COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.] TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." [TERMS: $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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LEVI L. TATE.
IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

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YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the direful consequences that may ensue.

Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those following unnatural habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, Dyspepsy palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, decay and death.

OFFICE, No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET

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NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS.
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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.
MARRIAGE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, self-distrust, love of solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN.

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured rendders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating marriage reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair & filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease makes their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extreme ities, progressing with rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victims of this disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians incapable of curing they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnson is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in this country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
Jan 18, 1862. [March 17, 1860.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Catharine Berringer, dec'd

LETTER testamentary on the estate of Catharine Berringer, late of Beaver township, in Columbia county deceased have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to the undersigned also residing in said township; all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased are requested to present them to the Executor at his residence in Beaver twp., without delay, and all persons indebted to make payment forthwith.

JOEL BREDSENDER,
Oct. 11, 1862—6t. Executor.

Select Poetry.

THE DRAFTED WIDE-AWAKE.

I was a glorious Wide-Awake,
All marching in a row;
And wore a shiny oil-cloth cape,
About two years ago.
Our torches flared with turpentine,
And filled the streets with smoke;
And we were sure, what'er might come,
Secession was a joke.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things that now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

I said the South would never dare
To strike a single blow;
I thought that they were cowards then,
About two years ago.
And so I marched behind a rail,
Armed with a wedge and maul;
With honest Abe upon a flag,
A boatman gaunt and tall
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

My work was good, my wages high,
And bread and coal was low;
The silver jingled in my purse
About two years ago.
In peace my wife and children dwelt,
Happy the live-long day.
And war was but the fearful curse
Of countries far away.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

My wife sits pale and weeping now,
My children crying low;
I did not think to go to war
About two years ago.
And no one now will earn their food,
No will be their shield,
God help them when I lie in death
Upon the bloody field!
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wine-Awake
About two years ago.

One brother's bones half buried lie
Near the Antietam's flow;
He was a merry, happy lad
About two years ago,
And where the Chickahominy
Moves slowly towards the sea,
Was left another's wasted corpse—
I am the last of three.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

Just now I saw my torch and cape,
Which once made such a show;
They are not now what once they seemed
About two years ago.
I thought I carried Freedom's light,
In that smoky flaming brand;
I've learned I bore destruction's torch—
That wedge has split the land.
O, if I then had only dreamed
The things which now I know,
I ne'er had been a Wide-Awake
About two years ago.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair young hand is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still—
There's a nameless grave on the battle field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

Miscellaneous.

☞ What fruit does a newly married couple resemble? A green pear.

☞ "Short calls are best," as the fly said when he lighted upon the hot stove.

☞ An Irish lover said: "It is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer swatcheart is wid ye."

☞ Hold on to your heart when evil associations seek your company, and invite you to join in their games of mirth revelry.

☞ Many a man has lost being a great man by splitting into two mideling ones. Atone yours if to the best of your power; and then Christ will atone for you.

☞ A young lady was thrown from a carriage, and on being asked where she was injured, most innocently replied: "Down at the surprise party, when Tom Skillman went home with another girl."

☞ "Mad proposes, and God disposes," said a pious aunt to her over confident niece.

"Let, a man propose to me if he dare," was the response," and I'll dispose of him according to my own views, as he suits me."

Army Affairs.

McCLELLAN'S FAREWELL.

CLOSING SCENES ON THE FIELD.

Affectionate Address to his Troops—Grand Ovation to their late Commander—"Stand by Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well."

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
WARRENTON, Nov. 10, 1862.

Modern history has not furnished a more thrilling and effecting scene than that of McClellan's address to his army, which we have witnessed here to-day.—The circumstances under which he leaves his gallant soldiers, and their love for him have served to render the occasion one of surpassing interest. More than a hundred thousand soldiers are in great grief to night. Their accomplished, patriotic and beloved General, under whom they have fought so many successful battles, has been superceeded in command of the army of the Potomac. Shall they no longer be allowd to fight under the guidance of their ever victorious leader? The order of the President deprives them of the privilege, and, with McClellan himself, they acknowledge the Chief Magistrate's supreme authority.

