

The Lincoln Courier.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1893.

NO. 10.

VOL. VII.

Professional Cards.

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Has located at Lincoln and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country.

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March 27, 1891

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

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We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

Subscribe for the COURIER.

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.

(Concluded from last week.)

PREACHING TO THE PRISONERS.

The insensate stupidity of the dying was remarkable. Major Gee informed me in February that he had made careful inquiry, and that of more than three thousand who had died not one had uttered a syllable of concern about the future destiny of his soul. Few religious advantages were afforded them. Dr. Currie preached in the hospital.

On repeated applications to him he discouraged me as to preaching to the masses of the prisoners, stating that they were generally foreigners and Catholics, and were not at all likely to give me a kindly reception.

Rev. Dr. Rumpie, I think, held service in the hospital for them. In February I was invited by Dr. Wilson to preach to them, he telling me that it had all the time been Major Gee's pleasure for them to have preaching, and that they would certainly appreciate it.

Entering the yard on the next afternoon, I being a beautiful Sabbath, I found a Baptist minister near the old well preaching to a large congregation of them; but as there were thousands scattered over the grounds who were not attending, I went to a large oak in the eastern centre and began to sing.

A number had followed me and the throng increased for some time. It was to me an interesting occasion. They were very respectful, earnest and solemn. I used the last Testament I had, and telling them during the discourse that I intended presented it to one of them, I was touched by their eagerness to get it, quite a number pressing up with expectant looks.

When I concluded they crowded thickly around me, and a number grasped my hand in Christian fervor.

It was probably Dr. Curry who made an effort for a prison library, and I wrote to the Tract Society at Richmond to get reading for them. Rev. Mr. Bennett was gone to Europe to make arrangements to get some Bibles and Testaments, which were also virtually contraband of war according to the regulation and practice of the United States.

I was answered by Rev. Mr. Moorman. He deplored his inability to supply me from the exhaustion of his supply. He spoke with Christian sympathy of my purpose. Hence few were the Christian privileges of the miserable prisoners.

But I have seen the light of heaven in the eye of the suffering captive, and heard from his lips the glorious eloquence of salvation. From the tongue of another I have listened to the rich avowable of Christian hope and confidence, and heard the fainting, almost inaudible voice mutter, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These are precious words. And doubtless amid the gloom and horror of that old prison, there was many an upward glance of the heart—many a struggle and triumph of faith—many a thrill of redeeming love and heavenly hope, which all unknown to friend or foe, were recognized by Him whose nature is love, and who is "mighty to save."

There was a small brick building near the centre of the prison, which was used as a receptacle for the dead until they were carried to the burial ground. They were hauled thence, without coffins, to the old field west of the prison. A detail, first of convicts and afterwards of prisoners of war, was kept day by day, constantly digging the long pits in which they were interred. These pits were four feet deep, a little over six feet wide, and were laid in them without covering—

there was not material to cover the

living, much less the dead. They were laid side by side, and closely as they would lie, and when the number was too large for the space that was dug, one would be placed on top between every two. They generally had very little clothing on, as the living were permitted to take their garments. Seldom does it fall to the lot of man to behold a more sickening and heartrending spectacle than they presented. It was a lesson on the vanity of this life more impressive and eloquent than tongue or pen can describe. It was a picture of the hellish curse of war, in one of its most horrible and hideous aspects. I begged the workmen at least to get some brushes to lay over their faces. Sadly have I mused, as I stood and gazed upon their attenuated forms, as they seemed the very romance of the horrible in shroudless, coffinless grave. Those long, bony hands, were once the dimpled pride of a devoted mother, and on that cold, blanched brow tender love has often pressed the kiss of a mother's lips. Perhaps while I gazed on their hapless fate, a fond wife and prattling children were watching for the mail that they might receive the longed-for tidings from him who was best beloved. But I turn from the theme, as I always turned from those harrowing, chilling burials, with a heart full of sadness, and shudder over the unwritten terrors and calamities of war.

From the congregated evils of imprisonment the prisoners were always anxiously seeking to escape. Gladly did they accept any opportunity to get out, however laborious the duties for which they detailed. Numbers of them were on parole or detail for various duties. Some were clerks, some in the workshops, some in the shoe factories, some digging graves, some hauling wood on the train, etc., etc.

