

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXII.—NO. 10.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 8, 1861.

[From Wilkes's Spirit of the Times.]

The Battle as seen by an Eye-Witness.

WASHINGTON, Friday, July 26, 1861.

The minor action on the 18th, though ending in a serious repulse, served but to stimulate the ardor of our troops; and as I walked, on the following morning, among the swarming battalions that rested in the valley this side of Centreville, I heard but one wish expressed, and that wish was that we should again and at once move forward, and wipe out the disgrace of that temporary check before the exciting rebels could take fresh heart by their exulting over the success of their arms. It was soon plain, however, that Gen. McDowell, warned by the unexpected evidence of strength which had been developed from the treacherous covert at Bull Run, had determined to remain for a time near Centreville, while he made the minute reconnaissance which was necessary before a general attack. The teams, therefore, were turned from the flying batteries and wagons, and the fine army beavers, which were our best camp followers, were driven in and slaughtered by the wholesale, under an order for the preparation of three days' rations. "Grin-visaged and red-riveted" as we were, and now, instead of prancing steeds and regiments drawn up in line, nothing could be seen through the dense valley but long swarms surrounding steam kettles, whose ardor and whose fullness brought back the picture of the wedding of Canacho. It was in the midst of this vast and these savory steams that the Secretary of War paid a visit to the scene, and imparted, by the mere fact of his presence, an additional assurance that we would not move that day. When he left us in the afternoon, we were some who believed we were on the brink of action; but the majority were of the opinion that the general advance would not be made till daybreak Monday morning. This was the prevailing notion in the California camp (whose head quarters I had half-adopted, in view of the impending departure of the Seventy-first), and, I must confess, it was partly mine. I had, however, at the same time, an idea that we might, perhaps, wait till Gen. Patterson could descend from Harper's Ferry and cooperate on our right.

The night wore quietly away, with the exception of a slight alarm at the distant cottage where I slept, and, which though more than a mile from our lines, I had chosen for the convenience of making up my letters. At two hours past midnight, three or four volleys of musketry from a grove near by startled me awake, and, as I rose upon my arm, I could see the squad of Germans who were picketed near the porch cautiously cock their muskets in expectation of an attack. But the firing soon ceased, and daybreak revealed the fact that it proceeded from newly arrived regiments which had settled themselves hard by, who had been merely expelling stale charges from their pieces in anticipation of important work.

GEN. McDOWELL'S PLAN.

Meanwhile, and all the following day, the ablest engineers of Gen. McDowell's staff had been reconnoitering for miles around, and the fruit of their labors was a report that the enemy's position could not be turned to the left (or southward,) by reason of the roughness of the roads; that it was not advisable to renew the attack of the 18th on the battery of Bull Run, but that the road to the right through Centreville, was a practicable avenue to another crossing, and which was undefended, and to which artillery could not be easily drawn. This was called the Warronton road, and at some distance down, it had the further advantage of a path diverging from it to the northward, by which a circuit could be made to the rear of certain heavy batteries, whose course of the main road itself would make it to strike in front. It was therefore decided by Gen. McDowell to send merely one brigade to Bull Run to hold the battery in check, and to make his grand attack by the Warronton road, relying upon the column that was to pass off into the northward path to turn the enemy's position and throw it into confusion while attacked by us upon its face. This seemed to be a very proper and consistent plan. Undoubtedly the theory of it was a good plan (as a theory,) and it might have been practically successful, had it not fitted the proportions of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, Gen. McDowell had not taken the full measure of his foe, and the circuit which he had decided upon, instead of reaching the base of the Rebel's principal position merely plied against the side of his triangle, where he was most fearfully in strength, and where the most desperate valor could but serve to feed his guns. The Confederates, as he might have ascertained, numbered, with Johnston and his forces, at least 70,000 men; and he now proposed to fling against this compact mass, reposing in jungles behind batteries of the heaviest guns, some six or seven brigades, to explore the labyrinth of that terrible position, and seek, by impetus alone, to burst a hole through it, and hold on to the lower end.

