

alling knolls for a quarter of a mile, when it crosses a stone bridge and then ascends by a steady slope to the heights beyond. At the top of that slope the rebels had planted heavy batteries, and the woods below were filled with their troops and with concealed cannon. We proceeded down the road to the first of the small knolls mentioned, when the whole column halted. The 30-pounder Parrott gun, which has a longer range than any other in the army, was planted directly in the road. Capt. Ayers' battery was stationed in the woods a little to the right. The First Ohio and Second New York Regiments were thrown into the woods in advance on the left. The Sixty-ninth New York, the First, Second and Third Connecticut Regiments, were ranged behind them, and the Second Wisconsin was thrown into the woods on the right. At about half-past six o'clock the thirty-pounder three or four shells directly into the battery at the summit of the slope, on the opposite height, one of which, as I learned afterwards, struck and exploded directly in the midst of the battery, and occasioned the utmost havoc and confusion. After about half an hour Captain Ayers threw ten or fifteen shot and shell from his battery into the same place. But both failed to elicit any reply. Men could be seen moving about the opposite slope, but the batteries were silent. An hour or so afterwards we heard three or four heavy guns from Colonel Richardson's column at Bull's Run, and these were continued at intervals for two or three hours, but they were not answered, even by a single gun. It was very clear that the enemy intended to take his own time in paying his respects to us, and that he meant, moreover, to do it in his own way. Meantime we could hear in the distance the sound of Col. Hunter's action, clearing his way, and awaited with some impatience the sound of his cannon on the opposite heights. Time wore along with occasional shots from our guns, as well as those of Col. Richardson's column, but without, in a single instance, receiving any reply.

but the advancing columns rendered it impossible, and I turned about. Leaving my carriage, I went to a high point of ground and saw, by the dense cloud of gray which rose over each of the three roads by which the three columns of the army had advanced, that they were all on the retreat. Sharp discharges of cannon in their rear indicated that they were being pursued.

THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

(Correspondence of Press.)

WASHINGTON, July 22, '61.

The scenes that immediately succeeded the battle of yesterday are the best evidence of the inefficiency of at least a portion of our officers, to whom is to be attributed the unfortunate finale of the day's labors. A correspondent of *The Press*, who went out yesterday with a brother of one of the killed at the Bull's Run skirmish on Thursday to recover the body, had but just disinterred the body and placed it in a metallic coffin, when the panic commenced among the teachers and citizens, and was communicated to the men, a portion of whom came out from under a tremendous shower of rain and fell rapidly and in disorder. The panic became general; the scene was indescribable. The heavy teams—over one hundred in number—rushed madly on, over fields and fences; the carriages of citizens joined in the rush; the soldiers filled up the thorough, and the stampede was complete. It was not ordered, but a break was effected in the ranks, and away they went. The road was filled with accoutrements, blankets, muskets, provisions, etc., thrown from soldiers, carriages, and heavy Government teams. Wagons broke down and were left; horses without riders, were galloping over everything; others, with traces flying in the air, were rushing madly on. The roads were filled with dust. Soldiers would give out and lie down by the way side, and there was no one to come for them. Some of the more resolute gathered up trophies of the day, but the opportunities to do so were few, and the danger was that of being run over by the teams rushing on behind. A large and apparently well-filled pocket book, evidently for a side pocket, was seen in the wreck of a carriage, but time permitted no delay to capture it. On they rushed to Fairfax, and there the panic was extended to those on duty and asleep. All were aroused, and joined in the general stampede, and on they came to the city, where their adventures, as they are told, beggar description. All this is to be attributed to bad management, not to a fault on the part of the men, for they fought bravely. We have seen who are capable of leading our army to the defence of our country and our rights—where are they?

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE STAMPEDE—GREAT SUFFERING.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes as follows in relation to the panic and retreat:

Lieut. Col. Elliot, of the Seventy-ninth, rode towards his regiment, having been ordered to reinforce them, when a ball hit his horse's head off, and threw him down, bruising him so that he could hardly escape. All the stragglers now commenced to run towards Centreville, and the caissons, ambulances, and sutlers' wagons, were ordered to be taken back at once towards Centreville. The batteries were ordered around to cover our retreat, and keep the Confederates from cutting us off from Centreville, which was about three miles in our rear, and where we had about four or five thousand of a reserve force; the batteries wheeled off and took up the road, and were retreating in good order, when, about half a mile out, one of the gun carriages was upset. A portion of Sherman's and Carlisle's were left in the roads, the gunners cutting the traces and running their horses. This put the infantry in a perfect panic; they broke ranks indiscriminately and commenced to run, knapsacks, haversacks, guns, cartridge boxes, hats, coats, and everything being thrown in all directions. The men were parched for water and were falling in every direction. Officers were equally panic-stricken with the privates, and in vain endeavored to stop the retreat.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 24th.

