

WAR STORIES.

Recollections of Chancellorsville.

This year the day of the week falls on the same day of the month as in 1863.

After the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, McGowan's Brigade encamped between the Station and the Rappahannock River.

They named it Camp Gregg in memory of Gen. Gregg who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg.

On Wednesday, April 29, McGowan's Brigade received orders to be ready to march at a moment's warning.

While we were on picket on the river on Wednesday, April 29th, we could hear the heavy shelling by the Federal batteries up the river.

On Thursday evening our regiment joined the other regiments of the brigade at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg.

The Federal balloons on the north of the river were all the while in sight.

Four or five miles from Fredericksburg Generals Lee and Jackson passed us on the march and received the cheers of the army.

Suddenly artillery opened in front of us, and soon the rattle of small arms. Soon the firing receded from us, the rebel cheer and a peal of musketry.

At dawn Saturday, May 2, we beheld three lines of blue in our front. Everything was astir, and rapid preparation for the desperate conflict.

Gen. Sedgwick was crossing at Fredericksburg with nearly fifty thousand men, and Gen. Hooker at Chancellorsville with about one hundred thousand.

and Gen. Hooker at Chancellorsville with about one hundred thousand, made it look pretty squally for the Confederates.

About 8 o'clock a. m., Saturday morning, May 2, our Brigade started on this memorable march around the Federal army.

The skirmish line marched along parallel with the line of march and next to the enemy.

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along the line that Jackson was wounded. Our Brigade was then carried to the front next to the Federals to attack early next morning.

Col. James M. Perrin commanded the Rifles. Col. D. H. Hamilton commanded the First.

Col. O. E. Edwards commanded the Thirtieth. Col. Abner Perrin commanded the Fourteenth.

Gen. McGowan commanded the Brigade. Soon we came upon a formidable abatis of felled trees.

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disease and frost and battle are the high priest, are not to be numbered among all those millions of earth who die because they are not immortal—these are Hero Dead.

"For none the less heroes were they that they were obscure, for they will have a monument that will outlast granite and marble, grander than the arch of Titus or the brazen column of Napoleon—that holy, silent shrine in the hearts of the people inscribed 'To the Unknown Dead.'

"Yet the ashes in those graves are not always unknown, for sometimes a little patch of earth, a slab of marble, or a spot of flowers, is linked to a great name.

"Some were national, some local, some military, some civil names and some both.

"Albert Sidney Johnson, Barkdale, Gill, Tilghman, Maxey Gregg, Zollicoffer, Bartow, Green, Thomas R. Cobb, Lomax, Stouewall Jackson, Gladden, Stuart, Tracy, Pelham, are some of the names that honor has written plainly on her roll.

"But who has been present when the angels of God have called the roll of the dead—who saw the muster rolls of the spirit land—who witnessed the grand review of the glorious slain as their ranks stretch out along the banks of Death's dark river, when the Inspector General of the Universe takes His stand by the unfurled banners of heaven? And yet for every grave or bundle of bleaching bones there has gone a soul to God."

"Various have been the plans to do them honor. Some propose that a vast artificial hill, like the lion-crowned hill of Waterloo, be erected.

"Some States gather their names into a book and place the roll of honor in the archives of the State. Some propose that a grand temple be built upon the heights of Vicksburg, in sight of the river—which is the artery of a world, and its blood, its commerce—that the status of the greatest of the fallen shall glorify the shrine and shine in the deathless purity of marble, while the walls shall bear among their pilasters and wreaths vast tablets covered with all the names of all the dead. But how can human endeavor do proper honor to the dead?"

"Stonewall Jackson was the nation's idol; but were Stone mountain out into a statue of him, would the grateful people say to the soul of the hero: 'See! we have done enough! We think not.'

"Should we cut the Alleghanies into catacombs, how save the sacred dust from the spoilers of a thousand years hence, from the fate of Egypt's and Syria's and Rome's buried kings?"

"Could we wreathe the northern lakes from the foe, and carrying the names of the Hero Dead on the walls of Niagara, let the thunder of the cataract sound their eternal requiem, and the rainbow that spans its gulf tell in its sunbeams and tears of their glory forever; still all the drops of the everlasting flood could not weep away the widowhood and orphanage of the land, or wash the sorrow from broken hearts."

"So let us remember them only. The orsts of the Blue Ridge are the fittest monuments to the sentry whose bleeding feet trod their virgin-snows. The long grass will stay the sunbeams that would too ardently kiss their feet, the amber floods of the rivers will murmur to them, and in the mysterious whisperings in the tops of bending pines, we may imagine the angels to be talking low to each other, and saying: 'There he fell and there his grave.'"

The Confederate Bazaar.

Every one interested in the Confederate bazaar, just closed, in Richmond, will be delighted to hear that it has been most successful.

