

Double up, say out loud,  
When he saw them come riding like mad,  
And we did double up in a hurry,  
And let them have all that we had.  
They came at us counting a hundred,  
Add scarcely two dozen went back;  
So you see, if they bluffed us on aces,  
We made a big thing with the Jack.

We fought till red shirts were as plenty,  
As blackberries, strewing the grass,  
And then we fell back for a breathing,  
To let Sixty-nine's fellers pass.  
Perhaps Sixty-nine didn't peg them,  
And give them uncommon cheroots?  
Well—I've just got to say, if they didn't  
You fellers can smell of my boots!

The Brooklyn Fourteenth was another,  
And them Minnesota chaps, too:  
But the odds were too heavy against us,  
And but one thing was left us to do:  
We had to make tracks for our quarters,  
And finished it up pretty rough;  
But if any chap says that they licked us,  
I'd just like to polish him off! *(Boston Post.)*

### The Third Regiment, C. V.

The following from the New York World, is deservedly complimentary of the gallant THIRD:

#### STORY OF A GALLANT REGIMENT.

We are also slowly arriving at the truth as to the sequel of the battle, and the manner in which our rear guard, from the field to Centreville, performed its duty. It is not too late to give honor to whom honor is due. Yesterday the Third Connecticut Regiment deposited its arms at the arsenal, the term of enlistment having expired, and will probably start for the North to-day. This corps was the last to leave the field of Bull Run, and, by hard fighting, had to defend itself and to protect our scattered thousands for several miles of the retreat.

Blenker's Brigade, in reserve, of course fulfilled its duty, and has been lauded for so doing. But let me briefly give the day's story of this Third Connecticut corps—a regiment actually engaged in the battle, which retreated grimly and dangerously repelling the advancing foe. The only regiment really menaced by the enemy, it was almost the only one which did not share in the panic. About 11 A. M., when Tyler ordered up the last of his brigades, under Col. Keyes, the Third Connecticut advanced with the rest by the right, skirting along the edge of the woods until it overtook Hunter's division and the heat of the battle. The last mile and a half was done at double quick, and by the time the Connecticut boys came under their fire they were already half incapacitated for fighting by fatigue and thirst. But the brave Colonel Chatfield led them forward, under orders, until they charged, as I have before recorded, the rebels posted on the slope so visible from all portions of the field. The enemy retired before them, retreating into some woods beyond a farm house. At this moment some of the Connecticut men thought they discerned a Union flag, and that they were attacking their own friends. Col. Chatfield accordingly ordered the stars and stripes to be displayed, and the color-captain mounted a fence by the farmhouse and unrolled the standard. In an instant a terrific tempest of shot and shell burst from a hidden battery not more than a hundred yards ahead. This afterwards proved to be the heaviest battery served by the rebels during the day. The Third were unable to maintain their ground; many dropped, dead or wounded, and the line fell back to a road, where they lay protected by the side-bank while balls passed close over their heads. A charge of the enemy's cavalry would have effectually routed them at this moment, but ere long they reached a safer place, where they remained until an order came to retire across the Run. It was between 3 and 4 P. M. when this command was executed in perfect order, our boys wading through the stream to their waists. They say that it seemed a river of Paradise so fearfully were they suffering from thirst and heat; but on they moved, through the woods, to a point in the rear of the commencement of the battle—near the building on the Centreville road used as a hospital for our wounded.

