

Richard T. Higgins to Sady Carlisle, 9 September 1861

Russellville September 9th 1861

Dear Sady

Your letter of the 6th instant came to hand this morning. I am verry mutch gratified that you have writen to me. I had come to the conclu sion that that mother & John had given me over but from what you write I presume I was labering under a mistake – you say Richard had writen me himself if he did the letter has never come to hand. I have heard nothing from him since the morning after his race from Manassas by my old neighbor G D Blakey by him I learned that Richard was not hurt but verry badly frightened. you say that Richard is going to enlist for three years say to him for me that I think he might be engaged in a more profitable buisness he will think so himself by the time he gets through assisting the negrow Party in murdering women and children and freeing negrows you can see from Freemonts Proclimation that the negrow Party have quit howling for the union and commenced howling for the freedom of the negrow we are glad of this it has opened the eyes of large numbers of the union [seekers?] in Kentucky – you say that Aunt says I aught to be for the north – say to her that being for the north and for a negrow Party of the north is two different things we profess to be a shade above the negrow – due you see the grate Parade & levies holding over the negrow in Philadelpa said to have murdered three of our Sutheron Privates

you say that they north has a verry strong army
we admit that and Richard can tell you that the
north has a strong Running army this they
fully Proved to the whole world by there Race
from Mannassas. I enclose you a slip from
a forran Paper that you may see what disinterested
nations thing of your northeron armies – Sady you
just keep still for thirty days, you will see that the
South will [?] [?] with the north. they dont wont
all the [war?] – dont be uneasy, you will have the
[war?] devided fully as soon as you are Reddy for it
all the north are not for the negrow Party though
you may think so – we are not a fraid of the
Lincon Negrow Party, we say whip us if you can
they may free a number of our negrows if the
negrows will except of thare freedom this we doubt
but remember thare will be a day of Reckning all
will come right – the good and concervative People of
the north will have more Curses for Lincon and
his negrow Party five years from this than the
People of the South will we owe the negrow Party
no direct tax conciquently we Pay him none when
the north are over Burdened with an enormus debt
which you will have to pay you will then wish you
had hung Lincon & his negrow followers – we
are all well Sady have plenty give my love to
Mother Sister Mary and all the famaly tell them
all to write tell Farther to write give my love
to Aunt tell her I think she is from Maryland
I am from Maryland I know R T Higgins

blood was up. The Yankee spirit was aroused, the "lick oration" style was adopted in the press and on the platform, and volunteers rushed with enthusiasm to the Union standard, and in such numbers that one would imagine the South would succumb without striking a blow. But notwithstanding the great bluster, the contemptible swagger and ridiculous bombast, the Northern army, in its first encounter, has suffered one of the most humiliating defeats recorded in history. As an army they were completely annihilated. It would appear they had neither discipline nor drill. They ran off in the most cowardly manner, throwing their arms and ammunition and accoutrements behind them. No doubt, when we hear full details—we shall find that in the hurry of that unfortunate *rabble*, for it could not be called an army—many were trampled to death. We give the most ample details of this great carnage yet received, and the accounts are furnished by the correspondents of the New York journals, who fully and fairly admit the terrible reverse sustained by Gen. Scott.

The Sixty-ninth fought brilliantly and suffered most severely. If daring and courage and the ready sacrifice of life, could have gained the victory, the Sixty-ninth would have accomplished it single-handed. But, strange to say, it would appear, a cavalry company of 'niggers'—volunteers fighting for the perpetuation of their own slavery—occasioned the panic amongst the Northern army. The Northern had no cavalry, were completely unprepared for a campaign, and, except the Sixty-ninth regiment, *behaved like paltrons*. The officers were incapable. The Generals appear to have been ignorant of the science of war. The soldiers had neither courage nor humanity; for in their tumultuous flight they left their wounded companions to die on the roadside, although the most piteous and heart-rending appeals were made for succour by the poor sufferers. *The South has always produced the best and ablest men.* The Southern Generals seem to have had a plan of action. The Northerners were the invaders—the Southerners were prepared to meet them. Jefferson Davis is himself a soldier, and commanded in person. Gen. Beauregard is said to be one of the cleverest captains of the age, and Gen. Johnston, whose timely approach, like Blucher at Waterloo, decided the fortunes of the day, is one of the most popular commanders in America.

At 4 o'clock several masked batteries, till then concealed, opened on the Northerners, who were shot down by unseen foes. The centre of the Northern line gave way, a panic seized the entire army, they took flight, and became one complete disorganized rabble; fled, leaving wagons, rifled cannon, commissariat, tents, and 25 000 stand of arms on the field. In vain did their General endeavor to rally them. *Such ignominious conduct, such cowardliness, such utter disregard of manly feeling, or such inhumanity, was never exhibited on any battle-field;* the poor wounded were galloped over by the retreating native Americans. Several were taken prisoners, and it is to be hoped many of the missing Sixty-ninth are amongst them. Soldiers like Beauregard will treat them as brave men ought to be treated. *To the Northerners the battle of Bull Run has not only been a defeat, but a disaster and a disgrace.* To Irishmen the reflection that our exiled fellow countrymen are on both sides is melancholly. The son of John Mitchell may have crossed swords with Thomas Francis Meagher.