

Another Soldier's Account of the Battle.
Extract of a letter from George E. Field, of
Lee, private in Capt. Meinecke's Company, to
his father, dated July 23d:

"We were called out at one o'clock Saturday night, and given to understand that there was to be battle the next day, and were then marched along from point to point, till eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when the order came to throw aside our blankets and haversacks, and prepare for a charge on the enemy. We then ran some two miles, over streams, through woods and swamps, till nearly one half the regiment dropped behind from sheer exhaustion. We then formed a line under the brow of a hill, and waited for the stragglers to come up. Then came the order to charge up the hill, and the moment we reached the top we were met by a shower of musket balls; we returned the fire and charged again, loading as we ran. The enemy retreated towards their batteries, and the moment they were out of range of their own cannon, we were met by a perfect hurricane of balls, grape-shot and shell; but we kept on till we almost reached the batteries, and then came the order to retreat, which we did slowly, firing as we went.

Our brigade of nearly four thousand men formed and retreated under Gen. Tyler, in good order for a mile, when we began to be joined by others, all broken and in confusion, which produced a panic in our ranks, and we retreated for two or three miles in complete confusion.

As we approached a narrow bridge over a shallow stream, we were attacked by a force of the enemy, and then commenced a rush for the bridge. Men, baggage wagons, ambulances and artillery were all struggling to get across. I jumped off the bridge into the water to escape being jammed to death, and had just got under the bridge, when down came a heavy wagon and four horses, head over heels; I swam across and got out on the other side. Our regiment then formed in a line, waited until all were over and then closed in and acted as rear guard till we met our reserve force. We got to our old camping ground at dark and laid down on the wet ground without blankets, by the side of our guns, some of us wet to the skin, and slept an hour, when the word came to continue our retreat. We marched all night and until ten o'clock next day, when we reached Alexandria. It rained smartly. We had marched about fifty miles, and most of the regiment had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. When we arrived we stood two hours in the rain. They then gave us a drink of whiskey (I took some that time), and turned us into an old store and left us. About dark we were supplied with a loaf of bread and a slice of raw bacon.

Capt. Meinecke was quite badly injured while crossing the bridge. Our chief surgeon and chaplain were taken prisoners. Capt. Jameson acted with great bravery in the charge and led his men to bring off the wounded.

EXETER, Aug. 2d, 1861.

Mr. Editor:

The following is an extract from a private letter from James Kelley of this town, who is a soldier in the 2d Maine Regiment, and was engaged in the battle at Bull Run 's

Yours, D. B.

We started from our encampment at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, and marched four miles and came upon four masked batteries. They were about six or seven rods apart, and had trenches dug so that they could go from one to the other without being shot. We drove them all into one, and thus they knew they had got to fight or die, and so they went at it, and I tell you George, they will fight when you get them penned, but when there is a chance they had rather run than stand. We had a long and hard time of it. The first gun was fired at half past four in the morning, and we fought eight hours, and the guns were not silenced during the whole time. Our regiment was in front of the guns all day. We had a flag sent us the day before we fought from California, which cost twelve hundred dollars, and they shot two men from under it but they did not get it.

At 5 o'clock we had driven them back from their guns, and our regiment made a rush for them, but we were too late, for when we had got within twenty feet of their guns they had a reinforcement of five thousand, commanded by Johnston, and we had not eaten anything and had nothing to drink and were all exhausted, and Tyler gave the order to retreat, we turned and walked off. There was not a man ran until we were half a mile off, and then the way the government shoes flew was not slow, for they had begun to throw shells into us. A man that was running beside me had his legs taken off by a cannon ball. After we had gone about four miles we were attacked by the South Carolina Black Horse Cavalry. One hundred of them bit the ground, and the others thought it was time to be leaving. I got one of their swords to remember them by.

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