

ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

A. A. EARLE, PUBLISHER.

No More Compromise with Slavery.

TERMS, \$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 1.

IRASBURGH, VERMONT, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1856.

NUMBER 27.

Literary Selections.

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Will you bear that, Edward?"
The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was time for a response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added, "You will resent the insult."

"Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word 'coward,' in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I will not strike."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegations as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion, as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my friend."

At this moment a light, girlish laughter, and the ringing or merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

The latter, whose face was now very sober, and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward at heart.

What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering.

Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice, so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and a half dozen maidens; and as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries

were excited among the former. These should have only added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult, so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then moved slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low sneeringly uttered word, 'coward,' from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward he instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unquenching spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm the tone of which told too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves, at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, towards the breast of a milldam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet.

Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companions on the shore and uttering heart reading cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that night at hand. Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party, on the shore when Wilson dashed through them, and springing in to the boat cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls must be saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the moment and the occasion, from his high selfish purpose, he dashed the boat out in the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction

at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene, that he had lost his presence of mind, and now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam was not three feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the sethinge waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will be usually found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

LEAF MANURE.—Slake fresh lime with brine till it falls to a powder. Turn the leaves and sprinkle the powder evenly among them, four bushels to a cord of leaves. Nothing is better for fruit trees.

Soft soap in some shape please all, and generally the more lye you put into it the better.

A servant girl, who was employed to pickle her master's cabbages, took the opportunity to cabbage her master's pickles.

The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please.

DIED OF CRAMP.

From the Evening Gazette.

A LOCAL SKETCH APROPOS TO LOBSTERS

It is a fearful thing to be stricken down alone and unattended, when our last hour comes—without a sigh from loving lips to prove that we will be regretted when we are gone, and to assure us that our life has not been spent in vain when tender ones can breathe a blessing on our exit. This truth found poor Peasey, in the cholera time, moving one evening towards home, pondering upon the chances of his being called away in the midst of his usefulness, his young wife a widow, with good prospect of being married again before he had been dead six months. The night was dark and his mind was as dark as the night was, as he moved along, turning these things over in his deep reflection and wondering if lobster salad was wholesome in cholera time, for he had just partaken of a dish of that delicious preparation, and was conscious of an uneasiness in the epigastric region. He had taken the precaution advised by the "Baron" to "soften the hostility" of the salad by a sufficiency of Sauterne, or some other fluid, and was surprised that it affected him so. He felt uneasy in his mind about it. But he remembered the tales he had heard where cheerfulness was a repellent of cholera influences, and of the effects of dismal thoughts inducing the dreadful disease, and he attempted to whistle a cheerful tune. It was a failure. His whistle sounded more like that heard in the winter by some crumby in an old barn, at night, when the witches are about and children hide their heads under the bed clothes for fear.

Going through Union street towards the North End, where he resided, he met one of his old friends.

"Lots of cholera, down your way, eh, Peasey?" said the friend. "Mayor Bigelow's been a overhauling Spear Place, and found it brim full."

He looked at Peasey by the gas light, and saw that he was pale and unhappy.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"I don't feel exactly right," said he. I guess it isn't much, though. I've been eating lobster salad."

"Bad stuff in cholera times," said the friend. "You know old Timberly up by Fort Hill—well he eat two lobster claws day before yesterday about noon, and next morning he was dead as General Jackson. Good night."

And the friend was off.

Peasey felt worse, and whistle as he might—and he attempted another tune—the pain increased, as he did his pace.

"Ah, Peasey, my boy, how are ye?" said Styles the policeman, as he saw him scudding along with his hand upon his waistcoat.

"Pretty well," replied Peasey with an effort.

"Glad of it," said Styles, "glad of it. Great times, these. Cholera's all around your neighborhood. Seven carted away this afternoon."

"Anybody that I know?" asked Peasey.

"Why there's the Widow Speare, and Jo. Bart, and Uncle Frye, and the rest I don't know. Don't you think that Frye was cursed fool enough to gorge himself with lobster salad and then wash it down with brandy. Devilish fool, wasn't he?"

"Perhaps so," said poor Peasey, taking hold of his waistcoat with redoubled force; "but it is generally so bad?"

"Bad!" said Styles, looking earnestly into Peasey's eyes, and seeing the sweat standing in globules upon his face and his lips as white as ashes, determining to try him; "bad! you haven't seen the proclamation of Mayor Bigelow about lobsters, made on the recommendation of Dr. Smith, to have all the lobsters thrown into the dock and the men prosecuted for selling 'em?" "Twas sent down to the watch house to-night. Smith says they're rank pizen—red cholery's every one of them."

How the pain took hold of Peasey, as the policeman moved on! Down in Hanover street, a crowd of people attracted his attention, and for a moment he stopped to ascertain the cause.

"What's the matter?" asked Peasey of a bystander.

"It's a feller that was picked up on the wharf, sir," was the reply; "guess he's got 'the cholery'; been eating lobster."

