

WITH THE SECOND VIRGINIA CAVALRY AT BULL RUN—RECOLLECTIONS OF A FIGHTER WHO WAS IN THIS GREAT EARLY BATTLE.



THE CAVALRY CHARGE ON THE FEDERAL.

WENTEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE I had never seen a more beautiful sunrise than that which occurred on the last day of July 1861.

The approach of the "King of Day" on a midsummer morning, is hardly announced by the beautiful blushes of his western horizons, before his bright rays begin to dart through the trees and cover the dew-drops on the grass into sparkling diamonds. The tints of nature have been freshened into the tints of yesterday, and the sun in its majestic journey across the approach of the morning light. What a pity this beautiful panorama is so short-lived! But the sun climbs so rapidly toward the zenith that we soon are panting again for breath. I can never

forget this particular sunrise. We left our camp at Fairfax Court House early on the morning of the 17th, marched slowly up the grade through Germantown on the Warrenton Pike. We were armed and raw in the "old" militia and there away our hearts and heads to lighten the load of our horses. How we wished for those before the long day's march was over! But duties were ripe and, during the frequent halt, we found means of appeasing the urgent demands of our appetites. We passed Centerville in the early evening, and late at night crossed the famous "Bull Run" as we passed up the long hill on the south of the stream a bright light was presented by the silent ranks of Bohann's South Carolina Brigade

stationed near the foot of the hill a little higher up the hill was a battery of artillery, the pieces all unlimbered and pointing toward Mitchell's Point which we had crossed in our march. From Centerville, the ropes at the end of the road (Milepost) were lighted and ready to "light" the cannon, should the enemy attempt to cross the ford during the night.

We proceeded to the summit of the hill and bivouacked on the north side of the crest. Our position commanded a full view of the heights on the west side of the stream and as we were not on duty, we spent the next day watching for the approach of the Army of the South. It was several miles from our position to the top of the hill on the opposite side. In the af-

ternoon of the 16th, we could discern the camp-fires from the road where it came into open view from the woods. In a short time a puff of smoke was seen and in a few moments a cannon ball hissed past, high up over our heads, and struck in the open plain, behind us. Again another hissed past and torn another. Under the circumstances, it was difficult for us to estimate how far they were without our position. But we were soon called to the woods below the road where we could not see beyond the view of the activities. Pretty soon the booming of cannon from both sides was heard and not long after, volleys of musketry were added to the display of war as the fore-

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the next day, which was spent in restless lounging by our men. It was hard to get a drink of fresh water. There was a very faint stream, or, rather, ooze of water from the side of the hill, and it required a deal of patience to wait until a sufficient quantity in the mud should be suitably mixed with muddy water so as to be able to use it as a cup to drink. Captain Hafford spent the day exacting from the local population that he would be killed in the approaching battle and wrote letters and papers most of the time.

On the 20th we were sent to picket duty for General Cooke at the fort above us. So Sunday morning, July 21, found J. Pleasant Dismann and myself waiting under a large water oak in the edge of a pine woods where it entered the "Bull Run." It was hard for us to resist the temptation to dismount and sell on the carpet of green verdure spread so temptingly beneath our feet.

As the sun rose on this beautiful day, so calm and so peaceful, our thoughts revolved to our homes, our loved ones and our neighbors. We passed Centerville in the early evening, and late at night crossed the famous "Bull Run" as we passed up the long hill on the south of the stream a bright light was presented by the silent ranks of Bohann's South Carolina Brigade

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