PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Ninth Paper.]

GROVETON.

August 18, 1863, Monday.—Fair, and promises to be hot. With Captain Payne, of the Topographical Corps, I again visited Cedar Mountain, and this time explored it to the summit. The ascent is easy, but the look-out is interrupted on three sides by a dense growth of timber. We observed the encampments of the newly-arrived divisions lying toward the Rapidan. Returning to camp about noon, we found the tents struck, and the officers packing for a move. It was announced that Lee with the whole Army of Richmond was in front, and about crossing the Rapidan. We were to retire behind the Rappahannock. The baggage was all loaded up, and the trains hurried off, accompanied and followed by a portion of the troops. The Staff, huddled around their blazing fires, remained on the ground until midnight. The night air was excessively chilly, and the whole country was illuminated by the camp-fires left burning to deceive the enemy.

About half an hour after midnight came the welcome order to mount; for nothing is more irksome than waiting thus with bridle in hand, hour after hour, divided between listlessness and anxiety. We had a rough ride over the open fields and through the baggage-encumbered roads, and matters had a confused and ugly look; but the General rode here and there, infusing some of his Western energy into the caravan, and every thing began to move in accordance.

The old town of Culpepper as we rode through looked solemn as a cemetery. Its streets were indeed blocked up with wagons and artillery, but they were not in motion, and darkness and silence reigned. After we had cleared the town Lieutenant-Colonel Smith instructed several aids (myself among the number) to push forward and hurry up the enormous army trains which covered the roads all the way to the Rappahannock, eleven miles distant. I was glad to escape the dust and jostling of our cavalcade, bad enough in daylight, but doubly disagreeable by night. I found the whole distance covered with a continuous line of wagons, moving very slowly, and making long halts at intervals, owing to difficulties ahead, doubtless at the fords of the Rappahannock. I passed several that were broken, and one or two that had been overthrown and burnt. Seeing some open boxes of hard-bread near one of these, I dismounted and loaded myself with as much as I could conveniently carry. I had been feeling badly for twelve hours previous, and as day dawned on the 19th I was obliged to dismount and lie for half an hour or more under a tree.

When it got quite light I made my way for a mile further, and reaching the wide low grounds on the river fell exhausted in the wet grass, feeling as if I should never be able to rise again. The first sparkle of sunlight seemed to revive me, and mounting with some difficulty I made my way to the ford below the railroad crossing.

Crossing the stream I rode through Rappahannock Station, where a large number of train guards, teamsters, and army followers were encamped and cooking breakfast. A negro man at one of the fires saluted me by name, and I recognized George of Strasburg, a brother to my servant John. George offered me a cup of coffee, which I took, and found it grateful and refreshing.

About a mile hence I overtook the rear-guard of the head-quarters baggage train, which was
pushing on toward the Warrenton Junction. I tied my mare to the limb of a fallen tree, and finding a convenient couch upon its sturdy trunk I lay for five or six hours dozing in the most delicious repose imaginable. My sleep was not profound, however, and I was several times awakened by acquaintances passing, with whom I conversed, and then relapsed into my dreamy elysium. Finding that it was now half past two p.m., I resumed the road, much refreshed, and not at all hungry, although I had eaten nothing since the previous evening. I presently met Colonel Clarke riding with an escort. He informed me that General Banks was resting under a clump of trees just in sight. I found him in an ambulance with Doctor Antisell and Major Perkins. They welcomed me cordially, and the General handed me my commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Virginia Cavalry, sent by Governor Pierpont.

Hearing the General complain of hunger and exhaustion, I had the pleasure of returning his politeness by presenting a handful of hard-tack, which was most gratefully received. From hence I rode to Bealton Station, where I found the head-quarters camp pitched in a pleasant grove. John had my tent already prepared for me, and never was his thoughtful attention more truly appreciated.

**August 20, Wednesday.—**Fair and warm. Dr. M'Parlin gave me a box of pills, by which I hope to keep myself up during the present movements, which promise to be highly important and exciting. An order has been promulgated prohibiting all intercourse with the outside world by letter or otherwise. The whole power of the rebellion is said to be concentrated in our front, and the war envelops us like a dark storm-cloud, cutting us off for a time from all communication with family and friends, or even the encouraging sympathy of our loyal countrymen. I must confess that I enjoy the dramatic grandeur of the situation. It is better thus to suffer, and even to die, than live ignobly, to witness perhaps the triumph of iniquity and the ruin of my country. But if final success crowns our efforts, dying or living, the glory of these dark days will be a heritage forever.

By the hands of a newspaper reporter going North I sent a note in pencil informing my wife of my welfare and the order prohibiting letters. Immediately after breakfast tents were struck and our baggage loaded up, it is said for the purpose of taking position nearer the Rappahannock. The Commander-in-Chief, with M'Dowell, has ridden forward to reconnoitre, while the Staff remains reposing under the trees and awaiting orders.

At two o'clock P.M. received a sudden summons to join the General at the Rappahannock Bridge. On our arrival there we found the troops posted in order of battle to dispute the crossing. The artillery crowned the high grounds, while the infantry, deployed in lines and supported by regiments formed in masses, lay behind and under cover where practicable.

The troops were distributed along the stream by divisions and brigades, watching the different fords from Kelley's to the Warrenton Sulphur Springs. The Generals, Pope and M'Dowell, sat dismounted upon a hill overlooking our positions and the open country on the opposite shore, over which the enemy must advance. The scene was splendid and exciting, especially at the moment when a body of the enemy's cavalry was seen to issue from the bordering wood and advance rapidly toward the centre of the cleared fields. This, however, proved to be nothing more than a reconnoitring party, which, after a brief observation, returned as it came. We waited until after sunset, and no force appearing, we followed our chief to quarters, two and a half miles distant, in the yard of a Mr. Joseph Dollman, now absent in the rebel army.

As we rode to-day we met a tall, red-bearded rebel officer, riding to the rear under guard. This I ascertained was Major Fitzhugh, Adjutant of General J. E. B. Stuart, captured on the south side of the Rapidan by a scouting party of Buford's cavalry. It seems the General himself narrowly escaped capture on this occasion, having got off in his shirt and on a barebacked horse. Buford's men got his clothes, arms, and haversack, containing a very valuable map of the vicinity, which was turned over to me.

**August 21, Thursday.—**Cloudy and warm. I am ill again this morning, and can't get a drink of good water to sit my squamaustain. This whole region seems to be insufficiently watered. The springs and wells are weak and of bad quality; the streams shallow and muddy, and I may add, at this season so infested with mules and bummers that they run about the color and consistency of chocolate. My mare suffers more than I, for by force of philosophy I frequently gulp a liquid which she cannot be induced to touch. How my fevered visions are haunted by the cool, gushing fountains of the Shenandoah Valley!

While engaged in examining a negro in regard to the fords of the river I heard the opening cannon. The enemy's batteries are feeling our positions, and ours are replying. As the fire becomes more rapid an officer goes from tent to tent with the order to horse. Expecting the signal, I was already harnessed and ready. Just in I loosed my mare's rein from the gate-post one of the clerks handed me a letter. It was from my wife, and hastily tearing it open I read, with hand on my saddle-bow and the thunder of the guns and screams of flying shells in my ears. It told the usual story of peace at home and affectionate anxiety for those in the field:

"We have heard of Cedar Mountain through the newspapers and the narrow escape of the General and Staff—rejoicing and trembling."

Yes; but of to-day you have not heard, nor
of to-morrow—who knows? The fight is thickening, and the roar of the batteries shakes the earth:

"Yesterday was a charming day, and we all went blackberrying; the children enjoyed it extravagantly, and returned with full baskets."

Two men hurried by, bearing the crushed body of an artilleryman on a stretcher; but I scarcely marked the ghastly object, so fully was my mind preoccupied with a pleasant picture far away; and as I rode forward, smiling, into the sulphurous cloud, "hell's rattle" was for the moment drowned in the sound of sweet and loving voices from home.

The enemy was attempting to force the passage of the river at various points, but his rather feeble attempts were invariably repulsed. The fighting was done principally with artillery, and the casualties were not numerous. From an eminence near Rappahannock Station we could see the adverse forces with their trains moving westward up the southern bank of the stream. There are so many practicable fords so near together that it will be an impossible task to guard them effectually; and at the same time the enemy seems to be working up toward our right, where the stream is so small that it can hardly be considered an obstacle to his movement.

The firing ceased at mid-day without any decisive results, and about 2 o'clock p.m. the Staff returned to head-quarters, where dinner and rest put us in condition to meet future demands upon our powers of endurance.

At dinner Surgeon MpArlin and Colonel Myers took a glass of wine with us. They spoke in glowing terms of the scenic grandeur and sylvan majesty of California, Oregon, and Washington Territories. How pleasant will it be when these unlucky wars are over to retire to these magnificent temples of nature, where one might live and worship with the devotion of a Druid!

At night General Banks, accompanied by Doctor Antisell, came to head-quarters. He was startled by unusual lights and noises, and stepped out to see what was the matter.

The signal-men occupied the roof of the Dollman House, lighting the martial surroundings with the red glare of their torches. In the kitchen a large number of negroes were congregated, making night hideous with their howls, groans, and prayers, alternated with dirge-like hymns, more calculated to inspire terror than courage.

Seeing an old fellow at the door, I endeavored to get some information respecting the condition of the river above. He assured me that he had had a revelation "that Jackson was going to sneak away in the night, as he had always done, and there would be no battle." This was consoling to those who had faith, but I don't think the old rogue was entirely convinced himself, for in the next breath he besought me to let him have a wagon to carry his goods and family northward.

Seeing a light in the commander's tent I pointed it out, and told him to make application to General Pope, and he would doubtless get a satisfactory answer. Whereupon I retired to a comfortable sleep without waiting the dénouement.

August 22, Friday.—Clouds and sultry. At two o'clock a.m. we were aroused by an officer with the order to pack, refresh, and be ready to move by the earliest dawn. Having washed my face and coffee'd I felt much better than I expected. Sigel holds our right near the Warrenton Springs, and will probably receive the first attack.

With the first streak of dawn we were stirred by the boom of a gun, which was presently followed up by a rapid cannonade from the direction of Beverly's Ford. The Staff took position on some high ground beside the Warrenton road, from whence I was presently dispatched with a message to General Williams (in command of Banks's Corps), ordering him to move his command from their position below Rappahannock Bridge, further to the right and up
the stream. At Williams's head-quarters I found Major Perkins, who informed me that the General had already ridden over to General Pope to solicit orders to the same effect.

Returning I found the Staff dismounted and resting under a clump of trees. Here we passed several hours, talking, sleeping, and carrying messages to the different positions. The ene-

my seems more disposed to manoeuvre than at-

ack; but the less he shows himself the more

reason we have to apprehend his hidden move-

defments.

Growing restless I took my field-glass and,

seeking a commanding point, observed the ad-

verse shore of the river. The road along the

bank was visible for some distance, and at Free-

man's Ford, three and a half miles distant, it
turned westward into the woods, and is there-
after lost to view. For two hours at least we
watched the enemy's column of all arms moving
on this road, which leads through Jefferson vil-
lage to the Upper Rappahannock. I reported

from time to time to General Pope, who fully

understood the movement and made his corre-

sponding dispositions with promptness—divi-

tion after division, and battery after battery,

withdrawing from the lower fords and moving
westward so as to confront and repel every ef-

fort of the enemy to force the crossings below

Warrenton. He seemed to be on the alert to

fall upon and crush any portion of their army

which should cross in advance.

During these operations a thunder-cloud, black and menacing, came rolling rapidly up

from the southward; but ere it reached us it

was borne away toward the mountains, and then

moving continuously northward all the region

between us and the Blue Ridge was obscured

by the storm. At the same time a detached

cloud of smaller volume was seen in the north-

east, hanging over and pouring its wrath upon

our line of communication with Washington.

