first movement toward the invasion of Pennsylvania was opened soon after the battle of Chancellorsville by a cavalry movement, which was met and repulsed at Brandy Station by General Pleasanton about the 1st of June. On the 13th ultimo, General Milroy was attacked at Winchester by the advance of Lee's army under General Ewell, and fled disgracefully, after a short conflict, to Harper's Ferry, abandoning all his stores and cannon to the rebels. This opened the way for the advance of the foe across the Potomac. Another force of its cavalry crossed the upper Potomac on the 15th, causing great consternation in Maryland and lower Pennsylvania. It ventured Chambersburg and Mercersburg in the evening. The alarm caused by this raid was unnecessarily great, for the main army of Lee had not yet reached the south side of the Potomac. The rebels crossed at Shepherdstown, Md., fell back to Martinsburg, and on the 16th. A detachment of Milroy's force at Harper's Ferry the same day, fell back by General Tyler from Maryland Heights. Ten thousand rebel infantry crossed the Potomac at Williamsport in the night, beginning to represent the great invasion which was now fairly shown to be in tempo. The 18th, at Aldie on the 19th and 19th were between General Pleasanton and a body of the enemy's cavalry, which is supposed to have formed their rear. The rebels constantly poured across the Potomac, and on the 19th Ewell's entire division occupied Sharpsburg, in Maryland. By this time Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey began their great effort to repel Lee's advance from the North. Hooker, repeating the strategical movement of Fairfax Station, in Virginia, did not bother himself with any such scurvy. He watched, waited, and was puzzled. Milroy's stampede, the clamor of which, it seems, might have come to him from over the western mountains, the source of help from Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Carlisle, and minor Pennsylvania towns; the tremulous appeals from Philadelphia and Baltimore—all these did not serve to arouse him from his lethargy, or give him the least idea of where his enemy was. He did not send a voice of command from Washington, inspired, it is believed, from the midst of his own army, came sounding in his ears like a fire bell in the night, that he ordered up his tent stakes and began his march northward with the Potomac. Meanwhile, General Couch had commenced the organization of a militia force at Gettysburg to check the twenty thousand men under Ewell, who were raiding like banditti through the country. The main rebel army was entirely across the Potomac before Williamsport on the 26th, moved northward via McConnellsburg and Chambersburg, and began in partially scattered columns to advance through Pennsylvania in the direction of Philadelphia and Baltimore. The rashness and audacity of this movement seemed to confound the General then in command of the army. Every mile over which Lee now marched lengthened his lines of communication in such degree as would have imperilled it beyond paradventure had Hooker seen fit to improve his advantage. Forty thousand troops and a hundred pieces of rebel artillery passed through Chambersburg on the 27th. On Sunday York was occupied by General Early, who made his famous levy on its citizens. Harrisburg, long threatened, was not yet attacked.

General Meade took command of this army on Sunday, the 28th ult. At that time his headquarters were at Frederick, and Lee's at Hagerstown. It will be seen that he was in the south west, and consequently in the rear of the foe, imminently threatening his line of retreat. The army of the Potomac began its campaign from that moment. Orders were issued to the several corps to move early in the evening, and on the morning of the 29th our whole brilliant and hopeful host was in motion toward Pennsylvania. The First, Third and Eleventh corps encamped on Tuesday at Emmetsburg; the Second and Twelfth also pitched their tents near by. The Sixth corps marched to Carlisle Wednesday morning, the fourth of this month to forever memorable. The First corps, under Major General Reynolds, and the Eleventh, under Major-General Howard, started for Gettysburg, Reynolds in command, where they arrived at 10 o'clock, A. M. The First corps, in the advance, marched directly through the town. The enemy was discovered posted in a wood to the westward, near the Lutheran Theological Seminary. The beginning of the three day's conflict was at hand.

II.

THE BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY.

