

Letter from the Standard Bearer of the  
Thirteenth.

FORT CONCORAN, July 23.

DEAR PARENTS—Knowing how anxious you will be to hear of our safety, I hasten to write you a few lines concerning our terrible and bloody battle. We had our fight on Thursday, an account of which I sent you.

On Sunday morning, at 2 o'clock, we left camp 40,000 strong, and marched eight miles and attacked 100,000 of the enemy, in the woods. The fight lasted from 9 in the morning till five in the evening. Old soldiers say it was the most desperate and bloody conflict that ever took place in the same length of time.

We were forced to retreat thirty miles to this place, where we arrived (or what is left of us) at 8 yesterday morning. The enemy followed us, cutting off the wounded and stragglers. The only one of the killed that you know was Charles Buckley; he was shot through the neck and arm. We left him at a house near the battle-field; but

I heard that his body was to be brought on this morning.

I was in the heat of the action all this time, with the colors; and all were surprised to see me return with them alive. They were shot through twice.

Tell Johnny I am sorry to tell him the revolver is gone; but he has the satisfaction to know it saved my life twice, and killed two of the enemy.

When we retreated from their battery, four of them followed me, and in jumping a fence I fell and dropped it.

Hoping this will find you in good health,

I remain yours, &c., DAN. SHARPE.

WHAT THEY ENDURED.—From a letter written home by Lieut. PITMAN, of Capt. LEWIS' company, we extract the following:

What have we been through? We were on the march from two o'clock Sunday morning till eight o'clock Monday morning. At noon we were completely victorious. \* \* \* The charge was made by the cavalry and Fire Zouaves, and they were cut to pieces. The Zouaves rallied again, and our brigade then made an impetuous charge and the slaughter was immense. Our own (13th) regiment held the most dangerous position, and I am proud to say that *we were the last to leave the field*—the others having retreated.

REMARKS.—The bravery and efficiency of the Thirteenth has been exemplified in a manner that fills all our citizens with gratification and pride, which will be shown when the regiment returns home. The Baltimoreans greeted them as the "Western Anakims," (giants) and they have shown that their valor is equal to their strength. The loss of life, and the wounds received by our gallant fellows, seem to tone down the high feeling excited by the reports of brave conduct on the field. And the sorrow for the dead is, on the other hand, softened by the reflection that those who fell in the conflict died honorably, fighting in the glorious cause of their country.

"He does not die who falls in a good cause."

From Lieut. Wm. L. Fleming.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24.

DEAR FATHER—You are doubtless, ere this, advised of the great battle on Thursday last, and of course feel anxious to know if I am still among the living. I hope this will speedily reach you, and relieve you of your fears and anxieties concerning me.

It is impossible for me at present to give you the details of that terrible battle, in which I participated, but I will give you a glimpse of the most important parts.

When our regiment came up to the scene of action, the rebels were out in the field, on an even footing with our troops, but they did not stand their ground long, as our fire mowed them down like grass, and they fled to their covers. The next move we made was to support our (Sherman's) battery, where we lay some time, the shot and shell whistling around us thick and fast. We next made a charge at a house, close to their masked batteries, where they were shielded by bushes and trees. Here we stood some ten or fifteen minutes under a galling fire, our poor fellows dropping around us like falling leaves. We were told to stop firing, as those in the house were our troops. The infamous rebels displayed the American flag there to deceive us, which infamy they perpetrated several times during the day, to deceive and get the advantage of us. Such was the confusion thus induced, that our own troops commenced firing into us, supposing we were the enemy, killing several. This, together with a galling fire from the enemy's masked batteries and muskets, compelled us to retreat, under a heavy cavalry charge. I was thrown down and trampled on, which induced an hemorrhage of the nose and mouth, but I shall, I trust, be all right again in a few days. Our boys did nobly throughout the fight. The Fire Zouaves, the 66th and 70th did bravely. The Zouaves made charge after charge till very many of them were killed and all much exhausted. It is impossible for me to tell at present how many of our regiment were killed, but our loss must have been heavy, 200 or more, I judge. It is a perfect marvel to me how I escaped being shot. I had made up my mind that I should unquestionably fall; but I resolved to do my duty, live or die. As I think of it now, it seems a miracle that so many balls, coming like a shower of hail all around me, could all miss me. My garments were untouched with them, though like a hail storm they whistled the requiem of many a noble fellow by my side. This for the present must suffice. I am stopping for a few days here in Washington with brother Walter, who is doing finely now.

In haste, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM.