CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

June 28.—Fair and hot. After General Fremont departed we assembled in the mess-tent to breakfast. While at table General Banks received a telegram, which he handed over to me. It was from General Pope, requesting me to come to Washington. I immediately started for Winchester in an ambulance.

We found Winchester occupied by Colonel Geary's command, on the way to join Banks. While standing at the Quarter-master's office I heard a pistol-shot in an adjoining cross-street. It was followed by loud outcries, a rushing of footsteps, and a rumbling of wagons in rapid motion. Anon several heavy wagons drawn by teams of mules came around the corner at speed, rushing against each other, running on the narrow sidewalks, crushing a private carriage, and breaking the running gear of several wagons.

Meanwhile the pistol-shots continued, and the noise and confusion increased until it created a panic in the vicinity. I awaited the dénouement, while the motley crowds of citizens, negroes, and army followers rushed by. Presently I saw an organized squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets trotting down the street. They returned in a few minutes with a number of drunken soldiers in custody, whose fighting had caused the uproar.

While waiting at the railroad dépôt for the train I was accosted by an old acquaintance whom I knew to have been an original Union man. He was now in a terrible stew about the negroes, declaring that the army was systematically employed in running them off, and the war had degenerated into an abolition raid. I denied that the army meddled officially or directly with the negroes. That its presence would inevitably abolish slavery in the border States I did not doubt. No reasonable man can doubt that the negroes, when the opportunity offers, will leave their masters and change their state and condition, even if it may be for
the worse. It is seldom that an educated and considerate white man will deny himself the luxury of a change when tempted by opportunity: How often may we expect this philosophic self-denial from the illiterate and inconsiderate negro. To accuse the army of running them off is simply ridiculous. Its presence necessarily suspends the pressure of the local laws on the negro; he perceives the loosening of his bonds, and often, without feeling seriously discontented with his old place, packs his wallet and wanders off in search of something new—"that better land"—the imaginary goal of human hopes in all ages.

The train, loaded with sick and wounded from the Winchester hospitals, started about half past five P.M. Some of the passengers had been wounded at Kernstown, others at the last battle; all seemed to be doing well, and bore their sufferings with fortitude and even cheerfulness. Got to Charlestown at eight o'clock P.M., and surprised the family in the parlor.

June 29, Sunday.—I spent this morning visiting some friends, and heard through secessionists some vague rumors of disaster to the National army before Richmond. As such reports seem to be the palpable upon which secession exists in this region they do not disturb me. In the afternoon I saw some officers on the way to Harper's Ferry in an ambulance, and begged a seat, which was politely accorded. At Harper's Ferry I called to see Colonel Miles, who showed me a dispatch from General Wool at Baltimore, saying that he could not visit Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, as intended, "on account of the news from Richmond." This hints at some great military misfortune, and seems to give significance to the rumors I heard at Charlestown.

June 30.—I took the train at half past two this morning, and reached Washington at nine, and immediately thereafter reported to General Pope. At War Department, I was received very much politely, but, being deeply engaged at the time, requested me to meet him at Willard's at half past eight in the evening. During this short interview I was struck with the prepossessing manner and appearance of the General. He is of medium height, stately built, young and alert. My theory is, that the honors of this war will be gathered by the young.

On the street I hear there has been heavy fighting before Richmond. McClellan, it seems, has changed his base of operations from the York River to the James. Whether this is strategy or weakness I can not tell, but it certainly does not prove him to be master of the position. At the same time there may have been good reasons for making the move, and the incidental fighting is said to have been favorable to us.

At the appointed hour I reported at General Pope's room, and found him engaged in questioning an old Virginia loyalist in regard to the roads and topography of the country toward Gordonsville. The responses were correct, and in the main satisfactory; but at every cross-road and stream our lower country gentleman would stop to expatiate on the character and genealogy of the residents, until the General, with some impatience, turned to me for a more brief and military description of the country. This I exhibited as clearly as possible, and so much to the General's satisfaction that he asked me to become a member of his Staff, saying that General Banks was in town, and he could arrange the transfer in the morning. I consented with alacrity, as I had already perceived from the direction of the questions asked that the campaign would be a most important one, if not decisive.

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of General M'Dowell, who was limping from hurts received by a recent fall from his horse. M'Dowell's manner struck me as indicating a lack of vigor; but his conversation on military matters was beautifully clear and concise, showing thorough knowledge of the subjects handled. He advised Pope against taking the 30-pounder Parrots with him, saying the 20-pounders would be found to answer every purpose and be more easily transported.

The question of the amount of artillery necessary was discussed, when General Pope expressed precisely the same views which I had done to the Secretary of War a short time before. He had observed that too great reliance on long-range guns weakened the morale of the infantry and cavalry. M'Dowell said we allowed four batteries of six pieces to a division of twelve thousand men—two guns per thousand men. He disapproved of mixed batteries, preferring to organize guns of the same weight and character in separate batteries. General Pope said a different system had prevailed in the West, where their batteries of six pieces were composed of two riddled sixes, two Parrott 10-pounders, and two 12-pounder howitzers. This M'Dowell thought, was mixing with a vengeance. Yet, whatever theory prevails, it seems that the Western soldiers have thus far been most successful in practice.

After General M'Dowell took leave the subject of Virginia topography was resumed. General Pope asked, with some earnestness, why we had not advanced and covered the Valley by occupying Charlottesville. Was there any topographical or other reason for not doing what seemed so clear to any military man? I replied there was no topographical reason for it that I knew of; and the only military reason I could suggest was the lack of unity in the Army of Northern Virginia. The General then announced that he expected to have seventy-five or eighty thousand men under his command by concentrating the whole force available in Northern and Western Virginia. With this force he will occupy Charlottesville, and from thence menace Richmond, with all its most important feeders, at the same time effectually covering the Valley of the Shenandoah and checking any northward move on Washington.
July 1.—I met General Banks and Colonel Clark to-day just down from the Valley. I spent the evening with a number of officers in General Pope’s room. The conversation was familiar and desultory, in which the General joined with great vivacity, exhibiting himself as a cool and clever man of the world, with a quick apprehension of motive and character, and a judgment penetrating but kindly withal.

July 2.—I am now satisfied that the operations before Richmond have resulted in a serious check to the National arms. McClellan is beaten back to Harrison’s Landing, on the James, where, instead of besieging Richmond, he is himself besieged. Politicians and capitalists are evidently frightened, and the President has issued a fresh call for three hundred thousand men.

These are the headings of the situation, and the more I talk the less consolation I find. To turn my thoughts from this gloomy picture I have betaken myself to the study of the special geography and topography of Virginia, filling a skeleton map with all the minute local information that my own memory suggests, and that I can obtain by cross-questioning refugees, deserters, and prisoners.

July 3.—It is conclusive now that the news from McClellan may be considered disastrous. The siege of Richmond is raised, and the National army safe under the protection of the gun-boats. The fighting has not been creditable to us, however, and our losses are not over fifteen thousand men, while that of the enemy will exceed twenty thousand. His army has the field, however, and these results may change General Pope’s programme to some extent.

July 4.—It is an evil omen that our national anniversary comes this year on hangman’s day. The Fourth is still observed, however, and I was kept awake all night by an unceasing rat-tle of squibs and crackers. The glory of the “ever glorious” seems obscured for the present, at least, and the rattle of fire-arms is not calculated to suggest the most pleasant dreams, so that I have been in a humor to consign to the hangman the untimely rioters and fizzle-mongers that made the night hideous.

I repaired to General Pope’s quarters, and had some conversation with him on the subject of the approaching campaign. He asks if a position at Sperryville would not cover the Valley. I doubt it, and still recommend Gordonsville or Charlottesville. These points are more advanced and more exposed, and will not be yielded to us without a struggle. It is probable the situation on the James demands a modification of our plans.

I met Brigadier-General Prince, who has been assigned to Banks’s command, and accompanied him to his room. We found here several other officers, and the conversation turned on military movements and army baggage. All agreed that the Romans had properly characterized baggage as “Impedimenta,” and that individuals as well as armies should carry as little as possible. This is one of the advantages which the enemy has had over us in the field. Our troops have been overloaded with provisions and material, while the enemy have nothing except what is barely essential. The country through which we advance is enriched by the pickings of our camps and the reckless wastefulness of our soldiers; and when we retreat the enemy is supplied from our offcast superfluities. Yet the question may be viewed in other aspects. An army that is well and
regularly supplied is more amenable to discipline, and if less active on occasions, is more reliable in a protracted contest. It will continue to improve and strengthen. On the other hand, it is difficult if not impossible to maintain efficient discipline in an army which draws uncertain and meagre supplies from the country through which it campaigns, and the tendency of such a system is to resolve organized corps into undisciplined hordes of pillagers and skulkers. We have seen and felt the evils of both extremes, and may hit upon the golden mean. But actual war plays the devil with armies as well as theories.

July 5.—I feel a sense of relief that the Fourth of July with its crackers and drunkenness is over. Several long trains of ambulances filled with wounded from the James passed the hotel yesterday. To-day I see numerous wounded officers limping about the public rooms, assisted by their friends, or lying on the sofa lionizing and recounting their adventures to groups of earnest listeners.

I understand that the Army of the Valley moves over the Ridge toward Sperryville to-day.

I met an acquaintance on the street who asked me to visit a wounded officer with him. I consented, and on entering the room was surprised to find in the patient an acquaintance of my own, Lieutenant Arnold of the Regular Cavalry, whom I had seen with General Thomas in the Patterson campaign.

He was just from the Peninsula with a ball through his leg, received in a wild charge made by his regiment, which rode around and fired their revolvers in the faces of two divisions of the enemy. As gallant and useless a performance as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. My young acquaintance seemed quite contented to have escaped with an honorable wound, and enjoyed the neat picture-hung chamber and the society of his friends. He says the army is in good spirits and by no means defeated. His manly and unpretending deportment contrasts somewhat with that of an officer who dined at the hotel ordinary yesterday. He entered the dining-hall supported by three attendants, attracting all eyes by the cluster of crutches and chairs. He still ostentatiously wore the powder-grimed and blood-stained garments of the battle-field, accompanied by the oaths and loud swaggering pertaining to the camp.