One who has been in the presence, who now sits among the echoes, and whose brain teems with rushing memories of a conflict so recent and so vast, may well pause but re attempting to indicate its magnitude or describe its proportions. Not so the advance of Gen. Reynolds has been pronounced by many brother officers who now lament his death, I question whether it was not after all for the best. It served at once as a reconnoissance showing the enemy's exact position and probable force, and as a check upon any offensive movement which that enemy might have been latent upon. It secured the Army of the Potomac the commanding position on Cemetery Hill from which the battles of the two succeeding days were chiefly fought, and which, had the rebel commander anticipated the engagement, he would doubtless have secured for himself. Not less, perhaps, than the skill of the generals who directed the battle on our side, gave us the victory. When, therefore, the heroic First corps and its fated commander passed themselves in the terrible dreams of Wednesday morning, they won a knowledge by their sacrifice worth all the world to us thereafter. The corps marched in the following order: First division under General Wadsworth; five full batteries under Colonel Doubleday; five full batteries under Colonel Weinwright. Fourth division under General Robinson.

A portion of our artillery took position half a mile south of the seminary. The enemy opened fire upon it with such fierceness as forced the pieces to withdraw, which they commenced doing in good order. Gen. Wadsworth immediately came to their aid two of his regiments, the second Wisconsin and the Twenty-four Michigan, charged by the rebel infantry, forcing them in turn to retreat. The Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania took an excellent position further in the rear, which they held during the day. General Reynolds now rode forward to inspect the field and ascertain the most favorable line for the disposal of his troops. One or two members of his staff were with him. The enemy at that instant opened in a great mackerel fire upon the group of officers; a bullet struck General Reynolds in the neck, wounding him mortally. Crying "Forward! for God's sake, forward!" he sunned for his horse, bolted the saddle, and by a line of skirmishers, infantry, and falling into the arms of Capt. Wilcox, his aid, who rode beside him, his life went out with the words, "Good God, Wilcox, I am killed!"

The command of the corps devolved upon General Doubleday, who hurried to the front, placed it in position, and awaited a charge which it was seen the rebels were about to make. An eminence whereon stood a piece of woods was the important point thenceforth to be defended. The rebels advanced and opened fire from their entire line. They were instantly charged upon by Meredith's Western brigade, who, without firing a shot, but with a tremendous cheer, dashed forward with such swiftness as to surround nearly 600 of the foe, who were taken prisoners. A strong column immediately advanced against us from the woods, and, though volley after volley was poured into them, did not waver. Their proximity and strength at last became so threatening that the brigades of the Second division were ordered to make another charge, which was even more successful than the first. Their momentum was like an avalanche; the rebels were shot, bayonetted, and driven to partial retreat, more than two regiments falling into our hands alive. The ranks suffered fearfully in this demonstration, and it was evident that such fighting could not long go on. The Eleventh corps now made its appearance, and its general (Howard) assumed command of the force. Steinwehr was ordered to hold Gettysburg and Cemetery hill—all his artillery being placed in the latter position. The other two divisions of the Eleventh corps, under Schultz and Barlow, then supported the First corps, on the right, in time to resist two desperate charges by Ewell's troops. A third charge was now made by the entire rebel force in front, which comprised the corps of Hill and Ewell, sixty-two thousand strong. The shock was awful. The superior numbers of the foe enabled them to overlap both our flanks, threatening us with surrounding and capture. Their main effort was directed against our left wing, and notwithstanding the gallant fighting done by our soldiers at that point, they at last obtained such advantage that General Howard was forced to retire his command through the town to the east, which was done in good order, the compliments of the rebels meanwhile falling thick among it, in the shape of shells, grape and canister. The two corps were placed in line of battle on Cemetery Hill at evening, having withstood during the entire day the assaults of an enemy outnumbering them three to one. Not without grief, not without misgiving, did the officers and soldiers of those corps contemplate the day's engagement and await the onset they believed was to come. Their comrades lay in heaps beyond the village, those spires gleaned peacefully in the sunset before them. Reynolds the beloved, and the brave, was dead, and Zook slumbered beside him. Barlow, Paul, many field and scores of line officers had been killed. The men of the First corps alone could at few instances turn to speak to the one who stood beside them in the morning without meeting with a vacant space. The havoc in that corps was so frightful as to decimate it fully one half, and that in the Eleventh corps—nobly rescued from the suspicion which rested upon it before—was scarcely less great. Yet the little army flinched not, but stood ready to fall as others had fallen even to the last man. What a thrill of relief Generals Meade and Hancock, messenger after messenger during the day to Slocum and Sickles, saw in the distance at evening the approaching bayonets of the Third and Twelfth corps, only they can tell who fought beside him. These corps arrived and assumed positions to the right and left of the Second, Eleventh on the heights about Cemetery Hill at dusk. The enemy made no further demonstration that night. General and staff arrived before 11 o'clock. The commander then examined the position, and posted the several corps in the following order: First, Eleventh (Sickles) on the right, the Eleventh (Howard) next, the Second (Hancock), First (Doubleday), and Third (Sickles) in the centre, the Fifth (Sykes) on the extreme left. The situation was brilliant, commanding. For almost the first time in the history of this army it seemed to be alleged the advantage in the decisive battle which ensued.

