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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S ESCAPE FROM CAMP MORTON, IND.

As Related by the Soldier Himself, (who was Mr. J. H. C. Duff, of Tennessee) in a letter written many years ago to his friend, J. E. Stanley, El Paso, White County, Arkansas.

You remember that I was at your bunk on the last night of January '64. After leaving you I got my ladder, expecting to get out on the west side, but was discovered and ordered back by a sentinel. I did not go into the barracks as ordered, but walked past the barracks and to a large tree near the Potomac (as we called the ravine which ran through the prison), and there awaited a storm which I saw gathering in the north. I had a tiresome wait and a cold one, for it was about 11 o'clock when I took my seat by the tree, and between 12 and 1 when I commenced crawling toward the wall on the south side. But the storm did come and a very favorable one for me, too, for it grew so dark that, turning my face to the north, as the sentinels would have to do to see me, I could not see my hand six inches away from my nose, while about midway in the southern half of the horizon the moon was shining brightly. I had the sentinels between me and the light streak in the south and could see every movement they made. But for the burning lamps I could have walked up to the wall undiscovered; but on account of these lights I thought it prudent to crawl with my ladder hanging upon my heels, my arms folded under me, pulling myself along by my elbows—I imagined I might have looked like a badly proportioned serpent—to within about fifteen feet of the fence or wall. Just as I was in the act of rising, two sentinels met directly in front of me (I thought I was in for it then) and one of them gave the other a chew of tobacco and each one walked to the opposite end of his beat. Just at this moment came a terrible dash of rain, accompanied by a blast of wind that made every loose plank and board in the barracks rattle; the sentinels threw the capes of their overcoats over their heads and put their guns under their arms. I quickly set my ladder against the wall, climbing hastily to the top round, caught the top of the planks in my hands, set foot on the top railing and vaulted over the sentinel's platform; then grabbed the other edge of the platform and swung off. My feet struck a slick bank and flew up like they had struck ice. The next portion of my body that struck was the place usually assigned to chairs (in these days) which made my teeth pop together with such a clatter that I thought for a moment the sentinel would surely hear it and at once raise the alarm. But hesitation was short. I soon picked myself up and found my pedal appendages were able to carry me away at no very mean pace. After running about two hundred yards, I suppose, tumbling into a couple of gullies on the way, I found myself on the road leading down to town. When I stopped to rest a moment and thank God for my success, I heard the sentinels each call out the number of their post and "half past one o'clock, all right!"

I felt considerably elated at my success and walked leisurely down to town, laying my plans for future operations. My mind was soon made up. Going directly to the depot where trains were coming and going quite rapidly, I applied to several conductors for a situation as brakeman on some train, but failed to get a "posish." Fearing that daylight would find me in the city, I was about starting out on foot, for some "more secluded spot," when I heard the whistle of a train coming in from the north. I resolved to tarry and see that conductor; but to my astonishment, before the train had fairly stopped, a stream of Confederate officers began to pour out of a coach, and, walking into a saloon close by, began to help themselves to such refreshments as their appetites craved, and their purses commanded. Seeing that no officers accompanied them, as was the custom of prisoners, I stalked into the saloon, apparently quite carelessly, and watching my opportunity, gave one of them a sly pinch and walked out into the dark, where he followed me, and I asked him why they did not have the usual guards with them. He explained that they were being sent from St. Louis, Mo., to Camp Chase, Ohio; that they

had signed an obligation upon leaving St. Louis not to attempt an escape or leave the cars without permission of the officers in charge, two of whom were in the coach from which I had seen them come out. I soon explained my situation to him and inquired if there was any chance for me to travel with them until daylight. He said that the chance was good, that he would get one of the smaller of his crowd to hide under a seat, while the officer was counting on their return and while I remained on the coach. So when the whistle blew I fled into the crowd of prisoners and into the coach with them. Daylight found me about fifty miles from Indianapolis, and while the train stopped at a station for wood and water, I stepped off and struck out through the country on foot, feeling pretty wild and hungry, too, for I had eaten nothing since the previous morning about 10 o'clock, except a cracker given me by one of the officers with whom I had traveled from the city.

