County Clerk

Burlington Weekly Press. Free

VOL. XLII. NEW SERIES, VOL. XV. BURLINGTON, VT., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1868. NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Select Miscellany.

Up the Hill a Berrying.

On a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went a berrying—
Need I tell you—tell you why?
Farmer Hooten had a daughter;
And it happened that I knew,
On such summer mornings, Jenny
Up the hill went berrying too.

Lonely work is picking berries;
So I joined her on the hill:
"Jenny dear," said I, "your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."
So we started—we two to fill it,
Jenny talking—I was still—
Leading where the way was steepest,
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny;
"So is life," said I; "shall we
Climb it each alone, or, Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?"
Redder than the blushing berries
Jenny's cheeks a moment grew,
While without delay she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

THE SQUIRE'S TEMPER-TRAP.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

I.

[illegible] Taffey was a Welshman no one who has ever made an attempt to spell the locality in which he had been born and bred would venture to deny. But we can accompany the [illegible] no further. Taffey was not a "thief." The piece of beef which formed his Sunday's dinner was not pilfered from any house nor anybody else's. Taffey stole nothing but the hearty good-will and liking of everybody that knew him. He was a swarthy fellow, as [illegible] as you would desire to see, but when he came out on the Sabbath, close shaven and in a shirt as white as his own [illegible], smoking a Michaelmas daisy (his wife never permitted anything of a more exciting nature until after morning service), there are, I am warranted in saying, dukes—I repeat the expression, dukes—who have appeared to less advantage.

Taffey was, in fact, a blacksmith. The [illegible] farriery (if there is no such word [illegible]) was held to have attained its [illegible] in the school of Taffey. Until nature should [illegible] hoofs, art could do no more to supply her deficiencies. His plates might be [illegible] nothing remained between the [illegible] hoofs and the hard Welsh roads but a [illegible] bright as silver, bendable in a double ring for your wife's little finger; yet they [illegible] not loosened. It was an [illegible] saying of the squire's (uttered, if you please, in a moment of enthusiasm, [illegible]) that if he—Thomas Hurlbardine, of Llowyddcoed, in the [illegible] of Flint—[illegible] habitually in Grosvenor Square, he would, nevertheless, send [illegible] every horse in his stable to be shod, as [illegible] by Edward Taffey.

Taffey loved his business. [illegible] his affection. That shed of his was never [illegible] for half an hour together.

"Bless the brutes! Where they comes from [illegible] I know,—rather, why they comes to me so thick," would Taffey remark, sweeping the moisture from his brow with the dingy [illegible] formed by his tucked-up sleeve. And still the stamping of impatient hoofs and [illegible] of uneasy tails went on from morning till night; the fire never ceasing its roar, the little crowd of idlers round the half-door of the forge never diminishing, until boys stood in their fathers' places with their [illegible], like those fathers', in those [illegible]—their eyes [illegible] of the sparkling [illegible] into another generation.

It will be readily believed that Taffey was a man well-to-do. Blacksmiths, when not given to drink, are almost always thriving men. So [illegible]. And whereas, [illegible] according to statistics, about to be taken, your [illegible] has a lovely child with blue eyes and a skin white as her father's [illegible], so, in this instance, our [illegible] had a blooming daughter, with a cheek as brown as, though considerably smoother than, that of her respected sire.

Katy was the prettiest girl, known of, from Llowyddcoed to [illegible]. Her hair was of the color [illegible] horse-chesnut fresh from the rough green covering; and, with regard to the [illegible] with which, among many other pretty things, she returned [illegible] modest expression, or something that resembled a [illegible] but was popularly believed to be a [illegible] within—so touching, I say, that blush, I can only say that, were I a woman, I would wear that natural rose for six months certain than be turned out, beautiful [illegible], from the hands of the most accomplished dispenser of loveliness that ever compounded a Bond Street wash.

Next to her Hebe face, and when you had sufficiently admired her lithe, supple figure, you would probably find yourself attracted by Katy's [illegible]—not so much on account of the fascination of a pair of bright steel buckles, once the property of her grandmother, which it was her whim to wear, as of the symmetry of the member they adorned, and the light elastic [illegible], displaying a grace no [illegible] would have taught. Katy was graceful from her very cradle. The [illegible] about her admired before they well knew why.

As she grew up, this peculiar grace—it was almost dignity—of manner and [illegible] procured her the title of "my lady," [illegible] it was believed, by her father himself; and by this she was generally known, it being considered merely anticipative of what was to follow. Fairy godmothers have still adherents in Wales, and it was an article of faith with a large portion of Katy's friends, that the benignant influence which had conferred such attractive gifts upon "my lady" in infancy, would, in due course, bring forward the expectant prince, or other eminent person destined to claim Katy for his bride.

The pew tenanted by the family of Mr. Taffey being situated just within the porch of the little village church, its occupants were usually among the first who issued forth. But they were too well liked and popular to be suffered to escape thus easily. Overtaken and surrounded, pleasant were the conversations that ensued around a certain stile, at which Mr. Taffey's Sunday route diverged from the general way, and led across the meadows towards a little farm he rented from the squire, Mr. Hurlbardine aforesaid, and at which he always spent the remainder of his day of rest.

Many were the greetings from the passers-by, and none more cordial than from the squire himself, who, walking between his [illegible] haughty-looking sons, suspended a rather animated conversation in which he was engaged with the elder, in order to exchange a word of kindness with his humble friend.

"Just up to the place to-morrow, Taffey, if you have half an hour to spare," he turned to add, "and speak to me about Ten-tree Meadow. Never mind [illegible], you and I will settle the matter between us."

Taffey bowed, but, though he was pleased with the squire's affability, his countenance was somewhat overcast as he gazed after the retreating three.

The sons of Mr. Hurlbardine, of Llowyddcoed, were thought to have inherited, with their mother's patrician blood, something of her patrician pride. She was a Vere-Vavasour. To have been at once a Vere and a Vavasour might well have turned an ordinary brain. Something had affected the poor lady's, and, as one of her fancies was that her veins were filled with the brightest Prussian blue, it might be fairly concluded that pride of ancestry was not devoid of blame in the matter.

Lady Geraldine was now at rest with a select and polished circle of her exalted line, who enjoyed a mausoleum all to themselves, in a picturesque corner of the ancestral domain, where a rank of stately yews and cypresses, representing the stalwart lackeys who had once kept aloof the tide of common humanity, shut carefully out the vulgar little ivy-covered church, to which were merely intrusted the marble virtues and granite honors of the departed V. V.'s.