I met a number of officers at Willard’s, where recent military events and future prospects were freely discussed. The campaign against Richmond is an accepted failure, for the present at least. Some are disposed to charge the result to feebleness and incapacity of the military commanders. Others insist that all our misfortunes are due to political jealousy and interference. As both parties are able to show conclusive reasons for their respective opinions I believe they are both right. The patient died of a complication of diseases, either of which would have been sufficient to kill him. But the nation is not dead. The good-natured giant gives a yawn or two, opens his eyes a little wider, and has begun to consider whether, after all, he will not be obliged to pull off his gloves. I think it will be better for all parties that he should do so immediately.

The only result of this feeble magnanimity on the part of the Government heretofore has been to increase the presumption of its enemies and weaken the confidence of its friends. The blantant rebel proclaims himself in the midst of our camps, carries on his brazen intrigues in the very capital of the nation and is safe. The Southern loyalist, persecuted and menaced on one hand, ignored or suspected on the other, remorselessly robbed by all parties, is the most unhappy of mankind. To him the future promises nothing but ruin and contempt. I hear on all sides that the Union sentiment in Virginia is giving way; I do not doubt it. Indeed, I know of hundreds who, after having courageously opposed secession, risking everything in the contest, have at length succumbed in hopeless bitterness of heart, and forsaking a loyalty which in their government seems both unable and unwilling to protect, seek present safety by participating in a crime which that government dares not or cares not to punish. That they have grievously erred in yielding thus we must admit, yet who can withhold pity from men so unhappily circumstanced?

If it were really true that the Southern people had determined to separate themselves from the United States, and had thrown themselves heart and hand into the revolution, twice the power of this Government could not prevent it. In a military point of view it would be simply impossible. No army that the United States or any other country could set on foot and maintain would be sufficient to overrun, occupy, and hold in subjection an unwilling people, inhabiting a territory so extensive, so abundant in all the material of warlike maintenance, so difficult and complicated in its topography, so defended by impassable swamps, forests, rivers, and mountains, so unconquerable in its physical features. Most foreigners look at the contest by this light; and it is regarded from the same standpoint by many of our own officers and well-meaning citizens, all of whom insist that the Government can not succeed, and should, after an honorable struggle and a victory or two, accept a reasonable compromise and consent to separation. This counsel is doubtless well meant, coming from persons who have accepted in good faith the assertions of the rebel leaders, "that the Southern people have made war for the purpose of obtaining their independence."

We who know better, who are acquainted with the extent of the imposture thus put upon the country and the world—we who know that the rebellion was not a movement of the people, that it was not based upon any popular sentiment adverse to the National Government, nor
any essential diversity of character, interest, or opinion between the sections, nor upon any adequate cause nor respectable motive—we who know, on the contrary, that it was con-
trived by the unscrupulous ambition of a few, and is maintained by the willing and unwilling victims of their frauds and their treachery, that even the leaders themselves are the disappoint-
ed dupes of their own hopes and contrivances—that they are even now irreconcilably divided in opinion, and sustained only by excited pas-
sions and the desperate necessity of their posi-
tion rather than by well-defined hopes and principles—we who know that a large propor-
tion of the Southern people regard the whole affair with abhorrence, and will not support it under any circumstances—we laugh at the oft-repeated assumption "that the South can not be conquered." Now I will respectfully judg-
ment on the assertion that the rebellion will fail because the Southern people can not be forced for any great length of time to uphold a cause which is sanctioned neither by their hearts nor their heads. They will abandon it before we
can crush it.

Again. As soon as the despotic usurpation which now controls them shall be overthrown by the combined action of their desertion and our arms, the mass of the Southern people will re-
turn to their allegiance more rapidly and more willingly than they have appeared to abandon it. It is with these views that I cry out against the moral and political management of the war. The irrigating violence and injustice of extreme party fanaticism at the North—the delays, inde-
cisions, and seeming feebleness of purpose of our leaders, only serves to increase the number of victims which must in the end be sacrificed to the great necessity of national unity.

During the three succeeding weeks I re-
mained in Washington, occupied in collecting geographical, topographical, and statistical in-
formation of Central Virginia, assisting in the correction and improvement of maps embracing the theatre of the proposed campaign. As our published maps are found too general and often incorrect, and my own knowledge of the Pied-
mont country wanting in detail, I undertook to supply these deficiencies as far as possible by examining all the refugees who could be found from that region. I observe that, while the whites are usually more comprehensive in their knowledge, the negroes are far more reliable for local details. They know nothing of maps, but a limited district, which they have traversed night and day visiting, hunting raccoons, and robbing hen-houses, they will describe with great accuracy, naming every house, blind path, bridge, and ford. When I got to the limit of one fellow's beat I engaged him to bring an ac-
quaintance from the adjoining estate, or village, and in this manner I was enabled to get a very satisfactory description of a whole district into which our troops had not yet penetrated. Hav-
ing had an opportunity of comparing this sketch with a map of the same region, afterward cap-
tured from the enemy, I was myself astonished at its accuracy.

The concentration of the different commands had meanwhile been going on. Banks had crossed the Ridge at Chester's Gap, and had taken position at Little Washington in Rappahannock County. Sigel, with Fremont's old command, by the same route had reached Sper-
ryville. Several attempts had been made to destroy the Virginia Central Railroad by cav-
alty raids. One, ordered from Fredericksburg, had been indifferently successful. The other, against Gordonsville and Charlottesville, had failed entirely.

General Pope during this interval had issued several general orders which indicated that the war was assuming a darker aspect, and would no longer be waged with gloved hands. I had been aware that there was a good deal of politics in the army as well as in Congress. During my service with the Army of the Shenandoah I had forgotten this in a measure; but never passed a day in Washington without being reminded of it in some form or other. It could hardly be otherwise in a voluntary force composed of free citizens accustomed to the continual supervision and management of their own political affairs, and especially in that great army which was organized and nurtured within sight of the Federal Capitol. There it seemed also that the personal and military jealousies, common to the history of all great military organizations, were in a measure merged in the superior in-
terests of national politics. The patriotism of the country had already begun to lose that uni-
formity of color and consistency which it had exhibited at the first sublime uprising of the people. The nation, like a bottle filled with a solution composed of varied ingredients, had been so thoroughly shaken that for a while all perception of diversity was lost. In time, how-
ever, the violently-mixed ingredients of opinion had begun to settle and crystallize; and the names of Conservative and Radical had al-
ready begun to divide the supporters of the National cause. The Chiefs of the Army of the Potomac, supported by a large and respect-
able party in the country, were Conservative.

The orders of General Pope indicated that he was about to carry on the war according to the Radical programme. The most unfriendly criti-
cism that they might have elicited under ordi-
nary circumstances was, that one was a harm-
less flourish, the other proposing many judicious and essential military measures, contained para-
graphs that might have been considered inju-
diciously suggestive and needlessly severe. The whole order containing nothing contrary to the ordinary usages of war, and nothing exceeding the practice which some other commanders had found necessary in the field. They were, how-
ever, assailed with a tempest of ridicule and execration so exaggerated and uncalled for, that I was shocked and alarmed at the recklessness and malignity of a party-spirit which could seize upon so trivial a pretext to weaken the influence
and destroy the prestige of an officer just about entering upon a campaign, upon whose results the safety of the army, and perhaps that of the country, depended.

During this interval General Halleck was called to Washington and placed in chief command of the armies, which, in view of the political and military jealousies manifested, is a wise arrangement. Halleck is older than either of the Major-Generals in the field, and brings with him a reputation which would seem to fit him expressly for the responsible position he assumes.

July 29.—I received notice that we start for the field to-day, so I packed my kit, took leave of my wife, and reported promptly at headquarters. The General told me the enemy had drawn in their advanced posts, and were fortifying at Gordonsville and Charlottesville. He is much disgusted at the failure of the cavalry raid against these places, and believes their capture was entirely feasible at the time it was ordered.

At the appointed hour we took carriages and drove to the terminus of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad. Here we were detained some time awaiting the arrival of the train and ministering to the entertainment of a crowd of gapers and impertinent questioners. We got off at length, and passing through Alexandria with only a few minutes' delay, took the Orange and Alexandria road for Warrenton Junction.

The country through which we passed after leaving Alexandria is not very attractive at best, but at this time wears a most dismal and war-wasted aspect. There were neither fences nor cultivation to be seen, and no traces of former civilized occupation except the ruins of houses burned or gutted, standing in the midst of desolate weed-grown fields. The only visible inhabitants were half-naked and filthy negroes huddling in the partially-ruined tenements, or in temporary shanties constructed of the wrecks of farm-houses and outbuildings. Bull Run, where we crossed it, is a small sluggish stream, bordered by thickly-wooded bluffs; but all its features on a smaller scale than I expected.

From hence to the Junction the country is an open plain with gentle undulations, dotted over with camps, deserted cantonments built of poles and mud, and trifling, incomplete earth-works. In front of a group of shanties, occupied by a company of our troops, we saw a formidable piece of ordnance, made of a burned log mounted on cart-wheels, a stuffed artilleryman with a pipe in his mouth leaning on the breech of his Quaker gun. As we neared the Junction the traces of long military occupation became more impressive, and the earth-works assumed a more formidable appearance. The best constructed of these were riveted with hurdles and barrels filled with earth, grown over with weeds, and much washed and weather-beaten. The rebel stronghold at Manassas, which has figured so extensively for a year past in people's imaginations and the newspapers, seems on sight to be a very tame affair, exciting very general surprise and disappointment among those who saw the place for the first time. At the Junction are a number of hastily-constructed buildings occupied by cutters, and numerous soldiers' shanties inhabited by negroes, who seem to make a living by keeping eating-houses.

From this Junction to Warrenton Junction the road runs in a direct line through a country gently undulating, generally covered with scrubby pine and oak timber, a very poor soil, and apparently without cultivation or inhabitants. Turning from the main road on to the Warrenton stem we immediately find ourselves in a more fertile region of bolder natural features, pleasantly improved and well populated. Arriving at the pretty village of Warrenton, we were welcomed by a shower of rain, and conducted through it to general head-quarters, located in a handsome building on the outskirts of the town, lately occupied as a female seminary.

Major Moline and myself found more acceptable quarters in the village. Our host was a lawyer, had a wife and six children, had been ruined by the war, and was reasonably cheerful under it all. After establishing we walked out to see the place—a straggling village, with some well-built cottage residences, all pleasantly embowered in trees and adorned with shrubbery and flowers. The inhabitants were on the streets, mixing freely with the officers and soldiers.

