Lamoille Newsdealer.

CHAS. C. MORSE, Publisher.

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Lamoille Newsdealer:

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—BY—
CHAS. C. MORSE.

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Morrisville, Aug. 10th, 1869. 39tf

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As I can no longer rent the shop where I have done business during past years, I have removed my place of business to a new shop a few rods farther north on the same street, and with new tools, new prices and less expenses, I believe I can satisfy all that will favor me with work. Farmer's produce taken in exchange for work, at ruling prices.
JOSEPH GAUTHIER.
Hyde Park, Nov. 8, 1869 51tf

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Modern designs, executed in the highest style, furnished at reasonable rates.

Poetry.

For the Newsdealer.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Two centuries and a half have passed,
Since on old Massachusett's soil
The first Thanksgiving-day was blest
By her few noble sons of toil.

In sixteen hundred and twenty-one,
(The pilgrims came the year before,)
Thanksgiving-day was first begun
By them, upon our eastern shore.

Most of the crops came in quite good,
Although some failed through nature's laws;
But as they had enough for food,
They had for thanks sufficient cause.

To catch some fowls four men were sent,
Who were successful ere they came;
So we can see the day was spent
In part, at least, by eating game.

These men of old upon our shore,
With what they had were satisfied;
They did not grieve because no more
Was gathered in on every side.

Their failures were forgotten then:
They let no clouds obscure the way;
But like true philosophic men
The bright side was their theme that day.

This was the way it had its birth
Among the pilgrims, long ago,
And it has spread till every hearth
In all the region that we know

Doth celebrate this ancient feast
By turning from the common way:
If nothing more, they do, at least,
"Stuff fuller" on Thanksgiving-day.

It is a day of festive scenes,
With old friends gathered round the fire,
The clock does not disturb our dreams
By warning us to soon retire.

Our troubles now are all forgot;
No shadows cross our happy way;
We are contended with our lot
Because it is Thanksgiving-day.

There are dark days in every life;
At least to us they seem to be;
But if we look beyond the strife
A brighter picture we shall see.

When we, instead of mourning long
Whene'er a failure doth appear,
Shall break forth into praise and song,
And each one be of hearty cheer;

And thankful are, in all our hearts,
For all the blessings we receive,
And overlook the little darts
That cause us oftentimes to grieve,

Then shall the world most truly see,
Though shadows flit across our way,
That all our lives will truly be
One happy, bright, Thanksgiving-day.

C. F. Spafford.

JOHNSON, Vt.

Miscellany.

A Romance of Gila Bend.

The day that brought us to Oatman's Flat was murky and gloomy—a day in full harmony with the character of the country through which we were traveling. We descended into the Flat by an abrupt fall in the road, that landed us at once among a clump of scraggy, darkling willows, drooping wearily over a sluggish little creek. In the distance glittered the white sand-bed of the Gila; and half buried in it, here and there, were the ghastly, water bleached limbs of the trees that the river had uprooted in its annual frenzy. Verde, or grease-wood, as ragged and scraggy as the willows, covered the whole Flat, excepting where toward the centre, a dilapidated shanty stood on a sandy, cheerless open space. Not far from it were the remains of a fence inclosing some six paces of uneven ground; and on the only uper rail left of the inclosure sat a dismal-looking, solitary crow.

The flat was repulsively dreary and desolate; and when Sam, the driver, pointing to it with his whip, said it was the spot where the Oatman family had been murdered, and lay buried, it added nothing to its attractiveness. Only one of the family escaped—a little chap, who crawled away; after he had been left for dead, and brought the white people from the next settlement to the scene of the massacre. There was nothing to be done but to bury the mutilated corpses. After this the place was deserted and shunned, though there had been no more Indian depredations committed for years.

I watched the solitary cabin with a strange fascination. Sam, too, had his eyes fixed on something that might have been the shadow of one of the victims, flitting by the black gap which had once been the door. The place was to weird, and the ghostly shadow chimed in so well with the rest, that I accepted it as a part of the uncanny whole. We were going along at the usual leasurely gait, when Sam suddenly and excitedly whipped up the mules, and leaned out of the ambulence to speak to Phil, who drove the army wagon containing our baggage. The road was good and solid, so that I took no alarm; but, when the speed was continued, and the baggage wagon kept thundering close in the rear, I ventured to ask, "Is there danger from Indians, here?"