Any attempt to cut short, by a premature peace, the nature of the crisis demands should run its course, would be as foolish as for a physician to drive in by external washes, a foul humor which nature had thrown out upon the skin, and which time alone can safely get rid of. These repelled humors, would only reappear in a more disastrous shape, at some later day. After what has taken place, it is palpable to every man of common sense, that *this quarrel must be fought out!* If the South proves to be the strongest, we must go to the wall; and if the North proves strongest, they must go to the wall; and we betides the ill-advised men in either section, who now attempt to interfere between the contending parties—they will get the usual fate, of men who meddle in family quarrels. The wise man will open his eyes to things as they are; and recognize the great truth that there is a general drift in the affairs of nations, which it is not in human statesmanship, to do anything more than faintly modify. There never was a more ill-timed movement, than that of Eaton & Co. at Bloomfield, and of some scheming politicians at Cornwall to get off their rhetorical common-places over the "horrors of this fratricidal war" and the "blessings of peace" &c. &c. in a general way. Grant all their premises and still the truth remains. "We are in this fix, and there is no way, but to fight ourselves out of it." Let no well-meaning man be therefore deluded by Eaton's sophistries, honied over and made plausible as he knows how to prepare them, still the hard fact recurs and will recur, that to talk of peace at this time, would only thwart the ends we aim at. Peace at the right time, is a heavenly dove, to be welcomed with outstretched arms, but peace at the wrong time, is a raven of ruinous croak, to be shot at. There is a time for all things, and surely, now, just after the repulse of Bull Run, when the whole South is rampant with vanity, and the arch-traitor John Tyler rises in his sick bed and calls for a bottle of champagne to celebrate the Southern success, now is no time for the North, to sue like a craven for peace with "our brethren of the South." They are not now our brethren; they have rebelled against our government, insulted our flag, whipped on the bare back Northern women guilty of no crime except being of Northern birth, and have dared us to the battle-field. Unless we are indeed the cowardly, soulless, mean and crawling, peddling Yankees they have pictured us, we shall meet them on the battle-field, and we shall fight this fight to the bitter end! Vain and foolish, is all the peace-hobble that can be uttered in five hundred such gatherings as that of Eaton's at Bloomfield. The leaders of these meetings know, that they are intended for party ends, and practically work to encourage the South, in putting the knives to our throat. Such half-educated, semi-barbarous and radically prejudiced men, as now make up the Southern public will only respond to such talk as that of Eaton's by saying "The damned Yankees are already afraid of us; let us exterminate root and branch, men and women, the whole tribe of canting abolitionists in New England. There is no choice between a northern democrat, and a Garrison abolitionist. Down with the whole race!" Until therefore, a series of Northern successes has continued so long as to satisfy the most ignorant that luck has nothing to do with the matter, but the fact

HARTFORD (CT) DAILY COURANT - 8/10/61

Christ  
Universalist  
Methodist E.  
Fourth

Alfred Smith,  
Mrs. James C.  
Misses Butler:  
A Friend,  
Mrs. Wm. T.  
R. S. Ely, E.  
Mrs. Sigourn  
Miss Ellen N.  
Mrs. E. Flo  
Mrs. O. Pat  
Morris Colli  
E. H. Owen  
E. W. Well  
Mrs. George  
Mrs. T. G.  
Master Burk  
Children of  
North M  
From Ladie

To  
Mrs. A. M. C.  
Collins, 1 ps red  
Mrs. Wm. W. E.  
in the south par  
30 yards blue fl  
needles, thread,  
housewives, and  
Ashmead, 2 d  
Miss Ashmead,  
handkerchiefs,  
hospital shirts;  
Mrs. Kingsbury  
Mrs. J. Tryon,  
Williams, 4 sh  
eye-shades; M  
linen, 1 sheet, 2  
double-gown;  
Mrs. J. F. Well  
Chaffee, old lin  
lows, do.; Mrs.  
Parsons, do.;  
Mrs. G. Well  
Thacher, Miss  
white flannel b  
gowns; A. S.  
Mrs. Ira Peck,  
1 double-gown  
2 pairs knit soc  
Miss M. W. W.  
1 doz. handk  
handkerchiefs;  
Pond, 1 soldi  
Girls 1st Dep  
nished pincus  
Esp., 5 ps m  
pincushions;  
kerchiefs; M  
Crofoot, 2 dou  
El Gilman, 1  
double-gown;  
Fitch, 79 furni  
mew, 18 pinc  
A. Hooker, 3  
do.; Mrs. H.  
ps calico; M  
en; Mrs. Ma  
Beach, 3 ps  
chiefs, 27 gr  
Sprague, 2 g  
handkerchiefs  
Brickett, 80  
small volume  
the "Phalanx  
bags, 4 doz. l  
Guilford.  
148 towels, 6  
flannel shirts

When this command was executed in perfect order, our boys wading through the stream to their waists. They say that it seemed a river of Paradise so fearfully were they suffering from thirst and heat; but on they moved, through the woods, to a point in the rear of the commencement of the battle—near the building on the Centreville road used as a hospital for our wounded.

Up to this moment they had supposed the victory decided for the loyal cause, and had not the least suspicion that they were the last regiment in a disastrous retreat from the field. But now a horseman rode in, shouting that the enemy's cavalry were in the road below, and that our day was lost. On this Col. Chatfield ordered his men, broken by the woods and almost dead with exhaustion, to form in such order as they could and cover the retreat. General Tyler and Colonel Keyes—both in the thickest of the fight throughout that eventful day—had joined them, and were thus the last to leave the spot. So they emerged on the road, saw it strewn with the wreck of the panic, finding wagons, gun-carriages, caissons, and what not left in wanton confusion. Two brass rifled pieces were lying dismounted. They took horses from army wagons, yoked them to caissons, strapped the guns with chains underneath the latter, and so saved them from falling into the enemy's hands. The majority of the regiment were now moving toward Centreville in some confusion, too worn out to do anything else; but Tyler and Keyes, with Col. Chatfield, Captains Harland and Lewis, and a few other company officers whose names I have not learned, formed a line of fifty or seventy-five men, in the extreme rear, to resist the enemy's cavalry, which now swept down the road to harass them.

