THE BULL RUN BATTLE.

Additional Rebel Particulars of the Fight.

Rebel Diagrams, Showing the Topography of the Field and the Positions of the Forces.

Names of More of the Killed and Wounded,

&c., &c., &c.

NOTES TAKEN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

[Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.]

BULL RUN, Sunday Morning, July 21—10 o'clock.

On the Field of Battle—A Sublime Scene—The Dark Columns of the Enemy Advancing—His Batteries Open Fire—Our Men at First Lie Prone—Our Plank Movement—Terrible Firing—The Enemy Driven Back—Scene of the Conflict Changed to the Stone Bridge—Gallantry of General Evans' Small Force—Our Losses—President Davis on the Field—How He was Received, &c.

It seemed to be conceded that this was to be the day of trial for which we have been working for many months past, and, in common with the immense mass of men assembled here, I have taken my position upon Bull run, to share the fortunes of the contest.

The scene a moment since, and yet, is unutterably sublime. Upon the hill, just one and a third mile off, the enemy are placing their artillery. We see them plunging down the Centreville road to the apex of the eminence above Mitchell's Ford, and deploying to the right and left. Dark masses are drifting on with the power of fate in the road. We see the columns moving, and, as they deploy through the forests, we see the cloud of dust floating over them, to mark their course. When the dust ceases we are sure that they have taken their position. The firing now commences from two batteries to the right and left of the road. It is constant, and another has been opened about a mile lower down. That, however, has been firing for an hour past. The guns are served with great rapidity and precision, and, as we are within range, and uncertain, therefore, when they will favor us, there is quite an interest in the position. Our own troops are in the dense forest that lies below us on Bull run. They are still, not a gun has yet been fired, and there would seem to be nothing to indicate their presence. Of their presence and their readiness the enemy is advised, however, and is making all the headway he can. Of the precise position, however, they are still unadvised; and in every clump of trees, and all along the line, they are plunging shots. So far, however, none have told. Our own batteries are in reserve, ready for a spring to any point that may come to be available. The hospital is again the object for their fire; and the battery I mentioned as a mile below the ford, having heavier guns than more field pieces, and one at least rifled, is now playing upon it.

The object, however, of the most intense interest is a line of dust that begins to rise above the mass of forest lying for miles away to the right of the enemy. That it is a moving column is evident, but whether of our own or the enemy is the principal question. If ours, we are taking the enemy in flank, if theirs, they outflank us. It moves towards the enemy, and a courier that joins us reports that it is the brigade of General Cocke. On it goes. There is no corresponding column of the enemy. The movement promises success. The enemy may have stationed a force in anticipation, but if not we fall upon their flank.

HALF-PAST TEN O'CLOCK A. M.

There is firing on our flanking column. The enemy have opened their battery upon it half way. The column responds. The firing becomes rapid—musketry—rapid. Generals Beauregard, Johnston and Bonham have just come to the hill where I have been standing. The whole scene is before us—a grand moving diorama. The enemy have sent a ball from their rifled cannon at us. Another. They pass over us with a sound that makes our flesh crawl. All have left the spot but Generals Beauregard, Bonham and Johnston and their aids. The firing has ceased at the head of our flanking column. It is renewed again, nearer, I think, to the enemy. Another ball exactly over our heads. A very sustaining force follows our flanking column. The enemy, firing at our generals, has dropped a shot among the wagons in the edge of the woods below, and they dash off. Another shot follows them as they fly, and plunges in the ground but a few feet behind one of them.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

The firing has been awful. The heads of the flanking and resisting columns are distinctly visible from the smoke that rises above them, and they stand stationary for a long time, but at last the enemy's column goes back—a column of dust arises in their rear—a shout rises that roars loud as the artillery from our men—the enemy's fire slackens—our reserves advance—the dust rises on to the position lately occupied by the enemy—we triumph, we triumph, thank God! The dust still rises in the rear of the enemy, as though they were retreating rapidly.

QUARTER BEFORE TWELVE O'CLOCK.

The enemy make another stand. Again, there is the roar of musketry, long like the roar of distant and protracted thunder. Again the roar, but always at the head of the enemy's column. A column of dust rises to the left of our forces and passes to the enemy's rigis. It must be intended to flank them. It is fearful to think how many heart strings are wrung by the work that now goes on—how many brave men must be mangled and in anguish.

Again the enemy has fallen back to another point, half a mile in the rear; and the spirals of the smoke curl up the side of the mountain in the background. The whole scene is in the Piedmont valley, which I have often noticed to have slept so sweetly to the west of Centreville, and sweeping on down to the south. It is nearly level, or seems so, and the Blue Ridge rises to form the dark background of a most magnificent picture.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, NOON.

The batteries first opening have been silent for half an hour, and the whole extended valley is now the thick of the fight. Where the enemy last took his stand retreating, the fight is fearful, the dust is denser than the smoke. It is awful. They have been repulsed three times—so it is reported by a courier—and now they have taken their bloodiest and final stand.

