

2 August 1861 – New York Times
Our Wounded at Manassas
Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 1

A letter has been received here from a young Philadelphian, Harry Rockafellow, of the New York Seventy-first, who was wounded and captured in the late battle, which seems to give assurance that Sudley Hospital was not burnt, and that he is treated kindly.

5 August 1861 – New York Times
August 1861 - Baltimore Exchange Washington Correspondent
Notes of the Rebellion
Story of Escaped Prisoners from Sudley Church

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Exchange gives the following as the story of private Doherty, of the New York Seventy-first, who escaped from Sudley Church in company with Capt. Allen, of the Massachusetts Eleventh, and private Waldorf, of the Wisconsin Second:

“About 4 o’clock on Sunday afternoon just as the chances of the field were beginning to turn against the National troops, and the Seventy-first had their hands full, a shell took off the foot of a comrade of Mr. Doherty, his rear man, in Company A. Mr. D. immediately proceeded to carry the poor fellow to the hospital, and had hardly done so when the bugle sounded the retreat, and his regiment, with the rest of the troops, were retiring rapidly, leaving him far behind. He at once made a dash for his own freedom, and gained almost alone an open field, where a party of Confederate troops under Capt. Barker, took him prisoner, and conducted him to the hospital at Sudley Church. Here he found Dr. Pignet amputating the arm of a private of the Seventy-first and assisted him to the best of his ability in the performance of various surgical operations the whole afternoon. Twelve surgeons were prisoners in the church, and these remained there for the relief of the wounded – nearly all of whom were Nationals – all night. There were 286 wounded at this place, 70 being exposed in the open air for lack of accommodations, the rest in the black-smith’s shop, carpenter’s shop, and church.

On Monday morning most of the prisoners surgeons were removed to Manassas, all being required to give their parole; but all declined except Drs. Pignet, Swift, Winston, Buckstone and DeGrath. These latter returned and resumed their duties in the hospital. During the absence of the surgeons, twelve of the wounded died. Thirty-two had died up to the time of Mr. Doherty’s escape.

On Friday night about five minutes before 10 o’clock, by a preconcerted arrangement, Capt. Allen and Messrs. Doherty and Waldorf – who had from the first been allowed a reasonable freedom of movement – approached the guard at the blacksmith’s shop. I must not forget to mention that Mr. Waldorf was wounded in the arm, and that Capt. Allen had contrived to exchange his officer’s uniform for that of a private, and that he successfully affected to be wounded also. By an arrangement with a Rhode Island soldier, they were to be informed by a signal when the guard should reach a certain point on his beat.

Thus prepared, they approached the sentry, and assuming the character and tone of Confederate officers, called out to him “half past 10 there!” – they having previously ascertained that the guard was to be relieved at 10 o’clock. The man, suspecting nothing, immediately walked to the end of his beat to look for the relief; at once the signal was given by the Rhode Islander, and the three prisoners leaping a fence, noiselessly crossed a little brook, and were quickly concealed in the woods. Mr. Doherty believes that they were not missed till the roll-call the next morning.

They pushed forward with all speed that night and all of the next morning, steering by the moon, until, at 2 ½ o’clock on Saturday afternoon, they reached the house of a Mr. Macon. Here they resolved, at all risks, to stop and make inquiries. By Mrs. Macon, who was alone at home, they were so closely catechized as to render their situation peculiarly uncomfortable. They passes for men of the Fourth Alabama Regiment, and she showed that she was familiar with that corps, by inquiring as to the fate of two officers named Grey. Doherty told her that one of them had been killed. This she promptly denied, from the strength of other information which had reached her, but her suspicions were removed by the explanation that “the Grey we mean was a private.” The fugitives, however, seeing that Mrs. Macon was by no means a person of easy credulity, lost no time in relieving her Southern hospitality of their presence.

Near Leesburgh, still passing for Alabamians, they met a man who was satisfied with their story that they were picking blackberries, and had got separated from their regiment. He kindly informed them that they would find their comrades at Ball’s Mill waiting for artillery. Near Milford they met a little boy and girl who directed them for information, to the house of a Mr. Edwards, where they arrived at 5 P. M., on Saturday.

Here also they perceived they were suspected for a horseman rode up and, after conferring with Edwards, departed hastily – when they slipped away. As they were pressing with all speed towards the Potomac, a party of

about ten horsemen came suddenly upon them and ordered them to halt; but as they had a high fence on their right inclosing a cover of trees, they took no further notice of the challenge save to leap the fence, the horsemen discharging their pistols at them, and take refuge among the trees, Some farmers of the neighborhood, hearing the firing, were promptly on the spot with their guns and joining the horsemen, took down a part of the fence, and began a search. Meantime the fugitives had cut down branches from the trees, and with these and some light brushwood, concealed themselves effectually. Mr. Doherty assures us that as the troopers beat the woods, the horse of one of the them actually trod lightly on his leg, as he lay in his hiding place.

After perhaps an hour and a half of ineffectual search, they abandoned the woods, and took to the road, concluding that the prisoners had given them the slip, and got off in that way. Before going, however, they left a man on guard, who very soon lay down on a log but a few feet from his hidden foes. Doherty, almost exhausted, had availed himself of the occasion and this cozy concealment, to take a nap, and when he was roused by the captain, who whispered that they must be moving, he had just dreamed that he was a prisoner again, and could not easily shake off the impression.

