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New Goods for Spring and Summer Wear.

CHASE & GRANDALL,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

HAVE just received and are now opening a full

assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

of the latest and most desirable styles, to which they

would respectfully invite the attention of purchasers.

We are this day opening a great variety of

FRENCH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

which they are prepared to make into garments in

their usual good style. 1y19

FASHIONABLE

Boot and Shoe Store.

THE subscriber, grateful for the very liberal support

he has received from the public, and being deter-

mined to continue his business, intends to deal liberally

with his customers, in token whereof, he has only to

inform them that his work shall be made of the best

The Needle, Pen, and Sword.

From the Union Magazine for July.

BY MISS L. M. HIGGINS.

What hast thou seen, with the shining eye,
Thou Needle, as I smile and ween?
I have been in Paradise, stainless and fair,
And fitted the apron of fig-leaves there,
To the form of the fallen Queen.

The mantle and simple, the hood and veil,
What the bellies of Judah wore,
When their thoughtless men and their glances of fire
Enlightened the eloquent prophet's eye,
I helped to fashion of yore.

The beaded belt of the Indian maid,
I have decked with so true a zeal
As the gorgeous ruff of the knight of old,
Or the monarch's mantle of purple and gold,
Or the astrologer's beaded hood.

I have lent to Beauty new powers to reign
At bridal, and courtly and gay,
Or, wedded to Fashion, have helped to bind
Those gossamer links that the strongest mind
Have sometimes held in thrall.

I have drawn a drop, on round and red,
From the finger, small and white,
Of the startled child, as she strove with care
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,
But wept at my picture bright.

I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,
As my almost speed she gazed,
To shield from winter her children's dear,
And the knell of midnight amuse her ear,
While they slumbered at her side.

I have heard, in the hut of the pining poor,
The shivering inmate's wail,
When laden the warmth of her last brand,
As slow, from her cold and clammy hand,
She let me drop—in wail.

What do I know, thou gray Goose Quill?
And methought, with a spasm of pride,
It sprang from the inkstand, and fluttered in vain,
Its bill to free from the ink-stain,
As it frantically replied:

"What do I know?—Let the lover tell
When into his secret room
He pours the breath of a magic lyre,
And traces those mystical lines of fire
Which move the maiden's soul."

What do I know?—The willow can say,
As the laden seasons move,
And over the ocean a wilder sail
A bleared music doth send its way,
Inspired by a husband's love.

Do ye doubt my power?—Of the statesman ask,
Who faiths Ambition's blast
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care:
A sorcerer of mine hath sent him there,
And locked his fetters fast.

And a flourish of mine can his prison open—
From the gallows its victim save;
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,
And to liberty lead the slave.

Say, what have History, or wit and old—
And Science, that the world has won—
Or how could Music its sweetest store
Or Fancy and her treasures pour,
Or what were Poetry's heaven-taught lore,
Should the pen and the quill be dumb?

Oh, doubt, if ye will, that the rose is fair,
That the planets pursue their way—
Go, question the lines of the mountain sun,
Or the countless galaxies that to ocean run,
But ask no more what the quill can do—
And it scornfully turned away.

What are thy deeds—thou fearful thing
By thy lordly answer—stem and slow—
And the sword answered—stem and slow—
"The harpstone, lone, and the orphan, know,
And the pale and widowed bride."

The shriek and the shriek of the battle-cry,
And the field that doth reek with blood,
The fall of the brave, and the fall of the brave,
And the victor that tears the life from the dead,
And the victor that tears the life from the dead,
And the victor that tears the life from the dead,

The rusted plow, and the seed sown,
And the grass that doth rankly grow
Or the rotting tomb, and the blood-stained dark,
Ghosts of the past, that haunt the living,
And the black-winged Pestilence, know,
And the black-winged Pestilence, know.

Death, with the rash of his happy brood,
Sad Earth, in her pang and throes,
Demons, that riot in slaughter and crime,
And the dying of the soul sent before their time
To the bar of the Judgment, know.

Then the terrible sword to its sheath returned,
While the Needle sped on in peace;
But the Pen traced out, from a Book sublime,
The promise and pledge of that better time
When the warfare of Earth shall cease.

Stratagem of the Irish.—Two millions of human beings,
according to the Dublin Nation, are destined to perish by
this year's famine in Ireland; a population sufficient for
a powerful State—and two-thirds of which are at the time of
our Revolutionary struggle. The mind shudders at the
bare contemplation of the fact; what then must be the feel-

ings of the spectators of the horrible calamity? It cannot
be believed that anything must be "rotten in the state."
At a recent meeting in Cork, in connection with the ex-

isting distress, it was stated that the Reverend Theobald
Mac Donagh, for some time past, had been feeding 2,500 poor
persons every day.—*Salem Gazette.*

Southport and Racine.—The Racine and Southport (Wis-

consin) papers flatteringly but justly allude to the manifest
evidence of enterprise and prosperity which pervade these
beautiful villages. The erection of blocks of fine stores and
elegant dwellings, show that Racine and Southport are no
laggards in the march of improvement. People at the East
can scarcely realize the immense change which a few years
has produced on the western shore of Lake Michigan. In
cities, villages, and splendid farms, have started up magis-

trally in the howling wilderness.