HALF-PAST TWELVE O'CLOCK.

The firing now is at its height. Never, until now, have I dreamed of such a spectacle; for one long mile the whole valley is a boiling crater of dust and smoke.

QUARTER BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK.

The fray ceases; Generals Beauregard and Johnston dash on to the scene of action, and as we cannot doubt that the enemy has again fallen back, it looks as though they were on their way to Washington.

ONE O'CLOCK.

Column after column is thrown in from all along the line of Bull run to fall upon the left flank of the enemy, and the firing is again renewed, as though nothing had been done. An effort would seem to have been made to outflank us, and it has brought on another engagement further off, but on a line with the first. The cannon established on the hill was a feint at Mitchell's Ford, while of both armies the effort was to outflank. These guns now but play at the columns of dust as they rise from the infantry and cavalry as they tramp past; and as those columns are near the point where I stand, they have brought a dozen balls at least within 100 yards.

FIFTEEN MINUTES PAST ONE O'CLOCK.

The firing has almost entirely ceased, but still our reserves are pouring in. The enemy seems to be making an attempt to cross at Mitchell's Ford. All at Mitchell's Ford is a feint, and it is now certain that the grand battle ground for empire is now to the west, beyond the Stone Bridge, on Bull run, and I go there.

EVENING.

At two o'clock I arrived on the ground; but of the further scenes of this eventful battle I have nothing more to say, save this only, that at five o'clock the enemy was driven from the field, leaving most of the guns of Sherman's battery behind them, with an awful list of dead and wounded.

It will be evident to any one who becomes familiar with the events of the day that I misapprehend many of the occurrences. The attack was made at a point above the Stone Bridge, on Bull run, by the whole disposable force of the enemy, led by General McDowell. The importance of the movement was not at first estimated, and it was [illegible] by General Evans, with only the Fourth South Carolina regiment, Colonel Sloan, the Independent Louisiana battalion, Major Wheat, and two guns of the Washington artillery. The charge of the enemy was met with an intrepidity that was beyond all praise, and [illegible] of the enemy was held at bay until the whole column. These were led on by Colonel Jackson, Colonel Bartow, General Bee [illegible] General Jones. The conflict went on in a fierce and terrible struggle of the confederate troops against great odds and amidst terrible slaughter.

At the crisis of the engagement two regiments of South Carolinians—Kershaw's and Cockes—were ordered to advance. Kemper's battery was attached to Keshaw's. As these troops advanced, they were joined by Preston's regiment, of Cocke's brigade. A tremendous charge was made, which decided the fate of the day. After acts of incredible valor, the enemy were driven off far to the north. As they retreated on the Braddock road to Centreville a charge was made upon them by a portion of my cavalry, and I think of the Radford Rangers, volcano. The gun then about a mile away.

Ten companies of Hampton's Legion suffered greatly. It came last night and marched directly into battle. When I went upon the ground I heard that Colonels Hampton and Johnson were both killed, but afterwards I met Colonel Hampton riding from the field, wounded badly, but exhilarated at the thought that his men had exhibited surpassing intrepidity, and that General Beauregard himself had relieved him and led his Legion into battle.

Colonel Sloan's Fourth regiment South Carolina Volunteers suffered as much. They stood decimated at every fire until reinforcements came, and they exhibit a sad remnant of the noble body of men that entered into battle.

The Second regiment, Colonel Kershaw, did fearful execution at the crisis of the contest, but suffered less.

The Fourth Alabama regiment, Colonel Jones, and the Eighth Georgia regiment, Colonel Gardner, suffered greatly.

Wearied and worn and sick at heart, I retired from the field whose glory is scarcely equal to its gloom, and I have not the strength or time to write more. I send my field notes as they are.

President Davis came upon the ground just as the battle ended, and the wildest cheering greeted him. He rode along the lines of war worn men who had been drawn off from action, and he seemed proud of them and of his right to command such noble men, but it was tempered with a feeling of regret that their right to his respect had been vindicated at so dreadful a sacrifice. Many wounded still stood in the ranks, and exhibited the unalterable purpose to stand there while they had strength to do so.

How many of the enemy were killed we have no means of knowing, but it must have been much greater than our own. Our men shot with the utmost possible coolness and precision, and they must have claimed this compliment.

We took Sherman's battery, sixteen guns, and three guns from three batteries that opened upon us first, above Mitchell's Ford.

These are facts reported to me on the ground at sundown, but they are not necessarily correct. I have hesitated to state anything, but upon the whole have thought it best. I will send a corrected list of our casualties tomorrow.

There was an engagement at the batteries above Mitchell's Ford, in which the Fifth, Seventh and Eighth South Carolina regiments were engaged, but the facts have not transpired beyond the taking of guns.

WHAT THE REBELS SAY THEY HAVE CAPTURED.

[From the Correspondent of the Memphis Argus.]