Their guard was still sleeping, and they might easily have killed him with a six shooter, their only arms, but forbore from fear of bringing the people down upon them. At 1 ½ o'clock Sunday morning they reached the Potomac. Here they found a solitary horseman, who made a sudden rush, no doubt to give the alarm, whereupon they plunged at once into the river, and partly by swimming, partly by wading, reached Long Island, 17 miles from Washington

Mr. Doherty assures me – and Capt. Allen will, I believe, cordially indorse his statement – that nothing could exceed the magnanimity of the Confederate officers towards their prisoners wounded or unwounded. Not a harsh word fell from them to mortify or insult the men who had just struggled with them, sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet; but, on the contrary, they displayed a lively solicitude for their comfort. This kindness was especially conspicuous in the artillery and cavalry officers.

Capt. Ball, who, whilst a prisoner at Washington, had been guarded by a detachment of the Seventy-first, was assiduous in his hospitable attentions. He and his men (who were not in the fight as has been reported) sent milk, eggs, and brandy. A farmer in the neighborhood, named Ricketts, was very kind. He and his wife sent the National wounded, soup, gruel and a young lamb. They feel especially grateful to Capt. White and Patrick and Col. Barker. The latter said to them, “Take good care of yourselves, boys, and see that your wounded have what they require.”

Gen. Beauregard rode up to the hospital, and gave particular orders that the enemy's wounded should be well attended. I am happy to record the manly evidence of these gentlemen. No dying man's throat was cut, they say – no dead man robbed.

Fair Play

6 August 1861 – New York Times

The Battle of Bull Run

The Seventy-First New York Regiment

Interesting Statement of Edward P. Doherty, Company A, Seventy-First Regiment, Who was Captured at Bull Run, Sunday, July 21, and Escaped from the Enemy on Friday Night Following, July 26th.

The Regiment left the Navy-yard Tuesday, July 16, at 10 o'clock, and marched up the Avenue over the Long Bridge, to their camping grounds, within five miles of Fairfax, where, at 9 P. M. they stacked and bivouacked for the night in the open field, together with Co. Burnside's Brigade, consisting of the First and Second Rhode Island Infantry, Second Rhode Island Battery, and Second New Hampshire Volunteers. At 5 A. M., July 17, (Wednesday,) the brigade formed a line of march, and proceeded to Fairfax Court-house, where they arrived at 10 A. M., and found the breastworks of the enemy deserted, as well as the town, of all secession troops. Halted in the town before the Court-house; the flag was hoisted upon the Court-house by the Rhode Island Regiments, the band saluting it with the National airs.

The march was then resumed; the whole Brigade proceeded half a mile beyond Fairfax, and bivouacked on the old camp-ground of the rebels, which they had abandoned that morning between 6 and 9 o'clock. Large quantity of blankets were found burning, having been destroyed by them in this manner in their hasty retreat; also, a store-room of military clothing was found by them, as well as a dozen of their tents which were immediately put to good use, and a bullock just dressed, which furnished rations for the Seventy-first, as far as it went.

In this encampment the Brigade remained till? A. M. Thursday, July 18, the Brigade again marched four miles, and halted by command of Gen. McDowell, where the Brigade remained till 3 P. M., on an old camp-ground of the enemy, when the march was again taken up, under a scorching sun, till within a mile and a half of Centreville, where we bivouacked once more, the men making pleasant huts of the boughs of trees.

During the night the regiment was called to arms, in consequence of the firing of pickets on our left. Friday and Saturday was passed in this place, very pleasantly, the regiments of the brigade having a regimental drill each day, and also being served with good rations of fresh meat and plenty of coffee and sugar.

On Saturday, orders were issued to prepare to march at 1 A. M., Sunday, each man to take two days rations of good salt beef, salt pork and crackers in haversack, with positive instructions to fill his canteen with water, and not to use it on the route, as water was scarce. This was done, and the regiment marched with the brigade Sunday morning at 2 A. M. for the battle-field, passing through Centreville just before sunrise.

After proceeding a mile and a half beyond Centreville we were ordered to halt and cap our pieces. We then crossed a bridge, mounted a hill in the vicinity, and to the right of Gen. McDowell's head quarters, and then turned to the right into a field, at a double quick, which was kept up about a quarter of an hour, passing through a wood and halting in a field, where we remained about twenty minutes. Gen. McDowell and his Staff came into the field. This was between 6 and 7 o'clock. The march was then resumed by a circuitous route through the woods, passing several dry brooks, until we reached Bull Run, which we waded in great confusion, every one being anxious to get water. Company lines were immediately formed on the other side, and an advance was made up the road at quick step, firing being heard upon our left.

After a mile's marching at quick step, we were put upon double quick up the hill, wheeling to the left, into an old stubble-field, where we halted, and our arrival was announced by a shot from a rifle cannon whistling over our heads. The halt did not last two minutes, when Col. Burnside led the different regiments into their positions on the field. The Second Rhode Island entered the field first, to the extreme right, then the Rhode Island Battery, six pieces, and the two howitzers of the Seventy-first, and then to the left the Seventy-first, and after it, on its left the First Rhode Island, and then the Second New Hampshire, all formed in line of battle on the top of the hill. This movement was done at double quick. We were immediately ordered to fall back and lie down, as the discharge from the enemy's battery was very severe.

The First and Second Rhode Island Regiments, the Rhode Island Battery, and the two howitzers, opened fire on the enemy. One of the Rhode Island guns was immediately disabled by a shot from the enemy, and was carried off the field. The Seventy-first lay there as ordered, when an Aid from Col. Burnside rode up and asked for the field officers. Col. Martin then ordered us forward.

Prior to this some of the Seventy-first had gone over to the First Rhode Island, and were fighting in their ranks. Burroughs, Commissary of the Seventy-first rode up in front of us, dismounted from his horse and told the boys to go in and fight on their own account, which they did with a will. Just prior to this Capt. Ha__ of Company A, had been wounded and carried from the field; also Capt. Ellis of Company F. Then Lieut. Oakley came on. Going forward to the brow of the hill he received a shot in the leg of his pantaloons from one of his own men.

Some time after this the firing ceased upon both sides. McDowell, with his staff, then rode through our lines, receiving a cheer from the Seventy-first, and passed down the hill to the left, within 600 feet of the enemy's line. After that the brigade fell back into the woods and rested; taking care of the wounded, and removing them to the hospital; some straggling about over the fields without their muskets, looking on at the fight in other parts of the engagement, which they supposed was the end of the battle, thinking the day was ours.

At about 3 o'clock we formed in line again, on the brow of the hill. It was at this time that a shell fell over my left shoulder, and striking the ground behind me, rebounded upon the foot of private Wm. N. Smith, of Brooklyn, tearing it open. He threw his arms around my neck, and I assisted in carrying him to the hospital.

I returned from the hospital towards my regiment, and met other troops retreating, who informed me that my regiment had gone across the fields. I ran back past Sudley Church, then used as the hospital, up the hill, saw a regiment about half a mile ahead, which I supposed was the Seventy-first; took a short cut across the fields, when the cavalry galloped up and arrested me.

They took me back to the hospital, where, during the confusion I managed to conceal myself under a blanket, which was saturated with blood. Col. Barker, of the Virginia Cavalry, then galloped up and ordered all the unwounded prisoners to be driven to the Junction.

I should think there were about 50 prisoners in all at that point. They left me, supposing I was wounded. A guard was left to guard the hospital. I arose to go in quest of Dr. Peugnet, and found him engaged in amputating the arm of Harry Rockafellow, of 6 street, Philadelphia, of Company F. Seventy-first Regiment. Mr. Peugnet requested me to assist him, and he having completed his operation, then amputated the arm at the shoulder-joint of a Sergeant of a Maine or a New Hampshire Regiments, who had a brother, about 17 years of age, who had remained behind to take care of him. This man died under the operation. The next operation was that of my friend Wm. Smith, of Brooklyn, whom I had conveyed to the hospital. His foot was amputated.

During this time D. S. Foster, Swift and Winston, of the Eighth New York; Dr. DeGnat, Dr. Griswald, Dr. Buxton, and the doctor of the Fourth Maine; Dr. Stewart of ____, ____ of Rhode Island, and others whose names I

did not learn, one of whom, I believe was _____ of the West Point Battery; were attending the wounded of their respective regiments. Private Tyler, of the West Point Battery; had his thigh wounded and died that night. _____ Col. Martin's servant, who was wounded while assisting the Colonel to dismount also died. Mullen, Second Rhode Island, and two of the Seventy-first, whose names I do not know were found dead next morning.

Gen. Beauregard and Col. Barker came up about 3 ½ with 150 prisoners of different regiments, most of whom were Fire Zouaves. He stopped and inquired how our wounded were getting along, while the prisoners were driven towards the Junction by the cavalry. During the night a number of prisoners were brought in, and on Monday morning 30 were sent on, their hands tied together in front with Manila rope; among them was the lad of 17, from Maine, who pleaded bitterly to be left to see his brother buried, but was refused.

During the fore night an order was issued by Gen. Johnston for everyone to be removed from Sudley Church to Richmond, via the Junction. All who were not wounded were taken under a tree and tied, as an attack was anticipated. Our doctors strongly remonstrated against this order, as the greater part of our wounded, 250 in number had not received any attention. Capt. Patrick, of Virginia Cavalry, stated these were his instructions, and he meant to carry them out. We were accordingly all seized, hands bound, except the doctors who were in ambulances. It was then raining in torrents, and some 80 of the wounded were laying in the vicinity of the church and blacksmith shop without any shelter excepting a blanket. The doctors were hurriedly taken away, we being told that our wounded would be cared for by themselves.

Here we waited till 12 o'clock at night in the rain, awaiting orders when I requested Capt. Patrick to allow me to go down to the hospital to see a relative that had been badly wounded, telling him it would be better to shoot our wounded at once than to allow them to die off by inches; they were all calling for water and no one there to give it to them. He then said "Well my man, choose another man with you and go down." I chose Smith, of Company M. Seventy-First Regiment. Capt. Patrick then inquired if there were any more men who had brothers or relatives among the wounded. A general rush took place among the prisoners – they all stepping forward. He then allowed Atwood Crosby, of Maine, to take care of his brother, who was wounded in the back, and five others: Tompkins, Company C., Seventy-First; John Hann(?) of Massachusetts; a young boy of the Second Rhode Island, about 17 years old; Dregan, of the Twenty-seventh, and another, an assistant to a Maine surgeon, and his servant, who cooked for the prisoners, under the direction of Tompkins. The rest were kept out in the rain all night, and the following morning were sent to Richmond.

