

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

From a Soldier in the 14th.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA., July 26.

We did a harder 31 hours work last Sunday and part of Monday than I ever thought I was able to do, or ever expect to do again. We marched 65 miles between 2 o'clock Sunday morning, and 11 Monday A. M., besides fighting and manœuvring on the battlefield. Previous to coming up with the enemy, which we did at a quarter of 12, we had marched 35 miles, with nothing to eat but a few crackers, which we ate as we went along. We emerged from the cover of the woods on a double quick step, throwing away blankets, and traveracks containing rations, to relieve ourselves of the burden we were no longer able to endure, and reaching the hill where Griffin's West Point battery was stationed, we sat down amid the flying balls for a few moment's rest, being almost completely exhausted. The ball was now fairly opened, and the rebels getting proper range of us, our position became too hot, and rendered a change necessary, as a number of our boys had been wounded, but none killed. We then went into a deep gulch, through which ran a muddy stream, the identical Bull Run, the only water we saw after getting three miles beyond Centreville. We rushed into it, bathed our hands and heads, and filled our canteens. Stopping a few moments the Five Zouaves passed and formed in line behind their battery, on the top of a hill. They had been there but a few moments, when they were fired upon, with deadly effect, from a concealed battery, not more than twenty yards to their right, and a little to the rear. The fire was so sudden and unexpected that the Zouaves' ranks were broken and forced part way down the hill, and before they had time to recover, the enemy dashed out, took their battery, and carried it behind their breastworks in the bushes. The Zouaves made two or three desperate charges, and then retreated down the hill, the 14th marching up and taking its place. We had scarcely reached the top of the hill when a bomb-shell came crashing through our company, striking down eight—three were killed instantly. After firing two or three shots, I was struck down by a spent grape shot, but was merely stunned. I came to just in time to take part in the third charge, which was the most desperate of all. We carried our flag up to the very muzzle of their guns, and would have entered their works had they not at that moment opened a cross fire on us from a thicket, on our right, which compelled us to retreat. The 69th came to our relief and taking our place, fought desperately, but our artillery leaving the field at the top of their speed, tended much to create a panic that was impossible to

Leck. But one thing is true of all the regiments with one or two exceptions; the men remained on the field after their officers had left.

Our brave Major, (Major Jordan) was the conspicuous man on the field. Seated on a handsome grey horse, he seemed to be every where present, giving orders and cheering on the men—was among the last to leave the field and kept in the rear until we reached Centreville. When taken Capt. Jordan, who was severely wounded in his arm put spurs to his horse and dashed between two regiments—which were drawn up in line of battle, on either side of the road, and which we at first took for a body of the enemy trying to cut off our retreat, but who proved to be friends—at the top of his speed.

We left the battle field at 8 o'clock and reached our camping ground at Centreville about 9 p. m.—laid down and rested about an hour, and continued our march without stopping more than a moment or two at a time till we reached here at 11 o'clock the next morning. All did not get in till late on Tuesday, having lain down exhausted by the road side. For two or three days we were so stiff that it was difficult to stir around much, although we are all about right again now.

A few nights before the battle, I caught a severe cold by lying out in a rain storm, on the wet ground, but have got most over it now.

Our regiment is now stationed where the 8th were, on the Heights, at Gen. Lee's house, the Headquarters of Gen. McDowell and staff.

Having heard so much of the natural wealth of Virginia, I took particular notice on our march, that I might find out in what it consisted. The first thing that attracted my attention was a few deserted houses on the road to Centerville, few and far between, plenty of "niggers," some fine patches of Indian-corn, wide extended forests, and masked batteries. From my observations I drew the conclusion that the natural productions of the soil are: first, "masked batteries," second, "Niggers," third, forests, fourth, Indian corn, fifth, unmitigated scamps.

Two out of our mess are missing. Charles E. Davenport, mentioned in the papers, was one, and was also one of those struck down by the shell I mentioned in my letter, but he was not killed, only slightly wounded in the neck; the last that was seen of him was about three miles from the battle field, coming through the woods; he is probably a prisoner. The other, Malcolm Stone, a very fine young fellow, was wounded in the left shoulder by a cannon ball. I found him when I was leaving the battle ground, and carried him to Studley's church which was used as a hospital, and staid with him until every one that was able to walk, was compelled to leave. I first got a promise from one of the doctors, that every attention would be given him that was possible, but I feel that he was killed by the shells which were fired at the church. It was well that I left as I did, for I was not more than a few minutes from the place, when the firing commenced on the church.

Our Colonel was wounded in the thigh, and was brought safely as far as the bridge, three miles beyond Centerville, where he arrived just as the firing from the masked battery, which there opened on us, was the heaviest. He was in an ambulance, many of which were blown to pieces. When the first shot was fired there, I, with Joe York, one of our mess, was walking quite leisurely towards the bridge, and some two hundred feet from it—the shot, a twelve pounder, struck behind us, bounded over our heads, and rolled down the road into the stream; then came a perfect shower of shot and shell. York took to the stream on the left, and dashing in to his arm-pits, waded across. I dashed over the bridge, it being easier and quicker accomplished, and took to the woods on the right, where the shot did not seem to fall, most of it going to the left. There were dead horses, ambulances, baggage wagons, and cannon all in a heap on the bridge. Walker is well and safe. York came into camp about the same time I did. A very heavy thunder storm is now raging, but we have just about the best arranged tent in the camp, and manage to keep dry—board floor, table in the center, &c.

Yours, truly,

EUGENE H. FOLEY.