

# Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE NEW CATECHISM.

GENERALLY IN USE IN NORTHERN CHURCHES.

BY REQUEST.

Stand up and let me catechise—  
(Not on the "shorter" plan  
That's too "old foggy" for the wise,—  
Q.—What's the chief end of man?)

A.—It is to think or 'em pretend  
The negro is a saint,  
And blame the Maker of all flesh  
For putting on the pret.

Q.—Was man created good at first,  
And did he fall from grace?  
A.—Some were at first created good  
Except the long-haired race.

Q.—Well, what is sin? my gentle friend;  
You're posted and can tell.  
A.—Sin is th' "agreement made with death  
And covenant with Hell."

Q.—What is the love the Saviour dear,  
The Christian's love,  
A.—Sinners of the fault or sort  
Whom salt and never save.

Q.—What do the Holy Scriptures teach,  
And what's the object of them?  
A.—They teach us niggard-hood to preach  
The sinner, to keep low.

Q.—Sin is a sin—what is that?  
What, when and how begin?  
A.—It's a sin, 'tis a sin, 'tis a sin,  
And hides a host of sins.

Q.—What is the sum of the commandments,  
By which we must abide?  
A.—To love thy brother at the South,  
And "not the Union side."

Q.—And what is faith, my smiling friend,  
What, when and how begin?  
A.—'Tis the evidence I have,  
Enables me to sin.

It is a sin and fixed belief  
That negroes will prevail,  
And something good turn up for me,  
And be it head or tail.

What instruments do angels play,  
What song sing they above?  
A.—Tobacco and a golden harp,  
Their song do welcome love.

Meglad you ax that question, ear—  
A sample of our string,  
And nigger, nigger! is the tune,  
Locally they sing.

## A SOLDIER'S EMOTION IN BATTLE.

Citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle field will find the most terrible moments just before the battle begins. A soldier in his narrative of personal adventures in "Howe's Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items under this head. In his description of the battle of Palo Alto, which was the opening battle of the war.

"When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a man of the enemy move; they stood like statues. We remained quiet with two exceptions: Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came to where we stood, he looked steadily at us, I suppose, to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and as he gazed he said: "The bayonet, my handy cock! the bayonet is the thing!" The other occasion was that of Lieut. Black, of the engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's lines, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close to their guns did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; black, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands? How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments? Look at our men; a clammy sweat is settled all over faces, slightly pale from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from duty. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with honor; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hours' fight, has lived through a great amount of physical and mental labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet through all my thick woollen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change.

Reader, did you ever see your horse on fire? If so, it was then you rushed into great danger; it was then you went over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool; some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are so

prestrated by fear that they are completely unmoved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all their energies takes place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen-shake into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing they would, and like demons, &c. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy; and happened to be looking toward their right wing when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dust fly some distance from where the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and then the shot came crashing towards us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured upon them a perfect storm of iron; Lieut. Churchill and his men began with their eighteen pounders, and when the first was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to seduce to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the lieutenant said to his men: When the first shot was fired, he watched the bill, saying, "I've high men, try another!" "You low men, try again, the third time is the charm!" The third shot was fired, and saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of lead and the following shots. "That's it my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have them now, keep her at that!" and so they did, and every shot took complete lanes through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery fairly belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear on us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes; one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous, a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipestem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour the smoke caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke snat out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment. In the obscurity the enemy exchanged their line, and the eighteen pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spit, a six pound shot took away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and the took of a poor fellow's head on the right, as clean as with a knife.

The blood of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that night I shall carry with me to my dying day. A little later, Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just afterwards. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thighs; his force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the locks, and also the wheels of the horse—a splendid steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery.—The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to fit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouacked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and therefore were in uniform. To see them lumbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots then dashing through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning-like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminding me of a band of demons rather than of men.