The squire was a good squire; and, shunning none of those mysterious responsibilities wealth is supposed to bring, lived much among his tenantry, and made his forty thousand a year as serviceable to the interests of the land and its cultivators, as his lights permitted. Of course he was in Parliament,—a backbone conservative, and—need it be added?—voted with his diminishing party like a man. Reports are silent as to any oratorical display. Why? He had a weakness so great as to be little short of calamity,—that of giving way to gusts of sudden passion, terrible in their intensity, and rendered more grievous to witness by the disproportion to them of the exciting cause. These paroxysms were fortunately very rare, and the poor squire's subsequent remorse, not to mention the profuse liberality with which he strove to atone in some measure for the wrongs his passion had inflicted, went far towards reconciling those about him to the occasional interruption of harmony.

Lady Geraldine was the only magician who could control these paroxysms. This was not by reason of her exalted rank. The squire had no particular aversion to Vere-Vavasours, and made many of the race welcome to his halls; but he saw no more in them than ordinary (sometimes very ordinary) gentlemen, and treated Jack Hornidge, whose genius resided exclusively in a profound judgment of "beasts," with the same distinction that was paid to the most illustrious of Lady Geraldine's lineage.

In the very height of the squire's fury, his lady had been seen to raise her thin white hand, without a word. As if stunned with the dint of some fell weapon, her husband would reel back, his hands unclenched, the fire dying out of his eyes, the fierce invective faltering into silence. None understood the spell, for even Prussian blue has its virtues, and Lady Geraldine suffered none to see that when, in lifting her hand, the bracelet slid back, it revealed a white scar. In the first passionate outburst after their marriage, Hurlbardine had seized his wife's arm with such inconsiderate violence, that her bracelet unclasping cut into the delicate flesh, causing a painful wound and an indelible scar. *This* was the remembrance that, in moments of the most unreasonable fury, could strike down the manly squire, shocked, shamed, discomfited.

Hence it was that the Lady Geraldine, with all her pride, was a favorite with those who saw how promptly this soothing influence was exercised, at need; and when it was the poor lady's fate to become, as we have said, insane, the loss of her benign interposition was felt by not a few. For tempers are quick in Wales, and not even the respect due to a landlord could always overcome the resentment excited by that landlord's bearing in his hurricane rages.

We must hasten back to the party at the stile.

When the squire and his sons passed them, as described, the younger, Rochford, had joined in his sire's greeting, with the addition of a rather saucy smile and a glance, a trifle more prolonged than was absolutely necessary, at the blushing Katy. As to his brother, he had neither bowed nor looked, but strode haughtily forward, hardly checked by his father's momentary pause.

"Something wrong with the squire," remarked Mr. Taffey, moodily, as he turned away. "Wants a nail somewhere. 'Tis Mr. Rochford, I'm afeard."

"Well, now, I don't think there's so much harm in *him*," said Mrs. Taffey, on whose frank, pleasant face an expression of reproach or suspicion looked so little at home, that it was instantly detected. "I declare to goodness, [illegible]. A nice-mannered, free-spoken, merrier-hearted—"

"Hallo! here's a host of violence!" exclaimed Mr. Taffey, stopping short, the [illegible] to admire the speaker. "Why, Maggie, you've been a-learning of David Apreece! You're a good creetur, and never censures anybody. Consekently, when you has to find fault, you does it by praising the [illegible] too much, and saying nothin', or less, o' that'n. That's how I reads you," added Mr. Taffey, triumphantly, for his one vanity was a (supposed) gift of studying character. "And who is *that'n*? Why, who could it be but Mr. Gerald? And what's he done for to offend you? That's how *I* reads it," concluded the worthy smith, with, it must be owned, less point than usual, his interrogative look proving that he did not read it at all.

"I never said he done anything," replied his wife; "I only said, I'd noticed that a nice-mannered, free-spoken, merried—"

"I knows wot you said," retorted Mr. Taffey. "Question is, wot you didn't say. Free-spoken! he's [illegible] Katy [illegible] that's how I reads it. He'd better take to another [illegible] the village, turning the heads [illegible]"

[illegible] (Mr. Taffey gulped something, and shook out his brawny fist in the direction of Katy's twinkling [illegible]) [illegible]

"There is, but I'm not afeard," said the mother. "She don't take it. That's all."

"When I was young," observed Mr. Taffey, "when a young [illegible] turned as red as a rose, she *ate* him it."

"It's not him—Mr. Rochford. That's not his way. I [illegible] Why, you [illegible] It's Mr. Gerald!"

"Whereaway!" whistled the student of character; "here's a little bill. And very [illegible] I can't [illegible] Queer lass! [illegible] I'd not put my finger on what you see. The girl's took by that haughty, stuck-up fellow, not [illegible] I [illegible] *that*?"

"Well, that's a little sharp," replied his wife. "I don't think but it is all on *his* side. Why, when they passed, just now the young squire didn't give her so much as a look."

"Just. Do you think she [illegible] nobody [illegible] He wasn't [illegible]. That's how I reads it," said Mr. Taffey.

"You reads it upside down, then," replied his helpmate; "or perhaps you don't read far enough. That means, he do like the girl; that he's afeard of his father; that Mr. Rochford knows it, and likes to let the child see he does. Then, they do say that Mr. Rochford ain't the best friends with his brother. Now, he's the squire's favorite, and if there come any trouble [illegible] between the father and t'other, which 's temper 's so bad, [illegible]," explained Mrs. Taffey, "Mr. Rochford might come for to be squire of Llowyddcoed, and if Katy—"

"That's [illegible] to the end of the volume, and a little further," opined Mr. Taffey. "Well, well, the long and short of it's the [illegible] have [illegible] squire [illegible] my Katy. I'm going up to squire's to-morrow—you heard it 'ask me—about Ten-tree Meadow, and if I don't tell him—"

"Never be such a [illegible]," exclaimed his wife in great alarm. "Squire have been very bad lately, that's certain. Something have gone wrong, making his fancies worse than they was ever known to be. Nobody's sure of him, poor gentleman. One moment as smooth as—as butter, the next like a mad thing. Don't think of speaking to him,—now don't ye, Edward."

"Take the wise advice, O thine (that is O my neighbor, whoever thou be)," piped a small voice at Mr. Taffey's elbow. It was that of Mr. David Morgan Apreece, the village schoolmaster. "Isn't she your 'placens uxor'?"

"Well, she's summat in that line o' business," replied Mr. Taffey, guardedly, "'specially when the wind 's nor'-east. We was just talking of the squire. My missis have heerd he's been in his tempers, horrid."

"Let him get another wife," said Mr. Apreece, decisively.

"A wife!"

"While my lady lived," continued the schoolmaster, "the squire's tantrums were few, and over directly. They never got beyond her. She caught 'em like rats, or such vermin, and turned 'em out where they could n't hurt anybody. My wife called her the squire's temper-trap."

