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NATIONAL OPINION.

VOLUME 3. BRADFORD, VERMONT, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1868. NUMBER 24.

The Factory Girl.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a large piece of canvas glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, pallet in hand, his large brown eyes with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door, sat a plump, rosy little woman, in a lace cap with a plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and silver grey poplin dress.—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement to see how Frank was getting along.

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eyes, "just see the way the sunlight touches the topmost branches of the old apple-tree. I like the brown subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair.

"Yes, it is very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes, I do not deny that she is pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovely?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"

"Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low soft ripple of the rindlet where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Seymour sharply.

"Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

"Mother, I think she will one day become my wife."

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Frank, composurely, squeezing a little deep blue on his pallet out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her, thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house and take in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive."

"Mrs. Seymour nuzzled a while longer, and then put on her house-colored silk bonnet and grey shawl, and set out upon a tour of investigation."

"I will find out something about Miss Teller, or I will know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller was at home, helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room was the two girls sat very plain, carpeted with the cheapest grain, and contained with very plain ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping noisily in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet blossomed pansies gave a delightful tint to this pretty picture of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty; there was a tremulous sweetness about the mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes, roselike skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm this morning," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composurely taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factoryville! Is that your native place? Perhaps then you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent in the great calico mills there?"

"Very well, I have often seen him. Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"

"No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour sagely; "Cynthia says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory; Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not with his daughter?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact

frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair—she was beginning to see through the mystery.

"Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace with calm dignity.

"A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace! Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honorable way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently.—"The fact was she was thinking in her inmost mind, 'What will Frank say if he anticipates the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.'"

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the clear, blue gaze, "only—there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side, and stooped to kiss her cheek.

"My dearest friend—my most precious companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distant terms.

"Frank," she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, and bursting into her son's studio like an express messenger of lie and death news, "who do you suppose your paragon of Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively.

"A factory girl?" screamed the old lady, at the height of her lungs, "a factory girl?"

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl," said the young man, with aggravating calmness.

"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once you will give up this fancy for a girl that is no way equal to you."

"No—she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with red-denied cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as one of the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, listless, and despairing.

"Frank, I never thought to see my son marry a common factory girl."

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the foreground of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?" Grace Teller had been eyeing the dew yet on her eyelashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour's stepped out 'to look for a missing pattern.'"

"I should rather think so," said Frank, looking admiringly down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies.

"But your mother thinks me far below you in social position."

"Social position be—ignored.—What do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has consented to make the sunshine of my own home?"

"Yes, but Frank—"

"Well, but Grace?"

"Do you really love me?"

"For an answer, he took both the fair, delicate little hands in his, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace, demurely, "I'm afraid you will make a dreadfully strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

And so the golden twilight faded into a purple, softer than the shadow of Eastern amethysts, and the stars came out, one by one, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding that missing pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July—the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her griefs to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes, of course I have been crying. Mrs. Randall, I've done nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy on us," said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid gloved hands, "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble."

"My dear," said the old lady in mysterious whispers, "Frank has been entrapped, inveigled into the

most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and particular of created beings, should be resolutely determined on marrying—a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Grace Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual.

"Well, thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new comers, 'will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it is all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia—dear me, what a curious mixture our American society is; how they will be shocked at meeting Grace Teller.'"

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the programme.

"Miss Grace! you here? Why, when did you come from Factoryville?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise.

"Quite well. In fact I have had the management of her property for some time. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village has taken its name."

"Dear me," ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down on a divan near her. "Why they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country."

"Grace Teller," said Frank, gravely and almost sternly, "what does this mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank, don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?"

"My little deceiver. But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind and be plain Grace Teller for awhile. And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved that I would maintain my individuality come what might. Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning archly around and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for the first time in her life was at a loss for an answer.

Wait!

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it, you will not be sorry.

Wait, madam—think twice before you decide on that hundred dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish, in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast-pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate-glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding ring made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed and stockings darned like lace-work, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? You mean, you can't afford not to marry! Wait, and think the matter over.

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseilles jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soap suds will repair all damages now; but if you once teach him to shrink from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best—and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness! Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand in hand, with Care, and Selfishness and Greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyebrows, and whisper "old maid" as the quiet gig-steals by, with silver in its hair and crow's feet round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity; it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured; you never can know till experience teaches you! So wait, before you sneer at the old maid.

Wait, merchant, before you tell that pale faced boy from the country "that you can do nothing for him;" you can give him a word of encouragement—a word of advice. There was a time once when you were young, and poor, and friendless! Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie; wait awhile before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar, and the wine bottle, and the card table are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait, my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Broadway as second only to Elysium! As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in this world; we say, wait, wait!

LONDON AT MIDNIGHT.

It is perhaps at night, near twelve o'clock, during the three months of winter, that the hideous aspect of London poverty is best seen. The hum of life has ceased. The shops are closed. The gin palaces have thrust out their beastly crowd, some to seek shelter under the benches in the parks, others in the niches of the public buildings, and others still in the litter of the markets. The only living creatures that still haunt the streets are the wretched Magdalens. On doorsteps crouch homeless children. In the dust-heaps are browsed the rag-pickers. And where the main is being mended and the gas flange its ragged flame a crowd of shivering wretches are stretched among piles of stone and mounds of earth. In Playhouse Yards, where the "Refuge" gives gratuitously to each of the first six hundred applicants, after Bow Bells has gone midnight, a bed for rest and a loaf for breakfast, more than twice that number assembled. The blue, shoeless feet of children, pale infants at the breasts of half-starved mothers, the wrangling of greedy men and boys for places nearest the bars that guard the door; beggars of every race and every craft and calling—the friendless and penniless, the impostor and unfortunate, the Lacer and the Pole, seeking eleemosynary shelter and bread with the savage craving of starving wolves—are events as certain to come as midnight.

PROOF READING.—There are a good many people who think proof reading one of the easiest things in the world, and who get very impatient over mistakes in newspapers. A writer in the Galaxy gives some interesting instances of typographical errors. He mentions one edition of the Bible which contained 6,000 mistakes. He gives the following example of the difficulties in the way of getting out a perfect book. Some professors of the University at Edinburgh resolved to publish a book which should be a model of typographical accuracy. Six proof-readers were employed, and after it was thought to be perfect, sheets were pasted up in the hall of the university and a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered for every mistake that should be discovered. When the book was printed it was found that it contained several errors, one being in the title page, another in the first line of the first chapter. The only books that are free from errors are the Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipzig Horace, and an American reprint of Dante.

SINGULAR FACTS.—You may pass a wet stick, or your naked hand, previously dipped in water, through a running stream of molten iron, cutting it to and fro as you do so, without the slightest injury to either. Water, or even Mercury, which freezes at 71 degrees below the freezing point of water, may be frozen into a solid mass at the bottom of a platinum crucible at a white heat. The explanation is that the hand, and the stick do not really touch the bottom of the crucible, a cushion of steam being instantaneously formed around them which prevents contact with this extreme heat, much in the same way as a sheet of snow will protect the ground from extreme cold. Laundresses try their irons in this way. If the water on them rolls off without boiling, they are too hot, but if it sputters and boils, they are just ready for use. The reason of this is that this cushion of vapor is instantaneously formed, and prevents the extreme surrounding heat from reaching beyond the surface of the water. If the temperature is reduced by cooling off the furnace by the addition of more fuel, the water almost explosively takes the form of steam, and in this way without any doubt, many boilers, which have been proved equal to any other test, have collapsed.

PATHEPIC.—The principal of a school advertises the opening session thus:—"Dear Boys: Trouble begins September 13." It is evident that this man has not forgotten his schoolboy days.

A New Jersey editor, referring to the burning of the State prison, regretfully remarks that, "he it ever so homely, there's no place like home."

Fifty lady clerks will be discharged from the treasury department, December 1, and 200 more at New Year's.

SMASH UP.—The regular down freight train on the D. C. M. & R. while stopping at the depot at Sun-bornet Bridge, to change cars and discharge freight, was run into by an extra freight train running at a nearly full speed. The engine of the extra was some damaged. The saloon car of the standing train and one or two other cars were pretty much used up. There was a passenger in the saloon car, and although the car was stove up, he escaped injury. Report says that this is not one of the numerous family of accidents for which no one is to blame.—*Republic.*

A Legend of 1776.

Night had set in, deep, and in a small log hut, a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated around an old, oaken table in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards, while they occasionally moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavy bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout built young man, clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, "such he evidently was, 'Tom,' you and I were school boys together, and I love you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions, and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't, we shall hand you over to headquarters to-morrow, while if you join us, your fortune is made. For with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and, after the rebellion is crushed out, your cause shall be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now, there are two alternatives, which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye. "I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve, I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades, nor even myself can prevent it.—You may watch me as closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow! his mind wanders," said the Tory; "he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objections to his smoking. "None in the least," he said, "that is, if you will promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled his pipe, having done which, he commenced pecking the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and re-filled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it is twelve o'clock, and I must leave you. Good bye!"

Immediately all around the room were seen streaks of fire hissing and squirring. The cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke, amidst which was heard a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen.—The table was overturned, the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room, and sprang out the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames, which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day two young men, dressed in continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was our prisoner of the night previous. "Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as a leader of their party, but John Barton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it; that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objection; so I filled my pipe and lighted it and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve I bade them good bye, and told them I had to go; and then knocking the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around, and all over the room, filling it with a suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away, I hurled a chair thro' the window, sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

It may possibly interest many people at this time to know that all letters directed to Gen. Grant are opened by one of his staff officers, and that those asking for offices are destroyed as soon as their purport is ascertained.

Cleveland, Ohio, gives a republican majority of 2143—a gain on the October election of 1865. Seymour stopped over and made one of his tremendous speeches at Cleveland.