DAILY NASHVILLE UNION.

VOL. I. NASHVILLE, TENN. FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1862 NO. 32

B. B. CONNOR & BRO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 4 COLLEGE STREET.

New Stock just received and for sale low to close out Consignments.

200 bbls. Salt, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

100 boxes SALT, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

50 Coils ROPE, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

40 bbls. Coal OIL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

10 half bbls. Coal OIL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

150 dozen BROOMS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

50 boxes SOAP, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

50 boxes STARCH, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

12 chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO

12 half chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

12 cadies TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

10 boxes Yeast POWDERS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

20 cases SODA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

100 gross MATCHES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

25 boxes Star CANDLES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

25 boxes COFFEE, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & CO.

14 bbls. VINEGAR, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

10 kits SALMON, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

24 kits MACKEREL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

5 kits HERRING, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

2 kits SHAD, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

19 bbls. TROUT, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

10 bbls. MACKEREL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

4 bbls. CIDER, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

16 boxes dried HERING, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

16 boxes Dried Scaled, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

80 kegs NAILS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

50 bbls Crushed Sugar, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

125 bags MEAL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

500 bbls FLOUR, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

20 casks HAMS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

20 casks SIDES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

200 bbls fine POTATOES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

20 boxes fresh Garden SEED, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

8 bbls Onion SETS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.

10 tierces Canvassed HAMS, with a large lot of all sorts of Goods, which we will close out low, at our old stand, No. 5 College street.

ap 8 B. B. CONNOR & BRO.

REMOVED.

M. Morganstern

Has removed from his old stand on Market Street to

No. 40 Union Street,

Where he will keep a full assortment of

Ladies' Gentlemen's Misses' and Childrens

GAITERS, BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS,

of the Best Make & Finest Quality.

☞Custom Work neatly executed. ☜

April 29, 1862. 1y

Committed to Jail

OF Davidson County, Tenn., April 27, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is GEORGE, and says he belongs to Lewis Lindsley, of Wilson county, Tenn.; age about 32 years; very black; 5 feet 8 inches high; weighs about 150 or 160 pounds. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.

J. M. HINTON,
may2-3t Sheriff and Jailor of D. C.

Committed to Jail

OF Davidson County, Tenn., April 27, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is ALBERT, and says he belongs to Jo. Dodson, of Davidson County; age about 35 or 40 years; weighs about 155 or 160 pounds; no marks. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.

J. M. HINTON,
may 2-3t Sheriff and Jailor of D. C.

Committed to Jail

OF Davidson County, Tenn., May 1, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is LEWIS, and says he belongs to Zeb. Baird, of Wilson County, Tenn.; age about 25 years; weighs about 145 or 150 pounds; color, black; scar on right cheek bone, said to be done by a kick from a horse; 5 feet 8 inches high; dressed in brown jeans clothes, black wool hat. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, as the law directs.

J. M. HINTON,
may2-3t Sheriff and Jailor of D. C.

TO AMBROTYPISTS.

I HAVE JUST received a consignment of new and fresh Ambrotype and Photograph materials, to be sold on lots at Louisville prices, expenses added.

M. SUESS, Market street.
ap 23-1m

Election Notice.

IN accordance with law in such cases, made and provided, I will open and hold an election on the fourth Thursday, being the 22d day of May next, for Judges of the Criminal, Circuit, and Chancery Courts, and also for Judge of the Supreme Court for the Eastern Division of the State, in this County, and the following persons have been appointed, and are hereby required to act as Judges, Clerks, and Receivers of votes at said election, in the various wards and districts, as follows, to wit:

FIRST DISTRICT.

1st WARD.—Acton Young, John Coltart and John Hooper, Judges; Charles Sayers and John Engles, Clerks; Wm. Funston, Receiver.

2ND WARD.—Geo. Coleman, Wm. Townsend and W. P. Downs, Judges; B. Douglas, Jr., and Wm. H. Ervin, Clerks; G. S. Thomas, Receiver.

3RD WARD.—Andrew Anderson, G. W. Darden and Lewis Lanier Judges; Benjamin Weller, Jr., and Richard Forbes, Clerks, John Reddick, Receiver.

4TH WARD.—Milton Cockrell, R. L. Crenshaw and Lewis Huff, Judges; J. T. Brown and Robert Patterson, Clerks; Jo. L. Ryan, Receiver.