"There hain't no Injens been seen round here for more'n three year," was the answer.

Traveling from Los Angels to Tucson, you can, if you so chose, sleep under a roof almost every night, providing you have good teams. There are many Government forage-stations along the whole route, where travelers are "taken in" by the station-keepers—though not on Government account. I do not say that it is pleasant at all these stations—particularly for a woman, as she will seldom or never meet one of her own sex on the way. When we left Fort Yuma, Sam assured me that I would not see a white woman's face between there and Tucson. We were happily disappointed, for we met not only one, but a whole family of them, one after the other.

At Burke's Station, where we were to pass the night, the first surprise awaited us. The house a squalid *adobe*, was built in the style comon along the route; an open passageway from front to rear with rooms on either side. The principal room to the left was bar-room and store room; the one to the right, sitting-room and bedroom, and behind it was the kitchen. The passage-way was dining-hall. When the tall young Missourian, mine host had ushered me into the room on the right, he stepped to the opening leading to the kitchen, and called out:

"Here, Sis; come and speak to the lady."

Obedient to the call, a bashful, half-grown girl appeared, wiping her hands on her apron looking timidly from under long eye-lashes. I took her by the hand. "How do you do, child? How do you do, child? How in the world did you get here—and where is your mother?" I asked.

Sam and Phil stood in the hall-door, nudging each other, till Sam could restrain himself no longer.

"Why, that's his wife," pointing to young Goliath from Missouri; "and her dad and mam's livin in the old shanty down on the Flat. I'll be darned if they didn't give me the wust scare I had yet—thought they was Injens—shure!"

"And how old are you?" I asked the girl.

"Almost fifteen was the answer; and, when the men withdrew, she told me about the rest of her family, whom I would probably see along the road.

A coarse cotton gown, made with a yoke about an inch and a half in debth, was drawn up close around her neck, and hung loosely about her slender, immature form; her naked feet were thrust into coarse boots, and a large check apron completed her costume. But there was a shy, daisy-like grace about her, that made one forget the dress, and see only the dove-like eyes and the half-pensive smile on her face. Her husband treated her in all things like a child, and she obeyed him without a murmur or a question. When we left, he told us that we would find Sis's aunt at Kenyon's Station, and charged us to say that Sis was well, and not the least bit homesick.

We made Kenyon's Station early in the day—Sam and Phil greatly enjoing the prospebt of seeing another white woman. She appeared on the threshold, a brawny, coarse-handed woman of about forty, tidy-looking, in spite of her bare feet and the short pipe in her mouth. By her side appeared a shock-headed girl of twelve, with eyes agog, and a mouth open, at the strange apparition of a civilized-looking white woman. The husband stood beside the ambulance—six feet and a half in his cow-hide boots—and with a good-humored smile on his leathery face. The house, like that at Burke's Station, was *adobe;* but there was an air of homely comfort about it, inside and out, cheerful and inviting.

Aunt Polly was an excellent housekeeper—as viewed from a Texan standpoint—and, after she had in the most *naive* manner satisfied her curiosity in regard to my looks and general makeup, she commenced perparations for dinner. Sarah Eliza Jane—sole daughter of the house and race—sitting in a low, home-made chair, stared steadily, till she had comprehended that the bits of braid and lace in my lap were to be manufactured into a collar, similar to the one I wore. When she learned that the collar was to be for her, she ran out, shouting her pleasure, to her mother. The mother's delight was as frank and all at once the secret leaked out that the family was in possession of a fine American cow. Never speak disparagingly to me of Pikes and Texans. It has been my experience that the least kindness shown them is returned tenfold, and the smallest advance of freadiness is met by them half way. When dinner was placed on the table, there came with it the most delicious butter I had eaten for many days, and a cup of the sweetest buttermilk. Aunt Polly's method for making butter was very simple. The cream was poured into a high tin quart-cup, and beaten with a spoon till the butter came—which it did in about fifteen minutes.

