Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year.

By M. Fields. ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1861. Vol. VII.—No. 1.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

ATTENTION,

ALL YE LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE!

Save your Money, and always have Good Coffee!

This can be done by using one of HERRMAN'S

Celebrated Coffee Roasters!

THIS is a little invention that every woman requires, as an article of economy and convenience. The coffee roasted in this machine is not only better and far healthier, but much stronger, as the aroma is retained and not destroyed in the roasting. It therefore requires less coffee.

One pound of coffee can be roasted in from ten to twelve minutes, and two pounds in twenty minutes. It is so constructed, that the coffee is kept constantly in motion, and exposed to the same degree of heat; consequently, all the grains are roasted alike, and have exactly the same flavor—no foreign flavor being acquired from over-roasting, or not roasting enough. A glass window is prepared at the end of the cylinder, so that the coffee may be inspected just as much as if it was in an open vessel, obviating the danger of roasting too much, and the aroma passing off, which would necessarily occur did the machine have to be opened whenever you wished to inspect the coffee. It will beyond all doubt, make better coffee and more of it.

W. A. CUMMING has purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell the above machine for this Montgomery county, and would be pleased to show them, and explain the *modus operandi* of them, to his friends and the public.

They can be seen at the Store of John H. Hoover, Esq., where, at all times, can be found, at prices to suit the times, a full supply Dry Goods, Groceries and all articles usually kept in a first-class country store.

feb 15—1y. WM. A. CUMMING.

A Southern Invention.

WOODWORTH'S

COMPOUND TOILET & WASHING SOAP

Patented March 18th 1860.

THE subscriber having purchased of Mr. Woodworth the Patent Right for Montgomery county, Md., for his IMPROVED SOAP, now offers for sale

Family Rights.

Also, SOAPS of every description manufactured by his process.

The subscriber has tested this soap thoroughly, and can, with confidence, recommend it to the citizens of Montgomery county. It is decidedly the

Cheapest and Best Soap

that has ever been made, and at the same time the mode of manufacturing the simplest that has ever been discovered. It can be made in TEN MINUTES. Any one can heat over the fire a quantity of water, and turn the same into the best Toilet or Washing Soap. It is made without any offensive smell. There is no lye or grease used, being made entirely from chemicals. It has been analyzed by some of the best chemists, and found to contain nothing that will injure the most delicate fibres, or the skin.

This soap has been used by thousands of families for the last six months, and is universally preferred to any other, wherever it is known, both for its superior quality as a washing and toilet soap, and for the great economy there is in using it, being cheaper by

Several hundred per cent.

than any other soap known. Every family should possess it, and needs only to be known to be sought after by every household and hundreds in the land.

The chemicals for its manufacture can be obtained at any Drug Store, at a very trifling expense.

FAMILY RIGHTS, or any of the Soaps, can be obtained of the subscriber. Any one purchasing a family right, and are dissatisfied after giving the soap a fair trial, can return it. He will, if required by the person purchasing a right, make some of the soap.

PERRY TRAIL.

dec 7—tf Rockville, Md.

Rockville Dec. 7th, 1860.

Mr. TRAIL: The sample of soap you gave me, I caused to be thoroughly tried, and found them to be all you represented. I have never seen any soaps to equal them, both for their superior quality, and for the great economy there is using them. I cheerfully recommend them to the public. A. F. ROSWELL.

U. S. Mail Stages.

THE subscriber is running a Line of Stages between Washington and Rockville, and Rockville and Frederick, carrying the U. S. mail—leaves the Franklin House, 8th and D streets, Washington D. C., every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, and arrive at Rockville by 11—same days leave Rockville, at 1, P. M., and arrive in Washington by 5. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, connects at Rockville with his line through to Forest Oak, Middlebrook, Clarksburg, Hyattstown, Urbana, and arrive at Frederick by 5 o'clock, P. M.; returning Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—leaving the City Hotel, Frederick, Md., at 5 o'clock, A. M., and arriving at Rockville in time to connect with his line to Washington.

He has a Thorough-brace Four-Horse Coach on the road between Washington, and Rockville, and Two-Horse Coaches between Rockville and Frederick, with good teams, and in the hands of careful and accommodating drivers.

Persons travelling on this line may depend on a safe and pleasant ride, as nothing shall be wanting on the part of the proprietor to render his passengers every comfort and convenience in his power.

