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As might be expected from the skill with which he has chosen his position and the system with which he encamps and moves his men, General Beauregard is very popular here. I doubt if Napoleon himself had more the undivided confidence of his army. By nature, as also from a wise policy, he is very reticent.—Not an individual here knows his plans or a single move of a regiment before it is made, and then only the colonel and his men know where it goes to. There is not a man here who can give anything like a satisfactory answer how many men he has or where his exact lines are. For the distance of fourteen miles around you see tents everywhere, and from these you can make a rough estimate of his men, but how many more are encamped on the by roads and in the forests none can tell. The new comer, from what he sees at first glance, puts down the number at 30,000 men; those who have been here longest estimate his force at 40,000, 50,000 and some even at 60,000 strong. And there is the same discrepancy as to the quantity of his artillery. So close does the General keep his affairs to himself, his left hand hardly knows what his right hand doeth, and so jealous is he of this prerogative of a commanding officer, that I verily believe if he suspected his coat of any acquaintance with the plans revolving within him, he would cast it from him.

Start
OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Volunteers.

CENTREVILLE, Va., near Manassas Junction, July 19, 1861.

"Forward to Richmond!" seems at last to be the motto of Gen. Scott, and the movement has commenced. I wrote you a few weeks ago that the only sight we should get of the enemy at Fairfax, would be their coat-tails. Those who were fortunate enough to be in front of the line with telescopes, did, I believe, have that privilege, but the main column marched on in utter ignorance of that fact. But here we are, within seven miles of the far-famed Manassas Gap Junction, and two from the main body of the enemy at Bull's Creek, who are strongly entrenched in a position which they evidently intended should become a second Thermopylae.

But to commence at the beginning. On Monday night last, at our evening parade, the order was given for each company to put three days' rations in their haversacks, roll their blankets, and be ready to march at 3, P. M., next day. For once there was no countermand, and at the appointed time the Second Connecticut fled out into the road. The First fell into their rear, and in a few moments we were on the march toward Vienna, at the head of a division of ten thousand men. We went on without recognizing some two or three miles, when the Connecticut Brigade threw themselves off to the right and left as skirmishers, and we dashed on through the bushes and fields, without interruption till evening, when the column halted at Vienna, and we bivouacked for the night. Augmented during the night to twenty thousand, about sunrise we moved toward Fairfax. We took our position on the right as skirmishers, and for the first time evidences of the recent occupation by the enemy met our eyes. Temporary booths for their pickets, haversacks and canteens, were occasionally found, while now and then the road was obstructed by fallen trees and other articles to impede our progress. By and by, a shot was occasionally heard along the line of our skirmishers, as they blazed away at some flying picket, and now and then a prisoner was carried back to the main body. These incidents grew more frequent, till a halt was sounded, just as the head of the column arrived at the top of a hill, commanding at a distance of a few miles, a view of Fairfax Court-house. A battery of artillery was sent to the front, and we cautiously advanced till within about a mile, when our brigade was drawn up in line of battle, the cannon posted near a school-house on a little elevation, and a shell or two thrown over into the midst of the enemy. Then commenced a stampede. Baggage wagons could be seen moving rapidly forward, and the glitter of the arms of the enemy as they moved at a double quick out on the road toward Manassas Gap, showed that our first fight was not to be at Fairfax. Our column then obliqued to the right down the Germantown road, where the enemy were said to have entrenched, and were determined to make a stand. But here again we were disappointed. After carefully feeling our way a few hundred yards, their pickets again came in sight, running in such haste as to leave their blankets, and in some cases their uncooked breakfasts at their posts. We passed several places where there had been