Becoming quite intimate, Aunt Polly resumed her pipe, and gave me a short account of her history since emigrating from Texas. The most striking incidents were the loss of her former husband by a stroke of lightning, about ten months before, and the acquisition of her present husband by a stroke of policy, about three months before. Though she did not show me the weeds she had worn on becoming a widow, she exhibited the gorgeous "good clothes sae wore on a gain becoming a wife. She stood a little distance from me, and spread out the second-day dress admiringly, so that I could see the whole of the pattern, consisting of detached boquets—brilliantly varigated in color and gigantic in size—scattered over a plain of light sky-blue. Her husband had proved kind and indulgent; since their marriage he had been at Maricopa Wells and brought home another dress of many colors—which alas! had run on of his saddle-bags, after a two hours' hard rain, on his way home. I saw the dress-pattern, and—"Oh, it was pitiful."

After this display of good-will and fine clothes, she had a favor to ask of me. Pointing to my trunk, she said her husband was crazy to know whether there was a waterfall in it? He had read so much about waterfalls in the stray papers that fell into his hands that he had the greatest curiosity in the world to know what they were, and to see one with his own eyes. Aun. Polly had shrewdly guessed it to be a new fashion of "putting up" the hair; but they both had as correct an idea of it as a blind man has of colors. With deep regret I owned that there was no waterfall in the trunk; but, seeing their disappointment, I succeeded, with the aid of a pair of stockings and a pincushion, in putting up my hair into quite a little Niagara, to the great delight of these fashion-worshiping peopie.

How charming and refreshing the grove of trees looks, when you draw up under their shadow at Gila Bend, after days of toilsome travel over wearisome arid sand-plains, or through an almost interminable wilderness of grease-wood and cactus. The whisper of the wind in the trees, the bark of the dog that ran out to meet us, and the cackle of the busy hens around the doorway told us that we should find good and happy people here. There was the solitory house, as usual, but it seemed more pretentious than those at the other stations. The passage-way was higher and wider, the rooms more numerous, and finished with whitewash and good glass windows. At the windows, curtains; a gray-colored counterpane on the bed, and wolf-skins in front of it and the lounge.

The station-keeper was a tall, black-bearded, good-looking man, by name George Washington ——. I knew that I should find Sis's eldest sister here, as Mrs. George W. ——, for she was married on the same day with her Aunt Polly. The blue eyes, under long silken lashes that met my gaze on the threshold at Gila Bend, were like Sis's—only these were the same graceful movements, with more of self-assertion. She might have been eighteen. Her hands and feet were small, and her rich brown hair, oddly though not unbecomingly dressed, lay on a forehead, white and pure as that of a child.

No wonder George was proud of his wife and had tried hard to win as such the barefooted girl whom he found one day, with her family and some sorry ox teams, camped near his house, on their way from Texas to California. The emigrants were the girl's mother, her step-father, her sister, brother, aunt, and the aunt's little girl. Aunt Polly seemed to be the leading man, for to her belonged the two best ox teams, one of which was driven by herself, the other by the girl Dorinda. She hired or bought her neice from the step-father for this purpose, after she lost her husband by lightning; and Dora had been faithful to her task, although nearly worn out crossing the Desert from Maricopa Wells to Gila Bend. After George had taken a deep look into the girl's eyes, he very disinterestedly, not only invited the whole family to come into the house,—as far as they would go in—to rest from the long, hard journey but extended the hospitalities of the place to both man and beast.

The Texans, content, were in no hurry to move on, and George was in no hurry to have them go. Dora, Sis, and the ten-year-old brother soon became warmly attached to him; and they, with the big dog Bose, daily wandered off to the Gila to catch fish; wading into the stream, with ever-fresh zest, as they recalled that dreadful drag across the waterless desert. George alone remained on the bank, fishing-line in hand.

One day, when Dora had watched the cool, clear water gliding swiftly over sun-browned feet, in silence, she raised her eyes suddenly from under the long, shading lashes.

"Way don't you ever come into the water? Don't you like to stand in it?" she asked of George.

