The Lancaster Intelligencer

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OUR FLAG.

Now our flag is flung to the wild winds free,
Let it float o'er our father land,
And the guard of its spotless fame shall be
Columbia's chosen band.

PERSONAL.

We need money badly, and it will be a very great relief to us if our friends and patrons will furnish us with a little of the "needful" without delay. If they cannot pay all, let them at least give us a *part* of that to which we are justly entitled, in order to relieve us from our embarrassments. We think we have been very indulgent, and therefore hope to meet with a ready response to what we conceive to be a reasonable request. We shall have a Collector out during the present and succeeding weeks, and we hope he will receive a hearty welcome. In the mean time we shall be prepared to receive our friends at the office, and furnish them promptly with receipts for whatever amounts they may desire. Persons at a distance, and those residing out of the county, can remit by mail at our risk. Come, friends, give us a lift without longer delay, as we must have money to keep the wheels of the old INTELLIGENCER in motion.

GENERAL PATTERSON.

Many of the Republican papers are out in full cry against this veteran officer—charging him with cowardice and treachery, and even the defeat of McDowell's division—and all this without a particle of proof that he has been guilty of either. No man ought to be condemned without a hearing, and the high character General PATTERSON has maintained for many years as a brave, skilful and experienced officer, should at least shield him from injustice. At present we know of nothing against him, except that he did not prevent General JOHNSON from effecting a junction with BEAUREGARD at Manassas; and this may not have been within his power. It is altogether probable that he was all the time literally obeying instructions, and, perhaps, when the truth is known, the responsibility for this failure will be more justly attributed to his superiors than to General PATTERSON. Had they furnished him with the necessary supplies and the means of transporting them, he might not have remained so long inactive. It is surely no good reason for pronouncing him imbecile or cowardly or treacherous because he refrained from attacking an enemy superior in numbers to his own army and strongly fortified at Winchester, when he could not advance without danger of starvation, and when the term of service of a portion of his troops was about to expire. Had he advanced, it is by no means certain that he would have encountered General JOHNSON, who was doubtless ready to move towards Manassas the moment PATTERSON set his column in motion. And then the question arises, had he orders to attack JOHNSON at Winchester? and did he disobey orders without adequate reasons? When these points are settled against General PATTERSON it will be time enough to throw upon him the responsibility of the defeat. If he has been derelict in any way we have no disposition to screen him from censure—but he should not be condemned unheard, and upon vague conjectures.

We strongly suspect that the fact of General PATTERSON being a Democrat has something to do with these attacks made upon him by the Republicans.

A GREAT UNION MEETING.

The Democracy of Drumore, Fulton, Little Britain, Colerain, Eden and Bart townships, held a large and enthusiastic meeting at the public house of Joseph Phillips, at Penn Hill, Fulton township, on Thursday evening last, in favor of the Union and the Constitution.—A number of gentlemen, heretofore acting with the Republican party, were present and participated in the proceedings. The meeting numbered some five or six hundred persons, and was presided over by that sterling Democrat and honest man, SANDERS McCULLOUGH, Esq., of Drumore, assisted by a large number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. The meeting was ably and eloquently addressed by Messrs. McCULLOUGH, SWIFT, Drs. RAUB GRITCHELL and SIDES, and the best of feeling prevailed throughout the evening.

The meeting adjourned to meet again at Quarryville, on Saturday evening next, August 3d, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

DISGRACED HIMSELF.

Col. D. S. MILES, who commanded the Fifth Division of the Grand Army at the Battle of Manassas—composed of eight or nine regiments—has been placed under arrest, charged with conduct unbecoming an officer. It is said that on the day of the battle he was so much intoxicated with liquor as to be unfit for the performance of his duties.

THE CAPTURED.

HENRY S. MAGRAW, Esq., of this city, ARNOLD HARRIS, Esq., of Washington, and a Mr. BIRD, who went over to Virginia on Tuesday for the purpose of recovering the body of Col. CAMERON, were captured at Fairfax Court House, and are now held as prisoners of war. They are said to be at Leesburg.

GOOD FROM EVIL.

The defeat of the Union army at Manassas has kindled anew the military spirit of the country, and new regiments by the score are being tendered to the President. The appointment of Gen. McCLELLAN to the command of the Grand Army has infused new life into the old regiments, and everything indicates that when the next forward movement takes place it will be attended with the best results. The greatest activity prevails in the War Department, and every thing betokens the most extensive arrangements to subdue the rebellion.

GENERAL FREMONT.

Gen. FREMONT has arrived in St. Louis, and assumed command of that military department. Small squads of secessionists continue to annoy the loyal citizens in various parts of Missouri, and there is a report that Governor Jackson is mustering a large force near the Southern border.

THE VOTE.

The vote on the proposition of Mr. Wood, of New York, in the House of Representatives on the 15th inst., is important and deserving to be placed on record. The following are the proceedings in connection therewith:—

Mr. Wood, of New York, offered a resolution that this Congress recommend to the Governments of the several States to convene their Legislatures for the purpose of calling an election of two delegates from each Congressional district, to meet in general convention at Louisville, on the first Monday in September next—the purpose of said convention being to devise measures for the restoration of peace to our country—but the objection was made from the Republican side, and

Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, moved to lay it on the table, which was agreed to—yeas 92, nays 51.

YEAS—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Appleton, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair (Mo.,) Blair (Pa.,) Blake, Buffinton, Chamberlin, Clark, Colfax, Frederick A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Conway, Curtis, Cutler, Davis, Dawes, Delano, Diven, Duell, Dunn, Edgerton, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Fenton, Fessenden, Franchot, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Gurley, Hall, Hanchett, Harrison, Hickman, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelly, Kellogg, (Ill.,) Kellogg (Mich.,) Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKean, McKnight, McPherson, Mitchell, Moorehead, Morrill (Vt.,) Nixon, Olin, Patton, Pike, Porter, Potter, Rice (Me.,) Riddle, Rollins (N. H.) Sedgewick, Shanks, Sheffield, Shillaberger, Sherman, Sloan, Spaulding, STEVENS, Stratton, Thomas (Mass.,) Trowbridge, Upton, Vandever, Van Horn, Van Valkenburg, Van Wyck, Verree, Wall, Wallace, Walton (Me.,) Walton (Vt.,) Washburne, Wheeler, White (Ind.,) Windom.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Ancona, Baily (Pa.,) Brown, Burnett, Calvert, Crittenden, Cobb, Cooper, Corning, Cox, Cravens, Delaplaine, Dunlap, English, Fisher, Fouke, Grider, Haight, Harding, Holman, Jackson, Johnson, Law, Lazear, Logan, McClernard, Mallory, Morris, Noble, Noell, Norton, Nugent, Odell, Pendleton, Reid, Richardson, Robinson, Rollins (Mo.,) Smith, Steele, (N. Y.,) Steele (N. J.,) Vallandigham, Vibbard, Voorhees, Wadsworth, Ward, White (O.,) Wickliffe, Wood, Woodruff.

GEN. GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

This distinguished military officer, who has recently been appointed to the command of the Grand Army, in place of Gen. McDowell, passed through this city on Thursday last on his way to Washington *via* Philadelphia. He reached Washington on Friday morning.