It must be stated at this time, that while Gen. McDowell was forming his calculations on the basis of his engineers' report, he was aware that Gen. Patterson was but 50 miles on his right with a Federal army of nearly 30,000 men, who were then employed in watching an equal rebel force under Gen. Johnston, with a view of preventing him from descending to Manassas. He knew, also, that while Johnston, from having a railway track behind him, could reach Manassas in two days, Patterson could not follow, over obstructed roads and broken bridges, in less than five. Under these circumstances, it would seem that the commonest military prudence would have suggested that Gen. McDowell should have paused at least to know whether Johnston had abandoned the neighborhood of Winchester, and whether, therefore, it was not absolutely

necessary to the safety of the Federal forces, to say nothing of a hope of victory, that he should intrench himself at Centreville, and wait for Patterson's arrival. But it appears that Gen. McDowell considered the prestige of the Federal cause and his own good luck as equal to all the odds which treason could accumulate, and accordingly he decided to stake the fortunes of the Republic against the rebels in general battle as he stood. A strong evidence of patriotic self-reliance, but not an abundant proof of judgment. The army, however, did not question the determination of their General, but, with the wholesome vanity of valor, each soldier felt the happiness of expectation, and slept the slumber for the prospects of the morrow.

POSITION OF THE REBELS.

On their part, the Rebels lay on that brilliant moonlight evening unfolded in vast strength; their position being that of a triangle with the point towards us, and branching upward to Manassas, with an open base of several miles. The point or open of this triangle, about a mile round, was most heavily protected at Bull Run, where the direct road to Manassas crossed the Ocoquan. All up its branching sides, however, batteries faced outward in deep rows, their ponderous iron tusks, concealed by artificial masks, whenever natural groves did not volunteer a screen. A stronger field position could hardly be imagined. Defended as it was by 70,000 men, to be increased to 110,000 in the morning, it would scarcely suffer in comparison of strength with Solferino or Saratopol; and I doubt if there is any French or Russian engineer who would have undertaken to assail it, except by regular approaches, and several respectful days of distant compliment with heavy shot and shell. Brigadier General Irwin McDowell, however, was going at it with a few 32 pounders and 10 field batteries (nearly all of them light,) backed by some five or six brigades, whom, mentally, he gave the credit of believing to be equal to its capture. Had our poor fellows had known the depth of the compliment thus lavished on their prowess, I doubt if they would have risen so joyful for the fray on the Sunday morning now so near upon us. What rendered things even still more desperate, could we but have known their state, the enemy were thoroughly acquainted with our strength and intentions, and awaited our coming with the greatest eagerness. Their anxiety, however, was deeply mixed with dread that our General might change his mind. With them, therefore, the eve of this battle was a night of true hopefulness and intelligent reliance; and well might the rebel chieftains, as they looked proudly over the vast host which an immense and desperate energy had got together, flatter themselves that they now had the fates of the Great Republic, which they had so long contemned and plundered, securely in their grasp. In this belief, Davis and his legions early went to sleep, while our battalions, halt rested, rose a little after midnight, to be wearied by several hours of hot march before entering upon the more violent fatigues of the attack.

The order for an early movement in the morning was promulgated in our camp at 10 o'clock on Saturday night; and we now have reason to believe that the order of march and battle, then distributed among our militia Major-Generals, was in possession of the Confederate leaders before our troops had risen for the conflict. From the hour of midnight, our sentinels could hear the oft-repeated distant railway whistle at the Junction, signaling the arrival either of the last regiments of Johnston, or of fresh troops coming up from Richmond.

As the time of our start was fixed at 2:30 a. m., the entire army was awake an hour before, and in marching order at the indicated moment. It was bright moonlight; yet through the brilliant sheen some of the stronger stars looked curiously down, as if they shared with us our wonder at the spectacle. From the hill of Centreville backward toward Fairfax, the whole valley, so lately untrodden in its verdure, was sparkling with a frost of steel; and, as the thirty thousand bayonets moved forward in the uncertain light, with that billowy motion peculiar to the step of troops, the stirring mass looked like a bristling monster lifting himself by a slow, wavy motion up the laborious ascent. To the left, and forward through the village in the direction of the Run, the ground descended three or four miles toward the Ocoquan, and then rose in a gradual ascent to Manassas. It was a scene of mingled grove and opening, and the moonlight slept as placidly upon the jungles of that rise, as if Treason, armed in triple strength, were not slyly watching from its lair our ignorant advance, ready to belt forth upon us its deadly and malignant fires.