Mr. Peasey ran from the scene towards his home, and never had that spot appeared so sacred to his fancy as at that particular juncture. He had got within a few doors of his haven, when he met a man coming down the street with a lobster under each arm, from which he was breaking the claws from and sucking them.

"He's a goner," said Peasey to himself, as an extra pain made him almost cry out with its acuteness; and I'm afraid that I am."

Mr. Peasey reached his door, a wretched man; but he was at home. Here he could find consolation and peppermint tea. Here he could have the hand of sympathy held out to soothe his brow or to drop laudanum for his infirmity. With a strong hand he pulled the door bell, when, overcome, he sank upon the door step. No one came at the summons, and rising up he gave another pull and sat down again.

A window in the next house opened, and a female voice was heard telling Mr. Peasey of the fact that his wife had gone to a religious meeting in the Bethel and wouldn't be back till ten o'clock, and it was now but half past eight. Wretched Peasey! An hour and a half betwixt him and peppermint tea, and he dying of cholera! The reflection broke the back of the little resolution he had left.

He fancied to himself the trouble that would arise in finding out how he had died—for he knew he was dying—and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he wrote on the door in legible characters, "Died of Cramp," and became insensible.

His wife arrived home sooner than she anticipated, and found him still lying there. One of the brethren who came home with her helped get him into the house, where he was plied with proper applications, but was not fully restored till the next day, when he found his pain all gone and a wonderful appetite possessing him.

"What have you got in the house to eat, wife?" said he, putting his right foot out of bed; "I think I could eat a little something—something that's delicate, you know."

"I have," said she, smiling, "something that will please you. I have bought a nice large lobster, and am going to make a lobster salad for you."

Poor Peasey! He fell back upon the bed, and relapsed again into forgetfulness. It was three weeks before he recovered, and all of the time he was sick people marvelled at the strange inscription upon his door—"Died of Cramp."

And it was only owing to a strong constitution and proper appliances that it was not true.

Peasey to this day has the courage to look at a lobster. His sensibility is so acute that he can smell lobsters three squares off, and thus is enabled to avoid them. He refused a sergeant's warrant in the Boston Fusiliers because they wore red coats, and the mention of lobster gives him the horrors for days thereafter.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

About twenty years ago, as the story goes, a man and wife of prominence, by fashionable position, who had been wedded long enough to be blessed (?) by a female babe, discovered that they did not love one another as they should, and therefore separated forever. The wife took the child and sought a home in the eastern city, where her parents resided, resuming her maiden name, and giving her child the same. After a divorce had been agreed upon and obtained by due course of law, the lady married, and then the little girl was sent to a relative in the interior of York State, where her education was attended to, and where she lived until a few months since.

The man has continued to reside in the West, and being young when he separated from his wife, of a hale constitution, and particularly careful to remove all traces of Time's footprints, has kept up a very youthful appearance, considering his age. Being in affluent circumstances, of good address, and decidedly agreeable in all the niceties that combine to stamp the gentleman of fashion, he was always regarded as a desirable prize by designing mammae. Nevertheless, he escaped all the snares, to the great annoyance of pretty girls and charming widows, who really thought it was the duty of Mr. to get married. It might have been a settled aversion to the sex, or it might be attributed to his early lesson—yet it was a fact, he did not marry.

But, not to be prolix, we will cut off some of the little, unimportant items, and proceed to the story.

During the last June, a Miss J. arrived here from the east, on a visit to a relative who had been a resident of the Queen City but a very few months. The second week of her sojourn threw her in company with the grass widow of twenty years standing, who showed by his attention that he was more than usually impressed by the charms of the fair stran-

ger. Every evening found him at her side, and she was thought not to be entirely insensible to his charms of person and mind. A month glided away—a month of courtship, which was carefully noted and meaningly winked at by her relatives.

At length her hand was asked in marriage, and the matter referred to her cousin. He seemed to favor the project, and appointed an interview for the trio the same evening. They met in the parlor, when a more formal solicitation was made for her hand; and while the ardent suitor was waiting with breathless anxiety for the answer that was to seal his fate, the young lady was led forward and presented to her own father, the lover.

It is needless to add that both were astonished; however it resulted in good. The father has settled a liberal fortune upon the daughter, and ere this both are in Paris, preparatory to making the tour of Europe. This romance of every day life is but another instance of truth oftentimes being stranger than fiction.

NORTHERN RUSSIA.

While in the southern part of the vast Russian empire, a fertile soil and a pleasant climate allow of all the agricultural productions of the temperate zone, the northern sections of the country are bound throughout a great portion of the year, in ice and frost of an Arctic temperature. The consequence is that, while in the great rivers of Siberia, which flow towards the north, are, near their sources, filled with water, the mouths of their channels near the sea are stilled locked in impenetrable ice, and the waters finding their outlet thus closed, rise above their banks and overflow a vast extent of country, rendering it uninhabitable in northern Siberia between the first of October and the first of June the mercury in the thermometer rarely rises above the freezing point, and in January it sometimes indicates sixty-five or seventy degrees below zero.