We had gathered under our cloaks and blankets to

avoid the impending shower, admiring the

majestic volume of the clouds and speculating

upon these meteorological vagaries, when I re-

marked to a comrade, "Those clouds have re-

vealed to me the enemy's plan of operations as

I am convinced it will shortly be developed.

His power has been gathered against us, and,

rolling northward, has menaced our front, then,

serving aside, will pass between us and the

mountains on its way across the Potomac. That

detached cloud which lowers so dark to the

northeast is a raiding force upon our railroad

communications. And I furthermore predict

that our future fortunes will be indicated by the

course of that storm-cloud. If it spends itself

on the mountains we will not have a great bat-
tle; but if it returns upon us it means a bloody

and decisive struggle." While I said this jeat-
ingly, as an habitual scoerer of signs and super-

stitions dreams, auguries, and spiritual mani-

festations, I felt thoroughly convinced that, in

this fanciful assimilation of earthly and heavenly

movements, I had divined the true plan of

the enemy's campaign, nor could I suppress a

superstitious thrill when, a few moments after,

the clouds over our heads were rent with a

crash of thunder, and the rain poured down in
	

torrents. This was followed by the opening of

Sigel's guns, and for an hour the batteries and

the clouds roared in tremendous emulation.

The Generals and their families rode back to

the house of a Mr. Bowen, where they arrived

late in the afternoon, half starved and thor-

oughly drenched and jaded.

It appears that the enemy had pushed some

brigades over the river which were promptly

driven back, but night and the storm put an

e nd to the fighting before any decisive results

were obtained.

There were sharp losses, however, on both

sides, and we took some prisoners. At Bowen's

I found a vacant sofa in the hall, and stretched

myself upon it, pleased to have secured so great

a luxury. After sinking into a partial slumber a

messmate roused me with the information that

by prompt action I might get some sup-

per. I was pitiable hungry, and at this friend-

ly hint started to rise. The effort convinced

me that I was more in need of rest than food.

Then, if I abandoned my sofa for a moment,

what chance had I of getting it again? There

were a dozen general officers in the house who

had not where to lay their heads, and I was but

a Captain, with a Lieutenant-Colonel's commis-

sion in my pocket. I stuck to my bed.

August 25, Saturday.—Cloudy and sultry. The

batteries at the fords opened early this

morning, and continued for several hours with a

fury and pertinacity which suggests that the

enemy is endeavoring to divert our attention

from his flank movement now in progress. The

continued movements of our troops up the

stream show that we are not deceived by them.

Nevertheless the practice is sharp, and I see

the men with stretchers busy carrying away the

wounded. General Bowen is reported killed.

Meanwhile we ascertain that the heavy

rains have raised the river six feet, carrying off

the bridges and rendering the fords imprac-

ticable. Hartsuff's brigade, which occupied a

position on the southern side at the railroad

crossing, has been withdrawn with difficulty

over the swollen stream. This relieves us from

guarding so many crossing-places, and will en-

able us to concentrate upon a portion of the

enemy's force reported to be already over the

river near Waterloo Bridge. It also defeats a

plan entertained by General Pope of recrossing

at the lower fords, and falling with his whole

force on the rear of the enemy's column. The

last orders I heard given are to seek the enemy

and attack whenever found.

In the midst of these excitements and anxie-

ties I was half famished, and received a wink

from a messmate with uncommon pleasure.

Major Meline's wink always meant something

comfortable; so I followed him into a vacant

room, where he produced a large pitcher of

milk and two glasses. This was a treat, in-
deed, and we saturated ourselves with the soothing beverage. Campaigners who have been for a long time confined to the strong, harsh diet of the commissariat have an unspeakable longing for milk, sweet or sour, and will stop at nothing to procure it. Some days ago, after a hot, dusty ride, which had dried me to the consistency of a mummy, I passed some soldiers who had just plundered a cow of her treasure, one holding in his hand a half-gallon cup foaming over with delicious milk. I reined up and asked what he would take for it. He declined selling, saying they wanted to drink it themselves. I offered a dollar for the cup, and then five dollars, putting my hand in my pocket and drawing out the money to show that I was in earnest. The man stoutly refused to sell, saying the milk would do them good; and as for the money, they might be killed before he could get a chance to spend it. I acknowledged the justice of the reasoning, and turned to resume my way. Doubtless I looked, as I felt, exhausted and disappointed, for the soldier immediately called after me: "Captain, I won't sell the milk for any money; but stop, and we'll give you a share of it for nothing." There was a manly generosity in the offer that roused my nature too, and I declined it with many thanks and compliments, quenching my feverish longing for the moment with a draught of soldierly pride—the readiest panacea for all our ills, and oftentimes the soldier's only sustenance amidst privation, danger, and death.

Colonel Butler, of the Staff, who had gone back to Catlett's Station with the head-quarters baggage-train, returned this morning with the report that the enemy's cavalry, led by Fitzhugh Lee, had fallen upon our camp there, destroying a portion of the baggage, capturing all the extra horses of the Staff, several officers of the Quarter-master's Department, with clerks, attachés, servants, cooks, and mess-chests. This information filled our family with anxiety and dismay, and, as no particulars could be ascertained, every officer was left to speculate upon the probable fate of his own property, horses, and attendants. The proprietors of the Excel-
rode this morning much refreshed, and breakfasted on a cup of coffee and an ear of roasted corn, by the favor of Captain Menkin of the escort. We presently rode into Warrenton, and, passing through the village, took position on some adjoining hills looking toward the west, there resting and waiting for the sounds of battle. The enemy with whom Sigel was engaged last night has retreated toward Waterloo Bridge, and we have infantry and cavalry pressing in pursuit. About one o'clock we rode back to town and took dinner at the Warren Green Hotel. Finding the tavern crowded I called on Mr. Spillman, whose house we had occupied on the advance, and claiming hospitality was pleasantly entertained for the night.

August 25, Monday.—Clear and pleasant. It seems that the raid upon our baggage train on Friday night was conducted by Major-General Stuart in person with his whole cavalry, several thousand strong, and a battery. The force passed through Warrenton fairly mounted and equipped, and full of health and pluck. Owing to the high water the artillery was left midway between Warrenton and Catlett's, and the attack, which was made during the heaviest rain storm at night, was a complete surprise. Its completeness is best exhibited by an anecdote told by Colonel C—— of the Quarter-master's Department.

He occupied a tent with several brother officers, and, probably with a view of rendering the canvas impervious to water, had mixed himself a tumbler of punch. Just as he was raising the glass to his lips a rush as of a strong wind overthrew the tent and its inmates. The Colonel is uncertain to this day whether he tasted the punch or not, but remembers amidst the rush of winds and waters, and the reverberating peals of Heaven's artillery, the ear-piercing rebel yell. In the confusion and intensity of the darkness all distinctions of rank and color were forgotten, and white and black, high and low, each fled on his own hook, seeking such cover as he might find in adjacent thickets and grass-fields.

Fortunately, instead of devoting their energies entirely to destroying, the needy marauders commenced plundering, breaking open and examining the contents of trunks, desks, chests, boxes, etc. To enable them to do this intelligently they were obliged to build themselves fires which exposed them to their adversaries.

Several officers, among whom Lieutenant-Colonel Myers was conspicuously active, rallied a hundred men or more, who opened a galling fire upon the plunderers, and finally forced them to retire with loss. The main body of the raiders only remained about half an hour, but it is probable that numerous greedy stragglers remained longer, as our people who lay in the adjacent bushes say they heard hammering and breaking open boxes going on until daylight.

We have satisfactory evidence, however, that a good deal of this pillaging was done by our own teamsters and camp followers. Few wagons were destroyed, but all the extra Staff horses were captured (my racking pony among them), about fifty in number. Of officers, assistants, teamsters, and servants about the same number are missing, among them Captain Golding, Assistant Quarter-master, and our excelsior cook Joe, who will now have an opportunity of advancing on Richmond in one column. Some papers containing important information are said to have been captured, but for all the rest as a military success the raid don't amount to any thing, and is said to have been undertaken to avenge the indignity put upon General Stuart by Buford's troopers, when they captured his clothes and his Adjutant south of the Rapidan. As the command returned through Warrenton they paraded a negro on horseback dressed in the captured regimentals of General Pope, much to the edification and delight of the good citizens of Warrenton, and, according to the code of chivalry, in full quintance of the aforementioned loss and indignity.

This much we learned in Warrenton from escaped officers and citizens, but still no positive news of John or the mess- chest.

In the afternoon we rode nine miles to the Junction, and thence to a country house handsomely located, within whose inclosures our
head-quarters camp was pitched. As we approached there was quite a flutter among the officers, anxiously balanced between hope and fear in regard to their personal effects, servants, and horses. Among the familiar tents some familiar faces were recognized with a burst of cheerful greeting. My heart bounded with pleasure at seeing my faithful John smiling in front of a tent already prepared for me. For the last four days I had suffered from his absence more than I cared to acknowledge. In the tent was my bedding and trunk. "All right, Captain—I stuck to it and it is safe." "Good! and the pony?" John rolled up his eyes with a deprecatory gesture. "Ah, he is gone, Sir, with the rest—new halter and all. I tried to get him loose in time, but the rebels nearly rode over me, and I was obliged to hide in the pines to save my own bacon."

"And they got Joe?" "They captured Joe, but he got away from them again." John pointed across the yard, and there stood Joe cooking in front of the great mess-chest itself, my friend the Major looking on with a radiant countenance. There were other faces not so cheerful bending over broken and rifled trunks, boxes, and desks, or hopelessly cursing and cross-questioning confused and dejected-looking servants. The General Commanding, Adjutant-General Ruggles, Aid-de-Camps Piatt and Hayt had been the chief sufferers. The Topographical Department had been thoroughly cleaned out, its ambulances, with instruments, baggage, and eight thousand dollars in money, having been burned.

But the great game in which we were playing was rapidly approaching its crisis, and these personal vexations were soon lost sight of in the absorbing interest of the military situation. After I had retired to rest I was aroused by Colonel J. S. Clarke, who came in with important information. From a hill-top he had observed a large force of the enemy, composed of all arms, moving rapidly around our right by way of Gaines's cross roads, Amissville on the Chester's Gap road. This flying detachment showed thirty-six regiments of infantry, accompanied by a large body of cavalry and numerous batteries, and it is supposed they are pushing for Rectortown to get possession of the railroads between us and Washington. This news was no soporific; but after studying over it a while I mentally referred it to the consideration of the Major-General Commanding, and quietly went to sleep.

August 26, Tuesday.—Bright and warm. Colonel Clarke called in again this morning to make his toilet, and informed me that our command had been anticipating an attack upon his quarters all night. I was glad I had not heard it earlier. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

After breakfast I received a visit from Major Mc'Gee of my battalion, Third Virginia Cavalry. The Major is a young man of prepossessing manners and appearance, and reports that he has only two short companies under his command, at present guarding Sigel's pontoon-train. Other companies belonging to the battalion are doing local duty in various parts of ultramontane Virginia. When we get out of this melée we will endeavor to concentrate the battalion and take command. For the present the Major feels quite competent to manage his squadron.

Our interview was brought to a close by the sound of cannon apparently near at hand. Last night's news gave these sounds more significance than usual, and started me to packing my baggage and buckling on my equipments. Going toward the General's tent I perceived all quiet, and, subsiding myself, I worked all day improving some maps. In the afternoon I went out to see the dress-parade and drill of Colonel Crooks's regiment of infantry, Thirty-sixth Ohio, now on duty as head-quarters guard. This regiment, nearly a thousand strong, went through its exercises with a precision that I have never seen equaled.

Sigel has been pounding away all day with his artillery, apparently to little purpose. As a Prussian, educated expressly in that arm, he relies too much on it, and wastes time in this broken and wooded country through which we are campaigning. Troops are coming in rapidly by the trains from Washington. If we can get up McClellan's veterans in time, Lee may center his flanking detachments whenever he pleases, and we will take him in detail.

