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THE LATE BATTLE.

Hon. H. J. Raymond of the New York Times, who accompanied the army in its advance into Virginia, and was present at the battle on Sunday, gives the following account of the affair:

"The battle yesterday was one of the most severe and sanguinary ever fought on this continent, and it ended in the failure of the Union troops to hold all the positions which they sought to carry, and in their retreat to Centreville, where they have made a stand and where Gen. McDowell believes that they are able to maintain themselves.

The attack was made in three columns, two of which, however, were mainly feints, intended to amuse and occupy the enemy, while the substantial work was done by the third. It has been known for a long time that the range of hills which border the small swampy stream known as Bull's Run, had been very thoroughly and extensively fortified by the rebels—that batteries had been planted at every available point, usually concealed in the woods and bushes which abound in that vicinity, and covering every way of approach to the region beyond. These are the advanced defenses of Manassas Junction, which is some three miles further off. Until these were carried, no approach could be made to that place; and after they should be carried others of a similar character would have to be overcome at every point where they could be erected. The utmost that military skill and ingenuity could accomplish for the defense of this point was done. Gen. McDowell was unwilling to make an attack directly in face of these batteries, as it would be of doubtful issue, and must inevitably result in a very serious loss of life.

After an attack had been resolved upon therefore, he endeavored to find some way of turning the position. His first intention was to do this on the southern side—to throw a strong column into the place from that direction while a feigned attack should be made in front. On Thursday, when the troops were advanced to Centreville, it was found that the roads on the south side of these positions were almost impracticable—that they were narrow, crooked and stony, and that it would be almost impossible to bring up enough artillery to be effective in the time required. This original plan was, therefore, abandoned; and Friday was devoted to an examination, by the topographical engineers, of the northern side of the position.—Maj. Barnard and Capt. Whipple reconnoitered the place for miles around, and reported that the position could be entered by a path coming from the north—though it was somewhat long and circuitous. This was selected therefore, as the mode and point of attack.

On Saturday the troops were all brought closely up to Centreville—and all needful preparations were made for the attack, which was intended for the next day. Yesterday morning, therefore, the army marched by two roads—Col. Richardson with his command taking the southern, which led to Bull's Run and Gen. Tyler the northern, running parallel to it at a distance of about a mile and half. The movement commenced at about three o'clock. I got up at a little before four and found the long line of troops extended far out on either road. I took the road by which Col. Hunter, with his command, and Gen. McDowell and staff, had gone, and pushed on directly for the front.—After going out about two miles, Col. Hunter turned to the right, marching obliquely toward the Run, which he was to cross some four miles higher up and then come down upon the entrenched position of the enemy on the other side. Col. Miles was left at Centreville and on the road, with reserves, which he was to bring up whenever they might be needed. Gen. Tyler went directly forward, to engage the enemy in front, and send reinforcements to Col. Hunter whenever it should be seen that he was engaged.

I went out as I have already stated, upon what is marked as the northern road. It is hilly, like all the surface of this section. After going out about three miles, you come to a point down which the road, leading through a forest, descends; then it proceeds by a succession of rising and falling knolls for a quarter of a mile—when it crosses a stone bridge and then ascends by a steady slope to the heights beyond. At the top of that slope the rebels had planted heavy batteries, and the woods below were filled with troops, and with concealed cannon. We proceeded down the road to the first of the small knolls mentioned, when the whole column halted. The 30 pounder Parrott gun, which has a longer range than any other in the army, was planted directly in the road. Capt. Ayres' battery was stationed in the woods a little to the right. The First Ohio and Second New York Regiments were thrown into the woods in advance on the left.—The Sixty-ninth New York, the First, Second and Third Connecticut Regiments, were ranged behind them, and the Second Wisconsin was thrown into the woods on the right. At about half-past six o'clock the 30 pounder threw two shells directly into the battery at the summit of the slope, on the opposite height, one of which as I learned af-

terward, struck and exploded directly in the midst of the battery, and occasioned the utmost havoc and confusion. After about half an hour Capt. Ayres threw ten or fifteen shot and shell from his battery into the same place. But both failed to elicit any reply. Men could be seen moving about the opposite slope, but the batteries were silent. An hour or so afterward we heard three or four heavy guns from Col. Richardson's column at Bull's Run, and these were continued at intervals for two or three hours, but they were not answered even by a single gun. It was very clear that the enemy intended to take his own time for paying his respects to us, and that he meant, moreover, to do it in his own way. Meantime we could hear at a distance the sound of Col. Hunter's cannon clearing his way, and waited with some impatience the sound of his cannon on the opposite heights. Time wore along with occasional shots from our guns, as well as those of Col. Richardson's column, but without, in a single instance, receiving any reply.