5th Ward—J. P. Coleman, W. H. Clemons and Wm. S. Cheatham, Judges; John Coleman and Robt. Lusk, Clerks; W. C. Loftin, Receiver.

6TH WARD.—Van Baugh, Henry Frith and Joseph Francis, Judges; James Morris and B. G. Woods, Clerks; A. W. Fyle, Receiver.

7TH WARD.—Ambrose Owen, F. O. Hort and J. Sinkard, Judges; Wm. Dale and E. F. Corbitt, Clerks; N. P. Corbitt, Receiver.

8TH WARD.—Frank Harmon, Wm. Sanborn and Jno. M. Burk, Judges; A. P. Skipwith and John McEwan, Clerks; Hugh Carroll, Receiver.

SECOND DISTRICT.—Horatio Bite, Dr. Roggatt and Edward Whitworth, Judges; J. L. Dorsh, Thompson Higgins, Clerks; John Allen, Receiver.

THIRD DISTRICT.—H. Brent, J. T. Pugh and J. Whitworth Judges; L. Charlton and John Old, Clerks; B. M. Wheeler, Receiver.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—J. Wright, Sr. B. Gleaves and W. C. Dodson, Judges, Isaac Wright and F. Newton Blakley, Clerks; Elijah Creel, Receiver.

FIFTH DISTRICT.—J. Aldridge, A. P. Grimstead and J. J. D. R. Shumate, Judges; W. Cartwright, J. G. Roberts, Clerks; T. A. Harris, Receiver.

SIXTH DISTRICT.—W. S. Turner, J. Gutbrie and J. Holloway, Judges; J. V Purcell and H. Whitsitt, Clerks; J. Thompson, Receiver.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.—J. L. Baker, Sr., Chas. Cook and E. B. Bigley, Judges; L. B. Bigley and N. Whitteman, Clerks; J. W. Bigley, Receiver.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.—G. W. Spain, Floyed H. Owen and P. S. Waller, Judges; B. F. Ramsey, and W. T. Holt, Clerks; W. Kenney, Receiver.

NINTH DISTRICT.—F. R. Rains, Thomas B. Johnson and W. T. Moore, Judges; Wm Whitsett and James T Patterson, Clerks; W. W. Lyle, Receiver.

TENTH DISTRICT.—H. G. Scales, G. B. Gunter and W. Simpson, Judges; Conrad Pyles and R. Gilbert, Clerks; Jas. H. Young, Receiver.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.—Wm. Edmiston, W. P. Turner and John Johns, Judges; H. C. W. O'Neill and Wm. Morgan, Clerks, John B. Murrey, Receiver.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.—S. R. Davidson, W. E. Watkins and Jessey Jordan, Judges; H. C. Davidson and Wm. Jordan Clerks; W. Davidson, Receiver

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.—Dr. J. Hudson, Sam'l Watkins and Carroll Gower, Judges; MacCabler and Peter Holt, Clerks; S. Chandler, Receiver.

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.—J. L. Green, Thos. Allison and W. T. Greer, Judges; T. R. Lovell and J. L. Dillahunty, Clerks; George Bryant, Receiver.

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.—Church Anderson, T. M. Patterson and John Bush, Judges; John Cerly and B. F. Myers, Clerks; George Hainlett, Receiver.

SIXTEENTH DISTRICT.—T. P. Page, J. Wright and R. Hamilton, Sr., Judges; W. L. Beggarly and T. Ybornthen, Clerks; E. B. Hamlett, receiver.

SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT.—J. B. Davis, T. A. Sharp and J. B. Canfield, Judges; Silas Norris and Benjamin Farrar, Clerks; and W. J. Arrington Receiver.

EIGHTEENTH DISTRICT.—R. Gardners, A. C. White and Isaac Litton, Judges; P. Maxey and J. Stull, Clerks; and J. S. Russell, Receiver.

Nineteenth District.—W. R. Hudson, John Taylor, and Geo. A. Nelson, Judges; Richard Scruggs and D. S. Graves, Clerks; H. H. Perry, Receiver

Twentieth District.—G. W. Blakemore, Wm. Luton and Jas. S Hitt, Judges; J. C. Byrn and J. N. Crosswy, Clerks; R. Smiley, Receiver.

Twenty first District.—T. T. Saunders, W. B. Ewing and Geo. Mizell, Judges; H. P. Lauler and Q. C. Fryer Clerks; David Lauter, Receiver.