Five or six times the rebel horse charged upon that handful of brave men, and each time were repulsed by a determined fire, which emptied many a saddle. And this is the way in which our retreat from the battlefield was covered.

The last charge was sustained at the Cub Creek bridge, a mile from Centreville, and the Third then toiled on their way unmolested, fully expecting to pass the night in the village. How easily our 35,000 men might have so halted! They could have held Centreville, and all the territory gained in the preceding week, till reinforcements of 50,000 men had made the advance a surety. But it is too late for regrets. The labors of the Third Connecticut did not end here. Though so wearied that one officer of the regiment says that \$10,000 and a colonelcy at Vienna would not have induced him to march there for it, they were pushed right along by orders, and reached their old camp at Falls Church after daylight on Monday morning. Here they found the Ohio camps, at which the First and Second Ohio had refused to pause in their retreat. Tents, stores and munitions were here all abandoned—property amounting in value to \$200,000—and Col. Chatfield ordered his men to take hold and save it. Sending to Alexandria for a special train, they worked all day loading it with the deserted Ohio property, sent it off, and marched away themselves, just in time to escape the vanguard of the pursuing enemy, and reached Arlington that evening.

Such is the record of the regiment now disbanding. I should be proud to have been a private of the Connecticut Third.

The rank folly, not to call it by the harsher name of moral treason, of those who babble of peace at the present time, is well-put in the following from the *N. Y. Times*:

Eleven States have gone to war against our Union. Eleven States, with a canker in the heart of each, defy to arms twenty-three States, whose limbs are sound and free, and whose heart is unscathed by any conscious national crime. The list is made up. We have gathered great armies—we have assessed hundreds of millions of dollars—we have prepared ordnance and munitions of war as if for terrible battle-shocks—we have warned the nations of Europe away from the collision, and promised them to suppress disorders and restore the Union.

of ranting abolitionists in New England. There is no choice between a northern democrat, and a Garrison abolitionist. Down with the whole race!"

Until therefore, a series of Northern successes has continued so long as to satisfy the most ignorant that luck has nothing to do with the matter, but the fact is, that the North is overwhelmingly superior in battle and warlike resources to the South, there is no use, and much harm in prattling about Peace. We believe in free discussion, even in war times, and would trench upon no man's right, freely to avow his opinions, and freely defend them, in print or oral discourse, even though such opinions are radically different from the opinions of the general New England public; but we would put it to the good sense of these peace-agitators whether they are not in fact injuring the cause they profess to love, and whether it would not be better to wait, until our victorious armies crowned with the wreaths of victory, are in a position to dictate a lasting peace. The only chance for peace, at present, is to abandon Sumter and Pickens, haul down the flag of our nation from Fortress Monroe, give over the Union men of Western Virginia, of Kentucky and of Missouri, to wretches whose tenderest mercies will be bitter cruelties to all such defenseless patriots, when once we abandon them! Forbid it, common honor among men; forbid it, a decent self-respect; forbid it, the hisses and scorn of all Europe. We cannot make peace, we must fight. A peace made now, would be more expensive, in every way, in money, men, and future welfare, than the most gigantic campaign that can be devised. Make the war as costly and comprehensive as possible—by that act, you insure that it shall be a short war, and shall give the South a lesson that will last through one generation.

That the real object of the advance made by McDowell's column upon Manassas, was to get possession of a sufficient length of the Manassas Gap Junction Railroad to break the line of communication between Johnston's forces and the rebels at Manassas Junction, has at length been avowed by McDowell himself. The rebel generals understood the drift of the movement from the first; they either divined correctly or they had spies at our head-quarters who put them in possession of the plan. Therefore it was that Johnston's forces were hurried over the road, before the link should be broken; and therefore it was, that the masked batteries were scattered so thickly, at the point where they were most needed; and therefore it was that Smith's reinforcements turned the scale against us, when he stopped his train miles west of Manassas Junction, and marched across the fields in the very nick of time, to turn the battle. Gen. McDowell says

"I desire to say, in reference to the events of the 21st ult., that the general order for the battle to which I referred was, with slight modifications, literally conformed to, that the corps were brought over Bull Run in the manner proposed, and put into action as before arranged, and that up to late in the afternoon every movement ordered was carrying us successfully to the object we had proposed before starting—that of getting to the railroad leading from Manassas to the valley of Virginia, and going on it far enough to break up and destroy the communication between the forces under Beauregard and those under Johnston. And could we have fought a day or a few hours sooner, there is everything to show how we could have con-