"Come, sit here, and I will tell you." She nestled down beside him, and, calling Bose, who laid his head on his head master's knee and looked inquiringly from one to the other, he said: "About three year ago, before I had built this house house, I lived in a shanty, about a mile from the river. The summer was very hot; I had suffered much from the sun and the want of water in crossing the country, and, after the man who came out here with me had gone on to Fort Yuma, I was left entirely alone. When I see you over your ankles in the water now, I am often tempted to call you back only I know you are young and strong, and I remember but too well what pleasure there is in it. Besides, you do not remain in it, as I did, for long, weary hours, every day, standing in the shade of a willow, catching fish for my dinner. There was little else here to eat then, and I never left off fishing, till I was taken with rheumatism, from which I had suffered years before. I was all alone, and could not move, and would have died of thirst alone in my shanty, if it had not been for this good dog. A dozen times a day Bose would trot down to the river, dip up a small tin-pail of water, and bring it to me. Otherwise the faithful old fellow never left my side, day or night; and, though he would, no doubt nurse me through another spell of rheumatism, it would be dreadful to be sick and alone here, after you and your people are gone."

Dora was tenderly stroking the dog's rough coat. "It would be dreadful," she repeated, absently, a tear rolling from her lashes to her cheek. Her words, and the look in her eyes, thrilled George to his inmost soul.

"Dora"—he said, arresting the hand traveling over Bose's head—"Dora, I am old enough to be your father"—

"Yes," she replied, looking up artlessly—but there was something in his face that made her eyes drop and the warm blood flush her cheeks.

When he spoke again it was of something quite different, and, after a while, the conversation turned to her family. Her step-father did not always treat her well; he struck her cruelly once, and her mother dared not interfere, knowing his temper but too well. George could hardly keep from putting his arms around her to shield her from the man's rough ways; and in his heart he vowed that it should be different, if Dora did but will it so. The step-father and aunt had spoken of pulling up stakes soon, but Dora was averse to going.

In the evening George proposed to the step-father that he remain at the station and "farm it," near the river, while the mother kept house for them all, and served meals to the traveling public of Arizona. From chronic perverseness he refused, saying that he wanted to go to California; and George determined to hasten matters in another direction. He hovered, as much as possible, about Dora, who since the day by the riverside had taken Bose in to her confidence and affection. Wherever she went the dog went, and his master augured well for himself from this, though Dora was more shy and reticent than when she first came to the Bend.

One day, the Texans commenced gathering up their "tricks" and making ready to go. Dora's eyes were red, and George—to cheer her perhaps—proposed a walk on the river-bank. When they came back, she seemed even more shy, though she stole up to him in the twilight, where he stood by the mosquito tree, and hastily put her hands into his. He drew her to him quickly, pressed her head to his breast, and murmured, "Thanks, my little girl," as he touched her hair with his lips. An hour later, there was clamor and confusion at Gila Bend. George caused it all, for to him the aunt vehemently declared that she would have the girl to drive her ox-team into California—she had hired her and paid for her; and the step-father shouted that he had control of the child, and go she should, whether or no.

Poor George passed a sleepless night. The picture of Dora—barefooted and weary, toiling hopelessly through the sand on the desert—was always before him, and he swore to himself that she should not go; that he would shelter her henceforth from the cruel, burning sun, and the sharp words and sharper blows of her the step-father. Exacting a promise from the emigrants to remain until he returned he started out alone on his trusty horse, Bose running close by his side. After he left the shelter of the trees, he halted and looked keenly around in every direction. A sharp bark from Bose detected Dora crossing the stretch of land between the road and the river, and when she reached the lone horseman a slight bound brought her foot into the stirrup and her flushed face on a level with his.

"Thanks, my little girl—I knew you would come," he said as on the night before; but this time he held her face between his hands and looked searchingly into her eyes. "What if they should try to take my little girl away before I come back: would she go off and leave me?"

She met his look fearlessly and confidingly. "Tell me in what direction you are going, and I will run away and follow you, if they break up before you return."

"Toward Fort Yuma. I shall ride day and night and return to you in ten days. Good-by; keep faith and keep courage."

