

# The Smithfield Herald.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

"TRUE TO OURSELVES, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR GOD."

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS

VOL. 26.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1907.

NO. 41

## FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Christmas Day In Dixie When War Was on the Land.

JOY AND SADNESS MIXED.

Turkey Dinner Under Difficulties  
Party Dresses of Old Lace Curtains.  
Dancing to a Single Fiddle Played by Old Uncle Ben.

"Christmas day of 1907. Dear me," said a little Virginia lady, "I cannot realize it has been forty-five years since Christmas day of 1862."

"The winter had been unusually severe, very cold and a heavy fall of snow during November, so that both armies lay in winter quarters, but with no great distance between. Hampton's legion lay near my old plantation home, but many of the boys were welcome guests not only in our home, but in those of neighboring plantations. The matter of suitable presents, little tokens of remembrance, was a source of anxious thought not only to us, but the soldier boys also. And finally we settled down on the practical and knit warm woolen socks and muffers and made caps wadded with wool. Of course tiny pin cushions made of scraps of silk and little books found their way to some favored one's pocket, while watch chains carved from the ivory of fine tooth combs and the palmetto cut in lead, beaten and hammered flat from a bullet, were treasures."

"My mother had invited General Allen, the commanding officer, and his staff to dine with us, and many of 'his boys,' as he called them, for they were friends and neighbors in his southern home, would also come, and by night the young people would gather for a dance. Mamma, our old cook, tossed her turbaned head when my mother suggested cake made of brown sugar and cookies of sorghum, for luxuries were not to be had and necessities hard to get after two years of war."

"The cakes looked rich and brown, though, when taken from the Dutch ovens, and we dressed them with holly berries and popped corn, laid over closely like icing."

"The long table in the dining room held a substantial meal that Christmas day."

"The big turkey held the place of honor assigned especially to that bird on such a day, but was none the less juicy and luscious for being stuffed with raised corn bread minus raisins"

as best as possible by rubbing with meal and soft soap.

"We danced this Christmas night until the wee small hours, Uncle Ben's scrapping fiddle and rosin bow making sweet, enlivening music for tripping feet."

"The cold weather had given place to a warm, sultry spell, and the open bow windows often tempted couples out to a promenade on the broad piazza which almost surrounded our spacious house."

"There was a clinging sadness, born of the turbulent times, or perhaps the reality of war, with its stern discipline, that lent a dignity to men and bravery to women, for there was an intense earnestness in every face, and I recall little that was really frivolous except dancing."

"While Uncle Ned had gone to quench his thirst a young soldier from Alabama seated himself at the piano and sang that sweet song, 'Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother.' I think strong men wiped their eyes. Major Lily of Mississippi, one of the state's brightest young lawyers, gave some of his brilliant recitations, alternately melting his audience to tears or convulsing them with laughter. Two weeks after he met his death in a shocking accident on a southern railroad on his way home to be married."

"Colonel Armstrong of Alabama was the hero of the evening—a brave, noble officer, who commanded his boys with mingled dignity and love until they would ride to the cannon's mouth under his leadership."

"How did the men in camp spend Christmas day?"

"You may be sure some time was spent in writing home to the loved ones, using every available box and barrel as a table. Pencils were saved by tying a cord to them, and nearly every man boasted at least of a stub or short piece, while paper was often written over two or three times, crossed and recrossed."

"One thing that made Hampton camp particularly joyful was the capture of a sutler train late that evening—one or two wagons loaded with edibles and clothing—which was passing overland to join the Army of the Potomac, lying near Falmouth."

"Many of the boys came in with new, squeaky boots and pockets full of ginger cakes and crackers, and while there was pity for the poor sutler, who was cared for in camp until sent under guard to Richmond to be regularly exchanged, we rejoiced over the grand luck which brought something cheery to all the boys in Camp Hampton that Christmas day of 1862."

## A SWEDISH RAFFLES.

Burglar Posed as Nobleman and Diplomat.

