

WAR-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Some Notes of Gettysburg—Crawling Between the Lines in the Dark—A Burial at Sea—Notes of Prison Life—Getting a Start After the War.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

For some time I have wanted to write an article on some of the "thrilling incidents" which took place during the Civil War '61-'65.

On the first of July, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pa., we encountered the Federals, 100,000 strong, under command of Gen. George G. Meade. The "Yanks" held a strong position. This we attacked with great valor and fury on the second; but met with heavy loss. We renewed the attack on the third, but were compelled to withdraw after immense slaughter. Meade held the field and won the day. The Federal loss was about 25,000, our loss about 35,000 men. In this engagement I was taken prisoner of war, was shot in the thigh and taken to a Federal Hospital to recuperate, but of that later.

The battle of Gettysburg was a hard fight. We started on the march with three days rations and got to the point of the second day of the battle July 2, 1863. Well, we got into it, "hot and heavy." We drove in the Yankee Cavalry and the sharpshooters. That night we lay before the Federal breastworks. That was the night I heard a wounded Yankee calling for water. Myself and Mr. Tillman Foster were together. The wounded man was calling so pitiful for a drink of water that I thought I would go to him and give him a drink; I had a canteen-full of water, so I started out on my hands and knees, crawling along. I crawled a long way—about six hundred feet, I guess. Anyhow, I got so close to the Federal breast-works that I could hear them whispering one to another!

I found the poor fellow lying there, not more than a hundred feet from the Federal position or breast-works. I "swapped" canteens with him, and started crawling back on my hands and knees. On my way back to our lines I crawled upon a Colt's Navy Revolver, calibre 38; this I captured. It was so dark I could not see a foot beyond my nose. I crawled and crawled, and crawled, and finally got within the Confederate or rebel lines. I knew if I missed my way back in this intense darkness that I would be shot for a Yankee spy, as our men were out on picket.

We always had plenty to eat, but before leaving camp our rations would be reduced to a pound of flour, and a half pound of bacon and a pint of peas. Often I've bought pies from an old black "lady" at 3 for 25 cents. The citizens at Gettysburg were kind to us in making and baking rations, bread and soup. Some said the soup was made of cats! (One poor boy said he found a cat's leg in his soup. I've eaten horse steak, it was tough enough to make door hinges.) Our line of men were out on picket. I found Mr. Foster and was recognized. I tell you, taking that poor boy water was a dangerous trip—I took my life in my hands. The third morning the Yankees moved us around to the right of our former position; in moving, we "jumped" a fox and it ran around among the men till we hemmed the creature in a corner and caught it. In a minute the order: "Charge the breast-works," was given. We charged the battery, we charged through the woods and then came to an open field and close to the Federal breast-works; then we got into battle, hot, heavy and fierce; brave boys

were falling like wheat stalks before the scythe. I got wounded in the left thigh with a "spent" ball. I got up and crawled down a drain or hollow to where the Ambulance Corps could find me, I was carried to a field hospital where the wounded were cared for. That night our men had to leave there, and left us wounded men in the hands of the enemy. We lay there two days before they (the Yankees) did anything for us; then the Federal surgeons came and "doctored" us up, and they gave us good treatment and kind.

After we got so we could go and had recuperated sufficient strength, the Federals put us on the cars and took us to the town of Chester, Pa., where a Yankee hospital was located; here we were cared for till restored to health, here we remained until we were out of danger. Next they took us to Elmira, New York, Federal prison.

Small-pox broke out in the prison where I was confined, the "burial corps" took them out within 4 feet of my bunk. They then carried them out to an old field, dug a trench and put them on top of one another and were buried, thus I had the pleasure of being vaccinated after being exposed to the disease about two weeks. The Federal M. D.'s vaccinated me on both arms, both calves of my legs, back and breast, when it took I was sick, sick!

