

WAR REMINISCENCES.

Two Interesting Incidents of the Civil War.

J. A. Hoyt, in Greenville Mountaineer.

Mr. T. R. Lackie, of Detroit, Mich., has sent us the following interesting reminiscence of the Second Manassas, which narrates an incident of the battle with which some of our readers are already familiar:

"In the year 1853 four gentlemen entered their sons at a boarding school at Cokesbury in South Carolina. They had been for years intimate friends, and were clerymen in the Methodist Church. These boys remained at this school as room-mates and classmates for two years and entered Wofford College, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They remained in this institution four years and were room-mates all the time, graduating relatively first, second, third and fourth.

"They entered a law office in Spartanburg and studied law under the same chancery. The war broke out and they entered Jenkins' Rifle Regiment from South Carolina (Capt. Jos. Walker's company) and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas a shell from the Federal battery fell in the ranks of this company, killing these four boys and no others in the company.

"They are buried on the battle field and sleep together in the same grave. Their names are Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan and they are the sons of Bishop Capers, Rev. Dr. McSwain, Rev. Dr. Whitefield Smith and Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Virginia. This grave is marked by a granite cross enclosed with an iron fence."

The writer was in command of Co. C, Palmetto Sharp Shooters, which was on the right of the regiment, and Co. K was next to the right, commanded by the late Capt. H. H. Thompson, a brave soldier who died a few years ago in Spartanburg. The position he occupied by the regiment was in a piece of woods not far from the edge, where it was halted, ordered to lie down, and remained under a most terrific fire of shot and shell until Col. Walker gave the command to "change from front to rear on twelfth company," which would place the regiment at a right angle from its first position in the woods. When Cos. C and K began the movement, it was observed by the writer that several men did not rise when the command was given to change front, when he went to the place where the men were lying, and found that five young men were killed by the explosion of the shell in the manner described. Four of them were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, who belonged to Co. K, and the fifth man was W. M. Keown, of Co. C, who was raised in Anderson County. Young Keown had a narrow escape from death in the First Manassas, where a minnie ball went through his hat and grazed his hair, and he went gallantly through all other battles unhurt until he was within two hundred yards of the spot where he so narrowly run the gauntlet in the First Manassas. He was an excellent soldier, and remarkable for his native wit and intelligence, although he did not have the educational advantages of the other young men who met death with him.

Mr. Lackie was a member of the Sixteenth Michigan, and The Mountaineer printed last year an account written by him of the famous encounter of his regiment with the Palmetto Sharp Shooters at Gaines' Mill on the 27th of June, 1862. This account of the battle led to an extensive correspondence with Mr. Lackie by members of the Sharp Shooters and others. Mr. E. E. Rankin, of Arlington, Texas, was among the number who wrote to Mr. Lackie, especially with reference to the proposed reunion at Louisville, which unfortunately did not take place. Mr. Rankin discovered that two of the Sharp Shooters lived in his town, and they were much interested in the reminiscences of Gaines' Mill. The names of those two soldiers are M. T. and A. W. Walker, who belonged to Co. K, P. S. S., and one of them sent the clipping from an old newspaper which gave the facts recited about the remarkable coincidences at the Second Manassas. Comrade A. W. Walker informed Mr. Rankin that he helped to bury the four boys belonging to Co. K who are named in the article. These additional facts will prove interesting to many of our readers, and we thank Mr. Lackie for his courtesy and kindness in placing them at our disposal.

THIN GRAY LINES OF TAR HEELS.

From the Confederate Veteran.

John G. Young, of Winston, N. C., sends the following account of the fight at Winchester, Va., by Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, of the Maryland

line. It is introduced as an incident in the battle of Winchester, Va., that surpasses the Ninety-Third Regiment's famous stand on the morning of Balaklava—how Gen. Robert D. Johnston repelled repeated charges of Yankee cavalry far outnumbering his attenuated brigade—as told by Gen. Bradley Johnston:

At the battle of Balaklava occurred an incident which Kinglike had painted in words, and thus immortalized. The Highland Brigade, the Forty-Second, the Black Watch, the Cold Stream Guards, the Grenadiers, and the Ninety-Third (Sir Colin Campbell's old regiment) were in position which threw the Ninety-Third just along the crest of a slight rise of the ground.

The Russian Artillery had been annoying, and the Ninety-Third lay down just behind the crest, where they were better sheltered and concealed. A division of Russian horse was moving to the left of Sir Colin's line, and its head of column nearly with the British, when at once four squadrons of Russians (four hundred men) swung quickly out of column and struck a gallop toward the English position. Instantly the Highlanders rose from the ground, and with their tall forms and towering black plumes looked like a line of giants. The Ninety-Third was not in touch with either of the other battalions of the brigade, so they stood and took it, and when the Russians got within three hundred yards of them opened fire upon them and drove them back. They never repeated the charge. This scene had been celebrated in song and story as "Sir Colin Campbell's Thin Red Line." It was witnessed by the allied armies—English, French, and Turkish—and simply astounded the Russians, for both sides saw it.