log-batteries opened on us, throwing shot and shot with great execution. Our men retreated with as much regularity as possible, but another volley took effect, and made many a poor fellow bite the dust ere they were out of reach. Sherman's battery of rifled cannon was then brought up and opened a fire of shell and causer into the place where the battery was located. No answer was returned, and a cloud of dust being seen rising in the rear, it was supposed by Gen. Tyler that the enemy had retreated, and no order the 2d Massachusetts to charge into the same place. They advanced, and as they arrived, their Colonel gave the order, "Forward, second Massachusetts!" Upon this, the South Carolinians in charge of the battery gave three cheers for South Carolina, and the conflict commenced. The fit-to-long hatred between these two States now had an opportunity of venting itself, and both sides seemed to feel that in them lay the issue.—South Carolina had the advantage, however, and Massachusetts was obliged to retreat, but only after repeated volleys from the battery.—The humanity of our enemy was shown by a Carolinian rushing out from his cover with fixed bayonet, and pinning a wounded man to the earth, who was attempting to crawl away. A lieutenant was seen to swing his sword and exclaim—"That's it; kill every one of the d-d Yankees!" Those were his last words,—the next moment he threw up his arms and fell a corpse.

The position of the enemy was such that but about two regiments could be engaged at a time, and as it was deemed useless to throw more lives away, Gen. Tyler withdrew his forces to the woods and the firing on both sides ceased. The enemy attempted to cross a creek near by, but were driven back at the point of the bayonet by the New York 69th.

OUR LOSS.

I have made careful inquiry—not from officers who would have a motive in concealing the true number—but from sergeants and privates in the regiments engaged, who have the knowledge from the roll call of their different corps, and find the loss on our side to be from forty to forty-five killed, and about twice that number wounded. The regiments that suffered most are the New York 12th, Massachusetts 2d, and Michigan 2d. Two were killed from Sherman's battery. As the firing was mostly shell and grape, the proportion of the wounded was less than usual in engagements.

Heavy artillery seems to be what is wanted to dislodge the enemy from their position, and yesterday there arrived two large siege pieces,—one a 54 pounder, drawn by mule horses—the other a 26, with bombs and tar-balls, the latter being intended to burn the rebels out from their present retreat. The attack cannot be postponed more than a day or two at most, and I have not much doubt they will be driven back to Manassas. It will be necessary to wait a few days, when they will be obliged from necessity, to fall further back, as the only water they have is obtained from their present position. Their force is reported as amounting to 40,000, and there may be a Water-loo here before the affair is ended.

Our present position is on the brow of a hill, where Beauregard evidently intended at one time to make a stand, as there is an earthwork here, pierced for several guns, which commands the main approach for two or three miles, and which could not be easily flanked. This is a splendid position for defense, and their deserting it for another is good evidence that they will not be easily dislodged.

Centreville is an old Virginia country town, a place of some importance in the days of stage-coaches and toll-gates, but now run to dilapidation. I do not see a building which appears to have been built since the Revolution, and none have been repaired since their erection. Most of them have been deserted by their owners, and are now used for hospitals for our wounded.

At the old camp of the enemy here, there were many articles left which were seized upon by our men as relics. I have been favored by the sight of several letters which were picked up. The following shows that they are not above the wants of us poor mortals in the Federal ranks: Sister Maria to her "Dear Chet," invokes Heaven's curses on those awful Yankees, and then says that she thinks it a shame that President Davis does not give them better food.

Here is a letter entire:
CENTREVILLE, Va., July 3d, 1861.
Dear Father—Send me at once a ration of meat, whiskey. I have no time to write now.
Yours truly,
Yours truly,

Another from a lady to her brother requests him to "bring her home a Yankee captain so she can see what he looks like." All either begin or end with curses on the Yankee Abolitionists. An order was found from the Adjutant General commanding every male citizen capable of bearing arms to report himself at Manassas Junction to General Beauregard, with such weapons as he could procure, within a week from July 11th. Their cases a desperate one.

The time of the First Connecticut Regiment expired to-day. They were called together this morning to see how many were willing to remain a few days to see the issue of the pres-