I was too shy to stop or speak to any of the residents of the little village through which I passed after leaving the train. They were just getting up, throwing open windows or door, apparently to observe whether or not it was daylight. I jogged along, imagining that I looked very suspicious and so soon as I got out of sight of the little village I jumped over into a field, took across it, and into the woods on the opposite side, trying to keep on a line parallel with the road I had left. I traveled in this way through woods and fields until about the middle of the day when I began to think I was acting very foolishly, and that by pursuing such a course, I was likely to excite more suspicion, if seen, than by traveling on the public road. So I took myself upon a hill from which I observed a village a little to the right of the direction I was traveling. I made my way to the little village, which I afterwards learned was Cambridge. I found the streets full of people among whom were a good many furrowed soldiers. I hung around the saloons and largest crowds of people, trying to spot a copperhead or Southern sympathizer, but not succeeding in detecting anything which was likely to turn to my advantage. I again took up my line of march on the pike leading east. After a considerable walk for a sorefooted man, I came to another little village, where I pretended to make some inquiries about the road, but every one I accosted answered me, "Nix fursta English." I replied, "Nix fursta German," and passed on. Knowing that there was a German town in Indiana, I concluded that must be the place, and afterwards learned that I was correct. From that place I left the pike and took the railroad, which had a good footpath up in the center. When I had walked about three or four hundred yards, I heard some one calling me from behind to halt. I looked around and beheld, as I thought, a soldier, with a gun upon his shoulder. I had neglected to pull my pants out of my boot legs before commencing to crawl through the mud in Camp Morton and the consequence was that the rain, which fell in torrents after I started, had washed the mud from my clothes into my boots, and my feet were getting very sore on account of it. And I knew that it would be of no use for me to try to escape as the stag did the mastiff. So I sat down upon the iron railing with my back to my pursuer, picked up a couple of limestone rocks of about two pounds each, intending when he got close enough, to knock him down with a stone, take his gun and dispatch him, and take through the woods the nearest route I could guess for the Ohio River. But there was no use for this resolution to be executed. When he came within a few paces of me, I turned my head and found myself confronted by a plain intelligent looking citizen with an ax upon his shoulder, who began immediately to apologize for his manner of accosting me, saying he was mistaken in the man. I told him he was excusable and that what I had lost in time was likely to be paid by the pleasure of his company for a short distance. Upon this re-

mark about company, he, very naturally asked how far I was going down the road? I told him I did not know. "Well what point are you aiming for?" "I don't know." "Well what is your business?" "I haven't any business, sir." "Well, sir, you are a singular genius! You don't know how far you are going, where you are going, and have no business," I replied: "I am in search of employment or business, don't know where I will find it, nor how far I will have to go before I find it." He then proposed for me to cut cord wood and began a general conversation about the condition of the country. He leaned strongly towards the South; was bitterly opposed to the war against Southern institutions waged by the administration party of nigger heads, as he called them. I was afraid to be too rash, so I pretended to be in for the administration party, told him I was a native of Tennessee, that times had been so hard down there, that the Rebs would not let a man stay at home, and attend to his own business; that he either had to go into the Rebel army, lie in the woods, or leave the country, (making him believe that I was there seeking Yankee protection) that I had been bruising around in government employment for some time, (did not say Confed. gov.) and saved no money, that I wanted employment in the country where the temptation to spend money was not so great, and probably I could save money enough to take me home, to see my father and mother, now that we (the Yanks) had possession of the country, and the rebels were all south of the Tennessee river.

"Well, young man," said he, "your father and mother may be very clever people, and it would be a pity to turn them out of doors, but I would be glad to know that such people as you had nothing but ashes to turn to."

I pretended to be considerably offended at this remark, (and squaring) myself in front of him, asked if he was not afraid to talk to me in that way. "Afraid," said he, "who the d—l do you suppose is afraid to talk to a man who will run away from his country to keep from fighting for it, when everything he has is at stake—his honor if nothing more."

