

## Images of the Battle of Seven Pines, 1862

- pages 2-6: images from *Harper's Weekly*
- pages 7-14: images from *New-York Illustrated News*

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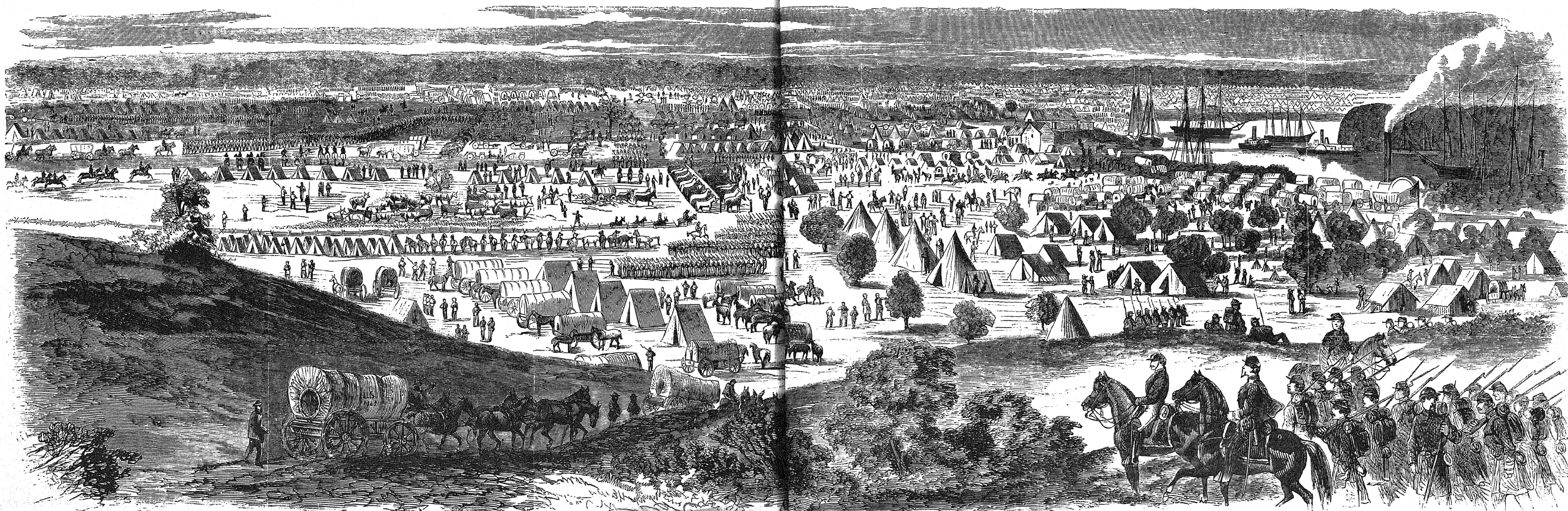
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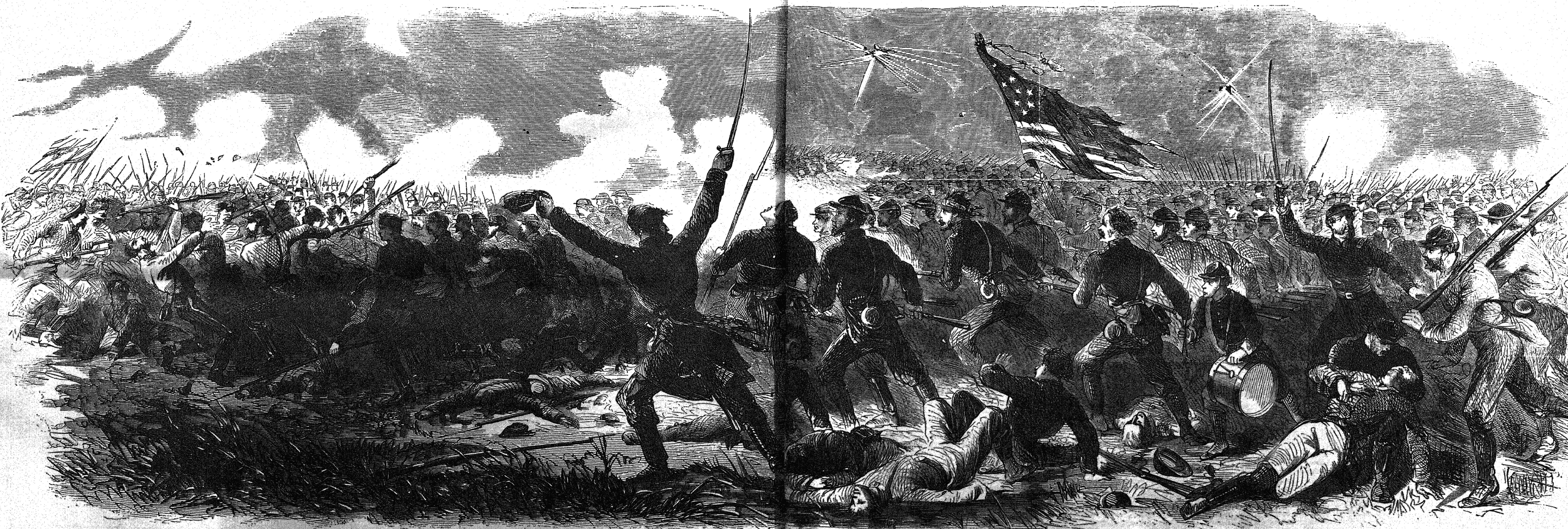
Online exhibit:

<http://www.nysl.nysed.gov/mssc/sevenpines/>





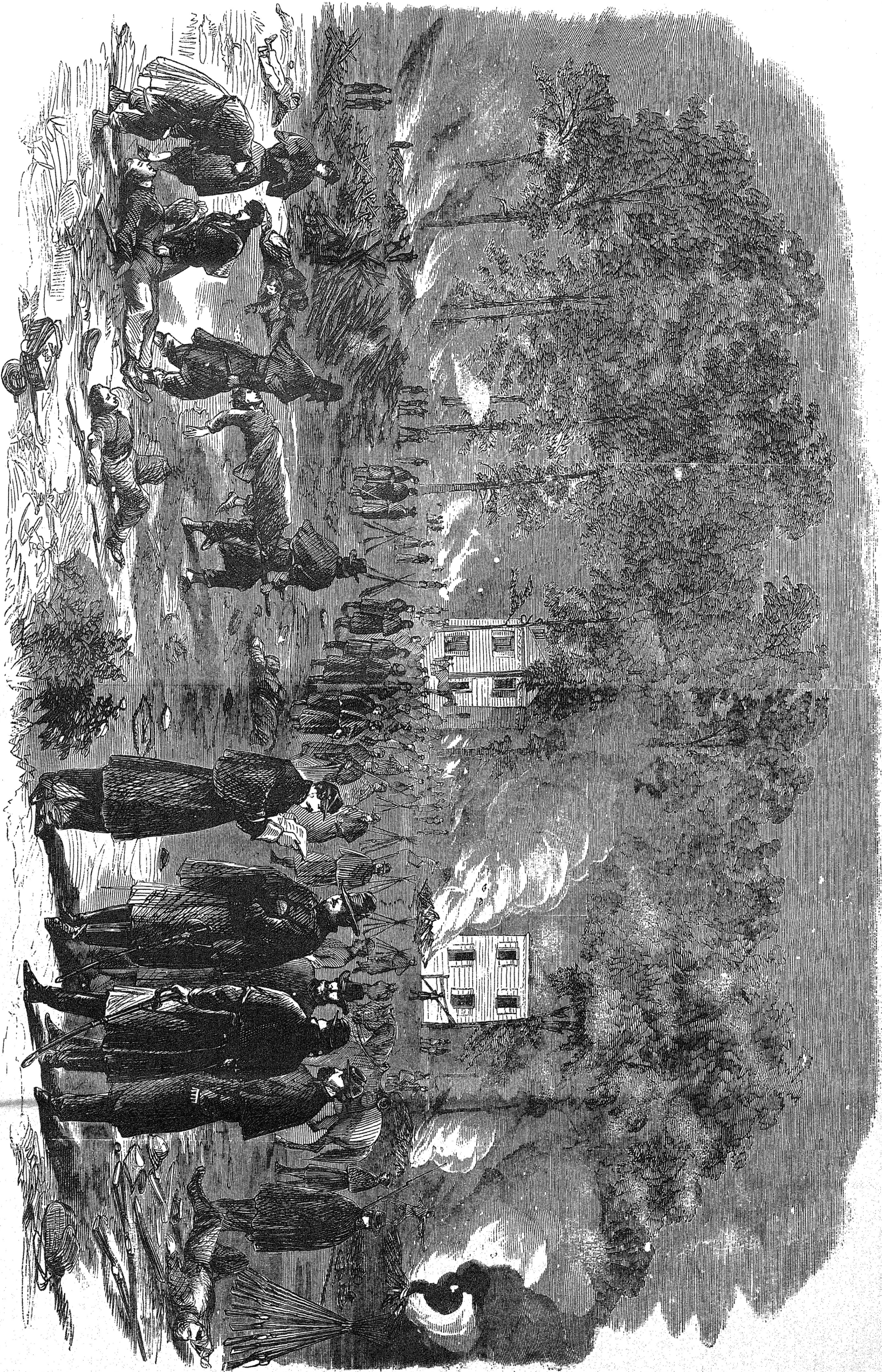
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAMP AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON MUNKY RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD, OF THE VERMONT BRIGADE.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



CHARGE OF GENERAL SICKLES'S BRIGADE UPON THE ENEMIES AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BURYING THE DEAD, AND BURNING DEAD HORSES AT FAIRBOAKS STATION, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 452.]





GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

On page 449 we publish a portrait of Brigadier-General Fitz-John Porter, commanding a corps in the army of the Potomac, from a photograph by M'Clees, of Philadelphia.

General Porter was born in New Hampshire about the year 1824, and is consequently about thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in the 4th artillery on 1st July, 1845, and obtained promotion to a first-lieutenancy in May, 1847. He accompanied General Scott to Mexico, and for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey was brevetted Captain. At Chapultepec he again distinguished himself, and obtained the brevet rank of Major. At the fight at the Belen Gate he was severely wounded. On the return of the army to the United States he was appointed Assistant-Instructor of Artillery at West Point, which office he filled, we believe until the outbreak of the rebellion.

On the increase of the army, in May, 1861, Fitz-John Porter was appointed Colonel of the new 15th infantry, and, three days afterward, Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His command was in the Army of the Potomac. He rendered useful aid to General McClellan in reorganizing the army after the battle of Bull Run, and was soon placed in command of a division. He accompanied the army to Yorktown, and was there placed in command of the siege-works. After the evacuation of the place he was for a while Governor of Yorktown, but soon resumed his place in the advancing army. On 25th June he commanded the extreme right of our army, and bore the brunt of the terrible battles of 26th and 27th. No better or braver soldier lives than Fitz-John Porter.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE A. M'CALL.

GENERAL GEORGE ARCHIBALD M'CALL, whose portrait we give on page 449, is said to be wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. He was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1801, and is consequently over 60 years of age. He graduated at West Point, in the infantry, in 1822, and served many years in his regiment and likewise in the subsistence department. In the Florida war he won fame and his company under General Worth. At the outbreak of the Mexican war he served under General Taylor, and was brevetted Major for gallant conduct at Palo Alto, and Lieutenant-Colonel for the same at Resaca de la Palma. In December, 1847, he was promoted to a Majority, and in June, 1850, he became Inspector-General of the army with the rank of Colonel. On the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and served with Patterson in his inglorious campaign on the Upper Potomac. He was subsequently transferred to the army of the Potomac, where he obtained command of a division.

At the terrible battle of the Chickahominy on the 26th ult., General M'Call's division bore the brunt of the first day's fighting and behaved like heroes. Their commander is known to have been wounded, and, as his horse has been found riderless, it is supposed that the gallant General fell into the hands of the enemy. We can not afford to spare so good a man.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We publish on page 454 a couple of pictures from North Carolina, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. Wiser. One of them represents THE RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR STANLY, OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT WASHINGTON in that State. The Governor made a handsome address to the people, and was exceedingly well received.

The other picture represents the PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND. We condense the following account of the affair from the *Herald* correspondence:

The ground selected for the presentation and grand review of this portion of the corps d'armée was situated about half a mile from the railroad bridge. It is level, rather high, and large enough to permit the free movements of, as I before said, upward of fifty thousand men. For some time before the arrival of the first regiment the people began to gather. Five was the hour; but at five there were few of the regiments on the spot. Shortly after, however, a sight was presented to all the lookers-on that can never be effaced from their memories. From one corner of this large field, leading from the bridge, came long lines of artillery and cavalry, while from every side came pouring in, to the strains of joyous music, regiment after regiment, who, after marching into the space, took up their positions and awaited further orders.