August 27, Wednesday.—Fair and pleasant. Rose early, and got my coffee. I heard cannon sounding to the northeastward, evidently on the line of our communications with Washington. The General Commanding was also out pacing to and fro in front of his tent. Espying me he requested me to have my horse saddled. I promptly reported ready, and was sent with a message to Major-General Heintzelman, ordering him to send two brigades back toward Manassas Junction to check the enemy's attack on the road. We are informed that they had a force of cavalry, with a battery, on the line last night, and fired into the trains, destroying some, and burning the bridge at Bristoe Station.

Seeking for Heintzelman's quarters, as I was directed, near the Warrenton Junction, I came upon General Hooker. He was just about visiting Heintzelman, and I rode with him. Hooker is a fine-looking soldier, tall, florid, and beardless, altogether very English in appearance. Arrived, I delivered my message to General Heintzelman—a grim, grizzled veteran, who looks as if he had mettle in him. He said that his corps had been hurried out on board the railway trains without horses, ambulances, baggage, or artillery. It was his opinion that his corps should have marched out with all its equipment, and its very movement would have guarded the road completely. As it was, they were here with only their clothes and their muskets, scantily supplied with ammunition, only twelve rounds in their boxes, and even the field
and staff officers without horses. He mentioned these things not by way of complaint, but that General Pope might understand their deficiencies and have them supplied if possible.

At the same time the brigades were promptly put in motion. Returning to head-quarters I met a Staff officer who informed me that General Pope had gone down to the telegraph office at the Junction, thus passing me on the way. I found them breaking camp, and managed to get another insight into the mess-chest before it closed.

The cannonading toward Manassas has been repeated at intervals, but now seems to have ceased entirely. At 11 a.m. we again hear guns in the direction of Warrenton. The troops, en masse, are moving toward Manassas Junction. At 2 P.M. the Staff mounted and moved in the same direction. Passing a long line of cars loaded with stores I was hailed by Colonel Beckwith, Chief Commissary, who requested me to ask the General "What was to be done with these trains?" The reply was, "They should be moved back with the troops as far as they could go, and there await further orders."

The news of the destruction of the railroad at Bristoe is confirmed, with details. An officer brings a message from General Hooker, to the effect that the enemy in force are lying across the railroad, disputing his advance, and that he is short of ammunition. He was hotly engaged, and had been fighting for some time.

As we drew near the scene of action we observed the charred ruins of the bridges over Rattle and Broad Run, and a great number of stragglers from the battle-field, a few of whom were wounded. Further on we found an abandoned residence, occupied as a hospital, with about a hundred wounded in and around it, attended by our surgeons. Parties with stretchers and ambulances were collecting other wounded lying in the fields adjacent to the railroad track. We next rode through open fields dotted over with dead bodies of both parties, sixty or eighty in number. The Federal dead were stretched and covered with their blankets.—Those of the enemy lay as they had fallen.

As we reached the bluff overlooking Broad Run the batteries located on the heights beyond opened fire. Captain Piatt and myself were ordered to ride to the front and inform General Hooker of General Pope's arrival.

I chose the right-hand road, leading toward the battery we saw firing on the hill. Piatt rode to the left. Approaching the artillery I met General Grover, who pointed out Hooker on the opposite side of the field, easily recognizable by his tall white horse.

Joining General Hooker, I perceived that Piatt had anticipated me and was just leaving. The General said the enemy under Ewell had opposed him with four brigades, showing about six thousand men. They were strongly posted, and made a stubborn fight. He had succeeded in dislodging them, losing about three hundred men in killed and wounded, and expending nearly all his ammunition. His own force in hand did not exceed four thousand men, having been greatly reduced by straggling. With this force, having not over three cartridges per man, he occupied the ground gained, refusing to fall back, as prudence might have suggested, lest the enemy would reoccupy their position and give us the same trouble in the morning. The enemy still showed a line of battle over a mile long, between us and Manassas, and if they recommenced the fight he could not defend himself for lack of ammunition.

Returning to head-quarters I saw some rebel prisoners under guard; and from information elicited I became convinced that Jackson was at Manassas Junction, with twenty-five thousand men, and that this was the column observed and reported by Colonel Clarke, on night before last. Stuart was there with all the cavalry, including Ashby's old command, now led by General Beverly Robinson.

The head-quarter baggage arrived after dark and was parked on the battle-field, but not unloaded. We got a scanty meal, and went into bivouac among the mules and teamsters, making our couches where we could find a convenient spot on the bare ground. The whole northern horizon was red with the burning warehouses and railroad trains at the Junction. Our position was critical. Within three miles of us lay an enemy overwhelming in numbers, flushed with temporary success and spoils, with an act-
ive and enterprising cavalry, thoroughly ac-
quainted with the country. Between us and
them there was nothing but Hooker's show of
force, weak in numbers and without ammuni-
tion; yet I never felt better in mind or body.
With due credit to the friendly assistance of the
doctors I had actually ridden off my illness, and
I retired to rest on my gum-blanket and log-
pillow with that contemptuous indifference to
perils, remote or imminent, which is the highest
luxury of the campaigner's existence.

* Harassed with uncertainties and responsibil-
ties the Commanding General had not so quiet
a night. Messengers had been dispatched to
hasten the march of General Fitz John Porter,
who was behind with his fresh and veteran corps.
These troops are expected to reach us by day-
light, to replace Hooker, in case the enemy at-
tack in that direction. M'Dowell, with his
own and Sigel's command, over thirty thousand
men, are to move from Warrenton in the morn-
ing and fall upon Jackson, before Lee, with
the main body of the rebel army, can support him.
These orders carried out, and we will make
Jackson pay dearly for his dinner and night's
frolic at Manassas. To-morrow will perhaps be
a memorable day.

I was aroused from my first doze by a voice
exclaiming: "Was not that artillery?" The
anxious questioner was General Pope, who sat
smoking beside the decaying embers of the
bivouac fire.

August 28, Thursday.—Cloudy and warm.
At the earliest dawn I was aroused from a deep
sleep by the same voice: "Come, wake up, get
breakfast, and make ready." We were all
promptly upon our feet; blankets and over-coats
rolled and strapped upon our saddles. Coffee,
beef-steak, and hard-tack served, and the Staff
was ready. I felt in better condition than I had
done since Cedar Mountain.

Anxious and moody the General sat smoking
his cigar, listening for the opening sounds of battle,
and occasionally rolling into delinquents of all
grades, white and black. At length the boom
of a single gun broke the silence of the
morning. All was attention and expectancy.
The sound was not repeated. Scouts came in
with the report that the enemy's forces at Ma-
nassas were falling back westward; this should
throw them on M'Dowell. Presently the long-
expected cannonade commenced, to the west-
ward or northwestward of our position. It
was feebly maintained, and at the end of an hour
ceased entirely. I fancied I could hear mus-
ketry, but was not sure. General Porter, who
was expected to be up during the night, did not
arrive until 10 o'clock A.M. There is much in-
dignant comment among the Staff officers on
this dangerous delay, and he will probably hear
some sharp words from the Commander-in-
Chief.

About mid-day the General and Staff took
the road for Manassas. As we passed the
burned bridges at Kettle and Broad runs, Capt.
ain Merrill, of the Engineers, was ordered to
repair them, if possible, sufficiently to admit the
passage of the trains loaded with army stores.

Just as we reached the smoking ruins of the
Junction I was sent back with a message to
Generals Porter, Hooker, and Heintzelman, or-
dering them to move their commands on Ma-
nassas without delay.

I found Porter at Bristoe, and delivered the
message. I afterward found Generals Heint-
zelman and Hooker, with their officers, seeking
shelter from the intense heat in a leafy thicket,
the party gathered around a tub of lemonade.
Having delivered my message, I was invited to
partake, and one of the sides dipped out half a
pinchful of the acidulated beverage. I was
burning with thirst, yet hesitated to drink, as
the Doctors had cautioned me against acids.
General Hooker proposed to ameliorate it from a
flask at hand; the amendment was accepted, and
I swallowed a tiful of delicious and invig-
orating punch.

I returned to the Junction by a road running
parallel and to the left of the railroad, and found
the General and Staff disembounded, and resting
under the shadow of one of the old redoubts of
Beauregard's engineering. While here I
amused myself strolling about observing the
debris of the recent rebel carnival. On the
railroad track and sideliags stood the hot and
smoking remains of what had recently been
trains of cars laden with ordinance and com-
missary stores intended for our army. As far
as the eye could reach the plain was covered
with boxes, barrels, cans, cooking-utensils, sad-
dles, sabres, muskets, and military equipments
generally; hard-bread and corn-pones, meat,
salt and fresh beans, blankets, clothes, shoes,
and hats, from bran-new articles, just from the
original packages, to the scarcely recognizable
exuviae of the rebels, who had made use of the
opportunity to refresh their toilets.

Here were scattered quantities of our fine
army groceries, salt, sugar, coffee, dessicated
vegetables, and the sutler's less tempting sup-
plies of canned fruits, meats, cheese, and gin-
ger-bread. Immediately around the Junction,
where the shops and shanties of the storekeep-
ers, sutlers, negro refugee boarding-houses.
ambrotypes, Jew clothes, and truc distributors,
gamblers, eating and drinking saloons were
most congregated, these remains were thick-
est strewn and most ludicrously commingled.
Most of the buildings were burned, and many
tents shared the same fate. Other encamp-
ments still stood flapping in the breeze, the
tents slit into ribbons with sabre strokes. Over
this field of wide-spread waste and destruction
numerous skulkers and stragglers of our own
army were wandering, stuffing their knapsacks
or loading their horses with whatever pleased
their fancies.

Looking over all this detailed confusion, the
grim outlines of the grass-grown earth-works,
the solitary chimneys, the broken engines and
overthrown gun-carriages, the mouldering
graves of former occupants, presented a pic-
my poor shelter and ride through the drenching rain to the stables adjoining the brick house where I supposed the Staff was sojourn- ing. I remained here an hour, until the rain was over, and then, on going to the house, was surprised and disgusted to find it empty and no clue to the direction the Staff had taken.

In the enclosure I accidentally encountered my man John, with a broken-down cavalry-horse which he had caught, equipped and loaded with plunder from the plains. From him I learned the direction General Pope and Staff had taken, and started after them at an easy pace, which was quickened as the sounds of cannon struck my ears. On the low grounds at Bull's Run I found the baggage train halted, and preparations making to pitch the camp. The sounds of battle increasing, I pushed on, crossing Bull's Run at Blackburn's Ford, and rejoining General Pope, who was halted on the Centre-ville road, overlooking an engagement going on in the vicinity of Groveton, three or four miles distant. It was a sharply contested fight, as the rapid reports of cannon and musketry, and the continually rising volumes of white smoke attested. When darkness closed we could still see the blaze of the guns and the course of the shells over the tree-tops. In time these died away, and we rode back to camp. But few tents were pitched, and I should have been crowded out but for the courtesy of Major Meline. I went to bed supperless, but about ten o'clock was aroused by John holding a dish of fried meat under my nose. I ate the mess mechanically, and dropped to sleep again.

August 29, Friday.—Clear and warm. At three o'clock this morning I was aroused by Colonel Ruggles in person to carry written orders to General Fitz-John Porter, supposed to be lying at Manassas Junction, or alternative-ly at Bristoe. The combat we had witnessed last evening was between King's Division of M'Dowell's Corps and a portion of Jackson's command. The fight was sharp and sanguin- ary, but without decisive results. Kearney, having driven out the enemy's rear-guard, oc-
occupied Centreville. It was understood that McDowell's command occupied a position which cut Jackson off from the main body of the rebel army. There will doubtless be a sanguinary battle to-day. Porter's orders are to move his Corps on Centreville without delay.

I started with an orderly. It was pitchy dark—so dark that I couldn't see my horse's ears—and I presently found I had wandered from the road. The orderly knew nothing, or was stupid from sleepiness, so that in endeavoring to retrieve I found myself entangled in thickets, and then wandering through the half-decayed villages of log-huts built by the rebels during their first occupation. As I got out of one of these desolate encampments I fell into another, and began to suspect I was wandering in circles, which frequently happens to people bewildered or benighted. I at length dismounted, and feeling the road got out into the open plain, where the still smouldering fires of the recent destruction served to guide me. I found no troops here, and it was broad daylight when I reached Porter's quarters at Bristoe. Entering his tent I found the handsome General lying on his cot, covered with a blanket of imitation leopard skin.

