

The News and Observer.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 89.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER

PRICE BY MAIL
Library of Congress
1849

LEADS ALL NORTH CAROLINA DAILIES IN NEWS AND CIRCULATION.



Most of all the folks I'd ask here, long ago has quit their eatin'.

First I'd want a slice o' winter that would fetch out what was in you; Air a shaft o' glitterin' blades sharp as if they meant to skin you; Froze-up cloud-boats near the hills, tryin' hard to make a landin'; Trees with snow-white blankets on, sleepin', like the hosses, standin'; Fences peakin' through the drifts, clear plate-glass across the river—

All the chimneys breathin' steam crawlin' upward with a shiver; Sun a yellow chunk of ice; failed to furnish any heatin'; An' remainin' for nothin', 'cept to be present at the meetin'; Critters in the barn sharp-set as they was before you fed 'em; Snow and frost unusual sassy—yell out every time you tread 'em.

That would be a val'ble mornin', wuth the trouble of app'isin'; Glad that Christmas happened 'round, on a day so appetizin'!

Then I'd want our Dad on deck—up an' down as last year's cider— Made us too the mark, you know—but a first-class good provider.

When he slung his banner out—"Come an' hev a Chris'mas dinner," Every one that got the word knowed his stomach was a winner.

How they hussled through the snow!—horses kep' their bells a-ringin', tunners croakin' like a sign—gals a cacklin' an' a-singin'; Ol' folks wrapped up double-bulk—baby-bundles half a dozen— Dogs that wouldn't have thanked the dogs of the king to call 'em consin'!

So I'd hev 'em come an' come, ere the morning hour was through with; 'ome in wagon-loads on runners—more than we knowed what to do with!

Mother—wouldn't I hev her there?— would I!—well, somehow or other I hain't learned so I kin speak stiddy yet, concernin' Mother.

I see times that I would give half my days of growin' older.

'or half an hour of her, with her gray head on my shoulder.

Thus said Ahab Adams, merchant, proud of his success, with reason, and his good financial prospects growin' brighter every season.

Will Carleton in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December.

When Boys go Home For Christmas.

When the boys go home for Christmas won't they have a jolly time! Won't the cabin floors be sandy, an' the fiddles sing in rhyme? An' from Billyville up to Glory won't they all be feelin' prime—

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

When the boys go home for Christmas, don't you know that they will meet the friends they knew in youth-time, when the world with flowers was sweet?

They'll know the hearts that loved 'em, by the music of their beat.

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

When the boys go home for Christmas, many hearts they loved they'll miss— Songs that were ever sweeter than a dreamer's song, like this! Even hearts that heard their own hearts—and lips they loved to kiss.

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

When the boys go home for Christmas from here and everywhere, let them leave behind life's lonesomeness—forget the vacant chair; May they see the tranquil spirit of the Christ who made it there—

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

—F. L. Stanton.

A Christmas Greeting.

You think of the dead on Christmas eve, Wherever the dead are sleeping, And we from a land where we may not grieve.

Look tenderly down on your weeping, You think of us far, we are very near, From you and the earth though parted; We sing tonight to console and cheer The hearts of the broken-hearted.

The earth watches over the lifeless clay Of each of its countless sleepers, And the sleepless spirits that passed away

Watch over all earth's weepers, We shall meet again in a brighter land, Where farewell is never spoken; We shall clasp each other, hand in hand And the clasp shall not be broken.

We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime,

Where we'll never know a sadness, And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime.

With rapture and with gladness, The snow shall pass from our graves away, And you from the earth, remember; And the flowers of a bright, eternal May Shall follow earth's December.

When you think of us, think not of the tomb

Where you laid us down in sorrow; But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom, And wait for the great tomorrow, —From Father Ryan's Christmas Chant.

Willie's Text.