At a little before 11 o'clock the First Ohio and Second New York, which were lying in the woods on the left, were ordered to advance. They did so, passing out to a wood opposite, which they had barely approached, however, when they were met by a tremendous discharge of a four-gun battery, planted at the left in the woods, mainly for the purpose of sweeping the road perpendicularly and the open field on its right, by which some troops could pass forward to the opposite bank.—They were staggered for a moment, and received orders to retire. Capt. Ayres' Battery (formerly Sherman's) was advanced a little, so as to command this battery, and by twenty minutes of vigorous play upon it, silenced it completely.

At half-past 11 we heard Hunter's guns on the opposite height, over a mile to the right. He was answered by batteries there, and then followed the sharp rattling volleys of musketry as their mortar became engaged. The firing was now incessant. Hunter had come upon them suddenly, and formed his line of battle in an open field at the right of the road. The enemy drew up to oppose him, but he speedily drove them to retreat and followed them up with the greatest vigor and rapidity.—Meantime, for some three hours previous, we had seen long lines of dense dust rising from the roads leading from Manassas, and with the glass we could very clearly perceive that they were raised by the constant and steady stream of reinforcements, which continued to pour in nearly the whole day.

The Sixty-ninth, Second and Eighth, New York—the First, Second and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin, were brought forward in advance of the wood and marched across the field to the right, to go to Col. Hunter's support. They crossed the intervening stream and drew up in a small open field separated from Col. Hunter's column by a dense wood, which was filled with batteries and infantry. Our guns continued to play upon the woods which concealed the enemy, and aided materially in clearing them for the advance. Going down to the extreme front of the column, I could watch the progress of Col. Hunter, marked by the constant roar of artillery and the roll of musketry, as he pushed the rebels back from point to point. At 1 o'clock he had driven them out of the woods and across the road which was the prolongation of that on which we stood. Here, by the side of their batteries, the rebels made a stand. They planted their flag directly in the road, and twice charged across it upon our men, but without moving them an inch. They were met by a destructive fire, and were compelled to fall still further back. Gradually the point of fire passed further away until the dense clouds of smoke which marked the progress of the combat were at least half a mile to the left of what had been the central position of the rebels.

It was now 2 1-2 o'clock. I was at the advanced point of the front of our column, some hundred rods beyond the woods, in which the few troops then there were drawn up, when I decided to drive back to the town, for the purpose of sending you my dispatch. As I passed up the road the balls and shells from the enemy began to fall with more than usual rapidity. I did not see the point from which they came; but meeting Capt. Ayres, he said he was about to bring up his battery, supported by the Ohio Brigade, under Gen. Schenck, to repel a rumored attempt of cavalry to outflank this column. As I went forward he passed down. Gen. Schenck's Brigade was at once drawn up across the road, and Captain Ayres' guns were planted in a knoll at the left, when a powerful body of rebels, with a heavy battery came down from the direction of Bull's Run, and engaged this force with tremendous effect. I went to Centreville, sent off my dispatch, and started with all speed to return, intending to go with our troops upon what had been the hotly contested field, never doubting for a moment that it would remain in their hands. I had gone but a quarter of a mile when we met a great number of fugitives, and our carriage soon became entangled in a mass of baggage-wagons, the officer

in charge of which told me it was useless to go in that direction, as our troops were retreating. Not crediting the story, which was utterly inconsistent with what I had seen but a little while before, I continued to push on.—I soon met Quartermaster Stetson of the Fire Zouaves, who told me, bursting into tears, that his regiment had been utterly cut to pieces, that the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were both killed, and that our troops had actually been repulsed. I still tried to proceed, but the advancing columns rendered it impossible, and I turned about. Leaving my carriage, I went to a high point of ground and saw, by the dense cloud of dust which rose over each of the three roads by which the three columns of the army had advanced, that they were all on the retreat. Sharp discharge of cannon in their rear indicated that they were being pursued. I waited half an hour or so, to observe the troops and batteries as they arrived, and then started for Washington, to send my dispatch and write this letter. As I came past the hill on which the secessionists held their intrenchments less than a week ago, I saw our forces taking up positions for a defense if they should be assailed.

