

GEORGIA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1861.

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no blood, and continued firing. George Butler, noble fellow, who was lying by my side, loading his musket, my right arm touching him, was shot; he jumped up, ran to the rear, and died in a few minutes. Bob Baker then ran up, and, as I saw him, (I was then on my back loading) I said, "Hello, old fellow, is this you?" He said, "Yes, Jim," and laughed, and was just in the act of firing when he was shot. The blood flew over my hand and the stock of my gun. He rolled over groaning, and I thought he was shot in the heart. He was not killed, however, but badly wounded in the arm. Several others were killed and wounded within a few feet of me. I continued at my position, expecting every moment to be killed, until I was nearly shot by one of our own men in the rear, when I retired ten or twelve feet back.

Col. Gardner, who was in front of us, was ordering us to charge the enemy, but in the noise his voice could not be heard, and a Minie ball struck him in the leg, below the knee, passing entirely through, and fracturing the bone. Gen. Bartow ordered us to retreat under cover of one of our batteries, as he knew it was madness for us to stay there. Had we said there a half hour longer, I believe not a man would have survived. Col. G. says he never saw such firing. Another ball struck me on the sole of my shoe, but did no damage.

As we were retiring I stooped to take a mouthful of mud—scarcely could it be called water—my mouth was awfully hot and dry; just then I met Captain McGruder, who, pointing to a clump of bushes, said, "Col. Gardner is wounded,"—the first I knew of it. I immediately went there, and there lay our gallant Colonel with several men around him. I threw down my musket, took his wounded leg in my arms, while the others supported his body; it was then I saw our own beloved commander, our Gen. Bartow, for the last time—very soon after he received his death wound. We made all the haste we could to get the Colonel on, as the enemy were advancing. Seeing our regiment retreat they supposed we were defeated, and were pushing on rapidly, the balls still falling around us; but when the enemy were only a little distance behind us, we being in the rear of our regiment going up a steep hill, only able to advance slowly, the enemy opened a terrific fire. It is amazing that we were not all cut to pieces, for the balls passed between our very legs. Three of us stuck to the Colonel, but finding it impossible to succeed in carrying him off, and his leg being very painful, we stopped, after having carried him about a quarter of a mile, and laid him down in a sort of gulley, hoping thus to be protected from random shots. His

I saw Charlie Daniell and Steve Barwell this evening; they are both well. Rockwell is all right, tell his mother. Your son,  
J. B. G.

[COMMUNICATED.]  
SAVANNAH, July 30, 1861.

To the Editor of the Savannah Morning News:  
DEAR SIR: The following queries were placed in my hands a few days ago, and it has been my good fortune to find an answer in the enclosed letter, written by George M. Troup. Let him, then, though dead, speak to us the words of wise truth. Direct taxation is the safety of a nation. Let every man pay and let every man know what he pays, and my life upon it, that people will be free. B. F.

WHERE—Is the voluntary liberality of individuals—such as the Confederate States at present receive—as good a financial resource in this our time of excitement and need, as severe and methodical taxation which presses on the willing and the unwilling alike?

Without intending to express an opinion on the subject, I would be happy to hear any speculations you may be pleased to make on the subject. B.

LAURENS COUNTY, August 29, 1861.

GENTLEMEN: Thanks for your invitation. I am sorry I cannot be with you on the 13th proximo. My good wishes, nevertheless, attend on your deliberations, which I hope may sincerely terminate in your preference of Mr. Polk.

I knew this gentleman in Congress, an honest man, a genuine Republican in every sense of the word; and who has intelligence enough to serve you well and faithfully. He will suffer no violations of the Constitution to pass unobserved, and he will stay Federalism, so far as he has power, until wiser counsels on the part of the people shall redeem them from its slavery.

No man deprecates the triumph of Federalism in Georgia more than myself; and the more as I cannot hope to outlive it.

You would not have been under its baleful shadow if the cunning of Government had not adopted the indirect, instead of the direct, mode of taxation for the support of manufactures. If the direct taxation had been resorted to, there is not a man in Georgia who would not gladly renounce his Federalism and vote for Mr. Polk. He would see and feel, as he does not now see and feel, that the taxes on hanging, salt, iron, molasses, sugar, clothing, etc., from which it is impossible for him to escape, are more than he can bear, and so laid that the veriest slave, sooner than bear them, would revolt. But neither seeing nor feeling

are badly wounded in company in the 8 killed. Lieut. Hill

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and its capture greatly dis-

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short of six thousand.

A. W. K.

### Attile of Manassas. HIC ACCOUNT, PARTICIPATED.

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g letter from a surviving  
er. We think our readers  
at it the most interesting  
young friend has proved  
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Sunday, July 21st, 1861,  
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no damage.

As we were retiring I stopped to take a mouth-  
ful of mud—scarcely could it be called water—  
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met Captain McGruder, who, pointing to a clump  
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several men around him. I threw down my  
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pushing on rapidly, the balls still falling around  
us, but when the enemy were only a little dis-  
tance behind us, we being in the rear of our  
regiment going up a steep hill, only able to ad-  
vance slowly, the enemy opened a terrific fire.  
It is amazing that we were not all ent to pieces,  
for the balls passed between our very legs.  
Three of us stuck to the Colonel, but finding it  
impossible to succeed in carrying him off, and  
his leg being very painful, we stopped, after  
having carried him about a quarter of a mile,  
and laid him down in a sort of gulley, hoping  
thus to be protected from random shots. His  
head was on my arm; Hedt, of our company,  
and Banon, of the Rome Light Guard, were the  
two men who were with me. The Colonel en-  
treated them to leave him and try to rejoin the  
regiment and save their lives, (I had told him I  
would remain with him,) but they refused to go.  
I firmly believe, if found, that we would be  
bayoneted. We had one run; the enemy about  
sixty yards off—three regiments distinctly seen.  
I told the Colonel I would had it, and fight it  
out, that we might as well kill as many as possi-  
ble. Do not consider this is any bravery on  
my part, the veriest coward would have done  
the same thing, believing, as I did, that he must  
be killed. The Colonel said "No, if we keep  
quiet we might not be observed." The enemy,  
in the meantime, coming on in line of battle,  
one regiment came within twenty feet of us;  
one man raised his rifle and took aim at us, and  
I raised a white handkerchief on the ramrod,  
and told them, "He surrenders." The officers  
then came up. I asked permission to take the  
Colonel down the hill to a spring where we  
could get water. They said "certainly." We  
did so, and several physicians came up. They  
all treated us *honorably* and as prisoners of war.  
Never was I more surprised; the physicians ex-  
amined the Colonel's leg, had a litter brought  
for him, gave us water, and in all respects treat-  
ed us with every kindness. Several of our  
wounded were lying around, and all of them re-  
ceived the same kind attentions. They asked us  
if we did not know how utterly useless it was to  
attempt to resist; that they "could sweep us all  
away—that they had fifty thousand men as a re-  
inforcement. At that time they felt confident  
of a glorious victory. While here, the balls and  
shot from our batteries tore away the limbs of  
trees all around us. With the assistance of one  
of their men, we got the Colonel to their hospi-  
tal—an old farm-house—a quarter of a mile  
distant.

We laid him under a tree in the shade. Their  
wounded were being brought in in large num-  
bers—the whole yard was strewn with them, ly-  
ing all about in the shade. This old farm house  
appeared to be their headquarters as well as hospi-  
tal, and we had not been there more than a half  
hour before they began to prepare for a retreat,  
and then ensued a scene of the wildest confu-  
sion. But we had time to observe that their men  
are far better equipped, in all respects, for a  
campaign than ours. The wounded, believing  
they would surely be killed, begged earnestly  
not to be left. They ordered us to put the Col-  
onel on a board and carry him with them, but he  
told them he would rather that they should shoot  
him there, than move him again, and tried to  
persuade them to leave their wounded with  
their physicians to attend them, pledging his  
word that if they would raise a yellow flag not a  
shot would be fired in that direction, and that  
their wounded should receive every attention,  
but their confusion was too great to admit of

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B.

LAURENS COUNTY, August 29, 1864.

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sorry I cannot be with you on the 13th proximo. My  
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Constitution to pass unobserved, and he will stay  
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sels on the part of the people shall redeem them from  
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Georgia more than myself; and the more so I cannot  
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if the cunning of Government had not adopted the in-  
direct, instead of the direct, mode of taxation for the  
support of manufactures. If the direct taxation had  
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molasses, sugar, clothing, etc., from which it is im-  
possible for him to escape, are more than he can bear;  
and so laid that the veriest slave, sooner than bear  
them, would revolt. But, neither seeing nor feeling  
the taxes, he is made by the politician to believe that  
it is a blessing which cheapens every article of con-  
sumption and makes him the richer in the very de-  
gree the burden is heaped upon him.

The presence of the Tax Collector, gentlemen,  
would cause the scales to drop from his eyes if they  
were blind with the most indissoluble cement of  
party, and if he found the bed sold from under his  
wife and children to pay it, he would curse the coun-  
try that perpetrated the wrong, and the party that  
made him the dupe.

The Southern planter not only pays more than he  
can afford to pay, but more than in a short time he  
will be able to pay without infinite distress; and we  
may hope it will be this aggravation of distress which  
will come in place of the direct taxation, to convince  
him that industry has been unjustly and oppressively  
taxed to encourage the industry of others, who are  
better able to assist than to receive assistance from  
him.

I am sorry, gentlemen, I have nothing more than  
my vote to offer for Mr. Polk. If I had power or in-  
fluence he should have it all, he would deserve it all,  
for if the country fails to be prosperous under a wise,  
economical and just administration of its affairs, I  
know it will not be his fault.

Very respectfully, gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
G. M. Trouer.

Messrs. Johnson, Daniell, Griffin, McClosky and  
Brown, Committee of Invitation.

**Greeley Pledged to Give Up the Struggle.**  
Some two weeks since the New York Tribune  
published an article containing the following  
passages:

"The simple question to be decided is—are  
Northern men the equal of Southern? or are  
they poltroons, who will run at the sight of a  
line of advancing bayonets? One fair battle  
will settle this conclusively. There is no need of  
a long war—no chance for it, unless policy and  
drift will so have it. Let fifty thousand defend-  
ers of the Union beat as many rebels in fair bat-  
tle, and the war will be substantially ended.

If, as we rejoice to hear, Gen. Scott is now  
ready to try conclusions with Jeff. Davis and  
Beauregard, the war is near its end. We say this  
in no boastful spirit—we concede the possibility of  
the rebels proving the stronger party; but if they  
do, let us frankly own it, and promptly arrest the  
wanton effusion of blood. And if they cannot  
keep the field against us, they will do likewise."

In another editorial, which appeared subse-  
quently, the Tribune said:

"This war is costing the Government from  
twenty to forty millions of dollars per month  
and the country—in the disruption and stagna-  
tion of its industry—a good deal more. We are  
naturally anxious—being ourselves heavy suffer-  
ers along with our neighbors—to see this de-  
plorable state of things brought to an end at the  
earliest possible moment. We believe the mis-  
ery endured every week throughout the land,  
because of idleness and want, outweighs the  
suffering that would result from a peace with

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certainly cannot fall short of six thousand. A. W. K.

### The Great Battle of Manassas. A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT, BY ONE WHO PARTICIPATED.

We are kindly permitted to publish, almost entire, the following letter from a surviving Oglethorpe to his mother. We think our readers will agree with us that it is the most interesting yet published. Our young friend has proved himself an artist with the pen as well as the pencil. It is proper to remark that it was not written for publication, but it will be found all the more admirable for that reason:

MANASSAS JUNCTION, July 29, 1861. MY DEAR MOTHER: Sunday, July 21st, 1861,

will be a day never to be forgotten. A more glorious victory, a more decisive one, never occurred on this continent. What wailing there will be throughout the land; the wounded and the dead on every side. I have seen as much blood and as many awful scenes as would do for a lifetime! A battle! how awful!

On last Thursday we left our encampment near Winchester, and marched all that day and the succeeding night, with the exception of two hours, when we halted to rest. At half past 11 that night we crossed the Shenandoah, pulled off our clothes, put them with our accoutrements on our heads and shoulders, and forded the river. The most of us had nothing to eat on the march. Day before yesterday we were encamped about eight miles from this place. Yesterday morning, about six o'clock, we received orders to march; after having advanced about a mile, we could hear, every now and then, the report of cannon.— We halted, inspected our arms, and loaded our muskets. Col. Gardner said to us, "Men, I am no public speaker, but recollect to sustain the honor of the State from which you come." We gave him three cheers, and then continued our march. The firing became more distinct as we advanced, but it was only a single gun, and that at intervals of about fifteen minutes, but it was sufficient to show that the ball had commenced; after a while, we could see the smoke from the cannon.

We must have marched about eight miles up one hill, and down another, with the sun intensely hot and plenty of dust, when we were brought up on the brow of a hill in a corn field, from whence we could see the enemy advancing in immense numbers.

Then the firing commenced in good earnest, and appeared to be on every side. A battery began to play on us, the first shot passing just above our regiment. You can have no idea, not the slightest, of what a peculiar noise and at what a distance you can hear a ball passing through the air. Several balls and bombs struck within a few yards of us, tearing up the earth and making the dust fly.

Col. G. ordered us to lie down flat on the ground. I suppose a hundred bombs and balls passed over us, not more than ten feet above us, and very often bursting and falling very near us. One fell in the *Macon Guards*, the company next to ours, wounding two of their men.— They were the first men in our regiment to spill their blood. The balls would tear away the limbs from apple trees near us, and one bomb fell and exploded not over fifteen feet from where several of the boys and myself were lying.

away—that they had fifty thousand men as a reinforcement. At that time they felt confident of a glorious victory. While here, the balls and shot from our batteries tore away the limbs of trees all around us. With the assistance of one of their men, we got the Colonel to their hospital—an old farm-house—a quarter of a mile distant.

We laid him under a tree in the shade. Their wounded were being brought in in large numbers—the whole yard was strewn with them, lying all about in the shade. This old farm house appeared to be their headquarters as well as hospital, and we had not been there more than a half hour before they began to prepare for a retreat, and then ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. But we had time to observe that their men are far better equipped, in all respects, for a campaign than ours. The wounded, believing they would surely be killed, begged earnestly not to be left. They ordered us to put the Colonel on a board and carry him with them, but he told them he would rather that they should shoot him there, than move him again, and tried to persuade them to leave their wounded, with their physicians to attend them, pledging his word that if they would raise a yellow flag, not a shot would be fired in that direction, and that their wounded should receive every attention, but their confusion was too great to admit of their listening to reason. At length, however, the Colonel persuaded them to leave some of their wounded, as well as ours, and six of their men to attend them, pledging himself that they should not be considered nor treated as prisoners, nor would *ours*; and that their men should be returned as soon as possible. To this they consented.

Our batteries were now beginning to open on the house. Col. G. ordered a white flag of some sort to be raised. Our handkerchiefs were all too bloody or soiled, so I took off a part of an under garment and tied it to a bedstead post, and ran up stairs, but found no possible way of getting on the house, and stuck it out of one of the windows. I could distinctly see our battery—the balls came nearer. I expected momentarily to see the old house knocked down. The balls continued to whiz. I went down into the yard, and was convinced that they did not see the flag. I jerked off my blue shirt, tied my under shirt to a pole, and climbed the chimney to an out-house. It was very broad, and from our batteries looked like an embankment. Heide was standing near the foot of the chimney. I had nothing on but my pants, while trying to fasten up the pole our batteries must have taken me for one of the enemy attempting to mount a battery. The first thing I knew I heard a ball coming. It could not have passed more than three feet above me—it whizzed through the trees beyond. I was rather scared. I then put up another flag out in the field, which as soon as they observed they ceased firing at the house.

The rest of the day I was busy ceaselessly in giving water to the wounded and trying to fix up their wounds the best way I could. There was no physician there—all had gone when the enemy fled. My hand was in blood all day; nothing but blood. About every half hour I would go round the yard, give each of them a drink of water—so grateful, poor fellows! On one of my rounds I found that two or three had died while I was away. They were shot in every conceivable place.