But I myself, with thousands of others, saw Johnston's North Carolina Brigade (First North Carolina Battalion Sharp Shooters, Fifth, Twelfth, Twentieth, and Twenty-Third Regiments) do a thing on September 19, 1864, which far excelled in gallantry, in firmness, and in heroism this feat of the "Thin Red Line." I have never seen a description of it in print, and I do not think it was referred to in the reports. I am sure Bob Johnston did not, for he was as modest as he was handsome and brave.

In September, 1864, Early's army was lying about Winchester. We had been through Maryland, and terrified Washington into fits, and had gotten safely back into Virginia, with thousands of horses, cattle, medical stores, and hundreds of wagonloads of edibles of every kind. I had a cavalry brigade of wild, southwestern Virginian horsemen, as brave and as undisciplined as the Virginia Rangers Col. Washington surrendered at Fort Ness, or Andrews fought Cornstalk with at Point Pleasant. I was bivouacked; we had no tents. About three miles north of Winchester, on the valley pike, and picketed from the valley pike to the Berryville pike, running east from Winchester, Gen. Robert D. Johnston, of North Carolina, had a brigade of from eight to ten hundred muskets on the Berryville pike, on the top of the ridge running across the road. My pickets were a mile in advance of his in Ashe Hollow. Sheridan, with forty-five thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, lay eight to fifteen miles beyond our picket lines, from Berryville and Ripon to Charlestown and Halltown, in Clark and Jefferson Counties, Va. Now, every morning the Yankee cavalry would rush my pickets in on Johnston's posts. He would stop them until I got up, and then I'd drive the Yankees back and re-establish my original picket posts. This done, I would send my command back to camp.

I had about eight hundred mounted men, and I'd ride up to Bob Johnston's headquarters, which was a wagon under a tree, one camp stool, and a frying pan sizzling with bacon, and a pot of rye coffee and sorghum. I'd get my breakfast. But after a week of this proceeding it either became monotonous or my appetite showed no signs of weakening. I don't know which. One morning I dismounted after my usual morning call to boots and saddle, and swung myself very comfortably into Johnston's single and only camp stool. I smelled the bacon and sniffed the coffee, and waited. In a few moments the cook handed me a chip for a plate and a tin cup of red hot coffee—so hot I had to set the cup on the grass, when Bob spoke, saying: "Bradley, you let these Yankees do you too bad. You have got so scared of them that you all run the very first dash they make at you."

"Is that so, Robert?" said I.

"That's a pity, but I don't know how to help it. I do the best I can. How many Yankee cavalry do you think you are good for?"

"Well," said he, "I've got eight hundred muskets present for duty. By a week's time, as the boys get back from the hospital, I'll have one thousand. Well, with one thousand muskets, I think I can take care of five thousand Yanks on horseback."

"All right," said I, "wait and see. I hope you can."

So I got my breakfast and went off mightily tickled at the conceit of the Tarheel: for Sheridan's Cavalry, with Custer, Torbett and Devens, were about as good soldiers as ever took horse or drew saber. We had drilled them so that in three years we had taught them to ride. They were always drilled enough to fight, and they learned the use of the saber from necessity.

Well, things went on as usual. Every morning Sheridan would send a regiment out to feel Early—to drive in his pickets—so as to make sure where he was, and to know where to find him; and every morning I would ride over to the Berryville road, re-establish my lines, and get my breakfast off of Johnston.

By daylight the 19th of September, a scared cavalryman of my own command nearly rode over me, as I lay asleep on the grass, and reported that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, up the Berryville road. Early was up toward Stephenson's depot, and Johnston and I were responsible for keeping Sheridan out of Winchester, and protecting the Confederate line of retreat and of communication up the valley. In two minutes my command was mounted (we always saddled up and fed an hour before dawn) and moving at a trot across the open fields to the Berryville road and to Johnston's assistance. There was not a fence nor a house nor a bush nor a tree to obscure the view. Away off, more than two miles, we could see the crest of the hill covered with a cloud of Yankee cavalry, and in front of them (five hundred yards in front) was a thin gray line moving off in retreat solidly, and with perfect coolness and self-possession. As soon as I got to realize what was going on I quickened our gait, and when within a mile broke into a gallop. The scene was as plain as day. A regiment of cavalry would deploy into line, and then their bugles would sound the charge and they would swoop down on the thin gray line of North Carolinians. The instant the Yankee bugle sounded North Carolina would halt, face to the rear rank, wait until the horses got within one hundred yards, and then fire as deliberately and coolly as if firing volleys on parade drill. The cavalry would break and scamper back, and North Carolina would "about face" and continue her march in retreat as solemnly, stubbornly, and with as much discipline and dignity as if marching in review. But we got there just in time. Cavalry aids the Tarheels. Certainly half a dozen charges had been made at the retreating thin gray line, and each and every time the charging squadrons had been driven back, when the enemy sent their line with a rush at the brigade of Tarheels, and one squadron overlapped the infantry line, and was just passing it when we got up. In another minute they would have been behind the line, sabering the men from the rear while they were held by the fight in front. But we struck a headlong strain and went through the Yankees by the flank of the North Carolina, and carried their adversaries back to the crest of the hill, back through the guns of their battery, clear back to their infantry lines. In a moment they rallied, and were charging us in front and on both flanks; and back we went in a hurry, but the thin gray line of old North Carolina was safe. They had gotten back to the rest of the infantry and formed lines at right angles to the pike west of Winchester.

