

WAR STORIES.

More About the Second Great Battle of Manassas.

Atlanta Journal.

Mr. Editor, I want to say that the personal reminiscences that appear weekly in The Journal make fascinating reading for the old soldier. They not only give incidents and deeds, thrilling in interest, but they help to keep the war record straight. Official reports are often partial and sometimes fail to "read into" the things that are Caesar's. Consuming selfishness—the "big I" spirit, that did it all—was complacent enough to sit on the pedestal of fame forgetful that others made their glory possible.

The second Manassas was brought on by General Pope pushing his troops forward to overtake General Lee's scarred army that was really advancing with the music of the victory already in the air. Lee retreating! Why, he had pursued Pope up and across the Rappahannock for ten days. And to stop him long enough to test his metal interposed Jackson with a daring rush between him and Washington. This bold strategic conception of General Lee was executed by Gen. Jackson with consummate skill. But it placed his command in an isolated position that invited destruction. Pope recognized the magnitude of his responsibility and evinced a bad degree of generalship when he swung away from the Rappahannock and rushed after Jackson to crush him before Longstreet could come to his relief. With tact and dash he placed a strong command at Thoroughfare Gap to shut Longstreet's gateway to Jackson, and then occupied every point of the compass with strong forces and had Jackson in the center. And now, under the inspiration of such pleasing prospects he flashed over the wires to Washington Jackson's inevitable destruction. But Jackson, who always knew when and how to act, baffled the vigilance of Pope, upset his well laid scheme, beat his forces in detail and kept the entire Federal army at bay until Longstreet took his position on Jackson's right. And now the man who boasted that he had never seen anything but the rebel's backs in the west had to look them in the face. During the morning of the 30th Lee, Jackson, Stuart and others held a protracted consultation in the rear of our army, and about noon Lee whispered some instructions to Jackson, who immediately and without ostentation rode back to his command on the opposite side of the pike. Signs of the coming battle were everywhere apparent. Lee was ready and would have brought it on, but Pope anticipated him, being beguiled into an attack on Jackson under the insane supposition that Lee was retreating. Jackson says officially that the Federal infantry advanced in several lines and when one was repulsed another took its place. And so impetuous and well sustained were these onsets that he was induced to send for reinforcements and the gallant advance of General Longstreet on the right relieved his troops from the pressure of overwhelming numbers. General Lee says that the enemy advanced against General Jackson in strong force, and a second and third line of great strength moved up to the support of those already engaged; and that these two lines were broken and fell back in confusion under the well directed and destructive fire of two batteries ordered up by General Longstreet and thrown forward by Colonel S. D. Lee.

Notice, if you please, between Jackson and these advancing Federal troops was a dense body of woods to which they were making. And if I comprehend Colonel S. D. Lee's official report he occupied a high extended hill back of Jackson's line, and the only disposition that he made of his guns during the fight was the sending of five guns from his right to assist Eubanks' battery on the left and ordering Captains Jordan and Taylor to change their position so as to fire on the enemy in flank and on the woods containing their reserves.

It will be seen that the Federal columns that General Longstreet's batteries fought were beyond the woods that Jordan and Taylor were to fire on, and could not have been seen from their position or reached by their guns. To have done so they would have been put to the necessity of advancing along the pike and taking position east of the woods, more than a quarter of a mile in Jackson's front. Notice what General Longstreet says. From an eminence he saw the Federal masses attacking General Jackson, that they were in easy range of his guns, and he had an advantage that he had not expected, and made haste to use it. Two batteries were ordered for the purpose, and when placed in position were immediately opened.

At this time I received a message from the commanding general informing me of General Jackson's condition and his wants. As it was evident that the attack against General Jackson could not be continued ten minutes under fire of these batteries, I made no immediate movement of my troops. Before the second battery could be placed in position the enemy began to retire and that portion of the army was put to flight.

In giving General Longstreet's report I have given the sense without confining myself to his words. His report accords with my recollection, except that I did not see any fleeing enemy in the sense of leaving the field in confusion or disorder. Judging from the apparent fleetness of the courier's horse and our own speed in going forward into action, I would say that five minutes did not lapse from the giving of the order to the firing of our first shot. Our position was near the turnpike. The enemy was in the open field about 500 yards from the pike.

General Sykes, the Federal commander, says his troops were in columns of regiments. This may account for the fact that my mind was impressed with the idea that the field was densely black with the enemy. We fired rapidly. How could we miss them? The earth was covered. They soon slowed to a halt, broke, reformed, broke, and once more reformed and began to retire in a left oblique direction to the turnpike, a distance of more than 500 yards, and all the way through an open field and within easy range of our guns.

General Sykes also says they retreated in columns of regiment in line of battle under a severe artillery fire and never wavered. That is true as I saw it, and they were moving slowly and their gait was not quickened by the inroads our balls and shells were making in their ranks at every step. It is also true, as General Longstreet says, that the retreat began before the second battery was placed in position. After the retreat began two guns from some other battery took position on our left and helped us to push them on to judgment.