Great complaints are made of sending Massachusetts regiments by way of Harrisburg. The 11th was brought by that route in freight cars totally destitute of conveniences, and so insecure that one private fell from a car and was killed. The above was recently telegraphed from Washington city. To a person unacquainted with the reason for sending Eastern troops via Harrisburg, it has no doubt been a matter of great surprise, but "the milk in the cocoa nut" may be accounted for thus: Gen. Cameron, the Secretary of War, is a large stockholder in the Lebanon Valley R. R. Co.—the road from Reading to Harrisburg—as he is, also, in the Northern Central road, from Harrisburg to Baltimore. It is to be presumed that Gen. C. has a potent voice as to the route troops shall be transported, and considering his large pecuniary interest in the roads named, and his notorious penchant for paying operations, it is very clear why Massachusetts and other New England troops are sent "by way of Harrisburg." This war spreads out a rich feast for Cameron, some of his relatives and friends! Where is *John Alexander*?

## Harper's Ferry—A View from the Maryland Heights.

I began the ascent of Maryland Heights about half-past five o'clock in the morning. After long and tedious clambering over rocks and among thick laurel bushes, we reached the road the Kentuckians had constructed from the base of the mountain to its top. It must have occasioned them immense labor, I suppose they employed slaves principally for that purpose. It, however, the soldiers performed that labor, it was very great.

It led first to the camp occupied by the Kentuckians, under Pluton Duncan, numbering when they retreated only one hundred and ninety men. Here we found twenty-six small cabins, constructed of small chestnut trees, sloping backwards from the top, the front part being about twelve feet high, and the back part seven or eight. This slope was given them in order to have them roofed cabin fashion. They were the rudest structures I ever saw, save hunters' lodges among the Rocky Mountains, and these are built with an eye to protection against all kinds of weather inclemencies, whilst these even if roofed would not have prevented the entrance of rain from all sides. Around them lay several thousand feet of boards, evidently intended for roofing purposes. In some of them rude, unknown pole berths were put up, so that two rows of sleepers could enjoy the luxury of open quarters and an open sky. What must have been the reflections of "these sons of Southern gentlemen," as their friends called them, as they lay in the top of this bleak mountain upon such beds, and looked out upon the starlight during a cold, shivering night, or felt the pitiless driving of heavy rain upon them? Did they think of the homes they had left, with all their comforts and luxuries, to fight against the flag their fathers had borne gallantly upon many fields?

Beyond and above this was a partially constructed quadrangle of chestnut logs, doubled upon each other. Underneath the east side—the building being located upon the very crest of the mountain, the ground suddenly sunk away. In this depression they had commenced to build a stone wall in the usual manner in which rude stone fences are constructed in rural districts. Upon these one battery either had rested or was to rest. The sides of the quadrangle had not reached anywhere more than three feet. It had been abandoned before their retreat. The strangest part of this whole arrangement was that they had no parade ground, there being but sixty feet between the double rows of cabins, and that not being cleared more than 400 feet in length. They could not have formed more than 300 hundred men to a line, and not have maneuvered a company of more than fifty. The surface was rough and uneven, and full of stumps, so that a straight line in ranks could not be presented. The drill maneuvers and parade must have been a very amusing affair. Dogberry's muster of the night watch could not have been more so.

Immediately south of this, and in a straight line towards the Ferry, there is a depression in the ridge, and by a neck the heights are connected with what is called by the mountaineers the Pinnacle. This presents one of its sides to the Potomac, where there is a most fearful precipice—a perpendicular of full three hundred feet, bending, frothing, darker, grander than any feudal keep. Along this neck the Kentuckians constructed also an old-fashioned stockade, such as their fathers were wont to repel Indian attacks with almost a century ago. They are known upon the western frontier, now-a-days by the name of blockade. It had thirteen entrances upon the south side, was near 100 feet long. It consisted of hewn chestnut posts squared with an axe upon their edges, and driven into the ground like spikes are driven, being sharp at the lower point. Between every second of the joints was a loophole, which is an indentation in each log directly opposite the other. Through this the gun is thrust and the fire delivered upon an advancing enemy. In the centre of the stockade poles were longer, and a platform was erected at about the height of eight feet. Loop-holes were also cut in these at the height of about three feet.

That so rude a mode of fortification should have been resorted to indicates that but little engineering skill exists among the southern forces, notwithstanding their boasted Beauregard and Whiting. Why, it must occur to the most ordinary mind that had ever seen a gun fired, that a six or twelve pounder would have knocked their high central spires into a thousand splinters, and sent the upper tier of men kicking, jumping and sprawling among their companions below.

