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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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OUR COUNTRY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

We give thy natal day to hope,
O Country of our hope and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air!

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
To meet new tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep; but men remain
As wise, as true and brave as they.
Why count the cost and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime
Within thy mighty bounds transpires,
With speed defying space and time
Comes to us on the accusing wires.

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,
Thy homes of peace, thy votes unsold,
The love that pleads for human need,
The wrong redressed, but half is told!

Each poor wretch, in his prison cell
Or gallows-noose, is interviewed;
We know the single sinner well,
And not the nine and ninety good.

Yet, if on daily scandal fed,
We seem at times to doubt thy worth,
We know thee still, when all is said,
The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where
Belted with flowers, Los Angeles
Basks in the semi-tropic air,
To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by northern winds,
Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled;
Alone, the rounding century finds
Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,
Thy generous heart has borne the blame
That, with them, through thy open door,
The old world's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,
And labors need and breadth of lands,
Free press and rostrum, church and school,
Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands

Shall mold even them to thy design,
Making a blessing of the ban;
And freedom's chemistry combine
The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar
And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Circean cup which shames and kills,
And labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall,
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all?

We lack was in thy primal stock.
No weakling founders builded here;
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Huguenot and Cavalier,

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands unstained with blood maintaind
The swordless commonwealth of Penn

And thine shall be the power of all
To do the work which duty bids,
And make the people's council hall
As lasting as the Pyramids!

Well have thy later years made good
Thy brave-said word a century back,
The pledge of human brotherhood,
The equal claim of white and black.

That word still echoes round the world,
And all who hear it turn to thee,
And read upon thy flag unfurled
The prophecies of destiny.

The great world lesson all shall learn,
The nations in thy school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
With watch-fires from thy own uplit.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due;
So runs our loyal dream of thee;
God of our fathers—make it true!

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!

A PAINTER'S VENGEANCE.

Thirty years ago the Belgian painter, Antonie Wiertz, was astonishing the artistic world by the powerful but extravagant productions which are now exhibited at Brussels in the museum which bears his name.

Though his brush was generally occupied with classical subjects or wierd allegorical designs, such as the "Contest Between Good and Evil," he occasionally consented to paint portraits.

This was a favor, however, which he only accorded to those whose physiognomy happened to interest him. It may be added that his taste inclined rather to the grotesque and the eccentric than the beautiful.

One day he received a visit from a certain M. van Spach, a notary, who had been seized with a desire to have his features perpetuated by the celebrated artist.

Maitre van Spach, a dry, wrinkled, keen eyed old gentleman, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and sell importance, was one of the wealthiest men in Brussels and as avaricious as he was rich, a characteristic which had procured him the nickname of "Maitre Harpagon."

Wiertz was aware of his visitor's failing; nevertheless he acceded to his request without demur. The fact was, he had been conquered at first sight by the old scrivener's picturesque head. That head was a perfect treasure to an artist, with its bald cranium, wrinkled forehead, shaggy brows overhanging the small, piercing eyes, hooked nose, and thin lipped mouth, which shut like a trap.

Wiertz was fascinated, and while his visitor was pompously explaining his wishes the artist was taking mental note of every line and feature.

'How much will the portrait cost?' was the notary's cautious inquiry.

'My terms are 10,000 francs,' was the reply.

The lawyer started, stared incredulously, shrugged his shoulders, and took off his hat.

'In that case,' he answered dryly, 'I have only to wish you good morning.'

Alarmed at the prospect of losing his promising subject, whom he had already in imagination transformed to canvas, Wiertz hastened to add:

"Those are may usual terms, but as your face interests me, I am willing to make a reduction in your favor. Suppose we say $5,000?'

But M. van Spach still objected, urging that such a sum was exhorbitant for 'just a strip of painted canvas.'

At length, after much bargaining and hesitation, he agreed to pay 3,000 francs for the portrait, frame included, and this being settled rose to take leave.

'When am I to give you the first sitting?' he inquired.

'There is no hurry,' replied the artist, who had his own intentions regarding this portrait. 'I am somewhat occupied just now, but will let you know when I have a morning at liberty.'

