

Lamoille Newsdealer.

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Lamoille Newsdealer:

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2 Columns, one year, \$200; six months, \$120; three months, \$80; one month, \$50.
3 Columns, one year, \$300; six months, \$180; three months, \$120; one month, \$75.
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C. W. BECK, DENTIST, The first two weeks of every month, I shall be at my rooms in Cambridge, Vt., and the remainder of each month at Johnson, Vt. Nitrous Oxide Gas given when desired.

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Whereas good work will be furnished at reasonable prices, as can be obtained any where in the State, and shall be better than any other work, during the FIRST TEN DAYS OF EACH MONTH, I shall be away from home more or less of the remainder of the month.
I leave ALL the Modern Improvements, and warrant entire satisfaction in all cases, or no pay will be required.

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Natural teeth put in the best state of preservation, diseases of the gums successfully treated; artificial teeth made in every style known to the profession.
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Prompt attention to business guaranteed. (731)

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Miscellaneous.
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All work warranted. Especial attention paid to shoeing in difficult cases, such as the different kinds of shoeing. Heir to. Give him a call.

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KINDS OF GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, and ALL GOODS, comprising FLOUR, all grades and brands, including the best of Meal, Graham Flour, Fish, salt, and other articles. Also, Pickles, Butter, Lard, Coffee, Spices, &c. Canned FRUITS in all varieties, AP- barrel, Galena, best refitted. A large stock of French and American. FERTILIZERS, such as Rainier, stationary, PERUMERIES, Hair Oil, a large stock of shoe case goods, &c. Also all the best brands of Tobacco and Cigars. Fishing tackle and Sporting Goods, &c., &c.
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GOOD COWS AND A FEW PAIRS WORKING CATTLE for sale by me. Terms cash down, the balance in equal payments to be made in 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 months. 10 percent discount for ready pay. Will be retained on all cattle sold at time when the purchaser be rich or poor.
R. S. PAGE,
Hyde Park, April 2d, 1874.

Poetry.

THE SUMMER DROUGHT.

Day after day the fiery sun sends down
Unmoistened heat on mountain and on plain,
While shallow brooks and meadows e'er and
brown,
Lift up the cry for rain.

Night after night the myriad stars move on
Undimmed by cloud, along their trackless way;
While all the dewa are from the heavens withdrawn,
And e'en the flowers decay.

God send us rain! breaks from impatient lips
Yet night or morn no promise brings, or change
For still the burning sun has no eclipse
In all his daily range.

O weary nights, O long and folsome days,
When God holds back his moisture from the
land,
And woods, and fields, and all life's trodden
ways,
Are dry as desert-sand.

O days and nights more drear and toilsome still,
In which the parched soul sits dumb with pain,
Nor asks that God would gracious be and fill
His empty springs again.

Lord, send thy quick'ning rain, and hill and
field
And stream, to life, as from the dead restore;
So that the autumn harvests to us yield
Their blessings as before.

Break up, O Lord, this more than summer
drought
Wherein our thirsty souls so long have lain:
Bend low thy heavens, and on us, Lord, pour out
Thy blessed latter rain!

WAIT FOR HIM.
BY JANE C. CHESEY.
What time God's answer to thy prayer shall
come,
Oh! heart of mine, 'tis not for thee to say!
It may be weary years, or but a day—
He is not deaf, nor are His grand lips closed,
But, seeing all this restlessness of thine,
Perchance would teach thee patience.

So be calm,
That lesson learned shall be like heavenly balm,
A thread of music through thy life to twine.
It may be He is waiting to bestow
Some hoped-for joy, so wondrously complete,
That all thy life shall blossom fair and sweet,
Along the way which He shall bid thee go:
Or it may be that path thou fain would'st
shun,
Yet better so, if still His will be done.

Miscellany.
From the October Aldine,
No Hero After all.
"Are you star-gazing?" asked Helen
Deno, stepping out upon the verandah,
where Tom Ford stood, staring abstractedly
at the cloudless evening sky.

