THE VERMONT PHŒNIX
AND
VERMONT REPUBLICAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT
BRATTLEBORO, VT.
Office No. 9 Granite Row, Dwinell's Block,
Opposite Brattleboro House.
TERMS:—$2.00 per year—$1.50 in advance. No deduction from the above prices will hereafter be made except to fulfill existing contracts.
CHAS. CUMMINGS, Publisher.
CHAS. S. PROUTY, Printer.
TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME. THIRD OF NEW SERIES.

The Vermont Phœnix.

VOL. XXIV. BRATTLEBORO, VT.: JULY 11, 1857. No. 28.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BILLIARD HALL,
CUTLER'S BLOCK, ... MAIN ST., ... BRATTLEBORO.
WINANT'S CELEBRATED SLATE AND WOOD BED TABLES, WITH THE NEW STYLE CUSHION.
☞ No Bar Kept. . . Closed invariably at 10 P. M. ☙
3m22 W. LILLEY, PROPRIETOR.

C. W. HORTON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
No. 3 Blake's Building,
BRATTLEBORO' VT.

R. M. PUNKHOUSER & CO.,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
51 SECOND STREET, BETWEEN OLIVE AND LOCUST,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
R. M. PUNKHOUSER, W. A. DICKERMAN,
E. L. POTTLE, R. F. LAMB.
R. M. F. & CO., will advance on shipments to their correspondents in New Orleans, New York, and Boston.

LOCKHART BARRETT,
Manufacturer of, and Dealer in,
Guns, Pistols, Fowling Pieces, Ammunition, &c.
Repairing done at short notice on favorable terms.
Shop opposite the American House, ... BRATTLEBORO, VT.

MUSIC! MUSIC!!
The "Brattleboro Cornet Band"
are prepared to furnish MUSIC on all occasions, of the latest and most popular character. Address
LEWIS S. HIGGINS, Clerk, or CHAS. C. ELLIS, Leader.
Brattleboro, Vt.

R. M. AYERS, M. D.,
Eclectic Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE, No. 2, ... ELLIOT STREET.
Two Doors West of - - - - REVERE HOUSE

J. H. & W. H. ESTERBROOK,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Empire State, Victor, Stewart's and Genesee Valley Cook Stoves, Parlor and Box Stoves and Hot Air Furnaces.
Also: Plows, Cultivators, Road Scrapers, Churns, Iron Sinks, Russia and English Stove Pipe, and all kinds of Stove Furniture, Japan and Common Tin-ware.
No 1 Exchange Block, ... BRATTLEBORO, VT.

HEUSTIS & BURNAP,
Harness, Trunk, Valise & Collar Manufacturers and Carriage Trimmers.
Repairing Articles in the above business punctually attended to
MAIN-ST., OPPOSITE AMERICAN HOUSE,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.
J. F. HEUSTIS. J. W. BURNAP.

ALEXANDER H. PIKE,
Manufacturer of
Phillip's Patent Lever Farm and City Gate and Cloth Boards for Packing,
And Dealer in Lumber, Bills of Timber, Clapboards, Shingles, &c., manufactured and furnished to order.
WEST WARDSBORO, VT.

E. C. CROSS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE NEAR J. CLARK'S DRUG STORE.
Such Domestic Medicines as I have proved valuable in my practice during the past ten years in Guilford and Leyden, kept on hand and dispensed at my office.
Pure Matter for Vaccination.

DANIEL KELLOGG,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
(Removed from Saxton's River to Brattleboro, Vt.)
☞ Office over the Savings Bank.

FLAGG & CROSBY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
WILMINGTON, VT.
S. P. FLAGG. P. M. CROSBY.

JAMES W. CARPENTER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
Saxton's River Village, Rockingham, Vt.

CHAS. N. DAVENPORT,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law & Solicitor in Chancery,
WILMINGTON, VT.

BRADLEY & KELLOGG,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law & Solicitors in Chancery.
Office opposite the Brattleboro House, BRATTLEBORO, VT.
J. D. BRADLEY. GEO. P. KELLOGG.