The cars were detained but a few moments here, consequently but few persons became aware of his presence. In person he is about the medium height, of plain, unostentatious, but prepossessing appearance, and would readily be taken, from the plainness of his dress and youthful appearance, for a Lieutenant rather than a Major General in the United States Army. He was accompanied on his journey by his wife, who remained in Philadelphia.

Gen. McCLELLAN has a laborious and responsible undertaking before him, in view of the disaster which befel our army at Manassas; but we firmly believe that he is fully equal to the occasion, and that he will add fresh laurels to the chaplet of fame which already encircles his brow. As a Pennsylvanian we feel proud of him, and are convinced that, in a short time, the Government will be satisfied that it has, at length, found the right man for the right place.

LET JUSTICE BE DONE.

The Fourth and Fifth Pennsylvania Regiments have been severely blamed in some quarters for leaving the army of General McDOWELL on the eve of the great battle at Manassas. The Harrisburg *Patriot* of Friday contains communications from officers of those Regiments (embracing the orders for their discharge from Major General McDOWELL and Brigadier General RUNYON,) which completely vindicate their conduct. They were mustered out of the service on the 20th—the day before the battle took place—and would have cheerfully remained a few days longer, had the orders for their discharge not have been so peremptory. Indeed the Fourth did remain at their camp below Alexandria, garrisoning Fort Ellsworth, until the 23d, when they were relieved by another Regiment.

Both of these Regiments did gallant service in Maryland, Washington City, and Virginia—served out their time faithfully and well—and if they did not participate in any great battle, it was no fault of their's, and they should not now be censured and slandered by would-be patriots at home who are too cowardly to march themselves in defence of the Union. The same remarks will apply to the members of the Jackson Rifles and Fencibles from this city, who served out their time faithfully and returned home a few days in advance of their comrades. These men all fulfiled their contract to the letter, and should be spared any censure by the *home* patriots with which this community abounds.

CONGRESS PAY.

A few years ago, when times were good, trade and commerce flourishing, and money plenty, Congress raised their pay to $3,000 per annum,—an increase of more than 50 per cent. on what they had previously received.

Now the country is involved in civil war; times are bad; trade and commerce destroyed; money scarce; thousands and hundreds of thousands out of employment; Government debt going up by hundreds of millions at a jump; taxes increasing; but the Republican Congress, while imposing new burdens upon the people, and reducing the pay of poor Clerks and other employees of the Government, show no sign of reducing their own pay! Such is the patriotism of Black Republicanism!

IS THIS TREASON?

As the *Express* considers it treasonable for us to publish the sentiments of Mr. JEFFERSON uttered sixty years ago, perhaps it will have no objection to the following sentence copied verbatim et literatim from the Inaugural Address of Mr. LINCOLN, the master in whose words that *very* independent, neutral, no-party paper is bound to swear. Hear what Old Abe said no longer ago than the 4th of last March:

"*Suppose you go to war,* YOU CANNOT FIGHT ALWAYS, *and when, after much loss on both sides, and* NO GAIN ON EITHER, *you cease fighting,* THE IDENTICAL OLD QUESTIONS *as to terms of intercourse* ARE AGAIN UPON YOU."

SPEAKING TO THE POINT.

The following extract from a communication in the Reading *Gazette*, in reply to a mean attack made on Hon. S. E. ANCONA, member of Congress from Berks county, by some Republican hounds, is to the point, and furnishes these brawling individuals a little food for reflection:

I have only to say in conclusion that it is time for Democrats to speak out. They have not only been branded as disunionists and traitors by Republican editors, but even waylaid and threatened with personal violence by men, who have only recently raised their voices for the Union. When we see those who before the election hooted at Democrats when they said a word in behalf of the Union, and even branding them by way of derision as "Union Savers," at the same time saying that "the South might go, we could do without them," now pretending to teach them loyalty, and even threatening mob violence, it is impossible for a Democrat to remain silent, if there is a spark left of that fire which burns in the bosom of a freeman. All this has been carried on, too, by those who are loudest in heralding the cry of "no party," which proves it to be nothing but the meanest political bigotry under the mask of patriotism. Let those who are ashamed of former political names abandon them if they wish. Let them first suck all they can out of the fat offices, and then commence a contest for the spoils again under the new name of "no party," if they can. Democrats desire no part in any such schemes of political gambling. They intend to abide by their name, and stick to their principles, and shall meet their opponents as before, under the banner of the Constitution and the Union.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

For a graphic description of the great battle, and disastrous retreat of our Army, see communication in another column from "An Eye Witness."

A GREAT BATTLE AND DEFEAT.

Contrary to all expectation, our army, under General McDOWELL, met with a disastrous defeat at Manassas Junction, Virginia, on Sunday week. We felt confident that the fifty thousand brave men composing the Grand Army would be fully competent to take the rebel batteries, and to pursue their way without any serious difficulty to Richmond. At the latter place we expected the great battle of the campaign to be fought, and there, and there only, did we suppose the Confederate forces would make an obstinate and determined fight. But we, in common with our fellow citizens generally in the North, have been egregiously mistaken, and we incline to the opinion that the Administration at Washington, and even General SCOTT himself, were equally in error.

We are of those, however, who never doubted the bravery of the enemy, as many in the North did. We always believed that, sooner or later, the two opposing forces, both equally brave, would have a terrible encounter, and that then, for the first time, would we begin to realize the magnitude of the struggle upon which the country has entered. It now appears that the frequent skirmishing and rapid retreats of the Secession forces were only so many lures to draw our army into an ambuscade, and in this, unfortunately for the country, they but too well succeeded. Whether any fault is to be attributed to our Generals for having thus been caught in a trap we are not prepared to say; but that the army was prematurely moved forward (contrary, it is understood, to the better judgment and wishes of Gen. SCOTT,) is no longer a question for debate. Facts speak louder than words, and the Greeleys and Hickmans and Stevens' and Wades and Lovejoys and other Abolition leaders will have a fearful account to render to the people for thus hounding our brave men on to destruction.

The New York *World* (a strong Republican paper) thus moralizes over the defeat:

We are now paying the terrible penalty of impatience—of not waiting to proportion our means to the mighty objects we have undertaken. It is of course too early yet to fix with certainty to what extent misconduct upon the part of the officers and soldiers contributed to the disgraceful repulse we have suffered.—Doubtless it will be found that such misconduct existed, and had its effect. But more or less of this is almost sure to happen in every great military movement—most of all when armies are without the perfect discipline that comes from long military service. It is the business of military art to make due account of this liability—to guard against it as far as possible, and, so far as faults do occur, to manage that they shall, in no case, prove fatal. If these faults work disaster, they are thus after all but the secondary cause. The real origin lies behind. They are themselves produced, or at all events armed with fatal power, by greater faults behind. Now in this case, though the soldiers may be to some extent blameable for their panic, yet we cannot help asking—What made this panic possible? Is it not plain that it came from the conscious inferiority of our soldiers to their enemies in point of numbers? They knew that BEAUREGARD had been largely reinforced—that they, some fifty thousand in open fields, were fighting against ninety thousand strongly intrenched and fortified with unnumbered masked batteries—the most formidable and destructive of all military appliances. The consciousness of such great odds against them put these raw troops in just that misgiving condition of mind that any untoward occurrence would easily intensify into a positive alarm and headlong flight. But why that odds? For that, the wretched demagogues who have raised the infuriate popular clamor for an immediate advance upon Richmond must answer. It was not in the power of Gen. SCOTT to withstand that clamor. His own military judgment pronounced this advance premature. It was his openly avowed policy to take time to mass a force that, when it once put itself in motion, should move like an overwhelming wave. But he had to yield to the demagogues, just exactly as FABIUS had to yield when against his judgment he hazarded Cannæ—just exactly as WASHINGTON had to yield, when against his judgment he risked Brandywine.

Now we may as well make up our minds at once to meet disaster upon disaster, and to be utterly beaten in the end, if the management of this war is to be dictated by newspaper writers and street crowds. NAPOLEON knew what he was saying when he declared at St. Helena: "All the great captains of antiquity, "and those who in modern times successfully "trodden in their steps, performed vast achieve-"ments only by conforming with the rules and "principles of the art of war; that is to say, "by correct combinations, and *by justly com-"paring the relation between means and conse-"quences, efforts and obstacles.* They succeeded "only by the strict observance of those rules, "whatever may have been the boldness of their "enterprises, or the extent of the advantages "gained. *They invariably practiced war as a "science.* Thus they have become our great "models and it is only by closely imitating "them that we can hope to approach them." The southern people understand this, and practice upon it. Not a southern newspaper has presumed to dictate the movements of their generals, or even to criticise them after being made. They have surrendered the entire control of the war to professional science, and have therein manifested a magnanimous confidence and a public spirited self control that we must say—rebels as they are—is truly admirable. Are we of the North so degenerate that we cannot equal this? Must impulse and hot passion alone rule us? If so, our inferiority is proved; and the sooner we cease desecrating a noble cause with our ignoble support the better for every interest of humanity.

From the contradictory reports respecting the engagement it is impossible to get at the truth. It is enough, however, to know that the defeat was a disastrous one, attended with a large loss of life, wounded and prisoners, and an immense destruction of property. The accounts, such as we find them in the Philadelphia and New York papers, we give in our columns at considerable length. It is proper to say, however, that later accounts from Washington make our loss considerably less than the first reports. The official report has not yet been published.

AN IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.—On Monday week, Mr. Crittenden submitted the following resolution to the House:

Resolved, That the present civil war has been forced on us by the Disunionists of the Southern States now in rebellion against the Government of the U. S. States: that in this National emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of passion and resentment, will recollect only their duty to their country; that the war is not waged for conquest or subjugation, or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution with the rights and equality under it unimpaired; that as soon as these objects shall be accomplished, the war ought to cease.

The first branch of the resolution, that the present deplorable civil war was forced on the country by the Disunionists of the Southern States now in revolt against the Constitutional Government and in arms around the Capital, was adopted. Yeas, 121; Nays, 2—viz: Burnett and Reid of Missouri.

The remainder of the resolution was adopted—117 against 2, namely; Potter and Riddle, Republicans.

Mr. STEVENS, from this district, did not vote at all.

CORN AND WHEAT IN THE WEST.—The harvest throughout the whole country is known to have been one of the most abundant with which our country has been blessed for many years; but in the far west the prices have been exceedingly low. A letter dated Galesburg, Illinois, July 20, says:

We are not in a suffering condition in the West, having no armies overrunning our land and destroying vegetation, as in your unfortunate and misguided neighboring State, Virginia, but trade is greatly depressed. Our great staple, corn, has been exceedingly dull at 9 cents per bushel, and wheat at 40 cents. The former, where the farmer has to draw it 15 or 18 miles, will not pay for the hauling; and persons who live out on the open prairie have informed me that they have used it for fuel, and found it more economical than selling it at market price and purchasing wood."

DIRECT TAXATION FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

It is stated the Committee on Ways and Means have prepared a bill providing for a direct tax on internal duties, which will soon be submitted to Congress. This bill imposes a tax of $30,000,000 on real estate and slaves, distributed through the States and Territories. The proportion to be contributed by Maryland is $655,235; by Virginia, $1,400,[illegible]; by Delaware, $112,025; by North Carolina $846,292; by Tennessee $1,000,247; by Ohio $2,356,035; by Pennsylvania $2,920,079; by New York $3,305,879, and by the District of Columbia $74,155. The necessary assessors and collectors are provided. Some of its provisions are said to be as follows:

The State collector is required to give bonds in the full amount of the taxes to be collected by him and each assistant collector is obliged to give bonds for the full amount represented in his several lists, giving three receipts, one to be deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury, another to be filed with the first controller, and the third with the principal collector. The several collectors are further required, at the expiration of every month, to transmit to the Secretary of the Treasury a statement of the collections made by them respectively within the month, and to pay over quarterly, or sooner, if required by the Secretary of the Treasury, the moneys by them respectively collected.

It is proposed to tax all stills, boilers, and other utensils employed in the distillation of spirituous liquors 15 cents on every gallon of capacity; and to lay a tax of five cents per gallon on all fermented and malted liquors, and of ten cents per gallon on all spirituous liquors. In order to furnish the proper data for assessing such a tax, distillers will be obliged to keep a correct record of the amount distilled from day to day.

It is further proposed to lay a tax upon carriages; the amount of tax to be proportioned to the value of the carriage. From this all vehicles used exclusively for the transportation of merchandise are to be exempted. On all others not exceeding in value $50, it is proposed to lay a tax of $1; exceeding fifty in value, but not over $100, a tax of $4; above $200, but not exceeding $400, a tax of $16; above $500, but not exceeding $600, a tax of $22; above $600, but not exceeding $800, a tax of $30; above $800, but not exceeding $1,000, a tax of $40; above $1,000 in value, a tax of $60.

The tax is to be laid upon all lands and lots of ground, with their improvements, dwelling houses, chattels and slaves. The bill provides that any person who shall give a fraudulent list of property under his charge, or owned by him, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, and pay all costs and charges of prosecution. From the valuation of the board of assessors there is to be no appeal, but they are in any case when it is demanded to give a careful hearing to the parties claiming reduction of valuation.

It is proposed to allow to each principal assessor three dollars per day for every day employed in making arrangements and giving necessary instructions to the assistant assessors; four dollars per day for every day employed in hearing appeals, raising volunteers and making out lists; and five dollars for every hundred names of taxable persons contained in the tax lists. Each assistant assessor will receive three dollars for every day employed in collecting lists and making valuations; the number of days necessary for that purpose to be certified by the assessor and approved by the commissioner of taxes, and three dollars for every hundred names contained in the list as delivered to the assessor. To each assessor, composing one of the board of assessors, it is proposed to pay four dollars for every day's actual attendance thereon. In addition the board is to be allowed its necessary and reasonable charges for stationery and blank books used in the execution of their duties.

GERRIT SMITH'S PLAN FOR TERMINATING THE WAR.

