

# OCALA EVENING STAR

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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One month, in advance.....60	One month, in advance.....1.00

A stifling day coach on the average railroad these days is like a corner of Hades.

Sidney J. Catts, who says he is the democratic nominee for governor of Florida, will make a speech from the bandstand on the public square, beginning at 7:30 this evening.

The common people of England—the sturdy Scotsman, and the sturdy, remorseful Irish peasants made the America of today.—Jacksonville Free Press.

What are they remorseful about?

The proposed "booster" and trade extension trip of the Tampa board of trade brings home the fact that Tampa merchants can compete with, and even undersell the merchants of Ocala in Ocala territory. How long will this city stand for this sort of thing with a navigable waterway at its doors?

It is regrettable that the jitneys could not remain in service. There are hundreds of our people to whom regular auto fare to Silver Springs is prohibitive. A trolley line to the springs is our imperative need, and if Ocala had half the gut up and git she should have such a line would have been built years ago.

Our friend who contributes the well-written piece, "Catts at Anthony," elsewhere, should have signed it "Partisan," instead of "Non-Partisan." Said friend is much more of a partisan of Catts than the Star is of Knott.

A young lady friend informs us that a leading merchant in one of the principal cities of Georgia has offered a \$20 gold piece to each of his girl clerks who marries a Georgia boy. There should be some reward to a girl who marries a Georgia boy.

In his letter elsewhere, ex-Governor Gilchrist recommends that Governor Trammell offer rewards for the detection and conviction of people who evidently tampered with the ballots in Madison county. The Star doesn't think it likely that the governor will do anything of the sort.

A woman's idea of a coward is the poor weaponless man, convinced no less than she of the sounds of an intruder, hesitates a moment before snatching up a candle and rushing downstairs to scare away the heavily armed and desperate burglar awaiting him in the dark below.—Columbia State.

Under such conditions, a man has no business to be weaponless.

### RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE

(Times-Union, May 16, 1897)

There is too much religious intolerance throughout the civilized world, and too often it has a firmer hold on the church than religion itself.

It enters into every Christian organization and permeates society, business, politics, and even philanthropy.

This is a lamentable condition to contemplate, but that it is a true one few will have the hardihood to dispute.

There is really nothing in religion, true religion, to narrow and prejudice the heart and mind, but that such narrowness, prejudice, and even bigotry do exist, is really self-evident.

There is but one true God, and those who worship him in spirit and in truth should at all times feel kindly towards each other, despite the many different standards under which they march, and which at times perplex and confuse weak ones who are grasping for the divine light.

True religion should enlarge and broaden the mind, and heart, and soul, and there should be with all true Christians the broadest charity of thought and action.

When all believe in and worship the same God why should there be any intolerance as to the mode of marching, when all are in the same road, and aiming for the same goal?

It is all right for Christians to have implicit faith in their own church and creed, but they have no right, and should not attempt to exercise any, to presume that their brother of another church and creed is not equally sincere in his belief, equally commendable for adhering to it, and equally acceptable in the sight of the one eternal God.

A good man or woman is a sweet savor in heaven, no matter if they be Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, or any other denomination, and it is extremely doubtful if any one denomination will take precedence over the other when the last roll is called.

Charity is charity, no matter from whose hand it springs, divine charity, if done in the one name high over all, and there should be no question of creed or church when the necessities of a widow are to be relieved or a home to be given to an orphan child.

God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Those who stand upon this platform should be gentle and tolerant, especially with all who occupy it with themselves, despite the fact that the creeds and forms be as many as the sands of the ocean, and differ with each other as one star from another in magnitude.

### REMINISCENCE

V.

Editor Star: When I closed my last number the 1st regiment was still encamped near Orangeburg and although the discipline was strict and the routine of camp duties enforced to the letter the environments were such that the men enjoyed it and had the most delightful time they ever had while in army life, and that is saying quite a good deal, for while what Sherman said of war is true when viewed in the concrete, yet when taken in the abstract army life even when taking part in a great war, is by no means all bad. All along it is punctuated by many very pleasant and enjoyable scenes and affairs—beautiful flowers along with the thorns. At least it was so with me and looking back now after more than fifty years, memory unrolls and throws upon the screen pictures of many very delightful and enjoyable scenes and gay and jolly occasions; and now, after so long a time, though the vases are broken "the perfume of the flowers hang round them still." I have no doubt that my visions are very near akin to those of many of the old veterans who are still on this side of the dark river.

