

The Lincoln Courier.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1893.

NO. 8.

VOL. VII.

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March 27, 1891

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A SUMMER IDYL.

BY ANNE FERRIS MUIR.

(Concluded from last week.)

Randolph placed his hands gently on her shoulders: "Please sit down again and listen to me for a few moments. Years ago I was a wild young student in Paris, neither better or worse than my mates; we each had our favorite, and believed life to be all that Beranger pictured it. One memorable night we were at a masquerading frolic; all were in exuberant spirits, wine circulated freely, I drank too much, my brain was dulled and blood fired. I was ready for any enterprise, however rash. Some one suggested that we should arrange our selves in couples, and that one of the party should personate a priest and perform a ceremony. We entered into the spirit of frolic with eagerness, and a brother of one of the young girls offered his service to bring a young man who would enact the role of priest. We, Ninon and I, were the first couple joined, and then something about the assumed priest assuaged young Graham's suspicions, and led him to make inquiries. The result was, that Pierre, thinking that it would be a fine thing to have his sister, at least, actually married to a rich young American, had brought a young man who had just taken orders, and Ninon and I were man and wife."

Joyce sat with a white face and a look of anguish on her beautiful eyes—the basket of flowers was in her lap and her hand lay idly among them; as Randolph finished his sentence, her fingers convulsively closed around a rose, and a briar on the stem caused her to make a little exclamation.

"What is it?" asked Randolph, anxiously.

"Only another thro; she answered, with a pitiful little smile. But through her mind there ran a sentence she had read incredulously that very morning: "Love when he comes wandering like a lost angel to our door, it is at once admitted, welcomed, embraced; his quiver is not seen; if his arrows penetrate, this wound is like a thrill of new life; there are no fears of poison, none of the barb or leech's hand can extract; that perilous passion—an agony ever in some of its phrases, with many an agony throughout, is believing to be an unqualified good."

There was profound silence in the little parlor as these words slowly passed through Joyce's mind—the fragrance of the roses and syringas was stiflingly sweet; and outside a river sang its few plaintive notes. Joyce looked up at Randolph—there were set lines about his mouth and an expression of pain in his fine blue eyes. Happiness was almost within his grasp and again it proved to be an evanescent bubble.

"Was there not something more you wished to tell me?" said Joyce, in a low constrained voice. "I interrupted you with my foolish little story."

"Only this, that at first I did not realize my situation and the extent of my folly. I had some Quixotic notion of my educating and refining Ninon, who was very beautiful, and making a lady of her. But I soon found that she was shallow and coquetish, and finally that she was faithless and intriguing. But as there was sufficient proof of her infidelity to procure a legal separation, I provided for her maintenance and left her to her follies. You looked shocked—and God knows I would rather spare your innocent ears from hearing this recital, and myself the pain and humiliation of telling my story; but I wish you to know me in my unworthiness, and to throw myself upon my mercy."

"Where did I go then? To Germany, to Italy, to Egypt—I became a wanderer upon the face of the face of the earth. Did I see Ninon again? Yes; once, riding in a carriage of a notorious baron. I could then have obtained a divorce, but I disliked the publicity and was indifferent—my faith in womankind was

weak; I thought none trustworthy, and had no desire to marry again. Now, I am about to sail for France; I have a desire to be free, and must know whether Ninon is still living."

"Tell me if you utterly despise me," he said rising from his chair; "and if I may dare hope that your thoughts will follow me on my journey." He bent over Joyce, and took her hands in his strong grasp, and looked down in her sweet face: "I shall think of you daily," she replied, with faltering voice, "and pray every night for your safety on sea and land."

"If Miss Armstrong is willing, may I write to you, and hope a few words of remembrance in return?"

"Certainly."

"Then good-by, and may God bless you and keep you in charge."

No cares, no word of endearment, though he felt an insane desire to fold her to his heart, and hold her there for ever. But with all his shortcomings and stormy passions, John Randolph was a man of honor, and hard as the struggle was, left her with a single hand clasp.

Joyce pleaded a headache, and remained in her room the rest of the day, and made her appearance at the breakfast table pale and heavy eyed, and performed her simple tasks in a listless manner. Going into the parlor, she found the forgotten basket of roses and syringas, now a worthless, withered mass; the vivid crimson dulled; its creamy white, gray, white a sickening odor arose from them. She threw open the shutters; then came back and drew out a drawer of a little table, and emptied them in; she could not bear to destroy them, and yet wished them out of her sight, for they too forcibly reminded her of the painful scene of the previous day. Then she threw herself upon the couch, and burst into a passion of tears, Miss Armstrong, coming into the room, heard her sobs, and, with the penetration developed by sorrow, divined the troubled state of her heart, and seated herself beside her, and lifted her slight, young figure gently from pillows, and held her in her arms as she might have held a weary child.

