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HOW HON. JNO. C. BRECKINRIDGE ESCAPED.

The following interesting account of the escape is furnished by the correspondent of the New York World:

HAVANA, June 17.

General J. C. Breckinridge, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Captain J. Wilson; his faithful war servant, Thomas; Colonel Taylor Wood, and two Confederate soldiers, arrived at Cardenas on the 11th instant, in open boat of about one ton burthen, from the coast of Florida. This party, after the capture of the President of the late republic, made their way to the St. Johns river, where they proceeded up that river until they reached a point due west of the Indian river, near the head of navigation. At St. Johns, Colonel Taylor Wood joined the party, having been captured by the command of General Wilson which captured the President of the Confederacy by accident, but he made good his escape the same night.

The small boat was hauled across the country from the St. Johns to Indian river, a distance of twenty-six miles, and launched for the ocean. On reaching a point called Gilbert's bar, near the mouth of the river, the boat was beached, and dragged across a sandy spit sixty yards, and launched in an inlet communicating with the ocean. On this part of the route Indian parties supplied them with scant provisions of "cumty," of which they made bread. For the balance of the voyage they were compelled to live on shell-fish, caught along the shore, and turtles' eggs, of which they also laid in stores for their voyage across the Gulf stream.

From the inlet near the mouth of Indian river they coasted south some fifty or sixty miles, when they beached their boat to hunt provisions. At this time a United States gunboat or transport running down south between the shore and the Florida reef observed the party, and the commander dispatched a boat from the vessel to ascertain who they were and what they were doing there. As the boat began to show herself, there was some excitement in camp, and Thomas began to get his weapons ready for use. They were temporarily located on a shell ridge, between an impenetrable swamp and the waters of the ocean, so that if they lost their boat they would perish in the swamp. Taylor Wood, with the cool determination of "Rough and Ready," his grandfather, ordered his two men to launch the boat, which was instantly accomplished, and the others having retired under cover of the brush, the two soldiers took the oars "with a will," and pulled for the advancing boat which they met at about one-eighth of a mile from the shore. An officer in the stern seat of the gig, with a revolver in hand, hailed the boat with the usual marine questions. Taylor Wood became immediately the roughest longshore woodsman, wrecker, and fisherman that ever lived in Florida. "His men were paroled soldiers; they had to live somehow; they were hunting wrecks; and until they could find something better, they were subsisting on the rather washy charity of the sea—shell fish driven on shore and turtles' eggs; they meant to get as far as Indian Key, or possibly Key West; they had a boat load of papers, if he wanted to see them." And the ready boys pulled forth their parole documents, which were examined and found correct. "The folks on shore were of the same class; had plenty of papers—the same—and were trying to cook dinner, if they could find any eggs or shells; wouldn't the captain like to go along ashore—he would be perfectly welcome to the best they had, and their papers too!" Their hospitality was declined—the dictum "all right" was uttered, and, "give too, my boys"—when away shot the gig on her return voyage to the steamer—name unknown. The wearied and half-starved party breathed more freely after the interview, which had been rather tedious while waiting for the result. That evening they left the shore, having on board a few dozen of eggs, cakes of cumty bread, and a few clams, so small that they might pass for mussels. They reached the Banks in about thirty-six hours, having spoken one vessel and obtained a supply of fresh water the day following their departure from the Florida coast, and met with no other incident, though terribly perplexed for want of food, until they reached Cardenas on the morning of the 11th—eight days—where they were received by the people and the authorities with great kindness, well fed, well refreshed, and serenaded in the evening. The ladies wished to entertain them in their hospitable homes, which was, of necessity declined for the want of suitable raiment. The Governor of Cardenas furnished the party with transportation to Havana, where they arrived on the morning of the 12th, accompanied by an adjutant of the Spanish army, and took up their quarters at

the Hotel Cubano. The adjutant reported his arrival with his guests to Captain-General Dulee, who instructed him to say to General Breckinridge that he had the "freedom of the city and Cuba, for himself and friends as long as they wish to remain; and when he was rested from his fatigue, and at his own convenience, he would be happy to see him."

Those who know the country through the woods from Georgia to St. John's, (the public roads not available for their services except at night,) and thence by the route they took to the coast, will appreciate the troubles and dangers encountered to get through safely, besides the difficulty of obtaining food and supplies for six persons. The boat in which the voyage was performed did not admit of more than one sleeper at a time, and the only navigator, Taylor Wood, had to be always on the alert. In a squall at night he was thrown over by sea, but having the halyards in his hands, he managed to get on board again without any one being aware of his absence. Before leaving the coast they had religious services, and on reaching Cardenas, before leaving their frail boat, they returned thanks with prayer and praise to the Divine Providence whereby they had been saved.

