...ne.

...where a report of one of the most unnatural and unaccountable tragedies that we have ever heard of. These things have happened elsewhere; but we had vainly hoped this community would be spared. But it has come. The simple facts, without enlargement, are sufficiently horrible and sickening. What can be said—what can be done? We shall preach no sermon. If it is a poor time to preach, it is a good time to practice. We may call it emotional insanity—or a sudden frenzy—or uncontrolable fiery temper, in Silas Wilder that caused him to steep his hands so red in parricidal blood; whatever we call it, there are the stubborn and startling facts. If such a monster can be found here, he can grow anywhere. What is the remedy?

PORTLAND MERCHANTS.—We present a new lot of Portland advertisements in this paper this week. We call the attention of the merchants of this section to the list. We learn from a reliable source, that all these advertisers are of the highest standing as to character, capital, and position to offer best of goods at lowest rates. We may refer to these firms more in detail at another time.

The Granite Quarries of Ryegate.

The Blue Mountain granite quarries in Ryegate, are of late attracting considerable attention; and it is believed will shortly become, not only a source of wealth to the parties who own them, but an object of curiosity and interest to the country. Here may be found piled in succession, layers, varying in thickness from three inches to six or seven feet, or in fact, as much beyond this as one may desire. The extent of the layers are such that a block or shaft of any desired length, breadth or thickness, can be easily obtained. The quality is said to be the best in the country; susceptible of the most delicate finish and not at all inferior in any respect to the most celebrated granite in the market.

The supply is inexhaustible. The Laird Brothers of St. Johnsbury are large owners, having during the last two or three years, taken out large quantities for monumental and other purposes—sending specimens from the pockets of this granite-based sentinel to many parts of our country.

Douglass G. Robie, also an extensive owner, has made a successful opening at another point, furnishing some fine work for the new school building at Wells River, Merchants' National Bank, at St. Johnsbury, and other parties.

The quarries of J. R. Nelson, Albert Hall, and others equally as fine, hold a reserve of wealth, known only to the Creator who called them into existence. A public road was completed and opened during the last season, by the town, from a point near the station of the Montpelier and Wells River Railroad at South Ryegate, running up a valley that nature seems to have especially designed for a thoroughfare for the transit of the immense tonnage that here lies patiently awaiting a market—making the road direct, the distance short, and the grades easy. It would be no great of an undertaking for the energetic, enterprising Yankee of to-day, to build a railroad from the track of the M. & W. R. R. R. at South Ryegate, to a point in the immediate vicinity of the quarries, making these inexhaustible deposits of granite to Ryegate, what the marble is to Rutland, Pittsford and Brandon, and other towns in the State.

Good Templars.

The Good Templars of Vermont held their Thirteenth Annual Grand Lodge at Brandon, January 11th and 12th. It was considered by all, as one of the most successful Grand Lodges ever held in Vermont. The Good Templars of Brandon furnished an elegant hall for the meeting. There was quite a full attendance, those present manifesting much interest, and forming many plans for the furthering of the temperance cause the coming year, and the treasury is in a good condition. The interest of the session was greatly enhanced by the presence of J. Bennett Anderson, of London Past Grand Counsellor of England and Mrs. Martha B. O'Donnell, of Lowville, N. Y., General Superintendent of Juvenile Templars in America. Both parties spoke frequently, encouraging by their words the Good Templars of Vermont. Mr. Anderson having been associated with Messrs. Moody and Sankey in their Evangelical work the past year in England, sang, at intervals, with good effect, many of their songs. Mr. Anderson conducted a prayer meeting on Wednesday morning in the parlors of the Brandon House.

A public meeting was held on Wednesday evening, at which the hall was densely filled. The speakers were Rev. E. Fulsom, Col. J. B. Mead, Mr. A. McLaughlin, Rev. W. W. Atwater, J. Bennett Anderson and Mrs. M. B. O'Donnell. The speaking was interspersed with singing by the audience, of the Good Templar Order, a song by J. B. Anderson, of England, a song by Col. J. B. Mead, of Randolph—the audience joining in the chorus—and quartette singing by Messrs. Clark of Bennington and Fletcher of Brandon, Mrs. Cheney of Stowe and Mrs. Finney of Burke.

