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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 28. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1887. WHOLE NO. 1901.

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For Young Folks.

Since its first issue in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisputed prestige, the position it took at the beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier, Robert, the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

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LINCOLN IN THE WAR,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War, and President Lincoln's part therein.

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NOTICE.

THE Annual Election of the Farmers' Union Association and Fire Insurance Company will be held at Berlin on Tuesday, the 27th day of December, 1887, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, Secretary and six directors to serve the coming year.
JACOB MOSER, Secretary. JAC. SWARTZENDRUBER, President.

THE MERRIEST DAY.

What other day from year to year
So fills the souls of men with cheer;
What memories are half so sweet
As those that to devotion meet
On Christmas morning?

The dawn upon the world's long night
Of Him God sent to give light
Hath sorrow of joy and blessedness,
That fadeth not nor groweth less,
On Christmas morning.

I cannot hear the Christmas chimes,
Or list to Christmas singers' rhymes,
But tenderer my spirit grows,
And gladness all my speech overflows,
On Christmas morning.

I cannot greet our young or old
But merry wishes manifold
Return to me; for like my own,
All hearts appear with open thrown
On Christmas morning.

Our Christmas days on earth may be
How few God knoweth—only He;
Yet may our lives so Christlike grow
Each day our hearts shall feel the glow
On Christmas morning.

With Christmas cheer for all the year—
A heart set free from care and fear—
Our souls made ripe for Advent grow
And thus each year more gladness know
On Christmas morning.

Bishop West.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862.

Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D., of New York city, and during the rebellion a private in Co. G, 140th Pennsylvania Volunteers, contributes the following to the Christmas number of *Harper's Weekly*:

I wonder which man God will give the preference to—to the Joab who treacherously slew Abner, or to the Joab who chivalrously risked his life to get his parched king a cup of water from a well in the camp of the enemy? I do wonder which man in every one of us God will favor. There was my old comrade, Sergeant Nelson, who had gathered something of an evil in the army, whose Christian virtues were not highly polished, and who, on occasion, dropped into profanity as Wiggs did into poetry. Now I wonder which Nelson God will keep, and which Nelson He will throw away—the rough soldier, or the man at Cold Harbor who said, "Boys, do you hear Debout and Stone calling our names and begging for water?"

We left them at the foot of the hill, wounded, that afternoon, when we charged and were repulsed. "Boys, it's mighty risky. There is no truce to-night, and them rebs shoot about as fine by starlight as by day. But I'm going out to them. You see, if you and I were lying over there with a hole through us, and we called for water, and no one come, although you heard us, we would curse you all. Who will go with me?"

"I, sergeant."

"And I."

They went, and two of them were killed. I wonder which Nelson God will keep, which throw away—the Nelson who was no saint, or the Nelson who died for man, like Jesus Christ.

I wonder which man is *me*, and which will come to the front and be on top at Judgment: this *me* in the study here, with an open Bible before him, who flatly contradicts the other *me*, who shivered with cold on the Rappahannock twenty-four years ago; this *me* who carries a shepherd's crook, who visits elderly and ailing sisters, who helps poors women pack boxes of cast-off clothing for needy and seedy missionaries; this *me* who is so inoffensive, so mild-mannered, turning *both cheeks* to the rich men who patronize and criticise him, and to the sisters who censure him for levity, or for lukewarmness on foreign missions, or for neglect in visiting poor Mrs. Ailing, who magnanimously and uninterruptedly, for a whole hour, shares all her ills and aches and troubles with him, but never shares her cakes, or courage, or faith, or health or money. God reward them!—those pious souls who ring my door-bell twenty times a day to share their adversity with me, but who never ring me up to share their prosperity. They keep all *that* to themselves.

It is such a funny world! You and I load our friends down with our aches and misfortunes and troubles, but when a rich old uncle dies and leaves us half a million, we do not load *that* on them. Oh, no. But here am I preaching, so strong is habit. Yet which is *me*—this gentle, meek, apologetic clergyman, or that other *me* of a quarter of a century ago? That other *me* who wore that faded blue roundabout hanging on my study wall, with a lieutenant's shoulder straps on it, who wore that sword and belt there before my eyes? Which is *me*—this man acquainted with meekness and piety and alms and grief, or that *me* of the sword and brass-buttoned jacket on the wall, who was acquainted with war, devilries, death, reckless daring, love's young dream? Here a happy thought strikes me: to try on that soldier's jacket and buckle on again that sword. Alas! years and larger actions have outgrown the other *me*. The jacket won't go on; the sword, ah! the girth is greater—it won't buckle. What is this; a tear on *Harper's* paper? Yes, a tear for that other *me* who wore that other jacket at Appomattox in the mad days of his youth, when his head never ached, nor his face had a wrinkle, nor his heart a *sorrow*. And what is this—a laugh? Yes—so close lie sobs and laughs—for as I took down my sword and drew it from its scabbard I recollected a story I often tell of a major-general in the army who was afterward a Governor of a State.