Polk and His Generals.—The Vicksburg Whig says that
a new work under this title will soon appear. The principal
"Generals" sketched are Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna,
Thomas Hart Benton, and Gideon Pillow. The Whig pre-

dicts for it an immense—run.

Water a Substitute for Oil in Machinery.—Mr
Briggs, of New Jersey, has made some experiments
to test the application of water as a substitute for
oil in relieving machinery of friction. The experi-

Remarkable Deliverance.

We met the following singular narrative the other

day in the volume of a Canadian missionary who
has recently published certain reminiscences of his
life and labors. The story is well told, and the in-

cidental which forms its subject, whether called "ac-

cidental" or "Providential," was certainly remark-

able:

About this period I went to attend the sale of the

effects of Mr M—, a respectable farmer, who had

died at one of my out-settlements a few months be-

fore. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pi-

ous woman, and three children to mourn his loss.—

The lone widow thought herself unequal to the

management of the large farm which her husband

had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the

village where I lived, and was now selling every-

thing off except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to

see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had

adopted, and remarked that she would be much

more comfortable, not only in being relieved from

the cares of a business she could not be supposed

to understand, but in a feeling of security which,

in her unprotected state in the lonely house, she

could hardly enjoy. "Oh, no," said she, "not un-

protected; far from it! You forget," she continued

with a mournful smile, "that I am under the special

protection of Him who cares for the fatherless and

the widow, and I feel quite confident that He will

protect us."

And He did protect them, and that very night

too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and I

may add, miraculous manner. The farm house was

a solitary one; there was not another within half a

mile of it. That night there was a good deal of

money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The

mother and her three young children, and a maid

servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired

to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully,

and shook the wooden house at every blast. In

This kept the poor mother awake, and she

thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest,

some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at

the back of the house. While eagerly listening to

the sound again, she was startled by the violent

barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front

of the house immediately under the bedchamber.—

This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of

the kind.

She immediately rose, and going to her maid's

room awoke her, and they went down together.—

They first peeped into the room where they had

heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially

so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough

to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They

saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing

furiously at the door leading into the kitchen

whence she thought that the noise she first heard

had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which

the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was

drawing a spinning-jack, assisting to clothe his fel-

low "humans," than even in leading an army to

slaughter them. I am truthfully yours,

A. J. SCOTT.

C. A. JOHNSON, Lieut. 10th Infantry.

The Castle of Perote, Mexico.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writ-

ing from Mexico, contributes the annexed interest-

ing sketch of the celebrated castle of San Perote, in

which a better idea is given than in any other account we

have seen, of its great size and strength:

It covers about twenty acres of ground, and is

in the most perfect repair. Indeed, it is constructed

in such a substantial manner, that it appears to

defy time to decay it. There is an inscription over

the main entrance, or rather was, for the Mexicans

obliterated it when they dismounted the Spanish

coat of arms, and supplied its place by their own;

that, I suppose, gave the date of the erection of the

building, or the reign of the King in which it was

erected. The figures 1774 are cut in the stone over

the main inner entrance, but whether it means that

the building was commenced or finished in that

year I don't know. Among the most remarkable

things about this place are two enormous bronze

monuments, one of which is 113 years old, the other

110. They are the most splendid monuments, as well

as the largest I have ever seen. They are elaborately

and most exquisitely carved and finished off,

and should be sent to the United States as trophies

Railroads and the Farmers.

The introduction of canals and railroads, and

their extension into all parts of the country, is

working a change to which many farmers in the

older portions look with evident alarm. By these

facilities for intercommunication and transportation,

the groves of breadstuffs and provisions on the

fertile prairies of the vast West are brought into

almost direct competition with those of the seaboard

and interior of the Atlantic States. The alarm is

given, that our farmers cannot stand such competi-

tion, that their business will be ruined, and the value

of their real estate destroyed.

In these fears we do not participate. There may

be some inconvenience, and some apparent present

loss, in accommodating ourselves to the change of

circumstances, but we must do it, whether we will

or no, and, in our apprehension, it will be done so

gradually as to produce very trifling inconvenience

or loss. When it is done, we shall find that rail-

roads have done more to promote the agricultural

prosperity of New England, and to enhance the

value of the farmer's property, than any other cause

of recent date.

In all time past, and all the world over, it always

has been the case, and it always will remain to be

so, that, wherever a local market is created, the far-

mer is more prosperous, and his estates bear a higher

value, than where he depends entirely on a distant

market for the sale of his products. In the vicinity

of all great towns, land always bears a compar-