BENJ. COOLEY,
Proprietor.

N. B.—He also has HORSES, BUGGIES and CARRIAGES for hire, or will send passengers to any part of the county or District on reasonable terms. B. COOLEY.

Rockville, March 22, 1861.

MILLWRIGHTING.

THE undersigned adopt this method of informing the Millers and Mill-owners of Montgomery and the surrounding counties, that are hereby this day entered into a co-partnership, and are prepared to do all kinds of MILLWRIGHTING, at the shortest notice and prices to suit the times.

We hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

ZEIGLER & CARR.

We would call special attention to the fact, that we are the only authorized agents in the State of Maryland for the sale of Scrivener's Improved JONVILLE TURBINE WATER-WHEEL, which, when built and set to work by us, we guarantee to yield from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the power of the water applied.

Satisfactory references given when required.

Address ZEIGLER & CARR,
Brookville, Montgomery Co., Md.

April 5, 1860. [may 3-1y]

Poetry.

SONG.

Virginia Races from Bull's Run.

Oh, be easy, don't you tease me,
While I sing a bit of fun;
Soldiers flying, niggers crying,
See them push to Washington.

Off they scamper! Oh, what a damper
To their tender, humane hearts;
Muskets dropping, hearts a throbbing,
Bodies left behind in carts.

Lee's a coming! Hark, the drumming!
Fly you hireling Hessian knaves;
He will scourge you, he will purge you,
Run you dirty Lincoln slaves.

Johnston's mettle will make you settle
Down in just and upright men,
If you promise for the future,
Not to take up arms again.

Oh, what sorrow, on to-morrow,
When you find your knapsack gone;
Bread and water—what you fought for—
You'll not find it in Washington.

Despised as traitors, brot hers-slaters,
You shall bear the mark of Cain;
Foreign gunners, first-rate runners,
Shot your brother a bleed for gain.

Shame will crown you, tears will down you
Of the misery you have made;
Peace will leave you, Conscience grieve you,
Dupes of Abraham Lincoln's raid.

Oh! be easy, don't you tease me;
I have sung you all the pieces;
See them comin, see them running,
Heavens! see the awful smoke.

A Thrilling Narrative.

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the western wilderness. I could outshoot any one, even the old woodsmen that thronged our village. My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits; in fact, as the old trappers said, I was cut for a backwoodsman's wife. I had two lovers then; one was Harry Cheverly and the other Mark Ruthson. Harry was a splendid specimen of an American backwoodsman, with a heart as true as steel, and to my experienced eye, he was the very personification of manly excellence.

Mark Ruthson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but on his face were such a hypocritical expression, that I actually detested him.

He seemed aware of my dislike, and assuming an air of injured innocence, he pressed his suit with the utmost zeal.

One evening as I was riding out, enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it Mark Ruthson rode out and joined me. He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face looking, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He finally offered me his hand and heart. Rising in my seat, I said:

"Mark Ruthson, in words can express the disgust I feel for you, and if you insult me again I will cowhide you, sir!"

It would be impossible to depict the expression of rage which swept over his face.

"Jane Mannering, mark my words, I will be revenged."

Casting upon him a look of unutterable contempt, I whipped my horse and soon lost sight of him.

The next day Mark Ruthson left the village, and we knew where. A year from that Harry Cheverly and I were married, and with the blessing of my mother, and the best wishes of my friends, we started for the western wilderness.

I will pass over a period of ten years, during which a substantial log cabin had been built, rude though it was, love made it a little palace. Our hearts were also gladdened by our little Eddie, the image of his father, and a noble little fellow.

About this time we heard of the depredations that the Indians were committing, by some passing stragglers, which filled us with a temporary alarm. But our fears soon passed away, and we regarded the reports as greatly exaggerated, or totally untrue.

One evening Eddie returned from his rambles, bringing with him a moccasin; which he said he found in the woods. This filled me with alarm and uneasiness; I felt a presentiment of coming danger.

Next morning I mentioned my fears to Harry. But he only laughed at my terror, and playfully handing me a little revolver, bade me defend myself like a man, and went to the woods to his daily work. I slipped the revolver into my pocket playfully, but could not entirely divest myself of my fears.

