

The Watchman and Southron.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sumter, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McGrew and children have returned from a short visit to relatives at Columbia.

Mr. I. M. Loyrea has returned from Manning.

Mr. C. C. Beck has returned to the city from New York.

Mr. S. I. Till has returned from Manning.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Levi and Mr. Wendell Levi have returned home after an extended visit to relatives in Chicago.

Miss Etta Axson, of Charleston, is visiting Mrs. G. M. Zeigler.

Mrs. R. K. Wilder returned Tuesday from several weeks stay at Glenn Springs.

Mrs. L. E. White is visiting relatives at Brogdon.

Miss Louise Plowden, of Manning, is visiting Miss Fannie White on North Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Griggs, of Wadesboro, N. C., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Kennedy have returned to their home.

Miss Mabel Condon, the attractive guest of Capt. and Mrs. J. F. Kirkland, on Oakland avenue, has with her, Misses Lella Beatie and Maymie Matthews, of Charleston.

Rev. and Mrs. David Klein have arrived in this city from Petersburg, Va., and will make their home here, Rev. Klein taking charge of Congregation Sinai.

Rev. Watson B. Duncan and daughter, Miss Bessie, formerly of this city but now of Charleston, are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. G. C. Nesmith, of Summerton, was in town Thursday.

Miss Ethel Gaudelocks, of Georgetown, spent Wednesday in the city en route to visit relatives at Gaffney.

Mrs. J. R. Way and daughters, Misses Ruth and Atha, who have been visiting relatives in the city have returned to their home at Manning.

Mrs. W. Loring Lee has returned to the city after several weeks stay at Sullivan's Island.

Mr. E. B. Muldrow, of Mayeville, spent Thursday in town.

Mr. W. L. Saunders, of Stateburg, was in the city Thursday.

Miss Mabel Bowman, who has been visiting her sister in Clarkeville, Ga., for several weeks, has returned home.

Miss Willie Martin, of Pinewood, is the attractive guest of Miss Marie DuRant at her home on Hampton avenue.

Mrs. M. A. Flowers has returned from a visit to her sons Messrs. A. G. and T. E. Flowers at Washington, D. C.

Lucius C. Sylvester Dead.

The Columbia Record of August 29, published the following notice of a well known citizen of that city. Mr. Sylvester's family formerly lived in the Providence section of Sumter county, but removed to Columbia a number of years before the war. His mother was a Dinkins, sister of the late Tyre Dinkins of this place:

Mr. Lucius C. Sylvester, for 15 years teacher and 18 years superintendent of education for Richland county, died at his residence, 1425 Park street, Sunday afternoon, August 28th.

Mr. Sylvester always manifested great interest in the growth and development of the county schools, especially in the rural sections. He was graduated at the University of South Carolina before the War of the Sections. He was born in Sumter county, but removing to Columbia at an early age, he considered Richland his home county. He began his most conspicuous work as a teacher after the war and during the period of reconstruction his efforts to rehabilitate the losses occurring to the schools during the war were notable. Many Columbians who were his pupils are saddened to learn of his death which occurred at the advanced age of 80 years.

Judges For Labor Day Races.

The judges for the bicycle races on Labor Day are as follows:

Messrs. Arthur Wilder, J. H. Guthrie and S. Y. Deigar.

Mr. Eugene Wilder will act as starter.

The bicycle races, which take place on Labor Day ought to attract large crowds of both spectators and racers as the races are well worth seeing and the prizes are well worth winning.

The big bicycle races will begin at corner of Main and Calhoun street at 4 o'clock sharp Monday evening, September 5th. Every lady turn out and see the fun. The gold watch that will be given for first prize in the 1-2 mile race can be seen in L. W. Folsom's window.

A CITADEL CADET'S MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

The Trail of Sherman's Devastating Host—How the Bar Room at Chester was Located—A Bellicose Companion—With Gen. Kershaw in Virginia—The Evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate Forces.

(By the Rev. John Kershaw in Sunday News.)

VIII.

In sweeping across the State, Sherman's army had practically destroyed railway communication wherever his line of march touched the railroads. It was so with the road from Camden to Columbia, in one direction and Sumter in another. Owing to the fact that Sherman was threatening the line of the Wilmington and Weldon Railway, the only open route to Richmond was by Charlotte, N. C., and Greensboro to Danville, Va., thence to Richmond. The nearest point on the railway from Camden that I could reach, going to Charlotte, was Chester, S. C. An old soldier, a captain in Wheeler's cavalry, was also anxious to regain his command, and together we set out in a buggy for Chester. Our route took us over that part of Sherman's march which lay between Liberty Hill and Camden.

