

# ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT AT BIG BETHEL.

LETTER FROM A MEMBER OF COMPANY H (CAPTAIN  
KILPATRICK'S), DURYEE'S ZOUAVES.

CAMP HAMILTON, June 11, 1861.

DEAR FATHERS—We left here at ten o'clock on Sunday, to go to a place called Big Bethel, where we expected to meet cavalry; but we were surprised to find the rebels had put up great sand batteries and breastworks, and had them mounted with rifle cannon and twelve pound shell guns. We received an awful shower of grape and cannister shot before we knew where we were, and then we pitched into them like tigers; but they kept behind the breastwork and rested their Minie rifles on the trenches, and fired very good at first. Three men were shot through the heart and several wounded, but not one of our men ran. We were reinforced about an hour after the fight commenced by the Troy regiment, Colonel Townsend, and German Rifle regiment.

We cannot tell how many of the rebels were killed. The Troy boys brought two six pound shell guns with them, and kept up a steady fire until their ammunition was gone; we then made one charge on them and started for camp. The fight lasted about three hours; and it is said that it was the greatest engagement that had been fought in this war. It was eight o'clock on Monday morning when the fight commenced, and we got back to camp at six o'clock in the evening. We were hardly able to walk back to camp. Many of the boys fell back from fatigue. We were more dead than alive. Some had to be carried home in carts. Our Captain (Kilpatrick) was shot in the leg, and they were taking him away in a cart, but he jumped out and ran back to his men, whom he rallied. Company H took a succession officer on horseback. There were three of them at a camp fire, but two got away. We have him in the fort. A man who stood behind me had the musket shot out of his hand, and it was smashed to atoms; he was not hurt a bit, not even scared. The ball killed two men behind him; it was a grape-shot; one of their shells hit Lieutenant Greble and smashed him in places, scattering his brains all over a cannon he was loading. Another man had his head blown about twenty feet from his body, and on our way home we saw a man's hand on the road, about half a mile from the battle ground. We will go soon again, perhaps to-morrow, with plenty of artillery, to take the battery. We expect hot work and lively times. There will be no flinching on our part, and our opponents will doubtless make a stiff stand.

If spared, I will write after our next engagement. Ever  
your affectionate son,  
THOMAS MURPHY.