

❖ GRAND BARGAIN SALESWEEK! ❖

COMMENCING THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

Positively the Grandest Opportunity to Buy Shoes Cheap ever offered in Anderson.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, NOV. 1.

Special Drive in Men's and Boys' Shoes from 75c. to \$3.

We will offer on this day one lot of Men's Lace Shoes in broken sizes, solid throughout, at 75c.

Also one lot of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes for every day wear, in Lace and Elastic, the best \$1.50 shoe made, for 98c.

Also one lot of Men's Fine Bal. and Cong. Shoes, good quality, calf skin, Goodyear welt, in several different styles, worth \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50, to close out at \$1.99. Positively a big Bargain.

Also one lot of Men's Fine Lace and Elastic Shoes, which retail at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75, to close out at \$1.00. These are Corkers.

And about 125 pairs Men's "Best \$2.00 Shoe in the World," at \$1.49.

On this day our "One Dollar" Counters will be loaded with Big Bargains of every description. Boots, \$1.25.

SECOND DAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 2.

We Invite Everybody on top of the Earth to come on this Day, as well as on every other day, but Ladies, Misses and Children, and even the Babies, are especially wanted.

About 500 Pairs Ladies' Fine Shoes

Have got to go on this day, or we will consider the day a failure.

LISTEN! 10 Splendid lines Ladies' Fine Shoes, ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$3.75, and consisting of Hand-sewed, Hand-turned and McKay sewed Shoes, all to go at \$2.00.

White Kid Slippers, Pink Kid Slippers, Blue Kid Slippers, New Shade Green Satin Slippers, New Shade Blue Satin Slippers, White Vassar Ties, Patent Leather Slippers.

In Misses', Childrens' and Babies Shoes, the Bargains we will offer are too numerous to mention, but we will convince you when you come.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

The Special offer for this day will be

100 PAIRS MEN'S BROGANS AT 85C.

— AND —

One Hundred Pairs Ladies' Genuine

DONGOLA BUTTON SHOE AT 99C.

These Bargain Days will be repeated on the following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, provided enough Goods are left.

GOSSETT & BROWN.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Eriza's Shumate's Recollections of First Manassas.

News and Courier.

July 21 being the thirty-third anniversary of the First Manassas, I felt in a reminiscent mood and concluded to while away an hour or two in giving some recollections of what we thought then was the greatest battle ever fought on American soil, but which was nothing more than a grand military skirmish in comparison with some other battles fought during the war.

Some six weeks prior to that time Col. Kershaw's 2nd South Carolina regiment was ordered from Richmond to Bull Run, a small sluggish stream three miles beyond Manassas Junction. There we spent three weeks building earthworks on the south bank of the Run and on both sides of the road leading from Washington to Richmond. Soldiers are proverbial grumblers. We complained of our fare, which consisted of beef, bacon, lard, flour, coffee, sugar and rice; how gladly we would have enjoyed the same kind of rations before the close of the war! We also demurred at the idea of digging dirt and building earthworks, and were not pleased with military discipline, drill and guard duty.

Each private soldier believed himself as good or better than his officers, and when it came to fighting could whip three or four Yankees—in fact, one member of the Butler Guards (the company to which I belonged) was heard to say that the Yankees alone could whip the entire Yankee army, or at least he thought so.

A young Israelite of my company, who had always lived in a city, and had never seen or heard a big owl, was placed one dark night in the deep recesses of the Bull Run Swamp on guard duty. Near morning, when everything was calm and serene, and the young soldier was thinking, perhaps, of the "girl he left behind" in far away Carolina, a big owl flopped his wings and gave vent to his peculiar screech—too-hoo, too-who, too-who. The young man, obeying instructions, hailed the bird, and receiving no response fired his gun, came running into camp, with hair standing on end, eyes distended, badly scared, and stated that some one was in the dark wanted to know who he was. The incident caused a hearty laugh at his

expense, and he did not hear the last of the "too-who" for many a day.

About the last days of June we moved up to Fairfax Court House, some sixteen miles from Washington, which place to some extent we also fortified.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July we silently left camp and marched in the direction of Washington for the purpose (we were told) of trying to capture a company of Federal cavalry which had been seen on various occasions scouting in the neighborhood of Fall's Church and Mason's and Munson's Hills.