All the tables did well. The South Carolina table was conceded to be the prettiest and stood third in the sum of money made.

Virginia naturally made the most, \$3,000. The Solid South table, representing the chapters in New York, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, California and other States not of the Confederacy, came next with a little over \$1,600.

Those who worked so hard to this good end have every right to be not only satisfied but proud and very grateful to the Richmond ladies, both Carolinians and Virginians, who, by their zeal, perseverance and good management, accomplished so much.

A Peculiar Accident.

Charlotte, N. C., May 6.—Mrs. E. Lee, a wealthy woman of Buffalo, N. Y., died at the Buford hotel in this city at 9 o'clock this morning from the effects of a chicken bone being lodged in her throat.

Friday is a Lucky Day.

Contrary to the tradition and to the firm belief of the civilized world, Friday is the luckiest day of the week.

Such is the conclusion reached by a competent and painstaking statistician, the results of whose labors are exploited in the Chicago Tribune.

After a thorough search of statistical tables, he discovered that for great calamities and disasters Monday is the most unlucky day and Friday is the luckiest.

A summary of the results shows the following:

The worst day for murders—Sunday.

The worst day for fires—Monday.

The worst day for shipwrecks—Thursday.

The worst day for railroad accidents—Friday.

The worst day for floods—Saturday.

It will be seen that the fears of those who refrain from beginning a journey on Friday are to some extent justified. But in nothing but railroad accidents does Friday sustain its reputation, having a very small record for shipwrecks, murders and fires.

Wednesday seems to be the best day on which to begin a journey.

We are reminded also that Columbus started on his voyage of discovery on a Friday, first sighted land on a Friday, and discovered the American continent on a Friday.

We might add that the Mayflower landed on a Friday and that George Washington was born Friday, February 22, 1732.

The anti-Friday superstition is probably due to the fact that Christ was crucified on that day. Past records, however, seem to establish beyond a question that Friday is not an unlucky day, but one of good omen.—Atlanta Journal.

An editor of a North Carolina paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper the next month.

The Methodists of Greenville are taking time by the forelock and are making preparations for the meeting of the South Carolina conference in December next.

A mob of negroes at Laurel, Del., made the mistake of attacking a circus hand whose history they did not know.

If the average man had the same success with his business as with his summer garden his permanent address would be the poor house.

Advertisement for PARKER'S HAIR OIL, featuring an illustration of a woman's head and text describing the benefits of the product for hair and scalp health.

Large advertisement for CASTORIA, featuring a bottle illustration and text: 'CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. F. HITCHCOCK. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.'

Advertisement for BUGGIES, WAGONS, and HARNESS. Text: 'Are you going to buy a Buggy, Wagon or Set of Harness soon? If you are, it will pay you to inspect my stock and get prices if you don't buy. I have the largest stock to select from in the State. ALL THE LEADING MAKES. I CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. Be sure and give me a call before buying. Car Milburn Wagons just received. J. S. FOWLER.'

Advertisement for SECOND-HAND ORGANS. Text: 'We have about Twenty Excellent SECOND-HAND ORGANS, In perfect condition, better goods than many of the Cheap new ones, at \$25.00 up. New ones, such as—MASON & HAMLIN, ESTEY, CROWN and FARRAND. All the very highest quality, at prices we have never been able to give. Come and see our Stock; we may have just what you have been hunting. THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.'

Advertisement for VANDIVER BROS., GENERAL MERCHANTS. Text: 'We propose pulling trade our way this Fall, and have made prices on good, reliable, honest Goods that will certainly bring it. We have the strongest line of Men's, Women's and Children's SHOES we have ever shown, and have them marked down so low that every pair is a great value. We have another big lot of Sample Shoes that we throw on the market at factory prices. Come quick while we have your size. We are money-savers on GROCERIES. Best Patent Flour \$4.50 per barrel. Best Half Patent Flour \$4.00. Extra Good Flour \$3.75. COFFEE, SUGAR, LARD, BACON, BEAN, CORN and OATS always in stock, just a little cheaper than the market prices. We are strictly in for business and want your trade. Try us and you will stick to us. Your truly, VANDIVER BROS.'

Advertisement for JUST RECEIVED, TWO CARS OF BUGGIES. Text: 'ALL PRICES, from a \$35.00 Top Buggy up to the finest Rubber Tired job. ALSO, A LOT OF WAGONS, That we want to sell at once. We keep a large stock of—Georgia Home Made Harness Cheap. The finest, light draft—Mower In the world. Come and see it. Yours in earnest, VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.'

Advertisement for A LONG LOOK AHEAD. Text: '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 with a solid Company like—The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. Drop in and see us about it. M. M. MATTISON, STATE AGENT, People's Bank Building, ANDERSON S. C.'