

WAR STORIES.

The Capture of Harper's Ferry September 16th, 1862.

Atlanta Journal.

I am following General C. A. Evans' advice to all Confederate soldiers, namely, to furnish for the columns of the Atlanta Journal "our" history of the great "civil" war, although I fail to see where the "civil" part got in at.

A Confederate soldier who is not a "political historian" defines history thus: "In generalities, true; in particulars, false."

This definition doubtless is not far from the truth, and at the same time it is not the fault of the historian, but "is" the fault of the participants in historical events. I, for one, do not propose to criticize historical narratives, except to give to the public, if possible, what I "know" about it. The Confederate soldier who objects to any point in history which he "knows" is not fair or true should let such objection be known through the Journal by giving a true version.

If he can't write, get some one who can to write for him. Every private Confederate soldier has just as much right to write a history as has the general or the politician.

These views alone actuate me in writing for the Journal. I never did anything grand or startling as a soldier, but I did a whole lot of walking, talking, starving and looking on, and in these points I feel that I am a full-fledged historian.

I am proud of the Confederate soldier, for I saw him do so many grand and noble things, and it was a great honor for me to be along and see him do them. Of course the Yanks shot at me for being along, but a fellow could not be along and see anything of account unless he took all his brother had to take.

Harper's Ferry was captured, it is true, but its capture was a costly one to Kershaw's brigade. Kershaw's brigade of South Carolina and Barksdale's brigade of Mississippi were sent by General McLaws to capture the heights on the north side of the Potomac River, and which overlooked the town, which is situated just opposite and on the south bank of the river. These heights are known as Maryland Heights. The ascent from the base to the top is long and rough. The mountain or ridge was covered with a dense growth of chestnut and some timber. The surface was rock-ribbed with boulders and not at all easy to walk over.

Near the summit the Federals had cut down the timber for probably a hundred yards or so in width and clear across the crest of the ridge. In the edge of the clearing, highest up the ridge they had constructed breastworks of the bodies of the trees, and built them so that in the course of logs next to the top one there were loopholes for them to shoot through, so that they were completely hid from view or bullets. In the edge of the clearing farthest down the ridge they piled up the tops and branches of the large trees and all of the small ones, thus forming a solid brush heap along their entire front.

They had three of these clearings and each one prepared for defense as described. On the crest of the heights they had a battery of heavy guns.

Reaching the foot of the ridge Kershaw's brigade was formed across the center of the ridge and Barksdale's brigade placed on the flanks. This was in the afternoon. Thus formed the two brigades advanced up the mountain.

Pretty soon we encountered the enemy's pickets. These were forced back and the Confederate lines pushed straight ahead till night, when we slept in line of battle all night.

At daylight the advance was renewed and in a short while Kershaw's brigade struck the first clearing. The men could not get through the brush-heap and shoot at the same time very well, so, while getting through and firing as best they could, they were subjected to a heavy fire from the Yanks behind the logs. We could not see a Yank to shoot at—saw nothing but the smoke of their guns through the holes in the logs.

When the men at last got into the clearing the Yanks broke loose and ran for the next clearing. This was the case at each clearing. When the brigade had driven the Yanks from the works at the clearing nearest the top as my regiment had gotten over the log breastworks we were halted and the Federals opened on us with their artillery.

Just at this point where I got over the works was a Yank lying, stretched out on his stomach like a flying squirrel. I wondered if he was hurt or not and pushed him with my foot. He flopped over on his back like a flap-jack suddenly turned on a hot griddle. Then as quickly up on his feet and began to dance and prance and beg us not to hurt him. He offered us every-

thing he had to appease our supposed hatred, turned his pockets and offered the contents—a pocket knife and some Ohio State scrip or money. He was a boy, about eighteen years of age, and had "103 Ohio" on his cap. I thought to myself, when I noted the number of his regiment: "How many soldiers have they got anyway?"

This fellow had no doubt been told the yarn of the one eye and the horn, and thought it the truth. We kept telling him to be quiet, we would not hurt him, but fear had dethroned his reason, and the only way that he could be assured of our good intentions was for us to play the "good act" and accept some of his offerings. He pulled out of an inside pocket in his coat an opera glass and offered this. This was the last ditch, he thought, doubtless, as we had not taken anything yet. Colonel J. D. Kennedy, seeing him going on so ridiculously, came up just as he had pulled out the glasses, and told him he would take or accept them, and the Yank handed him the glasses. This satisfied him and he quit his girations and antics, no doubt feeling thankful that for once in his life at least, he had found something which would appease the anger of "the gods."

