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THE RUTLAND HERALD,
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Nov. 12, 1853. 47—tf

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Rutland, Sept. 8th, 1854 J. M. PUTNAM. 36tf

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THORTS ON A PAYDED BOKA.

BY A. JEMI SNUGL.

In lookin over my trunk I do
I fit into a old boka,
Immediatly thorts com into my head
& thus to the boka I said—

Pore dried up thing what maid a fool
& tickle up like a sile mode
What maid u lose your sweet perfume
Which u had alout the middle of june.

A lass what u leaves in a lyne
Tu awl hoo se yu with tears in
But mosst ov awl shed the fare neck
Lees window from u i expeck.

There pharms so phare and plump to see
Like ded mas leves will dryd up hee
Tuare shoulders which they cho to awl
Wil then be kivered with a shawl.

There round bare arms so ivry whyte
Wil then hee hid cleen out ov syte
And varios other ov theez man kiffers
Wil bee concealed by phyne mussliers.

For the Rutland County Herald.

THE GREAT EPIDEMIC OF 1854:

The world has been visited in various portions, from an early period of its history, with epidemics; putting on different forms, appearing at longer or shorter intervals, and varying much in their mildness or malignity. The term —*epidemic*—means simply that which comes upon the people; the name implying the extent, rather than the character of the disease. That which has broken out in our country the present year, which we are about to notice, presents features of an extraordinary character, and appears to have extended over the whole northern region—embracing more than half of the entire country.

Although, we have had something in kind, like this, yet nothing has ever equalled it in extent. The year 1854 will long be remembered as the year of the great *epidemic*, which spread over the entire Free States of the country. Of the cause of this malady, there seems to be no doubt. It arose from the introduction of *poisonous* measures into the salubrious regions of NEBRASKA, by a combination of unprincipled doctors, and their accomplices and abettors. A remarkable characteristic of this pestilence is—that it has fallen exclusively upon those and their guilty associates who introduced the *virus*; maintaining, in this respect, as distinctive a character as did the plague of olden time, which destroyed all the first born of the Egyptians, but from which the Hebrews were entirely exempt.

On the appearance of a new and rapidly spreading pestilence, the people are always eager for a name. This is usually given in accordance with the parts upon which it more particularly locates, or the analogy in its symptoms with some known or previously occurring malady. We have by this rule ancient, and high authority for pronouncing this distemper the "EMERODS." About three thousand years ago, a people called the Philistines, became so corrupt that they were smitten of God, as we are told, with the *Emerods*. In another passage, we read they were "smitten in the *hinder parts*, and put to a *perpetual reproach*." Commentators agree that this epidemic was a species of malignant piles, by which the parts affected *sloughed off*. In other words, the subjects of it *lost their seats*. The analogy between these two is so striking that we do not hesitate to pronounce the one, whose ravages we are now describing, the POLITICAL EMERODS."

It first broke out early in the Spring. In New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, it made its appearance nearly at the same time. With the exception of several cities, where it manifested similar symptoms, we next hear of it in Iowa, where it seemed to sweep the State. Thence it flew to Maine, where all who had been exposed were smitten with it. For lack of subjects, but little of it was seen in Vermont, and that only served to expel the noxious vapors. The states upon which it fell with the greatest power, however, were

New York,	Indiana,
New Jersey,	Illinois,
Pennsylvania,	Michigan,
Ohio,	Wisconsin.

Its greatest fury seems to have been spent upon these States, where its victims appear to have fallen like autumn leaves. Members of Congress seem to have been peculiarly susceptible. Of these, there are about seventy in those states, including Senators, who are past surgery. Victims among smaller functionaries, may be counted by legions.—There is still a large number who have the premonitory symptoms, manifested by an intolerable itching, threatening the loss of their seats. Finally, squatter sovereignty, the grand catholicon of the mountebanks and their accomplices, has proved a total failure in saving their own *squattings*.

ANTI - NEBRASKA.

A PERPLEXED IRISHMAN.—A few days since, a gentleman connected with one of our railroad corporations, while taking a ride through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed up, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously, his principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off; and picking himself up, he found Pat in a much worse condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers, and his master's wig in his other hand, which he was surveying with most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt is it? Ah, master, dear, do you see the top of my head in my hand?"

Some Incidents connected with the early settlement of the town of POULTNEY.

The first settlement of Poultney was commenced April 15, 1771, by Ebenezer Allen and Thomas Ashley. They were men of bold, fearless spirits, athletic and firm constitutions. They commenced near where the Turnpike bridge now is in West Poultney. Allen a little West and Ashley a little East (the river running some twenty rods North of where it now does). They erected a shanty for Allen (who brought his family with him.) Ashley remained one month, erected a shanty for *his* family, which was done by setting four crutches in the ground, placing poles on the top, covering roof and body with bark. He cleared some land and raised corn sufficient to bread his family (consisting of seven,) fat his pork and buy an under jacket; this the writer of this sketch has often heard him relate. He then returned and brought on his family. Allen had a son born the same year, the first white child born in Poultney. Allen remained a few years, sold out and removed to Grand Isle. Ashley remained in town and on the same farm until his death, which occurred in 1810. He was a man of strong mind, retentive memory and strict integrity, had but a very ordinary common school education, yet he was much improved as a public man. For many years held the office of Justice of the Peace and also represented the town in the General Assembly for a long time and was entrusted with much other public business. He assisted in the formation of "Poultney Library," was among its warmest friends and advocates, became a great reader, and after enjoying it's advantages for a few years, was often heard to say that he knew the situation of the old world as well as he did his own farm. Probably he exerted as great an influence as any man in town while he lived. He was the next man to Allen that entered in taking the Fort at old "Ti," stood at the head of the stairs as sentinel, while Allen entered the room of the commander. His farm lay upon both sides of the highway running through the village of West Poultney, his dwelling was a large gambrel-roof'd house standing where the Hon R. C. Mallary built his, now occupied by Dr. McLeod. Mr. Mallary bought the lot consisting of about one acre for $600. Sold the buildings for $12, said he was determined to have it, cost what it would, for then he received 25 cents for helping make brooms one evening, the first money he ever earned. Ashley died there in a good old age leaving a handsome property for his children. One short anecdote will give the reader some idea of the character of the man, while in the Legislature. There was quite an exciting question up, upon which the yeas and nays were demanded, as the clerk commenced calling the names, the member from Bennington (suppose he felt as some at the present day do, wished to dodge) took his hat and was about leaving. Ashley rose and said Mr. Speaker, I move that no member be permitted to leave the room until this question is decided—this occasioned quite a shout and the gentleman took his seat.

There were several families followed the same season. Eligah & John Owen, Isaac Ashley, and Nehemiah Howe, and soon by the following persons and somewhat in the following order, Ichabod & Joseph Marshall, Silas Howe, Heber Allen, brother to Ethan, John Grant, Thomas Goodwin, Robert Green Zebediah Dewey, Cotten Fletcher, John Elkana, Elisha Enochand Wm. Ashley all brothers of Thomas & Isaac Ashley, John Tilden, Zebediah, Dan & John Richards, Wm. Ward, Timothy, Ebenezer & James & Lemuel Hyde, Samuel Church, Joel Gratis, Isaac Craw, Nathaniel & James Smith, Mordica & Gilbert Soper, James & Nathaniel Brookins, Josiah Lewis and perhaps a few others were here in June 1777, when the inhabitants were all driven from their homes by Burgoyne's army and the Indians. Up to this time the town was settled slowly, owing in a great measure to the troubles with New York about the title of the land, so that none located themselves here but the most bold and fearless spirits to be found and they were all without exception extremely poor. At the time above mentioned, (June 1777) the men were all under arms to give battle to the invaders of our country, and at the time of the battle at Castleton, an express was sent on that the inhabitants must leave or be killed, the women without a moment's delay gathered up their children and commenced their line of march through an almost unbroken wilderness to the south, and were able to keep in advance of the pursuing enemy, expecting however every hour to be overtaken and indiscriminately massacred, mothers carrying very young children, and leading others that were scarce able to walk alone, without scarcely stopping for rest or refreshments were enabled to get out of the reach of the army, some to Mass. and some to Conn., their native places. The battle at Bennington soon after checked the march of Burgoyne's army, and the battle at Stillwater when he and his army were made prisoners, relieved the inhabitants of this section of country and they soon began to return, though many did not return until the winter and spring following. These were times that tried the courage of women as well as men. For two or three years after this the inhabitants would often secrete some of their choicest articles before retiring to bed, fearing they might be obliged to flee before the tomeless savage before morning, or be murdered during the defenceless hours of sleep, this the writer of this sketch well remembers. After this the town was settled much more rapidly and the inhabitants made early efforts to procure orchards. Isaac Ashley brought seeds with him, planted a nursery and the trees were transplanted more than seventy years ago and are now the orchard on what is called the Rann farm.

Nehemiah Howe built the first gristmill in town on the falls in East Poultney and died April 1777. Isaac Ashley* died the same month. Ichabod Marshall was a good, peaceable citizen, after a few years said he thought he must sell out and go into some new country. When he first came into the town, the inhabitants were as a band of brothers, but now were much changed. He was killed on his return from Troy, fell from his wagon and the wheels passed over him. Funeral sermon by Mr. Hibbard, *Text*—"Set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live."

Silas Howe was the first Deacon of the Congregational church, which office he held till his death in 1810.

Heber Allen brother to Ethan died of consumption in 1782. Thomas Goodwin lost his life by being thrown from his cart. While riding his oxen took fright. Joel Granis become lost in the woods, froze to death, and was the first man buried in the centre grave yard.

Zebediah Dewey was the first captain of the Militia in town which office he held for a long time. John Richards has often said he was corporal under him thirteen years.

During the revolution there were but two Tories in town, Gilbert Soper was one of them, and during the absence of the inhabitants from their homes, at the time they were driven off, he remained and made a pretty free use of such things as were left, for which and his hostility to American Independence the Whigs determined to chastise him. Lieutenant James Smith having a scouting party under him, while passing through the town, came across Soper, while stopping for refreshments. Smith being in the house some of the men said "now is our time," swore they would hang him, accordingly seized him, put a rope around his neck, tied it to the well sweep and began to draw him up. Smith being informed what was going on, sprang out and ordered him let down just in time to save his life.—They both remained in town many years, Soper a thievish troublesome fellow. Smith an unfortunate and very poor man, often said he believed the curse of God had followed him for saving Soper's life.

William Ward located in the eastern part of the town, was a good and useful man, was Justice of the Peace more than forty years, Judge of Probate about twenty, delegate to form the Constitution of Vermont, more than twenty years member of the General Assembly, Judge of the County Court &c. He was the first Deacon of the Baptist church which office he held until his death in 1819. He came to his death like a shock of corn fully ripe, fit to be gathered in in its season. John Tilden a somewhat eccentric and cunning sort of a man, made application to the town at their March meeting for an abatement of his taxes on account of poverty.—Judge Ward was immediately up to oppose him, said Tilden was as able to pay taxes as he was. Tilden turned to him and said "Judge Ward you don't know anything about poverty, you never was poor," his answer "yes I was." Tilden says, "was you ever so poor that you have lived months together without pork in your house and at times without bread, and for years, hard work to get provisions enough to keep your family from starving, have you ever been so poor that your was obliged to send your children to bed crying for 'supper, and your had none to give them?" Ward answered again, "yes, I have been." Well says Tilden, "I must confess I never was so poor as that," sat down satisfied, and pursued his petition no further. Very few of the inhabitants could in truth have answered the same questions in a different way. Samuel Church and family lived one season almost entirely on ground-nut. The writer of this, lived two seasons when a boy almost as bad off; the first; no cow and provisions very short, the second year one cow, a single grist of grain purchased in Danby early in the spring and brought through the woods upon a horse, was all the breadstuff we had until harvest, no meat and eight, in the family. Our breakfasts, milk with a little bread.—Dinners, boiled herbs. Suppers, a large bowl (about three quarts) of milk sweetened with maple sugar, carried around by the mistress of the house, each one taking a sip.

The early settlers had not only to contend with poverty, and the common enemy during the revolution, but with the Yorkers, who would often send out their sheriffs with their posse to drive them off their farms, and take possession themselves, but they were as often sternly met by the Green Mountain Boys, and their leaders not unfrequently made to feel a smart application of the "Beach Seal."

The early settlers were truly democratic in their feelings, and acted upon a liberal policy in the establishment of

*Father of the writer.

chasts in different parts of the town, and other institutions calculated to improve and elevate the man. They were also a church-people, strictly regarding the Sabbath as a day of rest, set apart for the worship of Almighty God. Their meetings in the winter were held in private houses, in the summer in barns. About the year 1780 the Rev. Ithamer Hibbard, a Congregational minister, came among us to look after the spiritual welfare of the people. He was a bold, athletic man, full of the spirit of '76, quite limited in his education, had served as chaplain in the army, and was settled as the minister of the town. The inhabitants were mostly if not entirely Baptist and Congregationalists, but were all united in setting Mr. Hibbard as their pastor. Under his care the religious affairs went on harmoniously until 1786, when a part of the Congregational church withdrew, formed themselves into a seperate Church, and built a small house; but soon broke down and disbanded; most returned to the former church, and again their religious interests prospered under Mr. Hibbard's administration, until about the year 1796, when some began to think he was not sufficiently refined for Poultney; and finally succeded in getting a vote to dismiss him. This almost broke the poor old man's heart—having labored with his people so long, and with very little support—for he could almost say, with Paul: "These hands have ministered to my necessities. I have not been chargeable to any of you."—Poor and disconsolate, he preached a few years to destitute churches in the vicinity, and was gathered to his fathers.

"*Peace to his ashes.*"

In 1783, they erected a house of worship, on the north side of the road near the burying ground, 45 feet in width, and 55 in length, covered it, laid the lower floor, and built a desk. So far it was done by subscription, and in this situation it was occupied for several years. The town finally raised a tax and finished the house. After the dismission of Mr. Hibbard, they had no settled minister for several years. In 1801, Mr. Clark Kendrick, a candidate for the ministry of the Baptist persuasion, was invited to preach to them a year, which he did. The Baptist church then gave him a call to become their pastor, which he accepted; and was ordained in May, 1802. This movement caused the Congregational Church to withdraw from the Union. They obtained Mr. Samuel Leonard for their minister; and, in 1803, built the meeting-house which they still occupy. In 1805, the Baptists built the house which they now occupy. And the old meeting-house, generally styled "Hibbard's Sanctuary," was demolished in 1812.

For many years after the settlement of the town, such a thing as a waggon was not known. The first one, the writer remembers seeing, came from the west part of the town, with a load of worshippers, drawn by two horses;—and, as they started for home, at the close of the service, the waggon made considerable noise. One man very gravely remarked that he wished it was forty shillings fine for any man to drive a waggon through the street on the Sabbath.

The first inhabitants were generally from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and professed views and feelings peculiar to their ancestors. They took vigilant measures to prevent travelling on the Sabbath. One morning, as the people were assembling for worship, a little Scotchman was walking to the east, and as he appeared to be going past the meeting-house, the tithing man stepped up to him, and demanded the reason of his travelling upon the Sabbath. He replied that he was a minister, and was on his way to preach in Middletown.—By this time a number had gathered around him, being rather suspicious that his was a false pretense, and questioned him closely. Finally, as they were destitute of a minister that day, they proposed to him to remain and preach to them. He consented, and took for his text:—"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." They were all well pleased with the sermon, and permitted him to go on and preach in Middletown in the afternoon.

The first settlers were very much attached to each other, united in their efforts to promote regularity and good order, and, for many years, moved on like a band of brothers.

POULTNEY LIBRARY, to which allusion has been made, was established about 1790. It became a large and flourishing institution, and contributed largely to enlighten the minds and improve the morals of its numerous patrons. It flourished until the country became flooded with those light and trashy publications, usually styled modern literature; and for this cause it was neglected, and finally broken up in 1836. No observing mind can doubt for a moment that the change that has come over the inhabitants, especially the rising generation, has not been for the better.

THE newspapers intimate that notwithstanding the settlement of the affairs of Spain, there are some old grievances which still stick in the people's throats. This fact need scarcely be wondered at when we remember that they have been compelled to *swallow a bad sovereign*.

Recommend to your children virtue that alone, and not gold, can make them happy.

JOHN PHOENIX—THE CALIFORNIA WAG.

A writer, under the name of "JOHN PHŒNIX," has been somewhat distinguished for his amusing contributions to the columns of the San Diego *Herald*. He is now a regular contributor to the pages of the Pioneer's Monthly Magazine, printed in California, somewhat in the style of the well known N. Y. Knickerbocker Magazine, and in all respects a very creditable literary untaking. From a late number of this Magazine, we make some selections from John Phœnix's Lectures on Astronomy:—

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

By Professor John Phœnix, *L. s. d., $ c., &c.* Published by Le Count & Strong in the Pioneer's Magazine.—October, 1854. Entered according to Act of Congress, Oct. 1854, by John Phœnix, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Vallecitos and Carisa Creek.

Introductory.—The following pages were originally prepared in the form of a course of lectures to be delivered before the Lowell Institute, of Boston, Mass., but owing to the unexpected circumstance of the author's receiving no invitation to lecture before that Institution, they were laid aside shortly after their completion.

Receiving an invitation from the Vallecitos Literary and Scientific Institute, during the present summer, to deliver a course of Lectures on any popular subject, the author withdrew his manuscript from the dusty shelf, on which it had long lain neglected, and, having somewhat revised and enlarged it, to suit the capacity of the eminent scholars before whom it was to be displayed, repaired to Vallecitos. But, on arriving at that place, he learned with deep regret, that the only inhabitant had left a few days previous, having availed himself of the opportunity presented by a passing emigrant's horse,—and that, in consequence, the opening of the Institute was indefinitely postponed. Under these circumstances, and yielding with reluctance to the earnest solicitations of many eminent scientific friends, he has been induced to place these lectures before the public in their present form.—Should they meet with that success which the author's sanguine friends prognosticate, he may be induced subsequently to publish them in the form of a text book, for the use of the highest schools and universities; it being his greatest ambition to render himself useful in his day and generation, by widely disseminating the information he has acquired, among those, who, less fortunate, are yet willing to receive information. JOHN PHŒNIX.

San Diego Observatory, Sept. 1, 1854.

THE SUN.

This glorious orb may be seen almost any clear day, by looking fixedly in its direction, through a piece of smoked glass. Through this medium it appears about the size of a large orange, and of much the same color. It is, however, a little larger, being, in fact, about 887,000 miles in diameter, and containing a volume of matter equal to fourteen hundred thousand globes of the size of the Earth, which is certainly a matter of no small importance. Through the telescope, it appears like an enormous globe of fire, with many spots upon its surface which, unlike those of the leopard, are continually changing. These spots were discovered by a gentleman, named Galileo, in the year 1611. Though the Sun is usually termed and considered the luminary of day, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that it certainly has been seen in the night.—A scientific friend of ours, from New England, (Mr. R. W. Emerson) while travelling through the northern part of Norway, with a cargo of tin-ware, on the 21st of June, 1836, distinctly saw the Sun, in all its majesty, shining at midnight!—in fact, shining *all* night! Emerson is not what you would call a superstitious man, by any means—but he left! Since that time many persons have observed its nocturnal appearance in that part of the country, at the same time of the year. This phenomenon has never been witnessed in the latitude of San Diego, however, and it is very improbable that it ever will be.

Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man, named Joshua, once caused the Sun to "stand still;"—how he did it, is not mentioned. There can, of course, be no doubt of the fact, that he arrested its progress, and possibly caused it to "stand *still*;"—but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have wiggled a very little, when Joshua was not looking directly at it. The statement, however, does not appear so very incredible, when we reflect that sea-faring men are in the habit of actually *bringing the Sun down* to the horizon every day at 12 Meridian. This they effect by means of a tool made of brass, glass and silver, called a sextant. The composition of the Sun has long been a matter of dispute.

By close and accurate observation with an excellent opera-glass, we have arrived at the conclusion that its entire surface is covered with water to a very great depth; which water being composed by a process known at present only to the Creator of the Universe, and Mr. Paine of Worcester, Mass., generates carburetted hydrogen gas, which being inflamed, surrounds the entire body with an ocean of fire, from which we and the other planets receive our light and heat. The spots upon its surface are glimpses of water, obtained through the fire; and we call the attention of our old friend and former schoolmate, Mr. Agassiz, to this fact; as by closely observing one of these spots with a strong refracting telescope, he may discover a new species of fish, with little fishes inside of them. It is possible that the sun may burn out after a while, which would leave this world in a state of darkness quite uncomfortable to contemplate; but even under these circumstances, it is pleasant to reflect, that courting and love-making would probably increase to an indefinite extent, and that many persons would make large fortunes by the sudden rising in the value of coal, wood, candles and gas, which would go to illustrate the truth of the old proverb—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Upon the whole, the Sun is a glorious creation, pleasing to gaze upon, (through smoked glass,) elevating to think upon, and exceedingly comfortable to every created being on a cold day; it is the largest, the brightest, and may be considered by far the most magnificent object in the celestial sphere; though, with all these attributes, it must be confessed that it is occasionly entirely eclipsed by the moon.

We shall now proceed to the consideration of the several planets.

THE EARTH.

The Earth, or as the Latins called it, Tellus, (from which originated the expression, "do tell us,") is the third planet in the Solar System, and the one on which we subsist, with all our important joys and sorrows. The San Diego *Herald* is published weekly on this planet, for five dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.

As the Earth is by no means the most important planet in the system, there is no reason to suppose that it is particularly distinguished from the others by being inhabited. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude, that all the other planets of the system are filled with living, moving and sentient beings—and as some of them are superior to the Earth in size and position, it is not improbable that their inhabitants may be superior to us in mental and physical organization.

But if this were a demonstrable fact, instead of a mere hypothesis, it would be found a very difficult matter to persuade us of its truth. To the inhabitants of Venus, the Earth appears like a brilliant star, very much, in fact, as Venus appears to us; and, reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the election of Mr. Pierce, the European war, or the split in the great democratic party produced but very little excitement among them.

To the inhabitants of Jupiter, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude.—We recollect some years ago gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the Solar Microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were or not reasoning beings, with souls to be saved. It is not, altogether, a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of Jupiter, armed with a telescope of, (to us,) inconceivable form, may be pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and indulging in similar speculations regarding our earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of Fourth of July in New York, or a mighty Convention in Baltimore. "God bless my soul," he exclaims, "I declare they're alive, these little creatures, do see them wriggle!" To an inhabitant of the Sun, however, he of Jupiter is probably quite as insignificant, and the Sun man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of a dweller in Sirius. A little reflection on these subjects leads to the opinion, that the death of an individual man on this earth though perhaps as important an event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of Nature, or disturb particularly the great aggregate of created beings.

The Earth moves round the sun from West to East in a year, and turns on