

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.

NO. 9.

Professional Cards.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.,

Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country. Will be found at night at the Lincolnton Hotel.

March 27, 1891

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.
Lincolnton, N. C.

Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With thirty years experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.

Jan 23 '91

GO TO BARBER SHOP.
Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.

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We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Buckle's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had a remedy that sold so well, or that has given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist.

Whom Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Old, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Whom Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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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. Mansquam, 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.
(Continued from last week.)
METHODS OF ESCAPE.

There were a few regular prisoners of war at the time in addition to other classes. Twelve officers were confined in the upper story of the large building. They concluded to make a desperate effort to escape. Accordingly they tied their blankets together, hung them out of the window, and a deserter, who was to act as their guide, started down. But the blankets were torn by their weight, he fell to the ground, the sentinels discovered him, and the plan was foiled.

Other attempts were made by means of tunnels, one running from the commissary building to the stockade, but the vigilance of the guards again foiled them. The efforts and plans resorted to in order to effect their escape were often very irregular. The dead were buried outside of the stockade by a detail of prisoners under guard. Upon one of these occasions one of the prisoners being a ventriloquist, threw his voice into the coffin and so frightened the guards that the escape of the entire detail was easily effected. Another successful plan was known as the "small-pox case." The hospital for those afflicted with this dire malady was within the stockade. A number of prisoners, heated some needles red hot, burned small holes in their faces and bodies, and presented themselves to the surgeon of the post, were ordered to the hospital. Once beyond the stockade, but they two had escaped.

When new deserters were brought to the prison they were generally "mugged" by those already there, and stripped of everything that they had thus far preserved for their comfort. The parties were detected and subject to severe corporal punishment, but as they continued their rapacious violence, the balance of the prisoners petitioned the authorities to send them to Andersonville. They were sent in compliance, and after reaching Andersonville became so obnoxious that they were arraigned before a court martial of the prisoners, tried for their lives, and six of them were convicted and hung. It might have been one of these who, at Andersonville, murdered his own brother in order to get his property at the North; buried his body in his tent, spread his blanket over it, and for some time slept upon it. A gentleman from Georgia informed me such a case actually occurred.

The prison guard was composed of three companies known as "Freeman's Battalion."
Company A, Capt. C. D. Freeman, 110 men; Company B, Capt. H. P. Allen, 108 men; Company C, Capt. E. D. Sneed, 112 men.

The prisoners at that time numbered and were classified as follows; Confederates under sentence of court martial, 310; Yankee deserters, 95; political prisoners, 164.

INQUIRIES ABOUT POLITICAL PRISONERS.
In September Judge Sidney S. Baxter came to Salisbury as commissioner to make inquiry into the cases of the political prisoners. He was eminently qualified for his humane disposition, integrity and talent to discharge the duties of his delicate mission. His voluntary efforts to assist Major Gee, during the next month, in relieving the suffering thousands of the prisoners who were crowded into the stockade, sufficiently attest the fidelity with which he addresses himself to the interest of those unfortunate men whom he was specifically commissioned to look after.

Col. Gilmer's health was not sufficient for the duties of any post. I have never heard from any source

any complaint against the manner in which he discharged his duties as commandant. In September, 1864, he resigned, and the office of commandant was filled by the appointment of Maj. John H. Gee, of Quincy Fla. Chief Justice Dupont, of Florida, being in Richmond, soon after this appointment, was told by Gen. Braxton Bragg that there were "a number of hard cases at Salisbury, and Maj. Gee was appointed to that place on account of his prudence and discretion."

About the last of September Maj. Gee received a dispatch from Richmond ordering him to make provisions immediately for a very large number of prisoners. Being a very humane man, he was greatly shocked by the order, for he knew it would be impossible to take care of so many. But bad as the state of affairs at Salisbury, it was vastly worse at Richmond. There the population had become so numerous and the drain by the army had been and still continued to be so enormous that the question of bare subsistence had become one of alarming interest. One of our Senators stated that, accepting an invitation to eat at the President's table, he found nothing but corn bread and fried bacon for the bill of fare. The condition of many of the citizens are deplorable, and the remnant of the great army of Northern Virginia was compelled to bear hunger while doing four-foot service against a vastly out-numbering army. No wonder then that the protest of Maj. Gee was unheeded.

