

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 25, 1924.

## WHAT HAPPENED IN BATTLE.

By L. A. Miller.

The war is over thank heaven, but that does not prevent one from looking over the pages of a soldier's diary and recalling the stirring events noted therein.

Today (October 8th) being the anniversary of the battle of Chaplain Hills, Perryssville, as it is commonly called, the notes found in this diary under date of October 8th, 1862, may be of special interest. The soldier who kept the diary was a member of an Ohio regiment of volunteers, and was wounded early in the engagement, but remained on the field until he saw how battles were fought, or at least until he got the hang of that one. Here is the account of the battle as he saw it.

On the Field, Perryssville, Ky., October 8th, 1862.

Rations of beef ordered to be prepared this morning, but while we were getting things ready for business, news came that Bragg was skedaddling. We took what we had ready and started. General Jackson's division was assigned to the front of the column, which is more desirable than the rear. At 8:30 our regiment was deployed as skirmishers, company "E" acting as reserves.

Had awful rough ground to march on—sometimes through the thickets and corn fields. A number of the men were overcome by the heat, in a cornfield, and had to be carried up to the road. We were called in about noon, and were pretty well fagged out. There was pretty sharp cannonading in front all day, which didn't seem much like there was any skedaddling going on; but it was generally supposed that there would be no general engagement until tomorrow.

We got on the field about one o'clock p. m., unslung knapsacks and got ready for business. Two men from each company were left to watch the knapsacks and the rest of us started out toward the place where the noise came from. While stopping under the brow of a hill awaiting orders, a solid shot came skipping over and lodged in a corn shock. The boys made a rush for it, it being the first real hot one they had ever seen, but it was too hot to handle. At two o'clock the nineteenth Indiana Battery (Capt. Harris) took position on an open ridge to the left of the cornfield, where Looming's Michigan battery and General Lytle's brigade had been so hotly beset.

We followed the battery and took position on the left in two columns. Here we remained lying on the ground for two mortal hours, with shot and bullets howling, whizzing and whistling over us. It was difficult to keep the men down, as they were anxious to see where these things came from. James Creighton and Nicolas Wilson, of my company, were both wounded while bobbing their heads up.

What did we think about while lying there? A little of everything, I guess, or at least I did. Sometimes I wished I had never gone to be a soldier, and that I was back at home at school; then I would wish the battery would open out and Col. Poorman give the company orders to forward. Scared? Well, yes; there is no use denying the fact that men get nervous at such times. It is natural, and cannot be helped. The straight truth is we all lay just as close to that hot, hard side hill as we could. The spent balls that came up over the hill looked like bumblebees, or June bugs as they went whirling end over end. They appeared harmless, but still they had force enough left to bury themselves in the ground, or in the man if they had a chance. Those were long two hours and no mistake.

A fool-hardy man belonging to another regiment near by tried to stop a solid ten-pounder that came rolling down the hill quite lazily. It knocked his shoulder off and went on. They are bad medicine. About 4 p. m. the left wing of our regiment was sent to the left of the brigade line. There we found the Fifteenth Ohio Regiment under command of the Adjutant, and he was unable to get the few men left to do anything. They would neither go forward nor let us go. Colonel Webster came up and ordered us to go through them. Just then a rebel cavalryman dashed out from a thicket and fired at Col. Webster and Lieutenant Colonel Poorman, who were close together. He hadn't time to fire another shot before he was punched full of bullet holes. He was the first man I ever saw shot. Lieutenant Barney Collins, aid-de-camp to Colonel Webster, commanding the brigade, dashed up and told the Colonel that the rebels were coming up on the right as thick as locusts, and we started double-quick to our old place in line. The Eightieth Indiana, supporting Harris' battery, supposing we had been licked up in the bushes, started on double-quick to the rear, running right through our ranks.

The more we yelled at them to go back the faster they ran. When we got to our place we were mixed up worse than a flock of sheep. There being no time to stop and form, the right wing being already on the move, we hooked on and formed as we marched across the ravine and up the wooded hillside. Some of the men were so excited that they were shooting as fast as they could load their guns, some toward the rebel line and some straight up in the air. "I came out here to shoot and I'm going to shoot," said one young fellow when told to stop it. Just across the shallow ravine was the corn field around which most of the fighting had been done. Suddenly a long, dark line appeared beyond the crest of the ridge at the edge of the field. The line grew more and more distinct until at last a magnificent (Twenty-second Mississippi "The Tigers") was revealed. The men were dressed in butternut coats, with gray hats. They were evidently as fresh as we were. Being only a hundred yards away the commands of their Colonel were plainly heard "Halt, right dress, come out

there in the center, back in the left, front, ready, aim!" The next word was not audible. It was a beautiful volley—from a drillmaster's point of view. It seemed that a solid sheet of lead passed over us, the weight of it, or the concussion of the air, being plainly felt.