During Monday night a man from Wisconsin died, calling for his mother. He had a daguerreotype of his wife and two children. He called me to give him some water, which I did very frequently. He called for his "Dear Mother" – these were his last words. He was a man about 5 feet 6 inches, with a light moustache, and was wounded in the groin. A boy about 18 years old, dressed in the uniform of the Eighth Regiment, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, sandy complexion, shot in the head, had \$21 in his pocket-book, and a white silk badge, marked "Parker Guard," died Monday night. Devers, of Ellsworth Zouaves, wounded in the arm. He laid down to rest, and in the morning, when I went to bandage his arm, I found him dead. Also, a man from Rockland, Me., named Fletcher.

On Tuesday, Allen, of Company C, Seventy-first, died. He was wounded in the abdomen. Butler of Company C., Seventy-First, Elizabethtown, N. J., also died; wounded in legs. Doctors were not there to amputate. George Sayne and John P. Morrissey, both of the Seventy-first, also died Wednesday morning, within one hour of each other, lying side by side. Mead, of Massachusetts, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, died while having his thigh amputated. Several others died, whose names I could not learn, numbering in all 32.

On Tuesday evening, six of the Doctors came back on parole – Drs. Peugnet, Swift, Winston, DeGraw, Huxton and Stewart – and immediately commenced attending to the wounded. Their exertions were unremitting; their time day and night was given to the wounded until all the wounds were properly dressed and all cared for.

On Wednesday morning, Dr. Peugnet put me in charge of the hospital, and allowed me to choose 20 from the prisoners and wounded, who were able to take care of the wounded, to assist me.

The same morning a lady of the neighborhood brought us a bottle of wine and two dozen eggs, and we bought at noon twelve dozen of eggs from a sutler. Thursday morning a number of secession doctors made their appearance, bringing with them some luxuries which they gave to our doctors. Sometime during the day Noble, of Company F, and Gillette, of the Engineer Corps, both of the Seventy-first, were brought in as prisoners, and were retained as assistants at the hospital. They were not wounded. This day a number of ladies and farmers of the surrounding country visited our hospitals, bringing with them milk, soup, and cakes.

On Friday, they commenced removing the prisoners and wounded, amongst them Capt. Gordon, of the Eleventh Massachusetts; Lieut. Hamlin, Scott Life Guard, and all the Non-Commissioned Officers, leaving instructions with us to be prepared to follow the ambulances containing the wounded, who had undergone operations, on Saturday. In the meantime, Capt. Allen of the Eleventh Massachusetts, disguised as a private and wounded prisoner, a Wisconsin boy, named Worldorf, and myself, planned an escape which was successfully

accomplished between 5 and 10 P. M. Friday night. We ran the guard, and crawled on our hands and feet out of hearing distance of the sentinels; proceeded in a northeast direction until 3 ½ A. M.; met two pickets of the enemy in a small tent on the main road, which we had to cross to accomplish our escape; the pickets cowed at our appearance, and hid behind a tree, and we backed some one hundred feet with sticks pointed in the direction of the pickets, and then turned and ran about two miles, keeping a little to the north.

At 2 P. M. not knowing where we were, we determined to approach a house and inquire. We met two women at the gate, and told them we belonged to the Fourth Alabama Regiment. They asked for Messrs. Gray of that regiment – if we knew them – and a number of others, all of whom we told them were shot at Bull Run. They asked where we came from, and where were our arms. These questions we evaded, and asked them to show us the way to Centreville, which they did. We took an opposite direction, and at 4 P. M. halted at another house, where an old man came out and asked if we were soldiers. We replied in the affirmative, and added that we belonged to the Fourth Alabama Regiment, and had been picking blackberries and strayed away from our camp. He then said, “Are you the regiment that is waiting for artillery?” I replied, the same. “Then, boys.” Said he, “you are stationed at Ball’s Mill, three miles from here, (jointing in the direction of Leesburgh, half way from here to Leesburgh,” he then said, “Were you in the fight Sunday?” “Yes,” “I am glad, boys, you escaped from the slaughter. These d-d Yankees, I would like to see every man of them strung up. I never could bear them. I will send Edward to show you the way to the main road.” We thanked him and left.

At 5 P. M., came to a railroad. I saw a little boy and girl, and asked them what road it was. They replied they did not know, but if we would go to the house, Jeff. would tell us. After some further inquiries, without getting any information, we crossed the track and took to the woods, and continued our march until 6 P. M., when we saw a house standing alone in the bushes. We determined to go there, and get something to eat. Arriving at the gate, we inquired if they had something to sell us. They said they had, and we lost no time in investing in 50 cents worth of hoe-cake and milk.

While we were devouring these (to us) luxuries, a horseman galloped up to the door, and the lady of the house called the man with whom we were conversing, ‘Cousin George,’ (his name Edwards.) We suspected something wrong, and took a precipitate leave down the hill, and continued our march. Half an hour after leaving this house, we crossed the main road, and crossed the field, in order to reach a wood which we supposed was a forest, but which turned out to be nothing but a small thicket. Soon after crossing the thicket, we spied eight mounted troopers at full speed, passing along the road, some fifteen yards ahead, not supposing they were in search of us, we continued on our way, when, upon looking round, we found they had halted at the foot of the hill, and were looking in all directions; at last they saw us, and commanded us to halt and come back. This we had no desire to do, and knowing the fence along the road to be impassible on horseback, we thought our chances of escape were good. We accordingly ran, and they fired, one or two of them dismounting simultaneously with the discharge of the others guns, to let the rails of the fence down in order that they might pursue us into the woods.

