

WAR STORIES.

Recollections of a Soldier.

[A friend has kindly handed us the following address with a request that we republish. It is clipped from a paper, probably the Greenville News of several years ago, but there is nothing about the clipping to indicate the paper or year when delivered.—Ed. Intelligencer.]

The following was an address delivered by Vannoy Cleveland, July 21st, at the reunion of the Davis Guards, Company F, of the Hampton Legion, at Grove station, this county. It is published by request of members of the company and will be found of interest:

Ladies and gentlemen and fellow soldiers of the Hampton Legion: Thirty-one years ago on the last day of June there assembled at this place 127 brave hearts, led by Capt. Manning Austin, to embark for Columbia to join the Hampton Legion at that place, and to give their services to battle for the cause of the Southern Confederacy. There are a few of that gallant band who hear me to-day well remember that scene. It must have been truly touching and affecting—that parting from families, from mothers, wives and sweethearts, and with many that was a final separation. The bones of many of them lie buried on the distant battle fields of Virginia and Tennessee. What bitter anguish was in that parting, and what bold resolves animated their breasts, as they answered with promptness the call to duty and to arms.

We have met here on this occasion to commemorate the anniversary of a great battle, fought thirty-one years ago, and also to have a hearty handshake and social reunion with the few survivors of Captain Austin's company and members of other companies of that gallant and renowned body of soldiers. 'Twas in that battle of Manassas we first had the opportunity to burn gunpowder and fire our first shots for the cause that began at Fort Sumter and ended at Appomattox. I would I were an orator that I might portray in fitting language why the Southern soldiers were animated to enter this grand conflict and to recount the many deeds of bravery done by them for the cause they loved so well but then come after me orators to speak to you who's shoe straps I am unworthy to pull on and whose oratory you will this day have an opportunity to hear and appreciate. I might take up all the time allotted for speaking in giving you reminiscences and incidents that happened during those four years we spent in 'days of toil and nights of waking' on the hillsides and valleys of Virginia and Tennessee until we laid down our arms and returned home in peace, after wearing ourselves out whipping the Yankees, as expressed by the immortal Toombs, of Georgia. But I will weary your patience only a short while as I try to tell a few incidents that come to memory and you will pardon me if I may seem egotistical in this detail.

A few years ago I was strolling through a small city of the dead at Washington Church, in the lower part of this county when my attention was drawn to a marble head stone on which was inscribed the name of Robert Farmer, died August, 1861. For more than a quarter of a century an incident connected with that name had entirely passed out of memory. It brought to mind one evening in the attic room of an old farm house near the Potomac soon after the battle of Manassas, a scene which at the time impressed me with its sadness. It was at that time just after that great battle when disease was fast decimating our army, and our camps were one vast hospital. In that little room lay several of the sick of our regiment, and among them was Bob Farmer, a handsome youth of sixteen, breathing his last. There was 'lack of woman's nursing,' there was death of woman's tears' at the death bed of this soldier of the legion. There was a brother by him and I remember his agony and grief as he watched the shortening breath, the quick gasps and the approaching pallor of death. I sat by a window watching the sun go down for I could not bear to look upon the dying boy so far away from home, mother and friends, and when that golden orb had sunk behind the western hills, the spirit of Bob Farmer had gone to join the army of the great majority in the vast unknown. It was my sad duty to prepare him for burial and place him in a rude coffin, as his brother was heart broken and unfit for the task. Let me repeat to you a pretty piece of poetry that has often reminded me of this dying boy:

And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: I never more shall view my own, my native land,
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen, on the Rhine.
Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghostly pale beneath the setting sun,
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The death wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
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For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,
My heart leapt forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild,
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty board,
I let them take what e'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love hung it, where the bright light used to shine
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Too innocent for coquetry; too fond for idle scornings,
O, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning;
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"Once again when near the picket lines at Suffolk, Va., my head and shoulder unfortunately came in contact with a Yankee bullet. I was carried from the field and transported by rail to Petersburg to the hospital. During the night's ride on the cars a

little doctor would come by every few minutes and administer a pill of opium and in a short while I became under the influence and like a drunk man did not know when I went to bed in the hospital. What ecstasy, what delicious delirium this drug brings. In my dreams everything was lovely in the extreme. Beautiful scenery, beautiful flowers and fruits and beautiful females passed before my opium clouded vision. Suddenly I was aroused from this reverie, my eyes opened, and there before my startled vision was a most lovely creature gazing on me, with her soft tender fingers lightly touching my bandaged head, and in tones of deep tenderness she said, 'poor fellow, he is shot in the head.' I can never forget that tender, loving angel—for she is an angel now—for her devotion. She was at my bedside constantly until I was able to leave the hospital and before our last separation there were words of love and devotion spoken. She was afterwards killed by the bursting of a shell while eating her dinner during the bombardment of Petersburg.
"One more incident and I am done. While General Longstreet was driving the enemy from Loudon to Knoxville, Tenn., he forced battle on the retreating forces at Campbell Station and there for awhile the lines swayed back and forth in deadly conflict. 'Twas at this time Richard Cabun, as fearless and as bold a soldier of our company as ever carried a musket, was shot down and left between the lines. 'Twas then a man of God named Thomas, a private soldier of company C approached Colonel Gary and asked he be allowed to go and pray with the dying man. Colonel Gary at first refused, but so importunate was this brave soldier that Gary allowed him to go. Forward to the side of Cabun advanced Thomas while the bullets were plying up the earth and whistling around him and on bended knee and uplifted hands he implored the God of battles. Suddenly then, there was a lull in the storm of battle and both sides gazed on the affecting scene and ceased firing. When Thomas returned our regiment advanced with a yell and drove the enemy into their entrenchments at Knoxville. A short time after, at the request of Colonel Gary, I wrote the order commissioning Private Thomas as chaplain of the regiment.
"Now, fellow soldiers, in conclusion let me say we can never regret the part we took in this struggle for Southern independence, and we should ever continue to hold these reunions to let our children know and remember their fathers were soldiers and answered promptly the call to arms. Though our cause was lost, still when an impartial history of the struggle is written the deeds of the Southern soldier, the boy in gray will fill a bright page in the annals of fame. We brother soldiers will soon meet no more at pleasant reunions, but will go to join those who now rest in 'fame's eternal camping ground' on the battlefields of Virginia and Tennessee where we shall remain until the grand and final reveille shall be announced by Gabriel's tramp, and our armies shall pass in review before the great Jehovah. Continue your reunions, keep up your old organizations as long as you can and never forget your old soldiers. The poet says:
"For wealth the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor.
Then pity the poor soldier,
Nor treat him as a stranger,
For he is his country's stay
In day and hour of danger."

"I hope none that hear my voice to-day may have to go to battle, but there are war clouds now no longer than a man's hand which may soon envelope the whole heavens. I believe the boys I see before me will as willingly respond to the call of duty as did the men of '61. Peace—bright, beautiful, smiling peace—reigns over our country, and progress and prosperity, her handmaids, stalk abroad in this fair Piedmont country. I have been privileged to visit many sections of the United States, and I am forced to believe this land of ours is more blessed than many others. We have a good all-round country. Here, a man, by pursuing a system of intelligent agriculture, with a small amount of energy is rewarded with a fair harvest from the fields. Here is an atmosphere as pure as Heaven gives. Here is delightful, cool and pure water gushing from your hill sides. Here your mountain streams give power to manufacture the fleecy staple. 'Tis such a country as this which produces a sturdy race of yeomanry who teach to their offspring self-reliance and independence. From just such a section spring brainy men and noble women. I am done. I thank you for your attention and hope none of you are disappointed because I have not spoken of the political situation of the day in this State. * * *"

Henry L. Shattuck of Shellsburg, Iowa, was cured of a stomach trouble with which he had been afflicted for years by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians without relief. For sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

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A WAR INCIDENT.

An Anderson Man's Experience at the Evacuation of Richmond.