BUTLER & KNOWLTON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Office two doors West of the Bank. JAMAICA, VT.
J. K. BUTLER. B. L. KNOWLTON.

ESTEY & KATHAN,
Dealers in all kinds of
Marble, Granite, Slate, Soap-Stone, &c.,
Two doors South of the Bridge, Main-St., BRATTLEBORO, VT

H. N. HIX,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
WHITINGHAM CENTRE, VT.

WOODCOCK & VINTON,
Paper Manufacturers.
☞ All kinds of Printing Paper made to order. Cash paid for White and Brown Rags. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

E. CROSBY & CO.
Wholesale Dealers in
Flour, Grain and Produce.
No. 3 Blake's Block, ... BRATTLEBORO, VT.

JOSEPH STEEN & SON,
Booksellers, Publishers and Stationers,
Corner of Main and High Streets, ... BRATTLEBORO, VT.
JOSEPH STEEN. J. FRANK STEEN.

CHAS. C. ELLIS,
Book-Binder & Blank Book Manufacturer,
Brick Block, three doors above the American House.
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

S. PIKE, RIFLE MAKER & GUNSMITH,
Will execute all orders in his line, either for MAKING OR REPAIRING, which may be entrusted to his care. All work warranted to give satisfaction.
Shop on Birge-Street, 2 doors West of Cana-Street:
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

S. A. MORSE & CO.'S
LIVERY STABLE,
In the rear of the Brattleboro House,
MAIN STREET, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

FAYETTEVILLE HOTEL,
F. G. KNAPP, PROPRIETOR, NEWFANE, VT.
☞ The best accommodations for Travelers and Visitors. Good stabling connected with the house.

E. W. CROSS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
GUILFORD CENTRE, VT.

WM. S. HOUGHTON,
Harness, Trunk and Valise Manufacturer,
AND CARRIAGE TRIMMER, ...PUTNEY, VT.

P. SIMONDS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Ladies, Gents, Misses, Childrens and Boy's
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Rubbers,
Opposite the Post Office, Main Street, ... BRATTLEBORO.

J. W. HOLTON, Apothecary and Druggist,
And Dealer in
Patent Medicines,
MAIN STREET, ... BRATTLEBORO, VT.

L. G. MEAD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, practicing in the Courts of Vermont and New Hampshire.
☞ AGENT OF THE ÆTNA Fire Insurance Company, and Windham County Mutual do.
ALSO, Agent to procure Pensions, and Bounty Land. Commissioner for the States of New York and New Hampshire, California and Notary Public. 27

F. H. FESSENDEN.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.
Office Williston's Stone Block.
The subscriber has the agency of the VT. MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, with a Capital exceeding $1,300,000. Also the SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, (stock) with a Capital of $150,000 & a large surplus; and the CONWAY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, (stock) with a Capital of $100,000. He is also prepared to effect insurance, if desired, in the ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, and ATLANTIC FIRE AND MARINE CO., Providence. Persons wishing to insure on property will do well to call on him before effecting the same. Insurance on LIFE may also be effected with him in the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, for any term and to any amount not exceeding $10,000 at one risk. F. H. FESSENDEN.
Brattleboro, January 6th, 1857. 2

POETRY.

THE COMET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies!
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And sattelites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left or right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea;
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be!
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop crack'd the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine.

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw an ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep.

MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

In Athens, the people used to have their theaters and their games. In Rome, amusements held a high place of necessity. London, Paris, New York, Boston, all the large cities of the time, feel obliged to cater for popular wants in this direction, and hence arise splendid piles and open, magnificent halls that are devoted to nothing else but the entertainment of the sovereigns and masses.

Back in the country they have no amusements at all. It isn't nonsense to say so, because it is too true. They live hard, bald, dry lives, and dry deaths. Of course we mean with now and then an exception. They get up in the morning and work with their patient cattle till sundown. They dress themselves in their stiffest and most starched up things on Sundays, and go to meeting from nothing but a sense of *duty*. They huddle at all the funerals, and manage at those times and places to get through as large an amount of talk as our busiest merchants do any day in a whole hour on change.

Not that all farmers are quite as bad as this, for we know better ourselves. But the exceptions are "mighty scarce," as the boy said.—Beyond the reach of what are popularly supposed to be the refining and truly humanizing influence of the city—I am not speaking satirically at all now—men and women do not seem to know how to amuse themselves at all; or if they do here and there chance to get an inkling of what they need in the way of pastimes, they set about it so much like going about their work that the whole affair becomes nothing less than a series of downright efforts of the most severe and unnatural character.

I have said it before, and I say it again.—country people don't know how to amuse themselves. They require something quite different from what their city cousins call for, I grant. But it is *so* different, as the case stands now, it makes one laugh out of the left-hand corner of his mouth to think of the consummate absurdity of the thing. For example: instead of meeting and greeting one another in a natural and easy way at a party, a ball, a husking, or something of that sort, they attend faithfully upon all the funerals, meeting up at the "meeting house," auction sales of sheriffs and administrators, militia musters, and annual agricultural shows, wearing countenances as long as the one-hundred-and-eineteenth Psalm, set, dry, fixed and totally ungenial in their ways and manners careful to let no impulsive expressions escape them if they can by any rigid possibility help it, and fixing unmerciful stares of astonishment and reproof on all the younger ones who can not help now and then laughing at the twang, the thump, or the topic of the minister.

Hence, for want of theater, concert, and things of that sort, the people far back in the country have a shrewd way of resorting to something that they no doubt think altogether better.

It is the COUNTRY STORE.

An institution all by itself is the country store. It stands out as distinct and vivid in the social landscape of the rural districts as the monument does on Bunker Hill. All parties resort to it. All the loungers, all the idlers, and all the village gossips, as well as those who go to buy molasses, keg nails, tobacco, and raisins, congregate and loiter, and gossip, and listen, in the convenient restingplace of the country store. And if it furthermore happens to be the Post-office, then follows a patronage from the sovereigns far and near, which it would be idle indeed for me to attempt to describe.—Besides the sugar, nails, codfish, and brooms, there lie all the letters that belong to the men, women and children of the town. The sum total of their correspondence with parties resident abroad is to be found just there, and just nowhere else. Therefore all the men collect about this swarming focus. Therefore they come and sit evening after evening, alternately discussing the news and seeing who carries off each and every letter. Therefore they stand and crowd up around the Postmaster as soon as the village mail-bag is brought in assisting him to sort over the meager little pile that he empties out of it upon the counter; offering advice wherever it is and it isn't needed, and submitting highly original comments upon matters and things in general faster than anybody can pretend to keep up in their digestions.

Look in on the store in a country town at any time of the day or evening, unless perhaps it is just at planting or haying time, and you will find character, incidents, and amusing details enough to please you as long as your recollection consents to give back the scene to you.—They lounge and loaf, boys and men, making a serious business of it. They perch on the smooth, worn counters swinging off their feet. They occupy the heads of kegs and the narrow beds of soap and candle boxes. They stand around the stove-pipe if it is winter, and touch it on this side and that with their hands. They lean back in rows in the dark corners of the store, exchanging their dull-colored yarns with one another, and ripping out their usual snickers at what precious bits of scandal happen to fall in their way. They bandy coarse and heavy jokes with the boys, giving them thorough lessons in their own peculiar art gratis. They read over all the posters and handbills for the thousandth time, and laugh at exactly the same places they did three weary years ago.

On winter nights, the iron box stove is filled "cram full" with solid wood, and the draught roars like a young lion in the desert. Its raging sound drowns out the howl of the January winds without. The men and boys huddle close, hold up their hands before their toasted faces, laugh harder at their stale jokes than ever, and fall to again over the reputations of their friends and neighbors in a pleasantly scandalous way. When the old-mail driver comes in from his coach on these evenings, and they all begin to address him by his Christian name; and ask him minutely about the weather, and make their calculations how much longer he will be likely to be on the road, then there is a new whirl in the social scene, and new characteristics are developed to the eye of the observer at every turn.

