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Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War 1861 to 1865.

(BY L. N. PERKINS.)

On arriving at Camp Chase we found the prison to be an enclosure of several acres of land by a strong fence made of durable lumber set up endwise in the ground and so close that one could not see over it without looking straight up. A partition ran through the enclosure and the prison was designated one and two. Morgan's men were placed in no. 2. I do not know why it was arranged that way; there were very few men except Morgan's men in no. 2 when we were there. The "barracks" as the houses were called were good enough and we were furnished regular soldiers rations, which we had to cook out of doors, but we were furnished cooking vessels to do cooking and washing, and plenty of wood for the purpose. The water was mean. It was well water and cold enough, but it was a kind of rotten limestone and nearly made one sick to drink it. If it had not been for the water and vermin one could have endured it better. The body lice were abundant and very annoying. I was talking recently with an old Confederate veteran about prison life, he was confined in Point Lookout, Md. and said he: "I am going to tell something that is hard to believe but is true. I have actually seen the lice crawling on the ground outside of prison barracks." I told him it was not hard to make me believe it for I had seen the same sight at Camp Chase. Of course we were dirty when we were put in prison because we had been riding and roughing for more than three weeks, but we went to work scrubbing and boiling our clothes, but all we could do did not seem to lessen the number of our daily companions. Some of the boys said they caught some of them so large they were branded I. F. W. on the back, which meant "in for the war," but I do not vouch for the truth of this as I did not see them. We were not permitted to stay at Camp Chase quite a month but were removed to Camp Douglas, Ill.; the reason was we were told that the authorities were afraid that Gen. Morgan who was back in Confederate territory with another command, would make another raid into Ohio, storm Camp Chase, and liberate his old men, arm them, and do a lot of other damage. I do not know whether there was any thought in Morgan's mind of such an undertaking, but I have always been glad they thought so, for it probably caused them to move us to a much better prison.

In regard to Gen. Morgan's escape from the pen, it was said he went to the depot, bought a ticket to Cincinnati and took a seat by the side of a Yankee officer who was in the car. The officer remarked to Morgan that the train was near the prison "there is where they have the rebel Gen. Morgan." "Yes," says Morgan, "and I hope they'll keep him there." Gen. Morgan did not ride into the city but left the train at a small station, and made his way through Ky. and Tenn. to Confederate headquarters, where he was placed again in command. We left Camp Chase about Aug. 20th in the afternoon and took the train for Chicago, arriving there before day the next morning. There was a guard placed on each coach to see that the prisoners did not escape. During the night I had an opportunity to escape, as the train stopped for a long while at

W. & Y. R. Railroad Sold.

According to the advertisement and the letter of the law regulating such sales, the Watauga and Yadkin River railroad was sold at public auction at the courthouse in Wilkesboro, Dec. 17th, 1918, the sale beginning at exactly 1:30 p. m. Messrs W. J. Gordon and Melville Hawley, commissioners of sale were present and Mr. Hawley opened the sale by reading the notices terms of sale and the court decrees, and bidders were called for. Mr. Frederick Fair of Pitts-ville, Pa. was the first bidder, followed by Mr. L. N. Hanson, of near Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Fair bid the highest in the wind-up and purchased the property for \$160,000. All efforts to find out anything further concerning the future of the road proved unavailing and the public will have to await further developments before learning what service they may expect of this road in the future. Many people desire that this road may be extended to Boone and if this is done, and the road is put in good condition so that a regular schedule can be maintained, it will open a vast territory that has hitherto lain dormant in many respects, for want of shipping facilities. We can only hope that this sale will finally result in much benefit to the people of Wilkes and Watauga.—Wilkes Patriot.

a station in Indiana. Every one in the coach except myself was asleep. The guard, who was sitting near the door, was snoring continually. I got up and walked out and once thought I would stay and not go back, but I was not very well, and had not been for several days, and the idea of going stranger in the plight I was in, and trying to make my way was embarrassing, and the hope of soon being exchanged and getting back to Dixie, decided me to remain, so I went back in the car and no one knew anything about it. We remained on the train, after arriving at the depot, until after day light, when we were marched about three miles and landed in the prison known as Camp Douglas, which was an enclosure of about twenty acres situated on the west of Lake Michigan, south of and in the suburbs of the city of Chicago. The fence was an ordinary plank fence about five or six feet high, and the guards walked on a beat on the inside, and a plank was nailed up on posts about two feet high and ten or fifteen feet from the fence, which was known as the dead line, and if a prisoner was seen inside that enclosure the orders were to shoot without warning. The prison was a nice, clean ground, with a row or two of barracks on the side next to the lake, the water good, and was brought in pipes from the city reservoir. The barracks would each hold about one hundred men, and a small shack by the side of each barrack with fire place for cooking. The cooking was done with wood, but the barracks were heated with coal stoves. There were very few prisoners in the prison when we arrived, and we went to work and cleaned up ourselves and the camp and soon had everything in good shape.

(To be continued.)



Food conservation in America has been the triumph of individual devotion to the national cause.

THE PROBLEM.

It is hardly worth while to express impatience over the slow movement of the peace problem. It is not a thing that can be disposed of by a wave of the hand. Just as the war involved certain fundamental and antagonistic principles that were broader than the mere contact of Germany with other nations, so the settlement must consider those relations. When the war is whittled down to its move it will be discovered that it was the old struggle between two ideals of government, one the republic, the other the monarchy. Germany has been completely defeated. Monarchy is overthrown, but democracy is not established. For democracy is not the end of the struggle. Monarchy was a stage of the advance from something more chaotic. Democracy is another stage in the advance. The problem that is now confronting the whole of civilization is whether democracy shall be a social democracy, a class democracy, or even the extreme which runs ultimately into state socialism, anarchy or any of the other forms of government or lack of government. It is the life-long struggle between individualism and community or state effort in some form.