Laurens Advertiser.

Mr. Editor: It has not been so long that the war and its incidents fail to have a personal relish, and with your permission, I beg to trespass on your space and the patience of your readers with an occasional moving incident. The following will illustrate the stuff that a soldier should be made of.

In 1864-65 and until the surrender, Gary's cavalry brigade held the left of General Lee's army on the north of the James immediately in front of Richmond. On the night previous to the surrender of Richmond, the infantry was withdrawn and in the morning the brigade of cavalry slowly withdrew from the lines with orders not to fire on the enemy if they pressed. There are three roads leading from the lower part of the city, for several miles almost parallel with the river—the river road along the bank, then next the Darbytown, and farther north the Charles City road, all leading from the city and diverging at five or six miles below. The brigade withdrew at dawn, leaving pickets of ten men on each road with instructions to withdraw slowly on the approach of the enemy. Lieut. Farmer, of Co. D, Hampton Legion, with one detachment, was placed on the river road. The brigade moved leisurely to the city followed by the enemy's cavalry. A Federal officer and private galloped upon Farmer and of course surrendered. Presently Farmer ascertained that the enemy had passed north of him on the other roads and were in possession of the city. Thus he was situated with a navigable river a mile wide cutting him off from Lee's army, the enemy, ten thousand strong, three miles above him and a thousand chances to one against his escape. The city was on fire, the Confederate vessels were blowing up in the river, the magazines encircling the city were making an earthquake of the long lines extending to Petersburg, his own brigade, the last to leave the Confederate capitol, had assisted in burning the bridges behind them, but Farmer got out of the difficulty and did not surrender.

Dismissing his men and prisoners, he placed them on the bank of the great stream. A contract was made with the Yankee officer that he should be kindly looked after if he was successfully brought to General Lee's lines; Farmer and his men were to receive like treatment if they fell into the power of the Federals. In the course of the day a small boat manned by two or three small boys, floated along the stream. A few pistol shots brought them to, and in a few minutes, by their seamanship, Farmer, his men and prisoners were landed on the south side of the James, and by midnight of that day he had joined his night at Amelia, C. H., more than twenty miles from Richmond, with his men, turning over his Federal captain and private with the stipulation for their kind treatment. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have surrendered under the circumstances. The writer does not know if the subject of this adventure is still living in Anderson County, and writes the story as one of many coming under his eye, illustrations of the heroic stuff that made up the young Confederate soldier.

(The Farmer alluded to above is Mr. N. O. Farmer, of Fork Township, and printed without his knowledge.—Ed. Intelligencer.)
—Sweet are the uses of adversity—
and Cuba knows it, because most of her troubles are sugar.

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Mormondom's Growth.

It seems certain that in numbers, wealth, influence and aggressiveness the Mormon Church is far greater today than ever before in its history. Utah it has, of course, almost solidly; and having gained Statehood by deliberate, persistent lying, it feels tolerably secure and is resolved to do as it pleases without reference to American sentiment or law. That over 1,500 men are living to-day with polygamous wives is openly confessed; and that a considerable number of polygamous relations have been entered into since Statehood and since the manifesto of the Mormon President in 1890 pretending to do away with polygamy is very certain, although legal proof is, naturally, not easy to obtain. Already Mormonism, besides dominating Utah, holds, or claims to hold, the balance of power in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. It is at least certain that, by colonies and other means, they are continually extending their influence in these neighboring States; and the politicians of that section, anxious for votes in close elections, will be very sure not to antagonize so powerful a force. Educational and missionary operations should, of course, be pushed in that region. The preaching of the Gospel and the teaching of Christian schools are already doing much, and can easily be made to do more, for the saving of the situation. Letting in the light is the best way to drive out the darkness.—Zion's Herald.

