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Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War 1861 to 1865.

[BY L. N. PERKINS.]
(Continued.)

Mr. Editor: I have commenced writing a series of articles for your paper, which are my personal recollection of the Civil War, and will be descriptive of some of Gen. John H. Morgan's adventures, of whose command I was an active participant from the fall of 1862 to the close of the war. My only apology for intruding on your columns my individual experiences is, I have been repeatedly urged to do so, not only by personal friends, but by the Chapter of the U. D. C. in adjoining counties. From the best information procurable, I am the living representative of General Morgan's command anywhere in this section of the country.—L. N. PERKINS.

During December 1862 General Morgan's division was stationed near Stone's River Bridge, nine miles leading to Hartsville, Tenn. which place was on the south bank of Cumberland river. There was a camp of Federals, about twenty-five hundred in number on the north side of the river opposite Hartsville. It seems that Gen. Morgan had correct information of the number and location in general. So he decided to give them a surprise attack, and capture the whole command. He made application and received in addition to his own command two companies of infantry to assist in the job. So on the 6th of December we made ready to start on the trip. The morning was cold with a brisk north wind blowing and a skiff of snow on the ground. The infantry, who were also Kentuckians and had been prisoners of war and recently exchanged, started very early with two pieces of artillery following them. About 9 o'clock the whole command started on the march. We overtook the infantry and dismounted and walked till about sun down, so the infantry could rest by riding. The distance from Stone's river to Hartsville is about 25 miles. It seems that the plan was to approach the enemy at night, cut off and capture all the pickets and not let them know we were near them till they were in a trap. Soon after nightfall, the brigade to which I belonged left the pike and took an old road through the woods in order to get in the rear of the Yanks. We crossed Cumberland River, which was deep and the ice running thick. The moon was shining brightly and very cold. After crossing the river we built fires, using an old fence that was convenient for wood. After the men had all safely crossed the river, rested and warmed a while, we started on the march again. It was now nearly daylight, and very soon we heard the booming of cannon which seemed to be a mile or two from us and up the river; the rattle of musketry was soon heard also and we knew the battle was on and we ought to be there. In all my experience with cow boy and cavalry riding, I never saw such riding as we did that morning. The road was glazed with slick ice a great portion of the way, and frequently a horse would fall down and roll off the road, but on we went, and by about sunrise or a little after, we were ready to participate in the encounter. We were completely in rear of the retreating Yankees, who were being pressed back by the infantry and artillery. We only fired a few rounds until a white flag was run up and a full surrender made. The whole

DALE BLAIR.

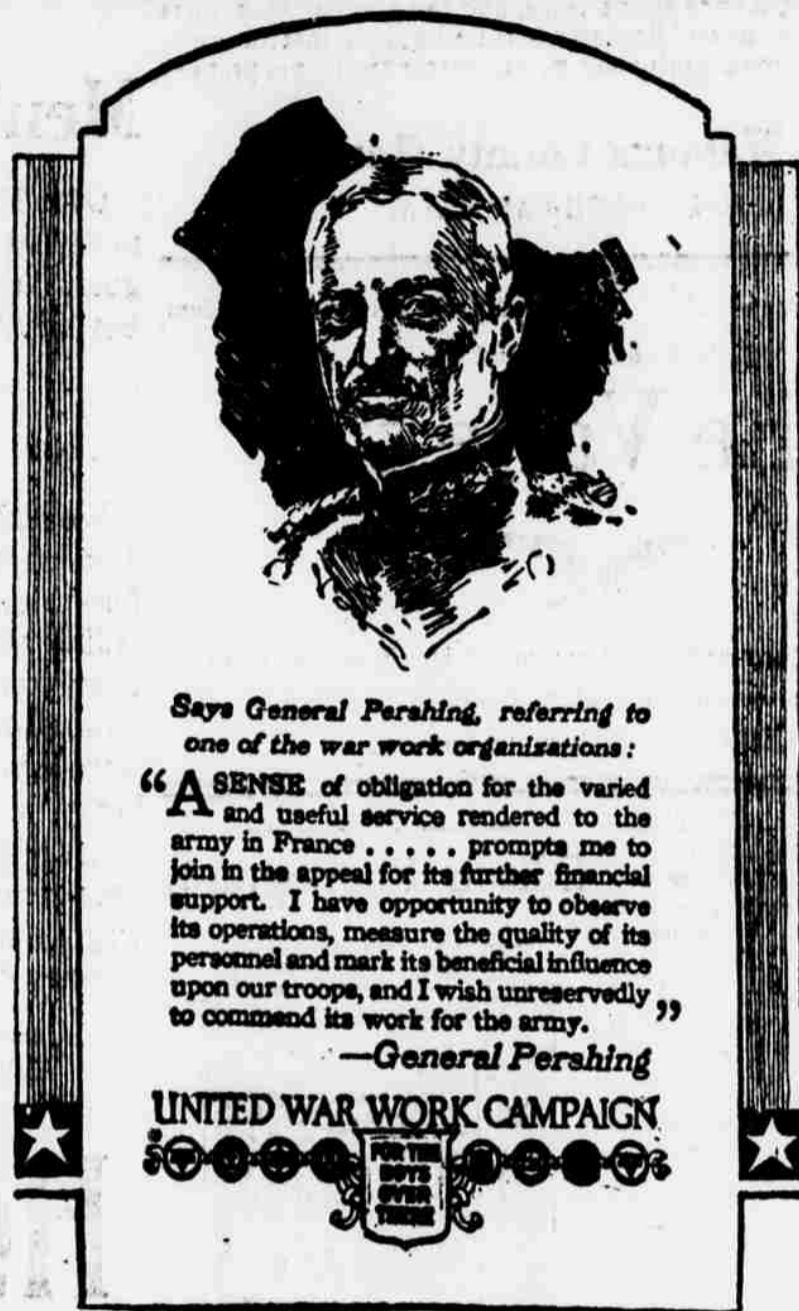
The subject of this sketch was born in Watauga county, N. C., April 4, 1901, and died Sept. 13, 1918, in his 17th year. He professed faith in Christ and joined the Willowdale Baptist church, where he lived a consecrated, christian life until his death. Again God has called away from us, from this life of care and strife and sadness to a life of peace and love beyond, one of His children. Dale Blair! How marked is his vacant place in the home; what a sadness encircles us when we realize that his presence here is forever withdrawn, but what a joy when we recognize the voice of God as he speaks peace to all his children who live and die in Him. What a comforting thought that God is glad to call His children home.