About this time the fire from the Federal cannon made it advisable for "the gods" to get on the other side of the logs and take a seat, which we all did. Sitting there with our backs against the logs and toward the guns at the same time, I saw the shells from the cannon as they passed over our heads and over the clearing. They did not seem to be going very fast and looked like black walnuts flying through the air. They crashed through the timber and exploded near our field hospital. It was not long, however, until we drove the Yanks, with their guns and all, off the mountain and looked down on the town of Harper's Ferry. The Yankee army was all in plain view. We then got a battery of three-inch rifled parrots up the mountain and posted them so as to have a plunging fire on the town.

In this assault Kershaw's brigade had about 1,100 men, and lost in killed and wounded about 300. I saw but seven Yanks. The Yankee force was about 3,500, and then ran away from us. I found that the lines told on us and which made the enemy class us with "the gods" was rather lucky, after all. It is simply charming to be classed as a god, when the other fellow is the only one who knows it.

Maryland, however, was the only place I ever visited where the people classed us with the gods. For this reason I shall always love Maryland.

The capture of Maryland Heights was a bloody engagement as far as Kershaw's brigade was concerned, but then it succeeded. Cobb's brigade was badly cut up at Crampton's Gap by a portion of McClellan's army, and the Federals thus got in the valley in our rear. This necessitated our immediate march down the mountain. This we did, and formed line of battle to oppose the Yankees. There I saw numbers of Cobb's men hatless and coatless. They were scattered like a flock of partridges. Not their fault. They had fought as best they could, and single handed, 30,000 Yanks.

About the time I began to look out for some more sightseeing by an advance and a charge on the enemy General Kershaw rode up to quite near where I was standing, lifted his hat from his head and called out: "Men, Harper's Ferry has surrendered!" With that we began to cheer and the Yanks took it as signal of attack. We then got the orders to fall back towards the river, which we did while the Yanks were anticipating an attack. That afternoon all of the Johnnies crossed the Potomac on a Yankee pontoon bridge, which was the first one I had ever walked on.

Marching through the town we went into camp just outside the fortification. It was then nearly sundown.

Along with a lot of other men I was detailed to go back into the town and get such articles of food from the captured stores as we could secure and bring to camp. We went to where the Yanks had their supplies stored away in tents, and I saw a cherry tree there with a wall tent fastened almost from the top to the bottom of the tree. This, no doubt, was the white flag they had hoisted as a token of surrender. They evidently meant business when it came to surrendering, judging from the size of the sign.

We went first into one tent and then into another. In these tents we saw a lot of things besides food and clothing. There were all kinds of builders' hardware and tools, box hinges, screws, door locks, nails, axes, shovels, hand saws, files, etc. Evidently they intended to build a

New Jerusalem somewhere in the South after they had licked us.

But we nipped the little plan in the bud right then and there, for I never saw any of these things in subsequent captures. In one tent I found a lot of cider-vinegar. I got a pint cup and filled it to the brim. I tasted it. It was good to me then. I drank it all. The reason it didn't upset me, I reckon, was because my appetite had turned to brass and my stomach to sheet iron. That was all I ate or tasted. I finally, after going into about all the tents, fastened onto a side of bacon. I placed my bayonet on my gun and stuck the bayonet through the side of bacon, and putting the gun on my shoulder, started back to camp. It was then about dusk.

When we reached the place where we left the regiment it was gone, so we tramped along the road up the river with our loads and finally came upon the brigade camped on the side of the road. Just as we found them the long roll aroused them and off we all went for Antietam or Sharpsburg, which place we reached early in the morning and where we sat up all day with the Yanks.

W. A. JOHNSON,  
Company D, Second S. C. V.  
Atlanta, Ga.

Battle of Gaines' Mill.

I read in Saturday's Journal a letter written to Mr. K. E. Bullard, of Millidgeville, by a member of the Sixteenth Michigan regiment, U. S. volunteers.

Reading this letter recalled an incident of the civil war which I will relate. I was a member of Company B, Palmetto Sharpshooters, S. C. volunteers. The battle of Gaines' mill was fought June 26, 1862. About noon of that day General Longstreet received orders to attack the Federal position in his front. The order was immediately executed. The strongly fortified position of the Federals in our front was stormed and captured by Longstreet's men, together with a number of prisoners.

Longstreet's men were highly complimented by General Lee in person for the gallantry displayed on this occasion. But to the incident. Late in the afternoon of that day Colonel Jenkins, commanding the sharpshooters, detached his regiment from the main command and started on the march through an open field which lay in our front.

Why this movement was made I never knew. After going about a mile we discovered a body of troops emerging from some woods on our right and not more than 75 yards from us. They had their flag furled. It was getting dark, so that it was hard to distinguish friend from foe.

Colonel Jenkins' attention was directed to these troops in our front by some of our boys, who had been closely watching them, speaking in a low tone: "Them's Yankees." "Them's Yankees." Whereupon he ordered his regiment to "halt, front face," and immediately called to the troops in our front: "Unfurl your flag." Not paying any attention to this demand, our colonel, still undecided, called to them again: "Unfurl your flag or we will fire into you." Their commander then called to his men: "Halt, front face." Immediately Colonel Jenkins gave the command "Fire!" Every one of our boys had his gun to his shoulder ready to pull trigger, and they pulled it, you may be sure.