The serious results of the victory have been ascertained at the war department to be sixty-nine pieces of artillery, 23,000 stand of arms, 800 wagons laden with stores and munitions of war, and a quantity of provisions so huge as to appear almost incredible. Never dreaming of defeat and only occupied with the advance of their grand army, the liberal commissariat for their immense forces had converted the town of Centreville, distant five or six miles from the battle, into one great warehouse for provisions and army stores.

The provisions of every kind captured at this grand repository are sufficient, the President asserts, to feed an army of fifty thousand men for a whole campaign. To save their immense wealth of stores, it was at Centreville that McDowell attempted to rally his flying army. A large division of fresh troops, with heavy guns in position, met the remnants of his vanquished forces and forced them into a momentary halt; but so demoralized were his men, that at sight of our pursuing columns, they again scattered and were chased like hares from their lost position; nor did our cavalry cease from their bloody business of cutting up and riding down the cowardly hounds until within four miles of Arlington heights.

At this place (Centreville) our troops had the good luck to find a large table spread with a sumptuous dinner, and almost untouched, as the rout, which commenced about the fashionable hour for a dining feast, had left but poor stomachs for digesting rich food.

A correspondent from Manassas has just shown me a number of bills of fare for the dinners to which McDowell had invited his friends to enjoy with him on the route to Richmond, indicating that they expected to repose a short time at Fairfax Court House, Manassas, and other convenient localities on the way.

The bills of fare are mostly in French and quite costly as to the *cuisine*. Twenty-five baskets of champagne and a dozen of claret were also found at Centreville—the centre of "good things," and a soldier who was present has just informed me that when our brave hungry boys arrived at the village and took possession they at once commenced a sad havoc upon these delicious drinkables, during which a sprightly officer in one of the Rappahannock companies, named Hopper, mounted upon the table (then relieved somewhat of its load) and proposed the following impromptu toast:—"Our sincere thanks to the gouty old Scott; may his captured batteries soon send a shower of grape from which he can fill his wine bottles." It is needless to add that our lieutenant was vociferously cheered, and the boys, out of respect for the great man's memory, drank standing and in silence.

[From the Richmond Dispatch.]

It is reported here, and almost universally believed, that five full companies, attached to one of the Yankee regiments which participated in the battle at Manassas last Sunday, surrendered to General Beauregard on Friday last. These men, it seems, in their haste and fright, missed the road to Arlington, and became lost in the Virginia forests, near the Blue Ridge. Worn down with fatigue, famished with hunger, and despairing of ever making their way out without being discovered, they hailed one of our scouts, and requested that their condition be laid before General Beauregard. All surrendered, and were kindly furnished with nourishment. It is presumed that they will be sent to Richmond.

It is also stated that a house in the vicinity of Fairfax Court House, which was suspected by our troops, was surrounded last Friday, and found to contain sixteen Yankee officers, who were not quite active enough in their movements last Sunday, and took refuge in this building. They were all bagged, of course, and will be securely held until it is ascertained what disposition is to be made of the crew of the privateer Savannah.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE—LETTER FROM DR. J. C. NOTT.

[From the Mobile Evening News, July 30.]

We are permitted to publish the following portion of a private letter from our eminent townsman, Dr. J. C. Nott, addressed by him to a friend in this city. It gives the most comprehensive and striking impression of the battle which has yet come to hand, and, aided by reference to the sketch which we publish, the reader can arrive at a very correct idea of the plan and progress of the conflict. It will be realized that if we had had all the army of Manassas on the ground, none of McDowell's army would have returned to Washington to tell the tale. Those who escaped the slaughter would have been captured. The enemy's feint on the centre was a masterly manœuvre, which would have distracted heads less cool than Beauregard's and Johnston's, and they would have drawn all their forces to that point. They kept up a persistent attack there during most of the day, and our generals were thus prevented from withdrawing their troops from the right and centre to aid their sorely pressed left which a few thousand wearied heroes were holding against the thirty-five thousand fresh federal troops.

DR. NOTT'S ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, July 23, 1861.

DEAR HARLESTON—I have seen the great and glorious battle of Manassas, which brought a nation into existence, and the scene was grand and impressive beyond the power of language. We foresaw the action several days ahead—the enemy were known to be advancing in immense masses from Arlington towards Fairfax, and the master stroke was at once made, to order Johnston down from Winchester, by forced marches, before Patterson could get down on the other side. Johnston's troops marched all twenty-six miles, then crowded into the railroad, came down in successive trains, without sleeping or eating (15,000), and arrived, many of them, while the battle was raging.