THE NEWS OF M'CLELLAN'S REMOVAL AT HEADQUARTERS.

It was nearly midnight on Friday, the 7th inst., when General Buckingham handed the order of the President to General McClellan relieving him from command of the Army of the Potomac, and directing him to report at Trenton, New Jersey. It was entirely unexpected by everybody here.

Had he remained in command, General McClellan would, undoubtably, have soon have won a glorious victory over the rebel army. Our troops were never in better condition than they are now, never more devoted to McClellan, and never more anxious to fight under his leadership, and determined to crush the rebellion with one grand decisive blow. 'I felt so confident,' he said, in a touching tone, 'that we would have been victorious.' And we all deeply sympathized with the General in this expression of regret.

The President's order appointed Major General Burnside to McClellan's late command McClellan had an immediate interview with Burnside, when the sorrowful intelligence was disclosed. It is difficult to decide which was the more affected, McClellan, to leave the noble men who had grown up to be intrepid soldiers under him, or Burntide, to assume the fearful responsibilities which were thus unexpectedly placed upon him. Tears coursed down McClellan's classic features, and Burnside, with his stout and heavy frame, grieved like a sorrowing child. There they sat and wept. Both have always been warm personal friends. They have lived and labored in the walks of civil life together, in the same establishment, and with patriotic feelings in common with each other and us all, have fought for the Union beneath the silken folds of the same beloved banner.

Burnside was at first disposed to decline assuming the command; but in view of the position of affairs with the army confronting the enemy in the field, he was induced to relinquish personal considerations with the hope of promoting public good. McClellan is well pleased with his successor. Burnside is a splendid fellow. 'He will do better,' said McClellan, 'than nine out of ten may suppose. He has sound sence and integrity of purpose, and when these qualities are combined success is certain.' McClellan has requested his officers to give Burnside their cordial cooperation and support.

After receiving the order relieving him from command, General McClellan sat down to write a few farewell words to his soldiers. How difficult a task. He dictated the first few lines to Major Webb, and then wrote the last few lines with his own hand. They are beautiful, appropriate and affectionate words.

The farewell address was not read to the troops until this morning.

So at midnight on Friday, McClellan had gracefully sheathed his sword, and Burnside assumed command.

THE EFFECT ON HIS OFFICERS.

On Saturday the mournful news was known throughout Headquarters. His ataff officers were not less amazed than McClellan was himself. There was not a single officer who could comprehend the meaning or rather the justice of the matter. In answer to inquiries propounded to himself, McClellan simply said, 'All I know about it is that I received the order dated on the 7th, immediately after the result of the State elections were announced."

Saturday was a gloomy day about these headquarters. McClelan was closeted all day with Burnside, unfolding to him all his plans of the campaign. He has been giving all the information and suggestions within his power, to insure the success of our army under the leadership of its new commander. The whole of yesterday was devoted to that purpose. When he had given him his plans, McClellan signified his intention of leaving the field immediately to report at Trenton, in compliance with the order.

Burnsine, reluctant to part with him so soon, urged him to remain a little longer, the interests of the country demanded that he should, 'Well,' said McClellan, to some officers around him, 'I'll remain just as long as Burn wants me.' 'No you wont,' replied Burnside, 'for if you do, you will remain with us altogether' Everybody felt that yesterday was a very unsatisfactory Sunday. Sorrow, disappointment and doubt were depicted on every countenance. Throughout the day officers kept themselves in their tents. Headquarters looked dismal and deserted.

M'CLELLAN'S FAREWELL OF HIS OFFCERS.

On Sunday evening a most touching scene took place. After having concluded his arrangements with Burnside, McClellan sent an invitation to all his own staff officers, requesting them to come into his tent at nine o'clock that evening, to drink a glass of wine with him before he should bid them all adieu. They appeared in full uniform. A large log fire was blazing within the enclosure formed by the headquarter tents. The officers were assembling in the court. McClellan stood just inside the door of his marquee, the curtains of which were parted and thrown upon either side. Promptly at the appointed hour his staff officers approached. He grasped each warmly by the hand, and with a kindly word ushered him inside.—The tent was soon crowded to its utmost limit, and many were compelled to remain outside.

Among them were a number of officers from different divisions of the army, particular friends of the General, who had come to seek a personal interview with him before he should leave the field.—They participated in the impressive and solemn scene that ensued. The wine was produced and the glasses were supplied.—The large log fire in front of the tent brilliantly illuminated the court, bringing into full view every form within it, and throwing a halo and enchantment over the strange and solemn scene. Deep silence now prevailed. McClellan raised his glass and proposed the only toast of the evening "Here's to the army of the Potomac"—an officer in the company appropriately adding, "and to its old commander."

The sentiment thrilled through every heart as the wine was quaffed. Here were officers of rank and education—genial gentleman and brave soldiers. Most of them had known McClellan in private life, and all of them had labored with him in the public service. He and they were bound to each other by the double bonds of friendship and companionship in arms in a just and holy cause. Friendship is one of the most beautiful relationship among men. True friendship is eternal. There is much of that feeling, in its purity, existing between McClellan and his officers and men. Danger renders friendship dearer. The privations and perils to which they have been exposed have increased the feelings of affiliation which before existed.

Friends and companions in arms! what relationship would be more comprehensive or dear? Some of the sweet associations of the past were soon to be severed. Everybody felt the deep solemnity of the occasion. Tears were shed in profusion — An hour or two was passed in pleasing social converse, during which Gen. McClellan had a kind of cheering word for every one. The officers passed around, and formally bade their cherished General adieu. And this closed that solemn scene on that memorable Sunday evening.

AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL OF HIS SOLDR'S.

This morning it was arranged that he should visit the troops near by, and proceed to Washington by a special train in the evening. A splendid photograph of the General and his personal staff officers, forming a handsome group, in front of his tent, and another of the General on horseback, were taken before starting. When just about to go he said, "I can hardly bear to see my soldiers again." Then accompanied by his officers and escort, a magnificent cavalcade, he rode off to take a last farewell of his troops. The infantry and cavalry attached to his headquarters were tastefully disposed on the adjacent hill, They presented a very soldiery appearance. McClellan rode along the lines, and as he passed, enthusiastic cheers spontaneously arose from the ranks.

The soldiers could not restrain their controling admiration for their General.—After he had passed along the lines, and was returning towards the hill, General Patrick, commanding the Provost guard at headquarters, dashed up the crest, and, with cap in hand, led the whole command in three additional tumultuous cheers for General McClellan. The Sturgis Rifles, which had been with him from the time of his campaign in Western Virginia, gave an extra complimentary cheer, and all the men turned their heads around, and gave one long last lingering look, whilst he rode away to bid a similar adieu to other commands.

He then passed through the camps of the reserve artillery. The batteries were all arranged in convenient positions, the cannoniers standing by their guns. The men presented sabers, while the music mingled with their cheers as he passed. The magnificent artillery reserve of the army of the Potomac, which McClellan had organized with so much care, he seemed reluctant to leave it now, when there was an immediate prospect of its efficiency being fully displayed on the field.

It was while riding from here that Gen. Burnside, accompanied by a brilliant staff, came dashing across the field and joined him. They shook each other cordially by the hand, and rode together during the remainder of the day. When we approached the turnpike, on either side of which troops are encamped, we witnessed one of the most effective demonstrations it has ever been my fortune to behold. The troops in Gen Fitz John Porter's corps were martialled in magnificent array on the right of the road, and those in General Couch's corps on the left. Butterfield's, Sykes' and Humphrey's divisions, in Porter's corps, were disposed in order, the banners of each command appearing in the centre, close on the road. Bancock's, Howard's and French's divisions in Couch's corps were arranged in a somewhat similar manner, with the artillery of both commands planted on prominent positions.

