

**Unique Life of King Paul, Deceased
Civil War Veteran, Told in Obituary**

Captain Paul Was Well-Known 30 Years Ago Around Belhaven, According to Old Issue of "The Belhaven Times"

(Editor's note: The article reprinted here was carried in the February 9, 1928, issue of "The Belhaven Times," a copy of which was given us recently by George R. of Scranton. Capt. Paul will be remembered by many of our readers.

Louis King Paul is dead. He succumbed to a heart attack at 1:00 o'clock Monday morning. The passing of Capt. Paul wrote "finis" to the eventful career of Belhaven's oldest and most unique citizen. He was a familiar figure about town; his old cap pulled down over raven locks that refused to yield to the ravages of time, his baggy suit, and worn overcoat pulled tightly about a withered frame to ward off the cold, his shuffling gait and the rat-tat-tat of his sturdy cane, as he wended his way about the streets of the city, will not be forgotten soon. There is no figure in Belhaven any better known than was Capt. Paul. To the time of his death he enjoyed the lone distinction of being the city's oldest citizen. He possessed many characteristics that made him unique and placed him in a class all to himself. He enjoyed good health to the time of his death, and on Sunday idled about the down town section as was his daily custom.

Death came to him all unaware, like a hunter who stumbles upon a lost trail, and hid him away into the mysteries of an unknown and unexplored realm while most of the city slept. He spent his latter years near the blue waters of the Pungo he loved so well. During his youth and younger days he manned many fine craft and captained them with a skill such as would create the envy of the old masters who sailed the Spanish Main. He died as he had

lived in his latter years, quietly, peacefully. In the distance the wrinkled Pungo hurried restless waves upon the sandy beach, reminders of a by-gone day; not far distant trim sloops rode at anchor, vagrant waves lapping at their prows. The breezes, salt laden, bore the moist breath of the disconsolate and misty Atlantic to waft him into the beyond. Surrounded by gentle reminders of years spent in toiling on the sea, ships hidden by the chaotic shadows of night, ships that he loved to watch loom over the horizon and later cast anchor, when the voyage was done, in the peaceful harbor at home, the restless Pungo, he loved, wrapped in shadows, mumbled little songs sweeter than the lullabies of angels, he quietly, peacefully fell into a dreamless sleep. His passing brings to a close a life that reads much like fiction, there is pathos, tragedy, some humor, and the usual cloud with the silver lining in its warp and roof.

Mr. Paul was born March 26, 1840, at Bath, North Carolina. Here he spent the earlier days of his life, dreamed his youthful dreams, and shaped the career destined to place his name on countless tongues ere his race was run and he laid down to sleep. As he played along the shore of historic Bath Creek, exploring the haunts of the pirate Black Beard, graceful ships passed, urged on by peaceful winds, and called him to the service of the sea. When quite young he left his native haunt and sailed away on a sturdy three master to South America, braving the gales and inclement weather that prevail around the Horn, he made the volage safely and when the Southern Cross had vanished in the heavens, when the rugged coast line of South America faded from sight he determined to forsake the sea for the more peaceful sounds and rivers of Eastern North Carolina.

He lived through many stirring times in history. He was just a lad when that vast horde of pioneers set out for the west, some leaving their bodies to bleach in a scorching sun, others fording the rushing Platte to reap fortune and renown in the golden west. He was a very young man when the war between the States occurred; he cast his lot with his native Southland, enlisting in Company B of

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SO-CALLED INSURANCE CO.**

Commissioner of Insurance Charles F. Gold warns citizens of North Carolina of the purchase of so-called Term Insurance from Social Security Society, 416-18 Mills Building, Washington, D. C. Mail and literature has been sent from the Washington address but Superintendent of Insurance Albert F. Jordan of Washington, D. C. says there is no such company at the address given.

Social Security Society is not a company licensed to sell insurance in North Carolina and the people of this state should disregard letters or advertising concerning it.

Pantego under the command of Col. Wm. Rodman. He was captured at Fortress Monroe, taken to New Bern and later to Wilmington where he remained until the close of the war. When he obtained his release he returned to Bath and began life all over again, pursuing the occupation of a farmer.

Finding farming, at this particular time, a very poor means of obtaining a livelihood, Captain Paul heard the call of the sea again and sailed on the Mary Louisa a trim two master commanded by Captain Bob Gaskill.

In 1886 he married Melissa Eborn of Bath, who died in 1898. Four years later he married Alice Eborn the younger sister of his first wife.

Tiring of being away from his family during long periods at sea, Captain Paul returned to Bath and moved his family to Washington, N. C., where he resided a number of years. His restless nature again asserted itself and he moved his family to Swan Quarter. While at Swan Quarter he was engaged in fishing. 'Tis said he always knew just where to drop his nets and could ever be depended upon to bring the choicest denizens of the deep into Swan Quarter.

The years tip-toed by ere he knew it and Captain Paul suddenly realized he was growing old. So he moved to Belhaven, choosing a home overlooking the blue water he loved so well, residing with his two sons until his death.

Much of his life is enshrouded in mystery, and many of the secrets he guarded well in life died with him in death. His younger days were filled with thrilling escapades from which he always emerged victorious, but his latter years were spent in peace and serenity. He will ever be remembered as one who "lived in his house by the side of the road and was a friend to man." In so far as worldly goods is concerned he possessed very little. He never expressed a desire to possess much gold, and he left very little of the yellow metal, if any, as a legacy to others. His was the will to serve whenever he could. And when he could be of service to any one, despite his advanced age, he readily lent what aid he could. No night was too dark or any destination too far for him to trudge his way if he was rendering one a service. He'd walk miles to procure aid for any unfortunate irrespective of race or color.

With the passing of Captain Paul, the thin gray line grows thinner, widening the ever increasing gap in the ranks of the rebels who once wore the immortal grey. He has answered the last roll call, another of Lee's renowned rebels has entered the last bivouac and gone to meet "Marse" Robert. He was a good soldier and fought in life, as he did with the bedraggled boys in grey, for the principles he believed right.

Captain Paul lived well past the Biblical allotment of three score years and ten, dying in his 87th year. Surviving him are two sons, Jake and Will Paul, with whom Captain Paul lived until his death.

Hale and hearty until the time he died, Mr. Paul was a familiar figure about town. His daily appearance on the streets of the city will be greatly missed. Saturday he was a familiar figure as he drifted with the tide of people in the city, stopping frequently to greet this and that one as he idled along. Everybody knew him, people respected him, and local people aided him when ever he sought aid. For well nigh a century he accepted what life offered him, met its issues fairly, squarely, plodding along through sunshine and shadow mindless of the years slipping noiselessly by.

Tuesday morning at 10:00 o'clock funeral services for Captain Paul were conducted by Rev. E. D. Weathers, Pastor of the First Methodist Church of this city and Rev. J. N. Bynum, of the Episcopal Church. Interment was in the Odd Fellows cemetery. A goodly number of local people were in attendance, paying a last tribute to the city's oldest citizen.

Days may pass into months and months into years but they shall not dim the memory of Captain Paul, who sleeps a dreamless sleep not far from the blue water he loved so well, whose restless waves croon him an eternal benediction. So Belhaven's most aged and unique citizen, when he came down to the end of life's long trail, and could no longer bear its burdens, fell asleep. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill."

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