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THE ROUT.

At 10 45, Gen. Schenck led his column, headed by the First and Second Ohio and New York, within a few hundred feet of a masked battery of six guns. They waited till our men got up close, and then opened on them, firing in rapid succession.—Ten men were killed and wounded, belonging to the New York Second Regiment, and also four in the Second Ohio Regiment, by the premature discharge of our own muskets in their hands. A retreat was ordered, and our men fell back.—Schenck tried to rally his column in any order. The Ohio and New York men scattered through the woods in pursuit of shelter and water. The roar of artillery and peals of musketry were kept up incessantly for a mile or two along Bull Run. The fighting was so general and indistinct, it was impossible for us to learn, reliably, the exact position of the different brigades.

We were in the centre of Tyler's division, on the hill just East of Bull Run, on the Warrenton Road. About 2 p. m., we saw clouds of dust rising to our left, as though they were trying to outflank us and come on us in the rear. We called several officer' attention to it, but there seemed to be no man who could have reinforcements sent for to cover our flank.

On the left of the road were Sherman's and Carlisle's batteries, drawn up for fight; on the right were some three thousand men, consisting of parts of the Ohio and New York Regiments, and the New York 69th. About 3 o'clock p. m. their batteries opened on us; every ball was well fired; the first fell in front of the batteries, and the next one took off the heads of two men, a few yards below us. Orders were now given for the men to lie down, and let the balls pass over, and just as the order was given, another one swept over our heads, and ploughed the fields a few steps in our rear. Our battery did not fire a gun.—The enemy were not to be seen, owing to dense woods between them and us. Our heavy siege gun was lying to the right, disabled by the carriage being broken down; the balls flew faster and faster, and the batteries were apparently being brought closer.

About 4 p. m., a report from man to man that General Cameron's brother, Colonel of the Seventy ninth, was shot thro' the breast by a cannon ball, and instantly killed.

Lieut. Col. Elliott, of the Seventy-ninth, rode toward his regiment, having been after reinforcements, when a cannon ball cut his horse's head off, and threw him down, bruising him so that he could hardly escape. All the stragglers now commenced to run toward Centerville, and the cassions, ambulances and sutlers' wagons were ordered to be taken back at once toward Centerville.

The batteries were ordered around to cover our retreat, and keep the rebels from cutting us from Centerville, which was about three miles in our rear, and where we had about four or five thousand of a reserve force; the batteries wheeled off and took up the road, and were retreating in good order, when, about half a mile out, one of the gun carriages was upset.

A portion of Sherman's and Carlisle's were left in the road side, the gunners cutting the traces and running their horses. This put the infantry in a perfect panic; they broke ranks indiscriminately and commenced to run—knapsacks, haversacks, guns, cartridge boxes, hats and everything being thrown in all directions. The men were parched for water, and were falling in every direction. Officers were equally panic stricken with the privates, and in vain we endeavored to stop the retreat.

Charles Ogden, George R. Smith, Sheriff Harper, Russell Errett, of Pittsburg, begged our men not to retreat, and pleaded with tears for them to go back and get Col. Cameron's body; we took muskets and threatened to shoot down if they did not; but we might as well have plead with the winds to cease blowing. The clouds of dust were now perfectly suffocating.

The enemy appeared in sight, firing their guns, the balls raining upon us thick. Emerging from the valley, we saw the reporter of the *World*, with the standard of the Massachusetts Fifth, waving it over him, and pleading for the men to rally around him; but it was in vain; they heeded him not. An officer asked the privilege of riding behind him. It was granted, and before they had gone a 100 yards, a shot from the thicket struck the officer in the head, and he reeled off. Mr. Stedman wrapped up the standard, and galloped about a mile ahead, and afterwards succeeded in rallying a large force.

Our friends had now all left, and the troops were flying, and at the cry that the cavalry were riding them down and butchering all, we started for Centreville. In the edge of the woods, we noticed Mr. Villard, of the New York *Herald*, trying to pacify the men, telling them it was only a panic. He was mounted, but could not take any passengers. Our thirst was now painful, the dust filling our nostrils till we could scarcely get breath. Finding no head-way could be made on foot, and being liable to be shot or hewn down momentarily, we made for a horse we heard rushing through the woods, and caught him; he had a shot through him in the flank, and was bleeding profusely, and had no saddle or bridle. We mounted him, and clinging to his mane, made for the road again leading to Centreville.

