

coercion, and not knowing they are to fight us. They tell us such things to mitigate their imprisonment. They are cut-throats and a Yankee character.

I have many parties to call you, but I must close this for to-day. I enclose your regular correspondent here, who will give you a general view of the battle.

The remaining Order of the day and love to their friends. They mourn for their gallant comrades who have so nobly died.

STEPHEN LIGHT INFANTRY.

another error in my letter of yesterday, in relation to the fact which the lieutenant Bartow and the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments took in the battle of Manassas. It is now corrected. It is now ascertained that the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments were ordered to march to the left of the main line of the Federal column, and to drive back our forces as they endeavored to head it off. As Col. Bartow was proceeding to take his position he met Gen. Beauregard, who told him that every thing depended upon his taking the position to which he had been ordered and holding the advantage of the main line of the Federal column if possible. Upon this bloody duty he immediately started at the head of the heroic 8th. He was exposed to a galling fire for nearly an hour, from which the regiment suffered terribly. His horse was killed under him by one ball, while his sword was broken in two pieces by another. His horse came near falling upon Capt. Dawson, of the Stephens Light Guards, who behaved with great gallantry, as did the whole company. At length it became necessary to retire the 8th, so much that it suffered in order to give it time to reform.

At this point Col. Bartow brought up the Seventh, which had been ordered to lie flat upon the ground until called for. During this time the enemy's line continued to stretch away to the left and gradually to force ours back, when Gen. Johnston was ordered to bring his brigade into position. Placing himself at the head of the Seventh and taking the colors in his own hands, (the color bearer having been wounded, not killed as represented,) Col. Bartow proceeded again to occupy the position to which he had been ordered. He had procured another horse, and was not on foot when he fell, as I stated yesterday. The Seventh was exposed to the same raking fire from which the Eighth had suffered so much, though not for so long a time. Indeed the fighting along the entire line in this part of the field was terrific. It was here that the fortunes of the day vibrated first to one side and then to the other, and nothing but the almost superhuman exertions of the Confederate troops gave us the victory. You will be glad to learn that even the prisoners taken from the enemy pay the highest tribute to the Georgia brigade. They say they never saw men fight so bravely and when told that there were only two regiments of them, they were utterly astonished, for, judging by the terrible explosion of our muskets, they had supposed them to number four times as many. A part of the field the night the battle was fought, in search of Bartow's body, and the heaps of the dead on the enemy's side, as seen by the faithful moonlight, and the groans and cries that everywhere saluted my ears, told but too plainly that good old Georgia had that day dealt a giants' blow at Washington.

The Seventh, aided by the Eighth, which had been partially restored to order, continued to hold their position with varying fortunes, and in the end quite a few of the colors were won. Bartow had promised Gen. Beauregard to maintain his position, and he did it as long as he lived, and the brigade did it after he had fallen. And the result was the capture of the battery (Sherman's) that had decimated our forces by its fire, and the final route of the adversary. To no two regiments in the battle the colors were so indebted than to the glorious Seventh and Eighth from Georgia. Every man was a lion-hearted hero, and every company a gallant one.

I have not attempted to furnish you an account of the individual acts of heroism, or the gallant conduct of other regiments; for the reason that the military rules adopted here render it difficult to get access to the proper sources of information. Besides, you will find in the papers of the other States more satisfactory accounts of what their particular regiments did, than I could possibly give you.

Thus far I have not been able to obtain a list of the killed and wounded in the Eighth Georgia Regiment, but hope to do so to-morrow. It suffered considerably more than the Seventh. Appended hereto is a statement of the casualties in the Seventh, which Col. Gartrell has kindly furnished me, and which may therefore be considered reliable. Let our people never forget their brave brothers who have fallen in defence of the liberties of the country.

President Davis returned to Richmond this morning. No man is more deeply regretted the death of Col. Bartow more than the President, who cherished a strong friendship for him. Immediately on his return to Manassas, Sunday night, he sent a telegram to Mrs. Davis, to break the sad news to Mrs. Bartow, who had come on to Richmond, to be as near her husband as possible.