For an hour I sat on my low rocking chair, counting the moments as they flew, when my attention was attracted by noise on the opposite side of the room. Looking quickly around, to my dismay, I saw a dozen Indians, evidently just from war, each bearing his bloody scalp. The foremost advanced, and appeared to be the chief of the party. He approached and would have laid rough hands on me, when my darling boy raised himself to his full height, his blue eyes flashing, and demanded what they meant by their intrusion, and how they dared lay hands on his mother.

The chief paid no attention to him, but bade his warriors bind us, which was quickly done, and after a few moments, the chiefs retired for consultation; when seizing the opportunity, I scratched on the wall:

"Harry, we are in the hands of the Indians."

The chiefs returned, and we were soon borne with rapid, but noiseless steps, into the depths of the wilderness. The chief who had bound us attracted my attention. I was sure I had seen him before, but where I could not say.

Three days and three nights, without stopping, we were borne away from our home, and the fourth we stopped in a small hollow, which I found strewed with bones and skulls. While contemplating this scene with horror, I looked up, and the Indian chief stood before me. With a sneer over his dark features, he said, in good English:

"Though you have forgotten me, Jane Mannering, for so I will call you, I have by no means forgotten you."

"Who are you?" said I.

"I am Mark Ruthson," the chief replied, and in those painted features, I remembered the hypocritical face of the consummate villian.

There was no pity in his revengeful heart, and I read our doom in those hard features.

"Do you see yonder tree?" said he, in a quick, sharp tone. "Before the night your boy will be bound to that tree, and his young scalp be clipped from his head by my savage friends; and you will remain, and in the morning share the same fate."

Oh! how quickly the day flew, and the night approached; and just as twilight was setting in a ruthless savage seized my boy roughly by the arms, and bound him to a tree. First he waved a tomahawk over his head to frighten him, but the boy's blue eyes looked steadily at the savage in scorn; and his cheek never blanched. Enraged at his scorn, the Indian raised his tomahawk for the last time. Instinctively my hand rested on my revolver. I felt sure of my aim. I raised it slowly, and pointed it at the heart of the savage and fired. With a frightful yell, he sprang into the air, and fell dead.

With a scream of rage the Indians rushed upon me; another fell by my revolver. Again I attempted to fire, but my pistol snapped; throwing it away, I prepared to die; and just as the foremost Indian was about to sink his knife into my bosom, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the Indian fell dead at my feet, bathed in his own blood. The next moment the stalwart Harry Cheverly leaped into the ring. All the savages fled but their chief, who rushed upon my husband shouting

"Ha! Harry Cheverly, revenge at last!" and pointed his pistol which missed fire.

The next moment my husband's knife was in the renegades heart. Harry had seen the lines which I wrote on the wall, and knew the fate of his wife and child. We were troubled no more with the Indians, for the next year, old Tippecanoe with the avenging riflemen under his command, drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foes.

Matrimonial.

I have lived solitary long enough; I want sometody to talk at, quarrel with—than kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any other color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height am either five feet eight or eight feet five. Weight forget which. Weight 135 or 315, or 531, one of the three; recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement, am somewhat puzzled.—Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes butternut brindle, tinged with pea green. Nose blunt according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the Composite, and a mouth between a catfish and an alligator's—made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears palmated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog hair, moss and briar bush—well behaved, fearfully luxuriant.

I am sound in limb and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 9, when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges—to read backward, forward, crosswise, diagonally. Can play the jews-harp and base drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first-rate at ten-pins; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile—when towels are clean and shirt-buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want some one to tell me. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be.

Mrs. Partington's Last.

Ike goes for a soldier. Mrs. Partington makes a farewell address: ["Ike, my son, stand up while I dress you—hold my bonnet and specks.] "Fellow-soldiers: It is the abandoned duty of all to be patriarchal in these times, and to hand down, unrepaired, the glorious flag of all preceding generations." [Here Ike commenced counting off the new fashioned cheer, swinging the old bonnet up and down as he went in, one, two, three—tiger.] "March hesitatingly into the contented field, and if a rebel demands your quarters, tell him you had but three, and the last one is spent; then. If he won't quit and leave, 'quit yourself like a man,' and may you have a glorious champaign of it."

War News.

LATE FROM THE SOUTH.

The following interesting summary of southern news is made up from Richmond papers:

Loss of the Confederates.