Towards night we procured an ambulance and brought Col. Gardner here, where he has a tent, and I am nursing him. He is a noble man—bears it so well—as cool as a cucumber. He sent me down to the battle field this morning on business. I did not get back until two hours ago; it is now half-past twelve. I sit up with him till one, when Frank, the negro man, will take his turn. I saw Bob; he is quite well.

We took 78 men into the fight (the O. L. I.) To show how terrible was the firing: six were killed, twenty were wounded, twenty-nine struck but not hurt, leaving only sixteen untouched; and they, when he fell, gathered round our noble hero, our beloved Gen. Barlow. We have gained a glorious victory—taken sixty-two pieces of guns. But all this the papers have told you. But oh! it is impossible to begin to describe the horrors of a battle field for a day or two after or at the time. The most of the killed have

Northern men the equal of South they politicians, who will run at the line of advancing bayonets? One will settle this conclusively. There a long war—no chance for it, unless craft will so have it. Let fifty thousand of the Union bear as many rebels, and the war will be substantially. If, as we rejoice to hear Gen. S ready to try conclusions with Jel Beauregard, the war is near its end, in no boastful spirit—*we concede the rebels proving the stronger party do, let us frankly own it, and prompt wanton effusion of blood.* And if I keep the field against us, they will d

In another editorial, which appeared frequently, the *Tribune* said:

"This war is costing the Government twenty to forty millions of dollars and the country—in the disruption of its industry—a good deal more naturally and being ourselves along with our neighbors—to a horrible state of things brought to the earliest possible moment. We have endured every week throughout because of idleness and want, all suffering that would result from smart battles. In short, we believe soldiers are to-day able and eager rebels, and we want to see them all if they are not able to finish the fair stand-up fight, our pride revolts slowly starving them into submission, then by virtue of money borrowed to say, challenge them to meet the peers in fair fight; if they quail, they if they fight, and are beaten, they up; while, if they beat us, we ought to Let us have this matter decided to that our brave men may quit soldier turn to more profitable vocations."

Now, says the Richmond *Enquirer* tion is submitted to every candid Greeley fully committed by the contracts to the recognition of Southern defence! We have met the Northern fair fight—they have quailed; they and they must give it up, according suggestion. Will he now advise the of the North to quit soldiering and more profitable vocations," as he is do, or will he falsify his word, according custom?

THE ENEMY AND HIS WOUNDED.—with characteristic brutality, has left his wounded and dying exclusively to an army. The Indian and the savage manifest a humane sympathy for their comrades; it is left for the Yankee, rizes over helpless women, to betray his own wounded on the field.

One single man, of all the North, agents to look after a disabled relative is no less a person than the Northern of War, Simon Cameron. But instead this in an honorable manner, and true, he has thought proper to have stealth and artifice.

Two well known characters about City were his chosen instruments for out his brother by stealth; a Tennessee name of Arnold Harris—it should Harris Arnold—and a teacher of the Tuder Buchanan, by the name of Magr men were captured on the field as engaged in their stealthy work. The regarded as any other than spies, and held as such by the proper officers. have such characters as these, char commission from the chief war office my, to enter our country, in disguise garb and their purpose, endeavoring plain by stealth the mission entrusted by such a chief? They are clearly most disreputable sort, and should be accordingly.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

SCOTT'S PROMISE FULFILLED.—

march. The bug became more distinct as we advanced, but it was only a single gun, and that at intervals of about fifteen minutes, but it was sufficient to show that the ball had commenced; after a while, we could see the smoke from the cannon.

We must have marched about eight miles up one hill, and down another, with the sun intensely hot and plenty of dust, when we were brought up on the brow of a hill in a corn field, from whence we could see the enemy advancing in immense numbers.

Then the firing commenced in good earnest, and appeared to be on every side. A battery began to play on us, the first shot passing just above our regiment. You can have no idea, not the slightest, of what a peculiar noise and at what a distance you can hear a ball passing through the air. Several balls and bombs struck within a few yards of us, tearing up the earth and making the dust fly.