No one who has not followed in the wake of an invading army can imagine the reality and completeness of the devastation. The roads themselves were rendered hardly passable by reason of being cut up by the artillery and the wagon train, especially as in this case where heavy rears aided the work of road destruction. Our pace was very slow—we drove at a walk most of the way—and all along the road were strewn the carcasses of horses and cattle, old vehicles in which the negroes had sought to keep up with the army, and castaway clothing that had become too heavy to be carried further. Wherever the army had encamped, fences had wholly disappeared, and except in those few instances in which their owners had run them off to places of safety, all the cattle and sheep had been taken to feed the army. Most of the negroes also had followed Sherman, and this left the country depopulated except of women and children. Stacks of chimneys all along showed where houses had been burned either by "bummers" or the negroes in a spirit of revenge, and altogether the desolation was extreme and most disheartening. The passage of a friendly army is bad enough, but that of a hostile force is doubly bad, especially where it means, as here, the carrying away of the laborers from the fields, leaving only the wives and children, whose husbands and fathers were gone to the war.

After three days of this slow traveling we reached Chester. The town was full of soldiers—some trying to rejoin their commands, some returned prisoners just exchanged, and some who could have given no very clear account of why they were there or what they were doing. Among others were numbers of Wheeler's cavalry, with whom my friend soon fraternized. There was a provost marshal in charge of the town, but a very lawless state of things existed, and after several bloody rows had occurred between drunken soldiers, orders were issued to close the bar rooms. This created great excitement and was fiercely resented by many of the soldiers. Some of Wheeler's men prepared to smash the doors of the bar rooms and get what they wanted in spite of the orders to the contrary. My friend who seemed thirsty, fell into this scheme, and being a captain, was put in command of the lawless horde seeking a drink. I was foolish enough to go along also. I did not wish to leave him, and I wanted also to see the fun. The captain marched his gang up to the nearest bar room, kicked down the door, and we all surged in, the men helping themselves to all the liquor they wanted. While so employed I saw through the window a large force evidently coming to arrest the rioters, and I so reported to the men inside. While they hesitated what to do, I succeeded in persuading my friend to "cut and run" for it. We escaped through the back door, ran through the garden, climbed a fence and made a detour of more than half the town, got back to our hotel on the railroad. We thus escaped, but we learned afterwards that after a stout resistance the whole ridding party had been bagged and imprisoned.

I got my friend to bed, where he soon fell asleep, while I joined a lady in the parlor. We were at supper together when I heard a loud voice in altercation in the lobby of the hotel, and excused myself that I might go and ascertain the cause, having recognized the voice as that of my friend. When I reached the lobby I found him towering above a little man in a threatening attitude while he declaimed: "Yes!" when Sherman's army was passing through the State, where was its chivalry? Gone to the swamps and the bushes"—this with intense scorn. The little man mumbled something in reply which I did not catch, but as soon as my friend saw me, he said, "Come

here, Jack, and whip this fellow." I said I had no cause of quarrel with him, and persuaded my belligerent companion to come in to supper.

The next day we went as far as Charlotte. There my friend and I met with a mutual acquaintance who was on his way to Virginia, and we resolved to stick together. I went to bed early that night. I do not know how long I slept, but I awoke suddenly to find my first friend badly cut with a knife and a doctor sewing up his hand, while the other friend looked on and assisted. It turned out that he had had a fight at the supper table and while he had struck his opponent a serious blow with his right hand, he had caught his knife with his left and in the effort to get it loose his opponent had turned the blade in his hand and sliced off part of a finger and some of the fleshy part of the palm, making an ugly wound. Fearing arrest and detention, we stole away to the railroad station and taking a troop train that passed along, with a portion of Hood's army, we went on to Salisbury and thence to Greensboro, where I parted from my quarrelsome companion, and getting into a box car full of hay, arrived at Richmond, on Saturday night, April 1.