One of the prisoners says that Gen. McDowell was the active officer upon the field, and that Gen. Scott who took his position at Centreville, was the director of the whole battle. If such were their positions, the latter must have come near being captured; for notwithstanding the failure to execute Beauregard's order to strike at the rear of the enemy, a bold dash was made from Centreville at Centreville, but was repulsed in the day and after the retreat had commenced. Had old "fuss and feathers" been there then, he would have had the pleasure of being captured by Richmond sooner than his army will ever take him. Another prisoner says that Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts and Bob Lincoln had driven out in a carriage to see how the Federalists could whip us, and that they, as well as Senator Foster, barely saved themselves. I have already mentioned that Mr. Ely, M. C. from New York, was taken prisoner. Another prisoner whom I did not mention in my last letter was Col. Wilcox, of the Michigan Regiment.

P. W. A.

The 7th and 8th Georgia Regiments at Manassas.

From the correspondence of the Savannah Republican, we take the following interesting narrative of the part borne by the 7th and 8th Georgia Regiments in the great battle at Manassas.

MANASSAS, Va., July 28d.
Dear Republican:—I had only time yesterday to give you a list of the killed and wounded in our company, without detailing the incidents of the portion of the fight in which we were engaged.

Last Thursday we were in Winchester. At 2 o'clock we left that place. We marched over the mountains, forded the Shenandoah, and arrived at Piedmont, a station on the Manassas Gap Railroad, about ten o'clock, Friday, having trod a road, about ten miles. All the baggage was left at Winchester. We took the cars after a few hours' delay, and came slowly here, where we arrived late Saturday morning, after a tedious ride. Then marching three miles and a half we encamped in a wooded ravine beyond Manassas, and slept that night on the open ground. After a very brief rest Sunday morning we received orders to march for the place of fight, which we reached by a long, weary, woody, hilly, circuitous tramp of between 10 and 15 miles, often going at double-quick. We halted, breathless, foot sore and exhausted, but eager for the fray.

With a few moments' rest the regiments were posted behind Pendleton's Virginia Battery, exchanging shots with the famous Sherman's Battery of the Federalists. Ball and shell fell around us like hail. The Col. ordered the men to hold down until they were needed to charge, which they did. For some time we lay in this perilous position, losing, however, but one man—a member of the Magon Guards—when we received the order to charge the enemy's battery. To do this it was necessary to charge across an intervening hollow and establish ourselves in a small pine thicket, flanking the enemy's position. This bold and fearful movement was made through a perfect storm of grape and in a manner that General Johnson specially praised.

Gaining the grove with the loss of Thos. Purgan killed, and James Carlin wounded, we opened fire on a large detachment of the Federal Infantry stationed on the edge of the hill above the thicket. Some fifty or a hundred Federalists who had been put there for the assistance of the battery. At the same time large forces of the enemy moved up until we were surrounded on three sides. Our grove was one hundred or more yards long and a quarter as wide, and as dense as nature could make it. Near ten thousand, who poured a murderous fire upon us, concentrated, well-aimed, and continuous. It was a whirlwind of bullets. Our men fell constantly. The deadly missiles rattled like hail among the boughs and trees. Never veterans fought more coolly than the whole regiment. Not a man flinched. Carefully loading, each one took special aim, fired and composedly repeated the same again.

Adjutant Branch was shot almost immediately, and Col. Gardner wounded, and Col. Bartow's horse shot under him soon after. The ground was in a few minutes covered with the dead and wounded. After seven or eight volleys were fired by us it became necessary to retire. No support was given; half of the regiment were down, and the enemy increasing in numbers. Even when the order to cease firing and retire had been given, so unyielding were the men, that several additional volleys were poured upon the foe.