Captain Boyce says officially "the essential service rendered by my battery here was in forcing back a large column of the enemy that was attempting to cross to a skirt of woods to reinforce this part of the enemy's line, and baffling the repeated efforts of a battery to get in position near the creek."

Another battery came up at a rapid speed and tried to take position on the Grove house hill, a position that commanded ours, but a few shots from our guns flew into them so quick that they left as fast as they came. From that time on we did our mischief without let or hindrance.

Now tell us what troops deserve credit for breaking the force of those overwhelming numbers referred to by Jackson and that made General Lee anxious. General Longstreet says it was the battery that he first put in position. Beyond the possibility of doubt that was the Mabeth Light Artillery, commanded by Captain Boyce.

Now if that was the point on which the tide of battle turned and Lee's army swept on to victory, then justice as well as merit should have induced General Longstreet to mention the company and its commander.

As the only surviving officer of the company, I do not wish laurels we did not win, so if there is any other battery that claims that "Betsy and I killed the bear," let the contention come now while some one living may be able to settle the dispute.

We bivouacked that night just across the pike from where we fought and moved up the next morning to the Henry house.

Our camp was in the proximity to numerous rail pens that marked the resting place of Hampton's men who fell in the first Manassas. And the Henry house was near by. The Federal wounded had been gathered in great numbers and laid in a circle around the house. But not all. I saw several afterwards on the battlefield, where they had been nearly twenty-four hours without attention.

I walked around the circle of wounded men and noticed that the pile of amputated arms and legs was rapidly growing larger. From here I started over the battlefield. Our troops on the extreme right were just in the edge of the storm. Now and then a dead Yank was seen, but they multiplied rapidly as I neared the center of General Longstreet's position.

The ground over which Hood's brigade fought was red. Not with blood but with Duryea's Zouaves dressed in red trousers.

The Twin Hills, here united by a little branch of rippling water tinged

with blood, sloped east and west. The sunrise hill sloped gradually from the branch to a body of woods on top of the hill, a distance of more than 100 yards. The west side hill rose from the branch at an angle of about 45 degrees and was very short. When the Texans, Georgians and South Carolinians reached the crest of this hill they were within less than a stone's throw of the Zouaves' ranks in line of battle at the foot of the hill. There laid the first of them that paid the penalty of invasion. Thirty yards up the hill was a line of dead, and as straight as if they had been placed there by hand.

There were three of these lines between the branch and the woods, and they bore testimony to the discipline and courage of Duryea's Zouaves. They must have made a determined stand at each place, as the dead were so close together that I could walk to and fro without touching the ground. And between these lines numbers had fallen as they fell back.

Seen from a distance these dead men, with red trousers reminded me of Mark's description in his gospel of the 5,000 Jews dressed in their bright-hued Oriental garments reclining on the grassy hillside to be miraculously fed. They looked like garden beds of flowers.

In the woods just beyond was a detail of Confederates burying our dead. They had dug a trench about six by thirty feet to inter our brave, ragged boys. It was a scene to move the fountain of the heart and moisten the cheeks. They had gone into battle, living in elbow touch, and now lay close together in the elbow touch of death.

Near here Colonel J. M. Gadberry fell. What a splendid specimen of manhood gave up his life here for the cause he loved. Over six feet high, well proportioned, straight as an arrow, handsome, commanding in appearance. His was an all-round character. He was a good citizen and lawyer, a true patriot and brave soldier. When a young man he raised a company for the Mexican war, but was too late to get it in the Palmetto regiment, which he had the honor to name. He was a member of the secession committee and when the ordinance of secession was passed he hastened home and went with his company to Charleston and joined Colonel Gregg's First South Carolina regiment. This was a six-months' command. After Sumter fell he went to Virginia and served out its unexpired term.

While in camp at Fairfax Court-house Colonel Gregg surprised General Schenck's troops at Vienna, stampeded them, having killed and wounded 117, according to the newspaper reports at that time, and returned to camp without losing a drop of southern blood.

Our time was now up and we returned home. Our little experience in service caused us to hustle for offices in the commands then in process of organizing. Colonel Gregg raised an other regiment, and Captain Gadberry was elected colonel of the Eighteenth South Carolina regiment.

Three of our colonels in Longstreet's corps died in this battle close together, and three close together in Jackson's corps. Sergeant Young, a very intelligent member of the company, was on the left of the pike, where we put in our best work, and was asked by two staff officers who had looked over the battle ground if he belonged to the battery that did that work over there. One of them said he witnessed it, and that he never saw such shooting. Every shot hit its mark. Hitting the mark was not due so much to scientific shooting as it was to the immense numbers there to hit.

I saw a great many dead Federals on the battlefield. The sight did not cause any feeling to go out through the eyes. My only regret was that all who met us there were not just as those were—dead.

However, I do not now wish any of the living harm, and would not harm them if I could. But I am not yet reconstructed enough to pelt or slobber over them.