The moment his visitor had left the studio, Wiertz seized palette and brushes and placed a fresh canvas on the easel, and dashed in the outlines of the portrait from memory. He painted as if for a wager, while the summer daylight lasted, and, thanks to his marvelous rapidity of execution, when evening came the picture was all but finished.

He had represented the old notary seated at a table strewn with papers and parchments, his full face turned toward the spectator. The head was brought out in masterly relief against a shr-ed back ground, and painted in the artist's best style, bold, free and unconventional, showing no sign of its hurried execution. The likeness was striking in its fidelity, giving not only the features but the character and expression of the original, so that the canvas seemed instinct with life.

The following morning Wiertz gave the finishing touches to his work, put it in a frame, and dispatched it to Van Spach, instructing the messenger to wait for an answer.

In due time the messenger returned, with the picture in one hand and a note in the other. Wiertz hastily dismissed him, opened the letter and read as follows:

'SIR: I beg to return your extraordinary production, which I cannot suppose is intended for my portrait, as it bears no sort of resemblance to me. In art, as in everything else, I like to have my money's worth for my money, and I do not choose to pay you the sum of 3,000 francs for one afternoon's work. As you do not consider me worth the trouble of painting seriously, I must decline any further transactions with you, and remain, sir,

Yours obediently,
PETER VAN SPACH.

When the artist recovered from his astonishment at this remarkable epistle, he burst into a fit of laughter, which made the beautiful studio ring.

'His money's worth—ha, ha! Maitre Harpagon has overreached himself, for once. He could have sold it for five times what it cost him, the benighted old Philistine!'

He placed the rejected picture at once upon the easel, and regarded it long and critically, only to become more convinced of its merits. He knew that art judges would pronounce it chef d'œuvre. His amusement began to give place to irritation at the indignity to which his work had been subjected, and vague projects of vengeance rose before him as he paced the floor, with bent head and knitted brow.

Suddenly he stopped short, his eyes sparkling with mischievous satisfaction at an idea which suddenly occurred to him.

He took up his palette, and set to work upon the picture again, adroitly altering and retouching.

In an incredible short space of time it underwent a startling metamorphose. While carefully preserving the likeness he had altered the face by exaggerating its characteristics; giving a cunning leer to the deeply set eyes, a grimmer curve to the thin lips, a scowl to the heavy brows. A stubby beard appeared on the chin, and the attitude became drooping and decrepit.

Then the notary's accessories vanished, the background becoming the wall of a cell with a barred window, while the table, with its litter of papers and parchments, was transformed into a rough bench beneath which might be discerned a pitcher and a loaf.

When this was achieved to his satisfaction the artist signed his work, and gummed on the frame a conspicuous label with the inscription: 'Imprisoned for Debt.'

Then he sent for a fiacre, and drove to Melchoir's, the well known picture dealer in the Rue de la Madelaine, whose window offers such constant attractions to lovers of art.

'I have something to show you,' began Weirtz. 'I have just finished this study, which I think is fairly successful. Can you find room for it in your window?'

'Find room for it? I should think so!' exclaimed the dealer enthusiastically. 'My dear fellow, it is first rate. I have seen nothing of yours more striking and original, and that is saying much. What price do you put upon it?'

'I have not yet decided,' replied the painter. 'Give it a good place in the window, and if a purchaser presents himself let me know.'

The picture was immediately installed in the place of honor and soon attracted a curious group. All day Melchoir's window was surrounded, and next morning the papers noticed the wonderful picture, and sent fresh crowds to gaze upon it.

Among the rest was a friend of Maitre van Spach, who could hardly believe his eyes on recognizing the worthy notary in this 'questionable shape.'

He hastened at once to inform him of the liberty which had been taken with his person; and not long afterward the old lawyer burst into the shop, startling its proprietor, who at once recognized the original of the famous picture.