Col. G. ordered us to lie down flat on the ground. I suppose a hundred bombs and balls passed over us, not more than ten feet above us, and very often bursting and falling very near us. One fell in the *Macon Guards*, the company next to ours, wounding two of their men. They were the first men in our regiment to spill their blood. The balls would tear away the limbs from apple trees near us, and one bomb fell and exploded not over fifteen feet from where several of the boys and myself were lying. It threw the dust all over me. After we had laid there about three quarters of an hour a courier came, saying Gen. Bee wanted a regiment to assist him. We were ordered to rise, and marched down between the fire of both sides, the balls whizzing over us incessantly. It seemed as though one passed every second. Sometimes a shell would burst in the air, leaving a little cloud of white smoke, which looked beautifully. After passing the batteries, we were placed in a pine grove and small saplings, and then commenced the work. The enemy were not more than a hundred yards from us, and had the advantage in position, as also house, fence and hay stacks as defences, while we had no protection, the trees being too small to prove such. There must have been several regiments against us, our own being not six hundred men, but all brave fellows. At the word *fire* we rushed to the edge of the thicket and fired. I took deliberate aim. We then lay down, loaded and fired. The balls from the enemy fell like hail around us, tearing the bark from the trees. The *Rome Light Guards* were ordered to fall back.

up the pole our batteries must have taken me for one of the enemy attempting to mount a battery. The first thing I know I heard a ball coming. It could not have passed more than three feet above me—it whizzed through the trees beyond. I was rather scared. I then put up another flag-out in the field, which as soon as they observed they ceased firing at the house.

The rest of the day I was busy incessantly in giving water to the wounded and trying to fix up their wounds the best way I could. There was no physician there—all had gone when the enemy fled. My hand was in blood all day, nothing but blood. About every half hour I would go round the yard, give each of them a drink of water—so grateful, poor fellows! On one of my rounds I found that two of three had died while I was away. They were shot in every conceivable place.

Towards night we procured an ambulance and brought Col. Gardner home, where he has a tent, and I am nursing him; he is a noble man—bears it so well—as cool as a cucumber. He sent me down to the battle field this morning on business. I did not get back until two hours ago; it is now half past twelve. I sit up with him till one, when *Frank*, the negro man, will take his turn. I saw Bob; he is quite well.

We took 78 men into the fight (the O. L. I.) To show how terrible was the firing, six were killed, twenty were wounded, twenty-nine struck but not hurt, leaving only sixteen untouched, and they, when he fell, gathered round our noble hero, our beloved Gen. Barlow. We have gained a glorious victory—taken sixty-two pieces of guns. But all this the papers have told you. But, oh! it is impossible to begin to describe the horrors of a battle field for a day or two after or at the time. The most of the killed have been buried, and yet to-day (23d) when I rode over to the field the dead were still strewn about in every direction—dead horses all over the field. The stench was so intolerable I could scarcely force the horse I was riding to go. I must acknowledge I had but a faint idea of what a battle was, nor am I so anxious as before for a fight, and yet to-morrow, if our company were to go, and our country needs our services, I should not hesitate a moment. I would go.

You must excuse this wretched scrawl, I am so tired. I have been so busy I have not had time to write. I have washed my face but twice since the battle. Our brave boys, who so nobly died, were buried yesterday, 22d, in one grave, side by side—noble, glorious fellows—brothers in arms, brothers in death, John Branch first, George Butler second, Willie Cross third, Bryan Morel fourth, Tom Purse fifth, Julius Ferrill sixth. The wounded are most of them at Culpeper C. H.

The ball that struck my leg left a mark, but did not draw blood. I was a little scared in the fight, though my hand was steady, and I think I killed one Yankee. It was through the mercy of Almighty God that I was saved. I am so

do, or will he fals custom?

