PRISON LIFE IN TEXAS.

Capture, Imprisonment and Escape of J. N. Howard, Co. "E," 32 Iowa Volunteers.

CHAPTER IX.

We received a pass to the soldiers' home. That insured us board and lodging but we thought rather hard of them for not letting us have clothing as we did not like to be seen in such a plight. It was near five o'clock when we arrived at the soldiers' home. We went in and were about to show our passes when a soldier came in at the door. I saw on his cap rim the number of the battery to which he belonged. I asked him if he belonged to the Dubuque battery. He answered in the affirmative. I then asked him if that command was stationed at that place He said it was. With this information I was well pleased, as there were a great many boys in that battery I was well acquainted with, and I knew if I saw them I could hear from home—could hear from my father and mother, brothers and sisters. It had been fifteen months since I had heard from any of my friends.

You may imagine my anxiety to see the boys once more, as I was always a great home boy and thought a great deal of my friends, although in all my wonderings and travels since I had left home I had not allowed myself to become homesick, for I had noticed that all that had brooded over their homes and became homesick had nearly all died.

I found out where the battery was stationed. It was one mile away, quite a walk but I started to find them. It was nearly night when I come to their camp. I met one of the battery boys a short distance from the barrack and asked him if William Bisbee was there. He said he was. I asked him if he would please tell him to come this way as I would like to see him. He went to hunt him up while I took a seat on the wood pile. In a very short time I saw them coming and as they turned the corner of the barrack I heard Bisbee say:

"What rebel is that, that wants to see me?"

As he came up I said: "how are you, Will?"

"You have the advantage of me," he said.

He did not recognize me for some time, but when he found out who I was he seemed more surprised than ever. He spoke my name quite loud. (My appearance on the wood pile had attracked the attention of a number of the batterry boys who were looking on.) When they heard my name they gathered around me and if I got a shaking up it was then as there were so many of them from my immediate neighborhood. I will not try to describe my feelings at this time, but suffice it to say that I was more than happy and almost beside myself. The boys wanted to know how I happened there. I then gave them a short speech or in other words, a short account of my escape. Their sympathies were very great. They could not do enough for me. They gave me some clothing and in a short time I was dressed in the blue once more. After the excitement was over I asked about my father though I was afraid to ask about him for fear I would hear of his or some one of the family's death, but I found that they were all well a short time before, but had moved to Nebraska. I then inquired of Bisbee all about his folks as I had made up my mind to make his sister my wife if I lived to get home, and all the while I was in the army I thought of her as the girl I left behind me.

We talked until a late hour when we layed down for the night, but it was impossible to sleep. I was so excited and things so changed and in fact I almost felt that I was in heaven, although the streets of Little Rock were not paved with gold, but the thought that I was out of the reach of the heartless foe and was free with no thanks to the Southern confederacy was almost overpowering. It was nearly daylight when I fell asleep. At the tap of the drum, I was up to look at the beauties of nature; it seemed all was happy. I saw the boys in blue fall in line at roll call and answer to their names just as I had so often done.

I stayed with the battery boys until ten o'clock when I bade them good-bye and went to join Packard at the soldiers' home. I found him alright and he had had his likeness taken in the same old clothes that he had made his escape in, and if any of my readers want to see it, just call at my house, for I keep it as a souvenir. We drew some clothing and were in style once more.

We asked the provo-marshall what he would do with us. He said that we could go home or go to our regiment, just as we pleased, as our time would be out in a few weeks. After thinking the matter over we made up our minds to go home, although we had a desire to see our old regiment once more as we had been together so long and had become attached to each other like brothers, but as the regiment was stationed at Montgomery, Ala., at that time, it was too far away, and our anxiety so great for home we were not long in making up our minds to start for the north. At twelve o'clock there was a train that started for Deballs Bluffs on White river so we procured transportation and made ready to start on that train.

Before closing I must say something about Mr. Jewett, our old friend and comrade and I will give a short account of his adventures after our separation as he told them to me afterward. We learned that he had passed through Little Rock two or three days before our arrival, as he was not detained on the road as long as we were. He struck our lines at Fort Smith, he ran down to Little Rock thence to New Orleans. I knew nothing more about him for five years when I met him at a soldiers' reunion at Des Moines, Iowa, I was more than glad to see him and had the pleasure of seeing his family as they were all at the reunion. He there gave me an account of his adventures after our separation. I will here give it in his own words as near as I can. On going to the house and inquiring for Mr. Whistle, a rebel soldier that chanced to be there said:

"I know where he lives and am going in sight of his house and will show you the way."