"Only trying to devise some new meth-
od of shuffling off the mortal coil," Tom
answered, laying his unlighted cigar on
the railing beside him.
"Have matters reached such a desper-
ate condition with you?" laughed his com-
panion. "I should never have suspected it."

"It is my hero, not myself, who is to
be sent out of the world." "Can not you
give me a hint? Poison, consumption,
precipices, shipwreck, runaway horses,
Bah! I have made use of them all till they
have grown wearisomely common. I am
tempted to advertise for a novel way of
ridding myself or other people of life—even
at the risk of bringing a whole host of de-
tectives down upon me."

"Why not let the poor myth live?"
questioned Helen, smiling at the comical
expression of despair on the perplexed
author's face.
"Impossible!" replied Tom. "The lost
heir has turned up, and is already to mar-
ry Lady Gwendoline, and so this hero—
assistant hero, rather, is in the way, and
must be removed, even if I have to do it
in a commonplace fashion. You do not
know what a benevolent person I am,
Miss Helen, nor how much I have done
for my kind since first I commenced scrib-
bling. At the lowest estimate I have
hunted out and returned to their sorrow-
ing parents fully three dozen heirs and
heiresses—with and without strawberry
marks and tattooed anchors on their arms.
If it were not for the base ingratitude of
humanity, my statue, arrayed in nonde-
script costume, and executed in the worst
style of American art, would now adorn
Central Park or Union Square. I would
like to be a lost heir myself," he went on,
musingly, "only to be one is necessary to
have liquid blue eyes and golden hair and
snowy brow; or raven locks and fathom-
less dark orbs and classic features, and
not one of these attractions did unkind na-
ture see fit to bestow upon me. I am
homely—not even picturesque, at that—
do you know it, Miss Helen?"

"Since you have made the assertion, I
can not be impolite enough to contradict
it," she replied, gathering some of the
crimson leaves from the Virginia creeper
and putting them into her belt as she spoke.

"Give them to me, please," said Tom,
stretching out his hand.
She shook her head, and pointed to the
vine.
"For a memento of this evening," he
pleaded, in a tone which was far from
sentimental.
"How many such mementos have you
already?" she questioned, still keeping the
leaves.
"A dead rose—some other plant, which
now looks and smells decidedly hayey—a
glove, spotted with lemonade and of no
possible use to its rightful owner—a slip-
per rosette, big and ugly as a mushroom,
and a piece of pink ribbon much creased,
which may, perhaps, have belonged to
Miss Halsted instead of you," enumerated
Tom.

"That is all, I assure you."
"What are you going to do with them?"
Helen demanded, much inclined to laugh.
"Keep them to sigh over winter even-
ings when the fire gets low and my cigar
is smoked out," Tom answered. "One
must have help to misery as well as to
happiness."
"If that be so, here are the leaves,"
said she, laying them in his hand. "May
they contribute their small share toward
making you wretched, since it is for that
you desire them."

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed,
putting the coveted possession into his
pocket-book, where the dead rose already
reposed.
"Where are your other collections?"
asked Helen. "I presume you have made
quite a number within the past ten years."
"To tell the truth," replied he, "I
burned them after pilfering your glove.
I did not wish to get the trifles mixed and
so misplace my regrets, you see."

Helen bit her lip at the straightforward
avowal. "Are you always so frank, Mr.
Ford?"
"Never," he answered "except when
craftiness can not avail me anything. If
diploamcy could make you adore me as—
as I adore you, I should be a full-fledged
Machiavelli instantly; but it could not!"
with a quick, furtive glance at her face.
"No," she said, slowly, and coloring a
little.

"I knew it," said Tom, checking a sigh.
"Well, I must content myself with the
dead flowers and crumpled ribbons which
you have worn. A man more deserving
than I might receive even less." A philo-
sophic remark by no means in keeping
with the speaker's gloomy and perturbed
countenance at that moment. A long si-
lence, broken at last by Tom. "It is al-
most three months since we met, Miss
Helen. Do you remember my coming up
the walk and finding you hulling straw-
berries with one of Rachel's check aprons
on? How sweet those strawberries were!"
"Almost three months," echoed Helen,
"and—I am going home next week."

