

To Our Patrons:

We wish you all a

Merry Christmas

and a very

Happy New Year

HALF MOON GARDENS

Mr and Mrs. Charles Tabel, Proprietors

### The Awful Horrors of War

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Colfelt, D. D.

After graduating at Jefferson College in June, 1869, I spent my vacation on the farm at Bartonville, Virginia, on the Winchester Pike, five miles south of that city to which my father had removed from his Pennsylvania property. It was a decided change in the aspect of the landscape from the wooded mountains and luxuriant greenery of Pennsylvania to the wide-spaced Shenandoah Valley with its bare gray stretches. The land had been left naked of fences, orchards and woods by the war and the stone fortifications, miles long, stretched across the valley, passing through my father's farm, and the stone chimneys of the winter camps were much in evidence. The denudation of timber served to affect the precipitation and for seven years, drought prevailed, adding to the desolation of the war-scathed region. No one now passing through this orchardesque country with its hedges and covered with fruit trees and waving crops of wheat and corn could believe it was the same land. Frequently in ploughing the fields weapons of various kinds were turned up. My little brother, Frank, picked up a pistol of large caliber in which the ramrod was jammed. Too rusted to draw it out, he asked the boy on the farm what he should do. He told him to put it into the kitchen stove which he did, unperceived by the woman engaged in ironing in the adjoining dining room. Soon they were frightened by a terrific explosion in the kitchen. The ramrod came out of the pistol but blew out the side and wrecked the stove. Frequent tragedies occurred from children picking up shells from the battlefields. It was along this pike Sheridan rode and eye witnesses related how he met his troops in headlong rout and tinging their blue uniforms and cried out, "Boys, you are heading the wrong way! About face." He rallied them and in leading them back through Newtin, he noticed the women from their windows waving their handkerchiefs in celebration of the Confederate victory and shouting their gratification. Sheridan said, "You need not boast, not a rebel soldier will pass that stream unless dead or a prisoner." Needless to say he made his word good.

Just back of my father's home was a circular rise in the ground which General Shields, a one-armed veteran who had also been shot through the lungs in the Mexican War, occupied with his small force and fought one of the most desperately contested battles of the war with a superior force under Stonewall Jackson, in which one third of the men on both sides were killed and wounded. General Shields held his ground all day in the face of repeated charges of Jackson's troops across the open ground west of Kernstown. It was one of the few instances in the war in which the whole of the battle was plainly visible to the combatants on both sides. Stonewall Jackson, in the night, beat a hasty retreat, not daring to put his force to the hazard of another day's engagement and the little battle of Kernstown went down into history as perhaps the only one in which Stonewall Jackson suffered defeat. Stonewall Jackson was married to a Miss Magill, of Winchester, and I had the pleasure of often sitting at the tables of his wife's sisters and at my mother's table, hearing them relating incidents of those trying times. All that country was frequently fought over, Bank's retreat, Sheridan's two battles with Early, have made every foot of it historical. In the last years of the war, Sheridan, knowing the valley was the granary of the Confederate army, swept it bare as with the Besom of Destruction, not leaving a mill or barn standing nor a hoof of cattle nor a horse to till the ground. But for the generosity of the people of Baltimore, who furnished them with horses, cattle, seed and utensils to again cultivate the earth, the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" would have ridden adown the valley in the year succeeding the war. Even in my time the luxury of a carriage was unknown and I have seen near relations of the wife of President Wilson riding, father, mother and daughter, all on one horse. Winchester was the scene of ninety fights in her streets and was known to change hands three times in one day. The Federal officers, having been driven from their mess-tables, the Confederates had not time to devour the edibles before the Federals were back at them and finished the meal. Sixteen hundred unknown Confederate dead were buried in one trench at Winchester and thousands of Federals are bivouacked at their side until the last trump. The aftermath of the war in that region was pathetic in the extreme, dispos-

sessing all the richer families of their estates and reducing them to penury. The widow Barton, living in a colonial house, once Washington's headquarters in his surveying days, and just across the pike from my father's a close relation of the Bollings, into which family President Wilson married, furnishes an average instance of how the fortunes of the first families suffered.

