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PROBATE COURTS.

Bradford District, 1868, 1869.

At the Trotter House in Bradford, on the second Tuesdays of January, March, May and August, 1869.

At the Hotel in East Corinth, on the second Tuesdays of February, July, September and November, 1869.

At the Newbury House, Newbury, on the second Tuesdays of June, and October, and the last Tuesday in August, 1869.

At the Register's Office, West Fairlee, on the second Tuesday in December, 1868, and the second Tuesday in April, and last Friday in September, 1869.

ALVAH BEAN, Register West Fairlee, Dec. 1, 1868.

NATIONAL OPINION.

VOLUME 4. BRADFORD, VERMONT, FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1869. NUMBER 3.

A Sad History

Russell, the Boston Traveller's Southern correspondent, in a letter dated at Vicksburg, May 12th, tells the following:

SAD, SAD HISTORY.

While wandering over the fields to-day, in search of the fortifications, picking up fragments of shells, old caissons, bayonet scabbards and pieces of haversacks, we met a man about thirty-five years of age. His clothes were ragged, his hair matted and his face dirty. He was a picture of wretchedness, although Fowler would call him a smart and intelligent man. He was restlessly pacing about through the brush and over the hills, with his hands behind him, and his head bent down as if in a deep study.

We hurried up to the spot where he must meet us if he kept on in the direction he was coming, and waited for him. He neither looked nor spoke to us in passing, nor heeded our 'Good evening sir,' until he had passed us several paces. He however, turned abruptly about, like a man who suddenly discovers that he has forgotten something, and muttered between his teeth, 'Did you speak to me sir?'

We told him we did, and that we were anxious to see where the Federal lines were located, as we were from Massachusetts.

'Oh, yes, from Massachusetts,' said he straightening up; 'I have been in Massachusetts, and was born in Vermont.' Then, after a pause, he clenched his hand and said sadly, 'I wish I was dead now.'

'Why so?' said we, feeling a pity for such a wretched creature as he appeared to be.

'If you are going out towards the bayou, I will show you,' said he, leading the way.

We began to think the man was insane, and after following him nearly a mile we halted and asked him how far he intended to go. He stated that we were almost there, and so we kept on. He soon turned off the main road into an open field, surrounded by the growth of young timber; and after passing the barren spot which appeared to have been at some time the site of a building, he suddenly stopped, and pointing to a bunch of rose trees, said in a low tone:

'There! In that grave lies the reason why I wish I was dead. She was my wife, sir.'

'How long has she been dead?' asked we, as sympathetically as we could.

'Well, seeing you have taken interest enough to come along so far, I'll tell you the whole story,' said he, taking out his knife to trim the rose bush.

HIS STORY

'She was twenty-nine years old, sir, and she was a Southern lady, too. I came down here long before the war, and had a nice bit of land there. I fell in with this lady at the city up the river, and we were married in 1862. I kept out of the war as long as I could, because I didn't like fighting anyhow, as I was happy at home, and because I felt more like fighting, if I fought at all, among my native Vermonters. I hated the Confederacy, and said so, and got them down on me. So one day a company of infantry came along and said they would shoot me on my own threshold at once if I didn't enlist in the Confederate army. I lived right there then where you see those weeds. I could not get away from them, and finally, with a gun at my breast, I said I would enlist, and went off leaving my wife crying in the door. I can see just how she stood her hand, kerchief up to her face in this way, her left hand a wailing like this. But no use, I had to enlist with the Confederates, and so I did, with the mental reservation that I would run away the first opportunity. But I didn't get any chance for they watched me as close as a bloodhound does a nigger. Finally, when Grant's army came down here, our brigade was sent out to kind of hold them in check. I hadn't been home since I went away, and my wife wrote me trying to cheer me up. The second day we moved up in plain sight of my house, our lines being along where that fence is yonder. Then the Yankees, they came out of the woods over there, and began firing. I wondered what had become of my wife, for the bullets from both sides began to tear the shingles off the house. One side there, where you see the cellar like! Well, that's where she went to get away from the shot, she and the water girl. All night I stood out there by that tree, wishing I might go and see my wife. But she didn't know that I was there at all. But I determined to desert to the Union lines the next night, so I arranged to be on picket, and I was set out there, in the corner of the field. Just as it was coming dark, I lay down on the ground, so that the other pickets might not see me and crawling along slowly towards the house, and when I got within a few rods, I jumped and ran for the house. When I came round the corner, a picket discovered what I was and fired at me,

SOUND DOCTRINE ON THE SUBJECT OF DIVORCE.