Tom started and then scowled, but said
nothing.
"How glad I am that we are to be in
the same city next winter," she went on
presently. "We can meet often, and
Olava, who is a literary person, will hon-
orize you."
"We shall never meet," he replied with
most ungracious curtneess.
"Why?" she asked, in a slightly hurt
tone.

"Do you need to ask why?" he rejoined.
"What sort of a companion for Miss De-
no's friends should I be—a beggarly scrib-
ler who barely keeps himself lodged and
fed, and has not talent enough to enable
him to hope for fame even when he is
grizzled and fifty!" No," he continued,
more quickly, "I have had my day, here
in this old farmhouse, without a rival to
dread—with no soul to come between me
and the sweetness of your companionship—
I have had my full meed of happiness,
and I covet no half-way joy in the future.
I was not made to play the part of a de-
spiring lover. I could not haunt your
footsteps for a smile, a look; or dance at
tendance at parties and operas for the
pleasure of bringing you an ice or picking
up your fan. I despise a man who can
bungle himself in such a way. Yes, and
I was going to add, that I despise the wo-
man who can take pleasure in seeing him
do it!"

He tossed the cigar away, and strode
up and down the porch, which creaked
alarmingly beneath his heavy tread.
"A pretty fellow I am to get into such
a rage about nothing," he said at last,
pausing beside Helen, who still leaned
against the lattice-work. "Forgive me,
will you not? I will never behave so
again."
"I have nothing to forgive," she re-
plied, with a smile. "I like to see you
behave badly—it amuses me, and I need
to be amused."

"Is it not a pity that a man is so lam-
pered by circumstances as to be unable to
assume a heroic attitude when he wishes?"
he questioned Tom, seemingly quite tranquil
once more. "I do not care to be taller
nor less clumsy; I don't even wish to
amend and revise my nose; but I would
like to perform some wonderful feat which
would forever exalt me in your eyes, and
earn for me your eternal gratitude. I can
think of scores—snatching you from un-
der the wheels of a locomotive; swimming
with you to shore from a sinking ship,
while the waves were running mountains
high; or rescuing you from some desper-
ately armed with numberless daggers
and revolvers. How delightful it
would be to hear you sob out your
thankfulness to your brave preserver, as
Miss Alcea de Courcy does to Percy Fitz-
gerald in my last drama! At present I
amuse you—am well nigh as indispensable
to your comfort as a lap-dog; compel you
to be grateful, and—I think you could
hardly avoid loving me."

"I should abhor you!" returned Helen.
"I always dislike people to whom I am
under obligations. When I am forced to
be grateful to anybody, I feel as though
the anybody had a string tied to my little
finger and could jerk it warningly at in-
tervals to remind me of my duty."
"On the whole, then," said Tom, look-
ing down at her small figure, "you would
prefer to rescue me, and listen to the sob-
bing assurances of my gratitude; I will
improvise some horrible danger forthwith
—plunge headforemost into it and allow
you to take me out, if you will be any
more likely to care for me in consequence.
Let me see—we are going up the valley
for the first time in his life.

"The vision vanished he lost consciousness
for the vision does not strike me as a par-
ticularly fine one, my dear," said Mr.
Hastings, balancing himself on the railing
of the bridge, and surveying the scenery
with a glance of calm disapproval.
"It is not even pretty," Helen replied;
"but—I wanted to come." She was
looking very intently at the railroad track
—a pleasant object for contemplation, as
any love of beauty will admit.
"Suppose, then, that we go home,"
mildly suggested Mr. Hastings, offering
her his arm.

"Wait a moment—the train is coming,"
answered she, as the shriek of the loco-
motive was heard. The train came—
stepped almost to an absolute stoppage—
Helen's eyes watched it the while very
eagerly—but no Tom took advantage of
the delay to spring upon the platform.
Had he changed his mind and returned to
the farm-house? It was not likely; in
his present state of feeling he would not
court a meeting with Mr. Hastings. Hel-
en felt—she knew not why—a vague con-
sciousness of anxiety.
"Ralph," turning suddenly toward her
lover, "I want to go up into the valley—
as the sound of her footsteps died away.
Bruised and aching as he was, he would
not just then have changed places with
Mr. Hastings.