In retiring a large portion of the regiment became separated from the colors by the density of the growth and were unable to recover them, but another portion, consisting among others of all the officers of the O'Gethers, clustered around it, and slowly retired at a walk from point to point, towards the rear. At every step the storm of balls mowed us down, and with their decreasing force we returned it. The ground over which we passed consisted of a series of woods and small fields, and at each open space the officers would rally the men, and the fight would be renewed with the pursuing enemy advancing in strength. A horrible mistake at this point occurred. Our own friends, mistaking us for the enemy, directed a galling fire upon our mutilated ranks. The Carolinians, Louisianians, and 8th Georgia's all turned heads as with a terrible effect.

The regiment finally withdrew out of reach of the shot, while the 7th Georgia took our place. The remnants formed, consisting of about 60 men, with Major Couper, Capt. Magruder, Lamar, West, Dawson and Ryan, and Lieuts. Wilcox, Hall, Bumpkin, Donnell, Harper, Couper, and Butler, and Sergt. Major Menard, and marched back.

As this small remnant of the regiment six hundred men, they were met by Gen. Beauregard, who stopped, fronted, and raising his hat said, "I salute the gallant 8th Georgia Regiment!"—Every bosom thrilled with the proud compliment. When the 7th Georgia Regiment reinforced us, Colonel Bartow took the lead of that. He has been for some weeks Brevet Brigadier General, commanding the 2d Brigade of Johnston's division, the brigade consisting of the 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th Georgia Regiments, and a battalion of Kentuckians.

Deeply cut by the destruction of his own heroic but ill-fated Regiment, Col. Bartow sprang forward to lead the 7th Georgia Regiment, whose Colonel met him, asking where they should go. Seizing the regimental standard, Col. Bartow turned to the enemy, saying, "Follow me, and I will show you where," and led us into the midst of the terrible fire of the Federalists. The men began to fall; the bullets whistled by in countless numbers. On kept the brave fellows with unquailing sternness, the Colonel leading impetuously to the enemy, encouraging and cheering the men until they arrived at their appointed position, when he turned and exclaimed, "Gen. Beauregard expects us to hold this position, and Georgians, I appeal to you to hold it!" The leaden storm poured with increasing strength. Hot and heavy it came. Bartow turned to give the steady to the proper officer, when a bullet passed through his heart and he fell from his horse. Several men sprang forward and lifted him up, with both hands clasped over his wounds. The only words he spoke—which were his last, and which deserve to be remembered as the last words of any dying hero that fame has ever commemorated—were, "They have killed me; but, boys, never give up." He was taken from the field and died in a few moments.

Thus perished, in the prime of his noble manhood, a lofty gentleman, a pure patriot, an able statesman, and a chivalric soldier. His bitter enemies could charge him with no worse shortcomings than those which result from a high-strung spirit, impatient of meaness, sensitive to injustice, and noble to a chimera. The master of his death would eternalize a thousand less lofty souls than his. His death is a holy cause than the sacred one in which he so bravely engaged—for which he so eagerly gave up everything, and in which he so willingly and resplendently died.

His body was carried off yesterday. He was not the only one of our finest officers that perished. General Bue was killed, Gen. Smith was severely wounded, Col. Linn of the North Carolina regiment was shot dead; also, Col. Jones, from the same State.

It has been estimated that the loss of our army is 2,000 killed and wounded, and that it must be over 5,000. The numbers engaged were probably 15,000 on our side, with an unused reserve of 15,000; while the enemy numbered, at least, 60,000. They were under General Tyler. They had fled beyond Alexandria. A gentleman from there this morning said that the fugitives in miserable plight were streaming through, and that all military discipline in the place had over. They were convinced of one thing—that all this talk about the Federalists being starved, unclothed, and unenthusiastic, is absolute nonsense. We cannot compare with them in the possession of equipments and general preparations. Their haversacks were full; their blankets were magnificent; their canteens and flasks were numerous; are in abundance; their medical accommodations were superb.

It is all fudge, too, about their enlisting from