In a letter to Hon. Owen Lovejoy, member of Congress from Illinois, dated 13th inst., Gerrit Smith proposes the following plan of operations for the further prosecution of the war against the South:—

The liberation of the slaves has obviously become one of the necessities and therefore one of the rights of the country. Let the President, in his capacity of commander in the army, proclaim such liberation, and the war would end in thirty days. The South, beside that she would, when her millions of chattels are transmuted into men, have quite too much to fight *against*, would, when her Slavery is annihilated, have nothing left to fight *for*. Our Army, in the event of the President's Proclamation, would be already large enough. There would then be no squeamishness about letting ten or fifteen black regiments move Southward from Canada and the Northern States; and with that most *attractive* and efficient help many of our white regiments might be left to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

That the President is authorized to liberate the slaves, is as clear as that he may, when judging there is a military necessity for it, order the destruction of all the rail roads in the Slave States. But it will be said that on the return of Peace, the Government would provide payment for the rail roads. So could it for the slaves also. Perhaps when the war is over the Government will think it best to recall Slavery and re-establish it more firmly than ever. * * * Let Congress invite the Proclamation by repealing the Fugitive Slave Act; and as sure as the war continues, the Proclamation will not be long delayed. Only let Congress encourage the step, and the President will at once end the war, and save the nation from impoverishment and tens of thousands of families from bereavement and broken hearts.

* * * *

I am glad that Congress has resolved to meddle with nothing at this Session beyond the war question. But utterly absurd is the inference of many that it must not therefore meddle with the slave question. The slave question is the war question. The war began in Slavery, and it will end but in Slavery.

Unceasingly, both penwise and lipwise, I am asked what the Abolitionists should do?—I answer that the one present work of both Abolitionists and Anti-Abolitionists is to put down the rebellion and that, as the most reasonable, hopeful and demanded means to this end, both Abolitionists and Anti-Abolitionists should petition the President to proclaim the liberty of the slaves.

Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

FROM GEN. PATTERSON'S ARMY.

HARPER'S FERRY, July 23.

This morning the Wisconsin First forded the Potomac on their way to another encampment below Sandy Hook. They were followed by the Pennsylvania First who expect to take the cars for home at 1 o'clock. Before they left, Gen. PATTERSON addressed the latter regiment in the public square where they were drawn up to receive him, as follows:—

"*Officers and Men of the First Regiment:*—I am here to thank you for responding to the call of your country, and for your good conduct and orderly behaviour whilst you have been under my command. It has been a rare thing to hear of any of you having disobeyed your orders, or having sent to me letters complaining of your perhaps onerous duties.

"For this I thank you, and for your noble conduct your friends in Pennsylvania will thank you. You were one of the regiments who said you would stand by me after your term of enlistment had expired; but I do not wish to detain you. You are now on your way to your homes. Hoping you may have a pleasant journey, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The best feeling pervaded the whole regiment, or rather part of a regiment, as 230 went home before, and when the old General retired one round of applause after another ascended for him. He withdrew with his staff, while the regiment, bound homeward, marched off to the tune of "Gay and Happy."

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 27.

Two of our pickets were shot by the rebels within three miles of Alexandria, last night.

A company of rebel cavalry were within three miles of Arlington Heights, last night.

During the present session the House called upon the President to communicate, if not incompatible with the public interests, a copy of the correspondence with foreign powers in relation to maritime rights, and, also, copies of correspondence upon the existing insurrection.

The President respectfully declines to furnish the information from motives of public policy.

The Secretary of War has no information of the employment of Indians and negroes in a military capacity by the so called Southern Confederacy, and has so advised the House, in response to their resolution upon that subject.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

RETURN OF THE FENCIBLES AND JACKSON RIFLES.—The Fencibles and Jackson Rifles returned home on Saturday afternoon last at 3 o'clock. They were received at the Pennsylvania R. R. Freight Depot, on the Harrisburg Pike, by the Independent Greys, Lancaster Cadets, and Shiffler Hose Company, No. 7. A salute was fired in honor of their arrival by a detachment of the Cadets, under Capt. Young. After getting off the cars, and the proper military courtesies were gone through with, the line of march was taken up, as follows: Fencibles' Band, and Independent Greys' and Cadets' Drum Corps; Independent Greys, Capt. McCalla; Lancaster Cadets, Capt. Young; Lancaster Fencibles, Capt. Franklin; Jackson Rifles, Capt. Hambright; Shiffler Hose Company, Marshal C. J. Plitt. The military and firemen proceeded down James street to North Queen, down North Queen to Centre Square, up East King to Lime, down Lime to Church, down Church to South Queen, up South Queen to Centre Square, up West King to Mulberry, up Mulberry to Orange, down Orange to Prince, down Prince to Fulton Hall. The gallant fellows looked well, and seemed in the most buoyant spirits. The streets were densely crowded with citizens from town and country, and the returned volunteers were welcomed with the most enthusiastic shouts of gladness and the waving of 'kerchiefs of the fair sex.

The Jackson Rifles, under the gallant Hambright, after the parade was over, marched to Centre Square, and went through the drill and evolutions, to the great delight of hundreds and thousands of spectators. We have never seen a company more perfect in all their manœuvres than the Jackson Rifles. They then marched to their Armory, North Duke street, put away their arms, and were addressed in an appropriate manner by Capt. Hambright and Mayor Sanderson. Both gentlemen were heartily cheered and applauded.

—Capt. Patterson's and Capt. Bolenius' companies are at Harrisburg, waiting to be mustered out of service and paid off. They expect to arrive home some day this week. Arrangements are being made to give them a proper reception, of which they are truly deserving.

A MOST FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—On Saturday evening last, whilst Capt. Hambright's splendid company was drilling in Centre Square, an incident occurred which might have resulted seriously, if not fatally, to several persons. The men were at the time going through the skirmish drill, and had cocked their pieces for the word "fire," though but two or three of them were loaded, and they were not even capped. One of the pieces accidentally went off, and the ball or slug struck the wall just alongside one of the windows in the second story of the residence of Rev. JOHN J. STRINE. The windows of the second and third stories of the house were filled with ladies, and the escape of some of them from a serious, if not fatal, accident was truly Providential. Mrs. STRINE was standing under the window which was struck, and very coolly brushed off the particles of brick and dust which had fallen on the sill, not being aware of what had occurred, but wondering where the brick dust came from.

COL. ANDREW PORTER.—The Washington correspondent of Thursday's Philadelphia *Press* pays the following handsome and well deserved tribute to a native and former citizen of Lancaster, Col. ANDREW PORTER, a son of that most excellent lady, Mrs. GEORGE B. PORTER:

"The officers of the army are loud in the praise of Colonel ANDREW PORTER, the Brigadier General commanding the advanced division of the assailing army. His regiment covered the retreat of the army splendidly, and to his great efforts as a commander, and the battalion of regulars under Major SYKES, we must attribute the rescue of our panic-stricken army from destruction."

EDITORIAL VISITOR.—We had a "pop" visit from our good friend, Mr. U. J. JONES, local editor of the Harrisburg *Patriot*, on Thursday last, and found him just as "gay and incomparable" as ever. JONES as a spicy writer has hardly his superior in the State, and he is connected with one of the very best daily journals published anywhere. Long may he and the *Patriot* flourish.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.—The 25th Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College took place, at Fulton Hall, on Wednesday morning and afternoon last, in the midst of a densely-crowded assemblage on both occasions. The graduates, as a general thing, acquitted themselves well in the composition and delivery of their addresses. Ellinger's Band furnished the music for the occasion, and everything passed off pleasantly, until the Valedictory was being delivered, when a scene of "confusion worse confounded," and one "not down in the bills," took place. Mr. A. O. REINOEHL, of this city, was the Valedictorian, and was about giving the Board of Trustees a "rap over the knuckles," for doing something which he and some of his fellow students did not approve of, when President GERHART very properly and promptly stepped forward and ordered the Band to play, so as to prevent the young gentleman from delivering himself of his address. The President then stated that, by a rule of the College, no student was allowed to make an address on such an occasion without first having submitted his production to the Faculty for revision—that Mr. REINOEHL had added something afterwards which was a direct personal insult to the Board of Trustees, and the Valedictory could not, therefore, be allowed to be delivered. A graduate on the stage immediately took a vote on the question, whether the address should be delivered, and it carried largely in the affirmative. He stated if the Hall could be obtained the Valedictory would be delivered in the evening at 8 o'clock. The Benediction was then pronounced by President GERHART, and the audience slowly dispersed. With the exception of this little emeute, everything passed off, as we said before, very pleasantly. Without wishing to interfere in the matter, we believe President GERHART was right in the position he assumed. Subordination and discipline are very important elements in a Collegiate institution. When neither of these prevail the doors of the College had better be locked and kept closed.

