

LAMOILLE NEWSDEALER.

VOLUME 4.

HYDE PARK, VERMONT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1863.

NUMBER 5.

S. HOWARD, Publisher.

"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

TERMS: \$1.50 per year, or \$1.25 in advance.

Lamoille Newsdealer:

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
AT HYDE PARK, LAMOILLE COUNTY, VT.

Rates of Advertising:
1 column 1 year, \$40; 6 mos. \$25; 3 mos. \$14;
1 mo. \$7.
1-2 column 1 year, \$25; 6 mos. \$14; 3 mos. \$7; 1
mo. \$3.
1-4 column 1 year, \$14; 6 mos. \$7; 3 mos. \$3;
1 mo. \$1.
1-8 column 1 year, \$8; 6 mos. \$5; 3 mos. \$3;
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I once knew a dinner for four, with a good cup
of tea, got up in ten minutes. [Ed.] 36

CENTRAL HOUSE, Elias Chadwick, proprie-
tor, Jeffersonville, Vt. This house has been
recently fitted up and the new proprietor
hopes to give satisfaction to the traveling public. 38

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Particular attention given to the collection of
all claims against the Government, widows', in-
valid, and other pensions, bounties, back pay,
&c. WALDO BRIGHAM, GEO. L. WATERMAN, 45

G. W. HENDEE, attorney and counselor at
law, and solicitor in Chancery, Morrisville,
Vt. Office in Masonic building. 64

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military claims, including pensions and bounties.
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given to collecting all kinds of military claims,
having an experienced agent and attorney in
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sions, bounties, back pay, &c., on reasonable
terms.

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and surgeon, Morrisville, Vt. Office at his
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Office hours from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Particular
attention given to operative surgery. 15

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H. A. SCOTT, watchmaker and jeweler, Mor-
risville, Vt. Dealer in the best broadcloths, co-
caineines, vestings, tailors' trimmings, cut to
Ready-made clothing, Gents' furnishing
Goods, &c. Graments made in the most ap-
proved manner, and warranted to fit. 35

T. H. MILLAN, fashionable tailor, Johnson, Vt.
All work made by him will be done in the best
style and warranted to fit. Cutting done for
others to make. Terms, cash on delivery. 1

S. N. TRACY, fashionable tailor, Johnson, Vt.
S. Work done to order on short notice. Cutting
done for others to make. All work warranted. 28

Painters.

L. S. LEIGHTON, Eden Corners, Vt., here-
by announces to the citizens of Lamoille
County and vicinity that he has made arrange-
ments for doing House, Carriage and Furniture
Painting and Gilding, in the neatest manner,
and with the utmost dispatch. He also attends
to paper hanging and glazing. All orders
promptly attended to. 21

E. J. TAYLOR would respectfully inform the
inhabitants of Hyde Park and vicinity that
he has located in Hyde Park for the purpose of
doing all kinds of work belonging to his profes-
sion, such as painting, glazing and paper hang-
ing.

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WILSON CRISWOLD, carriage and sleigh
maker, Elmore, Vt., keeps constantly on
hand carriages and sleighs, of the best work-
manship, and got up in the best style. Repair-
ing done promptly.

From the Watchman and Reflector. THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

The day had been one of dense mists and
rains, and much of Gen. Hooker's battle was
fought above the clouds, which concealed him
from our view, but from which his musketry was
heard.—Gen. Meigs to Secretary Stanton, Nov.
26th.

By the banks of Chattanooga, watching with a
soldier's heed,
In the chilly autumn morning, gallant Grant was
on his steed;
For the foe had climbed above him with the ban-
ners of his band,
And the cannon swept the river from the hills of
Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders—Howard, Thom-
as, to the bridge!
One brigade aboard the Dunbar! Storm the
heights of Mission Ridge,
On the left the ledges, Sherman, charge and hurl
the rebels down!
Hooker, take the steep of Lookout and the slopes
before the town!

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the
traitors, where they lay.
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for
muster-day;
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward
its alarms,
And they dropped their idle glasses in a hurried
rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands, surely, swiftly
swept the lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with
loud and louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest
seemed to throb,
And the star-flag of our country waved in some
on Orchard Knob.

