

ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

A. A. EARLE, PUBLISHER.

No More Compromise with Slavery.

TERMS, \$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 10--NUMBER 52.

IRASBURGH, VERMONT, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 520.

Our Returning Heroes.

BY J. C. HAGEN.
We saw them when they marched away,
Their polished armor bright,
Their ranks were full, their lines were true,
Their step was firm and light.

The crowded streets were canopied
With flags and streamers gay,
And loudly rang the wild hurra!
To cheer them on their way.

Now, after years of toil and strife,
To seek a peaceful home,
The remnant of that youthful host,
A band of veterans come.

How valiantly they met the foe,
And conquered in the fray,
Let numbers few, and gaping wounds
And tattered banners say.

They've trod the penitential march,
The dry, and burning plain,
They've stood the winter's piercing frost,
The autumn's chilling rain.

In breach, and trench, where fierce flames
The cannon's sulphurous breath,
At every post, in every form,
They faced the fiery death.

From where the Mississippi's tide
Earth's richest valleys lay,
To where Potomac's waters roll,
Are strewn their comrades' graves.

All honor let the nation pay,
Her living champions brave,
And to the dead, who gave their lives
Their country's life to save.

Joy to the men whose fearful task
Has been so nobly done,
Joy to the brave who for their land
Have peace and freedom won!

He Leads us On.

He leads us on,
By paths we did not know,
Upwards he leads us, through our steps he slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Tho' storms and darkness oft obscure the day;
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and fears,
He guides our steps. Tho' all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and of clouded days
We know His will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And He—
After the weary strife—
After the restless fever we call life—
After the dreariness, the aching pain—
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain—
After all toils are past,
Will give you rest at last.

ROASTED GRASSHOPPERS.—Among the choice delicacies with which the California Digger Indians regale themselves during the summer season, is the grasshopper roast. Having been an eye witness to the preparation and discussion of one of their feasts of grasshoppers, we can describe it truthfully. There are districts in California, as well as portions of the plains between Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, that literally swarm with grasshoppers, and in such astonishing numbers that a man cannot put his foot to the ground, while walking there, without crushing great numbers.—To the Indians they are a delicacy, and are caught and cooked in the following manner. A piece of ground is sought where they most abound, in the centre of which an excavation is made, large and deep enough to prevent the insect from hopping out when once in. The entire party of Diggers, old and young, male and female, then surround as much of the adjoining grounds as they can, and each with a green bush in hand, whipping and thrashing on every side, gradually approaching the centre, driving the insects before them in countless multitudes, till at last all, or nearly all, are secured in the pit. In the meantime, smaller excavations are made, answering the purpose of ovens, in which fires are kindled and kept up till the surrounding earth, for a short distance, becomes sufficiently heated, together with a flat stone, large enough to cover the oven. The grasshoppers are now taken in coarse bags, and after being thoroughly soaked in salt water for a few moments, are emptied into the oven and closed in. Ten or fifteen minutes are sufficient to roast them, when they are taken out and eaten with cut further preparation, and with much apparent relish, or, as it is sometimes the case, reduced to powder and made into soup. And having from curiosity tasted, not of the roast, really, if one could divest himself of the idea of eating an insect as we do an oyster or shrimp without other preparation than simple roasting, they would not be considered very bad eating even by more refined epicures than the Digger Indians.—California Paper.

God will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain.

Man-Slaughter by Mistake.

BY R. T. MARWELL.
We did not, in this monotonous blockading existence of ours, witness frequent scenes of bloodshed, human carnage and horror; but there was one tragic incident, which occurred in the early part of my service on blockade duty, and in which I was a principal actor, that ever since has frequently recurred in my dreams, and while I live, will thrill with its terrible reality every fibre of my being, whenever memory involuntarily flashes back upon the hated scene.

We had, during our first months of blockading service in the Nonpareil, several very bad fellows among the crew—three of them were especially so. Chief of the three, and instigator and ringleader of all the mischief and insubordination that had occurred on board, was Jack Smith, an Irishman. He was a big, burly fellow, strong as a giant, a prime seaman when so disposed, and possessed of more brazen impudence than I ever saw exhibited by any man before. Besides all these qualifications, Jack was a murderously disposed, blood-thirsty scoundrel, quarrelsome among his shipmates upon all occasions, and came on board the Nonpareil fresh from a Boston prison, where he had served out a year's apprenticeship for stabbing the captain and a chief mate of the last ship he had been in.

The second of our three worthies was Bill Barstow, a cockney Englishman, a ticket-of-leave subject from Norfolk Island, where he had been sent by some British criminal court, for the term of twenty-one years, for the crimes of burglary, arson, and assault with intent to kill. Bill was in all respects a fair match for Jack Smith, except that he was less formidable physically, carried a trifle less brass in his face, and as a sailor was considerably below mediocrity.

Our third worthy was a Green Mountain Yankee, named Enoch Thorpe, the superior of Jack Smith even in stature and muscular development; and, unlike men of gigantic mould generally, Thorpe was certainly possessed of the most malicious murderous disposition I have ever met with in man. He had fled from Vermont to avoid the consequences of having maliciously maimed for life a young clergyman against whom he had taken a caustic spite; and of this and many other lawless deeds he made open and frequent boasts among the crew.

With three such samples of rascality cooped up with us within the contracted limits of a craft like ours, it is natural enough to conclude that neither our berth or quarter-deck were very much like a modern, salt-water paradise. Every day there was a row of some sort—often a serious one; and as a rule some one of the three disturbers of the peace was constantly in double irons, and not unfrequently all three at once were undergoing the severest punishments allowed by the rules of naval service. But neither punishment nor kindness produced the least effect upon the obdurate rascals. Matters were daily becoming worse, and it was a common remark among the officers that the three unruly desperadoes must be got rid of or open mutiny and murder would soon ensue. It was finally resolved to state the fact to the Admiral at Port Royal, and ask that the three desperadoes should be transferred to some one of the larger vessels of the fleet, where they could be managed with more facility than in our little cockle shell of a craft. Before an opportunity of putting in practice this resolution occurred, an event happened which rid us of the entire service of the three wretches forever.

We had been ordered to run across the Gulf, and dodge along up and down the western edge of the Banks, between Abaco and Gun Key for ten days, after which we were to look into the Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas; when we were to stretch across the Old Providence Channel, reconnoitre Nassau without going in, and then cut directly across the Banks for Port Royal, and report to Admiral Dupont.

Our ten days of Bank cruising being up, and the breeze very light at south, making it impossible for us to fetch by Gun Key against the strong Gulf current, which here runs close in to the coral reefs, we anchored on Saturday afternoon a mile off shore from the Great Bimini, the principal island of a group designated on the charts as the Bimini—a mere cluster of sandbars a few feet out of water, the haunt of wreckers, and vagabonds of both sexes and all colors

—white, black and "tan," renegades from half the civilized, and some of the uncivilized nations on earth. This delectable territory of barren sand-heaps is claimed by Great Britain, and on the southwestern extremity of the Bimini is a collection of miserable huts and wigwags, half sheltering a population of perhaps five hundred beings, half human, who are ruled over slightly by a man named Armstrong, a good many years since a cashiered subaltern from the British Navy, his government being a sort of verbal vice-royalty from that of New Providence.

In the course of the evening, after we came to an anchor, the commander of the schooner proposed that the next morning after breakfast, provided the wind still headed us, that I should take with me some bags, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing off some of the sharp, beautiful coral sand, most capital material for cleaning paint, and with one of the boats, land on the island with a view in reality of worming out from the islanders any knowledge they might happen to possess of blockade runners and their movements.

Accordingly on Sunday morning, when the people were mustered on deck, the order was given to the crew of the port quarter boat to be prepared to go on duty at one bell. The sand bags and two or three buckets were placed in the boat, and so soon as the crew were piped down to breakfast, I quietly slipped a brace of loaded revolvers into the locker under the stern sheets, not knowing what might occur in my intercourse with the wreckers, to make the weapons a necessity. I also placed in the stern sheets a sharp hatchet, as I had observed some dwarf bushes growing on the island near where I proposed to land, and I had always been possessed of a perfect mania for cutting and saving as a curiosity, any unknown wood I might fall in with any part of the world.

When the boat's crew were piped away I observed that all three of our outlaws were among them, and as only Bill Barstow belonged to the boat, I inquired of the others who they were there?

"Tom Oaks and Dennis Gratton are sick, sir, and we thought you'd please let us go in their places," replied Jack, in a far more respectable manner than I had ever known him to manifest before.

"Very well—yes; you can go in the boat," I replied, scarcely giving a thought to what I said; and inside of five minutes our eight-oared boat was flashing through the water towards the island.

Our commander had advised that we should not visit the town, but land a mile or so below it, directly opposite the schooner, and there saunter about until the naturally prying propensities of the islanders should lead them out in our direction, when a communication might be established without the least danger to ourselves.

I accordingly landed on the beautifully smooth, hard coral beach, and ordering the men not to leave the boat on any account whatever, I laid hold of my hatchet, and strolling over the first sand ridge, I began hacking and hewing at the first shrubs I encountered, which were of a variety of wood I had never seen before. I was so thoroughly interested in my new samples of timber, that for quite half an hour I thought little of anything else. Then I began to wonder why none of the islanders had not made their appearance, as certainly they must have observed our landing.

Finally it occurred to me that it might not be amiss to look after my boat and men. I did so, and found the boat ready enough—flung up by the surf several feet on the hard sand beach, broad side to the water, and canted in on her bilge, with her keel towards the sea.

As for the men, they had all "made tracks." Wide apart the tracks were too. The wet sand bore evidence conclusive that every mother's son of them had gone off up the beach in the direction of the shanty metropolis at a loping run.

My first thought was to signalize the schooner and obtain assistance to recover my runaway crew. But the second was, "they'll laugh at me, and call me coward;" and then without any very definite idea of any kind, I set off up the beach at a rate of speed that if the land and my breath only held out would soon bring me into Havana. As it was, my legs soon brought me to the city of Bimini, and singling out the biggest hut in sight, which I guessed must be the Executive mansion, I plunged headlong up the three or four rude steps, and right into the august presence of His Excellency,

Governor Armstrong, one of the raggedest, grasiest, most villainous looking fellows I ever had the luck to run a-foul of.

Governor Armstrong was surrounded by a score or so of his chief councillors, almost as filthy and ragged as himself, some fifteen Bimini beauties, and my eight runaway Nonpareils, and every soul of them, women and all, were gazing raw rum, puffing black filthy pipes, and having a jolly, uproarious jubilee generally. As soon as I had gathered breath sufficient to articulate, I addressed my boat's crew.

"Men, my orders were that you should remain by the boat. Having disobeyed them, my advice to you now is, that you set off at once, and run back just as fast as you have run thither."

There was no response. Not a soul moved.

"Very well, then; I shall hurry back to the boat myself, and signalize the schooner for assistance to take her off. You can all remain here for all I care. Your desertion will be a gain to the Nonpareil, and the service in general."

Jack Smith dashed down the tin pot from which he had been swilling rum, and leaping up he came striding towards me, flourishing his huge fists a la Heenan, and in a brutal, bullying tone retorted—"Look-a-here, mister; you ain't first luff of a cockle shell man-o'-war here. You're on British ground—I'm a Britisher; and by— I'll just take'n lamm you!"

I realized in a moment that it was to be fight, or ignominious flight; and as I had no idea of running away without a single effort to maintain the integrity of the button, I deemed it prudent to withdraw from a position in which I might so easily be penned in and surrounded. I accordingly without taking my eye from that of the renegade, backed cautiously down the steps, and off from the hut to the distance of perhaps ten yards, closely followed by the menacing hully, and more remotely by the remainder of the boat's crew, and a majority of the wreckers.

"The moment I looked Smith let drive at me a tremendous blow, which I avoided, and in my turn gave him such a tremendous spat with the flat of my hard, square across his mouth and nose, that he was knocked fairly upon the flat of his back, and partially stunned.

In a moment after Jack went down, Thorpe occupied his tracks, his eyes flashing vengeance, his teeth grinding together in brute rage, and his murderous sheath knife gleaming in his uplifted hand.

From my earliest babyhood, I had been notorious for my kicking proclivities, and the accomplishment did me good service upon the giant mountaineer; for fetching him a sudden kick in the abdomen, into which I flung every atom of energy that was in me, doubled the rascal up like a jack-knife, and sent him to the sand, hors du combat, for a few moments at least.

Thorpe's knife fell at my feet as he went down; and in a second, I had it secured in my belt. Just at this moment it occurred to me that I had forgotten to remove the pistols from the locker of the boat, and consequently was wholly unarmed; except that I had my hatchet, which throughout the encounter thus far, had been hanging by its lanyard dangling from my right wrist—and then there was the knife just acquired—these were my only means of defence against it might be fifty or a hundred desperadoes, before the battle should be ended.

Jack Smith sprang to his feet, foaming at the mouth, and literally yelling his horrid curses and imprecations, was preparing to hurl himself upon me again with his drawn knife. Several of the wreckers had also drawn their weapons, and were making hostile demonstrations. Thorpe was gathering himself up, roaring with rage, like a mad bull; and I saw no earthly hope, unless it were in five men of my boat's crew, whom I had considered honest, reliable fellows.

A single glance towards the group assured me that they, too, were enemies; and an exclamation from one of them, fixed in my heart a resolution as unflinching as steel that I would rather be hewn to mince meat by their murderous knives, than solicit one atom of mercy from the wretches.

"Pitch into the bloody luff, Jack!" yelled one of the five; kill him—and then hurrah for the schooner! We'll have her to-night sure. Won't she make us a jolly little privateer to pick up Havana traders with?"

A general hurrah was the response; and Jack Smith made a desperate lunge at me with his knife.

As I hope for salvation hereafter, I had no murderous intention, or the thought of slaying the ruffian when he thus assailed me. I thought to defend myself without killing. Leaping aside and avoiding the fellow's thrust, as quick as thought, I gathered the helve of the hatchet in my hand; my intention was to hit him with the weapon on the side of the head, and beat him to the earth.

It is probable that in my excitement I smote with my whole might, and hit wide of my intended aim; for the flat of the hatchet with the edge downward, fell on his jawbone; the helve turned in my hand, and the keen blade sunk to the very eye in his throat, severing cartilage, and sinews, wind pipe and jugular veins; the hot blood spouted in a gory jet into my face, and over my person. The hideous looking wretch stood there before me a brief space of time, his under-jaw fallen, tongue lolling out, his eyes glaring and the horrible gash in his throat gaping wide—and then with a spasmodic shudder, Jack Smith, the outlaw, plunged forward into the sand at my feet—dead.

I have an idea that I must have been mad or very near it, just then; though every movement of those about me, is as clear and distinct in my memory to-day, as anything that ever occurred within my sight or hearing.

Confronting the astonished and startled spectators of the terrible scene, and uttering a wild defiant yell, I laid hold of the dead man by the wristband of his duck-trowsers, and swinging him clear from the ground as if he had been but the weight of a dead kitten, I sprang away towards the beach, and actually carried the body at least two hundred yards upon the full run, and followed by the whole yelling pack of motley islanders, headed by Thorpe and English Bill, and all in full cry—yelling like devils incarnate—

"Kill him! kill him! Kill your knives into him! Cut the bloody luff into fish bait!"

A very pleasant predicament to be in—don't you think so?

At first I had nearly a hundred yards the start of the yelling devils; but my carrying such a weight was a fatal clog to my speed; and it was only when they were almost upon me that I happened to think the carrying off of a dead man the sheerest folly in the world; and I accordingly dropped the corpse at the very instant that Thorpe, who was now within two strides of me, raised his hand to plunge a knife, which he had snatched from one of the wreckers, into my back.

The assassin stumbled over the corpse, and plunged headlong forward, pitching his weapon past me ten yards or so. I caught it up by the point of the blade, and turning instantly, hurled it with all my might at my pursuer. It was a heavy Spanish blade, full fourteen inches in length, and striking Thorpe, point foremost, exactly over the heart, was driven home to the very hilt in his broad chest. With a horrid yell of mortal agony the ruffian leaped high into the air, and went down grovelling in his terrible death throes.

Again there was a brief respite for me as the human wolves, half paralyzed, halted for a few moments over the body of my second sacrifice. But soon they came on again, yelling more hideously than ever; while English Bill and a dozen of the most fleet of foot among the islanders, had taken to the sand ridge back from the beach, with the intention of heading me off from the boat by a short cut across a little promontory that intervened between myself and the landing.

I had distanced all those who pursued me direct, and began to breathe with hope again, when on rounding the point of the projecting promontory, a hundred yards from the boat, I saw Barstow fifty yards in advance of all his party, and full thirty yards nearer the boat than I was. If by any means the fellow should be apprized of those revolvers being in the locker of the boat, and he should reach her first, I had stood my last watch, and written my last log.

Great God! the miscreant did know of the revolvers being in the locker, or guessed it from the circumstances of my not using any during the running fight. And the wretch would secure them, for when he gained the boat I was still twenty yards distant.

Plunging into the stern sheets Bill drove in the locker door with his foot, snatched out the revolvers, and had just

succeeded in drawing them from their lethargic cases when I grappled him.

The struggle was brief and terrible—for it was life to the victor—death to the defeated. I had grasped the fellow by the wrists, while he clutched the weapons by the butts. By a superhuman effort I bent the scoundrel backwards over the gunwale of the boat, when suddenly his feet tripped, and down into the boat we both went headforemost.

There was an explosion, a gurgling moan, a spattering of warm blood in my face, a shudder or two—and there, on his back in the bottom of the boat, lay Bill Barstow, the convict, ticket-of-leave man, mutineer, and would be pirate—dead—his features blown out of the semblance of humanity by the simultaneous discharge of both the revolvers.

When I arose from the death-grapple, I beheld on the land side of me, the baffled wreckers of the Bimini's sullenly retreating, while on the other hand, at half a cable's length from the shore, came two boats filled with armed Nonpareils dashing to the rescue.

The three dead men were left to the care of the islanders, while the five rascals of my boat's crew who remained passive spectators of all my perils, were conveyed on board, put in irons, and finally handed over to the naval authorities at Port Royal, to whom they confessed that the plot of the three ruffians and the Bimini pirates had been to murder me first; then, when a boat's crew came to search for me, to capture them, and then another; until they had so much weakened the vessel's crew, that they could easily pounce upon and capture her that night, and she would make for them a magnificent rebel privateer, alias, Bimini pirate.

BEWARE OF A PREVALENT VICE.—Boys, if by a few earnest, heartfelt words you may be induced to keep clear of a vice now fearfully prevalent in this country, it will be worth more to you than a use of profane language. It is almost the only sin that has neither excuse, pleasure nor profit. Alike offensive to God and men. It marks a vitiated taste, a want of refinement, and a disregard both of virtue and the feelings of others. Instead of relieving the passion, as some declare, it only strengthens it by giving it expression. If it be urged that it is a habit difficult to be broken, this is a confession that a disregard of right has become a settled part of his character. No boy old enough to know the meaning of words utters his first oath without a shudder; and if by repetition he is able to swear without compunction, it is not that the sin is less, but because his own sense of right is blunted; the crime and its penalties are the same. But the habit can be subdued. Scarcely a man or boy will use profanity in the presence of his mother; then if he will he can restrain it at other times. Let every boy respect himself too much to yield to this habit, but rebuke profanity whenever heard by expressive silence and a good example, if not by words.

A WAR STORY.—Since the close of the rebellion the Southern papers publish occasional stories of personal adventure during the struggle, as romantic as the narrative of Major Von Barcke, of Stuart's staff, in Blackwood's Magazine. A young lawyer of Memphis had a very singular experience. He was captured with other rebel soldiers at the battle of Fiahomongo Creek, and after six weeks' imprisonment at Alton, Ill., was sent under guard to Johnson's Island. Dismal during the voyage, he took the risk of jumping out of the window of the car in which he was transferring from one prison to another, and escaped with slight bruises, finding himself in the middle of a prairie.

He walked to the first station, and having thrown away his uniform jacket, was engaged by the Col. of a union regiment, at home on a furlough, as a lodger-carrier at \$2 a day. Manual labor was very distasteful to him, but hunger was imperative, and he worked steadily until he found, after three days' toil, that his employer suspected his real character, and had gone for a guard to arrest him. He fled, and, finding friends in Chicago, escaped into Canada, whence he ran the blockade into Wilmington, joined his command and fought through the insurrection. The climax of the story is that a few weeks he met the colonel for whom he carried bricks, and obtained from him without difficulty the \$7 due for labor performed before his flight.

Our next paper will be published at Barton, and greatly enlarged.

Indian Outrages on the Plains.

The Miner's Register, published at Central City, Colorado, gives the particulars of the recent attack by Indians on the stations of the middle division of the Butterfield stage line. The Indians comprised Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux, led by Bob Bent, a half-breed son of Col. Bent. They came upon the station at Downer's Bend on the 19th of November, just after the arrival of the coach. At the station were three carpenters, a stock tender and a negro.—With the coach were Fred Merwin, messenger; Mr. Perrin of Colorado, a passenger, and the driver. The Indians suddenly gathered around the station from the adjacent ravines. They professed great friendliness and insisted on shaking hands with every one at the camp, and kept crowding around till they discovered the strength of the party.—The account continues:

"While harnessing the stock the attack was commenced by the Indians by shooting arrows and pistols. No offence had been given by the white men. Merwin fell near the beginning of the fray.—Ambrose, a stock tender, was also wounded, and a third person killed. The passenger, Mr. Perrin, the two carpenters and a negro fled and took refuge in a slight excavation known as a buffalo wallow, from which they discharged their guns at the Indians, and succeeded in defending themselves from one P. M. till sundown, when the Indians left and they escaped. The Indians suffered a loss of several of their warriors, and in revenge cut the tongue of Ambrose from his mouth while he was yet alive, and proceeded to torture him by burning holes in his bowels, holding him over a fire by his hands and feet. A few miles west of this city they came upon two carpenters and a stage driver, who were traveling with a wagon and a span of horses.—They burned the wagon and killed and mutilated the men, strippers, and scalps they attacked two soldiers, stripped and scalped them, and left both for dead.—One of them, however, was not dead, but feigned to be so, and then escaped, and will probably recover.

The raid resulted in the burning of all the stations which had been erected, except one, for one hundred and fifty miles, and driving off the stock.—On the 25th of November the savages made an attack on two soldiers engaged in escorting a stage coach, but whose horses could not keep up, so that they were some distance behind. The Indians, some sixty or eighty strong, commenced to ride around them in a circle and to shoot at them from every side.—The boys acted with great bravery, dismounted and fired with their long range carbines upon the enemy, killing five of the Indians and wounding others. They fought their way through in this way for two or three miles. In the meantime the passengers of the two coaches and their escort started back to repel the Indians and they withdrew. The two soldiers got into camp in safety.

SACRILEGIOUS AFFAIR.—A Winchester, Va., correspondent of the Baltimore American writes as follows:—On Sunday last Rev. John Loyd, appointed by Bishop Clark to Berryville Circuit, Clark county, Virginia, attempted in vain to fill his appointment in that town. The people for whom the church was built, and who had met reverently to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary, under the ministry of their choice, were ruthlessly overruled by a mob. Several of Mosby's gang of outlaws took a prominent part in the disturbance. These, with others of like ilk, came in a riotous manner into the church; they assailed the minister with opprobrious epithets while actually engaged in this sacred function; they shouted for Jeff. Davis; in a sacrilegious mockery they sang hymns to drown the voice of the preacher; stones were thrown into the pulpit; the preacher was a Yankee, a black abolitionist, a Northerner. These expressions, with the usual profane accompaniments, were employed freely. And this whole performance was instigated and led by a certain mis-called reverend, who, I believe, answers to the name of Hedges.

It is said that "waterfalls are prohibited by the English game-laws. The clause which applies to them runs as follows: "Netting the hare shall be punished by fine and imprisonment," etc.