...and one battery was captured at the point of the bayonet by a desperate charge of the N. Y. 69th (Irish) regiment. This attack, led by Col. Corcoran, was the most brilliant exploit of the day, and only needed imitation by the rest of the field. Gen. Hunter achieved some splendid successes on the enemy's flank, and apparently would have gained the day had he been properly supported. But every inch was hotly contested, and while it was evident that the enemy were constantly receiving fresh reinforcements, our troops were becoming exhausted and dispirited. New levies are glorious fellows for a charge, but it needs veterans for all-day fighting. The battle was thus at its height, (at about 4 o'clock) and undecided, when, almost in an instant, from some unaccountable cause, our troops were seized with a panic, and fled from all parts of the field in the direst rout and confusion. What gave rise to this singular event we are left to conjecture. No adequate or satisfactory cause is stated. One account is that at this point the ammunition of Sherman's battery gave out, and an ammunition wagon started for the rear, at full run, for a fresh supply; that this movement was misunderstood, and that it at once communicated consternation to the masses of army teamsters, civilians &c. in the vicinity; that from them the panic spread to the soldiery, and almost instantaneously that grand army burst away from all control in an ignominious flight, leaving wagons, baggage, guns, cannon, wounded men with their surgeons, behind them. Yet this is true but in part. A portion of the army hauled off in good order, and defended the retreat with bravery and coolness. But for this, the slaughter of flying soldiers must have been immense. It is quite evident that this precipitate retreat was as incomprehensible to the enemy as to us, as no pursuit was made except by a few companies of horse. They evidently regarded the retreat as a ruse to draw them from their intrenchments, to be followed by some artfully planned attack upon them in flank or rear. To their misconception of the true state of the case may be ascribed the preservation of our main army, and of the capitol itself; for had the large force at Bull's Run and Manassas Junction (amounting it is now conceived to fully 90,000) at once advanced upon us, such was the utter rout and demoralization of our troops that Washington must have inevitably fallen into their hands. In view of what might have occurred as a sequel to this, in Baltimore and by sudden movements in other quarters, the Nation may well hold a Thanksgiving for its good luck. The rebels are not pursuing and following up their advantages, made fully as great a blunder as our army in its sudden and mysterious retreat.

Whatever may have been the true cause of the catastrophe which befel the Federal army at Bull's Run last Sunday, the soldiery itself persists in attributing it to bad Generalship. We believe the soldiers are right. We believe that, had the latter had competent and determined leaders,—such leaders as all armies must have to be successful—the battle of Bull's Run would have had a different result. No troops can fight unless they are led into battle, and deeds of high and lofty daring can never be achieved unless that purpose fires the spirit of the commander. That there were occasional deeds of gallantry at Bull's Run we cannot doubt; but grasping the whole battle, and considering it in its main features and results, even by the most favorable accounts, and the disagreeable conviction will intrude that there was a lack of that central power at headquarters which is needed to kindle and inspire an army. Look at the roll-call of the returned regiments; in many of those reported as being in the hottest of the battle not a half dozen are missing. Either the battle was not so very hot or these regiments were not in it. If not, why were they not? Fifty-five thousand troops composed the army of Gen. McDowell. Of these, thirty thousand are reported as having been engaged in the battle. The most reliable accounts place the killed at 600. This is only 2 per cent. of those actually engaged. Is this hard fighting? And yet who doubts that every soldier there was ready to follow where his commander was ready to lead? We

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The Courts mandamus to ven Railroad train to the State pa but they did existing betw New Haven null by the Hartford road that contract, and for the connecting po to set up that holly. The confer ent instructi ture, so that he case, and aud trust will and

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The Rebel Camp at Manassas. The New Orleans Picayune of the 14th instant has an interesting letter from its special correspondent at Manassas Junction, bearing date July 7, from which we take the following extracts, giving a good description of that place and the rebel estimate of its strength:

"This place still continues the headquarters of the army of the Potomac. There are many indications of an intended forward movement, but the work of fortification still continues. By nature, the position is one of the strongest that could have been found in the whole State. About half way between the eastern spur of the Blue Ridge and the Potomac, below Alexandria, it commands the whole country between so perfectly that there is scarcely a possibility of its being turned. The right wing stretches off toward the head waters of the Occoquan, through a wooded country, which is easily made impassible by the falling of trees. The left is a rolling table land, easily commanded from the successive elevations. Till you reach a country so rough and so rugged that it is a defense of itself. The key to the whole position, in fact, is precisely that point which Gen. Beauregard chose for his centre, and which he has fortified so strongly that, in the opinion of military men, 60,000 men could there hold 20,000 at bay.