PLAN OF THE ATTACK.

The plan of Gen. McDowell was, as I have already indicated, to advance upon the enemy in two directions, launching his main and central column along the Warronton road in a direct line, until he reached their batteries—while a strong column, by a circuit to the right was to smite them in the rear. The road to Bull Run on the left, and the hostile batteries at its end, were to be merely watched throughout the day, so that the enemy could not issue from that quarter and turn our left. Colonel Richardson, with the 1st Massachusetts, 2d and 3d Michigan, and New-York Volunteer 12th, and U. S. Artillery, was charged with this duty; while to support him, in case he should be seriously attacked, Gen. Miles, with nine regiments, was posted in reserve, but far enough back toward Centreville to give aid or succor also to the main column in case it should meet with a reverse. These nine regiments consisted of the 8th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 29th, 31st and 32d N. Y., the Garibaldi Guard, and the 8th New York German Rifles. It was further supported by Green's and Barry's U. S. Batteries. The left being thus guarded, Gen. McDowell posted the New Jersey Regiments, seven in number, in reserve, at Centreville, and even still further back, so the rear should also have a proper protection on the

right and guard alike against any flank movement in that quarter. The rear being thus defended, on all sides, the central column which poured on, and which was to divide at the path to the right, on the Warronton road, consisted of the divisions of Gen's Tyler, Hunter and Heintzelman; the first being appropriated to the central and direct attack, and the two latter to the flank movement on the right.

THE CENTRAL ATTACKING COLUMN.

The division of Tyler consisted of three brigades; and those of Heintzelman and Hunter contained three and two respectively. The first brigade of Tyler consisted of the 2d New York and 1st and 2d of Ohio, under Gen. Schenck, accompanied by a battery of light artillery; then followed the brigade of Sherman, consisting of New-York 69th, 79th, 13th and 2d Wisconsin, accompanied by Ayer's Battery; while the brigade of Keyes, comprising the 1st, 2d, and 3d Connecticut, and 2d Maine, formed a rear guard for the division. This latter brigade was accompanied by Tompkins's U. S. Battery and by the New York Volunteer Battery of Varian. The division was further accompanied by a rifled 32 pounder, which was known as the Parrot gun.

THE FLANKING DIVISION.

The flanking division of Hunter and Heintzelman consisted of the 8th, 14th, and 27th New York, under Gen. Porter, accompanied by companies of United States Infantry, and cavalry, and marines, Ransom's United States and Griffin's West Point Batteries. Then came Burnside's Brigade, of the Rhode Island Regiments, the New York 71st, and 2d New Hampshire, accompanied by Reynolds's and Webb's Batteries, and two light howitzers, which the boys of the 71st had learned to work, and borrowed from the Navy Yard. This brigade also had a battery of rifled 32-pounders, under Capt. Seymour, of Fort Sumner. Heintzelman's Division consisted, in its first brigade, of the 5th Massachusetts, 1st Minnesota, and 4th Pennsylvania. Two batteries accompanied this brigade. The next brigade was under Wilcox, and consisted of the 1st Michigan, 38th New York, and the Fire Zouaves, backed by a battery of United States Artillery. The last brigade contained the 3d, 4th, and 5th of Maine, and the 2d of Vermont. The sixteen regiments thus enumerated in the flanking column may be set down at between 13,000 and 14,000 men, while the eleven in the central line may be numbered at between 8,000 and 9,000. The entire attacking force, therefore, may be summed up at 22,000 men, all of whom could hardly expect to be engaged.