Twenty-Second District.—W. P. Bowers, A. T. Shaw and G. A. Webber, Judges; James Webber and J. O. Ewing, Clerks; Wm. Shaw, Receiver.

Twenty-third District.—D. Abernathy, B. Drake and Thos. Bysor, Judges; W. T. Watson and H. C. Drake, Clerks; W. B. Young, Receiver.

Twenty-fourth District.—F. G. Earthman, G. Ingler and E. B. Garrett, Judges; Paul Dismukes and W. A. Knight, Clrks; and A. G. Garrett, Receiver.

Twenty Fifth District.—Mat Anderson, W. R. Hyde and Geo. Burch, Judges, James Simpkins and J. P. Hope, Clerk; Wm Curtis, Receiver.

JAS. M. HINTON, Sheriff of
April 23-3t Davidson County

FRENCH BAKERY.

THE undersigned begs to inform the Public that he has added to his establishment a BAKERY upon the French method; and that only competent French workmen will be employed. He hesitates not to say his bread is equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city, and guarantees that it will be as sweet and good as bread can be made, from the fact that no hop yeast will be used in its manufacture. A share of the public and private family patronage is earnestly solicited.

Hot Rolls every morning, at 5 o'clock. All descriptions of bread, and every variety of cake made to order.

Remember, if you want sweet and good bread call at P. O'CONNOR'S, corner of Union and Summer streets, opposite Odd Fellow's Hall.

The Public are respectfully informed that the well-known ICE CREAM SALOON of H. C. REEVES, (formerly of Nashville) will be re-opened Thursday the 8th of May, where Ice Creams, not to be excelled by any in the city, can be had. Call and judge for yourself. [ap 30-1m] P. O'CONNOR.

COAL!

20,000 BUSHELS COAL, just received on Consignment, and for sale.

Orders left at the yard, CORNER OF CEDAR AND CHERRY STREETS, will be promptly filled.

may8 D. D. DICKEY, Agent.

EXCHANGE, BANKING,

— AND —

COLLECTION OFFICE,

— OF —

ARTHUR BLAND,

No. 403 MAIN STREET,

(BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

TENNESSEE, NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, Georgia and Alabama Bank Notes for sale.

☞Orders for Southern currency filled at the very best market rates. may3-1m

GUSTAVUS ROF,

Wholesale Dealer in

Cap, Letter, Manilla, Wrapping PAPERS,

PRINTERS' CUT CARDS, BONNET BOARDS, NEWS AND BOOK PAPER, PRINTERS' INK, &c.,

NO. 181 MAIN STREET, BETWEEN 6TH AND 7TH STREETS,

CINCINNATI, O.

☞Highest price paid for Rags. may4-3m

SOMETHING NEW!

Just received at Givens' Gallery, the Photographic Album of different styles and patterns, holding from six to fifty pictures—a most beautiful ornament for the parlor. Call and see them. ap30 1m

Nashville Union.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1862.

Rebel Barbarities.

The following abstract of the evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, confirm the statements of rebel barbarities which have heretofore been published:

Dr. Hamilton, 14th (Brooklyn) regiment, testified that he was brutally refused permission to remain on the field and attend to the wounded men. When, twenty-four hours afterwards, himself and companions were allowed to go to their relief, the rebel surgeons would not allow them to perform any operations, but mangled the poor fellows themselves in a horrible manner. When they cut off Corporal Prescott's leg, he says the assistants were pulling on the flesh at at each side, trying to get flap enough to cover the bone. They had sawed off the bone without leaving any of the flesh to form the flaps to cover it, and with all the force they could use they could not get flap enough to cover the bone. They were then obliged to saw off about an inch more of the bone, and even then, when they came to put in the stitches, they could not approximate the edges within less than an inch and a half of each other. Of course, as soon as there was any swelling, the stitches tore out, and the bone struck through again. Dr. Swalm tried afterwards to remedy it by performing another operation, but Prescott had become so debilitated that he did not survive. Corporal Prescott was a young man of high position, and had received a very liberal education.

