

From the Daily Freeman.
The Vermont 2d at Bull Run.

The Vermont Second were on the left wing, which brought us directly opposite a portion of the enemy's line stationed behind a fence; but in about ten minutes we had the pleasure of seeing their lines give away, and they fled to the woods. But at the same instant I discovered a movement of a large body of their troops towards us, with the evident design of outflanking our right. We seemed to have the battle now immediately before us, and the necessity of a change of position of our Regiment was apparent to all. We had nearly ceased fire when I noticed Capt. Walbridge, who was on my right, and on the right of the Regiment facing his men to deploy to the right. I inferred from this that the general order had been given to deploy, although I heard no such order. But it was impossible to hear, and we had to go by signs, and guess our way through. I immediately gave orders to my Company to face to the right, and we marched around us to prevent their outflanking us. I discovered at this time that Capt. Walbridge and myself were alone in this maneuver, and I have since learned that no order was given to this effect; but the movement saved a part of our artillery at least. All concerned by this time discovered that, on account of superior numbers of the enemy's reserve, we should not be able to hold the ground against them; but the Fourth Maine, which was now on our left, and the Vermont Regiment—part on the left and part on the right—held the position a long time, retiring slowly, while our wounded, baggage and artillery mostly gained the line of retreat. It was now nearly night, and God save me from another such scene as followed. The ground where we were, was so situated that we could only retreat along one road, which passed through a dense wood, and that vast array of wounded and whole, baggage and artillery, all rushed for this pass. Why we were not all cut to pieces, I do not know. The Rebels did not see our entire defeat, and did not pursue us promptly as they might have done, and we gained a very fair start on them. But night was setting in, and we could not get Companies together, much less Regiments, and every one retreated on his own hook. Horses were unhitched from baggage trains, and turned back, covered with riders, and the wagons left to block the already narrow pass. Horses and wagons were often overturned, and left piled pell-mell in the gutters. At one place we had a bridge to cross and I never saw such confusion. There we lost most of our baggage. I counted as many as twenty dead horses, with wagons innumerable, piled in this ravine, and troops actually crossed over this mass of horse flesh and wagons, boxes and barrels, cannon, &c., rather than over the bridge. I had thus far kept the most of my Company together, and from the fact of our being last off the field, and in the rear, I was every moment expecting an attack on our retreating columns. But the delay here was so great that I rallied my men, and we passed to the left into the woods to a point above the bridge some few rods, where we crossed by wading the creek, which was about waist deep. This carried us to about the middle of the column, and we stopped a moment to witness the dreadful scene at the bridge. I saw an ambulance, in which were several wounded troops, run off the bank, killing the horses, but leaving the men still alive. All sorts of horrible sights, too shocking to contemplate, were before us. We now proceeded to the top of the hill, where we sat down to empty the water from our boots and ring it out of our clothes. While thus engaged, the report of a cannon to the rear but too plainly told that we were pursued and overtaken. Our cavalry, however, it seems, were expecting this, and a gallant charge from them saved us from utter annihilation.

We were now ten miles from the camp we had left in the morning, and thirty-five miles from Alexandria, the only point where we could count ourselves safe. If we had stopped the retreating column here, and formed in some order we might have made a successful stand, but this was impossible. If I had now had all my company together, I would have given all the money I ever saw in Vermont, or ever expect to. You may perhaps faintly appreciate my feelings in thinking that out of my whole company who were anxiously looking to me for advice and direction only about twenty could be counted; and among the missing was my own boy. I halted and we held a council as to whether we would proceed or wait and try to gather in the rest. We concluded that we could not aid them by remaining, and having with us all that we knew were wounded, we concluded to keep along and pick up what we could. Our march was now direct to Alexandria, thirty-five miles, and we did not make any long halt till we reached here about ten o'clock this morning, a terribly tired and worn out set of fellows. We ate some luncheon from our haversacks about eleven yesterday,

just before going into the battle, and that was the last we had until some time after noon to-day. I have been trying to get up life enough with the boys to have them wash and improve their looks a little, but all except one or two are still sleeping in the dirt, so black you could not recognize them. We succeeded to-day in getting some bread and butter, which is all we have had to eat, but the men are so tired they all lie around me unconscious of hunger.