Letters from Richmond state that General Beuregard had made his official return of the killed and wounded at the battle of Manassas, and the total is 1,470. The number of Federal prisoners is stated at 1,400. A correspondent belonging to Gen. Johnson's brigade, writes as follows:

"The beauty is we have eight Sharpsburgers' (from Sharpsburg, Md.) prisoners, have killed three and wounded two of the force that were under Cook, at Williamsport. Billy Lee was shot in the breast and is not expected to live. We have in one company a pistol with this inscription, "Presented to W. A. Hill, of New York, by Rev. H. W. Beecher." We have captured army blankets, &c. in abundance. We are all in good spirits, and have plenty of everything except water, which is rather muddy. Among the captured articles is a wagon of cheese, one of cake, one of cans of strawberries, peaches, &c., and boxes of lemons. The men who have been to Manassas say the estimated value of the captured articles is $3,000,000."

Johnson's and Beauregard's Bulletin to the Army.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, MANASSAS JUNCTION, July 28, 1861.

Soldiers of the Confederate States:

One week ago a countless host of men, organized into an army, with all the appointments which modern art and practiced skill could devise, invaded the soil of Virginia.

Their people sounded their approach with triumphant displays of anticipated victory. Their Congress came in almost regal state. Their ministers, senators and women came to witness the immolation of this army and the subjugation of our people, and to celebrate these with wild revelry.

It is with the profoundest emotions of gratitude to an overruling God, whose hand is manifest in protecting our homes and your liberties, that we, your Generals commanding, are enabled, in the name of our whole country, to thank you for that patriotic courage, that heroic gallantry, that devoted daring, exhibited by you in the actions of the 18th and 21st of July, by which the host of the enemy was scattered and a signal and glorious victory was achieved.

The two affairs of the 18th and 21st were but the sustained and continued efforts of your patriotism against the constantly recurring colors of an enemy fully treble our numbers, and this effort was crowned, on the evening of the 21st, with a victory so complete that the invaders were driven from the field and made to fly in disorderly rout back to their intrenchments, a distance of over thirty miles.

They left upon the field nearly every piece of their artillery, a large portion of their arms, equipments, baggage-stores, &c., and almost every one of their wounded and dead, amounting together with their prisoners, to many thousands; and thus the northern hosts were driven by you from Virginia.

Soldiers! we congratulate you on an event which insures the liberty of our country. We congratulate every man of you whose glorious privilege it was to participate in this triumph of courage and truth, to fight in the battle of Manassas. You have created an epoch in the history of liberty, and unborn nations will rise up and call you blessed. Continue this noble devotion, looking always to the protection of the just God, and, before time grows much older, we will be hailed as the deliverers of a nation of ten millions of people!

Comrades! our brothers who have fallen, have earned undying renown, and their blood, shed in our holy cause, is a precious and acceptable sacrifice to the Father of Truth and Right; their graves are beside the tomb of Washington, their spirits have joined his in eternal communion. We will hold the soil in which the dust of Washington is mingled with the dust of our brothers. We drop one tear on their laurels, and move forward to avenge them.

Soldiers! we congratulate you on a glorious triumph and complete victory. We thank you for doing your whole duty in the service of your country.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSON,
G. P. T. BEAUREGARD.

Arrival of Fresh Troops.

Troops continue to pour in since the battle of Manassas. Says the Lynchburg Virginian—"Our city is full of soldiers. We have never seen so many hurrying forward to the seat of war." The Lynchburg papers also announce the arrival there of the first regiment of the Polish Brigade from New Orleans, which was raised by Gen. Tochman, but is now commanded by Col. Poulaskowski. One of the companies is commanded by John Robinson, the well-known circus proprietor, and his son James, the famous equestrian, is a lieutenant in the same company. The "Polish" Brigade seems to embrace almost every nationality under the sun.

The arrival of another Louisiana regiment, composed chiefly of French Creoles, is announced in the Richmond papers. It is commanded by Col. Mandeville Marigny, who was educated at the Polytechnian school in France; was the military companion and associate of the late Duke of Orleans, and is a gentleman renowned for his chivalry and soldierly qualities. The Lieutenant Colonel, Jules Denis, is also a fine officer, and the Major, Dumontell, served with distinction in the Crimean war. This regiment has marching orders for Manassas. Emile La Sere, formerly a distinguished member of congress from Louisiana, is quartermaster to this regiment.