In the meantime we had gained the wood and found another fence surrounding it. This fence was equally as wide as the first one. They galloped off to the edge of the woods where we should have to pass to make our escape, and surround the woods. Here they dismounted, took down the rails and entered the bushes, and commenced their search. In the meantime we had run back to where we entered the bush and hid under two large elm trees. Capt. Allen clipping the branches in order that we might pull them down over us with more facility; It was perhaps five minutes before they reached this portion of the thicket, and these trees being so much exposed, they concluded no person was there, and went away to the other end of the woods, but soon returned, and on passing one of these trees, one of the horses ridden by one of our pursuers grazed my right leg with his hoof, and so close were they upon us that we overheard all their conversation.

During this time some twelve or fifteen of the inhabitants of Milford turned out with their guns and pistols to assist the troopers to find the Yankees; and an order was given, by an old man in citizen’s dress, with orders to the men who had come together to look in all the bushes and to turn over all the old logs, and leave nothing undone which they might suppose would tend to our capture. Here one of them reckoned the Yankee ----- had got away; another said that if they were in those woods, they would give us alright warming, and they commenced discharging their guns in the bushes in every direction, but happily, did not aim in the direction of our tree.

In about an hour the old man returned, and ordered a boy about 18 years of age to remain beside us on a log, with instructions to fire at us the moment he saw us ____ “Even,” said he, “If you do miss them.” It was now 9 P.M., and the long prayed for darkness came to our rescue, and helped to cover our retreat. For nearly another hour the old wretch kept prowling about the woods, and finally went away. At about 11 o’clock we were so exhausted that we fell asleep, and rested until 12, when Allen crawled over to me and said, “They haven’t got us yet.”

I had dreamt, during my short slumber, that I was a captive, and he had some difficulty in persuading me to the contrary. Being reassured, I arose from my retreat, and, as we emerged from beneath the branches which had just

saved our lives, we beheld the youth who, two hours before, had been placed to watch for us; he was in a deep slumber, and had his gun grasped between his folded arms in a horizontal position. I drew my knife to dispatch him but Capt. Allen prevented me.

We then retraced our steps for nearly a mile and a half, and struck over for the Potomac, which we reached at 4 ½ o'clock Sunday morning, having kept up a quick and double-quick step all along the road.

Having reached the Potomac, we sat down to rest; but we were hardly seated before we saw a man on horseback approaching us by the road. He walked his horse past us as though he was unaware of our presence, until he reached the corner of a fence surrounding a corn-field, when he put spurs to his horse and went up the hill at full speed. We suspected something in this movement, and looking for shallow water, but finding none, we immediately plunged into the stream and swam the river. When within twenty feet of the opposite shore we heard firing and cries of "Come back," and on arriving ground we saw ten or fifteen men, in their shirt sleeves, ordering us back, and firing several shots at us. Of course we did not obey this command, but started off at a good pace into what we supposed was Maryland. We had not gone far before we came to another stream, which we waded.

We afterwards ascertained that we had crossed Edward's Island about 17 miles from Washington. Before losing sight of our pursuers, Capt. Allen showed his pistol, and shook it in defiance of them.

7 August 1861 – Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

Bull Run Incidents

A Zouaves in the Enemy's Camp

When the Fire Zouaves stormed the masked battery at Bull Run, and were forced to fall back by the grapeshot and cavalry charge, one of them was stunned by a blow from a saber, and fell almost under one of the enemy's guns. The Secessionists swarmed around him like bees, but feigning death, in the excitement he was unnoticed, and when a rally was made, managed to crawl back into the thicket inside the Confederate lines. Here he waited some time for an opportunity to escape, but finding none, concluded he would make the best of a bad bargain, and if he was lost would have a little revenge beforehand. Hastily stripping the body of a Confederate nearby, he donned his uniform, and seizing his rifle made his way to the entrenchments, where he joined the Secessionists, and watching his opportunities, succeeded in picking off several of their most prominent officers whenever they advanced out upon the troops. Here he remained for some time, until, thinking it best to leave before his disguise should be discovered, he joined a party who were about to charge upon our forces, and was to his gratification, again captured, but this time by his own men. Our fire proved very destructive to the enemy, and cut down their men by hundreds. In the battery where the Zouaves fell, he afterward counted thirty-five dead bodies lying close together, and the bushes were full of the wounded who had crawled off to get out of the way.

A Desperate Hand to Hand Contest

On Saturday night, before the battle, two of the Minnesota boys took it into their heads to forage a little, for amusement as well as eatables. Striking out from their encampment into the forest, they followed a narrow road some distance, until, turning a bend, five Secession pickets appeared not fifty yards distant. The parties discovered each other simultaneously, and at once leveled their rifles and fired. Two of the Confederates fell dead, and one of the Minnesotans, the other also falling, however, but with the design of trapping the other three, who at once came up, as they said, to "examine the d__d Yankees" Drawing his revolver the Minnesotan found he had but two barrels loaded, and with these he shot two of the pickets. Springing to his feet, and snatching his saber bayonet from his rifle, he lunged at the survivor, who proved to be a stalwart lieutenant, armed only with a heavy sword. The superior skill of the Southerner was taxed to the utmost in paring the vigorous thrust and lunges of the brawny lumberman; and for several minutes the contest waged in silence, broken only by the rustle of the long grass by the roadside and clash of their weapons. Feigning fatigue, the Minnesotan fell back a few steps, and as his adversary closed upon him with a cat-like spring, he let his saber come down upon the head of the Secesh, and the game was up. Collecting the arms of the Secessionists returned to the camp, where he obtained assistance, and buried the bodies of his companion and their foes in one grave.