The following is a list of the graduates, upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred:

Samuel B. Raber, Samuel G. Bowman, Irenæus Shulter, W. F. P. Davis, A. J. Eberly, W. C. Cremer, Henry H. Hibshman, A. J. Heller, L. Conrad Sheip, Simeon H. Guilford, W. H. H. Snyder, John P. Stein, H. H. W. Hibshman, Frederick Fox, Francis W. Hoffman, A. C. Reinoehl.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS, AND CLOSING OF THE MAILS AT THE CITY POST OFFICE.—The different Passenger Trains on the Pennsylvania and branch railroads leave this city as follows:

LEAVE EASTWARD.

Fast Line	2.42 a. m.
Through Express	10.45 a. m.
Lancaster Accommodation	8.40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	3.08 p. m.
Mail Train	7.12 p. m.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Through Express	1.01 a. m.
Mail Train	10.49 a. m.
Mount Joy Accommodation, No. 1	11.00 a. m.
Fast Line	2.10 p. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	6.08 p. m.
Lancaster Accommodation	7.44 p. m.
Mount Joy Accommodation, No. 2	7.50 p. m.
Emigrant Train	11.55 p. m.

CLOSING OF MAILS BY RAILROAD.

Eastern Through Mail—For Philadelphia, New York and Eastern States, at 8 a. m., 6 30 p. m., and 9 p. m.
Way Mail East—For Philadelphia and intermediate offices, at 8 a. m.
Western Through Mail—For Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Western States, at 10 a. m., and 9 p. m.
Way Mail West—For Landisville, Elizabethtown, Mount Joy, Middletown, Harrisburg, Lewistown, Huntingdon, Tyrone, Altoona, Hollidaysburg (and Way Mail between Altoona and Pittsburg) at 10 a. m.
Southern Mail—For Columbia, York, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and other points South, (except the Seceded States,) at 10 a. m.
Baltimore and Washington, D. C., 6 30 and 9 p. m.
Pittsburg Through Mail, at 1.30 and 9 p. m.
Columbia, York and Harrisburg, at 10 a. m., and 5½ p. m.
For Strasburg, via: Camargo, Quarryville, Martiosville, and New Providence, at 8 a. m.

ARRIVAL OF MAILS BY RAILROAD.

Through Mail East	1.00 a. m., 11.00 a. m., and 2.10 p. m
Way Mail East	11.00 a. m.
Through Mail West	2.42 a. m., 10.45 a. m., and 2.10 p. m.
Way Mail West	8.40 a. m., and 7.12 p. m.
Southern Mail	3.08 p. m.

CLOSING OF MAILS ON THE STAGE ROUTES.

For Reading, via: Neffsville, Litiz, Rothsville, Ephrata, Reamstown, Adamstown and Gouglersville, daily, at 8 a. m.
For East Hempfield, Manheim and White Oak, daily, at 8 a. m.
For Millersville and Slackwater, daily, at 1 p. m.
For Safe Harbor, daily, at 1 p. m.
For Hinkletown, via: Landis Valley, Oregon, West Earl, and Farmersville, daily, at 2 p. m.
For Paradise, via: Greenland and Soudersburg, daily, at 2 p. m.
For Litiz, via: Neffsville, daily, at 2 p. m.
For Strasburg, via: Fertility and Wheatland Mills, daily, at 2 p. m.
For Lampeter, daily, at 2 p. m.
For Phœnixville, via: New Holland, Blue Ball, Goodville, Churchtown, Morgantown, Honeybrook, Chester Springs, and Kimberton, daily, at 1 p. m.
For Port Deposit, Md., via: Willow Street, Smithville, Buck, Chesnut Level, Green, Pleasant Grove, Rock Springs, Md., and Rowlandsville, Md., Tri-weekly, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 a. m.
For Colebrook, via: Swarr's Mill, Old Line, Sporting Hill and Mastersonville, Semi-weekly, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 a. m.
For Vogansville and Terre Hill, daily, at 8 a. m.
For Liberty Square, via: Conestoga, Marticville, Colemanville, Mount Nebo, Bethesda and Rawlinsville, Semi-weekly, Wednesday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.

Office hours, from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. On Sunday, from 8 to 9 a. m.

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All letters are required to be pre-paid with stamps before they can be mailed.

JOHN J. COCHRAN, Postmaster.

LETTER FROM GENERAL PATTERSON.

The following is an extract from a private letter from Major General PATTERSON, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated Harper's Ferry, July 23d:

'Johnston retreated to Winchester where he had thrown up extensive entrenchments and had a large number of heavy guns. I could have turned his position and attacked him in the rear, but he had received large reinforcements from Mississipi, Alabama and Georgia, a total force of over 30,000 confederate troops and 5,000 Virginia militia. My force is less than 20,000. Nineteen regiments, whose terms of service were up or would be within a week, all refused to stay one hour over their time, but four—the Indiana regiments, Franks, Jarretts (the Eleventh), and Owens (the Twenty-fourth). Five regiments have gone home.—Two more go to-day and three to-morrow. To avoid being cut off with the remainder, I fell back and occupied this place.'

CONGRESS ON WEDNESDAY.

Both houses of Congress passed yesterday the bill appropriating $100,000 for the payment of the police in Baltimore. The Senate refused to concur with the House amendment to the bill for the better organization of the military establishment. In the House the Committee on Commerce reported a bill for the appointment of consuls at foreign ports, where it is advisable, for the prevention of piracy, their offices to cease when peace shall be restored. The Senate bill appointing a board to report on the construction of an iron-clad steam ship or battery, and, if the report is favorable, authorizing its construction, was passed. The Senate bill to appoint an assistant secretary of the navy was passed. The Senate bill authorizing the President to accept the services of five hundred thousand volunteers was passed. The bill for a direct tax was recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to amend it, to provide that the tax be collected in the several States in the same manner as state taxes are collected therein. Mr. RICHARDSON, in general debate, related a conversation he had heard on Tuesday between the President and General SCOTT, wherein General Scott asserted that he deserved removal for not having resisted to the last, the advance on Manassas, and Mr. RICHARDSON thought that General SCOTT's remarks implied that he had been forced by the President to fight the battle.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Battle of Manassas.

WASHINGTON, Monday July 22d, 1861.