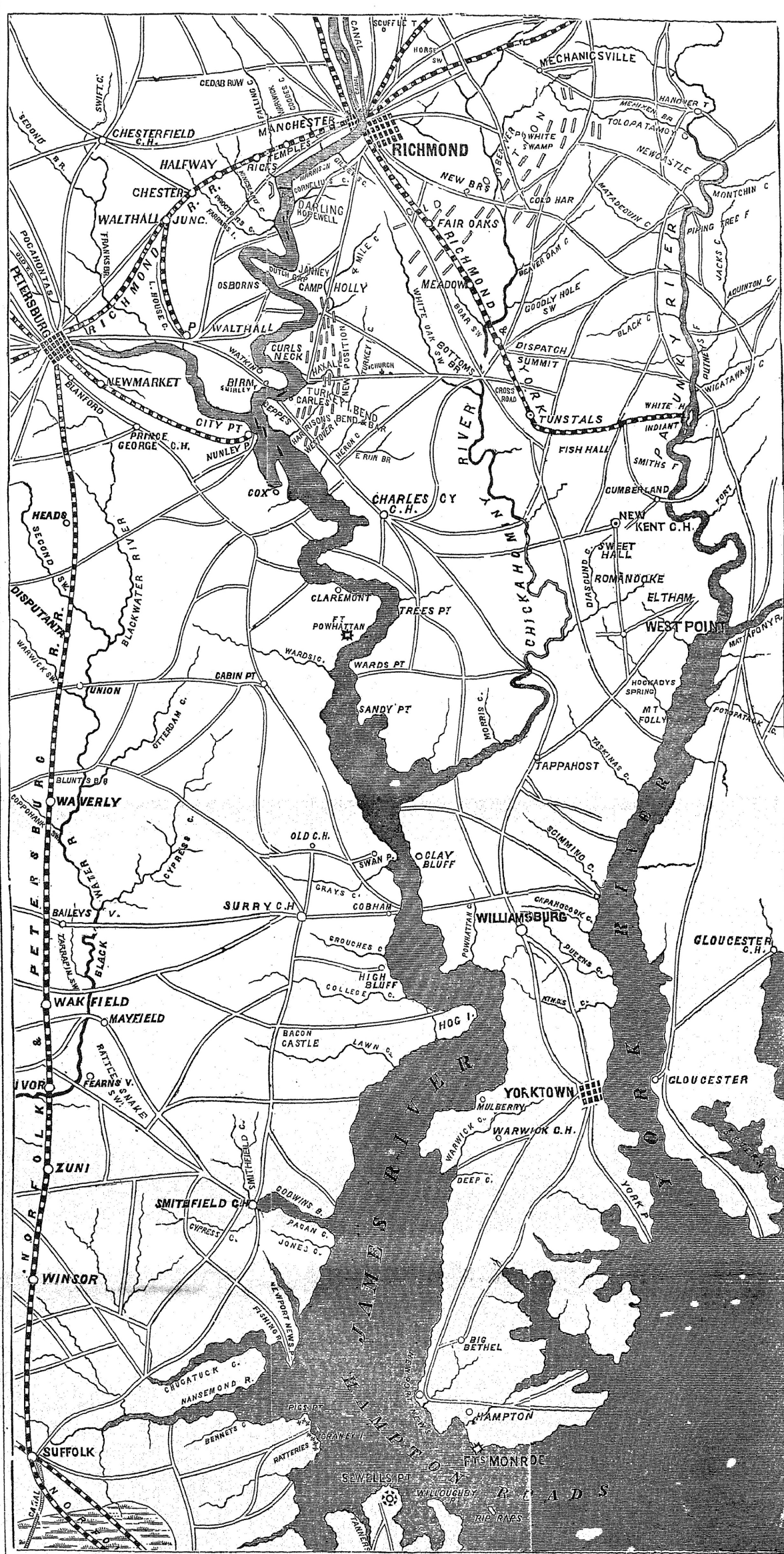
The appearance of the General was signaled by a salute of fifteen guns, fired by Captain Belger's Rhode Island battery. He, with his staff, almost immediately proceeded to the centre of the field, where a sort of platform was erected on one of the caissons. The army was drawn up, forming a hollow square, or rather squares within squares, in the centre of which were the staff officers of the different generals, who were also present. On the platform there were but four persons—General Burnside and Commodore Rowan to represent us, and General Maura and aid on the part of Rhode Island. After the usual military salute, given along with the muttered thunder of the arms, General Maura approached General Burnside, bearing in his hands the magnificent gift.

He made a handsome speech to General Burnside, in reply to which the latter said:

In behalf of this gallant little army which surrounds you, I beg through you to thank the State of Rhode Island for this gift, given in appreciation of our services at the "Battle of Roanoke." Your excellent Governor has most fittingly said that the services of this army have been in this manner remembered through its commander. Without the skill, courage, patience, and fortitude of the general officers, field and staff officers, company officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of this corps d'armée, together with the full and hearty co-operation of our gallant navy in these waters, the State of Rhode Island would have been deprived the pleasure of giving, and I debarred the proud satisfaction of receiving, this elegant sword.

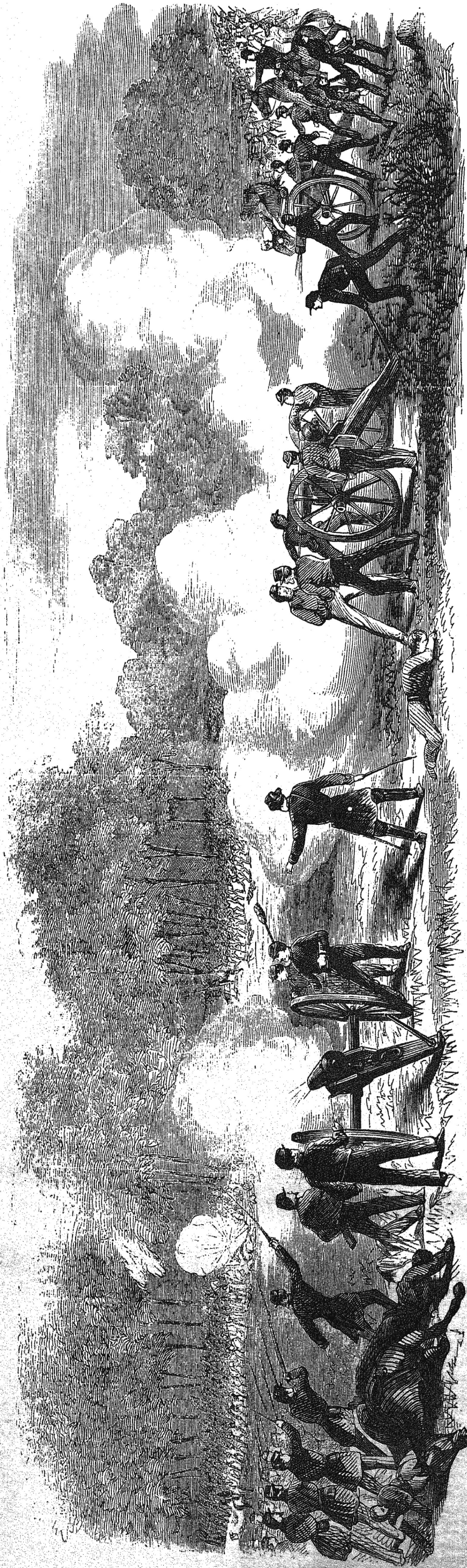
The ceremony took up but a short time, and at its conclusion a cheer was raised by the men that rivaled in force the salvos of artillery that heralded the approach of the much beloved commander of our forces. Not content with giving vent to their feelings once, it was repeated and repeated, the words throwing back the echo, until one would almost fancy a whole State had raised up its voice—and may be it will soon—and that, too, for the good old Union.

The General buckled on the sword, and, standing on the same place, remained there until the whole army had passed in review.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE OLD AND NEW POSITIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.





THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE REBELS ON KIRBY'S BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 426.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN WHEELER'S BATTERY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 426.]