Such is a very rapid and general history of yesterday's engagement.—I am unable to be precise or profuse in matters of detail, and must leave these to a future letter.

I hear nothing on every side, but the warmest and heartiest commendation of our troops. They fought like veterans. The rebels did not in a single instance, stand before them in a charge, and were driven by every volley of their musketry. I do not mean to praise any one at the expense of another. The Sixty-ninth fought with splendid and tenacious courage. They charged batteries two or three times, and would have taken and held them but for the reinforcements which were constantly and steadily poured in. Indeed it was to this fact alone that the comparative success of the rebels is due. We had not over 25,000 men in action, the rest being held behind as reserves at Centreville, while the enemy must have numbered at least 60,000.

The Fire Zouaves before they had fairly got into action, were terribly cut up by a battery and by musketry, which opened on their flank. They lost a great many of their officers and men.

About a mile this side of Centreville, a stampede took place among the teamsters and others, which threw everything into the utmost confusion, and inflicted some very serious injuries.—Mr. Eaton of Michigan, in trying to arrest the flight of some of these men, was shot by one of them, the ball taking effect in his hand. Quite a number of Senators and members of the House were present at the battle.

Another Account.

Had we room we could fill columns with descriptions of the fight, as furnished by different reporters, all of which though narrating the same events, are sufficiently varied in their descriptions to make them interesting. We can only find room for the following extracts from the letter in the New York World. In speaking of the reinforcements which were thrown into the rebel army, he says that a person who ascended a lofty tree could see the continual arrival of cars at the nearest point on the Manassas Railroad, with hosts of soldiers, who formed in solid squares, and moved swiftly forward to join the contest. The whistle of the locomotive was plainly audible to those in our advance. It is believed that at least fifty thousand were added during the day to the thirty thousand rebels opposed to us at the onset. It was hard for our noble fellows to withstand these incessant reinforcements, but some of our regiments whipped several corps opposed to them in quick succession, and *gave our forces, fresh or tired, met the enemy in open field, they made short work of his opposition.*—Boston Journal.

The writer in the World brings his description down to the hour of noon, at which time the battle commenced in the fierceness of its most extended fury. His account of the subsequent proceedings of the day is as follows: There was a hill at the distance of a mile and a half, to which I have hitherto alluded. From its height, overlooking the whole plain, a few shells had reached us early in the day, and as it was nearer the Manassas road than almost any other portion of the field, mere of the enemy's reinforcements gathered about its ridge than to the aid of the beaten rebels in the woods and valleys. Here there was an open battery, and long lines of infantry in support, ready for a wonder, to let our wearied fellows see the fresh forces they had to conquer.

As the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth wound round the meadows to the north of this hill, and began to cross the road apparently with the intention of sealing it, we saw a column coming down from the furthest perspective, and for a moment believed it to be a portion of Hunter's Division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from us all. But soon the look-outs saw that its ensigns bore secession banners, and we knew that Johnson or

some other rebel General was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right and centre. It was time for more regiments to be sent forward, and Keyes was ordered to advance with the First Tyler Brigade. The three Connecticut regiments and the Fourth Maine came on with a will; the First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field, by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance.

All eyes were now directed to the distant hill-top, now the centre of the fight. All could see the enemy's infantry raging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination up the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill-top, the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us, and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were compelled, totally exhausted, to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the stars and stripes above it, and passed from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the returning half of the circle, which the enemy described during the day, driven before the desperate charges of our troops, until they reached the very point where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill, and into the valley thickets on the left, the Zouaves, the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, ambuscade after ambuscade. Our fellows were hot and weary; most had drunk no water during hours of dust and smoke and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments, until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was the middle of a blazing afternoon.—Our regiments had the position they held won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement toward our left—a dangerous movement for us, a movement which those in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

Here was the grand blunder, or misfortune, of the battle. A misfortune, that we had no troops in reserve after the Ohio regiments were again sent forward, this time to assist in building a bridge across the run on the Warren road, by the side of the stone bridge known to be mined. A blunder, in that the last reserve was sent forward at all. It should have been retained to guard the rear of the left, and every other regiment on the field should have been promptly recalled over the route by which it had advanced, ordered only to maintain such positions as rested on a supported, continuous line. Gen. Scott says to-day that our troops had already accomplished three days' work, and should have rested long before. But McDowell tried to vanquish the South in a single struggle, and the sad result is before us.