Here the road was strewn with wrecks of wagons, provisions, muskets, blankets, ammunition, and everything the men could divest themselves of. The ground was full. The fields in all directions were full. The fire of the enemy was kept up in the rear. Part of Sherman's battery breaking down, the men cut the traces and fled.—We should judge that ten thousand guns and rifles were lost on the way, while the cartridge boxes, bayonets, sabre bayonets and swords were innumerable. About a mile from Centreville, an attempt was made to rally them, but with little success. A few thousand were stopped, but many without weapons. On the high hill-top at Centreville, a column of infantry was seen, with their gleaming bayonets. On the top the artillery were also drawn up, prepared to fire.

The Garibaldians, Einstein's and Blenker's regiments, were drawn up at the foot of the hill, and escaping men ordered to fall in. Loud cheering was done and the rallying cry given, but it was of little or no use—men had no officers when they did halt, and so they kept on retreating.—"Water! water!" was the cry. "Give me water, or I'll sink," was heard from all sides. Not a drop was to be had fit to drink. The wells were all drained, and the clouds of dust filled the air at every point. We got in the rear of a negro hut, and there secured water thick with filth, but it was the best to be had. A number of buildings were used for hospitals, and on every side cries were made for surgeons.

All the inhabitants nearly had fled from Centreville, expecting it to be stormed by the rebels. Guards were stationed at the few wells not dry, to allow no water except to the wounded and sick. A house on the top of the hill had been burnt the previous night, and what few men could be induced to work were engaged in throwing up an embankment, some eight feet thick, out of the ruins and of dirt; it was about two hundred feet square. Orders were now circulated for the men to gather at their last camping ground, around Centreville; it was heeded by some, but others neglected it, and kept up the stampede. No provisions were to be had, and the men were all hungry, having had nothing to eat since two o'clock a. m., and but little or no water. At six and a half o'clock p. m., when we started for Washington, the troops were coming in, and no one of any coolness or self possession supposed our forces would retreat from Centreville.

The firing of the enemy was kept up on our rear with artillery, and their cavalry rode through and through, cutting and slashing with perfect fiendishness. We heard of numbers of the most infamous and damning acts ever committed by savage tribes.

Our wounded and dead are nearly all on the battle-field, in the hands of the enemy; such as could crawl or walk were trying to get away, and such pitiable spectacles were seen as made our heart sick; but we could not help them; the few ambulances were started off early with the wounded, and never returned. We saw a number lying on the roadside, with medicine chests and bandages.

The immense baggage train, consisting of some six hundred or a thousand wagons, lined the road for a mile and a half on the Warrenton road toward Bull Run, two miles back of Centreville. When the panic started, the wagons tried to fall back on Centreville, but a number were upset and broken down; the drivers would immediately leave them and escape on the horses. Others would throw out their load of provisions and stores, and fill up with soldiers and muskets; the body of the luggage, however, got in the rear of Centreville.

Our opinion is, and it can go for what it is worth, that after our army were victorious, we were defeated by a flank movement of troops brought up from Manassas Junction, and who attacked Schenck's and Tyler's unprotected rear. Had this been amply protected, and reinforcements turned back the flank movement, we could have kept up our advantage, and drove them to the Junction, although they outnumbered us, and had every advantage arising from choosing their position and fortifying themselves, and their thorough knowledge of the country and its mountainous character giving them every natural advantage.

Col. Miles were sent with despatches from Gen. Scott, while he was lying in Centreville, in the hottest of the fight, for Gen. McDowell, which he had orders to deliver immediately. He at once, without making any attempt to do so, said if Gen. Scott wanted to get his head blown off, let him carry them himself; he would not do so, and they never went.

We left Centreville with the cheering news that General Mansfield, with artillery and an immense force, was coming up to turn the rebels back. About a mile East of Centreville we met the First New Jersey, with their Colonel riding at their head, and his staff, pleading for the men to return; his drummer corps were playing "Yankee Doodle," and their colors were flying; the men kept cheering all the time, and urging one another to return; they were nearly worn out with their forced march from Vienna. They were followed by the New Jersey Third.

