PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Third Paper.]

BALL'S BLUFF.

July 25, 1861.—Clear and hot. Making an early start from Jones's tavern, I rode to Hancoek, suffering with the intense heat during the latter part of my journey. Foreseeing also to what degree of insolence the success at Manassas would raise the revolutionary party, I was disturbed with serious apprehensions in regard to the condition of my family, lest my action in the late campaign should be visited upon my father. A Union refugee, however, informed me he had left all well at Berkeley the day before. I dined in Hancoek, and crossing the river, reached Berkeley in the afternoon. Our circle there were all well and comparatively cheerful, discussing the battle of Manassas and making light of it.

My father, who had served through the War of 1812, insisted that it would require at least three years to make soldiers of the American Volunteers, and during the process we must expect many defeats and humiliations. The immediate cause of the loss of the battle at Manassas he thought was, that our available force was not used, one half of it at least taking no part in the fight, according to accounts.

For the rest, the atmosphere at Berkeley was refreshing with courageous and defiant loyalty. The village had not been without its special excitements during my absence. Not to fall behind the times, the citizens had formed a volunteer Home Guard for the purpose of police duty and watching over the general welfare of the community. They kept their headquarters in the Court-house, set up of nights, arrested each other and every body they found prowling about. It was shrewdly suggested that the peace of the lonely village might have been better preserved if every body went quietly to bed and minded their own business. But in times of revolutionary excitement people cannot keep quiet even in view of their own safety, and along the Border every man seemed to suppose he had the right to constitute himself a special constable, to arrest and cross-question every other man he met with whose business he was unacquainted.

One night Dick Ganoe, a harmless and well-
meaning citizen of the Home Guard, arrested a stranger who was riding into town from the direction of Winchester. Dismounting his prisoner, Gano led the way to the Court-house, lounging along with his musket under his arm and his hands in his pockets as was his wont. The stranger, who followed in apparent acquiescence, quietly drew a pistol and blew the citizen's brains out, then mounted and continued his journey northward. This shot also terminated the volunteer labors of the Home Guard. It abated, and was heard of no more.

I spent four days here with my family in the enjoyment of a social intercourse which was cheerful and engaging, despite our adverse surroundings; yet an ever-present sense of insecurity disturbed my repose, and gloomy forebodings of a troubled future would cast their shadows athwart the sunlight of these genial hours. I slept with an arsenal of loaded arms in my bedroom, and nightly laid my clothes in position to be most conveniently gathered up. Still every thing around us remained quiet. The way to Winchester was open, and we could not hear that any Southern troops had returned to the valley.

A great awe seemed to have quelled the spirits of the people. Those who had deceived themselves or had been deluded by others into the belief that the dismemberment of the nation would be accomplished without bloodshed, now began to realize the true character of the contest which was opening. In the first exaltation of their zeal, the elite of the Virginia youth had rushed to the field, many serving as privates in the ranks. The slaughter at Manassas fell heavier (proportionately) upon this class than any other. There was blood upon the door-posts of many an aristocratic mansion, and, for a season, horror and mourning veiled the joy of victory. Among meaner spirits the effect of this battle had already begun to manifest itself in the usual manner. I was informed by a neighbor that several of those whom I had met on the road to Martinsburg and encouraged to resist the assumptions of State officers had openly denounced me for it.

July 29.—To-day I was again warned by a friend that armed squads had appeared in the vicinity, and that I was menaced with arrest. My leave expires to-morrow, and this news shall not hasten my movements.

July 30.—Clear and warm. Purchased a new saddle and refitted generally for my journey. I took leave of my friends and family, with a sad presentiment that I would never again see that social circle cheerful and unbroken as I left it. No one there except my father knew that I was actually connected with the army. I had concealed it from the people lest it should bring trouble upon those I left behind. I hid it from some who should have known it because I had not the heart to declare it.

As I left the village I perceived the national flag still floating on the staff upon the mount-
There from childhood to maturity I had lived, opulent in friendships and social sympathy. That fair valley was now the land of mine and my country's enemies: among them I could see whole squadrons of my kindred and former friends—the kindly and generous companions of the olden times. It mattered little to me now how they came to be there, through error, perversity, conscience, weakness, or chance. The Potomac that flowed between us now rolled a fathomless gulf of blood and fire. On this side I was alone. There was neither friend, nor kinsman, nor neighbor to whom I might turn for countenance or counsel in those hours of soul weariness which oppress one whose individuality is too heavily taxed. On this side I found none nearer to me than the acquaintances of yesterday, marching together as champions of a common cause, but strangers to the heart.

Yet I had taken my course after calm and full deliberation. I had asked no man's counsel, and confined my conclusions to one alone. I had also saved from the wreck of fortune, friendship, and home two jewels of great price—talismanic gems, the possession of which would insure me cheerfulness in the midst of defeat and disaster, and supply the place of fortune hereafter. These were my self-respect and my father's blessing. Courage, O my soul! There is inspiration in the recollection of that venerable face and fearless spirit—enough to brace me for the rugged and eventful journey before me. The sun of my life has already passed the meridian, but there is still time to play an honorable part in the magnificent drama which is developing.

My reflections were disturbed by the approach of a fellow in the uniform of a Federal soldier, who commenced rather unceremoniously plying me with questions. As I perceived he had been drinking and saw no reason why I was bound to gratify his curiosity, I replied civilly but evasively, and in a manner to mystify him. I was presently called to dinner, and when I returned to the bar-room found my late entichiser lecturing a group of a dozen or twenty rough-looking men, and perceived by their looks and gestures that I was the subject of his discourse. My soldier, evidently advanced in drink, was, I discerned, speaking as I entered, and, approaching me again, commenced his pertinent queries. He demanded my name, business, and destination, and desired particularly to know why I was traveling with a map of Washington County in my haversack. I replied evasively as before, and told the landlord to have my horse brought out.

The soldier then made open appeals to the by-standers to assist him in arresting me; but finding no one disposed to join him, he turned to me again, and gave me to understand that my talk and appearance were unsatisfactory and suspicious, and he was determined to know what my business was. I asked him sharply who he was, what he was doing here, and upon what authority he undertook to question travelers. He answered, that he was a soldier of the Potomac Home Brigade, and he considered it his duty to find out whether a man had a right to travel about with a map of Maryland in his pocket. In return, I informed him that I was in the United States service, and attached to the Topographical Corps of Patterson's army.

"To-py—to-py—to-pee—to-hell!" he exclaimed, staggering with the effort to accomplish the knotty polysyllable. "I believe you're a d'md rebel spy."

I retorted, "And I know you're a drunken blockhead skulking away from your duty, and who will be arrested as a deserter as soon as I can inform the officer of the next military post."

I immediately mounted and rode off, leaving my soldier to the derision of his companions. At sunset I reached Williamsport, and found there numerous Union refugees from Martinsburg and some military acquaintances. I here learned that the Army of the Shenandoah had been withdrawn from Harper's Ferry to Sandy Hook on the Maryland side, and that Banks had superseded Patterson in command.

July 31.—Clear and warm. Rode to Harper's Ferry by way of Sharpsburg and Antietam Iron Works. On entering our lines I was put under guard, and thus transferred from post to post until I arrived at head-quarters, three miles distant. These were established at the house of a Mr. Miller, on the bluff above Sandy Hook. Dismounting, I advanced with my guard to the gate, where we were stopped by a sentinel. I inquired for Captain Simpson, my chief; but no one seemed to know any thing about any body, and I saw none but strangers around me. Under the trees in the yard, about ten paces distant, I saw two officers standing apart and engaged in earnest conversation. One a man apparently of middle age and medium height, dark complexion, and angular face, stern countenance, and dignified manner; the other a much younger person, tall, handsome, and soldierly.

I addressed this pair with, "Colonel, can you tell me where Captain Simpson's quarters are?" The elder officer replied courteously, in a deep-toned voice, "You had better call the sergeant of the guard." The younger called sharply to the sentinel "to see what that man wanted."

I had begun to feel annoyed and irritated when Captain Abert, of the Topographical Corps, happened to pass recognized me, and relieved me from my embarrassment. He then introduced me to the officers, Major-General Banks, commanding the Army of the Shenandoah, and his Adjutant-General, Captain Robert Williams. General Banks received me courteously, and we had some conversation in reference to the war. Captain Williams was an officer of the regular army, and a brother Virginian, which, under present
circumstances, is more than ever an especial claim to friendship.

I found the Topographical camp in a peach orchard adjoining the house, and re-entered my old quarters with those feelings of pleasure which are common to men and animals on revisiting places that have once sheltered them. My pony testified his accordance with this sentiment by repeated friendly whinnies as he rubbed noses with his equine companions of the late campaign.