"What grieves you, Joyce? Tell your old auntie; perhaps she can help you."

"Oh! auntie, I cannot tell you—I am troubled, and yet have no right to my sorrow."

"Tell me all, unreserved," said her aunt, stroking the fair head gently. "It will lighten your burden to share it."

Then, with many sobs and falterings, Joyce made her confession, and gave the outlines of Randolph's story, saying: "I feel humiliated; I have given my love our thought, and when I know it is wrong. Oh! auntie, what shall I do?"

Try and be calm; you did not commit yourself—he had no idea of your preference. But my child, that your love is, hopeless, is, alas, your woman's lot," and Miss Armstrong rose and slowly walked to the window to conceal her emotion.

"If you could read the heart histories of hundred women you would find more of heroism than in many a battle field—renunciation, self-abnegation, silent endurance, patient suffering, and hopeless waiting—"

"Why auntie, this is so unlike you! Your earnestness terrifies me: can it be possible that there is so much sorrow in the world? You have lived here quietly all your life, now do you know this?" And Joyce, forgetting her own troubles, for the moment, rose from the couch and going to the older woman, put her strong arms about her, and kissed the furrowed face.

"Joyce," she said, solemnly, "my life was not always as serene as it is now—once it was full of vain struggles with a rebellious heart, of sharp conflicts between duty and desire. Once I suffered as you are now."

"Tell me, please, all about it."

"Sometime, perhaps, but not at present. I forgot to say that Mr. Randolph asked my permission to write to you. I could see no reason why he should; not, and told him so."

A few days after, a letter and an express package arrived for Joyce. The package contained some long coveted books, and the letter was dated New York, July 27th, and read as follows:

"DEAR MISS ALISON:—I send you by express to-day, a box containing some books. May I hope that you will except them, and that they will serve to interest and please you as well as to convey to you the great regard I have for your welfare and happiness, and I ask that you will write to me, and write freely, of your occupations, your readings, and thoughts. If you address Paris, Poste Restante, I will be sure to receive. With kind remembrances to your uncle and aunt, I am always,

"Faithfully yours,
"JOHN RANDOLPH."

Joyce replied: "I cannot sufficiently thank you for your beautiful gift, or your evident consultation of my taste and preference. The books are those which I most desired, and I can only say that I truly grateful for your thoughtfulness. Indeed I shall think of you kindly. I thought of you the next night after your departure, of the pleasure you would have taken in watching from our porch the glorious sunset, all-golden and peace-giving. Do you suppose that mother nature felt a little sorrow for this forlorn and bereft daughter of hers, and thought to console her with a pretty sunset and a slow rising moon? I beg pardon, but you asked me to write freely, and I do think it is a sad bereavement to lose a kind friend, even if only by absence."

In due time there came another letter bringing news of Randolph's safe arrival, and of the receipt of Joyce's acknowledgement of her gift. He gave in it a description of his voyage, and told her in glowing terms of some pictures he had been to see—of fine music he had heard; every line showing tender solicitude, thoughtful consideration, and a desire to relieve the monotony of his life. She, in return, writing of the simple incidents of her quiet life; of her readings, her rambles, her dreamings; each letter as perfect in its way as one of her dainty sketches, and treasured by him, so carefully.

Thus the summer lapsed into autumn; Joyce faithfully performing her duties and never faltering in her resolves; her patience and cheerfulness causing Miss Armstrong to wonder—and leading her to think that her niece's heart was only lightly touched after all. But she little knew the effort it cost Joyce to so school and command her feelings; and that time dragged, oh, so heavily—the only really bright days being those signalized by a letter from France.

Randolph's letters were so kind, so kind for her peace of mind she thought. He wrote:

"I have been trying to deceive myself; sitting here in my quiet room, I have been recalling the incidents of the past summer, trying to make them seem real. I have striven so earnestly that it seems to me my thoughts should resolve themselves into something tangible; that a fair-haired, hazel-eyed young woman should stand before me with her slight, graceful figure; that she should be seated in yonder chair, busily engaged with some dainty sewing, while I should get a volume and read to her. Alas! it is but a vain delusion; the figure will not stay—it is as evanescent as the smoke of my cigar; and in the meantime it is eleven o'clock, so says the convent bell near by—the soft breeze comes in the open window laden with the perfume of flowers—a glorious moonlight night. So bright, so calm; I wonder if you in your far away home up among the hills, feel its influence. Do not you think, my dear child, that your grave old friend is waxing romantic? Ascribe it all to the witchcraft of the moon."