The position, in fact, is fortified in part by nature herself. It is a succession of hills, nearly equidistant from each other, in front of which is a ravine so deep and so thickly wooded that it is impassible only at two points, and these through gorges which fifty men can defend against a whole army. It was at one of these points that the Washington Artillery were at first encamped, and though only half the battalion was then there, and we had only one company of infantry to support us, we slept as soundly under the protection of our guns as if we had been in a fort of the amplest dimensions.

Of the fortifications superadded here by Gen. Beauregard to those of nature, it is of course not proper for me to speak. The general reader, in fact, will have a sufficiently precise idea of them by conceiving a line of forts some two miles in extent, zig-zag in form, with angles, salients, bastions, casemates and everything that properly belongs to works of this kind.

The strength and advantages of this position at Manassas are very much increased by the fact that fourteen miles further on is a position of similar formation, while the country between is admirably adapted to the subsistence and intrenchment of troops in numbers as large as they can easily be maneuvered on the real battle field. Water is good and abundant; forage such as is everywhere found in the rich farming districts of Virginia, and the communication with all parts of the country easy.

Here, overlooking an extensive plain, watered by mountain streams which ultimately find their way to the Potomac, and divided into verdant fields of wheat and oats and corn, pasture and meadow, are the headquarters of the advanced forces of the army of the Potomac. They are South Carolinians, Louisianians, Alabamians, Mississippians and Virginians, for the most part; the first two, singular enough, being in front, and that they will keep it their friends at home may rest assured. Never have I seen a finer body of men—men who were more obedient to discipline, or breathed a more self-sacrificing patriotism.

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masked batteries, and on emerging from a piece of woods, saw before us a long line of breastworks, in the rear of which was located a secession camp. There was no evidence of life around it except the flying pickets, who could still be seen at a distance, making off.—But understanding their ways, and not being inclined to fall into any trap by advancing our forces and suddenly finding a dozen cannon blazing at us, the skirmishers were ordered by Col. Keyes to halt till the artillery came up, who fired a couple of shots into it. This effected nothing, and a few men advanced cautiously and looked over, and soon our whole line was again in motion. There were evidences of a force having been at work during the morning at this entrenchment, which they had left in such haste as to leave their shovels, picks, and all their tools behind them. On advancing to their camp, we found camp equipage in such abundance that picking it up was out of the question with our limited supply of baggage wagons, and it was stored away to be taken care of at some future time. We pushed on to Germantown, (two houses, one pig-sty, three barns, and a pump,) planted the Stars and Stripes on a flag-staff, where once had floated the stars and bars; captured a baggage wagon full of army stores, with two horses attached; found lots of blankets, knapsacks, haversacks and canteens, which had been thrown away by the over-burdened John Gilpins. We halted at night at a point some ten miles from our position in the morning. The next day we moved on to our present position, where we arrived about 10 o'clock, A. M. The Connecticut regiments were relieved from skirmishing duty today, by the 2d Michigan and 12th New York, and we took a position near the center of the column. Scarcely had we come to a halt, when a report of artillery at the head of Col. Heintzelman's division, which had been moving parallel with ours on a road about a mile to our left, showed us that we had engaged the enemy. This report was followed by another and another, till word was sent back along the line that the head of both columns had come up to a strong position of the rebels at Bull's Creek, and were now having a desperate conflict. Our brigade was filed into the woods as a reserve, and the rest of the division pushed on to the scene. For three or four hours the booming of cannon was incessant, and we lay on our arms in line, expecting to be called on to march at any time, troops meanwhile coming back to us of the progress of the battle. Sometimes these were encouraging, but enough was learned to leave no doubt that the loss on our side was fearful, and that the enemy had not been dislodged from their position. The firing at length gradually ceased, and we were told that neither side had gained any advantage, but that both had lost a great number of men.

THURSDAY'S SKIRMISH AT BULL'S RUN.