The same witness describes the sufferings of the wounded after the battle as inconceivably horrible; with bad food, no covering, no water, they were lying upon the floor as thickly as they could be laid. There was not a particle of light in the house to enable us to move among them. Deaf to all his appeals, they continued to refuse water to these suffering men, and he was enabled to procure it by setting cups under the eaves to catch the rain that was falling, and in this way he spent the night, catching the water and conveying it to the wounded to drink. As there was no light, he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees to avoid stepping on their wounded limbs; and, he adds, it is not a wonder that next morning we found that several had died during the night. The young surgeons, who seemed to delight in hacking and butchering these brave defenders of our flag, were not, it would seem, permitted to perform any operations upon the rebel wounded. Some of our wounded, says this witness, were left lying upon the battle field until Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. When brought in, their wounds were completely alive with larvæ, deposited there by flies, having lain out through all the rain storm of Monday and the hot sultry sunshine of Tuesday. The dead lay upon the field unburied for five days, and this included men, not only of his own, the Fourteenth (Brooklyn) regiment, but of other regiments. This witness testified that the rebel dead were carried off and interred decently.

In answer to a question whether the Confederates themselves were not destitute of medicine, he replied that they could not have been, for they took all ours, even to our surgical instruments. He received none of the attention from the surgeons which, to use his own language, "I should have shown to them had our position been reversed."

The testimony of Wm. F. Swalm, Assistant Surgeon of the Fourteenth (Brooklyn) regiment, confirms the statement of Dr. Hamilton in regard to the brutal operations on Corporal Prescott. He gives evidence of the careless, heartless, and cruel manner in which the surgeons operated upon our men. Previous to leaving for Richmond, and ten or twelve days after the battle, he saw some of the Union soldiers unburied on the field, and entirely naked. Walking around were a great many women, gleaning over the horrid sight. The case of Dr. Ferguson, of one of the New York regiments, is mentioned by Dr. Swalm. When getting into his ambulance, to look after his own wounded, he was fired upon by the rebels, when he told them who he was. They said "they would take a parting shot at him," which they did, wounding him in the leg. He had his boots on, and his spurs on his boots, and as they drove along his spurs would catch in the tailboard of the ambulance, causing him to shriek with agony. An officer rode up, and, placing his pistol to his head, threatened to shoot him if he continued to scream. This was on Sunday, the day of the battle.

M. Mercier gives the Rebels some Good Advice.

[Telegraphed to the Chicago Post.]

NEW YORK, May 6.

The Washington dispatch of the 5th to the New York Times asserts that the French Minister went to Richmond to assure the rebels that the Emperor of the French does not recognize them as a power among the nations; that England and France, by recognizing them as belligerents, did all that could be expected on the part of the neutral governments; that the blockade of their ports is effectual; that they are fairly beaten in arms, and their independence as a nation is impossible; that a continuance of hostilities by the threatened destruction of the cotton and tobacco crops of their citizens, would only be a wanton injury to the commerce of the world, injuring France and England even more than the United States; and that the resort to guerilla warfare, as proposed, when their armies are destroyed, would demoralize society, and be simply a return to barbarism. The rebels have been admonished, therefore, that a cessation of hostilities is a duty they owe to themselves and to the world, which all civilized nations will require of them.

The Battle near Williamsburg Revised.

HEINTZELMAN THE MARSHAL NEY OF THE FIGHT.

Hooker's Division and its Supports, the Avengers of Bull Run.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., May 7, 1862.—The physical impossibility of dividing a man whose horse has been stolen, whose top-boots are on the feet of a distant thief, and who is near paralysis from sleeping on the brick floor of a cellar without blanket or overcoat (both strapped to the saddle of the horse,) into three or more editorial parts, each efficient for describing an extended line of battle, will be the apology and justification for the meagre account of the principal part of the decisive action of Williamsburg, sent by me yesterday to the readers of the *Tribune*. To do justice, and to write history, I will now, on the day after the fight, say that in Hooker's Division and on the left of the Union line, and under the fighting Heintzelman's generalship, was fought the battle which has at last avenged Bull Run—which has smitten the rebellion in Virginia with deep discouragement and a great fear—and has opened to the troops of the North a pathway (if need be,) to the Gulf of Mexico and to a reconstruction of the Union.

The second line of the rebel defences above Yorktown consisted of thirteen formidable earth forts, within sure artillery touch of each other. One of them, Fort Magruder, was of great strength.—Most of these forts were in front of Heintzelman, and on his left. With the exception of Emory's cavalry and of Benson's Battery, the command of Heintzelman formed—bear with the repetition, for the sake of the clearness of statement—the extreme left. There was no infantry whatever beyond him. Full two-thirds of the Southern army engaged in this important action, were therefore massed against Heintzelman.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock, Hooker gave through the down-pouring rain the order to drive in the enemy's pickets. The battle began.