An application was recently made before Judge G. G. Brainard for a limited divorce from the bonds of matrimony. After hearing the evidence in the case, of the little bickerings—foolish enough in themselves—which had taken place between the husband and wife, Judge Brainard delivered the following judicious opinion:

'Looking as I ought, and as I think every magistrate ought to look at the union formed by marriage, and consider how sacred and solemn that union should be held, I am exceedingly unwilling at any time to grant a divorce or a separation unless the evidence will fully warrant and sustain me in so doing. The temporary difficulties and spats arising between man and wife in the course of a lifetime should be forgotten, instead of being widened, and should be healed instead of being strengthened by outside influences. In this, I do not find sufficient testimony to justify me in granting a separation. The letters of the wife show that she is an affectionate, good-natured lady, and I don't see that the defendant, except being guilty of two or three outbursts of temper and probably indiscretions which, on reflection, will be forgotten, has done anything to prevent the parties from coming together as God intended they should do. This complaint is therefore dismissed.'

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised by his composure and serenity that she cried out:

'My dear, are not you afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?'

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place, drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

'Are you afraid of that sword? She instantly answered, 'No.' 'Why?' said the officer.

'Because, rejoined the lady, 'I know that it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me to well to hurt me.'

'Then,' said he, 'remember, I know in whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in his grasp and the water in the hollow of his hands.'

A WRITER IN THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE CURRANT WORM AS FOLLOWS:

I have in my garden a large quantity of bushes, and the most of them are in close proximity to the black currant bushes. I have found but little difficulty in raising all the currants required in my family, and frequently furnished to my friends—The bushes near the black currants were but little affected, and yielded a good crop each year, while those farther away are almost entirely destroyed. We are aware that the worm will not feed on the black currant bush, and I know of no reason why my bushes were not affected, except that the strong odor from the black currant drove them away.

A very simple and efficient means of ridding currant bushes of the currant worm is to sprinkle the bushes with powdered white heliober while the dew is on, or after a rain. A dollar's worth of this stuff will save a large number of bushes. We have tried it and know.

SHALL WE GROW OUR TEA AND SUGAR?

Tea and sugar are long ago achieved in American manufactures; the question now is, shall we not grow on our own soil the ingredients of our cups of tea?

First, as to the tea plant itself. The Knoxville Press has lately been urging, in a series of noteworthy articles, the culture of tea on American soil. It shows that one enterprising East Tennessee farmer for several years raised all the tea he needed for his family, and of a quality which several gentlemen pronounced 'equal to Young Hyson.' Whereupon a Rochester paper prints a communication from a gentleman who claims that he, too, has raised from his farm all the tea his family requires. We should not be surprised to hear other similar experiences made public. The question is, therefore, why, if as an amusement or a freak of fancy, tea culture has been a success in climates as widely different as those of Tennessee and New York, it cannot become a serious and profitable enterprise.—N. Y. Times.

THE COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE HAS DECIDED THAT FARMERS WHO HAVE THEIR GRAIN MANUFACTURED INTO FLOUR AND THEN SELL THE FLOUR IN ANY MANNER, MUST PAY A LICENSE TO THE GOVERNMENT.

A gentleman in Rochester received a telegraphic dispatch a day or two since from a friend in New York, whose given name is John. He showed the dispatch to a friend, with the remark that he didn't know John wrote so good a hand.

FOUR DAYS' DELIBERATION.

In one of the old Dutch settlements of Mohawk Valley, a very honest old farmer was elected Justice of the Peace. It was not supposed that Squire V. had amassed much legal learning, but he was quite noted for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness—indeed a blunt Dutchman, whose heart never erred, but whose head had very little connection with it in the administration of his official functions. It happened that his first case was quite a hotly contested by lawyers on both sides. They summed it up elaborately, and after they got through quoting from 'Coven's Treatise,' the bar room of the hotel (his office) being crowded with eager spectators, to hear the first decision of the new Justice, the old man deliberately folded up his docket, put it under his arm, lit his pipe, and said:

'Well, gentlemen, I shall take four days to decide, but shall eventually find judgment for the plaintiff.'

A BRAVE ACT.