We went to the wharf where we took a vessel and started for Savannah, Ga., to be "exchanged." On the trip a young man died at sea he was wrapped in blankets, a heavy iron weight (like a weight horses are fastened to) was tied to his ankles, and he was pitched overboard like a bale of hay; he hit the blue waters with a heavy splash, the white foam rose around the spot, the waters covered the place and the body sank out of sight in the Atlantic.

We had a long ride from Chester, Pa., to Elmira N. Y. When we got to N. Y. City, they took the engine away and hitched horses to the cars and pulled us through the city to another depot or railway station, where they put on another engine and pulled us to Elmira, where they kept a Federal prison. We staid in Elmira one month. While there, some prisoners tunneled under the prison wall and got clean away. The tunnel was over a hundred feet long, and wide enough for a man to crawl in, or through, I should have said. It is cold up there. There was snow the last of September or the first of October I can't mind which. There came orders to "exchange all prisoners that were not able for duty." I got hold of a stick and hobbled around. The "Yanks" put me down as "disabled." We were marked down for Savannah Georgia. We marched down the street to the steamboat and "piled in." We came down the Susquehanna river to Baltimore, Md., and then out into the waters of the old ocean. We "lay at anchor," as they called it, for a day or so before we moved again. The boat held 500 men, "prisoners of war," besides the crew. We had a rough-tough time on board and rations were like hen teeth. Well, I got to Savannah Georgia and was exchanged. \* \* \*

We stopped at Point Lookout, Va., and stayed there a day and night. Then we went to the mouth of the Rappahannock river. Here we anchored. We sent men in a schooner up the river several miles for water for the ship. The ship were on was too large to come near the mouth, in other words, the river channel was too shallow to allow it to ascend. On this account, we had to keep out in the sea in deep water out of sight of land. When we got to Savannah, we anchored and blew the signal-whistle. They sent a tug boat and a schooner out to us. It took the tug boat 4 times to unload the prisoners and part of the crew. The citizens of Savannah gave us prisoners a "grand supper," for which I will be always thankful—thankful for the kindness for it came in handy to a set of famished men. We remained in Savannah over night. The next morning I took the cars for the "up-lands." I went to Branchville and found out that Sherman had torn up the track. We backed to Savannah and took another road to Charleston, S. C. I went from Charleston to Columbia, and finally I got to Chester, S. C., from there to York (now Yorkville, it had no "ville" then,) it was daylight; after a "forced march" of one day, I arrived at home, near

Pisgah church, and was met with open arms by my family.

There are plenty of old houses around here that had their first roofs put on with wooden pegs. We grew our wool, cotton and flax for several years after the war and our mothers spun, wove, cut and made our clothes. Sometimes we got them dyed, sometimes not. We used to pick the seed out of cotton at night by fire light; we would lay the seed cotton out on the hearth that it might dry out and part with its seeds easier; it was nothing uncommon for a pile to catch fire and burn up. More than one lazy boy has set his pile on fire to keep from picking it out. I was a man grown before I saw an iron cook stove. I have seen a lamp made by dipping sycamore seed balls in tallow and setting it on fire. I was born in old South Carolina, and have seen my mother and sisters go out in the field and work like men. When father died mother took up the business—for farming is a business. Mother carried it on successfully.

Thanking you in advance for space and promising to write more "war history," I will draw to a close. I was a private in Co. B, 28th Reg. N. C. Troops.

Your Friend,  
JOHN A. MORROW,  
Rural Route 1, Gastonia N. C.

TRUTH STRANGER than FICTION

Mr. Davidson Groff Turns up After an Absence of Thirty-eight Years.

Concord Times.

