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## THE CONFESSION.

[FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A DECEASED PRUSSIAN JUDGE.]

This is my last night—and standing as I do on the brink of eternity, I will fill up the hours that intervene before my execution takes place, in writing down the history of my progress in crime, and how, step by step, I reached this dungeon. May it be accepted as an act of atonement on my part and at the same time serve as a warning to others.

I was a forward child, of a sullen, suspicious character, and I afterwards became a rough soldier during a couple of campaigns, at the close of which, peace having succeeded war, I left the service to farm a small estate which my wife had inherited. Soon after my return from the army my brother sickened and died. He was an open-hearted, noble fellow, far better looking than myself and universally beloved. All who ever sought my acquaintance, whether at home or abroad, from being his friends, seldom took kindly to me, and generally observed the first time they saw me, that never were two human beings more unlike, both in person and manners.

My mother was a widow, and this was her only child. My mother had been a widow for many years, and she was a very kind and affectionate mother. Her husband was a man of high rank, and she had inherited a large fortune. She was a very kind and affectionate mother, and she was very fond of me. She was a very kind and affectionate mother, and she was very fond of me.

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pool, but it was not visible from the window. I spent several days in carving a rough image of a boat with my pen-knife; and when it was complete I purposely left it in the child's way. I then hid myself near the pool at a spot that he must pass by, in case he came to see the little toy float on the water. But he came neither on that day or the following. Still I felt certain he was in my toils, for I had heard him prate about his toy which he had even taken to bed with him. I waited patiently, and on the third day I could see him from my hiding place come running along joyously, with his little boat streaming in the wind, and singing, poor child, a merry tune, though he could scarcely lip the words. I stole behind him, beneath some bushes, that grew near the bank, and the Evil One knows how I, a strong, grown man, trembled in every limb, as I followed the footsteps of this little child, while he approached the water's edge. I was close behind him, crouching on my knees, and was raising my hand to push him in, when he saw my shadow in the water and turned round.

His mother's spirit gleamed forth from his eyes. The sun now burst from behind a cloud, turning the water into a sea of molten gold. Everything sparkled as if all nature had eyes. I don't know what the boy said, though so young he did not frown upon me nor try to soothe me; all that I recollect was that he screamed out, not that he loved me, but that he would try to love me; and then he ran back to the house as fast as he could.

The next time I saw him my sword was in my hand and he was lying still and cold at my feet. I took him up into my arms and laid him gently in a thicket. My wife was not at home that day, nor was she to return until the morning. Our bed-room window, the only one on this side of the house, being but a few feet from the ground, I resolved to get through it in the middle of that night, and bury my victim in the garden. I had not the slightest idea, at the moment that I had frustrated my own scheme, and that when the pool would be dragged and nobody forthcoming, the property must remain in absence, as meant to confirm the belief that the child was lost or had been stolen. For the present, all my thoughts were centered on the necessity of hiding a clue to my crime.

What I endured, when the servants came and told me the child was missing, and when the messengers I dispatched in all directions, returned to inform me that their search had been in vain, no words can possibly describe. That same night I buried him! But now the worst remained to be done, and that was to face my wife, and give her hopes that the child would yet be found. This I continued to do with such a show of sincerity, as I believe, that no suspicion rested upon me. The next thing that I did was to seat myself at the bedroom window, from whence I could watch all day long, the spot where by my dreadful secret. It was a plot of ground which had recently been dug up ready for laying down fresh sods, and I had chosen it as the one which the marks of my spade would be least likely to attract attention. The workmen who were laying down the sods must have thought me crazy. I was continually calling out to them to get on faster, and occasionally running out to them, and stamping on the ground while I kept urging them to still greater haste. The task was finished before night, and I now felt comparatively secure.

I fell asleep at that night, but what a troubled sleep it was, and what frightful dreams were there! I fancied I saw now a hand, now a head, rising out of that unhallowed spot of ground. And each time I awoke out of this horrid nightmare, I crept to my window to convince myself it was only an idle fancy of the brain. Then I sunk back to bed, only to endure the same torments over and over again. Once I dreamed that the child was still alive, and that I had never attempted his life; and the waking from this dream was more dreadful than all the rest.

