

WAR STORIES.

The Attack of Fort Harrison.

Maj. James B. Moore, Cameron, Texas, in Confederate Veteran.

Having been solicited to give an account of the action of my command in the battle of Fort Harrison, I send a description of the occurrence, which, for the number engaged and results achieved, proved to be one of the most remarkable engagements of our great war.

It will be remembered that during the summer and fall of 1864 Gen. Lee was most actively engaged in the defense of Petersburg, and to successfully resist Gen. Grant's repeated efforts to capture that city he had withdrawn all the troops from the front of Richmond on the north side of the James River except one small brigade of Tennessee troops, Gen. Benning's brigade of Georgia troops, a few Virginia militia, and about three hundred cavalry, in all numbering not more than twelve hundred men, under the command of Gen. Gregg, of Texas.

On the 28th of September, 1864, the Tennessee Brigade occupied a line of rifle pits extending from Drewry's Bluff, on the James River, to Fort Harrison, situated on the hill, overlooking James River bottom, and distant about three-quarters of a mile.

Fort Harrison was a large earthen fort commanding the approach by land to Drewry's Bluff as well as the heights in its front and for some distance to its left. It was armed with several pieces of field artillery and one thirty-two-pound Columbiad and was of sufficient size to accommodate aarrison of some five hundred men, but was manned only by a few militia, who were armed with smooth-bore muskets, with only ten rounds of cartridges each, while the artillery was served by raw troops with only a few rounds of ammunition.

Benning's Brigade, consisting of the 2d, 15th, 17th and 20th Georgia Regiments, was stationed at Newmarket, about three miles lower down the James River, in front of and watching the command of Gen. Butler (spoons). Being in command of the 17th Georgia, I was ordered to Fort Harrison, and with some two hundred penitentiary convicts and three hundred negroes, then at Fort Harrison, to proceed to strengthen the works. With seven companies, three companies being left on picket duty, I arrived at the fort late in the evening of the 28th of September, leaving orders for the three companies to rejoin the regiment as soon as relieved from picket duty.

Early on the morning of the 29th of September Butler made a demonstration against our little force at Newmarket, having during the evening and night of the 28th thrown a large force, estimated at fifteen thousand men, across the river from the south side by means of a pontoon bridge. Between our forces and Newmarket and Drewry's Bluff he undertook to march into Richmond, which was wholly unprotected save by the Tennessee Brigade, the militia before mentioned, and my seven companies of the 17th Georgia. About seven o'clock in the morning skirmish firing commenced immediately in my front.

About this time I received orders from Gen. Gregg, then at or near Newmarket, to turn over the convicts to a company of militia detailed for that purpose and report back to the commander as soon as practicable. Soon afterwards one of my men, returning from Fort Harrison, reported to me that the enemy was immediately in its front and would soon be in the works. I immediately sent the prisoners to the rear in charge of two of my companies, and with the remaining five companies, numbering about seventy-three musketeers, hurried into the fort and at once opened fire on the enemy, who was about four hundred yards distant and steadily advancing in two double columns of about six hundred men each, thus arraying the unequal number of about twenty-four hundred men against my companies of only seventy-three men.

Our fire, being so very effective, soon threw them in some confusion and brought them to a halt. By this time the militia and artillery in the fort had exhausted their ammunition and retired rather precipitately to safer quarters. The enemy took advantage of a slight depression in the ground some three hundred yards in our front to re-form their lines, at the same time keeping up a brisk skirmish fire from their skirmishers, some sixty yards or more in their front, who were concealed behind woods and bushes. Our ammunition had by this time run very low, and consequently our firing had almost ceased. This was, however, only the calm preceding the gathering storm about to burst upon us. I had, in the meantime, by Gen. Gregg's order, sent all convicts, reported to him my situation and requested reinforcements.