Joyce wrote in reply:

"It would be a sin to be otherwise than happy this glorious autumn (Concluded on last page.)"

SALISBURY (N. C.) PRISON.

10,000 Prisoners at a Time—Description of the Necessary and Unavoidable Horrors of a Confederate States Prison.

The History of the "Confederate States Military Prison," at Salisbury, from the pen of Rev. Dr. A. W. Manning, who was professor of mental and moral philosophy at the University of North Carolina at the time of his death in May, 1890.

From Charlotte Observer.

On the 19th of February, 1863, a few of the enterprising, public-spirited and wealthy citizens of Salisbury, N. C., and the resolved to establish in the town a large steam cotton factory. On the 4th of April following the company was organized and applied themselves with energy to their commendable enterprise. The establishment was located in the beautiful oak grove that bordered the town on the south. The company secured about sixteen acres of the surrounding grounds. It was not long before the grove was vocal with the lively buzz and rattle of the machinery and the cheerful song and laughter of the busy factory boys and girls. Those were the halcyon days of peace and the daily picture in the grove was as full of beauty and pleasantness as it was of labor and life.

A few years passed in that way, when the factory was closed, the company dissolved and finally the property passed into the hands of the trustees of Davidson College.

Again, after a season, the solitude and stillness of the place was cheerily disturbed by a school of happy, hopeful boys. Their young forms glided over the shaded lawn in the joy of boyhood's sport, and their gay laughter and shouting rang richly through the dark, green boughs. And those, too, were the halcyon days of peace, and the daily picture in the grove was as full of beauty and innocence as it was of promise and life.

But soon a melancholy change came over our peaceful, prosperous land. A dark, dark shadow fell on its fair bosom, which carried shuddering to its heart—and made the hearts of the millions that rested on its bosom to shudder. It was the shadow of the black wing of war, "sprinkled red with human gore." It darkened our homes, while it darkened all others. It chilled our hearts as it chilled millions of others. It hushed our songs, it made our lips to quiver, and bent our knees for such prayers as our hearts had never dreamed before. It shed its baneful spell on all our scenes of beauty, on all our treasures of hope and love. It was the spirit of blighting, of desolation, of agony, of death. Where is the heart, the home, the plot, the prospect, that it did not change? And who can tell the measure of the woe of its changes?

THE FACTORY BECOMES A PRISON.

By a deed bearing date the 2nd of November, 1861, the old factory lot and buildings were conveyed to the Confederate States, and were fitted up and used during the four years of the war as a prison for Confederates under sentence of court martial, and those arrested for alleged disloyalty, for deserters from the Federal army and for prisoners of war.

A company composed of the students of Trinity College, styling themselves the "Trinity Guards," and commanded by Rev. Dr. B. Craven, their president, arrived and went into quarters at the garrison, with the duty of acting as guard to the prison. The first lot of prisoners, numbering one hundred and twenty, was brought in by the train on the 9th of December, 1861. Their arrival caused considerable excitement in town, very few of the citizens having seen a "Yankee soldier" up to that time. Their imprisonment was probably attended by as few discomforts and privations as regular prisoners of war were ever required to bear. They were quartered in the large brick building (which was 100x40 feet, with three stories above the basement). Some of them were allowed the parole of the town. They stroll-

ed carelessly and cheerfully through the grounds, laughed and chatted in their warm quarters, tattooed their arms with the "Stars and Stripes," whittled on fancy toys and Yankee notions, etc., etc. When the commandment went in amongst them his language, his tone, the attention and respect, the quiet discipline and genial humor reminded one rather more of a pleasant scene in a college chapel than to rigid confinement in a prison.

On the 26th of December, when all the community was enjoying the annual festival commemorating the birth of the Prince of Peace, who came upon earth to "loose the prisoners," another train of cars came in, with the guards upon the platforms, bringing one hundred and seventy-six more prisoners.

Dr. Craven and his boys remained but a few weeks, and Col. George C. Gibbs was assigned to the command of the prison. The guard was composed of several companies raised for the purpose. A number of the citizens of Salisbury joined the guard.