The writer knew Dale from the grave, and to know him was to love him. He was kind and good to every one he met, both young and old, and was always loving and obedient at home. He bore his suffering patiently, and all through his illness would sing and pray and often ask his nurse and mama to pray with him but never expressed a wish to get well. Just before he died he sang beautifully; told his friends and loved ones he was going home. He called his brother Don to come and cross the river with him then closed his eyes and went off as if to sleep.

Mrs. J. R. PRESNEBL,
Elizabethton, Tenn.

command was captured except about three hundred cavalry who ran out before we closed the gap. We saw them in the distance going at full speed but were too late to cut them off. The number of men Morgan had in the engagement was less than two thousand, and the number of prisoners captured was 2,200 by actual count with all their tents, wagons, teams and camp equipment, with which they were well supplied. Our firearms then were muzzle loading Springfield muskets which carried a ball and three buck shot. After I had fired the first round, in attempting to reload I found my gun was burst open a foot or more at the muzzle end. I knew at once that the cause was ice formed in it from crossing the river. I looked about and saw a gun similar to mine lying on the ground a short distance from me. I threw mine down and picked up the one on the ground, which I carried as long as I had use for it. We were then inside the enemy lines and the thing for us to do was to get back home, so the mules were harnessed, and hooked to the wagons and all the plunder we could carry off was hastily loaded and put on the move. The prisoners were also hurried away with proper guards. I was detailed to guard a wagon loaded with wounded prisoners. In passing through the camps after the battle someone suggested to me to get some blankets. I had not thought of it, so I rushed into a tent and procured an overcoat, four heavy U. S. blankets and an oil cloth, which I used all winter, and without which I do not see how I could have gotten through the winter alive. It was after midnight the second night after we left camp until we got back with our supply of prisoners and booty, tired, hungry and cold. We remained in that camp and rested up till about the 20th of the month when we made another raid through Tennessee and Kentucky of which I propose to relate in my next communication.

(To be continued.)



Says General Pershing, referring to one of the war work organizations:

"A SENSE of obligation for the varied and useful service rendered to the army in France . . . prompts me to join in the appeal for its further financial support. I have opportunity to observe its operations, measure the quality of its personnel and mark its beneficial influence upon our troops, and I wish unreservedly to commend its work for the army."

—General Pershing

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

Emblems of Death for Toys.

(By H. H. Windsor in December Popular Mechanics Magazine.)

New York, Oct. 22. Several thousand cases of German-made toys arrived here today.—Associated Press.

Toys? For whom? For the innocents carried down when the "Lusitania" sank? For those tear-eyed Belgian children who stretch forth little bodies rest in the churchyards of Italy that died in pain from poisoned Hun candy? For those other children slowly starved to death in Poland or massacred in Armenia?

Toys? Toys made by Huns to whom innocence and childhood are but toys to be played with and then crushed and broken? Toys whose very contact contaminate and leaves upon the touch of babyhood invisible clots of blood? As well bring a deadly serpent into the home to spew its venom on the cradle. Why shall we befool and taint the purity of American childhood with a reminder of the heathish treatment the huns have gloried in ever since that fateful August of 1914? Can one even look upon a Noah's Ark "Made in Germany" and put from his mind those hundreds of helpless innocents whose silken locks are twined with seaweed? Can one hold a German doll in her arms and forget the thousands dead from famine who once made glad a mother's arms? Can a boy find delight in the contortions of a mechanical Hun clown and forget those brave young men who writhed in agony when crucified on castle walls by these same Huns? Can a ball colored with the red of Huns fast to suggest the flame from bursting grenades hurled by arms uplifted in the attitude of "kamikaze"?