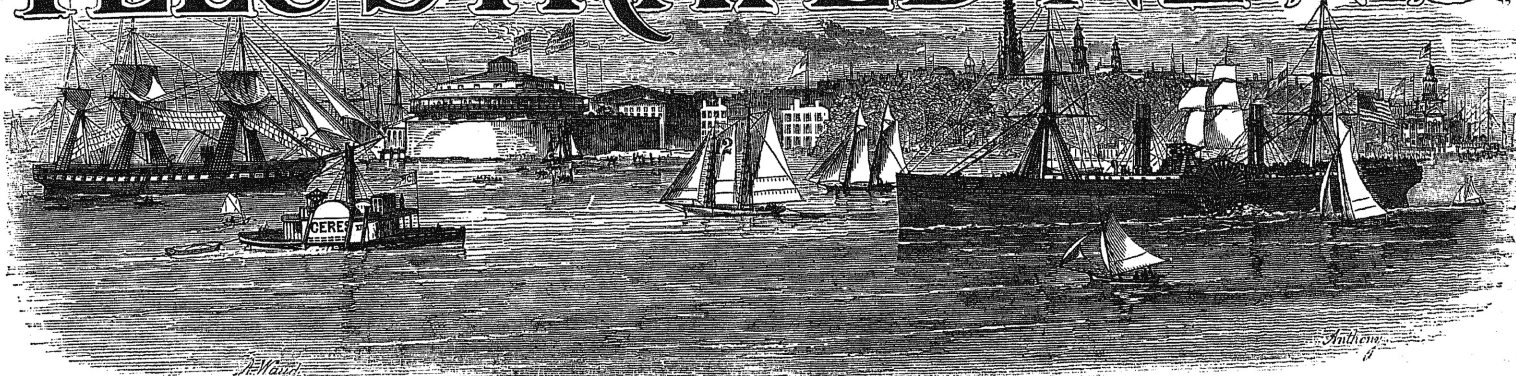


BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF RICHMOND AND THE VICINITY.—[SEE PAGE 436.]





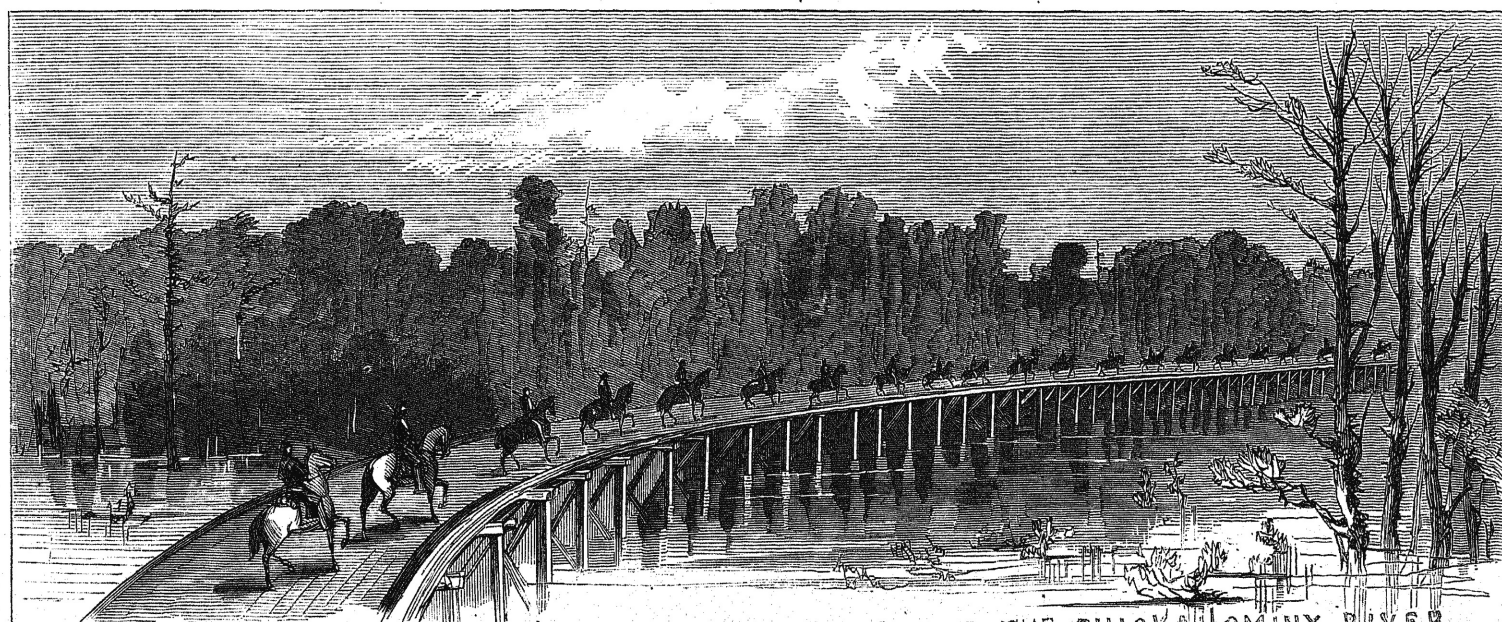
# NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



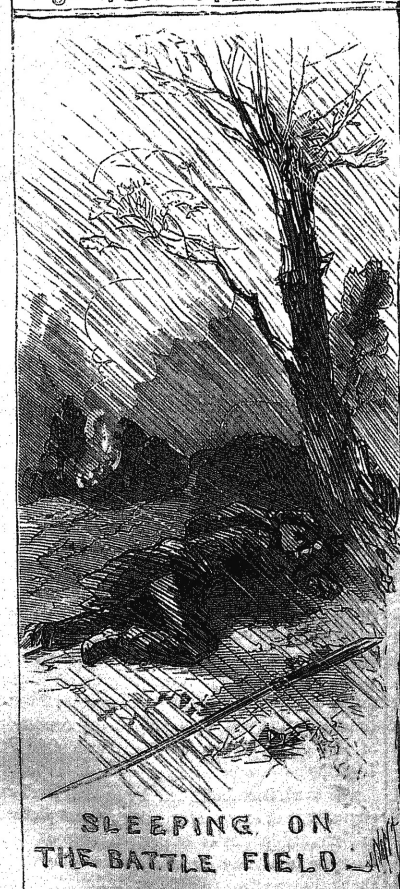
No. 138.—Vol. VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

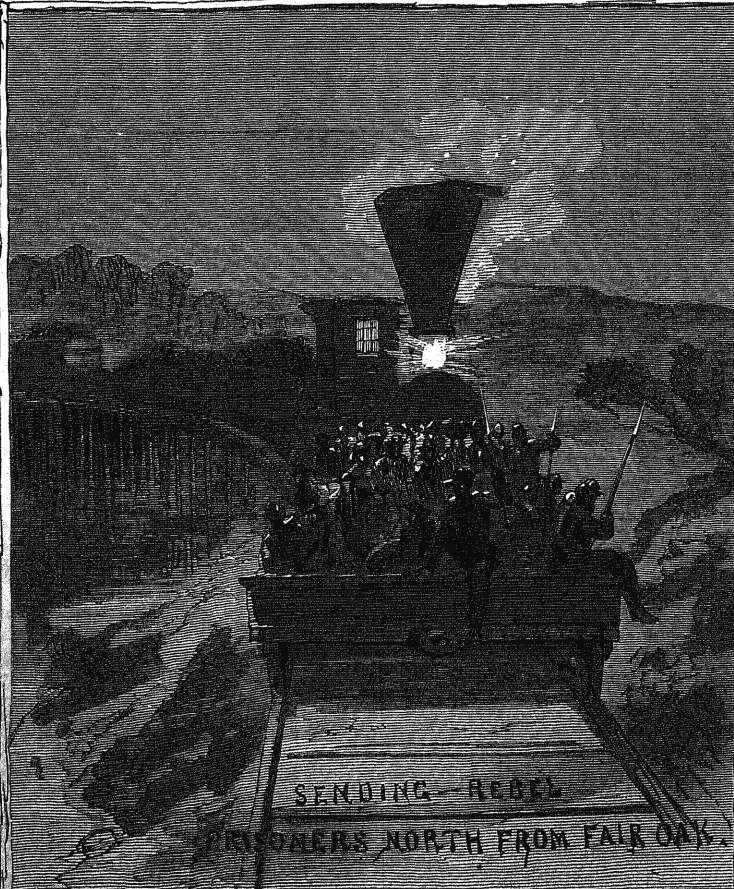
PRICE SIX CENTS.