One of the Alabama Fourth

Since the smoke of the great battle has cleared away and the extent of the losses have become pretty accurately known, the incidents connected with the conflict, as told by the engaged soldiers, have absorbed general attention and interest. Hundreds of these incidents have been written, and read, and wept and laughed over. Our gallant soldiers who have gone home are recapitulating them till now they are widely known. Prisoners who have escaped from the custody of the rebels are at present claiming the greatest attention. The telegraph has informed you of the escape of Capt. Allen, Massachusetts Eleventh; John P. Doherty, Sixty-Ninth, New York, and Orlando Bardorf, Wisconsin Second, who were taken prisoners at Manassas. Their escape possesses a marvellousness of

romance and peril of adventure seldom paralleled. To the inventive genius, cunning and daring of Doherty must be credited the escape. An Irish man of the shrewder sort, quick, sagacious, self possessed, bold and rollicking, he was sharp and speedy in devising means of escape. "I had no fear of their keeping me," he said, in telling me the story, "but I was bound not to come away alone." His intelligence and good nature obtained him the place of hospital steward at Sudley Church. He was not long in giving a drink with a narcotic sprinkling in it to the sentinel. The incautiously imbibing guard fell asleep, and Doherty and his comrades leaped from a rear window and pushed to the woods. They lay quiet days and journeyed by night. Several times they were pursued by cavalry, and showers of shot sent after them. At one time they were pursued into a small wood and surrounded. Hiding themselves in a thick tuft of bushes, they lay concealed sixteen hours. A horse of one of the searching troopers stepped on Doherty's leg. He felt like wincing under the superincumbent weight of horse flesh, but did not. The strong necessities of appetite compelled them to stop occasionally at farm houses for something to eat. Happily they only found women at home, whom they wheedled into the belief that they belonged to the "Alabama Fourth" One woman was suspicious, but they forbore waiting long enough to allow her distrust opportunity to reach a culminating point unfavorable to themselves. They all agreed in saying that the Potomac never looked pleasanter to Washington than it did to them. Pursued by cavalry and balls flying after them as they plunged into its cool embrace, they did not have that time to note the majestic beauty of the river and landscape that otherwise would have been gratifying to them.

31 August 1862 – New York Times

The Second Bull Run Battle

Washington, Saturday, August 30,

To-day's Evening Star, speaking of the battle of yesterday, says: "The battle was continued by the army corps of General Heintzelman, McDowell and Sigel, on our side, against a rebel force believed to number from fifty to sixty thousand strong – that is, against the army corps of Jackson, and, we presume, a portion of the rest of Lee's army that had succeeded in making its way down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap.

The location of the battle of the day was in the vicinity of Haymarket, and from Haymarket off in the direction of Sudley Church, or in other words but a few miles northwest of the scene of the never to be forgotten battle of Bull Run.

Heintzelman's Corps, if we are correctly informed, came up with the enemy's rear about 10 A. M., seven miles from Centreville, which point he left at daybreak.

He found Stonewall Jackson fighting with McDowell or Sigel, or both, on the right, in the direction of Haymarket, the position they took by going north from Gainesville, to command the entrance to and exit from Thoroughfare Gap.

Our own informant, who left Centreville at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a cool and clear-headed man, says that, up to that hour, the impression prevailed there that nothing had definitely resulted from the day's fighting, which, through continuous, had not been a very bloody battle.

Persons subsequently arriving, who were on the field of action themselves until 4 P. M., however, represent that the tide of success was decidedly with the Union Army, which pushed the rebels successfully on both sides.

An impression prevails that the reserve of Lee's army, supposed to be from twenty to forty thousand strong, might suddenly appear near the field, and we know that the heavy corps under Fitz-John Porter was so posted that it could instantly move upon Lee with equal ease, whether attacking McDowell, Sigel or Heintzelman.

The railroad, we are happy to say, has already been repaired quite up to Bull Run, and supplies, etc. are now being transported over it to that point.

By midday we have every reason to believe that the Bull Run bridge will again be passable, when the trains can again run to Manassas.

In evacuating Manassas, the rebels paroled the 760 Union prisoners they had taken since the commencement of the movement for which they are paying so dearly. The rebels realized that prisoners in their present strait were an elephant in their hands, and wisely thus get rid of them. These 700 prisoners covered all the stragglers they had taken, as well as the 500 of Taylor's Brigade.

1 September 1862 – New York Times

Washington Star of Saturday Evening

The Second Battle of Bull Run

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3 September 1862 – Lynchburg Republican Battle News

Few additional particulars of the battle on Saturday last, upon the plains of Manassas, were received last night. That our victory was a most signal one, and the rout of the enemy total and complete, admit of no doubt. But that this glorious result was attained at a fearful cost of life and the loss of many of the noblest and bravest spirits of the Southern army, is, alas! But too true.