The heights on which our troops were posted sloped gently downward from our front. The line stretched in a semi circle—its convex center toward Gettysburg, the extreme wings toward the south west and south. Rocky ledges on the interior sides gave our soldiers in some instances a partial shelter from artillery. Every road was commanded by our cannon. And the routes by which Lee might or should be compelled to retreat in case of his defeat were all in our possession. At every one weaker than others reserves were judiciously posted, and the cavalry—an arm of the service scarcely brought into play in some recent and destructive battles—protected both our flanks in immense numbers.

Thus the great army lay down to sleep at midnight, and awoke on the morrow of a day more sanguinary than the last.

III.

THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

On what a spectacle the sun of Thursday rose, the memory of at least that portion of our forces who witnessed it from Cemetery Hill will linger forever. From its crest the muzzles of fifty cannon pointed toward the little beyond into town. From the bluffs to the right and left additional artillery frowned, and away on either side, in a graceful and majestic curve, thousands of infantry moved into battle line, their bayonets gleaming like serpents' scales. The town of Gettysburg in the valley below, the rifts of woodland along the borders of Rock creek, the orchards far down on the left, the fields green and beautiful, in which the cattle were calmly grazing, composed a scene of such peace as it appeared was never made to be marred by the clangor of battle. I strolled out to the cemetery and leaned against a monument to listen to the singing of birds. One note, milder than the rest, had just broken from the throat of an oriole, the following above me when the sullen rattle of musketry on the left told that skirmishing had begun. Similar firing soon opened along the whole rebel line, and, although no notable demonstration was made during the forenoon, it was apparent that the enemy was feeling our strength preliminary to some decisive effort.

The day wore on full of anxious suspense. It was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy gave voice in earnest.

