

The Lamoille News.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL, ECONOMICAL AND DOMESTIC INTERESTS OF LAMOILLE COUNTY.

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POETRY.

GOOD-NIGHT, BUT NOT GOOD-BYE.

We lingered at the little gate,
Beneath a dark and dewy sky,
And when at last we parted, fate
Behind the shadows whispered "Wait!"
But she, unheeding, murmured "Late,
Late, sweetheart, it is growing late—
O, then good-night, but not good-bye!"

I watched her flitting up the stair,
And longed to be where thought could fly,
But half-way up the darkened stair
She turned and chide my longing there;
"Even love," she cried, "must rest to bear
New trials for blossoming! Only swear
You'll not forget—ah, do not swear—
And then good-night, but not good-bye!"

Her voice is in my memory yet,
A still, small sound that passeth by,
For who can love and then forget?
But death is sleep; and somewhere yet
Love's moon will rise and never set!
Therefore close up her coffin; let
Her rest awhile from care and fret;
Sleep awhile, sweetheart, I'll not forget;
"Good-night, indeed, but not good-bye!"

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, best and polish us; nor let
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
The perfect image, that our God and Lord!

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"Not yet, the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet, my heart is full of hope,
I cannot bear to die!"

"Not yet, I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love, O Death!
I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted train,
Praised in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die!"

OUR STORY.

BILL WHYTE.

I had occasion, about three years ago, to visit the ancient burgh of Fortrose. It was early in winter: the days were brief, though pleasant, and the nights long and dark; and, as there is much in Fortrose which the curious traveller deems interesting, I had lingered amid its burying-grounds and its broken and mouldering tenements till the twilight had fairly set in. I had explored the dilapidated ruins of the Chanery of Ross; seen the tomb of old Abbot Boniface, and the bell blessed by the Pope; run over the complicated tracery of the Runic obelisk, which had been dug up, about sixteen years before, from under the foundations of the old parish church; and visited the low, long house, with its upper windows buried in the thatch, in which the fur-famed Sir James Mackintosh had received the first rudiments of his education. There was little wonder, that twilight should have overtaken me in such a place.

There are two roads which run between Cromarty and Fortrose: the one, the king's highway; the other, a narrow footpath that goes winding for several miles under the immense wall of cliffs which overhangs the northern shores of the Moray Frith, and then ascends to the top by narrow and doubtful traverses along the face of an immense precipice termed the Scarf's Crag. The latter route is by far the more direct and more pleasant of the two to the day-traveller; but the man should think twice who proposes taking it by night. The Scarf's Crag has been a scene of frightful accidents for the last two centuries. With a knowledge of this, however, I had determined on taking the more perilous road. The night fell thick and dark while I was yet hurrying along the footway which leads under the cliffs; and, on reaching the Scarf's Crag, I could no longer distinguish the path, nor even catch the huge outline of the precipice between me and the sky. I knew that the moon rose a little after nine; but it was still early in the evening; and, deeming it too long to wait its rising, I set myself to grope for the path, when, on turning an abrupt angle, I was dazzled by a sudden blaze of light from an opening in the rock. A large fire of furze and brushwood blazed merrily from the interior of a low-browed but spacious cave, bronzing with dusky yellow the huge volume of smoke which went rolling onwards along the roof, and falling red and strong on the face and hands of a thick-set, determined-looking man well nigh in his sixtieth year, who was

seated before it on a block of stone. I knew him at once, as an intelligent, and, in the main, rather respectable gipsy, whom I had once met with about ten years before, and who had seen some service as a soldier; it was said, in the first British expedition to Egypt. The sight of his fire determined me at once. I resolved on passing the evening with him till the rising of the moon; and, after a brief explanation, and a blunt, though by no means unkind invitation to a place beside his fire, I took my seat frowning him, on a block of granite which had been rolled from the neighboring beach. In less than half an hour we were on as easy terms as if we had been comrades of years; and, after beating over fifty different topics, he told me the story of his life, and found an attentive and interested auditor.