Mr. Davidson Groff, who left this county 38 years ago, and had never been heard from since returned here last Wednesday. And thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Groff was 17 years of age when he was married to Mrs. Samuel Russell, and they lived in the lower part of this county. One day when their only child (now Mrs. Moses Lawing, of Concord,) was only seven months old Mr. Groff came to Concord. He rode a mule, and during the day sold the mule and with the money bought a ticket to southern Illinois, leaving his wife and child behind. From that day until last Wednesday none of Mr. Groff's friends or relatives had ever heard of his whereabouts, and supposed him dead. Mrs. Groff eight years after her husband left married Mr. Wm. Lee, of this county, having previously seen in some newspaper a notice of the death of Mr. Groff. Meantime Mr. Groff married in Illinois, where he now has a wife and four children. We suppose he also thought his wife dead.

Mr. Groff has a brother here, Mr. Jake Groff, of the Gibson mill. As soon as he arrived Wednesday he hunted him up and learned from him that his daughter was living in Concord. He went to see Mrs. Lawing at once, and later with his brother went out in the country to see Mr. and Mrs. Lee. The surprise of Mrs. Lee, as well as all the friends of Mr. Groff, can well be imagined, as they all thought him dead. Mr. Groff made the statement when he left here, we learn, that he expected to be "dead" for 20 years.

Mrs. Lee has been married to Mr. Lee for 30 years, but they have no children.

Mr. Groff says he will remain here visiting for several months before returning to Illinois.

Truth is indeed, stranger than fiction.

KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH.

Hyomel Goes to the Root of the Disease and Makes Astonishing Cures.

Catarrh cannot be cured by the use of pills, liquid medicines and so-called system tonics. Under such treatment the germs of the disease will still live in the air passages and increase and multiply.

Hyomel is the only scientific and thorough way to cure catarrh. Killing the germs in the blood with the oxygen, destroys the microbes in the blood and effectually drives from the system all traces of catarrhal poison.

Probably the strongest evidence that can be offered as to the power of Hyomel to cure catarrh is the fact that J. H. Kennedy & Co. will agree to refund the money if you say Hyomel has not cured you.

The complete Hyomel outfit costs but \$1.00 and consists of an inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket, a medicine dropper and a bottle of Hyomel. The inhaler lasts a lifetime, and if one bottle does not cure, an extra bottle of Hyomel can be obtained for 50 cents. Jy26-20-A9-22

Subscribe for THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

By His Fruits.

Richmond News Leader.

The campaign just beginning promises to be the most dangerous and disagreeable for the colored people the country has ever known and, of course, the white people North and South will have their full share of the danger, loss and unpleasantness. This unhappy promise is the direct result of the folly of the president. No doubt he is an honest man and at bottom his purposes are good. Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley in their day were honest men and, for that matter, John Brown was honest and unquestionably courageous. They brought hideous trouble on the country, however, and by their insane fanaticism and wild disregard of the rights of those who refused to think with them drenched the country with blood and blighted it with shame and disaster. An honest fool or a clean man crazed by his own fanaticism and folly is the most dangerous of all men and the most destructive of all leaders. Already the results of the president's social equality ideas begin to appear. Ten days ago a negro preacher, named Gaskins, we believe, walked into a white barber shop at Oyster Bay, the president's summer home, demanded to be shaved and made a row when he was refused. He cited the example of President Roosevelt in having Booker Washington at his dinner table to support his contention that he had a right to be shaved in the same shop with the white men and with the same razor, notwithstanding the plea of his proprietor that the operation would ruin his business. The last heard from Gaskins he was threatening to appeal to the president. The Washington Post of yesterday prints a letter signed Henry S. Baker and purporting to be from a colored man. Probably it is a fake, but it illustrates the spirit that is coming into this campaign. The writer points out that in the Republican National convention the colored man was treated as a "companion, friend and brother," not only a political but a social equal. He argues that if Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected, the colored people will be in a position to demand that Booker Washington be nominated by the Republicans for vice-president in 1908. As illustrating the temper of the Republicans towards the colored race, he directs attention to the scene at the Republican National convention when a white girl and a colored boy, children of delegates, were put on the stand together, waving flags and leading the cheers for Roosevelt.