After a series of burglaries probably unequalled in modern criminal history by one man Jaris Carlsson has been arrested in Munich. If all the stories printed about him are true, he is the most amazing cracksmen in Europe and the exact type in real life of the indomitable Raffles.

Carlsson is a Swede by birth and a locksmith by profession, although it is many years since he legitimately practiced his craft. Since then he has posed as a nobleman, author, millionaire and diplomat with consummate skill, living in princely style in Berlin, Munich, Paris, Vienna and other cities under different names and in different disguises.

All the time he lived by the most daring burglaries, usually at hotels, although at times he was not averse to looting the private residence of a millionaire or an art connoisseur. He changed his role and his address according to necessity and avoided arrest with much skill, although the best detectives in Europe were on his trail. Carlsson is described as a man of "very gentlemanly" appearance, with refined tastes and pronounced artistic and literary inclinations. He was a great favorite among women, who were charmed by his exquisite manners. He was noted for his taste in dress, and while living in Vienna in the guise of a diplomat on leave he is said to have inaugurated a new fashion in neckties.

When arrested Carlsson was staying at the most fashionable hotel in Munich, where he occupied an expensive suite and posed as a Danish nobleman of considerable wealth. The police found \$12,500 in his possession in addition to jewelry valued at \$15,000. It is estimated that his annual income from burglaries averaged \$75,000 during the past ten years. Carlsson took his arrest philosophically and threatens to write his memoirs while in prison.

## Woman's Aim.

"To convict the defendant of assault," said the woman's lawyer, "it must first be proved that the intention was there."

"But," interrupted the magistrate, "all the evidence shows that the woman actually hit her husband with a brick."

"Which very fact proves that she must have aimed at something else,"—London Globe.

## The Whittier Centenary

Beloved Quaker Poet Was Born on Dec. 17, 1807, and Died on Sept. 7, 1892.

Celebrations in New England In Honor of the Author of "Snow-Bound" and "Barbara Frietchie."

upward in the literary world. It has always been hard for a poet to earn his bread and butter simply by the sale of his rhymes, and in the days of Whittier's early manhood the fruits of literary toil of this kind were meager indeed. Thus we find him at one period of his early career engaged in the unpoetic task of editing the American Manufacturer and poring over reports of crops and statistics of industries. His participation in the controversy over slavery aroused his enthusiasm for what he believed to be the right and entailed great labor in the writing of pamphlets and other contributions to the antislavery cause, but this was not a cause in which there was much money for anybody, not excepting the New England Quaker, who did such valiant work in its behalf, although of course in later years the sale of works in which such productions appeared

**T**HE centenary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier on Dec. 17 recalls the fact that New England has great reason to be proud of the men of literary genius she has produced. Whittier, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell—not to go farther down the list—such names make one wonder what it was that caused such remarkable literary fertility in the New England of 100 years ago. The old farmhouse in the town of East Haverhill, Mass., where Whittier was born 100 years ago, is still standing, and this and the modest but dignified house in Amesbury, Mass., so long his home, are now preserved in affectionate remembrance of the poet. The latter has been gone a little more than fifteen years, as his death occurred in Hampton Falls, N. H., on Sept. 7, 1892. All over the land the day of his birth will be remembered, and in New England, especially in the towns associated with his career, there will be exercises appropriate to the anniversary, among them a memorial meeting at the place of his birth under the auspices of the Whittier club of Haverhill, with addresses by Professor Bliss Perry, Frank B. Sanborn and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Whittier was a true poet of the people, and the anniversary appeals not only to the literary critics, but to young and old of every class wherever the English language is read and spoken.