Col. Chas. J. Helm, who has always been highly esteemed here for his gentlemanly and social qualities, with the people and the authorities, continues to exercise a pleasant conservative influence for the benefit of many unfortunates who come under official interdiction and are homeless. He presented General Breckinridge to the Captain General of Cuba at his country seat, on the 14th inst., and the distinguished Confederate was received with heart-warm earnestness of manner—courteous and most cordial—the Captain-General expressing deep sympathy, and regretting that circumstances had rendered it necessary that he should be a guest among strangers for a little while; but he might rest assured that the laws of hospitality should not be violated in Cuba, and that he should not be allowed to feel that he was a stranger in the land; that as long as he desired it, Cuba should be a safe asylum for himself and his friends.

Mr. Breckinridge writes a letter from Cuba to Hon. E. M. Bruce, member of the late Confederate Congress, dated June 15, 1865, from which the following is extracted, viz: "I have heard no news from the outer world since I disembarked near Woodstock, Ga., the last Confederate force east of the Chatahoochee. I trust there will be wisdom enough in the councils at Washington city not to drive a brave and suffering people to the remedies that spring from despair. Every man should now exert all the influence he possesses to make the present cessation of hostilities permanent and honorable, and let it be remembered that there can be no lasting peace founded upon cruelty and oppression."

SUDDEN DEATH OF A NORTH CAROLINA WOMAN AT JARRATT'S HOTEL IN PETERSBURG.—The Petersburg Express of the 4th inst., contains the following:

A very sudden death occurred at Jarratt's Hotel yesterday morning, which led to the suspicion that poison had been taken. On Saturday afternoon last, a young woman, with a fine boy about seven months old, arrived in Petersburg on the Southern train, and took a room at Jarratt's. She registered her name as "Mrs P. Rogers." Yesterday morning she requested Capt. Platt, the proprietor of the Hotel, to interest himself in her behalf, and endeavor to get her some work to do. Capt. P. at once acceded to her wishes, and went out to seek some honorable employment, but was unsuccessful in his errand. About half an hour after his return to the Hotel, a servant hurriedly announced to him that a lady up stairs was very ill—apparently dying. On going to the room indicated, the lady was found lying on her back—dead. She had died so suddenly as to create the impression that she had taken some powerful and rapid poison, though no external signs of death by such means were apparent.

In order to ascertain some particulars about the deceased—her place of residence, and the names, if possible, of some of her friends or relations—it was determined to examine into her trunks. From letters found therein, addressed familiarly and affectionately to "Catharine L. Weaver, at Home, Nashville, N. C.," it is believed that this was her real name, and Nashville, N. C., her place of residence. The writer of the letters signed himself "W. D. Floyd," and dated them "At Home." In one or more of them he earnestly advises her to come to Petersburg, and probably influenced thereby, she came to this city.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

The mortality going on among the freedmen of the South is frightful, and here are some few well authenticated facts from certain localities. In Charleston, from ninety to one hundred is the weekly average, and fearful stories are also told of the mortality of the negroes on the coast between Charleston and Savannah. Similar reports come all along the coast from Virginia to Texas. The reports in the Departments at Washington, in reference to the deaths among the negro regiments, show a like result. The New York Herald, from its data, says:

"It is safe to state that of the four millions of blacks in the South in 1860, not over three million are now alive. The census of 1870 will undoubtedly present an astounding result in regard to this unfortunate race. The mortality from all accounts is increasing. The negro in the South is noted for great inattention to all the necessary precautions for health. The master, interested in him as property, always watched him with great care, often warded off disease and cured severe attacks by bringing to his aid medical skill. But the negro thrown upon his own resources becomes negligent, careless about habits, and droops and dies, oftentimes without any apparent cause. Such at least is the testimony of Southern planters, and such are the conclusions to be derived from the official data in Washington, which have accumulated since the commencement of the war. These facts are so overwhelming that they have led many of our public men to the conclusion that in less than a century the colored race will be no more numerous in this country than the Indians are at present. From all accounts the negro bids fair to disappear with greater rapidity than the Indian ever did. Facts are stubborn things, and we commend this view of the negro to the Abolitionists of the North. * * *

The mortality among the negro soldiers in the Mississippi valley has been proverbially large. One regiment of eleven hundred strong raised in one neighborhood, every man of which passed the surgical examination and was pronounced good, able-bodied and free from disease, were placed in camp by themselves, in the very locality where they had been raised, and in less than six months over one-half of the number were under the sod. These men were placed at no severe work, were not engaged in a battle; not a man was killed through the casualties of the war. They were simply required to drill and perform the usual work of a soldier in camp, and had all the care in respect to cleanliness and protection from the weather usually allotted to soldiers; but they dropped off one by one, until over one-half of their number were buried, and that, too, without the appearance of an epidemic. In addition to this, Jeff Davis, in alluding to the mortality of the negroes, about eighteen months before the collapse of the rebellion, announced that the exposure which the slaves had been subjected to, and the casualties among them since the commencement of the war, had reduced their numbers at a fearful rate."

