

not far away. We soon found that nothing remained of that army but the evidences of panic which had overtaken almost every command. The wounded had, in some cases, been left to their own resources, and, at bridges that were broken, there were piled in wild confusion, dead men and horses, guns and caissons, wagons and sutlers' goods, tents, muskets, drums, ambulances, spring wagons, and the lighter vehicles that had brought the picnic parties from Congress to witness the consummation of their "policy." It was to them a sudden and frightful adjournment *sine die*.

As we rode over the field, gray-haired fathers and mothers from the nearer homes in Virginia were already there looking for their dead or wounded sons. All was silent save the moanings of the sufferers, and the subdued chirrup of little wrens as they sought for their mates. The birds seemed as sad as the venerable seekers for their loved ones. The dead seemed to preserve their personal characteristics, and the tense strain of the conflict was settled upon their features. In most cases, death on the battlefield is instantaneous and painless, and the latest thoughts seem to linger on the faces of the dead.

As we rode along the farm lanes where the rail fences had been torn away as they were crossed and recrossed by charging columns, we found, not widely separated, the victims of the bayonet. Several had fallen in this close combat.

One of them was a very handsome man, clean-shaven, and dressed in a neat uniform as a private in the Federal army. He was about thirty years old. On his shirt bosom there was a single spot of blood. He sat almost erect, his back propped in a corner of the fence, with his blue eyes wide open, and his mouth was firmly closed, and his gun and hat near by him. His form and face were majestic, and his pallid brow, with the hair gracefully swept back, was a splendid picture of the serenity of death, almost as expressive as life, and the most earnest plea for peace that I had ever contemplated.

On the opposite side of the lane was a Confederate soldier—an Irishman—whom a ball had killed. Evidently he had received a mortal wound, and had sat down to die in an angle of the fence, and rested on a small log he found there. He was also leaning against the fence, which held him up in a position that seemed very life-like. His hat was on his head and sheltered his face which was slightly bowed to the front. In his mouth he held his pipe, with a very short stem, in a way that was quite natural and suggestive of his race. His wound was in the thigh, and while he was bleeding to death he had doubtless sought comfort in his pipe.

A beautiful photograph was in the side pocket of the Federal soldier, near the fatal blood-spot on his shirt bosom. We thought we could readily trace his dying thoughts to that dear friend. We left him with his friend's picture where we found it, to find, in another spot, a mile distant, a living proof that it is love and not hatred that survives death, and commands the heart's last tribute of devotion.

The body of an oak tree that was heavily clad in foliage had been cut through with cannon shot until the top had fallen over and formed a thick mass of branches and leaves on the ground. There was a copse of undergrowth near by, into which we saw a man dart like an arrow as we rode up. From the tree-top came low moanings, as from one who feared discovery, and yet could not stifle his voice when spasms of pain returned upon him. It proved to be a field officer of a New Jersey or Delaware regiment, whose thigh had been crushed by a cannon shot in the battle.

His servant had laid him in the tree-top with leaves and a horse blanket for a bed, and was guarding him. When the servant saw us halt, he came out timorously from his hiding, and was weeping and pleading for the life of his master. I said to him, "What do you take us for?" "But be you not rebels?" he said. I answered, "We are called rebels, and yet your kindred." "Be you Christian men?" I said that was our faith. "And you will be merciful to the major?" I replied, "I am a major, and have no ill-will toward majors, even if they are enemies." The major, hearing our conversation, invited us to dismount and come to him. We went to his hiding place, and found him pale with loss of blood, and in great anguish.

Seeing that we were Confederate officers, he said, "I wish to give you my parole." "We need none from you," I replied: "our friendship has been broken, and renewed very suddenly by your wounds, it seems, and you are our guest." "Are you Virginians?" "No, we are Alabamians, and this is our home, as it is yours, for we are all Americans." "A home I have invaded," he said, "and I don't know why. I wish this war had never occurred; but I longed for it, in my thoughtless anger, and here I must meet death."

He said, "I am a lawyer." "So are we," I replied. "I am a Mason." "So are we," I replied. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "I may yet see my wife before I die. She came to Washington with me, and I parted with her at Long Bridge, three days ago, as we crossed the Potomac."

I assured him that I would inform his wife of his condition, through the first flag of truce that went over the lines, and that she should have safe-conduct to join him. Taking our hands, he prayed God to bless us; and turning to his servant, whose astonishment was now greater than his fear, he said, "Sam, get me the bread and the canteen, and give me some whiskey. Maybe if I eat and take a stimulant, I may live to see her." It was a hard, rough crust of corn-bread, which he munched with energy, and the canteen contained a few spoonfuls of common whiskey, a part of which he drank. I said, "This business is urgent, and we will gallop to your lines with your message." "Yes," he said, "a race for a life, that has but one hope, that I may see her—my wife—before I die." We soon met a surgeon at a field hospital—a few blankets on which wounded soldiers were stretched—and he went at once to the sufferer in the tree-top. The message was dispatched, and the loving wife came to find that, after one last kiss from his conscious lips, she was a widow indeed.

The glory of our victory was saddened to my heart by the reflection that the blood that enriched the fields was American and was poured out from hearts that were alike and equally patriotic. Yet the sacrifice was voluntary, and may have been needed to demonstrate again the devotion of the American people to what they believe to be their duty in the defence of their liberties as they understand them, and in the enforcement of our laws as they are written.

This grand result, which seems to be perfectly assured, and this demonstration of American manhood is worth all that it has cost.

The battle of Bull Run was the last political battle of the Civil War. It set Congress to passing vain resolutions to stop the war, and to reconcile the people and the States. After that awful event, war for the sake of war, and not for peace or justice, swept over the land and raged with unheard-of fury, until the sheer power of numbers prevailed, and peace came from exhaustion, but not from a broken spirit.