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GIVE YOUR COTTON.

Give your Cotton—every bale,
Rather than our cause should fail;
Let the base invader know,
In the scale our all we throw,
That our country we will save,
Or make it an eternal grave.

Men of spirit, courage high,
Would ye rather live than die?
When your country asks your aid,
Would you see your country laid
All in ruins?—or will you give
What will make your country live?

There is hope when men are true,
When they'll die or bravely do;
When a purpose, stern and high,
Nerves them for the conflict night;
When their altars they will save,
Or 'rank with glory to the grave.

Give your Cotton—give your life—
Long may live the present strife,
But we'll surely win at last—
Then we'll bless the dangers past;
But remember, all must give,
That our South, our South may live.

EVANOLA, Ala.

Suggested on reading the report of Mr. Stephens' great speech at Augusta.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE AT STONE BRIDGE.

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

EIGHTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., about 2 p. m., this Regiment left Winchester for Manassas, under Lieut. Col. Montgomery Gardner. Col. Bartow had been for some weeks acting Brigadier General of a Brigade, consisting of the 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th Georgia Regiments, and a battalion of Kentuckians.

The 8th marched 27 miles over the mountain, fording the Shenandoah, to Piedmont on the Manassas Gap Railroad, arriving there about 12 m. 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 Saturday morning. They marched three miles to the battle-field to camp in the woods, without tents, and without food. Early next morning they were ordered to the fight, where they arrived after a continuous, 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 fray. They were first ordered to support Pendleton's Virginia Battery, which they did amid a furious storm of grape from the enemy's. Inactive as they were compelled to be, under this fire, they stood cool and unfurried.

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 Gen. Johnson.

Gaining the thicket, they opened upon the enemy. The history of warfare probably affords no instance of more desperate 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 on the hill by the thousand. 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 the scythe. Whole platoons melted away as 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 Braich fell, mortally wounded. Lieut. Col. 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, unflinchingly firing, and then quietly looking to see the effect of their shots. Mere boys fought like veterans—unexcited, save with that 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 retired, 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 accounts of the enemy, who stopped to give water to the wounded and rifle the dead, it seems that the 8th cut to pieces the 6th Massachusetts, half demolished the Rhode Islanders, and made a deadly havoc among the Regulars.

A horrible mistake occurred at this point. Their own friends taking them for the enemy, poured a fatal fire upon their mutilated ranks.

As though 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 march'd the six hundred."

As they retired, they passed Gen. Beauregard. He drew aside, fringed his hat, and said, "I salute the 8th 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 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 his community and freighted with brilliant promises.

In leading 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 upon a field where all were brave.

This company was the first one to offer its services to President Davis under the Confederate anarchy, and was the first to receive independent company status, and had the honor of being the first to receive a commission in the Confederate army. They were the first to go where our country needed her best soldiers.

They were one of the two companies that took Fort Pulaski. When there was a riot expected in Savannah, early in the year, they were called out to quell it, with another corps.

Their whole history is one of heroism. First to seek peril, they have proved in their sad fate how nobly they can endure it.

They will inevitably make their mark during the continuance of this holy war. They have enlisted for the whole war, and not one will turn back who can go forward, until it is ended, or they are completely annihilated.

After the gallant 8th had retired with but a fragment, Col. Bartow, by Gen. Beauregard's order, brought up the 7th Georgia, exclaiming, in reply to Col. Gartrell, of the 7th, who asked him where they would go—"Give me your flag, and I will tell you."

Leading them to their stand amid a terrific fire, he posted the regiment fronting 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 shot in the heart, with his ferreted eye. They picked him up, and with both hands clasped over his breast, his eyes fixed on his head and with a God-like effort, his eye glazing 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. He will long live in remembrance. He met the fate he most wished—the martyred patriot's grave. He was a pure patriot, an able statesman, a brilliant lawyer, a chivalric soldier, a spotless gentleman. His imperious scorn of littleness was one of his leading characteristics. His lofty patriotism will consign his name to an immortal page in his country's history.

FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

The Fifth Infantry, North Carolina State Troops, forms a part of the Brigadier General Longstreet's command, and although crippled in its efficiency by the sickness of two of its field officers, nobly performed its part in the battle of Manassas, on the right wing, under the gallant lead of its Lieutenant Colonel, who was in sole command during the entire engagement.

Early in the morning the cannonading commenced from two batteries on the right flank of the position occupied by this Regiment, supported by a full brigade of the enemy. Col. Jones determined to ascertain the position of their batteries and the force of the enemy, detailed a small reconnoitering force, under the command of Rev. Jas. Sinclair, Chaplain of the Regiment, who had volunteered his services for the day. This force crossed the Run, and attempted to penetrate the wood on the left of the enemy's position, but was recalled, in order to charge the batteries up the ravine on the right, the scouts having brought in the necessary information. The Virginia Seventeenth was at the same time ordered to support the North Carolina Fifth, which duty it gallantly discharged. General Longstreet, with characteristic valor undertook now a movement, which, if the orders were understood generally, would have carried the day with a still greater lustre, if not a more complete victory.

Col. Jones was ordered to send four companies up the hill as skirmishers, and to draw the fire of the batteries, while Brigadier General Jones from our right was to flank the enemy on the right. The skirmishers of the North Carolina 5th, headed by the Chaplain, charged up the hill in the face of a storm of grape and canister which killed two and wounded five of his men. On the summit of that hill these men lay for two hours, receiving the enemy's fire without flinching, while on every side the hoary monarchs of the forest were being mown down like grass before the mower's scythe. The brave commander himself seemed to be ubiquitous—here, there and everywhere exposing himself in the hottest of the fire. It is hard for men to remain still and receive the fire of the enemy, without being permitted to return it; and this precisely was the condition of the North Carolina 5th on the 21st inst. Long and eagerly did these brave men watch for the signal for attack upon the right, in order to advance and give the Northern hounds a touch of the Southern steel.

After remaining on the hill for two hours, and losing in killed and wounded seven men, this body received orders to retire to the ravine, which was done in good order.

But, the tide of battle again rolled down the hill, and once more four companies of the 5th Regiment North Carolina State troops were ordered to advance to occupy the summit, and await orders to advance with the bayonet on the battery on the right of the enemy's position. This was accomplished without any loss to the North Carolinians; and although they were not privileged to advance upon the battery, we think the North Carolina Fifth Infantry has given good earnest that at no distant day she will carve for herself a name in the military annals of the Southern Confederacy. Had Col. Jones the other field officers of the regiment with him, there would have probably been another bright spot in the glories of the 21st of July, 1861. But bravely did he perform his duty, though his Lieut. Colonel was a preacher, taking his first lesson in the art of war, and imparting the same to the enemy in the most impressive manner possible.

Gen. Longstreet, in token of his appreciation of Mr. Sinclair's services on the occasion, presented him with one of the sabres captured from the enemy, and expressed his desire that he should on go his staff.

NORTH CAROLINA SIXTH REGIMENT.—The extent of the loss of the 6th North Carolina less than the reports have given, very far more than they had been dreadfully cut up, grew doubtless out of the fact that, exhausted by the ardor of the battle, and the fatigue of the subsequent pursuit of the enemy, they failed to return to camp, but bivouacked on the ground where night overtook them. Provisions were sent to them by order of President Davis. These they greatly needed, having gone immediately from the cars to the battle, after eating no meal since Saturday morning. It is believed that no officer, save the lamented Colonel Fisher, was killed.

We learn these facts from Hon. Burton Craig, of North Carolina, who has made diligent inquiry. A son of Mr. Craig is one of the Captains of this gallant and admirably equipped Regiment.—Richmond Enquirer.

We learn that Lieut. B. R. Smith, and Adj. Lowrie, of this place, belonging to the above Regiment, escaped unhurt. We learn that this Regiment is entitled to the credit of taking two guns of Sherman's battery.—Wil. Journal.

Sherman's battery had sixteen guns. Not a man escaped, and all the horses were killed but four. There is a report, but unconfirmed, that Sherman's mortification on account of his capture was so great that he committed suicide.