"I've seen her shut him up," said Mr. Taffey, "in less than half a jiffy! She only up with her hand. Curiousest thing I ever see! I wanted to try it on my missis, but she don't give a man a chance."

"Get the squire married, and all 's right again," said Mr. Apreece.

"Well, I'm going up to hall to-morrow," said Mr. Taffey, "and, if squire asks my opinion on the [illegible] o' marriage, I'll give it him hot and strong. I can't begin the subject, 'cos it don't belong to Ten-tree Meadow."

"Do your best, then," said Mr. Apreece, laughing. "Here I must leave you, neighbors."

II.

As they neared the little farm-house a figure that had been dimly noticed flitting—let us rather say, lurking—among the trees came to light, in the stalwart person of young Thomas Fullafield. Even in his well brushed velveteen coat, and waistcoat of a pattern so rich and varied that it might have passed for an attempt to epitomise the flora of South Wales, Thomas looked every cubic inch the lout he was. That he was in love with Katy, and had as much hope of winning her as of allying himself with the reigning house of Britain, was written legibly upon his broad face.

Sharp-sighted Mrs. Taffey probably knew this, and, if she did not warn off the unlucky Thomas, her reasons were threefold. The matter had not been presented to her official notice. The attempt by a person of Mr. Fullafield's mental calibre and general style to win such a fay as Katy deserved all the punishment disappointment could entail. Finally, the rumor that sturdy Thomas Fullafield, whose fistic prowess was county-wide, was keeping company (or persuading himself that he did so) with Katy Taffey, was serviceable in warning off many troublesome youths inclined to venture too dangerously near that pretty Catherine-wheel.

Thomas, however, was human. He was also practical. Unlike those troubadours who preferred old obdurate mistresses—else what would become of their melodious despair!—Mr. Fullafield saw no fun in unrequited passion. He had now been for nearly two years dancing—or, to speak more accurately, prowling—about Miss Taffey. Jokes, he had reason to apprehend, were being cut at his expense. Thomas had resolved to bring matters to a crisis of some sort; and accordingly, throwing an extra amount of splendor into his attire, and of sullenness (meant for determination) into his broad visage, he marched, as we have seen, upon the foe.

At the first sight of the vanguard—Katy—Thomas was thrown into such disorder that he fell back upon the plantation, but, rallying, was the first to commence the action.

"Mornin', miss."

"Good morning, Mr. Thomas," said Katy showing her pearly teeth in such wise that Thomas's teeth danced in his head. "You'll dine with us? Father's just behind." And she vanished into the house.

Thomas encountered the main body with his usual duck and salutation,—

"Mornin', Mrs. Taffey. Mornin', Mr. Taffey."

Greetings exchanged, Mrs. Taffey remarked (as though his coming were a matter of course), "You'll take a sup with us, Mr. Thomas?" And, without waiting for an answer, followed her daughter.

A dreadful feeling that this one, of many "sups," might be his final one in that house, kept Mr. Fullafield silent for a moment, when the smith said—

"The women won't be ready yet awhile. Come and look at the cow as I've run t' other side the slush."

Thomas glanced at his own apparel, and thought that this agreeable excursion might have been more happily timed. There's a season for everything. Slush and a cow-house are excellent things in their way, but do not harmonize well with an exalted condition of mind; nor is their aroma, though healthy, suggestive of tender and poetic sentiment. But the opportunity was too good to be lost. The two gentlemen walked away.

Thomas's great pale blue eyes would have opened wider still had he known that the cow's was a myth, and the smith no more intent than himself on selling the Sunday boots in the locality he had described. Mr. Fullafield had been the last subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Taffey, as they concluded their walk, and the former, like Thomas, had taken a resolution. Mr. Fullafield had been enough "about the place," and the worthy smith, who knew his daughter's feeling, and drew a wise distinction between an honest, though misplaced, affection, and a fine-gentleman caprice for a rustic beauty, resolved to warn off Thomas for his own good, as he would have done the squire's son in Katy's interests.

Both strode on for a moment in silence. Then Thomas fearing that the slush, to which they were undoubtedly approaching, might interfere with the dialogue, commenced it.

It was a peculiarity, well known to his friends, that though Thomas might have been in conversation with one of them for an hour, he always commenced any new and interesting topic with a repetition of the morning greeting. Consequently,

"Mornin', father," said Thomas.

"Mornin', Thomas," responded Mr. Taffey; then making, so to speak, a dart at the subject, added, "but I'm not *thy* feyther, nor ain't like to be."

"Now, don't ye say that," said Thomas, in a choky voice.

"I say't, and I mean't, and I want to make I does say't," returned the smith. "[illegible] now, my lad, [illegible] you've been tryin' to put the shoe upon the wrong horse, and she won't have it, at no price."

"That don't fair, I say so," said Thomas, warmly. "I've called you feyther five hundred times, and she never—"

"If you'd called me your grandmother, it would n't have been all the same," replied the plain-spoken smith. "Katy won't be none o' thee."

"If Mrs. Taffey and yourself was to—"

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Taffey, turning suddenly. "For the future no 'if' to make her marry a man she don't want. Not if I knows it. Now, lad, I don't want to quarrel wi' thee. I was noticed since thee'st not lad, [illegible] take to thee; I'm [illegible] good to thee, when [illegible] and think on the [illegible] It will be something different from the Cove, now you see [illegible] Taffey's right,' [illegible] I'll go where I'll be cared about and be looked up to, and be made much of, and have [illegible]," concluded Mr. Taffey, [illegible] "That's how I reads you."

Mr. Fullafield did not answer. His chin had sunk upon his breast, and his eyes were fixed upon his gorgeous waistcoat. It seemed to him that even the [illegible] had been affected by the shock, and that the [illegible] said, "Thomas, Thomas, [illegible] is this that such as we are to struggle with [illegible]?"

What other thoughts [illegible] Thomas did look up, his face wore such [illegible] the stout smith involuntarily [illegible] asked him what was the matter.

"Matter! nothing," said Thomas [illegible]

"Nothin' don't keep [illegible] like a sheet [illegible] turnip!" exclaimed Mr. Taffey. "Come, my lad, take't like a man. 'Cause you can't marry our Katy, that's no reason why we should n't be good neighbors," said the smith [illegible]. "Come! it's not [illegible] go to the cow-house [illegible]."

"I think not," said Mr. Fullafield.

"That come to dinner."

"I've had dinner enough to-day," replied Thomas. And the expression [illegible] the smith [illegible] Mr. Taffey did not press his invitation.

At the turn, up to the [illegible], they parted.

"You'll come up to forge to-morrow, lad, with a smile on your face, instead of a [illegible] like [illegible] thunder; and you'll say, 'All right, Taffey, you know'd best.' That's how I reads you," said the smith. "But don't come early. I'm going up to squire's."