The Camp of the Third Vermont.

Mr. Walton writes to the *Watchman* from Washington, as follows:
JULY 27, 1861—1 P. M.
I have just returned with Mr. Baxter from the camp of the 3d Vt. Regiment. It is at the chain bridge above Georgetown, about six miles from the Capitol. They have the post of honor, being the regiment most advanced in that direction. The post is now held by two regiments, with twelve pieces of artillery, to guard the bridge. Our scouts this morning were in sight of a camp of about 10,000 rebels; and some of their cavalry came within a mile and a half of the bridge. The cannon are planted and charged to sweep the bridge and the opposite bank. While we were there a detachment of Vt. axmen commenced cutting down the trees on the river bank, to clear the range of the artillery; and as we came past the bridge one hundred men were ordered to cross into Virginia and cut down the groves there, to prevent them from becoming hiding places for the enemy. This morning a Massachusetts captain and two men came into Camp Lyon (the name of the Vermont camp, and given in honor of Gen. Lyon of Missouri,) having escaped from the enemy. They forded the Potomac about fourteen miles above the chain bridge; of course the enemy can ford the river also. On the whole, we thought things were getting to be decidedly interesting.

The camps of the two Vermont regiments are perhaps the very best of all the camps for beauty of location, pure air and good water. The second is located around the residence of Commodore Forrest, one of the most beautiful places in Virginia; while the Third is upon a hill overlooking the Potomac, and sufficiently smooth to admit of easy movements. The approach from the river is extremely abrupt, and will take a very largely superior force of infantry to get access to the camp. It is open, however, to artillery from the Virginia side. A few of the men are sick, owing to the fatigues of the journey and change of climate.

From the South.

20,000 Tennessee Troops sent into Missouri—Drifting Troops in Virginia—Reported Surrender of a Pennsylvania Regiment to the Rebels—Extensive Preparations of the Enemy.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 3. A reliable gentleman who has just arrived here, says that seven boats left Memphis last night, conveying troops to New Madrid. He says that not less than 20,000 Tennessee troops have been landed in Missouri. Isham G. Harris has probably been re-elected Governor of Tennessee.

Gen. Flournoy, of Arkansas, died here yesterday.

Drafting for troops has already begun in Virginia. The Adjutant General orders the militia to repair to the Court House in their respective counties without delay. About 20,000 men are wanted.

Roger A. Pryor is in command of the 3d Virginia regiment, in the Isle of Wight County.

The *Richmond Examiner* says that among the prisoners here is a free negro who came as a chaplain to one of the Connecticut Regiments.

The same paper authoritatively states that the number in a Federal regiment which surrendered the day after the battle at Bull Run was 820. The regiment is said to belong to Pennsylvania.

Henry A. Wise, it was reported, was in need of reinforcements.

It is understood that Gen. Beauregard has hung three traitors, one an engineer on the Manassas Gap Railroad, another a preacher, and the third a farmer.

A dispatch to the *Knoxville Register* of the 31st ult., says that preparations of an extensive character are in progress, and that before a great while it may be confidently expected that there will be a large movement of our pickets beyond Falls Church. The Confederate troops are divided into two corps; the first, under Gen. Johnston, occupying the advanced post, and the second under Gen. Beauregard. There is no doubt that treachery was practiced on the Manassas Gap Railroad to prevent a junction between the forces of Gen. Johnston and Beauregard. The conductor of the train has been shot, having acknowledged the receiving of a bribe to defeat the meeting of the two forces. The same treatment was meted out to a Georgian, who was caught piloting the enemy in a marsh.

The *Richmond Examiner* of the 30th says: Our army is under Gen. Johnston,

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