

THE EXCITEMENT OF BATTLE.—An officer of the Crozer Guards, of Tennessee, who were with Col. Elzey's Brigade in the gallant charge at the battle of Manassas, writes an interesting letter from Fairfax Court House, of which the following is an extract.

The distance from the junction to the point we occupied in the battle was at least six miles, and old officers who were with us say that the same time never was made by soldiers before. The dust was very deep in the road, and rendered it a perfect impossibility to see the man before you, so that we had to be guided by the shouts of the front men alone. The enemy had just raised their shouts of victory, as our cannon began thundering on them. Our infantry opening a moment afterward decided the day; for a few moments the enemy stood their ground, and attempted to rally for another fight, but it was impossible, their men broke and fled in the wildest confusion. The day was won! Victory perched upon our standard. It was a proud moment for the commanders. Beauregard came dashing up our lines to Col. Elzey, complimenting him, remarked, "You, Col. Elzey, are the Blucher of the day"—a moment after, President Davis came up, and Col. Elzey was made Brigadier General on the ground. You will hear many accounts of the carnage on that battle field, but the scene beggars all description. Around us and under our feet were piles upon piles of the dead and dying, horse and rider, carriage and driver, all in a confused mass wounded men pulling you by the pants begging for water. The wails of dying men were unheeded, unnoticed by men who but a day before could not have looked upon a dead man without shuddering. I confess to having very weak nerves in this respect, and yet I could stumble over dying or dead men with almost perfect indifference, so much does the excitement of the battle field change for the time man's nature.