On the side of the enemy, General McDowell is said to be mortally wounded. General Seigle killed, as also the infamous Sickles. Pope and McClellan are also reported wounded, but we know not with what truth.

Our losses in the fight of Saturday, it is supposed, will reach at least ten thousand, and of these three thousand were killed. Our informant, an officer, who participated in the fight, says the ground was covered with the dead. In many places they lay in heaps, and in one particular spot, in an open field, through which our men charged upon a battery of the enemy, he could walk over the dead for the space of fifty yards.

On the enemy's side, the losses are supposed to be at least twice as great as ours, exclusive of prisoners, whom the officer above mentioned thinks did not exceed four thousand, taken during the fight, though they were being captured each moment in their flight. He was in the battle of the 21st of July, and describes the rout of the enemy on Saturday as far more disastrous than that. Our cavalry charged them at every step in their retreat, and slaughtered them until it became a butchery. Night put an end to the bloody scene, and our men bivouacked in the open field to renew the pursuit on Sunday morning.

The retreat of the enemy was being urged towards Luray, every other avenue of escape being cut off. But little chance, it was thought, was open to them on the route, and our informant thinks that before this, in all probability, the army of Pope has ceased to exist, and the larger portion of it is killed or captured.

The number of cannon captured was under-estimated yesterday. It is stated that Pope had about one hundred and fifty guns, and it is not thought that he saved twenty of them. They, however, were many of them rendered unfit for use before being abandoned by the enemy. The whole battle field was strewn with small arms of every description, and overcoats and blankets almost innumerable. The fight, as we stated yesterday, was near the Sudley Church, and nearly upon the same ground of the memorable conflict of last year. When our informant left, on Saturday night, having been wounded, our men were in glorious spirits, and there was not one who did not anticipate that before the week closed, the last of the invaders would be driven from our State, and our victorious legions be pouring into Maryland to rescue her from the oppressor's grasp.

There were rumors of more severe fighting on Monday, but we place no credence in them whatever. From all accounts that have reached us, Pope's army was too much cut up and demoralized to have made a stand so soon, and we are reliably informed that on Sunday our troops were sixteen miles from the battlefield, on the Leesburg road, still pursuing the enemy, who were in detached squads and without any show of organization.

8 September 1862 – Charleston S. C. Mercury Interesting Details of the Battles From the Richmond Examiner

Since the announcement of our victory last Saturday on the Plains of Manassas, and the retreat of the enemy, the question which has most puzzled the brains of the Southern people has been, how the enemy, who was thought to have been cut off from Alexandria, had effected his escape through or around our lines in the direction of

that city. The fog which has for a week enveloped this subject is at once dispelled by the extracts from a letter from an officer of General Jackson's corps, which we give below. It will be seen that through a portion of our forces, under Gen. Ewell and Jackson, were, on Tuesday and a part of Wednesday, the 26th and 27th ultimo, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, between Pope and Alexandria, on the approach of Pope from Warrenton they withdrew to the west and halted in the vicinity of the Warrenton Turnpike, where, having rejoined Longstreet and A. P. Hill, they awaited the approach of the enemy and delivered him battle on the 28th, 29th and 30th. The final battle was fought west of the Warrenton Pike, by which, when routed at the close of the day, the enemy fled towards Centreville. We give the letter referred to:

"Wednesday August 27. – About 2 p.m., Gen. Ewell whose division, except Trimble's brigade, had remained at Bristow, was pressed by heavy columns of the enemy from the direction of Warrenton. The Yankees were checked, with great loss on their side – some one hundred killed and wounded on our part. Gen. Ewell rejoined General Jackson in the evening, when the whole army moved towards Sudley's Mills – the enemy immediately occupying Manassas. In the evening a bloody fight ensued on or near Dogan's Farm, already hallowed by the blood of our brave men shed on the 21st of July 1861. Gen Jackson was satisfied with the result through our loss in officers is peculiarly heavy.

"Thursday. – A terrific battle took place this afternoon, near the scene of last night's fight. The enemy repulsed with loss.

"Friday. – Nearly all the day engaged in fighting. The enemy attacked us four several times, and each time was successfully repelled.

"Saturday. – This was the grand day, before which all other days of this war pale. McClellan, Halleck, Pope, et id omne genus, are gathered on the same plain, and marshal their mighty hosts for the subjugation of the rebels! No – for the preservation of their capital! Ninety thousand Yankees with thundering force upon our gallant army – men wearied with heavy marches and continuous fights. Without the usual prelude of skirmishing, they attack our whole lone simultaneously, and are driven back with a loss almost fabulous. Again they come – again repulsed. Fresh divisions – McClellan's chosen troops – Fitz John Porter's corps of regulars – come up to meet the fate of their comrades, when at last our boys could be restrained no longer. With a yell they charged on the retreating enemy, when a rout ensued equal to that of Bull Run, of the 21st July, 1861. They were pursued for miles – they flying to Centreville, and we following immediately behind.

"Sunday Night. – The main battle of yesterday was fought on the line of the railroad from Gainesville to Alexandria – the Independent track which was commenced but not completed – our left resting near Sudley's Mill and right on the battlefield of the 21st July, 1861 – commencing in rear of Groveton, by the Dogan House, and widening up in the rout.

