

OLD SOLDIERS EXPERIENCES.

Incidents Recorded From 1861 to 1865.

Perilous Escape From Point Lookout.

[The following is an address delivered by Mr. Simon Seward before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Petersburg, Va., sometime ago.]

Comrades: I was captured June 28, 1863, in Maryland, near Rockville, the same day that we captured a train of three hundred and fifty wagons and a few days before the battle of Gettysburg. I was carried to Washington and put in the old Capitol Prison, and was kept there six weeks. I formed the acquaintance while there of several noted men, among them one of Mosby's captains, of whom I will tell you later. From there I was carried to Point Lookout Prison. This place was situated in the fork of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. On reaching there I found about one thousand prisoners. We received the rations of regular soldiers and had a good time. Just imagine a Confederate soldier eating fresh loaf bread, good coffee with sugar in it, and beef and pork in abundance! We had feasted but a short time when the cook house was built. Then stealing and short rations commenced.

A friend (McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.) and I, not liking the board and various other things, decided that we would quit the place and go home. The prison was square, containing about a space of ten or more acres, and at that time had no fence around it. The guards continually marched up and down on their beats. We decided to wait for a dark night, then crawl as near the guards as possible and wait until they met and turned their backs, then run through in the darkness. During this time I caught a severe cold and had a wretched cough, so could not go with my friend. I told him the way to go, gave him my father's address (which he cut on his finger nail), and told him to leave word on the road that I would soon follow. He did this, and also wrote to my father, giving all the news and telling him of me. Up to this time my people believed me dead, as it had been so reported by persons who said they saw me killed.

Well, our rations continued to grow smaller, and my friend was gone, so I was more determined than ever to leave. A tall fence had now been built around the place, making it very difficult to escape. I tried many ways and failed. Once after I had gotten out I was caught and put in the dungeon (a tent) and fed on bread and water. This made me all the more anxious to leave. It was customary to close the gates at sunset. These gates led us out to the sinks during the day. The first day of December, 1863, was dark and rainy. I thought this was my time, so just before time to shut the gates I crept out. Not a soul was to be seen. The fence was very strongly built, with very large posts and a parapet on top where the guards were on duty.

After passing out of the gates, I went to the right for several panels. Seeing a squad of soldiers, I hid behind a post until they passed. They were within thirty yards of me. When they returned, they must pass within five feet of me. So I got on the other side of the post when I saw them coming back. I expected to be found and pinned to the wall with a bayonet, but it so happened that when they came

within twenty feet of me their attention was called to a pile of sand on the beach that looked like a grave. It was piled up during the day by some of the prisoners. The soldiers went at once to the mound and commenced to stick their bayonets through it. It was owing to this I escaped detection. I remained close behind the post until nine o'clock, when all was quiet except the tread of the guards overhead and the murmur of their voices as they conversed with each other. My next move was to go from post until I reached the corner. To leave there was to do one of two things—either swim the Chesapeake Bay or go through the 5th New Hampshire Regiment in camp on the only ground there was I decided on the latter. When inside the Camp, I saw some horses tied, and tried to untie one thinking to ride him through the camp and out; but this was "no go." The horse commenced to move: the men saw it and me and said: "Who is there?" I said nothing, and they came to see. Then commenced a race for the bay, about one hundred yards off, the soldiers and guards after me. The darkness saved me from being riddled with bullets. I went at once into deep water, and commenced to swim for my life up the bay toward Baltimore—the soldiers being camped on the shore for a mile or more. I had a fair wind and tide, and made good time. When I found I could go no farther, I gave up to drown, bidding farewell to this world, when I found myself in water only three feet deep. I thought at first I had struck a whale, but found afterwards it was a sand bar. After a good rest I commenced again, and continued in the water a distance of six miles, passing outside of what was called the blockhouse, where they had wires connected with bells in a house on shore.

