

Mr. President & Cadets -- The following reminiscences ~~or recollections~~ are the ones you were invited to listen too at the Camp Fire given by the Y.L. of the First BCh. last Dec. As my experience in public reading ~~or speaking~~ is rather limited I did not on that occasion pitch my voice to the right key to be heard in the back part of the Hall, unless you were given seats, as several of your <sup>number</sup> have since told me -- and asked me to repeat it some time --- my appearance here this evening is in answer to those requests.

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About two weeks ago a committee from the Young People's association called upon me with a request; that I should furnish something for this evng entertainment and about the same time I was made the victim of a compulsory detail -- to produce about the same thing for another Camp Fire, and one <sup>to</sup> which I made all protests in vain, and as your Com would listen to my excuses with about the same results, I finally thought that my recollections of that celebrated Battle of July 21<sup>st</sup>/61 known as Bull Run might be of ~~xxx~~ interest to some of you. I now put

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~~to gether some of the incidents and events of that day~~ hoping that you will excuse what may seem as egotism as I am going to give what passed before my own eyes, & ~~on~~ in which I was a participant.

The manner & way of leaving Washington where our Regiment had been in camp for twelve days -- and the incidents of the march, or that famous "On to Richmond Picnic", I will not take your time to relate, but will commence on Saturday night, July 20<sup>th</sup> -- The 27<sup>th</sup> N.Y.S. Vols of which my company was a part had been in camp about 2 miles east of Cartersville for a day & one night, resting from our hurried march from Washington, having left that

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City ---day noon previous.

About 10 P.M. I was called to the Col. Hdqrs and there met the commandants of the several companies -- we were informed by the Col that we were to break camp at 2 o'clock the next morning & that we each must see that our commands were in line promptly & that if we were short of ammunition (40 rounds per man) we had best look to it at once that there might be no delay the next morning.

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We stayed there but a short time & all left to get ready -- as part of my co was on picket, [*my Lieut*] was Officers of the [*Guard*] I had to attend to all the business myself--going to camp Quarters I found (as usual at that time of the unpleasantness) the boys had not been sparing of their cartridges and needed considerable to make the necessary amt for man -- and on getting out to the picket line found the same thing there, but finally got things pretty well fixed up, and looking at the time found it to be nearly midnight. I mention these little details to show how nicely I was fixed for a long march, on the next hot July day. Well 2 o'clock came & with it was Bugles -- who lost no time, or wind, in making

a noise, that should be heard by all in camp – about ½ past two the men were in line, and off we started and marched about a mile, when we were halted for a long time, why, I never knew,

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And then, until after daylight, it was march a short distance & and then halt & repeat, again & again – After a long series of these we left the turnpike & entered a road through the woods & here we went along nicely for some hours until about eight o'clock, we came out upon a fine [?] country, & leaving the road started across the fields, and soon came to what is called Sudley's Church Ford, which was the first water, we had seen since starting early in the morning and as it was getting quite hot, and the many feet made the dust lively the men were suffering from thirst the Col bathed <sup>^the regiment</sup> and such a scramble for water I never saw before, but we could not stop long – and here let me say that we <sup>had</sup> neither Corps Division nor Brigade formations at this time, and did not know who our commanders were, for myself I

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had never even seen General McDowell, who had command of the forces that day, and also I must speak of our Arms & Ammunition – we were armed with what is known in Army life, as the old Harpers Ferry Musket, from the fact that they were made at that place, and were of large caliber and used the old large ball & 3 Buck Shot Cartridge. The Rebels had, you probably now heard, scimmed all the best arms of the Government & had them shipped to various points convenient for them some time before the war broke out and these poor arms were the best that could be obtained at that time.

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We had better ones afterwards. We were in General [H?'s] immediate command and were selected by Gen McDowell to make an attack upon & break the enemys left wing and which we accomplished -- soon after leaving the Ford, while passing up a side road an aid came [?] down at full speed

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[?] with (as I afterwards was told) orders for us to hurry up, & go across a certain field, where we would find something to amuse us. This was about 9:30 AM. In going across this field, we were for the first time fired upon by the Rebs. A Battery on our left flank commenced sending around shot at us at long range, doing but little damage for some time, when we were ordered. On the right; left front into line and on the formation being made a charge was ordered, and off we went keeping a pretty good alignment until we were in close range when the aforesaid Battery gave us [?] + canister that opened large gaps in the line but before we were very near they limbered up & got out of the way. We went to the top of the elevation I should think it was about 25 or 30 feet above the rest of the field that we passed over & [?] we were hatted + [?] our brim and had a chance to see what was about us, for a short time and for a short time only.

While we were standing there a regiment

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in grey uniforms came along the depression in front of <sup>^us</sup> partly hidden by some scrub pine trees within easy pistol range and some of our men fired at them, but orders were passed along the lines, that they were a Brooklyn Reg't of Militia, which was done, but in a moment they turned and fired on us with terrible results – our Col. H.W. Slocum, fell wounded, several line officers were killed & wounded besides about 40 of the rank + file.

The boys would not stand this – down they went without orders or anything else & off went the Rebs on a run. We followed on, a short distance to another rise in the land & <sup>^then halted</sup>. From this point we could see <sup>in the distance</sup> perhaps a mile away, a long line of cars, with two locomotives, attached to them, and men all over them- on tops of the cars & windows, soon off they went, and another train was hooked down & left <sup>^ & our supposition was that the Rebels were? As they ?</sup> driven from all ? this was about noon & hot very hot & what little air was stirring was full of smoke and friendly fire to breathe[?]. After resting here a short time our Maj [?] Com

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Col Slocum having been wounded & our Lt. Col. being urgent business elsewhere, we again formed a line & again had hardly done so when a Reb battery opened on us and soon got the range and our falling back under the little elevations & started for the rear of that Battery [?] & alone. I have often thought, how easy it would have been for the Rebs to have gobbled us up, but it was not so to be. On getting a little out of the Hollow we were in we saw the Battery had, what seemed to be a Rgt of two for support but on we went getting a good deal of attention from the Batt and some shots from the [?] until we were stopped by someone on horseback and ordered to attack some troops that were around and about a large house on a hill on our right, which was + ~~believe~~ the Henry house, we started off & soon found it convenient to lie under the banks of a creek or run as they call it down there & here we stayed until we were ordered to fall in & join with two or three other Regts , the 11<sup>th</sup> NY and 69<sup>th</sup> NY (Corcorans) the no of the others I have forgotten I suppose

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& support two batterys that were on a knoll a short distance away. The Batterys were Ricketts & Griffins or parts of them ~~xxxxxx~~. We started off and soon drew the fire of several Battys of Rebs and at least two Batterys losing some men but finally ~~xxxx~~ reached our position in pretty good shape but had hardly done so, when down came the Rebs + drew us back, and with such deadly effect that nearly every Artillery man in both batterys ~~were~~ was killed or wounded and the horses & drivers nearly all killed or run away. I saw one team 3 horses running at full speed dragging the 4 dead but we charged & captured the [?] only to be driven back again and again. We drew the rebs back recapturing the [p?] and lost them after we for the want of horse to take them off the field. Our Regt lost [?] in this last struggle (for us of the day). The casualties in my own co were 22 killed + wounded + 8 prisoners who were [?] exchanged. The Rebs seemed to have had enough of us for a time at least + we were left in possession of the

knoll. Our Maj? (now Gen. Bartlett) + several of the commandants of companys getting together thought best

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as we were out of ammunition to go back to Cartersville and we started for the turnpike + then for camp with our drum corps playing + in perfect order soon after reaching the pike a section of a Battery came tearing ~~down~~ along at fast speed + ran into one ? co inspiring two or three <sup>of the men</sup> the [?] of company + regiment broke to the right + left + gave way for them to pass. This was near the Stone Bridge across [?] Run. The Battery that made up the [?] were startled at this bridge by a lot of Baggage wagons +c that filled up the road and they lost their [?] after all. We got back to our old camp ground between 10 & 11 o'clock at night and after getting something to eat rolled up in our blankets & laid down to rest after 22 hours of marching + fatigue such as we had never seen before but about an hour after were ordered to fall back as rapidly as possible on Washington + then for the first time, did I at last think we had been whipped but how I could not tell on getting out from the camp ground which was a little back from the turnpike we passed everything + everybody seemingly on his own hook + of course it did not take long for our Regt to get in the same shape and soon all signs of Regimental or Company formations were lost, + mingled in that motley throng. We made the [?] of our way to Washington, where we [?] Tuesday morning around daylight + went in our old Qs on Franklin Square & resumed the duties + routine of a comp of *[Inst???*