"Good-by;" for the first time the soft bare arms were laid around his neck, and the blushing, child-like face half buried in his full black beard. "Let me keep Bose here," she called after him; and, at a word from his master, the dog sped after her over the cactus covered ground.

At Gila Bend preparations for departure on George's return were kept on foot, purposely to keep before Dora's eyes the fact that she was expected to go with her people. The days passed, one like another; there was no event to break the monotony of their desert life. There was one change, but knew of it or perceived it, except, perhaps, Dora's mother. From a thoughtless, easily-guided girl, Dora was changing into a self-reliant, strong-spirited woman. Her mother knew her resolve as well as though she had heard her utter it; she looked upon her eldest-born with all the greater pride, when she discovered that "the gal had a heap of her dad's grit," as well as his mild blue eyes and gentle bearing.

When the morning of the tenth day dawned, Dora was up betimes, mending with deft fingers, all the little rents she could find in her thin, well-worn dress. Never before had she felt that she was poor, or that she wanted more than the single gown and limp sun-bonnet. "Moving" had been their permanent state and normal condition, as far back as she could remember, and she knew only those who lived in the same condition. She had never seen town or city; yet in the settlement through which they had passed she had seen enough of finery to know that her wardrobe was scantily furnished. At last, one by one tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and she leaned her head on the edge of the bed where her sister lay, still asleep, and sobbed till Sis woke up and looked at her with wondering eyes.

In the course of the day, Dora went to the river two or three time, Bose always close at her heels. Whatever may have been the character of their mysterious consultations, in the afternoon the dog was missing, until near sundown, when he dashed into the station, panting and with protruding tongue. Unobserved, she stole away, and when quite a distance from the house, Bose came tearing through the cactus after her. The little cloud of dust seen in the distance came nearer and nearer, and, as soon as the horseman was distinguished, the race between Dora and Bose began, and when the different parties met, Bose was fain to leap up and salute the horse's face—because the rider was otherwise engaged. The horse continued the journey at a slow walk, while Dora looked the question she was too timid to ask. "Yes, darling, I think your aunt will be satisfied," answered George.

"Then you have brought the man?" Her curiosity had conquered, for she could see no human being besides themselves.

"I have." His laugh made her shrink a little—like the *mimosa sensitiva*, when touched by ever so dainty a finger—and he added, soberly: "Two of them; one is the station keeper at Kenyon's Station. Their wagon will come into sight directly, but I don't want them to see my little girl out here with me."

An hour afterward a heavily-laden wagon, drawn by two stout horses, came running into Gila Bend, followed by George. A hearty welcome was extended by all to the new arrivals—even Bose, the hypocrite, barked and capered as though he had not greeted his master two miles down the road. Supper was served by the mother and aunt, the latter being narrowly but furtively watched by the station-keeper of Kenyon's Station. All thoughts of business or departure seemed banished for that night, the aunt and the newly-arrived station-keeper enjoying their pipe in quiet harmony a little apart from the rest. The next morning the second man was offered to the aunt, by George, as a substitute for Dora; but as the Kenyon's Station-keeper had offered himself to her as a husband earlier in the day, the substitute was declined. Neither George nor second man, however, seemed disappointed: indeed, there was something suspicious about the readiness with which he went to work on the half-finished corral at the station.

That night they all sat out under the trees together; there was no more reserve or secrecy maintained. A dozen papers of the choicest brands of tobacco, and half a dozen bottles of "Colorado River water," from Fort Yuma, had wonderfully mollified the step-father. As soon as possible a Justice of the Peace was imported from Arizona City, to which place he was faithfully returned after having made two happy couples at Gila Bend.

* * * * * * *

Many months after, on my way back from Tucson, we came quite unexpectedly, between the latter place and Sacaton, on a new shanty. It was built of unhewn logs of cotton-wood and mesquite-trees, the branches wite their foliage furnishing the roof. A certain cheerful, home-like air about the place made me surmise the presence of a woman, I was not mistaken, for, through the only door of the hut was closed, and I could see no window, a loud but pleasant treble voice rang out directly "Dad—Bud! come right hy'ere to me. I know that's her comin' thar; I jest know it is;" and a little little body rushed out

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]