Mississippians versus New York Fire Zouaves—Bowie Knife Fight—Thrilling incidents.

One of the New York Fire Zouaves, who was wounded at the battle of Manassas on Sunday last, a stalwart, hardy fellow, of considerable intelligence, passed through this city yesterday, en route homeward, remaining here several hours waiting for the cars. He, of course, has the privilege, like all others, of telling his own tale, without apprehending, for the present at least, successful contradiction. From him I obtained a thrilling narrative of a rencontre between his regiment and a regiment of Mississippians.

CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

LYNCHBURG, July 23.—The Herald and Courier says that the Confederates captured sixty-three cannon and 2,500 stand of arms, 1,200 horses, and all the stores and libraries of the federal army, valued at a million of dollars. Also a baggy, containing a pair of epaulettes marked General Scott. The Confederate loss is set down at 250 killed and 1,000 wounded. The 14th Alabama regiment suffered severely, as did Wade Hampton's Legion.

NEWS FROM MANASSAS JUNCTION.

ALEXANDRIA, July 27th.—Mrs. Hindsdale whose husband is a member of the Second Michigan Regiment, which is now on the Virginia side of the Potomac, has returned from Manassas Junction. She was at Centreville during the engagement on Sunday, and waited there for the return of the soldiers, looking for her husband. Failing to see him, she supposed him a prisoner at Manassas. The enemy captured her and conveyed her thither, and employed her there as a hospital nurse.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Southern Reports of the Battle.

(From the Balt. Sun.)

The great battle of Sunday last, near Manassas Junction, is still the absorbing subject of public interest, and much anxiety prevails to learn the names of the Confederates killed and wounded on the occasion. The following letter received from a correspondent yesterday contains some interesting particulars:

Special Correspondence of the Sun.

LEESBURG, Va., July 24th.

Intelligent gentlemen from the field of battle near Manassas Junction bring some important particulars of the great battle on Sunday last between the Federal and Confederate forces.

Gen. Beauregard was reinforced by Gen. Johnson's command, from Winchester, between 11 and 12 o'clock on Sunday, after the battle commenced. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded is said to be 2,000. The number of prisoners taken by the Confederates is set down at 1,142, including one member of Congress, Mr. Ely, of New York. There were 42 pieces of cannon captured, 15,000 small arms and over 100 wagons.

The South Carolina troops were foremost in the action, and suffered the greatest loss. Col. Wade Hampton's legion of cavalry was nearly cut to pieces, and Col. Hampton was killed while charging upon the Federal troops.

Col. Hampton was one of the most eminent and wealthy citizens and planters of South Carolina. The legion which he commanded was recently organized, and was one of the finest bodies of men ever enrolled in the South.

The Maryland troops, with the Washington Light Artillery of New Orleans, were stationed at a certain point, and were not brought directly into action. It is not known positively that any volunteers from Maryland were killed—but not over two or three certainly.

Gen. Beauregard charges that the Federal commander, after sending a flag of truce to bury their dead after the first battle of Bull's Run, left his dead unburied, occupied his time in throwing up entrenchments from which to renew the assault upon the batteries at Bull's Run.

For this reason he refused the application made by Gen. McDowell, under a flag of truce to bury the dead. The Federal dead were collected and buried in trenches by the Confederate troops, and the Federal wounded were receiving the same attention as their own. The Confederates at no one time had over 12,000 troops in action, but had a reserve force of 60,000 men, from which the regiments in action were occasionally relieved.

Among the prisoners taken was Colonel Cameron, of New York, who is slightly wounded. He is at Manassas Junction.

Among those who fell was an old man whose head was white with age, and whose story is a romance of war. He had been thirty years in the regular service as a private soldier. He had followed the Indians through the everglades of Florida, bivouacked upon the side of the Rocky Mountains, chased the Canimache and the Cherokee through New Mexico, stood before the fire of Buena Vista, charged upon the heights of Chapultepec, and followed the victorious flag of his country along the plaza of Mexico and into the halls of Montezuma.