Thinking myself safe, I went ashore. A chill came over me from a sharp wind then blowing. My teeth commenced to chatter so loud I thought I would be heard. So I put my finger between them. My feet then refused to move. I was chilled through; but hard work and a determination to move on brought a circulation, and I moved first slowly, then faster, until I struck a path through the woods. I ran up that path with considerable speed until I found myself in front of a large white house. What to do, I could not tell. I rang the bell and a lady came to the door in her night dress, it being about twelve o'clock. She said: "I know who you are. Don't speak, or our servants will hear you. I will send my husband." He came, invited me in the parlor, and said: "I will help you all I can, but don't speak of it if caught." He gave me some beef, a bottle of whisky, a coat, and several dollars. He said he was an officer in the Federal navy, but loved the South and owned negroes. I walked all night, and at the break of day took a little rest to wait for more darkness. I soon fell asleep, but it was a short nap. I found that too much walking, beef, and whisky had made me so stiff I could not walk. Some dogs came across me, and made so much fuss that I forgot my lameness and ran through the woods in an opposite direction from which I was going. This saved me from capture, as a company of cavalry was right after me. The dogs followed me through the woods until I came to a deep break covered with ivy. I frightened something, either a man or deer, I can't say which; but it scared me nearly out of my wits. The dogs left me and ran after it. I then crossed a little stream up the hill and found myself in a field near a

small negro hut. I went to it and spoke to a very bright colored man and asked him the way to a certain place. He replied: "Go away from here. If they find you here, I am ruined, for I am just out of the penitentiary yesterday." I moved on through the woods and fields until I came to a road and started to cross it, when I met a man who said: "If you go up this road, you are caught, for the sheriff is coming." I looked, and there he was, riding a horse, with a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder and a prisoner walking by his side. I walked right by him, and as soon as I could took to the woods, running a mile or more, until I found a thicket, where I hid until nearly night.

Being much refreshed, but a little hungry, I started off again and reached a small house. Seeing a bucket of water on the porch and wishing for information, I asked for a drink of water. The lady said: "You are the man they are looking for. The soldiers on horses have just left here." I moved on again faster than ever until I heard them coming back. I jumped over the fence and waited until they passed by. As they passed I heard them talking, I suppose about me. It was dark, and I commenced again crossing fields and woods until I gave out. Walking and running twenty-five or thirty miles with nothing to eat was telling on me. I decided to go to the first house and ask for food. This I did, but the lady said: "I can give you nothing; my husband is absent." I asked if I might stay until he returned. She replied: "Yes. We know of you. You may stay in the yard." When her husband came, he said I could eat and sleep in his house if I wished. He also owned slaves. After a good supper came bedtime. He said: "To show you that I will help and protect you, I will make you a bed in this room and put my son in bed with you." About two o'clock he tapped me on the head and said: "The soldiers are here asking for you, and I have told them from the window that you are not here; but they are going to search. So run!" "Come this way," he said, taking me to the back door. I jumped through a gate into the garden, which was terraced, and I thought every time I struck the ground I had gone into a pit. There was a big fuss at the house, but I was gone. By a spring near the garden was a hollow tree. I went up that and awaited developments. Soon I heard a whistle, but gave no answer. Then I heard a voice say: "They are gone! Where are you?" I recognized the voice of my host, and came down. He had a bucket full of meat and bread, and led the way to the woods some distance off and told me to stay there until he came for me. I remained there about two days. On hearing a considerable noise I looked out from my hiding place under a holly tree, where a litter of pigs had been recently raised and where fleas were plentiful, to see my pursuers going back, as I thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empira, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at J. E. Shell's drug store, 500 and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Resolutions of Honor and Love.