Three delegates were elected to represent the Grand Lodges of Vermont at the Right Grand Lodge of the World, to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, next May, viz: J. S. Batchelder of ...erbury, Joseph Barton of Charlotte, ...s. Ella C. Finney of East Burke.

The Grand Lodge Officers for 1876, ...e as follows: G. Chief Templar, Col. ...B. Mead, Randolph; G. Counsellor, ...O. Sturtevant, Swanton; G. Vice ...mplar, Miss Abby P. Matthews, ...nwall; G. Chaplain, Rev. H. P. ...shing, East Burke; G. Secretary, ...nk Plumley, Northfield; G. A. Secretary, Mrs. Frank Plumley, Northfield; ... Marshal, Joseph Barton, Charlotte; ... Dept. Marshal, Mrs. Ella C. Finney, East Burke; G. I. Guard, Miss Clara Boardman, East Middlebury; G. O. Guard, J. W. Carpenter, Johnson; General Superintendent of Juvenile Templars of Vermont, Miss L. J. Bradshaw, Montpelier.

Our New York Letter.

TWO SENSATIONS—CENTENNIAL SWINDLING—LITERARY ENTERPRISE—EDWARD S. STOKES—JULIUS CÆSAR—PARADISE LOST—ALL SORTS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Caledonian:

In the matter of sensations this week, New York has nothing to offer that will compare with the two that come to us from the Bay State. Both of these are on a scale to entitle them to be recorded among *causes celebres*. The Northampton Bank robbery, which was accomplished by the at present fashionable expedient of gagging the cashier, and his household, and forcing him to disclose the combination on the vault lock, resulted in the carrying off of three-quarters of a million in bonds and currency. And the presence of this large sum in a country bank, by the way, is a striking illustration of the abnormal condition of finances. While merchants and the large purchasing class feel the scarcity of money, the banks and money centers are fairly congested with this blood of trade, which hardly anything short of a burglary suffices to set in motion.

The other sensation, as the reader has doubtless already guessed, is the big swindle at the "Hub," where an ex-shoemaker, ex-Methodist preacher, and ex-Congressman, the publisher of two daily papers, and a prominent capitalist, after an unparalleled course of two years longing and swindling, suddenly bursts as completely as any soap-bubble, and quietly slips off to a country where no unpleasant extradition treaty exists to return him to his anxious friends.

This gentleman sailed from New York to Bogerdus with his family, on Tuesday last, carrying with him, so it is said, over $200,000 of his ill-gotten gains. The amount of his forgeries, all told, is about $400,000, and betrays remarkable audacity and nerve, to say nothing of an amount of luck in escaping detection during the long period of his operations, which goes far toward verifying the saying, that "the Devil takes care of his own." If Winslow's exploits are a correct indication, our second century finds us at an advanced stage of the swindler's art, the perfection of which would make the petty peculators of revolutionary times hang their heads with shame and envy. If we can show equal progress in other branches, we may well be proud of our achievements.

A long article appears in the *Times* of last Tuesday, the contents of which are valuable to any one interested in statistics of such crimes. It gives a list of the murders which have been reported in New York during the five years ending with last month, together with the fate of the criminals. The number foots up two hundred and eighty-one, and of this army of man-killers only seven have expiated their crime on the gallows, and over one-fourth of the whole list never were brought to trial at all. It is a shameful showing, and is enough to convince any one that justice in New York is indeed a blind goddess, too blind to catch and punish the offenders against her laws. It is a most eloquent arraignment of "Boss" government, especially in its judicial ramifications, and ought to awaken sufficient popular indignation to inaugurate some genuine reforms.

Hardly any other name than the one it bears, could guarantee the success of such a magazine as the new "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly," which the opening of the Centennial year, has inaugurated a new era in American publishing. It is nearly double the size of any other similar periodical, and has ten times as many illustrations as any other. These illustrations alone (80 to 100 in number) cost over four thousand dollars for each issue. The astonishing part of it all, however, is, that this great mass of illustrated literature is sold for 20 cents a copy, or $2.50 per year. As a matter of course, a magazine of this size, quality and cheapness, sweeps the country. Of the initial number, about 70,000 have already been sold, while of the February issue, just out, the edition must be nearly doubled, for in addition to all its other attractions, this issue contains the opening chapters of Joaquin Miller's first novel, "The Pink Countess," purchased at heavy cost by Frank Leslie, expressly for this periodical. The great name which the poet of the Sierras has made for himself on either side of the Atlantic attaches a deep interest to his first efforts in serious fiction, and its appearance in this extremely inexpensive style will give it the widest currency.

It would be natural to suppose that the sole management of such a publishing house would be work enough for any one man, but Mr. Leslie finds time in spite of it all to attend to his duties as chief of the New York State Centennial Commission, which as may readily be concluded, is no sinecure, and to him are largely due the thanks of the Empire State for the comprehensive and discriminating representation which she will have next summer.

Edward S. Stokes' ineffectual efforts to secure a discharge, has developed in him an extraordinary amount of determination. He has signified his intention to appeal to every judge in the State ere he will cease his demands for justice, claiming that the period of imprisonment preceding and during the trial (some year and a-half) should apply on his sentence, thus giving him his liberty in a month or so. The Governor has shown himself very decided in the matter, and meets public sentiment by refusing all recognition of the petition of Fisk's murderer.

"Julius Cæsar," at Booth's, continues to create increasing interest. About eighty students of Yale College came here to witness its performance on one evening of last week, and on another, a wealthy Fifth Avenue lady invited a hundred and thirty friends to enjoy the treat in her company. Yesterday a special matinee was given to accommodate the theatrical profession of the city, most of whom were the guests of the managers, Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer.

At a forthcoming auction sale in Brooklyn, will be sold "Paradise Lost," one of the last finished and greatest works of Hiram Powers. It is expected to bring a very large figure.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff's letters to the *Herald* which excited so much favorable comment as comprehending the most difficult problems of reconstruction, besides accurately depicting the various phases of social life in that section, have been collected and published in pamphlet form under the title of "Cotton States," by D. Appleton & Co.

Our first taste of Italian Opera this season, is now being given us by Mme. Titiens, at the Academy of Music. The first work given was Norma, in which Mme. Titiens made a very favorable impression. The silver-voiced tenor, Brignoli, has returned from Europe, where he has been singing for several years, but has made no appearance here as yet. Early in February, Miss Adelaide Phillips will also appear in Opera at the Academy, the occasion being the debut of her sister, Miss Matilde Phillips, who has just finished her musical studies and is said to be a singer of great promise.

The grand organ built by Roosevelt for Chickering hall, has at last been completed, and has just been opened in the presence of a large audience by the leading organists of the city. The magnificent instrument, which cost $15,000, is one of the finest in the country, and continues to the Messrs. Chickering the honor of having given New York her most elegant and perfectly equipped concert hall.

Two Wall street operators, Messrs. Warner and Davis, have made a dancing match for one hundred dollars a side. It would be well if the Wall street brokers would take to the same innocent and healthful occupation. At the same time none of them could beat Jay Gould on cutting capers on the Stock Exchange. RAIOX.

Letter from Florida.

To the Editor of the Caledonian:

WOODLAND, FLA., Jan. 24, 76.

DEAR SIR: We arrived in Savannah, Sunday night, and left there Monday morning. What attracted our attention the most was the police of the city. They were all dressed in gray, and were all armed as either infantry or cavalry. I was told by a citizen that they had all been in the Confederate army.

The route to Jacksonville by land, passes through a very uninteresting region of pine forests, and crosses the Ogechee, Altamaha and Suwanee river. An occasional turpentine still and a small village, or a station without any village, were to be seen. At one station where we stopped, Richardson said the only visible things were hogs. Arriving at Jacksonville about ten o'clock, P. M., we stopped at the St. John's House, kept by Mrs. Hudnall. Over the door of the dining-room, was the motto, "The Lord will Provide;" and we judged by the appearance of the table, that it was left almost entirely to him. The St. James and St. Johns hotels report more guests than ever before at this time of the year, but the other houses are not as full as usual. They say that the weather north has not been cold enough to drive northerners from home; but the rush never comes till February and March.

Mr. J. S. Adams, (formerly of Vermont,) who is the postmaster here, has been quite sick for some time. I am informed that his old failing still follows him. Silsby and Moore we found at the Mettaire House, apparently in good health. There are reported to be more thieves, gamblers, and loose women in Jacksonville, than ever before. There was considerable stir about a concert (local singers) to aid some charitable purpose, and ex-Senator Fenton was to open the exercises with a few remarks.

Wednesday morning we took the steamer David Clark, and went up the St. Johns (south) to Palatka. The weather was fine, with just breeze enough on the river to make a light overcoat comfortable when out on deck. At Mandarin, fifteen miles above Jacksonville, we saw Mrs. Stowe's cottage, and her "Tree," which entirely overshadows the house. She has a fine orange grove, but her house is not nearly as conspicuous as a Mr. Kings, from Newark, N. J. Near Palatka we saw the walking-beam of the "Maple leaf," projecting out of the water. This was a U. S. transport, and was sunk by torpedoes during the war.

For ten miles this side of Palatka, there are young orange groves scattered along, that have been set out since the war. They are now coming into bearing, and are quite valuable. Palatka is a place of about 1,000 inhabitants, on the west side of the river, has three hotels, several boarding-houses, wholesale and retail stores, court house, jail, drug stores, post and telegraph offices, etc. Hart's orange grove is across the river. This grove, owned by Col. H. L. Hart, (formerly of Vermont,) is not the largest or best grove in Florida, but perhaps is the most noted, as it is the most accessible, and consequently the most seen. In this grove are five or six hundred trees set from fifteen to eighteen feet apart, being so near that the branches interlock and shade the ground, so that no sun-light strikes the soil. This is too close, and people are now setting them from 21 to 25 feet apart. During the war this grove was much neglected, or abused, so that at the close a person told me one could have drawn every tree on a two-horse wagon at one load. Since then it has been cared for and has grown fast. The annual crop is about 1,000 oranges to a tree, or from 400,000 to 600,000 in all. Col. Hart sells them very high, say from three to six cents each. I understand he has refused an offer of $80,000 for the grove, and it is easy to see that it pays more than ten per cent. on that amount. Of course he gets a high price for his oranges, as every one that sees them buys some, and if they don't come next winter they send for a barrel, for Florida oranges are much better than Messina or Havanna, and sell higher in market. The average number allowed him to the tree does not come near up to the mark of some individual cases. A tree on Little Lake George, three years ago, bore 4,500 oranges by actual count, and two years ago it was fuller than before. This year Mrs. Stevens at Weloka, five miles from here, sold the fruit from one tree for $80. Several years ago the crop from one tree in the Reed grove on Lake Munroe, was sold for $140.

The orange tree has two enemies, frost and the scale insect. During the last three winters there have been no freezes to do any great damage, and the "orange fever" has increased every year, so that while in other states real estate has fallen at least one-third in value, here it has doubled.

The David Clark left Palatka about midnight, and arrived at Welaka (where we landed) about four A. M. Welaka (signifying a chain of lakes, and the Indian name for the St. Johns river,) used to be an old Indian, and afterwards a Spanish town, of considerable importance, being situated on the east side of the river opposite the mouth of the Ocklawaha. There used to be several stores and wharves here, and when the war opened there were several hundred barrels of crude turpentine piled on one of them, but the Rebels burned them all to prevent its falling into the hands of the Yankees. The moon was shining bright as day, and having had a little coffee and a sandwich before leaving the boat, we started off for a walk through the pine woods to my place, for five miles distant, where we arrived about daylight. But the moon was so bright that it was hard to tell when a daylight came.

Woodland is situated on the mainland peninsula, which is formed by the St. Johns river on the west, Dunn's creek and lake on the east. The creek which is the outlet of the lake, empties into the river about eight miles above Palatka, and is about ten miles long, and very winding. The lake is about sixteen miles long, making the peninsula about twenty miles long and seven wide. We are situated about five miles from the river, and two from the lake. The steamer Lillie Bay makes a trip to the lake once a week. Steamers go by Welaka on the river every day. I suppose that the highest point on the peninsula may be 100 feet above the river. The surface is partly level near the river, but out here it is gently rolling, with numerous ponds of fresh water full of black bass, and more or less alligators. Richardson found one about eight feet long Friday in a pond one-fourth mile from our house, and now that "gator" will not have any peace till something happens to him.

The soil is sandy and nearly all covered with a heavy growth of the long leaved (hard) pine. There is no underbrush in the forest, but quite a growth of wire grass, which burns off every year so that there are not a great many flowers in the woods. It has been very dry here, and the fires came earlier than usual. The night before we arrived, part of my fence was burned, and the old stubs of trees continued to burn for several days. The first night here it seemed as if we were in New York; at least we could look out and see several hundred lights. Occasionally the wind would detach a limb or piece of bark on fire, and send it whizzing away into the darkness, scattering a train of sparks like a sky-rocket.

Last Sunday I went to church at Mrs. White's, one-half mile distant, and heard a very good sermon from a Mr. Woodworth of Illinois. About twenty-five persons were present, not as many as usual. I find many settlers have come in since I left, two years ago. We have a butcher's cart once a week. A blacksmith shop has just been put up, a ready-made clothing store and three grocery stores within two miles. Schools are partly supported by the county and partly by the scholars, so that we can have schools whenever we have the children.

There are two ways of making an orange grove. One is to plant the seeds of sweet oranges, and the tree very often bears in seven years, from the seed. This is said to be about the only seed that produces the same kind of fruit as that planted. Mr. Hutchinson, on Dunn's lake, claims that it improves every time it is planted. The other way is to dig up the wild or sour tree, cut off the top and set it out. It generally sends forth four to six shoots, and when they are as large as one's little finger, (which is in four to twelve months,) bud with a sweet bud from some known good variety. If the bud lives, then all the sour shoots are cut off so as to force all the sap into the sweet one. Trees have been known to bear in two years from the bud.

But the best results on any scale I have known, have been attained by Mr. Charles Drew of this place. Four years ago next April, he set out 81 stumps which he obtained from a sour grove, twenty miles from here. Seventy-nine of them lived, and were budded the next year. The past year six of them bore oranges, and I presume all will bear this year. This resulted from a great deal of care, and a judicious use of fertilizers; and while he was doing this hundreds of others lost three-fourths of their stumps. Six years ago Mr. C. L. Robinson made the statement that a good bearing orange tree was worth $100, and was laughed at; but now people begin to think it true. There are two kinds of wild oranges, the sour and the bitter-sweet. The sour has a little bitter taste in the pulp, and the bitter-sweet has a sour juice, so that they only differ in degree. It is not known whether the wild orange is indigenous to Florida or not, but is generally supposed that it is not.

There are generally found traces of Indians near the wild groves, and it is generally believed that the Spaniards brought them from Spain and planted the seed here. Then the Indians obtained the seed and scattered it through the state but mostly between the 29° and 31° north latitude. The wild groves are mostly found on the banks of rivers or lakes, but not always. The wild trees grow very crooked and very tall. Of course the quickest way is to go into a wild grove and bud without transplanting, but all the good ones within reach of navigation have been taken or bought long ago. A great many stumps are stolen from these every year, and carried long distances in the sun so that many of them die.

HORACE K. IOE.

The Liquor Traffic.

A LITTLE INSIDE HISTORY.

Mr. Editor:—Newspapers afford the means of ventilating many wrongs. Permit me to call the attention of citizens of Caledonia County, as well as those of a neighboring State, to some facts in regard to the liquor traffic.

Those gentlemen who served on the grand jury in June, 1874, recollect that the names of Hayes & Co., of Manchester, N. H., and Maxwell & Son, of Boston, Mass., were found very frequently on the books of the United States & Canada Express Company. These firms consigned jugs, boxes, etc., of whiskey, rum, etc., to notorious drunkards and rumsellers in this county. Such package was often accompanied by a "C. O. D." bill, and when the miserable man to whom the package was consigned, raised funds enough (which he often did by depriving his wife and little ones of necessary food and clothing,) he paid over to the express company his cash and took his liquor.

It turned out in that investigation, that the United States & Canada Express Company consisted of R. P. Cheney of Boston, and Nathaniel White of Concord, N. H. Mr. Cheney has been a director of the Central Vermont Railroad Company, and professes to be a stanch temperance man. Mr. White has been the temperance candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. The grand jury found some seventeen indictments against these gentlemen, as managers of the express company, for knowingly transporting intoxicating liquor into this state contrary to the provisions of Sec. 14 of chap. 34 of the General statutes.

It was then proven that to one station in this county, over one hundred packages of liquor were brought by the express company for such men as Leonard Willard of St. Johnsbury, in less than three months. To another station a small one about fifty packages were brought in about seven months. These packages came marked in all ways, to Mr. Robie, Mr. Swallow, Mr. Brain, Mr. Hayford, Mr. Tobias, etc. When interrogated by the grand jury the agent confessed that he did not know any such men that some one came, paid the "C. O. D." bill, and took the liquor away; but he could not for his life remember who paid the bill, etc.

Another agent told at once that his Mr. Cameron was Mr. So-and-So. The superintendent of the Express Company a gentleman of high order was informed of the state of affairs, and he said this violation of law should be stopped. He issued circulars, calling the attention of the agents to the law of Vermont in reference to the subject. Notwithstanding all this the Express Company still continued to transport liquor to men who cannot get liquor in our county, and who are known in many cases to their agents, as notorious drunkards.

The state officers of this county are efficient temperance men, and stand ready to enforce the law—but this leak through the Express Company they are unable to stop. The question as to the indictments against the Express Company, was argued before the Supreme Court in this place, in August, 1874, but no decision has been rendered. Still the rum comes in. The dry citizens of this place go to some smaller station now and then, and those from others come here.

I do not intend to cast reproach upon all the agents, but I denounce the conduct of the managers of the company, as illegal and reprehensible. The agents at Manchester must know that the only business of Hayes & Co. is selling liquor. The jugs in which the liquor comes say that Hayes & Co. are wholesale liquor dealers. And the same may be said of the agents in Boston. Not only this, but the bills that accompany these packages specify that the agent is to collect so much money for so much Bourbon whiskey, etc.

One thing I must say to the credit of some of the large wholesale liquor houses—they send no liquor in small packages, "C. O. D." I know of young boys less than sixteen years old, sending to these liquor houses already named, for a gallon of whiskey, and getting it, too. In this public way I desire to call the attention of temperance men throughout the state to this subject, and commend their earnest support to its suppression.

E. MAY.

St. Johnsbury, Feb. 1, 1876.

Deliver us from Doctors who work in the interest of science:

Dr. Francis M. Dowling of Cincinnati, takes up the case of Mr. Carruth, editor of the Vineland Independent, who received a bullet in the brain from the pistol of C. K. Landis, and makes a medical and indeed rational demonstration that Carruth was probed to death.

The Great Bank Robbery.

We give on the outside minute particulars of this most audacious and stupendous robbery at Northampton. The following additional particulars, from the Springfield *Union*, will be of interest:

About two weeks ago a sandy-complexioned man of medium size and weight and of prepossessing personal appearance, appeared at E. W. Burr's livery stable on Liberty street near the depot, and engaged a pair of fast horses and a carriage to be ready at a certain hour in the evening to go to a surprise party at Holyoke. He failed to call for them at the hour appointed; but last Monday the same man called at the stable again, and hired a horse and carriage, ostensibly to go to Holyoke. Mr. Burr recognized him and asked if he was not the man who engaged the span two weeks before. He said he was, but entered into no explanation. Nothing was thought of the matter, although it was noticed next day that the horse appeared very tired, and seemed to have been driven further than Holyoke. On his return the stranger had asked Mr. Burr if he could have the previously engaged span of horses and barouche on Tuesday night at half-past 6 precisely, as he, with some friends, wished to attend a surprise party at Holyoke. [The "surprise" came in further up the river.] Mr. Burr replied that he could. The stranger looked the horses over in the stable, got Mr. Burr's repeated assurance that these identical horses should be ready for him at the precise minute, and exacted a promise that they should not be allowed to leave the stable Tuesday until they were hitched up for him—he wanted a fresh team.

Tuesday evening was stormy, and Mr. Burr, thinking that the party might be postponed, waited for the arrival of the stranger before harnessing. Half-past 6 came, and 10 minutes passed before he appeared. Then he rushed in and asked if the horses were ready. "No," said the stable keeper, "we had concluded you were not coming." "Hitch them up as soon as you can," said the stranger; "How many minutes will it take?" Finding he had time he ran to the depot and quickly returned. The men were putting on the side curtains of the carriage, and he assured himself that they were put on closely. "But your ladies can never get in. They'll have to climb over that high front seat," said the hostler. "We'll look after that," said he, seizing the reins and whirling up Main street like a John. He paid for the team in advance and his name was not asked.

Very early Wednesday morning, before light, the team returned. The same man came with it. The horses were exhausted. The hostler expressed his mind on the case. He replied that the going was very hard, and putting his hands among the robes, said, "I guess I've returned every thing that belongs to you." The hostler now thinks that he then took out a valise, but he was in such haste to get the horses in out of the wind that he did not observe particularly. At any rate the man hastened toward the depot with no more words. The horses were so exhausted that upon being stabled, groomed and bedded, they lay down and remained lying most of the rest of the day. The grooms says their hair showed they had two terrible sweats, and had been blanketed and dried for a time between.

The New York papers say that the Northampton burglary has caused no little stir in the central office of police in that city. That the robbers were New York cracksmen, and that they are now concealed in their customary haunts there, appears to be the general impression among the detectives. Some, however, incline to the belief that they belong in Boston. The first intimation Superintendent Walling received of the burglary was at 3 o'clock Thursday morning when he was awakened by a violent ringing of his door bell. When the door was opened, an excited man, who afterward turned out to be George W. Hubbard, one of the directors of the plundered bank, said that he must at once see the superintendent. In a few moments the official appeared, and Mr. Hubbard informed him that he had just received a telegram from Northampton announcing the fact that the vault had at last been opened, and that all the money and bonds it contained were gone. It appears that Mr. Hubbard came to New York on the afternoon previous; many hours before it was definitely known whether the burglars had succeeded in their designs or not, for the purpose of personally giving the New York police all the information he could that might serve to trace the robbers. Thursday morning Superintendent Walling placed upon the case two of the most skillful detectives attached to the central office; but the burglars had then more than 24 hours the start of them.

One depositor, Ex-Judge Forbes, loses $198,000, in U. S. bonds and railroad stocks. The smartness of the burglars was shown in their final smashing of the dials of the lock of the vault door, quite as much as in the other details of the job. By rendering it impossible for the bank officials to get into the bank for twelve hours, they secured one day for the negotiation of the stolen securities without danger of detection.

The lock upon the vault was Dexter's double dial combination, with Herring's patent for disconnecting the tumblers from the spindle; and was put in this bank only last October. For safety it was accounted fully equal, if not better, than the chronometer lock; but the gang knew the ins and outs of locks, for when Mr. Whittlesey told them that they could not enter with but one of the four keys required, they responded, "We know about bank locks better than you do."

The opinion of the bank officials is that some of the recently discharged men from the factory where their four-keyed lock was made were among the burglars, or else had instructed them so faithfully that they made the duplicates of the four parts of the key; and did not need the part of the key which they demanded of Cashier Whittlesey, they having all the four parts of the key, and all they wanted was the combination numbers.

M. Deak, the Hungarian statesman, is dead.

Rhode Island still reckons eleven hours a day's work in its mills.

The cable contradicts the report that Rubinstein, the pianist, has become blind.

The Victoria Tubular bridge is to be altered to admit of the double railway tracks and a foot-way.

E. D. Winslow was not a journalist. He was a speculator in everything he had any thing to do with. He used to say that he could preach more in an hour than he could practice in a year.

The Philadelphia Times thinks that "the eloquent Lamar of Mississippi" did more to insure the success of the centennial appropriation of $1,500,000 in the House than any other member.

Indictments have been found against F. A. Sawyer, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and others, for defrauding the U. S. Government out of about $60,000.

Secretary Fish has telegraphed instructions to Consul Schultz at Rotterdam to watch for the arrival of the forger Winslow, and co-operate with Mayor Cobb of Boston in keeping track of him.

Daniel Needham, National Bank Examiner, has made an investigation into the affairs of the Northampton bank, and finds that there may be a total loss to the institution of $111,250, and that there will be a surplus to the credit of the bank of $127,120.

For some time the Bibles in the cars of the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada have been taken away. A few days ago a number of them were found in the snow near Bonaventure depot, Montreal, but by whom they were thrown out remains a mystery.

Shortly before midnight Thursday night a block of stone, several feet square and weighing several hundred pounds, fell on the station platform at Wellesley, Mass., through which it crashed, indenting itself deeply in the earth. Where it came from is a mystery, but it is believed to be a meteor.

Not many months since we met the "Hon." and "Rev." E. D. Winslow in a company of journalists, where he was extremely bitter in his denunciation of Henry Ward Beecher. His words did not convince us of Beecher's guilt, but his actions have proven that a clergyman may preach the gospel powerfully and yet act devilishly.—*Southbridge Journal.*

Messrs. Flood and O'Brien, who run the consolidated Virginia and California mining companies, intend to make a grand exhibition of their wares at the Philadelphia show. They propose to exhibit the product in gold and silver of one month's work at their mines, which it is expected can be made to reach $10,000,000, to be made up into 2500 silver bricks, weighing 150 tons, and requiring fifteen cars for transportation.

Roughs were on the rampage at Concord, N. H., Friday evening, and committed an indecent assault on a Miss Smith, knocked down and choked Mrs. Jane Piper, and struck a daughter of B. E. Rudger three times in the face, severely injuring her. The assaults were all committed before 7 o'clock, and Edgar E. Wheeler was arrested for having a hand in them.

Robberies of this Northampton kind will not end until the business of robbery becomes unprofitable, and that will not be until people buy more wisely, hide their securities more intelligently, and refuse longer to tolerate these encouraging compromises. If the rich men really don't incline to this way of thinking, the postponement of bank burglary may be regarded as not very near at hand. *Hartford Courant.*

The New England Farmer does not think highly of the bill introduced in Congress to secure patents for new varieties of fruits and vegetables, and sums up its argument as follows: "If every squash or pumpkin we buy for the table must have the seeds destroyed to prevent them from sprouting, for fear of infringing on some body's patent, deliver us from the patent laws, or the pumpkins."

Gov. Cheney of New Hampshire is a paper maker and Daniel Marcy, his democratic competitor, is a ship builder, and hence the democratic campaigners have coined the sobriquets "rag paper" and "white oak." To this the Concord Monitor retorts that while Gov. Cheney does make paper out of rags he never owned ships suspected of blockade running, nor favored every measure in Congress calculated to prolong the late war, but was in the Union army doing loyal service.

A sad case of breach of trust has come to light at New Brunswick, N. J. Jonathan Earle, Treasurer of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Company, is pronounced a defaulter to the extent of $142,000. He has made over to the company property enough to cover the deficiency. From Mr. Earle's statement it appears that his son has caused the trouble. The father gave the son blank checks to fill out to pay the bills of the company in New York and the son did till them out to his own and his father's disgrace.

Three hundred cans of dynamite, containing 25 pounds each, exploded in the second story of a manufactory at Baltimore, Md., Friday afternoon. The factory, a brick building, was situated in a thickly settled neighborhood, and the explosion which continued for nearly half an hour, caused great consternation among the people. The building was fired by the explosive and was totally destroyed. Six firemen were slightly injured by falling walls, but no one else was hurt. The residents of the neighborhood were so thoroughly frightened that several families at once transferred their goods and possessions elsewhere. The cause of the explosion is as yet unknown.

BRIGGS'S SEEDSMEN.—Briggs & Bro., Rochester, N. Y., have issued the January number of their illustrated Floral guide. It is compact in form, but omits nothing of interest or value to their patrons. It is well to order seeds for the coming season before the hurry and rush of business begins, as mistakes and delays are thus prevented. Briggs & Bro. propose to issue an elaborate work upon the care of all plants, flowers, bulbs, &c., that are of practical service in America, a good and appropriate work for the centennial year. The work will be ready in May. It will be sent as a premium to customers.

☞ Some of the amusing unrecorded incidents of the grand melee at the famous Wells River railroad meeting in Montpelier are cropping out. One of the best is told by Gen. Thomas, who undertook in vain the part of a peace-maker. He was going by the building, it seems, in utter ignorance of what was going on, when the noise of the fray, the shouting of the captains, and the tumult of the battle reached his ears in the street. He hurried up into the hall, but could conceive of no explanation of the scene till it occurred to him that it might be a grange meeting, in the heat of some specially exciting election of a Pomona or Ceres. He thereupon sprang to a chair and addressed the struggling crowd, who were hustling to and fro, with their hands in each other's hair, as "Farmers of Washington county!" Even the general's stentorian voice, however, failed to attract the attention of the combatants. He abandoned the effort, and waited a day or two for the angry passions to subside, before he told the stockholders whom he took them for.—*Free Press.*

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