Determined to do the best he possibly could with the limited means at his command, he addressed himself with earnest endeavor to putting the prison in condition to receive the coming thousands. And that task was indescribably arduous. There were scarcely any axes, shovels, tools, lumber, wells, tents or any other requisite in the place or within his reach. He put a number of men to work with the best implements that could be gotten, to dig more wells. He required them not only to dig by day, but by candle light at night. The carpenters were also ordered to enlarge the stockade. But before these improvements could be accomplished, immense trains of prisoners began to arrive. By the 5th of October about 5,000 had come. One train, probably the first, brought between one and two hundred officers, of various rank, from brigade-general down. On the 5th I visited the prison in company with several ladies. The ground was then firm and quite dry, and the place appeared well adapted to the purpose for which it was used. But that was the last time the place had the appearance of aught but misery and wretchedness. The officers' and private's respective portions of the grounds were separated by only a line of sentinels—the former occupying the eastern quarter, with the old wooden buildings.

The prisoners were always trying to escape, and not frequently they succeeded. Occasionally they would be arrested again by citizens and brought back. Frequently they would reach the mountains, find plenty of friends to supply and direct them, and make their way across the mountains to the Federal lines.

PRISON HORRORS.
When the officers arrived an attempt was made by robbers to "mug" them under cover of the darkness, as they had done many before, but an alarm was given and they did not effect their design. These "muggers," as they were termed in the prison parlance, were a regularly organized band of desperate characters, ready to rob the living or dying, or to commit murder to get money, provisions, clothes, or other property. Although a number were sent, as before stated, to Georgia, the prison still continued to be infested with them to the last. It will never be known how many of their fellow prisoners they murdered. I think it was not uncommon for marks of violence to be discovered on the bodies of the dead I saw one laid in the grave who appeared to have been killed by chok-

ing. Another, who was very emaciated, had a narrow veld like the incision of a small dragon near the jugular vein. Without this he could not have lived long, and I could divine no reason for his murder but impatience to get possession of clothes or something else which could not be obtained while he was alive.

During the month of October the number of prisoner amounted to 10,000. The regular prisoners of war and the rebel convicts were in perpetual feud, owing to the latter having in September found and seized a Federal flag which one of the prisoners had brought in concealed upon his person. So bitter was this feud that the convicts did not dare to leave their quarters in the large building and venture out in the grounds at night.

There was no great degree of kindness between the Yankee deserters and convicts. They would gamble together in the upper story of the main building, insult one another, and get into terrible altercations. One of the guards told me that at night walking the parapet, he heard them fighting, heard the cry of "murder," growing fainter, and fainter, and finally heard the gurgling struggles of a man weltering in blood. One night a deserter was thrown from the upper window and taken up dead.

By order of the War Department Gen. Martin raised about fifteen hundred guards, of whom over a thousand were senior reserves, men between forty-five and fifty, and several hundred junior reserves, who were boys between seventeen and eighteen years of age. Add to these "Freeman's Battalion" and you have all the troops that Major Gee was furnished to control ten thousand regular soldiers. The stockade was simply a plank fence about ten or twelve feet high, so frail in many places that it could be shaken for a long distance by the hand.

It was the opinion of competent judges that a rush by a body of men against it would have broken it down. In some parts the planks at the bottom did not reach the ground, and it required but little effort, as experiment proved, to open a way for egress under them. The senior reserves who comprised the large majority of the guard, were ignorant of discipline, and so old and awkward and unteachable—many of them—that they appeared more like Quixotic burlesques than veritable soldiers. The junior reserves were much more vigilant and efficient, but many of them were exceedingly small and presented quite a grotesque picture as they lugged a huge musket around their hat. But for their diminutive size they would have made excellent sentinels. Freeman's men were all who had enough of the soldier about them to be depended on to discharge all the duties of a guard. Under such circumstances it may well be conceived how anxiously those who were entrusted with the keeping of the prisoners felt their responsibility. From October to the time they left there was no time (except perhaps, while Col. Hilton with the 65th Regiment was there,) when, acting in concert and with determination, the prisoners could not have overpowered the guard and sacked the town. A knowledge of this fact doubtless caused many a wakeful hour to Major Gee while others were sleeping, and may account for seeming severity in the regulations which were enforced.

When the prisoners came they could not be supplied with sufficient number of tents, and in consequence they suffered greatly from exposure. In apology for this it must be observed that there was a much larger proportion furnished them than were employed by our own soldiers in the field; and there were really no more that could be procured. As soon as they could be obtained two hundred tents were furnished them—of different kinds—fly, wall and others. Thus did they get what was denied our sons and brothers. After Bradley T. Johnson came he made direct application to Gov. Vance for tents, knowing probably that they could not be

obtained from the Governor, notwithstanding he had taken steps to contribute to the relief of the Salisbury prisoners, was compelled to answer that he had none.