Going over this depressed piece of ground, we again ascended until we reached a higher point upon the pinnacle upon its west side. Here we found about a dozen rude cabins, showing less architectural skill than the others. This is called Lower Bradleyville. Nothing worthy of remark was presented at this point. To the eastward of this, and at the very crest of the Pinnacle, was still another rude encampment. The cabins in both were constructed without any regard to military order. The large cabin at the upper point was the headquarters of B. T. Johnson, of Frederick city, Md., the Confederate commander of a couple of companies of Maryland secessionists. Just above his tent, upon a ledge of rocks, stood the flag-staff. The Confederate flag had disappeared, however.

We went further down the Pinnacle, and from a point which juts out 600 feet into "airy nothingness," we looked upon the whole scene, where those stirring events of the last two months have been transpiring—events to which the newspapers

per press and the public have been looking with such intense interest. Before us lay the great railroad bridge, a melancholy ruin, the blackened beams, the piers redolent with intense heat, the whole of the magnificently built workshops of the Government buildings a mass of scorched and smoking ashes, with nothing but their massive walls remaining. Even the gates of the outlet lock of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal were swung from their hinges in order that navigation along one of the great commercial avenues of Maryland might be stopped, and thus punished for her loyalty to the Union.

There, too, right in the bed of the canal, laid, in charred masses, five canal boats, taken from private citizens who had honorably maintained their allegiance. These formed a fitting contrast to the destruction of the long trestle work of the Baltimore road. The work of destruction was as complete as human malignity could make it. Such wholesale desolation will make the people of Western Maryland and Northern Virginia more loyal than they ever were.

A few sentinels, almost invisible from their laziness, stalked loungingly along. Back of Bolivar, a suburb of the town, upon the heights overlooking it, there were two camps in which a few troops still lingered. One of these lay immediately over the Potomac; another lay over about two miles within the radius of a circle, and overlooking the country road passing by Halltown towards Martinsburg. Altogether not over 600 men, judging of their number by the eye, and the number of tents which they had.

Whilst we stood there the tents were struck and every incident preparatory to marching observed. We waited until we saw them packing, descended the mountain on the western slope, and reaching the canal strolled leisurely along its banks for more than a mile. Although the soldiers had fired indiscriminately upon all persons who passed by the same road, we yet passed unscathed by such a doubtful honor.

Thus ended my reconnaissance of Harper's Ferry in ruins.—*Cor. New York Herald.*

## General Butler.

General Butler has under his command some 15,000 men, costing the nation at least \$40,000 a day; and the community have been asking why it is that this army is permitted to lie, week after week, at Fortress Monroe in idleness? It now appears that this is no fault of the General's, but that he has been urgently demanding of the government the necessary means to enable him to make a successful advance. The air is full of rumors that the managers of our military operations are daily with this resolution, either with an idea of patching up a disgraceful and short-lived peace, or for the sake of feathering the nests of favorites, or from schemes connected with their own personal ambition. As a part of these rumors, it is whispered that the Cabinet are hampering the movements of General Butler, from jealousy of his rapidly rising popularity, and from fear that the eclat of his military achievements may eclipse their reputations.

Knowing on what slight foundations rumors may be raised, we generally attach to them very little weight indeed, and notwithstanding the positiveness with which the assertions above alluded to are made we trust that they are entirely groundless. We have entire confidence in the honesty of the President, and we cannot believe that any American who has sufficient character to obtain office could be guilty of the awful crime of trifling with the lives of our soldiers and with the fate of the country in this crisis. If any man who has been intrusted with great power by the nation is using that power for his own selfish purposes, we advise him to be very careful not to be found out. The public mind is in an unusual earnest and determined temper, and if a public officer should now be detected in any of these wicked schemes, "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."—*Scientific American.*

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—During the hard-fought battle of Bennington, in the first Revolution, two Brothers fought side by side, protected by the trunk of a fallen tree. The oldest was a man of prayer, but the other was not. Bauncie's Indian allies were in ambush, picking off the Americans, when the elder brother got sight of one of them, and taking a long aim, lifted up his heart and voice in prayer saying, "Lord have mercy on that Indian's soul!" The other brother got a shot at another Indian at the same moment, and as his ball entered his head, he bit off the end of his cartridges to load again, and said, "There is another Indian gone to the devil!"