The Twelfth North Carolina regiment has also arrived at Richmond. It numbered 1,000 men.

A Marylander Killed in Battle.

Among the noble band of heroes who fell at the late battle of Manassas, in defense of their honor and their liberties, says the Richmond Dispatch, none fell more gallantly than James P. Clark, a young Maryland volunteer, and a member of Captain McAlister's company of the Twenty-seventh Virginia Regiment. He had been appointed a corporal from his company the morning of the battle to guard the regimental standard, and fell mortally wounded about three P. M., when our forces made the last desperate onset which decided the fate of the day.

He was taken to Orange Court House where he died the following Thursday, far from home and kindred, but in the care of the best friends kind Providence ever raised up for the relief of a sufferer. He was subsequently brought to Richmond for interment.

Colonel Elzey and the Maryland Volunteers.

The Richmond Dispatch, speaking of Col. Elzey's brigade and the Maryland Volunteers, says a correspondent, writing from Fairfax Court-House, gives a description of the memorable forced march from Winchester to Piedmont, and proceeds as follows:

"The battle had been in progress some time when the brigade arrived, but hastily forming, with the First Maryland on the right, and Col. Elzey and Gen Kirby Smith at its head, it started off on the double quick, through suffocating clouds of dust and a broiling sun. At about one mile and a half from the field they were met by an aid, who begged them to hasten. With a cheer the enemy could scarcely have failed to hear, the gallant fellows sprang forward, and then commenced a race between the regiments to first reach the scene of action, the like of which I never before witnessed. *But the Maryland boys had the advantage, being light troops, and dashed into the fight some weeks in advance of the others, receiving a galling fire as they did so from the regiment of Fire Zouaves,* which, with a Maine, a Vermont and two or three other regiments, were just turning our flank. *The Marylanders were* [illegible] *with Gen. Smith and were* [illegible] *the first two, but pouring* [illegible] *Mississippi* [illegible] *which they were armed,* and being immediately after supported by the gallant Virginians and Tennesseans, *to the enemy* [illegible] *for some distance.* At the edge of a dense pine thicket they were reinforced, and made one more desperate stand. But it was of no avail; for, with a loud shout, the brigade pressed on, and scattered them in every direction, and the battle of Manassas was won."

The writer here gives a list of the killed and wounded of the Maryland Regiment, as previously stated, viz: John Switzer, shot through the head; James Hicks, head shot off, both from Washington county, and belonging to Capt Goldsborough's Company, who had several others slightly wounded by pieces of shell. Of Captain Dorsey's Company, Serg't Jno. Berryman was shot through the body and badly wounded. John Codd, severely wounded by being struck in the groin by a piece of shell. They both belong to Baltimore. Several others were slightly wounded.

Company E, Captain McCoy, had none killed, but Lieutenant Marriot received a painful wound through the arm; private —— Ford, shot through the arm.

Gen. Smith was shot through the shoulder and neck, but never for a moment lost his presence of mind, and insisted in being again placed on horseback in the midst of a shower of bullets, which of course was not permitted.

The brigade is now at this post, where any letters to its members will be received, as the mail is again running.

Col. Vaughn says in a letter written the day after the fight:

"I feel certain that the brigade commanded by Col. Elzey, composed of the 10th and 13th Virginia Regiments, and the Maryland and East Tennessee Regiments, turned the scale in our favor. The official reports speak of these things."

The Eighth Georgia Regiment in the Battle at Stone Bridge.

The following graphic description of scenes on the battle, and the gallant conduct of the Eighth Georgia Regiment, was written for the Richmond Dispatch by a gentleman who participated in the fierce conflict of the 21st of July:

On Thursday, the 18th instant, about 2 P. M., this regiment left Winchester for Manassas, under command of Lieut. Colonel Montgomery Gardner. Colonel Bartow had been for some weeks acting Brigadier General of a brigade, consisting of the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Eleventh Georgia Regiments, and a battalion of Kentuckians.

The Eighth marched twenty-seven miles over the mountains, fording the Shenandoah, to Piedmont, on the Manassas Gap railroad, and arrived about noon Friday. The march was fatiguing in the extreme. After a delay of a few hours they left for Manassas on the cars, and a slow, tedious ride brought them to this point late on Saturday morning. They marched three and a half miles to camp in the woods, without tents, and without food. Early next morning they were ordered to the fight, where they arrived after a circuitous, wearisome, and at times double quick tramp of between ten and twelve miles.

