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Take this opportunity to inform the public.

THE NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.

A New Assortment of WALL PAPER.

Lower Prices Than Ever!

Register Book Store.

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., SEPTEMBER 3, 1872.

NO. 24.

BUTTER.

100 Tubs of Prime BUTTER.

WANTED EVERY FRIDAY.

In exchange for CASH at the store of CHAPMAN BROS.

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WANTED EVERY FRIDAY.

In exchange for CASH at the store of CHAPMAN BROS.

BUTTER.

WANTED EVERY FRIDAY.

In exchange for CASH at the store of CHAPMAN BROS.

Fish. Fish.

No 1 Salmon, No 1 Mackerel—Large.

Greenland Salmon Trout, Georges & Grand Fk Codfish.

all of choicest quality, for sale at Feb. 27.

FLOUR.

E. VALLETTE has now in store a full stock of choice brands.

ST. LOUIS, OHIO, MICHIGAN, IOWA and STATE FLOUR.

PAINTS AND OIL.

3000 lbs Salem Pure Lead, 2000 lbs Genuine F'ch Zinc.

300 Gals Pure Linsced Oil.

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For sale by E. VALLETTE.

BENSON & ANDREWS.

DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Fruits, Confectionery, NUTS, TOBACC & LIES.

AND CIGARS.

Canned Goods.

OF ALL KINDS.

FANCY GROCERIES.

We keep the best goods, and sell at low prices.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the next session of the General Assembly of the State of Vermont.

THE NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.

A New Assortment of WALL PAPER.

Lower Prices Than Ever!

Register Book Store.

Through Fire. [From Chamber's Journal.]

During a residence of several years in New York, I was in the habit of passing some months every summer at one of the various watering places in the vicinity of that city.

In 1848 I spent a few weeks at Babylon, a village on the south side of Long Island, in order to enjoy the best fishing, for which that part of the coast is famous.

In most small country places in the United States there will be found some lazy ne'er-do-weel, some "shiftless loafers" to use an Americanism, who neither obtain nor seek for regular employment, but are content to pick up a precarious subsistence by fishing and shooting after the manner of our old friend Rip Van Winkle, leaving his wife and family—if he had any—to get a living as they best may.

The individual in Babylon who enjoyed a monopoly of the advantages to be derived from being the only loafer in the village was a half-breed known as "Indian John." He was a bachelor, and so expert with both rod and gun that, having no one to provide for but himself, he might have done very well but for his incorrigible laziness and his love of "fire-water." So long as he had a dime in his pocket, or, failing that, could get credit at the village store for a pint of rum or whiskey (the time of which I speak was before the Maine law had been introduced into the State of New York), no money could tempt him to any exertion of any kind. Yet, when absolutely driven to it by necessity, he would work, and work hard, too, for a brief period; enduring without a murmur far more toil and fatigue than a white man would have borne under the circumstances. But like all his race, he was, as I have said, incapable of habitual labor. "John," he would say, as soon as he had a piece of silver given him—John no work today; John got dollar; John gentleman.

On two or three occasions, when I had been unable to secure the services of one of the regular boatmen, I engaged John to accompany me on my fishing expeditions. But was rather reluctantly that I did so, for I felt a species of antipathy to the man, which found some justification in the singularly repulsive expression of his countenance. When one looked at the face of this man, one was reminded of the Quin said of Macklin, "that if Nature wrote a legible hand, he must be a Scoundrel."

He was a surly, sullen fellow, too, rarely speaking except in monosyllables, or evincing the slightest interest in what was going on around him. I was, therefore, the more surprised at a little incident which occurred on one occasion, when I found myself alone in the boat with him.

We had been fishing for some time with indifferent success, when thinking that we might do better by putting farther out to sea. I took out my watch for the purpose of ascertaining how long it would be before the tide turned. As I did so I observed the eyes of the half-breed fixed admiringly upon it. It was indeed a very pretty trinket, the face being engraved with much taste, while on the back there was a motto in large and anel, inscribed with small diamonds. It was in fact, a lady's watch, and belonged to my sister, who had lent it to me the day I left New York, to replace my own, of which I had broken the spring that morning—a misadventure there had not been time to repair before my departure. Even the proverbial stovion of his race, apparently, had not power to steel the half-breed against the fascinations of the object of his admiration. He made a brief struggle to maintain his dignity he gave way, and asked to be allowed to look at the watch. I of course complied with his request, and placed it in his hand that he might examine it at his leisure. He kept it for some minutes, and it was finally, with manifest reluctance that he returned it. I observed him closely, and could see by the expression of his eyes, that he had become possessed by one of those almost uncontrollable desires to which savages, like children, are occasionally subject—it being, obviously, a positive pain to him to part with the watch. However, he had no alternative but to do so, and there the matter ended for the time.