I was satisfied he was the man I was hunting and offered him my hand on his last remark, but he refused to take it, and asked an explanation. He said I turned too suddenly from black to white. I told him that I had only talked as I had to draw him out, that I was a rebel soldier and had been trying to fight for my country ever since the war broke out; that I had been captured at the battle of Chickamauga, had escaped from Camp Morton that morning, that I was sorefooted, tired, hungry and penniless, and that I wanted him to prove his sympathy for me and my cause by doing something for me. He said he was willing to assist me if I could prove to his satisfaction that I was what I professed to be. I then showed him some letters which I had received while in Camp Morton. After looking over them and examining the envelopes carefully he was satisfied—said he was a single man and boarded with a family of "blackies" as he called the administration party, and would not feel safe in taking me home with him lest I should betray myself or he betray me in an unguarded moment, but he would take me to stay with an old Dutchman, who was all right—he and all his family. So off we started. When we got in sight of the house he said to me, "You stop here and I will go up and see if the coast is clear; if there is any one at his house who is not all right, I will go on home, and they will send some one to have you cared for. If the coast is clear I will halo and you will come to the house." I saw him enter the house. In two or three minutes he came out and called me. I went and was met by a warm reception—was greeted with so much kindness and consideration that I soon felt quite at ease.

After breakfast, by directions from the old gentleman, I made my way to Brownsville in the residence of a gentleman there, Dr. R., distant about twelve miles, who sent me to another friend, about two miles in the country, where I remained that night; when, as we, the proprietor, his wife and daughter and myself were sitting around the parlor stove talking about the condition of the country, and my chance for a safe trip to Confederacy, the probabilities of a recapture, etc., we were suddenly interrupted by some one rapping at the door. I began to look wild and was about grabbing for a shot gun close by. Mine host admonished me not to be excited, that it was the rap of our friend, and proceeded to open the door. Sure enough it was "our friend," and stepping up to me quite familiarly called me "Mr. Craig." (J. H. Craig was my s u n d e d name) as though he had known me for years, saying that the Dr. had sent for me to come down and see him.

It was a bitter cold night and I felt like complaining about having to leave such comfortable quarters, at that time of night. But I bade farewell to the friends who had treated me so kindly, and started for the Doctor's, walking and riding alternately, to keep from freezing. We soon made our way to Brownsville, where I found quite a crowd of ladies and gentlemen awaiting my arrival, upon which I was very cordially greeted, and soon introduced to a nice oyster supper, with cakes and champagne as a dessert, and was told to consider myself the lion of the occasion, and wade in. I accepted the proposition "instanter" and asked the assembled guests to consider themselves welcome, and lend me a helping hand, lest the waters should prove too deep for me who had profited but little, by experience, in that kind of wading for several months. The invitation was promptly accepted. A merry supper had indeed. After supper we had some tripping of the "light fantastic toe" to the music of a violin, and I bade my friends farewell, except one who accompanied me, and with many words of cheer, and good wishes for my welfare, and safe arrival in the Confederacy, and the success of our cause, following me. I resumed my march in the "wee sma hours o' the morning," in the same style I came to the village but in a different direction, for a neighborhood in which I would be more secure

from danger of arrest, where I could determine upon a future plan of operations, and receive such assistance as I needed. We arrived at Dunlapville, Union county, before day, and by means of the peculiar raps of my companion and the exchange of a few interrogatories and replies, we gained admission to quite a respectable residence; when we dispatched a hasty breakfast, by candle light.

Here we made the acquaintance of a good looking and interesting young lady with whom I corresponded for some time after the surrender. After breakfast we went two or three miles into the country, where I was introduced to another group of friends, and remained some eight or nine days and nights, being treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. The family with whom I stopped made me a new suit of clothes and the club (copperhead) of that beat donated money to pay my traveling expenses home. Many of my friends wanted me to go to Canada, and stay until the war was over, and many times, when I had to lie down in the cold mud, wet and rain, after I got back to the South, I wished that I had gone to Canada with some of them who were going from that neighborhood. But I was so anxious to get a little revenge for the treatment I had received while in prison that I could not entertain any idea but that of returning to the army. So according to my wishes, a friend took me in his two-horse buggy one evening and rode me down to Brownsville. It was an hour or so after dark when we arrived at our destination, where we found another party awaiting our arrival. But I did not mix with the party for I could not help being uneasy about making so many acquaintances for fear some one might happen to betray me in some way or another, so I went to the lady's room, took a little bread and tea and soon retired.