The session of Rankin's Presbyterian church, Lenoir, N. C., mourns deeply the removal of our esteemed, honored and beloved Emma Rankin by the death Angel. We pray that our loss is Heaven's gain. We honored her for her sympathy and Christ like feeling toward us. Her donating to us a lot, upon which to erect a Presbyterian church for the colored people of Lenoir. We honored her for her philanthropic spirit. We saw the trend of her soul; more blessed to give than receive. She has cast her bread upon the water to gather after many days with Saints in glory. She has sowed the seeds of love among the poor, to reap a harvest of joy among Angels. Whereas it has pleased God to call her from labor to reward; Be it Resolved: 1. That we tender the bereaved family, our heart felt sympathy. 2nd. That we hold in fond remembrance her kind feeling toward us. 3rd. That we appreciate what she has done for us. 4th. That we revere her lofty character. 5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and a copy to the Lenoir News.

Respectfully,

ELDER W. S. CRAIG,
ELDER TURNER NORWOOD - Com.
MOD. REV. M. E. POWELL.)

Now's the time to take Rocky Mountain Tea. It drives out the germs of winter, builds up the stomach, kidneys and liver. The most wonderful spring tonic to make people well. You'll be surprised with results. 35c, Tea or Tablets. Dr. Kents and Granite Falls Drug Co.

Mortimer News.

According to an old saying, we may look for some more winter to come again soon.

Everything seems to enjoy the bright warm days, even the little birds are busy singing their new songs in the forest.

Business in this section as yet remains very quiet, W. M. Ritter Lumber Co. is only operating their plant half time, and the panic and bad roads are both unpleasant for the lumber hands.

There has recently been a new mail route established from Edgemont to Mortimer.

Rev. J. R. Annas filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. A. W. Agee, of Hampton, Tenn., was in our village this week on business.

Messrs. M. E. Crisp and J. L. Hayes visited friends at Happy Sunday.

Mr. W. C. Moore, Sr., the popular lumberman from Globe, moved his family to Edgemont a few days ago. Mr. Moore is having a nice dwelling house built there.

The two daughters of Mrs. Chas. Young, Hattie and Rose, who have been attending school at Barium Springs came home this week.

Mrs. E. T. Gragg, the popular and clever hotel lady of Edgemont, has moved, with her family, to Deemer, Miss. We regret to lose these good neighbors and hope they will do well in their new home.

Mrs. W. W. Sherrill and daughter, Miss Prudie, who were guests of Mrs. Gragg while at Edgemont have returned to their home at Blowing Rock.

Success to the News.

REPORTER.

Mortimer, March 10, 1908.

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G.W.F. HARPER, Pres.

J.H. BEALL, Cashier.

W.A. SHELL, A-Cashier

WHO DEPOSITS YOUR DOLLARS?

Your earnings get into bank sooner or later whether you put them there or not.

If you spend all you make you let somebody else deposit your dollars.

Having a bank account in somebody else's name will never do YOU any good. Why don't you get busy and start a bank account of your own with a part of your own earnings?

A little bit faithfully added to your store each week or month will in time make you independent. Deposit your dollars yourself. Let us give you credit for them and help you on the road to success.

BANK OF LENOIR

LENOIR, N. C.

ASSETS AND RESPONSIBILITY OVER \$300,000.

CULTIVATORS.

We have unloaded a Car Load of Buckeye Cultivators & Superior Corn Drills.

Are You Ready?

BERNHARDT-SEAGLE Hardware & Furniture Co.

MOORE'S Close Out Sale

Goes on daily and will continue until sold out. We are going out of business. The lease on our building expired Jan. 1, which necessitated a change, since Mr. Jno. K. Moore has gone on the road, now leaving our business to be closed out. We are offering our stock at

ACTUAL COST.

Entire line at prices never heretofore made in Lenoir. Ready Made Clothing, Ladies Coats and winter lines at half price which is much below cost—Values never offered before. We want to close out right away. Our stock is new, bought to "fill in." Everything will be sold at cost, as the business will be discontinued. See for yourself.

Yours truly,

MOORE BROS.

OLD POSTOFFICE BUILDING.