This was the army which passed out of the valley up over the hill at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, and which, with the moon still lighting them upon their journey, took the right-hand road toward the strongholds of the enemy. It was a brave sight, not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, while the thoughts which it inspired were to become henceforth an established portion of the mind. The regiments of the reserve, as they stood looking on at the passing line, envied their marching comrades what they regarded as a better fortune; and as they went by, saluted them with various requests, ranging between the acquisition of some traitor's scalp, down to the possession of a palmetto tooth. The marching line replied with various conceits, but in most cases the requests were responded to with a large excess of promise. It was, indeed, a gallant sight; how sadly to be changed in a few hours none of them, fortunately, knew. By 3 1/2 o'clock, the last bayonet had disappeared over the hill and the entire column was on its way by the memorable Warrenpoint turnpike to seek its fortune. The halts were numerous, in order that the Generals might insure the compactness of the line, and presently we all passed across a wooden bridge in quiet, no challenge being made that might prevent us from reaching the deepest entanglement where the foe desired to give us more bitter battle. Onward we went, the soldiers cursing the rough road, wondering when they would have breakfast, or vowing to get even on the fellows who had put them to all this trouble. The day broke mildly as we pushed along, and many a soldier thought from the dead silence of the woods that lined the road at intervals, we should have no battle after all. Presently we struck the path that branched off to the right, and here the column, under Hunter's lead, broke off, while the central column, with McDowell at its head, went directly on.

THE MAIN ATTACK.

As the circuit of the flanking column was to be a wide one, and as it could not reach its destined point and come into action with effect, in less than two or three hours, our first attention must be given to the main column accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief. It was broad day when we parted with the flanking column, and we proceeded along with an easy step, with our skirmishers well in advance, and watchful, on the look-out. No traces of the enemy appeared, however, and the extraordinary quiet of the scene, coupled with the fact that our entire column had been allowed to cross the wooden bridge unmolested, induced many to believe that the enemy, consulting prudence, would yield the defenses of the Run and give us battle only at Manassas. But this idea was formed in perfect ignorance of the extent of the Confederate defenses, for we were already within range of some of their batteries, and at the close of the day they lauded their shell upon the bridge with murderous effect. In short, their whole strategy was a decoy, and their hasty retirement from Fairfax, and pretended abandonment of camp furniture, as well as the shallow obstruction of our advance by leveled trees, were merely portions of a well digested plan, to coax our army, step by step, into their gigantic trap. Of all plans, therefore, on the whole continent, Manassas, and its miles of its densely serried batteries, was the last with which the Federal Army had any business; yet, there we were, "going it blind," with the vain confidence of fools, on perfectly good terms with ourselves, and exalting in advance the profound military leader, who was thus giving us a chance to de-

velop his keen foresight and commanding genius. After we had got about a mile and a half beyond the wooden bridge, the road began gradually to slope toward the Run, and to be more closed in with trees; and even at that early hour the coolness of those leafy aisles, was felt as a relief from the already hot and dusty path. After we emerged from this pleasing shelter, the column proceeded along to the distance of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, descending all the while toward a ravine which harbored a sluggish stream crossed by a stone bridge. From that point the enemy's defenses rose, spreading and thickening at easy intervals, and surmounted by powerful batteries where the line met the horizon; and I may pause here to say—with powerful batteries packed, and extending behind that line for miles along. Suddenly, an exclamation of "There they are!" from a member of General Tyler's staff, brought our column to a stand. Every field officer at once brought his glass to bear, and the consciousness that we were surely to have a fight ran in an electric whisper along the entire column. There, indeed, they were, the Rebels, down in a meadow, still a distance off, and not boldly perceptible, because of the dark background of the woods. It was a body of infantry drawn up in line of battle, its full strength concealed from being extended partly in the forest. It was now necessary that we also should take battle order—so we deployed into the adjoining fields, Gen. Schenck's brigade, consisting of the 2d New York and 1st and 2d Ohio Regiments, being extended to the left, and Sherman's brigade, composed of the New York 69th, 79th, 13th and 2d Wisconsin, stretching on the right. The large rifled 32 pounder was then brought forward through the center, and put into position in the middle of the road. The enemy evidently saw this movement with their glasses, for they suddenly fell back, whereupon the gun, giving out its thunder, flung a shell towards the spot of their retirement.

