

[The following appeared in part of our last week's second edition.]

LETTERS FROM THE 69TH REGT.

LATER accounts from Washington than those given in our first edition convey the gratifying intelligence that the reverse to the Union forces was not so bad as was represented on Monday, as well as that many of those reported killed are safe. Among those, we are happy to say is our gallant fellow-countryman, Thomas Francis Meagher, whose bravery on the field of battle has earned for him the highest encomiums. We have to regret, however, the loss of Captain James Haggerty, one of the most gallant and beloved of the officers of the 69th, as well as the uncertainty which hangs over the fate of Col. Corcoran, Lieut. Bagley, and others who are supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Capt. J. H. Nugent and Lieut. Dalton are reported safe.

Surgeon Johnson arrived in this city from Arlington Heights on Tuesday evening, having been compelled to return in consequence of a severe attack of bilious fever. He was, in consequence, not on the field of action, but was left in charge of the sick in camp. He says that three accounts in relation to Col. Corcoran were brought into the camp, the first of which was that the Colonel was last seen in command of two companies of the regiment, resisting a charge of the enemy's cavalry. He was in the act of urging them on to meet this charge when they broke in disorder, and the Colonel suddenly disappeared, and nothing further was seen of him. The second account is, that while in the heat of the action, the Colonel was wounded in the knee, but he still kept on, cheering his men to the work, and pursuing a portion of the enemy who were in retreat. Having been eleven hours on horseback, he felt faint from loss of blood, and dismounted at a house on the road, intending to have his knee bandaged, and while he was in the house the horse ran away, and nothing further could be heard of him. The third account states that the Colonel was shot in the leg, and that the surgeons were in the act of amputating it, when he sunk under the operation and expired.

The fact of Capt. Haggerty having been killed is but too true. He fell at the first fire. He was acting Lieut.-Colonel, as Lieutenant Colonel Nugent was too ill to take the field.

A letter has been received from Lieut. Maurice Wall, of Capt. Meagher's Zouaves, Co. K, 69th, announcing his safety. The Zouaves distinguished themselves in the

Through the kindness of Mr. Lalor, editor of the *Irish News*, we are permitted to make the annexed extracts from a letter received from a warm personal friend of Capt. T. F. Meagher, conveying the gratifying intelligence of the heroic conduct and safe return of our distinguished fellow-countryman:—

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1861.

My Dear Lalor,

The scene this city presented on yesterday was the most extraordinary I ever witnessed, and will long be remembered by those who have seen it.—Nothing to be seen in all directions but the arrival of squads and groups of soldiers, clothed in every possible habiliment, and many, very many, of the poor fellows with but a rag to cover them, and, in numerous instances, shirtless and hatless.

Our countrymen of the 69th, and particularly our dear friend Meagher, acted bravely and courageously, and, from all I can learn, were only equalled by the New York Zouaves—who, by the way, are nearly all our countrymen—in their deeds of daring and heroism.

All concede that Meagher's unprecedented prodigies of valor and true courage have never been surpassed, if equalled, on the best and most well contested battle-fields of Europe. He was always in front, urging and encouraging his men up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, in their masked batteries; and, in one instance, he, singly and alone, mounted the enemy's entrenchments, waving the green old flag of our fathers: but all to no purpose. What a noble subject for the inspiration of another Angelo to breathe to the safe keeping of our race—the noble, chivalrous son of our country, on the ramparts of the enemy, waving the proud old flag, urging on his men to death or victory!

How he escaped through this truly fiery ordeal unscathed and unharmed, is miraculous. The hind part of Meagher's horse was shot clear away from under him, and still he came out unharmed. Yesterday morning I was in great tribulation and anxiety about him. I was awoke up by the news that he was killed, and after diligently running and driving for over four hours, found out the truth—that he escaped unscathed from the contest. The advantages in the fight were entirely on the side of the Confederates. They had 110,000 men in and around Manassas—just double the number of McDowell's command—on the ground selected by themselves, strong fortifications behind their entrenchments and embankments, and all their positions well covered and protected by woods.

I had a drink with Lieut. Wall at Willard's last night, and warmly congratulated him on his escape. Butler is also safe. Col. Corcoran is slightly wounded in the leg, and up to last night was not heard from; the impression was then that he had been made a prisoner of.