I heard from our host the following account of the death of Robert Scott, which seems to have left a deep and unfavorable impression upon the people of Fauquier County: Scott was an eminent jurist, and, in point of influence and popularity, the man of the county. He was a decided Union man, utterly repudiating the assumed validity and denying the expediency of secession. When his region was first occupied by our troops two stragglers or deserters went ranging through the neighborhood, committing numerous robberies and outrages upon the peaceful inhabitants. Robert Scott, doubtless relying on the protection due to his loyalty, headed a party of citizens and followed these marauders for the purpose of bringing them to justice. They were caught in a vacant house, and one secured before he could reach his musket. The other retreated to a room where their arms were deposited, and stood on his defense. Scott boldly entered the room, and, ordering him to surrender, received a ball through his chest. As he fell he cried to his followers, "I am killed; now rush in and seize him!" The next man that entered received a ball through the head. The others were dismayed, and the marauder escaped. The man first captured then endeavored to escape, and was shot by the follower of Scott. At this juncture a company of Federal cavalry came up, and, on being informed of the circumstances, the officer went in pursuit of the fugitive soldier. He managed
to escape, however, and taking refuge with his regiment, lionized for several days as the hero of a great fight with guerrillas. He was ultimately arrested, but how disposed of I have never heard.

July 30.—Our mess-chest having arrived, I made my breakfast on corn-bread and an egg. Our cook's first attempt at biggin coffee is not a success. Joe is a Virginian, a native of these regions, and professes to have been a servant of General Longstreet. He also professes to be well acquainted with all the roads in this country, but he is so full of military conceit that I get but little information from him. He thinks we should "advance in three columns," and we will assuredly take Richmond. But as he does not indicate the routes or the strength of the columns necessary I am but little enlightened. After sitting Joe I am inclined to think that all the military knowledge he acquired while in the service of General Longstreet is comprised in the single phrase, "Advance in three columns," as he brings it in on all occasions, and with it foils all my attempts to get additional items for my map. I hope Joe's acquaintance with the culinary art may be more varied and definite.

To-day we had Colonel Beckwith, our Chief Commissary, to dine with us. The mess-chest was resplendent, but the dinner meagre enough for a devotee in Lent. Our cook had boiled a thin-bone of veal, consequently the soup was watery and tasteless, and the bouillette as dry as oak chips. Joe was informed if he served another such dinner we would advance on him in three columns. The menace had its effect, and supper was exceptional.

July 31.—I was aroused this morning by the drums of a brigade marching southward. Usually these martial sights and sounds excite me grandly. This morning the sight of the battered and thinned regiments was extremely saddening. I am, perhaps, not so confident now as formerly, but fire and drum ring out "Bully for us!" and "Bully for you!" with union, and the men march with a firm step and well-closed ranks. Who knows, after all, but we may be marching to glory and unity?

I repaired to head-quarters and found every thing in motion. As one of my horses was with General Banks's command, and the other not yet arrived from Washington, I applied to Colonel Morgan, of the Staff, who kindly loaned me one of the extra horses, and in due time our cavalcade took the road. Passing through the village we stopped in front of a handsome house on the Sulphur Springs road, where General M'Dowell and Staff joined us. Thus reinforced, our cavalcade, numbering with officers and escorts about two hundred men, headed by the two Major-Generals, started on the Sperryville turnpike, leaving in its train a cloud of dust as dense and suffocating as was ever swallowed by an A.D.C.

The country through which we passed was hilly and wooded, and but sparsely inhabited. The road was paved with knotty quartz, badly broken, and with no tendency to cement. Its surface was consequently covered with loose, angular flints, exceedingly destructive to the horses' feet. I am pleased to perceive that General Pope is an accomplished horseman, which he shows by the quiet pace at which he moves. There is to my mind no surer indication of a green-horn in the saddle than to see him staggering recklessly through rocks, heat, mud, and dust.

Crossing Hedgeman's River at Waterloo by a temporary wooden bridge, we rode through forest for a mile, and then emerged into a charming grass-covered field surrounded by wood, where we found the head-quarters camp already pitched and the baggage unloaded. After a ride of eight miles through heat and dust the refreshment of this green and shaded spot was delicious.

August 1.—Before sunrise we mounted and were off with the General to review the troops of M'Dowell's Corps stationed in the vicinity. Recrossing Hedgeman's River by a ford we ascended a hill, on the summit of which stood a regiment of cavalry (First Maine) formed in single lines. The view from this summit was magnificent. The neighboring slopes and crests were all occupied by batteries and lines and masses of infantry standing grim and motionless, men and horses as it turned to stone by the imposing order of discipline. So absolute was the stillness that in the shadow the lines and masses might have been mistaken for immovable hedge-rows or fields of standing corn; but as we advanced the slanting rays of the morning sun revealed the lines of glittering steel, and flashed on the polished surface of the brass guns and well-burnished equipments of the batteries.
On the moment, as if the charmed stillness had been broken by the first glance of sunlight, the bugles sounded, the drums rolled from hill and valley, columns of fire leaped from the brazen throats of the cannon, shaking the earth with reverberating thunder, and wrapping the hill-tops in a shroud of white smoke. Then came the brief, stern words of command, followed by the prompt clash of arms saluting, concluding with a stirring burst of music from the bands. It was a combination of sights and sounds calculated to thrill the meanest soul with a sense of martial glory. The troops reviewed were the brigades of Towers, Hartsuff, and Duryea, composing Ricketts's Division of McDowell's Corps. In appearance a most efficient and well-disciplined body of soldiers.

As soon as the review was ended we returned to our last night's camping ground. Our canvas village had already disappeared, and we lost no time in following the march. Our ride was hot and dusty in the extreme, but as we approached the Blue Ridge the roads improved and the country became more picturesque. The hills increased to mountains, and the cultivation in the valleys appeared fresher and more pleasing than in the region below. We passed through Amisville, a straggling village twelve miles from Warrenton, and six miles farther on our road we passed Gaines's Cross Roads, a small collection of houses, made up of a farm-house, negro quarters, a store, and a blacksmith-shop. Near here we made a long halt beside a fresh stream, which opportunity I improved by taking a comfortable siesta under a tree and gathering a fresh lunch of blackberries from an adjoining field.

Located in the edge of a wood, one mile from Little Washington, we found General Banks's head-quarters encampment. General Pope's encampment was located on the edge of the same wood about five hundred yards distant from General Banks.

We have had since yesterday rumors of the evacuation of Richmond. I discussed the subject with Colonel Beckwith, who doubts its authenticity, and says, moreover, if true, it will not be to our advantage.

I was aroused from my slumbers by a message from General Pope. I armed my soul for a wearisome night-ride, but on reporting was relieved to hear that I had been called to receive my pony, which had been forwarded from Washington by the Quarter-master. This affair disposed of I returned to my enjoyable sleep.

August 2.—A sunbeam poked me in the eye this morning and roused me from a delightful night's sleep. General Banks and Staff, with many officers of his corps, have called on the commanding General to-day.

In the course of the day I revisited General Bank's camp, and was introduced to Major Pelouze, his Adjutant-General. While talking with Captain S——, a German aid-de-camp, I was astonished to perceive that after eight months of army life he had not learned to swear. His servant having grossly misbehaved, the Captain addressed him as follows: "You rascal! damn! you go immediately to the guard-house! damn!" You very bad fellow; damn!"

While the offended officer was struggling with the vernacular the reprobate snickered in his face, and only took to his heels in time to escape a sabre-cut.

General Buford, who has succeeded Hatch in command of the cavalry, has pushed to the front to-day to feel and strike any weak point on the enemy's railroad communications. The next few days will probably be anxious ones for our commander, who already seems sufficiently jaded and irascible.

August 3, Sunday.—General Banks's Corps is reviewed to-day, but as the General only takes half a dozen officers with him I am quite content to stay at home.

Around the mess-chest to-day I advanced the opinion that the people of the Southern States were, as a rule, more warlike in their tastes and habits than those of the North. Smith agreed with me, but the others took a purely partisan view of the question, and the discussion degenerated into a wrangle. After dinner Colonel Smith and myself discussed our prospects and the character of our commander. General Pope is a Kentuckian by birth, but removed to Illinois in early life. He has been educated at West Point, was distinguished in the Mexican War, and has been quite successful in the West. He was formerly attached to the corps of Topographical Engineers, and I have already remarked the readiness with which he receives and comprehends all topographical information. When I have once described to him a district of country with which I am familiar I am never called on to explain or reiterate.

This talent is the essential basis of a comprehensive soldier. Pope has always thought that the key of the rebellion lay in East Tennessee, and that region should have been occupied at all hazards in the beginning of the war. He believes in continued and determined aggression, and thinks that large bodies of cavalry should penetrate the enemy's lines from all quarters, their advance supported by masses of infantry in good positions to relieve the cavalry when pressed, or to take advantage of their successes. The National armies should never accept the defensive, except when driven by temporary necessity. I am the more pleased with these military views, as they have been my own from the beginning of the war.

We hear that General Crawford, who leads the advanced brigade, has had a skirmish with the enemy about Orange Court House, killing and capturing about sixty, with a loss of only five on our side.

August 4.—Breakfasted this morning on cornbread and cold pork. Some of our Sybarites begin to growl, and declare that the elegance of our mess-service only mocks the poverty of
our fare. To relieve our establishment from the opprobrium I got an ambulance, and, attended by John with an array of empty boxes, bags, and jugs, went in person to the Commissariat of Gordon's brigade to lay in supplies. By hard bargaining I managed to get a quart of beans and ten pounds of soap! This will serve at least to make our cups and platters shine.

In the evening I walked out alone upon the hills to enjoy the society of my own thoughts. Drum and bugle were sounding the retreat through the semicircle of camps. The thousand glimmering lights upon the hill-side shone through the moonlit mist like the lamps of a great city. These disappeared, one after another, until the moon was left to reign alone over silence and sleep. I started to return to my quarters. After entering the wood I missed my way, and wandered for nearly an hour among cavalry camps and teamsters en bivouac, all within a circle of not over two hundred yards' radius. I at length returned to General Banks's camp, and taking my bearings thence got home without difficulty. I concealed this adventure lest it might injure my topographical reputation. Yet when a man goes out to snuff the moon, and lets his thoughts go wool-gathering among the stars, he is very apt to lose himself in the intricate by-ways of this dull earth.

