

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT BATTLE.—Mr. D. Goundry, who was formerly employed by A. V. Masten, of this village, is now connected with a Minnesota regiment, and was in the thickest of the fight at Bull's Run. We are permitted to extract the following interesting statement from a letter written by him to Mr. David E. Taylor:—

* * * "Now came 'the tug of war.' The Ellsworth or Fire Zouaves were making charge after charge. They sent word to us that they would not charge again with any other regiment but ours. Our regiment was sent into a piece of woods where every other one had refused to go. We had to pass between the fire of two batteries, the cannon balls and shells flying thick and fast. The boys did not mind them only to laugh at each other as one after another would dodge a ball, or jump up to let them pass. They could not see them, but could hear them from the time they left the cannon. Sherman's Battery soon silenced one of theirs. Our boys then charged into the woods, and drove the enemy before them, across an open field, into his entrenchments. Our Colonel brought us to a halt within about five rods of a concealed rifle pit. Here the enemy sung out, 'Friends!' and displayed the Stars and Stripes. Our Colonel told us not to fire, when the black-hearted devils poured a volley into us. Down went our men, flat to the ground, amid a hissing of bullets which sounded like drawing a file across a thousand wires. Men who had been through the Mexican War said they had never experienced such a fire before. Our men returned a volley, and then dropping on their backs would load—then rise and fire. After firing a few times the order was given to fall back on the woods. Soon the Fire Zouaves came up and sung out, 'Go in, Minnesotians!—we'll stand by you!' So in we went again. The Black Horse Cavalry tried to charge between us, but they were repulsed and sent flying back. After standing it some time, both regiments had to retreat. It was charge after charge from two o'clock until five, afternoon. Sometimes Zouaves and Minnesotians, in small squads, in companies, and some on their own hook—sometimes side by side with Wisconsinians, Rhode Islanders, or Vermonters. Our men fought like heroes, driving the enemy before them for a mile. At last Sherman's Battery—which had done good execution, got short of ammunition, and the artillery riders started back on their horses after p.m. There was a crowd of civilians—Sen. Jrs, Congressmen and others—seeing the horses running, thought they were retreating, took fright, and started pell mell for Washington. From them it communicated to the teamsters, and then to the army. Then came the order to retreat, and not only 'double-quick' but *run*. Our regiment *sked* from the field, but found no reserve to fall back upon. We halted to rest a short way from Bull's Run, but were told that the enemy were surrounding us, and forced to march on. Monday morning the weary and wounded commenced coming in camp. I could hardly keep the tears back as one after another they came slowly straggling in, from daylight till dark. There were some sad scenes which almost unmanned me."