I thought that if I recognized you he might suspect something, so I thought it best to pass right on and then return to you as we had agreed, so I went on to Mr. Whistle's and found that he was a union man and at home, but he said: "I cannot help you any, only to give you your dinner and direct you on your way, as there is a woman visiting here today and she is a rank rebel." (Now I knew the reason that they did not report us to rebel command at Paraclifta.) I ate my dinner and started to return to you but got astray on another road. When discovering my mistake, I returned to the forks of the road and took the right one. I returned to where I had left you and ran around in the brush, calling you. When assured that you had gone, if it would have done any good I could have sat down and cried. Going back to the house where I had found the rebel soldier, I stopped over night and the next morning I struck out for Little Rock, alone. In my wanderings I got on the road to Fort Smith; was captured by the guerrillas, and condemned to be hung without judge or jury. In this extremity the lieutenant of the band took me to one side and asked me what our government would do with them if they should go in and give themselves up and take the oath of allegiance. I replied they would not do anything. "You might go to your home and be all right."

"If I could believe that, I would be tempted to go in with you," he said.

I plead for dear life—used all the arts of persuasion of which I was capable and finally convinced him to the extent that he consented to go in with me and take the oath of allegiance. On making the proposal to his men they would not consent and insisted on hanging me at once. The lieutenant expostulated with them, but finding they were determined to hang me, and arguments useless, he drew his revolver and said: "the first man that lays a hand on him will get a bullet through him." The men then gave it up. He gave me a horse to ride and we started for Ft. Smith. On arriving in sight of our pickets, the guerrilla's heart failed him and he said that he did not dare to go in. I found that all arguments with him were useless. The lieutenant said: "my mother lives at Ft. Smith inside the lines, you go to her; give her the horse, and tell her that I am alright, is all I ask of you." So we separated, the rebel going back to his companions and I toward the fort. On arriving in sight of our pickets I was challenged, and not being able to give the countersign, I was taken to the guard house for the night. Not a very agreeable reception after such an experience as mine The next morning I asked to be taken to the commanding officer and convincing him of my identity I was released from custody, and went on my way rejoicing.

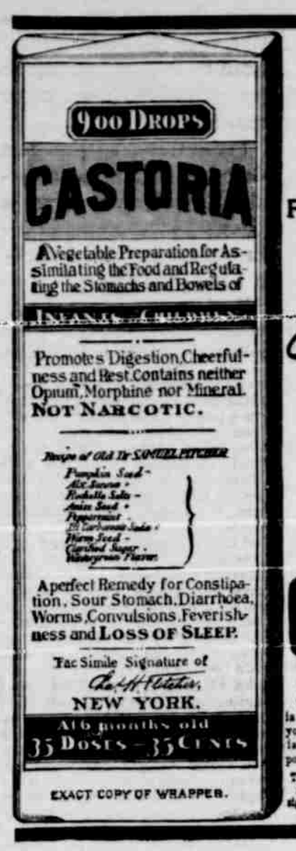
Coming back to our trip up the river, there are a few incidents which may properly be related. We came to Columbus, Kentucky, the place where we had spent the winter before going on the Red river expedition. Our steamer landed at the wharf, and I wanted to take a stroll over the town once more; I could not since we were only there a few minutes but we could see the barracks on the hill that we had made. From there we went to Cairo, Ill. It was nearly night when we got there and as we were out of provisions we were compelled to stop and get transportation to St. Louis. We stayed there over night and the next morning we went to the provo-marshall's office and asked for transportation. The marshall told us that he could not grant us transportation as he had no authority to send anyone to the north. We had but little to say to him but he said that he would have to send us to the regiment. We left him in a hurry, as there was danger of us being put in the guard house. We went from there to the landing and found a boat just ready to start for St. Louis. We went on board and went to the captain and told him our situation. He wanted to know if we had any money. We told him we had two dollars, he said "give it to me and you can go to St. Louis." We were all right with him but was short of rations. The boat shoved off and we were once more on our way.

That afternoon Packard stopped at Cape Girardeau, where he had some friends that he wished to see. I was now alone, as far as acquaintances were concerned. The next halt was at St. Louis. I must go back a little with my story.

After staying over night at the soldiers home Packard and I were taking a stroll down town, when imagine our surprise to come face to face with one of our old comrades whom we had left in prison. We accosted him thus: "why, halloo, how in the world did you get here?" He was pretty much surprised than we, for he thought we were dead, as they had heard nothing from us, since our escape. "Well, sir;" said he, "we have been paroled and the boys went up the river last night, bound for St. Louis." On arriving at St. Louis, I found that my prison comrades had taken up their quarters at Benton barracks. I started at once to join them. I was very anxious to meet with them once more and take them by the hand. I knew that my sudden appearance among them would be quite a surprise for they had heard nothing of me since I made that hazardous leap over the stockade. It was raining and very muddy but I had no money to pay my fare on a street car so I was compelled to walk. I think it was four miles from the landing to the barracks but I made it in a short time. When I arrived there, the boys happened to be in the barracks. As I entered the door one of them spoke my name, when they leaped out of their bunks and made a general rush for me and one fellow jumped astride my neck and the rest gathered around with exclamations of surprise. After the excitement had subsided a little they told me that they thought I was dead and had written home to their friends to that effect. I remaind there three days waiting for orders. While there we received money to the amount of what our rations would have cost the government while we were in the prison. We then started for Davenport, Iowa, to be discharged.