After going several miles our regiment, with the exception of the Butler Guards, of Greenville, and the Palmetto Guard, of Charleston, was placed in ambush in a thick wood near the roadside, with instructions to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy. The Butlers and Palmettoes continued the march some two miles further on, and just at dawn we heard firing in the direction of our regiment. The sad news soon reached us that our boys had killed two Virginia cavalymen, having mistaken them for Yankee soldiers. Our expedition having terminated so disastrously we returned to camp footsore, hungry and tired.

On the 10th or 17th the Federal army, under command of McDowell, made its appearance in our front, in full view, and immediately began forming line of battle. We had just finished breakfast; excitement was rampant, tents were struck, wagons hastily loaded and sent to the rear, and our regiment was hastily formed and marched to the earthworks. The Butler Guards were thrown out in front as skirmishers and double-quickened from point to point until we were nearly exhausted. Believing from all the signs around us that we would soon be engaged we unslung knapsacks and threw them in a pile, thinking we would gather them up again when we had whipped the Yankees and driven them back from whence they came. I bought and had boiled a medium-sized ham the day before, and to that ham I clung with the tenacity of a hungry man. The knapsack, clothes and other tricks could go, but the ham never.

Soon our whole command was out of sight going in the direction of Bull Run. The Butler Guards covered the retreat and obstructed the way as much as possible by placing old crosssties and other timbers across the road. We

occupied our old position near Mitchell's Ford across Bull Run and calmly awaited the advance of McDowell and his army. On the morning of the 18th, after shelling our position for some time, he attempted to cross at Blackburn's Ford, about one mile to our right, and was handsomely repulsed by the Washington Artillery from New Orleans and a Virginia brigade of infantry, commanded by Gen. Longstreet.

Col. Tom Bacon, of the 7th South Carolina regiment, ascended a tall tree just to our right, and in rear of his regiment. From his lofty perch he could witness the manoeuvrings of the Federals on the opposite side of the Run, and in his loud, shrill voice he kept us informed of all the movements taking place in our front. No further attempts were made to force a crossing at this place, and all indications pointed to a move up the Run, and that the enemy would probably cross at Stone Bridge or Sudley Ford. The next day our regiment was moved in the direction of Stone Bridge, about one mile from Mitchell's Ford, where we remained until Sunday morning, the 21st day of July. The calm of the beautiful Sabbath morn was broken by the roar of the Federal signal gun. Soon the popping of rifles indicated to us that the skirmishers had begun work in earnest, and before the setting of the sun a great battle would be fought and many lives lost.

McDowell, while making a demonstration in front of Stone Bridge with a considerable force, had detached some 13,000 of his best troops and sent them up the Run, crossing at Sudley's Ford and thus turning our left flank.

The 4th South Carolina regiment and Wheat's battalion of Louisiana Tigers, some 1,200 men all told, were stationed at Stone bridge, and being outflanked it became necessary for them to change their positions and form a new line in front of the advancing foe.

Poets may sing of the heroism of Leonidas and his Spartan band of 300 at the Pass of Thermopylae, and orators may become eloquent over the brilliant charge of the gallant 600 at Balaclava, but no raw, undisciplined troops in their first engagement ever fought more gallantly than did this handful of Carolinians and Louisianians, 1,200 in all, who kept in check for two hours 13,000 trained soldiers.

When compelled to fall back by overwhelming numbers and the prospect of being surrounded and captured they fought as only brave men can fight, with their faces to the foe, and stubbornly contested every inch of ground until reinforcements could be hurried to their assistance.

All honor to these brave and gallant fellows. Their heroic deeds and acts of conspicuous gallantry will ever be cherished and treasured in the hearts of every true South Carolina Confederate soldier. The booming of cannon and incessant rattle of musketry convinced us that our boys at the front were having hot work.

About 1 o'clock Gen. Sam McGowan, who was acting as aide to Gen. Beauregard in this fight, galloped up and in stentorian tones, with his face all aglow with excitement and his eyes—(well, the readers of this sketch who have seen the General under great excitement and noticed his eyes on that occasion)—ordered two regiments of Bonham's brigade to the front. The 2d, Col. Kershaw's, and the 8th, Col. Cash's, made the distance in quick time. Col. Kershaw was suffering with a crippled foot or ankle and went ahead of his command in an ambulance, but on arriving near the battlefield mounted his horse and closely scanned the face of nearly every man as the regiment passed, no doubt making a mental calculation as to how many would run and how many would stand and fight.