I met my father at the Soldiers' Home—the old Exchange Hotel—and one of his staff, behind whom I rode out to father's headquarters. I recall the fact that the horse's spinal column was very sharp and I was inexpressibly pleased when I could dismount. As we rode along, the whole Southern sky was punctured by swift flashes of light that reminded one of summer lightning, but in reality represented the flashing of the guns on the lines around Petersburg, where a night attack was going on, preparatory to the great final assault of the next morning, which led to the evacuation of both Richmond and Petersburg by the Confederate forces. The wind was blowing from the north or northwest and while the flashing of the cannon was very distinct, not a sound of the firing reached our ears. We knew, however, what it portended, and there was a very general anticipation that the great struggle in that quarter was nearing its end. On the north side of the James River, at that time were Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps (minus one brigade, sent to South Carolina to oppose Sherman,) Gary's cavalry brigade, together with the dismounted men of his command serving as infantry, and several batteries of artillery—and perhaps some fragments of other commands doing provost duty in and around Richmond. All the troops that could possibly be spared from both armies had been sent to the south side of the James in preparation for the great final test of strength. The lines in places were very close together and the pickets could easily converse with one another. There was a tacit agreement between them that there should be no sharpshooting, and hence quiet reigned supreme. To a boy like myself with certain preconceived opinions of how opposing armies thus confronted one another would act, this peacefulness was very disconcerting.

When I awoke next morning—it was Sunday—and from the porch of headquarters saw the enemy's cavalry picket so near to our lines and ours so near to theirs, it seemed very strange that they did not fire upon each other. I noticed also that a band would march to a certain point on the line and play a piece or two, then go on rapidly to another point, where they would go through with the same performance, and I naturally asked for an explanation, which was that this ruse was intended to make it appear to the enemy that there was a much larger force present than was really the case. Whether it had the effect is doubtful, but I thought it a very fine piece of justifiable deception, war and diplomacy combined. After breakfast, while engaged in getting my bearings, I saw a courier from the direction of Richmond ride up and deliver a dispatch to one of father's aides. I noticed that as he read it he looked very anxious, and presently calling me inside, told me that Richmond was to be evacuated that night that he had intended to give me a horse and let me join one of the cavalry companies from Camden in the 7th regiment of Gary's brigade, but that in the face of the order of evacuation just received and the great uncertainties that seemed so imminent, he would keep me with himself and assign me to duty as a courier. And this is how I became entitled to be called, as I now am a "Veteran" of the late C. S. A.

IX.

Richmond Evacuated.
Somehow the news of what was impending got abroad—bad news always travels fast—and indications were soon plentiful that a great movement was at hand. Staff officers and couriers were dispatched in every direction with orders concerning the evacuation of the lines that night, rations were cooked, knapsacks packed, blankets rolled and everything made ready against the time for moving "on to Richmond". The day finally ended, but the light from burning shanties that had sheltered

the men during the rigors of winter shed a lurid light upon the scene. As I rode down to the picket line with an order for the officer in command several times I was greeted from the other side by cries like this: "Good-bye, Johnny! We'll take breakfast at the Spottwood tomorrow morning." This was the name of a leading hotel in Richmond. "So they have found it out, too," I thought to myself. We did not move as early as we had intended, however, for we were obliged to wait for some of our distant pickets to come up—we did not wish to leave them behind to certain capture. Finally, about 4 o'clock A. M., we moved off on the Richmond road, being joined by the pickets that we had waited for, and closely followed, though not pressed or attacked by the Federals. All of sudden there was a great blaze of light in the sky towards Drewry's Bluff, followed by another, and still another, as the Confederate gunboats were blown up to avoid capture. The earth upheaved under the terrific concussion as in the throes of an earthquake, and the sound of the explosion was simply awful. As we neared Richmond the Government warehouses loaded with tobacco, and ships in the river were seen to be burning, railway trains were rumbling over the river bridge, and an indescribable babel of sounds was floated to our ears as we marched sullenly and silently on in the grey dawn. As we passed up through "The Rockets"—a part of Richmond inhabited by factory people—great crowds of whites and blacks of both sexes and all ages lined the sidewalks. Many were the fervent and damning farewells we received from this mob. Fists were shaken, curses were muttered, though here and there a sob was heard and a heart-broken voice said "good-bye" to the boys who had so long stood between their homes and the dreaded enemy. As we got further up towards Mayo's bridge, where we were to cross the river, this mob again began to display the true mob spirit. One would hear the thud of axes falling upon front doors, a crash as the doors gave way, and then the mob would surge into the store or shop and presently reappear with dry goods and groceries of every description, blankets, tinware, hats, boots and shoes. As fast as one place was looted another would be attacked, until finally an order came to fire upon the mob and disperse it. A battalion of troops was quickly formed and a volley fired. In the most inscrutable manner, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the mob melted away, but as soon as the troops were withdrawn the plund-