I got to Manassas the morning of the day previous to the fight, and knowing well both Generals Beauregard and Johnston, and their staff officers, I went immediately to headquarters. Zac. Deas, among the rest, was there in full feather, and I of course felt at home in his camp, where I spent the night. General Beauregard determined to attack them in several columns at once the next morning, so as to cut them up before Patterson could arrive—but our scouts came early in the morning, informing the generals that the enemy had been in motion since two hours before day, which settled the question as to their intention to make the attack. Beauregard, who had studied the whole ground around—knew every hill, ravine and pathway—had made all the necessary arrangements and planned the battle. Not knowing at what point of a semi-circle of ten miles around Manassas the enemy would attack, his forces had to be scattered in such a way as to guard all points, prevent a flank movement on either side, and guard his intrenchments and supplies in the centre.

We got up in the morning at daylight, took a cup of coffee and remained quietly laughing and talking at headquarters, while the scouts were passing in and out bringing news from the enemy. At a quarter past six in the still, bright morning, we heard the first deep toned sound of a cannon on the centre of our line, about three miles off. We waited till nine for further information, and at nine the generals ordered to horse, and away we dashed to the hill overlooking the point at which cannon, like minute guns, had continued slowly to fire. The enemy could not see any of our troops, but were firing at the dust kicked up along the road, which they saw above the low trees. We were for some time at the point they were firing at, and some twenty or thirty balls of their rifled cannons whizzed through the air above us, and I felt very forcibly the remark of Cuddy to his mother Manse, that "a straggling bullet has nae discretion" and might take my head off as well as that of anybody else. The firing at this point kept up slowly from a quarter past six till eleven, when we heard a gun fire on the extreme left of the semi-circle, and we were then satisfied that the firing in front was a mere feint. In a few minutes the cannon firing came in rapid succession, as if one battery was answering another. The generals then ordered "to horse" again, and away we rode to the seat of battle, about three miles off. When we arrived on the top of a hill, in an old field, we could get glimpses of the fight through the woods. The cannons were roaring and the musketry sounded like a large bundle of fire-crackers, and the constant roaring of the big guns, the sharp sound of rifled cannons, Minie rifles and muskets, with the bursting of shells, made one feel that death was doing his work with fearful rapidity.

The enemy had concentrated all his forces on this one point, while our ours were scattered around a half circle of ten miles, and the few regiments who received the first onset were most terribly cut up. It was far greater odds than human nature could stand, the regiments were torn to pieces, driven back, and so overwhelmed by numbers that I feared the day was lost. At this stage of the game the enemy was telegraphing to Washington that the battle had been won, and secession was about to be crushed. My heart failed me as I saw load after load of our poor wounded and dying soldiers brought and strewed on the ground, along the ravine where I was at work. Dr. Fanthray, who belonged to General Johnston's staff, and myself were just getting fully to work, when an old surgeon, whom I do not know, came to us and said the enemy were carrying everything before them, and ordered us to fall back to another point with the wounded, as they were turning our flank, and the battle would soon be upon us. Accordingly the wounded were taken up and we fell back, but after following the ambulances for a mile, we found that they were to be taken all the way to Manassas. We then returned to our position in the setting in about four miles—where the enemy retired to our position about four miles—where the enemy retired to our position. At this juncture I saw our reinforcements pouring in in the rapidity and eagerness of a fox chase, and was satisfied that they would drive everything before them. No one can imagine such a grand, glorious picture as these patriots presented, rushing to the field through the masses of wounded bodies which strewed the roadside as they passed along. For half a mile behind me the road passed down a gradual slope, and through an old field as I looked back I could see a regiment of infantry coming in a trot, with their bright muskets glittering in the sun, then would come a battery of artillery, each gun carriage crowded with men and drawn by four horses in full gallop. Next came troops of cavalry, dashing with the speed of Murat, after these followed, with almost equal speed, wagons loaded with ammunition, &c., screaming all the while, "push ahead boys," "pitch into the d—d Yankees," "drive them into the Potomac." This kept up from about mid-day till dark, and I felt as if the Alps themselves could not withstand such a rush. The cannon and small arms were roaring like a thunder storm as they rushed to the battle field. One regiment, which had been driven back by overwhelming numbers, was now supported, and I soon perceived that the firing was getting further off, as I had expected, and I knew that the "pet lambs" now could only be saved by their superior heels. About this time, too, the last of General Johnston's command arrived on the cars, opposite the battle ground, to the number of some three or four thousand, and although they had been two nights without sleep, they jumped from the cars and cut across to the field. By this time we had collected about 15,000 against their 35,000, and, from all accounts, no red fox ever made tracks so fast as did these cowardly wretches. They were all fresh and better accoutred in every respect than our men, one half or more of whom had to make forced marches to get at them. They had selected their position coolly and deliberately in the morning, while ours were scattered over ten miles and had to run through the mid day sunshine. If our men had been equally fresh they would have gone straight into their intrenchments at Arlington. But I will not speculate on the future and weary you with details which will reach you through print long before this.

The victory was dearly bought, but still blood is the price of freedom; and we can at least, while we drop a tear over the graves of our fallen friends, feel the proud consolation that they have died like heroes, and given liberty to unborn generations.