We hastily formed line of battle in an old field near the Confederate field infirmary and were ordered to lie down. While in this position a Maryland battalion passed over us into the fight, and if my recollection serves me correctly, soon returned. The Federal skirmishers were behind a rail fence not more than two hundred yards from our line and kept popping away at every man they saw in front.

Gen. E. Kirby Smith, with a part of Johnston's army from the valley, arrived on the field at this time and formed on our left. A simultaneous advance was made by the whole line up the slope, over the fence, through the woods and into the open field where we encountered the Maine Zouaves, which we almost exterminated. One of them who escaped afterwards told a member of my company that the South Carolinians seemed to rise out of the ground and come at them yelling like so many devils.

Just at this place Ricket's battery, which had been captured and retaken several times during the day, fell into our possession. Col. Allen J. Green, of Columbia, and Col. Johnson Hagood, of Barnwell, volunteer fighters with our regiment, immediately turned the captured pieces upon a column of infantry occupying the crest of the ridge across a ravine immediately in our front, but too far off for our rifles.

The shots fired by Hagood and Green and also by Kemper's Battery soon put the Federals to flight. They rushed down the hill pell-mell, helter-skelter, and took the back track to Washington, where some of them were halted, while others never stopped running until they reached their homes north of Mason and Dickson's line, and may still be running for aught I know. When we arrived on the field it appeared to me that we had no organized force fighting the Yankees. A few of the Hampton Legion were holding their ground, but were nearly surrounded and would soon have been captured.

The 2d regiment passed over the battlefield, crossed Bull Run on the Stone Bridge, and pursued the fleeing and panic stricken foe to near Cub Run. Kemper's battery, of Alexandria, Va., being attached to our regiment, unlimbered and fired a few shots at the artillery crossing Cub Run bridge. The first shot disabled one of the pieces, and the bridge became choked up with artillery, caissons, wagons and ambulances. The horses were detached by the flying fugitives and ridden bareback with "John Gilpin" speed to Washington. The rout and demoralization were complete. Officers without commands and men without officers straggled in a heterogeneous mass into the city of Alexandria, and did not feel safe until they had placed the Potomac River between them and the dreaded Rebels.

The Palmetto Guard were skirmishing near Cub Run and the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, but temporarily attached to the Palmettoes, fired the last shot of all the troops on this eventful day.

We captured Governor Sprague's wagon containing his champagne wine near Cub Run, and it was amusing to see dirty private soldiers smacking their lips over the Governor's fine wine, which he expected to use in celebrating the capture of our Capital and the downfall of the Confederacy.

Surgeon Stone, of the United States army, mistaking our regiment for one of his own, galloped on, and asked why we were retreating.

"We are not retreating!" replied Col. Kershaw.

"What regiment is this?" asked Stone.

"The Palmetto Regiment," answered the Colonel.

Surgeon Stone was invited to dismount, and was handed over to a file of the Butler Guards. Col. Kershaw appropriated Stone's fine horse, which he rode many a day afterwards.

Congressman Eli was captured and put in a blacksmith shop. His snow-white linen did not correspond with his surroundings. We closed the pursuit at dark and retraced our steps across Stone Bridge and went into camp.

We could and ought to have gone to Washington that night and captured the city. Thirty-three years have passed, but many of the incidents of that day and that battle are fresh in my memory. I thought we killed quite a number of Federal soldiers during the war, but from the amount of money paid out in pensions it appears that I was mistaken, and we did not kill any, only wounded and disabled a few.

Many gallant Confederates who participated in this battle were killed in subsequent engagements, while a great many others who survived the war have crossed over the river. General Kershaw (God bless him!) has passed away; but few of us remain. In a little while we will be aroused by the last reveille, and answer the last roll-call on "Fame's eternal camping ground."

The private Confederate soldiers, who from principle and a sense of duty fought, bled and died, were heroes and martyrs, and their memory should be cherished by their surviving comrades and by all true Carolinians.

"For them no more blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

"That man Ardup" said the man in the trenches, was a good-hearted fellow as ever lived, but he was always in debt, and always hounded by creditors. He deserves a better epitaph than an unfeeling posterity will engrave on his tombstone. "Well dunned, good and faithful servant," suggested the man who had his feet on the table, and a deep silence fell upon the group.