ering went on as before. Some of the Richmond people were afraid lest the Federals on entering would find the stores of liquor and, becoming intoxicated, would add rapine to the horrors of pillage. They therefore went about opening the liquor stores, dragging out the barrels and knocking in their heads, pour the contents into the gutter, which in places ran with whiskey an inch deep or more. The soldiers dipped it up in their little tin cups as they marched along and drank it, but they were not allowed to halt until safely over the bridge and into Manchester. When the great conflagration broke out this liquor caught fire and doubtless aided to spread the flames. A sloop on fire in the river drifted against the covered portion of the bridge nearest the city and set that on fire also. The Confederate treasury was entered by many and haversacks full of the valueless bills were taken. One man offered me a handful of hundred dollar bills. I looked at one and saw it was unsigned. He was much disgusted by the discovery and heaved the whole wad into the river. The Confederate Arsenal was set on fire or caught, and the bursting of shells sounded like the roar of a heavy engagement. We halted near the bridge until the rear guard passed, when we also moved on and halted in the quiet streets of Manchester. From that point the view of Richmond was terrible indeed. The whole city seemed to be doomed to destruction. The sun rose upon a dense black cloud of smoke hanging over the Capital of the Confederacy, while the roar of flames was audible miles away. A flour mill, of seven or eight stories in height, near the river, was also fired, and the last sight we had of any object in the stricken city was that of this mill as the flames licked the skies from its top story. To enhearten the soldiers the bands were ordered to play, and so to lively music we set out on the retreat. In Manchester we were joined by a battalion of departmental clerks and others in the Government's employ, and by the battalion of naval troops from the gunboats in the James, brave fellows enough, but unused to marching. The road soon became strewn with cast-off clothing with which many of the clerks had burdened themselves when they first set out, and many became so footsore that they marched barefooted. Our objective point was Amelia Court House, where it was said we would join the remnants of the army from Petersburg. The men seemed full of life and spirit—glad to get away from the

monotonous duty of the intrenchments—and they were full of their jokes as they took the "route step" and plodded along through dust and mire. I was sent with a message to the rear of our column during the day. After delivering it, as I was returning, I passed Gary's dismounted men, some of whom recognized me and called: "Hello! Jack." I stopped, shook hands and chatted as I rode along for a few minutes, then saying good-bye, I pushed on towards the front of the division. The troops just in front of Gary's men took up the cry, "Hello Jack" as I passed, and seeing it embarrassed me, it was continued along the line. I responding as best I could, but finally, when about a thousand fellows got to laughing and shouting "Hello Jack," I could stand it no longer, and leaping the horse over a rail fence, took to the field, pursued by the frantic yells and shouts until I rode out of hearing.

(To be Continued.)

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by W. W. Sibert.

BAGGING AND TIES



THE season is near at hand when the producers of the fleecy staple will be looking around for the where-with to cover it. Farmers are to be congratuated on the fact that bagging and ties will cost them but little more than it did when cotton was selling at six to eight cents, and there is no article of merchandise in which they invest, that pays them a handsomer return. We carry a full line in all weights in

New Jute and Sugar Sack Bagging also New Arrow Ties

We have a very choice grade of second hand Jute bagging put up thirty yards to the roll. It is the best of its kind we have ever seen, full standard 2 pounds.

Price 5 cents per Yard.

This is especially suited to ginners who furnish bagging and ties and gin for special price. It will pay you to get prices on other grades before placing your order.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Is well stocked with cotton picking necessities:

500 bags of rice at 2 1-2 cents per pound up.

350 barrels Flour.

We are selling a good flour at \$5.00 per barrel.

25,000 pounds Butter and Plates.

Meat is very much cheaper than it was.

400 Bags Meal and 200 Bags Grits

THOSE who contemplate engaging in the mercantile business during the Fall and Winter months will do well to get our prices before buying, as there is no larger stock from which to select, and our prices will always be found as low as the lowest.

O'DONNELL & CO.

To win your trade

WE OFFER YOU HERE

100 cents of value for every dollar you spend. You will find it doubly difficult to obtain better, stronger, more handsome and durable furniture than that we sell also to obtain lower prices than what we ask on our goods, "A square deal" is our way of doing business—it's a "Trade Winner".

Witherspoon Bros.

Furniture Com-

pany.