They inspired courage into the retreating soldiers, but many fell exhausted by the way-side, considering it safe to remain a few minutes longer to rest. Large numbers of the men fell into their old camp grounds, and the baggage wagons drove into the fields all along the road; but the most sorrowful sight was the loss of provisions and all kinds of stores that lined the road for five miles.

The cowardly retreat, on the morning of the fight, by the Pennsylvania Fourth, and various batteries, had a depressing effect upon our force, and encouraged the rebels, by the story that our men were running. That their "time was up" is an excuse that will not answer; they fled ignominiously when our country needed them.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

A Northern Congressman at the Battle of Bull's Run.—Mr. Richardson, a member of Congress from Illinois, who was at the fight at Bull's Run, has written a letter to the Baltimore *Sun*, giving an account of the affair. He says that the action was commenced by General Tyler, of Connecticut, at half past one o'clock, on Thursday—that the Michigan, Maine and Wisconsin regiments stood their ground bravely, while the New York Twelfth and Massachusetts regiments run with all their might, throwing away their arms, knapsacks, and, in fact, everything that impeded their progress. The men say that their officers lack courage, and were the first to "take the back track." It seems that the only regiment who could be relied on in their greatest emergency were composed of foreigners—the New York 69th (Irish) and the 79th (Scotch.)

The writer gives it as his opinion that Manassas cannot be taken with 50,000 men in two months, and that the North has been greatly deceived not only in the numbers and discipline of the Southerners, but in their fighting qualities—rushing, as they did, into battle with a shout which rose above the roar of the cannon, whilst their artillery was served in unsurpassed style. One ball fell directly amidst a group of Congressmen, amongst whom was Owen Lovejoy, which caused a ludicrous scampering and dodging behind trees very unbecoming the dignitaries. One remarkable feature which impressed itself on the minds of the Congressmen during their route to the scene of action, was the absence of all the male population capable of bearing arms. The few whom they saw were decrepit old men and women, whose eyes fairly flashed fire at the sight of the Yankee soldiers.

An Important Arrangement.—The banks in Richmond and those in Savannah, including the branches of each, have made arrangements, by which their notes will be received by each other at par.

Volunteers and others may now go directly to the banks of the two cities and get full value of their money.

Cannot a similar arrangement be made between the banks in other cities?

DEEP RIVER COAL.—As the coal of the Deep River region is now about to be brought into notice, it may not be inappropriate to make some explanations concerning it, and the operations being carried on there. All bituminous coal contains more or less sulphur, and this sulphur increases in quantity the nearer you approach the out-crop; hence the best and purest coal is obtained from deep shaft workings. There is but one shaft as yet in the Deep River region—it is at Egypt, and persons purchasing coal should be particular in inquiring if it came from Egypt, if they wish to obtain the best quality mined, so far.

So many exaggerated statements have gone forth as to making of oil and iron in that region, that I took the trouble to examine into what had been done, and to observe what is likely to be done. At the Farmville place, a great mass of machinery, &c., has been put up, but so far as the making of oil, it was a failure—only one barrel having been made in a week. This result was the fault of the works and their management, not of the black band iron ore. A good quality of oil can be made and profit secure to the operator, if a different style of works were put up, and it is now worth the attention of our people.

At the Tysor place, where I had seen announced in the paper that vast quantities of iron had been made, I found several changes from the original plan of the works—changes which have resulted in nothing but loss; but as now they have returned to the original old plan of a Catalan forge, something may be done when the works are completed.

At Ore Hill, ten miles North of Deep River, a furnace is being put up, and will be at work in about two weeks. The ore at this place is very superior, and was used during the revolution.

At Egypt, a very superior quality of coal is being taking out, and one hundred tons a day can easly be taken out. The only drawback is the unfinished state of road.

I make these statements because I learn a quantity of out-crop coal has gone to market, and given some dissatisfaction, and that the plain, simple truth as to what is doing on Deep River may be known.

[*Fayetteville Observer.*

CAPTURE OF A BRIG AND CARGO.