As it was, Capt. Alexander, with his Sappers and Miners, was ordered to cut through the abutts by the side of the mined bridge, in the valley directly before us, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlisle's Artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. Meanwhile, in the lull which I have mentioned, the thousand heroic details of federal valor, and the shamelessness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young governor led the regiments he had so manfully equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked, with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours. It was an hour sublime in unselfishness, and apparently glorious in its results!

At this time, near 4 o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the open abutts was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabout; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly disarmed; no general of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our column near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick man-

cover. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery stationed in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

By the time I reached the top of the hill the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailing exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is a shameful, a cowardly retreat? Hold up men!" he shouted, "don't be such infernal cowards!" and he rode backward and forward placing his horse across the road and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps. We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had been on the slope just left by us, surrounded the baggage and sutler's wagons, and were apparently pressing them against us. "It is no use Alexander," I said, "you must leave with the rest." "I'll be d-d if I will," was his sudden reply, and the splendid fellow rode back to make his way as best he could. Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder-straps Majors and Colonels, who had deserted their commands, pass me galloping as if for dear life. No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long narrow avenue, and now the retreating thousands and latter to pieces army wagons and everything else which crowded it. Only one field officer, as far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieut. Col. Spielda, a foreigner, attached to a Connecticut regiment strove against the current for a league. I positively declare, that, with two exceptions mentioned all efforts made to check the panic before Centreville was reached, were confined to civilians. I saw a man in citizen's dress who had thrown off his coat, and a musketeer, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by at the point of the bayonet. In reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburn, and I learned that he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort.—Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment, and were serviceable at Centreville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene! and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat.—For three miles, hosts of federal troops—all detached from their regiments all mingled in one disorderly rout—were not fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutler's teams and private carriages choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds.—Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses, flying wildly from the field many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men lying along the banks—the few either left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved came thundering along smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the melee adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned and lay amid the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artillery man running between the ponderous kite and after wheels of his gun carriage, jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were sparing much longer and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill, falling to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheel had crushed the life out of him. Who ever saw such a sight? Could the retreat at Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' Brigade—formed in order on the hill, and some men endeavoring to rally the van, but all the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps and heading sadly for the

distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, lay with unstained banners, and flushed with surfeit of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic stricken in a single day. From the branch route the trains attached to Hunter's Division had caught the contagion of the fight and poured into its already swollen current another t. rible freshet of confusion and dismay. Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions, gathered at such vast expense? The teams, many of them cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks and shovels and provisions of every kind lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewn the route; when some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and served it upon the retreating train, or had intercepted our progress with five hundred of his cavalry, he might have captured enough supplies for a week's feast of thanksgiving. As it was enough was left behind to tell the story of the panic. The rout of the Federal army seemed complete.

A CHECK TO THE RETREAT.

The sight of Miles' reserve drawn up on the hill at Centreville supporting a full battery of field pieces, and the efforts of a few officers still faithful to their trust, encouraged many of the fugitive infantry to seek their old camps and go no further. But the majority pushed on to a point near the late site of Germantown, where Lieut. Brisbane had formed a line of Hunt's artillerists across the road, and repulsed all who attempted to break through. I particularly request attention to the service thus rendered by this loyal young officer.

While he was thus engaged a courier arrived with the news that Col. Montgomery was advancing with a New Jersey brigade from Falls Church, and that the retreat must be stopped, only the wagons being allowed to pass through. Some thousands of the soldiery had already got far on their way to Washington. These were those from whom the details of the repulse were gathered this morning. Poor fellows! who could blame them? Their own colonels had deserted; they only leaving orders for them to reach Arlington Heights as soon as they could. A few miles further I met Montgomery swiftly pressing to the rescue, and reported by Lieut. Brisbane's efforts.