5<sup>th</sup> PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY CROSSING R.R. BRIDGE OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY RIVER.



SLEEPING ON  
THE BATTLE FIELD.



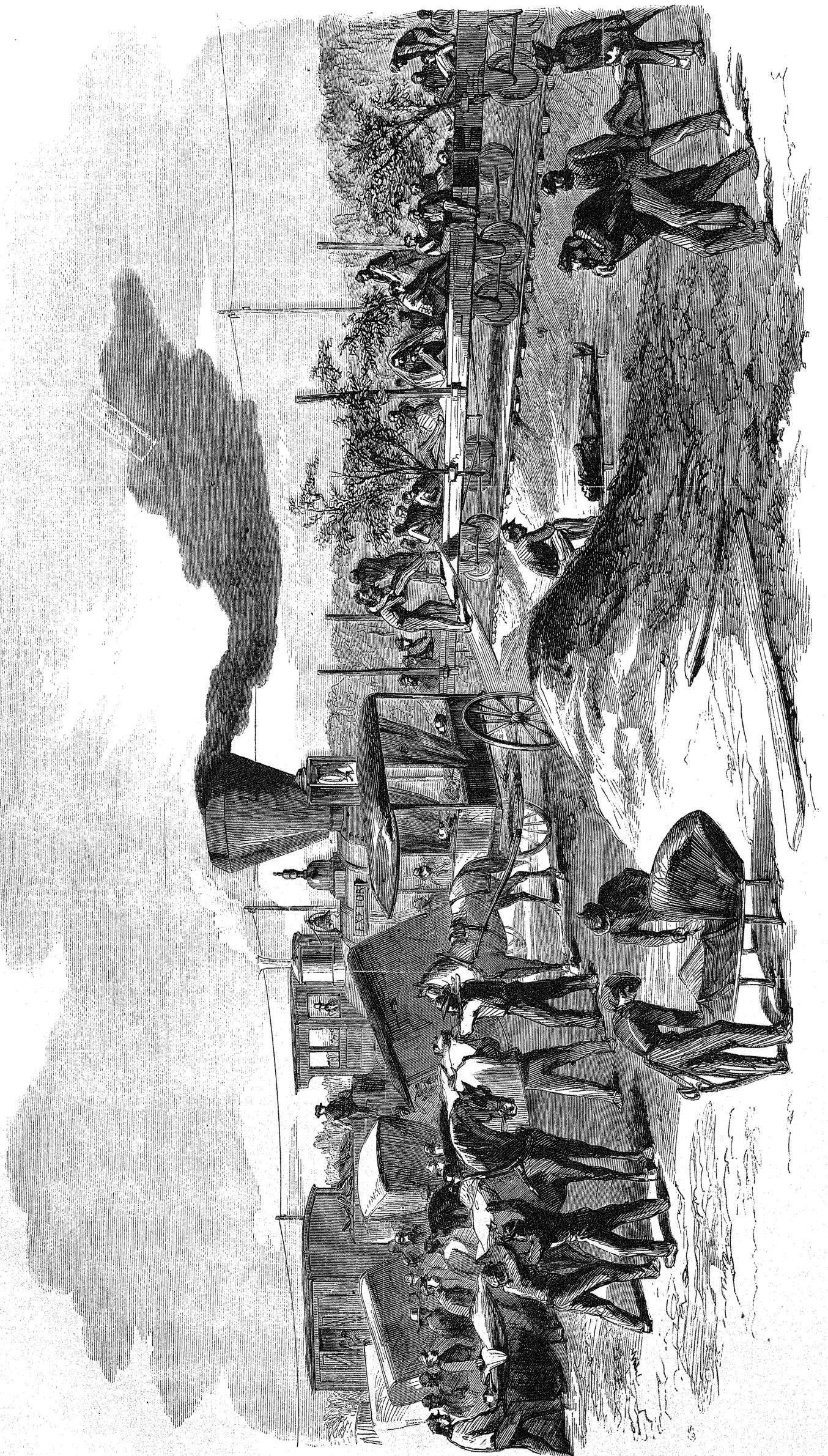
SENDING REBEL  
PRISONERS NORTH FROM FAIR OAK.



MARCHING  
THROUGH SWAMP.

SKETCHES AROUND THE FAIR OAKS BATTLE FIELD. BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUMLEY. See page 123.





BATTLE FIELD AT FAIR OAKS.—BRINGING THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO THE CARS OF THE RICHMOND AND YORK RAILROAD. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





CHARGE OF THE 88TH AND 69TH N. Y. V. (IRISH BRIGADE) AT THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUMLEY. SEE PAGE 123.





MAJOR ZAGONYI, FREMONT'S BODY GUARD.  
See page 123.

### Original Tale.

#### HOW THE INDIAN WOMAN LOVED THE WHITE MAN.

"Ah! ah!" said I, as I concluded my observations on the top of the bluff, and returned my field-glass to its case—"that's the way you do it, my pretty tigress of the woods! is it? You want more victims than one under your claws, my tawny beauty! do you? And you think that in this wilderness a lover's eyes are not long ranged enough to discover at this distance your fol lols under the tree, as you sit there, with those arms around you, in the jungle!"

"You forget that this little gimcrack, now in my pocket, has given me a new pair of eyes that would pull you close up to them, if you were at twice that distance. And you and I will have a pow wow to night before the sun goes down, the result of which will astonish you considerably."

Talking thus to myself, and not best pleased at the treachery of my little tawny, who was soon to have been an inmate of my lodge for life, I passed down on the other side of the bluff, where the huckleberry bushes were knee deep in fruit—blue, luscious berries, almost as big as marbles—and struck a bee-line through the woods for my hearth smoke.

It was a grand day, such as one never sees anywhere but in the West—the air warm and sunny, and laden with the odorous breath of flowers; the sky an intense blue, and perfectly cloudless; the forests clad in all the glory of June, and the birds singing, very sweetly, I have no doubt. But after the sight which I had seen under the tree, I was not much affected by the beauty and pomp of nature, nor by the

singing of the birds; although I remember well enough how I admired all this bravery and melody as I strolled through the forest and up the bluff in the morning.

Circumstances alter cases, they say, which is a fact. And when a hunter is about taking unto himself a pretty squaw, whom he loves not a little, and who loves him a good deal, he is foolish enough to think it is not altogether pleasant to find her billing and cooing with another chap under a tree.

I found it anything but pleasant, and arrived at my lodge in a humor which might very easily have converted me into a Thug. I felt like strangling somebody. I heartily cursed my tawny beauty with the black eyes, and sweet, treacherous lips, that I had kissed, I know not how oft, and was fast getting out of myself into the skin of a madman.

So I thought that would not do, and smoked a pipe.

Now smoking is a fine medicine for a poor lover out of luck, and I soon grew calm, and reasonable, and philosophical, and I finally made up my mind to take, as easily as I could, the doings of my little infidel.

So I went on smoking and thinking until sundown, by no means jolly in my inner man, philosophy notwithstanding.

On a sudden I heard the musical tread of feet on the grass, close to the spot where I sat, and you may be sure I knew whose feet they were that made the music! And in another instant, my darling's arms were around my neck, and her red lips were pressed to mine.

I thought I should have choked, and I laughed a bitter laugh, to the amazement, I have no doubt of my diaphragm; and sat quite still, uttering no word, and making no response to her loving caresses.

Her instinct, if not her conscience, soon told her what was the matter, and she dropped her arms from my neck, and turned as white as her tawny complexion would let her, and face her quivered, and her eyes lost their lustre; but she looked me full in the face, nevertheless, as she rose from my side and stood upright before me.

"What is the matter with your tongue," she said, "that you don't speak to me? And where are the kisses that you used to give on the mouth, every time I came to your lodge?"

"You have exhausted them all," I replied, "and have given them away to somebody else, no later than three hours ago."

"You lie, you dog of a white skin!" was the response of my terrified vixen of the sun; and she took up a stone in her pretty little fist.

"If I lie as I sit, you lie as you stand, Mistress 'Rainbow,' (as your friends the red men call you,) and so we are even; but you had better put down the stone, instead of flinging it at my head. For by the great spirit, I am in earnest, and I mean to make you feel that a dog of a white skin, isn't going to be sold for nothing."

"And what do I care for the dog of a white skin! Look at me, and say if you find any fear in my eyes!"

"Yes," I replied, "I see a good deal of fear there—bravely as you put it on! And now let me ask you a question. What was the name of the chap, who put his arms about you, and kissed your lips so often under the tree in the wilderness?"

"Oh! you think to catch me in that manner, do you? You lie when you say any man put his arms round me, and kissed me under a tree!"

"Do you see this little devil's mirror?" taking the field-glass out of my pocket.

"To be sure I do!" said she. "And what of that thing? Can he speak? Can he see into the darkness of the jungle, two miles away? Put up your 'devil's mirror,' and talk like a native man, reasonable to a woman!"

Said I: "You were going to be my squaw, weren't you, Mistress 'Rainbow?' And now," I added, rising and taking her savagely by the shoulders, "you want to be somebody else's squaw. Well, go to somebody else! and I dare say you will find him a good fellow. But I mean to know his name. Tell it to me!" I cried, with a passion which shook her and me to the centre.

"Then you saw us under the tree," she answered, as cool as a cucumber.

"Judge for yourself! But name the man's name, and then take what you like out of my lodge and go your way. I have done with you."



E. D. MORGAN, GOVERNOR STATE OF NEW YORK.

"Leave you?" she said, looking up with imploring eyes; "No, never? I stay in the lodge with you."

"Not if I know it!" said I. "Name the name, and go!"

"It was 'Black Foot,'" said she.

"What my old, long tried friend! Impossible!"

"Possible!" cried a voice close to my ears; and in another moment "Black Foot" stood before me, along side the "Rainbow."

"How so?" said I—"how possible 'Black Foot?' You and I have hunted together for two seasons; and when you had no money, and no skins, and no food, and no shelter but the forest, whose lodge was open to you? Who fed, and clothed and sheltered you?"

"It's all true," he said. "But I love this woman."

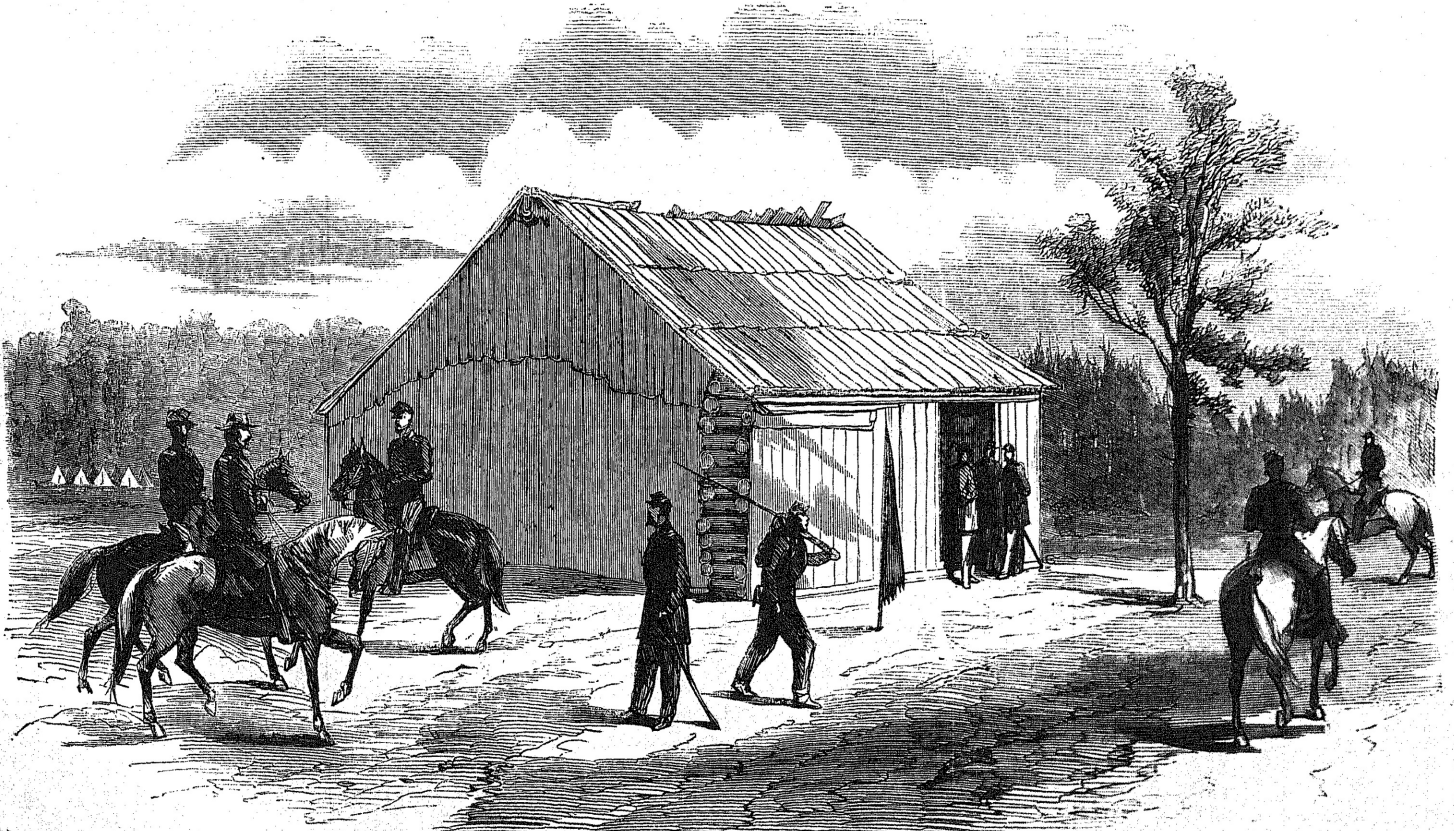
"But you were my friend; and this woman was to have been my squaw, and I did love her, not four hours ago; and you have coaxed her away from me. I saw what you did under the tree. And do you call that the act of a friend?"