Except General Patterson's personal aids all the staff had remained, and was busily engaged in organizing a new Army of the Shenandoah on a more enduring basis than that which had recently evaporated. The regular cavalry under Thomas, Doubleday's battery, and the Rhode Island artillery, were still with us, while fresh regiments, enlisted for the war, were industriously drilling on the open fields in sight. The humiliations of the late campaigns had been discussed and accepted as national blessings (in disguise); although it required very strong philosophical magnifiers to enable some of us to see through the disguise.

I had hoped that an early and decisive overthrow of the insurgent forces would have quenched the spirit of sedition, and have saved the South from the terrible calamities and hopeless ruin that a long war must inevitably bring upon her. But with the dawning of a martial era the mind naturally reverts to the dogmas of the sword. "God is great;" "whatever is, is right;" "whatever is to be, will be."

The week following my reinstalment in the Topographical quarters was occupied in projecting an accurate map of the northern districts of Virginia, which were evidently destined to be the most important theatre of war. I was astonished to ascertain how limited and inaccurate was the information at Washington in regard to the topography, geography, and statistics of the interior of Virginia; while the Government had most complete and accurate surveys of all the Southern coasts, and thorough topographical maps of the Southwestern States and Territories, even to Oregon and California. The Ancient Dominion had jealously maintained her constitutional impenetrability. No National scow was ever permitted to rake mud out of her rivers, and no Federal engineer to set up his tripod on her sacred soil. The consequence was that reliable maps of the country could not be procured. We set about remedi

ing this evil by all the means in our power, reducing the various county surveys in our pos-session to uniformity, examining refugees white and black, and eking out such uncertain information with my personal knowledge of the country, which was considerable.

This occupation was varied by visits to the surrounding camps, locating military roads, and reconnoitring expeditions to the neighboring heights.

On Sunday I attended divine service with the staff. Our canopy was a large mulberry-

THE DRUM ECCELSIATIC.

tree. The chaplain of the Twelfth Massachusetts officiated from a pulpit which reminded one of Hudibras's

"drum ecclesiastic."

Beaten with fat instead of a stick."

The regiment unarmed, neatly clad, and devoutly-mannered, formed in hollow square, in-closing the place of worship. After the sermon we called at the quarters of the Colonel commanding. Fletcher Webster, and had some fine music from the band.

A squad of our infantry made a successful raid into Loudon County, killing and wounding five rebels, and capturing nine men and nineteen horses. I went out to see the prisoners, but did not recognize any acquaintances among them. They were a seedy, poorly-equipped company, and did not present a very formidable appearance.

August 8.—My chief, Captain Simpson, having been commissioned Colonel of the Fourth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, left us to-day, turning over the Topographical Establishment to Captain James Abert. At the same time Colonel Fitz John Porter and Captain Newton were appointed Brigadiers in the Volunteer service, and many other promotions were spoken of, which indicated a speedy breaking up and rearrangement of our staff and social relations.

August 15.—A pressing call from head-quar ters for route maps indicated that some move ment was imminent. It had been reported, it seems, that Beauregard was about crossing at the Point of Rocks with forty thousand men to cut off Bank's force from Washington. I do not credit these reports, as I believe that policy will restrain the Confederates from making any aggressive movements at this time. They have succeeded, as they suppose, in dismembering the country and establishing a very handsome empire for themselves, and now only wish to be left alone, that they may the more securely organize and consolidate their power. They will not fire another gun if they can help it, nor do aught else to arouse the dormant power of this purblind and amiable giant, the American People. Their astounding luck at
Manassas has soothed the wounded vanity of the Southern rank and file, and the line of the Potomac will satisfy the imperial capricity of the leaders, for the present at least. The hope of peaceful secession being blighted, they are wary about urging the war to extremities, and hope to accomplish their full purpose yet by negotiation and compromise. For these reasons, I think, they abstained from Washington after the late battle; and for these reasons, I think, a crossing of the Potomac is not in their present programme.

**August 17, Saturday.**—To-day the army struck tents and moved eastward. It was cloudy and threatening rain, and the staff did not get off until about the middle of the afternoon.

We took the road over the river bluffs, crossing the Cataotin ridge near the Point of Rocks, and halting at night in an apple orchard near an obscure hamlet called Lickville. Our trains had moved by the Jeffersonville road, and in consequence we found ourselves without shelter, beds, or provisions. A crop of oats lately cut stood in shocks in the orchard, and our horses helped themselves without any qualms of conscience. The men followed their example, and ate apples to amuse their hungry stomachs. A chilly rain had set in, and the officers grouped themselves around the fires kindled beneath the sheltering apple-trees. Feeling the need of something more substantial, Captain A—and myself went foraging, and at a neighboring farm-house got a supper of light rolls, milk, stewed chicken, and ham, served by a sweet-faced girl of some twelve or fourteen years. Restored and humanized by the meal, we thought of the comfort of our commanding officer, and carried a plateful of our forage to the General.

As night advanced the rain became heavier, and no baggage train. The chiefs spread their shawls and blankets beneath the apple-trees, and prepared to pass the night en bivouac. My Captain, who was an old Rocky Mountain campaigner, made it a rule "never to go hungry if he could get a meal, and never to sleep in the rain if he could find a dry spot." So we betook ourselves of a deserted log-house which stood, like an eyelash skull, in an adjoining field. Leaving our horses picketed up to their bellies in oats, we shouldered our saddles and took possession of our discovery. There were neither doors nor windows, but the roof and flooring were sound, and we soon had a fire roaring in the mondy chimney.

Here we dried our blankets and brought out straw enough for comfortable beds, and then betook ourselves to sleep. Alarmed at our presence, a pair of owls, who lodged in the attic, commenced scratching and hooting, but we did not disturb each other long.

**August 18, Sunday.**—It was still raining when we arose. The earth was soaked and the foliage dripping. Our friends who roosted in the orchard had a flaccid, uncomfortable look; but the staff wagons had arrived, and preparations were made for establishing our camp. There was complaint and confusion on all sides. Every body missed something. Baggage, servants, wagons, and extra horses were strained and lost; regiments had been separated from their trains; brigades had lost their way; officers had straggled from their regiments, and men from their officers. The heavy artillery had broken down; wagons had stuck in the mud, and others overset; teamsters had thrown out ordnance and commissary stores to lighten their loads, and left them to perish in the rain. Others had got drunk and abandoned their charges altogether. Men were scattered over the country generally, hungering and plundering.

It was the first march of an undisciplined army, aggravated by the additional misfortune of a heavy rain and bad roads. As the details came in during the day it seemed as if a Pandora's box of petty disasters had been opened among us. Yet by the following morning all the mistakes and accidents had been rectified and repaired, and the army moved in fine order through the Carroll Manor to an encampment on the east bank of the Monocacy River, opposite Buckeystown.

Lieutenants S—and B—, of the Regular service, were appointed aids to the commanding General, and doubtless felt the dignity and responsibility of their new position. As we rode through Buckeystown in state a Volunteer Infantry man, who was seated on a fence, gave Lieutenant S—a friendly poke in the ribs to attract his attention. The young aide-de-camp turned fiercely to resent the indolence, and met the unconscious face and bland inquiry of the incipient soldier:

"I say, Mistre', is that Banks there, that feller with the leather cap?"

Even the educated martinet was mollified by the innocent earnestness of the questioner. He replied, politely and emphatically, "That is General Banks."

A little further on another musket-bearer, more advanced in military etiquette by several degrees, as he sits squatted on the top rail, salutes the passing cortège by presenting arms, barrel to front.

**August 20, Tuesday.**—Fair and pleasant. Amused myself sketching a most charming view from my tent door. As I had left home totally unprovided with extra clothes, I found my suit too thin for the chilling rains of the season, and bought a horse blanket from Frisky the cook to serve me as a cloak.

**August 21.**—To-day Captain A— started with his party to reconnoitre and survey the roads toward the Potomac River. The company consisted of Captain A—, chief, with Mr. Luce and myself as assistants, then came our followers: Benjamin the Swiss valet, Sivertz the groom, Henshaw the teamster, and Frisky the big cook, with two of Thomas's dragoons as escort—in all, nine men and twelve
horses. About one o'clock p.m. we halted and pitched our tents in Howard's meadow, at the foot of Sugar-Loaf Mountain. This is a picturesque little group that rises in the midst of the plain country on the east side of the Monocacy River. It is totally disconnected with any of the regular mountain ranges of this region, and its loftiest summit attains the height of 1300 feet above the sea. This peak we ascended, and from it studied the localities and topography of the country for twenty miles around, and on both sides of the Potomac. We could see the enemy's camps at Leesburg, and our own forces guarding the fords at various points, while Stone's encampments around Poolsville seemed almost beneath our feet.

August 22.—We moved through Barnesville this morning, and found it very difficult to obtain any information from the people about the country or the roads. I think this is more the result of ill-will than of ignorance, as most of the population are Southern sympathizers. At Poolsville we were hospitably received by General Stone, and pitched our tents on the common beside his headquarters. We then started out to reconnoitre the different roads—\[I was ordered to view that leading toward Conrad's Ferry. On my way I called at the quarters of Colonel Cogswell, commanding the New York Forty-second, Tammany Regiment. The Colonel, who was a West Point officer, accompanied me to the river banks, and pointed out the enemy's camps and most important localities. From a hill I sketched a topographical view, including the Ferry, Ball's Bluff, and the town of Leesburg.

We crossed the crossing, and as we rode back to camp a volunteer dragoon passed us, riding at full speed toward Poolsville. Cogswell halted him and demanded his news. In a voice husky with trepidation he said the pickets had been fired on, and the enemy was crossing in great force. He was almost too much blown and hurried to give details, but the Colonel was peremptory with his cross-questions. "How many shots were fired before you left?"

"One!" said the fellow, catching his breath.

"I heard it myself."

"And how many men did you see coming?"

The messenger reflected a little. "Two," said he.

The Colonel suggested that he was exaggerating.

He declared he was not. He had also heard the drums beating, and saw them coming be-
yond a doubt. And with this he sped on to
General Stone with the important tidings.
Cogswell, who was better mounted than I, rode
rapidly back to prevent his regiment being dis-
turbed by the news.
Since the battle of Manassas the troops seem
to have become afflicted with a chronic affection
of the nerves. The hum of a beetle through
the air is sufficient to drive in a picket, and the
sight of a negro in a canoe will stampede a
whole regiment.
General Stone tells me that a few days ago
he received information from a reliable loyal
citizen, an eye-wit ness of the facts, that the
enemy occupied a certain island in force, and
was engaged in constructing an immense raft
to enable them to cross the river. The Gen-
eral immediately visited the island indicated,
and found it a desert with no trace of human
occupancy upon it, the only foundation for the
raft story being a large accumulation of drift-
wood.
As I passed Camp Tannany I saw the Colonel
sitting in his tent door smoking a quiet cigar.
Just then I perceived that I was threatened
with a danger more certain and imminent than
an attack from the rebels. A dark thunder-
cloud, all unperceived, had rolled up from the
west, and a low-muttered growl warned me
that my time was short. I started for Pooles-
ville at full speed, and had barely time to un-
saddle when the hurricane burst upon us with
a sweeping crash. My frail tabernacle flapped
and rocked so violently that I was obliged to
hold on to the poles to prevent its blowing over.
The rain came down by buckets - full, and the
level common was presently flooded. The Cap-
tain, who had returned from his reconnaissance,
took refuge with me, the only dry spot in camp
being a hillock in the centre of my tent. On
this I collected my baggage, and here the Cap-
tain and I sat, enveloped in darkness, mud,
and water, amusing ourselves with philosophical
comments on the times, and pleasant stories of
former adventures. When the fury of the
storm was spent we looked out for supper, but
the whole common was afloat, and the cook was
in despair. The General's hospitable mess ta-
ble supplied our wants for the evening. Luce
was still missing, and as he was recklessly ven-
turesome we surmised that he had been cap-
tured; but he at length returned, his boots full
of water, drenched and hungry, with a plenti-
ful supply of topographical notes, however.
August 23—I slept last night with my oil-
cloth sacking spread on a bed of mud, soft at
least, if not wholesome. This morning, before
rising, I gathered a supply of mushrooms which
had sprung up around my couch. The com-
mons were full of them, and we had a mess for
breakfast.
But I must not waste too much time on these
trivialities. However agreeable it may be per-
sonally to recall the minutest incidents of these
days of cheerful hope and exciting expectancy,
it can not be supposed that the public will pa-
iently tread the slow, meandering path with
the hope that it will lead in time to a field of
historic incident. We must cut it short.
On Sunday, August 25, our party, after mak-
ning a circuit through Dawsonville, Darnestown,
Rockville, Mechanicsville, Brookville, Unity,
and Damascus, rejoined the army, which we
found encamped upon the hills about Hyatts-
town. Here the commanding General review-
ed his force, amounting to ten thousand men
of all arms.
On the 29th the army took position around
Darnestown, extending its lines so as to meet
Stone's command on the right, and the National
forces under McCall at Teallitystown on the left.
The topographical party established their camp
in a pleasant meadow adjoining the village and
opposite a grocery store. Here we spread our
humid establishment to catch the rays of a genial sun, and prepared to luxuriate in unlimited butter and eggs. The untethered horses gamboled and whinnied at will through the exuberant pasture. Everything looked cheerful and jolly. Our gipsy life was eminently healthful; and here, in the midst of rest and plenty, we concluded that campaigning was not so dreadful after all. My friends and family were all well, and the war would presently be over (Mr. Seward had said so), and I would then return to them to tell my adventures and enjoy my laurels.

He who has not learned to dread these moments of self-gratulation, of happy abandonment, has read but superficially in the mystic volume of human life. How strangely is the shadow of coming misfortune ever mingled with the light of present joy. "Soul, take thine ease—thou hast much goods laid up for many years." The man has scarcely uttered the thought when he hears the awful voice: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." To suppose this fearful power the Emperor Augustus (one day in every year) descended from his throne, put off his purple robes, and, clothing himself in rags and humility, poured out libations to the dark Fate who lies continually in wait for the lucky. The story of the sword of Damocles suspended over the feast is but another version of the same idea. How often in my life have these sentiments been fatally realized! How often has the boastful word trembling on my lips been suppressed by a vague dread of impending evil! How often, in the privacy of my own soul, have I smothered the glow of self-satisfaction, and poured libations of secret humility to avert the anger of the dark goddess! Is this superstition? Perhaps so; but it is not the less a pervading human instinct, recognized in every age and among all peoples. "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." This afternoon, to complete my contentment, I received a letter from my wife. On opening it the first sentence that struck my eye froze all my blood: "We have heard from our prisoners at Winchester. They are quite well." This was all she said on the subject. There had evidently been other letters which had miscarried; but these few words, so obscure and unsatisfactory, left me no room to doubt who these "prisoners" were. I was sure my father and my cousin, Edmund Pendleton, had been arrested by the revolutionists and carried to Winchester. The absence of all definite information left me a prey to vague fears, worse than any form of reality. The evil I had most apprehended had fallen upon me. I was haunted by visions of his feeble form and venerable face, bowed with unwonted privations and shameful indignities. Yet I felt strong in the assurance that his stern, defiant soul would not quail under any outrage that the traitors by whom he was surrounded might offer him.

I deeply felt my own helplessness. The Government was as helpless as I was. But it is not good to dwell upon these subjects. Next day I saw in the papers an account of my father's arrest, confirming my surmises on the subject.

August 31.—The topographical party started to-day on another surveying tour. The people complain terribly of the National soldiers. They are accused of harrying potato-patches, violating hen-roosts, and burning fence rails without remorse or economy. I find these complaints are a very fair test of the political leanings of individuals. Friends of the Government do not regret the little inconveniences incident to the military occupation, and give cheerfully of their stores. Sympathizers with the rebellion screech and cackle louder than their unlucky poultry during a raid.

The country is also filled with refugees from the south side of the Potomac, running away to escape conscription. Some find honorable places in the National army, others seek employment among the neighboring farmers, and endeavor to support themselves; another class supports on their Maryland acquaintance for a subsistence, talking secession and Southern rights the while, and boasting of their Virginian blood. Our Government should send these worthies back to the sacred soil whence they sprung.

September 6.—Visited Washington on some business with the Topographical Department. The view of the city, with its circRNmaeant camps, from the heights of Georgetown, was magnificent. On the street I met the District Marshal, Colonel Lamon, who told me the President would be pleased to see me, and we arranged a visit for to-morrow morning at nine.

September 7, Saturday.—According to yesterday's arrangement I called to see the President with Marshal Lamon. We found him in his office, and alone. On our entrance he called a clerk, expedited some business he had on hand, and then turned to converse with us. This he did with an air of honest and unrestrained affability, and with one leg over the arm of his chair. His personal appearance was not so awkward or ungainly as I had expected. His face was hard and angular, but lighted with an expression of benevolence and sincerity that warmed the heart; nor was his manner wanting in native dignity. We exchanged a few sentences of commonplace, when Colonel Lamon mentioned to him whose son I was. He said he knew that, and was about to inquire after my father particularly. His visit last spring, he said, had made an agreeable impression on him, and had given him much encouragement. It was at a time when there seemed to be no solid political opinion whereon to base a hope. Colonel Strother had shown himself a strong, brave old man—one after his own heart. At this point our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Secretary Cameron, to whom I was introduced, and then we immediately withdrew.