He was a very vain man, and one day in his Executive Chamber he said to his secretary, pointing to his sword on the wall, "Major, do you know that when that sword leaped from its scabbard and flashed in the sunlight, the war, sir, was virtually over—over, sir—decided. My sword did it." I recollected that, and laughed, and a tear and laugh trod on each other's heels. Such is life. We swing like a pendulum between pleasure and pain, hope and fear, laughs and tears—and they are never far apart. All things go in couples. Extremes meet every hour. Height and depth are correlatives; give one, you have the other. Can a man laugh loud? Then turn him round, touch a different nerve, pronounce a woman's name, and lo! his sobs are as sincere and deep as his laughter.

So, my present *me*, cannot you ever stop preaching, and do a little practicing? Sure it is that the tolerant God does not expect one man to do two things *very well*. Ordinarily it's enough to preach well, and leave others to practice. But here, now, my moralizing *me*, come out of the pulpit and be a man among men. I am going to get into that jacket so faded, so small for me now. I am going to buckle on that sword, if it does compel crowding, bad language, position, pains, and being carried off the field swooning, as some ladies are betimes, because of the uproar and rage of the discommoded guests within. Well, it happened on this wise that I found myself shivering on the banks of the Rappahannock on Christmas Day, 1862, enlisted for three years or during the war, food for villainous saltpetre.

One day in June, 1862, our Professor of Mathematics remarked, as he closed the observatory:

"Gentlemen, what Mars is up to in the sky doesn't concern us most just now, but to do our share of his work down in Virginia. The only exact science worth studying these times is not trigonometry, but to determine the shortest line to Richmond; and the most pressing duty of the hour is not to prove right angles equal, but to draw a steady aim through rifle sights at a rebel in arms, and to prove to all the world that the American Union can, must, and shall be preserved. Gentlemen, the chair of Professor of Mathematics is vacant in this college; permit me to introduce to you Captain Fraser."

'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! and away we went and enlisted—to go to Richmond. It took us three years to get there. No wonder; there were so many Longstreets to make our way through; so many Hills to climb; so many Stonewalls to batter down; so many Picketts to clear out of the way. It was as hard a a road to travel as the steep and stony one to heaven.

No preaching sir! Can't you forget the shop? Don't you know you have squeezed yourself into that faded jacket, and are squirming, with a flushed face and short breathe, behind that sword-belt, which has caused a rebel Bon *in mobilibus rei*? I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad eighteen years old, a Junior in college, and chafing to be at it—to double-quick it after John Brown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack, or three days' rations, or a canteen, or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night before Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering in the open weather a mile back of the Rappahannock, on the reserve picket, and exposed to a wet snow storm. There was not a stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, even the roots of trees dug up and burned. We lay down on our rubber blankets, pulled our woolen blankets over us—spooned it as close as we could get, to steal warmth from our comrades, and tried not to cry.

Next morning the snow lay heavy and deep, and the men, when I waked and looked about me, reminded me of a church grave-yard in winter. The snow covered us all, and my comrades seemed as if a small cemetery—just like a graveyard and its mounds. "Fall in for picket-duty! There, come, Moore, McManus, Paxton, Perrine, Pollock; fall in!" We fell in, of course. No breakfast; chilled to the marrow; snow a foot deep. We tightened our belts on our empty stomachs, seized our rifles, and marched to the river to take our six hours on duty.

It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And so this is war," my old *me* said to himself, while he paced in the wet snow his two hour's on the river's bank. "And I am out here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greeley's 'On to Richmond. Well, I wish he were only here in my place, running to keep warm; pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. So, *this is war*, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose."

Alas! while lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me martial music; gorgeous brigadiers in blue and gold; tall young men in line, shining in brass. War meant to me tumultuous memories of Bunker Hill, Cæsar's Tenth Legion, the charge of the Six Hundred—anything but this. Pshaw! I wish I were home. Let me see. Home? God's country. A tear?—yes, it is a tear. What are they doing at home? This is Christmas Day, 1862. Home? Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left behind. Another tear?. Yes, I couldn't help it; I was only eighteen, and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock, and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too—such sweet eyes, such long lashes, such a low, tender voice! "Come, move quicker! Who goes there?" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other."

"Hello, Johnny; what'are you up to?" The river was narrow, but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice—too swift for that.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you coughing so for?"

"Yank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tobacco, and with this derned Yankee snow a foot deep; there is nothin' left, nothin' but to get up a cough by way of protestin' against this infernal ill treatment of the body. "We-uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and here's no sayin' which will run us to hole first, the cough or your bullets."