A Col. Tucker came there for the purpose of getting recruits from their number for the Confederate army. Only foreigners were allowed to enlist. Nearly eighteen hundred took the oath administered by a Catholic priest. Some may have taken this step in good faith, as it is known they were often recruited by foul means in the United States, but the greater number chose it as the only means of escape from their terrible den. They were called "galvanized Yankees," and though most of them made scarcely a show or fighting when the test came, a few stood their ground and fought with true courage.

ESCAPES FROM THE PRISON.

Of the whole number in the prison, five or six hundred escapes during the five months from October to March. They sometimes succeeded in deceiving the sentinels and passing quietly out at the gate. One morning a ladder was found against the stockade on the inside. How many had scaled it is not known.

They were constantly engaged in tunneling. At one time they were engaged on sixteen tunnels in different parts of the enclosure. Sometimes they would complete them and a number escape. But to prevent this a second line of sentinels was placed about thirty feet from the stockade. There were also spies among them who were bribed by the prison officials to detect and betray them.

Before the officers were removed and when there was only a line of sentinels between the officers and private, a sentinel saw a paper thrown across by an officer, and on examining it, found that it contained directions for an outbreak to be made at a certain signal that night. I have heard that the purpose was to overpower the guard and sack or burn the town. The plot was conceived by General Hays and others. It caused the officers to be removed to Danville immediately. It is almost impossible to conceive what the fate of the unsuspecting citizens would have been that night if the fearful plan had been consummated.

On the 20th of October, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as the relief for the inside guard entered the prison, they were rushed upon and disarmed by the prisoners, and two

or three of them were killed. One was bayoneted, another shot, and both staggered out to the gate, fell and expired. About eight men were wounded. One sentinel on the parapet was also shot and killed, the ball passing first through the plank. As the prisoners made the rush they raised a tremendous yell. Then came their rapid fire upon the guard. They also threw brick bats and baked earthballs, whatever they could obtain, at the sentinels. The latter stood to their posts, dodging and firing. In a moment the cannon at one of the angles fired, but being loaded with solid shot it did no execution.

There were soon two more discharges with grape and canister which did terrible execution. The musketry firing by the sentinels also became rapid. A large body of prisoners had congregated in a threatening attitude before the main entrance. As soon as they saw they could not succeed they threw up their hands and cried: "We give up! we are done!" They ran scampering all over the grounds, seeking for shelter, running into their burrows and tents, falling in the ditches and on the ground.

The citizens, apprehending the cause of the yell and firing, armed themselves as soon as possible and young and old came in haste to the prison. Col. Hinton's regiment, which was on the train at the depot and about to leave, formed at the sound of the cannon, double quick to the stockade and mounted to the parapet. But these and the citizens came too late. It is well they were no nearer, no sooner there, for many more would certainly have been killed. The officers of the prison stopped the firing as soon as they possibly could.

About 16 of the prisoners were killed and 60 wounded. It was difficult to restrain the excited people and soldiers, particularly some of the Freeman's men whose comrades had been slain. When the prisoners attacked the guard a Yankee deserter knocked one prisoner down with a brick-bat, and wrenching a musket from another pinioned him with the bayonet. He then ran to his quarters.

Some of the guard, in running out, made a stand at the gate with some picks and shovels lying there and kept the prisoners back.

The whole affair lasted but about ten minutes. The reason of their signal failure was their want of concert and organization.

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

About the middle of February, Maj. Gee received intelligence that the articles of exchange had been agreed on. The perpetual dream and longing of those who survive was about to be realized at last. Oh how they had wished and prayed for it! Wading in the mire, pinched by hunger, chilled with cold, covered with vermin, broken in spirit, the thought of home was as sweet as the vision of happiness, and their most eager inquiry of all visitors was, "Is there any prospect for exchange?" At last their sad hearts were to be gladdened, Maj. Gee, knowing how it would excite and transport them, charged the officer who was to inform them to make no demonstrations lest the guard might fire upon them. "His message was, 'Tell them they have something good to sleep over to night.'"