At his request I lit a candle and read the message, then handed it to him. While he coolly read it over I noted the time by his watch, which marked five o'clock and twenty minutes precisely. He then proceeded to dress himself, and continued to question me in regard to the location of the different commands and the general situation. As I was but imperfectly informed myself I could only give vague and general replies to his queries. We believed Jackson separated from the main army of Lee by a day's march at least; and General Pope desired to throw all his disposable force upon him and crush him before Lee came up. The troops were immediately ordered to cook breakfast and prepare for the march.

Meanwhile the head-quarters breakfast had been served, and I sat down with the Staff officers to partake. The General, who was busy writing dispatches on the corner of the same table, looked up and asked, How do you spell "chaos?" I spelled the word letter by letter c-h-a-o-s. He thanked me, and observed, smiling, that, by a singular lapse of memory, he often forgot the spelling of the most familiar words. Completing his dispatch he folded it, and asked if any of us had letters we wished to send to Washington. I gladly embraced the opportunity to hand in a letter to my wife, written in pencil and kept ready. The General then remarked that he had daily communication with Washington, and they made frequent and anxious inquiries after General Pope there, having heard nothing from him lately. He said further that he would inform General Banks of the condition of affairs. Banks I understood was still behind him toward Warrenton Junction, guarding the railroad trains of stores, which were cut off by the destruction of the bridges. The conversation was closed by the boom of a distant gun.

I immediately took leave and started back to general head-quarters. The road was now lined with wagons, stragglers, and droves of cattle, all moving northward. From time to time at long intervals the cannon sounded, but no heavy firing yet. Arrived at Bull Run I found our camp broken up; but meeting with Lieutenant-Colonel Myers I was informed that the enemy had developed in great force near Centreville, and I must seek the General in that direction. Riding rapidly forward I found the General and Staff grouped around a house on the heights of Centreville, observing a fight which was going on some five or six miles distant in the direction of the old Bull Run battlefield. The fight was evidently thickening and extending, as could be seen by the white cumulus clouds hanging over the batteries, and the long lines of thinner smoke rising above the treetops.

We could furthermore see the moving dust-clouds, indicating the march of supporting columns all converging towards the centre of action. The line of the Bull Run Mountains was visible beyond and from Thoroughfare Gap, which appeared to the right of the battle-cloud. We could see the dust and reciprocal artillery-fire of our retreating and the enemy's advancing forces. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I was standing with Colonel Beckwith and commenting on these movements, when I learned that this was probably Longstreet's command forcing back Ricketts's Division from the Gap, which he had attempted to hold. I was afterward informed it was an artillery duel between the cavalry forces of Stuart and Buford.

The anxiously-expected order to mount was at length given, and we rode rapidly by the Warrenton turnpike toward the field of battle. Hundreds of stragglers were toiling along the hot and dusty road, apparently actuated by the desire of rejoining their regiments in the engagement, while hundreds of others were shamelessly skulking, plundering, cooking, or sleeping by the way-side. At every house and under every convenient shade parties of these tricoteurs were picking chickens, roasting corn, and making themselves comfortable generally—not orders, threats, nor scorn had the slightest effect on these recreant hogs. We at length saw quite a large body of men approaching us unarmed and marching in a disorderly manner. I was quite shocked at this apparition, and perceived by their countenances that others were equally bewildered. General Pope halted the column, and in a stern voice demanded what this meant? He was answered that they were prisoners taken by Jackson at Manassas Junction, now liberated on parole, and returning home. There were between five and six hundred, chiefly made up of officers having had charge of the captured Manassas, with their train of clerks, assistants, sutlers, invalids, and bummers. There were mutual recognitions be-
tween them and individuals of our cavalcade, and in passing they cheered, hoping that we would make a finish of Jackson this time.

As we approached the field the pounding of the guns was tremendous, but as we were ascending the last hill that rose between us and the magnificent drama, and just beginning to stuff the sulphurous breath of battle, a Staff officer from Sigel (I think) rode up to General Pope and reported that the ammunition was failing. Immediately the General turned to me; "Captain, ride back to Centreville and hurry up all the ammunition you can find there!"

I felt for a moment disguised and naiveté, but I could not dispute the importance of my mission, so I slowly drew rein and galloped back over the hot and dusty road. Amidst the vast accumulation of vehicles and baggage-trains at Centreville I should have had great difficulty in finding the wagons I was in search of, had I not fortunately fallen in with Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, of M'Dowell's Corps, who seemed to be always on hand in an emergency. With his assistance in a marvelously short time I got between twenty-four and thirty wagons, started in the proper direction: and then, by his invitation, stopped to swallow a cup of coffee and a lusty lunch. Observing a considerable body of well-equipped troops lying here apparently idle, I expressed astonishment, and inquired the cause of it. The answer was expressed evasively, but with some bitterness: "They are officers here to-day who would be doing themselves far more credit by marching to the battle-field than by lying idle and exciting dissatisfaction by doubts, sneering criticism, and open abuse of the Commander-in-Chief."

I followed my wagons until I had got them clear of Centreville and in a full trot down the turnpike; I then dug spurs into my mare's flanks, and in the shortest time possible returned to the great centre of interest. I found the General and Staff grouped around a large pine-tree which stood solitary on the crest of an open hill, overlooking our whole line of battle. The summit immediately in our front was occupied by a line of batteries, some thirty or forty pieces, blazing and fuming like furnaces. Behind these a fine brigade of Reno's command lay resting on their arms. To their right stood Heintzelman, with the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, whose musketry kept up a continuous roar. Supporting the left of this line of guns was Sigel, also sharply engaged with small-arms. On an open bluff still further to the left, and on the opposite side of the valley traversed by the Warrenton turnpike, lay Schenck's Division, which had been a good deal cut up, and was not actively engaged at this moment. The dry grass which covered the hill he occupied had taken fire, and was burning rapidly, occasion-ally obscuring that portion of the field with its smoke. Beyond him, on the extreme left of our line, General Reynolds, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, lay masked from the enemy by a wood. The enemy's position can only be known by the smoke of his guns, for all his troops and batteries are concealed by the wood. He occupies strong lines on a plateau and along an unfinished railroad embankment, which is equal to a regularly intrenched line. He fights stubbornly, and has thus far resisted all our efforts to dislodge him. The General relies on the advance of M'Dowell and Porter to crush him, and we are in momentary expectation of hearing their guns. The shot and shells of the enemy directed at the batteries in our front render this position rather uncomfortable, as they are continually screeching over our heads, or plowing the gravelly surface with an ugly rasping whir, that makes one's flesh creep.

I remarked two of the battery horses on the left performing some singular gymnastics. A shell struck the span and burst between them. They then commenced hopping around and bowing at each other, like two over-polite Frenchmen, and having made several circles in this way, they fell plunging and rolling over each other, then rose again to perform the same tour of gymnastics. This continued for ten minutes, and I was glad at last to see the poor creatures lying quiet. Going up to them I found them both stone-dead, the shell having carried away the fore-leg of one and the hind-leg of the other close to the body.

Our efforts to carry the wood in front having thus far failed, I was sent to General Reno with orders that he should throw forward the division lying in reserve to support the attack of Heintzelman's troops. The order was promptly and gallantly executed, the troops moving in beautiful order and with admirable spirit. I accompanied the advance until they passed our guns beyond the summit, and remained there admiring until the troops, moving down a fine open slope, reached the edge of the wood. The enemy was pelting away industriously from his wooded strong-hold, and the air was lively with singing bullets. For half an hour or more the roar of musketry was uncensuring. At length Reno in person reported to the General, and stated that he had failed to carry the wood. Simultaneously with his return our position was so sharply raked with shot and shell that the General withdrew a short distance to the right, establishing himself on the verge of a wood.

At this crisis there seemed to be a giving way of Sigel's troops on the centre, they breaking and running down the hill by twos and threes at first, and presently by tens and dozens. An officer was dispatched to check this movement, and succeeded in doing so. At the same time large bodies of troops were seen moving forward out of a wood and across some open ground on our extreme left. I was ordered to ride over and ascertain what troops these were—the General evidently supposing or hoping it might be Porter's command, as it was looked for in that direction. I rode to the point, probably a mile and a half distant, and found it was Reynolds with the Pennsylvania Reserves, changing his position for one nearer the enemy,
but still masked by a forest. I delivered General Pope's order, which was "not to show his men yet." He explained to me that they were still concealed, but in a better position to strike when needed. Returning I was guided by some stragglers to a spring to the rear of Reynolds, and stopped to get a drink of water. While here I observed three shells consecutively falling and bursting in the field, coming from the direction of our left and rear. One of them fell within a hundred yards of me. I reported this circumstance to General Pope on my return, who did not vouchsafe reply or comment upon it, but one of the Staff officers said, "It is Porter feeling his way into position. He has been tardy, but may be still in time."

It was now about four o'clock when General Phil Kearney came in and received orders to attack and carry the disputed position at all hazards. He rode off promising to do so. While he was forming his troops for the advance it was thought necessary to pound the position with artillery. Reno, who was riding beside the Commanding General, remarked, "The wood is filled with the wounded of both armies." The Commander replied, "And yet the safety of this army and the nation demands their sacrifice, and the lives of thousands yet unwounded." After a moment's hesitation the necessity of the order was acquiesced in, and forty guns were opened upon the fatal wood. The artillerymen worked with a fiendish activity, and the sulphurous clouds which hung over the field were tinged with a hot coppery hue by the rays of the declining sun. Meanwhile Kearney had gone in, and the incessant roar of musketry resembled the noise of a cataract.

An hour later Kearney again appeared, and informed the General that the coveted position was carried. I stood beside him as he gave in his report, and while elated with the tidings he communicated admired the man as the finest specimen of the fighting soldier I had ever seen. With his small head surmounted by the regulation forage-cap, his thin face with its energetic back, his colorless eyes, glaring as it were with a white heat, his erect figure with the empty coat-sleeve pinned across his breast, down to the very point of his sabre, whose ragged leather scabbard stuck out like a gaff, he looked the game-cock all over. His very voice had the resolute guttural chuck which characterizes that gallant fowl. His report was in substance, and very nearly in language, as follows: "General, I have at length carried the enemy's position. It was gallantly defended, and my loss has been awful, but that of the enemy has been at least three to one of mine. He made the most persistent and desperate efforts to dislodge me, rushing forward in columns ten or fifteen deep; but the steady fire of my lines, delivered at short range, moved down these masses like grass. The ground we occupy and that in front of us is literally covered with their dead bodies; and now, General, I may state to you that my men have eaten little or nothing for two days, and I beg of you that supplies be sent to them, and that they may be relieved, at least temporarily, to enable them to take some refreshment." To which General Pope curtly answered that it was not in his power to grant either request.

Meanwhile McDowell in person arrived on the field, and reported the approach of his command. It is a relief to see him here, although it is too late for him to accomplish anything decisive. While exchanging greetings with me McDowell looked toward the west, where the radiance of a rich golden sunset was breaking through the grim battle-clouds, illuminating the mingled glories and horrors of the hard-fought field. "Look," said he, "what a dramatic and magnificent picture! How tame are all Vernet's boasted battle-pieces in comparison with such a scene as this! Indeed, if an artist could successfully represent that effect it would be criticised as unreal and extravagant."