Our troops are pouring in every day from the South, and if Beauregard and Johnston choose to lead them, they can plant the hated Palmetto tree beside the Bunker Hill monument, which was erected to commemorate the same principles for which we are now fighting, and to which a degenerate race has proved recreant. They have forced this fight upon us, and after exhausting everything but honor for peace, it is their turn to sue for terms.

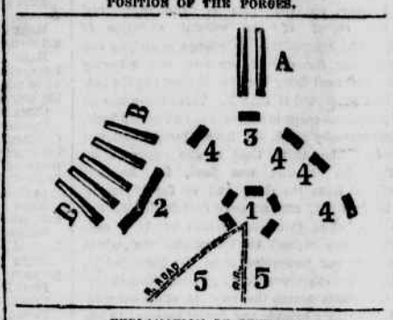
I never had any idea of military science before. Beauregard and Johnston played it like a game of chess without seeing the board—when a messenger came and told the enemy's move, a move was immediately ordered to put him in check.

The times are so exciting here that I cannot yet foresee my movements. I found that they had surgeons enough for the wounded in the hospitals at Manassas, and having no commission I left and came up to Richmond to send down many things needed for the patients, thinking I could serve them better in this way than any other.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE BATTLE FIELD AND VICINITY.

The above sketch comprehends an area of country about eighteen miles by fifteen.

POSITION OF THE FORCES.



EXPLANATION OF SKETCH.

A. The columns of the enemy making the feint attack on the centre of the Confederate lines.

B, B. The columns of the enemy, 35,000 strong, making the real attack on the left of the Confederate lines.

1. Manassas Junction, with Confederate troops holding the fortified camp.

2. The 15,000 Confederate troops who fought the battle and defeated the 35,000 federals who attacked them.

3. The centre of the Confederate lines, a battery in position.

4, 4, 4, 4. Positions of troops forming the Confederate lines, where they were kept in line to meet an advance from any quarter. It is understood that some reinforcements were sent down from these positions to join in the fight on the left.

5, 5. Railroads which make the junction at Manassas.

NOTE.—From the extreme left to the extreme right of our lines, which formed nearly a true semi-circle, the distance was ten miles; but whether this distance was measured by the arc or directly across from right to left, is not clear.

ANOTHER REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

[From the Richmond Despatch, July 29.]

Although more than a week has passed since the great battle of Manassas, and the public have daily been furnished with narratives of deeds done on that bloody field, there yet remains much to be told.

The following statement was prepared by a distinguished officer, who bore a conspicuous part on the field of battle on the 21st of July:—

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

RICHMOND, July 27, 1861.

It may not be unacceptable to your readers to learn something of the battle of Manassas from an eye witness, who had better opportunities of observation, perhaps, than any one else. The first gun fired by the enemy was at five minutes past six o'clock in the morning, batteries opening against our centre as a feint to conceal the movement against our left. A short time afterwards General Johnston and General Beauregard, with their staff, rode off to the nearest point of elevation and observation convenient to the centre, and there awaited developements whilst the iron hail whistled around and over them. A singular misconception seems to pervade the public mind which has not yet been corrected, that Gen. Beauregard fought the battle, and that General Johnston yielded to preconceived plans. Whilst, according to General Beauregard all the merit to which he is entitled—and there does not live a more gallant gentleman and officer, nor one for whom I have a higher admiration as a General—it is due to General Johnston to say, that he planned the battle. Essentially a man of judgment, General Johnston has never risked during the campaign any battle where our chances were not good. Though our men murmered vastly when ordered to go backward from Harper's Ferry, from Bunker's Hill, from Darksville and from Winchester, no one can now dare to dispute the sagacity which planned all the movements. To have risked a battle by attacking superior numbers, entailing defeat upon us, would doubtless have crushed our proud republic in its inception. When General Johnston (who has always been in correspondence with General Beauregard in regard to the junction of the armies, and who for weeks has also pointed out to the President the absolute necessity of such a movement) received orders to form the junction, it came at a fortunate moment, when Patterson had moved to Charleston, twenty-four miles distant, and had placed it out of his power to attack us in the rear. Only ten thousand of our column arrived in time for the battle, but they were enough.

To return, however, to the battle. Our line was extended over a distance of eight miles, in a position nearly assimilating to a semi circle. On Saturday night General Johnston assumed command, and nearly the entire night was consumed by the staff of both generals in writing orders to the different brigades to prepare for a forward movement in the morning. General Beauregard's plans were to be carried out in a great measure, and the rout of the enemy would have been more signal, and doubtless Washington would now be in our possession if our attack had not been converted into a defence by the movements of the enemy. We intended to move about eight o'clock, and they commenced their attack before our movement could be made. From a letter written by one of the enemy, dated July 20, nine P. M., and afterwards found by the writer, their position was taken and movements commenced at that hour.

To understand the battle you must know that our line was faced towards Bull run, and immediately back of it, defending the various fords. By turning our flank the line of battle was changed to a direction perpendicular to the one which we had assumed, and commencing at our left extended back for a mile and a quarter. When the musketry betrayed the "cat in the meal tub," away went the Generals and their staff, flying upon the wings of the wind to reach the scene of action, distant three miles. The country was a rolling one, thickly interspersed with pine thickets, and the battle ground was an open valley with a hill upon each side, rising some 100 feet above the low ground, and distant from each other about 600 yards. The struggle was an alternate movement of regiments. When the head of McDowell's column reached Sudley's spring, a ford much higher than it was anticipated they would cross, as the Stone Bridge was the point we were defending upon our extreme left, quietly they sneaked along, getting in behind us, until discovered, I believe, by General Evan's brigade, who opened fire upon them.

Then in quick succession the enemy's regiments deployed in line to their right, whilst ours came on on our left. The engagement grew hot and heavy, their column numbering 25,000, while we could only oppose them at the beginning with about 8,000. Slowly but surely the battle kept on its march, pressing our line back by the weight of numbers, and moving our flank and attacking us in the rear. Gallantly, however, did our army struggle for the right, and, despite of odds, regiment after regiment threw itself in the way, disputing the ground inch by inch, regardless of the fact that its predecessors had been cut to pieces or dispersed. A battery barassing our lines, the Eighth Georgia regiment was ordered to take it, and right well did they do so; but a myriad of Yankees seemed to rise up, who had hitherto been concealed, and pouring in their fire upon our column, it seemed to melt away like snow beneath a summer's sun. Colonel Gardner was here shot down and taken prisoner, but afterwards retaken by our men later in the day.

The Eighth, compelled to retreat with nearly half its number wounded or killed, the attack of the enemy was met by the brigade of General Bee, composed of Mississippians and Alabamians, and one regiment, I think, of Tennesseans. Later in the day Colonel Bartow was shot near this spot, while leading the Seventh Georgia regiment, commanded by Colonel Gartrell. General Bee's brigade could not withstand the fierce tornado of shot and shell sweeping through its ranks, and slowly retired, fighting bravely all the time. The Fourth Alabama regiment suffered terribly, all of its field officers being shot down, and two (Colonel Jones and Major Scott) left upon the field. Colonel Jones was captured, but afterwards retaken during the rout. Falling back upon the position taken by Hampton's legion, whose prowess can clearly be shown by the heaps of dead in front of their line, a momentary check was thrown on the enemy's approach.

They had now retreated to the brow of the hill, where the brigade of General Jackson was lying *perdu*, and this was the most critical point of the day. Fighting for hours under a hot sun, without a drop of water near, the conduct of our men could not be excelled; but human endurances has its bounds, and all seemed about to be lost. Our reserve was yet miles distant from the scene of action, whilst the enemy's reserve kept pressing on. From the knoll near the Lewis House, the two generals had remained anxious spectators of the conflict, but the time had come for action, and plunging their spurs into the quick footed steeds, away went the generals and their staff into the thickest of the fight. Coming up first to the Alabamians, who were without a field officer, General Johnston placed the color-bearer by his horse's side and moved on—each and all of the staff, with the generals, vieing with each other in words of encouragement to the men to come on. And well timed was this movement

Already our line upon the hill top was giving away, but incited to fresh deeds of heroism by the appearance in their midst of our generals, apparently bringing up reinforcements, they pitched into the fray with redoubled ardor, and from that time yielded not an inch of ground. General Beauregard, riding over to the left, took charge of operations there, displaying his reckless bravery by riding everywhere in the face of the enemy's fire, and having his horse killed beneath him, fortunately escaping uninjured himself. The tide of battle thus checked, away went General Johnston's staff to hurry up the reserves and assign them to proper positions. The first were met two miles back, covered with dust and coming at double quick. On they went, plunging into the midst of the fray, and the sunshine of certainty did not gleam from beneath the murky clouds until General Kirby Smith arrived with a portion of his division upon the ground. Coming from Winchester, he heard the roar of the battle, and without waiting for orders he at once disembarked his men, Col. Elzey's brigade, and marched hurriedly to our assistance. Colonel Kershaw's and Colonel Cash's regiments arrived upon the ground at the same moment, and with these four thousand men General Smith promptly took the extreme left and turned the tide of battle.

The enemy had so far turned our flank as to have gotten entirely behind us, and nearly 4,000 were marching up to attack us in the rear; seeing this, General Smith determined to cut them off, and would have done so but for his misfortune in being shot through the neck with a grape shot just as Colonel Kershaw was within twenty yards of him for the purpose of receiving orders. His plan of cutting them off was, consequently, not carried out, and they were enabled to join the main body, hotly pursued by our men. General Jackson's brigade had been lying for hours sustaining with unflinching courage a most terrific fire. The General had his horse shot under him and a finger of the left hand shot off, but, cool as a cucumber, he still urged his "boys" to be steady, and steady they were when they charged and butchered the Fire Zouaves and other regiments right and left. The General has a way of holding his head up very straight, and his almost invariable response to any remark is "Very well," whilst his chin seems trying to get up towards the top of his head. The writer remembers, in the midst of the fight, to have seen the General rallying his men, while his chin seemed to stick out further, and his "very wells" seemed to sound more euphoniously than ever, and when the writer wished to pour a little whiskey upon the shattered finger, he was told that it was "of no consequence," and away went the General, with a battery following him, to take position in some advantageous spot. If any one was ever entitled to a soubriquet, the General certainly deserved that of cool.