On the morning I had arranged to return to New York, the boat was almost following day, I should not certainly have done my journey until the weather was somewhat more endurable. However, I decided to compromise the matter; and instead of taking the 11 A. M. train for Brooklyn, as I originally intended, I resolved to return to town by the one which left Centerville (the nearest station), at 8 P. M., by which hour the sea-breeze would have somewhat cooled the atmosphere.

The railway runs as near as possible through the centre of Long Island from Brooklyn to Montauk Point. Thus, travelers from any of the villages on the Atlantic sea, or rather west, for the facilities of communication have been greatly improved since the time of which I speak—conveyed to the depots, as stations are termed in the United States, by means of omnibuses owned by the proprietors of the various hotels.

"You couldn't drive yourself, Mr. Wilson, now, I suppose?" said Snodgrass to me interrogatively. "You could leave the wagon," he added, "and I could carry you over as I have done, but it is not likely I might lose myself in these interminable pine forests of yours."

"Well," I replied, "I am afraid not, I have only travelled the road once, and there are so many turnings that I think it not unlikely I might lose myself in these interminable pine forests of yours."

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stop, determined to have recourse to force if necessary, to compel his compliance.

The fellow paid not the slightest attention to me, but pulled the lash furiously to the horse's back; we dashed along the road for a couple of hundred yards, and came suddenly to a large open space, at which the lane apparently ended. The spot was obviously used for charcoal burning, for several acres of timber had been cut down, and scattered here and there were piles of wood, arranged in the usual circular form, ready for firing. The road, in fact, was a private one, and only used at certain periods of the year, by the owners of this portion of the forest, to convey the charcoal and firewood to market.

As we drove into the clearing, the half-breed reined in the horse sharply, and before I could guess his intentions, leaped with extraordinary agility, rifle in hand, out of the wagon.

As I was preparing to follow him, he raised his gun and fired at my head. He was just a second too late; but I still being sitting erect, at the back of the wagon, the ball must have inevitably passed through my brain, but I had leaped slightly forward in the act of jumping, and so this saved me. As it was, he aimed just a hair's breadth too high, and the bullet only grazed my scalp, tearing up the skin and inflicting a wound which bled profusely, but otherwise rather painful than dangerous.

Believing myself for the moment to be more seriously hurt than I really was, and rendered additionally savage by this very circumstance, I precipitated myself upon the half-breed, without a moment's pause, and made a blow at me with the club rifle, but I evaded it and closed with him. He proved to be much stronger than I anticipated, judging from his height and build, but still no match for me; for at that period I was a man of more than average strength, and the Indian rarely possesses the muscle of the white man. In fact, conscious of his inferiority in this respect, he invariably availed, if possible, engaging in a hand-to-hand encounter with him.

The struggle for the possession of the rifle lasted less than a minute, and having by one supreme effort wrested it from my antagonist, uttering a short, sharp exclamation of rage at finding myself belated, he turned and fled into the forest.

For a moment I was sorely tempted to follow him, for my blood was thoroughly up, but the increasing darkness warned me that this was impracticable. Indeed, I have to confess, that I was not a little surprised with every intricacy of the forest, to find he pursued him, would, under any circumstances, most probably have been futile.

I now looked around me to see what had become of the wagon, for the horse left to his own guidance, had trotted off as soon as I had quitted the vehicle. I found that he had stopped of his own accord, about a couple of hundred yards off, and was quietly cropping the grass by the roadside.

I got into the wagon, resolved to return to Babylon at once, and give information of what had occurred, in order that early the following morning the woods might be secured (and I knew they would be, thoroughly) for the half-breed. Indeed, even if I had not felt it my duty to do this, to have examined my journey that night would have been impossible, for, long before I could reach Centerville, the last train would have left for Brooklyn.

The atmosphere was oppressively close; not a breath of air was stirring; and heavy masses of black cloud were slowly rising in the west. Hitherto, I had been too preoccupied to notice these indications of an impending storm—but now that I observed them, I felt that the warnings that they conveyed were not to be disregarded. I hoped, nevertheless, to be able to get back to the village, or all crests so far as the open road, along the sea-shore, before the storm burst; for I knew that I should be subjected to considerable inconvenience, if not positive danger, if overtaken by it in the forest. I therefore, notwithstanding the darkness, rode along the road at a rapid pace. The horse, indeed, seemed to sympathize with my uneasiness, and scarcely needed urging to put forth his utmost speed.