I had called to see the President more through
a spirit of acquiescence than from any feeling of personal regard. I was, on the contrary, through common report, decidedly prejudiced against him as a man. During this short interview the whole current of my feelings was changed. There was something in his appearance and manner which touched me deeply, and warmed my heart toward him. Called from comparative obscurity to take the chief place in a Government which seemed doomed to speedy and hideous destruction, it appeared not so much a position of power and honor that he was called to occupy, but rather the place of chief victim to the fury of a treacherous and bloody revolution. Instead of the support and encouragement which he needed and meekly asked from all true men, the howls and execrations of his open and armed enemies were not so bitter as the sneers and revilings of the factions among those of whose cause he was the chosen head. All unarmed and unprepared, perhaps unfit, for the vast responsibilities thus thrust upon him, he exhibited always so much of honest and earnest simplicity—so anxious and sincere a desire to fulfill properly the duties of his great office—so much meekness under wrong and insult, such readiness to acknowledge error or failure, such total abnegation of self, that it seemed impossible for any true man not to yield him the fullest confidence and sympathy. Although I sometimes differed with the President in his political views and action, I never met Mr. Lincoln personally that these friendly sentiments were not warmly revived.

September 9.—Returned to Darnestown Camp to-day, and spent the afternoon reading and discussing "Napoleon's Military Thoughts and Maxims." Thus far, in the conduct of our war, we have violated every principle he lays down, both positively and negatively. We have done those things we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things we ought to have done.

September 17.—To-day we received informa-

tion from General Stone that he intended trying the range of his guns on the enemy's camps and earth-works near the river. Having prepared a map of London County, with topographical and statistical notes, for his use, I rode up to Poolsville to witness the artillery practice.

Arrived in time to dine with the General. After which a furious rain-storm concluded the day. This is my third visit to these headquarters, and at each visit I have encountered a storm of unusual violence. Among the ancients this would be considered a bad omen.

September 18.—The General went out to Edward's Ferry with two batteries of light artillery—one of them 10-pounder Parrots. On the southern bluffs we could see the redoubts, above and below the mouth of Goose Creek. The upper work was out of range and appeared to be crowded with men. The lower work was only in process of construction, and being within easy range our guns were directed against it. A section of Parrots were masked in a hollow road while the other guns were sent around to obtain a cross-fire.

While we were waiting the signal to open, a bevy of country lasses with their beaux approached us. Willing to do the honors I offered my field-glass to the prettiest of our visitors. She asked in a languishing tone: "And can we really see the Southern soldiers?" I assured her she might see the color of their eyes with the glass, and, adjusting it, gave her the opportunity of satisfying herself.

"How charming!" she exclaimed. "How romantic it seems; and are you really going to throw shells at them?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"What! without giving them notice beforehand? Ah, that will be cruel!"

I told her not so cruel as it might appear. The first shell would probably miss them, and then they would have an opportunity of getting out of the way.

"Ah, the gallant fellows! But it would be
a shame if you should happen to hurt any of them.'

"From the interest you express, Miss, I suppose you are from the South."

"No," she replied, "I have never been in Virginia;" and then she sighed, as if she deeply felt the lack of that proud experience; but then sparkling up, as if to palliate the confessed opprobrium, "I had a cousin who once lived in Virginia for several years, and I do so love and admire Virginians."

This conversation was brought to a sudden conclusion by the roar of the guns. The shells fell with remarkable accuracy in and about the earth-work which presently resembled an ant-hill which has received a kick—the working parties scattered at a double-quick and disappeared in the adjacent woods. The guns were then turned on the distant work; but the shells fell short. The men on the parapets replied to our futile efforts with certain gestures disrespectful and contemptuous in the highest degree, and not calculated to impress their fair admirers on the northern bank with very high ideas of their breeding. Indeed the ladies took leave at this stage of the performance.

In estimating the motives which led many persons to take sides against their Government in this great war we are astonished at the immense influence of mere Anglo-Saxon snobbery. The rebellion is supposed to be aristocratic, consequently every body of doubtful social position professes sympathy with the rebellion, and exhibits zeal in proportion to his or her social deficiencies. Every lazy village mechanic ashamed of his trade, every petty farmer's son with the tastes and education of a stable-boy, espouses the cause of the Southern gentleman as his own, and forthwith assumes the mounting tone and arrogant bearing supposed to distinguish that much-admired and envied class. The ladies, God bless them! are the patented and persistent patrons of all the Ermans and other romantic rebels, highwaymen, and murderers, etc., etc. Yet, after all, I can not perceive that this perversity of sentiment has divested them of their charms or weakened their influence, so I reiterate God bless them!  

September 21.—Bright and warm. This morning I started with Captain A— in an ambulance to reconnoiter the roads toward the great Falls of the Potomac. Drove to Dufief's, who gave us some valuable information about the country and a bushel of fine Lapland Mercer potatoes, an invaluable acquisition to our mess. At the Falls we found the Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Hayes. We met with a hospitable reception at head-quarters, and dined pleasantly with the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant, and Adjutant Matthews.

After dinner we viewed the opposite shore from an eminence and discovered a cavalry picket of the enemy. I climbed to the top of a high tree to enlarge my horizon, but was driven down by a shower of rain. The pickets kept up a continual dropping fire at each other across the river, which is not more than forty yards wide here. There was otherwise no lack of excitement at the post, and messengers were continually arriving with open eyes and mouth to report some suspicious or alarming circumstance. During the afternoon two prisoners were brought in who had been taken from a canal-boat, not being provided with proper passes. One of them began to explain his position with much vociferation, and a Yankee twang so unmistakable, that everybody laughed, agreeing that if he was found on the other side of the river his tongue would hang him. On this side it procured his immediate liberation.

No sooner was this case disposed of than forgotten in a greater excitement. A soldier entered reporting that the rebels were crossing in great force just above the Falls. There was immediately a girding on of swords and a renewal of pistols, as if preparing for a hand-to-hand fight. The servants were ordered to load the spare muskets and the drums beat the long roll. Captain A—and myself made some quiet preparation and then seated ourselves upon the porch, not crediting the soldier's report. The regiment moved out in the rain and darkness, but as we waited half an hour and heard no firing we spread our blankets and went to sleep.

Our rest was again disturbed by another messenger with more alarming tidings—a telegram from General Banks, asking if there was an attempt on the part of the enemy to cross, and offering reinforcements. Another telegram from General M'Cull, at Tenallytown, stating that an attack was anticipated and warning the commander of the post to be on the alert.

It seemed strange that these intimations of an attack should have come simultaneously from distant points and high quarters, thus appearing to corroborate the vague report of the guard. From the nature of the neighboring country I did not believe it possible that any large force would undertake a crossing here, and concluded the whole matter was one of the usual stampedes. Upon this theory the Captain and myself retired to sleep a second time, and got through the night quite comfortably.

Next morning it was ascertained that one of the sentinels had seen a tow-head (a small rock covered with brush) in the river, and imagined it a boat filled with rebels. The officer of the guard being called actually saw a boat, with men in it, moving stealthily under the shadow of the opposing shore; this his fancy converted into an army, and so the regiment stood under arms all night in the rain, adding a dozen or twenty to the sick list. The boat which furnished the occasion for all this row was one sent out by Colonel Hayes himself, with a scouting party. This party returned to breakfast, bringing with them a ragged and woe-begone captive from the enemy's lines. This fellow informed us that he had been conscripted into the rebel army, and had come home on
sick leave to see his father. He had neither shoes nor hat, and looked as if he had not had a full meal for a month. He knew of no troops nearer than Leesburg and Manassas Junction, except the cavalry picket before observed. He was released and sent home.

September 22, Sunday.—In honor of the day the pickets had agreed to abstain from the frivolous week-day amusement of shooting each other. We accompanied the Colonel and regimental staff through the rocky and tangled ground between the canal and the river bank, where the picket-line was established. From an average width of half a mile above, the river here narrows suddenly, flowing in a deep and rapid current between opposing cliffs, not more than forty yards apart. The summits of these perpendicular walls are fringed with a dense growth of evergreens, and exhibit a natural line, where the advantages of stockade, parapet, and casemate are all combined. Across this narrow and romantic gulf the men had been waging a desultory war for several days, peppering each other from the thickets and crevices of the rocks. One of the sentinels pointed out the tree from behind which he made his observations, and which was skinned in a dozen places by adverse bullets. Another showed his cap, which had been exposed on a stick, and immediately perforated with two balls; a third exhibited a scratch on his cheek, received while he was peeping too eagerly around a rock.

