

Transcription

"The Yankees Repulsed and Driven From the Field"

ANOTHER GRAND BATTLE.

GREAT LOSS OF THE ENEMY.

THE YANKEES REPULSED AND DRIVEN

FROM THE FIELD.

The demon of civil war has at length shown itself in our land, and the fair fields of Virginia been stained with fraternal blood. The past week has been one mingled with gloom and glory—gloom for the noble and brave sons of the South who fell fighting manfully for their rights and their homes, and glory for the terrible slaughter attending the invasion of our foes. We give in another column the story of the fight at Bull Run, on Thursday—taken from the *Baltimore Sun*, which is of course colored to suit the latitude in which it circulated. It will suffice, however, to give some idea of the extent of the battle, while our own information derived from reliable sources, is to the effect that our army was triumphantly victorious. The enemy was repelled three different times, with great slaughter,—their loss, as near as we can ascertain, in killed and wounded exceeded 900 while our own loss does not exceed 50 or 60, only eight of whom were killed.

The Loudoun Guard and the Alexandria Riflemen led the charge, and were in the thickest of the fight, and bore themselves most nobly. Many instances of their gallantry and heroism have been related to us which we will hereafter endeavor to give to our readers—suffice it now to say that Capt. HEAD of the *Guard* with that noble daring worthy of a true soldier, seized his musket and calling his boys to *follow* him charged upon the enemy with deadly effect. The only member of the *Guard* injured in the conflict was Mr. CHAS. G. EDWARDS, son of Dr. R. H. EDWARDS of this town, who received a musket ball through the thigh, inflicting a very serious, though not necessarily fatal wound. He had killed his man and was in the act of bayoneting the second, when he received his disabling wound. He was taken to Culpeper C. H., where we learn he is doing well; Juba W. Sexton and ——— Donnelly were also wounded.

The fight lasted for several hours, and only ceased as the setting sun closed the day. On Friday morning the enemy sent in a flag of truce, asking time to bury their dead, which was of course granted. Thus ended the victory of Thursday, but Sunday, the 20th of July, 1861, will long be remembered as a day memorable in the annals of the present struggle. Of this fight we have no detailed information, though we were within a mile or two of the scene of carnage during the day, and traversed a portion of the field a few hours after the fighting ceased, and beheld with our own eyes the sad, terrible, desolating effects of the Sabbath day's work.

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