THE ENEMY AN with characteristi his wounded and ern army. The fr manifest a human comrades; it is le izes over helpless his own wounded

One single man agents to look aft is no less a perso of War, Simon Ca this for an hour frage, he has thou stealth said artifice

Two well know City were his cho out his brother by name of Arnold— Harris Arnold—ar der Bachman, by men were capture engaged in their s regarded as any of held as such by th have such charact commission from my, to enter our e garb and their pur plish by stealth th by such a chief? most disreputabl accordingly.—*Kio*

Scott's Promi some months sine portion, at least, o mond during th been fulfilled. T the advance guard ments are coming fortunate Scott! come not in trium but, the Lord he's the wounded to re deserve, and the what to say of the

During Sevint row Guards, wh ramenten of the m Foles in their w truly a most trigh be used against c made very cheaply so the blue attac let long, with a woman in the ha

Our



aw Charlie Daniell and Steve Barowell this  
ing; they are both well. Rockwell is all  
, tell his mother. Your son,  
J. B. G.

[COMMUNICATED.]

SAVANNAH, July 30, 1861.

Editor of the Savannah Morning News:  
AR SIR: The following queries were placed  
hands a few days ago, and it has been my  
fortune to find an answer in the enclosed  
, written by George M. Troup. Let him,  
though dead, speak to us the words of wise  
Direct taxation is the safety of a nation.  
very man pay and let every man know  
he pays, and my life upon it, that people  
e free. B. F.

Is the voluntary liberality of Indi-  
s—such as the Confederate States at pres-  
eive—as good a financial resource in this  
ine of excitement and need, as severe and  
odical taxation which presses on the willing  
e unwilling alike?

Without intending to express an opinion on  
bject, I would be happy to hear any specu-  
s you may be pleased to make on the sub-  
B.

LAURENS COUNTY, August 29, 1861.

FLEMEN: Thanks for your invitation. I am  
cannot be with you on the 13th proximo. My  
ishes, nevertheless, attend on your behalf,  
which I hope may sincerely terminate in your  
ace of Mr. Polk.

ow this gentleman in Congress, an honest man,  
be Republican in every sense of the word;  
o has intelligence enough to serve you well  
itfully. He will suffer no violations of the  
ntion to pass unobserved, and he will stay  
ham, so far as he has power, until wiser coun-  
the part of the people shall redeem them from  
ery

man deplores the triumph of Federalism in  
a more than myself, and the more as I cannot  
s outlive it.

would not have been under its hateful shadow  
nning of Government had not adopted the in-  
nstead of the direct, mode of taxation for the  
t of manufacturers. If the direct taxation had  
orted to, there is not a farmer in Georgia who  
not gladly renounce his Federalism and vote  
Polk. He would see and feel, as he does not  
and feel, that the taxes on bagging, salt, iron,  
es, sugar, clothing, etc., from which it is im-  
le for him to escape, are more than he can bear,  
aid that the veriest slave, sooner than bear  
would revolt. But, neither seeing nor feeling  
es, he is made by the politician to believe that  
blessing which cheapens every article of com-  
and makes him the richer in the very de-  
burden is heaped upon him.

presence of the Tax Collector, gentlemen,  
cause the scales to drop from his eyes if they  
blind with the most indissoluble cement of  
and if he found the bed sold from under his  
id children to pay it, he would curse the coun-  
it perpetrated the wrong, and the party that  
in the dupe

Southern planter not only pays more than he  
ord to pay, but more than in a short time he  
able to pay without infinite distress; and we  
pe it will be this aggravation of distress which

are badly wounded. The "Rifles" is the only  
company in the 8th Regiment which had none  
killed. Lieut. Hill gave me this note.  
Thos. R. R. Coan.

[(Altered) From the New Orleans Delta.]  
NOT DEAD.

Barrow! your life, although your blood is shed,  
Is sanctified in our inner lives,  
And in our homes our children and our wives  
Feel you a living presence—not a dead;  
Tis thus—whatever men have thought or said—  
God frustrates all the evil man contrives;  
He gives no life to be destroyed with lead,  
So your immortal and your mortal wed,  
Will her abide, as surely as your name;  
Our troops by your free spirit shall be led,  
Our rulers by your counsel, just the same;  
And, though henceforth your hand we may not press,  
You shall your Country's soldier be, no less  
Than you shall be a glorious child of Fame.