YANKEE INGENUITY IN PROVIDING SHELTER.
As they did not have enough houses or tents to shelter them, and the scarcity of tools, teams, lumber and guards for the working parties prevented cabins being constructed, they resorted to "Yankee ingenuity" to provide shelter for themselves. A few crowded under the hospital and other houses, and slept there in bad weather. But the main resort was burrowing in the earth. The whole inclosure was literally honey-combed by these burrows. They were square or round holes dug some three feet deep, with a mud-bratched roof—a hole being punched through to the surface at one end, and a little chimney forth they built up out of baked earth. Over the entrance there was a little porch or projection that, as long as it withstood the rain itself, kept the water from the main burrow. But for the dampness these places would have been comparatively comfortable—for they shielded the tenant from the winds and rains, and required a very small quantity of wood to make them warm. I have seen a thin matting of shavings which had been whittled with a pocket knife, lying on the floor of some of them. The tenant had either to sit or to lie down in them; they were too shallow for him to stand erect. They must have been wretchedly uncomfortable and destructive to health and life in those heavy, incessant rains that fell in January and February, 1865. The hospitals were so crowded, and such numbers died in them, that some preferred to linger and suffer in their sickness in these little cells. Consequently they not infrequently died there alone, and were not discovered for some days.

AN ACCIDENT.
Maj. Moffat, who was quarter master to the prison, with duty to provide shelter, etc., had a chimney begun to the large building. When it had reached the third story, the unsound brick at the bottom gave way, and the whole structure fell. Several were injured and perhaps one killed. The sentinels were ordered to clear the building and keep everybody out—and one, rushing back to get something, paid no attention to the sentinel's warning, was fired at and either killed or wounded. Those who were injured were rescued from the rubbish as soon as possible.

Maj. Moffat found the greatest difficulty in getting lumber for building purposes, but, having procured some, had ordered the carpenters to put up six buildings, 200 feet in length, 22 feet wide, and 20 feet high. When they were engaged in framing these, Gen. Winder, Commandant of Prisons in this and other States, visited and inspected the prison, pronounced the place unfit for a prison, declared that he would have them moved down in South Carolina, and therefore ordered all improvements to be discontinued. Before the arrangements necessary for their removal were completed, the advance of Sherman became so threatening, and the whole situation so critical that the project was abandoned. It was also contemplated to move the prisoners to a more comfortable site on the Yadkin, but the place in view, on examination, proved ineligible. The Confederacy was in its last struggle—its resources all gone, and therefore, though the condition of the prisoners was wretched and appalling, there was no way to ameliorate it. They were in a miserable plight when they came. Large numbers of them were unable to walk, and had to be carried from the train to the prison. Those who had been confined elsewhere for a long time, were pale, emaciated and dejected. Many of them were very filthy and ragged. Some were without hat or cap or any sign of shoes. The clothing of many was very meagre and a sordid texture. A very large proportion

(Continued on last page.)

Sketch of St. Marks.

From Our Church Paper.
This congregation, located in Gaston Co., N. C., is one of the oldest in the Tennessee Synod.
Its exact age is not known, as there are no records back of 1819. The old log house in which the congregation formerly worshiped, was known as Beaver Dam, and stood about a mile east of the present church. It was built in 1820. The first communion service on record is that of Oct. 17, 1819. There were 55 communicants. From this it is reasonable to suppose that the congregation had already been existing for some time.

On Feb. 26 1827, the Rev. David Henkel received by confirmation 22 members. Mr. Wiley Rudisill is the only one of this number still living. He is now in his 86th year, and has been a member of the congregation for more than 66 years. He says that there were services held at this place before he was born.

It is altogether probable that the congregation owes its existence to the labors of the Rev. Paul Henkel, who came to this State about the year 1800. The old constitution is brief, but pointed. It is written in English and German. It was drawn up by Rev. David Henkel, and adopted by the congregation in May, 1823.

Pastors in those days were worked much harder than now, as their pastoral territory often embraced an entire county, and sometimes extended into other counties and other States. At that time counties were very large. Lincoln, for instance, embraced what is now Catawba and Gaston.

Roads were few, streams hard to cross, and general facilities for traveling poor; so that the spiritual attention which the churches received in those days was not what it would have been, had there been better opportunities for serving them. But the faithful pastors did all they could, and laboring under such adverse circumstances, we cannot help but wonder how they succeeded as well as they did.

The following dates on which communion service was held at St. Marks—or Beaver Dam, as it was then known—will at once show that the pastor in charge, could be there only at long intervals, and labor at other places would allow:

Oct. 17, 1819, 55 communion; Sept. 18, 1820, 8; May 27, 1822, 36; July 13, 1824, 72; July 9, 1825, 45; Feb. 26, 1827, 68, and 22 confirmed; Apr. 6, 1828, 41; Dec. 6, 1829, 78, and 32 confirmed.