To-day there was peace, and the men sat amicably conversing across the gulf. One of ours had already swum over and was exchanging a friendly drink with his late antagonist at ball-play. On the appearance of our officers upon the scene a fine-looking fellow, with plume and saber, and wearing a light-blue over-coat, showed himself on the opposite platform, and announced himself as Captain (I missed the name), of Albemarle County, of Third Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, and commanding the Confederate picket. In his gallant bearing and bold accent I readily recognized a lower country Virginian. The cessation of picket-shooting was agreed upon authoritatively, the Confederate Captain engaging himself that it should not be renewed as long as he remained at the post. The intercourse was otherwise limited to courteous speeches, vague expressions of regret at our unfortunate differences, and hopes of a speedy peace. I recognized in a Lieutenant Weer, who appeared beside the Captain, a former acquaintance from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. The private soldiers were freer in their communications as they warmed with their whiskies. They hoped there would not be another general battle, and mutually damned their political leaders for having got them into a quarrel so needless and ruinous to all parties. I did not join in the conversation, but sat apart musing on the dramatic significance of the scene.

On one side, the tall, soldier-like figure of the Virginian stood out from the dark background of pines; while grouped around, beneath their shadows, appeared his ragged, rugged, sun-burnt followers, like brigands around their chief. His forehead was high and his bearing proud; his speech was friendly, but measured; his courtesy was frank, but not familiar. His men kept in the shade and did not interrupt him. There stood Chivalry and Serfdom, side by side—the types of ancient Feudalism, lingering in the lap of American Republicanism. The historic past, with its prejudices and generosities, its poetry and its poverty, its meanness and its grandeur, its weakness and its power, clearly defined—an anomaly in the light of modern civilization, a stumbling-block in the path of the nineteenth century.

On the northern parapet crowded the stout, well-clad, red-checked, and good-natured Pennsylvanians, nudging their officers and interrupting their talk, guileless of any suspicion of superiority of one man over another, except such as he might win by his personal abilities, or hold temporarily by right of office; guileless, too, of anger or hatred against their perverse neighbors; wondering what demon had possessed them to raise this row, to make themselves and others so uncomfortable, wasting money and spoiling trade. They laughed and jested as frankly as they would have done six months ago, when they mixed freely as people of one nation and one Government, buying, selling, and giving in marriage, reciprocally rejoicing in the glory of their common history, boasting of the promised grandeur of their common future. Here stood the American people; the other party in the irrepressible conflict of the present with the past—of the living age with the opinions of decadent centuries.

The friendly tone and familiar accents of the lowland tongue revived many memories of the olden times of peace and good-fellowship, of home and friends, that I had worn in my heart of hearts. The war seemed a cruel absurdity, a something still impossible to realize. The natural and sentimental features of the scene impressively illustrated the beautiful verses of Coleridge:

"They stood aloof, the ears remaining,  
Like cliffs that have been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither time, nor rain, nor thunder,  
Shall folly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

The sadness of regret had touched more hearts than mine. As we left the ground I observed the good old Colonel hastily dash his hand across his eyes. "It seems hard," he said, "that we who were so lately one and inseparable should be fighting in this way. We must have no more scenes of this sort, or I can not do my duty. Boys," he said, addressing the guard, "if you shoot one of those fellow-citi-
zens of ours over there unnecessarily, I'll hang you as high as Hamm 1 .

I believe that all these stampedes along the river originate from an apprehension which prevailed at Washington that the enemy was prepared to force our lines, and effect a crossing somewhere, for the purpose of co-operating with the late Maryland Legislature in its attempts to drag the unwilling people of the State into the rebellion. The first act of high and virile statesmanship that has come from Washington has been the squelching of that dangerous assembly, and the arrest of conspirators at Frederick City and in Baltimore.

The weakness of our Government, thus far, has not been exhibited in the assumption of extraordinary and illegal powers, but in the miserable negation of all power and shirking of all responsibility. It is refreshing to perceive that in its despair it is capable of a necessary act, looking to its own protection and preservation. Oh for one hour of old Andrew Jackson!

September 24.— Started on a reconnaissance toward Washington, and stopping at Tenallytown called on Colonel Hayes, of the Pennsylvania Eighth, who had returned with his regiment from picket duty at the Great Falls. We were hospitably welcomed, entertained, and lodged. Called on Brigadier-General Reynolds, of the Pennsylvania Reserves.

September 25.—This morning visited the head-quarters of Major-General M'Call. One of his aids, Captain M'Conkey, reminded me of a former meeting which had entirely escaped my memory. In the month of November, 1853, in passing through Charlottesville, Virginia, I walked out to see the University, and, pleased with the view, undertook to make a sketch of the buildings. Seeking shelter from a sharp wind I had seated myself beside a brick house, but found presently the cold was so severe that my crayon dropped from my benumbed fingers. I was about abandoning my work when a youth, calling from the door, politely invited me to come into his room, which was warm, and his window looked out upon the view I was attempting. I accepted his courtesy, and completed my sketch. To-day we met for the first time since, and both under the same flag.

We went on to Washington, when I visited Colonel Randolph, and there learned that my father had been released from prison, and had returned to Berkeley Springs in good health. Met Lieutenants Hall and Elder, old acquaintances of the Patterson campaign, formerly of Doubleday's Battery. Captain A—and myself were invited to visit their quarters, with the Reserve Artillery on Capitol Hill. At half past 6 P.M. an orderly brought horses to Willard's for our accommodation, and we rode to camp. My heart was light with the tidings I had received from home, so the evening passed merrily, and terminated in an old-fashioned shindy. "The Derby Rain," and other facetious and time-honored ditties were sung by the company with great animation. We encamped for the night on the field of battle

September 26.—After a hearty breakfast with the artillerists we drove up to the Chain Bridge, and, crossing the river, visited the line of earthworks then in course of construction. Called at General Smith's quarters, when we had an account of his successful forage and skirmish yesterday in the vicinity of Lewisville. We inspected the works as far down as Arlington, taking dinner at General Fitz John Porter's quarters, and returning to the city by the scow ferry at Mason's Island.

September 27.—To-day I met my interesting and accomplished young friend and late chum, Lieutenant Kirby Smith. He was in high spirits, and about to take command of a regiment of Ohio Volunteers, to serve in the Western Department. He rallied me on the private's military coat which I wore, and asked, jestingly, if I was aware I was enlisted in a grand abolition crusade? I replied that I never had doubted but that abolition would follow in due time, as an incident of war. So much the better; yet with me it was but a trivial question compared with the great one of Nationality.

In answer to my felicitation on his promotion, he replied: "Yes, I am in for it, and shall one day have my head knocked off, I do not doubt; but it belongs to my profession thus to die." I had several times before heard him say the same thing in a careless, jesting manner; yet I always thought I could detect in his manner an underlying shadow of presentiment. I called to see him at his boarding-house the same evening, where he presented me to his mother, who had come on from Detroit to visit him ere he departed to join his command. I passed a charming evening, and heard from her the same presentiment more seriously and touchingly expressed. As I never saw him afterward I may be allowed to anticipate. He was killed not long after while gallantly leading his regiment at the battle of Corinth, where Rosecrans annihilated Love.

September 29, Sunday.—To-day we returned to camp at Darnestown. Found several letters from home, all out of date, and containing no news; yet it was pleasant to read them. I talked with a refugee from Jefferson County—a negro—who gave me much detailed and recent information of men and things there. I have for the last week or more suffered awfully from anger and vindictive feeling. The accounts of rain, remorse, and suffering which I get from Virginia have turned all that to pity, which is a far more comfortable condition of mind.

October 1.—I arose this morning feeling better than I have done for several days past, from which I infer that lodging on the ground and in tents is more healthy than sleeping in houses. Doctors Douglas of New York, and Steiner of Frederick City, both of the Sanitary Commission, called and tented with us. My theory
was satisfactorily discussed. If I had arisen with a headache or a chill I should have dogmatized in a different direction until some accident had given a new direction to my thoughts. How vexatious are facts to theorists and ideologues! What a stern exponent is war! What a remorseless demolisher of theories and fancies! How dammably practical!

October 8.—Accompanied the Captain to Poolsville, where we dined with General Stone. After dinner we went down to Edward’s Ferry to experiment with a mountain howitzer and spherical case shot. The rebel pickets on the point at the mouth of Goose Creek came out from behind their old chimney shelter to witness our practice, which was highly satisfactory. This should be a formidable weapon in mountain warfare. Stone showed us some seows that he was preparing in the canal basin here, indicating a descent on Leesburg shortly.

Oct. 10.—I got leave of absence for a week, and started for Hancock to visit my family.

It was dark when I reached Urbanna, and I stopped with a worthy farmer named Thomas Dixon, who professed to be a true Union man, and with his family seemed to be in great dread lest Jeff Davis should cross the river and devour them. I assured them that Jeff was more likely to cross the Styx than the Potomac under present circumstances.