RECEIPTS OF COTTON, &c.—July 30th, 1861.—

Per Central Railroad—30 sacks flour, 103 sacks  
wheat, 6 tierces lard, 5 bales domestics, and mdze.  
To A Gonn, Jas Doyle, B Constantine, J G Watts,  
W D Etheridge, Nevitt, Lathrop & Rogers, A Faw-  
cett, Claghorn & Cunningham, G D Dodge, Boston &  
Villalonga.

Shipping Record.

Port of Savannah, : : : July 31.

ARRIVED.

Steamer St John, King, Palatka, &c, with mdze  
To Claghorn & Cunningham.  
Steamer S. Athens Republic, Robert Todd, with  
iron. To Blount & Dawson, and Master.

STATE OF GEORGIA, CHATHAM

COUNTY.—To all whom it may concern: Where-  
as, Robert Lacklison will apply at the Court of Ord-  
inary for Letters Dismissory as Executor on the es-  
tate of John F. Guilmarth.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all whom  
it may concern, to be and appear before said Court  
to make objections (if any they have) on or before the  
first Monday in November next, otherwise said letters  
will be granted.

Witness, Dominick A. O'Byrne, Esq., Ordinary for  
Chatham county, this 30th day of April, 1861.  
may! DOMINICK A. O'BYRNE, O. C. C.

STATE OF GEORGIA, CHATHAM

COUNTY.—To all whom it may concern: Where-  
as, William S. Taylor will apply at the Court of Ord-  
inary for Letters of Dismission as Administration on  
the Estate of William Scarborough.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all whom  
it may concern, to be and appear before said Court to  
make objection (if any they have) on or before the 1st  
Monday in October next, otherwise said letters will be  
granted.

Witness, Dominick A. O'Byrne, Esq., Ordinary for  
Chatham county, this 27th day of March, 1861.  
MAR 20 DOMINICK A. O'BYRNE, O. C. C.

STATE OF GEORGIA, CHATHAM

COUNTY.—To all whom it may concern: Where-  
as, George Troup Maxwell will apply at the Court  
of Ordinary for Letters of Dismission as Admini-  
strator, cum testamentum annexo de bonis non, on the Estate  
of Helen Fleming.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all whom  
it may concern, to be and appear before said Court to  
make objection (if any they have) on or before the

TO THE PUB

The undersigned are constrained  
subscription price of their respective  
necessity arises from the diminished in-  
fices, growing out of the stagnation o-  
erally, while the expenses are largely  
cannot be curtailed without injury to

Advertising, ordinarily exchange a p-  
paper's revenue, is almost wholly sus-  
suspended so during the war, while the  
has largely increased, and telegraph  
nearly trebled.

It is not reasonable to suppose that  
of papers will continue their public  
when there is no immediate prospect  
the better. We have too much reliance  
of justice of our subscribers to expect  
will complain of our course; on the con-  
ter and need a generous support. A  
cheerful efforts on their part to increas-  
tion lists. It is only upon this suppo-  
forts we can now depend to maintain  
and value of our papers as full and re-  
of information at this most critical pe-  
riod of our country.

From the 1st day of July, our terms

will be:	
For the Daily, one year	.....
six months	.....
three months	.....
one month	.....
Tri-Weekly, one year	.....
six months	.....
three months	.....

The Weekly will be as heretofore,  
year.

Apart from existing exigencies, it is  
generally known that the papers of Savan-  
na have long been furnished at a price  
of the journals of other commercial  
South, and on terms wholly unwar-  
rantable. proof of this we refer to the following  
terms. It shows that we do not seek  
labor and capital than is promptly con-  
engaged in the same business.

CHARLESTON.	
Courier	Daily \$10
Mercury	10
Evening News	8
MOBILE.	
Advertiser & Register	Daily \$10
Tribune	8
NEW ORLEANS.	
Picayune	Daily \$12
Crescent	10
Bulletin	12
Delta	10
MEMPHIS.	
Avalanche	Daily \$10
Bulletin	10
Appeal	10
NASHVILLE.	
Union & American	Daily \$5
Banner	4
MONTGOMERY.	
	Daily