

AT THE END WITH SEMMES.

The Old Admiral's Farewell to his Naval Brigade.

News and Courier.

On that fateful Sabbath morning in April, 1865, when it was known that Grant had broken through Lee's lines at Petersburg, and that we could no longer hold Richmond, Admiral Semmes prepared to destroy those magnificent ironclads at Drewry's Bluff, which had cost so much money to construct, and to transfer to the Nansemond and the Hampton all the officers and men, together with their light baggage.

Just at midnight the signal was given, and the Richmond, the Fredericksburg and the Virginia, the three ironclads, and several smaller craft, whose names now escape me, were fired. The Raleigh was run into and sunk in the dark about an hour before by accident, no one being drowned, however. When we saw that the vessels were under way to burn sure we steamed away for Richmond, arriving at the Manchester side a short time before daybreak. Disbarking with all our effects, the two gunboats were set on fire, and we prepared to join Gen. Lee, where he might be found. The Admiral spent several hours at the wire trying to get a message to him, but without success.

We stood on the south side of the river and saw Hazall's Mills burn to the ground, the Tredegar Iron Works go up in a blaze, and Mayo's Bridge set on fire, and section by section burn and fall into the James River. Yankee troops could be seen moving up and down the streets of Richmond, and occasionally fire would break out in some new place. By 11 o'clock it seemed as if the whole city was on fire.

Meanwhile we were waiting to hear from Gen. Lee. Realizing that if we stayed there any longer we would be hemmed in, Admiral Semmes ordered several of his engineers to go into the round house and fit up an engine, and others to get together some box cars, and by noon we steamed away for Danville. We passed through three sets of Yankee troops, and why they did not bag the whole of us has been a wonder to me ever since.

We arrived at Danville about dark and went into camp near the river. It was new work to us, never having done anything of the kind before, but by 10 o'clock we were all comfortably stowed. Here we stayed two weeks, organizing a naval brigade of two regiments, Capt. Dunnington being colonel of one and Capt. Glassell colonel of the other. Our line and staff were top-heavy, I remember. Out of about three hundred all told there were at least sixty officers. Walter Butt was appointed by Admiral Semmes as adjutant of the 1st regiment, and I was selected as adjutant of the 2d.

We had not been in Danville many days when news of the surrender of Lee's army reached us, and then Lee's Miserables began to pass through the town. Then the Admiral determined to push on south and join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom we heard was moving northward through North Carolina. We, therefore, broke camp and went south to a point eight miles from Greensboro, North Carolina, where we heard that an armistice was on between Johnston and Sherman. Here we halted and the Admiral hunted up Johnston. A few days later came the surrender.

I shall never forget the scene when we were called to meet the grand old Admiral. It was about sunset. The officers were assembled to hear what he had to say about his conference with Johnston. Stepping forward, he pulled off his grizzly gray cap and addressed us as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have sent for you to say that I have just seen Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He assured me that, if we should surrender our forces with his, he would secure to us the same honorable terms as those given by Grant to Lee. This naval brigade has not yet assimilated with Johnston's army, and if any of you have not had enough, and wish to continue the struggle, you are at liberty to leave the camp and go to the west of the Mississippi and fight it out as long as you can. But, as for me, I have had enough. I do not think anyone will charge that I have failed to do my duty up to this time, and I happen to know," (putting his hands about his throat,) "that there is a big price upon my head, and if I do not accept the terms assured me by Gen. Johnston, it is highly probable that I will be hung as soon as caught. I shall, therefore, hand in my name to-morrow to Gen. Johnston, as a member of his army, for an honorable parole, as I am assured that I shall not be disturbed by the United States authorities if I return to my home and obey the laws in force there. I advise all of you to do the same. If you will prepare a proper roster and muster rolls of the officers and men I will see to it that a parole shall be issued to every one in my command. As this may be the last opportunity I may have of ad-

ressing you, permit me, in bidding you good-bye, to wish you a safe return to your homes, where under Divine providence I hope you may live long and happily."