They owned at the outbreak of the war 3000 acres of the finest lands in the valley, comprising the home estate, 8000 acres further south and 70 slaves. The children were all educated in France. Her husband invested all his spare money, \$75,000 in Confederate bonds. He died before he experienced the miseries incident upon the issue of the conflict. Her son-in-law, Colonel Thomas Marshall, son of the famous constitutional lawyer, Tom Marshall, had his head blown off by a shell on an open bridge over the valley and his body was brought to her home for sepulture. One son was killed in the first battle of Winchester. A second son died at her feet on the retreat from the second disastrous battle of Early with Sheridan, not only from exhaustion but as she weepingly declared, from starvation when there was not a scrap in the house to offer him. A third son had his limb shattered and amputated at the thigh from which he died a few years after the war. The bonds proved worthless, the lands were swallowed up by mortgages, the slaves were emancipated and this fine old, patrician lady reduced to privation, but for the filial devotion of her remaining sons. When her third son was buried she was without a horse or vehicle to follow his body to the cemetery at Winchester and my father proffered his two horses and carriage for the service which were thankfully received. Often have I heard the widow Barton relating with emotion and Christian resignation, the terrible straits to which all were reduced. Nothing seemed to her so hard to bear as the thought that, while northern soldiers were fed to repletion, the southern soldiers, her sons among them, were literally starving in the last period of the war. Robert Lindamood, an esteemed laborer on my farm and an ex-soldier of five years service in Stonewall Jackson's corps, who related to me that one night on the last stages of the war, after the day's battle, he was detailed to stand guard on the picket line and on returning to camp in the early morning happened upon a broken down and abandoned northern commissary wagon loaded with hams. He thrust his bayonet through one of them, tied two together with his cartridge belt and swung them over his shoulder. He concluded by saying that he was in such a weakened and famished condition, not having had anything for weeks to eat but unground Indian corn, that he was not ashamed to confess that he cried with joy all the way back to his tent and his comrades over the thought that they would have such a great feast on the meat. It beat, in his opinion, the miracle of the quail in the wilderness that time the children of Israel fastened of manna and called it but "light food."

The Lord of Hosts exacted a terrible recompense for the sin of the American people. For a hundred years the north had laid this unction to its soul saying "Am I my brother's keeper?" And the south quoted Scripture in defense of its pet institution. Meanwhile the black man cried, "Lord, how long, how long?" His only answer was "Vengeance is mine and I will repay. A thousand years with the Lord are as one day." But at last Doomsday came and for every lash that ever fell on a black man's back, a thousand scourges fell on a white man's heart. For every tear wrung from a black man, rivers of water flowed down from Northern and Southern eyes. For every black family disrupted and torn asunder to be sent to the cotton and sugar plantations, tens of thousands of white families were torn asunder and husbands and fathers went forth from their homes, never to return or be seen again. For every dollar extracted from the unrequited labor of the enslaved untold millions were exacted as a recompense by North and South. Ah, me! Let no man say there is not a judgment day for men and nations. It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of an angry God. Yet be it said that though they had suffered mightily yet no people could have been more magnanimous in the hour of triumph than the victorious North under the wise initiation of Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant. And never did so proud spirited a people endure so nobly the ravages of war and submit so loyally to its arbitrament so that at this time no sign of the dreadful rent across the middle of the flag of the Union is perceptible and it is woven without seam throughout.

Many personages prominent in the Civil War were familiar figures on the

streets of Winchester at this period. I have frequently seen Mason, of Mason and Slidell fame, Plenipotentiaries of the Confederacy, whose forcible seizure upon the high seas in an English vessel almost involved the United States in a war with Great Britain. I have also seen in the same streets, Judge Parker, who presided over the court at Charlestown. But the most interesting incident was a conversation of almost an entire morning in the little inn of Charlestown with Alexander Hunter, the District Attorney, who tried John Brown. He was a tall, clean faced, piercing eyed lawyer, afterwards Congressman from his district, widely traveled and a most interesting conversationalist. But his hobby seemed to be pomology, and he was a Thesaurus of information upon the origin, habitat and migration of all the famous varieties of Virginia apples. But I sought to bring him back as much as possible to the John Brown trial. Among other things, he said the negroes were far more rapidly informed than the whites as to the happenings at Harper's Ferry, that all over Virginia they were in a fever of excitement and they possessed some sort of a telegraphic or underground system of electric communication that transmitted the hourly news from Harper's Ferry to every cabin in Virginia and further south. He related that as John Brown was conveyed from the jail to the court house, in passing a colored woman in the double line of spectators, he stooped down and kissed the babe she was carrying in her arms. Also he characterized the effort of Daniel C. Voorhees, afterwards United States Senator and dubbed the "tall sycamore of the Wabash," as the most eloquent and magnificent plea ever heard in a court of justice. It was made in behalf of the young brother-in-law of the Governor of Indiana, who was implicated with John Brown in the attack upon Harper's Ferry.

It was at this time in Virginia, immediately after the Civil War that I heard for the first time the words Ku Klux. It seemed to be an organization born out of the fears of the southern whites that the sudden freedom of the colored people would degenerate into license. No doubt in some instances it was used to intimidate the blacks. But the conduct of the colored people was so exemplary that it soon died of inanition. Indeed history has never witnessed such an instance of a race enslaved for so long a period, suddenly emancipated and set adrift banded without an acre or a cow to solve the problem of a livelihood, and who though in many communities outnumbering the whites yet without a thought of revenge not only refrained from all forms of reprisal but were singularly free from every species of crime. Personally I can testify that during a residence of 15 years among them, my parents never thought to lock any door at night and nothing was ever stolen. Court term in Winchester, the calendar was absolutely free of trials for crimes and misdemeanors by the colored population.