The village store withall is a very useful place, and therefore worthy of a number, all by itself, in the list of our institutions. There the farmers go to buy their new spring seeds and their agricultural impelments. There the boys go to perform their errands for mothers, sisters, and themselves. There the farmers wives arrive early in the summer times, and barter away their eggs and cheese for cotton cloth or calico, or new shoes. There the girls resort, with burning blushes on their faces, to learn if they have any letters for themselves in the office, or to exchange a few sly remarks with the spruce young clerk whose hair hangs so heavy with oils and perfumery, or perhaps to study the very latest styles in prints, bareges, and muslin de laines. You can see a caravan of old family nags, bob-tailed and long-tailed, standing drowsily before the door, almost any hour through the day. You can see old women climbing into and out of their high wagons, having made or being about to make the purchases they have dreamed of, and talked about, and made all sorts of calculations on, for at least a week or a month beforehand. They will present you, too, many a study if you will but be patient and listen; their ready resources, their shrewdness in getting a bargain, their bold way of telling the storekeeper how much they know themselves about what he is trying to talk into them, and their triumphant expression when they discover that they have finally carried their original points exactly as they desired—all these things catch the eye of a quick and appreciative observer, and furnish him with plenty of food for consideration afterward.

They can talk politics pretty well at the public meetings in the large cities, where they have a "distinguished speaker from abroad" to wake up their ideas; but they dont begin to know how to do it as thoroughly as they go through with it in a country store. There a man *corners* a man. He gets him right where he can't get away. And as soon as Esq. Riggs opens the talk, or Deacon Blodget makes a sally, or Capt. Muggs starts a new train, they are all in for it, every one. They are the very people for whom political newspapers are printed, and no others. For them were originally published the "Debates in Congress," which they are as ready to quote as any eager Deacon ever was to hurl texts from the Scriptures at the head of his opponent or questioner. The Hon. Mr. Buzfuz does not suffer in their hands at all; or else he does suffer immensely, though not so badly as to be damaged beyond recovery. What the ex-member of Congress for their distret said in his speech before the Young Men's Club on the Friday evening before they had satisfied to talk about from one end of the evening to the other. All the candidate's claims to favor are fully discussed. All the prospects of his final election are freely remarked upon in one corner of the store and another. The ministers hints on political topics don't suit some, while others profess to like him, only the harder on that account. It is not a little caucus there in the country store; it is a little CONGRESS, and each man a member. The assembled wit and wisdom of the town discuss all the great affairs of the nation, settle the claims of the church and the ministers, and dispose of the reputations of all, the great and little men, in an evening. Wars, and rumors of wars, they take by the horns with both hands. Elections are their particular hobby. They realy believe they make and unmake the fortunes of our public men, and the belief is a source of inordinate satisfaction to them.

In the autumn time it is good to run your eyes over the crook-neck squashes, and yellow, round pumpkins and the nice white beans, and the blood-red beets that garnish the walls and ceiling. Here is the museum of agriculture. Here the farmers hold their shows. Here they flock, of afternoons as well as evenings, and tell over the finished work of the season just drawing to a close. They make up their estimates of their own corn and their potatoes.—They begin to calculate how many cows they are going to winter, and what amount of wool the women folks mean to get carded for winter spinning. They talk on crops, on fruits (some of them), on horses, and on sheep. The store keeper becomes a sort of confident to every one in affairs pertaining to business. He listens to all their tales, and offers advice whenever it is not. No man can furnish forth more facts than he, whether they pertain to farm, field politics, or the wonders and mysteries of a country trade.

At the country store, then, farmers enjoy regular reunions. It is as much a place of amusement as it is of trade. It furnishes relaxation to the overtasked man and I was going to say *boys*—just as much as do the meetings on Sunday and funerals through the week. In it and about it the rustics unbend. They swap cattle and horses before the door, and sprawl over the counter inside to figure up their profits or losses in the way of trade. All the local news center there, as in a focus. The country storekeeper could well afford to publish a bulletin every day, and he would not fail either, to "find his account in it," as the saying is. He collects continually the fund of gossip and scandal, of quarrels and horse traders, of deaths, births, and marriages, and of losses, gains, misfortunes, and family feuds. He calls every other man by his Christian name, and can tell you the age and circumstances of of nearly all of them from one end of the town to the other.

If you happen to be driving through one of these back towns any day, it will pay you well to buy a half peck of oats for your animal to eat under the shed, while you go into the store yourself and look around and study character. A new phase of life will present itself to you. You will see what, perhaps, you never saw before, and learn some things that you had not been told enjoyed a real existence. The store-keeper will treat you with all possible civility; the men standing and sitting around will question you perseveringly of your name and occupation; and all the boys that roost on the boxes, kegs, and barrel, will stare and whisper, and snicker, till you will declare to yourself that no man has really completed his education unless he has been out for a time and studied human nature in a country store.—*Life Illustrated.*

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practising law in Illinois on a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C——, by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse thieves and counterfeiters, whose head-quarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band!

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drank. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been for eyes brightened by "pearly tears," (blast the poets that made them to come into fashion by praising 'em,) I'd never been caught in the lasso of matrimony. And my would-be client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her ripe lips, and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a white gull in a gale of wind at sea. I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still—he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter his appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brain. Who if they could not fathom the depths of argument, or follow the labyrinthine mazes of the law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, a weeping, pretty wife, nearly broken hearted, and quite distracted. Knowing the use of "effect," I told her to dress in deep mourning, and bring her little cherub of a boy, only three years old, into court, and to sit as near her husband as the officer would let her. I tried that game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence and the judge's charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly; inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travelers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses and proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for defence. Witnesses—I had none. But I determined to make an effort—only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernational clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture. A young man entered into life wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with the liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. O, how earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgetted and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecution had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred.

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke, under attachment. Finding I was neck ahead and bound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents, (per memorandum book,) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C——, intending to go as far as the village of Mt. Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strung order. They swept past as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me asked me to "wet," or in other words diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard, but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mt. Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a nice stopping place, and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sulky, but in a belt around my body. I drove slow in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stood before the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old traveling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so.

"By G—d, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please, drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a colt which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written with a pencil the moment before.—Never shall I forget the words—they were:

"Beware, they are members of the gang.—They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them!"

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What—are you going on to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I, "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay then, I guess, and make a night of it!" said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink *when I come in.*"

"Good on your head! more whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon, it was old fashioned; and "linch pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later, I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off.—Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to Mt. Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money—but I didn't travel that road any more.

"NICE GIRLS."

BY A BACHELOR.

To my mind there is nothing in all the world half so beautiful, half so delightful, or half so lovable as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty girl, or a dashing girl, or an elegant girl, but a "nice girl;" one of those lively, good-tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures, whom we meet in the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl" is not the languishing beauty, who dawdles on a sofa and talks of the last new novel, or the last new opera; or the great giraffe-looking girl, who creates an effect by sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The "nice girl" does not even dance well, or play well, and she does not know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active for that; she is not given to novel-reading, for she is always too busy. And as to the opera, when she goes there she does not think it necessary to show her bare shoulders; but sits generally away in the back of the box, unheeded and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home." Who is it that rises first in the morning and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast, and carries up mamma's tea, and puts buttons on the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes everything bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant creature? By no means. It is the "nice girl." Her unaided toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time; yet how charmingly her hair is done! how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar! What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked, among the members of the family. She does not present her cheek or her brow, like the "fine girl," but takes the iniative herself and kisses the boys, one after the other, with an audible "smack," which says aloud, "I love you ever so much." If ever I coveted anything in my life, it is one of those kisses from that "nice girl." She is quite at home in all the domestic duties. She troubles no one to "help the kettle." She has fetched it from the hob, and replenished the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is running up and down stairs, always doing, and always cheerful and light-hearted. And she never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father for hours together, and never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl." When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amoont of fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl," is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck-ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a "nice girl" with curls, but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that "coaxers," or "c-c's,"—those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline—are totally inconsistent with the character of a "nice girl." And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a "nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my *beau ideal*—or, should it be in this case, *belle ideal?*—is kid boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which, I believe, the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot and a well-shaped ankle in conjunction with a clean, white petticoat, and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a squint. Young men, is it not so? yes, you confess it.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I admire—nay, that is too cold a word—I love the "nice girl!" Under every condition, every aspect, save one—that one is the condition of matrimony. When I hear that one of the "nice girls" of my acquaintance is about to be married—about to be monopolized by some jealous beast with whiskers, and an ugly sister who is to be bridesmaid, I come over faint and sick at heart. Where "nice girls" dwell it should be written up, as on gates of choice gardens, "Do not pick the flowers." Oh, it is horrid, horrid, to see that spruce gentleman come in and take her away into a corner for the rest of the evening. I may not waltz with her now; I may not catch her at blind-man's buff; I may not sit by her and turn over the leaves as she sings "Auld Robin Gray," even though it were Christmas time; I may not any more kiss her under the mistletoe; I may not even look at her! There is that horrid, spruce man with whiskers glowering at me as if he would eat me. I sigh as the resemblance comes over me of the many "nice girls" who have thus been torn, ruthlessly torn, from me by spruce and, I am sure, stupid men in whiskers. Why, why are there such things as spruce men with whiskers? I am sure we should get on much better without them.

I cannot bear to think of a "nice girl" getting married. I cannot contemplate with patience what she is about to become. What is she about to become? She is about to become the slave of one man. In less than a year her figure will be eternally spoilt. In less than a year she will wear sloppy dresses and wrappers of a morning. She will leave off garters, and her stockings will hang loose. She will lose the bloom in her cheek, and the merry twinkle in her eye. She will have a baby, and smell sour. I say I cannot contemplate this spectacle with patience. I once visited one, who had been a "nice girl," a year or two after her marriage. The figure which she presented shocked me. I could have cried with vexation; and I am sure if her husband had come in, I should have kicked him. I have resolved never to go through such an ordeal again. When a "nice girl" marries now, I have done with her forever.

You may wonder why, since I am such an admirer of "nice girls," I have never made one my own—why, in fact, I have never married one. I have loved, admired, and adored them too much for that. I could no more marry a "nice girl" than I could wilfully trample down a bed of flowers. I have all my life considered it, and still do consider it, a crime, little short of sacrilege, to marry a "nice girl." Who but a savage would deface a beautiful piece of sculpture? Who but a wretch would stand with his back to the fire and monopolize all the heat? To the man who attempts to marry a "nice girl," I say, as Diogenes said to Alexander, "Get out of my sun."

Marry a "nice girl!" Never! I know what it would be. No man is a hero to his *valet dechambre*, and no husband, I am sure, is a fine fellow in his wife's eyes after she has mended his socks and put patches in his drawers. On the other hand, I am certain there must be a horrid disenchantment about a skimp flannel petticoat, and a cotton night-cap with frills.

No; let the "nice girl" alone. Let her be the life and sunshine of "Home" forever. Let as many hearts pine away and die for her as will: I am ready to pine and die with the rest. But, oh, change not Miss into Mrs.! rob her not of her girlishness and simplicity; pollute not the gushing fountain of her love, which flows for all, and falls like due upon the world. Let her be a "nice girl" forever; for such as she never grow old, or lose the power to charm. If you must marry, marry the beauty—the flirt—the clever girl—the flashing girl—any kind of girl, but leave me, oh, leave me the "nice girl." For her sake, I will live a bachelor to the end of my days; and when I die, I desire nothing better than to have such a one to watch over me and close my eyes.