Cures Eczema, Itching Humors, Pimples and Carbuncles—Costs Nothing to Try.
B. B. B. (Botanic Balm) is now recognized as a certain and sure cure for eczema, itching skin, humors, scabs, scales, watery blisters, pimples, itching bones or joints, boils, carbuncles, pricking pain in the skin, old, curing sores, ulcers, etc. Botanic Blood Balm taken internally, cures the worst and most deep-seated cases by enriching, purifying and vitalizing the blood, thereby giving a healthy blood supply to the skin. Botanic Blood Balm is the only cure, to stay cured, for these awful, annoying skin troubles. Heals every sore and gives the rich glow of health to the skin. Builds up the broken down body and makes the blood red and nourishing. Especially advised for chronic, old cases that doctors, patent medicines and hot springs fail to cure. Drug-gists, \$1. To prove B. B. B. cures, sample sent free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite, and Evans Pharmacy.

W. W. WILSON
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.
—The safest thing for a man to do who is afraid of getting married is to fall in love with several women.
Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

FURMAN UNIVERSITY, GREENVILLE, S. C.
Will begin the next session on Wednesday, September 17th, 1902. Location convenient and healthful. Courses of study elective or leading to B. A. and M. A. degrees. Full corps of instructors and ample mess accommodations for out-of-town board. For details apply to the President,
A. P. MONTAGUE, LL.D.
SOUTH CAROLINA MILITARY ACADEMY.
TWO Vacancies in the State Beneficial Scholarship examinations for this Anderson County. Blank forms of application should be applied for on or before Oct. 8, 8. Gadsden, Chairman Board of Visitors. These applications, fully made out, must be in the hands of the Chairman on the 31st July in order to receive attention.
C. S. GADSDEN,
Chairman Board Visitors.

WOFFORD COLLEGE, Spartanburg, S. C.
H. N. SNYDER, M. A., President
Full college Courses. Favorable surroundings. The best influence. Necessary expenses from \$160 to \$175 for the year. For Catalogue or other information, apply to
J. A. GAMEWELL, Secretary.
Wofford College Fitting School Spartanburg, S. C.
Elegant new building. Careful attention to individual student. Board and tuition for year, \$110. All information given by
A. M. DUPRE, Head Master,
July 9, 1902

Dr. Woolley's PAINLESS OPIUM AND Whisky Cure
SENT FREE to all users of morphine, opium, Indian Chief or other habit-forming drugs, or cases of whisky, or a large box of particulars on home or mail-order treatment. Address: DR. WOOLLEY CO., 2111 1/2 Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

LAND FOR SALE.
I OFFER for sale my Six Mile Farm, containing 1163 acres. Will sell in Tracts of 100 acres up, to suit purchaser. I will also sell 50 acres in the City of Anderson, 400 acres in Fork Township, 168 acres in Rock Mills Township, 138 acres in Centerville Township.
I have seven other valuable Tracts I will sell—in all about 3,000 acres. Terms will be made to suit the purchaser, and at a low rate of interest, with reasonable cash payment. I mean to sell during the month of August.
J. S. FOWLER,
August 6, 1902

Old Age IS MADE Vigorous BY THE USE OF Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. C. Popplewell, of Burke Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me, could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pelle's,' and improved from the start. After taking two bottles of the 'Discovery' I was able to do light work, and had been improving ever since. I am now in good health for one of my age—50 years. I owe it all to Doctor Pierce's medicines."

Contagious Blood Poison

Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DIS-EASE. It is not confined to the dens or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessels, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.
It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out; the blood becomes more contaminated, copper colored spots appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.
Ten years ago I contracted a bad case of Blood Poison. I was under treatment of a physician until I found that he could do me no good. Then began taking S. S. S. I commenced to improve at once and in a very short time all evidence of the disease disappeared. I took six bottles and today am sound and well.
E. H. WALL, Morrisstown, Tenn.

S. S. S. is a Specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in the worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will run you, and bring disgrace and disease upon your children, for it can be transmitted from parent to child. S. S. S. contains no mercury or potash, but is guaranteed a strictly vegetable compound.
Write for our free home treatment book and learn all about Contagious Blood Poison. If you want medical advice give us a history of your case, and our physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever.
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