The other turned round suddenly.

"Going up to squire's? What for?"

"That's tellin'," replied Mr. Taffey, jocosely, and without any real desire to make a mystery of it. "P'raps about a meadow—or—or marriage," he added, smiling at the suggestion of the little schoolmaster, recurred to him.

Young Fullafield looked at him fixedly for an instant, then, without speaking, turned and walked away.

"Going to squire's? To talk of marriage," he muttered. "Whose marriage? *Her's!* They call her 'my lady,' and they 'spect to make her one. I'll spoil *that* game." And Thomas shot back at the farm where his lost love was innocently looking for the Sunday dinner a glance so fiery that it might have ignited the thatch above her.

He had loved the girl, according to his nature, heartily and love, being in all essential points the same, whether it be clad in satin or in fustian, expressed in doggerel or in Idyls, Mr. Fullafield's wrong would have commanded all our sympathy, but for the manner in which he took it. There is a pathos, a dignity in the tranquil sufferer, which is wholly wanting in the man who runs amuck.

III.

Mr. Taffey, on presenting himself, next morning, at the hall, was shown into the study. The squire had been walking up and down for some minutes. Now and then, he would pause to scowl upward at one or other of the Vere-Vavasours that adorned the wall, whose self-complacent but rather vacant faces returned the look with delightful indifference. There was another picture, a gay gallant wooing, or affecting to woo, a peasant-girl, and this appeared to be a favorite of Mr. Hurlbardine's; for, as he gazed, the hard expression faded from his countenance, and gave way to an approving smile.

"Ten-tree Meadow is yours, from Lady-day," he called out, the moment Mr. Taffey's nose was visible within the door. "That's settled. Now come and look at *this*."

Mr. Taffey looked, and expressed his decided opinion that the young lady was a nice, modest mannered young woman, well brought up, while the gentleman showed a good bill in the back, and blood (he thought) about the pasterns.

"Right, Taffey," said the squire. "He *had* blood, and, foolish as he looks, was a gentleman, which is more," he muttered, "than I would say of all his kin. He lost, to Miss Sukey Bubbs, the cotter's daughter, his heart, which was supposed to be about the size of a marrowfat pea. But it proved bigger; for he married her."

"Good luck to 'em!" cried the honest smith, as cordially as if the pair had been just starting on their wedding tour. "They was happy, I hope, sir?"

"Merry as grasshoppers, their lasting days," said the squire. "They've been dead these fifty years; but all the fun of the family died out of it with Sukey Bubbs, that is, Lady Vavasour, the cotter's daughter. They have been a dull lot since, proud as peacocks, and as worthless," he added, sinking his voice as before. "Our blood is *too* good, Taffey; there's the secret of it."

"Well, I don't think but *that* perpetual breeding in-and-in ain't no good, in the end," remarked the smith. "A cross that do give substance—"

"That's a nice-browed lassie of yours, Taffey," said the squire, suddenly changing his topics.

"So I've heard 'em say," returned the smith trying to look as if he hadn't quite made up his own mind on the subject.

"Blue eyes and cherry lips are rather abundant in our neighborhood, I think;" continued Mr. Hurlbardine. "My wife used to tell me Llowyddcoed girls were as good and modest as they were pretty."

"They 'ad good mothers," said Mr. Taffey, significantly. "That's how I reads it."

"Right. They cannot be too careful. Danger's everywhere," remarked the squire. "These young fellows, hay-gardeners and the like, who do me the honor to come down, with my sons, to recruit their exhausted frames with wholesome food and twelve o'clock bed, won't disdain to chuck a country chin."

"It's werry kind of 'em, I'm sure, squire," said Mr. Taffey, his eyes glistening with his own warm speech.

"Kind!"

"Seeing 'tis a game as don't played, it [illegible] the smith, "and grandmother's heads ain't quite so hard as our[s] [illegible], if they come to disagree."

"You speak warmly. Have you anything to complain of, in that way?" demanded the squire.

"Yes, sir, I have," was the frank reply. But there he hesitated.

"Out with it, man!" said Mr. Hurlbardine, [illegible]

While Mr. Taffey still stood, silently debating whether he would speak what was in his mind or no, the squire [illegible] a writing-table—

"Look at these accounts. Do you know the hand? No?" he continued, [illegible] he snatched up the letters and flung them in a heap on the [illegible] "Look you, Taffey, [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"What's the [illegible]?"

"My neighbor," [illegible] Mr. Taffey [illegible]

[illegible]

"'Twas no promise, not a [illegible]," thought Mr. Taffey as he walked home; "but [illegible]

[illegible]

"No great luck in going to a nursery, I should think," remarked Mr. Taffey.

"You've arranged that matter with the squire?" inquired the schoolmaster, with a smile.

"What matter, whether?"

"About his marrying again, you know."

"We was talkin' of summat else," replied Mr. Taffey; "but, now you speak of it—"

He stood still suddenly, and looked in the other's face with a curious expression.

"Now I speak of it—" prompted Mr. Apreece.

"I've seen unlikelier things come to pass," said the smith. And they parted.

[To be continued.]

An improvement has recently been made in the apparatus for producing light by the combustion of oxyhydrogen gas. Heretofore the flame of the gas has been directed upon small lumps of calcium or magnesium, which the intense heat rendered incandescent. The difficulty has been these alkalis both crumble by use, and fall to pieces. In place of them it is proposed to employ the substance called zircon which resists the flame without the least sign of wear or shrinkage. It may even be applied with the same result as a coating or planting of magnesia, or even fireclay. Zircon is at present quite rare, being found only at a particular spot at the foot of the Ural mountains, and in some volcanic sands.

Life and Death.

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"
"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

Adelaide Procter.

Fall and Winter Fashions.

THE NEW BONNETS.

A very small size is imperative, the diagonal being [illegible] and worn high. A round bonnet has been fixed upon, called a "*pouf*," which is full and trimmed to give an appearance of height. It has a [illegible] which stands up from the head, and is trimmed with a band [illegible]

The *Lamballe* is a fresh and very charming style for young girls—it has something the appearance of a saucer hat—in velvet, the rim being lined with pink satin, and a [illegible] arranged across the crown, one end [illegible] down at the left side, which is lined with pink satin.

The *dress* hats for evening wear [illegible] of [illegible], laid in folds and [illegible] the *Josephine*, and [illegible] of thick white lace, [illegible] with small curled white ostrich feathers.