And so I rode along, as well as my wearied horse could carry me, past groups of straggling fugitives, to Fairfax, where Col. Woodbury was expecting, and guarding against a flank movement of the enemy, and on again to Long-Bridge and the Potomac. But the van of the runaway soldiers had made such time that I found a host of them at the Jersey intrenchments, begging the sentinels to allow them to cross the bridge. To-day we learn of the safe retreat of the main body of the army; that they were feebly followed by the rebels as far as Fairfax, but are now within the Arlington lines, and that McDowell, a stunned and vanquished general, is overlooking the wreck of his columns from his old quarters at the Custis mansion.

The correspondent of the New York Times states that our loss of field pieces is not so great as heretofore estimated. Every gun of Capt. Ayres' battery, formerly Sherman's, was brought off safe—only some caissons being lost. The loss of baggage wagons will not exceed fifty. In small arms our loss is at least three thousand.

The New York Tribune's correspondent says of the coolness and bravery of Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island:

"About half past 7 o'clock, while Blenker's Brigade was still at Centreville, Gov. Sprague rode up, as cool as if in a parlor, and said: 'I am withdrawing the Rhode Island troops in good order. You must help make a stand here.' The officers to whom he had spoken expressing their readiness to do so, he added, 'I've received no orders all day. We've been fighting on our own hook. Where has Gen. McDowell been?' No one there knew. The conduct of Gov. Sprague through and after the engagement was characterized by the greatest self-possession, and, considering his entire separation from military pursuits, his conduct amounted to the highest heroism."

THE PANIC.

The Philadelphia North American says: "A gentleman who left Washington on Monday afternoon, informs us of some particulars of the retreat from Manassas, and the origin of the disaster. In publishing his narrative we give some facts which are already familiar, but the connection of events requires the repetition. Our informant is clear-headed, of plain spokenness, and is fully competent to analyze, compare and arrange the reports, and what he gives us hereafter from eye-witnesses, some civilians and some soldiers. It appears that when the weight of the secession force made it necessary to fall back, the army wagons, too confident of victory, had so closely followed the advance that it was apprehended

The Defeat at Bull's Run.

In other columns we give a very full report of the affair at Bull's Run on Sunday week, and the scenes that attended the flight by eye-witnesses.

Firstly, it cannot be disguised that Gen. Scott was driven into the movement against his better judgment by the President and his advisers, who, on their part, were subjected to an outside pressure from the New York press.

Then, again, Gen. McDowell seems to have been fool-hardy in giving battle to the "confederates" after the junction of Gen. Johnston's forces with those of Gen. Beauregard at Manassas.

It is further alleged that the Secretary of War has thrust aside veteran officers like Gen. Wool, to give place to political friends of his own.

The Reciprocity Treaty.

We were intending to correct a very common error now prevailing, and make some comments upon the blustering threats in regard to the Reciprocity Treaty.

We notice that a statement is circulating to the effect that the Government of the United States have given notice to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty in 1863.

Reports from Washington say that the effects of the disaster have so far been productive of renewed exertions in the part of the Government.

The "Army of the Potomac" is to be commanded by Gen. McClellan, who has already arrived at Washington from Western Virginia.

Rev. J. Green, Bible Agent, at a recent missionary meeting at Montreal, made statements in regard to the morals of the Township of Bolton.

New Publications.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, August, 1861. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The August number of the Atlantic is fully up to the standard of its predecessors. It opens with a fine sketch by Wilson Flagg entitled "Trees in Assemblages."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July, contains its usual budget of useful and interesting matter, and concludes with an able article on the "Disruption of the Union."

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—We incidentally omitted to notice that this truly valuable and reliable scientific and mechanical Journal commenced a new volume on the first of July.

GOLEY FOR AGENT, presents a double fashion plate, and numerous wood cuts.—This elegant magazine is a favorite with the ladies, as it richly deserves to be.

From Washington.

Later reports show that the loss in the battle on Sunday was not so great as first reported. Among the slain are Col. Cameron, of the New York Scotch regiment, and brother of the Secretary of War.

Dispatches dated July 28th, state that shots were exchanged between pickets on the previous night. A large scouting party was sent out to drive back the rebel pickets.

The wife of a Michigan volunteer who was taken prisoner at Bull Run and carried to Manassas, returned to Washington on the 27th, under a special pass from Gen. Beauregard.