It did not all go over. Johnny Evans, almost immediately behind me, was shot through the neck and fell dead in his tracks. I heard several balls strike men near me. It is a disagreeable sound—a sort of thud that you cannot mistake. All at once my right hand refused to work, and while wondering what was the matter a stream of blood spurted out of my sleeve. I had been shot through the crazy-bone and did not know it, but I had felt the ball cutting through the clothes across my breast. Captain Urquhart ordered me off the field, and just as I started a bullet shattered Nate Humphries' left arm, and he began screaming as though he were shot sure enough. Shouldering up his traps, in addition to my own, I took him by the arm and we started for the rear. The rebels were pouring the fire into us hot and heavy, and we were giving it back to them as good as they sent. I got out of the storm without further mishap except getting my clothes nipped a few times. Just as we were leaving the field Colonel Webster came dashing down the hill calling to Lieutenant Colonel Poorman to change his position so as to conform with the rebel line. Just as we reached the head of the regiment a ball pierced his chest and he fell headlong into the arms of his men. We knew General Terrell had been wounded and General Jackson killed. This left the brigade in a bad fix, but it was a fighter. As I went over the hill the wind lifted the smoke and I saw the butternuts closing in on the boys, and I thought it was all up, but Harris' battery had been captured and Loomis compelled to fall back, but he was hammering away for dear life.

Presently there was a roar and a terrific shout. Somebody was getting hurt. Was it my regiment, or had they turned on the butternuts? I would have given a great deal to know, so I waited until a wounded man came along. He said they had hopped into our rear, but had to hop off again. The air was so thick with smoke that you couldn't see half the length of a regiment, and the sun was just a big red wheel hung in the treetops.

At the field hospital I found our regimental surgeon, Dr. Henry West, with his coat off, working like a beaver. He said I was one of the lucky ones. Colonel Webster was there, besides a lot more of our men. I went back to the regular hospital. By this time it was getting dark. There I found some more of our men. I got two or three bundles of flax and made a bed in the fence corner and laid down. There was a sudden outbreak of artillery, then all was quiet, except now and then a musket shot. This is all I saw of the battle of Perryssville.

## P. O. S. OF A. INSTALLATION.

The following officers were recently installed in the camps of the Third district of Centre county by E. S. Ripka, district president:

### CENTRE HALL.

Past President—John A. Lutz.  
President—Alvin Florey.  
Vice President—Clarence T. Musser.  
Master of Forms—F. H. Raymond.  
Recording Sec'y—T. L. Smith.  
Asst. Rec. Sec'y—F. L. Moore.  
Financial Sec'y—E. S. Ripka.  
Treasurer—D. W. Bradford.  
Conductor—Rossman Wert.  
Inspector—Reed Hackett.  
Guard—Eugene Burkholder.  
Chaplain—W. O. Heckman.  
Right Sentinel—Rufus Shearer.  
Left Sentinel—Roy Weaver.  
Trustees—E. E. Zettle, W. H. Bland, A. C. Ripka.  
Representatives to State Camp—T. L. Smith, M. C. Drumm, E. G. Ripka.

### WOODWARD.

Past President—D. J. Benner.  
President—W. J. Smith.  
Vice President—Harris Stover.  
Master of Forms—F. P. Royer.  
Rec. Sec'y—C. D. Moz. Moore.  
Asst. Rec. Sec'y—W. R. Smith.  
Financial Sec'y—E. H. Musser.  
Treasurer—Elwood Orndorf.  
Conductor—D. F. Corman.  
Inspector—J. U. Carson.  
Guard—F. G. Bowersox.  
Chaplain—J. W. Gisewite.  
Right Sentinel—J. H. Bowersox.  
Left Sentinel—R. A. Feidler.  
Trustees—Harris Stover, J. W. Gisewite, I. M. Orndorf.

### AARONSBURG.

Past President—F. S. Tomlinson.  
President—Frank Boyer.  
Vice President—A. C. Auman.  
Master of Forms—Glenn Kerstetter.  
Rec. Sec'y—W. J. Bower.  
Asst. Rec. Sec'y—R. W. Mensch.  
Financial Sec'y—W. K. Haines.  
Treasurer—J. H. Haines.  
Conductor—Lowell Hettinger.  
Inspector—S. H. Wance.  
Guard—H. B. Hazel.  
Chaplain—H. D. Krape.  
Right Sentinel—J. H. Wolf.  
Left Sentinel—Bruce Homan.  
Trustees—W. J. Bower, A. S. Musser, W. W. Wance.