The fuse was short, however, and after plowing its roaring progress just over the proper spot, it burst harmless in air. But the echoes of that solemn challenge announced to a hundred and fifty thousand armed men that the battle had begun. The silence that followed was profound; but it was broken by no answer from the enemy; so, after a pause of several minutes, our iron monster spoke again, this time leveling itself at a battery higher on the hill, and dropping its complement directly inside the works, to the destruction, as we were afterwards informed, of half a dozen men. The enemy, nevertheless, did not seem to think the game quiet made, and though he was near enough, as he subsequently proved, to reach us from two or three positions on our right and left, persisted in a sullen silence. Our first shot had been fired at half-past six, and it was now after seven; still the foe made no response, and it was plain he would not be satisfied unless we sought him deeper in his fastnesses. The big gun, therefore, was superseded by light artillery for closer service, and an order was given for the brigades, thus strengthened, to move right and left and explore the adjoining woods. This order necessarily brought up the brigade of Keyes, which now occupied the center, but still acting as a reserve. The timber branched away on either side in a sort of crescent toward the batteries of the enemy; and on the right hand, however it pursued the straight line, at once proceeded upon their respective tasks, Schenck following at a left oblique along the edge of the wood, with Col. McCook and the 1st Ohio in the lead; Col. Tompkins and the New-York 2d next, with the 3d Ohio, under Col. Harris, in the rear. The brigade proceeded in this way, exhibiting the utmost caution for the distance of about a mile, when they struck a fine newly-opened road to the left, whose clean, broad path seemed to invite their entrance. They turned into it and followed it for some distance, when, to their surprise, it ended abruptly to a fence, with no evidence of any road beyond. Suddenly the enemy showed himself in two or three places to the left, and shaking his flag at our troops, opened a tremendous fire. It was promptly answered by the whole brigade, who endured the storm of balls with the greatest fortitude, and returned fire for fire. Several fell at this spot, and among others, the favorite drummer boy of the 2d. The poor little fellow was struck by a cannon ball, which took him just below the armpits and literally cut him in two, his childish shriek of pain mingling with the whistle of the rifled shot as his little life went with it down the wind. The storm from the batteries seemed now to increase rather than to slacken, and unable to endure it in such an exposed position, the brigade fell, in good order, back upon the wood. General Schenck, who exhibited throughout the whole affair the most reckless bravery, now ordered his men to emerge and charge the main battery by a flank movement, but owing to the remonstrances of nearly all the officers, the desperate project was abandoned. The men, though now out of musket range, were yet subjected to the constant drop of shell, which seemed to have instinctively found out their leafy covert; so, after consultation, they were drawn off and retired, in good order, to their position in the neighborhood of the Parrot gun; hearing on their way the thunder of battle on the right, with an occasional heavy report from Richardson, on the extreme left, to indicate that the enemy had been putting his feelers forward at Bull Run, to try whether a movement to turn our rear were practicable in that quarter.

The Sherman brigade, which had separated from the central column, and went off to the right at the same time that Schenck's brigade set out in the opposite direction, had proceeded but a little way upon their errand before they were saluted with fearful showers of shot and shell; but receiving it only as a provocation, they overran two or three earthworks with their headlong charges, the Irishmen and Highlanders screaming with excitement all the while, and the stout Wisconsinians and brave New-York 13th silently wading by their

sides. But we must now leave them in the midst of this pleasant and congenial work, to follow the fortunes of the flanking column.

THE BATTLE ON THE FLANK.

Having now shown the course and features of the battle on the centre, for three hours, we now turn to the flanking column, which was expected to be able, in about that time, to turn the rear of the Confederate position, and unite itself, through the broken column of the foe, with the direct onward tide.

This column, as I have already stated, contained the two divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman, and it was led by the Brunside brigade, consisting of the 1st and 2d Rhode Islanders, the 2d New-Hampshire, and the New York 71st. The next brigade was composed of the New-York 8th, 14th, and 27th; the next of the 1st Michigan, the Fire Zouaves and the 38th New-York; the next, the 5th Massachusetts, and 1st Minnesota, and the last, the 3d and 4th and 5th Maine, and 2d Vermont. The Colonels of those regiments respectively, in the order I have placed them, were Pitman, Slocum, Marston, Martin Lyons, Wood, Slocum, Comstock, Farnham, Ward, Lawrence, Gorman, Tucker, Berry, Gonnell, and Whitney. The reader, who is specially interested, will place them for himself.