I warned toward a man who amidst the dangers and responsibilities of the occasion could mark its passing beauties and sublimities. At
this point the two Generals, with their aids and escort, rode to the front to inspect the situation. On rising the hill occupied by the line of batteries we were exposed to a sharp fire both of artillery and musketry. Several cannon-shot plowed up the earth beneath our horses' feet, and we saw the musket-balls rapping upon the guns as we rode along. This showed the enemy still untamed, and became so annoying that the escort and most of the aids were ordered to retire behind the crest. Arriving on the ground, occupied by a battery of 20-pounder Parrots which had been working very industriously and effectively all day, the Generals Pope and M'Dowell (with Sigel and Kearney, I believe), with their chief officers, formed a line on the right of the guns, and stood for some time reconnoitring the enemy's position. The battery was still working rapidly, and the enemy fighting back with equal spirit, when one of the guns burst, throwing off a heavy fragment of the muzzle, which described an arc immediately over the heads of the line of officers and fell with a thud, just clearing the last man and horse; two feet lower and it would have swept off the whole party. I had remarked since we came over that the ammunition used seemed miserably and dangerously defective; nearly all the shells bursting prematurely, and several so close to the muzzles of the pieces as to endanger the artillerymen. I am told one of the battery officers was thus wounded.

We remained on this hill until after sunset, when the firing gradually ceased. When it became quite dark there was a beautiful pyrotechnical display about a mile distant on our left, and near the Warrenton turnpike, occasioned by a collision of King's Division of M'Dowell's Corps with the enemy's right. The sparkling lines of musketry shone in the darkness like fire-flies in a meadow, while the more brilliant flashes of artillery might have been mistaken for swamp meteors. This show continued for an hour, the advancing and receding fires indicating distinctly the surging of the battle tide; and all this time not the slightest sound either of small-arms or artillery was perceptible. It seemed at length that the fire of the enemy's line began to extend and thicken, while ours wavered and fell back, but still continued the contest. Between eight and nine o'clock it ceased entirely, and we returned to our head-quarters station, where we picketed our horses and prepared to pass the night beside a camp-fire.

In discussing the events of the day with the officers I am enabled to make up a summary of our operations more satisfactory and complete than obtained from my own necessarily partial observations.

The force of thirty-five thousand men under M'Dowell, which should have marched between Jackson's and Lee's main army, instead of coming into action in a body seems to have been scattered all over the country, divisions and brigades engaged here and there, as if by accident; but the main body not getting on to the decisive field until after dark, too late to accomplish any thing. We had, therefore, fought the action with the Corps of Sigel, Heintzelman, Reno, and the Pennsylvania Reserves, aggregating less than twenty-five thousand men, about equal to the force of the enemy. We have pounded Jackson severely indeed, but have not destroyed him—a result hoped for, and essential to our ultimate success. But for the failure of M'Dowell and Porter to reach the field we should certainly have destroyed Jackson. We don't know the reason of M'Dowell's delay, as no one doubts either his zeal or his courage, and his relations with the Commander-in-Chief are as usual friendly and confidential. Porter, who received the order carried by myself (this morning at sunrise) to move on Centreville, and a second order at Manassas, turning his course toward Groveton, has showed no disposition to assist in the fight at all, but has lain quietly in sight and hearing of the battle all the afternoon. His conduct is indignantly denounced, and there is some talk of a summary arrest.

Some are of opinion that we have gained a decisive victory as it is, and that Jackson will retreat under cover of the darkness, or if he remains we will easily demolish him in the morning. Others insist that we have suffered quite as severely as the enemy in the day's operations, and that by to-morrow morning he will be reinforced by the whole Southern army. This is Colonel Lewis Marshall's opinion, and notwithstanding my sanguine temper, when I remember that significant dust-cloud retrograding from Thoroughfare Gap toward this field, observed this morning from the heights of Centreville, I don't see how it can be otherwise. Nevertheless, let those that are jubilant enjoy themselves till morning, while I, who have been in the saddle since three o'clock A.M., will enjoy my damp flinty couch as sweetly as if it were a spring mattress.

August 30th, Saturday.—Fair and warm. Rose feeling fresh and vigorous, and begged a breakfast from some troopers of the escort, who seemed to have abundance. They have established a hospital in a house at the foot of the hill, and we can hear distinctly the outcry of the wounded in the hands of the surgeons. I heard them all night, but supposed it was only our mules and horses making a disturbance. The enemy holds his ground in front of us with as much tenacity as ever. Whether Kearney fell back to ration his troops and was driven back I don't know, but we no longer hold the position carried at such cost yesterday afternoon. We have repeated information that there are bodies of cavalry, and even batteries, menacing our rear by both flanks, but the General takes little note of the reports, and still believes, or affects to believe, that the enemy is retreating.

There is nevertheless sharp practice going on in front both with small-arms and artillery. I was sent forward with a message to General
Ricketts (who, falling back from Thoroughfare Gap, was now in position on our extreme right), ordering him to advance his division and feel the enemy cautiously. I crossed a field where there was some heavy shelling from the enemy's batteries, and found General Ricketts and Staff dismounted standing in the edge of a wood on the farther side. As I approached them I heard the angry "zip" of bullets whistling by my ears, and when about a hundred yards off the General called to me to dismount or I would be picked off by the rebel sharp-shooters, who lined the wood in front. I dismounted, and leading my horse up to the group delivered my message. General Ricketts seemed both surprised and annoyed, and asked if I could explain to him the motive of the order, and if it was imperative? I replied, that General Pope was under the impression the enemy was retreating. Ricketts then asked, "Upon what information General Pope relied for this opinion?" I was unable to inform him. He then told me that he had already felt the enemy, and had been repulsed by infantry en masse and three batteries of heavy guns posted so as to command the further verge of the wood. That, so far from retreating, the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and was pressing him so heavily that he was not even sure of being able to maintain himself. He requested me to tell General Pope that, under these circumstances, he did not deem it advisable to advance unless the order was peremptory—in that case he would go in, with a certainty, however, of having his division cut to pieces.

I rode off, putting my mare to her mettle to balk the sharp-shooters, who were spitefully spitting at every thing that showed itself; but before I had cleared the open ground I was recalled by an orderly of General Ricketts. Returning to the position, I found General Dur-eya, just in from the skirmish line, with a severe wound in the hand. His statement fully confirmed Ricketts's views, and I immediately reported what I had seen and heard to General Pope. As he received it in silence, I asked if I should return to General Ricketts with further orders? He hesitated a moment, and then said: "No! let it go so." For some time after the General walked to and fro, smoking and anxiously engaged in solving the difficult problem involved in the contradictory evidence he was continually receiving.

After a while M'Dowell came in, and they spent the morning together under a tree apparently waiting for the enemy to retreat. Meanwhile Porter, in answer to a peremptory order, had reported at head-quarters, and was posted with his command on the front and centre to lead the proposed attack. It was now about three in the afternoon, and the day had thus far been spent in indecisive skirmishes with small-arms, occasional bursts of artillery, and the disposal and manœuvring of our forces.

Suddenly there was an order to horse, and the Staff moved rapidly across the valley, traversed by the Warrenton turnpike, and halted on an eminence behind our left, and overlooking the road for some distance with the positions occupied by our troops on that wing. As we moved the thunder of a dozen batteries announced that the battle had commenced in a new direction. The mass of our troops, now visible, seemed to be formed in the hollow along Young's Branch and the turnpike toward Grove-ton, while our artillery, with supports, occupied the high ground on either side. On a ridge fronting us we could see the enemy's artillery busily engaged. The old line, formed by Sigel, Reno, Heintzelman, and Ricketts, was still held, but was only partially visible to us. Porter's Corps, supported by M'Dowell's, was leading the assault, and it was expected that his complete failure to do anything yesterday would stimulate him to extraordinary efforts to-day.

As the fight progressed it seemed as if the enemy's fire prevailed, and was approaching on our left and turning our position. Observing the enemy's line of guns on the ridge described I saw an officer riding rapidly from gun to gun, apparently delivering orders, for as he passed along the guns were consecutively withdrawn. I called General Pope's attention to this manœuvre, and suggested that the enemy seemed to be retiring in that direction. He exclaimed quickly, "They are taking away their guns, at any rate; but we will not let them escape." A few moments after, the General's attention being engaged in another direction, I saw the enemy in two strong lines of battle moving over the ridge lately occupied by the guns, and advancing rapidly down the slope toward us; at the same time a battery of light artillery appeared moving at full speed to support their attack. This I immediately pointed out to the General, who seemed surprised, and, for the first time during the campaign, showed strong excitement. It was evident that these lines were marked by our artillery, for we could see the shell striking, bursting, and rending them continually, but in no way checking their advance or disturbing their steady order. Reaching the base of the hill they seemed to halt for a time, while the storm of musketry continued to advance rapidly on our left. During this period we were standing near the ruins of a farm-house, and for a time I was the only officer with the General, all the rest being engaged in carrying orders and messages to different parts of the field.

At length some of the troops composing Sigel's left, under General Seench, began to give way, and a regiment breaking in panic ran down the hill in full view. The struggling to the rear from all the centre of our line became momentarily more numerous, and on the main turnpike formed a continuous stream, mixed with ambulances, artillery-wagons, and horsemen. At this crisis I was ordered to ride with all speed to General Heintzelman on our extreme right, and bring over Ricketts's Division at a double-quick to support our left, which
seemed to be rapidly crumbling under the enemy's attacks. I found Heintzelman, who said that Ricketts already occupied a most important position, and could not be safely withdrawn; adding that the Pennsylvania Reserves were disengaged, and I should take them. I had last seen these troops on our extreme left, but found General Reynolds behind our centre, where Reno lay yesterday morning. I delivered the order to him, pointing out the ground he was to occupy, and started back to advise General Pope of the change.

As I recrossed the field the view was awfully discouraging. Not only did the mob of fugitives cover the Centreville road, but organized regiments of infantry, full batteries, and troops of cavalry, in full retreat, impeded my progress, while the hill-sides and by-roads were filled with parties carrying off wounded men in their arms, in blankets, on stretchers, and in every disponible manner. We had been fighting with our line of battle formed like a V, with the advanced angle on the Warrenton road. It seemed for the time that this projecting angle had been entirely crushed, and the débris was streaming back toward Centreville. The right wing, however, I had just left cool and intact, while our left was still maintaining itself with heroic efforts. The enemy seemed to be directing his whole power against us there, attacking following attack with ceaseless rapidity, each renewal bringing him nearer and nearer to the extreme left of our line, now resting on Bull Run. When I got back to the position where I had left the Commander he was gone. The whole hill was under a storm of fire, and there was nothing in sight but one or two dead horses, several solitary fugitives, and a cavalry horse whose fore-foot had been carried away by a cannon-shot, and who was bleeding from a bullet wound in the face, probably inflicted by his late rider in a humane attempt to kill him. This wretched beast probably belonged to the Staff escort, as he saluted me with an agonized groan, and hobbled after me for some distance.

I rode to and fro for some time without being able to find the Commander or our line of battle. During this time I met Colonel Clarke, of Banks's Staff, who told me he thought General Pope had ridden back toward the Warrenton road; but as the accumulating roar of battle seemed approaching from the opposite direction I preferred to seek him there. Riding toward the left I found our line of infantry falling back under a heavy fire, and showing a tendency to disorganize. A line of Staff officers, with the escort cavalry, was formed behind with drawn sabres, driving back skulkers, among whom I observed about as many officers as privates. Among the most active in this service I recognized Major Meline, and feeling relieved that I had at length found my place I joined him with a will. Among others we hailed a battery which was trotting off. The officer said his ammunition was spent, and he moved off to save his guns. I ordered him to put his battery in position and fire blank cartridges, if he had nothing more, for the moral effect. For the rest, the battle was not lost, and his guns were as safe here as at Centreville. He unlimbered, admitting that he had powder and half a dozen rounds of canister. Good! that half a dozen rounds may secure us the victory. On my way over I had met an officer sent by General Sumner, seeking General Pope to report the arrival of Sumner's and Franklin's Corps at Centreville. When I met the General I repeated this message to him, to which he replied, with scornful tone and gesture, "Why at Centreville?"

