

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Messrs EDITORS:—Seeing in a recent issue a description of the scenes on the Battlefield of Manassas after the fight, has induced me to give an account of that battle as I saw it. The 21st of July, 1861, found the 7th Ga. Regiment after hard marching from Winchester through Piedmont Gap at Union Mills on Bull Run. Sunday morning we were all getting or eating breakfast, when the first boom of artillery broke upon our ears and told us of the bloody work that was coming to desecrate the Sabbath. The long roll was beaten quickly and the command was soon heard in each company to fall in. The regiment was quickly under arms and formed. The firing was up the stream and we headed that way at double quick. We halt after a short march and pile our knapsacks in one heap and press on. The first line of battle was along the stream, but the Federal's crossing above caused the line to be changed to nearly a right angle with the stream. This caused the troops stationed down the stream to have to push rapidly to the left to keep from being flanked. The rattle of musketry commences on our right. We get orders to load and many hands tremble as they place the cartridge in the muskets. We are in sight of the guns on the opposite hills. The first shot passes over our ranks, and one fellow breaks ranks and goes to the rear a few steps and gets on his allfours like a scared shopt in a peach orchard. We move to the left, pass the open field, go through the pine and cedar and take our position near the log house and apple orchard. We are flat on the ground. Things are getting badly mixed, that is the shells, solid shot and bullets, are mixing at a lively rate. The 8th Ga. is heavily pressed on our right. We move to the right near the brick house to support them and fill up the gap between us. The wounded commence to pass out in our front, the 8th is badly cut up. Gen. Bee is close by us. I see him encouraging the men who are unsteady. I hear him say "for the sake of Carolina, for the honor of Georgia, stand steady." But it is clearly seen that we cannot hold the hill raked by such a storm of deadly missiles and the order comes to retire. We fall back about two hundred yards in a hollow in front of the Washington Artillery, who have turned their guns in the direction of the hill and we kneel in their front and they fire rapidly over our heads. The 8th Ga. is coming out. Gen. Beauregard salutes them with head uncovered for the fight they have made. Two hundred and fifty of their regiment killed and wounded. The roar of cannon and musketry has become a perfect storm. I see Gens. Bartow and Beauregard close together, the latter points up the hollow. We face in that direction and double quick. We go for a hundred yards or two and face square to the front, up the hill we go. Bartow snatches the colors of the 7th Ga. and leads the charge. We reach the top of the hill and halt an instant. The regiment fires and rush right among the guns. They are taken. Bee is killed to our right and Bartow goes down with colors in his hands. Ewell's and Smith's men are coming in rapidly on our left. The Federals commence to waver. There is a perfect storm of shot and shell. In a short time the blue coats commence to run and in a little time they are going pell mell towards Centerville in a complete stampede.

Yours truly,

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