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A gentleman, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into another pew, and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for breach of promise of marriage.

ENCOURAGED.—As the volunteers were about leaving Easton for the war, a member of one of the companies, shed tears when he bid his mother "good-bye." The old woman encouraged him, saying: "Dry up, Joe, and show your spunk!"

MISSOURI.—The scene of the late battle in Missouri, is in the extreme southwestern corner of the State, only fifty miles from the Arkansas line.

SPEAKER GROW, it is stated, has ordered the marble bust of ex-Speaker Orr, of N. C. to be removed from the house of Representatives.

## A War of Invasion.

The following article we copy from the *New York World*, for the purpose of showing the difficulties of, and the necessity there was for the Government to make the most ample preparations before commencing the march towards Richmond. The *World*, be it remembered, is a thorough going Republican paper, and, of course, the Miss Nancy patriots about home will not set up a howl of indignation against us for copying the production. We take the extract from that paper of Thursday week:

Invasion is a kind of military work that even the greatest Generals have failed in. Alexander the Great overcame Media and Persia, but his armies were rolled back before the legions of Scythia and India. Cyrus marched his army in splendid style into Persia, but only to immortalize the skill which conducted the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Hannibal swept down with irresistible force into Italy, only to at last retreat from it in ignominy.—Cyrus carried his cohorts into the plains of Mesopotamia, but only to be defeated with immense slaughter, and to lose his own head. Napoleon led his hosts into the middle of Russia, and led them to destruction; there, too, the Swedish invader, Charles XII, a hundred years before, had met his doom. Burgoyne marched his forces into American territory, and marched to a surrender. Sobieski, with forty thousand, attacked eighty thousand Turkish veterans entrenched and defended with three hundred pieces of cannon, slew fifty thousand and carried the Polish ensigns in triumph to the banks of the Danube; and yet a month after there was scarcely a remnant of his army left. Wellington drove Massena, at the head of a hundred thousand men, out of war-wasted Portugal, but, before his full success in the peninsula, had to retire and intrench himself behind the Torre Vedras. The British Generals, in their invasion of Afghanistan, accomplished marches across mountain ranges and desert tracks unparalleled in history for their length and hardship, but the issue thereof may be read in the terrible tragedies of the Khorud Causal and the Pass of Jugdualleek, and in the fate of that sixteen thousand, of whom but one man escaped alive to tell the tale of slaughter.

The *World* might have added a still better home lesson—the fate of George the III and the American Revolution; and we venture the assertion now, that if the present civil war is continued by the Administration, the same fate will be awarded to Lincoln & Co.

MORE TREASON.—The *Detroit Tribune*, a Republican paper, severely censures the Government for putting Gen. Schenck, the "hero" (?) of Vienna, in command of a brigade, while Col. Richardson, a graduate of West Point, and a brave officer, who has been twice brevetted for gallant conduct in actual service, is compelled to serve under him. The *Tribune* says it is notorious that this Schenck has not a single qualification for the position. This is all very well, but if a Democratic journal had said as much, a Republican howl would be sent up against it for giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy by abusing and underrating our own officers.

And the *N. Y. Times*, another Republican paper, gives the following sample of the honesty of the Government in the use of the people's money:

"The steambot Cataline was valued at \$7,500, but instead of purchasing it at that price, the Government hired it at the rate of \$10,000 a month, with the agreement that if the boat was lost the owners should receive \$50,000 for it. The boat was burned a few days since, and the Government pays \$80,000 for what might have been had in the beginning for \$7,500. This is the way the money goes, and at this rate Mr. Lincoln will require more than \$400,000,000 to carry him through the first year of the war."

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—The following is one of the most beautiful prose passages in the English language. It is not new, however; we read it many years ago.—How happy must be the heart that can see these beauties and understand them: "Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, leaving us to muse on their faded loveliness?"

Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that the light forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, yet leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be set before us like islands slumbering on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like meteors, will stay in our presence forever."

FRUSTRATE.—Mrs. Hook, an Irish woman, was arraigned, in Chicago last week, for whipping her husband. Probably she thought there was no harm in "bating her hook."

JACK—Girls don't you notice them? KATE—Notice what Jack? JACK—(Petitively) Why my Moustache! KATE—Oh! I did'nt observe them.

