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WAR INTELLIGENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE SCENE OF THE LATE BATTLE
—THE ACCOUNTS OF PARTICIPANTS—WHAT
THEY DID AND SAW AND FELT—INTERESTING
INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE ROUTE—
THE LAST SEEN OF COL. WOOD—RETURN OF
SOME OF THE WOUNDED, ETC.

We are in receipt of a large number of letters descriptive of the scenes and incidents in the late disastrous battle at Bull's Run. We publish below all we can find room for to-day, and would print all if we possibly could. The accounts will be read with interest as the writers are all residents of this city.

A letter from Sgt. John Vliet gives the following list of killed, wounded and missing in the company to which he is attached, namely, Sergeants Holmes, Hariday, Hulst, Corporal Ostrander, G. W. Bennett, Wm. M. Mansfield, F. J. Bearnese, J. Plows, W. Revere, J. H. Warner, A. A. H. McCluney, John Dowd, John Mooney, A. B. Ticknor, George W. Dwenger, H. DeGroff, J. G. Gilbertson, J. P. Stafford, W. T. Williamson, W. H. Van Horn, W. A. Curtis, John H. McGowan. Sgt. Vliet adds that many of the above are known to be alive, but that they did not reach camp the night previous (22d inst.) in consequence of a heavy rain.

Sergt. McLearn, of the engineer corps, returned to his home in Carlton avenue last evening. He was seriously wounded whilst bravely contending with the enemy. A ball carried away the bridge of his nose and struck out the left eye. He was also wounded in the arm. Notwithstanding these injuries he walked from the ferry to his home, escorted by friends, as sprightly as if nothing had happened. We sincerely hope that he may soon recover.

We have interesting letters from P. W. Ostrander, William Rose, Charles A. Barton, all of the 14th, and M. Croslin of Co. E, 69th regiment, which we find it impossible to publish to-day.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C. }
July 25, 1861, }

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

I reached this city yesterday morning, in time to see many of the straggling soldiers as they returned from the advance of the Grand Army. Here one gets at the truth in the rough, unblemished by the sensation despatch mongers of the day. It has been a terrible rout. We have not suffered the enemy to rout us, but have performed the task ourselves. Up to 4 P. M., on the day of the last engagement, our troops were gradually unmasking the batteries and positions of the enemy. A heavy reinforcement came up from Manassas to the rebel side, for which, strange to say, no provision had been made by our commanders, and the word fall back was given by a division officer. Simultaneously a report started that Johnson, with his whole division, was flanking our men, when the run of the teamsters commenced, interspersed with members of Congress in all haste, adding to the confusion, and producing a panic such as probably the world never saw. The roads were crowded with soldiers, civilians, cattle, horses and baggage, each trying to outdo the other in speed to save life. The panic extended to over half our forces, while strange to say, those who did retreat in order, could not be prevailed upon to make a stand at Centreville, nor even to bring off the wounded. There was

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too, a fatal lack of ambulances, only litters carried by hand could be had, and thus our gallant colonel of the 14th Brooklyn Regiment was abandoned, after having been carried some distance, his friends claiming that the only ambulance they could procure was destroyed on the way: he was first carried from the field to the church, temporarily made a hospital, thence to a blacksmith's shop, where he desired to be left; and finally, after being carried some little distance beyond in an ambulance, became separated from the soldiers, and has not been heard from since. From the best descriptions I can gather of his injury from intelligent parties, it was a flesh wound in the thigh, from which he lost much blood, but which was not of a dangerous character. He was in good spirits when last seen, suffering a little pain, but talkative and hopeful. The soldiers all say that he led them into action in the most gallant manner, and first had his hat shot off by a rifle ball; afterwards receiving the musket ball in the thigh; and even after receiving this severe injury, after nearly fainting from loss of blood, he ordered a soldier to hold him up, cheering on his men, utterly regardless of himself, and as determined as ever! Such a record is Col. Wood's—may he yet be spared. The enemy sent in word that our wounded should receive the same attention as their own men. All here believe that the Colonel is beyond our lines, in their hands a prisoner, but carefully nursed by the two surgeons of the regiment, both of whom have not yet come in. No doubt they are with the wounded, and in a few days we shall see them again. Lieutenant Fowler came in, after having been given up as dead. He lay concealed in a thicket until dark, and then marched in on foot. All concur in this, that the 14th is entitled to great credit for their gallant fighting. They stormed and took an open battery three different times, each time being overwhelmed in numbers. Thirteen Colonels of other regiments are yet missing!—showing the desperate fighting done by our men, and that the enemy's sharpshooters were especially ordered to pick off our officers. The Fire Zouaves performed prodigies of valor; the 69th, and especially the Rhode Island regiments, covered themselves with glory. An incident is given of Gov. Sprague, who was in command of the Rhode Island brigade, worth repeating—"Boys," said he, rushing to the front ranks, during the hottest of the firing, when the regiment was like to be thrown into confusion by the thundering of iron hail about them, "Boys, follow your Governor! give them the Devil!" And so they did. Military men on the field advance the opinion that the rebels suffered a severe loss, probably three or four times greater than ours. They fired too high, while our men