On the way up the river we landed at Quincey, Ill. George Williams one of the comrades whose name I have already mentioned, proposed that he and I should take the train from there, as he had a sister that he wished to visit who lived on the Burlington and Chicago road in a small town (I have forgoten the name) to which I gladly consented. We arrived at his sisters at about twelve oclock that night. Here occured a very effecting scene, as his sister had supposed him dead ever since his capture. We rang the bell. She said "who is there". He at once said, "George." She knew his voice but did not speak but opened the door and fell in his arms and wailed out "oh George, I never expected to see you again, I thought you was dead." We remained there that night and in the morning the word went out over town that George had returned and his old friends and sweetheart come to see him. About noon we took the train for Davenport and arrived there that evening; we then learned that it would be ten days before we could get our discharge. We were allowed a furlough and went to our old home, 25 miles west of Cedar Falls on Beaver Creek in Butler county, Iowa. My father's farm was one mile west of a little town called Arlington. As I came to the top of a hill, known as the Clayton hill I could see all over the surrounding country—could see all the inhabitants of the town also my fathers farm and dwelling, although I knew that my father had moved away but the old home where I had spent many happy hours, was still there. It seemed the dearest spot on earth to me. My Uncle Robert Armstrong, was living on the old place at that time. As I came to the outskirts of the town, I first approached the home of my orderly sergeant, Samuel German, by name, who had been discharged for disability. I walked up to the door and asked "is Mr. German in?" His wife told me that he had gone to one of the neighbors, but would be back soon. Mrs German did not recognize me, although I had been acquainted with her for several years, but her sister, Mrs. Kerns, was there and she knew me and spoke my name. Then they both seemed very glad to see me and gave me a very cordial welcome. They then told me that Sattie had been there all day and had just gone home. This was the girl I "left behind me." Mr. German then came in. He did not at first know me and his wife asked "do you know this gentleman?" He gave me a quick searching glance and said "gad old boy, give us a shake of your paw." We sat and visited until after supper, when I took leave of my friends and went to my uncle's, on the old homestead, where I found my uncle and family, who had always thought of me as one of their family. I stayed with my friends until Tuesday. On Monday morning I sent word to Mr. Bisbee that I would be at his house next afternoon. According to arrangements I went to see Mr. Bisbee, (or his girl rather). I visited with the family until bedtime. After the family had retired I sat with Sattie and there told her what had been in my mind ever since I had been in the army. The result was that on the following Tuesday the 4th of July we were married. The next Sunday I left my wife and started back to Davenport to be discharged. From there I started to Nebraska to hunt my father. I took a steamer for Equawka Ills. as I had many relatives at that place which I wished to visit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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RECEIVER'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned, by virtue of an order and decree, made by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, in a suit therein pending wherein J J Morgan is plaintiff, and E C Hughes and J W Morgan are defendants, and to the undersigned directed, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, at the south door of the Court house, in Hillsboro, Wash. County, Oregon, on Saturday the 13th day of March, 1897, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all of the books, book accounts, judgments, and credits belonging to the late firm of Hughes, Morgan & Rogers. This sale will be made subject to a lien held by the First National Bank of Hillsboro, Oregon, the amount of which will be stated at the time of the sale, and the sale to be subject to the approval of T A McBride, Judge of the above named Court.

A list of credits to be sold will be furnished at the time of sale.

J. W. SHUTE, Receiver in the suit of J. J. Morgan, v J. W. Morgan & E. C. Hughes. 38-44

F. M. HEIDEL'S LIST OF LANDS NOW ON THE MARKET.

No. 1.

77 acres, 6 miles from McMinville, Yamhill county Oregon; 15 acers cleared 40 acres slashed and seeded; ballance easy cleared. One thousand bearing fruit trees. All fenced, running water &c. A good portion of this is river bottom land. Handy to school, church and postoffice. Cheap house and barn. This is offered very cheap for cash or would trade for some good business. Bakery and confectionary prefered.

No. 2.

40 acres 2 miles from Hillsboro, nearly half of this is genuine beaverdam, mostly all cleared. No buildings. Price $1,000.

No. 3.