Immediately after leaving the central column, the Brunside brigade having the lead, threw out its skirmishers, and proceeded along at a brisk rate, preserving, however, common time, in view of the long distance to be made. The course for the first few or five miles, was rather boldly to the right. It then inclined more gently to the northward, and then, after some eight or nine miles had been accomplished, curved sharp toward the left. The march was a most fatiguing one, and though shaded to considerable extent by long stretches of close timber, much of it lay in the glare of the hot sun, and all of it had its share of stifling dust, except where we crossed the fields. But the men were hungry and also very much fatigued, most of them having got but two or three hours' sleep the night before. Still they trudged cheerfully along, animated by the task before them, and made more elastic by the sound of the cannonade, which had for some time been heard, and which they were now sensibly approaching. In the brigade, nay, in the whole line, none heard this with higher spirit than the 71st. About 10 o'clock the head of the column came into an open country, and after proceeding in it for a mile, Capt. Ellis of the 71st, detected a masked battery about half a mile to the left; and bringing our glasses to bear upon it, we could also perceive the enemy moving to their position through the woods, in considerable force. Soon after this, Gen. McDowell came riding up, and orders were given that we should proceed at more rapid pace, and an hour more brought the brigade close to the rattle of the strife. The column now made its final curve, and turning sharply to the left faced the rear of battle as it came from the head of the central column which, under the lead of the 69th, was now pressing its way toward us. The din of guns and musketry at this point was almost deafening, and the very earth trembled with the roar of the heavier artillery. Burnside, who was forward, then sent an order to the 71st to take its howitzers and dash through a piece of woods, and form its position on the right of the Rhode Islanders. Obedient to the orders with alacrity, the 71st passed the New Hampshire men in their impetuosity and emerged into the fire, while the 2d N. H. formed in good order on the extreme right. It was now nearly four o'clock, p. m., and the general battle seemed to have subsided; nay, almost entirely to have ceased; and nothing but an occasional great gun, and isolated flint of musketry proclaimed its continuance in any quarter. In their ignorance of the extent of the field, the Federal forces imagined they had won a victory. They had shown greater dash and steadiness than the enemy from first to last; and while, by far, the most exposed, had inflicted a much heavier slaughter than they had undergone themselves. The whole aspect within our lines, or rather within the boundaries of our brigades, wore the look of triumph. Our enemies, wherever we had met them hand to hand, in anything like open opportunity, had sunk before us; all their batteries immediately within our reach had silenced; but, what was infinitely more conclusive to our green appreciators, General McDowell, our Commander-in-Chief, now came jingling on the field, waving, first his glove, and then his hat, calling us "brave boys," and telling us with the grand air of Cæsar, that we had won the day. He passed away like a splendid dream. "A big thing," in glorious uniform, and branching new regulation hat.

After our joyful shouts had gone down the wind after him, our tired legions flung themselves, by one accord, upon the ground, to take a brief nap at their haversacks, and to catch a few minutes repose before making their final dispositions for the day. Perhaps no army which had won a victory was ever more fatigued, and the men as they lay upon their sides, and rehearsed the horrors of the day, wondered how they had held out so long. Many, however, had not even this repose, for they were bearing off their wounded comrades to the hospital, and others were searching for their sworn brethren in arms among the dead. These lay about in the most fantastic shapes, some absolutely headless, some represented by a gory trunk alone, some with smiles, and some with rage upon their lips, as they grasped their bent and curiously twisted weapons, and some actually rolled up like a ball. Whoever would study the eccentricities of carnage, might here have graduated through all the degrees of horror, to a full experience at once.

Nearly the whole of our army was now grouped pretty well together. The brigades which had made the circuit against the enemy's side had been joined by those which had fought straight on; and a glance at the field showed that the whole breadth of our battle had not spread over a mile and a half. Had we been upon Professor Lowe's balloon, we might have seen

at once that, with all our prowess and heroic daring, we had merely cut a hole in the small end of the enemy's plateau of batteries, and that his rear, which our General imagined he had turned, overhung us in massive wings, which still remained untouched. Our plan, therefore, was, as I said before, too small for the measure of our customer. The coat which had been chalked in conception of a boy, would not inclose the proportions of a man, and we were destined, as is often the case with new beginners, to have our work turned upon our hands. This truth came soon; for suddenly as we were resting, the roar of battle broke out again in every direction, and batteries we had thought mute forever, now opened with redoubled fury. The most terrific yells from the enemy accompanied the renewal of the conflict, and it became evident that, instead of having yielded to the untoward fortunes of the day, they had only been refreshing themselves while pouring new regiments into their lower works. The Sherman Brigade, astounded by this new assault, was forced to retire from the position it had occupied; but it retreated in good-style, and being now entirely without orders, began to march off toward the rear.