look deliberate aim. The Fire Zouaves killed at one volley, all but seven of their "Black Horse Cavalry"—a crack company. In an open field, our troops will overtake them. Nothing, however, can be clearer than that this advance upon Manassas was all wrong. Our troops did not want Manassas as a strategical point, why not then have passed around it, or have attacked it in the rear. While Banks would make a Secretary of the Portfolio of War, worth the whole cabinet together. Meetings in New York and other northern cities could effect this change. There has been great energy in preparation lacking, to get ready our army. A second mistake can not be allowed, the present army is perfectly demoralized, not to say disorganized. A prominent military gentleman declared to me last evening that Beauregard could take Washington now in two hours time.—That the several regiments are not in condition or character to fight. All last night many rumors were flying about, that Beauregard was advancing for a night attack upon the city, and I will say that a majority of the people here believe in Beauregard's advance very soon. The administration does not yet in my judgment realize fully the "situation."

Nothing clearer shows this than the utter neglect to consider what should be done if defeated at Bull's Run. No preparations of any kind contemplated a defeat, and had Beauregard followed our army he would have annihilated it, taken Washington, and dictated his orders from the White House that night. Providence seems to have protected us through many blunders. It will now take two or three months before another advance can be made; let us hope that General Greley will learn a lesson of war by this defeat. I am sorry to say that the officers of our regiments instead of being in their several camps, are at any time to be seen lounging about our hotels and bar rooms; Wilson declared in the Senate today that one half of them "were not worth the powder to blow them to pieces." I give his exact words. Not a few of them are intoxicated nightly. Strike their names from the roll, Mr. Lincoln, and do not place the Republic again in jeopardy through the culpable neglect of supine hands. Many of the officers outran their regiments, and some even changed their uniform to facilitate their flight as civilians! What a shameful disgrace! Incidents are related of whole regiments standing hours in the rain, awaiting a meal of victuals on their arrival here, while Colonels and officers were dining at the hotels! And it is an absolute fact that the army at Bull's Run took up the line of march at half-past two o'clock in the morning, marched till ten, and then went into action without a mouthful to eat the whole day. One of the 14th boys told me he would and could have brought in our Colonel, but for his very exhaustion from hunger and thirst. And yet plenty of baskets of champagne were known to have been sent down by brigades. These things will be corrected next time no doubt.

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E. T. W.

I have been told that the last whereabouts of Colonel Wood was in an ambulance; and myself being quite an interested party cannot give you my version of the affair. That he was wounded and taken from the field is true, but by whom I know not, neither is it to the question; but, in our retreating, after carrying the colonel on a stretcher for some mile, our party induced the driver of one of the 71st Regiment ambulances to take the colonel in, and the driver having a wounded soldier in with him desired to advance as fast as possible, in order to reach Centreville, to procure medical assistance, and in doing so, we got in advance of the most of our immediate party (except a few who kept close by the ambulance as a guard) and on emerging from the woods into Centreville road, we were suddenly surprised by being fired upon from the road. Of course this created a panic, and the driver started at a brisk pace, thinking to get clear by quick driving, but on arriving at the bridge, found it completely blocked up by teams completely wedged together, and every one trying to get away as quick as they could, and of course Colonel Wood was left to his fate in that ambulance; he was seriously wounded in the thigh, I think, and I think could not have gotten out of the ambulance without assistance. As to Doctors Homeston and Swalm being with him I deny, for if they had been, why such haste to get where medical assistance could be procured? also, had they been there, why should I not have seen them, being personally acquainted with both of them.