The enemy were not in great force. Our utmost numbers were 8 000. All of these were exhausted with a twelve miles' march through the most atrocious mud-roads that can disgrace the barbarism even of a Slave State—with a twenty four hours' rain from which they had no shelter—with a want of food for which official negligence cannot justly be imputed. But they went to work with characteristic Northern resoluteness, and sent the Rebel pickets in flying. But re-inforcements from Williamsburg began to come in immediately—the oldest and best troops in the Rebel army—most of them of the Bull Run and Manassas experience. At 9, the enemy grew thicker and more aggressive. Hooker's second and third brigades went in, and were soon followed by Emory's cavalry and Benson's battery. The fight now became furious. The great preponderance of the Rebels, with their carefully cultivated contempt of the courage of Northern men, impelled them upon our regiments with audacity and the characteristic rage of their civilization. The steadiness and pluck of the Northerners were what was expected of disciplined American troops. Our musketry fire was terrible. Rapid, in time, and with deliberate aim at the breast, it mowed the enemy in great swaths. The oldest Mexican war soldiers on the field noted its rapid and solid character, and said that they had never seen it equalled. It, however, began to exhaust the cartridge boxes. Soon the equilibrium of the fight was lost, and the result of Heintzelman's experienced eye, when he arrived on the field at 12½, wore a doubtful look. He instantly sent to Kearney for re-enforcements—then hurried an orderly to Gen. Sumner to represent the instant necessity of his re-enforcing him with more troops, or by a diversion to be made by an attack on his part on the enemy's center. To Kearney, in his rear, full eight miles off, he sent staff officer after staff officer, to hurry him to extraordinary efforts to come up. For a whole hour at a time, he was left entirely alone on the field. His impatience, like Napoleon's for the head of Grouchy's column at Waterloo, was so intense, that in five minutes after the return of his messengers, he repeatedly sent them back with new entreaties to Kearney to move quickly, to save the unequal fight. They did not come, for the rain had utterly ruined the swamp road. The danger grew fast, and began to culminate at 1½ o'clock, when the enemy made a determined charge with the bayonet on Hooker's left with a column of 6,000 fresh troops just up from Williamsburg. They, of course, pushed our few exhausted men back, and captured six of our field pieces, three of which they succeeded in finally carrying off. The nature of the ground was such—covered with thick woods and brush—that we could not use our artillery with full effect; but its fire compelled the shouting captors to abandon three of their prizes. The loss of these guns was purely the result of the killing of their officers and cannoniers and drivers and horses in numbers sufficient to disorganize the sections, and more especially of the exhaustion of the supply of ammunition by the supporting infantry regiments behind them. Here now commenced the development of the crisis of the fight. Volleys of ball cartridges cannot long be resisted by the bravest of the brave holding in their grasp only empty gun barrels. Pressed harder and closer by the new troops that Johnston had got up from Williamsburg, the 7th and 8th New Jersey gave ground, and soon fell into disorder. It was not strange—for, their cartridge-boxes empty, the men felt themselves to be unarmed. Captain Chauncey McKeever threw himself in their way and endeavored to rally them, without effect. His resolution was promptly taken. He took a squadron of Col. Averill's 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry; deployed them in the woods on each side of the road and ordered them to fire upon the stragglers and force them back into the fight until the re-enforcements should come up. The order was obeyed. The men—who had not shown any symptoms of panic, nor were in any danger of a stampede—returned to their work. But without cartridges it seemed useless, and soon a straggling into the woods again commenced. Heintzelman, having no aid within miles of him, took his escort of 31 Pennsylvanians, commanded by Capt. J. C. White, and persuaded them to return to their ranks and resume their ground. It was heroic of any portion of the 8,000 exhausted and now ammunitionless unarmed men to face 25,000 comparatively fresh troops, pouring in upon them with a fierce and steady increase. But a Massachusetts regiment (God bless that State, and God bless her people!) greatly assisted this devotion by fixing bayonets on their empty market barrels and standing still for the coming avalanche. It was now that Death passed fastest through our ranks. Officers fell thickly and men went to earth in heaps. Ten minutes more would have ruined us—for demi-gods could not have sustained such an inequality as 8,000 to 25,000. Ten minutes more would have saved the Rebellion and caused the recognition of the revolted States; ten minutes more would have crushed military reputation, and driven a political party out of power—and its administrators perhaps out of life. But now Brigadier Berry of the stout State of Maine—wading through the mud and rain at such speed that he actually overtook and passed three other brigades, came in sight. Heintzelman shouted with gratitude. He ran to the nearest band and ordered it to meet the coming regiments with "Yankee Doodle," and to give them marching time into the field with the Star-spangled Banner. A wild "hurrah" went up from the army, and with a yell that was electric three regiments of Berry's brigade went to the front, formed a line nearly half a mile long, and commenced a volley firing that no troops on earth could stand before—then at the double-quicked dashed with the bayonet at the Rebel array, and sent them flying from the field into their earthworks, pursued them into the largest of them, and drove them out behind with the pure steel, and then invited them to retake it. The attempt was repeatedly made, and repeatedly repulsed. The count of the Rebel dead in that battery at the close of the fight was 63. They were principally Michigan men who did this work.