Such a series of battles have never occurred on this continent. Lee's army has marched, within a fortnight, one hundred and fifty miles, and fought four battles and sundry combats. We owe to God a debt of gratitude for all his mercies, and for his evident intervention in our behalf as a people.

We have been furnished with the following extract from a private letter:

Gainesville, September 1st. – We have given the Yankees an awful drubbing – surpassing any day before Richmond. Jackson and Longstreet used them up. They went off in Bull Run style. Our left (Jackson) fought on the left of the turnpike, about where Evans fought them on the 21st July. Longstreet whipped them exactly upon the ground at the Henry House. Three Yankees lie dead under a little tree where poor Bartow lay. We whipped them three times nearly upon the same ground, and Manassas 21st, makes four times. They ought to be satisfied now. I have just heard that the Yankees have gone from Centreville, and are pushing for life to Washington."

September 1, 6 p. m. – In the saddle at Sudley's Church – Our troops going on to Fairfax – enemy skadadling yet, and we are getting prisoners and contrabands innumerable. As soon as we arrest the Yankees we release the privates and send them to Harper's Ferry, on their way home. The officers we keep, of course, for the benefit of Pope's proclamation."

Several gentlemen who left Manassas last Monday, reached this city last evening by the Central train. Up to the time of their departure there was no intelligence of another battle. All of our troops had disappeared in the direction of Centreville, in pursuit of the enemy.

The enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, in the battles of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, was estimated by our Generals, after a survey of the field, at between eighteen and twenty thousand. Thousands of the enemy's wounded were, on Monday evening, lying on the field just where they had fallen; having the agonies of hunger and thirst superadded to those of their wounds. No flag of truce had been sent to their relief, and our ambulance corps being busy with our own wounded, could spare no time to render them attention. Several thousand of the wretches must already have died for the want of a little water.

In comparison with that of the enemy, our loss is almost miraculously small. Our wounded, it is said by those who have had the best opportunities of judging, will number between six and seven thousand; while our loss in killed will not exceed six hundred. The great majority of the wounds received by our men are said to be slight. The disproportionately great loss of the enemy is accounted for by the splendid performance of our artillery, which operated from excellent positions, and hour after hour poured murderous fire into Pope's heavy columns as they tried to break our lines, and by the one sided slaughter which occurred during the early moments of the rout and retreat.

20 October 1863 – Alexandria Gazette

Headquarters: Army of the Potomac, Sunday, October 18, 1863

The special correspondent of the New York Tribune at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac furnishes the following account of the rebel movements at the extreme front on Sunday and of the operations of the guerrillas during Saturday night:

I have just returned from the extreme front. We crossed Bull Run at Stone Bridge, followed it up to Sudley's Mills or Church, and struck out thence upon the old battlefield where we found Gen. Kilpatrick hunting for the Confederates.

We were drawn out by a sharp artillery fire in the morning, Gen. Kilpatrick had been disturbed at Stone Bridge in the morning by his pickets being driven in upon him, when he sent out Gen. Custer and followed with his entire division. The Confederate cavalry made a stand in and behind some stone houses in a clearing, but were sent flying by a few shells from our artillery, in which, arm of the service they seemed deficient. The fugitives were followed in the direction of Gainesville, Jones Confederate brigade diverging towards Manassas. When we arrived there had just been a little cavalry brush, and private Caudwell, was brought off wounded in the arm by a minie. – No Confederate infantry was seen, and it is not believed there is any in force this side of Bristoe.

The skirmishing in front for two days has been slight, the Confederates striking only at points apparently exposed, and failing to gain the least advantage. Our flanks have been, however, greatly annoyed by guerrillas.

Last night Fairfax Court house was alarmed by a report that Stuart was coming down to Aldie, and a force was sent out to meet him. – The facts, as finally ascertained, are, that at about eight o'clock in the evening, fifteen men of the 13th New York cavalry, stationed at Stuart's near Chantilly, and about equal distant from Fairfax and Centreville, were surrounded by some guerrillas under Moseby himself. As they were outnumbered, they attempted flight, but six of Capt. Jackson's company were captured. One made his escape this morning, and reports two hundred and fifty Confederate cavalry on the Frying Pan Road, towards Gainesville.

About the same time last night a squad of guerrillas made a descent on the Alexandria railroad at Accotink, and carried off some fifteen of the 120th New York, stationed there.

While at Fairfax Station this afternoon at three o'clock I heard rapid cannon firing for a quarter of an hour in the direction of Manassas, and judging from the sound in that vicinity, it was probably nothing more than a continuation of our reconnaissance in front.

Thirteen officers of Gen. Sedgwick's Corps were captured in detail this afternoon as they strolled in a wood near headquarters, by Confederates concealed in the thicket, and spirited away before the trap was discovered. Two were on the general's staff and one a commissary.

This afternoon a captain's horse was shot under him, between Fairfax Court House and Washington, and the rider taken prisoner. A corporal and several privates were wounded by the same party of guerrillas, who escaped with their prey.

Alexandria Gazette 11 Aug 1873

A dinner will be given by the ladies of Groveton and vicinity, at Sudley Church, on the 28th of August for the purpose of raising funds for the completion of the church.

Alexandria Gazette 31 Oct 1874

Prince William County items from the Manassas Gazette

The new Methodist Episcopal Church South at Sudley, will be dedicated on Sunday November 8. The third quarterly meeting of Prince William circuit, will commence at the same place on the Saturday before the dedication.