October 11, Friday.—Finding the saddle wearisome and slow I concluded to leave my horse in Frederick, and pursue my journey in the public coaches. Took the omnibus line for Hagerstown, and en route passed through Middletown, Boonesborough, and Funkstown—all thriving little Dutch villages, filled with stupid Secessionists.

October 11, Saturday.—Arrived at Hancock early in the afternoon, and immediately dispatched a messenger over to Berkeley Springs to inform my family of my arrival.

About four o’clock in the afternoon I walked down to the landing, and, seeing a group on the Virginia side, thought I recognized my wife and daughter. I immediately called the ferry-men, and we started over in the large boat. As we approached the shore my daughter ran down the bank to meet me. This was an only child by a former wife, and now in her eleventh year. They reported that Berkeley was free from Confederate soldiers, and that my father would be over in the morning.

October 12.—On entering the sitting-room of Barton’s Hotel this morning I found my father and Dr. Pendleton. The old gentleman seemed fuller of life and spirit than he had been for many a day. Pendleton says the Union mountaineers of the Alleghanies have harried the fat Secessionists of the South Branch lowlands of half their wealth of corn and beeches. This of course. We are fast approaching the state of those who live by

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

I wonder if it ever occurred to one of those jolly farmers of Hampshire and Hardy, as he gave his vote to destroy the Government which had heretofore assured him peace, prosperity, and plenty, that he was by so doing offering a full and free invitation to the gaunt and hungry hill folks to come down and devour him.

I found my father but little disposed to talk on the subject of his arrest and imprisonment. He treated the whole matter with contemplative levity, and professed to have been rather entertained with the adventure, as relieving the monotony of his life at Berkeley, and affording him an opportunity of expressing his opinions in quarters where they might be useful. He was, however, of too frank and unreserved a nature to conceal effectually from me the bitter indignation which allusion to some circum-
stances of his capt
activity excited in him.

It seems that on Saturday night, the 24th of October, about ten o'clock p.m., a company of Ashby's cavalry, numbering between thirty and forty men, and commanded by a Captain Thrasher, entered the village of Bath or Berkeley Springs, and surrounding the house of Philip C. Pendleton, demanded the surrender of his son, Edmund Pendleton, a gentleman whose high-toned loyalty had made him especially obnoxious to the revolutionary party. On being asked by whose authority the demand was made, the Captain replied, by authority of Colonel M'Donald, of Winchester, commanding this district. At the same time a detachment surrounded my cottage, and, knocking at the door, demanded admittance. A neighbor informed them that the house was unoccupied. I had been with the army for two months, and my family had taken quarters at the hotel with my father and sister's family. It thus appeared that Captain Thrasher had been sent for the purpose of arresting Edmund Pendleton and myself.

On the following morning—Sunday, 25th—upon the denunciation and urgency of some treacherous rogues in the village, the Captain took it upon himself to arrest my father, although he had had no orders to do so, and the prisoner's age and character might have secured for him exemption from so unnecessary an indignity. At the same time Thrasher entered the house, and, addressing himself to my wife, demanded my fire-arms. She resolutely declined surrendering them, and then retired to her room. The Captain followed her, and, entering her chamber unbidden, took my two hunting pieces—a valuable German rifle and an English double-barreled shot-gun. They then took the road to Winchester with their spoils and their prisoners, the latter traveling in Mr. Pendleton's private carriage, strictly guarded. Thus they arrived at Winchester, and halted at the house of the rebel commandant. Mr. Pendleton was requested to enter, and after a brief interview was allowed to go at large on parole. My father was not invited to an interview, but after remaining for some time under surveillance at the door, was ordered to the common guard-tent in the militia camp. In
his seventieth year, in feeble health, accus-
tomed to all the appliances of domestic com-
fort and the delicate attentions of an affection-
ate family, he now found himself confined in a
foul, unhonorable tent, without provision for
lodging or food except such as might be fur-
nished him by his destitute fellow-prisoners or
equally destitute guards. To none of these
was his name and character unknown, and ev-
evry thing that their humble means afforded was
cheerfully put at his disposal. A militia-man
procured a bundle of straw as clean as could be
found, which answered for a bed; another pre-
sented the ragged remnant of what had once
been an over-coat, which served as covering.
His portion of the prisoners' coarse, unsavory
ration of corn-bread and bacon was deifferential-
ly served to him on a battered pewter plate,
the only piece of table-ware belonging to the
mess. The unacustomed hardship to which he
was thus subjected very soon told upon Col-
nel Strother's feeble constitution. On the
day, upon the recommendation of a sur-
geon, as he was informed, he was removed to
more comfortable quarters in a private house,
but still under guard.

The charges brought against him before the
military court which examined his case were
substantially as follows: (1.) He had, on the
occasion of a recent election held in Bath,
Montgomery County, Virginia, in flagrant contemt
of an edict of the rebel junto at Richmond or
Montgomery (it makes little matter which),
opened poll-books to record votes for a repre-
sentative in the United States Congress; and
as no one, even in this loyal county, was found
bold enough to act upon his advice and sugges-
tion, he took charge of the books himself and
duly recorded the votes cast. (2.) He
had advised and encouraged his fellow-citizens
to resist the assumptions of traitors in authority,
and had fed and otherwise assisted recruits for
the United States army. (3.) He had advised the
militia of that county not to obey the summons
of officers who had violated their solemn oaths
to their government, and would lead them into
open rebellion against its laws. (4.) He
was zealously and persistently loyal to his country
and her government, and refused to recognize
the supreme authority of any State, corpora-
tion, municipality, or insurrectionary commit-
tee whatsoever.

This was probably not the precise wording,
but contains the substance of the accusations.
They were all proved, I believe, while some
palliating circumstances were urged by friends
and admitted. The prisoner denied nothing,
and his admissions went further to complete
the proof than any outside evidence that could
be adduced. His defense was open defiance.
It is quite likely the Winchester authorities
were anxious to get rid of so unmanageable
a case. At the end of two weeks Colonel
Strother was released upon going through the
formality of giving bond to appear at court
when notified. The subject was never again
called up. My sister, who had followed him
to Winchester and remained there during his
captivity, accompanied him back to Berkeley,
where, on his arrival, his friends and neighbors
gave him a triumphant reception. This brief
narrative contains about the substance of what
I heard on the subject while at Hancock.
For the rest during my brief visit, which lasted but
two days, we were all too much excited and ab-
sorbed with our national troubles to dwell long
upon our personal griefs or vexations.

The news from the inside is important and
interesting. The army is represented to be ill-
supplied, undisciplined, diseased, and disaffec-
ted, deserting in large numbers whenever the
opportunity offers. The country is left un-
cultivated, and the wastage of the armies unre-
paired. Labor is falling into disorganization
as well as law, society, and religion. The
people, both in their public and private rights,
are subjected to a despotism more remorseless
and irresponsible than can be believed by those
living in more fortunate communities.

The common soldiers, who are driven, half-
starved, and shot—the common people, who are
conscripted, plundered, threatened, and de-
spised, are sick of the war, and will quit it when
they dare. While, on the contrary, those liv-
ing in comfortable localities remote from dan-
ger—exempts, speculators, blockade-runners,
bomb-proofs, politicians, preachers, and wo-
men, are becoming more thoroughly convinced
every day of the grandeur and stability of the
Confederacy. The few who still are known to
indulge in hopes of the restoration of Federal
supremacy are objects of mingled pity and de-
rision. The clergy, in the midst of all this anarchy,
degradation, and suffering, promul-
gate the doctrine, which is greedily swallowed,
that the Confederates are the chosen and pe-
culiar people of God. In Greenbrier County
immense armies have been seen in the clouds,
of a pea-green color, and moving northward,
which signifies that the war will come to a
glorious conclusion next season. In Georgia
certain springs, which dried up at the conclu-
sion of the Revolution of 1776, have burst forth
again, which means that the independence of the
South will be shortly established.

My father describes a scene he witnessed
while in the prison camp at Winchester. One
Sunday morning a tall, bearded figure
approached the centre of the encampment.
He wore a black slouched hat, a blue tunic
girt about with a belt holding two revolvers and
a huge Bowie-knife. His costume was completed
by postilion-boots reaching above the knee, and
heeled by a formidable pair of long-shanked
spurs. On nearing a group of soldiers this ex-
traordinary figure waved his hand and courte-
ously, but with a tone of authority, demanded
attention. A sermon followed, a melancholy of
the camp-meeting and the hustings. The
service concluded with a hymn and a blessing,
and the heavy armed man of God departed.

It seems to be a very common opinion that,
if amnesty were offered to all who would lay down their arms and return to their allegiance, it would detach large numbers from their armies. Yet it appears to me that the Government must first exhibit its power and its capacity to defend and protect its citizens by accomplishing some decided military success.