Next morning I again took my place at the window and never turned my eyes off the fatal spot, which, though now turned into a grass plot, only presented to me the appearance of an open grave. If one of the farm servants passed I expected him to sink in; if a bird alighted upon the grass, I dreaded lest it should become the instrument that was to bring my crime to light; and every breeze that blew across it seemed to whisper, "Murder!" There was nothing animate or inanimate, let it be ever so insignificant, but what seemed endowed with the su-

pernatural power of upbraiding me for my heinous crime.

My wife who was as superstitious in her way as I was in mine, and was in despair at the child's disappearance, was bent on consulting a 'wise woman' residing in our neighborhood, supposed to have the power of reading the decrees of fate by spirit rapping. I accompanied her most reluctantly, but preferred being present lest the sybil should infuse any suspicion of my crime into her mind. On my wife's asking the question, "Where is the boy?" the answer returned by the rapping was found to spell out the words, "With his mother." My wife was deeply affected, and I was ready to sink into the ground though I blustered and said the woman talked nonsense. With his mother! Ay, it had a double significance to my ears—with his mother in Heaven and in the bosom of his mother earth. Repeated experiments and appeals to the spirit still brought back those dreadful words; and I began to think the woman knew more than she pretended to, and had seen me bury the corpse on that fatal night.

A few days after, a comrade of mine who served abroad came to visit me unexpectedly with a friend of his whom I had never seen before. I could not, however, resolve to lose sight of the grass plot, and as it was a summer's evening, I told the servant to bring out a bottle of wine into the garden. I then placed my own chair over the grave, and thus, feeling sure it could not be tampered with, I endeavored to make myself easy and enjoy my glass. My comrade expressed the hope that my wife was well and was not keeping her room, and that she had not been driven away by their appearance.

I was obliged to stammer out in reply the story of the child's disappearance. The soldier who was a stranger to me did not look me in the face, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground all the while I was talking, which caused me the greatest uneasiness. I fancied he suspected the truth. I asked him abruptly whether he thought—but I broke down without finishing the sentence.

"Whether I think the child has been murdered?" said he with a mild look. "Oh, no! what could any man gain by murdering a poor innocent child?" I could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, for no one knew better than I did; but I remained silent, though I shivered as if I had the ague.

Seeing the state of excitement I was in, they endeavored to comfort me with the hope that the child might yet be found, when we suddenly heard a deep howl, and a couple of large dogs leaped over the wall into the garden.

"Bloodhounds!" exclaimed my guests. They need not have told me, for though I had never in my life happened to see any dogs of this kind, I instinctively felt that they must be bloodhounds, and I but too well knew what attracted them; I felt like one already condemned to death, and grasped the sides of the chair convulsively, though I neither moved or spoke a word.

"They are the true breed," observed the stranger, "and have probably been let loose on trial, and have escaped their keepers." And as he and his friend turned their heads, they saw the dogs smelling the ground and running round and round like mad, without noticing us, and uttering a prolonged howl, and then again laying their muzzles close to the earth as if to get on the right scent. Presently, instead of turning round so large a circle, they seemed to concentrate all their efforts on one point, which they sniffed diligently still, in doing which they approached my chair, when they set up a more frightful howl than before, attempting at the same time to tear away its legs which prevented their getting at the ground beneath.

"They evidently scent the game," cried my guest.

"That's impossible," cried I.

"For Heaven's sake," said the one I knew, "get up or they'll tear you to pieces."

"Let them," returned I, "I'll outside this spot."

"The dogs must not be allowed to bite people to death. Let's hew them down," said he.

fer them to lead me off, and the excited bloodhounds began tearing up the earth, which they flung about as if it had been so much water. What more need be said? Why, merely that I fell on my knees and confessed the truth with chattering teeth, and begged for mercy; that I afterward denied the deed before the tribunal, and now again own it; that I was tried, found guilty, and finally condemned to death. I may add that I have found neither pity, nor clemency, nor hope, and have not found a friend in the world—my wife, happily for her having been seized with a temporary madness, being ignorant of my misery in her own; in short, that I am alone with my despair in this dungeon, and that I must die to-morrow.

## STORY OF A STRAYED CHILD.

Late last autumn, a farmer living near the Adirondacks, in New York state went out to cut timber on the mountains in a remote and solitary locality. He took his son along with him, a little boy about four years of age. After having been employed for a short time, he noticed the child, who had been amusing himself in chasing a bird which he found on the hill, and he became alarmed, lest he should have fallen into one of the many ravines, or stumbled over some of the rocks and precipices with which the place abounded. No trace, however, of the boy could be found. In vain did he call upon his name, for no answer was returned. The anxiety of the father led him from place to place with the utmost rapidity, sometimes finding the print of his son's little feet on the leaves, but he never dreamed of crossing a deep gorge which runs on the south side of the locality alluded to, down the steep rocky side of the mountain to the margin of the Hudson. Over this gorge he conceived it impossible for a child to make its way. In the evening he found means to send to a settlement an account of the circumstances, and several humane persons accompanied by the distracted mother came to aid his search for the poor child in this wild and rocky region. One of them happened to pass over the gorge alluded to, perceived there the impression of the boy's footstep, and these were occasionally traced all the way down to the margin of the Hudson, where they lost all traces of the unfortunate little wanderer, and they were filled with the most painful apprehensions that he must have been carried off by the stream.

Going along its banks, and crossing ravines and steep, which they conceived it almost impossible the child could have passed and climbed, they again found the print of his naked feet on the soft sand of a small rivulet; and by applying a measure which they had taken of the former impressions, they found it exactly to correspond. They were therefore induced still to go forward, though they had now proceeded upwards of four miles from the place of setting out; and they continued for the space of about another mile, accompanied by the father and mother, without finding any further traces of the boy. Night was coming down on the forest; and as the search had continued eleven hours, over a rugged space of five miles, they thought of retracing their steps in despair—the distracted mother tearing her hair, starting at every white stone, and flinging to herself the torn corpse of her son at the bottom of every cliff or stream which they passed. At this time, one of the party who, had been taking the rest, on looking into the stream of the Hudson, found a handkerchief round a stone in the channel of the river, which he recognized to be that of the child, and had now little doubt that he would be found drowned near this place in the stream. He called the party to approach, when a little farther down the bank, he perceived the boy with his feet in the water, and his head resting on a stone in a quiet sleep. "Johnny! Johnny!" cried the trembling father, "are you alive?" The little pilgrim lifting his head from his rocky pillow, exclaimed, "O Father! is it you? Why didn't you come to help me catch the little bird?" The little fellow's cap was filled with pebbles, with which he had pursued the kid from rock to rock, from hill to hill, and through the ravines for upward of five miles, barefooted over one of the most rugged tracts in the State, and had been twelve hours without tasting a morsel of food. The sudden joy of the mother had nearly cost her her life, but the young wanderer was found not to have suffered injury from his long peregrination.

## A MAN GUARDING \$3,000,000 WORTH OF DIAMONDS.

The most profound adamologist in the world is the Duke of Brunswick. He has in his possession THREE MILLIONS of dollars worth of diamonds. He has just published a catalogue of his diamonds, and in the appendix there is a notice of the most celebrated diamonds in the world. This book numbers not less than 268 quarto pages. It gives, with great detail, a list of his white-transparent, first white, second white, steel white, blue white, light blue, black blue, light yellow, bright yellow, amber yellow, straw, champagne, deep rose, ruby, light rose, opalstone, pomegranate, violet, greenish, green, sea-green, brown, light brown, deep brown, dusky black, opaque black, London fog, sandy, frothy, black spotted, cracked, split, scratched, flawed, uncut, square, round oval, oblong, octagonal, pointed, pigeon-eyed, almond, Chinese-eyed diamonds. It relates how the Duke of Brunswick, that royal diamond, another imperial collar, a third a Grand Electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye, that splendid ruby diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber, at Agra, in 1526. (It weighs 41 carats, and is worth \$80,000) these were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro; this diamond ring, with the Stuart coat-of-arms and the cypher "M. S." belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; that pair of ear rings hung once on Marie Antoinette.

The Duke of Brunswick has in his possession fifteen of the ninety known diamonds weighing thirty-six carats, but has not a diamond worth \$20,000. He has a plenty of diamonds—(1) 20,000, \$30,000, \$45,000 each; he has 50,000, \$50,000 each, one worth \$60,000; but he hasn't one worth \$200,000. He is to treaty now for two diamonds, one of which is worth \$232,000, and the other \$50,000, and which rank in order of precedence established by adamologists, in the sixth rank, which is next after the Regent's diamond, and the former in the eighth rank—that is, next after the Orloff diamond of Russia. In his list of celebrated diamonds he places in the front rank a brilliant white diamond, weighing 150 carats, and belonging to some Eastern prince, and worth \$2,500,000; next comes the Koh-i-noor, weighing 186 carats, and which he sets down as worth \$1,333,840, next comes the Rajah of Matara's (Borneo) diamond; it is at the most beautiful water conceivable; the Governor of Batavia offered the Rajah \$150,000, two brigades of war armed, equipped and provisioned for six months, and a large quantity of cannon balls, powder and congress rocks; the Rajah refused them all, and preferred keeping his diamond, which passes for a talisman; it is worth \$1,333,450. Next comes the Great Mogul, which is of a beautiful rose color, and of the shape and size of half a hen's egg; it is worth \$784,000, according to the Duke of Brunswick's valuation, though Tavernier, the traveler, sets it down as being worth \$2,344,655; the Regent's diamond of France (and which, by the way, belonged to Lord Clatham's grand father, who brought it from India concealed in the heel of his shoe) comes only in the fifth rank; it weighs 136 carats—it is worth \$739,840; it is the purest diamond known; it required two years to cut it; before it was cut it weighed 410 carats; the chippings of it were sold for \$40,000.

The Duke of Brunswick says the Orloff diamond of Russia is worth only \$344,330, and not \$1,512,580, as some persons have pretended; and he says that the Nancy diamond which Prince Paul Demidoff purchased at the price of \$400,000, is worth only \$29,160; but then the Duke of Brunswick reckons its historical value as nothing, although it once adorned the sword of Charles the Bold, was found after his death on the field of Nancy, was sold in Switzerland, carried to Portugal and there sold, belonging to King Antonio, was swallowed by a noble to whom he confided it—swallowed by the faithful noble rather than surrender it to robbers, and was found in his body, which was disinterred for the purpose of discovering it.

The Duke of Brunswick dares not leave Paris at any period of the year; his diamonds keep him chained there. He dares not sleep from home (some people reckon the liberty of allowing one of the great franchises of Paris) a single night. Then he lives in a house constructed not so much for comfort as for security. It is burglar proof, surrounded on every side by a high wall; the wall

is surrounded by a lofty iron railing, defended by innumerable sharp spear heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches any one of them, a chime of bells begins at once to ring an alarm; this iron fence cost him \$14,127. He keeps his diamonds in a safe built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no robber may break into it without killing or at least wakening him, and that he may amuse himself with them without leaving his bed. This safe is lined with granite and with iron; the locks have a secret which must be known before they can be opened; if they are opened by violence, a discharge of fire-arms takes place, which most inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room in his house are set ringing. He has but one window in his bed-room; the sash is of the stoutest iron; the shutters are of a thick sheet iron; the ceiling of his room is plated with iron several inches thick, and so is the floor. The door opening into it is of solid sheet iron, and cannot be entered without one is master of the secret combination of the lock. A case of a dozen six-barrelled revolvers, loaded and capped lies open upon a stand, within reach of the bed. Would you like to be in his place?—Correspondence N. O. Picayune.

STANFORD.—The streets of Stamford are grave, solemn, almost monastic. No files of men with sandwich boards, no cripples on trenclers, no blind men and ears, no old women and darning dogs, no barrel-organs or white mice, no distress of melodious or sham fits with pleads, "Dad! Dad! me—give me bread and water," ready written, clenched in their stiff right hands; in fact, seldom anything amusing in the way of sham anything—by day frothing at the mouth with soft soap, and at night raveling on beef-steak suppers—but only here and there a poor, double-up, old hag, with optician's eyes, crouched under a wall, with a cap-like hand held out, as she chants verses from the Koran in that horrible nasal monotone peculiar to the Turks.—Oh, when you meet the santon, rather mad—(if you may believe his eyes)—begging for a dervish brotherhood; or a wandering fakir, with dirty elf locks, perhaps from India, in streaming robes, and with the usual wooden shoe (for alms) slung by a chain to his arm. His begging is so insistent and importunate that it reminds you of the old soldier in Gil Blas. Two gnomes keep down Turkish mendicancy; the first, the fox wants of the Turk; the second, the clarity of their richer than. Where a cake and a few figs are food for a day, where alms are largely given, and almsgiving a part of the religious creed, these cannot be much distress. Hence it is that the beggars hear away rather to the Frank side of the city, and hunt the bazars and places where foolish and rich Parisians are wont to congregate.—Turkish Life and Character.

SWISS HOUSEKEEPING.—Our wishes there could be a mission established for teaching house-keeping for the homes are exposed where these same people live. The contents of more respectable pig's trough would be more palatable than what they concoct, to say nothing of the utensils where an old woman wears a leather apron, and whilst wondering what is her profession with such a tasteless, looking as if food and fire would be the best ordinals to subject it, we behold her gathering its stiff folds in one hand, whilst the other acts as egg-beater to a mass of yolk she has poured therein. We afterwards learn that this is her common pan for all purposes of stirring, mixing, and beating for the various compounds they make in exercising the ordinary art; and certainly no invention would expect to provide for a greater economy of labor.—The Cottages of the Alps.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.—I know of a jack-daw that often used to eat the gum that exuded from plant trees, and always did so when it was unwell. In consequence with this subject, it may well be mentioned that a man who was found to have swallowed by the faithful noble rather than surrender it to robbers, and was found in his body, which was disinterred for the purpose of discovering it.

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## THE THREE SKATERS.

Like clouds they sail across the ice, His hand holds hers as in a vice; The moonlight strikes the black brown hair Of handsome Madge; and Rupert Clare.

The ice resounds beneath the steel; It groans to feel his spinning wheel; While ever with the following wind A shadowy skater flits behind.

"Why skate we thus so far from land? O, Rupert Clare, let go my hand! I cannot see, I cannot hear— The wind about us moans with fear!"

His hand is stiffer than a vice, His touch is colder than the ice, His face is paler than the moon That peeks with light the lone lagoon!

"O, Rupert Clare! I feel—I trace A something awful in your face! You crush my hand—you sweep me on— Ere my breath and sense are gone!"

His grasp is stiffer than a vice, His touch is colder than the ice, His face is paler than the moon That peeks with light the lone lagoon.

"O, Rupert Clare! sweet Rupert Clare! For heaven's mercy, bear my prayer! I would not help my heart, you know— Poor Willy Gray—he loves me so!"

His grasp is stiffer than a vice, His touch is colder than the ice, His face is paler than the moon That peeks with light the lone lagoon.

"O, Rupert Clare! where are your eyes? The horror tell before us lies! You dashed! loose your hold, I say! O, God! where are you, Willy Gray?"

A shriek that seemed to split the sky— A sudden light in Rupert's eye— She cannot—cannot lose that grip; His sneaky arm is round her hip!

But like an arrow on the wind The skater's shadowy form behind! The line he looses to that stroke Of steel-shod feet that seem to smoke.

He hurls himself upon the pair— He tears his hair from Rupert's hair— His fainting Madge, whose moist eyes say, Ah! here at last is Willy Gray!

The lovers stand with heart to heart— "No more," they cry, "no more to part!" But still they cling the lone lagoon The steel skates ring a ghastly tune!

And in the moonlight, pale and cold, The skater's shadowy form behind! Skating towards the rotten ice.

## A VISION OF HELL.

Into that drear eternal world, Where demons howl in grim despair, The infernal and damned are hurled, To mingle with the damned there.

The jail black serge cap'd with foam Had covered them with awful doom, And upwards there are seen to roam, Who victims fall on earth to sin.

High on a pile of human skulls, His majesty, the Prince of Hell, His scepter with the black sea gulls— That circled round with horrid yell.

Far in the gloom that reign'd profound, His awful and his stern decree He heard commanding souls around The throne of Hell's Divinity.

In his dem Almightly hand, He raised high his brand daymore, While demons in burnt lions stand And tremble at his mighty power.

Sanctified he rears his horrid form, With eagle eyes surveys the crowd, And like a mighty, rushing storm, Thus to his subjects said aloud:

"Hear ye that tumultuous rout That shock me thus in your world? Alas, my reign on earth's no more, For thenceforth I shall reign in Hell!"

The Prince of Hell on his broadest floor, In bold relief stands out his view, In shining characters of gold, The wordward of the Temperance cure.

"Fall many a soul from your sphere, Where alcohol his anger sways, With hell-fire wine he sweeps here, The subjects that interference made.

"The orphan's cry, the widow's wail, That told the drunkard's doom too well, With its morose words with the gale That fans the brand of hell."

Pain was his visage while he spoke, His eye flash'd like the meteor's glare, Till hell was filled with sulphurous smoke, That rolled in festoons through the air.

The sides of hell's deep caverns shook, The infernal doors flew open wide, King Alcohol with meager look Came with Intemperance by his side.

THE GREAT 'SALVE' CERTIFICATE.—Hall's Journal of Health has the following:

Dear Doctor:—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when assisted with a lever. But a year ago last Thursday I heard of the Granular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersaults without stopping.