Gen. Gregg, realizing the importance of the situation, at once started with the remainder of the brigade to my assistance; and when within some five or six hundred yards, they were espied by the enemy, who raised and came with a rush for our works. My little command had made every preparation to give them a warm reception, having loaded our small arms and double shotted with grape the 32-pounder; and when their four double columns had come within about two hundred yards, I gave the command to fire. This shot was exceedingly destructive, tearing a lane of some thirty feet or more through the entire four columns. Owing to the unfortunate circumstances of our being short of ammunition, we were unable to do much execution with our rifles. It took but a few moments for them to clear the intervening space and reach the ditch, some five feet deep, in front of our works, into which they piled pell-mell. They immediately began to scale the embankment and pour over the works into the fort. Seeing the hopelessness of further efforts to save the fort, although our brigade was only some three hundred yards from us and coming in a full run to our assistance, I gave orders to get out in the best manner possible and re-form on the next line of works, about one mile in our rear. After throwing several bunches of cartridges which had just been brought into the fort at them, I, with Capt. D. H. Willmot, Adj. Sam Robinson, and Lieut. William Landee, were the last to leave that portion of the fort. The men on the right flank, following the line of works, were thrown with the 2d Tennessee Regiment, while those on the left were thrown with the 2d Georgia Regiment, just arriving to our assistance. On my leaving the fort I saw that the 32-pounder had been dismantled by the recoil and was standing up nearly perpendicular, firmly imbedded in the hard clay. Private (afterwards Captain) A. P. McCord was on top of the transverse going right down into the midst of the enemy not more than fifteen feet distant. He even remained in this perilous position until the bluecoats became as thick within the works as blackbirds upon a millet stack.

In my hasty retreat from these uncomfortably warm quarters I dropped a very fine sword, which was left to the enemy's care. In our retreat from the fort we were exposed to the galling fire of more than one thousand of the enemy's small arms, which sent numerous bullets in uncomfortably close proximity to us. My purpose was to rally as many of our men as possible at the next line of works and detail the enemy until the remainder of the command could succeed in getting in their front. The 2d Georgia Regiment, under the command of the gallant Col. W. S. Shepherd, being pressed by the enemy from Fort Harrison, now in their possession, took position in a small redoubt on the line of works about one-half a mile to the left of Fort Harrison. His command, numbering less than one hundred men, made a most gallant fight. Running short of ammunition and being hard pressed by the enemy, he sent word to some of my command for ammunition and help or that he would be compelled to give up the fort.

A. P. McCord and John Lindsey, both of my old command, volunteered to return near the cabins in the rear of Fort Harrison, occupied by the enemy, where stood an abandoned ordnance wagon, which they passed in their retreat from the fort. Protected by a line of skirmishers, under the command, I think, of Lieut. Landee, and under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, they succeeded in securing each a box of cartridges, and carrying the same under a heavy fire some half a mile to Col. Shepherd's men and throwing the boxes upon a dismantled gun and bursting them open, the cartridges were eagerly gathered up by the brave soldiers to renew the firing which had almost ceased.

Rallying a few men who had escaped with me from Fort Harrison, I hurried to the assistance of the 2d Georgia. Upon my arrival in the fort, finding that Col. Shepherd had been severely wounded, I assumed command. Finding the enemy from sixty to one hundred yards in our front and partly concealed behind woods and bushes and our ammunition running low, I had the men to withhold their fire until a small force, I think under Lieut. Hines, of the 2d Georgia, led by John Lindsey and A. P. McCord, of the 17th Georgia, and James D. Bose, of the 2d Georgia, could deploy a skirmish line down the breastworks toward Fort Harrison. At a preconcerted signal the skirmishers crossed the works with their mus-

kets, firing into the flank of the enemy, while our little band in the fort poured destructive fire into his front, which caused about three hundred of them to throw down their arms and surrender, while some broke and ran back to their main command in the woods, some twelve hundred yards to our front. We sent the prisoners to the rear in charge of a small detail, while others brought into the fort all the guns and ammunition abandoned by the enemy in his retreat.