It is difficult to conceive of inhabitants in so desolate and forbidding a region as this, where nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter;—and yet, in the summer months, the country teems with animal life. Countless herds of reindeer, elk, black bears, foxes, sable, and grey squirrels, fill the upland forests; stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds; enormous flights of swans, geese and ducks arrive in the spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety; eagles, owls, and gulls pursue their prey along the sea coast; ptarmigan run in troops among the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks, and the morasses; the social crows seek the neighborhood of men's habitations; and when the sun shines in the spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and in autumn, that of the thrush. Man, ubiquitous man, may be found there at all seasons, although his life is a continual conflict with privations and suffering. In most cases he is impelled by necessity; in some cases by avarice or adventure. The summer affording an ample supply of fish and flesh for food; and in the autumn he may gather from the immense shoals of herring which enter the rivers, an abundant provision for the winter.

Those men who are impelled by a desire for gain to seek an abode in these inhospitable regions employ themselves chiefly in hunting and trading for furs and ivory. A singular place, indeed, to hunt for ivory, as the animals from which this material is principally procured, exist only in the warmest countries in the world. But it is well known that an enormous quantity of elephant and mammoth remains abound upon the frozen shores of Siberia, the ivory of which, buried, as it must have been for thousands of years, is as sound and perfect as that supplied by the tusk of the living animal. The multitude of these huge remains, together with the bones of a great variety of other animals that are found along the northern coast of Siberia, and on the numerous islands of that Polar ocean, buried in masses of ice, and in the frozen mud banks of the rivers, near their mouths, is almost beyond belief. The traveler here may well say, in the language of the poet,

"I saw the old world's white and wave swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confound'd the bones skeletons
Lay strewn beyond man's eye's resistant ken."

Henderson, in a work published nearly thirty years since, says that:

"These bones or tusks are less large and heavy the further we advance towards the north, so that it is a rare occurrence on the island to meet with a tusk more than three pood in weight,

whereas on the continent, they are said to often weigh twelve pood. In quantity, however, these bones increase wonderfully to them. For about eighty years the fur hunters have brought large cargoes from this island, but as yet there is no sensible diminution of the stock. The tusks on the islands are also much more fresh and white than those of the continent. A sand bank on the western side was the most productive of all, and the fur hunters maintain, that when the sea recedes after a long continuance of easterly winds, a fresh supply of mammoth bones is always found to have been washed upon this bank, proceeding apparently from some vast store at the bottom of the sea."

In addition to the remains are to be found skulls and bones of horses, buffaloes, oxen and sheep, in such quantities as to show that these animals must formerly have lived there in large herds.

Better than their Fathers.

The New York Daily Times, in a memoir, just published, of the late Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who died on the 18th ult., who raised himself, by his own exertions, to be minister at St. James', from an humble shop boy, says of him: "Well might Mr. Lawrence at this time have looked back upon his career with pride. The old homestead at Groton, the humble store the starting point, and the Court of St. James the goal. Truly did he remark, on a recent occasion, when addressing the boys of his native village:—'"Boys! you have everything to encourage you; and it is in your power to become greater, wiser, and better men than any who have preceded you.'"

Mr. Lawrence was not only a shop-boy and a minister, he was a great merchant and manufacturer—politician and legislator; he was well known amongst ourselves as a polished gentleman; and his long and successful career closed in peace and honor, proves him to have been an eminently practical man. To every Anglo Saxon he is recommended the fact that he made for himself a colossal fortune. He was rich enough and generous enough to give \$50,000 to Harvard College for founding the Lawrence Scientific school, which made his brother Amos any, in a letter to Abbott:

"I thank God I am spared to this day, to see accomplished, by one so near and dear to me, this last best work ever done by one of our name, which will prove a better title to true nobility than any from the potatoes of the world. It is more honorable, and more to be coveted than the highest public station in our country."

"It enriches your descendants in a way that mere money can never do, and is a better investment than any one you have ever made."

Practical, philanthropic, skilful, clever, wise, and fortunate, it is impossible to quote a higher human authority than Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and he solemnly told the boys of his native village, meaning to give the best lesson he could, that it was in their power to become greater, wiser and better men than any who preceded them. His testimony, therefore, freely given—having no view, apparently, to theory—is a strong corroboration of what we suppose must now or soon be every man's creed, that here on earth the human race is in a state of progressive improvement. Man lives under the great law of development, which natural philosophers have traced throughout the greater portion of material creation.

If the progressive moral improvement of the species were not consistent with the laws of nature, it would not take place. In place of much written to the contrary, there is abundant reason to suppose that the physical development of the species has gone hand in hand with the moral development. Civilization is the natural development of the individual and the race. For all youth there is great encouragement in the fact, and we quote the statement to encourage them, that boys may be better, wiser, and greater, than their fathers, and girls more beautiful, amiable, and graceful than their mothers. They are not to believe in degeneration, and therefore despair; but must believe in successive improvement, and must hope and must achieve it.—London Economist.

The most honorable part of talk is to give the occasion.

A short needle makes the best expedition in plain sewing.

"That's a flame of mine," says the Bellows said to the fire.