August 5.—This promises to be a day hotter even than yesterday, which was boiling. I passed an hour in the tent of Colonel Cleary, our chief Quarter-master. We told snake and fish stories, and our host is responsible for the following:

Some years ago, while he was crossing the Mississippi in a boat rowed by some soldiers, he saw approaching them what appeared to be a large fish, bobbing up and down upon the surface of the water like a porpoise. He handed his sabre to one of the men, and told him to strike it as it passed. The soldier watched his opportunity and gave the fish a vigorous thrust, but the point glanced as if it had struck a bladder. Resolved not to let the creature escape, the man jumped into the stream, and seizing it by the gills managed, with assistance, to get it into the boat. It proved to be a large cat-fish, which had swallowed a musk-rat. The animal's tail still hung out of its mouth. In process of digestion the rat had swelled, and generated such an amount of gas in the fish's stomach that it puffed him up like a bladder, and rendered it impossible for him to sink in the water, doubtless giving him the heart-burn in addition. The soldiers ate the cat-fish, which they declared was savory, notwithstanding its disgusting condition.

A negro came into camp with a fine horse, and telling a ronflant story about his maltreatment by guerrillas. He exhibited a rope with which he had been tied for some days, and said also that he had been chained to a tree broad shot at for amusement by his master and friends. He finally broke loose, leaped upon the guerrilla leader's horse, and escaped amidst a shower of bullets. He was ready to lead an expedition to capture his master and assistant guerrillas, and some of our officers determined to undertake it. I was requested to examine the refugee, and after a few questions had convincing proof of what I was sufficiently assured of before—that the whole story was a lie. There were no traces of gwynes upon the negro's legs or arms, and the rope with which he had been bound for several days was evidently a new one which had never been tied in a knot of any kind. He had broken loose when thus tied, and riding furiously had got into our camp. The fragment of rope he exhibited had been cut clean at either end with a sharp knife—the negro had no knife. On presenting these points to the company they were satisfied, and our refugee went to the guard-house. An hour after an old and respectable citizen, living within sight of our camps, came in to claim the horse, which had been stolen from his stable.

August 6.—Banks's corps moves forward today ten miles; we follow to-morrow. I visited some old friends residing in this neighborhood, and passed the evening in delightful social intercourse, forgetting the war with all its bitterness and devastation, past, present, and to come.

August 7.—This morning I was aroused at four o'clock, and for the two hours following our camp presented a busy scene—hasty cooking, breakfasting, packing, striking tents, and loading wagons. To escape this most disagreeable phase of camp life I rode forward to Little Washington, a sorry village of three or four hundred inhabitants, and there occupied myself in getting topographical and other information from the citizens. When the Staff cavalcade passed through I joined it, and swallowed hot dust until we arrived at Sperryville, where Sigel's command lay.

Sperryville is even smaller than Little Washington—a mere cross-roads hamlet. We found Sigel's corps under arms, ready for service. The drums beat, the cannon sounded, and the bands played as usual. The turn-out was quite imposing, showing eleven regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries. General Sigel's head-quarters were located in a plain wooden house on a pretty bluff overlooking the village, and shaded by three majestic oaks worthy of an English park. The hospital tents were pitched under the shade of these trees, and numerous buckets of iced-water were set out to refresh us. While the juniors of the Staff lolled in the shade I was sent for by the Generals, who needed some topographical information. While there I remarked the entrance of a tall, slender, spectacled officer, with pale brow, forehead, hazel eyes, and red mustache. His whole appearance struck me as indicating more of the poet and scholar than the soldier. He spoke English fluently, but with a marked German accent, and used the German language in addressing some of the officers present. This was Brigadier-General Carl Schurz.
From hence we rode forward six miles to Woodville, where we reviewed Schenks's, and afterward Milroy's brigade. This last-named brigade was composed chiefly of Western Virginians, the second, third, and fifth regiments of loyal Virginia infantry being present.

This ceremony concluded we pushed forward, and passed through a collection of the most wretchedly dilapidated buildings that I ever saw. Seeing a soldier wandering about and peeping through the crevices of the doors and weather-boarding, I asked him what place this was. "The natives call it Boston," said he. Then, winking facetiously, he said: "I am from the Old Bay State, and the name reminds me very much of Old Boston."

Late in the afternoon we reached the banks of Hazel River, and saw the encampment of Banks's corps covering the green meadows and gently-sloping hills that border that beautiful stream. The scene was one of animated cheerfulness. Thousands were grouped around the fires and camp-kettles preparing the evening meal. Thousands more were stretched upon the cool green carpet sleeping or enjoying thefreshness after the hot and dusty march. The crystal stream was alive with joyous bathers, while horses and mules were sharing the enjoyment of grass and fresh water with their biped companions. To the westward, over hill and forest, rose the grand outline of the Blue Ridge, broken by lofty and fantastic peaks, beautifully contrasting in color and sentiment with the varied and animated fore-ground.

The sight of our martial host enjoying the coolness of the evening hatt had for the moment thrilled me with pride and pleasure; but, as I raised my eyes, how quickly our pomp and power, our hopes and fears, our plans and purposes, shrunk into insignificance in presence of the blue serenity of those eternal hills.

Crossing Hazel River by a covered wooden bridge we shortly reached our head-quarters camp, already pitched and occupied by a number of officers who had ridden in advance to avoid the dust. Having selected and secured a tent, I walked down a green lane to the river, where I had a delicious bath; and then, feeling giddy from hunger and doubtful of the ability of the mess-chest to afford relief, I resolved to forage a little in my own behalf. Seeing an humble dwelling near a mill, I called and asked for something to eat. A young matron received me cheerfully, but declared there was nothing eatable in the house. I tried persuasive arts, and finally induced her to exhibit a chunk of cold corn-bread, some fresh butter, and a bowl of bonny-clabber. "Now," said I, "this would be delightful if I only had a handful of sugar to season the bonny-clabber." The young woman hesitated—looking first at me, and then at the three tallow-faced children that clung to her skirts—then said she was very sorry, but she had no sugar. I did not press the question, but sat down to my meal; my hostess meanwhile moved about uneasily, looking at the cupboard-door and then at the children; and then she opened the cupboard-door, and from behind some empty jars and cracked pitchers she took a tea-cup, and, with softening eyes and quivering lip, set it before me. It was half filled with brown sugar, evidently long hoarded and quite dry. "My good woman," I said, smiling, "I knew you had sugar from the first." She answered, blushing: "Indeed, Sir, that is all I have; and it is the only sweet thing I have about the house, or have had for a long time. A soldier gave me that in return for some milk, and I have kept it for my children. When the little ones are sick they cry for sweet things, and it grieves me when I have none to give them. When I went to the store, six months ago, sugar was a dollar and a half a pound, and I was too poor to buy any; and since that it is not to be had at any price."

While my hostess was talking I remorselessly devoured the last grain of her sugar, and rising to depart laid a silver quarter on the table. She declared accepting remuneration, saying she desired her to see me eat. I gave the piece to one of the children and hastily returned to camp.

I found the mess-chest open, and Joe standing by a fire over his empty pots and pans in a state of great perplexity. There was no meat. Calling my man John, I ordered a two-gallon jug to be filled with molasses, and several pounds of sugar in a box; loading him with these I bade him follow me, and returned directly to the cottage by the mill. At the sight of these treasures the eyes of mother and children sparkled with delight. She thanked me over and over, declaring she was prouder of the sugar than all she had in the house besides. On taking leave I said: "Now, my good woman, keep this carefully for your children, and don't give it away to every idle soldier that comes prowling around for food."

"Bless you, Sir!" she exclaimed, "if there Lord always makes me as good a return as He has done for the handful I gave you, the children will never want!"

August 8.—By sunrise this morning we were on the road to Culpepper Court House. We lost several animals by the heat yesterday, and this morning several of the staff-horses, including one or two belonging to the General, are badly drowned.

Profiting by the experiences of yesterday, Colonel Beckwith and myself dropped behind the cavalcade far enough to avoid the dust, and in this way had an agreeable ride in defiance of the heat, pleasantly discussing great and little men, and matters of war and state policy. As we approached our destination the mountain spurs disappeared, and the country was more open and cultivated.

Seeking for General Pope we were directed to the head-quarters of General McDowell, established at the residence of Mr. Wallach, a loyal Virginian, and the well-known editor of the Washington Star, situated about three-
quart-ers—the riff-ruff still struggling in from the front with most discouraging reports. I think at least two hundred have passed, looking unusually scared and jaded.

As we entered the street of the village, how-
ever, we met a superb dramatic contrast to this sniveling crowd. This was Crawford's brigade moving to the front, with drums beating and colors flying. I recognized the gallant com-
mander and his adjutant, D'Hauteville, in the van. As they passed the General saluted me "Lieutenant-Colonel." I turned and rode with him a short distance, when he informed me that Governor Pierpont had forwarded me a com-
mision of Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, which was now with General Banks. Promotion is always agreeable to a soldier, and I was espe-
cially gratified to receive it from the Governor of my native State.

Returning to my companion we waited to see the brigade pass. It was the most inspiriting sight I ever beheld. There were four regi-
ments of infantry and two batteries. The regi-
ments were the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Fifth Connecticut, Tenth Maine, and Twenty-eighth New York, with Roemer's and Knapp's batteries.

Riding on to Mr. Wallach's residence, we found the Generals there as usual. Our host presented me to some young ladies visiting at his house, who claimed kindred which I, of course, was delighted to acknowledge. While in Washington I had several lengthy interviews with a refugee from this vicinity from whom I obtained a great deal of valuable information of various kinds. On reporting the result of my examinations to the General one day, he said, abruptly, "I am told that your man is a scoundrel. When he calls again arrest him and turn him over to the Provost Marshal." I remon-
strated warmly, insisting that the man was true and had furnished a deal of valuable information. The General then said, "Very well, if you have faith in him make what you can of him."

This afternoon my refugee appeared at head-
quar ters and called me aside. He was just from Louisa Court House, and said there were no Confederates there. He suggested that the present was a favorable opportunity to direct a cavalry raid against the railroad at that point. He said Jackson was across the Rapidan with about thirty thousand men and seventy guns, some of them twenty or thirty pounders. My man had moved among the troops for half a day, and said, from the talk among them, it was Jackson's intention to toll Pope across the Rapidan. I immediately mentioned this in-
formation to General Pope, who said that King had already sent out an expedition from Fred-
ericksburg and destroyed the railroad below Louisa. The estimate of Jackson's force he said accorded with his own opinions. I then mentioned the source from whence I had got the news, which I imagined may have dashed the Commander's faith in it, but he said no-
thing.
August 9.—Saturday. I slept well, disturbed only by the half-consciousness of hearing wagons moving on the road all night. This I understand was Banks's corps moving. The trains were all parked in the fields between us and town, but the troops had passed on to the front.

