

ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, JUNE, 10, 1872.

NO. 23.

VOL. 1.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

J. F. WRIGHT, Physician and Surgeon, Office over G. O. A. Remis, 221.
Chronic Diseases & Specialties.
Barton Landing, Vt.

DR. O. A. REMIS, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Craftsbury, Vermont.

DR. PARKHURST, Physician and Surgeon, Langman's Hotel in Covington, Friday of each week from 2 to 5 P. M. Agent for Waterbury, N. S. Truss. Kept constantly on hand.

W. B. CRITCHETT, Painter & Glazier, Graining, Whitewashing and Paper Hanging done in the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited. 121 Albany, Vt.

L. R. WOOD, JR., Painter, Graining, Graining, Whitewashing and Paper Hanging done in the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited. Barton, Vermont.

J. J. HILL, Tailor, will continue to sell a large variety of Sewing and Knitting Machines. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.

CUTLER & GOSS, MANUFACTURERS OF CARRIAGES and Sleighs, 121 Albany, Vt.

MISS A. J. CULLEN, MILLINERY, DRESS MAKING and pattern rooms. Barton, Vt.

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M. J. SMITH, Proprietor of the Orleans County Marble Works, Graining and American Marble, Gravestones, Monuments, &c.

J. N. WEBSTER, Fire Insurance Agent, Barton, Vermont.

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DALE & ROBINSON, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt. 60, 2nd block.

J. L. WOODMAN, DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash. Store over A. J. L. Twombly's.

MRS. G. C. DAVIS, PAINT AND VEST MAKER, Barton, Vermont.

A. & J. L. TWOMBLY, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn, Potatoes and Lard. Also Dealers in all kinds of West India Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese. Also Wm. L. Reynolds' L. X. L. Phosphate and Sea Food. ALEX. TWOMBLY, J. L. TWOMBLY.

A. C. ROBINSON, Wholesale dealer in Flour, Grain, W. L. Goods, Groceries, Lard, Plaster, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, and Lamp Glass. Barton, Vt.

W. W. GROUT, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Claim Agent. Will attend the courts in Orleans and Cabotville counties. Barton, Vt.

W. W. EATON, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Will attend courts in Orleans and Cabotville counties. Prompt attention given to collections. Greenboro, Vt.

J. M. CURRAN, Barber and Hair Dresser, Barton, Vermont.

MARTIN ABBOTT, Wheelwright, Carriage Maker and General Job Worker. Hats and Caps made to order. Various styles of carriages always on hand. Glover, Vt.

J. E. DWINKLE, MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper, Curtains and Mattresses, also Coffins and Caskets. Picture frames, Spring Beds, &c. Glover, Vt.

J. H. HOLTON, & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers, in all kinds of Harnesses, also Whips, Carriage, Cattle, Carriages, &c. Vacuum Oil Blasting, for sale. Barton, Vt. 7-23.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

INTERESTING TO LADIES. M. A. Woodman, Barton, Vermont, has just opened an entirely new and elegant assortment of **REASONABLE MILLINERY GOODS.** Hats and bonnets—very cheap and stylish—Trimmed and untrimmed, in Straw, Silk and Lace, for Ladies, Misses and Children.

EVERY NEW STYLE FROM THE MOST ELABORATE to the simple Rhode Hat. All the new shapes beautifully and fashionably trimmed with new shades. In Turquoise Silk and Ribbon, together with Feathers, Aigrettes, Flowers, Pompons, Sprays, &c. Also Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Collars, Fans, Fancy Goods, &c. NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED. Barton, May 30, 1872. 20-1f

NEW GOODS! The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of **MILLINERY** AND **Fancy Goods,** including all the latest styles from New York and Boston; such as, Neapolitan Straws, Chip Carriage Sundowns and Linen Hats, Bonnets of every style, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Collars and a variety of Fancy Goods, Millinery and Children's Goods.

DRESS MAKING done at our rooms by

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN. I have made arrangements to receive goods from New York and Boston

EVERY WEEK and can give our customers

THE LATEST STYLES AND **LOWEST MARKET PRICES.** I hope to receive my share of your farther patronage. MRS. N. M. JEWELL. Barton, Vt., May 6th, 1872. 18

CONN. & PASS. RIVERS R. R. PULLMAN PALACE CARS! The Pullman Palace Sleeping and Day Coaches are now running on Express Trains between Newport and Boston Lowell, &c. Leave Newport at 7:15 P. M., Lyndonville 8:35 P. M., St. Johnsbury 9:15 P. M., Wells River 10:15 P. M., arrive White River Junction 12:14 A. M. Arrive Concord 2:20 A. M., Manchester 3:10 P. M., Sherbrooke 3:30 P. M., Boston 8:35 A. M. Night Express leaves Boston (Lowell depot) 6:00 P. M., arriving at White River Junction 12:25 A. M. Passengers can, at their option, remain undisturbed in sleeping car until next morning, breakfast at W. R. Junction and arrive at Wells River 10 A. M., St. Johnsbury 11:08 A. M., Newport 1:05 P. M., Sherbrooke 3:30 P. M., Boston 8:35 A. M. On Saturdays, Night Express with Sleeping Car, will leave W. R. Junction at 1:20 A. M. and run directly through to Newport, arriving early Sunday morning. On Mondays, Express Trains, will leave W. R. Junction on regular time without Sleeping Car. Price for berth in sleeping car from any station on Passengers R. R. to Boston \$2.00—Seats in day or night car (where not wanted for berth) about 1/2 cent per mile—No charge less than 25 cents. Boston Agency 57 Washington St. L. W. PALMER, Superintendent.

ISAAC WRESTLETH WITH DOLLY VARDEN.

Hannah and I of late had need of divers merchandise, and—Inasmuch as paying cash I hourly dislike—We took some country produce in our cart, and went 'our way into the city, on commercial thoughts intent. To save the prejudice against old eggs, that day We dug the stoneware eggs deep in the box, mid—And Hannah, not to shock a prejudice she despised—The streaks upon her butter-balls had cunningly disigned.

We visited a store as usual as we were in town. And Hannah signified her wish to purchase a new gown. But with unbecomingly, while we were both to—The clerk inquired of the would like to get a "Dolly Varden?"

"A what! Nay, verily, young man," said Hannah, "I want no Dolly Varden. I simply want a gown. How did they get a notion, within thy added brain, That I should want a doll, or amight so frivolous and vain?"

The clerk made haste to mollify Hannah's increasing ire, showing her that she had not the finest of ancient Yea, gaudier than the wildest dreams of insane poetry. Which frantic patterns, he explained, were known as "Dolly Vardens."

Those bounding colors simply served my sober eyes to vex. But Hannah could not rise above the weakness of her sex. I saw her gaze grow covetous, and heard her woman's prattle. "Young man! has thee not patterns of a Dolly Varden dress?"

The clerk, upon perceiving that she had never seen a dress quite so suggestive of blue, pink, red and green I showed her; but Hannah sadly bade me cease my blab. Saying that there was a multitude of divers shades of drabs!

She took the Dolly Varden gown; a Dolly Varden bonnet and a Dolly Varden shawl with Dolly Varden posies on the ends. The woman did beguile me, till like Adam in the garden I fell, and brought a hat and coat, extremely "Dolly Varden."

To call our raiment "plain" much charity would be required. For rarely in such liberal drab have Quakers been attired. Like Solomon, in all his glory, never was arrayed. Like one of us—in Dolly Varden garments—I'm afraid. But when 'twas time to pay, those eggs lay heavy on my mind. Yes, inwardly, I was like a reed shaken by the wind. When I saw that clerk so counting and heard him grumly mutter, "Superannuated eggs and antique, plebeian butter!"

"Nay, friend," said I, "thou'rt ignorant of the progress of the age. These motley styles are everywhere the rule. They suit as if our country produce smelled like some vile gutter. Go to, they're Dolly Varden eggs and Dolly Varden butter!"