As he finished he turned and would have fallen had not Walter Butt, who stood near, caught him in his arms. It is an unusual sight to see men weep, but as we pressed forward to grasp the Admiral's hand every one of us was blubbering. I did not hear of a single man that left the camp that night to go West to continue the fight, but next day every name on our roster and muster rolls was handed in for paroles. It took several days to issue these, and I received mine on the 5th of May, 1865, and immediately started South, not, however, until I had paid my respects to the Admiral, who, on my leaving him, made me promise if I ever came to Mobile to hunt him up. The next time I met him was in Mobile that fall, where he had opened a law office in connection with his sons, and was enjoying a lucrative practice.

Although Admiral Semmes's name was submitted to Gen. Sherman along with the others for a parole, and with a full knowledge of all that had been charged against him, Gen. Sherman included him and gave him a parole, guaranteeing him the full protection of the United States Government so long as he obeyed the laws in force where he resided. Shortly after his return to his home in Mobile, Ala., he was taken from his home at night and carried to prison, where he languished for several months, and from which he was released without explanation, and without being confronted with any charges. All of which was in direct violation of Uncle Sam's parole, a document presumably affording protection to his citizens.

A. O. WRIGHT, Jacksonville, Fla., June 8, 1898.

Eczema Cured by B. B. Sample Bottle Free.

Have you itching, burning, scaly, crusted, or pimply skin, blisters containing pus or watery fluid, skin red, and an itching heat, with or without sores, on legs, arms, hands, neck or face? Then take B. B. B., which will cure, leaving the flesh free from blemishes, sores, eczema or itching of any kind.

Any form of eczema is due to diseased blood. Get the diseased blood out with B. B. B., and you are cured. B. B. B. is perfectly safe to take by old or young, and acts as a fine tonic, and cures when salves, washes and other remedies fail. Children are very frequently afflicted with eczema. Sores discharge and a yellow crust forms upon the skin. Give the child mild doses of B. B. B., and the sores will soon heal.

B. B. B. for sale by druggists at \$1 per large bottle, address Blood Balm Co., 380 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga., and sample bottle of B. B. B. will be sent by return mail.

"The minister," observed the church member, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "can take a vacation, but satan never takes a vacation." "True," replied the other church member; "but satan can stand heat a great deal better than the minister."

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other one cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will also save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, the shiftless fellow will wait until necessity compels it and then ruin his best horse going for a doctor and have a big doctor bill to pay, besides, one pays out 25 cents, the other is out a hundred dollars and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't; I'm going to see Hamlet." "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."

I was seriously afflicted with a cough for several years, and last fall had a more severe cough than ever before. I have used many remedies without receiving much relief, and being recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, by a friend, who, knowing me to be a poor widow, gave it to me. I tried it, and with the most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved me very much and the second bottle has absolutely cured me. I have not had as good health for twenty years. Respectfully, Mrs. Mary A. Beard, Claremore, Ark. Sold by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

The watch which Robert E. Lee carried through the war is in the possession of the Rev. T. K. Fount Le Roy, of Opelousas, La. It has a gold dial plate, which is handsomely chased and has in its center a fine diamond.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely digests food within the stomach and intestines and renders all classes of food capable of being assimilated and converted into strength giving and tissue building substances. Evans Pharmacy.

TIMROD.

The following essay was read before the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy at its last meeting by Mrs. R. C. Webb:

The Bible says a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and this applies equally to men of verse. A lady who had gone to Boston for a course in music told me a short time after her arrival a member of a certain Literary Society invited her to be present at their meeting that night. The South Carolina woman said: "I can join no societies. I am going to give all my time to music." The Boston woman answered, "but you must come this time, for this is Timrod's night." Yes, away up there in Boston they were honoring our poet and studying his life, and works. And I'll wager a good deal that we South Carolinians, by birth or adoption, know less about Timrod than almost any poet of equal genius. I, for one, must plead guilty until our President made it my pleasant duty to study his interesting life, and I give a few facts I have gleaned.