Next morning I procured a ticket for Cincinnati, and bade farewell to my friends in Brownsville, and rolled swiftly away, filled with both hope and fear, in contemplation of my trip South. Nothing of note occurred on the train except seeing a big "nigger" kiss an ugly old white woman. We arrived at Cincinnati I hired a cab, the boat was just pulling off from the shore. I called to them to hold on and jumped on the boat, the guard stepping to one side to let me in. I pretended not to see them, and went falling into the crowd on the boat, and was soon out of sight of them. The boat was but a few minutes in crossing, and as the boat landed I fell into line with some cattle drivers and helped them drive some cattle out of the boat, and thus avoided showing a pass or paying the ferrage. I went into Covington, and if I remember correctly, took a stage for Florence, distant about ten miles. Arrived in Florence, Kentucky, I soon made myself acquainted with the proprietor of the hotel at that place with whom some of my Indian friends were acquainted and knew him to be all right, and to whom I had a recommendation in the form of a photograph of one of my Indian friends. Here I was treated with much kindness and consideration. The proprietor of the hotel took me through the hotel showed me a well furnished room, and told me to consider myself at home and call for anything I wanted

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and come to his table and bar-room for anything I wanted to eat or drink. Here I remained for two or three days.

I began to feel quite at ease, for I found that every family in the place were Rebels, but one, and the Yankee had moved that family into a house of a citizen who was in the Rebel army. Here I made the acquaintance of a young man who was on his way to Nashville. I had intended to make my way through Kentucky by private conveyance, from one family to another a day's travel apart, but was informed that the Yankees were scouring the country arresting a great many persons upon suspicion of their belonging to Morgan's squad, who had recently escaped from Ohio, and that it would be more prudent for me to travel by public conveyance. I could not obtain a ticket to go South by railroad, but the young man whose acquaintance I made said he thought we could go by steamboat without passes; so I agreed with him that we would try it that way, and accordingly we left Florence early one morning and went to Cincinnati; found a boat there bound for Nashville and took passage for the city without being questioned about my passes. I had some fun on board this boat (the Melnotte) with the boat's crew, or rather, they thought they had it with me. I passed myself for a Hoosier, fresh from the rural districts of Indiana, and I saw a great many curious things along the river, and they had their own fun explaining things to me and hearing my droll remarks. Thus things passed on the boat for eight or ten days, for we made a very slow trip, they having their fun out of the Hoosier I had mine all to myself, pretending to laugh very heartily at some of their remarks, or my own, but laughing all the time at the idea of their being so badly fooled, for they would treat to anything I wanted just to hear my fool talk about how we done things up in "Injiani." The fare was excellent and the sleeping accommodations good, so I enjoyed the trip finely.

Upon our arrival in Nashville I called on some of my acquaintances, but they were so closely watched by the Yankees that they were afraid to try any plan to get me out of the city for fear of being detected. I stayed in Nashville three days and nights without making any progress that I could discover towards getting any further south; but I finally met with some men from this country

with whom I was acquainted, and through them I made the acquaintance of another man in this country for whom they were driving teams in the cotton-hauling business. I soon effected arrangements with him to drive one of his teams for him by procuring the pass of the former driver and was not long in getting the team ready and starting, and although it was late in the evening I drove out about seven miles that evening and stayed with a family all night without letting them know who I was until the next morning. The next day's travel brought me to Eaglesville, in Rutherford county, where I spent the night in the same manner as I did the first night, without making myself known until morning.

The next day's travel brought me about seven miles this side of Shelbyville where I put up for the night with an acquaintance with whom I had some fun before he recognized me. He grabbed about the cotton haulers and everybody else wanting him to feed their teams when they might know that the Yankees and bushwhackers and everybody else were looking on him, one party calling him "seesh" and the other calling him "union" &c., &c. I was talking to him in the dark then, but when I got my team disposed of and came into the light and was recognized it was all right, and in place of putting me to bed in the little office, as he intended, he would have me come in the house.

I was then in thirteen miles of home, and how to get there without being recognized was the trouble. I wanted to stay at home a few weeks, and to do so in safety I thought it best to let no one recognize me, for people would talk too much that meant no harm, and some might see me that might inform the Yanks. So I left my team according to previous arrangement and struck out for home on foot, through the woods most of the time, and succeeded in making my way home by 1 o'clock on the last day of February without being recognized by any one until under the paternal roof.

Senator Spooner as a Prisoner

Senator Spooner furnished a contribution yesterday to the great words heard in debate. In connection with the Panama discussion, he referred to "the 'archdeacon' of the government."

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