They passed on their road the brigade of Schenck, which, with the brigades of Howard and Franklin, had been since noon in the densest of strife; the Maine boys and the Vermonters having signaled themselves especially by the enthusiasm of their charges, while none, during the tempestuous fortunes of that day, excelled the Minnesota and the 5th Massachusetts in the stubborn fortitude with which again and again, they pressed through, and withstood the fiercest fire. As the Sherman Brigade went by, Schenck's men stood breathing in the woods, the New York 2d occupying a position on the left. The 6th brought up the rear of the temporarily retiring column; and by its gallant Colonel, watchful of its welfare flung behind, and urged stragglers not to get separated from their commands. He paused for an instant to salute Col. Tompkins of the 2d, who stood dismounted at a little distance from his regiment, on the opposite side of the road. Just at this moment, a large body of the enemy's Black Horse were seen making a charge toward them, though its immediate object was to attack Carlisle's battery, which, out of ammunition, stood limbered up in the centre of the road. The two Colonels watched the movement, and transfixed with excitement as they saw the dragonsaber the cannoniers, forgot to take measures for their own protection.

It was inimitably necessary that they should for the quick exploit upon the battery had scarcely retarded the Black Column in the least, and they came pouring on the unformed columns of the Schenck Brigade. Promptly, however, the quick order of McCook shaped the 1st Ohio, and the others, following by instinct, showed a firm line, with bayonets alight, and ready for the charge. The Black Horse looked for a moment, but not liking that array of steel, they flitted off to the right (receiving a volley as they went), and a squad of them made a dash to cut off the two colonels who were isolated in the road. Tompkins, who saw the danger coming, quickly sprang to a horse near at hand, and calling on Corcoran to follow, spurred him at a fence. The troopers, however, were too near for Corcoran's tired horse, and whirling around the Irish Colonel, they took him captive, and bore him off. A portion of the squad followed after Tompkins, but his spirited charger leaped two fences in fine style, and amid the crack of the dragons' six shooters, he got safe away. The brigade of Schenck, being now utterly ragged out, and being moreover entirely without orders, fell back upon the footsteps of the 69th.

The Brunside Brigade was still upon the field, where they had received from General McDowell the news of victory, and, consequently, had heard, with the surprise that was equal among all of our brigades, the angry opening of the fight. They had seen, too, the other brigades file off toward the rear, but having no orders for such movement, and not being in the fire, the staunch Rhode Islanders, Wisconsinians and 71st doggedly held their feet. But the musketry on our side was getting faint, and the great guns of the enemy, unprovoked from our almost exhausted batteries, were now but sparsely fired. Everything therefore, indicated another lull, and it could not be made certain to our minds but that we had really won the victory after all, and that last cannonade was but the angry finish of the enemy. Suddenly a cry broke from the ranks of "Look there! Look there!" and, turning their eyes toward Manassas, the whole of our drooping regiments, as well as those who were moving to the rear as those who stood, saw a sight which none who ever gazed upon it will forget.

THE PAGEMENT OF THE ENEMY'S REGIMENTS.
At a long way up the rise, and issuing from the enemy's extreme left, appeared, slowly do-bonching into sight, a dense column of infantry, marching with slow and solid step, and locking, at this noiseless distance, like a mirage of ourselves, or the illusion of a panorama.—Rod by rod the massive column lengthened, not breaking off at the completion of a regiment, as we had hoped, but still pouring on, and on, and on, till one regiment had lengthened into ten. Even then the stern tide did not pause; for one of its arms turned downward along the far side of the triangle, and, the source of the flood thus relieved, poured forth again, and commenced lining the other in like manner. Still the solemn picture swelled its volume, till the ten regiments had doubled into twenty, and had taken the formation of three sides of a hollow square. Our awestruck legions, though beginning to feel the approaches of despair, could not take their eyes from that majestic pagement, and, though experiencing a new necessity, were frozen to the sight.

The martial tide flowed on, the lengthening regiments growing into thirty thousand men, with a mass of black cavalry in its centre, the whole moving toward us, as the sun danced upon its pomp of bayonets, with the solemn
(Continued on fourth page.)