The name of Timrod has been closely identified with South Carolina for over a century. Before the Revolution Henry Timrod, of German birth, founded the family in America. He was a prominent citizen of Charleston. His name is on the roll of the German Fusiliers of Charleston, volunteers formed in 1775. In the next generation Capt. William Henry Timrod commanded this same company in the Seminole war, and in the peril of St. Augustine. He was father of the poet, and himself published a volume of poems in the early part of this century. Washington Irving said of his "To Time—The Old Traveller"—that Moore had written no finer lyric.

Henry Timrod, the Southern poet, was born in Charleston, S. C. The poet's mother was a daughter of Mr. Chas. Prince, of Charleston. Her influence helped to form his character and his intense love of nature. His life was cast in the scorching torrent of the civil war. His voice was the voice of Carolina and the South. He was the poet of the "Lost Cause," the finest interpreter of the feelings and splendid heroism of a brave people.

The earliest edition of Timrod's poems was published in 1860. It was warmly welcomed North and South. The edition of his complete poems was not published until after the war, and immediately—in 1874—there followed a second edition of these poems, which contained also his war poems and other lyrics. In 1884 an illustrated edition of "Katie" was published.

Henry Timrod, father of the poet, died of disease contracted in the Florida war, and his family thereafter was in straightened circumstances, but the early education of his gifted son was provided for in the best school of Charleston. Here the life-long friendship between the two poets—Timrod and Hayne—was formed. Heals had other teachers and studied all classic literature. His college life at the University of Georgia was interrupted by sickness and cramped by lack of means.

In Charleston, as a first effort in life, Timrod attempted law, but without success. Leaving the bar he thenceforward devoted himself to literature and art. Charleston, to him, was always home. There were all his happy associations and purest friendships. Returning after the ravage of war to his suffering city in the last year of his young life, he thus writes: "My eyes were blind to everything and everybody but a few old friends." An ardent Southerner, he left his books and study and threw himself into the struggle between the North and South as a volunteer in the army. In the first year of the war he wrote "Carolina," "A Call to Arms," "Ripley," "A Cotton Boll," &c. Too weak for the field, he was compelled, under medical direction, to retire from the ranks. Then he tried to serve the cause he loved as war correspondent. Home he came in 1864 and in an editor's chair of the South Carolinian found refuge. Here his pen wrote the stirring editorials of those critical days. About this time he married Miss Kate Goodwin, the Katie of his exquisite song. But the war had broken his plans, wrecked his health, and made literature for the time in the South a beggar's vocation. With wife and child—the darling Willie of his life—depending upon him, want entered his home. The suffering they endured was the common suffering of all—actual physical want and lack of the commonest comforts of life. In the midst of this fierce stress his darling boy, the crown of his life, died. He, too, was dying of consumption. Though long in feeble health his last illness was brief. In the autumn of 1867 he died from hemorrhage of the lungs, and was laid to rest by his beloved child in Trinity Churchyard, Columbia, Gen. Hampton, Gov. Thompson and other great Carolinians bore him to the grave. The one characteristic above all others that marked the poet's life was *rest*. In 1866, his own heart breaking and life ebbing, he speaks in faith and hope and courage. He writes of spring as the true reconstructionist

and pleads her message to his -tricken people. The Ode written for Memorial Day—April, 1867—of the Confederate grave—at Charleston was his last production.

In conclusion, I will add as my humble opinion that the people of the South, and especially of our own Carolina, should speak the name of Timrod with pride. We should familiarize ourselves with his life and works, and ever associate him with the great promoters of the "Lost Cause," for surely his war poems, how stirring in those un-settled days, must have fired the bosom of many a Southerner with a burning patriotism and filled his soul with an unconquerable desire to right his wrongs in the only way then possible, on the battle field.

When South Carolina erects the proposed memorial to the memory of Henry Timrod she will honor herself by thus honoring this son of genius.

What Think Ye of Christ?