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In front of the building, in a pleasant grove, the ambulances crowded until it was impossible to unload them with any degree of rapidity. Then a dwelling-house near at hand, a barn and a wagon shop were successively occupied, but all proved insufficient, and the dead and mangled were lain on the grass in ever direction. And what a scene it was! Here a poor fellow with a shattered arm, imploring the early attention of the surgeons; there a pale youth, exposing his fractured head to the pity of his fellows; then a dying man bathing the green sod with his life blood, and seers lying about in strange confusion, all more or less injured, and shocking spectacles to behold. It was a sight the memory of which no lapse of time can remove, and such a language must ever fail to describe. It was not so mournful and impressive, however, as the field of battle, where were strewn in wild confusion the dead and the dying, and for a long distance every foot of the soil was drenched with human blood.

Mr. Arnold and myself, dismounted, and co-operated with the surgeons, as far as lay in our power, in alleviating the distress of the poor fellows, but many received no attention whatever, and died without an audible murmur. The shell wounds and those caused by the rifled cannon shot were most frightful. Legs, arms, heads, and entire bodies were fearfully mangled. The musket wounds were less repulsive, but in all the dreadful sight there was nothing to disguise the untold horrors of war.

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Gen. Scott and the Cabinet—Who Controls the Army Movements?

In reply to an article that appeared in the New York Tribune, stating that Gen. Scott had full control of all the war movements and also organized the columns, appointed the officers, and selected the time and points of attack at Bull's Run, the New York Times of yesterday gives what purport to be the substance of the remarks made by the General on the Tuesday preceding the battle, at his own table, in the presence of his aids and a single guest.

Gen. Scott it is said, discussed the whole subject of this war, in all its parts, and with the utmost clearness and accuracy. He had a distinct and well defined opinion on every point connected with it, and stated what his plan would be for bringing it to a close, if the management of it had been left in his hands.

The main object of the war, he said, was to bring the people of the rebellious States to feel the pressure of the government, to compel them to return to their obedience and loyalty. And this must be done with the least possible expenditure of life and property. No Christian nation can be justified in waging war in such a way as shall destroy 500 lives, when the object of the war can be attained at a cost of 50 lives. Every man killed beyond the number actually required, is murdered. Hence, he looked upon all shooting of pickets, scouting forays not required in order to advance the general object of the war, as destruction of life, on either side, which did not contribute to the general result, as so many acts of unjustifiable homicide.

If the matter had been left to him, he said he would have commenced by a perfect blockade of every southern port on the Atlantic and the Gulf. Then he would have collected a large force of the capital for defensive purposes, another large one on the Mississippi for offensive operations. The summer months, during which it is needless to take troops south of St. Louis, should have been devoted to tactical instruction, and with the first frost of autumn he would have taken a column of 80,000 well-disciplined troops down the Mississippi, and taken every important point on that river. New Orleans should have been captured.

It could have been done, he said, with greater ease, with less loss of life, and with far more important results than would attend the marching of an army to Richmond. At eight points the river would probably have been defended, and eight battles would have been necessary; but in every one of them success could have been made certain for us. The Mississippi and the Atlantic oceans, the Southern States would have been compelled, by the natural and stable pressure of events, to seek, by a return to the Union, an escape from their ruin, and would speedily overtake them out of it.

"This," said he, "was my plan. But I am only a subordinate. It is my business to give advice when it is asked, and to give orders when they are given. I shall do it. There are gentlemen in the cabinet who know much more about war than I do, and who have far greater influence than I have in determining the plan of the campaign. There never was a more just and upright man than the President; never one who desired more sincerely to promote the best interest of the country; but there are men among his advisers who consult their own recollections for more than the dictates of wisdom and prudence—and these men will probably direct the plan of the campaign. I shall do, or attempt, whatever I am ordered to do. It is not my duty to hold me responsible."

"If I am ordered to go to Richmond, I shall endeavor to do it. But I know perfectly well that they have no conception of the difficulties we shall encounter. I know the country—how admirably adapted it is for defence, and how resolutely and obstinately it will be defended. I would like nothing better than to take Richmond;—now that it has been disgraced by becoming the capital of the rebel Confederacy, I feel a resentment towards it, and should like nothing better than to scatter its Congress to the winds."