We learn that the brig Jno. Welsh, bound from Trinidad de Cuba, for Falmouth, Eng., for orders, was captured by the privateer Jeff Davis, off the banks of Newfoundland, on the 16th of July, with a cargo consisting of 273 hhds., 54 tierces and 28 barrels Muscovado sugar, and 436 boxes clarified do. She was placed in possession of a prize crew, who took her into a Southern port. The Captain and prize crew arrived here this morning, and will, we learn, make arrangements for the disposal of her cargo.

The Captain states that the Jeff Davis came out of Charleston on the 28th of June and ran the blockade, and had, previous to the capture of the John Welsh, boarded two other vessels, one of which proved to be a vessel from Maryland, but had instructions, it appears, from President Davis not to be molested if met by a privateer. The other was a Yankee craft, which had previous to her being boarded, changed her paper, but as there is no deceiving the boys of the Jeff Davis she was taken, and a prize crew placed on board. The cargo and vessels are worth over $100,000; pretty good these hard times.—*Savannah Republican.*

Mecklenburg County Court last week appropriated $10,000 to aid the families of volunteers in need. Col. B. W. Alexander was appointed Treasurer, and John L. Brown commissary, with assistants. Chas. Overman Esq., is the assistant for Charlotte district. Further particulars will be published next week.—*Charlotte Dem.*

MOURNING.

The annexed timely and appropriate remarks, which we coppy from the Richmond *Whig*, are worthy the special attention of our readers.

We are aware, it is thought by many that a failure to put on mourning, after the death of a relative, indicates a want of the appreciation of etiquette if not down right indifference, but we are one of those who think that in very many cases a breech of the rule is more appropriate and honorable than its strict observance, even where the strongest affections exist. It is a mere fashion. But, to the remarks of the *Waig:*

A Suggestion.—We would respectfully suggest to our citizens, and indeed to those of the Confederate States generally, that the usual emblems of external mourning be dispensed with those who have lost relations who were bravely sustaining their country's right, and in this met with a glorious death.

Apart from the distressing and gloomy aspect it would give to our streets and to our churches, amid the great cause for rejoicing which the Almighty has vouchsafed to us by a victory almost unparalelled there is another very strong reason for not adopting the habiliments of mourning. Many families who have lost a dear relative cannot well afford in these times to incur the expense of mourning suits, at the greatly increased cost of them, even if possible to obtain them at any price. The heart may feel as deeply as tho' it beat under a colored vestment.

Another consideration may very properly be suggested, in the fact that the loss of a father, a son, a husband or a brother, however poignant the sorrow it may carry to the hearts of the bereaved, is, under the circumstances of the present war, no cause for that bitterness of mourning which attends the ordinary dispensations of providence, because the gloom is brightened by the glory in the discharge of the holiest obligation of duty.

ANDREW JOHNSON.—This notorious traitor, who now misrepresents Tennessee in the Rump Congress, made a speech a few days since on the joint resolution to approve and confirm certain acts of LINCOLN, for suppressing insurrection and rebellion. In the course of his remarks, as we find them reported in a Northern paper, he contended that LINCOLN had a perfect right to violate the Constitution, for the laws of the land, (Yankee land,) were not regarded by the South. That the cannon of the Confederate army are almost within range of Washington. Generals DAVIS, LEE and BEAUREGARD leading them. Suppose, said JOHNSON, that they were to advance tonight, subjugate the city, overthrow and expel the authorities of the goverment, would there be any constitutional authority in this—any law? With such ridiculous twaddle as this did JOHNSON continue to regale the senate for one or more hours. He once enjoyd some reputation for talent. He now proves himself to be both knave and fool.

DEATH OF A NORTH CAROLINIAN.—We regret to announce the death of J. J. Stevens, a member of one of the N. Carolina Regiments, who breathed his last at the East Hill Hospital, in this city, on Wednesday. Since his admission into the hospital he has been too ill to give any account of himself, or relatives, or his regiment. His postoffice is unknown, and therefore no steps can be taken in regard to his remains. Any information respecting him, can be obtained by addressing Dr. C. F. COOCH of this city. Our North Carolina contemporaries will no doubt confer a great favor upon the relatives and friends of the deceased, if they will bring this paragraph to their notice.