### SPRING MILLS.

Past President—Howard Weaver.  
President—Bright Bitner.  
Vice President—Paul Swabb.  
Master of Forms—Harry Corman.  
Rec. Sec'y—Jerry Albright.  
Asst. Rec. Sec'y—Gross Shook.  
Financial Sec'y—W. H. Hettinger.  
Treasurer—S. L. Conder.  
Conductor—M. C. Barger.  
Inspector—Chas. Ripka.  
Guard—Miles Bressler.  
Chaplain—W. H. Smith.  
Right Sentinel—Glenn Corman.  
Left Sentinel—Reed Lingle.  
Trustees—E. P. Shook, H. R. Stover, W. H. Smith.

All Camps in this district have had very large increases, ranging from 33-1-3 per cent. to over 200 per cent., with many more yet to be admitted. They have also had very fine financial increases.

Get your job wark done here.

## So He Operated.

Dr. Cutler Weygant, at a physicians' banquet in Cincinnati, said of the electronic or magic box treatment: "This magic box is perhaps very efficacious, but doctors have to pay a royalty to use it, and that sort of thing introduces commercialism into a profession that is essentially non-commercial. "Yes that sort of thing would make us doctors too much like Gouge." "I am sorry," said old Gouge to a patient, "but you are in a bad way. I'll have to operate. Yes. A difficult major operation." "Operate! A major operation!" the patient gasped. "My goodness, doctor, I have no money for anything of that sort. I'm no bricklayer or house painter. I'm only a poor professor of Greek." "Even so," said Dr. Gouge rather anxiously, "you're insured, aren't you?" "Yes," said the professor, "but I don't get the money till after I'm dead." "Old Gouge looked relieved. "Oh, that'll be all right," he said."

## Operation Reduces Pain for Victims of Cancer.

Philadelphia.—Dr. William G. Spiller and Dr. Charles H. Frazier of the University of Pennsylvania hospital, recently announced the perfection of an operation to relieve pain in persons suffering from incurable forms of cancer. The operation known as "chordotomy" is a severing of the sensory nerves in the spinal column. It is performed only when the pain is too intense to be alleviated by drugs. Doctor Spiller said the operation

## MEDICAL.

### Get at the Cause!

Many Bellefonte Folks are Showing How to Avoid Needless Suffering.

There's nothing more annoying than kidney weakness or inability to properly control the kidney secretions. Night and day alike, the sufferer is tormented and what with the burning and scalding, the attendant backache, headache and dizziness, life is indeed a burden. Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys—have brought peace and comfort to many Bellefonte people. Profit by this Bellefonte resident's experience:

Mrs. Mahala Kreps, Phoenix Ave., says: "My kidneys were in wretched condition and I suffered a lot with dull, nagging backaches. At night the pains were so severe I couldn't rest. My kidneys acted too often and I had dizzy spells and headaches. Doan's Pills helped me from the first and four boxes cured me. I have had no return of the trouble."

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would not be entirely successful in every case "since some pain fibers occasionally will escape the knife." It had been performed sufficiently often, he added, to justify a belief in its efficacy.

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IN JUNIORS—Little Nrs. The same N.R.—in one-third doses, candy-coated. For children and adults. Sold By Your Druggist

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Full Line of Pipe and Fittings AND MILL SUPPLIES

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La Follette talks about big business as if it were different from little business. There is no difference.

The little shop employing a half dozen men and the giant corporation with hundreds of thousands of employees are of the same order. Each has an equal interest in prosperity. Affect one adversely and the other suffers. Talk about the oppression of capital, of corners in money is silly. Men of sense are no longer frightened by the Wall Street bug-a-boo. There are thirty thousand independent banks in the United States, each one striving for business.

Has not your particular bank tried in every way to help you? Hundreds of banks failed in the northwest because of their excessive loans to farmers. The farmers, misled by the high price of wheat during the war, bought land to grow more wheat, and the collapse of prices found them tied up.

But wheat is advancing in price. The prospects for a big crop are good and they are on the way to recovery.

La Folletteism will prove a fizzle in the face of advancing prices for farm produce, and better business all around. It thrives only on discontent. The man with a job and money in his pocket has no use for those who seek to destroy the existing order, and offer Russia in its place.

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