

THE GAZETTE.

Edited at Hickory, N. C., on Monday and Saturday.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1895.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor & Proprietor.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

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each issue will be retained.

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It is believed that President Cleve-

land will re-appoint Mr. Ransom Minis-

ter to Mexico.

Mr. W. H. Lane.

Elsewhere appears the announce-

ment for the opening of our city school on the 20th of this month. The school was not as well patronized last year as it deserved to be, and we desire to urge upon our people the im-

portance of getting all the good out of the schools possible. No doubt many of our people wish that we had graded schools and it is high time a place of Gaston's pretensions had such schools but that is no reason why we should not make the most of the school we have and hope that our increased interest will compel the es-

tablishment of graded schools.

Gaston no Longer Minister.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Hon. Matt W. Ransom, of North Carolina, is no longer minister of the United States to Mexico. This office was practically declared vacant to-day by a decision rendered by Mr. Holmes Conrad, Senator General of the United States, and Acting Attorney General Mr. Ransom's incumbency was declared to be contrary to the Federal constitu-

tion, and the acting Attorney General sustained the action of Mr. Thomas Holcomb, Auditor of the Treasury for the State Department, in declining to pass favorably upon Mr. Ransom's vouchers for salary and expenses.

The Leader of the Gang Explored.

The posse that went out from this city Saturday morning to hunt down the thieves in Steel Creek township, returned to the city about dark, the evening. They brought back a lot of jewelry and merchandise that had been recovered. Some of the goods were identified as having been stolen from a store in China Grove. The owners traced the thieves to the Catawba river and found that they had crossed a ferry two days previously. They telegraphed to the officers at Spartanburg the details of the affair. Yesterday a dispatch was received saying that the white man, who is the leader of the gang, had been captured there and is in jail. They also got the horse and buggy.

A Novel Intrusion.

Mosco Kepner.

A gentlewoman from Peachland, An-

ton county, informs us that an old negro woman, named Charity Hunter, has performed afeat the like of which has not been before heard of in this country. A few days ago a riding hen quit her nest and Charity learned that "her sige habe to be hatched for day done been spiled for eaten" purpose, and putting the hen to the word she gathered these eggs to her breast and kept them there for three days then she had the pleasure of seeing ten chickens hatched.

A good news.

J. H. McR. in Roberson.

We're almost all over our entire state are around over education, the Western part, which has been a model behind the Eastern, con-

sist of several good institutions of learning. Among them we'll mention *Asbury* seminary, at which school the writer had the pleasure of spending one year and can truthfully say that we believe there is not a better school for young ladies in the State.

We would like to look into the present fate of some one who may have had any derangement of the digestive organs. We see the drawn and drooping faces of dyspepsia in every walk of life. It is our national disease, and nearly all complaints arising from this source, remove the common difficulty and the work is done.

Dyspepsia and gastritis people are usually starving because they don't digest their food. Consumption never derives in people of robust and normal digestion. Correct the wasting and loss of flesh and we cure the disease. Do this with food.

The Shaker Executive Cordial contains already digested food and is a digestor of food at the same time. Its effects are felt at once. Get a pamphlet of your druggist and learn about it.

J. H. McR. in Gaston City made as sweet as honey by a new process. Children like it.

Senator Burton is visiting his family in New England.

CENTENARY CALDWELL.

The Story of the Twentieth Year of a Slave Young North Carolinian Officer.

The following article, clipped from the Richmond Dispatch, was enclosed in a private letter to the editor from Gen. James H. Lane, of Auburn, Ala., and will, we know, be of great interest to all our readers:

AUBURN, Oct. 2d, 1897.

EDGTON'S DISPATCH.—Not long since I stated publicly that many of the newspaper articles about "Pickett's famous charge" at Gettysburg on the 3d of July, which I have read, do not even mention my brigade and others from that state.

I was then very politely requested by you to write five publications my recollections of that bloody and unmerciful charge, and I have since received similar requests from others—strangers as well as personal friends. I have nothing to add in the way of historical fact to my official report of that battle and two letters written by request, which have already been published in the Southern Historical Society papers.

Greenville, S. C. News.