Day and night, and day returning, ceaseless
shook and ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and
burned along the range.
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled
densely mist and rain,
Till ascending squadrons vanished from the gaze
on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents up-
on the shore,
From the roofs of yonder city anxious eyes the
clouds explore;
But no rift amid the darkness shows them father,
brother, sons,
While they trace the viewless struggle by the
echo of the guns.

Upward! Charge for God and country! Up!
Aha, they rush, they rise,
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-
clouded skies,
And the battle-field is bloody where a dew-drop
never falls
For a voice of fearless justice to a tearless ven-
geance calls.
And the heaven is wild with shouting; frey shot
and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle
in the blue serene.
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult
in the air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's
strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions!
Well their foes might be dismayed,
Standing in His mountain temple 'gainst the
terrors of His aid;
And the clouds might fitly echo pean loud and
pasting gun
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor-
host, undone,
They have conquered! Through the region
where our brothers plucked the palm;
Rings the noise in which they won it with the
sweetness of a psalm;
And our wounded, sick and dying, hear it in
their crowded wards,
Till they know our cause is heaven's and our bat-
tle is the Lord's!
And our famished captive heroes locked in Rich-
mond's prison hells
List those guns of cloudland booming glad as
freedom's morning-bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting, with their
cheeks against the bars,
Feel God's breath of hope, and see it playing
with the stripes and stars,
Tories, safe in serpent-treason, startle as those
ahy cheers
And that wild, ethereal war-drum fall like doom
upon their ears!
And that rush of cloud-borne armies, rolling back
the nation's shame,
Frightens them with its sound of judgment and its
flash of angry flame.
Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal hearts
desponding grown
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the
gate of Heaven blown,
And the patriot-poor shall wonder, in their sim-
ple hearts, to know
In the land above the thunder their embattled
champions go.

ADVENTURES IN REBELDOM.

We copy from the Lyons, (Iowa) Mer-
cury, the following account of the adven-
tures of a young man formerly from Ver-
mont, but now of the 6th Wisconsin in-
fantry, in a letter to his mother, soon af-
ter the battle of Gettysburg.

DEAR MOTHER:—I suppose you have
been waiting long and anxiously to hear
from me. This is the first chance I have
had to write since the battle of Gettys-
burgh. I was not wounded but was taken
prisoner the first day of the fight. It is
a long and tedious story, so I will
not give the full details, only enough to
show what I have been through since the
first of July. There were some two or

three thousand of us prisoners in all; we
were kept on the battlefield in rear of the
rebel army until after the fight was over
and they retreated to the Potomac. Then
we were marched to the river by way of
Waynesboro and Hagerstown. We crossed
the river at Williamsport on the 9th, and
took the road for Staunton. I had lost
my shoes soon after I was taken, so I had
to march barefoot. They gave us but
little to eat. I sold my watch for thirty
dollars Confederate scrip, but it did not
last long, for I had to pay such prices for
everything. I paid as high as four dollars
for half a peck of flour. I had three com-
rades, so my money did not last long. At
Winchester I cut my foot on a piece of
glass; it was very painful but I had to
keep up with it. We reached Staunton
on the 18th, after a march of one hun-
dred and fifty miles. Staunton is 127
miles from the Potomac. It is needless
to say that we were weak from hunger,
tired and foot sore. From Staunton we
were to be sent to Richmond. They sent
them all off but 800 of us, and they told
us that they were going to put us on Belle
Island; the others they were going to pa-
role and send back. I came to the con-
clusion that I would not go to Belle Is-
land, so I, with my two comrades, formed
a plan to effect our escape. We heard
that our lines were at Front Royal, about
75 miles distant, and we thought we
could make the trip if we could only get
away from the guard; so on the 27th
we traded around and got nine or ten
crackers apiece and at night we watched
the guard to find a chance to get out.
About eleven o'clock at night I found one
of the guards asleep; I went and told my
two comrades to follow me as quietly as
possible. We got out past the guard all
right, and then struck for the Blue Ridge
on the east side of the Shenandoah. We
traveled nights and laid still daytimes,
never venturing into a road. We reached
the mountains on the 30th, and then we
followed down the east side of the river.
Whenever we heard any one coming we
would lay down in the brush or behind a
fence. We passed right through a rebel
cavalry camp one night, and I crawled up
within two or three rods of one of their
fires where a crowd were sitting, to see if
I could hear anything about where our
men were. I could learn nothing, so I
crawled off and passed out amongst their
horses into the woods. About this time
our bread gave out, and we had to live
on berries and green apples; once in a
while we would find a milk house, and
then we would get what milk we could
drink. We passed Port Republic on the
night of the first of August. We would
meet cavalry squads every little while,
but none of them discovered us. When
we got down within about twelve miles of
Front Royal, we crossed over on the west
side of the river; we got rather careless,
as we thought we were pretty near our
lines and we did not keep as close as we
should have done through the daytime.
We were seen by some of the citizens, al-
though we did not know it at the time.
We started at dark on the evening of the
7th, as we usually did. We did not go
more than five or six miles before we heard
some one coming; we were right in front
of a house at the time, and I jumped over
the fence and laid down behind it; the
other two boys crossed the road and laid
down in the brush. Presently the crowd
came along and halted right at the fence,
about twenty feet from me, but it was so
dark that they did not see me. They
called the man out of the house, and I
overheard their conversation. They told
him there had been three Yankees seen
about six miles from there, and they were
going to hunt them up. The man that
lived in the house, whom I heard them
call Johnson, halloed to his boy and told
him to fetch out his gun and cartridge
box; the boy brought out the gun and
Johnson gave it to one of the crowd and
told him to make good use of it. They
stood and talked a few minutes longer
and then started on; after they had all
gone we got up and travelled, fully con-
vinced that those "three yankees" had
better be getting out of there.

We did not go but a short distance be-
fore we met two other squads with arms
going to hunt the Yankees; we hid and
let them pass on. We thought we were

all right, and were going along a pretty
good jog when the first thing I knew it
was, "Who comes there?" "Friends,"
said I, and then started and ran, the oth-
ers following. They fired some five or
six shots at us, but did not hit me to
hurt me any; a ball or buck shot just
grazed my right thigh, enough to make
it smart a few minutes. We all got sep-
arated before we had run ten feet. I saw
one of the boys fall, but whether he was
hit or whether he stumbled and fell I
do not know. I am afraid he is killed
though, for I have seen nor heard nothing
from him since.

I ran about ten rods and then dropped
down and laid still until I found I was
not followed, when I got up and crawled
off as still as I could. I went down the
river a couple of miles and then hid in
the brush until the next night, when I
swam the river and went up within a
half mile of Front Royal, where I again
hid in the brush, calculating to watch the
next day and see if any of our troops
were there. The first thing I saw in the
morning was a company of rebel cavalry
going down the pike; this showed me at
once that our troops were not there, and
my only show was to either go and give
myself up or strike for Harper's Ferry.
I was so lonesome that I did not know
what to do; I did not know whether the
other two boys were killed, or what had
become of them. I finally concluded
that I would strike for Harper's Ferry;
so at night I started out, but my feet
were so sore that I could not travel, and I
did not get more than 5 or 6 miles in all
night, so I came to the conclusion that if
I could get a skiff I would try and get
down the river that way—although the
river was full of falls and rapids. I
crawled up on a point of the bluff just be-
fore sundown one night, and discovered a
skiff lying on the other side of the river;
this I thought was my best chance, so at
dark I crawled down to the bank of the
river and was waiting for everything to
get still, when a man jumped into the
skiff and crossed over to where I was lay-
ing. I kept quiet, and he passed on up to
a house about fifty yards distant. After
he had gone I jumped into the skiff and
started down stream. The skiff was an
old one, and leaky, and I had to use my
hat to bail it out. About one o'clock I
discovered that I was followed by a party
on each side of the river. I paddled
along just as though I did not suspect any-
thing, but kept close watch of my pursu-
ers. I could see them every few minutes
when there would be an opening in the
bushes on the bank. I paddled along un-
til I came to an island of pretty good
size, when I run close up under the shade
of the trees, jumped out on the bank and
let the skiff float along. I then went back
up to the head of the island and swam
the river, crossed in the rear of my pur-
suers and put for the mountains. I don't
know how long they followed the skiff,
but I guess they felt cheap when they
found the bird had flown. The next night
I crawled a few miles farther, but there
was a stone-bruise coming on my heel and
it was getting so bad that I could not
walk. I laid in the woods here two days
and two nights, just getting far enough to
find what black berries I saw to eat.