These troops proved to be the Sixteenth Michigan, 1,100 strong—as fine looking body of men as I ever saw. They were almost annihilated. Such slaughter was perhaps never known during the civil war where so few troops were engaged. When we ran up to where they were their dead and wounded were literally piled up one on top of another from one end of their line to the other. Many of the Confederate soldiers' eyes filled with tears as they gazed upon the terrible havoc their deadly missiles made. Many were the expressions of sympathy and tender of help by brave men who but a few minutes before had fired the guns that produced this terrible slaughter.

You see the Carolinians got in the first fire. They were in an open field—not a tree, bush or stump intervened between the opposing forces. Had the Michigans got the first fire the result would doubtless have been equally disastrous to the Carolinians. Not one of our men killed and only 2 or 3 slightly wounded.

I would like to know if the Michigander who wrote friend Bullard was a member of the Sixteenth Michigan when the circumstances I have related transpired, and if so would like to ask him if he remembers a young Carolinian about my size bringing canteens of water from a branch near by to quench the thirst of his wounded and dying comrades.

At the surrender at Appomattox the Palmetto Sharpshooters stacked arms in front of the Sixteenth Michigan. Remarkable, wasn't it? Talk about your "close calls." If this wasn't a "close call" for the Carolinians then I don't know what a

"close call" is. All that saved them was getting the first fire.

D. M. RUSSELL,  
"High Private" Co. B, Palmetto Sharpshooters.

A Yankee Story.

"Where we were camped one spell in front of Petersburg," said a Civil War veteran, "there was one gun on the other side that seemed to have a line on our company street.

"As a general thing the shells would go over us to the rear; but once in a while one would burst over the street, and now and then we'd get one touching the ground. And with the conditions as they were, when a shell actually stirred up the dust in the street like that it almost struck very close to one particular spot, that being at the inner end of the street and on the cook tent's side.

"That used to disturb us considerably, because we didn't know but what some day a shell might come along through there and carry off our dinner; and we tried to get the cook to shift the fire a little, ten feet or so, so it wouldn't be in so much danger; but he was a stubborn cuss, and he wouldn't.

"He said a cook fire wouldn't look very nice in the middle of the company street, and there wasn't any danger, anyhow. What he wanted, I guess, was to keep it where it would be most convenient, right alongside of his tent; but there's where he did keep it, anyway. We couldn't move him till something happened.

"Our fire arrangement was just the usual thing, a couple of crocheted sticks driven in the ground, five or six feet apart, with a pole laid across between them, and the camp kettles hanging from that pole, with the fire built under them. We got a shell from that gun one day that took away one of those crocheted sticks and scattered earth around pretty freely, but it didn't do any other damage; it was just after breakfast, when there was nothing on the pole; but we got a shot later that same morning, when there was something there, our dinner.

"We were going to have boiled pork, boiled beans and coffee for dinner that day, and all three kettles were hanging side by side and close to the ground, and how it ever did it I don't know, because it didn't have the kettles in line; but it managed somehow, all the same to smash all three of them into seventeen different kinds of cooked hats, and it scattered our dinner pretty much all over creation.

"For about a minute it just rained beans and coffee and chunks of pork all round that neighborhood. Some of the pork came down four streets away; and it seemed as though in our street there wasn't a teat but what got more or less of the beans or coffee or both. You wouldn't have thought they could have been so widely distributed, so that there was enough of 'em to go 'round so far, and the shell didn't explode, you understand, either, just smashed the kettle and passed on.

"Well, we lost our dinner that day, but the loss served our good purpose; we were able after that to get the cook to move the fire a little, anyway, out of the range of that gun."—New York Sun.

Not So Very Hard.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess when, a wag remarked the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed from civil life: "Doctor, are you acquainted with Capt. G?"

"Yes, I know him well?" replied the doctor. "But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer. "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you that you cannot tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor. "It's a wag."

"Well, commence guessing," said the officer.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"C-a-t-e."

"No, try again."

"K-a-t-e."

"No, you've missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "c-a-double-t."

"No, that's not the way; try once more, it's your last guess."

"G-a-g-t."

"No, said the wag, "that's not the way; you've lost the bet."

"Well," said the doctor, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess; and, almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner."

—In Tyrol the mother of a female infant makes during the first year of its life a beautiful lace handkerchief. After it is finished it is laid away to be brought over and placed over her head. After the marriage it is again laid away to be seen no more until death, when it is again produced and laid over her face in the coffin.

The Mississippi River.

