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Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War 1861 to 1865.

[BY L. N. PERKINS.]

The evening we boarded the Charlotte Vanderbilt for Fort-reas Monroe it had been raining but ceased about night and a dense fog came upon the bay and the officers and crew decided it was not safe to travel so we lay in the harbor that night. The prisoners were not permitted inside the boat but were penned up on the bow of the boat, no fire, no bed, nothing but the floor to rest on and we had our choice to lie, sit, walk or stand, but we were much nearer home than we had been and it was not cold, only a little chilly, so we did the best we could and did not suffer a great deal. The next morning the weather cleared up and the sun came out. The bay was calm and placid and we had a pleasant sail down the Chesapeake. For some hours during the day we were out of sight of land. About dark we came in sight of the Atlantic and then pulled up James River to Aikens landing, thirteen miles below Richmond. The arrangement was for a "flag of truce boat" from Richmond to meet the boat we were on and convey us up to Richmond but next morning we were told that on account of the river being swollen by the recent rains and melting snow that the pilot could not see to shun the torpedoes which the rebels had placed in the river. We would have to wait for the river to get in banks before we could go to Richmond. So we had nothing else to do but wait and we waited right there on the bow of that boat three days and nights, and all we had to eat was raw pickled pork, very salty and green, and hard tack which was issued to us every day, and for drink we had the privilege of pumping up water out of James River, which was very muddy and as we were just below Gen. Grant's and Lee's armies we could see dead mules and horses floating down the river very frequently which did not add much to the healthfulness of the water we had to drink. The weather was cool and misty much of the time which made it more unpleasant for us. The river was obstinate and no perceptible decrease in the volume of water in sight. On the morning of the 28th of Feb the authorities decided to take us off the boat and let us "foot it" up to Richmond. So we took a brewer's drink of the James and started, but we took enough salt pork and hard tack to last us all day. We had not marched more than two or two or three miles till a white flag was hoisted by our leader and in a short while was met by another white flag borne by a Confederate officer. The two halted, the prisoners passed on and we were soon out of sight of Yankee bayonets for the first time in nineteen months and eight days, the time we had been prisoners of war. The Confederates piloted us through the breast works, then sent us on to Richmond where we arrived about dark, very tired and foot sore; they were told by the police that we would have to report to Camp Lee, a parole camp about three miles from Richmond. Well we found Camp Lee about ten o'clock at night. The moon was shining and it was warm enough to be pleasant so we rested till next morning when we found Camp Lee a very desolate looking place, and only a few soldiers there. We were told that the soldiers had been sent away the day before we got there, and that President Davis, with Gen.

Lee and Breckinridge had visited the camp that day and made talks to the men.

On the afternoon of that day which was the 1st day of March a message came for us to report to the war department in Richmond which we did as soon as we could get there, then we were informed that as we were not exchanged we would be given 30 days furlough and transportation to as near to our homes as they could send us, so we were paid off in new Confederate treasury notes, given furloughs and transportation and dismissed. We had to be sent via Gordonsville and Charlottesville to Lynchburg, (my transportation called for Marion, Va) on account of the Southside R. R. being torn up. We were also told that our train would not leave till 6 o'clock next morning, and that we could spend the night in the soldiers home. We had some time to look around that evening and to my surprise we found trading and trafficking going on as though there was no war and still another surprise was that a ten cent greenback shin-plaster would buy as much in the markets as a dollar in Confederate money, and that too in streets of the Capitol City of the Confederacy. The Confederate money would buy anything that was for sale, but it took a quantity of it to buy much of anything. The wonder to me now is that the soldiers fought on, and the people supported a government that they had so little confidence in as expressed by their valuation of the currency they were using.