In this country we have inclined to individualism. We have given the individual the greatest possible rights. War came and we at once took from the individual every right that the government wanted to appropriate. We went so far that we have shown that individualism is not capable of those things that must be undertaken under certain conditions. We have found that united effort, with the suppression of the individual gets results that individualism cannot get. We may call it what we will, but it is the thing that men call state socialism. We shy at the name of socialism, but we practice it in its extreme for the period of the war. But it is a form of socialism that works for results on a big scale, but suppresses the individual, and we want to get back again to individualism. In Europe the Bolsheviks are trying for a form of socialism. In Germany socialism has been a dream of millions. In all of Europe socialism in one form or another, or under one name or another, has been gaining remarkable power. In this country the labor movement involves one of the first demands of the socialist theory, a better condition and a more decisive voice for the worker.

It is not the terms of peace that the peace conference has to face. It is the disposal of this problem of the individual and the community or state. It is the time-long struggle which has broken down the control of the master over the slave, the monarch over the subject, the baron over his vassal, the nobility over the surf, one man over the other according to class. In each encounter the overload has gone down, as he will in each new encounter, as he has done in this encounter. But how to adjust conditions to establish the most of harmony that can come out of this war is the task now ahead. The indemnity Germany is to pay is a small feature for that is a temporary affair. It will be levied and paid and forgotten. But the relation of the German to the world is a big feature, and the relation of every other individual to its people, will give the points that will be the issue.

It is the most difficult peace to reach because it involves the whole world and goes to the

Reverend S. L. Owen

Rev. Scott Lee Owen was born in Rowan County October 25th 1877 and lived there until he was grown. He was married October 29, 1899, to Miss Julia T. Walters, to which union six children were born, three of whom died in infancy, and three, a boy and two girls survive. Brother Owen was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1912, and immediately went into the ministry, spending most of his time in evangelistic work. He was sent to the Watauga circuit as a supply, January 4th, 1918, and preached his first sermon January 5th, 1918, and labored here faithfully till death. He was made a Master Mason in Snow Lodge No. 863, A. F. & A. M. August 3, 1918.

Brother Owen contracted influenza and took his bed November the 16th, 1918, suffered patiently for two weeks, and died November the 30th, 1918, and we laid him to rest on the hill which overlooks the parsonage, December the 1st, 1918.

As a citizen, Brother Owen was patriotic, loyal and true, ever ready to do all he could for the uplift of his country and to lend a helping hand to those in need of help.

As a preacher he was earnest, persevering and faithful, always doing all in his power to build up his Father's Kingdom here on earth. He was a kind and gentle father and a true and sympathetic husband, and tried hard to make his home ideal, Helored the teachings of Masonry and was a regular attendant at the meetings.

The death of Mr. Owen has left a vacancy in the family, the community, the church and the lodge, which can never be filled.

We will miss him much, but are sure that our loss is his eternal gain, and that he has gone to wear the crown prepared for the faithful, and to live in that Eternal City whose maker and builder is God.

Let us, therefore, resolve to submit cheerfully to the will of Him who knows best, and to strive to emulate the good traits of Brother Owen's character so that we, too, in the end, may hear that glad welcome, "Come up higher."

Respectfully submitted,
D. C. MAST,
J. B. HORTON, Com.

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."

bottom of the vital problem of human rights, not German rights nor restitution, nor sanctity of government, nor territorial extent. But because it is as Wilson has made a permanent demand, to make the world safe for democracy, this peace is for the future, and comprehensive beyond any previous peace ever undertaken. Safe for democracy means everything. The outcome will be to make the world as safe for democracy as we can, and take a chance on the rest of it.—News and Observer.

MRS. MATT RANSOM.

The Charlotte Observer pays the following tribute to the late Mrs. Matt. W. Ransom, whose death occurred in Hickory Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Martha Exum Ransom was a woman whose life was associated with some of the most stirring historical events of the country. She was married to Matt W. Ransom eight years before the outbreak of the Civil War and saw her husband enter upon a career which was to write his name among the notable generals of the Confederate Army. She was later to feel pride in his public career at Washington, where he was sent during Reconstruction days to represent his State in the United States Senate, and where he made a brilliant record of 24 year's service.

Later she accompanied Senator Ransom to Mexico, where he served two years as Minister. Through these experiences she became familiar with court life, and being endowed with a keen intellect and a fine store of native wit, she improved her opportunities for obtaining intimate knowledge of the public men and women of her time. Her mind was a well-spring of historical incident, and possessing the gift of an entertaining narrator, she ever proved a most delightful conversationalist. It was the privilege of many public men of the State and seekers after historical facts, to make pilgrimages to the home of Mrs. Ransom, and they were invariably given profitable and instructive entertainment. Her memory was undimmed by the encroachment of age, and to the last of her 88 years she could discuss the social and historical incidents with the utmost clearness of expression. She was the personification of gentleness and refinement, and she may truly be written into history as one of the great women of the state.

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Good will rules the new world as fear governed the old world. Through sharing food America helps make the whole world kin.

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Starvation by Germany challenged all the world; food conservation in America answered the challenge.



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