Meantime up in Virginia, affairs were reaching a crisis. Federals and Confederates were maneuvering preparatory for the first great battle of the Civil War, which took place at Manassas on the 21st day of July 1861 with such disastrous results to the federal army under Gen. McDowell. Just before this battle came off the 1st regiment was temporarily relieved from duty subject to recall on short notice, and the men allowed to go to their homes. Quite a number of the men took advantage of this and went on to Virginia and attached themselves to any company they could and took part in the fight at Manassas. Among those going were Johnson Hagood, colonel of our regiment, and twelve members of the Edisto Rifles, two of whom were older brothers of mine. Of course they could not enlist as members of any company in Virginia as they were all mustered in the 1st regiment and subject to be called together at any moment, but they attached themselves to some one or more of the South Carolina commands there, and went into the fight as privates and fought with muskets from Col. Hagood down. There were a number of commissioned officers

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among them and although they all got through the battle safely, one of them, Lieut. John H. Felder, 1st Lieut. of Edisto, as a result contracted typhoid fever and died after he got home on his plantation near Orangeburg.

Meanwhile, the governor of South Carolina had called the 1st regiment to colors again and ordered it to mobilize at Summerville, S. C., on the 20th of July, so that those who had gone to Virginia had to hurry back the day after Manassas and join their respective commands at Summerville. This place is 22 miles west of Charleston. The men gathered rapidly and with alacrity. The result of the fight at Manassas had blown the already flaming fires of patriotism into white heat and numbers of men rushed down to enlist in the several companies of our regiment, while new companies were being organized all over the state and regiment after regiment was rapidly formed. There was no trouble getting volunteers or recruits in those days. Indeed our men seemed to think that if they did not rush they would not find any vacant place for them to get into service. And it was not only so at the beginning of the war, but the same patriotic and heroic spirit kept up through all of the long and sanguinary conflict, even when it became apparent, as we were without supplies of any kind to carry on the conflict, and no source from which to fill up our ranks, that we were just wearing ourselves out whipping the other fellows. And the same spirit animated the hearts of the "Women of the Confederacy." Brave, patriotic women! Doing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things to the bitter end! No land or country since the morning stars first sang together, ever produced nobler, purer, lovelier and more heroic women than lived in our Southland in those days—and on and on until the crack of doom will any land ever produce their superiors! History will keep bright through all the ages to come, their noble worth, their heroic accomplishments, their patriotic endurance, their uncomplaining sacrifices, their unsurpassed loveliness and their noble and queenly bearing. May God bless those still living and men must hallow the memories of those who have crossed over the silent river!

But to resume. While at Summerville, on the 22nd day of August, the regiment was mustered into the Confederate service, in to-what was called the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, under act passed by the Confederate congress on 28th day of February, 1861. This mustering in was only for one year and at its termination we all re-enlisted for three years or the duration of the war. As I have already said, while at Summerville, John H. Felder, 1st lieutenant of the Edistos, died of typhoid fever at his home near Orangeburg. He was buried with military honors, a squad of the company under command of Lieut. James F. Izlar was sent up to perform the ceremonies. Lieut. Felder was a genial, courtly gentleman, a graduate of Yale, and was liked by the whole company.

In the latter part of August the regiment was ordered to Cole's Island, situated at the mouth of Stono river, one of the water approaches to the city of Charleston. We went by rail to Charleston, marched through the city and took river steamers and through the inland waterways were transported to our destination. We disembarked at the eastern end of the island and marched westward toward the center of it until we reached the point which had been selected for us to pitch our tents. That is it was near the center in the length of the island, but much nearer the waterfront than to the inland border of it. The place chosen for the encampment was thick with bushes about as high as a man's head and it required a good deal of pretty hard work to get the place in good shape, but it was not long before we had cleaned and worked out into a nice decent camp. On Cole's Island there was an old fort called Fort Palmetto, built of sand, shell, concrete and turf, which was called the old "Spanish Fort," because it was supposed to have been built by the Spaniards long years before, but a good South Carolina historian now living, says that supposition is a myth, as we had no Spanish settlements or forts in South Carolina and that this old Palmetto Fort was built by South Carolinians in 1812 when we had our last tilt with England—I guess the historian is correct about it. Anyhow we found it there. It had been worked over and much improved, with a number (I do not remember how many) of very good cannon mounted and magazines of munitions built and supplied. It was garrisoned by two companies of artillerymen who were called "regulars" and said to belong to the regular army of the confederate states. If that were so, it must have been all of it for I never afterwards met up with any other troops that were said to belong to the "regular army" of the Confederate States. These two companies were called Lucas' Battalion and were commanded by Maj. J. J. Lucas. They were well drilled and under strict military discipline. Major Lucas was a good officer and a strict disciplinarian and required his men and under officers to live up to the letter of "regular army" regulations. They had been there long enough ahead of us to have wooden barracks, commissary, etc., built for themselves and their supplies.