"Come, now," said he, "what went go down?" "Marry, 't come up!" cried I. "I do not wish to stigmatize thy statement as a lie; but 'twas my own egg. I'll show thee that it will go down, straightway!" I took it. Wretched hand! 'Twas in process of doing!

Next I confess how this mishap destroyed all hope of better. Under Hannah's scolding tongue, I suffered as a martyr. Nay! Wherefore should a virtuous man's abortive strategy Give eternal mirth to a clown to mock at his calamity? —*Beattie Courier*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wise men have but few confidants, and cunning ones none.

Fun, deviltry and death lurk in the wine cup.

The truly great are always the easiest to approach.

Four-fifths of the 10,000 school teachers in Massachusetts are women.

We can most always find something to lay our bad luck to besides ourselves.

You can hire a man to be honest, but he will want his wages raised every morning.

There ain't anything that will completely cure laziness, but a second wife will hurry it some.

An Indianapolis creditor served papers upon the widow of his debtor while the funeral was in progress.

Eleven species of monkeys are now ascertained to inhabit Central America north of Panama.

In Europe the danger of being killed by lightning is far greater than being killed by a railroad accident.

An Indiana man has instituted proceedings to restrain his wife from putting up a tombstone over the grave of her first husband.

Persons of the coldest natures when they do love, love the freest—so green wood when it gets to burning makes the hottest fire.

Tea and coffee are on the free-list at last, and the people will look for a decided reduction in prices. How long will it take the grocers to find this out.

Josh Billings says the genuine Christians are the laffing ones; the man who has to watch his morality all the time for fear it will kick up its heels, is full of the devil's oats.

John Wilson, a pickpocket, was sentenced to five years in the State Prison, by the Supreme Court at Springfield, on Tuesday.

"Mother," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added: "No that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

A sojourner in Washington ordered lemon pie at a restaurant, but doubting the genuineness of the article, appealed to the waiter who responded thusly: "Dat's lemon pie, sah. You know dey has a way of mixin' dried apples in the lemon pie here, sah, to dat extent it requires a man of ability to 'stinguish em apart, sah. De lemons are scarce, you know, and dey has to coniumise em so as to make one lemon do for sixteen pies."

The New York Evening Post has been badly "taken in" by a correspondent from Wilmington, Del., who writes of the immense business in iron shipbuilding done at that city. A single firm there, he asserts, uses fifty million tons of iron yearly. This is only forty-four and a half times the entire quantity of wrought iron annually produced in the United States, and a little more than thirty-five and a half times as much as has been used in the entire existing steamship tonnage of Great Britain. A large business truly.

The Renegade's Doom.

High on the Wasatch mountain stood a man overlooking the lovely valley of the Jordan river and Salt Lake country, which includes the city of the Saints. For an hour he had remained almost motionless, although the muscles of his face had twitched violently at times, and his fingers worked convulsively as he clutched his long rifle-barrel upon which he was leaning. Presently he raised his piece and leveled it toward the city, holding it in that position for a moment. Then he lowered it again, and with a sort of mocking laugh exclaimed: "Too far—altogether too far! Oh, if that accursed town was only within my rifle's range, and I could pick off its inhabitants one after another, with the exception of Mary Thornton, I should be happy. I would be alone with her. And why not alone? I am at dagger's point with the world, or at least such portion of it as knows me, and why should I not kill and destroy? Even these savages are turning their backs upon me, because they say I am bringing them into trouble. Towards! They know very well that there is not a man in the whole of yonder city who would not shoot me down like a dog; and yet they say that I don't fear. And I am going there—I am going this very night, too; and we betide the man who comes between me and the woman I love!"

The speaker paused a moment, and then bursting into a mocking laugh, repeated: "Love! love, did I say? I don't love her. I did love her once, but that affection has been changed into hatred, or at least a desire to triumph—and triumph I will. She spurned me once—she shall kneel at my feet and beg for a single word of kindness before I am done with this game, or Dick Hardiker, the Renegade, as he is called, has degenerated to a greater extent than I think he has."

The renegade seated himself upon the ground, and made a careful examination of his rifle, and then of a brace of splendid revolvers he wore in his belt, and lastly his knife. A grim, but sickly smile passed over his face, and something like a shudder shook his frame, but he made an effort to rally, and exclaimed: "Bah! I believe I am getting weak. It can't be that cowardice is taking hold upon me. No, I don't fear death, or anything that men can do; but somehow my heart trembles, and there seems to be a heavy weight upon it—a sort of dread or presentiment that something terrible is about to happen to me. Bah! what worse than death can come? Nothing, unless it be to die without being pretty fully and terribly avenged."

Suddenly the man sprang to his feet, and began the descent of the mountain. The path was a rough one, but he traveled it without much apparent difficulty, as one familiar with all its windings and intricacies. It was some two hours before he reached the border of the valley, and here he disappeared behind a massive hedge of rocks. Through several openings he passed, and finally emerged into a sheltered place, where his entrance was greeted by the neighing and caressed him tenderly, while the noble beast expressed as well he could his satisfaction, for he knew not the heart of the villainous man, who was his master.

The renegade manifested the greatest impatience as the day seemed to creep slowly along. Ever and anon he would gaze at the sky or glance at the sun, and at length he saw it sink behind the western hills. Then darkness crept on apace, and the night promised to be a gloomy one, for the clouds were gathering thick in the heavens, and the rain began to fall.

"So much the better," he muttered, as he led the horse from his place of concealment into the edge of the valley.

He sprang into the saddle and the animal went flying over the road toward the city.

For an hour or more he kept directly on the main road; but now the dwellings were passed at far less intervals, and turning aside, he leaped a fence without difficulty, and rode into the open fields. His advance was not so rapid now, for he had hedges to pass and streams to ford; but all this was accomplished. It was near the hour of midnight when he arrived at the outskirts of the city; and as one familiar with every point, he led his horse into a deep ravine, where he would be thoroughly concealed from any chance passer by.

The villain now proceeded on foot. He made the streets nearly deserted, but an occasional footfall fell upon his ears, and at such times he would withdraw under the shadow of some shed or tree, until the person had passed. At length he scaled a garden wall, and crept carefully along among the shrubbery until he stood directly beside a dwelling, comfortable but unostentatious in its appearance. There would have been no danger of his detection here, but from the fact that the aspect of the storm had changed. The bellowing thunder increased each moment, and the lightning became more frequent and vivid. The renegade muttered:

Curse the unlucky chance!

Those flashes may betray me if any one is on the look-out. But that's not likely. I must be at work, for daylight must find me out of the city."

It seemed as if the renegade had already well surveyed the grounds and building, for he did not appear in the least undecided where to go and how to act. He approached a window, and it opened easily. He entered a lower room, and went up a flight of stairs, into a sleeping apartment. By a dimly burning lamp, he could see that the bed was occupied. He approached the couch, and while standing there, a vivid flash of lightning came, and the features of the sleeper were distinctly revealed.

It was a man. His face was pale, and his hair sprinkled with gray, but he evidently possessed considerable strength. A chuckling laugh burst from the lips of the renegade, as he clutched the sleeper by the throat, and shook him violently. Of course he was soon aroused, and then Hardiker whispered: "John Thornton, don't speak above a whisper, or try to move, or you are a dead man. I hold a knife at your heart—don't you feel its point?" And the villain pressed the blade against the bosom of his intended victim.

"Who are you?" asked Thornton.

"I am Dick Hardiker, the renegade."

"What do you want with me?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Can you ask that, John Thornton? Well I'll tell you. You remember fifteen years ago, when you and I both lived on the banks of the Mississippi in Iowa?"

"Yes, I remember it well."

"We both had families then. Where are they now?"

"God took away my wife by death, and my only child, my daughter was drowned—mine still lives."

"Yes, your daughter Mary still lives, and a beautiful girl she is, too. My daughter would be the same age, but the angry waters of the river swallowed her up. Your wife died a Christian death, with friends around her. How did my wife die?"

"You murdered her!"

"Liar! It was you, John Thornton, who murdered her."

"Bah! I believe I am getting weak. It can't be that cowardice is taking hold upon me. No, I don't fear death, or anything that men can do; but somehow my heart trembles, and there seems to be a heavy weight upon it—a sort of dread or presentiment that something terrible is about to happen to me. Bah! what worse than death can come? Nothing, unless it be to die without being pretty fully and terribly avenged."

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Mr. Nasby Dreams a Dream

in which the future of a "great and good" man is foreshadowed.

Confederit X Roads (which is in the State of Kentucky), May 24, 1872.

I am getting old and am feeling my years. Time was when ten or a dozen drinks more than usual didn't make any difference with me, but it's quite different now. It tells on my old body and I have to be guarded.

We had a ratification meeting last night, at which I did indulge more than I should, and I fell asleep in a chair at Bascom's and dreamed a dream.

In my dream I saw a high, elevated plain, bounded on three sides by a steep precipice bluff. On the top of the plain (which was a pleasant and breezy place it was) and back somewhat from the edge of the precipice, stood that building which was the Mecca to which all democrats have been turning their eyes for the past 12 years, the White House. On the very edge of the precipice was a group of individuals which I had no difficulty in identifying. There was Grant and Colfax, and around them stood Morton, Butler, Sherman, Shellabarger, and a thousand others of such, while just over their heads there was a floating in the air of the spirits of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln and all of them deceased individuals which would have sympathized with the Republican party if they had continued in the flesh.

Down at the foot of this precipice there was a low, swampy, marshy, malarious district, which was the most uncomfortable section of country I ever see. The ground was full of cess-pools, of quagmires and quicksands. Was bones of niggers scattered all over it—there was ruins of old school houses; there was groceries and saloons scattered about in it wild profusion; there was broken printing presses, and the cheerful gullows-tree on which John Brown had been hung was distinctly visible. Attempts had been apparently made to broken printing presses and the gullows with resolutions, but the covering was too thin and they showed through very plainly. This spot was tenanted by Boss Tweed and Hoffman, surrounded by Connolly, Okey Hall and all of them fellows, and over their heads was the ghosts of Wigfall, Yancey and Benedict Arnold. I thought I saw His Majesty, Satan the 1st, sail in about with the ghost of Yancey, but it might have been some one else. There was one quicksand marked where Seward went down—in a very bad smell pool Chase was floating about on a board marked "Supreme Bench," making feeble attempts to land somewhere. There was a few solid spots of ground, New York, Kentucky and Maryland, and on them the live men were standing. From this unpromising locality there was a path up to the heights above, but it was narrow, broken, crooked and steep, and besides that, passage from the lower to the higher region was desperately opposed by the array of men who objected to it.

I noticed that the party on the bluff all wore a sad expression. The ghost of Lincoln let fall a spirit tear, and Grant and Morton looked as sad as tho' they were losing their fathers. Colfax, in particular, seemed inconsolable, and was tearing his hair with grief. Curious to know what it was that was causing all this commotion, I shifted my position so as to get a view of the entire arrangement, and I saw it at once.—Tweed and Hoffman had hoisted upon a long ladder to the top of the rock, which was really a curiosity. The sides was made out of hickory campaign poles which had done service since the time of Polk down to Seymour; and the rounds were spokes from the wheels of Confederate cannon. The ladder was labeled "Cincinnati," and the rounds "civil service reform," "one term," and so on. Hoffman and Connolly was holding the feet of the ladder steady, and Boss Tweed stood by them, holding out a scroll labeled "Presidency." On the top of the bluff stood Horace Greeley, clothed in glory, and perfectly radiant in his attire. His old head was crowned with laurels—in fact he was a walking arbor of them. He had one foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Come back!" shouted Colfax.

"Come to us!" shouted the crowd below.

"Come back to your friends, you idiot!" said Morton.

"Come to us, you shall have this!" said Tweed, flouting the scroll.

That settled him. His face changed from the innocent of the lamb to the hungry eagerness of the wolf, and down he went. He made a misstep and partially fell, knocking off all his laurels. His appearance changed. The ladder had been roughly made, and was full of splinters. His equal rights coat caught one of them and was torn off. A nail head on the next round stripped off his protection coat, another on the next knocked his anti-corruption vest into

NASBY.

smithereers, his civil rights pants was taken off by the next, and by the time he got to the fourth, he was divested of everything under heavens which made him sizable, and stood there shivering in the wind, a miserable, deformed, weak shabby, diminutive, shrunken man, with nothing under Heaven remarkable about him but his white hat, and the fact that he had one boot and one shoe on.

Tweed and his friends saw this shrinking process going on as he approached them, and they became alarmed.

"Good Lord!" said Okey Hall, "if he ain't a bigger and more muscular than he looks now we can't make any use of him. He'll never be strong enough to pull us out of this!"

Them on the bluff which had regarded his departure with such looks of sadness, but out into peels of laughter.

"There ain't a hundredth part as much of him as we supposed," shouted they. "We've nothing to fear from him!" and they laughed vociferously at the ridiculous figure he was a making of himself.

All this time Horace was standing on the one term round of the ladder, which was the thinnest of all of them.

"Come down to us!" shouted Tweed.

"I can't go any further down than this!" replied Horace, shuddering as he saw the plight he was in.

Whereupon Tweed and Hall and the others ran up the ladder to support him. They were dripping with the nastiness from the slum below, which fairly covered the poor old man as they rubbed against him. Then they threw upon him a Tammany banner and a Confederate flag. To keep him steady both of them ran up the ladder and got on the same round. Sam Sinclair, John Cochran and some others come down close behind him to assist, and the united weight was too much. The ladder broke in two and Tweed, Hoffman, Greeley, Sinclair, Tribune and all plunged into the quagmire. There was a splash, a gurgle or two and the entire billing of them sank out of sight.

The splash awoke me, and I meditated a half hour over a singular dream before taking another drink and going home. "Can it be?" thought I, "that that old fellow Yancey comes to us with his venchurs. Chase comes to us, but when he stepped over the line, he left all his strength behind him. Seward, instead of being a help to us proved to be a load to carry. Have taken Horace to our bosoms only to find him a helpless dead weight to be carried instead of a Giant strong enough to carry us? Is this dream prophetic? Is the Cincinnati ladder too weak to hold Greeley and us, and will it break down with our united weight? I fear me.

And pensively I drained my glass, and carelessly going through the regular form of telling Bascom to mark it down, went sadly home. I fear me the day of our deliverance isn't yet at hand.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Which was Postmaster.)

DIGGING UP A CHEST OF GOLD.—The fortune hunters of New Jersey have some new discoveries to speculate upon, and if the assertions of some recent finders of coin are to be believed, one of their number has at last definitely located the spot where the pirate Kidd concealed his treasure. From Cold Spring, Cape May County, comes a story of the discovery of a chest containing \$30,000, on the Dick Thompson farm, near Fishing creek. Two men, one of whom bears the name of Garretton, were digging ditches on the farm, which is now owned by Garretton, when they hauled up the money chest. The coin, they say, is so old that it is scarcely possible for them to tell the exact value of the pieces, but the larger part is gold, the coins being about the size of \$20 gold pieces. It is said, furthermore, that Captain Kidd's name was found imprinted on the chest, which had done service since the time of Polk down to Seymour; and the rounds were spokes from the wheels of Confederate cannon. The ladder was labeled "Cincinnati," and the rounds "civil service reform," "one term," and so on. Hoffman and Connolly was holding the feet of the ladder steady, and Boss Tweed stood by them, holding out a scroll labeled "Presidency." On the top of the bluff stood Horace Greeley, clothed in glory, and perfectly radiant in his attire. His old head was crowned with laurels—in fact he was a walking arbor of them. He had one foot on the first round of the ladder.

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GALLANT SEAMANSHIP.

—From details now at hand it appears that the recent achievement of the United States squadron at Marseilles was one of the most splendid victories of peace, it having saved from destruction, by the discipline, skill and intrepidity of the officers and men, a thousand merchant ships and the city of Marseilles on the night of the fire. The squadron, consisting of the Wabash, Congress, Brooklyn, Plymouth, Shenandoah, Juniata, and Wachusett, under the command of Admiral Alden, lay in the large Napoleon Basin, amid innumerable merchantmen of every description and from every nation. Shortly after midnight a fire broke out on an Italian ship just arrived from Philadelphia with a cargo of petroleum. The nature of the danger soon became evident, and it seemed impossible to prevent the spreading of the fire from ship to ship. Presently a well-manned boat came from the part of the Basin illuminated by the blaze and pulled directly toward the burning ship. This was soon followed by another, then a third, then twenty, all the boats of the American squadron. Presently the burning ship began to settle. She had been scuttled, and her cargo was now under water, the deck being level with the surface. The danger from the escape of burning petroleum was still imminent when a line of boats, lashed together stem and stern, were seen pulling away, and as the fire straightened out the burning ship moved also, and was slowly towed out to the bay by over two hundred well-manned oars. It was only then that an immense cheer broke from the thousands of people who felt inexpressible gratitude for the salvation of the city.

German jurists are discussing the interesting question of stage kissing, its limits and liabilities. Mademoiselle Gindele, an actress of some note, raised a terrible breeze in the Imperial Opera House of Vienna, because an actor, Herr Neumann, literally complied with the words of a play where "Irmentraut," a character represented by her, commands "Count Liebenau," a character represented by him, to kiss first her right hand, then her left, and then her lips. She thought that he should have obeyed, declared herself insulted, and complained to the manager. Next time that play was on, she allowed him to kiss her hands, and then said: "There, I will not trouble you for the kiss on the lips." Herr Neumann ungallantly replied: "Thank Heaven that I have not to kiss that fright!" The actress thereupon became so enraged and excited that she was carried off in a fainting fit. The next thing talked of is a lawsuit. If all this had happened in an American theatre, there would be ground for strong suspicion that it was "a put up job," to advertise the play and attract a large audience. But from all accounts, the fair German actress seems to be genuinely indignant and thoroughly in earnest on the delicate subject.

The success of almost every enterprise depends upon the degree to which those engaged in it tax their powers of mind. Many things deemed impossible by the rest of the world have been effected by those who have brought the full force of their mind to bear upon what they set themselves to accomplish. Whatever may be said of the difference in talent of individuals, and inquire into the cause of their success, we shall find genius outstripped by moderate talent when the latter brings its full power of mind to work. Whether in the school-room, or in every day business of life, or in the humble walk of bodily toil, or the professional avocation, when the mind is most depended on; in invention or execution, in theory or in practice, the question on which success depends is not who has the strongest power of mind, but who brings that power into use.

THE GREAT FIRE IN JAPAN.—A correspondent writing to the New York Tribune from Yedo, estimates the loss by the terrible fire in that city at \$1,500,000. Eight persons were killed outright, and fifty wounded. In the list of houses burned are 17 large government offices, 60 temples, 287 small public offices, 4752 private dwellings, shops, etc. With all its frequent devastations by fire, plagues and earthquakes, but two greater public calamities have occurred in Yedo since the time of its foundation. Within less than three hours a district of two square miles was laid waste, 5000 edifices were destroyed, and 20,000 people were turned homeless into the streets.

A Paris journal perpetrates the following: "Miss Grant is one of the most highly educated women in Europe. She speaks with facility English, German, French and Italian. She has contributed under the veil of anonymous signature to several American magazines; and on her return to her own country she is to marry the son of one of the richest manufacturers of New York, who is a member of the American Parliament."

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