After breakfast I retired to my tent for the purpose of writing some letters of personal importance. In the midst of my occupation I was startled by the boom of artillery apparently about five miles distant to the southward. I immediately buckled on my equipments, ordered my horse to be saddled, and then returned to finish my letters. Meanwhile the cannonading continued from time to time with repeated intervals of silence. After dinner

"The war which for a space did fail
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale."

The thuds of the guns became more rapid and continuous, and seemed at times to be approaching Culpepper; but this might probably be from a change of the wind. I became very restless, feeling assured there was a battle going on, and called on my friend, Colonel Beckwith, who said that the sounds indicated it very clearly.

General Pope meanwhile sat quietly smoking and reading at his tent door. Concluding that he must have all the needful information on the subject I retired to my tent, and throwing myself on my bed endeavored to go to sleep, not the less convinced that a battle was in progress.

About four o'clock p.m. the order was suddenly given for the Staff to mount. In a few minutes we were on the road. Passing through the village I observed the inhabitants thronging the doors and windows, their faces glistly with anxiety and terror.

M'Dowell, who started with us, now gave orders to the divisions of his command lying around Culpepper to move forward without delay. The head of Sigel's column was not yet in from Sperryville, but the General and Staff had ridden forward to report. The troops of this command were said to be much jaded by the heat and fatigue, consequently General Pope allowed them one hour to halt and refresh, after which they were ordered to move immediately to the front.

As we rode forward toward the scene of action the pounding of the cannon became more and more furious. The regiments of M'Dowell's command were moving rapidly by the highway and through fields, cheering us heartily as we passed. Approaching still nearer the field we were met by a column of wounded on foot, on horseback, and in ambulances, with the usual accompaniment of assistants and non-combatants. The Staff and escort immediately drew sabres and went in to drive back the stragglers. But the bloody bandages and stout countenances of the men, many of whom still carried their arms, showed there had been no stampede. Few were found who were not legitimately going to the rear.

Meanwhile the thunder of the cannon had been succeed by rapid and continuous volleys of musketry. We had already entered the battle-cloud. The setting sun looked red through the dust and sulphurous smoke. The ghastly procession of bandaged and bloody soldiers and dripping ambulances still continued.

As messengers and staff-officers reported to the General our pace was quickened. Meanwhile the sounds of the combat had ceased, and we arrived on the field just about sunset, meeting General Banks attended by a single aid-de-camp. The General halted in an open field just behind the wood held by our troops. The roughly-handled brigades and batteries of Banks's command had fallen back to the position from which they had advanced in the morning. A further retrograde was checked by the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief and the fresh column of M'Dowell. As the troops passed to occupy the positions assigned them they rent the murky air with repeated and defiant cheers. The Commanders at length dismounted and seated themselves on the rocky ledges of a gentle cumece, while Staff and escort followed their example, glad to escape the weariness of the saddle.

In the mean time the full moon in her glory had risen on our left. We lay here for an hour, probably, during which time I heard at intervals a dropping fire of musketry in the wood in front, and an occasional volley apparently fired by a company. At the same time I had observed numerous stragglers and some organized companies issuing from the wood and moving to the rear by the main Culpepper road and across fields. At length we were startled by the screening of a shell just over our position, exploding a hundred yards or more beyond. Another and another followed, and then they flew by half dozens, hurtling and crashing in nervous explosions. The wood was given to shelter ourselves, and we crouched as near the ground as possible on the slope opposite the batteries, with no other advantage that I could perceive than that of avoiding the direct fire by exposing more surface to the fragments of shells, spherical, case, and other deadly missiles which showered around and among us, so close that we were frequently peppered with the dirt and gravel they scattered in their fall.

We lay here holding our horses by the bridles for a half hour or three-quarters of an hour, watching the fiery tracks of these death-dealing meteors athwart the sky, listening to the thuds of the falling fragments, and making neat calculations as to our chances of being missed. That is, I suppose other people were thus occupied, as there was little said beyond an occasional nervous attempt at a joke. Our respected Chief of Engineers had brought an umbrella to the field, which unmilitary utensil had excited some merriment. In the thickest of the storm a voice was heard desiring him to hoist it for the protection of the company. A stunning explosion near enough to make our ears sing was the only
response. Another got up sufficient nonchal-  
ance to observe, that the scene, with the glori-  
os moon hanging on the verge of that mass of  
clouds contrasting with the red glare of the  
bursting shells, was sublime. Quoth a com-  
rade at his elbow, "Yes, sublime as hell!"  
And the aptness of his illustration was verified  
by a chorus of demoniac howls that pierced the  
shuddering air. I had once or twice remarked  
in the pride of my heart that I would rather  
take a shot myself than have my mare hit.  
Yet when the faithful creature in her tremor  
put her nose close to my face, and stood over  
my prostrate body, I experienced a sentiment  
of involuntary gratitude for the slim protection  
thus afforded, even considering the probability  
of being crushed by her falling.  

While the cannonade continued the dropping  
fire of musketry was occasionally resumed in the  
wood, and stragglers might still be seen  
dribbling to the rear in considerable numbers.  
Meanwhile the moon had become obscured by  
the rising clouds, and to the relief of all the  
fighting from the batteries ceased. Stimulated  
by the excitement our party resumed their con-  
versation, which sparkled with facetious cheer-  
fulness.

In the partial darkness which enveloped the  
field I observed a body of cavalry emerging  
from the wood by the Culpepper road. They  
moved at a walk, and when the head of their  
column had passed our position they halted, the  
nearest part of their line being not over forty  
yards distant. I remarked to an officer that I  
felt annoyed at seeing our troops continually re-  
tiring from the front in this manner. At the  
same moment there was a sharp fire of musketry  
opened from the wood which extended at right  
angles across the Culpepper road, the balls hiss-  
ing through the bushes under which we sat, and  
covering us with leaves and twigs. Immediately  
our whole company, officers and escort,  
umbering probably a hundred persons, sprang  
to their feet. As we rose I heard the words of  
command passing along the column of cavalry  
on the road, which instantly wheeled into line  
and opened fire with pistols and carbines, rat-  
ting like forty barrels of Chinese crackers ig-  
nited at once.

There was a general scrambling for horses and  
a mounting in hot haste. Perceiving that  
we were exposed to a concentrated fire from a  
long line on the Culpepper road and a cross-fire  
from the wood, I did not see the advantage of  
being on horseback, but concluded to wait and  
take my chances where I stood until the pistols  
were emptied and there was a slackening of the  
 fusillade.

Near me stood Captain Menkin of the escort.  
Observing that a number of his troopers had  
leaped into their saddles at the first alarm, he  
shouted, authoritatively, "Who dares to mount  
without orders? Dismount!" Down came the  
abashed offenders. With a stern and brief  
rebuke for their unsoldierly haste he gave the  
order with studied deliberation, "Prepare to  
mount! Mount!"

It was executed with the cool precision of a  
field parade, although the very air was hot with  
the hissing lead, and the ground beneath and  
around sparkled with lines of fire where the  
balls struck and ricocheted over the surface of  
flinty gravel stones. I mounted at the same  
moment, seeing the Staff and escort moving off  
in a body and at a trot, which as they de-  
sceded the little slope broke into a gallop. As
we moved obliquely out from the angle in which we had been enveloped, and across the open field, I perceived that the fire of the enemy increased in intensity, at the same moment a regiment of our own lying on a little elevation just across our route rose to its feet and opened fire in our faces, at forty yards distant.

This new danger stamped and scattered our cavalcade. The body of the troop swerving to the left, bent over their saddle-bows and going it with bloody spurs and loose reins. I had hung back thus far curbing the wild excitement of my mare with considerable difficulty, and rather distracting to bow my head in deference to the enemy's balls.

At the first crash of musketry in this new direction I drew rein firmly, and observing that the line of fire, delivered by companies from the right, was beautifully ranged, evidently passing over our heads and directed at the enemy's cavalry, I changed my course only enough to turn the right of the regiment, at the same time kissing my mare's mane to allow the friendly bullets to pass. I presently overtook a squad composed of half a dozen juniors of our Staff going it handsomely and all together. Taking note of a worm fence a short distance ahead, and six or seven rails in height, I held back and let the youngsters strike it with a crash. The rails flew in every direction and two or three horses went down, but they quickly righted, leaving the fence demolished and nobody killed. Riding several hundred yards further, until we found ourselves entirely clear of the "echauflée," we stopped in the middle of a field to rally and count noses.

Quite a number of officers and several riderless horses gathered at this point, but no one who could give any account of General Pope, Colonel Ruggles, or Major Meline. The last glimpse I had had of our Commander and his Adjutant, by the blaze of our own musketry, they were going with heads down and loose reins as if moving considerably to the left of the route we took. Major Meline was last seen as reported, afoot, streaking it across the flat between our position and the Federal regiment, his horse having escaped through the carelessness and trepidation of an orderly. Officers and orderlies were immediately dispatched in every direction to ascertain the fate or the whereabouts of the Commander-in-Chief.

While we speculated in anxious uncertainty as to the fate of our comrades the enemy opened fire from a battery planted on the spot we had just vacated. In response two batteries of ours quickly opened at short range, and for the next half hour the earth shook with their continuous and rapid discharges. Half a mile to the rear a third battery of ours, located on a summit, commenced firing; but as it was feared the shells might injure our own men, Colonel Marshall, of the Staff, rode back to stop it. Our Staff being scattered in all directions in search of the Commander, I determined to take my position on the Culpepper road, a short distance behind our fighting batteries, assured that it afforded the best opportunity of obtaining current information and effecting a reunion with our Chief. Indeed, I was not without grave apprehensions that both General Pope and Colonel Ruggles had been killed or perhaps captured.

The moon, which had hitherto been obscured, now rolled her broad disk above the bank of clouds, illuminating a scene of terrific beauty. Over each of the batteries engaged was piled a mountain of smoke like the cumulus clouds after a storm, the summits lying white as driven snow in the moonlight. Below, these cloud mountains were of a glaring red from the incessant blaze of the guns, recalling descriptions of the snow-capped volcanoes of the Andes.

But apart from this pictorial splendor the scene on the Culpepper road was not encouraging. Regiments of infantry, troops of cavalry, batteries, and innumerable individual stragglers were passing to the rear in a continued stream. I was the more disturbed as I did not understand the reason of this retrograde myself, and knew that it must be unknown to the Commander-in-Chief.