"But I have lived long enough to know that human resentment is a very bad foundation for a public policy; and these gentlemen will live long enough to learn it also. I shall do what I am ordered. I shall fight when and where I am commanded. But I am exempted to fight before I am ready; they shall not hold me responsible. These gentlemen must take the responsibility of their acts, as I am willing to take that of mine. But they must not throw their responsibility on my shoulders."

This is the substance and very nearly the language of a portion of Gen. Scott's conversation on the occasion referred to. It proves conclusively that he was opposed to the advance upon Richmond via Manassas at that time, and also that the administration was almost certain to overrule his objections and command a battle. Taken in connection with what was said in the House of Representatives on Wednesday, it leaves no doubt on the subject.

Democratic Primary Election.

In pursuance of resolutions passed by a Standing Committee, David C. Dale and James M. Welch, of the "Haitian Rangers," and John Bigler and David McLaughlin, of the "Washington Cadets," will hold elections in their respective companies on such day as they may appoint prior to the 1st Saturday of August, and transmit the result to the chairman, so that the same may be counted at the meeting of the County Convention.

The Democratic voters of the different boroughs and townships will, on the 2d Saturday of August next, elect two delegates to attend a County Convention to be held on the 3d Monday of September next, to determine if any changes should be made in the mode of nominating candidates, and in the party rules, and to make such changes.

Under the Rules of the party the respective Committees of Vigilance will appoint one of their number, or some other suitable person, as Return Judge, for the purpose of attending the County Convention, which will be held at the Court House on the Tuesday afternoon next succeeding the Primary Election.

L. J. CRANS, Chairman.

July 4th, 1861.

CONVICTED.—Henry Morse, alias Morris, was convicted last week in the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh, for robbing the Mail in Clarion county, in March last, and sentenced to 10 years in the Penitentiary.

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A painful scene after the battle—suffering of the wounded.

During the retreat, (writes a correspondent) I was surprised to note the few exclamations of distress from our wounded men. Now and then the mangled soldiers uttered piercing groans; sometimes, during the rough process of transfer from the ambulances, they gave vent to their agony in heartrending shrieks; but generally their endurance was heroic. Dr. Magruder, soon after the firing on Col. Hunter's column began, took possession of the Sudley Church, about half a mile from the field, and instantly the seats were removed and blankets spread on the floor for the wounded. The little building was soon crowded, and its floor crimsoned with warm blood. The altar table was used for the operations upon the men who were more severely injured. Within the hospital the victims were chiefly of the Rhode Island regiments. There were some, however, from the 71st, the 14th, and a number of the Zouaves.

In front of the building, in a pleasant grove, the ambulances crowded until it was impossible to unload them with any degree of rapidity. Then a dwelling-house near at hand, a barn and a wagon shop were successively occupied, but all proved insufficient, and the dead and mangled were lain on the grass in ever direction. And what a scene it was! Here a poor fellow with a shattered arm, imploring the early attention of the surgeons; there a pale youth, exposing his fractured head to the pity of his fellows; then a dying man bathing the green sod with his life blood, and seers lying about in strange confusion, all more or less injured, and shocking spectacles to behold. It was a sight the memory of which no lapse of time can remove, and such a language must ever fail to describe. It was not so mournful and impressive, however, as the field of battle, where were strewn in wild confusion the dead and the dying, and for a long distance every foot of the soil was drenched with human blood.

Mr. Arnold and myself, dismounted, and co-operated with the surgeons, as far as lay in our power, in alleviating the distress of the poor fellows, but many received no attention whatever, and died without an audible murmur. The shell wounds and those caused by the rifled cannon shot were most frightful. Legs, arms, heads, and entire bodies were fearfully mangled. The musket wounds were less repulsive, but in all the dreadful sight there was nothing to disguise the untold horrors of war.

An old Soldier killed.

Among those who fell was an old man whose head was white with age, and whose story is a romance of war. He had been thirty years in the regular service as a private soldier. He had followed the Indians through the everglades of Florida, bivouacked upon the side of the Rocky Mountains, chased the Canimache and the Cherokee through New Mexico, stood before the fire of Buena Vista, charged upon the heights of Chapultepec, and followed the victorious flag of his country along the plaza of Mexico and into the halls of Montezuma.

Capt. Bull Killed.

Capt. M. T. Bull, of the Fairfax cavalry, who was confined at the Washington Navy Yard some time since, and released upon taking the oath of allegiance,