There are some facts about the career of the gentle poet that indicate that even a bard of his unusual lyrical powers must often concern himself with things that are extremely prosaic. For instance, when he was studying at the academy at Haverhill, he supported himself by making slippers, and he did not indulge in any poetic fancies on the subject of finance, for he calculated his expenses so closely that he knew at the beginning of the term that he would have 25 cents to spare at its close, and he actually had just this sum in his pocket when his half year of study was over. He was then about twenty, and the first of his poems to appear in print, "The Exile's Departure," had just been published in William Lloyd Garrison's Newburyport Free Press. Garrison did much to aid Whittier to live while making his way

brought him some pecuniary reward. But the poet's income was small and uncertain until he was past middle life. Yet he was never in debt, and he made it a rule of his life never to buy a thing until he had the money in hand to pay for it. It seems strange now that there could ever have been anything but love and veneration for so kindly and noble a character as Whittier. But it cannot be forgotten that even in New England, where his name is so much revered today, he was once mobbed and on another occasion his office was sacked and burned by opponents of the abolitionists. Feeling ran high over the issues of those times, and the man who was more than any other the poet of the abolitionist cause suffered along with other early exponents of these ideas. In these days there is general acceptance of the view expressed by George D. Prentice when he introduced to readers of the New England Review the poet he had engaged as its editor, "No rational man can ever be the enemy of Mr. Whittier."

## KIDNAPED A CORPSE.

Remarkable and Pathetic Love Drama Enacted in Naples.

The newspapers of Naples publish sensational accounts of a remarkable and pathetic love drama which has just been enacted there. A young man in humble circumstances named Joseph Alessandro was violently in love with a beautiful girl named Elvira Scallini, but the father of the lady disapproved of his suit and engaged her to a rich nobleman residing at Caserta. Just before the date fixed for the wedding, however, the lady died suddenly and mysteriously.

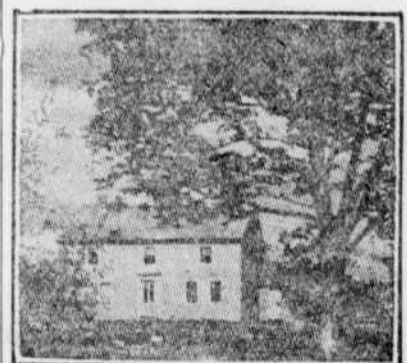
On the day following her funeral the discovery was made that the grave had been opened during the night and the body stolen. Inquiries were immediately instituted, and it was eventually ascertained that the body snatcher was none other than the deceased lady's lover, Alessandro. The discovery of this fact was made by a peasant who, knowing of Alessandro's love for the girl, climbed a tree outside the man's house and saw the missing body lying on a bed and Alessandro passionately kissing the face of the corpse. The peasant, assisted by several neighbors, forced his way into the house and recovered the body, but Alessandro escaped.

There is a well known editor who dislikes nothing more than superfluous questions.

On one occasion the telegraph editor approached him with this query:

"Here's a story of a big landslide in the west. Under what head shall I put it?"

"You might throw it in with the real estate transfers," caustically suggested the "old man."—Pittsburg Press.



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE AT EAST HAVERHILL, MASS.

brought him some pecuniary reward. But the poet's income was small and uncertain until he was past middle life. Yet he was never in debt, and he made it a rule of his life never to buy a thing until he had the money in hand to pay for it.

It seems strange now that there could ever have been anything but love and veneration for so kindly and noble a character as Whittier. But it cannot be forgotten that even in New England, where his name is so much revered today, he was once mobbed and on another occasion his office was sacked and burned by opponents of the abolitionists. Feeling ran high over the issues of those times, and the man who was more than any other the poet of the abolitionist cause suffered along with other early exponents of these ideas. In these days there is general acceptance of the view expressed by George D. Prentice when he introduced to readers of the New England Review the poet he had engaged as its editor, "No rational man can ever be the enemy of Mr. Whittier."

## GIRL TURNS PURPLE.

Hair Tonic Delays Miss Maud Fryer's Wedding Ten Days.

As the result of a shampooing administered by a Willimantic hairdresser, Miss Maud Fryer of Waterbury, Conn., turned purple. Miss Fryer was to have been married on Nov. 9. On the Tuesday before the wedding date she went to the hairdresser for the shampooing.

Whether an experiment was tried or whether there was a deliberate attempt to interfere with the wedding cannot be learned. Her family preserves the utmost reticence on this point.