I rode up to Bob Johnston, very "pert," as we say in North Carolina, and said: "Pretty close call that, Mr. Johnston. What do you think now of the Yankee cavalry's fighting qualities?" And the rest of the day we enjoyed ourselves. We could see everything that was going on for miles around. The country was entirely open. The day was beautiful, clear and bright—September 19. They would form for a forward movement—three lines, one after another—march sedately along until they got within touch of our lines, they raise a hurrah and rush in a charge; and in two minutes the field would be covered with running, flying Yankees. There were 45,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 3,000 mounted gunmen. The thing began at daylight and kept up till dark, when, flanked and worn out, they retreated to escape being surrounded.

This is the story of the "Thin Gray Line of North Carolina" and the cavalry charge, a feat of arms before which that of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders fades into insignificance. Comrade Young mentions as some of his fellow-soldiers in the battle of Winchester Maj. R. E. Wilson, Capt. J. E. Gilmer, of Winston, and Dr. H. T. Bahson, of Salem.

Arrived Just in Time.

A circus paid a flying visit to a small Northern town not long ago, and the price of admission was sixpence, children under 10 years of age half price. It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom, aged 13, took her in the afternoon to see the show. Arrived at the door he put down ninepence and asked for two front seats.

"How old is the little girl?" asked the money-taker, doubtfully.

"Well," replied Master Tom, "this is her tenth birthday; but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon."

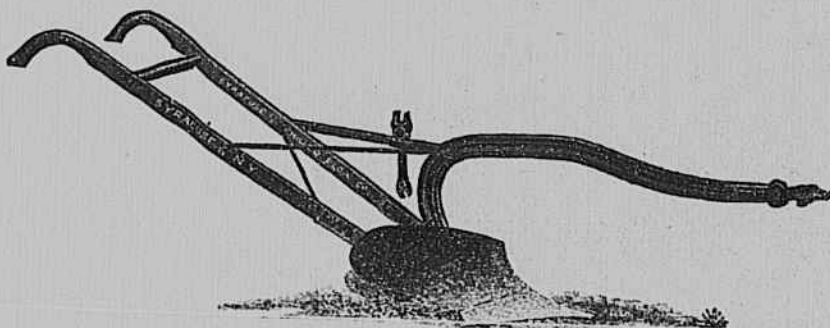
The money-taker accepted the statement, and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.

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BROCK BROS., Anderson, S. C.

DEAN & RATLIFF'S LETTER!

SOME PLAIN TALK.

WHEN it comes to plain, open lying we are not in it, but when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for us to tell just what we are doing we are bound to do it. Anybody that watches the intelligent crowd of pleased customers who throng our Store from dawn 'till dusk must know that we don't have to advertise in the newspapers to make ourselves known. The quantity and quality of Shoes, Dry Goods, Jeans, Hats, &c., that are carried out of our Store daily show that the wind is blowing in our favor, while the scores of wagons that we load every day with pure Flour—Dean's Patent—and those Pure Rust Proof Oats, Rice, Meal, &c., simply tell the tale for us wherever they go. While we will see to it that every one is waited on in the rush, and while we want as many more to come in and get happy as they deserve, but we must insist upon those who have already been made happy and who owe us for it by Note, Lien or open Account coming in to settle at once, as all such Accounts and Notes are due on October 1st, and we must have our money or it must be satisfactorily arranged.

Guano and other customers will bear this in mind and act accordingly.

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OFFICE OF VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR,
HOLD your Cotton if you want to, but don't forget to arrange to pay us your Guano Note or Account by the 1st of November, for if we don't get every dollar due us by that time it will very seriously inconvenience us in making our settlement on that date—and we are compelled to make it THEN. We will appreciate and remember your prompt attention in this matter. We have SWIFTS High Grade GUANO and ACID on hand now for Grain Crops.
VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

Sayings About Women.

Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.—Emerson. A woman finds it a much easier task to do an evil than a virtuous deed.—Plautus.

Women are too imaginative and sensitive to have much logic.—Mme. Du Deffand.

Fools that on women trust, for in their speech is death, hell in their smile.—Tasso.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Maury.

There are three things a wise man will not trust—the wind, the sunshine of an April day and a woman's plighted faith.—Southey.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.—Ben Johnson.

Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.—Socrates.

He that takes a wife takes care.—Franklin.

Woman is the organ of the devil.—Varenes.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as she does her gloves.—Balzac.

Woman is the most precious jewel taken from nature's casket for the ornamentation and happiness of man.—Guyard.

Foxes are all tail, and women all tongue.—La Fontaine.

What woman desires is written in heaven.—Chaussee.

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