The enemy then brought a 14-gun battery to bear upon our little fort, and for the next thirty minutes or more no command was perhaps ever exposed to a more terrific shower of iron hail in the form of shell and shrapnel than was poured upon that little band of defenders of the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

After dismounting and silencing all of our guns by their fire, the enemy again advanced a regiment, some five or six hundred strong, for another assault. They advanced in splendid order under an incessant fire from our rifles until within three hundred yards, when our men began to make use of their extra guns, captured from the enemy, and poured into their ranks such a galling fire as to drive them back under the protection of their guns. Meanwhile a flanking column had been sent further to our left, and in their attack on Fort Gilmer, a stockade fort, were readily repulsed by the 15th and 20th Georgia, arriving in full run just in time to participate in their repulse. Just after this repulse of the enemy, which was four o'clock in the afternoon, the balance of our division (Hood's), consisting of Robertson's Texas, Law's Alabama and Jenkin's South Carolina Brigades, arrived from Petersburg, from which time we felt assured of the safety of Richmond from any further attacks of Butler.

Our entire force confronting Butler's army previous to the arrival of our re-enforcement of Petersburg did not exceed twelve hundred men, which was extended over a line of four miles in length when the fighting began, and in no instance was more than one-half of our force engaged at a time. The New York Herald, several days after the fight, giving an account of Butler's attack upon Fort Harrison, admitted a loss of three hundred men in killed and wounded, while his loss upon other parts of the line was very heavy. We captured nearly five hundred prisoners in the day's engagements.

Where all acted their part so well, as did our men on that occasion, it would be useless for me to attempt to name them for any special deeds of valor, other than those before mentioned whose acts attracted my special attention at the time. If there were any other than brave men in our command on that memorable day, they fell out of the fight in their long run from Newmarket back to Fort Harrison.

SOLDIER OF THE BLUE AT THE REUNION.

Theodore F. Allen, of Cincinnati, writes the National Tribune of the Louisville Reunion. He quotes a telegram from the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., inviting him to attend and to take the horse that he escaped upon when they had him prisoner in the sixties. He wore the badge of his regiment, 7th Ohio Cavalry, which attracted the attention of many Confederates. Replying to inquiry he said he was a "scout looking for Confederates," and was told that Louisville was full of them and if he didn't get away he would be captured. He took the chances, and finally found the 7th Kentucky Cavalry—members of the regiment whom he had not seen since the night he escaped as their prisoner in 1863.

"One of the officers of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, whom I did not know, came up to me, looked me over and over two or three times, and asked if I had formerly been the adjutant of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, and if I was taken prisoner at Rogersville, Tenn., November 6, 1865. To all of his questions I answered in the affirmative, not knowing what his object was. After I had replied, he said: 'I was the officer of the guard in charge of the prisoners when you made your escape, and I would like to have you tell me how you did it and what you did with the horse you took from us.'"

"I explained the matter to him fully, whereupon he replied: 'Well, Allen, I was very sorry to learn that you had gotten away, but now I am glad you escaped.'"

"I should pay for that horse now, whereupon every member of the regiment claimed that it was his horse. If I had accepted all those statements, I would have had to pay for that horse about two hundred times."

"In my address to the members of the regiment, I told them that I had learned that their regimental historian was absent, and with their permission I would take his place for the day; thereupon I gave a history of their regiment. I may state here that I was quite familiar with the history of their regiment, as we had met it many, many times, and we almost knew one another personally. As I was progressing with this historical sketch one of the old Confederate soldiers, who had some doubts as to my being able to take the place of their regimental historian, leaned forward, brought his first down in the palm of his other hand, and said: 'By gosh, he doos know us!' After the meeting was dismissed, the men of the regiment crowded around me. If I had accepted as many invitations as were extended to me to take a drink, I would have been intoxicated the rest of my life; or if I had accepted all the invitations to spend a few weeks at the home of each member of the regiment, I could have spent several years in visiting."