Breathless, tired, faint and footsore, the gallant fellows were eager for the affray. They were first ordered to support Pendleton's Virginia Battery, which they did amid a furious storm of grape from the enemy. Inactive as they were compelled to be under this fire, they stood cool and unflurried. They were finally ordered to charge Sherman's Battery. To do this it was necessary to cross an intervening hollow, covered by the enemy's fire, and establish themselves in a thicket flanking the enemy's battery. They charged in a manner that elicited the praise of General Johnson.

Gaining the thicket, they opened upon the enemy. The history of warfare probably affords no instance of more deperate fighting than took place now. From three sides a fierce, concentrated, murderous, unceasing volley poured in upon this devoted and heroic "six hundred" Georgians. The enemy appeared upon the hill by the thousands. Between six and ten regiments were visible. It was a hail of bullet-rain in that fatal grove. The ranks were cut down as grain by a scythe. Whole platoons melted away as if by magic. Cool, unflinching and stubborn, each man fought with gallantry, and a stern determination to win or die. Not one faltered. Col. Bartow's horse was shot under him. Adjutant Branch fell, mortally wounded. Lieut. Colonel Gardner dropped with a shattered leg. The officers moved from rank to rank, from man to man, cheering and encouraging the brave fellows. Some of them took the muskets of the dead and began coolly firing at the enemy.

It was an appalling hour. The shot whistled and tore through trees and bones. The ground became literally paved with the fallen. Yet the remnant stood composed and unquailing, carefully loading, steadily aiming, unerringly firing, and then quietly looking to see the effect of their shots. Mere boys fought like veterans—unexcited, save with the stern "white heat," flameless exhilaration, that battle gives to brave spirits.

After eight or ten rounds the regiment appeared annihilated. The order was reluctantly given to cease firing and retire. The stubborn fellows gave no heed. It was repeated. Still no obedience. The battle spirit was up. Again it was given. Three volleys had been fired after the first command. At length they returned, walking and fighting. Owing to the density of the growth, a part of the regiment were separated from the colors. The other part formed in an open field behind the thicket. The retreat continued over ground alternately wood and field. At every open spot they would reform, pour a volley into the pursuing enemy and again retire.

From the account of the enemy who stopped to give water to the wounded and rifle the dead, it seems that the Eighth cut to pieces the Sixth Massachusetts, half demolished the Rhode Islanders, and made deadly havoc among the regulars. But a horrible mistake occurred at this point. Their own friends, taking them for the enemy, poured a fatal fire upon their mutilated ranks. At length they withdrew from the fight. Their final rally was with some sixty men of the six hundred they took in. Balaklava tells no more heroic tale than this: "Into the valley of death *marched* the six hundred." As they retired they passed General Beauregard. He drew aside, fronted, raised his hat, and said: "I salute the Eighth Georgia with my hat off."

Of all the companies of the regiment the Oglethorpe Light Infantry suffered most. They were on the extreme right nearest the enemy, and thus were more exposed. Composed of the first young gentlemen of Savannah, their terrible loss will throw a gloom over their whole city. An organization of five or six years' standing, they were the favorite corps of Savannah. Colonel Bartow had long been their captain, and was idolized by them, while he had a band of sons in them. It is supposed that his deep grief at the mutilation of his boys caused him to expose his life more recklessly than was necessary. He wished to die with them, if he could not take them back home. They fought with heroic desperation. All young, all unmarried, all gentlemen, there was not one of the killed who was not an ornament to the community and freighted with brilliant promise. In sending them to Virginia, Savannah sent her best to represent her, and their loss proves how well they stood up; how well that city was represented, in a battle where all were brave.

After the gallant Eighth had retired with but a fragment, Col. Bartow, by Gen. Beauregard's order, brought up the Seventh Georgia, exclaiming, in reply to Gen. Gartrell, of the Seventh, who asked them where they should go—"give me your flag, and I will tell you." Leading them to their stand amid a terrible fire, he posted the regiment in front of the enemy, and exclaimed in those eloquent tones so full of high feeling that his friends ever expected from him, "Gen. Beauregard says you must hold this position, and, Georgians, I appeal to you to hold it."

