



A Letter written one week after the
Battle of Manassas July 27th 1861

But Oh! my Sister, this is nothing
when I think, of the exposure of
their lives, can you imagine my
feelings in packing up a few
colored shirts and coarse uniform
pants for my dear boy, and the
agony with which I put in a
bundle of old linen bandages and
lint. I sometimes feel almost
wild with anxiety, and ~~opilethump~~
and try to keep myself as busy as
possible and there is ample
opportunity for it. This town is a
military station, with the Fort
and a regiment a few miles

distant, Soldiers quarters in the Court House just opposite, Officers living in one house, travelling officers passing to and fro every night, all come to one house, Soldiers cooking in the out houses - I cannot pass to the Kitchen, excepting when they are on duty, without meeting a dozen or more - All behave in the most orderly and respectful manner - Every few minutes one of the Servants comes with "Miss Mary, the soldiers say 'please send them some Tingal, or some Talens" for their shoes, or a sick Soldier wants some delicacy, or a spoon and a little Syrup to take some medicine, The girls are sewing for them from

snowing until night - A Lee is
 rung at Eight o'clk, for all the
 Ladies to meet, and they have made
 hundreds of shirts, pants, coats,
 habelocks, cartridges, & every thing a
 soldier needs - I have great
 quantities of nice bread made
 for them, and send them
 hampers of vegetables - Yesterday
 I heard a poor fellow say
 "Oh! if I just had some onions"
 so I sent the mess a large pan
 full - Poor fellows we all feel
 we cannot do too much for those,
 who offer their lives for us, and
 all have dear sons or brothers
 or husbands as soldiers somewhere
 It was so melancholy to see
 fathers, old fathers, who could not

fight themselves, going over to
Richmond the day of the Manassas
Battle, to go in search of their sons.

Mr Willoughby Newton amongst
others, went to hear of his eldest
son William and brought a letter
written by him to his wife, after
the battle was over, in the tent
of one of the Yankee generals, where
he said he found every preparation
for a feast; on which he made his
supper, with abundance of Cham-
pagne, after the fatigues of the
day - which William expressed,
thanks to the Almighty Providence,
which had preserved him while
shot and shell rained thick
around, and clear comasses
fell down on both sides -

Edward Fontaine on one side, Capt Wickham on the other, Mr Newton brought William's letter of sixteen pages, written at different times the day of the battle and the following, which I read aloud in the porch, full of officers, who had come in to hear from the battle field -

Mr Newton, impatient to be gone knowing how long every moment must appear to his Mother, till she heard of his safety - No doubt nearly the whole of that awful day was spent on her knees in prayer, with thousands of other Mothers - One South Carolina Mother had seven sons, a son-in-law, and a nephew in that battle. Of one family of

seven Brothers all were saved -
 If I had time, I could tell you
 of so many thrilling things - one
 I must, Mr Newton said all
 day long the silence of death
 prevailed in Richmond, nothing
 was heard but the roar of the
 Cannon from the battle field
 Telegraphic reports came and
 went every few minutes, Mothers,
 Sisters, wives, and children were
 on their knees, a pained look and
 forebodings, with pale faces and
 bloodless lips, feeling what would
 be the result if our forces failed
 in the awful struggle, At last,
 in the intensity of their anxiety,
 one gentleman, an old friend,
 determined to venture onto Gen

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Lis presence, and asked how the
battle was going - He found him
pacing the floor, with folded
arms, face and lips perfectly
livid, and his hands cold as
death, the gentleman said
"our anxiety was so great, can
you tell me how the battle is going"
He told with the greatest kindness
and gentleness the tide was their
strongly against us the reinforcement
of Carolinians and Mississippians
had not then arrived, but about
half past two o'clock they did,
Then the enemy had decidedly
the advantage, indeed they had
almost given up - despair was
written on every face - up and
down the lines the muzzles can

"Our ammunition almost gone"
 Their on our gallant fellows held
 Gen Beauregard and his aide
 a Col. by his side, had their horses
 heads shot off by a chance fall,
 which took them like a scythe,
 Gen Beauregard shouted as he
 mounted another, "Fight on my
 men, we'll win or die!" Sincerely
 in their hour of almost despair
 such a short note as newly sent
 the air, far above the roar of the
 Cannon and musketry, and
 shrieks of the wounded and
 dying - "What is it?" "What is it?"
 went from mouth to mouth of those
 who could not see the weapons
 of ammunition, and fell troops,
 and the Sun shone brightly on

his hand saying, "How are you old friend?" Ely covered his face with his hands, and bursting into a cry said "Oh! Poyor, you know I never was an Irish man."

Mr Poyor said "What is it you fear; you will receive every kindness, and be treated as a prisoner of war"

Ely thought they were going to hang him. Mr Poyor said, the most affecting incident was when the train came in from Manassas every one who had friends present forward trembling to know who was killed. One gentleman particularly answered the questions put to him, with great patience and calmness - "How civil the Washington Battery from New Orleans

the glittering bayonets and swords
of the Mississippians, Alabamians,
and Carolinians, who passed forward
as another exulting shout arose to
Heaven "President Davis is in the
field" ran from month to month,
some of the wounded men sprang
to their feet, and with the cry
"Almighty God, we can die" fell
back to feel no more — We redoubled
energy we passed forward, the enemy were
totally routed, and fled in every direction.
Nine hundred prisoners were brought to
Richmond; Mr Ely Member of Congress
among the number, expecting no doubt
to be treated as the prisoners who fell
into the hands of the Yankees.

When Mr Pryor was taken into the prison
and with his usual manner extenuated

do?" "Bravely" Did they receive much
 damage?" One killed, and two
 wounded" "Oh! who was killed?"

"My son" was the answer. He had
 his cleave today in the East to some
 home. As the wounded were taken
 off by Ray, who was there, said the
 Richmond Ladies pressed forward
 being with each other who
 should have them to nurse.

Aug 10th

I sent my letter by a gentleman who
 was arrested, and it was returned
 to me, so, as I have no time to write
 another I will send it again - Are
 you not pleased to see how all the
 great Generals give God the glory of
 their victory? With such men, and
 the Great God of the universe at their

heart, we must go on conquering and
 to conquer. May He put such fear
 in their hearts, that we may have
 no more fighting. Every Southern
 heart prays for peace. We have been
 men who were in the battle, one
 wounded, it was a melancholy sight
 to see the Southern ladies, who came
 in for their dear and wounded.
 May God smother the Northern heart
 to desire the blood of the husbands
 and brothers and sons no more - but
 the messenger humiliates me. Let us pray
 that God will go forth with our armies
 save our beloved country, and spare
 our dear ones. I am a great coward,
 as far as offering those I have is
 concerned, but the calm courage
 of some Virginia Mothers is

Scientific. One of my friends has
 five sons gone with Wilds Legion, two
 under age, and she urges them on,
 which poor me, I cry till my heart
 is bursting for mine and all I
 know - Again, Good bye, it is the
 Last Moment -

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