It is worthy of mention that in all the vicissitudes of the battle, the enemy at no time took one of our pieces of artillery, and they thundered away all the time, doing great execution and carrying dismay into the hearts of the Yankees.

The scene of carnage was beyond description. Here a pile of dead and dying men, there struggling, crippled horses, and over the surface of the hitherto peaceful fields the surging, angry waves of battle still adding its victims to the long list. Our light artillery batteries seem to have been more than a match for the rifled cannon at a short distance, for our guns would be fired three or four times to their once. But it must be admitted that some of their batteries were fired with the precision, almost, of a rifle at one hundred yards' distance.

There was a constant struggle during the day over the enemy's batteries. Time and again were they captured by our men, and very often retaken by the enemy. The most excited creature on the battle field was the Rev. Mr. Repetto, Captain of the Page county, Va., Grays, who claimed the honor of taking Rickett's (Sherman's) battery. Of his whole company, nearly one hundred strong, he had only eighteen unhurt. Another of our reverends, Colonel Pendleton, a graduate of West Point, a resident of Lexington, Virginia, and an Episcopalian minister, was quite busy during the day, and doubtless did more than any one else to check the advancing enemy. The inquiry among the prisoners was very general, "Who commanded that battery on the left that killed so many of our men?" Our reply was that it was a saint named Pendleton.

About five o'clock our anxious minds were relieved by the cessation of cannonading from their side, whilst upon ours the thunders still rolled out long and loud. Then we knew we had them. A long line of dust towards Centreville proclaimed that the "stars and bars" waved triumphant over the field. A long line of fugitives defiled across the fields, and the cavalry were ordered to pursue. The history of that pursuit upon our part could well be written in words of blood, for more men were killed then and there than had fallen in the battle. Our infantry hurried on as rapidly as possible, while our batteries gave a parting "fire in the rear." The amount of plunder strewn upon the road is almost incredible. The quantity of arms taken it is hard to get at, as many of them are in the hands of those who first took them. For instance, one company of Virginia troops, in returning from the pursuit, captured enough Minie muskets to arm the whole command—eighty strong. It is estimated, however, that twelve thousand small arms will be added to our stock of ordnance. Enough powder was taken to supply the army for another big battle, and sixty-three pieces of artillery, with the caissons full of projectiles, which will be returned shortly, with our compliments, to their former masters. Many hundreds of our brave boys now sport splendid blue overcoats, the owners of which did not have time to call for them.

There is no earthly doubt that our army was overcome several times between twelve and three, and that the bulletins sent by the enemy are, in the main, correct; but alas! "the best laid plans of men and mice aft gang agley," and in this instance, verily, was there a great "slip between the cup and the lip." With all their preparations made, their "grand army" complete in every department, it is too bad that destruction should come upon them when victory seemed perching upon their standard. And they cannot lay the blame this time upon "those infernal masked batteries." They chose their own ground, and we met them in the open field with no other intrenchments but bright steel bayonets above our brave hearted soldiers. The whole plan of attack had been mapped out, as was shown by a splendid map of the entire country, which the writer received from Colonel Wilcox, of Michigan, commanding the Second Brigade. Upon that map, which had been drawn up by order of the War Department from the coast survey records, showing the topography of the country from Washington to Manassas, it was evident that the plan of action had been mapped out by old Scott. At Sudley Springs, where the crossing was made, three columns indicated that the crossing was to be made there.

The number of men actually engaged on our side was 18,000, though some think it was less. The number engaged upon the other side, taken from the admission of captured officers, was about 37,000. What was the secret of our success against such odds? The enemy fought bravely—there can be but one opinion about that—and forced our lines back more than half a mile. Our success can alone be attributed (beyond that which Divine Providence acceded to us) to the dauntless bull-dog courage of our men. They could not quit fighting. Said one of Lincoln's officers, "What sort of men are yours? We broke your regiments all to pieces, and yet we did not whip you." And so it was. Scattered as they were, every man went to fighting on his own hook, and you could have shook a thousand at any time out of the pine thickets who didn't know where their companies were, but kept loading and blazing away. From these scattered fragments of companies General Johnston gathered several hundred, and requested Colonel Thomas to take them to a position, which he indicated a short distance off. It was in performing this service that this gallant gentleman fell, pierced to the heart.

The artillery captured upon the field had splendid horses attached to them, caparisoned in the best style. Sixty-two of them were brought together the next morning. In the rout, however, the artillerists, to save themselves from Colonel Stuart, of our cavalry, cut loose the horses and left the cannon in the road.