'M. Melchoir,' began the intruder, 'I have been made the victim of a shameful practical joke by one of your clients. It is my portrait, sir, that hangs in your window; it is I, sir, I, Maitre van Spach, who am held up to ridicule in that infamous daub, pilloried for all the world to see as an imprisoned bankrupt! If the thing is not at once removed, I shall apply to the police.'

At this threat the picture dealer merely smiled.

'I must refer you to the artist, monsier,' he returned coolly. 'The picture belongs to him, and I cannot remove it without his permission.'

To Wiertz' house went Maitre van Spach in a white heat of rage and indignation. On entering the studio he found the painter lounging in an arm chair smoking his afternoon cigar.

'Ah, it is you, Maitre,' was his bland greeting. 'To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this visit? Pray take a seat. Do you smoke? You will find those cigars excellent.'

'Monsieur,' interrupted the notary, cutting short these courtesies with scant ceremonies, 'let us come to the point. There is at this moment in Melchoir's window a picture—a caricature, which makes me the laughing stock of the town. I insist on it being taken down at once—at once, do you understand?'

'Not quite,' replied the other imperturably. 'It is true there is a picture of mine at Melchoir's, but I really don't see how it makes you ridiculous.'

'You don't see! But that picture is my portrait, sir, my portrait!' cried the visitor, rapping his cane upon the floor.

'Your portrait?' echoed Wiertz with a look of surprise.

'Of course it is as any one can see at a glance. You——'

'But, excuse me,' the painter interrupted, 'you said yesterday that it did not resemble you in the least. See, here is your letter to that effect, sir.'

Van Spach colored and bit his lip. He felt that he was caught.

'Such being the case,' continued Wiertz, 'and the work being returned on my hands, I had a perfect right to dispose of it to the very best advantage.

The notary took a turn across the room, to recover his composure.

'Come, he said at length, forcing a smile, 'let us arrange this affair amicably. I will give you the 3,000 francs at once, and take the horrid thing out of the window——'

'Stop a moment,' interrupted his companion, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, and carelessly changed his position. 'You must be aware that the picture in its present shape is ten times more valuable than a mere portrait. It is not a work of imagination and invention, and I may own that I consider it one of my best canvases. I could not think of parting with it for less than 15,000 francs.

The notary gasped.

'Fifteen thousand francs, you are joking!'

'Not at all. That is my price; you may take it or leave it.'

There was a moments pause, then the visitor turned on his heel.

'I leave it then! Go to the deuce with your picture!' he retorted, as he left the room, banging the door behind him.

He had not gone many yards from the house, however, when he stopped and reflected.

So long as that ill omened canvas remained on view in Melchoir's window he would not know a moment's peace. The story would be sure to get wind, and even his friends would join in the laugh against him. He would hardly dare to show his face abroad. At any sacrifice this scandal must be stopped. But fifteen thousand francs! He fairly groaned as he reluctantly retraced his steps toward the house.

'Monsieur Wiertz,' he began, in a conciliatory tone, 'I have reconsidered the matter, and—and I agree to your terms. I will take the picture for the sum you named.'

Wiertz threw away his cigar and rose.

'Monsieur, you are very good. But it happens that I, too, have been considering, and a brilliant idea has occurred to me.'

The notary shuddered. He dreaded Wiertz 'idea,' and he had a presentiment that some fresh disaster was in store for him.

'What is it?' he asked very nervously.

'As my picture seems to have made a sensation, I think I shall advertise it to be raffled for at 5 francs a ticket, and, that all the town may have a chance of seeing it, I shall hire a commissionaire to carry it through the streets for a day or two. Not a bad notion—eh?'

Maitre van Spach was speechless with consternation.

'You—you he would not do that?' he stammered.

'Why not? I am confident the plan would succeed—so confident that I wouldn't give it up for 30,000 francs—money down.'

The unfortunate notary burst into a cold perspiration, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. To see himself trotted around Brussels on a porter's back, labeled 'Imprisoned for Debt,' was like a horrible hignmare.

'Here,' he exclaimed, desperately, taking out his pocket book, 'here is a check for the amount. For heaven's sake let me have the picture, and I will say no more about it.'