MUSIC IN THE WILDERNESS.—The editor of the Fitchburg *Reveille* has vacated his sanctum for an excursion to Lake Saranac, and has located himself in the lodge of "Bill Martin," from which he writes—"passing up the Lake on the evening of our arrival, the stillness was suddenly broken by the clear silvery tones of a woman's voice, from the opposite side of the lake, in tasteful execution of a popular air from La Somnambula; as we listened surprised and almost entranced by the unexpected melody, a tremendous, wild and grotesque accompaniment broke out from the depths of the woods; never before was any lady's voice mingled with such orchestral music, as that volunteered on this occasion by the owls of Lake Saranac. The lower notes were rendered with astonishing power; never did musical critic in the city hear such quavers as resounded from side to side of this lake in the woods, and never was prima donna better sustained. The performance brought down the house, i. e. "Sam Downing" (his guide) and ourself. The prima donna soon appeared in her canoe, in response to our vociferous applause, but the other members of the company declined to come out, but evidently gratified with their reception, continued the performance with great vigor until morning.—The lady proved to be one of Mr Martin's guests, who with her husband and son had escaped from New York to pass a week or two on the lake.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
FOR one square of 12 lines or less nonpareil type, (the smallest size used,) three insertions $1; for each subsequent insertion 20 cents. The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements or they will be continued until ordered out. Contracts will be made with advertisers by the column or fractional parts thereof, at liberal rates. Transient advertising to be paid in advance.
For all Probate advertisements, excepting notices of applications to sell real estate, $1.50 each for three insertions.
POSTAGE!—THE VERMONT PHŒNIX is sent into all the towns of Windham County free of Postage. To any part of this State out of this County, for 13 cents per year; elsewhere 26 cents per year—payments in all cases to be made quarterly in advance.

Rotation in Office.

[Correspondence of N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.]

I have frequently spoken against the practice of removal for opinion's sake, but the leaders of each new Administration necessarily bring in with them a retinue of personal friends who must be provided for, and as Congress will not create a sufficient number of new offices to meet the necessities of these gentlemen, and the holders of the old ones will not resign, some of the latter must be turned out. Besides, in the present case, the merit of impartiality cannot be denied. Democrats are sent to the shades of private life, and old Whigs and Know Nothings are retained. This is done, perhaps, upon the maxim of *parcere subjectus et debellare superbos.* The merciful adage is not extended to Republicans, a few of whom, having been nosed out in the retired corners of the departments, have been made examples of. They were not allowed to blush unseen. One of the unfortunates is proscribed because "he is a friend of Preston King, the regenade Democrat," who wrested the purple from Scripture Dick. Mr. King has earned the hate of the Black Democracy, which is a certificate of devotion to freedom, the Constitution, and the Union.

Jefferson Davis, ex-Minister of War, has made an impressive speech in Mississippi, in which he dictates to Mr. Buchanan his policy for the next three years and nine months, and postpones the crisis of the Union until 1860, when he thinks that unless the North shall have previously succumbed, a *casus belli* will have arisen between the sections. This adjournment of the closing struggle is kind and considerate. It shows at last this, that the Democracy reserves *crises* for Presidential Elections. A crisis is worth at any time a million of votes.

Gen. Cass is expected to return from Detroit about the 1st of July. The President is quietly revising the diplomatic list, and will probably not make any changes until the end of June. The numerous hints given to applicants, have driven them from Washington, and there never was less personal pressure for office than now. It is stated, as a remarkable fact, that the President yesterday took his evening walk without meeting an office-seeker.

The Consulship to Beyrout, in Syria, and several others of from two to four thousand a year, are vacant, and a loss of salary is running on which is causing an alarming saving to the Treasury, at the cost of worthy gentlemen who have suffered for the party in time and purse.

Mr. J. W. Forney, ex-clerk, and confidential candidate for Senator in Pennsylvania, is said to have declined the offer of Consulship to Liverpool. This disinterestedness, unusual in a Democrat, is to be rewarded by a public dinner in Washington. If there were gratitude among politicians, the President would retain in the Liverpool Consulship Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was biographer to Gen. Pierce; for the univers