That, in this century and at this date when people are supposed to be enlightened, this organization should be renewed and its scope enlarged for the purpose of making capital out of race hatred and religious bigotry presents an anomaly which is unexplainable save by the benighted character of the communities in which it has been most in evidence. Like the Know Nothing movement it is due to be asphyxiated in all intelligent communities. True, its misguided votaries claim that they are simply pure, 100 per cent. Americans. God save the mark! If all the Ku Klux from ocean to ocean and lake to gulf were bunched together they would not make up the one millionth fraction of an American. A 100 per cent. American stands four square upon the Constitution of the United States which knows no race, no color, no religion, but guarantees protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in a word, a "square deal" for every human under the flag. Can any man of average education be oblivious to the fact that this country was settled by colonists from western Europe, Puritans and Quakers, Cavaliers and Catholics from the British Islands, Dutch from the Low Countries, harried by the dragons of Alva, Huguenots, expatriated from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the massacre of St. Bartholomew; Jews, horribly persecuted in almost every land; and that all crossed the wide sea hoping to find an asylum in God's country, where men should be forever free to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and have an equal opportunity to earn an honest living. For one hundred and fifty years, they and their descendants have enjoyed this inestimable boon and prospered as no other people upon the earth. And now perish the mad attempt! palized be the hand! and blasted be the tongue! that seeks to turn the clock of national destiny back a thousand years and raise again the banner and preach the revival of race hatred and religious intolerance which for ages drenched Europe in blood and doomed to death hundreds of thousands of whom the world was not worthy.

#### "Chew Well to See Well."

Chew well if you would see well, urges Sir Arthur Keith, a great British anatomist. Decreased exercise of the jaws, and not eye strain, is causing short sight, he claims. Diminished use of the jaws in masticating the soft foods of modern diet, he asserts, is changing the shape of the face, lengthening the eye sockets, thus elongating the eyeballs and weakening vision.—Popular Science Monthly.

#### Marriage Licenses.

Roy W. Miller, of Bellefonte, and Viola M. Sayers, of Yarnell. James Swezey, of Harrisburg, and Agnes Misko, of State College. Ralph Johnstonbaugh, of Howard, and Eva B. Kunes, of Blanchard. Allen Fye and Margaret M. Quenot, of Moshannon.

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#### Keystone Power Corporation.

The Board of Directors of the Keystone Power Corporation has declared quarterly dividend of one and three-quarters (1-3/4%) per cent., for the quarter ending December 31, 1926, payable on the 7% Preferred Stock of the Company on January 3, 1927 to stockholders of record, the close of business on December 20, 1926. C. F. KALP, Treasurer.

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTROLA FOR SALE.—Inquire of Mrs. H. E. Fenlon, North Allegheny St., Bellefonte. 71-49-3.

GUERNSEYS FOR SALE.—A fine Guernsey cow, a heifer and a bull calf, all eligible to registry. These animals are all in good condition and of a blood that might improve that of any grade herd. Inquire of Cross and Meek, Bellefonte, Pa., or phone Bellefonte 520-J.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Catherine Gummo, late of Ferguson township, deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to same are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against said estate must present them, duly authenticated, for settlement. BALSER WEBER, Administrator, Howard, Pa. 71-46-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Abraham Weber, late of Howard Borough, deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to same are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims against said estate must present them, duly authenticated, for settlement. BALSER WEBER, Administrator, Howard, Pa. 71-46-6t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.—Eleanor E. Herman: In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County to No. 91 Sept. Term, 1926. Label in Divorce. To Harry W. Herman, Respondent. Whereas Eleanor E. Herman, your wife, has filed a Label in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County praying a divorce from you. Now you are hereby notified and required to appear in the Court on or before the first Monday in February, 1927, to answer the complaint of the said Eleanor E. Herman, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence. E. R. TAYLOR, Sheriff. 71-51-4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.—Helen Marchie Harter, vs. Paul Weaver Harter. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County to No. 188 September term, 1926. Divorce, A. V. M. To: Paul Weaver Harter, the above-named Respondent. Please take notice that an application for divorce has been made in the above case upon the allegation that you have willfully and maliciously and without reasonable cause deserted the Libellant. By reason of your default in not entering your appearance or filing an answer the case has been referred to me as Master. I have fixed Monday, the 10th day of January, 1927, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., as the time and my office, 11 East High Street in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, as the place for taking testimony in the case, when and where you may attend. JOHN J. BOWER, Master. 71-50-3t.

#### FOR SALE

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Children's Gum Boots Sizes from 5 to 10 1/2 \$1.95

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71-11-1t

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