About the 20th, all who were well enough, were removed. The sick were carried on the trains. The hospitals were emptied of all who could travel. It was a pitiable spectacle to see the baggard, staggering patients marching to the train. Some faltered along alone; some walked in couples, supporting one another; now and then three would come together, the one in the middle dragged along by the other two; and occasionally several would bear a blanket on which was stretched a friend unable to walk or stand. Deeply was every heart stirred which was not dead to sympathy, as the throng gazed on the heartrending pageant. God forbid I should ever be called to witness the like again! At the train they received refreshments from the

hands of several citizens. About 2,800 started to march to Greensboro. A great many who started were unable to make the march. Besides the stragglers, two hundred were left at Lexington and five hundred the next day, were abandoned on the road. About one thousand failed on the way.

I have failed to mention that three or four hundred negroes were brought to the prison, and were treated precisely as the other prisoners of war.

After this general delivery about 500 were confined, some of them from Sherman's army, and were hurried to Charlotte just in time to escape Stoneman's raiders in April. The day that Stoneman captured Salisbury his prisoners were penned in the very same stockade which had so long enclosed the hordes of Federal captives. All the buildings and the stockade were burned by Stoneman's orders on the night of the 12th of April. A number of his men had been imprisoned there, and doubtless some of them were in the detail to which was assigned the avenging torch.

Having written thus frankly of the dark history of this great reservoir of misery and death, I now ask "Who is to blame?" And I answer in the very words of two escaped prisoners, newspaper correspondents who published their prison experience after their return to the North.

ESCAPED PRISONERS BLAMED EDWIN S. STANTON.

Mr. Richardson says: "The government held a large excess of prisoners and the rebels were anxious to exchange man for man, but our authorities acted upon the cold-blooded theory of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, that we could not afford to give well-fed, rigged men for invalids and skeletons—that returned prisoners were infinitely more valuable to the rebels than to us, because their soldiers were inexorably kept in the army, while many of ours, whose term of service had expired, would not re-enlist."

Mr. Brown writes: "As soon as Mr. Richardson and myself reached our lines we determined to visit Washington, even before returning to New York, to see what could be done for the poor prisoners we had left behind, and determine what obstacle there had been in the way of an exchange. We were entirely free. We owed nothing to the rebels or to the government for release. We had obtained our own liberty, and were very glad of it, for we believed our captives had been so unfairly, not to say inhumanely, treated at Washington that we were unwilling to be indebted to the authorities of that city for our emancipation. We went to Washington, deferring everything else to woe the matter of prisoners, and did what we thought most effective for the end we had in view: During our sojourn there we made it our special business to inquire into the cause of the detention of Union prisoners in the South, although it was known that they were being deliberately starved and frozen by the rebels. We particularly endeavored to learn who was responsible for the murder—for it was nothing else—of thousands of our brave soldiers; and we did learn. There was but one answer to all our questions, and that was, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. Although he knew the exact condition of affairs in the rebel prisons, he always insisted that we could not afford to exchange captives with the South; that it was not policy. Perhaps it was not; but it was humanity, and possibly that is almost as good as policy in other eyes than Mr. Stanton's. After our departure from Washington, such a storm was raised about the Secretary's ears—such a tremendous outside feeling was created—that he was compelled to make an exchange."

"The greater part of the Northern prisoners have now been released, I believe, but there was no more reason why they should have been paroled or exchanged since February than there was ten or twelve months ago. No complications, no obstacles had been removed

in the meantime. Our prisoners might just as well have been released a year since as a month since, and if they had been, thousands of lives would have been saved to the republic, not to speak of those near and dear ones who were materially and spiritually dependent upon them.

"Dreadful responsibility for some one; and that some one, so far as I can learn, is the Secretary of War. I hope I may be in error, but cannot believe I am. If I am right, heaven forgive him! for the people will not. The ghost of the thousands needlessly sacrificed heroes will haunt him to his grave."

As these extracts are against the officers of their own government, one, if not both, written when the storm had lulled and the mind was capable of dispassionate reflection and judgment, we, of course, must accept them as true. They agree with and corroborate the opinion of all well-informed persons at the South—thus making it the verdict of the jury of the millions North and South, that Edwin M. Stanton, and not the authorities of the Confederacy, is guilty of the deliberate destruction of thousands of Federal and Confederate captives whom he would not permit to be exchanged.