160 acres about 18 miles from Hillsboro, 50 acres brush land, easy cleared; balance good timber; no improvements. Price $650; easy terms.

No. 4.

320 acres in Marrow Co. Oregon, 3 miles from Lexington. 160 acres in cultivation; house, barn and all smooth land, to trade for Willamette Valley farm.

No. 5.

160 acres, rich and smooth farming land in the "Big bend" country, Eastern Wash., no improvements; to trade for Hillsboro Property.

No. 6.

10 acres just outside city limits; about 7 acres of this is high ground, fine for building sight and the best of fruit land. 3 acres beaverdam. A fine little stream runs across one corner, fed by numerous springs some of which are on this tract. None of this is yet in cultivation, but is all slashed and seeded also fenced. This could be made a model suburban home. This costs the owner allready in cash, (not counting the clearing of it), about $1400.00 but I am authorised, for a short time, to sell it for very much less.

No. 7.

3 and one half acres of land in heart of Hillsboro. All platted. This is a real snap.

No. 8.

5 acres, all fenced, slashed and seeded. Fine building sight, would make good home. Very cheap and on easy terms

No. 9.

5 and one-half acres, inside city limits, a fair house, good bearing orchard of about 150 trees, springs, &c. This would be a good site for a creamery, being close to railroad track. I have a surprise for you in the price of this property. If you are looking for a real soft "snap," then don't fail to investigate this.

No. 10.

Two lots in Center of Hillsboro on which are a well finished 6 room house barn and other out buildings. Fruit trees and shrubery. Very desireable property and we are going to let some one have for about half its actual value. $650 takes it.

No. 11.

A nice and profitable business for sale. In good town. Invoices about $1100. Part cash, ballance time.

No. 12.

6 room house, in Hillsboro, in good repair, 4 blocks from business center, (electric light and water maines on this street) one large lot all planted to fruit and shrubbery. Barn and other outbuildings. Will sell on easy payments.

No. 13.

Will trade the four tracts last above described for a good improved farm in the Willamette Valley.

No. 14.

A good 4 room house, good woodshead, large lot in Hillsboro for sale. Price $250.00, $100.00 cash. Ballance on time.

No. 15.

If you wish to get into a good, substantial business in a good town in the Willamette Valley, then don't fail to investigate this. The stock consists of about $4000 worth of hardware, tinware, tools, groceries, provisions, &c., and is just the place where one could profitably add a full line of implements and farm machinery, as there is nothing of the kind in the town. Will sell on easy payments, or might consider a trade for a good, improved farm in the Willamette Valley.

The above is only a partial list of property I have on my books.

Should you fail to find what you want, write me or call, and you will very likely find what you want. F. M. HEIDEL, Hillsboro, Oregon.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for Washington County.

Ernest DeLashmutt and Inez DeLashmutt, Plaintiffs,
v.
R. S. Browne, Defendant

To R S Browne, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, in the above named Court by Monday, the 19th day of July, 1897, that being the first day of the next regular term of said Court next following the expiration of the time prescribed by law for publication of this summons. And if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for and demanded in said complaint, to-wit:

That the conveyance of the real property described in the complaint, executed by these plaintiffs in favor of the defendant, dated on the 4th day of January, and recorded on the 5th day of January, 1897, on pages 631 and 632 of book 46 of the records of deeds for Washington County, Oregon, be annulled and declared to be fraudulent and void. That the defendant be decreed and directed to reconvey said property to these plaintiffs, and that such other and further relief be granted as may be equitable.

This summons is published against you by order of the Circuit Court, of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, made and entered on the 6th day of February, 1897.

THOS. H. TONGUE, Attorney for Plaintiffs. 38-44

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION décree and order of sale, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, in favor of U W Tompkins and against Edward Griebler, Ann M Griebler and Florence A Griebler for the sum of $17.50 costs, and for the further sum of $313 US gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 4 h day of Nov. 1896 and for the further sum of $10 with interest at the rate of 8 per cent from the 4th day of Nov. 1896 and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ;

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgement decree and order of sale, I will, on Friday the 5th day of March 1897, at the south door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a m, of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real property, to-wit:

Being all of the north west quarter of the northeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter and a lot lot No 3 of sec. section 32 T 1 S R 4 W. Will M r containing 115 acres. All situate in Washington County Oregon, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums, and for the costs and expenses of said sale. Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 1st day of February 1897.

W. D. BRADFORD, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

Thos. H. Tongue, Atty for plaintiff. 37-41

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8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:40 P M
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6:05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 A M

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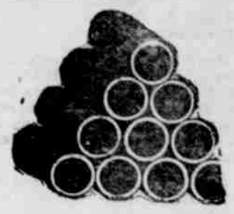

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