"I was born, master," said the gipsy, "in this very cave, some sixty years ago, and so am a Scotchman like yourself. My mother, however, belonged to the Debatable-land; my father was an Englishman; and of my five sisters, one first saw the light in Jersey, another in Guernsey, a third in Wales, a fourth in Ireland, and the fifth in the Isle of Man. But this is a trifle, master, to what occurs in some families. It can't be now much less than fifty years since my mother left us, one bright sunny day, on the English side of Kelso, and stayed away about a week. We thought we had lost her altogether; but back she came at last; and when she did come, she brought with her a small sprig of a lad, of about three summers or thereby. Father grumbled a little. We had got small fry enough already, he said, and bare enough and hungry enough they were at times; but mother showed him a pouch of yellow pieces, and there was no more grumbling. And so we called the little fellow Bill Whyte, as if he had been one of ourselves; and he grew up among us, as pretty a fellow as e'er the sun looked upon. I was a few years his senior; but he soon contrived to get half a foot ahead of me; and when we quarrelled, as boys will at times, master, I always came off second best. I never knew a fellow of a higher spirit: he would rather starve than beg, a hundred times over, and never stole in his life; but then for gin-setting, and deer-stalking, and black-fishing, not a poacher in the country got beyond him; and when there was a smuggler in the Solway, who more active than Bill? He was barely nineteen, poor fellow, when he made the country too hot to hold him. I remember the night as well as if it were yesterday. The Cat-maran lugger was in the frith, d'ye see, a little below Caerlaverock; and father and Bill, and some half-dozen more of our men, were busy in bumping the kegs ashore, and hiding them in the sand. It was a thick, smuggy night; we could hardly see fifty yards around us; and on our last trip, master, when we were down in the water to the guwale, who should come upon us, in the turning of a handspike, but the revenue lads from Kirkcubright! They hailed us to strike, in the devil's name. Bill swore he wouldn't. Flash went a musket, and the ball whistled through his bonnet. Well, he called on them to row up, and up they came; but no sooner were they within half-our's length, than, taking up a keg, and raising it just as he used to do the putting-stone, he made it spin through their bottom, as if the planks were of window-glass; and down went their cutter in half a jiffy. They had wet powder that night, and fired no more bullets. Well, when they were gathering themselves up as they best could,—and, goodness be praised! there were no drownings amongst them,—we pumped our kegs ashore, hiding them with the others, and then fled up the country. We knew there would be news of our night's work; and so there was; for before next evening there were advertisements on every post for the apprehension of Bill, with an offered reward of twenty pounds.

"Bill was a bit of a scholar,—so am I, for that matter,—and the papers stared him on every side.

"'Jack,' he said to me,—'Jack Whyte, this will never do; the law's too strong for us now; and if I don't make away with myself, they'll either have me tucked up, or sent over seas to slave for life. I'll tell you what I'll do. I stand six feet in my stocking,

soles, and good men were never more wanted than at present. I'll cross the country this very night, and away to Edinburgh, where there are troops raising for foreign service. Better a musket than the gallows!"

"Well, Bill, I said, 'I don't care though I go with you. I'm a good enough man for my laces, though I ain't so tall as you, and I'm wondrously tired of spoon making.'

"And so off we set across the country that very minute, travelling by night only, and passing our days in any hiding hole we could find, till we reached Edinburgh, and there took the bounty. Bill made as pretty a soldier as one could have seen in a regiment; and, men being scarce, I wasn't rejected neither; and after just three weeks' drilling,—and plaguy weeks they were,—we were shipped off, fully finished, for the south. Bonaparte had gone to Egypt, and we were sent after him to ferret him out; though we weren't told so at the time. And it was our good luck, master, to be put aboard of the same transport.

"Nothing like seeing the world, for making a man smart. We had all sorts of people in our regiment,—from the broken-down gentleman to the broken-down lamp-lighter; and Bill was catching from the best of them all he could. He knew he wasn't a gipsy, and had always an eye to getting on in the world; and as the voyage was a wondrous long one, and we had the regimental schoolmaster aboard, Bill was a smarter fellow at the end of it than he had been at the beginning. Well, we reached Aboukir Bay at last. Bill and I were in the first detachment, and we had to clear the way for the rest. The French were drawn up on the shore, as thick as flies on a dead snake, and the bullets rattled around us like a shower of May hail. It was a glorious sight, master, for a bold heart. The entire line of sand coast seemed one unbroken streak of fire and smoke; and we could see the old tower of Aboukir rising like a fiery dragon at the one end, and the strange village of Rosetta, half-cloud, half-flame, stretching away on the other. There was a line of launches and gunboats behind us, that kept up an incessant fire on the enemy, and shot and shell went booming over our heads. We rowed shorewards, under a canopy of smoke and flame; the water was broken by ten thousand oars; and never, master, have you heard such cheering; it drowned the roar of the cannon. Bill and I pulled at the same oar; but he bade me cheer, and leave the pulling to him.

"'Cheer, Jack,' he said, 'cheer! I am strong enough to pull ten oars, and cheering does my heart good.'

"I could see, in the smoke and the confusion, that there was a boat stove by a shell just besides us, and the man immediately behind me was shot through the head. But we just cheered and pulled all the harder; and the moment our keel touched the shore, we leaped out into the water, middle-deep, and after one well-directed volley, charged up the beach with our bayonets fixed. I missed footing in the hurry, just as we closed, and a big-whiskered fellow in blue went having pined me to the sand, had not Bill struck him through the wind-pipe, and down he fell above me; but when I strove to rise from under him, he grappled with me in his death agony, and the blood and breath came rushing through his wound in my face. Ere I had thrown him off, my comrades had broken the enemy, and were charging up the side of a sand-hill, where there were two field-pieces stationed, that had sadly annoyed us in the landing. There came a shower of grape-shot whistling around me, that carried away my canteen, and turned me half round; and when I looked up, I saw, through the smoke, that half my comrades were swept away by the discharge; and that the survivors were fighting desperately over the two guns, hand-to-hand with the enemy. Ere I got up to them, however,—and, trust me, master, I didn't linger,—the guns were our own. Bill stood beside one of them, all grim and bloody, with his bayonet dripping like an eaves-spout in a shower. He had struck down five of the French, besides the one he had litted over me; and now, all of his own accord,—for our sergeant had been killed,—he had shotted the two pieces, and turned them on the enemy. They all scurried down the

hill, master, on the first discharge.

"In the morning, when we were engaged cooking our breakfast with leaves of the date-tree, our colonel and two officers came up to us. The colonel was an Englishman,—and brave a gentleman as ever lived,—and as kind an officer too. He was a fine-looking old man, as tall as Bill, and as well built too; but his health was much broken. It was said he had entered the army out of break-heart on losing his wife. Well, he came up to us, I say, and shook Bill by the hand as cordially as if he had been a colonel like himself. He was a brave, good soldier, he said, and to show how much he valued good men, he had come to make him a sergeant, in room of the one we had lost. He had heard that he was a scholar, he said, and he trusted his conduct would not disgrace the halberd. Bill, you may be sure, thanked the colonel, and thanked him, master, very like a gentleman; and that very day he swaggered scarlet and a sword as pretty a sergeant as the army could boast of,—and, for that matter, though his experience was little, as fit for his place.

Continued next week.

RELIGIOUS.

"Give me the lowest place; not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place; but thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by thy side.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place be too high, make one more
low,
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love thee so."

MOODY'S EXPOSITION OF GODS INVITATION.

Let us get back to that word, "who-soever." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Now that word is broad enough to take in every man, woman and child in this assembly. Thank God, we don't have to preach that every man will be saved who behaves himself. We can preach the Gospel to the vilest sinner, and offer him a pardon, however vile he have been. God invites the whole world to be saved. Gamblers, thieves, drunkards, vagabonds, don't leave one out, the backbone of the black, go preach the Gospel to him, tell him he can be saved, tell him Christ died for his sins, and that the way has been opened from the grave right straight to the throne by the Son of God. He will snap your fetters and let your captive soul free. He is the Savior from sin. He will not only blot out your sins, but He will give you power over sin. Mr. Moody told of a visit of Governor Pollock to a murderer whose death-warrant he had signed. After the interview the prisoner asked the sheriff who that man was who had talked so kindly to him and prayed with him. "Why, that was Governor Pollock." The condemned man turned deathly pale, and, lifting up both hands, he cried: "Governor Pollock! Sheriff, was that Governor Pollock? Yes, that's Governor Pollock." "Why didn't you tell me before? If I had known that was Governor Pollock I would have fallen at his feet and cried, 'Mercy! mercy!' I would have asked him to pardon me and to save me. Oh, sheriff! why didn't you tell me that was the governor?" The poor man wept and wrung his hands in agony, to think the governor had been right in the cell with him, and had the power of pardoning him and setting him free, and he didn't know he was the governor. Sinner, bring your good news to-night. There is one greater than any governor. He is here to-night. He is here for a purpose. He is here to save sinners. He is here to pardon you. He don't want you to perish; He don't want you to be lost. He comes to give you a pardon. What does he say? "Come, now let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them as wool; though they be red as crimson, I will make them as snow." Do you want a pardon? Take it! Take it! It is for every one. Oh, may God help you to believe it to-night and be saved!

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It is disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good, insulting to those with whom we associate, degrading to the mind, unprofitable, needless and injurious to society.

JESTING WITH HOLY THINGS.

There are few things more painful to a spiritually sensitive man than to hear light-minded people treat serious things with lightness. As a pure-minded maiden shrinks with wounded feelings from jesting words spoken against the mother she loves, so does the truly religious man shrink from laughter-provoking jests pointed at Scripture facts, or framed from Scripture text put into ridiculous association. They hurt him, and are as poisoned arrows to him, wounding him and leaving their poison behind.

We may illustrate this latter effect of lightly jesting with Scripture text, by calling to the recollection of our elder readers a certain quatrain, sung some thirty years since at the concerts of a band of singers then and since every deservedly popular. This quatrain was a jest upon one of the most solemnly beautiful texts in Holy Writ—namely, "All flesh is grass."

It represented a horse biting his clerical master because it had heard him quote those words. The jest itself is of a very low order of wit, but it was so comically sung, that immense audiences were convulsed with laughter on hearing it—for the first time. We venture the assertion that thousands of Christians who joined in the general merriment carried away that metrical jest sticking to their memories like a burr to the dress, and that for years it spoiled the beauty of the associated Scripture. Personally, we aver that even to-day we can neither read it, nor hear it read, without the recurrence of a temptation to laugh.

There is an example of the lightness which vulgarizes a lofty idea by low associations, in the April number of the Atlantic. A writer in the "contributors' club," speaking of the popular admiration for robustness, describes Weston, the pedestrian, finishing his five hundred miles' walk on Saturday night. Then says the contributor, "He mentioned that he would attend divine service the next day, and sent to the chorister a request to have the hymn sung, 'Nearer my God to thee!' *five hundred miles nearer* than all the rest of us. Truly, there is something spiritual in gymnastics." Possibly there may be. But we submit that this light treatment of an aspiration which in itself is the sublimest that can move the human heart, is unworthy a literary magazine. If Weston was weak enough to utter so sorry a joke, the Atlantic ought not to be clownish enough to give it credit. We expect it, at least, to treat serious things with becoming seriousness.

But worse than the Atlantic, is a bit of doggerel, lately printed in a religious journal which shall be nameless in this article. In this vulgar composition, the Saviour is described as standing at the grave of Lazarus where "He paid, in resurrection coin, the sisters for His board!" And again, giving a reason why the sheet filled with all sorts of animals, was shown to Peter in his celebrated vision at Joppa, it assures the world that Simon's wife while "eart and work upon a bill of fare," found that "her stove, it seems, wasn't good to draw or, else the wood was wet!" Besides this inanity, the grand miracle of the feeding of the hungry multitude is described "a time . . . when breaking off a chunk of bread would make a whole loaf grow!"

Truly this is lighter than froth. Its vulgarity is offensive to good taste. Its association of grand and sacred facts with low ideas and rude phrases, is revolting to Christian feeling. The influence of such writing is to degrade our most holy things, and unfit the mind to be profited by their graver treatment from the pulpit. Surely, we have a right to demand better things from the religious press.

This light treatment of serious things too often enters into social life. In some circles the conversation is principally made up of jesting repartees and lively stories. Witticisms make the hours jocund. Merriment drives out seriousness, and laughter grows rude and noisy. Precisely how far such relaxation may be innocently permitted depends largely, we suppose, on the individual conscience. Laughter is certainly not a sin. With Cowper we may ask,

"Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right?
The best for simple of the vain and light?"

But when it passes the boundary of innocence we do not pretend to de-

termine. The shadow of condemnation creeps over the conscience when that line is passed, and happy is he who heeds its first shade. Happier still is he who bridle both lip and laughter before the shadow falls!

"LIFE A FAILURE."

When Dr. Lyman Beecher was pastor in Boston, he had many conversions at his church, especially of young men. One who had been anxious for some time, and had attended several inquiry meetings, being asked on one of these occasions how he was getting on, replied that he was in the dark, and had received no light. Dr. Beecher having learned the nature of the young man's business, said to him, "Do you think you can be a rum-seller and get to heaven? God will never bless you in such business. You must renounce it, or you can never be a Christian. For your son's sake abandon it: You must quit it or go to hell."

Those words went to his heart. He attended one or two more inquiry-meetings and was no more seen seeking to become a Christian. It was a turning point with him. He concluded not to give up rum-selling. Some time after this, a pious relative wished to see him on the Sabbath; and called at his residence, but he was absent. A friend of his went to his store, and hearing some one inside, knocked several times at the door and obtained admittance, only to find him busily engaged, on the Lord's day, in drawing liquors, and arranging for their sale during the week. He apologized for being thus occupied, by saying, "he had so much on his mind he could find no other time to attend to it."

He was absorbed in his chosen business, seemingly forgetful of God and eternity. It was an energetic man; and in this nefarious traffic accumulated a large property.

Some who were well acquainted with him, and were inquirers at the same time, became devoted followers of the Savior, and of their ability did much to promote the cause of Christ. They frequently tried to impress on him the importance of something better than worldly good; of a treasure in heaven; of a life consecrated to the service of God, but without effect.

In the latter part of his life he was in a state of unrest, and keenly felt his want of preparation for heaven. He acknowledged that his life was a failure. He expressed a decided conviction that those, however poor, who were serving God, were richer than he with all his wealth; and that it was of the highest importance to begin life by becoming Christians. His last illness was of short duration; he was not aware of the nearness of death till a few hours before he breathed his last. When his speech had failed him, his countenance showed great mental distress, even anguish and despair. He passed away, and gave no sign of true repentance or faith in Christ. Young man, it may now be a turning point in your history. Remember some opportunities occur but once; amiss taken then is a mistake for life and for eternity. Hear the voice of the blessed Savior. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Say not, to-morrow I will do so, but make the required sacrifice at once; and devote your heart, your influence, your life, to Christ. "Seek Him while He may be found."—Rev. S. Cushing.

Judge L.—of Lafayette, Ind. not only dispenseth justice with even hand, but at times indulgeth in the jocose: During the progress of a certain trial involving the ownership of a calf, it became of importance that the jury, in order to arrive at a just conclusion, should be sent out to view for themselves the chattel in dispute. The plaintiff, who had possession of the animal, lived some two miles from the court-house, and one of the elderly jurymen demurred to the idea of being sent so far. The judge, in his usual round, full voice, replied: "Gentlemen, I anticipated this objection, and had the calf brought to the court-yard. I thought it less trouble to bring in one calf than to send out twelve." The jury emerged into the open air, and in presence of the calf, deliberated.

For what purpose was Eve made? For Adam's Express Company.