The congregation has been served by the following pastors in the order given:
Rev. Philip Henkel, David Henkel, Adam Miller, J. R. Peterson, A. J. Fox, L. A. Fox, D. D. M. L. Little, and at present by the writer.
The present house of worship was built during the pastoral labors of Rev. J. R. Peterson.
It was dedicated Saturday, May 8 1858. The name was then changed from Beaver Dam to St. Marks.
All these years the congregation has continued to thrive and grow. It has given St. Matthew's to King's Mountain, and St. John's to Cherryville, both of which are flourishing congregations.
Some congregations when they get old become fossilized, and cease to work, but St. Marks seems to have lost none of its life and vitality. She is doing good work. The services are well attended, and her social qualities are such as to make each and all feel perfectly at home.
Communion service was held, May 14. Some interior changes and improvements were made for this occasion.
The old pulpit was torn out, and a new one, modern and elegant in design, and tasty in finish, was put in its place.
The chancel was elevated and enclosed with suitable railing. This with pulpit and aisle were neatly carpeted. The interior appearance is greatly improved.
Two edifying and impressive sermons were delivered during the day. The one in the morning by Rev. S. S. Rahn, Ph. D.; the other in the afternoon by Rev. L. A. Bickle, D. D. The communion was very large. 11 new members were received. It was a pleasant and profitable occasion.
PASTOR.

Mighty Little Dollars.

In reference to the Business Agency fund, the *Progressive Farmer* talks back at the *Gazette* as follows:
The fund is right where it has been all the time and will stay there. A few small politicians tried to get the contributors to withdraw their voluntary contributions, but it didn't work. Contributors to the number of thirteen (13 is an unlucky number, you know) applied for their little dollars right away and then (sad isn't it) they stopped. Since that terrible unlucky number of patriots spoiled the game, a few others have ventured forward and claimed their little share, until the total sum called for amounts to the magnificent, gorgeous, gigantic amount of \$450. It is plain that the great number of "dissatisfied" Alliancemen "swank up awfully" somehow. Several times that much has been pledged to replace what is withdrawn.

We intended to publish the names of the so-called Alliancemen who withdrew the funds as fast as they applied but in order that no one should have a chance to complain that we tried to intimidate those who might be small enough to apply for their funds, we have waited patiently until they could put in their claims. As they have had ample time we will begin publishing the names and amounts that each one withdrew, probably next week. The people want to see who they are and all about them.

So the *Gazette* may rest assured that most of the fund is here to stay. It is properly invested and deposited, part of it drawing 6 per cent. interest, and all of it doing the good members of the Alliance ten times as much good as if it were in their pockets. The State Agency is doing more and more business and so far as we can learn is entirely satisfactory to all who take advantage of the system. If any more information is wanted by the *Gazette* we will cheerfully give it. Now will the *Gazette* publish it?

Yes, we'll print it. Here's something else we'll print, too. It explains why the *Progressive Farmer* speaks so cynically of "little dollars." Leaving name blank, it is a true copy of the Trustee's letter.
MACPHELAN, N. C., 5-29, 1893.
Mr. —

Dear Sir: I enclose you herein eighty-five cents, P. O. money order, in payment of certificate No. 4604 \$1.00.
The contributions to the fund have been \$35,000.00.
The losses paid by order of Executive Committee are \$2,713.10.

Present amount	32,286.90
Your proportion	92 cts.
Less P. O. money order	3 "
Less Postage	4 "
Amount due you	85 "

Respectfully,
W. A. GRAHAM, Trustee.
"Little dollars" eh? Swank sure enough, haven't they? One dollar drawing 6 per cent interest for three or four years, doing the depositor ten times as much good as it could do in his pocket, and worth at the end of that time just eighty-five cents is a bully specimen of Third party financing. That being entirely satisfactory to all who take advantage of the system's is good—a sentiment worthy of the very highest way robber.—*Gastonia Gazette*.
[The *Gazette* has simply got the "Farmers" squarely by the horns.—*COURIER*.]

What to Read.
If you are down with the blues, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.
If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelation.
If you don't know where to look for the month's rest read the thirty-seventh Psalm.
If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm.
If the stove-pipe has fallen down and the cook goes off in a pet, put up the pipe, wash your hands, and read the third chapter of James.
If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians.
If the people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

If you are getting discouraged about your work read Psalm 126 and Galatians 6:7-9.
If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews—*The Bible Reader*.
Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER, \$1.25 a year.