"Don't make excuses for him, Tom,"
said Helen, in a vexed tone, and walking
restlessly to and fro as Tom himself had
done on the evening before Mr. Hastings'
expected arrival.
"Why not?" asked Tom, watching her
from the lounge on which she lay. "I
admit that he behaved badly; but then
he had reason to be aggrieved. Answer
his letter, Helen, and say you forgive
him." He stopped, feeling that heroism
and self-sacrifice could go no further.
"I will never see him again!" she
answered, her slender, dark eyebrows
coming closer together. "I know now
that I never had any real affection for
him—thank fortune I found it out before
it was too late."
"Poor Hastings! I am sorry for him,"
rejoined Tom, gravely, trying to arrange
the slung in which his disabled arm rested,
"mildly sorry—that is, I pity myself a
hundredfold more."
"Why?" asked Helen, with the air of
a seeker after useful information.
"Because you do not care for me," he
replied.

"But—I think I do care for you, Tom,"
she said, coming to his side to adjust the
refractory handkerchief. "I do not want
to; but you know it is so natural to like
people whom you have compelled to feel
grateful to you."
"I know," answered Tom, very well
satisfied with the explanation. "And,
after all, Helen, circumstances which
would not permit me to be a hero allowing
you to be a heroine—it is really too bad."
"You should be very thankful to cir-
cumstances," laughed Helen, "for if you
had saved my life I would have been your
mortal enemy always; and until you
tumbled over that precipice I thought you
rather an awkward person, and felt very
content to marry Mr. Hastings."

Still, again and again he called—each
time more weakly than before, for his
strength was fast leaving him; but no lucky
chance sent a person by within reach of
that despairing cry. The pain of the
broken arm was intense, and his cramped
position added to his misery. His throat
was parched with thirst, while the glare
of the sun, as it rose higher, well nigh
blinded him. In such agony as he had
never dreamed of he lay as the weary
hours dragged by, and the day journeyed
toward its end.

Would help ever come? he wondered,
straining his ears to catch the slightest
sound.
The place was a lonely and deserted
one—seldom visited, except by some wan-
dering artist in search of the picturesque,
and there was no one to miss him or grow
anxious at his absence. Helen would take
for granted that he had returned to the
city, and so he would be left to perish
slowly of thirst and starvation.

And while he was thus dying she would
be laughing away the joyous moments with
Mr. Hastings by her side. His fancy
pictured the pair together, and he ground
his teeth in impotent fury and despair.
Then, as day declined, and darkness
steeling through the valley, wrapped it-
self about him, half delusive fancies came
to make him forgetful of pain. Helen
was beside him—he could hear her soft
tones, feel the clasp of her hand; she did
not love Mr. Hastings, but himself, and
she had sought him out to tell him so. As
the vision vanished he lost consciousness
for the first time in his life.

"Not we," interrupted Helen. "I
must remain at home to entertain a visit-
or."
"Do you expect the coming of that de-
moniac affliction, Miss Fletcher? Why not
run away from her the first thing in the
morning?"
"It is not Miss Fletcher," said Helen,
hesitating over the words. "It is—Mr.
Hastings."

"Why did you not tell me a day sooner?"
asked Tom, in a hard, constrained tone.
"I did not know it till this evening,"
she replied. "The telegram came only an
hour ago—just after we had finished tea."
"And you are glad?" Tom questioned,
looking at her with a keen glance.
"Yes, I suppose so; it is my duty to be
glad."
"This is good-by, then," said Tom, af-
ter some minutes of embarrassing silence.
"Shall I not see you to-morrow?" she
asked, a little falter in her voice.
"No; I shall be off by sunrise for a last
day in the valley. I can take the evening
train at March's Bridge—it slackens there,
and the conductor knows me, and will not
object. If Mr. Hastings is what he should
be, you will not wait me; if he is not—
shake hands, Helen. Don't look out the
window when I go away. I should only
think of you as looking a little later for
Hastings' coming."

"Poor Tom," said Helen to herself, a
few minutes afterward, as she heard his
room door close with emphasis, "I wonder
if Ralph ever bangs doors or gets into small
rages! He never lumbers, at any rate,
and how the porch floor did squeak when
Tom walked across it!"

"I think I can get down there," soilt-
quized Tom Ford, the next forenoon,
peering over the rocky wall. "At least it
is worth my while to try—it will save
a mile of walking if I succeed." Swing-
ing himself over, he crept cautiously for-
ward. Half the descent had been made
safely, when his foot slipped and he fell,
carrying with him the rock to which he
was clinging.

When he recovered consciousness he
found himself lying at the bottom of the
precipice, pinioned to the ground by a
mass of rock and earth which had fallen
upon him.
"Unlucky that I have not the use of
both arms," he thought, having finished
the contemplation of his situation. "Well,
I must see what I can accomplish with
one. Phew! how it pains me; I must
have bruised it badly coming down."

As he spoke he attempted to lift the
free arm, but it dropped powerless by his
side. "Broken, as sure as fate!" he ex-
claimed, with a grimace of mingled pain
and amusement. "Was ever a fellow in
a sorrier predicament."
"It won't do," he said, after a score of
fruitless efforts to release himself. "I
am here, and here I must stay till some
one comes to my assistance." And there-
upon he shouted at the top of his lungs
for help. The valley gave back the echoes
of his voice, but there was no other re-
sponse.

"I suppose that every woman must be
either a simpleton or a vixen," philoso-
phically observed Mr. Hastings, as he wend-
ed his solitary way homeward; "but such
an exhibition of temper and willfulness on
Helen's part was really very unpleasant."

The walk was a long one, and night was
fast falling when Helen reached the en-
trance of the valley. She and Tom had
explored it together frequently; but now,
in the shadowy twilight, it looked so
wild and forbidding, that she shrank back
involuntarily. Would it not be worse
than folly to risk her life among its rocks
and chamas, because of a mere nervous
fancy. As she stood irresolute—feeling
her courage fast ebbing, a faint cry seem-
ed to fall upon her ear. She listened
eagerly. Did some one call "Helen," or
was it only her imagination? "It was
like Tom's voice," she said to herself, with
a shiver, "only so faint and unearthly."
Her timidity had all vanished now, and
she went resolutely on, falling over pro-
sperate trees, climbing up the rugged sides
of projecting rocks, urging her way through
tangled masses of vines and underbrush,
heedless of her cut and bleeding hands
and feet, her fast-falling strength, and in-
tently only on reaching the spot whence that
cry had come.

"Shall I ever find him?" she thought,
despairingly, as her foot caught in a tree
root and she fell once more. Putting her
hand to aid herself in rising, she
touched something which was neither
stone nor wood. She grasped it eagerly—
it was an arm in a rough coat sleeve—
a masculine arm and the discovery sent a
thrill of horror to her heart.

An instant more, and the injured man
moved a little and murmured "Helen," in
a feeble, almost inaudible tone.
Helen did not shriek, nor faint, nor
call him "darling," as a heroine would
have done. She only said quietly, "I
am here, Tom; tell me, are you hurt
badly?"

"Is it you, Helen, really you?" he
answered, excitement lending him strength.
"My arm is broken, and there is a mass
of rock upon me. I have been lying here
ever since morning, and had given up all
hope of being rescued. Did you come to
look for me—I have thought of you con-
tinually."
"Yes, returned Helen, hastily, think-
ing that further questions might prove
embarrassing, "and I am going back for
help. I will not be long; you shall be
safe at home within two hours, I assure
you. Keep up a good heart till I come
back."

"How did she know that I failed to
take the train?" queried Tom, mentally,
as the sound of her footsteps died away.
Bruised and aching as he was, he would
not just then have changed places with
Mr. Hastings.

"Don't make excuses for him, Tom,"
said Helen, in a vexed tone, and walking
restlessly to and fro as Tom himself had
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The Nasby Letter.

Mr. Nasby tries to get his people in an ad-
vanced position—the result of his endeavor.
CONFEDERATE X ROADS
(which is in the State of Kentucky)
Oct. 3d, 1874.)

I have bin for a long time convint that
the principle trouble with the Democracy
wuz a sort of a lack of progressivness, of
adaptability, of I may so speak, to changes
in the requirements of the times. Dimoc-
rasy huz allox bin in a rut, and it never
kin git on to glory, in my opinyun, till it
gits hixed out uv it.

I determined that the Cross-Roads, at
least, shoob to be progressive, and shoob take
the lead in makin Dimocriasy all that it
ought to be. In short, I purposed to in-
ogere a noo depacher, and bring the old
party up abreast with the five ishoos
uv the day.

To this end I consulted with Deekin
Pogram, Isaker Cavett and Capt. Mc-
Pelter, and they agreed with me that that
wuz wat ought to be done, and that no
time shoob be lost a doin uv it. Ever
prompt, I suggested that we git together
that very night in the back-room at Bas-
com's, and draw up a progressive platfom,
wich shoob go forth to the world ez the
principles uv the progressive Dimocriasy
uv the Cross-roads, wich we shoob live by.

But the ill-luck wich hez followed me
all my life, and hez well nigh brot my
gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, wuz
close behind me on this occasion. At five
that afternoon, I wuz sent for to go to
Secessionville to serve on a jury to try a
nigger for hog-stealin, wich of course cood
not be put off. I told Isaker, the Deek-
in and McPelter to git together, and draw
up the resooloosness and send em to the
county paper to insert.

"Make em strong and peppery," I sed,
"Avoid the musty nonshuns uv the dead
past, and strike out suthin new and start-
lin. Make em progressive and put your-
selves in accord with to-day. Remember
that all old things must be done away with
and all things must become new. Head
off the Ablishinists and Grangers and sich
by goin back onto the old, and bring more
progressive than even they are."

With the advice I left em and went to
Secessionville and tried the nigger. We
didn't waste any time on evidence or any-
thing of that sort. Nor did we leave the
box. We brought him in guilty, and to
save the county cost hung him at once.

I got home the next mornin, and went
to Isaker's, inmejit, to see what they had
done.
"Did you draw up them resooloosness?"
I askt.
"We did," sed he, "and sent em off,
and they are in print after this time!"
"Are they progressive," askt I.
"Yoo bet!" sed he.

"Did you ignore old ishoos? did you
draw a sponge over the past, and are they
full of live, new ideas?"
"They are," sed he; "here is a copy uv
em."

I took the paper and red:
"WHEREAS, It seems ez tho the Corners
had a call to step in the front rank uv the
progressive men of to-day and
WHEREAS, The Corners believe in pro-
gress, turns its back onto the dead past,
and ignores the dead ishoos wich hez her-
etofore okkiped the public mitid; there-
fore be it
Resolved, That the Dimocriasy uv the
Corners believe the war uv 1812 wuz
justifiable, and hereby return their thanks
to the heroic soljers and sales who so nobly
sustained the honor uv the country's
flag in that desprist struggle.

Resolved, That the resooloosness uv '78
meet our hearty approval, tho we sick
jest certin wat they wuz.
Resolved, That the late war again the
South wuz consecrated to sin, and wuz a
blow aimed the only chivalry this country
ever hed, and that the results thereof wuz
all brot in iniquity.
Resolved, That Afrikin slavery is not
only justified by the Holy Skripters, but
is the normal thing for this or any other
country.

Resolved, That we brand the Emanrip-
shun proclamaresh ez emanating from a
Gorrilla, and the Constitushnel Amend-
ment abolishes slavery ez a fraud wich we
are not called upon to recognize.
Resolved, That the nigger is an inferior
bein, and that whoever asserts his rite to
any exality with the proud superior Cau-
cushen race is a fanatic and agitator, and
ought not to be allowed to live a free coun-
try.

Resolved, That we hold steadfastly to
the doctrine of State rites, the rite uv se-
cession, and the rite uv each State to gov-
(Continued on second page.)