He then began a heavy fire on Cemetery Hill. It cannot be thought that this wrathful fire was unanswered. Our artillery began to play within a few moments and hurled back defiance and like destruction upon the rebel lines. Until 6 o'clock the roar of cannon, the rush of missiles, and the bursting of bombs filled all the air. The climax alone of this awful combat might well have confused and awed a less cool and watchful commander than General Meade. It did not confuse him. With the calculation of a tactician and the eye of an experienced judge he watched from his headquarters on the hill whatever movement under the murky cloud which enveloped the rebel lines might first disclose the intention which it was evident this artillery firing covered. About 6 o'clock, P. M., silence, deep, awfully impressive, but momentary, was permitted half by magic to dwell upon the field. Only the groans unheard before of the wounded and dying, only the murmer—a morning memory—of the breeze through the foliage, only the low rustle and preparation for what was to come, embroidered this blank stillness. Then, as the smoke beyond the village was lightly borne to the eastward, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, who advanced at a quick step. Magnificent! Such a spectacle such a force—full 42,000 men, under Hill and Longstreet—even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the Third corps, against which it was directed, drew forth admiration from all who beheld it. General Sickles and his splendid command withstood the shock with a determination that checked, but could not fully restrain it. Back, inch by inch, fighting, falling, dying, cheering, the men retired. The rebels came on more furiously, halting at intervals, pouring volleys that struck our troops down in course. General Sickles, fighting desperately, was struck in the leg and fell. The Second corps came to the aid of his decimated column. The battle then grew fearful. Standing firmly up against the storm, our troops, though still outnumbered, gave back shot for shot, volley for volley, almost death for death! Still the enemy pressed and restrained. Down he came upon our left with a momentum that nothing could check. The rifled guns that lay before our infantry on a knoll were in danger of capture. General Hancock was wounded in the thigh. General Gibbon in the shoulder. The Third corps, as the First and Second, wavered anew, went into the breach with such shouts and such volleys as made the rebel column tremble at last. Up from the valley behind, another battery, came rolling to the heights and flung its contents down in the midst of the rebel ranks. The battle crash! with discharges deafening; terrible, the musketry firing went on, the enemy, reforming after each discharge with wondrous celerity and firmness, still pressed up the declivity. What hideous carnage filled the minutes between the appearance of the Fifth corps and the advance to the support of the rebel columns of still another column from the right, I cannot bear to tell. Men fell as the leaves fall in an unstable blast. Hideous discharges, Wednesday for an instant, the rebel columns seemed about to recede before the tempest. But their officers, who could be seen through the smoke of the conflict galloping and swinging their swords along the lines, rallied them anew, and the battle instant the whole line sprung forward as if to break through our ever by mere weight of numbers. A division from the Twelfth corps on the extreme right reached the scene at this instant, and at the same time Sedgwick came up with the Sixth corps, having finished a march of nearly thirty-six consecutive hours. To what results their coming their officers saw and told them. Weary as they were, bare footed, hungry, fit to drop for slumber as they were, still with for victory were seen to blended with the thought of exhaustion. They cast themselves in turn on some portion of the battle, and went down on it with death in their weapons and cheers on their lips. The rebel column's back was broken by this "feather." His line staggered, wavered, and drifted slowly back, while the shouts of our victorious lifted up amid the roar of battle, and the bodies of their dead and wounded marked the completeness of their rout. Gettysburg, as the division of Sheridan, drove up on the extreme right left its foes in full retreat. Another column of the Second corps, under Gen. Ewell, had driven the enemy against our weakened right wing, and as the failure to turn our left became known it seemed as if determination to conquer in this part of the field overcame alike the enemy's fear of death and his plans for victory elsewhere. The fight was terrific, and for fifteen minutes the attack to which the three divisions of the Twelfth corps were subjected was more furious than anything ever known in the history of this army. The Sixth corps soon came to their support, the First corps followed, and from dusk into darkness, until half past 9 o'clock, the battle raged with varied fortune and unabated fury. Our troops were compelled by overpowering numbers to fall back a short distance, abandoning several rifle-pits and an advantageous position to the enemy, who, haughty ever his advantage and made desperate by defeat in other quarters, then made a last struggling charge against that division of our right wing commanded by Gen. Geary. General Geary's troops immortalized themselves by their resistance to this attempt. They stood like adamant, a moveless, death-dealing machine, before whose volleys the rebel column withered and went down by hundreds. After a slaughter inconceivable the remnant of Ewell was complete, and the retired at 10 P. M. to the position before referred to. The firing from all quarters of the field ceased soon after that hour, and no other attack was made until morning.

IV.

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

As one who stands in a tower and looks down upon a lengthy pageant marching through a thoroughfare, finds it impossible at the close to recall in order the appearance and the incidents of the scene, so I, who sit this evening on a camp-stool beside the ruins of the monument against which I leaned listening to the robin of yesterday, find it impossible to recall with distinctness the details of the unparalleled battle just closed. The conflict, waged by 160,000 men, which has occupied with scarce an interval of rest the entire day, from 4 A. M. until 6 o'clock this evening, contains so much, so pathetic and such voluminous matter of interest as one mind cannot grasp without time for reflection.

This last engagement has been the fiercest and most sanguinary of the war. It was begun at daylight by Gen Slocum, whose troops, maddened by the loss of many comrades, and eager to retrieve the position lost by them on the preceding evening, advanced and delivered a destructive fire against the rebels under Ewell. That General's entire force responded with a charge that is memorable even beyond those made by them yesterday. It was desperation against courage. The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even above its clangor. They came on, and on, and on, while the national troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The line which twice they did receive them was so rapid and so thick as to envelop the ranks of its deliverers with a pall that shut them from sight during the battle which raged thenceforward for six dreary hours. Out of this pall no straggler came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again and again in vain. Back, as a ball thrown against a rock, they recoiled, broken, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage, as before. The strong position occupied by Gen. Geary, and that held by Gen. Birney, met the first and hardiest assaults, but finally fell back a short distance, overwhelming odds, to re-advance, to re-assume and to hold their place in company with Sykes's division of the Fifth corps and Humphrey's (Berry's old division) of the Third, when, judiciously reinforced with artillery, they held firm and unshaken until its close. It seemed as if the grey-uniformed troops who were advanced and re-advanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of our infantry, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were more willing to withstand than they were to face to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated it was mortal.