Of course when we got there Col. Hagood being the ranking officer, was in command of the post, but our troops and the "regulars" were not allowed to intermingle, but we could

easily stand inside of our lines and watch the "regulars" drill—not at their artillery drill, but out on the field drilling as infantry. It was profitable and a pleasure to see them for they worked with the precision of machinery which was good to look at, while at the same time it created a desire on our part to so improve ourselves as to be able to do likewise. It was a stimulus to us which had good results, for while we never did attain the proficiency of the "regulars" we did make great improvement. I said we were not allowed to intermingle, and as a rule that was the law, but to this general rule there was one exception, the why and wherefore of which I do not recall, if I ever knew. There was one of the "regulars" who "was not quite right in the head," and was the driver of the garbage cart of Lucas' Battalion, and never took part in any drills, guard duty or anything else, but just drove that cart and hauled what he was told to load with. When not at work he wandered into our camps without hindrance. In fact our boys used to like to have him come over so that they could tease him. Although light-witted, he sometimes made a point that turned the laugh on the other fellow. His name was Jackson, a rather big, rawboned, red-faced, good-natured fellow. In memory's mirror I can see him now. One day he wandered over into our quarters and one of the boys (I assure you dear reader it was not I) said to him, "Hello Jackson! Are you a regular?" To which he promptly replied, "Yes, regular damnfool like you." Just like that, and don't you know the rest of our boys raised a whoop and yaw, yaw, to beat the band and Jackson joined in with just an "I've eaten the canary grin."

The engineers were building another dirt, turf and sand-bag battery on Goat Island, a small island separated from Coles' Island by a small creek, and when completed and the guns mounted and munitions stored in the magazines, it had to be manned, and as the "regulars" could not spare the men from their garrison. Col. Hagood determined to detail a company from our regiment to take charge of it. He chose the Edisto Rifles. So our company moved its camp to a suitable point near the battery and then had to learn the heavy artillery drill, but it did not take us long to do it, and we rather felt a little pride in having been selected. Of course in practicing to make ourselves as efficient as possible we had to practice firing the pieces at a target that was set afloat out in the bay. Maj. Lucas or one of his officers took charge of our training until we got the thing pretty well in hand, and when we got so that we hit the target oftener than the regulars, we won their praise and admiration. One day while at target practice one of the guns burst, demolishing the carriage and scattering a thousand fragments, large and small, in every direction and though every man of the squad working the piece was in his proper position and a number of lookers-on standing in the battery watching the practice, it is strange to say no one was hurt except Sergeant Ben P. Izlar, who was struck by two fragments—one in the face and one in the left leg. Ben was unfortunate. He was wounded three times after that in three different battles, and the last time it was a wound which came near proving fatal.

I must stop now, as no doubt you and your readers too are tired of my rambling talk—indeed both you and they may hope that I will not write any more numbers. If you do, just drop me a hint and I will be down and out like a shot out of a shovel. If I do write any others I shall not follow up our movements in chronological order, but will just select episodes and incidents here and there, that I think might interest your readers—just pick them up here and there without regard to the time they occurred. Laurie T. Izlar.

Sidney J. Catts, democratic nominee for governor, will speak at the band stand tonight at 8 o'clock. Come out to hear him.—Adv. 1t

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### SEABOARD LOCAL SCHEDULE

Southbound	
No. 9—Leaves Jacksonville 1:35 p. m.; Ocala 4:30 p. m.; arrives Tampa 7:50 p. m.	
No. 1—Leaves Jacksonville 9:30 p. m.; Ocala 1:45 a. m.; arrives St. Petersburg 10 a. m.	
No. 3—Leaves Jacksonville 9:15 a. m.; Ocala 12:40 p. m.; arrives St. Petersburg 8:05 p. m.	
Northbound	
No. 10—Leaves Tampa 1 p. m.; Ocala 4:12 p. m.; arrives Jacksonville 7:15 p. m.	
No. 2—Leaves St. Petersburg 4:30 p. m.; Ocala 2:30 a. m.; arrives Jacksonville 6:45 a. m.	
No. 4—Leaves Tampa 9 a. m.; Ocala 1 p. m.; arrives Jacksonville 5:25 p. m.	

### STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE CITY COUNCIL

- Finance—D. W. Tompkins, chairman; G. A. Nash, W. A. Knight.
- Cemetery—J. T. Moore, chairman; D. E. McIver, H. A. Weathers.
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- Building—H. M. Weathers, chairman; H. A. Fausett, D. E. McIver.

### LIST OF MAGAZINES AT THE LIBRARY

Following is a list of magazines to be read at the library when it is open: Scientific American, Collier's, Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, Literary Digest, Review of Reviews, Popular Mechanics, The Outlook, Scribner's, Harper's, Century, Bookman, St. Nicholas, Little Folks, American, Youth's Companion, American Boy, Woman's Home Companion, Delineator, Ladies' World, Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Modern Priscilla, The Musician, Garden Magazine, McClure's, Everybody's, National Geographical Magazine, Current Opinion, Physical Culture, Good Housekeeping.

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