I assert again that Capt. W. L. B. Steers of Co. E and myself were with him until stern necessity compelled us to abandon him, and save our lives by flight, I myself being wounded in the foot.

Yours truly,
JOHN H. STYLES,
1st Lt. A Co. 14th Regt. N. Y. S. M.

BROOKLYN, July 26, 1861.

[Letter from a son to his parents.]

CAMP PORTER, ARLINGTON, VA.,

Tuesday, July 23d. 1861.

teries. We then made a charge and fell back to reload. We were drawn into a ditch to draw the enemy's fire from our artillery. We went up a road and were fired upon by some of our own men, whether the 71st, 27th or the 8th regiment I do not know. We all fell on our faces till they had done firing, when we, of course not knowing who they were, stood up and fired at them. All this took place in less time than you can read of it. We went in the ditch were we were ordered and lay there to be shot at for almost a quarter of an hour, we then made three distinct charges at the enemy who fired at us with buckshot and bullets which mowed us down like grass. In the third charge within ten feet of the enemy's guns a shell exploded among our company and some ten or twelve fell, I among them. I felt a sharp pain in my left shoulder or rather behind it. I put my hand there and found a piece of my jacket and shirt gone, there was a cut big enough to lay your finger in. I turned round and saw our captain fall. I ran to him and a sergeant and I carried him off the field. He is wounded in the left breast by a ball. It is not extracted yet. We were ordered to retreat to Washington the enemy having a reinforcement of some forty thousand men as near as Gen. McDowell could tell. Our poor Colonel was shot in the hip after his horse was shot under him. How our retreat was conducted I do not know. How we travelled almost sixty miles in twenty-eight hours, and how we ever reached the camp I do not know. When we got in I fell down and went to sleep. I cannot write any more at present.

G. H. PRICE,

P. S.—I hear that the 14th was cut off; that the enemy fired into our ambulances and killed all the wounded, our Colonel among them. Whether it is true I can't tell.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, July 23.

I write you these few lines to let you know that I am safe, but scarcely able to stir from the effects of our marching and our exertions in the battle. Pretty much all of our men are in the same condition. That is, all that is left of us. I am very sorry to tell you we lost the battle, but I hope you and our friends won't blame us, for God knows that we did our best to win, and particularly the New York troops; they fought manfully; and Brooklyn need not be ashamed of the 14th Regiment, for they did what none others dare do. It was when the Fire Zouaves were in the advance and laying for the rascals to come out, that we charged right upon the battery—to the very cannon's mouth—and gave them volley after volley, and all of a sudden they opened their guns upon us, and plowed us down with grape and canister. Not only this but their cavalry charged upon us, when we were compelled to retreat. As we were retreating I saw my companions fall thick and fast around me, but I hadn't any chance to help the wounded on the gory field. As we were going over, one of the Generals stepped up and said, "14th are you tired?" We told him no. Said

he, "you have done your part." He shouts out for the other troops to rally. For our part we could not rally without support, and all our officers were shot. We stood firm, and we saw even the regulars retreating. The General shouts out, "Give one more rally." They would not rally. Said he, "Up on his horse." As soon as he fell musket, and shot him off his horse. As soon as he fell one of the Fire Zouaves jumped on the horse and galloped away; when, all of a sudden, the fellows turned and fled as fast as they could go. This, you may think, is flattery, but it is not, it is a correct statement as near as I can remember. They have taken an immense number of prisoners, and the wounded they kill, as far as I can understand. They have 150,000 men stationed there. There was 90,000 men there first, and reinforcements coming in all the time, and if we had staid much longer they would most likely have surrounded us and taken us all prisoners. We lost our Colonel and a good many of our officers: our regiment is pretty well cut up. They are talking of sending us home to recruit again. They are going to give us new uniforms, for we are in need of them; mine was bad enough before the battle, but after the battle I notice they were pretty well riddled up. The bayonet belonging to my musket was knocked clean off with a shot.

JOSEPH SANDS, Co. A, 14th Regt.

CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, Va, July 22, 1861.