"At this meeting I saw Capt. George Dallas Mosgrove, the well-known contributor to the National Tribune. He is a chipper boy of about sixty years and an enthusiastic Veteran of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. The old soldiers who are readers of the National Tribune are familiar with the appearance of the Veterans of the Union army as they appear at their national encampments, and the only object of this communication is to set before the old soldiers of the Union army a fair and truthful representation of the ghosts of the Confederate army as they now appear. Of course during the War between the States we were familiar with the appearance and knew how the Confederate soldier looked; but I dare say there are many Union soldiers who live far away from the Southland who would like to know how they look now. Many of these old fellows are nowadays men of large stature, and upon the whole they are as handsome a set of men as you will find in a year's travel."

What to Do in a Storm.

So many persons, especially women, are frightened at severe thunderstorms that the following instructions telling one what to do in such cases, furnished by J. Warren Smith, a director of one of the Government weather bureaus, will be acceptable. He says:

"Thunderstorms occur when there is a very rapid condensation of moisture in a rising current of air or a rapid condensation due to the cooling of an upper layer of air. It is held by most scientists that the lightning flash is an oscillatory discharge, repeated frequently and from between cloud and cloud or between the flash and the thunder. The distance of the flash in miles is approximately equal to one-fifth of the number of seconds between the flash and the thunder. The number of people killed by lightning each year in the United States averages about 300, the greater loss of life being in July. Small articles of metal do not have the power to attract lightning, but one should not stand under trees during thunderstorms, in the doorways of barns, near open windows or doors, close to cattle or horses, or near chimneys and fireplaces. There is very little reason, however, for alarm during a thunder storm or for making efforts to insulate one's self by getting into feather beds, etc. If you are in the vicinity of a person who has just been struck by lightning, no matter if he appears dead, go to work at once to try to restore respiration and consciousness. No matter which method of artificial respiration is used, keep it up for at least an hour, and in the meantime maintain the heat of the body by hot flannels, bottles of hot water, warm clothing taken from hysterics, etc. Firmly and energetically rub the limbs upward so as to force the blood to the heart and brain. When swallowing is established a teaspoonful of warm water, wine, diluted whiskey or brandy or warm coffee should be given. Sleep should be encouraged. Send for a physician at once. Lightning frequently causes a temporary paralysis of the respiratory organs and the heart beat, which, if left alone, will deepen into death, but which treated as suggested, will often result in recovery."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"The devil makes a lot of people believe that his winking is their thinking."

"No slave is more securely bound than he who thinks he is free to serve himself alone."

"Without the sense of stewardship culture becomes a curse."

"The slumber of one saint is no excuse for the sloth of another."

"No creed that is worth publishing can be put into type."

"No man is going to buy your play if your parents are anoint."

Think About It!

I tell today the story of a pair of Georgia philosophers who went to California to seek their fortune in 1870, and found that, after all, they had fortunes at home.

In that year the two Georgians went to the Golden State and made a tour of it—a six month's tour—on horseback. They had their pack mules along and at night camped, as it were, under the blazing stars, for in that State particularly Southern California, the stars seem to hang lower and shine bigger and brighter than anywhere else on the continent.

After six months of seeing the wonders of mountain and valley and plain, and enjoying the "glorious climate of California,"—the cold winds from the icebergs, and the thick daily fogs in San Francisco, always excepted, they reached a point in the garden spot of the State not far from Los Angeles—and there the tour ended.

Here they parted—one returning to his small but prosperous farm in Georgia; the other taking the first position that offered in the Golden State, and going to work for very small pay.

That was in 1870—just 35 years ago. Los Angeles was then a Spanish village of about 3,000. Today it is a beautiful city of 140,000. Then, there were cheap lands in Southern California, which have given up great fortunes.

A gentleman of this city, something of a philosopher himself, was some time ago asking the Georgian who returned to his farm in this State, something about that memorable tour of six months.

"You made no investment out there?" asked he. "I did not."

"Did you have any money while making the tour?" "Oh, yes. I had \$5,000 in a belt around my waist."