Let those who would invite fearsome ghosts into the home to hove round the Christmas tree buy German toys. If one would hang the boughs with evil omens, and bid the wail of agonized spirits float through the branches and fan the flickering flame of candles, let him buy German toys. Let those who can, make merry with the product of those very hands which even at this moment are eagerly filling shells with poison gases and deadly flames and hurling them against our own flesh and blood.

And what of the merchant who for sordid gain would barter

these souvenirs of a loathsome nation and insult the loyalty of lisping lips? What could more delight the cunning Hun, what more quickly bring the sneering smile to cruel faces, or gladden heartless hearts, or encourage him to hope that even now we tolerate his brutality and welcome what he wants to sell? If now, when as a nation we are in universal condemnation of Hunism, yet do we hold out our hands to accept his works, what will he think and with what measure shall he estimate the sincerity of our expressions of repugnance and horror at what he has done since the sun rose this morning? What mitigation can we claim in the thought that America was not yet overseas when these trinkets were fashioned? Even while the gaudy paint was yet fresh upon these trinkets were Belgian girls being dragged into slavery worse than death.

We do not lack for toys; toys by trainloads made in American factories, by hands which are clean— toys also by carloads made by our ally in Japan, where childhood is sacred, and love, not hate, is taught at mothers' breasts. Even were there none, far better our boys and girls should go without than find pleasure in the handiwork of a nation which made a public holiday to celebrate the loss of the "Lusitania," and which in these latter days is steeped in the "glory" of monstrosities. Could our little men who sacrifice many a childish pleasure to buy war stamps and contribute pennies to the Red Cross, and our little mothers who knit so patiently with hands that can barely hold the needles, would one of these knowingly find any pleasure in any toy "Made in Germany."

CURE FOR DYSINTERY.

While I was in Ashland, Kansas, a gentleman overheard me speaking of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes William Whitelaw, of Des Moines Iowa. "He told me in detail of what it had done for his family, but more especially his daughter who was lying at the point of death with a violent attack of dysintery, and had been given up by her family physician. Some of the neighbors advised him to give Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy, which he did, and fully believes that by doing so saved the life of his child. He stated that he had also used this remedy himself with equally gratifying results."

From Camp Stuart, Va.

Mr. Editor: Just a word to the people and friends at home, that they may know how we are being treated and cared for. For me to try to express my appreciation for the care and kindness shown us, not only here, but in all the Y. M. C. A. camps where our regiment has been quartered, would be a task indeed.

There is nothing they haven't done to help make us cheerful and comfortable. The sports and fine entertainments, the educational classes, free books from the libraries, magazines, writing materials; writing and taking charge of telegrams, buying supplies for us when we cannot get out of camps, etc., and comforting talks, entirely without propaganda, has won the respect of every man in the regiment.

But, perhaps, one of the finest services is that of caring for the relatives of men who come from a long distance to see them and bid them good bye. Many arrive ill and out of money. These are cared for in ways too numerous to mention here. And when we get aboard a transport for over there, I understand that the Y. M. C. A. goes with us to minister to and remain with us in the trench-fighting. It is the bright spot in our daily lives as soldiers and I feel that we cannot say too much for this splendid, helpful organization. Wishing for each and every one the best that life can give, I am,

A Grateful Soldier,
WILLIAM D. WILSON.

5 Battery, Act., A. R. D., Camp Stuart, Va.

A WORD WITH WOMEN.

Valuable Advice for Boone Readers.

Many a woman endures with noble patience the daily misery of backache, pains about the hips, blue, nervous spells, dizziness and urinary disorders, hopeless of relief because she doesn't know what is the matter.

It is not true that every pain in the back or hips is trouble peculiar to the sex. Often when the kidneys get congested and inflamed, such aches and pains follow. Then help the weakened kidneys. Don't expect them to get well alone.

Doan's Kidney Pills have won the praise of thousands of women. They are endorsed right in this locality. Read this woman's convincing statement:

Mrs. C. E. Huffman, 601 Chestnut Ave., Hickory, N. C., says: "I suffered a lot from my back and kidneys. I was in such bad shape I could hardly straighten up after stooping. The pain in my back couldn't have been more severe if someone had run a knife into me. I couldn't sleep and felt miserable. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the pains in my back and made me feel like a different person."

Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the name Mrs. Huffman has publicly recommended. Foster-McMillan Co., Props., Buffalo, New York.

.\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh of the bladder being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Remedy is taken internally and acts through the blood on the muscular surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Remedy that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

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