From Fortresses.

Fortress Monroe, July 25. Lieut. Crosby yesterday took charge of an expedition to Back River, consisting of 300 men and seven field pieces, upon the profligate Fanny and six launches belonging to the ships of war in the harbor.

All has been quiet here to-day. During the night an order arrived from Washington for four regiments to be immediately transported to Back River.

THE WANT OF CAVALRY.—In the commencement of this campaign we urged upon the authorities the necessity of organizing an efficient corps of cavalry for the Army.

that they would embarrass the movements of the troops. Soldiers not then in action, fatigued with their long march and subsequent share in the engagement, were resting in and under the wagons and among the trees.

The wagons mistook the order for a confession of defeat and save himself who can become the feeling. The fatigued soldiers who were out of their ranks, and scattered, as above stated, shared the panic and being under no control acted each for himself.

At this point of affairs occurred that incident of the battle which will carry grief to hundreds of firesides in Virginia. This part of the battle was described to our informant by a gentleman, a civilian, who was an unwilling and horrified witness of the slaughter.

Statement of a Southern Man who Saw the Fight.

Philadelphia, July 25. The Bulletin says a reliable gentleman of this city furnishes an interesting statement received from the lips of a wealthy Virginian, residing a few miles from Manassas Junction.

He witnessed the battle and describes the conduct of the Federal troops as daring and brave in every respect.—They fought tenaciously as bull dogs.

He states that the rebel loss is between three and four thousand. The Black Horse Cavalry, the crack regiment of Virginia, was most terribly cut up; only 200 of them were seen after the battle.

The informant declares that it was fortunate for the Union troops that they did not drive the rebels beyond Manassas for within two miles of the Junction the ground for many acres is mined in the most artistic manner, and is of no gunpowder placed there.

The informant thinks that Government is not at all aware of the extent of the rebels' preparations to destroy our troops.

There are upwards of 12,000 negroes employed on the intrenchments at Manassas, and about the same number at Richmond. He owned a large number of negroes and was compelled to furnish a certain number of them to work for the rebels every day.

The city is surrounded by mines like those at Manassas. If the rebels find that the Union men are going to take it, the city will be blown up.

Had the Federal force got beyond Manassas on Sunday in safety Beauregard admits that the rebel cause would have been lost forever. The rebel troops have good arms, but are badly equipped.

There were not over 1000 rebel civilians allowed to witness the battle, the rest were kept back by the pickets.

The impression prevails at the South that the North has no money and cannot get any.

Washington, July 25.—A letter from Leesburg, Va., published in the Baltimore Sun states that the rebel loss in killed and wounded at the late fight was 2000.

The rebels are arresting all Union farmers within eight miles of Washington. They arrested an old man near the chain bridge last night and threatened to hang him.

It is rumored that the rebels intend to make a movement against Harper's Ferry and Alexandria. Gen. Scott will be prepared for them.

New York, July 26. Gov. Morgan has issued a proclamation calling for 25,000 more troops for three years.

The Herald's Washington dispatch says: Professor Lowe reports seeing from his balloon nearly all the country in the vicinity of Manassas covered with rebel tents.

Important discoveries have been made by Lieut. Budd of the gunboat Resolute, by which it is ascertained that the rebels are organizing large forces on the eastern shore of Virginia.

The Rebels have pushed their pickets up close to our lines and are now nearer Washington than before.

Rumors are current of an attack on Washington by Gen. Johnston, who is to cross the Potomac sixteen miles above, coming down on the Maryland side.

The World's Washington dispatch says: All volunteer officers proving unqualified will be immediately dismissed.

Mrs. Katy Brownwell, of the Rhode Island First, was pursued by a rebel when she turned and shot him thus escaping, although repeatedly fired at.

Another Rebel Account of the Battle.

Louisville, Ky., July 26. A Richmond dispatch to the Charleston Mercury, dated the 23d, says that as soon as it became evident that the enemy meant to give battle, Davis hastened to the scene of action arriving in time to take part in the battle.

Gen. Beauregard commanded the right wing and Gen. Johnston the left. It was against Johnston's command that the enemy concentrated their best troops.

It was here that Barton's Georgia regiment was posted, which was so terribly cut up. A large body of our troops from the centre was sent at this critical moment to the assistance of Johnston, and turned the tide of battle.