The contest gradually drew forward his whole lines until in many places a hand-to-hand conflict raged for minutes. His artillery, answered by ours, played upon our columns with frightful result, yet they did not waver. The battle was in this way so evenly contested for hours, but at a moment when it seemed problematical which side would gain the victory, a reinforcement arrived and were formed in line at such a position as to enfilade the enemy and teach him at last the futility of fighting in the manner pursued, and demonstrated, his whole force retreated, and at 11 o'clock the battle ceased and the stillness of death ensued. This silence continued until 2 P. M. At this moment the rebel artillery from all points, in a circle radiating around our centre, began a terrific and concentrated fire on Cemetery Hill, which was held, as I have previously stated, by the Eleventh and Second corps. The flock of pigeons, which not ten minutes previous had darkened the sky above, were scarcely thicker than the flock of horrible missiles that now, in addition to those of shell, descended upon our position. The atmosphere was thick with shot and shell. The storm broke upon us so suddenly that soldiers and officers—who leaped, as it began, from their tents, or from the ground where they were stricken in their rising with mortal wounds and died, some with cigars between their teeth, some with pieces of food in their fingers, and one at least—a pale young German, from Pennsylvania—with a miniature of his sister in the hand, which he was about to kiss, as if forgiving an artist's pencil than a musket. Horses fell, shrieking such awful cries as Cooper told of, and writhing themselves about in hopeless agony. The boards of fences, splintered by the missiles, flew in splinters through the air. The explosion, few in splinters through the air. The earth, torn up in clouds, blinded the eyes of hurrying men, and through the branches of the trees and among the grave-stones of the cemetery a shower of destruction crashed ceaselessly. As, with hundreds of others, I groped through this tempest of death for the shelter of the bluff, an old man, a private in a company belonging to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, was struck scarcely ten feet away by a cannon-ball, which tore through him, exhibiting such a low, intense cry of mortal pain as I pray Go I may never again hear. The bluff, which was closed since devoted to this rain of death, was clear in nearly all its unsheltered places within five minutes after the fire began.

Our batteries responded immediately. Three hours of cannonading ensued, exceeding in fierceness any ever before witnessed. Full two hundred cannon were fired simultaneously until 4 o'clock, when the rebel infantry were again seen massing in the woods fronting our centre, formed by the First and Second corps. Gen. Doubleday's troops met this charge with a resolute heroic courage that had so often repelled the enemy in his desperate attempts. The charge was made spiritedly, but less venomous by than before. Gen Webb, commanding the Second brigade, Second division of the Second corps, met the stern fury of the attack with a steady fire, that served to retard the enemy's advance for a moment. That moment was occupied by the rebel Gen. Armistage in steadying his troops behind a fence. Meet Gen. Webb immediately ordered a charge, which was made with such eagerness and swiftness, and supported by such numbers of our troops, as enabled us to partially surround the enemy, and capture Gen. Armistage and 3000 of his men. The vigorous manner in which this charge, and the terror inspired by it, were so great, as to reduce numbers of the foe to actual cowardice. They fell upon their knees and faces, holding forward their guns and begging for mercy, while their escaped comrades, panic-stricken and utterly routed, poured down the hill, ditches and fences through the fields and through Gettysburg. Not a column remained to make another start. The triumph fought for during these three terrible days belonged at last to the noble Army of the Potomac.

With a pen that faltered with a hand and a heart heavy even in the presence of this great conquest; saddened by the death of not a few friends, and sick of the sights and sounds that have so long shocked my eyes and numbed my thoughts; with a vision declined, perhaps, in many instances, by the mere tumult of the conflict; and with ears filled with divers reports and estimates of officers and surgeons, I cannot, I dare not attempt to give you an account or opinion of our losses. They are great. But compared with those of the enemy they are like as pebbles to grains of sand along the shore.