The declension of the Negro race in New York city is one of the events in its domestic history. Thus, as is known, they have been as free there as anywhere, and they have— "been subject to no drawback except that which is the natural result of difference between the two races. They have been able to gratify their tastes in every way that their means would justify, just as fully and freely as white people in the same financial circumstances. But what is the result? Thirty-five years ago they performed the duties of scavengers, hod-carriers, porters in the stores, hostlers and coachmen, servants in private families, hotel waiters and barbers almost to the exclusion of the whites. They could then be seen promenading Broadway every Sunday afternoon by the hundreds, festively dressed, and with all the display of the aristocracy. No arbitrary laws have since been applied to them. On the contrary, the leniency towards them has increased. Yet they have gradually disappeared. We now find but comparatively few employed as family servants or as waiters in hotels. The Irish and Germans have taken their place. They no longer monopolize our barber shops, but are almost superseded by the white classes. We only see now and then one connected with the livery of our aristocracy; nor is the black man to be seen performing the more severe manual labor of the hod carrier. At one time having the monopoly of labor, he has been unable to keep pace with the times or maintain his position, but is obliged to make way for others. Like the Indian, before the march of civilization, they have been gradually disappearing from all pursuits and decreasing in numbers, as the record shows."

INTERVIEW BETWEEN SENATOR SUMNER AND THE PRESIDENT.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A friend at Washington assures us that a few weeks since an interview took place between President Johnson and Senator Sumner, which was substantially as follows:—

"Good evening Mr President," said Senator Sumner, last week, upon entering the President's room in the White House.

"Good evening Mr Senator," replied the President. "Please be seated for a moment until I finish a letter to an old friend."

The letter being finished, the President turned to Mr Sumner, when the latter said:—

"Mr President, I have called upon you for the purpose of expressing to you the views of our people on the subject of reconstruction."

"Well, sir," replied the President.

Mr Sumner commenced by saying, "Sir, your North Carolina proclamation does not meet the approbation of the people, and they will not submit to have the great results of the war thus thrown away."

"What people are you representing, sir?" asked Mr Johnson.

"The whole Northern people," said Mr Sumner.

"I apprehend you will find you but represent a small portion of the Northern people," replied Mr Johnson.

"Then," said Sumner, "we must take your North Carolina proclamation as an indication of your policy, must we?"

"Yes, sir," replied the President.

"Then, sir," said Sumner, "you do not intend to enfranchise the black man?"

"I have nothing to do with the subject; that exclusively belongs to the States. You certainly would think it a usurpation on my part if I attempted to interfere in fixing the qualifications of electors in Massachusetts."

"But," replied Sumner, "Massachusetts has always been a loyal State."

"That may be," replied the President, "but the loyal men of the South have made untold sacrifices for their Union sentiments, while Massachusetts has made hundreds of millions out of her loyalty; and it would be a poor return for Southern adherence to the government if the latter should, in violation of the constitution, thrust upon them local laws in opposition to their wishes."

At this reply of the President, Mr Sumner became impatient and irritable, and rejoined by saying, "I am sorry to see you evincing so little sympathy with that element that placed you in power."

At this the color flashed to the President's face, and he added emphatically, "You and I might as well understand each other now as any other time. You are aware, sir, I have no respect for a secessionist; I still have a greater detestation and contempt for a fanatic."

"Good evening," said Sumner, and left in a huff.

Two hundred and eighty petitions for pardon were filed on the 5th, among them the application of Messrs. Ashe, Ramsey and McDowell, late members of the Confederate Congress. One hundred and eighty-nine pardons were granted, all to persons coming under the twenty thousand dollar exception. One hundred and thirteen are from North Carolina, and forty from Virginia.

Governor Vance has been released from Old Capitol Prison on parole, and has returned to North Carolina.

Among the applications for pardon from Henry S. Foote, ex-member of the Senate, and ex-United States Senator, journeying at Montreal, Canada, his application is dated.

A letter has been received from the Custom House addressed to the Government by our Consul at Peking, that the Russian plague is spreading more rapidly than is generally supposed, advising that all European and Turkish ports should be closed to landing. The disinfecting process that which visited

WHEAT.—The price of wheat sold in Baltimore is 75 cents. The Whig says that the price of wheat will probably not fall below 75 cents, and must be fine to command.

Northern correspondents say that the Carolina Railroad has been placed under the control of its directors. Preparations are being made for the same, both to Columbia as well as