The evening of the 9th I saw a skiff on
the opposite bank, and thought if I could
get it I could get to our lines by morning,
as it could not be more than twenty miles.
I waited until dark and then swam the
river and got the skiff, which proved to
be a very nice and light one. I got along
very well until about two o'clock, when I
came to some rapids; I finally got past
them after swamping five or six times and
running over falls of seven or eight feet.
At daylight I came in sight of the moun-
tains on the Maryland side. I knew that
as soon as I saw them, and I knew that
it could not be more than five or six miles
to Harper's Ferry; so I kept on after day-
light, passing over several falls and get-
ting my boat filled several times. I
finally got to Harper's Ferry about seven
o'clock in the following condition: No
shoes; a pair of pants minus the seat and
part of the legs; a coat minus the tails
and lining, which I had cut off to wrap
my feet in; a shirt I had worn for nearly
two months; and a hat that beggars des-
cription. I reported to the Provost Mar-

shall, and there I found to my surprise,
one of my comrades who had got in the
day before. If he had been my own
brother I could not have been more glad
to see him. The Marshal gave us all we
wanted to eat, and some of the boys gave
us pants, and that afternoon we were sent
to Washington, and from thence here
where we arrived yesterday. I found a
couple of my old comrades that belong to
our regiment, and one of them gave me a
clean shirt and blouse, and the other gave
me a good clean pair of pants and drawers.
I have no shoes yet, and in fact could not
wear them if I had them, for my stone-
bruise is very painful, and I have to walk
with a crutch. I think in the course of
two or three weeks I will be able to return
to duty. I met several boys of the regi-
ment, but I was so thin and poor that
they did not know me until I told them
who I was. I am recruiting up fast. I
lived for twelve or thirteen days on black-
berries and green apples, and what little
milk I could steal from the milk houses of
a night. But thank God I am where the
Stars and Stripes float once more.

Your son,
R. N. SMITH.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 13th, 1863.

EDITOR OF THE NEWSDEALER:—About
ten o'clock last Monday morning, Penn-
sylvania Avenue, the Broadway of Wash-
ington, began to fill with a moving throng,
composed of the "elite," "beauty" and
"fashion" of the city, and more especially
of those who were not the elite, beauty
and fashion aforesaid.

On the whole, however, it was a splen-
did pageant streaming up the Avenue to-
wards the Capitol, where at twelve o'clock
the Thirty-eighth Congress of the United
States was to assemble.

The carelessness and gayety of the
multitude, struck somewhat painfully up-
on my mind, as I thought of the momen-
tous interests depending upon the fiat of
those men, whose assembling together
was the occasion of all this; for what
seemed simply a gala-day, was, in reality
a day fraught with solemn and responsi-
ble duties, and weighty with the grave
destinies of a nation. At no time, to my
mind, could the meeting of our National
Congress be regarded as a holiday; and
now, less than ever before; for the ques-
tions of the present, upon which they
must deliberate, are greater ones than ever
before agitated a senate or forum.

Your correspondent joined in the throng
and at about half past ten, was seated in
the gallery of the House of Representa-
tives, patiently waiting the hour of open-
ing Congress.

It had been anticipated by the Repub-
licans, that there would be some difficul-
ty in organizing the House, owing to the
manifest disposition of the clerk, Mr.
Etheridge of Tennessee, to decide every
question in the true light of Copperhead-
ism. For, in making up the roll of mem-
bers of the House, who were to vote on
the permanent organization, Mr. Ether-
idge had refused to enroll the names of
many republican members, among which
was the entire Maryland delegation, al-
leging some informality in their creden-
tials.