I stopped an officer commanding a battery, who informed me he was retiring to replenish his stock of ammunition and to obtain a better position. Another whom I stopped told me General Pope had gone to Culpepper. I doubted this, and determined not to move. I afterward ascertained these were Banks's troops retiring by order to a position in the rear. Presently a foot straggler addressed me in a lachrymose tone, desiring to know if I had seen a drum lying any where along the road? I answered yes, I had seen a drum lying in a fence corner about a hundred yards distant, pointing to the spot. He then volunteered to tell me that he was drummer to such a regiment, and having been sick in the hospital and very weak and nervous, he had dropped his drum and run to the guns first opened; but he hasted to go back to the regiment without it. I told him to get it then—it looked badly to see drums and equipments lying about; it looked as if the men were scared. "Well, Captain," said he, "it's no use to talk; I can't stand this sort of thing, specially since I had the typhoid so bad, it's left me nervous like." I determined that he should get his drum, however, and made him accompany me to the spot, where he found it and went to the rear rejoicing.

Captain Platt of the Staff, who had been wandering, now joined me, and we determined to remain here until further information. The fire of the batteries at length ceased, and a few minutes after one of our Staff officers, carrying orders back to Culpepper, passed, and informed us that General Pope with the other Commanders was on this road some short distance ahead. Pushing forward we presently came upon the group of officers dismounted and sitting under a tree by the road-side. The Commander-in-Chief, with the three corps Commanders, Banks,
M'Dowell, and Sigel, were in consultation, while the orderlies, officers, and attendants sat around. It was now about twelve, midnight, and my own hunger, which I had nothing to satisfy, reminded me of the wants of my steed; so I got some corn from one of the orderlies, and, slipping the bit out of my mare's mouth, set her to feeding in the fence corner, and with the rein in my hand leaned against a rail, hoping to get a short nap. Fatigued as I was it was not long before the realities around me melted into dreams. From these I was suddenly aroused by the sound of musketry near at hand, the balls pattering against the trees and fence rails just over my head.

The Generals, it seems, had a second time been doing picket duty for the army. We got out of this speedily, but quietly retiring to an assured position in the midst of an open field behind our lines. We were ordered to remain here while Generals Pope and M'Dowell rode forward alone to reconnoitre the ground to our right.

I conversed with General Banks here, and found him suffering extremely from a contusion received early in the evening, in the melee with the unexpected advance of the enemy's column. The orderly standing by his side was killed; the horse, rearing, struck the General with his forefoot, inflicting a painful if not serious injury. We endeavored to persuade him to retire, but he would not leave the ground.

Two or three of our escort troopers were killed outright. General Crawford rode into the enemy's advance cavalry, receiving their fire in his face, which killed two of his orderlies. Colonel Clark, whose horse had escaped, lay close, and was run over by the rebel charge, but escaped unhurt. I could not hear that a single officer of our large party was hit, which, considering the proximity and intensity of the fire, seems almost incredible. It furnishes a striking example of the futility of fire-arms in the hands of mounted men. If these fellows had charged, sabre in hand, they might probably have killed and captured all the chiefs of the army at one haul. As it was, whatever may have been the motive of the enemy or the force engaged in that movement, it has met with a signal repulse.

Finding several sheafs of cut wheat I collected them and made a bed, upon which I lay down to sleep with bridle in hand. I was in time aroused by my mare, who was regaling herself upon my couch. The moon was sailing grandly through the quiet sky, edging with silver some dark cloud-mountains which rose in the western horizon. Orion with his belts of triple stars suggested the goal of a soldier's ambition—a Lieutenant—General's shoulder-straps, or a silver-studded coffin. An occasional meteor streaked the azure dome with its fiery trail, brilliant and evanescent as a warrior's fame. Even Mars, the ascendant planet, drowned in the prevailing flood of chilling light, burned with a pale and sickly red. The earthly fires of death are quenched, and the opposing hosts lay face to face silent as nature. Tomorrow is Sunday—a day in Christian countries sacred to the God of Battles. The sanguinary combat just concluded is but the prelude to the bloodier and more decisive struggle that awaits upon to-morrow's dawn.

The increasing coolness of the air warned me that the awful hour was already at hand, and I was thrilled with a sudden pang as I saw the morning-star glittering in the East. I remembered many a gallant and warm-hearted comrade who now slept chill and gory on yonder field, and thought, "Who of us shall see that star again? May God deal kindly with the widows and orphans!"

August 10, Sunday.—It was broad daylight before Generals Pope and M'Dowell returned. We then rode back to Colvin's Tavern, and there took our frugal breakfasts. Mine consisted of two cakes of hard-tack and a handful of red clover—not a bad meal when one can do no better.

Riding forward again we took position in the edge of a wood, anxiously awaiting the opening cannon. The approaching battle and its chances were discussed in undertones, and with serious countenances. At length about six o'clock the cannon sounded, but after half a dozen shots, delivered at intervals, it ceased, there being no response from the enemy. A line of skirmishers was then pushed forward, and, for a while, there was a scattering fire of musketry, but it presently became apparent that the enemy had withdrawn from our front during the night.

Some further information induced the General to think that they might be making an attempt to turn our right. I was sent forward with a message to M'Dowell advising him of this report, and requesting him to send out Colonel Bayard with the cavalry to ascertain the nature of the enemy's movement. On delivering my message to General M'Dowell I found the order had been anticipated. The cavalry had already gone out.

The General's quarters were in a handsome brick house belonging to a Mr. Nolle, late Purser in the United States Navy. This house had lately been the home of plenty and refinement. Its surroundings of handsome trees, lawn, shrubs, and flowers, indicated the presence of feminine taste and attention. On the immediate verge of the battle-field it had been converted into a hospital. The parlor more resembled a butcher's shambles than a gentleman's dwelling. Beside the piano stood the amputating table. Rich carpets, hurriedly torn up and huddled into corners, were replaced by bloody sheets and blankets. The remaining furniture dabbled with blood—cases of surgical instruments lay upon the tables and mantle-piece lately dedicated to elegant books, curious rarities, and flower-vases. Outside the treetops were riven by the cannon-shot, while the green lawn was covered with dead and dying men, with blood-soaked mattresses and gory
stretches, and dabbled garments and equipments. Death among the roses. The surgeons spoke in glowing terms of the sympathy and assistance afforded by the ladies of the family, who showed that the cultivation of the tastes of elegant life is in nowise incompatible with the exalted courage necessary to fulfill the nobler duties of humanity.

Returning to our position in the wood we waited for some time longer, until it became evident that the enemy had no intention of attacking us.

Our troops had been disposed to meet the flank movement apprehended, but nothing came of it, and about mid-day we rode over to Ver- non's, where we lunched from baskets sent forward by our servants from the head-quarters' train. We were caught here by a thunder-shower, which cooled the air and afforded me an opportunity to get a nap on a mattress, vacated by a dead soldier just carried out for burial. When the rain ceased the General moved across to another wood occupied by Sigel's head-quarters. On the way the storm recommenced, the rain pouring down in a manner that rendered the shelter of trees and gum over-coats entirely nugatory. We took it in the open road with soldierly impassiveness.

After the visit to Sigel the General rode over to Nolle's house, and established himself there with General M'Dowell. The heat had become more insufferable since the rain, and the two Major-Generals sat beneath an apple-tree on a wagon-tongue, while several of the Staff officers occupied themselves watching the enemy's movements on Cedar Mountain, in full view...
from this point. I saw several regiments moving from the vicinity of Slaughter's house, apparently descending the mountain by a road to the right. This I was satisfied was a retrograde march, and so reported to General Pope. As we were talking together a file of soldiers passed bearing the body of a man on a stretcher. The General asked:

"Is that man dead?"

"Dead, certainly," I replied. "Observe the ashen hue and rigid pose of that hand as it drops below the blanket."

He watched the party until they deposited the body in a grave beneath a tree in sight, and then remarked with a softened manner which I had not before remarked in him: "Well, poor fellow, there seems to be devilish little that is attractive about the life of a private soldier!"

"In fact, you might say, General," responded McDowell, "very little that is attractive in the life of a soldier of any grade."

Five bodies were carried by from Nolle's yard and buried under the same tree; but the chiefs had turned their thoughts in other channels, and no further comments were made. August 11.—The dead of both armies are still lying on the field where they fell, blackening and putrefying under the sweltering sun. There are some badly wounded still lying on the ground. Oars, who are brought in from time to time, report that the rebel pickets had treated them kindly, bringing them water to drink and washing the clotted gore from their faces. One man, to escape the torment of the burning sun, had managed to build himself a shelter of green corn-stalks, into which he crept and died. The Stote patience of our wounded is surprising, as among them all I have heard no cry nor complaint beyond an occasional stifled groan.

The late field being now neutral ground held by neither army, a sort of voluntary truce has been observed extending to those seeking to relieve the wounded still lying there. The enemy, I am told, have demanded a truce for burying the dead. It is accosted, although we all believe he will make use of it to retire behind the Rapidan.

General Buford, commanding the cavalry, arrived to-day, having retired from Madison Court House, through Sperryville, and thence to Culpepper. General King, with two fine brigades, has also arrived from Fredericksburg.

A number of our officers have been to the front, and have met under the truce with old friends and acquaintances on the other side. General J. E. B. Stuart, commanding their cavalry, was on the ground and talked with Colonel Marshall of our Staff in a cheerful, friendly manner. Marshall says, however, that they are very much down, and their gayety assumed.

About five o'clock in the afternoon General Pope went out to reconnoitre the front of our position. A dozen or more prisoners of the enemy were brought in, good-looking fellows physically, but dirty and squalid. They seemed pleased with the chance of getting something to eat.

August 12.—We were afoot early this morning. The apprehended shelling had been taken place, and, moreover, the enemy had entirely disappeared from our front. This I had felt assured of when the truce was proposed. Since leaving our trains at Culpepper on the afternoon of the ninth the Staff had been existing without any visible means of support, leading a life which in civil circles would have been termed "gentle beggary."

We have positive intelligence that the enemy is in full retreat and crossing the Rapidan. Buford was immediately ordered to follow with his cavalry, and to the still greater satisfaction of many we hear the Staff train is en route for this place.