We have just arrived back in camp after an absence of six days. A magnificent action has been fought. We must have had nearly 50,000 men engaged, and the enemy, as events proved, had many more. The 51st had a post of honor, and honorably maintained it up to the moment of retreat. At each step new difficulties arose, and cunning devices of the foe were developed. Masked batteries, protected by the living wood, treacherous mines, and crafty ambushes, came to light. It was only by a miracle of Grace that I escaped harm. Once I was sent with some companies to "draw out" the enemy. They came too soon, and sent a volley of rifle balls at us, as our caps rose upon the brow of the hill within a hundred yards of their concealed works. We had only one man touched, springing back as we did into a ravine. As the rebels showed themselves in pursuit of us, Richardson's battery of rifled cannon threw in spherical case shot that did much slaughter. They seem determined not to come out openly and fight like true soldiers, so we have to resort to stratagem to bring them within reach. While making a reconnoissance during the battle, I came upon a force of rebels from two to three thousand strong as near as could be judged. Blackhawk took me on a gallop along their front.

Much to our surprise they had entered a ravine, and were discovered by our pickets just in time to prevent their turning our left flank. The instant they saw me a shower of balls came whistling about me. Then the grass was not suffered to grow beneath Black Hawk's feet. He took the hint, and the way the noble beast cleared a fence and swept along the hill-side up to the battery of rifled guns of Capt. Green was the theme of admiration of the beholders. A score of guardian angels must have averted from me the leaden rain. One shot, perhaps intended for me, struck the head of a gallant young lieutenant (Gill, serving with the regular artillery) and penetrated the brain. While the guns were playing upon the heads of the interlopers, I hastily examined the wound, no surgeon being present. Emptying a canteen of water upon the head of the poor fellow, I soon satisfied myself that the injury was fatal. Consciousness was gone although the eyes were open and he breathed hard and steadily, a smile being fixed on his lips. I think he lived only half an hour. Lieut. G. belonged to the Massachusetts volunteers.

After maintaining our ground against heavy odds, we received the mortifying order to retreat. We could not understand what it meant, until it became too palpable that the whole of our force was falling back upon Centreville. At 11 P. M. came a whispered order to retreat to Fairfax, ten miles off. The troops, whose haversacks and blankets had been left upon the field, and who had been on their feet for twenty-two hours, retired in tolerably good order, marching by daylight this morning twenty-eight miles. Yet no complaint has been uttered, in my hearing, at least. The Federal loss is terrible, but the Southern still more so. The next time we will win.

L— was much interested in his first battle—my seventh. Our admirable surgeon, Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, toiled professionally until he could not stand alone. When all the surgeons of other regiments were literally obeying the order to retreat, he and his assistants of the 31st were true, entirely so. All honor to such men. Why did we retreat when our position was tenable? We only obeyed an imperative order. * * * * *
And so will terminate the hurried epistle of one who has slept but two hours in the last forty-eight.

Wm. H. BROWNE,
Lieut. Colonel 31st N. Y. Volunteers.
THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following is the official list of the killed, wounded and missing in the 11th (Brooklyn) Regiment, as furnished to us by the Hon. Moses F. Odell, Representative in Congress from this (the 2d) District :

COMPANY A.

Privates—Martin Frank, killed.
“ James Keating, killed.
“ Robert Simmons, killed.
“ Michael Kelly, missing.
“ John Mack, missing.
“ Robert Pomerich, missing.
“ Wm. Burns, missing.
“ Geo. Caffrey, missing.
“ James Donnelly, missing.
“ Michael Donnelly, missing.
“ Wm. M. Farrell, missing.
“ Wm. McCauley, missing.
“ Andrew Mackey, missing.
“ George McLaughlin, missing.
“ George O'Hara, missing.
“ Fulgence Perry, missing.
1st Sergeant, James Culley, missing.
Capt. Robert B. Jordan, wounded.
Private—Thos. Morrow, wounded.
“ Harris Bogert, wounded.

COMPANY B.

Corporal, Thomas J. Fagan, missing.
Private—Robert Bold, missing.
“ John Bradley, missing.
“ George W. Blake, missing.
“ William Blydenburg, missing.
“ William Dakin, missing.
“ Stephen Hastings, missing.
“ Henry Jukes, missing.
“ Thomas McMahon, missing.
“ William Munay, missing.
“ Michael Stackpole, missing.
Sergeant, John J. Brudskaw, slightly wounded.
Private—George E. Baldwin, slightly wounded.
Musician, Abm. Dixon, slightly wounded.