After five-year-old Willie had gone to bed on Christmas eve, his mother went into the room to see if he had hung up his stocking properly for Santa Claus. Much to her surprise she found that the little fellow had appropriated one of hers for the occasion and had attached a slip of paper on which he had printed in a bold hand one of the Sunday School texts: "THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL L. GIVETH."—Chicago Daily News.

The Christmas Tree.

It is said that Christmas trees were used to place gifts upon as early as 1632. France adopted the Christmas tree about 1840 and Prince Albert introduced it into England the first Christmas after his marriage. The Queen still keeps up this custom, having a tree for her own gifts, one for her children and grandchildren, and one for the household. Since then the custom has become world-wide. The "Tree of Candles," is of more ancient date. There is an old French romance of the thirteenth century in which the hero sees a tree whose branches from top to bottom are covered with burning candles, while on the top is a figure of a child shining with a still greater radiance. This tree symbolized humanity—the upper lights being the souls of the good, those below, of the wicked, while the child represented Christ. The poetic idea of the Christmas tree as a symbol of the renewed life of nature which be-

gins with the lengthening of the days comes from Germany. From the Norse mythology comes the suggestion of the Christmas tree as typical of the newborn sun in that it was bedecked with lights, and was an emblem of spring on account of its rich green. Probably the Norse mythology was the origin of the "tree of candles" more than of the present Christmas tree. On the introduction of Christianity the Christmas tree, although not known then by that name, became the type of Christ.

The following quotation from L. P. Lewis gives these emblems of the Christmas tree:

"The tree itself, stately and tall, was symbolical of His majesty and grandeur; the green, of His godliness and immortality; the lights, of His glory and of the Star in the East, and the angel on top (which was then never omitted), of the angels who gave to the shepherds the words still spoken each Christmas Day, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

—Self Culture for December.

The Pickanianny's Soliloquy.

I's des a little pickanianny, black as any ink, An' some folks keeps a-tensin' me by sayin' "Missin' Link," An' some ole pious folks dey say I hain't no 'mortal soul, Dat I needn't mine de troubles dat 'round my head may ryl; But I thank de Lawd I' one thing—I'll tell you of you pious— One thing I see like de white folks in— I see got a Santy Clause.

I always 'gins to hussle when de Christmas days comes nigh, 'Cause I want to make some pennies to buy a 'possum pie; I likes to have a nick or two to buy dese poppin' things An' rockets dat goes "S-w-o-o-s-h" an' flies—and den a top dat sings; An' Chris-nus Eve I takes a walk an' throw de sto's I strolls — An' den I hangs my stockin' up, al-

dough it's full o' holes.

Perhaps I see des a tiny coon without a sign o' soul; Perhaps I won't git way up dare to hear 'em call de roll; Perhaps dere's nuffin' I kin do 'cept sing an' dance an' work; Perhaps dere's nuffin' I kin git 'cept lickin's ef I shirk— An' yit dere's one conclusion dis pickanianny draws: I's got a soul or sumpin'—'cause I see got a Santy Claus.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

Des erbout de Chris'mas season is de time ter give good gifts. De only trouble is, mos' er us waits fer de yuther folks ter give 'um.

Dey do say dat troubles never comes single. In fac', I allus did think dey wuz in de married state.

He dat gives ter de po' len's ter de Lawd, But some folks thinks dat de Lawd is too fur off ter trust.

Old Fashion Christmas Dinner.

One ol'-fashioned Chris'mas dinner's wuth a dozen now-a-days, That's delivered by instalments, in the sleek new-fangled ways.

Take me back, O almanac! to the time when sev'ral "courses" Come together in a bunch, an' united all their forces!

'Twas a time when, jined together, old an' young an' saint an' sinner Could be found all gathered round one old-fashioned Chris'mas dinner!

[Thus said Ahab Adams, merchant, from a stress of thought to free him, To his brother Shubal Adams, who had come from Maine to see him.]

Oft I think that dinner over—how once more I'd like to try it!

But, you see, it can't be managed; all my money wouldn't buy it.

Can't fetch back the old-time framework; can't arrange the proper meetin'!