"Suppose you had invested it?" "There were 100 places where I could have put that money where the return today would have been not less than a million dollars."

"You have a good farm in Georgia?" "Yes."

"Plenty to eat and to wear, a good place to rest, and work enough to keep you busy?" "Oh, yes."

"Do you think that you would have been better satisfied if you had invested your money in California 35 years ago?" "I do not."

There is philosopher No. 1. Enough is sufficient—a happier man, undoubtedly, on his prosperous Georgia farm with all the comforts of a healthy home, than if he had given it up to become even a millionaire in the Golden State.

"Many years after that six months' tour," said the Atlanta gentleman, "my friend, the farmer, met his companion from whom he had parted 35 years ago in southern California—and, of course, they talked over old times."

"What are you doing, now?" asked philosopher No. 1. "Oh, nothing."

"You must have made some money, then?" "Yes—a little—I own about a mile of long beach, out from Los Angeles, with six hotels on it, and have an elegant home also on the beach."

"You have succeeded?" "I have made money."

"Are you satisfied?" "Can't say that I am. The only work I do is collecting my rents and a man gets tired of that, you know."

"Do you think that you would be better satisfied today if you had stayed in your humble little home in Georgia?" "I certainly do."

The State Farms.

The Hon. W. D. Kirby returned last week from Columbia, where he had been to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the State Penitentiary. A part of the business of this meeting was the inspection by the board of the State's farm in Lexington, Sumter and Kershaw counties, besides the one at the penitentiary. All the farms were found to be in a prosperous condition, well kept, with the fine growing crops which gave every promise of abundant yields.

Some statistics given by Mr. Kirby may prove interesting to Cherokee farmers. The figures refer only to the farms in Sumter and Kershaw counties, and in no way include the crops growing in Lexington County and at the Penitentiary.

In these two farms there are 1,100 acres in corn, which it is estimated will make about 35,000 bushels; 600 acres in cotton—about six acres to the horse—which will produce a bale or more to the acre; between five and six hundred acres in peas; thirty acres in sweet potatoes, which will yield in the neighborhood of 5,000 bushels; seven acres in ribbon cane, and twenty-seven acres in orange top cane, from which molasses will be made for the use of the State convicts. Besides the produce named above, nearly 19,000 bushels of oats and 2,000 bushels of wheat have been made on the two farms this year.

Aside from the growing crops on all its farms, the State still has a surplus of forage and roughness on hand; this, too, after selling a lot of it and feeding it to the stock on the farms. Much of the grain is also sold, and already 101 bales of new cotton have been sent to the market.

Besides the agricultural products of the farms, there are now on the two in Sumter and Kershaw counties, thirty-two young mules, from four months to five years old; sixteen mares; about 200 head of hogs; 150 head of sheep; 120 head of cattle, and 125 goats. Seventy-five mules are in use on the two farms, and about 145 hands are worked.

Mr. Kirby says that everything about the farms had a prosperous air, and that the health of the people on them are splendid, not a single case of sickness having been reported among the hands in some time. The managers on the farms, who have been in their present positions for about seven years, state that the best crops are now being grown upon them that they have seen during the whole time of their management.

Mr. Kirby brought home with him some specimen ears of corn from an 800-acre field on the Wateree River, and some stalks of sugar cane. The specimens were taken at random from the field, and while they were fine ones, Mr. Kirby thought the average yield would be even better.—Gaffney Ledger.

The light-weight man always thinks that his buoyancy is due to his wings.

When a man has religion in his heart he will not need it on his hands.

The only version of the Bible authorized by heaven is the one on two feet.

There are preachers who think the wearing of a red necktie will solve the whole problem of popularizing the pulpit.

Some men believe they are doing a lot for God because they go to prayer meeting every time they have a grinch to unload.

INSIDE INFORMATION.

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To have even a simple case of indigestion is to have "inside information" of suffering that warns of serious trouble in the future, unless the digestive system is strengthened.

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