"I love the 'Rainbow,'" he replied, doggedly. "She is of my blood, and you have no right to have her as a wife."

Said I, taking the fellow by the throat, and flinging him down with as much ease as if he had been a boy, "I know my own business best. I don't blame you for loving her; but I mean to punish you for your treachery to me."

Whereupon, in Western fashion, I pounded him with my fists until I was tired, and he was not in the likeness of anything either in Earth or Heaven.

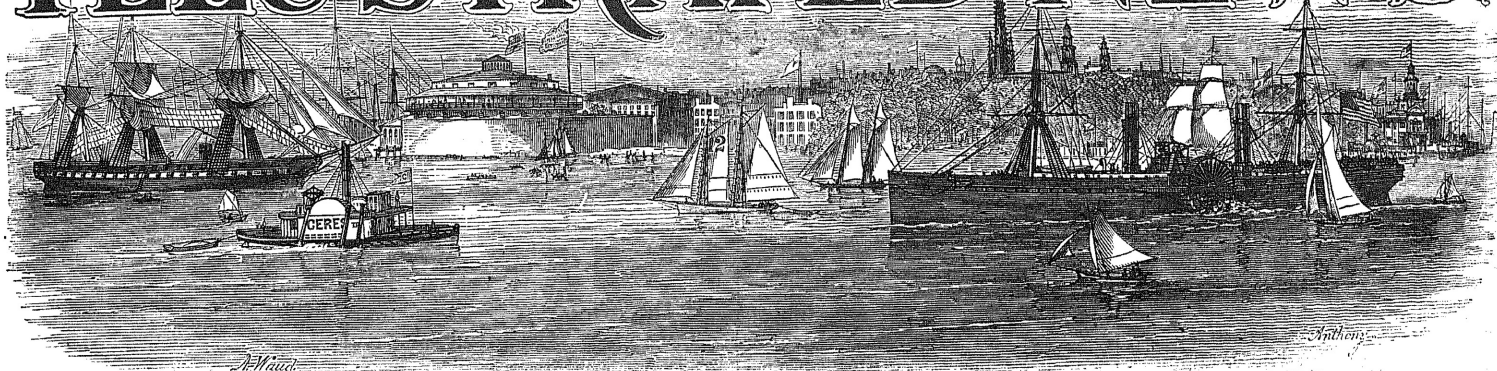
As I was lifting him up from the earth to start him out of my tent, a tomahawk, flung from behind, just grazed my right temple, carrying away one of my pretty love locks, and



GENERAL MEAGHER'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE BATTLE GROUND OF FAIR OAKS. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



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No. 139.—Vol. VI.

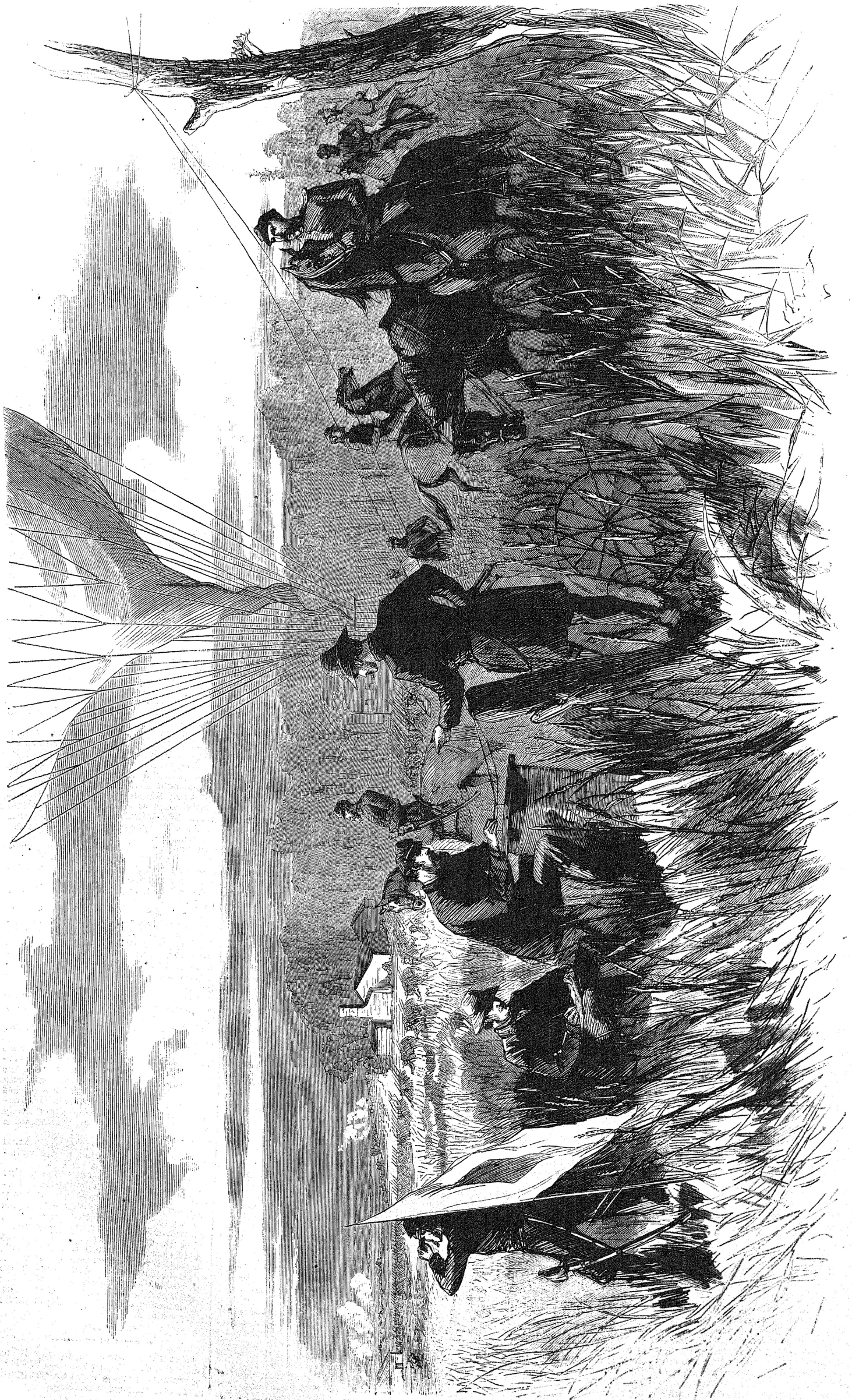
NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862.

PRICE SIX CENTS.



FEDERAL SOLDIERS BURYING THE DEAD ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF FAIR OAKS.—CAMP OF ONE OF THE REGIMENTS OF CASEY'S DIVISION. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUMLEY. See page 139.





Direction of the battle Fair Oaks.