As had been done in other instances, McClellan's farewell address to his soldiers was read to them just before he passed to personally bid them farewell. As he rode along the turnpike, with head uncovered, between the lines of troops, and followed by the glittering array of officers, fifty thousand of his devoted soldiers, with hearts and voices in perfect unison, and all with one accord burst forth into the most tumultuous cheering. Along the lines he rode amidst the continued acclamations of fifty thousand, while from the distance, he would occasionally catch as though it were an echo, the sound from the troops we had left behind, and who were cheering yet, long after the General had gone away from the immediate vicinity of his headquarters.

The banners borne by the various regiments were held near the road on either side, and their tattered fragments were fully exposed to view when the general and party passed through the lines of troops. Some of the standards had little but the gold and silver trimmings and the silken fringes left. A greater portion of many of the flags had been shot away under the gallant leadership of Gen. McClellan.—Those tattered banners, having inscribed upon them the names of the battles in which the troops had fought victoriously beneath their silken folds, were mute yet most eloquent memorials of the mighty struggles which McClellan's soldiers have passed through. Whilst he rode along, the batteries fired salutes, the bands played, and the soldiers cheered; the smoke from the artillery floated in among the perforated banners, and the acclamations of the troops mingled with the martial music of the bands and guns. I cannot recall from my experience any occasion on which the enthusiasm manifested by these soldiers has been surpassed.

Passing the end of Porter's and Couch's lines, General McClellan and party proceeded four or five miles further to the place where Franklin's corps were encamped. On the way, soldiers followed and cheered him. He was soon near Franklin's corps. His arrival was not expected quite so soon, and the troops were not formed to receive him. But, when the soldiers saw him approaching their encampment, the color bearers of the various regiments grasped the Stars and Stripes and the regimental standards, and came dashing down the hills, and across the fields, the members of the regiments, without arms, dashing wildly after them. McClellan passed through this mass of soldiers to General Franklin's headquarters, where he, Burnside and Franklin, while the latter's troops were being collected and disposed, had a protracted interview.

This ended, the company mounted their horses again, and rode among the troops of Franklin's corps, Smith's division, part formed in line of battle and part in column greeted McClellan with great enthusiasm. Brooks' division came rushing across the valley in one grand, solid column, with flags floating in the breeze, to meet the retiring General. They flocked around him discarding entirely everything concerning the rules of military formation, and, in the most feeling manner, bade him an affectionate farewell. The troops in Newton's division, formed further on, were no less decided and enthusiastic in their demonstration. It was really wonderful to see how deep was the expression of feeling by the soldiers on this occasion.

Having passed through the lines of all the troops in the vicinity, General McClellan turned his horse's head to go back to his headquarters, whence he intended proceeding to the train which was waiting to convey him to Washington. Now we witnessed the most affecting scene of all. Until this moment, it hardly seemed that their favorite General could leave them.—But now he was going from among them—he had already gone. The moment that they fully realized it, all those soldiers animated by one universal impulse, ran after him, some weeping aloud, and shouted in the most touching and appealing manner, "Fetch him back, fetch him back!" and "Oh, come back to us, come back to us, McClellan!"

As he rode along the turnpike on his retrun from Franklin's corps, troops under Couch and Porter, which he had passed in regular formation a few hours before now rushed out from their camp around, and thronged the roadside, anxious to take another last look at their beloved General. Many of them were melted to tears, and, after cheering him again and again joined in the universal supplication, "Come back to us, come back to us, McClellan."

PARTING AT FITZ JOHN PORTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

Riding up to General Fitz John Porter's headquarters, he was met by a delegation composed of several hundred officers in Porter's command. After the party had dismounted and McClellan had reached the portico of the house where the officers were assembled, the division generals of the corps being close beside him General Butterfield, in a few well chosen words, alluded to the affection existing between McClellan and his officers, and stated that those who were now assembled there had convened to personally bid him farewell.

In reply, General McClellan said—"I hardly know what to say to you my friends officers associated so long with me in the Army of the Potomac. I can only bid you farewell. History will do justice to the deeds of the Army of the Potomac, if the present generation does not. I feel as if I had been intimately connected with each and all of you. Nothing is more binding than the friendship of companions in arms. May you all in future preseve the high reputation of our army and served me. I will say farewell now, if I must say it. Good bye! God bless you!"