There are many pretty fantasies in bonnets, as the Spanish bonnet, a little *pouf*, with long [illegible] black lace attached [illegible], which are crossed upon the [illegible] back over the shoulders [illegible] Panama lady, when she rides [illegible]

There are [illegible] which a [illegible] little [illegible] of black lace [illegible] at the back, [illegible] down the crown, [illegible] small bands of velvet, or satin, the ends [illegible]

The "[illegible]" is a [illegible] of velvet, [illegible] with lace [illegible] on which a crescent plume, [illegible] the rim [illegible] high on the left [illegible] effect.

[illegible]

CLOAKS AND SUITS.

It is now known that street suits have so far superseded the use of cloaks as to [illegible] at least two-thirds of the trade.

For [illegible] in the year suits can be worn with entire comfort, particularly if the upper garment be lined to the waist with flannel, and at no period is more than a little satin outside wrap required.

Velvet cloaks, will be sure to be worn more or less; but, in the light of fashion, their star will pale before the greater elegance of the complete suit of velvet, with a bordering of short curled feathers, or a rich trimming of black lace—the most refined and becoming of all decorative applications.

The new cloaks are better adapted for wear upon occasions over suits, than for independent garments. They are round, and consist of one, two, or three capes, the upper one looped up in the centre of the back, and ornamented with a rosette. These are very prettily made in plaid cloths, the plaid large, bright scarlet and white, or black, or the popular plaid blue and green—the rosettes of black ribbon velvet.

There are also basques, or "half basques" as they are called, with round capes, some of which are caught up at the back with a rosette, others arranged in a doubled fold to form a pointed hood. These basques, however, are generally made *en suite*.

The Polish pelisse, which opens in front, and the Hungarian pelisse, which crosses over upon the breast, and has a pelerine cap attached, will undoubtedly be popular styles as the cold season advances.

The neatest suits for Fall wear are made of Scotch Tartan, in the regular clan patterns. They are made with two skirts and a cape, the cape looped up in the middle of the back with a rosette. The upper skirt forms a *panier* at the back, and is gathered at the sides into a short, plain gored breadth in front. The under skirt just clears the ground, and is edged with a flounce, the cape and *panier* are edged with a frill of the material, just half the depth of the flounce.

Agriculture in Common Schools.

As thoughtful men survey the present state of agriculture, and discovering the necessity for improvement, cast about for the means of establishing some permanent system which shall lead forward the whole agricultural community to higher and grander results—they turn unerringly to our common schools. If farmers' sons are to be elevated above the mere traditional system of their fathers, they must be interested, intellectually, in the processes of agriculture, and the common school furnishes the only means of reaching this great mass of mind.

The *Rural* was the early advocate of the introduction of agricultural science into common schools, and we are pleased to see that our new Commissioner of Agriculture is impressed with the same views. He says, "Colleges are everywhere springing up, and the right men will, eventually, be found to fill professorships, and great good will finally result, while comparative success will, for many years, be mingled with failures, in the numerous experiments growing out of these great educational enterprises. But the facilities to be furnished by these schools will never reach directly the great mass of the children in common public schools. Would it not be well to introduce into every district school in this country some primary works inculcating elementary principles of science in their application to the practice of agriculture? An interest in agricultural education would thus arise among the youth in common schools, from whose ranks our new industrial colleges would be filled." He then goes on to say that a series of manuals of foreign origin, upon agricultural geology, chemistry, farm accounts, farm practice, and domestic economy, have been submitted, as the basis of such instruction in common schools; but he comes to the rational conclusion that these works should be supplied by American writers. He says: "The peculiar circumstances of American agriculture render necessary, works expressly prepared to meet such conditions. Who is able to prepare one or more such manuals in a manner worthy of the subject and of this progressive age? He who would worthily accomplish it would be a great public benefactor. There are good farmers who know little of science; and men of science with less knowledge of agriculture; and it is difficult to find a thoroughly scientific writer who is also thoroughly acquainted with agricultural practice, and is thus able to apply correctly the principles of abstract science to the processes of agriculture. A clear thinker, and a lucid writer who could thus unite truth with action, and thought to labor would be worthy of higher honors than the greatest savans of the time."

Here the Commissioner has evidently gone to the bottom foundation stone of what must be the basis of our future agricultural prosperity—the common school. Just American [illegible] has already begun to [illegible] these schools. We have a better elementary treatise [illegible] in Waring's Elements of Agriculture than can be found in any similar European production. Let there be a demand for such elementary works, and they will be produced, suited to the purpose. The first thing to be done is to educate the public mind to the necessity of introducing this most important branch into our common schools.—*R. N. Y.*

Waring's Elements of Agriculture recommended above, is a new and entirely rewritten edition of a book that, some fifteen years ago, was adopted as a text-book by the Legislature of this State. We trust that this new and much improved edition will meet with a still more extended sale in the State, even without the legislative endorsement.

How to Treat the Indians.

Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, [illegible] We [illegible] passages:

[illegible]

Say and act all this as if we meant it, and mean it. If the tribes would go and submit peacefully, well and good; if they would not, use the force necessary to make them. Treat them just as a father would treat an ignorant, undeveloped child. If necessary to protect, punish; subject any way; and thus use the kindness and consideration that are associated with the circumstances. Use the best of those white men of the border, those Indian agents, many of whom are honest, capable, and intelligent, and useful men, to carry out and maintain this policy, so far as is necessary to enforce it; but withhold the soldiers wherever it is not—for their presence on an Indian reservation is demoralizing to both parties—but let all authority proceed from a single head, and that head represent a single force.

Above all, stop the treaty-making humbug. It is the direct parent of all our Indian wars, and there is no [illegible]. Neither party keeps the bargain. The Indian is cheated; the Senate changes the provisions; a quibbling Secretary of the Interior or Indian Commissioner refuses to carry it out; and from Secretary down through contractor and agents to the [illegible] is taken off the promise to the ear by each, till it is thoroughly broken to the hope of the poor savage. What the Indian wants is to be fed and clothed; the treaty and those who fulfil it on our part may or may not do this for him, almost not; he cannot tell what or how much he is entitled to and paid for those [illegible], and if he did, and beg[ged] for it, the chances are ten to one that he fails to get it; or getting it squanders it at once, and hungry and naked, he goes forth to seek relief, and hence his excuse and the excuse of his white sympathisers for war. But establish Force for Bargain; Responsibility for Equality; Parentage for Antagonism; see that he is put apart and kept apart from the tide of settlement and civilization; that he has food and clothing, supplying him the means to help himself in the simplest forms possible—stock raising as practicable to all the tribes, and tilling the soil possible to most—and furnishing the rest from day to day; add such education as he will take, such elevation as he will be awakened to, and then let him die—as die he is doing and die he must—under his changed life.