At the same time there was a magnificent combat going on in sight of the whole army, where a portion of Scheuck's Division, the Pennsylvania Reserves, and Towers's Brigade, met the enemy's attack on the ground which yesterday was occupied by the extreme left of our line. The enemy's advance was checked, and our left wing, although forced back some distance, still showed an unbroken and menacing front, covering the main road to Centreville and the retreat of all our vehicles, spent batteries, and wounded. The brilliant conduct of the troops mentioned was cheered by all who witnessed it, and from that period the tremor ceased, and I observed no more wavering in our lines.

A division under Reno had been withdrawn from the centre and lay in reserve behind us. The fine appearance and firm attitude of these troops, with the smiling comtempence of their splendid leader, served to dispel all remaining apprehension of a disgraceful rout, which for a time seemed imminent. The Staff was again grouped around the Commander, and we took position with Reno's Division, still under a bitter fire of artillery, the air shuddering with all the varied pandemoniac notes of shell, round shot, grape, rusty spikes, and segments of railroad bars. This continued until about sunset, when the signal was given for Reno to advance. His troops, which had been massed in squares, now deployed, and advanced beautifully in two lines of battle. When they reached the edge of the wood in front the roll of musketry commenced swelling higher and higher, until it resembled the stunning roar of Niagara. Our line, with the smoke of its fire, covered the enemy from our view, but his advance could be understood by the musket-balls, which struck upon the open ground in front, throwing up little clouds of dust, first striking just behind our men, and then advancing toward us like the big rain-drops pattering on a dusty street, until we perceived ourselves enveloped in the shower, the leaden drops striking among and beyond us. We could not hear their singing for the stunning noise in front, but an occasional hit showed the quality of their metal. I saw a ball strike the shoe of the horse standing next to mine, glancing without inflicting a hurt, but causing the animal to snort and stamp violent-
ly. I saw General Elliot, during one of these showers, suddenly turn and ride to the rear. It was reported that he was wounded, and he returned presently with his wrist bound up, covering a slight wound, which did not withdraw him from the ground.

As the enemy's infantry would fall back repulsed these insidiously fatal showers would cease, and the more appalling but really less dangerous form of artillery would recommence, while Reno took advantage of theull to change the position of his lines—the first line retiring, and the second advancing by right of companies, threading through and re-forming each on the ground just occupied by the other. This pretty manœuvre was repeated a number of times, with a coolness and accuracy that would have been applauded on a parade-ground; and as often as the enemy hurled his columns upon our position he met a bloody repulse from the steady fire of these veterans. I do not remember how many attacks were thus repulsed, but am under the impression there were four or five, and perhaps more. The enemy must have suffered severely here. Our loss was trifling, as I saw very few men fall and very few wounded carried to the rear.

The sun set in a sea of fiery-red clouds, and with the approaching darkness the sounds of musketry ceased, and the enemy fell back, leaving Reno in possession of the hotly-contested point. The enemy's artillery still kept up its fire, and as it grew darker their aim seemed to grow better, for half a dozen consecutive shots struck among the Staff and escort, throwing dirt over horses and riders. A message was sent to the commanders on the right and centre ordering them to fall back and form a new line conforming with the position of the left.

Colonel Ruggles, chief of Staff, was called on to write an order for one of the commanders, but it was so dark that it was found necessary to strike a light. The matches and the candle were produced, and several attempts were made to light it, but no sooner was a match struck and encircled in the hand to nurse the blue, budding flame than a cannon-shot (with a whir like an old-fashioned spinning-wheel) would strike the ground within a few feet of the bearer, and down would go match, candle, and all. After changing position and failing in half a dozen attempts, the writing was abandoned and a verbal order sent.

I was called on to find General Sigel and conduct him in person to the Commander. It was pitch dark, and no one knew where Sigel was, and I started off to wander God knows where, in a country totally unknown to me, and on as hopeless a service as could be well imagined. I moved to the right, passing a deserted farm-house and through an orchard, and presently heard some jabbering which I thought sounded like a foreign language. Following the sound I rode up to a group of men, and to my great relief and satisfaction recognized the German tongue. I inquired for General Sigel, and a soldier, answering in broken English, offered to conduct me to him.

I found Sigel and Schurz, with their Staffs, in the centre of what seemed to me an unorganized crowd of a hundred and fifty or two hundred men. Whether there were other troops in line I could not see on account of the darkness. I delivered my message to General Sigel, who seemed very reluctant to obey, declaring that if he left the ground his command would be mismanaged, or perhaps take advantage of his absence to retreat. General Carl Schurz also protested, saying it was impossible for General Sigel to leave. I told him the order was important and peremptory, and that General Pope was only a few hundred yards distant, and I would speedily conduct him to the spot. He at length agreed to go, leaving Schurz in command, ordering him to stand his ground, and addressing some encouraging words to the troops to the same purpose—all of which being in good German I understood imperfectly. At the conclusion the men cheered, and within a few feet of me there was an explosion which threw my mare on her hanches, nearly causing her to throw a back somersault in her fright. I thought an immense shell from the enemy had burst in our midst, killing and wounding God knows how many, until I perceived them reloading a twenty-pound Parrott gun around which the party had been congregated.

With some difficulty I led Sigel over to Pope's position; as he followed through the darkness he would lose sight of me, and I would hear him calling, "Where are you, Captain? Where is General Pope?" Meanwhile I was reconnoitring to assure myself of the locality, and would lose Sigel. Pope had changed his position; but after half an hour's searching, and some good luck, I brought them together. On this ride I came upon the battery which Major Meline and myself had halted about 4 p.m. The Captain was still sullenly holding his position. I complimented him, and told him to withdraw to Centreville; but General Sigel countermanded the order, and told him to stand firm until he received orders from him to fall back.

When the Generals met Sigel proposed to hold his position, and seemed unwilling to leave the field; but the Commander issued his brief and peremptory order—"General Sigel will fall back on Centreville with his command, seeing that the movement is executed smoothly and with deliberation." Sigel bowed acquiescence and retired. General Reno was instructed to hold his position until every thing had left the field; then, acting as rear-guard, to retire slowly toward Centreville. General Pope then said to those about him, "If we could be of any further service I would remain, but as every thing is now arranged we will ride back to Centreville."

We rode in silence and darkness, the spitful cannon-shot of the enemy still hurting over our heads, following us for a mile or more. The
The road was crowded with the retiring army, moving in silence and in perfect order. Crossing Bull's Run near the site of the ruined bridge by a most difficult and tangled road, I became separated from the body of the Staff, and rode alone for several miles with Captain Drake Dekay. As we passed a ravine his horse fell heavily and rolled over him. I dismounted myself and halted two cavalry-men, who assisted me in dragging the horse from off the Captain's body. I thought for a moment he was dead, or fatally hurt; but he was only stunned, and with a little stimulus was soon sufficiently recovered to continue his ride.

We reached Centreville about ten o'clock, and after wandering about for an hour longer found head-quarters in a house near the main road. Pope, M'Dowell, and several other Generals, were there discussing the situation, while numerous junior officers were sleeping on the floors and porches, pillowed on saddles or upturned chairs, belted, booted, and spurred, deliciously unconscious of present, past, or future. I tethered my mare to a tree in the yard, stole an armful of hay from the horse of a cavalryman hard by (soothing my conscience with the reflection that he had probably stolen it from some one else), and then joined my comrades on the floor.

August 31, Sunday.—Raining. My sleep last night was broken by the continual coming and going of officers and orderlies with reports and messages, with occasional discussions of recent events, which exhibited excitement and a good deal of bad feeling. General Pope stated that he had available in the late battles but fifty-seven thousand men, of which he had lost eight or nine thousand killed and wounded, with about as many more stragglers, seven thousand of whom had been arrested and held at Centreville. This left him not over forty thousand men for the final struggle at Groveton. Reno held his position until ten o'clock last night, and until every thing had retired. He then fell back undisturbed. Our dead, with several thousand of our wounded, are left upon the field, and we have lost about twenty pieces of cannon.

Personally I was dispirited, disgusted, and fatigued. A runaway Zouave had stolen my mare during the night, but John, with the assistance of Colonel Smith's man George, had recognized and rescued her. This piece of good luck, with a cup of coffee furnished by John, and two biscuits I purchased from the housewife for a silver quarter, so revived my spirits that I heard the opening cannon with a glow of vindictive pleasure. With our concentrated forces, and the fresh troops under Sumner and Franklin which joined us here, in all between sixty and seventy thousand men (officially 63,000), I felt assured we could maintain ourselves against any attempt of the enemy to follow up his successes, and perhaps retrieve gloriously the disasters of yesterday. After a few shots these sounds died away, and with them the hopeful excitement of a renewal of the struggle. The enemy's cavalry had simply showed itself in front, without making any demonstration toward an attack.

Centreville is an insignificant village on the highest point of a ridge which commands an extensive view over the plain country in every direction. The height is strongly fortified with earth-works in detached redoubts, redans, and lines of rifle-pits, commanding all approaches. From all the slopes for a mile or two around the forest had been cleared, and the ground is now clothed with thickets of a year's growth. Our army lay massed upon the summit and eastern slope of this ridge—battered and foiled, but still in unbroken power and spirits. The stern desolation of war was visible in every living face and inanimate object that met the eye. There were the weed-grown battlefields and the decayed huts of its former occupants furnishing shelter and fuel for present needs. Dead animals, swollen with recent corruption, lay among the whitening bones that marked the scene of many a feast of buzzards during the past year; while the dead soldiers of the hour, scarcely cold in their gory vestments, were hastily hidden in shallow graves beside the mouldy sepulchres. Thus the hopes and fears, the glories and sufferings, of each passing generation wax and perish, and the next sweeps over them, treading careless and unconscious on the forgotten dust which was once their living counterpart, and which they will soon resemble, to be trodden over and forgotten by the next comers. But few were mindful of these things, for all were intent on relieving the little necessities of the hour, and thought for food and rest took precedence of philosophy and sentiment.

There was a little by-play in the great drama which I could not witness without a smile. About two hundred carriages came out from Washington freighted with Government employés and citizen volunteers to assist in taking care of the wounded. The effect of this dapper procession of shining city hacks, with its lading of clean-washed, neatly-dressed, unsunned, and innocent-faced civilians wedged in among the mud-clogged, powder-blackened, blood-stained vehicles of war, and the grim, sun-browned, rugged, and ragged campaigners, was strange at first, and then the appalled countenances and unspeakable helplessness of these kind-hearted volunteers became entirely ludicrous—unable to find a convenient dining-saloon most of them returned to the city the same day. Guards had been stationed on the main roads to Washington with orders to arrest all who attempted to pass toward the city without permits. Fearing that some martinet might be in command, I was ordered to ride back to Fairfax Court House to instruct all such guards to allow free passage to ambulances and other vehicles carrying sick and wounded.

I started on my way attended by my man John on his steed lately captured at the Junction.
As I rode I heard guns from that direction which indicated that Banks's Corps was attacked; but from the peculiar intonations and mushroom-shaped clouds of white smoke I concluded they were destroying ammunition and stores for which they had not sufficient transportation. This surmise turned out to be correct.

I was also warned that parties of rebel cavalry were on the road between us and Washington; but the continuous stream of stragglers afoot and on horseback, the numerous vehicles (among which were many of the lucks alluded to), all tending in that direction, convinced me that there could be no foundation for the rumor. Within two miles of the Court House I stopped to question some soldiers in regard to an encampment near the road, and ascertained it was that of the Fourth New Jersey of the Alexandria Seminary memory, now commanded by Colonel Hatch. I called and was hospitably treated by the Colonel and the regimental surgeon Osborne, who gave me claret and sugar cakes.

At Fairfax I found a Major with six companies of infantry doing guard duty. I delivered the instructions and found the Major a very intelligent soldier. He suggested that the line of ambulances should be turned to Burke's Station, when the wounded could be conveyed to Alexandria by the cars, and then the ambulances could return immediately for a fresh freight; whereas, by driving all the way to Alexandria, as they were now doing, a day's travel was added to their labors, and many of them would probably not return. I approved the suggestion, and did not hesitate to order it on my own responsibility. The Major then referred to the rumors of rebel cavalry in the neighborhood, and suggested that a cavalry force should be sent there to protect the station.