CAPT. SANDERSON—*Dear Sir:* Your fellow-citizen, Prof. John Wise, commenced inflating his balloon, at 10 o'clock on Saturday evening last, on the grounds near the Smithsonian Institute, in the presence of a number of scientific gentlemen. It was a clear and beautiful moonlight night, and about 3 o'clock, Sunday morning, the balloon and "fixins" were in complete readiness for an observation.—Twenty fully armed soldiers were then detailed from the U. S. Armory, to conduct the balloon to Centreville. The expedition started under the command of Major Meyers, and proceeded up Pennsylvania Avenue to Georgetown, crossed the Potomac on the Aqueduct, and reached Arlington Heights about 6 o'clock, where Mr. Wise ascended to make an observation; but he was doomed to disappointment, as the roar of cannon was distinctly heard here, and the clouds of dust and smoke confirmed the commencement of the great battle, thirty miles distant at Manassas Junction, between two immense armies of brethren contending for the Union, or Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Wise proceeded no further.

The Sabbath morning was now opening to the scene of strife, blood and carnage—instead of holy prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the past week. The glorious sun was shedding its brightest rays upon the quiet Sabbath of Creation, to add peace and good will to all mankind—whilst poor, miserable, short-lived men were hurrying each other's souls into a dark eternity. May the Father of Mercies blot out and expunge the savage deeds of yesterday from His judgment record, that the Sabbath of Eternity may not be marred by the darkest Sabbath this world has ever seen. The Christian Sabbath of the land of the free, the asylum of the oppressed, the land of the Bible, has been effaced, and all the prayers and penance of the Christian world cannot wipe out the crimson gore, until the Great Fountain of Light opens the New Sabbath to erring man.

From six o'clock until noon the roads from Fairfax Court House to Centreville were scenes of excitement and confusion. Carriage loads of citizens, men on foot and horseback, newspaper correspondents and Congressmen, ambulances and teams, moved in clouds of dust—all hurrying, amidst the sounds and roar of battle, to the neighboring hills of Bull's Run. Crowds passing shouting "the battery is taken;" others "the enemy is driven back to the Junction," whilst ambulances were returning with the wounded men, uttering cries, groans and imprecations. Anon, the firing would cease, a singular lull for a few minutes would cause thousands to stop and listen, until some swift messengers and couriers would pass swiftly by, covered with foam and dust, and enlighten the curious with the information of the surging to and fro of hard-pressed regiments, charging from right to left, from front to rear. Then the thundering belchings of batteries would again shake the earth, and startle the observer with a view of dense clouds of dust and smoke, as the tramp, tramp, tramp of solid columns of armed men defiled in the distance, and squads of dust-begrimmed, exhausted soldiers trailed by, whose movements clearly indicated that a terrible slaughter was going on, and regiments, battalions and companies were being cut up and divided, and no brave officer to rally or command.

Something is wrong. Another battery of artillery opens fire from the height to the left of where I am standing, apparently to encourage some of our broken columns; but soon this battery is on another height to the right, and reinforcements are forming and stand, and vollies of musketry are seen and heard in quick succession, whilst shot and shells are falling fast and thick from the rebels' masked batteries, hailing fire and death upon our brave Federal troops. And now the minnie balls come whistling past with their messages of death—"Col. Cameron is killed, and Hunter and Schenck, and Slocum and Kimball are dying and gasping on the battle field, whilst other brave officers and men are murmuring their final prayer on earth, going, now gone to their Sabbath of Eternity." Amidst this terrible scene of blood and death a charge is made upon a battery, and as the strange but desperate Zouaves rush to silence the destructive fires in front, a host of furious warriors, mounted on coal black steeds, come flying from out each side of the battery, and flank the daring Zouaves.—The horsemen, to save their bodies, lean forward on the necks of their horses, and with their gleaming sabres scalp and behead each and all who are within reach of the bold and powerful arms of these unequalled cavalry; but the nimble Zouaves fire their unerring rifles, and as the horsemen fall both lie side by side, under the rearing, plunging and crushing hoofs of these wild, maddened and bleeding steeds, that stamp, cover and bury more than one-half the number of horsemen and Zouaves who first commenced the desperate charge. The remaining Zouaves have now fired their last cartridge, and they are forced to retire.—Some, struggling against their mortal wounds, crawl to Bull's Run to quench their insatiable thirst, and rolling down its banks into the stream, their life blood oozes faster, and the crystal brook of the fairest land that God e'er blest is reddened with the Zouaves' blood.

But see those squads of six, eight and ten noble Highlanders, and twelve and fifteen members of the Ohio Regiments, and other stragglers from the Michigan Regiments moving in double quick time to the stream. They have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, they have been fighting in dust and smoke for six hours, they are inflamed and burning with thirst, they bend over the stream, and filling their caps and scooped hands with their own brothers' blood, they drink it with avidity; for a moment they shudder, but still they drink until satisfied; and then they call each other by name, and each are lost in amazement, they know not where to go, or what to do; their officers are dying or dead, and none to lead or rally; "confusion worse confounded" seizes them; they are again athirst, and again drink of the gory stream. This is not fancy. I wish it were. I sicken at the sight, and most heartily pray God to stay these awful horrors of war. In this Christian land who will now cry, "My voice is still for War?" Come, then, I say, and drink of Bull's Run, and they that are athirst still come! and when they drink of those bloody waters freely, they, too, will be filled with the prayer to Almighty God, to "Stay! Oh! stay Thy avenging hand!"

But, again, see! the columns are breaking, the batteries are ceasing, streams of soldiers are filling the roads and overflowing the fields on their way from the battle field—squad after squad, and lines of stragglers are moving—their knapsacks, canteens, coats and guns, and all incumbrances, are being thrown aside, and they pass and repass each other at double quick time—hundreds drop down in the roads, fields and fence corners with fatigue and exhaustion—carriages filled with men, women and children, their horses driven at full speed, now fly towards Fairfax Court House—they are coming in contact with ambulances and other carriages, and are wrecked—Senators and members of Congress are whipping their horses towards Washington—a cannon ball now strikes a carriage containing several persons, and Senator Foster, of Connecticut, is reported killed—masses of wounded, dying and exhausted, now fill up the intermediate spaces along the roads. A real panic has commenced, the stampede becomes shocking and frightful—the hundreds of teamsters hasten to throw away their grain, barrels of provisions, boxes, spades, tools, &c., strewing the roads, and whip their horses to the run—the horses become unmanageable—the drivers leap from their wagons, and horses and wagons dash madly onward over the exhausted, wounded and dying soldiers, and crush everything in their way—ambulances containing wounded soldiers are wrecked and crushed—teamsters with their wagons are here and there blocked up by barricades of new felled trees—they unhitch their horses, and goad them onward with their bowie knives, as whips and spurs are broken and lost. The panic increases, and the air is filled with the cry of voices, "Out of the way! Out of the way!" Stream follows stream, and the setting sun of the holy Sabbath throws its gloomy shadows over death's darkest portals, whilst the full moon rises to throw its pale light over the thousands of ghastly features, dying and dead, on the heart-sickening fields of bloody Bull's Run. You may read and talk of the battle fields of Europe, of their cavalry and artillery, their formidable charges and operations, history does not furnish us with so terrible a scene, because pen cannot describe it. Our brave soldiers fought until they lost their bravest officers, thousands of their comrades, and fired their last cartridge. Who was it that dared to half clothe or provision them? Their valor, their bravery, their terrible slaughter, demand the names and trial of those who have speculated or deprived them of their just wants, necessities and comforts, or provisions for their families. Our troops are now all stationed around this city, and south of the Potomac at Arlington Heights.