The Troy Press says, when the local freight train was nearing Palatine Bridge, on the Central road, on Wednesday afternoon, the engineer discovered a little two-year old boy, a child of Benjamin Clark, who resides near the railroad, playing with the gravel on the track, but a short distance in advance of the engine. He immediately blew brakes down, reversed the engine, and tried every method in his power to stop the train, but was unable to do so, and it seemed impossible not to immolate the little innocent. The fireman seeing but one way to save the child, bravely and rapidly climbed down upon the cow-catcher, held himself on by wedging his feet between the bars, reached over nearly the length of his body, and with both hands caught up the boy and tossed him one side into the ditch; then recovering himself climbed back into the engine. The name of this brave fellow is James Moorhead, a resident of Utica. The act was an heroic one and well worthy of record.

PROF. AGASSIZ SAYS THAT FISH IS A KIND OF FOOD WHICH REFRESHES THE SYSTEM, ESPECIALLY AFTER INTELLECTUAL FATIGUE.

There is no other article that supplies the waste of the head so thoroughly as fish diet; and the evidence of it is in the fact that all the inhabitants of the seashores the world over are the brighter population of the country. Fish contain phosphorus to a large extent, which the brain requires for growth and action.

WESLEY WROTE 7,000 HYMNS.

ITALY ABOLISHES THE DEATH PENALTY.

Andrew Johnson is worth \$75,000.

United States has 6,527 cotton factories.

The Mount Zenis tunnel will be completed in 1871.

The strike of the Erie brakemen, for two dollars per day, has ended, the company yielding.

Thirteen lawyers were arrested by the police of Nashville, during the month of May for infractions of law.

A bachelor editor, who has a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to another editor similarly circumstanced, 'Please exchange.'

A promenading alligator kicked up a wonderful hubbub in Savannah, Ga., the other night. He cleared the streets, and finally retired to a sewer.

Returns from eight counties in Washington Territory give Garfield, Republican delegate to Congress, 429 majority, indicating his election by 560 majority.

Pollard in his new book on Jeff. Davis, says Yancey's life was shortened by his hand to hand fight in the Confederate Senate with Hill. It wrenched his spine.

An octoiron woman has put in a claim in the New Orleans courts for the property of a deceased German, named Charles Mathias, on the ground that she is his widow.

A disease supposed to be leprosy has appeared among the swine, in the vicinity of Hamilton, Ont. It is the real article of Hebrew antiquity, and this is said to be its first manifestation in this country.

'Conscience money' continues to be received—in small sums—at the Treasury department. Last week a \$10 thief, a \$100 thief, and a \$200 thief sent on their little stealings. A contemporary would like to see some of our \$100,000 thieves or \$1,000,000 thieves follow these excellent examples.

A Fort Smith special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune says a party of 250 Cheyennes attacked an unprotected settlement, 100 miles west of Topeka, on Sunday morning, the 30th. They came towards evening, under the pretence of friendship, and massacred men, women and children. The women were outraged and their bodies horribly mutilated.

ROAD LAW AND MANNERS.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half of the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this wise. You and I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have a right to go our several ways without obstruction, so, popularly, we say I own half and you half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. This is true whatever the load or team; for if one can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or at all, then their rights are no longer equal.—This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all into the deep snow while your neighbor goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right to load his team so as not to be able to give up half the track to whoever demands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him or any portion of his right hand half of the way, and the team must yield it to him. This is already so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into the snow for one or two horses. This is the law and the courts award it.

Now for the manners of the road which in some instances, vary from the law thereof. The first requirement of road manners is good nature and accommodating spirit. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equal well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbor has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible; you may sometimes be loaded. It has become a practical rule of courtesy to turn for heavy teams, especially in winter, when the roads are heavy. But remember it was a favor, not your right, and you have a reciprocal duty to perform, and one which, I am sorry to observe, is not always borne in mind.

One word in relation to teams going the same way, in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. When teams come up behind you that team has a right to a reasonable space and opportunity to pass on—in fact half the road for that purpose—and your obstructing him in his lawful desire is both bad manners and bad law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you should stop. This is particularly so in winter, when it is a heavy tax on a team to force it into a trot in deep snow, or deep mud, or frozen or deep ruts—made necessary by your continuing to move on. Remember the good old aphorism, which can be so opportunely applied here—'Wheel grease is a great lubricator, but good manners a vastly greater one.'—Mass. Ploughman.

The Cincinnati papers are full of particulars of the recent destruction of a gasometer in that city. It was swung upon iron columns forty feet high, and it was composed of sheet iron, and was seventy-five feet in diameter. Nothing now remains of it save the mass of iron of which it was composed, lying shattered in the immense basin of water over which it hung, and the iron columns to which it was suspended. It held at the time of the accident 375,000 cubic feet of gas, which had all in the second's time vanished like a flash of powder. So sudden was its consumption and dissipation into the atmosphere that no fire was communicated to anything, and, strange to say, little or no damage was done to the surrounding buildings, save the jarring of walls and the cracking of a few panes of glass. It was fortunate that but one man met his death by the explosion. He was discovered far up on the iron framework which supported the immense reservoir; perfectly naked, with the exception of one boot; his face was blackened, his hair burned from his head, his flesh crisped and scorched by the terrific heat. With great difficulty he was removed to his home, where he lived but six hours. The lungs of the unfortunate man were literally baked by the explosion. Shortly after the accident a panic arose in the vast crowd of spectators. The people feared an other explosion, and turned and fled, screaming, in every direction. They climbed upon each other in their efforts to escape, and numbers were thrown to the ground and trampled upon. Hats were lost and in some instances clothing was torn from the backs of those who were striving to quit the frightful scene. On Front street, where the panic was the worst, several persons were knocked down and rendered insensible. Wild beasts never behaved with such ferocity as did this surging, howling, affrighted crowd. The loss will reach \$75,000.

SECRETARY FISH IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE CABINET WHO IS KEEPING HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

An enthusiastic New Yorker has advertised for five companies to accompany him on an exploring expedition to the interior of Greenland.

AN INTELLIGENT WITNESS.

A witness in a trial, in Winchester, England, before Mr. Baron Martin, prestid in telling what other people said, and interlarded his testimony so often with 'said I' and 'said he,' that the counsel was utterly bewildered. The court attempted to set the man right: 'My good man tell us exactly what happened.' 'Yes, my lord, certainly, I said I should not have the pig.' 'Well, what was his answer?' 'He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he—' 'No, my lord, he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person.'

'I was the first person that spoke, my lord.'

'I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words.' 'There was no third person, my lord, only him and me.'

'Look here, my good fellow—he did not say I had been keeping the pig, he said, 'I have been keeping it.' I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different estates, my lord, there was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must of heard it.'

PROGRESS OF CONSOLIDATION.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser opposes earnestly the railroad consolidation bill now before the Massachusetts Legislature. He says its proper title should be: 'An act to create a Monopoly of Railway Traffic between Boston and Lake Ontario, and to perpetuate high rates of freight between Massachusetts and the West.' The Burlington Times, remarking, says: 'His main point is the very obvious one, that to take the Ogdensburg Road into the consolidated line is to cut off the competition for freight from the West, now maintained by the tapping of the Ogdensburg road at Moor's Junction by the Rutland and Montreal line. The route via Rutland and Moor's Junction is declared to be the shortest line between Lake Ontario and Boston which it is possible for corporate enterprise to construct, and the Legislature is urged not to deprive shippers of its advantages. Among the amendments proposed in the Massachusetts Senate was one compelling the consolidated road to receive freight from other roads, and deliver it to them upon reasonable terms, to be settled in case of grievance by a commission appointed by the Supreme Court. The bill passed to its third reading, however, unamended.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The annual General Convention of the Congregational Churches of Vermont was held at Brandon on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week. It has been a year of unusual prosperity to that church throughout the State, especially on the west side of the State. Last year most of the increase of membership was on the east side of the State, this year it is mostly on the west side. The total number of pastors in the State is 80. Total number of ministers, 213. Whole number of churches, 196. Every Association in the State reports a net gain. The total membership of the State is 18,467. Loss by death, dismissals and excommunication, 850. Admissions by profession and letter, 1,284, making a net gain of members in the State of 425. Number of Sabbath School Scholars, 19,292. There is also an increase in the amount of contribution for benevolent purposes. Last year it was some over \$10,000, this year it is \$40,160.10. The corresponding Secretary, Rev. Mr. Lyington, of Windsor, last year inserted a new column in the statistics, gathering the number of membership under thirty years of age. The number reported this year is 3,474, or a little over twenty per cent. of the entire membership.

Horace Greeley recommends the use of the guillotine for execution instead of hanging.

Within a year six attempts have been made to assassinate Victor Emanuel.

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