The skirmishers at the head of our division were pushing into the woods—a dense pine growth—when they discovered a battery and retreated to rally on the reserve. For some reason this reserve was nearer than usual, and by the time they had reached it, were just pushing into the same place. At this moment the battery opened on us, throwing shell and shot with great execution. Our men retreated with as much regularity as possible, but another volley took effect, and made many a poor fellow bite the dust ere they were out of reach. Sherman's battery of rifled cannon was then brought up and opened a fire of shell and canister into the place where the battery was located. No answer was returned, and a cloud of dust being seen rising in the rear, it was supposed by Gen. Tyler that the enemy had retreated, and he ordered the 2d Massachusetts to charge into the same place. They advanced, and as they arrived, their Colonel gave the order, "Forward, Second Massachusetts!" Upon this, the South Carolinians in charge of the battery gave three cheers for South Carolina, and the conflict commenced. The fire-long haired between these two states now had an opportunity of venting itself, and both sides seemed to feel that in them lay the issue.—South Carolina had the advantage, however, and Massachusetts was obliged to retreat, but only after repeated volleys from the battery.—The humanity of our enemy was shown by a Carolinian rushing out from his cover with fixed bayonet, and pinning a wounded man to the earth, who was attempting to crawl away. A lieutenant was seen to swing his sword and exclaim—"That's it; kill every one of the d—d Yankees!" Those were his last words,—the next moment he threw up his arms and fell a corpse.

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ent operations. About fifty of the regiment were willing to stay, and they go home in a day or two. I understand that several regiments will follow them in a few days. Our (2d regt.) is out the 5th of August, and by that time I trust the immediate need of our presence will be through. We are now cooking three days' rations, and are ordered to be ready to move by 5 o'clock this afternoon. C. E. P.

THE
Winsted Herald.
Winsted, Litchfield Co., Ct.
FRIDAY, JULY 26th, 1861.

Battle of Bull's Run. Defeat and Rout of the Federal Army.

On Tuesday of last week our army at Washington commenced a movement southward. It met with little or no opposition at Fairfax, none at Germantown, none at Centerville. The advanced portion of the army occasionally got sight of retreating squads of the enemy, but resistance was first offered at a point called Bull's Run, some 3 or 4 miles this side of Manassas Junction. The country hereabout is heavily wooded, offering excellent advantages for concealment to its defenders. Gen. Tyler led the advance, and early on Thursday found himself involved in the masked batteries and concealed defenses of the rebels. After a short engagement and the loss of some 30 men killed and a larger number wounded, Tyler fell back, to gain a more accurate knowledge of the enemy's position, numbers &c. Friday and Saturday were spent in reconnaissance and the general arrangements for an attack in full force.

Early on Sunday morning (July 21,) our troops moved forward. The first division under Gen. Hunter and Col. Heintzelman moved to the right, with the intention of an attack on the flank or rear, while Gen. Tyler commanded the column in the center. So far as we can learn, from a perfect confusion of authorities, the fighting commenced at about 6 o'clock, A. M., entirely with cannon, and so continued up to nearly 12 o'clock, when the infantry were brought to the attack and the rattle of musketry began. The battle front covered a line of 4 miles, over the full length of which at this time the contest was hotly pressed. Several earthworks were carried at different points, and one battery was captured at the point of the bayonet by a desperate charge of the N. Y. 69th (Irish) regiment. This attack, led by Col. Corcoran, was the most brilliant exploit of the day, and only needed imitation by the rest of the field. Gen. Hunter achieved some splendid successes on the enemy's flank, and apparently would have gained the day had he been properly supported. But every inch was hotly contested, and while it was evident that the enemy were constantly receiving fresh reinforcements, our troops were becoming exhausted and dispirited. New levies are glorious fellows for a charge, but it needs veterans for all-day fighting. The battle was thus at its height, (at about 4 o'clock) and undecided, when, almost in an instant, from some unaccountable cause, our troops were seized with a panic, and fled from all parts of the field in the direst rout and confusion. What gave rise to this singular event we are left to conjecture. No adequate or satisfactory cause is stated. One account is that at this point the ammunition of Sherman's battery gave out, and an ammunition wagon started for the rear, at full run, for a fresh supply; that this movement was misunderstood, and that it at once communicated consternation to the masses of army teamsters, civilians &c. in the vicinity; that from them the panic spread to the soldiery, and almost instantaneously that grand army burst away from all control in an ignominious flight, leaving wagons, baggage, guns, cannon, wounded men with their surgeons, behind them. Yet