Manassas Junction, Sunday night. Night has closed upon a hard fought field. Our forces were victorious. The enemy was routed and fled precipitately, abandoning a large amount of arms, ammunition, knapsacks and baggage.

The ground is strewn for miles with those killed, and farm houses and the grounds around are strewn with the wounded. Pursuit was continued along several routes toward Leesburg and Centerville until darkness covered the fugitives.

We have captured several field batteries and stands of arms and Union State flags, and many prisoners have been taken. Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for skill of our principal officers or for the gallantry of all our troops.

The Quebec Chronicle enumerates the various modes of action which Parliament may resort to in dealing with the contested elections which will engage attention next Session.

(1.) An Act might be passed to legalize all the elections, and prevent the contestation of any returns. This would probably benefit neither party to the detriment of the other; but though convenient, it would not do justice to individual candidates or constituencies, and we should therefore regard it as an impolitic measure.

(2.) A scrutiny of votes could be had, but it would be partial, and therefore of little service; for even were it practicable to strike from the poll-books the names taken from the lists of 1861 which are not on those of 1860, what could be done with the voters which are found on the roll for 1860 and not for 1861?

all parties should prepare for it once. Only the most urgent necessity can justify ex post facto legislation, and that necessity can hardly be said to exist in which the illegal act was employed with a view to some partisan advantage.

In a party sense, perhaps these cases may be tolerably equally divided; but no bargain between parties, for the purpose of making lawful a proceeding which, when perpetrated, was confessedly contrary to law will meet the requirements of justice, or satisfy the moral sense of the community.

Admitting the inconvenience which the annulling of all elections based upon improper assessment, rolls will be annulled, we are unable to see an escape from the dilemma except through the ordinary process.

After all, however we do not anticipate a large number of new elections as the consequence of an adverse decision by Parliament. Much of the prevalent talk about protests is ordinary gasconade, intended to cover the mortification of defeat, and nothing more.

Grand Trunk Railway.

We have received by the last English mail a copy of the Second Report of the Select Committee of Share and Bondholders, appointed at the meeting of the company held at the London Tavern on 2nd January, 1861, to confer with the Directors concerning all the affairs of the Company, including specific proposals for removing the present embarrassments, and permanently reorganizing the management of the Company.

It is further alleged that the Secretary of War has thrust aside veteran officers like Gen. Wool, to give place to political friends of his own. These are "hard facts," and it is well that the people of the North who are contributing so freely of their men and money to put down this stupendous rebellion, should know them.

To call upon every class of Citizens and Creditors to make present concessions to continue for these five years.

To regard the say \$300,000 sterling cash required for equipment, sidings, elevators, stations, wharriage and rolling stock, and required therefore wholly to earn more revenue, as a charge to be satisfied first, and next after ordinary working expenses, and to stand therefore before Leases and all other obligations.

To consider that it is politic and necessary for all the Claimants on the Line to agree among themselves as regards a definite plan of relief, to be addressed to the new Canadian Parliament.

To consider that such definite Plan must be based on four principles: (a.) The raising in England of £300,000 to equip the Line. (b.) A scheme of general concession for the five years, 1862-66. (c.) A plan of reformed and efficient management; and (d.) a consolidation, in the simplest form, of all the statutes and legal technicalities affecting the Line.

The Canadian Government is to be applied to advance at once to the Company in Province Bonds bearing 5 per cent per annum payable in London, and for a term of say, 25 or 30 years, a sum of one and a-half millions sterling—such one and a-half millions to be the capitalized payment for the 25 or 30 years, of the total annual amount to be due to the Company for Postal and Military Subsidy—reasonable provision being of course, made for the imposition of limits as regards the extent of service to be required by the Province. Out of the proceeds of these one and a-half millions the Judgment and Simple Contract Creditors to be paid a present cash dividend of not less than ten shillings in the pound, giving up all Bonds, &c., at present held as collateral security. The balance of such debts to be funded in a Stock to take rank after the Preference Bonds (1st and 2nd), and after the £200,000 Bonds, due in October, 1862, and to form a part of the ordinary Bond (or Preference Stock, &c.) and bearing therefore 3 per cent. per annum for the next five years, 1862-66.—Hon. and Privy.