This is the best and all we can do; his game flies before the white man; we cannot restore it to him if we would; we would n't if we could; it is his destiny to die; we cannot continue to him his original, pure barbaric life; he cannot mount to that of civilization; the mongrel marriage of the two that he embraces and must submit to, is killing him—and all we can do is to smooth and make decent the pathway to his grave. All this is possible; it need not cost so much as the mixed state of war and bargaining that we have heretofore pursued; in the beginning there must be the display and the use of power to unlearn in the Indians the false ideas our alternately cowardly bargaining and cowardly bullying policy toward them has engendered; but once inaugurated, it will be simple and successful—it will give us peace, and them an easy path to the grave than lies before them now.

THE FACE OF SHAKESPEARE.—We have seen at the studio of Mr. William Page some photographs of the highest interest to every student of human genius, and especially to every admirer of Shakespeare.

These photographs represent a mask of the face of Shakespeare taken in plaster from nature after his death, and necessarily reproducing with great exactness his features as they were at the time. This mask is now in the possession of Professor Owen at the British Museum in London. Its history is extremely interesting.

In 1847, an ancient German family, the Counts of Kesselstadt, near Cologne, became extinct, and a collection of pictures which had been in their possession for an indefinite period was sold at auction. One of them, a very small painting, evidently by some pupil of Van Dyke, represented Shakespeare lying in state after death. It is dated 1637, twenty-one years after Shakespeare died. The idea that it was painted from a cast was at once conceived; an investigation revealed that there had been a plaster mask in the Kesselstadt collection, which, on account of its death-like expression, had not been accounted of much value at the sale. A prolonged search finally discovered this mask among a lot of rags and other worthless articles in the possession of a dealer in old traps. On comparison with the picture, it was found that the conjecture respecting it was correct. It was the original of the painting, and beyond doubt was taken from Shakespeare's own face.

This mask and the little picture are now as we said, in the possession of Prof. Owen. On the back of the mask is inscribed "Anno Domini 1616." That is the year of Shakespeare's death. The face differs considerably from any other portrait of Shakespeare, but this difference affords a strong evidence of the authenticity of the mask. Indeed, this is the only portrait of him which seems adequate to the subject. The forehead especially is wonderful. It is not very high nor marked by any great prominences. It is quite round and full everywhere, but a careful examination discloses an exceedingly fine variety in the surface, as if each phrenological organ, so to speak, had been very fully and yet independently developed. The nostrils have been frayed by time, and one of the eyes is somewhat disfigured by a little of the plaster sticking in the lashes. But there is no great [illegible] about the face, nor any sign of decay. It is evident that the mask was taken immediately after death.

It is believed that this mask was also the original of the Stratford bust, carved by Gerard Johnson. That work was doubtless cut from such a model, and there is sufficient resemblance, especially in the sweetness of the forehead, to make it highly probable that one of the two was wrought after the other. But, aside the bust, the noble intellectual beauty of the mask is almost beyond description. It is said that when Fanny Kemble saw it she burst into tears.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Nasby.

The Reception of [illegible] Masa[?] Eles[?] [illegible] and a Song from [illegible] of the Corners.

[illegible]

CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,) Sept. [illegible], 1868.

[illegible]

Convulsively kissin the stamp, and with a lovin look at the mail bags, I sunk sobbin into my couch. This ended this most auspishus day.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

GERRIT SMITH TO GEN. LEE.—Gerrit Smith publishes a letter to Gen. Lee, in which he tells him some pretty plain and useful truths. He argues that Lee's letter to Rosecrans foreshadows the re-establishment of slavery, although it disclaims such a purpose. He says:

"Your letter virtually denies that to enslave your fellow-men is to 'oppress them.' Nay, it goes so far as, in effect, to declare that to doom them and their endless posterity to stripes and chains and unrequited toil and rayless ignorance and the loss of every right, is 'to look upon them with kindness.' If you gentlemen do not see that to enslave men in the past was to 'oppress them,' and to lack 'kindness toward them,' why should it be supposed that you would see oppression or unkindness in their future enslavement? If you justify, instead of condemning, yourselves for having heretofore crushed the negro, what is there in your hearts to hold you back from crushing him hereafter? If slavery is pleasant for you to look back upon, why should it not, also, be pleasant for you to look forward to?"

Mr. Smith concludes his letter by saying that Mr. Seymour will not be elected. If he should be, Blair would become President. He says:

"Seymour would have to stand aside or be put aside. If this Murder Party, which has within the last three years murdered, for their political opinions, more than a thousand men at the South, shall come to be in the ascendant all over the land, murder may be well-nigh as common in the North as in the South. Human life in this country would be made as cheap by the success of the party, which, not in spite, but in consequence of its murderous programme, nominated General Blair for Vice-President—aye, and emphatically, for President also."

We see no object for "the Murder Party" to put Gov. Seymour aside. He would be quite as serviceable a tool as they ever had in the presidential chair, Buchanan not excepted.

Camilla Again.

Major Howard has been making additional investigations into the Camilla butchery. Captain Pierce, the Congressional candidate, and Captain Murphy, the Presidential elector, who were to address the assemblage, and who were both wounded, gave their depositions on the 19th ult. Their testimony wholly corroborates the view of the massacre taken by this journal at the outset, and fixes the responsibility where it belongs. Captain Murphy says: "Upon entering the town I discovered two different crowds of men armed with guns, arranged in such positions as to cross fire over the public square." He continues:

Captain Pierce and Mr. Putney had alighted from the buggy, and were standing in the portico of the Court House; the band-wagon was about fifty yards from the Court House, when a man rushed from near the armed body of men, at a store near by, down toward the wagon, and ordered the music to stop; his order not being obeyed, he used a double-barreled shotgun. The position of this man was such, being on the other side of the wagon from me, that I cannot swear positively that I saw him point the gun toward the wagon, but I am satisfied that he did shoot into the band-wagon. This fire was followed by a volley from the crowd at the store. I was in the midst of the freedmen, and I am confident that not a single shot was fired by them until after the man alluded to had fired, and until the volley had been fired by the crowd. It is true that the volley from the crowd at the store and the volley from the negroes were close together, that from the former was a little in advance, and about the same time the fire was opened from the crowd of white men on the South side of the square. The fire from the crowd on the South side of the square was mainly directed at Captain Pierce and Mr. Putney.

I know of but two freedmen killed in the town, where all the resistance on the part of freedmen was made. All the others were followed up, and shot down as they fled across the fields and woods. Peter Hines, the leader of the band, was wounded, and all the members of the band were killed and wounded. Mr. Putney was wounded in the arm. I was wounded in the head.

Captain Pierce also says, "most of the killed were killed after they were scattered and fleeing through the woods."

Lieutenant Smith (colored) testified that when James Johns found the Republicans determined to have their "say," he said: "Come on, then, by God we'll meet you."