Sunday morning between 1 and 2 o'clock the night express train on the southern railway, due here at 3:29 jumped the track about two miles and a half beyond Toccoa, Ga. The train was coming down a long, steep grade on which there are many sharp curves. The railroad men say it was running at thirty-five miles an hour. Passengers who were aboard say the speed was never fifty miles an hour and that they were looking for an accident and that most of them in the day coaches were holding fast to the seats in front of them.

Nobody knows what the trouble was. The tender jumped the track, breaking loose from the engine, which ran on ahead, and plunged down the embankment, which is about thirty feet high, on the right hand side owing toward Crenwells. Next came the mail car, which ran by the tender and then off on the main side. The baggage and express car ran by the others and jumped and the first and second class coaches did likewise. The cars were left forward ends down the bank, each being thrown off its trucks, scattering along the track for 200 or 250 yards with a distance of from 100 to 200 yards between each of them. The first Pullman was left hanging balanced on the edge of the track. The second Pullman did not leave the rails. The passengers in the day coaches were compelled to crawl on their hands and knees and pull themselves by the seats up the steep incline to the doors from which they emerged, all hurt.

Conductor Jason Cannon, of Greens-

boro, (N. C.) letter says: One of the romances of the war has just developed here, in which the only son of one of North Carolina's governors figures. Governor Tod B. Caldwell during the war resided in handsome style in the quiet little town of Moreton. Of an old and honored family, he was proud and had but one object of intense affection—his son John. A handsome lad not twenty years of age. In the winter of 1862 this only son begged to be allowed to go to the army. Estimates were of no avail, and his father and his mother at last consented with tears, that he might join the army of northern Virginia. He enlisted in the Thirty-third regiment of North Carolina infantry, in Lane's brigade, Pender's division, A. P. Hill's corps, Ga. E.

When the campaign opened in 1863 no soldier was more daring than young Caldwell, and he was soon promoted from the ranks. In May he was made second lieutenant for his gallant and meritorious conduct. His regiment went into the Pennsylvania campaign.

At Gettysburg he was present and in the hottest of the fight. On the afternoon of July 3d, 1863, his regiment swept up in a slope within fifty yards of the federal lines, went closer yet, and bayoneted were exonerated. Suddenly the line moved back a little. Young Caldwell was never seen alive after that moment. He was at the front when the backward movement began. His father used all the influences of money and position to find the lost soldier, but unsuccessfully. The authorities refused to allow the graves to be opened. It could not be ascertained whether he was dead or alive, and the mother became one of the most terrible uncertainties. Under the strain the minds of the father and mother were nearly overcome. The father, grimly bearing his great sorrow, forbade any one to mention the son's name, and the terrible story was never alluded to, even by the mother.

In 1871 General Caldwell became governor of the state. Two years later he was an ex-confederate soldier named Lucas, from Hyde county, was elected to the legislature, and came to Raleigh. Some one told him one night the sad story of the death, or supposed death, and mystery of John Caldwell. The next day Lucas called on the governor and told him the truth last. Lucas was in another regiment, and had observed young Caldwell's brave bearing as they were near together. In the terrible moment of the reverse he had seen young Caldwell shot down while separated from his men and fighting, hand to hand, a New York soldier. After bearing this story and the further details of the burial of Caldwell by Lucas, the governor locked himself in his room and told only to his private secretary.

A few days ago Major Charles W. Cowtan, of New York city, wrote your correspondent, saying that he had in his possession the commission of an officer in a North Carolina regiment, which he had picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg. His regiment, the tenth New York, held the line at that point just after a terrible charge by the North Carolinians, in which one fair-haired boy was seen to be in the extreme. Major Cowtan had examined some of the dead confederates, who as thickly clattered the ground at the works, and near one found a torn and bloody commission, on which was legible only "John C."—of the name. Major Cowtan expressed a desire to return this commission if any relatives of the dead soldier could be found. The commission was sent to Mrs. A. P. Lane, and this hand-stained and torn piece of parchment is, he writes, all there is on earth to remind her of the dead son. For years she searched the lists for the name of the son, but, as far as I can learn, she never found it. She has now given it to me, and I have it in my possession.

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