Half an hour afterward the detestable canvas was in his possession, but it was not until he had cut it out of the frame and burnt it to ashes that he felt himself safe from some fresh manifestation of the painter's vengeance.

Meantime, Wiertz cashed the check, and after deducting the sum of 10,000 francs—the price he had first demanded—forwarded the rest to the charitable fund of the town, in the name of Maitre van Spach.

A more horrible discovery has seldom been made than that at Philadelphia Wednesday—the skulls of twenty-one murdered infants, victims of the malpractice of two physicians. Society must be fearfully corrupt to render such a thing possible.

In modern Egypt a man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. This is rather rough on the young man, but it prevents the newspapers of Egypt from making jokes about the girl enticing him into an ice cream saloon and bankrupting him in the first round.

Reports from the spring wheat States and corn belt, show the former is in good condition, giving assurance of a large increase over last year's yield, and the latter, though backward on account of rain and cold weather, promises at least a fair crop.

Grant's Story of the Surrender.

General Grant, in speaking of the meeting of himself and General Lee when the latter came to arrange with him the terms of surrender, said that they shook hands as old comrades in the army, and first talked over West Point experiences and those of their army life at the same stations elsewhere in a matter-of-course way, as if they had met again under ordinary circumstances. Then when General Lee said to him:

'General Grant, we come here, each representing our own country, to treat with each other.'

'Not so,' firmly said Gen. Grant; 'we do not represent two countries, but one.'

He said that more than once. When General Lee used the same form of expression he interrupted him, insisting that but one nation was represented by both of them. His whole idea, as understood by his auditors, was to convey to Gen. Lee the impression that it was not two foreign nations that had warred against each other, but a paternal Government, which, having sufficiently chastised a naughty child, was willing to forgive and receive the child again as a child on conciliatory terms. General Grant said that he sat down at the table in the memorable McClean farm house and wrote out the terms of the surrender, and that when General Lee saw them and he (General Grant) said to him:

'Let your officers and men keep their horses; we don't want them, and they will need them, for it will soon be time for them to begin their farming and they will want the horses to help them; I want all of you to take your horses home with you.'

General Lee's eyes filled with tears, and he said more than once, as he read the terms of the surrender:

'This will have a splendid effect at the South.'

General Grant further said to him:

'Now, this war should be all over. You, with your influence at the South, should see to it that not another gun is fired, not another life lost. After this, a life lost would be murder, and you can prevent it.'

General Lee answered:

'Well, I will speak to Mr. Davis about it.'

General Grant, in telling the story, added:

'If that had been Joe Johnston instead of Lee, he would never have said that. He would himself have assumed the responsibility of declaring that the war should be over on his side, as I did on mine, but Lee did not like to take the responsibility of making that pledge to stop the fighting at once until he had consulted with Davis.'

Life on the Farm.

As to its drudgery, whatever has been the case in the past, where there were stumps to be pulled and mortgages to be lifted from almost every field; when it was a long way to market, and the buyer paid for produce in "trade;" when almost all implements were laboriously hewn out at home or clumsily hammered out by the village blacksmith—there is, happily, far less drudgery on the farm now, and less need of it every year. Taking the year through, the working hours of a man on a farm are no longer than those of a section hand on the railway, or an artisan in the shop, who has his own garden to hoe before breakfast or after supper. The busy lawyer and the doctor in average practice work harder and longer than the farmer. The grocer and the editor and the book-keeper see less of their children in their waking hours than the farmer who sometimes envies them their "easy life." It must be conceded, of course, that the profits of farming are not so large on the average as those which are realized by men who are successful in mercantile life. But, such as they are, they are surer—twenty fold surer, at least. Large profits are always contingent on large risks.

Raid by Cowboys.

DODGE CITY, July 9.—This evening five cowboys, well under the influence of liquor, mounted their horses to leave town, and when near a dance house one of them rode his horse on the porch and fired off his six shooter.. Two of the others then commenced firing, and at the same time put spurs to their ponies. The authorities quickly arrived and shot after them and one fell from his horse. Upon examination it was found the fallen man was John Ballard, a resident of Indian Territory, who arrived with a herd of cattle from Texas this morning. He was shot through the jugular vein and was dead when picked up. His friends threaten to kill every officer in town before morning, but no trouble is anticipated.