BONAPARTE.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper says, of the battle of Gettysburg:

THE INDOMITABLE COURAGE OF THE ENEMY.—Torn to pieces as they are, having lost 30,000 or 40,000 men in the last five days, they are not yet used up. They have all their artillery yet, and those who remain, we are informed by one of our wounded men who was left beyond the town, marched out in solid columns as though they had been on dress parade. Their endurance, their desperation, their utter disregard of life, is certainly worthy of a better cause.

While Ewell and his corps drawn up in line ready for battle in the streets, on Friday afternoon, he made a speech, and told them that they were on the march now for Baltimore, and that Hill's and Longstreet's corps would smash our lines, and drive us towards Baltimore; while his old and trusty corps would dash on to Baltimore and Washington; but perhaps the disarrangement of the first part of the work will prevent him from pushing "on to Baltimore."

Vallandigham in Halifax.

Halifax, N. S., July 6—The steamer Harriet Pinckney, four and a half days from Bermuda, arrived here on Sunday, with Mr. Vallandigham and several other passengers from Charleston and Wilmington.

The steamers of the pirate Tacony have been towed into Cape Cove.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Provost Court—Judge Hughes.—The court yesterday morning, in its new quarters near Jackson Square, looked very imposing and very comfortable.

John Magloine was up on the charge of keeping a Mormon establishment, which, in the language of the policeman, would do for Brigham Young. Three abject-looking women, arrested in the house during their orgies, were brought as living evidence of the place being a nuisance to the neighborhood. The man was fined $15 and the women $10 each.

A little girl offered a U. S blanket for sale, and said that a sailor gave it to her for her mother. She was discharged with an admonition.

Caroline McCarthy, who balloed for Jeff. Davis, and would do so again, as she averred, was sent to the Workhouse to get sober.

Ben Cavanaugh was fined $20 for having a pistol without permission.

Mrs Mayer lost sundry articles which afterwards were found in a house where Ciara Benlet, a colored woman, who washed for her, lived. The evidence did not fully disclose who the thief was.

Mrs. Pauline was sent to prison for three months, having been convicted of stealing $30 from a drunken sailor.

John Passe, for threatening Mr. Bellini's life, was put under peace bonds.

Emma, a black woman, who had stolen a lot of dresses from Francisco Saunders, a dealer in second hand clothing, was sent for thirty days.

A father in law was up for illusing his son-in-law, and attacking him with a formidable club. The evidence turned against the prosecutor, who was found to illuse his wife his mother in-law, and also his father in law. Prosecutor had to go to prison for twenty days. Application to have the sentence commuted to a fine met a prompt denial.

A young negro man named Chas. Adams was up for a violent assault on an old white-haired gentleman, J. J. Hanna. The negro was turned over to Lieut. Hanks, to be put to work.

Several sailors of the United States Navy, who had come ashore for the first time since their severe trials on the river, were let off with a admonition.

The case of Gardner was set for trial on Saturday next.

[FROM OUR EVENING EDITION OF YESTERDAY.]

Purser Henderson, of the steamship Columbia, has our thanks for his attentions.

Three Days Later from the North.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

Arrival of the Steamer Columbia.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS.

DECISIVE BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG.

Terrible Slaughter on Both Sides:

GEN. LEE RETREATING.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TRIUMPHANTLY PURSUING.

THE POTOMAC VERY HIGH.

Lee Holding South Mountain Passes.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

FRENCH MEDIATION AGAIN.

Refusal to Receive Vice-President Stephens at Washington.

By the arrival of the steamship Columbia early this morning, we have New-York dates to the 7th, three days later than previously received. It will be perceived that the intelligence is indeedy interesting and of immense importance. The Columbia made the run in six days and twenty-three hours.

Official Dispatches from Gen Meade.

Washington, Saturday, July 4, 10:10 A. M.

The following has just been received:

Headquarters Army of Potomac,
Near Gettysburg, Friday, July 3, 8½ P. M.