It was reported that Beauregard was advancing on to Washington, but I doubt it, for he dare not leave his masked batteries to meet the soldiers of the Union on the open field. He did, however, follow our retreating army ten miles to Centreville, and took some 25 cannon, about 8,000 stand of arms and equipments, about 60 wagon loads of provisions and 300 horses. The killed, wounded and prisoners are supposed to be about 4,000.

AN EYE WITNESS.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday Evening.

It is strange what a change has come over the spirit of the speculators' dreams. But one week ago if an honest citizen who dearly loves the Union, the flag and the Constitution, and respected, honored and cherished the brave troops that left their homes and firesides, and rushed, in obedience to the President's call, to defend the Capital—if even he but dared to say that those noble troops were neglected, or badly treated and fed, he was called a Traitor, and arrested for Treason; but RIGHT will overcome *might*, as Truth is always mighty and will prevail.

I know how earnestly you have supported the noble soldiers in their most trying positions, and advocated their own and families' comforts; and because you well knew, as is admitted by all, that the majority of the soldiers are Democrats, and proved their Democratic principles by marching in defence of our glorious Union, and they (God bless them!) have proved their bravery on the bloodiest battle field of our country—whilst the ranting Republican politicians and speculators were enjoying their home comforts, and boldly bawling, "On to Richmond! On to Richmond!" But the good old veteran Scott heeded not their bawlings. His intention was to wait, until he had at least two hundred thousand faithful troops, with good officers, in the field, then march forward and onward, surround and squeeze in the rebel army, take them all prisoners, try the ringleaders by court martial, and dictate and secure a peace without bloodshed. But that did not suit the Political Borers and Army Contractors. "On to Richmond" was the cry, and a handful of brave men were hurried off to meet an army of cavalry and masked batteries, and to charge with bayonets upon an army of far superior forces, who had piles of rifled cannon. The repulse, of course, has been terrible, and the dead and wounded left on the field is awful to contemplate. But now the question is boldly mooted, who is to blame for this? The brave soldiers denounce the officers, the officers declare the fault to be the Commander-in-Chief's, and the great Military Tactician, General Scott, boldly censures Congressmen and politicians—whilst the speculators' occupation's gone, the Congressmen now take the responsibility, and hurl their shame upon the officers.

To-day a Bill originated in the Senate—"To give the President power and authority to at once dismiss the inefficient officers, and appoint better officers." Numerous scathing speeches were made. I heard Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and he was perfectly furious in his denunciations. He sustained the Bill, he said, to save the honor and prevent further outrages from being committed on the volunteers, the bravest of the brave. He said he had visited their camps some weeks ago, and his heart ached and eyes filled with tears to see those brave men, who had left all that was dear and every comfort at home, suffering for want of clothing and food. He saw them marched through the streets, and left to stand in the broiling sun, wearied and weak for food, whilst the officers were at the neighboring hotels revelling in substantial delicacies and champagne, and whilst the men were dropping in the ranks and crawling to shade trees for relief. He could be silent no longer. They must be immediately dismissed—they must not have even the benefit of a court martial, for they had been the fault of the inglorious rout, and they had outrun their men, disgraced the army, disgraced the country, and he, as a Senator, was forced to admit that he felt overwhelmed with shame.

I could well see that the Senators' speeches lengthened the faces of the Borers and Contractors who filled the galleries, and I must admit my own astonishment to hear grave Senators advocating a bill to clothe the President with such tremendous powers, when every boy knows that the volunteers elect their own officers, and the Governor issues the commissions. What now avails our Elections, our Governors, our Commissions, our States, our Constitution? If we are not drifting to a centralization of power, we are to anarchy. May God save our glorious Union! It is now time that the honest citizens of every city, every county, in every State of our beloved Union, arouse and act, and send honest representatives to meet in solemn convention, to stop the awful fate that awaits us, and crush all political gamblers and Disunionists with the thundering voice of an injured people, and save our bleeding country.

If the Press of the East, the West, the North and the South would but speak out the honest sentiments of the yeomanry of our land, they would echo the real voice of the people, the voice of God. If the Press is no longer the vehicle of truth, the Union is lost, and lost forever.

If the clergy, professing to preach peace and good will to all mankind, "Christ and Him crucified," are now proclaiming that infamous and blasphemous language that "Providence is with the greatest number of cannon," then is this Christian land a barren waste, without one spot of green, of feeling, or of love. The Christian era is at an end. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

☞ Gen. PATTERSON turned over his command at Harper's Ferry to Gen. BANKS, on Thursday last, under the instructions of the War Department, and left for home the same day. The officers and men of the Division were very reluctant to part with their veteran commander, for whom they had the greatest regard and affection.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August is on our table, more elaborately illustrated than ever. Besides a number of appropriate engravings, it has a double-paged fashion plate of surpassing beauty, and its reading pages are well stored with choice articles. It seems that Godey does not flag in consequence of the "hard times," but goes on adding interest to his Book. We repeat our offer to send the *Intelligencer* and the Lady's Book one year to any subscriber who will remit us $4 in advance.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT BATTLE AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Gen. McDowell, with his whole command, left Centreville at 3 o'clock, a. m., on Sunday morning the 21st inst., marching to attack the Rebels' stronghold at Manassas Junction.

At 6 a. m. on Sunday a heavy fire was opened upon Bull Run battle-field, and the Rebels did not answer, although it was known that they were there and our shells were making terrible havoc.

When the masked battery fired upon Schenck's column, Lieut. Dempsey, Company G, New York 2d Regiment, was killed at the first fire, and Wm. Maxwell, drummer, who was at the time carrying water. Our troops were kept under this galling fire for fifteen or twenty minutes, within a stone's throw of the battery, but brought off all the killed and wounded.

A few moments after the attack upon Schenck, at Bull Run, on the Warrington road, clouds of dust came from the direction of Manassas Junction and Brentsville, showing that the rebels were reinforced. A white flag was run up at that point, to show that "we have been attacked by the main body of the army. Send help." Gen. McDowell's large force had now got in the enemy's rear, and was driving them down toward the Junction.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York 69th, and 19th, and 13th, who rushed upon one of the batteries, firing as they proceeded, and with great eclat attacking it with the bayonets' point.

The yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the Rebels had abandoned the battery and only taken one gun; but this success was acquired only after severe loss of life, in which the 69th most severely suffered. Lieutenant Colonel Haggerty was among the first killed.

At 10.45 General Schenck led his column, headed by the 18th and 2d Ohio and New York, within a few hundred feet of a masked battery of six guns.

They waited till our men got up close, and then opened on them, firing in rapid succession.

Ten men were killed and wounded belonging to the New York 2d Regiment, and also four in the 2d Ohio Regiment, by the premature discharge of our own muskets in their hands. A retreat was ordered and our men fell back.

Schenck failed to rally his column in any order. The Ohio and New York men scattered through the woods in pursuit of shelter and water. The sun was broiling hot, and almost suffocating, for the men were now out of water.

The roar of artillery and peals of musketry was kept up incessantly for a mile or two along Bull's Run.

The fighting was so general and indistinct, it was impossible for us to learn reliably the exact position of the different brigades.