William Stellam (colored) swore that he was looking directly at the man who fired the first shot at the band wagon, and that he saw him deliberately aim at the musicians and fire.

John Byrd (colored) testified that he, after assisting to bury some of the colored men who had been killed in the course of the fight, came home to Mr. Cutliff's plantation, and sometime later a white man on horseback dashed up to the plantation, and when Mr. Cutliffe asked what they wanted, they said they were hunting for a "damned nigger" named Chester Hooper, to kill him.

What was so clearly indicated before is now corroborated: *first*, that the whites assembled in armed bands to prevent the holding of the Republican gathering; *secondly*, that one of their number, James Johns, deliberately fired into the musicians' wagon, and this was the signal for the commencement of the butchery; *thirdly*, that the blacks made little or no resistance, but broke and fled; *fourthly*, that they were pursued to the by-ways and into the thickets, and shot down in cold blood.

Seymour in 1864.

We find the following in the Vermont *Journal*. The writer has always been a Democrat, but since the nomination in July, he thinks the party "went back" on him:

MR. EDITOR: I desire to call your attention to a circumstance that occurred in 1864, when Horatio Seymour was governor of New York, that will illustrate the deep interest he took in obtaining the votes of the New York State soldiers.

In October, 1864, when my regiment was in camp at Baton Rouge, La., the 14th N. Y. Cavalry, we received at Regimental Headquarters, a box of the necessary blank affidavits, &c., from the Democratic Secretary of State, (D. R. Floyd Jones, I believe,) accompanied by a large box of ballots, that they were kind enough to furnish. The ballots were both for Electoral and State candidates, but every one of the tickets were the McClellan ones, and all the State tickets were headed by the name of Horatio Seymour!

I was Adjutant of the Regiment, and to every soldier, (if a voter,) that desired to vote that ticket, I administered the oath and filled out his affidavit, but to all who desired to vote for the Lincoln Electoral ticket I had to explain that we had no ballots, it being too late to order them.

Soldiers are now appealed to again, to vote for the same candidate; but now, fortunately, we have a choice of ballots.

Remembering as I do, the cheers that were in Stonewall Jackson's corps, on the 7th of November, 1862, over Seymour's election, and the loud and hearty response of the mob in New York, to his speech in the City Hall Park, to both of which I was a witness, I think that as a soldier, anxious to maintain the same cause now for which I fought then, I cannot hesitate in deciding whether Horatio Seymour shall receive my vote.

I remember that when my Colonel, Abram Bassford, received his commission at Albany, from the hands of Governor Seymour, in the summer of 1864, the Governor, reading the commission, "The State of New York by the grace of God, free and independent," sarcastically commented upon it by adding, "Yes! and only by the grace of God!" Was that a patriotic and encouraging remark to a brave soldier who had spent three years in his country's service?

I bear this testimony the more willingly as I had been looking to the New York Convention, for the candidate whom I should support in this campaign.

Yours truly,
IRVER D. LEM.

Springfield, Vt., Sept. 1868.

From the Montpelier Freeman.

United States Senator.

The approaching session of the Legislature will have, as its most important work, the election of a United States Senator for six years from the fourth of March next. We presume Mr. Edmunds, the Senator whose term expires next March, will be unanimously selected as his own successor; certainly we know nothing in his public career, and have learned of no feeling in the State which leads us to any different conclusion.

Mr. Edmunds was appointed in the Spring of 1866, on the death of Senator Foot, a Senator during the remaining recess of the Legislature; and when the Legislature assembled he was chosen without opposition for Mr. Foot's unexpired term. He entered at once upon active work in his new position, and long ago earned the same reputation as a legislator at Washington, which he acquired here. He is a quick and accurate thinker, and a man who works while there is any work to do; and these habits put him at once into the front rank in the Senate, and at first led some of the older members to criticise him as too officious for a new member. When they found, however, that he was not pushing himself into notice, but simply pushing the public business; that it was his habit to investigate, weigh and judge every measure before the Senate, before acting or speaking upon it; and that he shed light instead of darkness upon every question he touched; they were soon quite ready to let him pull as strong an oar as any one.

A good evidence of his present position is found in the fact that he presented in the Republican caucus, at the recent assembling of Congress, the resolution which was adopted after considerable opposition by that body, and afterward by the solid vote of the Republicans in both Houses, providing for an adjournment until October 16th, and then until November 10th. His clear apprehension of what the crisis demanded, and his promptitude in preparing and presenting the fruit of his thought, made him in that, as they make him in whatever he does, a natural leader; and he is this, as it always seemed to us, without ostentation, and because he gets ready for work before most men do, and seizes at once upon practical methods of procedure.

We have no time and there is no need to go over Mr. Edmunds', whole course in the Senate. He has been criticised, as every man will be who acts promptly and energetically upon his own judgment, and he finds himself sometimes with the minority, as well as often with the majority of the Senate. He has shown himself, however, on all political questions, to be fully in accord with the advanced Republicanism of the people of Vermont, his place being clearly among the Radical Republicans of the Senate and of the country. In our House of Representatives, and in our State Senate he was one of the most useful members; and we can but think that there is now in the United States Senate no man who has greater capacity and greater inclination for legislative work, who has a better disciplined or a more active intellect, who has greater zeal or energy in the public service, who is more familiar with parliamentary law or the methods of legislation, who is more thoroughly and consistently Republican in his principles, or who gives greater promise of usefulness as a Senator, than Mr. Edmunds. The State will honor itself, as well as honor a worthy public servant, in giving him a hearty re-election.

Gov. Warmoth's Veto Message.

The following is the veto message of Governor Warmoth, of the bill which was recently passed by both branches of the Louisiana legislature, prohibiting discrimination in hotels, railroad cars, steamboats, etc., on account of color:

To the honorable speaker and members of the House of Representatives:—I return to the House of Representatives an act to protect all persons in their public and civil rights, without my signature, for the following reasons, to wit:

The rights and privileges enumerated in the first section of this bill, and sought to be established thereby, are fully and explicitly recognized and established in the constitution of the State. Even a foreigner, not a citizen, has the same right to travel and be entertained as a citizen, and there is nothing in our jurisprudence which makes distinctions on account of race or color, except in so far as relates to slavery. The organic law of the land gives to all persons perfect equality of civil and political rights, including the privilege of enforcing these rights in the courts and employing all the legal remedies which have heretofore been found requisite to secure these rights to all persons. The means, however, proposed in the fourth section of the bill, for enforcing these rights, are, in my judgment, not merely novel and unprecedented, but impracticable and pernicious. It seeks to make that a crime which has never, to my knowledge, been so considered in those communities where the highest regard is had to the personal rights of all men. There always is, and ought to be, a broad line of demarkation fixed between a crime and the breach of obligation growing out of civil contracts; and we demoralize the public conscience and confuse its conception of right and wrong when we seek to obliterate so evident a distinction. Our statute book are filled already with criminal laws that are never enforced and never will be until public opinion rises to their respective level.