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather, in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas Day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half-mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate duck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it your tears."

"Let's laugh, boys."
"Hello, Johnny."
"Hello yourself, Yank."
"Merry Christmas, Johnny."
"Same to you, Yank."
"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"
"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank."
"All right; you shall have some of our coffee, and sugar, and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore.

And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations:

"Harrah for hog!"

"Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you-uns."

"And sugar, too."

Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted:

"Reckon you-uns been good to we-uns this Christmas Day Yanks."

Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted:

"Merry Christmas, Johnny."

They shouted, "Same to you, Yank."

And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts; we shouted greetings back and forth; we kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it, and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold. Go thou and do likewise—push no poor debtor, prosecute no quarrel, bear no grudge at Christmas-time; forgive your enemies, remember your mercies, and do not brood over your misfortunes at Christmas time. If the times are hard do not let the children know it, or Lazarus on your door-step become aware of it, at Christmas time, to his deeper despair. Cannot you be cheerful and brave by your firesides, as we soldiers were on the Rappahannock on Christmas Day in '62, shooting good wills to rebels on the opposite shore? Let us all shake hands on Christmas Day. Let us all look 'Beyond,' and share with our neighbor who needs us most. Then make a truce with enemies, with care, with fears, with tears and sorrow, and let joy be manifested on Christmas Day. Let justice soften into mercy. Let hate not harden into wrong, but be transformed into love. Let anger cease, let wrath be forgotten, let quarrels be reconciled.

Let Charity dispense bounty. Let the rich man love the poor. Let the lap of childhood be filled with plenty. Let all Rappahannocks of estrangement, separation, bitterness, unequal lots, opposing interests, be bridged by the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day of '87. And "be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." There, I am preaching again, in a secular Journal of Civilization. Yet I can't help it. This Christ-born'me has thrown off and left behind the other me, the old *me* who followed Grant and Hancock to Richmond in the wild, mad days of his turbulent youth. I have taken off that faded blue jacket, and can stretch my arms; I have unbuckled that worn belt, and can breathe freely. Come, jacket; come sword—hang again on the wall. You are my old me; but the present, real *me* is a man of peace and acquainted with grief; not so happy as a saint as he was as a soldier, but still trying to get his work in, since God didn't send for him at Gettysburg.

Washington's Bedchamber.

The current number of the *Century* opens with two articles on "The home and the Haunts of Washington" and "Mount Vernon as it is," from which the following is taken:

"The interest of the whole house centres in the room where Washington died—'The Gen'als room, I likes de best in de house,' as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a-dying eighty-eight years ago, the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there. There is something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity, but as though it had been kept sacred all these years, and was yet redolent of the memories which have set it apart forever.

"'Many wonders,' said our guide, "why Mrs. Wash'n'ton died up in de attic, and not in the gen'als room. It was the custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Wash'n'ton went up in de attic an' dere she staid for eighteen mo'ns till she died, there. She never had no fire in de winter, an' in the summer it was very hot—but dere she staid with only her cat for comp'ny."

The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us, was for the easy ingress or egress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive-looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington—a little three cornered washstand.

Beautiful Teeth

Are more to be desired than riches; in fact, they insure heal h, by properly performing mastication. Minot's Dentifrice—rice 25 cents—is the finest in the world. It beautifully whitens the teeth, and insures healthy gums. Sold everywhere.

Through the Register.

What is Christmas without Santa Claus? It looked very much as if Jack and Effie Hillscombe were soon to find out what such a Christmas would be; for it was already Christmas eve, and the house where the two children lived was filled with the usual good cheer, and all the bustle preparing for the great event.

Papa Hillscombe sat in the big arm chair putting on his slippers and doing his best to imagine himself before the great log fire he had known so well as a boy; for there were no grates in the Hillscombe house. Jack and Effie lived in the city where, at the time of my story, very few families had open fire places in their houses; and little Effie had asked her papa, as she kissed him good-night: "Why, papa, how is Santa Claus goin' to det in, when there is no fire place?" This question really puzzled papa Hillscombe, but he told the children that Santa Claus would find his way in, and that it would be all right in the morning. But after the children had gone to bed a queer look came over their papa's good-natured face, and it was plainly to be seen that he was thinking of little Effie's question.

It happened, too, that the children were not satisfied with the answer he had given them! and while papa was locking up the house for the night, and attending to the furnace, they were still exchanging opinions on this weighty subject from their little cots.

Suddenly Jack sat bolt upright. He had an idea. And in another moment he had toppled out of bed and made his way to Effie's cot.

A whispered consultation followed, and a few moments later both little cots were deserted, and two tiny, white robed figures were creeping noiselessly down the staircase.