To-day we saw a copy of Jeff Davis's proclamation, declaring that General Pope and his officers when captured are to be treated as felons and not as prisoners of war. I do not perceive that the general joy at the prospect of rejoining our mess-chests is at all dampened by this tremendous manifesto. I was sent forward with an order to hasten Buford's advance. Having delivered my message I took the opportunity of riding over the late battle-field. On the spot where the evening's advance fell upon the Staff on Saturday night, afterward occupied by one of their batteries, I saw fourteen dead bodies of horses, swelled and corrupting, in close contiguity. There were also four dead bodies of the artillerists, supposed to be a captain, a lieutenant, and two privates. There were altogether twenty-seven horses lying in this vicinity, and the field and road were stained with blood and covered with scattered hats, equipments, broken wheels, and vehicles. The wood behind was terribly stained by our artillery fire, not among the tree-tops, as is usually the case; but all our missiles seem to have struck near the ground, with an accuracy fatal to any body of infantry which may have occupied the wood as support for the artillery. The effect of the fire was further indicated by the quantities of bloodstained rags, clothes, and equipments that lay in the wood. I here observed, in half a dozen instances, that our 12-pounder shells had penetrated the trunks of trees from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, and remained sticking there unexploded, which proves that a forest affords very good protection against the direct fire of artillery, and that the fuse of a shell is apt to be extinguished by penetrating a tree. Passing through this wood I crossed a brook, and observed the open ground beyond strewn with broken belts, cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, bayonet-scabbards, blood-stained blankets, overcoats, hats, and shoes. The shoes had apparently been left by the rebels who exchanged with our dead and wounded. There were a few graves here and there of our men and officers buried where they fell.
By this time the intensity of the heat had overcome my curiosity and I returned to headquarters, stopping by the way to sketch the position of the rebel battery before described. At Nolle's house I proceeded to retouch my drawing, when I observed General M'Dowell looking over my shoulder with appreciative interest. When completed he took it and wrote under it with a pencil, "Effect of Hall and Thompson's Fifth and Second Maine Batteries, M'Dowell's Corps, on Enemy's Artillery."

August 13.—Buford is following Jackson closely, capturing stragglers and menacing his trains. In the afternoon I rode out with Major Moline to visit the battle-field. Reviewing the ground lately described we rode over the space where the bloodiest contest had occurred, and beyond to the lines occupied by the enemy. The dead men were all buried; but the bodies of at least a hundred horses lay scattered over the field, and the stench was insupportable. The ground was rutted in every direction with the wheels of the artillery, and thickly strewed with débris. The graves and trenches we saw did not seem to indicate the large number of dead reported. The enemy's graves were nearly all in the woods, and hidden among secluded thickets; while those of the Union troops were in the open fields.

August 14.—General Doubleday tells me that Barnside's forces are on their way to join us. While the General went out to review King's Division the officers in camp entertained themselves discussing the late battle.

The commanders at Cedar Mountain were apparently in entire ignorance of each other's forces and intentions. The battle was fought without any adequate motive on either side, and was apparently the result of an accidental meeting, where they fell to fighting naturally like game-cocks. From the equality of the losses, the division of the burial honors, and the absence of all tactical or strategic advantage resulting to either party, it might be called a drawn battle; but Jackson's retreat gives the Federal Commander a right to claim the victory before the country; and, considered purely as a test of manhood, the honors are decidedly with the National troops.

Hearing that General Banks was confined to his bed, I rode back to Culpepper to visit him. On the way I turned aside to look at a burial-ground of rebel soldiers who died of wounds and sickness during their occupation of Manassas. There were about three hundred graves, arranged in straight lines, each headed by a decent board recording the name, regiment, and State of the deceased. The inclosure was gone, and some of our men, attracted by curiosity, were struggling over the ground reading the inscriptions. I overheard an officer warning them particularly to respect the place.

On an open common just outside the village I passed Banks's Corps, paraded for inspection review. General Williams, as the oldest Brigadier left standing, was in command. The regiments looked fuller and in better trim than I expected.

On entering the street I met General Crawford moving out at the head of his brigade; at
the same point I had met him on the afternoon of the eighth. After him followed Gordon's. The regiments looked thinner than when I last met them; but their gallant array and stern countenances gave promise of future victory. The march of this fine column was cadenced to the music of a superb brass band, belonging to one of Gordon's regiments, which made old Culpepper ring with the air of the Pilgrim Fathers, while from door and casement looked many a pale and anxious face, silently cursing them with their eyes. Here might be seen the elements of this irrepressible conflict brought face to face in dramatic contiguity. The sons of the old Puritans marching with the tread of remorseless fate, shaking the time-honored seats of the Ancient Dominion with the music of the grandest anthem that ever Genius has consecrated to freedom.

Turning from the scene with feelings of mingled pride and sadness I rode on to General Banks's quarters. I found the General in bed suffering considerably, and entirely disabled from bruises received on Saturday night. We discoursed confidentially on matters connected with the late battle and the general policy of the war; and I left him more than ever impressed with a sense of his firm and lofty patriotism.

While there an old gentleman of the neighborhhood called to pay his respects. In him I recognized a personal acquaintance, and one not unknown to fame in former times. He talked with great volubility, declaring his property had been wasted to such an extent that he must get permission to leave the country, or see his family starve. When rising to take leave, with the irrepressible hospitality of his class he commiserated the General's bruises, and offered to send him any thing in his power to render his condition more comfortable. Observing a smile upon my face he stopped abruptly, exclaiming: "Damn it, I've got nothing to send to any body!"

August 16.—I spent the day in writing, studying topography, and pleasant social intercourse.

August 17, Sunday.—Tents were struck at an early hour this morning, and head-quarters were moved to Hutson's House, situated in full view of Cedar Mountain, and in the midst of the late battle-field. Leaving the Staff cavalcade I rode over to the mountain and visited the house of the Reverend Dr. Slaughter, late rebel head-quarters, and commanding a beautiful and comprehensive view of the country from Culpepper to the Rapidan. This house has been completely gutted; and it was pitiable to see the fragments of a tastefully-selected library fluttering over the fields on the mountain side. Among these I recognized the torn leaves of a valuable Italian collection called "Il Vaticano." The plates illustrating the frescoes, paintings, and statuary of St. Peter's and the Vatican were all gone. The furniture of the establishment had received no better treatment. Our men charged this destruction on the rebels, who were outraged at finding among the reverend gentleman's papers some Abolition correspondence, as they characterized some letters on the subject of African colonization. Of this I know nothing.

At the corner of a wood I found a large party of our soldiers industriously engaged in exhumaing something from under a mound of fresh earth, supposed to conceal silver plate and other treasures. The sun was broiling, and they sweltered considerably at their voluntary labor. They presently stirred up the putrid body of a horse. This instead of disenchanting them only served to create fresh hopes. What more adroit and natural way of concealing treasure than by burying it under this offensive body? Suffocated by the intolerable odor I left them, still in high hopes, declaring that every stroke of their mattocks gave forth a hollow sound. Doubtless their hopes proved as hollow as the sound.

Returning to head-quarters I found our tents pitched around a queer old-fashioned caddy of a house which had been used as a temporary hospital during the fight. The yard was filled with blood-stained rags, clothes, and bedding, and the grass in and about our tents soaked with blood. In close proximity were three positions lately occupied by Augur's batteries, furnishing an aggregate of thirty slaughtered horses in various stages of decomposition; so every breeze that blew came richly laden with odors. I can not imagine that any strategic advantage could compensate for so filthy and unhealthy a location. At M'Dowell's suggestion an attempt was made to abate the nuisance by burning the bodies; but this being imperfectly executed only gives us roasted carrion instead of raw, which, I hereby certify on honor, is no improvement.
Walking out to view the extreme left of our position I stopped at a negro cabin and questioned a woman about the battle. She said she was at home when it commenced, but as it grew hotter she escaped with the children to a neighbor's house a mile distant. In describing the action she said: "Their cannons did not kill many of your men; the bombs all flew over their heads. But your cannons killed a great many of them, making lanes through them as they marched; one bomb killed fifteen men. The most of your men were slaughtered when they fit over the hill that with the little guns." This account accorded precisely with what our officers had told me.

As these loose and somewhat disjointed notes of personal experiences give but an imperfect view of the operations about Cedar Mountain, it is essential that I should complete them by a brief but more comprehensive account, the additional material for which was obtained from officers on both sides who took part in the action, official reports carefully sifted and compared with what I saw on the ground and heard discussed at head-quarters.

It appears that Jackson was ordered to occupy and defend Gordonsville against the menaced attack of the Federal Commander. He moved with two divisions—Ewell's and Winder's—arriving at Gordonsville between the 16th and the 19th of July. He was subsequently reinforced by A. P. Hill's division, his cavalry under the command of General Robinson. On the 24th of August a detachment of the rebel cavalry under Colonel Jones, moving to take position on the Rapidan, had a collision with Bayard's cavalry at Orange Court House, and was badly thrashed, Colonel Jones being wounded and Major Marshall captured, with a loss of fifty or sixty men.

Receiving information that only a portion of Pope's army had reached Culpepper Court House Jackson resolved to advance and attack it, hoping to crush the detachment before concentration could be effected; and with this view he moved from Gordonsville on the 7th.

On the 8th Robinson's cavalry crossed the Rapidan, Bayard slowly falling back, but at the same time exhibiting such dangerous activity that the rebel Commander became alarmed for the safety of his trains, and was obliged to detach a brigade of infantry to protect them. Simultaneously on the afternoon of the 8th General Crawford moved out on the Orange road to support Bayard, and met his retiring column at Colvin's Tavern. Turning about, the forces took a position facing the enemy on Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpepper.

On the forenoon of the 9th the enemy advanced some guns, and opened on the cavalry of Bayard displayed on a ridge. Four guns of Knapp's battery returned the fire, and about eleven o'clock A.M. the enemy withdrew. At this point General Crawford received orders from the General commanding to hold the enemy in check until the arrival of General Banks,
who was moving out to his support with the whole corps.

About noon General Williams, commanding the First Division, to which Crawford’s brigade belonged, arrived on the field with Gordon’s brigade and took command, posting Gordon on the right of Crawford, and subsequently drawing the whole of Crawford’s brigade to the right of the Culpepper road. Between one and two o’clock General Banks arrived on the field, followed by Augur’s Second Division, composed of three brigades—First, Second, and Third—commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Geary, Prince, and Green. This command took position on the left of the Orange road, Geary next to the road, and Prince on the left—Green’s brigade, being reduced by detachments to the strength of a small regiment (457 men), was left to guard a battery posted to protect the left flank of the division.

