

Brockenborough, finding it impossible to cross at that point, moved up to Hanson's ford, where a crossing was effected, and he then pursued his way through Orleans, Salem and Thoroughfare Gap, and reached Manassas on the 26th, having marched fifty miles in two days, with nothing for his men or horses to eat save the green corn gathered along the road. Here at Manassas, though, was found in the captured trains and sutlers' stores all they could have desired, and for hours they reveled in the good things their new commissary had so bountifully supplied, and over Rhine wine and lobsters forgot for the time the privations of the past few days.

From Manassas, Jackson moved on Centreville, but finding the enemy there in force, he retraced his steps to Manassas, closely pursued, and formed his line of battle about sunset on the 28th, upon the ground occupied by the enemy in the battle of July, 1861.

The engagement immediately commenced, and raged with great fury for some time, but the enemy was repulsed in every assault, and driven back with heavy loss. Colonel Stephen D. Lee then put the several batteries in position along the crest of a commanding hill, and there awaited the attack sure to be renewed next day.

About 2 o'clock on the 29th heavy columns emerged from the woods in Jackson's front and advanced boldly to the attack, but the storm of grape and canister which tore through their ranks was more than flesh and blood could withstand, and they were driven back with dreadful slaughter. But again and again did those devoted columns re-form and return to the attack with undiminished ardor, but the same terrible fire greeted them and strewed the ground with dead and dying.

But nevertheless Jackson's situation was a most critical one. With but a handful of worn and weary troops he was battling with ten times his numbers, which must necessarily soon wear him out and exhaust his ammunition; but as the hearts of his men were sinking within them, they were cheered by the clouds of dust that arose in the distance and heralded the approach of their great chieftain, Lee, with the veterans of Longstreet's corps. At night the battle ceased, and the weary troops threw themselves upon the ground to seek a little repose before the work of death and destruction should be resumed on the morrow.

At the break of day on the morning of the 30th of August, the troops were aroused from their slumbers and ordered to prepare for the great and decisive battle at hand. But hour after hour passed by, and except an occasional picket shot, all else was still. It was, though, but the calm which precedes the storm, for suddenly dense masses of the enemy emerged from the woods and moved at the double quick upon Jackson's lines. It was a grand sight to see those three lines rush forward in the most beautiful order. For a minute a death-like silence prevailed, when the very earth was made to tremble by the roar of Stephen D. Lee's thirty-six