WHAT IS THE BEST LINE TO LEAD A MAN WITH? Crino-line. What is the best line to lead a woman with? Mascar-line.

WHAT ARE THE "FORTUNES" OF WAR? Ask the gentlemen who furnish our soldiers with "bad beef" at high prices.

## THE WAR NEWS!

THE BATTLE NEAR BULL'S RUN.

Highly Interesting Details.

Description by an Eye-Witness.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

## THE GREAT STAMPEDE.

The battle of Bull's Run, the defeat and the retreat of Major Gen. McDowell's forces, the number of killed and wounded on each side, and the next probable movement of the Federal army, are the all absorbing subjects of comment on the part of the press and the people, generally everywhere. As we stated yesterday, the government has already taken measures to reorganize the army of the Potomac, and has appointed Major General McClellan to supersede Major General McDowell.

Last evening rumors were current in this city in regard to the killed on the side of the Confederates, among the fallen were reported to be Gen. Johnson, Capt. Jackson, and a number of volunteers from Baltimore. After diligent inquiry, however, we failed to trace the rumors to any reliable source.

The reports as to the killed wounded and missing, on the part of the Federal army, continue to be of a very contradictory character.

Subjoined will be found a number of additional accounts and speculations concerning the battle.

The Hon. H. J. Raymond, who was present on Sunday at the battle near Bull's Run, within three or four miles of Manassas Junction, has furnished the *New York Times* the following graphic account:

WASHINGTON, July 22d, 1861.

The battle yesterday was one of the most severe and sanguinary ever fought on this continent, and it ended in the failure of the Union troops to hold all the positions which they sought to carry, and which they actually did carry, and in their retreat to Centreville.

The attack was made in three columns, two of which, however, were mainly feints, intended to amuse and occupy the enemy, while the substantial work was done by the third. It has been known for a long time that the range of hills which border the small, swampy stream known as Bull's Run, had been thoroughly and extensively fortified by the rebels; that batteries had been planted at every available point, usually concealed in the woods and bushes which abound in that vicinity, and covering every way of approach to the region beyond. These are the defenses of Manassas Junction, which is some three miles further off. Until these were carried no approach could be made to that place; and after they should be carried others of a similar character would have to be overcome at every point where they could be erected.

The utmost that military skill and ingenuity could accomplish for the defense of this point was done, Gen. McDowell was unwilling to make an attack directly in the face of these batteries, as they would be of doubtful issue, and must inevitably result in a very serious loss of life. After an attack had been resolved upon, therefore, he endeavored to find some way of turning the position.

His first intention was to do this on the southern side—to throw a strong column into the place from that direction, while a feigned attack should be made in front. On Thursday, when the troops were advanced to Centreville, it was found that the roads on the south side of these positions were almost impracticable—that they were narrow, crooked and stony, and that it would be almost impossible to be effective in the time required. This original plan was therefore abandoned; and Friday was devoted to an examination by the topographical engineers of the northern side of the position. Maj. Bernard and Capt. Whipple reconnoitered the place for miles around, and reported that the position could be entered by a path coming from the north—though it was somewhat long and circuitous. This was accepted, therefore, as the mode and point of attack.

On Saturday, the troops were all brought closely up to Centreville—and all essential preparations were made for the attack which was intended for the next day.—Yesterday morning, therefore, the army marched in by two roads—Colonel Richardson with his command taking the southern, which leads to Bull's Run, and Gen. Tyler the northern—running parallel to it at a distance of about a mile.

The movement commenced at about 3 o'clock. I got up at a little before 4, and found the long line of troops extended far out on either road. I took the road by which Col. Hunter with his command, and Gen. McDowell and staff, had gone, and pushed on directly for the front.—After going out about two miles, Col. Hunter turned to the right—marching obliquely towards the run, which he was to cross some four higher up and then come down upon the entrenched positions of the enemy on the other side. Col. Miles was left at Centreville and on the road, with reserves which he was to bring up whenever they might be needed. Gen. Tyler went directly forward, to engage the enemy in front, and send reinforcements to Col. Hunter whenever it should be seen that he was engaged.

I went out upon the Northern road. It is hilly, like all the surface of this section. After going out about three miles, you come to a point down which the road, leading through a forest, descends; then it proceeds by a succession of rising and