

The North Carolina Standard (extra) has a letter from an officer of the late Col. Fisher's Regiment giving an account of the participation of the Sixth North Carolina Regiment in the battle, and relating some interesting incidents of the engagement. He says

The battle commenced in the morning, with heavy cannonading on the right and centre, both sides maintaining their positions. The dull booming of the cannon was distinctly heard by us as we were disembarking from the cars; and, as soon as that was done, our Regiment was formed and moved off in quick time, notwithstanding our weary march from Winchester; and, though tired and apparently exhausted, yet, the terrible cannonading in the centre and on the right nerved every arm, brightened every eye and quickened every step. On we went through the dust that rose in clouds, until we reached a point where we fled to the left to a spring, where our canteens were filled with fresh water by companies; and, as each company received its water, were marched to the shade, and allowed to lie down and rest.

After the watering operation was finished, we proceeded, and were halted under cover of a hill in rear of one of our batteries, and ordered to load and rest; and immediately we loaded and laid our weary limbs upon the grass, and many fell into a doze, notwithstanding the battle was raging around us; but men who had not slept for three nights on a forced march could sleep anywhere. This was about seven o'clock, and the sun shone brightly, and the cannonading became more intense, dense clouds of smoke rose from the opposite hills, the earth shook with the awful thunder, and continued to wax hotter and hotter, when almost instantaneously the men cried out, "Colonel Fisher, we're ready." He replied: "I know that." Suddenly his clear voice rang out, "Attention!" when every man sprang with new life to his place in the ranks, shouldered his musket, and at the command "Forward, march," we moved briskly up the hill, and formed a line of battle in rear of one of our batteries, where we could see distinctly the columns of smoke rising up from the enemy's batteries in the opposite hills, while the balls were whistling around us.

Suddenly we shifted position farther to the left in a road running by a thick wood, and still the balls were whistling over us. A slug from a rifled cannon passed through our ranks, but there was no wavering, but in the attack, you could read on every brow the stern resolve to conquer or die. Here we stood resting on our arms, with the wounded lying around us, and ever and anon some one would breathe his last; when again rang the cannon voice, and led by our gallant Colonel, we fled through the dense tangled undergrowth, and sped onward until we struck a ravine which led directly up to Sherman's Battery, and were halted with the two right flank companies, under Captains Kirkland and York, within forty yards of the guns and a Regiment of the United States Army supporting them, when the command of fire was given, when we silenced the battery at the first fire. Captains Kirkland and Avery led their men around the point of woods and charged the battery and drove every man from the pieces. About this time some officer cried out to cease firing, as we were firing in our own men.

Exposed to a raking fire from the enemy, and fired into by our friends, Colonel Fisher ordered us to retreat, which was done in some disorder, owing to the cry that we were firing into friends; and it was here that the gallant Colonel Fisher fell in front of the battery, leading on his men to the charge. He was shot through the head with a ball. May he rest in the soldier's Heaven; for a nobler, braver, more gallant man never led a column to victory.

That portion of the Regiment rallied by the gallant Lightfoot and Webb pitched into the hottest of the fight and joined in the final charge, when the enemy were put to a precipitate flight, and joined in the pursuit for several miles. No more gallant spirits stood over that field than Lieutenant Colonel Lightfoot and Major Webb. The remainder of the Regiment, under different officers, fell in with other Regiments and fought to the last. No Regiment behaved with more bravery and gallantry than the North Carolina Sixth Infantry on that memorable field. Led up into the hottest of the fight, within a few yards of a battery that was raking our army, they delivered their fire with the deadliest precision. Our loss was about sixty killed and wounded. Among the officers, our gallant Colonel Fisher fell early in the attack. Lieutenant Colonel Lightfoot was wounded in the calf of the leg, but never stopped, although on foot, as were all our field officers. Captain Avery was shot in the leg, but, like a brave man as he is, never left the field. Lieutenant W. P. Mangum was severely wounded in the left side. The report that Major Webb was killed is untrue, though exposed to a most terrible fire, he escaped unharmed.

Several Regiments claim the honour of silencing and taking this battery. It was taken by the Sixth Infantry North Carolina State troops. The Regiment, as I have stated, was led up within 40 yards of it, and their fire silenced it, and Col. Lightfoot, Major Webb, Captains Kirkland, Avery and Lieutenants Avery and Mangum, marched right up to it with their men, and passed beyond it, and received a galling fire from the left, when they were ordered to cease firing and fall back. Major Webb was resting on one of the pieces, facing the fire, and our men retreated in good order, all the while delivering their fire.

About sunset, the enemy were charged by our army, and put in disorder, and ran like turkeys, pursued by our infantry, cavalry and artillery for several miles until darkness stopped them. Our Regiment was in the charge, under Col. Lightfoot and Major Webb.

"To the victors belong the spoils," and in this case they were enormous. Sixty-odd pieces of cannon, every piece they had but two, a large amount of small arms, a church full of knapsacks, blankets, ammunition, haversacks, &c., &c., with which our men are abundantly supplied.

Some twelve or fifteen hundred prisoners were taken, and a large number of officers.

Our loss was considerable, though I do not know how many we had killed and wounded—though very considerable; for it could not have been otherwise, fighting from sunrise until dark. Though our loss is not near so great as we at first supposed. The loss of the enemy is enormous; for they received our deadly shots with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

I visited the field after the battle, and it was indeed a sickening, heart-rending sight. The enemy lay piled up in heaps, and horses strewn all about. I counted forty horses in a distance of fifty yards. Around Sherman's batteries, where our Regiment fired, every horse and cannoner was killed, and lay in one indiscriminate heap. All over the battle field were strewn the dead and dying. Some had placed their arms under their heads as they went to their last sleep. Others folded their arms across their breasts, some with features distorted and blue-clenched as they wrestled in the agonies of death; others wore the calm placid smile which should grace the face of a soldier dying in a glorious cause. In the little clump of soldiers, the wounded had crawled and died, and lay there in ghastly heaps.

Our dead were buried with the honours due them, and our wounded removed to different places in the interior, where they will be properly attended to.

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6th North Carolina