"The charge is pretty frequently made by agnostics, free thinkers and atheists that this is a Godless nation and a large proportion of the leading public men are either infidels or rapidly becoming so," says the Christian Herald, and in order to "test the truth of this charge," that paper recently sent to the President, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court, United States Senate, commanders of the army and navy governors of the various States, the following questions: I. Are you a friend of Christianity? II. Do you believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind? III. Does your belief extend to the recognition of the Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ, to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence?

Hundreds of replies were received and all were in the affirmative. Many of them have the positive ring of the true metal and many are of a hesitating nature. Some of the Senators failed to answer and some of the governors failed to answer. This failure, if intentional, can only be taken to mean that they dare not say no to any of the questions, and this, more than anything else, goes to prove what a force they recognize the Christian religion to be.

President McKinley replied: "My belief embraces the Divinity of Christ and the recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization."

It is the custom of the members of the Supreme Court to decline to answer questions of any kind; but all the same Chief Justice Fuller declared, "I am a friend to Christianity." Hon. George Shiras said, "I am a Christian, of course." The other members of the Court refused to be interviewed; but the Christian Herald thinks that all of them are Christians.

Senator John L. McLaurin said: "To all your questions, I answer, 'Yes.'"

Senator B. R. Tillman said: "True Christianity is a very rare thing even in the Churches, and he would be a fool who denies the beneficent influence of the Christian religion upon men as taught by Christ. It is the best code of morals to live by that has ever been formulated."

Thomas Thurman, deputy sheriff of Troy, Mo., says if everyone in the United States should discover the virtue of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for piles, rectal troubles and skin diseases, the demand could not be supplied. Evans Pharmacy.

An exchange says: "A parrot escaped from a drug store in a Georgia village, flew in a Church where the colored brethren were holding a meeting, perched on the pulpit, and surveying the congregation, observed in a sharp voice, 'It's hot as hell!' Some of the brethren jumped out of the windows, while many of the sisters fell fainting. The preacher sought refuge in the steeple, and was so firmly wedged in they had to saw him out."

What is Kodol Dyspepsia Cure? It is the newly discovered remedy, the most effective preparation ever devised for aiding the digestion and assimilation of food, and restoring the deranged digestive organs to a natural condition. It is discovery surpassing anything yet known to the medical profession. Evans Pharmacy.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a man who has a fox and a bound that are boon companions. When both animals were in the pup stage they were placed together, and have now enjoyed a year of each other's society in peace and harmony. They sleep together and play with each other much after the manner of two frolicsome pups. The fox has perfect freedom of action, coming and going at will, but he always returns at night to share the dog's bed.

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Two men trying to entertain one woman is a pretty good example of a silent majority.

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A wealthy, but absent-minded resident of McPherson, Kan., recently bought a safe in which to keep his valuables, and being unable to remember the combination, scribbled it on the plastering of a nearby wall. Subsequently he ordered a calcimeter to put a new coat on the wall. The memorandum was obliterated, and it became necessary to have the safe blown open.

The wise man seeks a woman with an independent fortune rather than a fortune with an independent woman attached.

Dinner in a State prison is usually served in three courses—coarse bread, coarse meat and coarse vegetables.

A Prominent Doctor Speaks.

He is not talking about medical ethics, quite the contrary. The scientist is eager to grasp truth in whatever field it may be found, and the fact that Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is so meritorious calls forth from him a testimonial:

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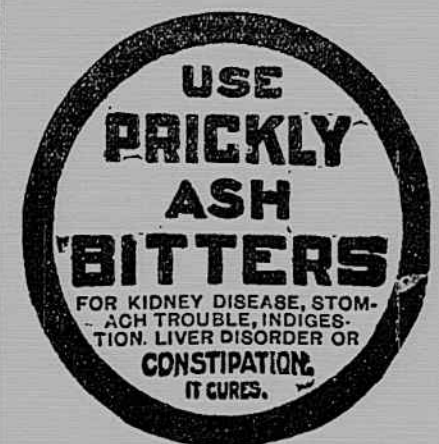
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