All the doors were locked and all the windows were closed, and papa was just shutting the iron door of the great furnace in the cellar, when he was startled by voices which seemed to come from th e great furnace itself. For a moment he amused himself with the fancy that Santa Claus was really making his way in by the furnace; then he thought he might have left a door unlocked.

The thoughts of Santa Claus or other less welcome visitors were, however, soon forgotten when he heard the sound of children's voices, and found it was Jack and Effie talking.

Papa opened the furnace door again, and listened.

They were evidently talking near the register, for what they said was plainly heard through the furnace by papa Hillscombe. Jack was saying:

"Oh, Effie! how can Santa Claus ever bring my big sled through the register?

"Or my doll's house?" said Effie.

There was a pause, then Jack exclaimed, triumphantly, "I know; let's take it up off."

"But," said Effie, "we're not big enough."

"Oh, you're only a dirl."

Then followed quite a struggle between Jack and the "register," but it was only after the "dirl" had come to his aid that Jack was able to lift the iron plate, and then papa heard her say, in a solemn tone:

"Do you tink, Jack, he could det a doll's house through dat?"

"Oh, Santa Claus can do anything" was Jack's comforting reply.

The two little people were on their knees, peering intently down the dark opening, when suddenly they were startled by a voice, which seemed to come up through the hole in the floor. The voice said:

"It's time little children were in bed. Santa Claus can't bring his presents up till everybody is fast asleep."

The children could not tell the voice as it came up through the pipe, and with a cry of "He's tu-nin'! Santa Claus is tummin!" the two little figures scampered up stairs and back to their cots.

The next morning (as bright a Christmas day as ever dawned) found two little figures, not in white this time, standing over a pile of pretty presents heaped up around the register, among which might be seen a brightly painted sleigh with "Effie and Jack" in big gold letters on the side, and a wonderful three-story doll house; and Jack was exclaiming in triumph:

"Didn't I tell you Santa Claus could do anything?"

So Santa Claus came into the Hillside parlor after all, and it was Effie and Jack who settled for themselves the difficult question of "how he was to get in."

The Christmas Feast.

The Christmas festival originally marked a reaction against worldliness and riotous revelry. The early Christians had no fixed day for celebrating the birth of the Messiah. The traditions of the various churches differed in regard to the date, although there was a general concurrence of opinion respecting the midnight hour. Several days in December were mentioned as the date of the Nativity, and in some communities no distinction was made between it and the Epiphany; and there was a disposition in some quarters of the miniature Christian world to deprecate the observance of special days, and to commemorate every day in the year the birth, life, death and resurrection of the redeemer. The impulse to determine a precise date and to convert the day of the Nativity into a sacred festival came from the early Church of Rome. The Saturnalia, a Republic, had degenerated under the Empire into a carnival of revelry, intemperance and crime. For the better part of the week in mid-December, ordinary business was suspended and the populace of Rome abandoned themselves to holiday indulgence, street parade and brawls, gluttonous feasts and criminal excesses. These were the red-letter days of a Paganism that had abandoned self restraint, renounced morality and ceased to have faith in anything higher than ignoble pleasures and degrading passions. It was to emphasize their contempt for this brutal and riotous festival that the Christians at Rome established their religious feast. It was simply a Christ-mass—special service of prayer, praise and communion, held in the lonely watches of the night when the Divine Child was reputed to have been born.

A violin made for Louis XIV by Amati has just been sold for $3,200 at Buda Pesth.

No Place Like Home.

That man's house is his castle is an old and very much battered tradition supposed to be a common law. But the due and full understanding of the precept is not common. It is not always from foes or disturbances without that the castle needs defense, for the inner furnishing and comfort also require to be diligently looked after. When this is done, for "castle" we substitute the word "home." And the home should be in the highest sense the "castle" for man, woman and child. That good old house-hold word comes to us from the Saxon and the related languages; and there is no room for doubt that it is a power among all peoples in whose languages the world is at home. An old English poet says, "home is the sacred refuge of life," and no modern poet, laureate, or other, has compressed into one line more truth and poetry.

But home is what we make it. It may be a sacred refuge, or it may be a mere place of call for breakfast and dinner, and a shelter for the sleeping hours when there was nothing abroad to keep man awake. It may be destitute of attractions a tolerated spot instead of a comfortable haven. It this be the case the fault is with those who, by their own conduct, make it uninviting. Home may be a mere prison (well furnished or others so) for the women of the household, while the men look abroad for their interests and diversions. If the women do break bounds sometimes and find their amusements abroad, what truant husband has a right to blame a truant wife? And when husbands and wives are truagates, continuing in scareness, who need be surprised that the children prefer "all out doors" to all that they can find indoors?

While there has been a t