Regardless of life, gallantly riding amid the hottest fire, cheering the men, inspiring them with his fervent courage, he was shot in the heart and fell from his horse. They picked him up. With both hands clasped over his breast, he raised his head with a god-like effort, his eye glittering in its last gleam with a blazing light, he said, with a last heroic flash of his lofty spirit, "They have killed me, but, boys, never give up the field"—emphasizing the "never" in his peculiar and stirring manner, that all who know him will so feelingly recall. Thus perished as noble a soul as ever breathed.

The "Barbarities" of the War.

Unhappily war is at best a great barbarity, but it is not worth while to make things out worse than they are. The Northern press has teemed with stories about the bayoneting of the wounded Federal troops upon the field of battle, and the more deliberate and wanton pictorials have portrayed the horrible fiction after their usual fashion for gain. It will be remembered that certain barbarities were said to have been performed even upon the dead at Bull Run, one Federal officer who was named, having been deliberately quartered. Of some of the wounded, or prisoners, it was also said that the Confederates tied them to trees and amused themselves by throwing their bowie knives at them. We purposely refrained from noticing these things at the time, confident that they were untrue. Indeed, no denial was necessary with any thinking man, for who could believe that any of the folks who fled from Bull Run, stopped anywhere near the Confederates to see how they treated the wounded or dead? More recently it has been asserted that the dead of Ellsworth's Zouaves were left on the field unburied.

It is now only three weeks since the terrible day at Bull Run, and history is already working out the truth and branding the liars. There is not a writer or picture-monger of all the Northern press who can quote one signal authenticated instance of wrong or outrage, or wanton ill-treatment towards the wounded or prisoners of the federal army at the hands of the Confederates; and it is now well known that all the dead, without exception, were interred as rapidly as possible. Numbers even of the horses have been buried more recently by the men of the Confederate army for their own safety, and to prevent the decomposition and stench in the air.

But not only are these statements of barbarities unauthenticated, but the base calumnies are disproved by the universal concurrent testimony of all those who have escaped from the Confederate custody and of all who have written home from within the lines of the Southern army where they are detained as prisoners. We have thus every reason to believe that the Southernes have generally and scrupulously observed the humane principles of "civilized warfare"—the term is a solecism—and that in all things they have been governed by the dictates of humanity.

But, with these facts now undeniable, we find many of the Northern papers determined to keep before their readers the wretched fabrications to which we have alluded. What the object of this may be we can only conjecture, but probably it is to incite a vindictive sentiment in the public mind and so provoke enlistments for the war; but the effect is likely to prove very sad in action, for if such things are believed by the Federal soldiers, the probability is natural enough that, in the event of disaster to the Confederate forces, their wounded will be bayoneted on the field by the exasperated soldiers of the North. Surely this cannot be the design of such publications and such pictures as constitute the current lie upon this subject. *One* New York paper, and a strong supporter of the war, has the honesty and good sense to say:

"As far as it may be possible to gather together convincing facts, we are led to infer that the wounded Union volunteers and prisoners in the hands of the secession generals are being treated with respect and clemency. The insurgent wounded and prisoners in federal hands are also receiving the most courteous attentions. This is eminently right. War is robbed of one half its repulsive features when the contestants on both sides consider that the practice of the highest humanity is one of their strongest claims upon a just Providence for success. We entertain a profound respect for a chivalrous opponent; we have nothing but detestation for a barbarous one."

Of all the barbarities of Sunday, the 21st ult., to our mind, that of Congressmen and civilians visiting the scene as amateurs, with the purpose of gratifying their thirst for carnage is the greatest. The very nature of the vulture seems to have animated them, or they must have been actuated by a "lodged hate" as revolting and loathsome as that of the Jew of Venice. They went to see the "pound of flesh" cut from the Southern enemy, nearest his heart, to witness the spasms of his agony, his death throes and utter annihilation. If we could accept the theory of special retribution, we can well imagine in such a spirit the very cause of disaster. Such wretches did not deserve success. They could even look with indifference upon the wounded, the dying and the dead who had fought the battle for their side, that they might glut their unhallowed appetites, like very ghouls with the scene of slaughter on the other. This fact is a stigma upon the American name, and one which will not be easily wiped out. It ought to be distinctly fastened upon the men who thus choose to debase themselves by the exhibition of their lust for blood.—*Sun.*