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Tales of the Hamptons. Below is reproduced an article that recently appeared in the New Orleans Times-Democrat about the distinguished South Carolina family, the Hamptons; the incident as to young Haskell is said to be absolutely true; as for the rest the story makes good reading:

A few days ago at Georgetown, S. C., a party of men were sitting around a dinner table of the one hotel in the place. As usual under such circumstances, there was a variety of men and conversation. One man from the west—an expression which represents a particular type, but no particular location—had been very free in his opinion regarding the people of the south. The opinions were not complimentary.

"They talk a dang sight about resentin' things, and courage and all that, but I ain't seen any of it yet, and dang if I don't believe there's a lot of blow among 'em."

"There were two or three northern men in the crowd, and the rest were native southerners. They treated the westerner, a tall, burly creature, with great tolerance, probably by using a little agreeable persuasion to the account of his ignorance abroad; but several noticed a dangerous light gathering in the eyes of a young fellow who had not said much. He was himself fully six feet, broad-shouldered, a well-knit figure, a low voice, and a face as handsome as an Apollo's. He was sitting across the table from the westerner. His whole figure breathed strength and gentleness. He did not interrupt the burly talker.

"Yes," the man from the feecy plains went on, "this talk of the bravery of the south is all tomeyrot. Now, there's Gen. Wade Hampton—" and here an abusive epithet followed.

But no sooner had the name passed his lips than the young man with the Apollo face leaped clear across the table and caught the westerner by the throat. He pounded and beat and ogled him until the others tried to interfere.

"No," said the Apollo, "leave him to me; I won't kill him, I'll just finish him."

And he did. When he had pounded him to his satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of the crowd, he gathered up the writhing figure and quietly threw him out of the window.

The man with the soft voice and Apollo face was Frank Hampton Haskell, grandson of Gen. Wade Hampton and son of Col. John C. Haskell, of Columbia, S. C. He has inherited the bravery and chivalry of his South Carolina blood and the splendid physical strength of the Hamptons, and this same prowess seems to belong to the name Frank Hampton. Gen. Hampton had an uncle and a brother noted for their great strength, whose mantle seems to have fallen on the present young hero.

I have often heard Gen. Hampton tell the following story of his uncle: "My uncle," he said, "was noted for his powerful strength. Once he was at a country tavern when a big country fellow insulted him. He said nothing, but stepped to the fireplace, picked up an old-fashioned iron poker, put it around the man's neck and twisted it so that it was impossible to remove it. The man begged like a dog.

"On another occasion, at a dinner in Charleston, a gentleman remarked that no man could knock down another man the same size.

"Oh, yes," my uncle said, "I can." A large negro man, an attendant of one of the gentlemen, was present. He was a great favorite in Charleston and was noted for his strength. He heard my uncle's remark and said: "Oh, no, Mas' Frank, you cwant knock me down."

"Let him try, let him try, Argyle!" "My uncle resisted for a time, but at last stood up, extended his arm and let it fall on top of the negro's head. The man instantly fell, to the astonishment of the crowd, and then, to their horror, he was found to be dead. None were more astonished than my uncle. He had not used half his strength, he said."

There are several stories of Gen. Hampton's own wonderful strength. Once, before the war, when out bear hunting in Mississippi, his dogs attacked a cow, an animal which grows very dangerous when allowed to run wild in the swamps. The cow took refuge in a small lake near by. Gen. Hampton, not liking such anomalous game for his pack, jumped from his horse and drove the dogs off. He was making for his horse when the cow suddenly turned, and with tail erect and head lowered, came bellowing, plunging toward him. He barely had time to jump behind a small tree, and here for some seconds, in a game of hide and seek, eluded the infuriated animal. But he knew that such ruse could not last long. Springing out, he caught the cow by her horns, threw her on her side, and, putting one knee on her neck, stuck her [lower horn into the ground. Before she could extricate herself he had reached his horse and made good his escape.

It was no unusual thing for Gen. Hampton to take up from the ground, without dismounting, a full-sized buck

or corn bear and put it on the back of his horse.

Mahone has said that "Gen. Hampton was the strongest man in the army of Northern Virginia," but to this Gen Hampton always says: "That's all nonsense. I was not."

Bushels of Gold Taken By Robbers. VALLEJO, CAL., Aug. 6.—Gold bricks valued at \$340,000 were stolen during last night from the Selby Smelting works. The robbers evidently had been working on the job for two or three months. They had dug a tunnel from outside the house, beginning with a shaft about three feet deep. Thence they worked underneath the vault and striking upwards, bored a hole in the strong room floor. The hole was shaped like the man-hole of a boiler. Part of the holes were bored two months ago, it is thought, and the last one was completed during the night. Through that hole they took the gold bricks and carried them to a bank near the mouth of the tunnel east of the works, where they were evidently placed in a boat. In their hurry the robbers left two of the bricks on the bank.

During the night one of the workmen reported to one of his fellows that he heard a noise in the strong room and declared it was a ghost. The others ridiculed him for his superstition, but no investigation was made to see what caused the noise.

The entrance to the tunnel was covered with a frame, over which the employes and smelters passed every day, but no one seemed to notice anything out of the way. Sheriff Veale of Contra Costa county, his deputies and Chief of Police Sanford of Vallejo have been notified and are now at the works.

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