While this was going on the enemy was equally active in bringing up his batteries, maneuvering his cavalry, and placing his infantry in position. Winder, commanding Jackson’s old division, with three brigades, took position in the edge of a thick wood commanding open fields in front from three to five hundred yards across. These brigades faced Crawford and Gordon; Ewell, moving around Cedar Mountain, came in on Winder’s right, confronting and outflanking Prince; Early’s brigade confronted Geary. The division of A. P. Hill was on the road moving up. For several hours the fight was waged with artillery with occasional skirmishing as the day advanced. The National infantry, in position to support the batteries, and taking advantage of ground as far as possible to protect them from the adverse fire, sustained very little loss; while our artillery, although inferior in the number of guns, and less advantageously posted, maintained itself handsome-

ly, inflicting considerable loss on the enemy’s masses concealed in the woods.

Augur, during the cannonade, had deployed as skirmishers a battalion of Prince’s brigade, composed of the Eighth and Twelfth Regulars, who advanced gallantly to within thirty yards of the enemy’s concealed line of battle, obliging him to discover his force and position, and to use his batteries with grape and canister on the skirmish line. The Regulars maintained their position, however, in spite of the artillery and the close volleys of musketry discharged against them, until Captain Pitcher, their commander, and nearly all their officers were hors de combat, and the general advance of the National lines placed them between two fires, when they retired slowly and in order, to resume the fight later in the evening.

About five o’clock in the afternoon General Crawford received orders to advance his brigade to a position in the woods preparatory to an attack upon the enemy’s left flank. In executing this preliminary order he formed his brigade in line of battle directly opposite the enemy’s left. Perceiving that he would be obliged to advance over open ground for three hundred yards before reaching the enemy, posted in the opposite wood, and that he would during this advance be exposed to a fire of infantry and artillery, front and flanks, he sent a Staff officer to the General commanding requesting a section of Napoleon guns to clear the woods before making his attack. Before this messenger could return an officer of the General Staff rode up and urged the immediate execution of the order. Leaving the Tenth Maine under the orders of the General Staff officer, General Crawford, with his three remaining regiments and six companies of the Third Wisconsin of Gordon’s brigade, moved upon the enemy with fixed bayonets, crossing the open ground at a double-
quick in face of a murderous fire front and flank. The battalion of the Third Wisconsin suffering most from the enemy's flank fire, and losing its gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, with many men and officers, broke and fell back to its original position, where it re-formed. The three regiments, under Colonels Kwipe, Donnelly, and Chapman, gained the wood and overthrew the enemy in a hand-to-hand fight, driving several brigades of infantry and the batteries back pell-mell upon the reserves under A. P. Hill.

The vigor of this attack can only be properly appreciated by referring to the accounts which the enemy themselves give of it. They represent their left overwhelmed and broken by a furious attack of an enemy greatly superior in numbers. The brigades of Talliaferro, Campbell, and the left of Early's line, being driven back in confusion, their left turned, their artillery, and the rear of their position entirely exposed. The guns were hastily withdrawn, and for the moment the day appeared to be lost to the Confederates. So great was the terrorism that Jackson hastened to the front in great excitement, as described by a Southern writer, "amidst the 'fire of hell' hurled against his broken and disordered lines now rapidly giving way before the onset of the enemy."

In brief, Crawford's three small regiments, aggregating about twelve hundred men in the outset, having wasted themselves by their superhuman effort, having lost every field officer on the ground, and half their company officers and men, were at length faced by two fresh brigades of the enemy—Branch's, of Hill's division, and Winder's—and their shattered remnants driven back over the ground by which they had advanced. These two brigades of the enemy, following Crawford's retiring troops to the edge of the wood, found themselves confronted by Gordon's brigade and the Tenth Maine of Crawford's, advanced to the middle of the open ground, who engaged them in a sanguinary contest. Although the enemy was presently reinforced by Archer's and Pendleton's brigades—four fresh brigades against the same number of regiments already badly cut up—the National troops maintained their ground until dusk, when they fell back unpursued to the position from which they had advanced in the morning. Simultaneously with this advance of Crawford, General Geary on the centre and General Prince on the left moved against the enemy confronting them, pressing their respective attacks with great vigor, but hopeless of success against the masses opposed to them. Geary was wounded early in the attack, having an arm shattered. He had his wound dressed on the field, and remained to assist in the withdrawal of his command, which was done about 7.30 P.M. General Prince held his own against heavy odds until about the same hour, when observing that the fire in other parts of the field had ceased, and finding himself the only mounted man present (his Staff having all fallen), he rode toward Geary's position to ascertain something of the fight. Passing through a field of tall corn his bridle was suddenly seized, and he was summoned to surrender. Looking up he saw he was surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, and resigned himself to his fate. He observed the enemy in force moving silently over the ground lately occupied by Geary and enveloping his own troops, whom he had left loading and firing with the coolness of veterans. The General not returning, the regimental officers presently discovered the danger of their position and fell back with but little disturbance.

After having put his division into action General Augur, about seven o'clock, received a severe wound, and was borne from the field. Knowing that Geary had been wounded previously he sent a messenger to inform General Prince that the command devolved upon him. Before the messenger reached General Prince he had been captured, and the command of the division devolved on Brigadier-General Green, the only general officer remaining out of four in the Second Division.

As the whole of Banks's shattered command fell back the enemy advanced to occupy the ground vacated, but so cautiously that it could hardly be called a pursuit; where a disposition to press was manifested by Talliaferro's brigade it was checked by a spirited charge of Bayard's cavalry. There was nothing like route or panic among them; and except those regiments which had been left almost entirely without officers, they retired in order, sullen and defiant, leaving nothing on the field but their dead, the graver cases of the wounded, a couple of empty caissons where the horses had been killed, and a disabled gun spiked and overturned.

General Pope, at the head of Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps, met the retiring troops just emerging from the belt of wood lying across the Culpeper and Orange road, and immediately north of Cedar Run, the original position occupied by them in the morning. This, as before stated, was between sunset and dark. On the report of General Banks his weakened corps was ordered to contract its extended front, massing its right wing, which had suffered most, on the centre, while Ricketts's division was ordered to fill the space thus vacated. Pending the execution of these orders, the Generals, with their attendants, dismounted and seated themselves upon the rocks in the open field.

Jackson, imagining no doubt that he had beaten Pope's whole command, although his army was much jaded and cut up in the contest, determined to push on to Culpepper, and A. P. Hill's division, less used in the action than the others, headed the forward march. After battering our front for half an hour or more from a position on the rising ground south of Cedar Run, his column moved forward, preceded by cavalry on the Culpepper road, flanked by infantry, skirmishers advancing cautiously, exchanging shots with our pickets, and firing
Then and that and, which an tack ciously prolix ally, had penetrated our lines for some distance before either party was aware of it. Then followed the strange "échauffourée" which has already been described—the volcanic combat of artillery, and the enemy's final and bloody repulse.

On the morning of the 10th, when Milroy's skirmishers advanced to open the battle, the field was found occupied only by the dead and dying. The enemy had retired during the night several miles to what was thought an unassailable position on Cedar Mountain.

The force under Jackson's command, according to our most authentic information, was twenty-seven thousand men of all arms, and sixty guns, of which about twenty-five thousand were present in the action. Banks's force in the field is officially stated at six thousand two hundred and eighty-nine men, with thirty guns—to which may be added a brigade of cavalry, whose strength is not reported, but may be approximately stated at a thousand or twelve hundred men, giving an aggregate of seven thousand five hundred men of all arms, less than one-third the force of the enemy. With this feeble column General Banks advanced upon an enemy twenty-five thousand strong, judiciously posted, and assailed him with a fury which for a brief moment seemed about to triumph over all odds and advantages, but which, without supports or reserves, presently expended itself, and fell back from the unequal contest exhausted and impotent. A Confederate officer, who was present, said to me, "Your attack came very near ruining us, yet, under the circumstances, it was rash and meaningless."

General Banks justifies the attack by the following order:

"COLPEPPER, 9.45 A.M., Aug. 9, '63.

"General Banks to move to the front immediately, to assume command of all forces in the front, deploy skirmishers if the enemy approaches, and attack him immediately as soon as he approaches, and be reinforced from here."

The explicit character of this message; the fact that Brigadier-General Roberts, an old and experienced soldier, General Pope's Chief of Cavalry, was, by orders, on the field assisting and acquiescing in the operations; that the Commander-in-Chief himself, continually receiving information from the front, sat quiet and unconcerned in his tent until late in the afternoon; that the ample supports of McDowell's corps, lying around Culpepper and on the Orange road, were neither called for by the officers in the field, nor ordered forward by the Commander-in-Chief, would seem to afford an unanswerable proof that neither General Pope, nor General Banks, nor General Roberts suspected the presence of a large force of the enemy in their front until the truth was developed by our attack.

This was decided before the supports could be brought upon the field. There was, however, in the case of General Banks, another motive underlying and perhaps controlling his judgment on this occasion. Neither he nor the gallant troops under his command were at all satisfied with the verdict of an exacting and ungenerous public upon their actions in the Valley of the Shenandoah. They felt the injustice of that judgment which, without regard to circumstances or contingencies, accepts success as the only test of merit, and were burning for an opportunity to wipe away unmerited opprobrium. They were consequently in no mood to discuss discretionary powers or prudential suggestions, and upon the first explicit order to attack they burst upon the foe with a valor so splendid and devoted that caviling criticism is silenced in admiration, and History will mark the day of Cedar Mountain as one of the proudest upon her illustrious record.

The losses of the National troops in the whole action are officially stated at 1661 killed and wounded, and 732 missing. Of those reported missing about one-half fell into the hands of the enemy as prisoners; the remainder were stragglers, many of whom rejoined their colors. This gives a total loss of about two thousand men and officers. The enemy unofficially acknowledges a loss of about 1300 killed and wounded without reporting the missing. We have nevertheless good reasons to estimate the total of his casualties as fully equal to if not exceeding ours.

We have always regarded the battle as one equally costly and unproductive to both parties. We are not aware that it had any influence, favorable or otherwise, on the plan or results of General Pope's campaign; and when Jackson, ascertaining himself confronted by our concentrated forces, went tumbling back across the Rapidan under cover of night, abandoning many wounded and stragglers by the way, and barely saving his baggage, calling for reinforcements, and thanking the Lord for the victory in the same breath, we are at a loss to imagine the grounds for his pious gratitude.