A Line Fence Tragedy.

WARREN, O., July 4.—Dan Tyrrell and George Clark, farmers of Bazetta township, engaged in a quarrel today over the question of the location of a line fence, which ended in the former shooting two shots from a heavy navy revolver at the latter, one shot taking effect in the head. Tyrrell is under arrest here, and will have a hearing in the morning.

For several years I have been troubled with Catarrh; have tried many remedies. Elys' Cream Balm has proved to be the article desired. I believe it is the only cure. L. B. COBURN, Towanda, Pa.

Wm. Striker, one of the wealthiest men in Clark county, Indiana, has deeded a farm to each of his six children. The smallest farm is valued at $11,000 and the largest at $20,000. He does not want his will contested after death, and desires to see all his children satisfied before he dies.

A party of ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia recently made an equestrian tour of 500 miles through the eastern part of this State, visiting various points of interest.

A Barefooted Groom.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountain, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given two hands—one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said."

On the day of the wedding, Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson, "when I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy conduct showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he went without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased. As time flew he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson having once found that sheep-raising in his district brought a good profit, stuck to it. He had the shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in following it which are the surest elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the Eastern markets found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest, and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is, the man who married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for the hordes of stout, able-bodied men who crowd the cities complaing that they must starve for want of work.

The Presidents and their Tailors.

A fashionable tailor established himself in Washington during Grant's term, and his experience dates from that time. "We have never begun to sell as many clothes here since Grant went out of office," said he the other day. "I made all of Grant's clothes. He was very liberal and easy to please. The public men of his time were great buyers of clothes. It was a common thing for a senator or member to buy a dozen suits a year. Grant's Cabinet people were very dressy."

"How was it under Hayes?"

"We never did but one job for Hayes. That knocked him cold. He came down one hot Summer day during his first year in office and ordered us to make him a thin sack coat out of the very best gross grain silk. The material was expensive. It cost us exactly $23 to get up that coat. We had heard that he was close, and, as we wanted to catch his trade, we put the price at $25. That paralyzed him. Oh, how he did kick! But he paid the bill. That was the last order we got from him. He had the rest of his clothes chopped out for him by his old tailor in Fremont. He sent his boys to us for ready-made suits, but we never made any money out of the White House under him. We had some of his Cabinet on our books, but there was very little dressing under Hayes. The purchase of clothes by public men fell off 50 per cent. I never expect again to see so much money spent in my shop as when Grant was President."

"How was Garfield?"

"He was a very careless dresser. He did not have much taste. He was rather slow pay when he was in Congress, but when he got into the White House he began to buy a much better grade of clothes and to pay greater attention to his dress. The day he was shot he had on a very handsome suit we made for him, price $60."

"Do you do much for President Arthur?"

"Not a dollar's worth. He does business with his old tailor in New York—the man who makes the suits for the members of the coaching club. He is a very high-priced man. He does not make the plainest business suit under $70. He was over here the other day to take an order for the President. He said he did not care anything for the President's trade. He was so hard to suit. He took up twenty pairs of trousers the other day, made the President's measure and spent an hour with him trying them on before he could find a pair to suit. He says the only way he can get along with the President is to be right up and down with him. One day Arthur spoke to him very sharply about the fit of a coat, and the tailor turned his back on him. At least he said he did. Then the President said:

"Oh, come now, don't take any offense. I can't afford to quarrel with you."

"You see a first-class tailor is a pretty independent man; but while he is particular with the President, he is very careless with the work for the President's servants. We used to furnish the White House liveries, but the job goes to the New York men now. The new livery coats of the President's coachmen and footmen, made of cream-colored hammer cloth, cost $125 apiece, but, God bless you! they are the worst fitting things I ever saw, except the clothes the Fremont tailor used to chop out for Hayes."

A gentleman from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already effected a number of cures. P. F. HYATT, M. D. Bordentown, N. J.

The two cent letter postage