I had hardly ridden a mile, however, when the low outlines of the approaching storm became distinctly visible. The wind began to sigh mournfully through the trees, until at the expiration of a few minutes, it suddenly rose—as it frequently does in these latitudes—to a perfect hurricane; the tall pine trees bent before the blast like grain in harvest time; branches and even limbs, torn from their parent trunks, strewn the road; while, every now and again, was heard the crash of some falling tree, which weakened with age, was unable longer to withstand the fury of the gale.

Just after flash of the most vivid lightning I have almost ever beheld succeeded each other in rapid succession, the heavy peals of thunder reverberating over my head; the rain too, at intervals, came down in heavy showers. It was in fact, as the fellows say in King Lear, "a naughty night to swim in."

At last, a terrific flash of lightning followed by the sharp report of the electric fluid always makes when it strikes, warned me that a new danger was impending; that a tree had been struck, and that, in all probability, the woods would shortly be on fire. Nor was I mistaken. In less than time I could have believed it possible for the flames to become visible, a lurid glare to the right, apparently about a mile distant, proved that the forest in that direction had become a prey to the devouring element.

No rain had fallen for the previous six weeks, and notwithstanding it was now coming down rather heavily, the fire spread amongst the dry resinous pine trees with fearful rapidity, threatening to completely cut off my retreat. Could I indeed, but once get to the forks of the roads, I knew I should be comparatively safe; for as soon as I entered the lane leading to Babylon, the wind would force me and drive the flames in the opposite direction. The doubt was, whether I should be able to do so far without being overtaken by the fire. Still, it was the only chance, and I drove furiously on, half-blinded by the dense volume of smoke which rolled across my path, while myriads of sparks shot up every now and again, from the burning forest.

At last I reached the fork of the roads but not a minute too soon; for the flames with an eager, hoarse roar were rushing furiously forward, at a right angle with

the road, a distance of less than two hundred yards.

I turned the corner and dashed into the Babylon road. The danger was past; and it was with a comparatively light heart I drove the remainder of the distance.

The fire proved one of the most devastating ever known in those woods; and notwithstanding that the rain came down heavily for many hours, several hundred acres completely clear of timber, leaving nothing but the charred and blackened stumps of the trees remaining.

The search for the half-breed was unsuccessful; and it was thought he had quitted that part of the island. But some days after the fire had subsided, a party of villagers, whom curiosity had led to visit the scene of the late conflagration, came across a small heap of charred bones, among which were several metal buttons and the remains of a powder-flask, which were at once recognized as having belonged to "Indian John." There could, therefore, be but little doubt that being on foot, the half-breed had been unable to outstrip the flames, and had perished miserably in the burning forest.

CHINESE OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD. The Chinese burying ground at Long Mountain was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary customs of those people. They are usually performed twice a year, on the 1st of February and the 15th of July, according to their calendar. At an early hour a long procession of carriages and express wagons moved toward the cemetery from the Chinese quarter. Every one was filled with Chinamen, some of the wagons being overloaded. In the latter were the offerings to be made at the graves. Each party of sacrificers had a roast hog laid on a shallow wooden trough or tray, baked ducks and chickens, pyramids of cakes composed of hard flour and sugar, and baked in various colors, and a large quantity of incense, and pots of tea, bottles of wine and brandy, chop-sticks, cups, plates and saucers, packages of rice and large bundles of yellow and crimson paper.

The ceremonies at all the tombs were similar, so that a description of those at one will answer for all. The tray holding the roast pig was placed at the foot of a grave or enclosure containing several, and a little piece of paper stuck in the tomb, on which were spread the smaller delicacies of the Celestial feast. Rice was scattered on the ground, tea and wine and brandy poured into little cups, the chop sticks placed in position for use, and the pyramids of cakes uncovered. Then the men of the party, singly or in couples, bowed twice with clasped hands toward the offering and the graves, then knelt and bowed the head three times to the ground. The sticks and crimson wax tapers were lit, and stuck in the sand on the tomb, the latter for the purpose of discouraging the presence and offensive interference of evil spirits, or those who had been fees on the earth of the dead. The peculiar odor of Chinese incense filled the air and was at times so pungent as to almost discourage the presence of Caucasians, clothed in the strong armor of the earth. The packages of paper were unloosed and prepared for the flames. Some of the papers bore inscriptions, written by men called in matters of religion. Some were prayers to the gods for good harvests, health, peace and joy to the living. Some were in the nature of bills of fare informing the departed of all the good of the offerings, the names of the donors, and a petition to them to come and partake. Then there were piles of "money paper," representing copper, silver and gold, according to the color of the little pieces of paper stuck in the centre of each about. This is intended to be drawn on sight by the dead, and used by them to defray their necessary expenses in the other world. All these, and such other communications as may be written, are supposed to become visible and tangible to the spirits when reduced to ashes. The pile is fired, and in a few minutes clouds of smoke and cinders fill the air; the immortals are present, and the festivities of mortal life. It is always supposed that these accessories which the friends call them, have actually reached into the land of Buddha. The Chinamen utter of small portions of the paper, the lower bill of a duck, a portion of a chicken's breast, takes a morsel of cake, a little wine or tea or rice, and deposits them in a side dish for the gustatory enjoyment of the poor spirits. At the conclusion of the sacrificial ceremonies, all the edibles that have not been cast upon the ground are gathered up again, re-placed in the wagons and returned to the abodes of the living, where the tables receive them, and they soon disappear down the throats of all who have contributed to prepare and cook the Celestial feast.—San Francisco Bulletin.