Every one who heard these touching words was moved to tears. All the officers then passed round and shook with General McClellan. This was another of the many affecting scenes we had witnessed in the morning.

CLOSE OF THE OVATION.

After partaking of refreshments and engaging in free social converse for a while the company rode to Gen. Burnside's headquarters, where Burnside and McClellan had another private interview. Thence the party proceeded to the grounds where Reynolds' corps is encamped. The troops were all out in column and in line. They were those which had fought at the battle of Antietam with Hooker on the right.—They gave McClellan a most enthusiastic greeting, and in a becoming manner, with music, cheers, and expressions of good feeling closed the grand ovation. Gen McClellan then returned to his camp, having, at the urgent request of Gen. Burnside, concluded to remain at Warrenton until the morning.

M'CLELLAN AND BURNSIDE.

General McClellan is a man of undoubted ability. He is a man of decided talent more than a man of genius. He has a wonderful faculty of grasping grand and complicated subjects. He is believed to be the greatest general of the age. He is able, upright, patriotic and affectionate. His goodness of heart is easily betrayed by the soft and tender tones of his voice whenever he speaks a few pleasing words to his men. Perhaps there never was a general more devotedly attached to his troops than General McClellan is to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, nor a commander more beloved by his soldiers than he is by them.

General Burnside is a man of undoubted ability also. He has not the talent of General McClellan, though he may have more genius. It was the possession in such a high degree, of both talent and genius, that made Napoleon the acknowledged superior of all military men. Burnside is also able, patriotic and good hearted.

He has the confidence of McClellan, the President and the country. He is the best man that could be selected at the present moment to assume command. The army will have confidence in Burnside also, and will fight the future battles for the Union bravely under his leadership. But it is like losing a tried and cherished friend—death snatches him away; no one can ever fully take the place of him. So, to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, no general, however able, brave and patriotic he may be, can ever fully take the place of General McClellan.

Lieut. Brockway's Official Report.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Oct. 24, 1862.

Capt. E. W. Matthew's Battery F. 1st Reg't. Art'y., P. R. C.

Sir:—You have asked me for "a formal report of the part borne by me and my command in the action at Bull Run on the 30th August, with a brief account of my career, treatment, &c., among the rebels."

On the morning of the 30th of August we crossed the Centerville pike along the Sudley Church road, and were placed on the extreme right of the line of artillery, which occupied the ridge west of the turnpike. An almost level plain ran along the front of the ridge, beyond which was a strip of woods containing a rail-road embankment which the enemy used as breastworks. The distance between us and the woods was about 500 yards. Duryea's Brigade occupied them, and Gen. Carroll was on his right, while another strip of woods was on our right and rear. Early in the afternoon the enemy opened on us from their left, but did us comparatively little damage. About 4 P. M. Lieutenant Case's section was sent to the left to report to Gen. Stevens The enemy by this time succeeded in massing 50 pieces of artillery under Col. S. D. Lee of S. C. on a commanding eminence in the angle formed by the Junction of Longstreet's and Jackson's lines. This artillery opened on our line at the same time they commenced changing our left flank, and from that moment the engagement became general along the entire line.

You then ordered me into the open field with directions to open on the enemy's batteries. This changed our front to the left, and put all the artillery in *echelon*, my right resting but a short distance from the woods where I had seen Gen Duryea's Brigade go in. We fired about fifteen minutes, when the smoke became so dense as to make objects indistinguishable 300 yards from us. The enemy got a battery in position on our right, the fire of which annoyed us much. While waiting for the smoke to clear away, I saw through the smoke the battle flag of the enemy advancing on my right. Gen. Duryea,s Brigade when attacked instead of falling back towards us, marched from the field by the right flank, and thus left us exposed. We opened on them with canister, and I believe Thompson's Pa., Battery did the same. They then commenced firing and soon after charged. Their colors fell, they then halted, and finally fell back to the woods when they were reinforced by another Brigade. Again they came steadily forward though their men fell in scores before our canister. A glance at the field showed me that our infantry and artillery on the left had quit the field, and the Battery on my left was entirely deserted, though we were nearest the enemy. Our infantry support also failed to come up.—You then ordered me to fall back to my original position, and to open with canister again. I did so after sending my caissons from the field. The enemy though enfiladed by our fire, came on with loud cheers and took possession of the deserted Battery, and then made a left half wheel and charged on us again. Thompson's Battery fell back to the rear, and I was left alone on the field, deserted by my infantry support, many of my men scattered, three of my horses shot, my canister exhausted and the enemy nearly upon me. They already held the Sudley Church road, and our only chance of escape was through the woods in my rear. I succeeded in getting one piece in there, but the wheel horses were shot dead and the others wounded. I had but three men left out of the thirty-five I took into action, and they managed to get away. I got safely through the woods and succeeded in rallying a few hundred infantry with the intention of bringing off my pieces by hand, but a General rode up and prevented me.