The equilibrium of the battle was restored. It was now 4 o'clock, and Jamieson and Birney came up with their brigades, covered with mud and streaming with the rain, but eager for a share in the blessed work. They went to the front, and soon the tide of the fight turned backward. But Berry's timely arrival, for which he is entitled to both gratitude and honor, saved the day. At dark his troops were in unresisted possession of the battery they had captured; the rest of Heintzelman's force was well placed, and in full front of the enemy's line, while the enemy themselves had withdrawn from the plain to the cover of their works. We were ready for the renewal of the fight on the morrow. They were whipped. Our men lighted their fires, and cooked their coffee, and tried to dry their clothes. Theirs were strapping their knapsacks on their shoulders for a flight. They had met the Yankee on an open field, and knew that at last they had met their masters. So, through the mists of the rainy night, the Confederate Army of the Potomac stole out of their entrenchments, and obeyed the order to retreat. Bull Run was avenged. The Williamsburg Run began at 9 o'clock in the evening, and now, 30 hours after, is in full panic and disorder, under the sabering of our cavalry and the shelling of our artillery—far away here toward Richmond.

It was not till after sunrise that the last of the Rebel army, composed of cavalry, passed through Williamsburg. They left one large gun in their works; abandoned a splendid brass piece on the road, with two caissons; strewed every rod of their path with muskets, bayonets, knapsacks, blankets, and overcoats; littered the way with all the wreck and ruin of a beaten and demoralized army in full flight from imaginary as well as real terrors. There was a harvest for the blacks who had not been driven in coffles by their owners to Richmond. From all parts they alighted upon this abandoned property, much of it new and valuable, fresh from the Commissary's stores, and left upon the roadside in wagons, only because it impeded flight. The blacks of Williamsburg are rich in "portable property" to-day.

The Rebel flight had, however, no such indulgence as was granted to it at Manassas. Heintzelman is a fighting man. Between 6 and 7 the next morning, Jamieson was in possession of Williamsburg, with a regiment of infantry and a battery of light artillery. This General and Capt. McKeever were the first of the hated Yankees to enter the sacred old town. Only half an hour before had the rear guard of the flying foe passed out at the other side. Prisoners were taken in large numbers. Soon Averill's 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry dew through the deserted streets in hot pursuit—when three miles out they rode through an abandoned fieldwork, mounted with heavy guns—and rode on toward Richmond—gathering up as in a not exhausted and dispirited Rebels at every furlong. Detachments constantly return with prisoners. Their numbers threaten to embarrass us.