"I have been very much impressed with the importance of small things in late years," said an old steamboat man, "and the Mississippi River has furnished me some rather good examples. I can understand now why Caesar looked out upon the Nile in such curious amazement and offered all that he stood for to the Egyptian priest if he would show him the source of that wonderful river. But the antics of the Nile look like insignificant nothings to me when compared with the strange conduct of the stream that oozes out of the earth at Itasca and hurries on its murky and devious way towards the Gulf of Mexico. Towns along the Mississippi that stood right on the bank of the river have been isolated even in my day, and there are, too, all along the course of the stream little empires in view where the river has encroached upon small centres of population, finally eating the earth away and forcing the inhabitants to seek other quarters. There are hundreds of these places that are almost forgotten now even by the men who are constantly on the river.

"What brings about these violent changes along the banks of the river? Not floods. It is just the ordinary doings of the stream. In the first place the current of the Mississippi is wonderfully swift, and the sediment deposited at any point where resistance to the flow is offered is very great. Tie a string to the neck of a bottle and sink it with the mouth of the bottle up and open.

"If held in one place where the flow is normal, in an extremely short period of time the bottle will fill with sediment. Stretch a net across the river, a net so finely woven that nothing but the pure water of the river can pass through, and, on account of the rapidity of the flow and the greatness of the deposit of sediment, almost in a twinkling the river would be dammed at that point. Experts have admitted this. This brings me to the point of my narrative.

"The flow of currents is frequently interfered with by sunken boats, perhaps by a jackstaff sticking up above the surface. The current is diverted by degrees, generally touching the far side of the stream a mile from the point where it again meets resistance, and immediately begins the building of a sandbar. I have seen a thousand examples of this sort during my career on the river, and I have known of instances where the root of a tree or the mere twig of a willow have brought about similar conditions. These things have tended to make a riddle out of the river; yet the stream after a while will be handled so as to undo all that it has accomplished in this way."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician, who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young, and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man, and in a deliberate tone said:

"Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions, by the time you reach my age you'll be rich as Croesus and as mean as he—l."—Buffalo Commercial.

Don't Marry.

Almost everybody remembers the celebrated advice of the London Punch, "To those about to marry. Don't." There is in that advice the expression of the feeling of many a mother who says, "I hope my daughter will never marry and suffer as I have."

In ninety-eight cases in every hundred there is no need for this suffering. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which cause wifely misery. It dries encumbering drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It invigorates the womanly organism, tranquilizes the nerves and gives the mother strength to give her children.

Do not allow an unscrupulous dealer to sell you something in place of "Favorite Prescription," claimed to be "just as good." There is nothing just as good for women as "Favorite Prescription."

"I am so pleased with your instructions, I hardly know what thanks to give you for your kind favors," writes Mrs. M. H. Bryant of La Grange, Ga. "You can publish my few statements to the world, hoping all suffering women will know and be benefited."

much with great pains in my back and the lower part of my stomach and palpitation of the heart, that at times I could hardly lie down, and could hardly get up in the morning, but after using three bottles of Favorite Prescription and two visits of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, I feel like a new woman."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick headache.



CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Jus-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

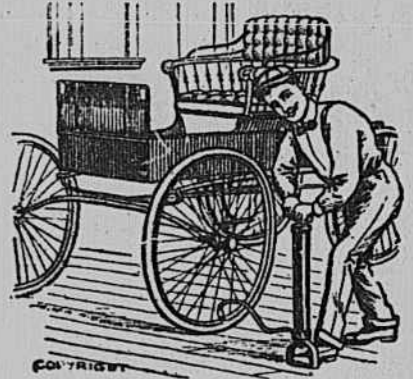
GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Char. H. Fletcher.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Riding on Air!



Is what you feel like when you roll along with such an easy, delightful motion in a—

Ball Bearing Pneumatic Runabout,

Such as we are showing in such rich and handsome designs. You don't know what a speedy drive is unless you have one of these gems of speeders.

Look at our—

FINE STOCK OF CARRIAGES.

JOS. J. FRETWELL.

Always Ready!

- 33 Car Loads Corn, Ear and Shelled.
  - 10 Car Loads Oats.
  - 10 Car Loads Molasses.
  - 1 Car Load Green Coffee.
  - 300 Barrels Sugar.
- Come along and see for yourself.

LIGON & LEDBETTER,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS.



A LONG LOOK AHEAD

A man thinks it is when the matter of life insurance suggests itself—but circumstances of late have shown how life hangs by a thread when war, flood, hurricane and fire suddenly overtakes you, and the only way to be sure that your family is protected in case of calamity overtaking you is to insure in a solid Company like—

The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co.  
Drop in and see us about it.

M. M. MATTISON,  
STATE AGENT.

Peoples' Bank Building, ANDERSON, S. C.

If you want to have the best Garden you ever had in your life, try our

New Seed  
this year.

HILL-ORR DRUG CO.