The loss will not exceed, it is said, 1200 men killed on this side.

Mr. John Stacom, of the "Ivy Green," Elm-street, now a member of the New-York 69th Regiment, arrived home on Tuesday, having received a wound in the left hand. He says:—

I was in the fight on Sunday all day, until we got completely off the field, and were on the road towards Vienna. On Sunday morning we were within two or three miles of the place. We encamped by the side of a road close by a wood, and then formed in line of battle, and proceeded steadily down through a thick wood into a ravine (Bull's Run), and kept firing constantly, in order to draw out the enemy and unmask his batteries. After a good deal of firing, they opened upon us. We then fought our way down into the plain. The Wisconsin Regiment and the 69th tackled a large party, estimated at a number of thousands, total about 17,000, partially hidden in some brush-wood, and succeeded in driving them completely away at the point of the bayonet. They were in great disorder all over the field. Gen. McDowell came in at the other end and headed them off, while Col. Hunter approached on the right with his division, and the action then became general. It continued until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when all stood still and we thought the battle won. The Generals collected on the hill, and were cheering and shaking hands. General McDowell took his hat off, complimented Col. Corcoran, and said the victory had been won. All at once the reinforcements on the other side, under Johnston, as was supposed, came down upon us, and the men being completely exhausted, gave way, until they reached the road. Col. Corcoran had only Capt. Meagher with him after Lieut. Col. Haggerty was killed, which happened in the first engagement. I saw him fall by a musket ball. Thomas Francis Meagher was the most conspicuous man in the field, riding on a white horse, with his hat off, and going into the battle most enthusiastically. At one time our regimental color was taken, and Meagher seized the green flag of Ireland, went to the front, leading the men to the charge. The color was recaptured, the enemy was driven back, and we then formed in hollow square, by orders, and retreated steadily off the ground.

We got on the road all well, and in good order. Having got my hand hurt, I took a Secessionist's horse, and rode among the civilians, of which a lot, including artists and reporters, were gathered in carriages and on horseback. They were viewing the battle from the hill. Soon after I left my regiment, the civilians got panic stricken, and from them panic seized the teamsters, who imagined they were going to be cut off. From the teamsters it spread into several Ohio regiments and then became general.

I rode back alone. If there was any more fighting, it must have been in the road after the retreat commenced. I think there was no more fighting. The reinforcements opened four or five batteries on us immediately. There was only one party (that in the woods) that we fought at all. We did not see any more, except a complete cavalry regiment, that charged on the Zouaves. Among the cavalry about three companies were colored, and officered by white men.

Gen. McDowell three times charged us on batteries. It appeared that the 69th and the Zouaves were all over the battle field, as there were Aids running all the time saying the General wanted us over here or over there, to take this or that battery.

There were many killed and wounded lying around on the field, like sheaves in a wheat-field. There was a house on the hill where wounded men were almost piled, and the rebels shelled it, as much as anywhere else, while they must have known, by seeing our ambulances, that they were only wounded. The Ohio, 71st, 8th, and others took part. The 71st made only one charge, and lost very few men. The 69th did all the charging.

As I retreated I saw Colonel Corcoran in Centerville. The teamsters cut their teams loose, got on the horses' backs and rode off. The rest got away as best they could.

The annexed letter, from a member of Co. A, 69th Regiment, gives some interesting details of the fight:—

FORTY CORCORAN, July 22, 1861.

My ever dear and beloved Wife,

I suppose you feel unhappy at present on account of passing accounts from the seat of war. I should not wonder, if you knew the half of our poor fellows that are lost or left behind. It would be no use for me to try to give you anything like a description of the battle-field.—Enough to say, that besides bomb shells and rifle cannon shot, we had musket balls about our ears as thick as hail almost all the time from six in the morning until six in the evening, and a noise to be compared to nothing earthly.—Through the mercy of God, and the watchful eye and protecting shield and interceding care of our glorious and blessed Mother, I was saved from even a scratch. Now you see how thankful we have a right to be to God for his excessive kindness to us at all times, and particularly now.