Mr. Painter, Philadelphia Inquirer.

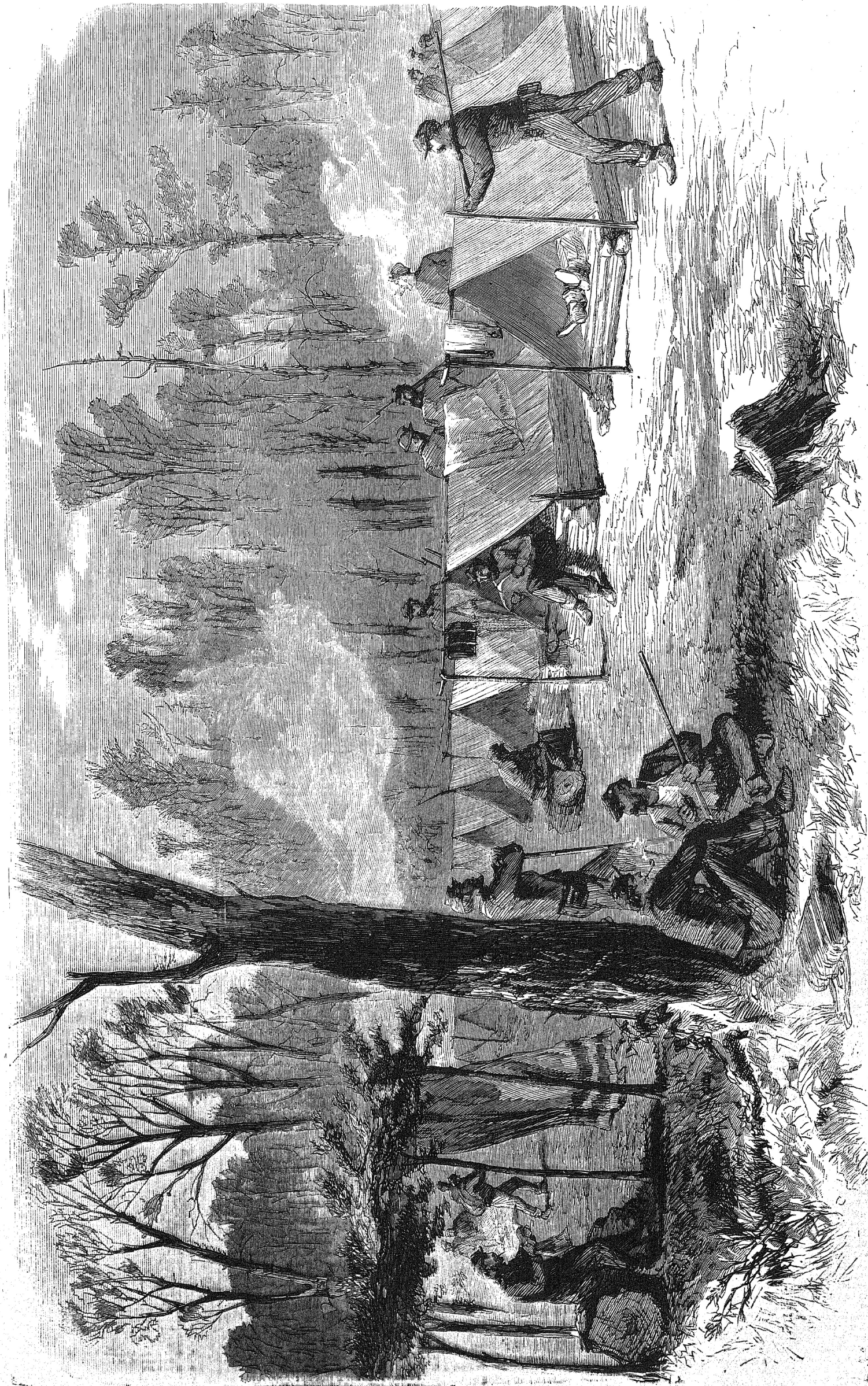
Mr. Park Spring.

Dr. Gaines house.

Professor Lowe.

Orderlies waiting dispatches  
 SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUNNEY. See page 139.



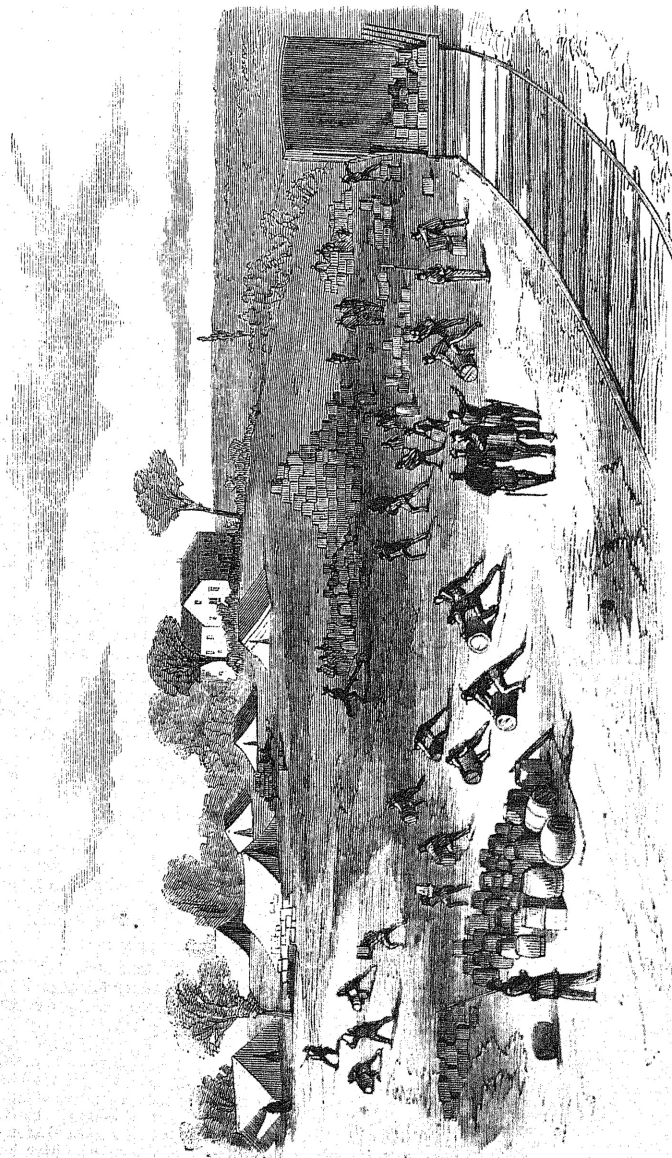


CAMP LIFE BEFORE RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUNLEY.





SCENE ON THE BATTLE GROUND AT FAIR OAKS—BURYING DEAD HORSES TO CLEAR THE FIELD IN FRONT OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS HOOKER AND SICKLES. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. LUDLEY. See page 139.



SCENE AT SAVAGE STATION, HEINTZEMAN'S HEADQUARTERS--REBEL PRISONERS UNLOADING CARS OF ARMY SUPPLIES. See page 139.



RESIDENCE OF THE NOTORIOUS REBEL DR. GAINES NEAR THE CHICKAHOMINY RIVER, BEFORE RICHMOND. See page 139.