Why, then, all this unrelenting bitterness—this bloodthirsty, inexorable vengefulness towards the South? Impartial history will show that in the article of prisoners, she was "more sinned against than sinning." It is known by all who choose to know the truth, that stern necessity and insupportable national misfortunes occasioned the sufferings of Federal captives in Southern prisons. The South, both citizens and government, clamored for exchange—the North refused it. But where is the apology for the barbarities and murders of Northern prisoners? Is it found in the lex talionis? Where is the authority that justifies retaliation against inevitable necessity?

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 11.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I stand squarely upon the late National Democratic platform, and favor a repeal of the Sherman act, the coinage of both gold and silver at the mints on equal terms, and a repeal of the tax on State bank notes.

JOHN S. HENDERSON, (Dem.)

LADIES
Feeding a tonic, or children who want built up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

Hold on Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to steal, snatch or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are excited, angry, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

A LEADER
Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medical tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c per bottle. Sold by J. M. Lawing

THAT CHARTER AGAIN.

Why The Last Legislature Amended The Farmers' Alliance Charter.

Goldboro Argus.

On April 26th, 1893 I sent to you for publication an article containing my views upon the resolutions recently adopted by the Wayne County Alliance, and also the legislature in amending the charter of the Alliance.

Since that time I have been roundly abused by the *Caucasian* and *Progressive Farmer*, but the principal reply to me have been abuse. The statement in my communication that raises the biggest howl is this: "A great many of the lecturers of North Carolina last year were third party candidates. And still they were paid out of the Alliance fund \$4,364.18. And if I am not very much mistaken Mr. Graham was called upon for \$1,200 to help pay that and other expenses of the State meeting." This was the charge made, and the reply is a card signed by Messrs. Alexander, Johnson, Mewborne, Butler and others, saying that, "no sum was appropriated or used last year in the interest of the People's party, and that no sum was paid for lecturing after May meeting of ex. com. or for other than legitimate expenses of the Alliance."

I now reiterate what I did say: "The Alliance lecturers in N. C. last year were paid \$4,364.18, and a great many of them were Third party candidates." This I assert as the truth, and no man can deny it. Of the 8 names to the committee card, 5 of them were candidates, 4 Third party, one a Democrat. Now let's see who has lied: They say, "By order of the executive committee, at the May meeting last year all the Alliance lecturers were withdrawn from the field, this being several weeks prior to the first start to organize a new party." Let's see about that. In March last year, Mr. J. W. Mewborne, District lecturer, Dr. J. E. Person, County lecturer, accompanied by Mr. A. L. Swinson, then county secretary canvassed Wayne county. Messrs. Mewborne and Person would open the ball for the Alliance. Mr. Swinson would close the scene with a long speech in favor of a new party, and would say all manner of evil against the Democratic organization. Well do I remember their meeting with Falling Creek Alliance, Messrs. Mewborne and Person made very short speeches, followed by Mr. Swinson. My worst political enemy *non* (the strongest friend, then) said to me, after Mr. Swinson closed his remarks, if he was allowed to make such political speeches as that in the Alliance he would run the order.

Right here I would call Mr. Mewborne's attention to the fact, that he closed his canvass in Wayne that he might be in Kinston at the organization of the People's party for Lenoir county, which was either the last Saturday in March or the first Saturday in April. A few days after holding forth at Falling Creek Mr. Swinson organized the Peoples party at Providence and issued a call for a county mass meeting to be held at Goldsboro, April 16th, for the purpose of completing the county organization.

Mr. Butler, State President, fearing him, intercepted Mr. Swinson, and held an Alliance meeting in the court house that day. After delivering his Alliance address he gave us reason why we should stick to the Democratic party, and called on all who would attend the coming Democratic conventions and support their nominees to stand up, and nearly every one in the crowded court room stood up. Mr. Swinson and 5 or 6 of his followers, who were honest in their conviction did not rise.

We all remember the Swinson circular denouncing Mr. Butler. In a very short time Mr. Swinson did organize the People's party for the county. Thus we see the new party organized in Wayne and Lenoir in

(Continued on last page.)