I tell you, my loving wife, it was an awful day. We left our camp about three o'clock yesterday morning, and marched about three miles through wood, &c., crossing streams knee deep, until we came or went to the scene of action, which was about three-quarters wood, and the remainder in little naked spots scattered amongst the trees. We opened fire on the enemy at ten minutes to six in the morning, and got no reply. We repeated and repeated, and got no reply still; so we drew nearer and changed our position and gave them another salute, but with the same effect. We could not see a man nor hear a shot unless our own, until they, (the enemy) had everything as they pleased, and then, O my dearest, did we not have music! In a short time after the fight commenced, we saw a grand battle about a mile away between the Secessionists and some of our Union troops. The 69th were ordered to the relief of our party. Oh we, went in double quick time, crossing a river up to our knees, and soon we were before the enemy. We let them have it quick and hot; and in less than three minutes we put them to the rout. But our noble and brave Captain Haggerty, who was acting as

Lieutenant-Colonel, rushed so bravely in before us, and was about taking a prisoner, when he fell a victim to a ball that passed through his heart. Our Artillery gave in very early in the day; and not a shot more was heard from them, whilst our cavalry rendered us very little or no assistance, while the enemy's batteries played in us hot and heavy all the time. Our infantry had to do the best they could. The enemy were entrenched on the left of a battery that was playing directly on the Sixty ninth. This entrenchment was filled up with Southern riflemen, who could receive reinforcements from a wood that covered their left in spite of our troops. My dear wife, here is where they committed a slaughter on our troops, who went up, one regiment after another. The 14th, of Brooklyn, were cut up pretty much, as well as I can think: so were our Eight Regiment, of New York. The Fire Zouaves, who fought like tigers, were cut up badly. Our time was now come; so we advanced towards the forward battery, into a hollow, and, stooping down, and letting their rifled cannon balls whiz closely over our heads, we passed immediately under their battery to their left and took our position in front of the entrenchments. Then the firing commenced, when a great many of our poor fellows fell. The firing continued from ten to fifteen minutes; and our fellows getting confused, from a retreating Ohio regiment, who ran through our ranks, had also to retire from a hidden toe, for we could only see their heads and shoulders). A force far greater in numbers than ours, and who were to be aided by about three hundred cavalry who were bearing down on us. We took our flag of Erin, with the Stars and Stripes, away, all right, although some of our boys were obliged to work hard for it. Colonel Sherman, fearing the cavalry still, told the bravest of colonels (Colonel Corcoran), to form square. The gallant colonel said, "I have not as many as I like to do so; but we'll do the best we can." So the brave and determined colonel formed us into square, and so we retreated, receiving a fresh flanking fire from our adversaries as we went along, and a great many of our men were wounded in this way, amongst the rest our adored Col. Corcoran and Captain Clarke were both wounded in the legs. I believe the colonel was not much hurt. Their cavalry followed us all the way; and this, with a flank fire from the woods on both sides as we retreated, caused the artilleers to loosen their horses and ride them off, leaving their guns all in the hands of the enemy. This was about six o'clock in the evening; and we marched to our camp, about 30 miles, and reached there about day-break. There was a reinforcement sent to meet the enemy, and if these are licked we'll expect the enemy every day to attack Alexandria and Fort Corcoran. They won't have masked batteries then, and you may be sure that we'll let them have what they want, and what they will have. Oh! how surprised you would be to see T. F. Meagher, riding his poor steed, with one of its hind legs blown almost away—the fleshy part of it was all gone. Oh! my dear wife, he is a brave soul, and was with us all the time, under shot and shell, encouraging and cheering us up, and giving us a hurrah, for old Erin, now and again, that warmed us to the heart. With him and our own beloved Colonel, we could not help feeling ourselves blessed. About the other officers I won't say anything, as it would be hard to pick a choice of them; they are all regular trumps—although I prefer Lieut. Kelly and Strain, they being our own Company's officers. I need not tell you that all the regiment are in great gloom at the loss of Lieut. Col. Haggerty—moreover Company A, whose Captain he was. I forgot to tell you that Acting Brigadier general Sherman publicly thanked the 69th for their desperate fighting; and when they were formed into line, after the first battle, he and his staff rode in front, with his hat in his hand, cheering for them. Give my love to all, and do you continue to pray for your own loving husband.

THOS. D. NORRIS.