Wherever our men had a good chance in fair fight, they swept the field. Up to about 3 p. m. our army was victorious, but the men had a dread of the masked batteries, that could not be overcome; they were placed all over the hill tops and on sides of ravines, and would open fire upon us when least expected.

Col. Richardson, who distinguished himself in the previous engagement, proceeded on the left, with four regiments of the 4th Brigade, to hold the battery hill on the Warrenton road, in the vicinity of the place where the last battle was fought.

Information was received by Tyler's command of the existence of the enemy's battery commanding the road. Our troops were then formed in battle array. The 2d New York and 2d Ohio on the left, the 3d Ohio and 2d Wisconsin, and 79th, 13th, and 69th New York on the right. Col. Miles' division followed in the rear.

Schenck's and Sherman's Brigades, of Tyler's Division, advanced by the Warrenton road, while Heintzelman's and Hunter's Divisions took the fork of the Warrenton road, to move between Bull's Run and Manassas Junction. Keyes' Brigade remained at Centreville.

Up to the hour of 3 o'clock, p. m. it was generally understood that we had hemmed in the enemy entirely, and that they were gradually retiring; that Hunter had driven them back in the rear; that Heintzelman's command was meeting with every success, and that it required but the reserve of Tyler's Division to push on to Manassas Junction.

We were in the centre of Tyler's Division, on the hill just east of Bull's Run on the Warrenton road. About 2 p. m. we saw clouds of dust rising to our left, as though they were trying to outflank us and come on us in the rear. We called several officers' attention to it, but there seemed to be no man who could have reinforcements sent for to cover our flank.

On the left of the road were Sherman's and Carlisle's batteries, drawn up for fight; on the right were some three thousand men, consisting of parts of the Ohio and New York Regiments, and the New York 69th. About 3 o'clock p. m. their batteries opened on us; every ball was well fired; the first fell in front of the batteries, and the next one took off the heads of two men, a few yards below us, where Messrs. S. R. Smith, Sheriff J. Harper, Mr. Shaw of *The N. Y. Herald*, and ourself, were standing. Orders were now given for the men to lie down and let the balls pass over; and just as the order was given, another one swept over our heads, and ploughed the field a few steps in our rear. Our battery did not fire a gun. The enemy were not to be seen, owing to dense woods between them and us. Our heavy siege gun was lying to the right, disabled by the carriage being broken down; the balls flew faster and faster, and the batteries were apparently being brought closer.

We then went back to the edge of the woods where our hospitals were located. In a little negro cabin where the wounded were being carried in, we secured the names of about a dozen in our note book, and passed over to another and secured the names of the New York 2d killed and wounded.—Here we found a prisoner, just brought in, who gave his name as J. P. Pryor, and on questioning him closely, we found he was a first cousin of Congressman Pryor, of the Potter duel notoriety. He was Brigade Quartermaster of the Mississippi forces under General Johnston, and for five years editor of *The Eagle*, published at Memphis, Tennessee, and in the last campaign was the leader of the Douglas forces at Vicksburg, Mississippi, where he edited *The Vicksburg Sentinel*.

He said their loss was heavy; that our artillery outnumbered theirs, and did great execution wherever we had a sweep at them.

The first question he asked was, "How about the negroes—have you many of them in arms?" "None at all," we told him. "Yes, you have," he answered; "I have seen a good many, and there is one now, with a musket." We informed him that they were servants merely; he said that they have large numbers of negroes in fine fighting order.—He kept his hat down over his eyes, and seemed very much downcast. He said they had about 80,000 men, and though whipped then, could never be conquered. He had no arms, not even a sword; his pants were miserable cotton stuff, with a gold stripe down the sides, and his hat was a Kossuth, and fastened up at the sides with a button, on which were the arms of the State of Mississippi.

A Georgian who was taken, says their loss was heavy at the Bull Run fight, and they would have retreated if we had charged bayonets on the battery.

A Louisianan who was caught hiding in a barn, states that he was from Texas, and drove cattle to New Orleans, and one night getting drunk, was arrested and forced to join the Rebel army next day, with a large number of others who were in the same predicament; and that a number in his regiment would desert the first chance. Another prisoner was a "bricklayer," and had to enlist or starve, "as there was no work, and he must live somehow."

About 4 p. m. a report flew from man to man that Gen. Cameron's brother, the Colonel of the 79th, was shot through the breast by a cannon ball, and instantly killed.

Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, of the 79th, rode toward his regiment, having been after reinforcements, when a ball cut his horse's head off, and threw him down, bruising him so that he could barely escape. All the stragglers now commenced to run toward Centreville, and the caissons, ambulances and sutler's wagons were ordered to be taken back at once toward Centreville.

The batteries were ordered around to cover our retreat, and keep the Rebels 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 batteries were left in the roadside, 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, catridge-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 we endeavored to stop the retreat.

Charles Ogden, George R. Smith, Sheriff Harper, Russell Errett, of Pittsburg, and others, begged our men not to retreat, and pleaded with tears for them to go back and get Col. Cameron's body. We took muskets and threatened to shoot them down if they did not; but we might as well have plead with the winds to cease blowing. The clouds of dust were now perfectly suffocating.

The enemy appeared in sight, firing their guns, the balls raining upon us thick. Emerging from the valley, we saw the reporter of *The World* with the standard of the Massachusetts Fifth, waving it over him and pleading for the men to rally around him. But it was in vain; they heeded him not.—An officer asked the privilege of riding behind him. It was granted, and before they had gone a hundred yards a shot from the thicket struck the officer in the head and he reeled off. Mr. Stedman wrapped up the standard, and galloped about a mile ahead, and afterward succeeded in rallying a large force.

Our friends had now all left, and the troops were flying, and at the cry that the cavalry were riding them down and butchering all, we started for Centreville. In the edge of the woods we noticed Mr. Villard of *The N. Y. Herald* trying to pacify the men, telling them it was only a panic. He was mounted, but could not take any passengers. Our thirst was now painful, the dust filling our nostrils till we could scarcely get breath. Finding no headway could be made on foot, and being liable to be shot or hewn down momentarily, we made for a horse we heard rushing through the woods and caught him. He had a *shot through him* in the flank, and was bleeding profusely, and had no saddle or bridle. We mounted, and clinging to his mane, made for the road leading to Centreville.

Here the road was strewn with wrecks of wagons, provisions, muskets, blankets, ammunition and everything the men could divest themselves of. The ground was full. The fields in all directions were full. The fire of the enemy was kept up in the rear. Part of Sherman's battery breaking down, the men cut the traces and fled. The ammunition wagon was left on the field. We should judge that *ten thousand guns and rifles* were lost on the way, while the cartridge boxes, bayonets, sabre bayonets and swords were innumerable. About a mile from Centreville an attempt was made to rally the men, but with little success. A few thousand were stopped, but many without weapons. On the high hill-top at Centreville a column of infantry was seen, with their gleaming bayonets. On the top the artillery were drawn up, prepared to fire.

The Garibaldians, Einstein's and Blenker's Regiments, were drawn up at the foot of the hill, and escaping men ordered to fall in. Loud cheering was done, and the rallying cry given, but it was but little or no use—men had no officers when they did halt, and so they kept on retreating; "water, water!" was the cry: "give me water or I'll sink," was heard from all sides; not a drop was to be had fit to drink; the wells were all drained, and the clouds of dust filled the air at every point. We got in the rear of a negro hut, and there secured water