Major General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

The enemy opened at 1 P. M., from about one hundred and fifty guns, concentrated against my left and 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 three thousand prisoners.

Among the prisoners is Brigadier-General Armistead and many Colonels and officers of lesser rank.

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. Maj-Gen. Hancock and Brig-Gen. Gibbon were wounded.

After the repulsing of the assaults, indications leading to the belief that the enemy might be withdrawing, a 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.

GEORGE G MEADE,
Maj. Gen Commanding.

Washington, Sunday, July 5—4 P. M.—The latest official dispatch received here, up to this hour, from Gen. Meade, is dated at Headquarters Army of Potomac, 7 A. M., July 4, which merely states that the enemy had withdrawn from his position, occupied for three days. The information is confined to the possession of Gen. Meade, at that hour, did not develop the character of the enemy's movement, whether it was a retreat or a manœuvre for other purposes.

Reliable information received here to-day asserts that Gen. Lee headquarters were at Cashtown yesterday afternoon, and further represents that the rebels were fortifying at Newman's Cut, in the South Mountains, apparently to cover a retreat.

Later official dispatches are expected this evening.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
July 4, noon.

Major General Halleck:

The position of affairs is not materially changed since my last dispatch of 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.

THIRD DISPATCH.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
July 4, 10 P. M.

To Major-General Halleck:

No change of affairs since my dispatch of noon.

GEO. G. MEADE, Major-General.

FOURTH DISPATCH.

Washington, Monday, July 6, 12:30 A. M.—The following is the latest official dispatch:

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
Sunday, July 5, 8:30 A. M.

Major-General Halleck:

The enemy retired under cover of the night and the heavy rain, in the direction of Fairfield and Cashtown.

Our cavalry are in pursuit.

But I cannot give you the details of our captures in prisoners, colors and arms.

Upward of twenty battle flags will be turned in from one corps.

My wounded and those of the enemy are in our hands.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General.

The President to the Country.

Washington, D. C., July 4, 10:30 A. M.—The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac, up to 10 P. M. of the 3d, is such as to cover that army with the highest honor; to promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the confidence of all for the many gallant fallen; and that for this he especially desires that on this day He, whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and reverenced with profoundest gratitude.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Dispatches to the Associated Press.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
Friday, July 3—6 A. M.

The enemy's guns opened on our left wing at daylight, apparently to feel our position. They found us "at home," and soon suspended operations. They also endeavored to push forward their front on our right, but were driven back with loss.

9:40 A. M.—An hour ago, the enemy made a strong infantry attack on our right, and endeavored to break our line. The Twelfth corps, which formed our right, steadily drove them back for half an hour, when the enemy were reinforced, and a portion of the sixth corps was sent to its support.

Falling in this, the enemy opened a heavy cannonade all along the line. The attack on the right is believed to have been a feint to cover a more formidable flank movement on the left. The cannonading is now heavy in that direction, and appears to be extending.

The Third Corps suffered greatly yesterday. The number of wounded is heavy, with a large number of officers. No estimate can be formed of the killed at this writing.

Heavy musketry has opened now on our right again, and cannonading on our left is a sickening. The enemy are fighting with the greatest desperation. Nothing can surpass the vigor and precision of our artillery.

Yesterday, the rebels took two of our guns, for want of horses and infantry support, but the division (Humphrey's, I think) rallied and recaptured them. We took one from the enemy.

Comparatively few prisoners have been taken on either side up to this time.

Ten o'clock, A. M.—The cannonading has slacke ed.

Rebel prisoners say when their infantry charged our left wing batteries yesterday, the massacre was beyond parallel. Some of the guns were masked, and did not open until the enemy were within canister range.

Latest Dispatches.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post of July 7th.]

Philadelphia, July 7.—The following is the latest intelligence of the movements in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

A Gettysburg dispatch dated on the 5th, at 4 o'clock P. M., gives the following as to the movement of Gen. Meade's army in pursuit of the rebels:

"The Twelfth Army Corps is on the march, and is now moving in base through Littletown towards Williamsport, to cut off the retreat of the flying rebels.

"Our left wing has just received marching orders.

"Part of the artillery and cavalry belonging to Gen Pleasanton's command is in motion towards Frederick."