We spent a comfortable night at the home and next morning were shown the way to the depot by a kind old darkie who chanced to be going that way. The train was late and we had time to look around for something to eat, as we left the home before breakfast. Although the war had been going on for four years there was no scarcity of provisions. A large eating saloon near the depot was loaded with provisions of the counter, such as biscuits, bakers bread, cakes, etc and the wall was lined with cooked chicken, turkeys, ducks, fish etc. I inquired the price of biscuit and was told two dollars each, five dollars for chicken and duck, and twelve dollars for turkey. I bought a couple of biscuits and for seven dollars got a fair breakfast. We made the run to Lynchburg that day. There was no dining car but at most stations there were plenty of "snacks" for sale running in price from three to five dollars each. At Lynchburg we had to wait till morning for a train, so we spent the night in the "Soldiers Home" and were well cared for. The next morning we boarded the train for Wytheville. The road was in bad shape on account of cave in and slides, we had to walk about five miles and were met on the west side of the Blue Ridge by another train which brought us to Wytheville before dark, where we remained until next morning, sleeping in the coach that night. Late breakfast and supper in Boyd's Hotel, and the bill was twenty dollars Confederate money, but 50 cents in silver would have paid the bill. The next morning those of us who had transportation to Marion to Marion were told that we would have to stop at Rural Retreat, as a bridge had been burned by the Yankees between there and Marion. So about 11 o'clock we landed at Rural Retreat a distance of twenty five miles from my home. There was one man only beside myself whose home was in Grayson county, so we started on foot to try to get

The Individual Can Do Much to Avoid Influenza.

The State Board of Health has given out the following simple rules for avoiding influenza:

There is no magic cure or prevention for influenza, but the individual may do much to fortify himself against the disease by observing a few simple precautions that all physicians and health officers have admitted to be effective in guarding the individual against the disease. The State Board of Health is offering to the public a few simple rules of personal hygiene which, if they are heeded, will be of value in not only preventing influenza but in lessening its severity in case it is not prevented. The rules in brief, are:

Keep your body in good general condition. This is not only the best preventative, but determines largely your ability to pull through in case you get the disease.

Avoid excess that weaken the body and lower resistance, such as overwork, overeating and overdrinking.

Get plenty of rest in bed, adequate sleep, fresh air day and night, and nourishing food. Avoid constipation.

Keep the hands clean at all times, especially at meals. Keep them away from the nose and mouth.

Direct contact is a great source of infection. Avoid crowds and close contact with masses of people.

Avoid people who cough and sneeze without the use of a handkerchief.

Last and always, keep away from all cases of influenza and colds.

home. That night we stayed in a neighborhood known as Rye Valley with an acquaintance of my friend. The farm was being managed by the woman and children as her husband was in the service of the government. Every where the people seemed to have plenty to eat and stock for their farms. The next morning the lady sent us on horses to the top of the Iron Mountain, at the Grayson county line, and by dinner time we were at the home of my friend, who sent me on a horse to my father's home, where I arrived very unexpectedly a little before sun down on Sunday March the 5th, 1865.

I had not heard from home in several months neither had my people heard from me for the mails were very uncertain at that time. My furlough stated that at the expiration of 30 days I was to report to Parole camp at Richmond, Va. unless sooner exchanged, and if exchanged to report to my respective company. So when the 30 days expired I was arranging to start back to Richmond, but found I could not get back as the rail road was in possession of the enemy. So I had nothing else to do but remain at home, and in a few days some returning soldiers came along and informed the people that Gen. Lee had surrendered and the war was over.

(The End.)

[NOTE:—I have been requested to write a sketch of a trip to Texas soon after the war, and some incidents of cow boy life in the west, which I may do in the near future. L. N. P.]



Senator Lovill on Many Committees.

In the appointment of standing committees of the state senate by President Gardner, at Raleigh last week, captain E. F. Lovill, of Watauga, was assigned to the chairmanship of one committee and was named as a member of seven others. He is chairman of the committee on Pensions and Soldiers' Home, a most fitting appointment, as Capt. Lovill is the only Confederate veteran in the State Senate. He is a member of the following committees: Printing, Judiciary, Railroads, Education, Distribution of Governor's Message and Institution for the Deaf. Representative Little, of Watauga, is a member of the House Committee on Health.