RE H. H. S. DICKS.—During the class meeting held several years since by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Jones went among the crowd portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his unbelief, he served God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said: "Well, Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here! Haven't you any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brother Jones; no turkeys." "Nor any chickens; Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brother Jones; no chickens." "Thank the Lord, Brother Dick, that's doing well, my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his overburdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh, a half-meal: "El' he'd a said 'dicks, he'd a had me!"

Napoleon does not consider the approaching meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria, any indication of danger to the peace of Europe.

John H. H. S. Dicks, of Lexington, Mo., caught a catfish weighing 145 pounds in the Big Muddy. A twelve-pound fish first swallowed the bait, and then the catfish swallowed it.

The Royal Humane Society of London has awarded its silver medal to Mr. John Doid, United States Consul at Tain, Formosa, for heroic conduct in saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors.

The original "Bennie Havens" is not a myth, as many people imagine, but lives at West Point, hale and hearty, at the age of seventy-two. He is regarded there as "one of the objects of interest."

Some time since there appeared in the Cincinnati papers what purported to be a correct list of all the cities in the Union containing over ten thousand (10,000) inhabitants. But as there were two conflicting lists given by the different papers, neither of which seemed, in my mind, to be correct, I have made a careful examination of the official statistics, and find that instead of one hundred and thirty-four (134) as stated by the Commercial, there are one hundred and fifty-seven (157) in all which I give below, in the order in which they stand, together with a correct enumeration of the population of each one separately.

CLEVELAND, May 2, 1872.

To the Editor Sunday Voice.—

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, George Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the settlement of the Mohicans. The settlement of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Isaac. Among the heirs of the chiefship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man, and an excellent hunter, was a drunken and worthless Indian as could well be found. By the death of the late chief, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this manner the better gains of Zachary, as usual every day, and he reflected proudly, "Now can I be such a drunken wretch as I am, as he is to be chief of this noble tribe? what will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignantly upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Isaac—I will never do so!" And he solemnly resolved that henceforth he would drink nothing stronger than water; and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the Governor to ascend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohican chief also to attend, and on his way to the spot and dine with the Governor. John, the Governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board, occurred a scene which I will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the steadiness of the old man's temperance. My parents were seated at dinner, and there was excellent cold-broiled ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief—'Zachary, this beer is very fine; will you not taste it?' The old man dropped his knife, and leaped forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me. 'John,' said he, 'you don't know the better gains of Zachary. You are serving the devil, but I do know that I am an Indian? If I should taste your beer, I should not stop until I got run, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again while you live tempt a man to break a good resolution!'

"Sobered never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with more moral eloquence. I was thunder-struck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chief with awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich, on lands now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and above his mouldering remains I repeated to myself the inestimable lesson.—N. Y. Ledger.

"OBERLIN WISCONSIN, was (and probably is now) a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original, as the following anecdote may prove. Gentleman thus addressed the old negro one Sunday: 'Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove it?'—'Well, sah, did you eber read in de bible how de seh-devils comes in cast uber Mary Magdalene?' 'Oh yes, I've read that.'—'Did you eber hear of an hein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?' 'No, I never did.'—'Well, den all de odder gals 'an yet.'

A newly married gentleman and lady riding in a chaise were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking," indeed, replied the gentleman, "to see a newly-married couple fall out so soon."

Croquet players have struck for eight hours at the summer resorts.

Table with 2 columns: City, Population. Includes Oakland, Cal., 10,500; Portsmouth, Va., 10,492; Newark, N. J., 10,453; etc.

Cities of the United States Having Over 10,000 Inhabitants. CLEVELAND, May 2, 1872.

Table with 2 columns: City, Population. Includes New York, 442,202; Philadelphia, 284,022; Brooklyn, 236,000; etc.</