On the 7th of February there was another arrival of eighty prisoners. These different installments came from various points—some being captured in Virginia, some on the coast of North Carolina and some by the Army of the West in Kentucky. By the middle of March, 1862, their number aggregated nearly 1,500. In December previous, Dr. J. W. Hall, of Salisbury, was appointed surgeon of the post. His report for the month of March, 1862, is the best commentary on the treatment of the prisoners, the fidelity of the officers, the care and attention of the surgeons and the management of the hospitals. That report states that there were 1,427 prisoners, of which 251 had been under treatment and only one had died. Compared with the DAILY reports of many of our regiments in the field, this showed that the suffering and loss among the latter was at least twenty times greater. The quarterly report, which was dated about the 21st of April, embracing from the 26th of December to that date, stated that of the guard there had been 509 cases of sickness, and but three deaths—of the prisoners 493 cases, and only three deaths. Proportionally, there had been more sickness among the guard. Let it be remembered that this was the treatment the Confederate government gave its prisoners while its resources were yet abundant, and it possessed the power to be humane in practice as it was in principle.

During this year even the ladies visited the grounds inside the stockade. Dress parade by the troops of the garrison was held near the southeast corner and witnessed by many of the prisoners. I remember attending the parade one pleasant summer evening in company with a number of ladies. When I was finished the officers among the prisoners came out and presented truly a beautiful scene in their recreation. A number of the younger and less dignified ran like schoolboys to the play ground, and were soon joined in high glee in a game of ball. Others, arm in arm, promenaded and conversed, while several sat down side by side with the prison officials and witnessed the sport and indulged in free and gentlemanly intercourse. I remarked particularly the tall form of Col. Corcoran (captured at Manassas) who, as he walked with measured step and sad countenance, told plainly how deeply his pride was wounded—how severely his spirit was chafed.

A PRISONER'S PROPHECY.

I remember a conversation with Maj. Vogdes, in which he prophesied the execution of the supplies of the Confederacy, and marked with his cane upon the ground how the State might, and probably would be, invaded on the lines of the railroads, and all oppositions overcome. The position of Sherman's army at the final of the struggle was similar to the diagram which he drew.

When Col. Gibbs completed his regiment and left for service in the field, Col. A. C. Godwin took command of the prison. Like Col. Gibbs, he was a gentleman and a

soldier. His management of the prison may be inferred from the fact that, while he was occupying a similar post in Richmond, he showed himself so generous to some Federal officers that, when he was captured on the Rappahannock and sent to the Northern prisons, he was sought out and signally favored in grateful return by either the individuals he had kindly served in their captivity, or by their relatives and friends.

It was during his command that a lofty flag pole was erected near the main entrance in front of headquarters, and a number of citizens, including ladies, went down to witness the raising of the Confederate flag.

When the cartel for exchange of prisoners was agreed upon by the commissioners of the two governments, all the prisoners of war were exchanged. This left only Confederate convicts, Yankee deserters and political prisoners.

The following official documents, together with a list of the civilian prisoners, copied from a paper kindly furnished by Gov. Swain, is published with the conviction that while they indicate the government in the premises, they will be of interest to many in the future.

RICHMOND, VA., }
February 27th, 1863. }

To the House of Representatives:

I herewith transmit a communication from the Secretary of War, covering a list of the civilian prisoners now in custody at the military prison at Salisbury, N. C., in further response to your resolution of the 5th inst., and invite attention to the recommendation in regard to a class of officers to be charged with the special duty of inquiring into the cases of prisoners arrested by military authority. I think such officers would be useful, they being selected for special qualifications and invested with special powers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,)

WAR DEPARTMENT,)

RICHMOND, Va., February 27, 1863. }

To the President of the Confederate States:

In answer to a resolution of the House of Representatives, I have the honor to inclose a list of the civilian prisoners now in custody in this city and in Salisbury, N. C., under military authority. No arrests have been made, at any time, by any specific order or direction of this department. The persons arrested have been taken either by officers of the army commanding in the field or by provost marshals, exercising authority of a similar nature, and the ground of arrest is, or ought to be, founded upon some necessity, or be justified as a proper precaution against an apparent danger. The department has had commissioners to examine these persons, with directions "to discharge those against whom no well grounded cause of suspicion exists of having violated a law or done an act hostile or injurious to the Confederate States."

The department appointed in November last a commissioner to examine prisoners in the Southwestern department, embracing a portion of Georgia, Alabama and a portion of Mississippi. This commissioner found some obstructions in the performance of his duties from the provost marshals and some difficulty in obtaining reports from them. He resigned in the latter part of January, without making a report of the prisoners remaining in the department for which he was appointed.

These commissioners have been found useful, and I recommend that the department may be authorized to appoint them for the objects before mentioned, and that they be clothed with the authority of commissioners under the act of the Provisional Congress, No. 273, respecting commissioners appointed by the district courts.

In conclusion, I have to say that under the examinations that have been made a large number of prisoners have been discharged, and none are retained unless there be a cause of suspicion supported by tes-

(Continued on last page.)