The informality upon which the Mary-
land delegation was excluded by the
clerk, was the purely technical one, that
the Governor had made a joint certificate
instead of a separate certificate for each
member. At the same time, there was a
bogus copperhead delegation from Louis-
iana whose credentials consisted in certi-
ficates from a man, styling himself gov-
ernor, but without the *state seal* attached,
which was, in fact, no credentials what-
ever.

But, Mr. Etheridge waived this infor-
mality, and enrolled the members from
Louisiana. This was the spirit manifest-
ed by Mr. Etheridge throughout, and
from which some difficulty was antici-
pated.

As soon as the House was called to or-
der, and the facts brought before it, a res-
olution was offered, that the names of the
Maryland members be added to the roll
of the House, when one of the copperheads
moved that the resolution be laid on the
table, which the House refused to do by
a majority of 20, and the previous ques-

tion carried by the vote. The case of the
Louisiana members will be referred to
the committee on credentials, who will
undoubtedly make a proper disposition of
the matter.

There was one good result from all
this, and that was this: by it the copper-
heads discovered their weakness, and did
not afterwards venture a single hiss, and
Mr. Colfax was elected Speaker on the
first ballot, by a majority over all others
of about 20.

There has been nothing done, except to
organize, by which it is ascertained, that
there is a clear working administration
majority in the House of from twenty-
five to thirty, and of eight in the Senate.

Verily each day, and year and genera-
tion shall see the copperheads falling
more and more in the popular mind; and
the history of these times shall give to
them, the same honors and fame that our
Revolutionary history now gives to the
tory and traitor.

For the Newsdealer.
FROZEN.—RUM.
Festas G. Rand, of Cambridge, went to
Fairfax and partook so largely of the
spirit of that town, that he, in attempting
to get home, fell out of his waggon. His
horse wandered back to the house where
Rand found the means of intoxication as
if to give the rum-seller notice that his
victim was (in the night) on the high-
way, freezing. After his hands and arms
were frozen up to his elbows, and his feet
and legs frozen up to his knees, he was
taken in by a kind family. It is now
thought that his limbs may be saved, and
he recover.

Rumseller, you did it! Temperance
men, you looked on with all the cold in-
difference of a block of marble! Who is
accountable for the immense mischief now
being done by the contraband liquor traf-
fic? Let sober citizens answer.

LAMOILLE RIVER.
Dec. 17.
YANKEE TRICK.
At the battle of Rappahannock Station,
after the fifth Maine had gained posses-
sion of the works in their front, and were
busy taking a whole brigade of Johnnys
to the rear, Col. Edwards, who was one of
the first to reach the rifle pits, took a few
men from Co. G, and pressed on in quest of
more prisoners, supposing some might get
away in the darkness of the night. Fol-
lowing the line of fortifications down to-
ward the river, he saw before him a long
line of troops in the rifle pits. Finding
that he was in a tight fix, he determined
to put on a bold face.

"Where is the officer in command of
these troops?" demanded the gallant Col-
onel.
"Here," answered a Colonel who was
commanding the rebel brigade, "and who
are you, sir?"
"My name is Col. Edwards, of the
5th Maine, and I demand you to surren-
der your command."
"I will confer with my officers, first,"
replied the rebel officer.
"Not a moment will I allow, sir," said
Col. Edwards. "Don't you see my col-
umns dancing?" pointing to a large body
of men moving over the hill, but who
were the rebel prisoners being marched to
the rear. "Your forces on the right
have all been captured, and your retreat
is cut off," and as the rebel commander
still hesitated, he continued, "Forward!
5th Maine and 121st New York!"
"I surrender, sir," said the rebel com-
mander, quickly. "Will you allow me
the courtesy of retaining a sword that has
never been dishonored?"
"Yes, sir," replied Col. E., "but I will
take the swords of those officers," point-
ing to the Colonels by his side. They
were handed to him. "Now, order your
men to lay down their arms, and pass to
the rear, with this guard."
They obeyed, and a whole brigade of
Louisianians, the famous 5th and 6th
Tigers being among them, permitted them-
selves to be disarmed and marched to the
rear as prisoners of war, by Col. Edwards
and less than a dozen men of his regi-
ment. Had it not been for the Colonel's
coolness and bravery at this critical mo-
ment, the result would have been very un-
pleasant, to say the least.