Miss Fryer emerged from the ministrations of the hairdresser with her hair stuck together as though with glue. Soon afterward her face turned purple, and later her whole body followed suit. Miss Fryer fell into a comatose condition and for a week was close to death. Then she suddenly recovered and on Nov. 19 became Mrs. Henry N. Larkin. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin are now on their honeymoon.

Kind Lady—You are a strong and healthy looking man. Why don't you go to work?

"Tramp—Well, it's like this, ma'am. I ain't got nobody to look out for me but myself, an' if I got work I might be deprivin' a man with a wife an' a lot of kids of a job."

A passenger on a Brooklyn avenue car handed the conductor a crumpled transfer with one corner torn off.

"What kind of a transfer is this?" the conductor demanded. The passenger answered: "That is a street car transfer. What did you think it was, a real estate transfer?"—Kansas City Star.

## JOHN D. AS SANTA CLAUS.

How the World's Richest Man Celebrates Christmas.

Not to be outdone by the scores of others who contributed to the happiness of the younger generation last Christmas, John D. Rockefeller assumed the part of a generous Santa Claus to the children about Pocantico Hills and provided them with an entertainment and Christmas treat at the Lyceum there.

Mr. Rockefeller visited the hall after the decorations were in place and pronounced everything "fine." Mrs. Ramsay, a trustee, conducted him, and he inspected the tree, which was electrically lighted in many colors.

A large star in evergreens above the platform attracted his attention.

"Doesn't that star remind you of the good old song—let me see, 'Oh, Star of Bethlehem, Guiding Star?'" he said, singing the words to the hymn. Then, not readily recalling the words, he whistled the refrain to the end. He inquired whether a fire would be lighted in the fireplace to add to the comfort of the children and expressed a regret, when asked, that he would not be able to witness the distribution of the gifts.

Mr. Rockefeller recognized a young man there whom he had not seen for five years.

"My, how you have grown!" he exclaimed. "I distributed the prizes at your school when you stood at the head of your class. That was four years ago, wasn't it?"

The Lyceum trustees sent to the provider of their Christmas cheer a message wishing him "a merry Christmas and many years of good health and happiness." At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. Rockefeller's reply was read to the audience:

"I am deeply grateful for the words of cheer that you have conveyed to me and hope that you will feel the uplifting of the season commemorative of the birth of him who said, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

## BROKE JAIL TO PLAY BALL.

Escaped Prisoner Helped Visiting Team to Victory.

A story was told by a Redlands (Cal.) business man on his return from the Imperial valley in connection with a jail delivery in El Centro. Sheriff Buck is a baseball enthusiast, and his deputy is one of the players on the El Centro team. They had as a prisoner a young man from Calexico who was in jail on a minor charge awaiting trial. Holtville and El Centro were having a baseball game in the latter town, and the sheriff was in attendance, while the deputy was playing with the El Centro nine. The deputy had learned that his prisoner was a professional ball player en route to the coast from the east and had learned that he would be willing to play with El Centro if permitted, but this the sheriff refused to allow, and the two officers started to the game, leaving the prisoner in the brick shack that is being used for a jail.

The game was an exciting one throughout, Holtville introducing a strange player, who helped its team to victory. When the sheriff and his deputy returned to the jail, they were surprised to find a hole in the wall and no prisoner, the bird having dug through the brick wall and down. Instead they found a note: "I didn't want to break out, but I did want to see the ball game. I saw it, but you didn't recognize me in a uniform." It developed that the strange Holtville player was Sheriff Buck's prisoner, and now the El Centro players are angry because the sheriff didn't let him play with their team.

## Moore's Conscience.

Leigh Hunt relates in his writings the following:

"I remember, when I was showing Lord Byron and Moore my garden while in prison for publishing what was called a 'libel' on the prince regent, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to his eyes, having forgotten the lameness of his friend."

"How much better you behaved," he said to me afterward, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot for the moment whom I was walking with."

"I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not, and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it which the sufferer could not dislike."

"True," said he, "but the devil of it was that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was very awkward."

"This anxiety appeared to me very amiable."