Remedy for Pneumonia.

The Democrat is requested to publish the following:

A remedy for pneumonia has been sent out from the office of the surgeon general of the United States at Washington, D. C., which is said by the government authorities to be an absolute cure.

The formula has been sent to all hospitals, to military camps and to all government officers. Tests are declared to have proven its efficiency.

The remedy is so simple that all afflicted can use it. Here is what the government advises:

Saturate a ball of cotton as large as a one inch marble with spirits of alcohol; add three drop of chloroform to each ball of cotton. Place it between the patient's teeth. Let patient inhale the fumes for 15 minutes, then rest 15 minutes or longer, if needed. Then inhale again 15 minutes and repeat the operation as directed 24 times.

The result will be that the lungs will expand to their normal condition. In 24 hours the patient is out of danger. Change cotton often. It ought to be changed twice in 15 minutes.

The All-Lowest.

He looks around upon the Dutch, who pass him on the misty hill; they seem to say, "You'd please us much if you would chase yourself, O Bill!" The rain is dripping from the eaves, the Holland skies are never blue, and William sit around and grieves, and hates himself, the long hours through. The most renowned of also-rans, accustomed to flamboyant ways, he mutters "For the love of Hans! Must I endure this all my days?" There is a voice in every breeze, there is a voice in every rill; these voices sigh the same old whine "You are not wanted here, O Bill!" There is no cordial hand for him in any corner of the globe, save where Dame Justice, stern and grim, is waiting in her snowy robe. Some nations cry, "O Bill, come here! We'll entertain you well, we will!" But he confesses to a fear that they've a rope or guillotine. And once he was the biggest thing that ever wore a padded crown, the blameworthy and all-highest king, who jarred an empire with his frown! He moved around his realm in state and when he neared an honored town, the burgomaster, at the gate, gave him the keys, while kneeling down. And now the Holland days are drear, the Holland folks show signs of hate, repeating, "You're not wanted here—why don't you pull your royal freight?"—Walt Mason in News and Observer.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Stop and Think."

EDITOR DEMOCRAT: Some time ago I noticed in the columns of your paper an item submitted by Mr. G. L. Story which read: "All the Christian nations of the world at war; all the heathen nations at peace. Stop and think." I wonder why this reflection on christianity? What is the motive? What good can it do? The United States as a christian nation entered this war not for gain but to defend the weak, the oppressed, the innocent and the helpless. Could we be christians and not fight for such a noble cause? It is said that our American armies in France are officered by christian generals. General Foch is decidedly a man of prayer who, despite the roar of cannon, finds time for an hour each day for secret prayer.

It is far better to be a man of prayer and fight for a noble cause, than to be a man with millions and try to injure the cause of Christ. We should all be thankful for christian people, especially for christian leaders, for they are a blessing to the world. I think one of the greatest things that God said to Abraham was: "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Doubtless we, of today, are being blessed because of the faithfulness of Abraham.

The friend of God, yes, let us "stop and think." Think before we land into an eternal hell. "Stop and think", accept Christ and christianity; stand for the right; fight for the right and if we can't be a help to the cause, don't be a hindrance.

(Mrs.) D. P. COFFEY.
Blowing Rock, N. C.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

Colonel Roosevelt had his faults but this is not the time to discuss them. It is better to think now of the many fine traits that he had, of his personal bravery, of his passionate patriotism as shown in the willing surrender of four of his sons to the needs of his country, one of them irrevocably; and of his beautiful home life and devotion to his family, of his tireless energy and enterprise, of the joy which he found in living, of the enthusiasm with which he did the big work in the world which fell to his lot.

He impressed himself on the life of his country as but few men have done. It is too early to say where the final asize of greatness will place him, but he will undoubtedly be given a conspicuous place on the roll of great Americans.—News and Observer.

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 the remedy himself with equally gratifying results."

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