The history of the world is full of examples of this sort, where acts not in themselves criminal have been vainly declared so; and in this way a levity of feeling in regard to crime has been produced. We lapse into the legislation of a less enlightened period when we try to enforce an act, which is properly a question of civil damages, into an offense against the peace and dignity of the State, and it ought to be carefully borne in mind that if we cannot hope by legislation to control the question of personal association, much less can we hope to force on those who differ from us our views of what is humane, or courteous, or Christian-like. Mutual forbearance and kindness and the noble belief in the brotherhood of man must spring from a higher source than the fear of punishment. They can never be forced to grow by pains and penalties.

Again; so far as railroads and steamboats were concerned, it must be borne in mind that the regulation of commerce between the several States was wisely confided, under the Constitution, to the national Congress. The object of this grant of power was clearly to prevent the confusion which would arise from conflicting legislation on such subjects by the different sovereign States, and the wisdom of the provision appears more clearly every day, as means of transportation are increased and improved. By the second and third sections of this act no distinction is clearly made between railroads and steamboats whose routes are wholly within this State and those whose routes are beyond. Of course our criminal jurisdiction cannot be beyond our State lines, and in this respect the act seems incomplete and liable to produce unnecessary confusion and litigation were unsuccessful legislation of this kind, for which the sanction of no successful precedent can be adduced.

A more unfortunate occasion than the present for such legislation could hardly be imagined. In the midst of a most exciting political campaign, at a time when the passions, animosities and resentments consequent upon a great war and attendant upon great and sudden changes in affairs are roused to the highest pitch of intensity, and when the prejudice regarding the race is inflamed to the utmost, it is here proposed to enforce by penal remedies what is practically class legislation and to maintain and defend class distinctions.

The effect, in my judgment, of such an act would be to defeat, rather to promote the ends apparently hidden from view by the authors of the bill. The barriers of race, instead of being thereby removed, would be increased in height and breadth, in firmness and strength. So long as these barriers are maintained, so long will be deferred the era of peace, order and prosperity in the State, to which mutual harmony and good-will are essential, and so long will the rights of the lately enfranchised linger in the condition of doubt and insecurity. The prejudices upon which these barriers are founded have no foundation in reason or nature, and will surely give way to the softening influence of time, unless they are constantly fretted into activity. In the meantime, any person, colored as well as white, is equally secured by the constitution in the enjoyment of political and civil rights and has remedy for their infringement. The courts are open to all alike. The same rule obtains in national and State courts. The judges of the State courts and their officers are amenable to, and dependent upon, all classes alike. Colored and white alike constitute juries. Those of the lately enfranchised who are wise and reflecting will not ask for more. They will rather deprecate a kind of legislation which, instead of advancing their present condition, only renders the remains of their race more bitter and determined in their hostility, and threatens the surest security to result the rights which colored men have already acquired.

In returning the bill without my signature it is hardly necessary for me to say that I am prepared, so far as lies in my province and power, to enforce the new constitution, as it stands. Such is my desire, as is my duty. But when I find the act in question to be, in my firm judgment unnecessary and unwise, and, for the reasons I have stated, calculated to disorganize the public conscience and [illegible] which will surely yield to the power of time and the growth of more catholic views of our personal relations, it becomes to me clearly my duty to decline to sign it.

H. C. WARMOTH,
Governor of Louisiana.

From the Congregationalist.

Education and Literature in Vermont.

A singular concentration of denominational schools at and near Montpelier is now taking place. At Montpelier the Methodists are erecting buildings, on an extensive plan, for the Vermont Conference Academy, upon which they propose to bestow all the patronage that has hitherto been divided between their schools at Newbury and Springfield. At Waterbury, but more than a dozen miles to the northwest, the Freewill Baptists have begun to build, with intent to establish a school that will compare favorably with the schools of other denominations. At Barre, six miles south, where for many years there has been an excellent academy under Congregational auspices, the Universalists are building school and boarding houses, and endeavoring, with much prospect of success, to secure an ample endowment. Thus within a circle of twenty miles in diameter, with Montpelier at the centre, there will be four literary institutions of a high order, under the patronage of "*the church*."

Since Thompson died, and Saxe removed to New York, fiction and poetry are hardly produced at all in Vermont. There is no lack, indeed, of that "middling verse which gods and men despise," but of genuine poetry the Green Mountains are not prolific. Occasionally Mrs. Dorr contributes a poem to *Putnam* or *Harper*; and, just often enough to keep us continually regretting.

"How sweet an Ovid is 'in Murray lost.'"

E. J. Phelps snatches an hour from the absorbing pursuits of law and politics, to indite a few verses, which have the ring and the polish of genuine poetry. But, with hardly any other exceptions than these, the literary activity of Vermont expends itself upon local history. The latest publication of this kind is a History of Middletown by Hon. Barnes Frisbie. The Vermont Historical Gazetteer, after being in a state of syncope for five years, has sprung into new life, and signalizes its resuscitation by issuing five numbers at once. Histories of Irasburg by E. P. Colton, Brookfield by the Rev. E. P. Wild, and Wells by H. D. Paul have been written and are awaiting publication. A History of the Congregational Churches in Orleans County by the writer of this letter is in press. The centennial sermon of Rev. Isaac Jennings at Bennington Center has been expanded into a "Civil and Ecclesiastical History of Bennington prior to 1820," and is soon to be published in a comely volume. "The History of Vermont from its discovery till its Admission into the Union," by the Hon Hiland Hall, is now in Munsell's press, and will soon appear as an octavo of about five hundred pages. It will doubtless be the most valuable contribution ever made to the history of this State.

E. B. W.

NOT SO BAD AS REPORTED.—Some weeks ago we published an account concerning a Rev. R. A. Watkins, a graduate of a New England college, and his daughter, who were discovered living in a filthy manner at Turners' Junction, Illinois. An acquaintance of Mr. Watkins writes to the Rutland *Herald* correcting the statement as follows:

"I saw in the Chicago depot Mr. George Atchison, who was direct from the residence of Watkins, and was one of the first who called on the old man at his home. He did not survive, but was not covered with sores as stated. Instead of seventy cats there were only two or three, and that in relation to the fowls was all fabricated. He took a tri-weekly paper and came to town often; but was low spirited and broken down. He willed all his land, worth $4,000, to his daughter Libbie, who seems to progress finely, and has taken up again her musical studies. There was nothing improper in their manner of living together, and while he admitted the inconsistency of his course, he was anxious to redeem his good name as a minister. Nothing shows him to have been insane."