I then rode up to a frame building used as a hospital, where I found Gen. Ricketts and you. You kindly placed at my disposal another detachment of artillery with instructions to use it where I thought best. I took it to the front of the hospital, and fired till dark, when Gen. Heintzleman ordered me to cease firing, but to hold the position until farther orders. Our troops had commenced crossing Bull Run, but I was not notified of the fact. I had scarcely ceased firing when a man in rebel uniform walked up to me from the bushes in front. On questioninig him I found he belonged to the 16th Miss, Featherstone's Brigade. He supposed us to be friends until I took him prisoner. He told me I had better give up as his Brigade was in my front, and Pender's between me and Bull Run. I turned to give this information to Gens. Heintzleman and Stevens, who stood near me but a few moments previous, but only a few of their staff remained. Not far from us Carroll's Brigade was drawn up in line, their left resting on the building. With my prisoner and piece of artillery I proceeded into the yard when the enemy fired a volley which killed my leading horses, and disabled the piece. The infantry broke and ran. About 200 wounded lay in the yard, and among these the enemy charged, and finally took us all prisoners. I managed to destroy the fuses, friction primers, and cartridges.

And now a few words in reference to our treatment. The prisoners were gathered together and marched to the place where my section was taken. Hundreds of dead and wounded lay on the ground where they had charged us, showing how heavily they lost. A large force was taking care of their dead and wounded, while ours were left untouched. Their loss was fully equal to ours. From Saturday to Monday we were kept at Young's Branch without anything to eat, or any covering. Many of our wounded lay on the field unattended from Friday till Tuesday. On Tuesday morning, weak, hungry and tired, Pope's officers, Virginia loyalists, and about 200 negroes commenced their march "On to Richmond." We were taken through Thoroughfare Gap where our Division had defeated Longstreet, and driven him back. Jeff Davis was at Warrenton. On Friday we reached the Rapidan after enduring innumerable insults and sufferings. For seven days we had nothing to eat but green corn which we plucked as we went through the fields, and yet they compelled us to travel 80 miles in 3½ days. The nights were cold and chilly, yet no blankets were allowed us. Our pockets were searched, and even combs were taken from us.

At Gordonsville we were thrust into a low filthy room, the stench in which was sickening. On Saturday we reached Libby Prisons. The floors to the depth of one half an inch were covered with the drainings of hogsheads of molasses and tobacco, and though used as a prison for eighteen months had never been cleaned. The basement was used as a horse stable and dead house. For two weeks we remained in this filth without covering or blankets. The sink was a small box on the same floor, and being used by nearly 100 men gave out a horrible stench. We were not allowed to look out of the windows, one man being shot for so doing on the day of our arrival.

Two swill buckets full of soup were dealt to us twice a day, but nothing to eat it with. We split our canteens for dishes, and whittled spoons from blocks of wood. Filth was in everything, and the most watchful care could not keep our persons free from vermin. Our keepers were extremely brutal and took every opportunity to insult us. We were released on the 24th of Sept., but only after a flag of truce had been sent for us five times. Had Pope remained in command, we should not have got out till the end of the war.

There are many incidents I should like to mention, but lack of space forbids.

I remain, Sir, Yours Respectfully,
C. B BROCKWAY,
Lieut. Battery F. 1st Pa., Art'y.