But as the enemy passed out of Williamsburg, on the north side, preceded by the terrified inhabitants, whose fears of us have been systematically aroused, and made morbid by the contrivers of this rebellion they left the churches, the College and the Court House—all the public buildings—filled with their wounded. Their ambulances and hospital wagons went out full also. At the several points of the fight, yesterday, they left these victims of our fire. The saddest sight I ever saw was the 82 wounded, lying upon corn husks, in the tobacco barn near Hankick's ground. Beneath the central window of the hospital nearest Heintzelman's field, limbs, amputated, were thrown out of the building, and in such numbers, from the number of the wounded, that they formed a ghastly pile that soon mounted to the sill. Here, in the town, 600 lie in every form of physical misery, sourrounded by their own surgeons. "Surrounded"—I leave the word—but so few of these officers had stayed behind, that at 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening I saw, oh, so many! who feverishly felt around for their water bottles, and with all the language of anguish asked, when the "doctors" would come. Scattered among these sufferers lay forms from which came neither movement nor sound. Death had ended their torment. Lifting a linen cloth from the face of one of these, in the William and Mary College Chapel, I saw the features of an officer of the common type of Virginia development. I mused as I looked at the mean mouth and narrow brow, if this could be one of the Pleasants family, for upon his breast was pinned a label: "This is Captain Pleasants. Mark his grave." And I thought of his father (if he was the son of the progressive journalist who had fallen by the bullet of the duelling, slave-driver, Wise,) and I thought of the degeneracy that slavery and its fruit, servility, fastens by a law of God upon the stock of men of noble minds and of noble mien. By an association of ideas, too, springing from contrast, I recalled a muddied figure lying in Fort No. 2 from the rebel left, in the well known dull gray uniform and the uniform graceless slouch hat, of the canal-driving pattern of the New York and Erie tow path. The Confederate uniform gray blanket was drawn high up from his poor shoes and his ragged stockings and covered the soldier's head. Thinking him to be dead, I lifted it, and saw beneath a head that would have served for a bust of Attila overlooking Rome. The brow had wonderful force and infinite will, mixed with the beauty of a woman. The most charming clusters of jet black hair, and a flowing beard, that shone in the sun, mingled with the streams of blacker blood that seemed to glue the mouth to the soil. Swollen and di-colored as was the jaw, and bloated the lips, the face and the whole head were of a magnificent cast of savage grandeur and elegance. His figure, too, was a Titan's—yet, when our surgeon and his aids began to place under him a board, to bear him off to our hospital, the feebleness of a man who had been lying 24 hours in the rain, with his jaw shattered and his throat torn apart, with a Minnie musket ball, asserted anew the supremacy of the nervous sensibility over the spirit. Feeble groans—the groans of a dying girl baby—gurgled through the blood which filled the gigantic soldier's mouth, and protested against pain. Abandoned wounded in forts, in corn-fields, in churches, in court houses, in record offices, in colleges, in hospitals! What of the abandoned dead? They strewed the woods—they strengthened with their weight the lines of the rail fences—they spotted while they manured the fields of growing wheat—before the line of our musketry fire they paved the earth—they were thick in the forts—thicker on the edge of the timbered positions where our shell and grape smote them from afar and would alone have discouraged their baydnet charges if numbers had not justified them, and the laws of battle required them. The poor corpses of the poor fellows—(who can hate the dead too that in worn, and cheap, and comfortless, and ill-fashioned, and rudely patched and dirty clothing, appeal to you through that poverty of the poor and that helplessness of the ignorant, which all over the globe is heard and respected by the generous,) were lying everywhere under the feet of our advancing regiments. The sun of Tuesday went down on the unfinished work of our burial parties. The labor of interment begins again this morning. The whole day will scarcely suffice for it.

The battle of Williamburg, in Heintzelman's portion, was an infantry battle purely. The use of artillery was almost impossible. It was a square, stand-up fight with leaden balls and steel bayonets, for conducting which to a successful issue no man in the United States could have been better chosen than this grizzled and bronzed Pennsylvanian of 36 years' active service. It is not the flattery of compliment to say that he saved the battle and saved the army. It is a truth which the soldiers and officers on the left gratefully feel and surely know. From the beginning of the action to the end of it he was without a superior in rank, and received not a single command. He did what he did unaided and unadvised, and an advised people will surely give him his reward. Every member of his staff caught his resolute and fiery spirit. When the ominous words, "It is a retreat," began to be heard among the discouraged New Jersey troops, his Medical Director (Milhau) packed up his instruments, and rapidly began to place his wounded in ambulances and wagons, using force and threatening death to the few that refused to assist in the duty. But McKeever's prompt remedy to the early symptoms of a panic restored him soon to his dreadful labors.

Let me again distinctly say that only the depth of mud, the fury of the storm, and the hunger and weariness of the overmarched and chilled man, delayed the arrival of Kearney's Brigade and delayed the coming of its almost fatally-needed supports. The weather and the roads could not be controlled; nor could Heintzelman afterward control the consequences of a neglected discharge of some superior officer's duty—the few skirmishes of the roads leading around the rear of battle and upon the flank of the main line of the Rebels' retreat; nor the consequences of neglecting to report to him at midnight what was known to some officers—that the enemy were in full flight. Now we know that upon a cross road, we could have cut off and bagged a large part of their army. Upon the direct main road, a prompt cavalry pursuit, commenced as early as 1 o'clock in the morning, would have delivered into our hands thousands of weary and beaten men, who would have preferred the inconveniences of captivity to the weariness and pain of further retreat.

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