At the moment Major McGee, with his squadron of the Third Virginia, rode up and informed us he had been ordered to the point in question. I advised the Major, in case this post was attacked, to throw his men into the houses and defend it to the last extremity. He promised to do so. Having attended to my duties I left John to watch the horses grazing in the Court House yard, and went myself into the vestibule of the building to sleep. Seeing a long pine box there I stretched myself upon it. A sentinel stepped up and informed me that the box contained the body of a Colonel. Looking through an opening I saw the ghastly features of the dead officer. I felt no loathing, but rather a sentiment of friendly respect—a glow of pride in our brotherhood; so I told the sentinel we would not disturb each other, and returned to my sleep.

After an hour's rest I rode back to Centreville, finding everything there muddy, damp, and dejected. General Pope had sent a flag asking permission to remove our wounded from the field. The request had been granted, and parties were now over the lines fulfilling that duty, which I heard with a feeling of relief.

The head-quarters camp was located near the Fairfax road, and about two miles east of Centreville. But a portion of the tents were pitched, and these were all crowded by the chiefs and juniors, who showed no disposition to share their accommodations with such as got in late. To increase my vexation I had a guest in Captain Devin, Assistant Quartermaster, who called to ask hospitality. It was raining, and I had no shelter to offer him. We tied our horses to a post, and spreading a blanket over the side-ropes of a tent, made a
common bed, and crept into our sloppy and mouldy lair, on my part in so bitter a humor that I felt neither hunger nor cold.

While endeavoring to compose myself to sleep I was disturbed by Major Meline. A frequent interchange of little courtesies had made the Major’s voice pleasant to me. This time he handed me a letter from my wife, and to read it I entered one of the tents where a light was burning. Some of the junior aids were lunching on hard bread and sardines. One, having just mixed a tinful of toddy, handed it, requesting me to take a drink. I put it to my lips, and presently returned the empty cup. I think I detected rather a blank expression in some of the attendant faces at the persistent continuity of my swig; but their hospitality was not disdained—the cup refilled, and I invited to dip into the sardine-box. The letter, the toddy, and the supper had cleared the damp morsels that beclouded my spirits; we talked merrily for an hour, and I returned to my lair in a happier mood than when I left it. Sleeping under the tent-ropes is not so hard after all.

September 1, Monday.—Clear and warm. I was aroused at 3 o’clock this morning to carry a message to General Sumner, ordering him to make a reconnaissance in force toward Chantilly, on the Little River turnpike, it being apprehended that the enemy was moving on that road to turn our right flank.

I started with an orderly, and having very imperfect directions, wandered for two hours through the camps around Centreville without being able to find the General. Inquiries were in vain, as all the world was asleep except the sentinels, and I never had the fortune to find one of these camp-guards who knew any thing about anything or anybody. Some time after daylight I found the quarters of General David Birney, and from him received directions which enabled me to find Sumner, who lay but a short distance off. I flushed his Staff in a tent, and by one of his aids was conducted to a closed ambulance, which I had passed and repassed a dozen times within the hour. This was the sleeping-apartment of the veteran commander, to whom I delivered the message with which I was charged, and then returning to head-quarters, got some breakfast with Devin. He informs me that all the railroad trains behind Bristoe, with their lading (including a hundred and fifty thousand rations) had been destroyed, it being impossible to get them over the burned bridges, Banks’s Corps had been withdrawn from Manassas Junction, and lay beside Bull Run. We heard some cannonading in the direction of the Little River road, which means, doubtless, that Sumner’s reconnoitring force has found the enemy. Our camp was soon broken up, and the General with his Staff rode over to Sumner’s quarters. While he tarried there in conversation I took the opportunity of visiting General Birney, with whom I had an interesting conversation on the military and political situation. Birney had a brigade in Kearney’s Division, was of course lately from the Peninsula, and on Friday took part in the splendid attack by which Kearney carried the enemy’s position.

I expressed the opinion to Birney that we would not remain at Centreville for twelve hours longer. Half an hour after, on ascending the summit to reconnoitre the country toward Groveton, I saw, not the army of Lee, but a vast storm-cloud rolling rapidly toward us. I remembered my former vaticination, and accepted the omen as a certainty.

Where a man is living in peace and security, and can count with reasonable certainty on dining at a named hour and on rearranged dishes every day for a fortnight ahead, he is prone to imagine that he controls his own destinies, becomes conceited, and despises signs and omens.

But the poor soldier, whose life is a series of hazards and changes, who never knows what a day or an hour may bring forth, engulphed in a maelstrom of events and accidents, must naturally seek support and direction in his acknowledged helplessness. So the mighty Caesar planned wars and campaigns by observing the flight of crows and the color of chicken lizards. Napoleon the Great was always harping on destiny, and pointing at a star which others could not see. When of yore I sat under my own vine and fig-tree, the rising thunder-clouds suggested nothing but an umbrella; to-day I can read on the shadowy scroll the movements and destinies of armies.

We fled to General Smith’s head-quarters to seek shelter from the swashing hurricane which burst over us. Throwing my rein to an orderly in a gum coat I took refuge in a tent, upon a half permission of its inmates. The rain poured down with extraordinary fury, accompanied with claps of thunder that put our 20-pounders to shame. In the midst of it I perceived the General Staff mount and take the road to Fairfax. Reluctantly enough I was forced to follow. We were going to camp at Fairfax Court House, while the General remained at Centreville. I was soon drenched to the skin, despite of my gun cape, while my shoes and leather leggings were filled with water.

When about two miles from our starting-point we overtook General Heintzelman and Staff, and all together stopped to listen to the rapid fire of musketry and artillery on our left, and apparently not very distant. While here a Staff officer rode up, reporting the death of General Stevens, and ordering Heintzelman to send Grover’s Brigade across to support Reno, who was sharply engaged with the enemy on the Little River road. Heintzelman said that Grover’s Brigade had got too far ahead to be recalled, and, moreover, it would be impossible for him to get his artillery back, as the only practicable road was blocked up for an indefinite distance with wagons in triple lines, and for the most part abandoned by their drivers,
who, as usual, had fled on the first suggestion of danger. An officer was called for to return to General Pope with this message. As no one answered I volunteered, and rode back to Centreville through the mud and darkness, which were intense.

I found the General where we had left him, at General Smith's quarters, and at supper. This was a lucky chance which I did not fail to take advantage of. A short time afterward the General, followed by several officers and his escort, rode toward Fairfax Court House. The way was wearisome in the extreme; and I must have fallen asleep in my saddle but for the continual broils with parties of bummers and teamsters who were encamped and making good cheer all along the road.

Instead of pushing on with their trains these miserable creatures had blocked up the whole line between Centreville and Fairfax Court House with their teams, and then abandoned them for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves—thus jeopardizing not only the property in their charge but the safety of the army. The General, followed by his officers and escort with drawn sabres, dashed over these untimely bivouacs, trampling out the fires, upsetting the half-cooked mess, and lathering right and left with the flat of their swords, not caring for an occasional scrape with the edge. I took no part in these onslaughts; for, while I recognized the necessity of peremptory and extreme measures, I had not the heart to spoil the suppers which the poor devils doubtless needed. But the teamster is the standing butt of the army—not belonging to the fighting organizations, he is out of range of their sympathy, and is abused as a coward, a thief, a drunkard, and universal miscreant. Men are too apt to acquiesce in the positions assigned them by their fellows; yet I have known some worthy and faithful men among them, and have always had a lurking sympathy for army mules and teamsters as the most abused and oppressed of men and beasts.

As we approached Fairfax overtaxed nature claimed her dues, and there is an hiatus in my memory of uncertain duration. When I recovered my consciousness I was sitting on my horse alone in the streets of the village. Near me was a blazing fire, around which several wretched negroes were huddled, while others were tearing the boards off a wooden house to feed the flames. Utterly exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and chilled to the bones, I envied the negroes, and was strongly tempted to dismount and join them. Yet, as I observed men passing to and fro, I was restrained by the hope of presently seeing some one who could give me information in regard to the missing Staff and the locality of head-quarters.

After a long time, as it seemed to me, I recognized a lieutenant of the escort, and followed him to camp. I here found every thing sloppy and crowded. Wandering among the wagons
I could find no one that I knew, and no place to lay my wearied head. Seeing a single tent with a light burning I approached it, and found it crowded with general officers. I looked in, and civilly saluted the company, but no man said welcome. I returned to the wagons with the hope of finding shelter in one of them, but found them crowded to the bows with unofficial company as gruff and selfish as their superiors. I could not wrangle with these hogs for a place, but lowered my pride sufficiently to look under a wagon to see if I could not find a shelter from the pelting rain, and dry straw enough to secure my chilled and jaded body. A jinny-jawed bull-dog jumped at me with a vicious snarl, and I withdrew exclaiming, " Et tu Brute"—translated, Thou damned Brute.

Fortunately the next voice I heard was that of a man a friend. John came creeping out of the wagon. "Why, Captain, is that you? I have been looking out for you since dark." John took my mare and cared for her, meanwhile pointing out a group of tents where the younger officers were sheltered.

I entered one of these and found it occupied by four aids, whose pallets nearly covered the whole interior. Along the front was a space, eight feet by two, of trampled grass and sloppy mud—a bed roomy and dry enough for the comfort I had seen at the court-house in a box, but for one still warm with the weaknesses and miseries of life it seemed a narrow and cheerless resting-place. I placed my saddle for a pillow, and sinking down felt the water oozing through my single blanket at all points, in spite of which I was speedily gliding into chilly unconscionableness, when I heard the rattle of a trooper's sabre and a rough voice call, "Captain Payne, General Pope wishes to see you." This was responded to by a sigh within the tent and the friendly voice of Captain Payne: "Captain, occupy my bed and enjoy it. I shall be out all night." I muttered brief thanks, crawled from my mud-hole into the dry, warm pallet, and my troubles for the day were ended.

September 2, Tuesday.—The storm had cleared off, with a cool wind, and the day was quite pleasant. Leaving the camp General Pope went into the village and occupied the house of a Mr. Ford, where he remained until the middle of the afternoon; receiving and consulting with his subaltern commanders. We here received news of the death of our one-armed hero Phil Kearney, whose body had just been sent in by the enemy under a flag of truce. He had fallen in the action of the previous night near Chantilly. We understood the result of this fight has been favorable to us, and Jackson's flank march has been rudely checked.

I was sent out with some orders for General Sigel, with instructions to find him on the Armandale road. After riding some time I ascertained that he had not yet passed Fairfax; so I bought a Philadelphia Inquirer of a newspaper-boy, and sat down by the roadside to read some pleasant accounts of our recent victories.

Returning to the village I saw some soldiers gathered around a wagon, and found there was a distribution of fresh bread by some agent of the Sanitary Commission or other humane association. I received my loaf, and calling Captain Merrill of the Engineers we shared and devoured it.

About four o'clock P. M. the Staff was called to horse, and, escorted by a regiment of cavalry, we rode toward Washington, through Armandale, and thence by a quiet by-road until we came in sight of the Federal forts and camps on Manson's and Upton's hills. The first sight of the National flag and the troopers which thronged the ramparts excited pleasurable emotions; but when from the summits I saw the well-remembered steeple of the Seminary near Alexandria, and the pretentious and still unfinished dome of the National Capitol, and heard behind the boom of the rebel cannon, I was covered with imutable humiliation.