October 13, Monday.—This morning I saw my folks over the river on their way back to Berkeley. At the Virginia landing I met Adam with his banjo and my buffalo robe. Adam is a mulatto servant, a native Virginian, and is about expatriating himself for fear of the rebs. He desires to enter my service; and as he is a townsman and old acquaintance, an accomplished cook as well as a minstrel, I have agreed to take him with me.

With my recruit I took the coach for Hagers-town, arriving there about midnight. I met Kneiter and Wilen, Union men from Martinsburg, and through them received some information which induced me to believe that the force of the rebels at Manassas Junction is little more than a sham. Always overrated, it has been depleted from day to day by sickness and desertion until there remains little more than the skeleton of the grand army. This comes from a sympathizer too, lately returned from Richmond via Manassas.

October 14.—I left early in the omnibus line for Frederick City. The vehicle was abominably overloaded, so that I lost my temper; but as no one took the trouble to quarrel with me I presently righted.

There was an old lady of our company who was excessively querulous and troublesome about her three bandboxes. I was filled with contempt at the narrowness of that soul which could concentrate its interest on bandboxes in these tremendous times. And why contemptuous? Was my business of more importance than her bandboxes? Does not woman with her soothing arts and dresty blandishments play as useful and important a part in the drama of life as man with his wars and statesmanship?

October 21, Monday.—It was quite frosty last night. About noon Adjutant Copeland informed us that General Stone was in Leesburg. This news from head-quarters produced a most agreeable sensation, as it promised movement, an idea always acceptable to a soldier, and especially so after a long term of inaction. About sunset it was rumored that the whole command was ordered to move immediately. I hastily completed a view of our encampment, which had amused my leisure during the day, and repaired to the general head-quarters to receive orders, Captain A—— being absent in Washington. Here I found every thing alert. Stone was not in Leesburg yet, but across the river, and his advance sharply engaged with the enemy. A brigade of ours under General Hamilton was en route for Conrad's Ferry. The rest of the command would move presently to a position at the mouth of Seneca Creek, opposite Drainsville, in Virginia. I immediately ordered the Topographical tents to be struck and the wagons loaded; but as it was presently suggested that the movement was only precautionary, it was probable we would soon return, the order was suspended.

Leaving our attendants in charge, I rode with the column to Seneca Mills, the site of Colonel Le Dew's late encampment. We arrived here about nine o'clock and found every thing quiet and deserted. The moon shone through a canopy of mackerel clouds presaging rain, and we felt the damp and chilly air from the river penetrating to our bones; no blankets, no fires, and altogether a cheerless prospect for a night's bivouac. After galloping about for an hour, endeavoring to find a convenient location for the different regiments, Captain Beckwith, our Chief Commissary, Captain Bingham, Quarter-master, and myself, agreed to ride back to our Darnestown quarters and get a comfortable night's rest. The distance, four miles, was rapidly accomplished by our overwilling horses, and we rolled into our camp beds about eleven.

October 22, Tuesday.—I was awakened about
an hour after midnight by Captain Beckwith, who told me we had orders to report immediately to General Banks at Poolsville or Edward's Ferry. This order was bewildering, and induced the surmise that some grave disaster had befallen Stone's command. We were quickly mounted and on the road, speculating curiously on the probable events which occasioned these midnight manoeuvres. By the way we passed four or five of our regiments, trailing wearily along their midnight march. We were passed also by some one in an open barouche from the direction of Washington, driving furiously toward the scene of action. By the time we reached Poolsville the evil presage of the clouds had been fulfilled, and the moonshine had been quenched by a leaden drizzle.

Stone's encampments lay around as when I had last seen them, but ominously silent and deserted. At length perceiving a solitary light at the schoolhouse which contained the head-quarter offices, we approached and hailed the officer on duty, asking news of the light.

"Bad enough," he replied; "the brigade which crossed at Conrad's Ferry is defeated and cut to pieces; half the force killed, wounded, and drowned; Colonel Baker is dead; Cogswell is dead, Baxter is dead, and those that have got back are entirely used up and demoralized. In short, another Bull's Run affair."

This was stunning, and next thing to incredible. Banks and Stone were both at Edward's Ferry, six miles distant. So gloomily turned our horses' heads in that direction. We had scarcely left the Poolsville common before we met a long train of slow-moving ambulances, bringing sad confirmation of the disastrous tidings.

Accompanying the ambulances were numerous straggling soldiers on foot, wounded and unwounded, all unarmed, and looking cowed and jaded. The only human being we met who seemed to have a particle of pluck left was a ragged negro boy about twelve years old, a camp-follower, who marched to a martial quick-step of his own whistling, carrying a musket on his shoulder, twice as long as himself.

The wounded, brought across at Harrison's Island, had been transported to Edward's Ferry below by the canal, and were now on their way to the Poolsville hospitals.

In melancholy silence, rain, and darkness we reached the rendezvous at Edward's Ferry.
There, in an open field, beside a bivouac fire, we found General Stone and his staff. General Banks, with his military family, was hard by, enjoying similar accommodations. Officers and men, wrapped in their blankets, lay around on the wet ground, sleeping off the fatigue and excitement of the day. Stone received us with his accustomed urbanity, but the misfortunes of the day had told sharply upon him. He smoked incessantly, and had a haggard look and restless manner. I advanced to pay my respects, when he gave me a clear and rapid view of the position.

He had received orders from the Commander-in-Chief to feel the enemy at Leesburg, and observe what effect the advance of McCall's force, from the direction of Drainsville, would have upon Evans. The General was in daily communication with the other side of the river, and was well posted in regard to the enemy's force and position. The enemy's force consisted of but four regiments of infantry, some squadrons of cavalry, and a light six-gun battery, in all between three and four thousand men. Stone had altogether nearly twelve thousand men, including cavalry and artillery. He had several fine batteries, and his troops were well disciplined and well in hand. Simultaneously with the Drainsville movement he placed five thousand men and a battery, under Colonel Baker, at Harrison's Island, just below Conrad's Ferry and opposite Bull's Bluff. Baker commenced crossing his troops on Monday morning in three scows prepared for the purpose.

Stone took personal command of the main body, seven thousand strong, and taking position on the Maryland Bluffs at Edward's Ferry commenced crossing just above the mouth of Goose Creek, in scows similar to those used by Colonel Baker. His batteries crowned the bluffs to protect the crossing, but the enemy made no opposition at either point. The river was swollen, however, and the crossing heavy work. Colonel Baker's advance reconnoitered the road to Leesburg, and approached very near the town without encountering an enemy. The Confederate commander, it seemed, had fallen back to a position on Goose Creek, apparently intending to abandon Leesburg without a contest. A prisoner informed me such were his orders from Beauregard. Changing his intention, however, he suddenly turned and attacked Baker in the woods between Leesburg and the bluff. The Mississippi and Virginia regiments, which composed Evans' command, were accomplished bushwhackers, and used their rifles with deadly effect upon the Federal lines, exposed in the open field and considerably inferior in numbers. But a small portion of Baker's command had crossed over when they were first attacked. These stood their ground manfully, sustaining the fight while reinforcements crossed in the three scows, a means of transportation entirely inadequate to the emergency. The rebels used small-arms only. The Federal artillery in the woods, with no range, was rather a source of weakness. So rapid and deadly was the enemy's musketry that the artillerists abandoned their guns, and it was told that one of the wheels was entirely cut down by the bullets. Meanwhile as the men fell they were carried to the rear, as usual, by an unlimited number of assistants, who readily volunteer in this service to get out of range of fire. The three boats, instead of being exclusively used in crossing fresh troops to sustain the battle, were crammed and impeded in their movements with the wounded and their skulking attendants. One of them, overloaded, sunk on the passage, and several were drowned. Finally, the troops remaining on the island declined to cross, and less than two thousand men, all told, got over to the fight. Baker was killed in a gallant but unavailing effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. The depleted ranks of the Federals broke, and the men escaped as best they could, having lost four hundred killed and wounded, and leaving five hundred prisoners and several guns in the hands of the enemy.

Stone, meanwhile, was crossing at Edward's Ferry, four miles distant, in full view of the battle, the smoke of which could be seen rising above the woods and the muttering of the musketry distinctly heard. He had hourly communication with Baker, continually inquiring after his welfare, and offering assistance, and continually receiving for reply that all was going well, and that no reinforcement was needed. The first acknowledgment of disaster received by him was after Colonel Baker's death and the irretrievable defeat of his command. Stone had twenty-five hundred men now over the river; their blazing camp-fires illuminated the murky sky and flashed over the swollen stream. Captain Stewart, his Adjutant-General, a gallant English gentleman, who had volunteered in our cause, had made a plucky reconnaissance during the day, and had otherwise rendered valuable assistance.