The mortality was immense upon both sides. Upon ours the returns will show about six hundred killed and twenty-five hundred wounded. Upon theirs about fifteen hundred left dead and forty-five hundred wounded. We could have had as many prisoners as ten thousand, but what good would it have done to take them and feed them?

HAVOC IN ALABAMA REGIMENTS.

The Montgomery *Mail*, of the 24th ult., says:—We are truly sorry to hear of the sad havoc which befell these noble companies, members of the Fourth Alabama regiment, in the recent Manassas battle. Thirty-two, we learn, from both companies, are killed and wounded, seven of whom were instantly killed. The wounded were doing as well as possible up to yesterday.

LOUISIANA REBELS IN THE FIGHT.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, of the 26th says:—Lieutenant Dickinson, of New Orleans, now in this city, and who was shot in the thigh with a Minnie ball, in the battle on Sunday, says that he was a member of Major Wheat's battalion, and out of 400 which constituted that command there were not more than 100 that escaped death or wounds. Wheat was shot through the body [illegible] and was surviving on Wednesday, although his case is considered critical. Lieutenant Dickinson also says that the Catahoula (La.) Guerrillas, Captain Bahegue, [illegible] the Catahoula (La.) he thinks his command [illegible] with desperation, and [illegible] captain [illegible] was nearly all killed and wounded. The captain [illegible] enough for a long time in the hottest of the fight, [illegible] escaped unhurt. He also says the Tiger Rifles, of Louisiana, in a perfect shower of bullets, bombs and balls, threw down their rifles and charged upon the enemy's lines with their knives, and put them to flight.

GALLANTRY OF BARTOW.

[From the Charleston Mercury.]

Bartow's gallantry upon the field was most conspicuous. When Beauregard pointed out to him a battery to be taken, he replied, "I will take it, if mortal man can do it." He first led up the Eighth Georgia regiment and took the battery; but finding himself unable to hold it, he retired. Almost immediately afterwards he led up the Seventh Georgia regiment, in the performance of which duty he was shot. The only words he uttered were, "Boys, they have killed me, but never give up this field to the enemy."

General Beauregard did not lead the Hampton Legion into action as has been stated. He led a large body of troops in which the Legion was included.

SPEECH FROM A WOUNDED REBEL.

[From the Knoxville Register.]

The train from the East yesterday brought down Captain Wilson, of Atlanta, one of the wounded on the glorious battle field of Manassas. Captain Wilson was in the whole of the hard fought battle of the 21st, was wounded in the heel while on horseback, and received a contusion on the left shoulder from a cannon ball, which paralyzed his arm. Notwithstanding his sufferings from the pain of his wounds, he appeared on the platform of the cars, in response to the calls of the eager crowd assembled, and gave a glowing and eloquent description of the fight in which he had so gallantly participated. The statements of this brave eyewitness confirmed in the main the details of this great victory which we have received by the press and by the telegraph—a victory which has no precedent for completeness in the annals of war. Captain Wilson's narration moved the audience to alternate shouts of enthusiasm and tears of joy, as he graphically depicted either the noble conduct and gallant deeds of the brave defenders of Southern independence, and the almost incredible feats of the routed Yankees in making their escape from the field. He confirmed the statements of the small loss reported on our side, the immense slaughter of the Lincoln troops, and the great capture of arms, munitions and prisoners made by our troops.

Captain W. was followed by a gentleman whose name we did not learn, but who was a chaplain in the Confederate army, just from Richmond, and who confirmed the captain's statements. The train moved off while the reverend gentleman was speaking.

VISIT TO THE BATTLE FIELD NEAR MANASSAS JUNCTION.

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

The writer of this, on Monday last, 29th ult., passed over the scene of the battle of the 21st, near Bull run. It was gratifying to find, contrary to rumors which have gained some circulation, that the dead, not only of our own army, but also of the enemy, have all been decently buried. In the whole area of that terrible onset no human corpse, and not even a mangled limb was to be seen. The earth had received them all, and so far as the human combatants were concerned, nothing remained to tell of those who had fallen victims of the shock of battle, save the mounds of fresh earth which showed where they had been laid away in their last sleep.

Many of these mounds gave evidence of the pious care of surviving comrades. Enclosures were built around the graves, and branches of evergreens cover the spot. Sometimes boards mark the head and foot, on which were carved or painted the name and fellowship of the deceased. Sometimes boards nailed to a neighboring tree told that the ground adjacent contained the fallen of a certain regiment or company.

Numerous dead horses, scattered over the area, show where the batteries of flying artillery were captured or disabled, or where some officer was dismounted. The prostrate fences, too, served to mark the track of the battle. Where the infantry crossed they were broken down so that a man might step over, and wide gaps showed where the artillery carriages had thundered along. The ground, too, tramped by the feet of rushing men and horses, evid