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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, lbo hospes."

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## A THANKSGIVING SCENE. A THRILLING TALE.

Adelaide Talbot was beautiful and lovely in her youth, dearly loved by all, but best by those of her own fireside circle. When the long lashes were lifted from her ever changing cheek, you could look into the very soul of the high-minded sunny-hearted girl; six years before, she has stood in her father's low parlor on Thanksgiving eve—she had stood between that father and mother to whose faces she lifted her soul-speaking eyes the bride of an hour. And as the good mother's raspberry wine carefully bottled up for the occasion, went round, she dreamed not that in that cup lurked a demon that should overthrow the altar just erected. Caleb Reynolds was now a drunkard and a deserter from his home. He had enlisted, it was thought, in an hour of intoxication, and his wife was left to learn it from other lips. He went without one word of farewell, to the plains of Mexico—and never since had she heard from him.

Poor Adelaide carried her crushed heart back to her father's house, longing only to lay it in the grave. Have you ever seen a tree in our Western forests blighted by "girdling" as the woodman calls it—cut from its connection with the life-giving earth and then left to wither for years? I never pass such a tree without thinking of the slow death of the heart to which some writer has strikingly compared it. It was thus that Adelaide stood among the other plants of her father's nurture. Have you ever seen from such a girdled tree a young shoot spring out and striking down its fibres form a feeble connection with the bark below and sustain a sure though sickly life in the tree? It was thus little Robert came to bind a few broken fibres from her early hopes and dreams on earth.

But we are forgetting our Thanksgiving—none of the aunts forgot it, however, or the cousins—and by the time farmer Talbot's big "sleigh"—had emptied twice upon the old sprinkled stone steps, all were brought home from church, and all were there.

All except two unaccountable stragglers, "the boys," as two striplings nearly six feet high continued to be called, who were cultivating the sciences in a college not many miles away. And why were they not there? So questioned every one, and grandma did not answer—only wiped her spectacles every few minutes on her apron and peered out of her south-west window. Meanwhile the new comers were all clustered in the sitting-room making a merry use of the interlude between services and dinner. There was Robert the eldest son, with his romping family, and anxious looking wife. There was Charlotte—nobody knew her by that name—Lotte, blooming in her prime, and managing her little ones to a charm. There was Philip, the old bachelor, though by no means a crusty one. Next to him sat a pale stiff-looking cousin from the nearest factory village. Last, but not least, though in truth she was but a little one—was the school ma'am—the youngest of her father's—the laughing, fun-loving Susie. She was not beautiful, as Addie had been, but there was such a world of good nature in her low, broad forehead and dimpling cheeks that you loved her at first sight. I do not know that she ever sat still long enough to have it taken except, in church. This day she was here and everywhere among the children, kissing one, romping with another and then tossing Robert's babe, to the terror of its mamma and the delight of all others.

"You must let me go help grandma take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried Susan laughing, as she pushed through the doorway followed by the whole scamparing troop. One had sprung from the top of the arm chair to her shoulder and sat crowing like a parrot on his perch. As she advanced towards the kitchen, the outer door was thrown open and "A merry thanksgiving to you," burst from the lips of the intruders, amidst the renewed shouts of the boisterous brood.

"Bless me, where did you drop from?" cried the mother, dropping her ladle into the coals in her surprise.

"Why, brothers, we never heard your sleigh-bells," exclaimed Susan throwing

off her encumbrances and heartily welcoming the young collegians.

"I dare say not," cried Edward, as he knocked the snow from his boots; "we chartered another sort of a vehicle—hey, Will?"

"The fact is," exclaimed Will, "we started with sunrise this morning but met with a most provoking 'breakdown' by the way. So, not to be cheated of our Thanksgiving, we footed it through the drifts. We've lost Parson Wood's sermon, but we are in time for mother's dinner and I assure you a walk has given us a pair of appetites."

So they sat down to dinner at last, all the loving and merry ones. Grandfather hushed them for a moment, while he lifted his bronzed hands over the huge platter, and invoked bountiful Heaven in a lengthy but fervent blessing. Then followed the usual chattering, and—but I need not describe it all—you see it as well as I do. "The 'wish bone,' fell to the share of the shyest one, little blue-eyed Nelly, who carefully wrapped it in her white apron as a sacred treasure.

"Coz, may I break with you?" screamed her cousin Harry, from the other end of the table.

"No, I am going to break—"

"With whom, I should like to know?"

"With aunt Susie, then," said the little dove, nestling mildly to her side.

"Aunt Susie! aunt Susie would look finely breaking a wish bone?"

"And why not, Master Harry?" said Susan, merrily. "I assure you I have broken more than one at this very table."

"And did your wishes ever come to pass—did they Aunt Susie?" cried a hundred voices at once.

"Yes, did they ever, aunt Susie" chimed in Edward, casting up from his plate a sidelong demure glance, that brought blushes and dimples to her cheeks.

Susie had some quiet little flirtation. Suddenly her face grew serious. She caught Adelaide's expression of countenance as the latter quietly rose from the table and made some excuses for withdrawing.

The wish bone was broken to a charm—snapping exactly in the middle, to the infinite amusement of the juveniles, who had been making bets on the result. The babies went to sleep at the right hour precisely, and packed into their snug cradles with blankets and pillows. The oldest of the company were ensconced in a corner playing "button," and the brothers and sisters clustered in quiet little knots. William and Susan sat by the window, not to sentimentalize over the moonlight that came flickering through the fleecy clouds, but to gather up the threads of confident tete-a-tete—to chat of college scrapes and—save the mark—school ma'am rogueries.

Grandma and her knitting of course—bless the dear old fingers that had kept so many feet warm; and Susie, the modern substitute, a crochet purse to knit. "William," said Susie, lowering her voice at a pause in the conversation, and glancing up furtively, "what do you think of Addie, to night?"

William stole a glance around. "Much as usual, is she not, poor thing?"

"See how she sits there, with her fingers moving through baby's curls, and her eyes fixed on vacancy."

"This was her first wedding night, you know."

"I tell you, Willie, that Addie loves Reynolds with her whole heart yet, as truly as she did on that evening. She had never spoken his name, even to me, since the day father forbade it to be mentioned in his presence, but there is something terrible in this statue-like grief of hers."

A sharp quick bark under the window arrested the conversation.

"Be quiet, Growler, old fellow, what are you about!" shouted William, and he was still.

Dear, silent Adelaide now brought around the tray of nuts and apples, and every one tried to make her smile as he took a share, but her smile was as faint as moonlight on an icy lake.

Harry and Nelly had called aunt Susie over to the corner to name their apples, and all were silent for a few moments.

The quick bark came again from the

dog, followed by a long protracted growl, Edward jumped up to investigate matters. Before he reached the door, it was opened slowly but firmly, and a tall, pale figure stepped within, and stood—silently. The sudden paralysis of surprise bound every voice. A moment more, and with a faint, desperate cry and Adelaide dropped her boy from her lap, and sprang across the room to her husband.

As his arms closed around her, and her head sank like a broken lily on his shoulder, farmer Talbot started as if stung by a bitter memory. His arm was raised, and his white locks floated back—

"Father!"

It was Susan's voice, choked with agony, as she sprang to catch the hand of the old man.

The uplifted hand fell, and all was hushed for one long moment.

"Come you as a reformed man, Caleb Reynolds?" Farmer Talbot's voice was firm, though quiet.

"I do, by the help of God, my father," the stranger solemnly answered.

Farmer Talbot threw a glare of the candle on his features. "Caleb Reynolds never spoke like that," and the old man modulated each word as if to steady his trembling voice. "Have you signed the temperance pledge?"

"I have signed it, and have kept it for a year."

"Then my son—" and the old man's hand extended, but his voice was choked. He bowed himself down and wept like a child.

But the arms hung loosely around Caleb Reynolds' neck; the surprise had been too sudden, and gentle Addie had fainted. Nor till they had won back the tide of life to her cheek, and seen her again in the arms of her husband, turning to him that look of soulful earnestness that her earlier years had worn—not till then—did the others approach to welcome, with tearful embraces, their long lost brother.

"And this is our boy, Addie, whom I never saw?" murmured Caleb, pressing his lips to the little round forehead of the sleeper. She only replied in tears.

No further question was asked; but Caleb soon spoke of his wanderings.—Wounded in battle, and brought to the point of death, he had listened to the angel Reflection. But with reflection and good resolution came remorse and despair. Who should win him back the forfeited affections of his wife? It was then that the lesson learned on his mother's knee came beaming up through the gloom of years squandered in dissipation. He went to the fountain of peace and drank of the "living water." Having fixed and finished his term of probation, he sought again his home.

"I knew," said he, "you would all be assembled here to-night; and I lingered, shivering long before I could man my heart to come in among you."

"Brother," exclaimed more voices than one.

The clock in the corner struck nine—it was the hour of prayer. Farmer Talbot laid his hand on the family bible, and wiped his glasses.

"Come, my children, let us give thanks to God, for this my son was dead, and is alive again—was lost and is found."

## A CHRISTMAS PIE.

Before plum pudding was invented, a mammoth pie for Christmas was considered indispensable in every English family. An old writer says of it, "It is a great nostrum; the composition of this pastry is a most learned mixture of neat's tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery, etc." Another writer mentions that the chief ingredient of the pie was always a goose. There is an account of an enormous Christmas pie made in 1770 for Sir Henry Grey. I contained two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neat's tongues, two curlews, seven black-birds, and six pigeons! It was nine feet in circumference, and weighed about one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. It was fitted upon a case set on wheels, so that it could be easily passed about the table to each guest.

## From the Cosmopolitan Art Journal. TASTE.

It belongs to the aesthetic calibre of the female mind to lean mostly to beauty and purity of tint, while that of the masculine tends to grandeur and elegance of contour. We see this illustrated in a promenade in Broadway. *Monsieur* will have the contour of his toilette perfection itself; the set of his coat is faultless, and he will not don a hat that presents an ungraceful line. *Madam, au contraire*, first thinks of color, the tint, the exact shade of her robe; should the hue be unbecoming her complexion, she could not dream of purchasing it. The female taste in America is, directly, the most influential in the Fine Arts. We have yet to see *Monsieur* venture to place in the parlor a *chef d'œuvre* to which *Madame* objects—and, as he has the politesse to consult her taste in the selection of works of art, and as her taste inclines to color instead of contour, paintings are purchased instead of statuary. But gentlemen are indirectly catering to their *penchant* for contour by introducing sculpture in architectural ornamentations: they are unwittingly speeding the *poesy of contour*, the harmony, beauty, and grace of lines in their exquisite "light wagons" and incomparable "equipages"—while the influence of female taste upon the lining and trimming of carriages, within the last ten years, is truly wonderful. Then, everything was brilliant and garish—conspicuous lamps and startling trimmings; now, the hue must be becoming, subordinate and minor objects *en suite*. These two aesthetic tastes act and react upon each other, and while their direct influence upon the female mind is that of patronizing painting more than sculpture, the constitutional tendency of the male mind is perpetually inclining to contour; thus forming a slow and sure basis for the permanent and immortal in Creative Art.

J. H. L.

## MOLASSES CANDY.

Our experienced correspondent, J. Crozer, sends the following description of the way to make a good article, which will be welcome to all who have not yet lost their "sweet teeth":

Candy can only be made from sugar; when molasses is boiled, the sugar it contains, is brought to a solid condition, and, of course, the more sugar there is in the molasses, the better the prospect of getting "candy." Much molasses, so called, is composed principally of water, colored with a little charcoal or carbon, the sugar is wanting, and you will not succeed in making candy from such an article, unless sugar be added to it. To make a "prime article," get molasses of a light color, rich in sugar, put in a pan, and set it over the fire; confectioners use copper pans. The pan should not be more than half full, as it is very liable to boil over at first. To prevent this in some degree, add a little piece of butter—perhaps half the size of a hickory nut, whenever it boils near the top, and be ready to take it from the fire, if that should fail. When it fairly gets to boiling, there is not so much danger of its running over.

To ascertain when it is boiled enough, drop a little into cold water, and as soon as it has become cold, try it with the teeth. If it bites *tough*, it is not boiled enough, but if it cracks between the teeth, and seems very brittle, it is done. Then immediately take it from the fire, and pour it on something to cool, and you have molasses candy. In proportion as it is boiled to this degree, it will require more careful watching to prevent burning. Do not let it boil as rapidly, and try it oftener, until it cracks and snaps between the teeth or fingers. Sometimes a little saleratus is added to the candy to make it lighter and more brittle. If it be used, have it finely pulverized, and as soon as the molasses is boiled enough, take it off the fire, sprinkle in the saleratus, stir it quickly for a moment, and pour it out. The color is improved by "working" the candy; that is, when it is cooled enough to handle, taking a lump, stretching it out and folding it together repeatedly, until it is sufficiently white. A little lard on the hands prevents sticking. Confectioners have a large hook over their table, over which the lump is thrown and pulled, and doubled and pulled again, until finished. No flour is added

to whiten it, as some suppose; the light color is due to the thorough working—*American Agriculturist*.

## "ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, FATHER?"

It is two years since I left of the use of tobacco. I only chewed a little; but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar in my mouth walking down Broadway in a very comfortable manner.

The way it happened that I left of I was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He was almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand was always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting as such little fellows only can. The city has in it many dirty, uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of cigars and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets, puff away in a very inelegant manner.

One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to Edgar as an awful warning of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and I said the city authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice came up to me soft and musical, as I gave an extra puff to my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek as if he feared he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys would not want to smoke and chew tobacco, if men did not do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco in any form since.

An old Jersey Dutchman—a neighbor of ours—got pretty badly "sold" lately, in the purchase of a horse. He was a good-looking beast, but he wouldn't draw, nor could he be rode with any comfort. We will let our old friend tell his own story:

"You shoost see, ven you gits on him to rite, he rares up behind unt kicks up before so vurser as a chack mule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt no sooner I gits straddle his pack he gommence dat vay shust so like a vawkin peam on a poststeam; unt ven he gits tone, I was so mixt up mid efery dinks I vints mineself arount packvards, mit his dail in mine haunts vor de pridle."

We laughed of course; but with a quiet wink of the eye, he gave us to understand that he was too much for the horse, after all.

"Ha! ha! mine frien; I fixt mit te critter. I tell you I fixed him petter as cham up. I litch him in de cart mid his dail vere his het ote to pe; den I gifve him apout a tozen cuts mit a hitceov; he starts to go; put so soon he see a cart before him he makes packvards. Burdy soon he sdumbles behind, unt sit down on his haunches, and looks like he feel burty shamed mit himself. Den I dakes him out, hitch him in de rite vay, unt he go right of shust so good as any pody's bony."—*Cosmopolitan Art Journal*.

HOW THE TURKEY WAS NAMED.—An English writer says that in the time of Henry the Eighth, every thing foreign which was new and fashionable was called "turkey;" as the richest goods were imported by merchants whose vessels sailed up the Mediterranean, and who were called Turkey merchants. When the noble American bird was first served up on English tables, its excellence gave it the fashionable name "turkey" which has remained unchanged to the present.

The following is an exact copy of a printed notice which is at present posted in a Jersey stage: "Lost a calf red.—He had a white spot on one of his hind legs. He was a she calf. I will give three dollars to everybody what will bring him home."

## ORVILLE GARDNER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

It is some time since we noticed this powerful agent for good among the cast off men of our city, not because we did not sympathize and rejoice in his movement, but because, being once started and moving regularly on, it did not seem particularly to demand attention. It is well known that Mr. Gardner was the Prize Fighter and head of rowdism in New York, who went by the name of Awful Gardner, but who was suddenly converted in the great Revival, three years ago, and whose conversion, and subsequent ability and zeal for the conversion of others of his own class, drew forth the admiration of thousands. Many predicted his speedy return; but, through the grace of God, he has continued to this day; and we may add, through his being placed in a situation of usefulness, where it has been his great business to care for and restore the fallen. A coffee room was fitted up for him, No 28 New Bowerly, with furniture newspapers and books, where men, even of the lowest class, might come and be cared for, receive instruction, and apparel, and food, and hear such exhortations as might reclaim and save them. Into this establishment Mr. Gardner threw himself, being sustained, though not liberally, by the table and donations of some gentlemen interested in the establishment. The good that has been done is not easily estimated. During the last fifteen months it is reported that from 1000 to 1500 miserable drinking and drunken men have been started in sober habits and guided to useful employments, and many have, under the personal appeals of Mr. Gardner, an avowedly religious man, become hopeful Christians.

In what we have said of Inebriate Asylums, we have not spoken of this, because it is not a place for residence and confinement, or long medical treatment, like that at Boston or Binghampton; and yet it has proved an Asylum to many who had no place where to lay their head. Left much through the last season to take care of himself, Mr. Gardner has become involved in debt, and greatly needs assistance to maintain his establishment.—*N. Y. Prohibitorist*.

A Portland paper relates how a young lady, on a wager, carried a dozen brooms home on her shoulders, from the store, and calls it an interesting spectacle. We remember of hearing of a more musical incident than that. The wife of a celebrated lawyer in Central Ohio, quite noted for her beauty and independence, was in a store one day, in Z—, when the proprietor asked her how many cow-bells she would consider as an equivalent for a ring which she wore. "Two dozen," she replied. "Will you take them now?" queried the merchant. "Certainly!" said Mrs. S.; and, pulling off the ring, she took the cow-bells—a dozen on a string, in each hand—and carried them home, greatly to the amusement of the town, and the no small loss of the dealer in bells, for each one was then worth fifty cents, while the ring was worth about five dollars. On another occasion the same lady rode a wild horse which, becoming somewhat unmanageable, was turned into the Muskingum river, and forced by the intrepid rider to swim that wide and swift stream. She said she did it to "cool him off."—*Cosmopolitan Art Journal*.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Times says that a most terrible tragedy occurred in Adams county, in that State, a few days past. A woman about to churn butter, threw some boiling water into the churn, into which one of the children, unnoticed by the mother, placed an infant, and it was instantly scalded to death. In her frenzy the mother seized a chair and inflicted a death blow upon the little girl. After realizing what she had done, she threw herself into the well and was drowned.

"Our darkey who fires up is pretty smart. He asked me the other day, 'why he was a poet?' I could not tell. 'Kase, you see I eat salt fish las' night, and I was Dry-den.'"

The census of Vermont for 1860 will show a gain in population of about 2500 over the census of 1850.