Thus matters stood between Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22d of October. Stone seemed apprehensive that the rebels had been heavily reinforced from Manassas. The river was swelling rapidly, and the difficulty of crossing increased from hour to hour. He has serious fears lest the force he has crossed will be caught on the point between Goose Creek and the Potomac and destroyed or captured. He has ordered them to make the greatest show possible with their camp-fires.

The Jehu who passed us on the road was General Lander, who, "smelling the battle afar off," had volunteered to "go up to Ramoth Gilead" with characteristic alacrity. A cup of coffee from Captain Stewart comforted and sustained me until dawn. The troops of Banks's command are arriving in better condition than could have been hoped after a long night march through mud and rain. The force which reached Seneca Mills came up by the tow-path of the canal. At daylight several canal boats were drawn from the canal into the river through
the lift-lock, and the business of crossing the troops renewed with vigor.

In the course of this driving, drizzling day our force on the Virginia side was increased to about six thousand infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery.

It can hardly be thought presumptuous to claim that a calm observer of events may often arrive at clearer conclusions than persons better instructed and better informed, whose judgments may be disturbed by a sense of terrible responsibility. I saw at a glance that this miserable affair could be of no great importance in a military point of view. We had made a blunder, and lost nine hundred men and three guns—that was all. But that was not all. There were views of the subject that mere military technicality did not embrace nor military reasonings satisfy.

I instinctively comprehended to the fullest extent the pain and mortification which this disaster would inflict on the heart of the nation if it were left unretrieved. The people had shrugged their shoulders and laughed at the defeat at Manassas. They had expected a frolic rather than a battle, and were caught. Let that pass. We had now gone to work seriously, and half a million of men were mustered and organized. The resources of a great nation were lavished upon the furnishing and equipment of this army; upon it were concentrated their pride and hopes. The first column that advances an effort is caught, massacred, and hurled back in bloody humiliation, and that, too, by an enemy ill supplied, poorly equipped, and contemptible in point of numbers. It will be futile to explain to the people or the world at large that the enemy always outnumbered us on the field, that our gallant troops were dripped into action by regiments and companies, and that, with twelve thousand effective men available, we only managed to get eighteen hundred into action, to have them defeated and massacred.

Let this pass for one of the misfortunes incident to war. It is one which can be and should be immediately retrieved. The political and moral condition of the country demands it. We have now twenty thousand men on the ground; with the Drainsville column, thirty thousand. We should advance on Leesburg at once, wipe out Evans's miserable brigade, rescue our prisoners and captive wounded; this we should do at all hazards, if we do no more besides than play Yankee Doodle in the streets of Leesburg and retire to our old positions to-morrow.

These views, based more upon moral than military reasons, nevertheless met the approval of several clear-headed soldiers. They were suggested to General Stone, who replied that he was now ranked by General Banks and otherwise hampered by orders from Washington. What General Banks thought I did not know; but as he continued to push his men across the river during the day, and finally crossed him-self with a portion of his staff, I conclude that he did not intend to yield the point tamely.

His comprehensive mind and former political experiences must have suggested to him the impolicy of allowing the bloody game to terminate as it stood, so greatly to our disadvantage, when we had such ample means to turn the scale.

During the day, as the Generals stood together in council, I had an opportunity of observing Lander. He was furious at the slaughter of the Massachusetts troops. His glaring eye and fierce jaw expressed determination in the highest degree. There appeared in his bearing more of fighting pluck than cool discretion; but I liked his temper. As he started over the river I remarked to a friend, "There goes a man who seems to be spoiling for a bullet!"

About four o'clock in the afternoon we heard a sharp crackling of musketry over the river, and hurrying to the summit of the bluff we saw our picket-guards scampering like sheep from a woodshed where they had been posted, the enemy appearing in the edge of the wood, from whence ours had been driven, firing after them as they ran. The mass of our infantry lay concealed behind the bank next to the water. At the flight of the pickets two regiments immediately showed themselves, and formed in line of battle to the right and left of a section of artillery. The fugitives rallied and commenced skirmishing with the enemy, who showed themselves in some force at the summit of the hill. Presently our line and the two guns opened fire, which was briskly kept up for twenty minutes. We had a fine birds-eye view of the affair, undisturbed except by the occasional song of a rebel ball ranging far beyond its mark.

Owing to the dampness of the atmosphere the whole scene was presently veiled with clouds of white smoke, so that we could see nothing of what was going on. General Stone exhibited intense anxiety during this action, apprehending that the enemy might have received overwhelming reinforcements and was advancing to a real attack. The enemy presently retired, without having developed more than a third of our force over the river. The attack was simply a reconnoissance made by Evans with a single regiment. About a dozen men were killed and wounded on each side. General Lander was brought back with a ball through his leg—a grave but not dangerous wound.

Just as this fight commenced Luce joined me and reported that the Topographical wagons were up. After the affair subsided we established our camp, got up a hot supper, invited some friends to join us, and had a comfortable night.

October 23.—General M'Clellan arrived last night. While at breakfast I observed a train of wagons moving eastward on the Drainsville road. I immediately reported the circumstances to General Banks, who took me to a neighboring bivouac and presented me to the Commander-in-Chief of the army.
This was my first interview, and as I conversed with the man in whom so much interest and responsibility were centred I instinctively noted the impressions made by his appearance and manner. He is not like his portraits that are in general circulation. His head is large and ruddy square; his complexion florid, with light red beard, and black hair close cut. In person he is rather below the medium height, square built, and heavy limbed. His general appearance reminds one quite frequently of the pictures and statuettes of the Emperor Napoleon; which I don’t like, as I never heard of a great man that resembled any body else, or any other great man. The General’s face is pleasing without being striking; his manner simple, unpretending, and rather engaging, without being impressive. He will control men rather through their personal attachment than by his superiority or force of character.

He seems a cool and clever soldier, but if he shows capacity as a statesman I shall be much mistaken. These observations were written after ten minutes’ conversation and a few hours’ study on the field.

The river was so much swollen and the wind blew so violently that no troops were crossed to-day, nothing except some engineers and intrenching tools. I fear that it is the General-issimo and not the weather that has stopped the crossing. The Drainsville column retired day before yesterday, I believe. Can it be that all this drumming, marching, and manoeuvring is to conclude in this lame and impotent manner?

Is the game-cock Evans, with his brigade of ragamuffins, to be permitted to remain in Leesburg, to carry off his prisoners and trophies, and crow insulting defiance in the face of three divisions of the Grand National Army?

God help us! it is even so. Captain A—, who returned from Washington to-day, tells me that our troops are to be withdrawn to-night.

October 24.—A clear, cold morning. Looking over the river, I perceive by the lines of deserted bivouacs that our retreat has been accomplished. So noiselessly withal that, although I slept within forty yards of the road, I was not awakened by the movement.

Shortly after breakfast a group of rebel officers, with a small cavalry escort, rode over the ground lately vacated by our troops, and spent half an hour in making a thorough and undisturbed reconnoissance of our position on this side. As they turned to leave they fired several pistol-shots across the river—a bit of bravado from some of the juniors, I suppose.

General M’Clellan returned to Washington during the night.

Well, it is all over, and what right have I—an assistant Topographer, without a commission even—to criticise and carp at the conclusions of those whose superior position and opportunities for complete and comprehensive information makes them so much more competent to judge? The right of free thought and free speech, so much prized and perverted by the American people, is not especially recognized in the military service, and even in civil life engenders much impertinence. Let us return to our maps and surveys.

When Galileo promulgated the theory that the earth revolved around the sun he was arrested, brought before a tribunal of the Holy Fathers, and ordered to recant his damnable heresies. He recanted, and admitted that his theory was contrary to the received faith, and all nonsense. Yet, after he made his bow and was about retiring, he inadvertently muttered, "E gira pure"—"It goes round nevertheless." I still think that the withdrawal of our troops on that occasion was a serious error.

A MAN’S AN MAN FOR A’ THAT.

A NEW VERSION.

"A MAN’S a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a’ that and a’ that!"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a’ that.
The lass who’d shirk her daily work,
Yet chases his wage and a’ that,
Of what he might earn, his bread,
is not a man for a’ that.
If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a’ that,
And none whose garb is "h_adden gray"
Was fool or knave, and a’ that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fail and a’ that,
And plowmen be as good as kings,
And chair’s as chairs for a’ that.

You see you brawny, blustering set,
Whos swaggerers, swearers, and a’ that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a’ that,
That he’s as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a’ that:
He’s hot a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a’ that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a’ that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a’ that;
And Donald herding on the mair,
Who beats his wife and a’ that,
Be nothing, when he’s a rascal bore,
Nor half a man for a’ that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a’ that—
"The rank is but the gainer’s stamp,
The man’s the gold, for a’ that.
And though you’d put the misused mark
On copper, brass, and a’ that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that,
’Tis soul and heart and a’ that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a’ that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a’ that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
And acts the man for a’ that.

CHARLES MACAY.