At this point there occurred a little personal by-play which, amidst the gloomy grandeur of the national drama, I had almost forgotten to note. Near Fort Buffalo we observed a general officer and suite drawn up in line as if waiting to pay their respects to our advancing cavalcade. Generals Pope and McDowell, who headed our column, had already passed them some distance when they were informed that General McClellan was on the ground. They immediately wheeled about, and, followed by their attendants, rode directly toward the late Commander-in-Chief, who advanced to meet them and exchanged formal greetings. The bands played, the troops cheered, and we passed on some miles further, halting upon an open grass-field surrounded by piny thickets. The baggage train had not yet arrived, and withdrawing from the crowd I seated myself near a half-spent fire, and drawing my blanket over my head, sunk into a sort of stupor, the result of physical and mental exhaustion. I was aroused by my man John, who had been searching for me to let me know my tent was ready. He hurried back to camp, and I followed slowly. On arriving I found him disputing with an officer in regard to the right of possession in the tent. The officer was highly indignant at finding his claim questioned and opposed by a nigger. John had selected the
tent and stood up for his right respectfully but firmly. My presence settled the question. I hoped my servant had not been rude in tone or language, but I could not rebuke him for defending my interests.

*September 3, Wednesday.*—Fair and warm. I rose from a long, deep, and refreshing sleep to eat and drink and renew my toilet. Then dispatched a hasty letter to assure friends at home of my welfare. Then slept and ate and slept again for the greater part of the day. I received a visit from Dr. Johnson, Surgeon of the First Michigan Cavalry, who tells me he is just from the field of the late battles. He informed me of the death of Colonel Brothead, whose body he had seen, and also tells me that he leaves on the field between two and three thousand of our wounded, who are perishing from hunger. He has called to see General Pope in regard to the means of obtaining present relief and transportation for them.

The news from the West is scarcely less discouraging than our situation in Virginia. The National troops are falling back everywhere, while Louisville, Newport, and Cincinnati are under martial law. We already begin to snuff the odor of politics, and our camp is filled with rumors of changes in the Cabinet and army commanders. Hearing of one of General Buford's aids, who was going to Carlisle, I wrote a letter to send by him, and walked over the fields to find the cavalry head-quarters. I found the General and Staff located under a tree with cloaks and blankets spread upon the grass, their only beds and shelter.

In discussing the battle of Saturday Buford says he held the ground between Reno's left and Bull Run. The repulse of the enemy here was complete and bloody. Graham's Battery, directed, I believe, by Lieutenant Elder, posted also on Reno's left, used grape and canister on their attacking columns at seventy-five yards, driving them back with terrible slaughter. Stuart's cavalry, which was seeking to make its way around our flank, was overthrown by Buford in a decisive charge. The fighting, he says, was vindictive in the extreme, several men and officers having been slain after they surrendered. This was done by both parties, and it was thus that Colonel Brothead fell. He was wounded and surrendered, and was shot down immediately afterward.

Buford thinks the retreat should not have been ordered, and that if we had maintained our ground we would have gained a victory next day. I have heard several general officers express the same opinion, and blaming General Pope for yielding the field before he was beaten. These opinions result from the glib and dogmatic of men heated by the contest and elated by partial successes, but without comprehensive information regarding our situation at sunset on Saturday. Our left, temporarily forced back, had indeed succeeded in giving Longstreet a bloody check, and held its ground firmly; but at the same hour our right and centre, under Heintzelman and Ricketts, had been overwhelm-
ded by the advance of Lee's whole power, and driven back to a point which rendered our position untenable. The retreat was, therefore, unavoidable as a tactical measure, and its necessity further justified by the fact that the troops were utterly exhausted by want of food and rest, while at the same time the events of the last week had rudely shaken General Pope's reliance on the loyal support and co-operation of the reinforcing army.

*September 4, Thursday.*—Fair and pleasant. I lay in camp all day apparently in a state of collapse, dozing continually and only remaining awake long enough to take the meals which John brings to my tent. The General and a portion of his Staff are gone to the city, and our mess is dissolved, Smith, Meline, and Pratt having gone with him.

*September 5, Friday.*—Fair and pleasant. I don't know from what source I am fed, and judge that John is on his own hook propping for me. My breakfast this morning was coffee and hard tack with green corn and fried apples.

I received permission to visit the city from Colonel M'Comb, Chief of Topographical Engineers, who also gave me a letter to General Cullum, recommending me for a short leave of absence. I rode over to the city with Colonel Ruggles, passing by the site of Avehill's old cavalry camp and crossing on the Georgetown aqueduct. I was the same day mustered in as Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. Thus ends my month's campaign with General John Pope, in which brief term has been concentrated more of hardship and hard fighting than I have seen in a whole year's previous experience.

Our losses in men and material have been heavy, although every thing has been grossly exaggerated by current rumor. An agent of the Sanitary Commission, who assisted in burying our dead on the fields around Groveton, informs me that they found seventeen hundred dead of the National troops on the ground. Assuming the usual average of wounded and our list of casualties would be swelled to between nine and ten thousand men, about the number estimated by General Pope. Our killed and wounded during the whole campaign will probably amount to fifteen thousand. The number of stragglers has been disgracefully large; but I have no means of approximating our loss in that way. From all accounts and what we have seen the enemy's losses are fully equal to ours. We have lost the field in the last great encounter; but the campaign is still in progress and results undetermined.

In reviewing the conduct of this campaign it seems to me to have been planned with ability, and executed with a degree of energy and boldness which have not heretofore characterized our operations in Virginia. There was a mistake at Cedar Mountain, where we allowed a single corps, and that a weak one, to fight a battle with Jackson's whole army, when we had an ample force lying idle almost within sight.
Jackson's conduct there—a singular combination of rashness and caution—showed that he was even more in the dark than General Pope, and our mistake saved him from the consequences of his greater mistake; for instead of being allowed to escape behind the Rapidan, he might have been crushed in the first encounter if all our disposable troops had been in position.

From this point until we reached the banks of the Potomac in front of Washington the campaign presents a series of dashing and audacious manoeuvres and sanguinary combats, in which the National army lost neither honor nor advantage, until it closed with its powerful adversary in the culminating fight at Groveton. Up to this point our affairs wore an encouraging aspect, and it seemed as if General Pope's intelligent and energetical measures were about to be crowned with success. Jackson had made a rash adventure, and was caught in it. We had brought him to a stand with not over twenty-five thousand men, while we had sixty thousand in position to fall upon and crush him before his supports could possibly arrive. Thus, on the morning of Friday, the 29th, Lee, with the main body of the Southern army, was separated from Jackson by a full day's march, while the National troops all lay within two or three hours, at most, of the decisive field, with direct and open roads to move upon, and it must be conceded that in the contest of manoeuvres the Union Commander had fairly outgeneraled his adversary. Without hesitation or delay all the troops immediately under General Pope's eye were thrown upon the enemy. All day long the roar of musketry and cannon, like the sounding of a mighty gong, invited the absent to share in the feast of death and glory; all day long the white battle-cloud, visible from hill and plain for twenty miles around, beckoned to laggard and skulker, to the exhausted soldier who had dropped behind his regiment, to the startled chieflain who may have mistaken his way or misunderstood his orders; all day long the anxious Commander counted the minutes, and urged his faithful legions to a succession of brilliant but exhausting attacks, vainly listening for the burst upon the enemy's right and rear which was to give us the victory.

Thus passed the day, and the hour, and the decisive opportunity. Sunset on the 29th still found us with the light columns of Sigel, Heintzelman, and Reno dashing against the strong and stubbornly-defended position of the enemy. Some of these indeed we had carried, doubling back Jackson's left, and holding a great portion of the contested field, with the enemy's dead and wounded in our hands; but the combatants were too equally matched in numbers, pluck, and condition to admit of our pushing this advantage to a decisive conclusion. Then, long expected but too late, M'Dowell appeared, and reported his column coming into position on our left. Then came darkness, followed by a sharp but indecisive bickering of musketry between King's Division of M'Dowell's and Hood's command of Longstreet's Corps, the leading division of the enemy's reinforcing column at the same hour coming into position on Jackson's right.

Porter, with his splendid Corps, had never appeared on the field at all. Thus it was that the hopes of victory and the prestige of successful generalship passed from the Union Commander to his adversaries. To complete the view of this day's operations I make a note of the enemy's movements, obtained from the most authentic sources. My principal informant, the Chief Engineer of Lee's Staff, says: "On the morning of the 29th General Lee took breakfast at a house west of Thoroughfare Gap. Riding forward rapidly they passed Longstreet moving through the Gap, the head of the column some short distance on the eastern side. They marched left in front, Hood's Division leading. This division reached the field and formed on Jackson's right after sunset on the 29th, and immediately thereafter became engaged with a portion of M'Dowell's Command, as before stated. Other portions of Longstreet's Command arrived and took position during the night. On the morning of the 30th (Saturday), Longstreet's Command was all up except Anderson's Division, which had not yet reached the field. The absence of this division, and a feeling of uncertainty as to Porter's forces and intentions, induced General Lee to remain on the defensive during the forenoon of Saturday. About one o'clock p.m. Anderson arrived, and the rebel Commander immediately commenced his preparations for an aggressive movement. He was anticipated by Porter's attack, which, being but feebly urged, soon failed, and afforded the golden opportunity for the grand counter-attack, whose progress and results have been detailed."

This statement fully confirms my own observations, and sustains General Pope's theory of the situation on Friday, the 29th. Although the subject of the reinforcement was known and discussed at head-quarters, General Pope seems to have still indulged in the hope that the enemy was endeavoring to withdraw on Saturday morning. Whether his persistence in this error is attributable to an over-sanguine temper, or to some shifting of troops from one part of the rebel line to another, I can not tell, but there was certainly no sufficient foundation for such a belief. After my interview with General Ricketts in the morning I had become thoroughly convinced that the theory was fallacious.

Our attack on the afternoon of Saturday was therefore a mistake, and it is fortunate perhaps that it was not persisted in to extremities. Had we remained on the defensive entirely Lee would have attacked about the same hour, and we might have obtained better results with less loss, and on the following day, reinforced by Sumner and Franklin, have turned the enemy and beaten him.

But these hypothetical propositions after the
fact are about as satisfactory as the usual wrangle which follows the conclusion of a hand at
"Whist."

A master of the art of war has said that campaigns are but a succession of blunders on both sides, and that General wins who makes the fewest. Now whatever mistakes General Pope may have made in his plans or suppositions, I see none that might not have been retrieved by zealous co-operation and hard fighting; and I am but little disposed to indulge in unkind or unnecessary criticism on an officer who, in conducting a most difficult and hazardous campaign, has exhibited in so high a degree the intelligence, energy, and fighting "animus" which characterize a first-class soldier, and who (as I strongly suspect) has been the victim of person-
al jealousy and political party-spirit. Indeed, if I had my doubts on this subject on returning from the field, they were entirely resolved after a short sojourn in the city. From the tone and temper there manifested in certain circles one might have imagined himself in Richmond instead of the National Capital. Satisfaction at the defeat of the National armies was shamelessly expressed, and I was told by public men and military officers of high rank that "the success of such a man as John Pope would be a misfortune to the country."

It is evident enough that while the slaveocracy is at open war with the Government and the nation its subtle and malignant influences are still felt in our councils, our camps, and throughout Northern society.

AN OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

I NEVER think of the geography of Boston without being reminded of a village to which I was once directed by a planter whom I met by the road-side in the backwoods of Georgia. "Go strett on," he said, "till ye come to a shingled house, a blacksmith-shop, and a tobacco-barn; standin' right round a puddle of water—that's the village." Boston, to be sure, is something more than a shingled house, a blacksmith-
shop, and a tobacco-barn; it is, in fact, a town several times larger than the Georgia village; but, for all that, it stands "right round" a puddle—I beg pardon, a pool—of water. This pool is known in history as the Frog Pond, and it probably derived its name from a family of frogs who once had there a summer residence; but why it retains that appellation is difficult to conjecture, since all the Boston croakers now spend their summers at Newport or Nahant, and their winters in much drier, if not more wholesome quarters.

But a pool of wit has already been shed on this pool of water, and it is not my intention to swell a small pond into an ocean. Able pens than mine have tried to do that. So I shall content myself with emptying my ink-stand upon a little old woman who, in rain and shine, week in and week out, for many a long year, kept an apple-stand near the margin of that famous puddle of water.

She was little, and she was old, and I do