A dispatch from Hanover, Penn., yesterday, says:

"Our cavalry has not ceased to harass the rebel rear. The rebels abandon all their wounded, who are mostly in our hands. We have buried large numbers of rebel dead. Gen. Farnsworth's body was recovered to-day."

A dispatch from Bloody Run, yesterday, says that "General Jenkins has disappeared from that point with his rebel cavalry, and that a part of the rebel cavalry under General Lee is reconnoitering the Potomac for a ford." In this connection it is also said that "General Lee is straining every nerve to gain a strong position in the South Mountain Gap. Lee is in the cobatry roads, which are almost impassable, and his men and animals are reported exhausted with great fatigue."

A Frederick dispatch of yesterday says, however, that "parts of the rebel army have passed through the South Mountain," but adds that "the Potomac is high and their pontoons are destroyed." General McPatrick is said to be after this column of the enemy.

The same dispatch from Frederick says:

"General McReynolds sent forward a force on day (Monday) to discover the enemy towards Harper's Ferry.

"The iron bridge at that place was so far destroyed as to be impracticable for the retreating rebels."

Philadelphia, July 7.—A dispatch from Carlisle furnishes intelligence up to six o'clock last evening. It says that General Sedgwick has relieved Gen. Smith in the command from the rebel rear, and that the whole of Meade's army was in motion on Sunday night, in excellent spirits. Some of the enemy were at Williamsport Sunday night.

The rebel loss is thought to be fully thirty thousand. The fields are covered with their dead. The same dispatch adds:

"In the last battle General Longstreet moved on our centre with seven thousand, and lost all except five hundred. The Pennsylvania Reserves charged on the enemy's flank and completely routed them.

"During the charge the rebel General Barksdale fell mortally wounded. He was brought within our lines, and his last words were: "Tell my wife I fell like a man, but we fought like hell." The rebel Brigadier Pettigrew is killed alone. General Pettigrew (rebel) fell wounded, while between two of our pieces of artillery in the last day's fight.

A dispatch from Chambersburg, 6th, says:

"General Gregg is in full pursuit of the flying rebels. His rear guard stayed at Graffenburg Springs last night, which is ten miles east of this point.

"A heavy force of rebels are in full retreat towards Hagerstown and Williamsport.

"Captain Jones, of the First New York cavalry, captured two hundred and fifty wagons last night near Mercersburg.

"Pittsburgh has sending his brigade of cavalry, with sixty of Wade Hampton and Wm Fitz Henry Lee's, left at Hanover, seven miles below this place last night, with three brigades, two thousand cavalry and a wagon train seven miles long.

"The Potomac is swollen immensely, and the enemy have only one pontoon left, and are short of ammunition, according to all reports.

"Sixty sick and wounded rebels are now in the hospitals here, and twenty deserters came in to day. The citizens are constantly bringing in prisoners."

General Gregg says that about twelve thousand prisoners have thus far been taken by our army collectively.

A later Chambersburg dispatch says: "Heavy firing was heard in the direction of Clearfield and Williamsport this afternoon. No other Federal force could be there but Mulligan's, coming from Hancock. He was at Hancock on Saturday evening. General Gregg's column pushed the enemy four miles from Greencastle at four P. M. this afternoon, and took from him one hundred prisoners and two dismounted cannons. Later, at Fayetteville, he took four thousand prisoners.

"The whole line of the rebel retreat is covered with camp-fires, broken down wagons and abandoned horses, and heavy amount of stragglers, evincing an utter demoralization of the enemy.

"General Gregg says it was the rebel Brigadier-General Lowrowth who was killed, not Longstreet."

The Surrender of Vicksburg.

OFFICIAL CONFIRMATION.

The evening edition of the New York *Evening Post* of the 7th inst., has the following dispatches:

Washington, July 7, 1 o'clock, P. M.—The following dispatch has just been received:

U. S. Mississippi Squadron,
Flag Ship Black Hawk,
July 4th, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Sir:—I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States on the 4th of July.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,
D. D. PORTER, Acting Rear Admiral.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Cairo, Ill, July 7.—The dispatch boat has just arrived here from Vicksburg. She left at ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

The passengers announce that General P