He—How can I repay you for that delightful walk? She (whose train has suffered)—Oh, don't repay me! Settle with my dressmaker.—Ally Sloper.

## SHOT BY COMRADES.

Japanese Soldier Poet Marches Singing to Death.

CONDEMNED FOR DESERTION.

Iwamatsu Zenzo Wipes Out Stain of Disloyalty by Bravely Paying the Penalty—Asks Fellow Fighters to See a Warning in His Fate.

Deserter and incendiary, Iwamatsu Zenzo, twenty-four years old, was shot Nov. 15 by order of court martial. He died displaying all the traditional fortitude of the Japanese.

Zenzo belonged to the Fourth regiment of the Second army division, stationed at Sendai, in the north of Japan. He deserted the regiment and joined a party of gamblers. Hunted by the police, he took refuge in an inn and early the next morning set fire to the place, taking what valuables he could lay hands on. He was arrested and sentenced to death. He was told of the court's decision and burst into frenzied protests.

When his emotion had subsided they told him again that he must be shot and advised him to prepare for the end. A change came over the man's face as he listened to their words. Rising from his seat in the cell, he held up his arms that they might more easily strip his khaki uniform from him.

"I am ready to die," he said simply and was moving from the cell when his aged father and mother came to the door to bid him farewell. Zenzo turned his head away, saying: "I do not fear death, but if I see my father my heart will fail me. I want to die bravely."

Overnight he had composed a poem, the words of which ran something like this:

"I erred in my heart from the cause of my country. The penalty is death, but I do not fear. Yet how bitter it is to fall like a felon. Riddled to death by the guns of my friends."

Many spectators were allowed on the execution ground. The aged parents, holding each other's hand, stood with bowed heads among the crowd. Zenzo, singing the verses that he had written, walked bravely from his cell into the open yard. A white wooden



"COMRADES, GOODBY!" cross had been erected in one corner. He walked up to the cross, stretched out his arms as though to measure the length of the crossbar, then turned again to the officials. He asked and obtained permission to say goodbye to Captain Nakamura, under whom he had served. In silence the two men gripped hands.

Then Zenzo turned to the squad of six riflemen who were drawn up twenty paces from the cross. A cup of water was handed to him that he might moisten his lips before he spoke. "You must shoot me," he said without a tremor, "because I have been disloyal to those who were in authority. If my death serves as a warning to others I shall not have died in vain. Comrades, goodbye."

He stepped back to the cross, threw out his arms, and a white linen cloth was drawn over his face. "Owari! Owari!" ("I am ready") he called. "Banzai! Banzai!"

The rifles cracked. The wooden cross shivered, and Zenzo's corpse hung limply from the bar. A priest offered up a prayer, and the spectators, weeping loudly, knelt down by the corpse and prayed for Zenzo's soul. The body was handed to the relatives for cremation, and the old man and woman, who had been silent spectators of the tragedy, bowed meekly to the officials and bore their boy away.



A YOUNG SOLDIER FROM ALABAMA SEATED HIMSELF AT THE PIANO.

and almonds, but well filled with roasted chestnuts. At the other end of the table a roasted shote knelt gracefully on the broad platter, holding a red apple in his mouth. A pair of ducks lying cozily together was flanked by an old Virginia ham resting in a dish of cabbage. Big bones of corn bread and brown beaten biscuit, homemade pickle and red currant jam filled in the spaces, while from the steaming silver urn my mother drew the fragrant coffee made of dried sweet potatoes and toasted rye and sweetened with sandy brown sugar.

"To the homesick soldier boys, whose rations were often parched corn and bacon, such a dinner was a feast, and they did it justice. But all during the evening as they came from the camps my mother served the hot coffee and sent none away without their Christmas dinner."

"Our dressing, too, had got to be a study. Old silks were treasures, but were often combined without regard to color. A favorite evening dress was unbleached muslin and not infrequently lace curtains gracefully draped over an old evening silk, while the dainty fan was made of paper. Gloves were priceless. No matter how soiled, they were carefully preserved and kept