The conservative and thinking white people of the South have a sincere traditional affection for the negro, sympathize earnestly with his many troubles and burdens and honestly respect his efforts to improve his condition. All classes of white people in the South, however, are keenly sensitive on the subject of social equality. All have the same instinct of racial supremacy and purity. All resent bitterly any suggestion of blending the races and they recognize social equality and intercourse as a sure step towards that supreme horror. The rowdy and unthinking class of whites in the South seek occasion for offence against the negro and are too ready always to pick a quarrel with him. In this situation the negro's hope of peace and prosperity is to be inoffensive and to avoid clash whenever possible and to keep to himself. The most sensible, intelligent and respectable negroes understand these facts. They know that discord, disorder and strife are bad for both races, especially for the business elements, and they recognize that while both must suffer in such circumstances, the negro inevitably gets the worst of it with all the power and the administration of the law in the hands of the other race.

We were peaceful and quiet and establishing our mutual relations gradually, but pleasantly and comfortably enough, and here comes Mr. Roosevelt with one firebrand and the Republican convention with another. They have stirred up the fool element of both races, incited the black to assert himself as being good as the white man and entitled to equal privileges and to associate with him and provoked the white man to abnormal sensitiveness and to be on the look out for aggression and more than usually eager to find and resist it.

The North is not in sympathy with fanaticism on the negro question. If the Democratic

## Great Saving on Summer Goods

The money-saving sale of summer goods still goes on at Yeager's and will last until July 30th. Come to-day. Here are some interesting items for you.

- Lawns and Dimities 5c.**  
One lot of colored 10-cent lawns and dimities going at, yard 5c
- Embroideries**  
All going the same way—25 per cent off.
- Corsets and waists, one-third off.**  
Everything in corsets and waists, except the W. B. and Royal Worcester at regular prices, will go at one third off, or 67 cents on the dollar—300 corsets to go in this sale.
- Half-price Remnants.**  
Short pieces, odds and ends in dress goods at half price. BABY CAPS, also, at half-price. STRAW SAILORS for ladies and children at half price.
- Walking Skirts.**  
They were regular at \$4 to \$6, now they go for \$3 and \$3.25.

Come and see. The goods are full value, the prices much below.

## JAMES F. YEAGER

### Fleck's Celebrated Powders

- POULTRY FOOD . . . . . 25c
- CONDITION POWDERS . . . . . 25c
- STOCK FOOD . . . . . 50c
- LICE KILLER . . . . . 25c

These goods are all guaranteed to be exactly as recommended, or money refunded.

## Adams Drug Co.

IF YOU BUY IT OF TORRENCE-MORRIS CO. IT'S ALL RIGHT

### TO WATCH BUYERS

We have the best assortment of Watches in this section of the State. We will duplicate any reliable watch at the price, save you express charges, and any risk of future annoyance. We sell reliable watches from \$2.00 up. We sell the 7, 15, 17, and 21 jeweled watches in the different grades in Nickel, Sterling Silver, Gold Filled and 14 K. Solid Gold cases. We Guarantee all Watches, and if they prove faulty from workmanship, we will replace them.

## TORRENCE-MORRIS CO.

UP-TO-DATE JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

ALWAYS YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

### DUE WEST FEMALE COLLEGE.

FORTY-SIXTH SESSION BEGINS SEPT. 14TH.

Strong faculty of four men and ten women. A. B., B. S. and L. I. degrees. Special advantages in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Expression, Art and Business.

AIMS:  
Christian culture, high moral standards, thorough work, comfortable home life, and careful motherly oversight.

For catalog, address  
**REV. JAMES BOYCE, President,**  
Due West, S. C.

### WHAT COLLEGE?

Davenport College for Young Women at Lenoir.

WHY?  
"Five Good Reasons."

WRITE TO  
**CHARLES C. WEAVER, Pres.**

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE