ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

VOLUME 15--NUMBER 42. BARTON, VERMONT, OCTOBER 18, 1870. WHOLE NUMBER 732.

GENERAL BUSINESS CARDS.

BARTON.

O. B. RAMSEY,
CARRIAGE Painting, over Ufford's Carriage Shop, Barton, Vt.

J. B. CASSIDY,
BARBER and Hair Dresser. Shop on the corner of Main and Water St., Barton, Vt.

JAMES BUSWELL,
LICENSED Auctioneer. Will attend promptly to all calls and for reasonable pay. Barton, Vt.

E. E. RAWSON,
DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Confectionery, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Barton, Vt.

WARNER BROTHERS,
DEALERS IN STOVES, Pipe, Tin, Wooden, Glass and Hollow Ware. Peddlers furnished. Barton, Vt.

J. N. WEBSTER,
INSURANCE AGENT. Insurance of all kinds effected to any amount in first class companies, Barton, Vt.

H. O. WHITCHER,
DEALER in Stoves, Tin, Japan, Wood, Glass and Hollow Ware, Barton, Vt. All kinds of barter taken in exchange.

E. H. WEBSTER,
JOB PRINTER. All kinds of Plain and Fancy Job Printing executed on short notice and at reasonable rates. Barton, Vt.

WM. W. GROUT,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Claim Agent. Will attend the Courts in Orleans and Caledonia counties. Barton, Vt.

J. N. WEBSTER,
PHOTOGRAPHER and Dealer in American and Foreign Stereoscopic Views, Stereoscopes and Picture Frames, Barton, Vt.

FRED. H. MORSE,
PAINTER. Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Whitewashing. Shop at my residence opposite G. Ellis' shop, Horton, Vt.

LOUIS YOUNG,
HARNESS MAKER and Trimmer. Repairing done neatly and promptly. Shop next door to Marble Works, Barton Village.

R. H. LITTLE,
PROPRIETOR of Crystal Lake Hotel—within five rods of the depot. A Livery Stable in connection with the house. Barton, Vt.

GEO. C. DAVIS,
DEALER in Groceries of all kinds—Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Fresh Fish and Oysters; also Tea and Tobacco, Nuts, Raisins and Candies, Barton, Vt.

O. V. JOSLYN,
BLACKSMITHING, Horse Shoeing and General Repairing. Has on hand Cable Chains, Bridle Chains, Chain Hooks, Whiffletree Irons, Neck Yokes, Cant-Hooks, &c., Barton, Vt.

A. C. ROBINSON,
WHOLESALE Dealer in Best Brands Flour, Corn and Groceries—Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Spices, &c.—Lime Plaster, Oils, Fish, and Salt, Depot Store, Barton village. Terms Cash.

M. J. SMITH,
PROPRIETOR of Orleans County Marble Works. Foreign and American Marble, Grave Stones, Monuments &c., Barton, Vt. All kinds of Cemetery Work at greatly reduced prices.

DRS. F. M. PERRY & H. G. STAPLES,
DENTAL SURGEONS, are prepared to attend to any needing the services of a Dentist. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All work promptly attended to. Charges reasonable. Barton, Vt. 38m3

BARTON LANDING.

L. D. WILSON,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Tea and Tobacco, Barton Landing, Vt.

A. D. BIGELOW,
BLACKSMITH. Horse Shoeing and General Repairing done at short notice. Barton Landing, Vt.

R. C. SMITH,
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Repairing done at short notice. Shop in Post Office building, Barton Landing, Vt.

L. L. BUCKLAND,
HARNESS Maker and Carriage Trimmer. All kinds of repairing done with neatness and despatch. Barton Landing, Vt.

W. C. PARKER,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Fancy Goods, Toys, Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Barton Landing, Vt.

AUSTIN & JOSLYN,
DEALERS in General Merchandise. A Tailor Shop in connection with the Store, and in charge of a first class workman. Terms Ready Pay. Barton Landing, Vt.

JOHN LILLY,
TAILOR. Special attention paid to Cutting. Work warranted to give satisfaction. Latest New York Fashions regularly received. Barton Landing, Vt. Shop in connection with Austin & Joslyn's Store.

GRANDY, SKINNER & PARKER,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn, West India Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Agricultural Implements. Special attention given to the Paint Stock Trade. Agents for Luke Buswell, Manufacturers of Dressed Clapboards. Depot Street, Barton Landing, Vt.

GLOVER.

C. L. FRENCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Glover, Vermont.

D. B. RANDALL,
EDGING, Planing, Splicing and General Jobbing, Glover, Vt.

MARTIN ABBOTT,
WHEELRIGHT and Carriage Maker. Repairing done to order. Glover, Vt.

H. W. PHILLIPS,
HARNESS MAKER and Trimmer. Particular attention given to trimming. Glover, Vt.

O. FRENCH & SON.
MANUFACTURERS and Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Findings, Glover, Vt.

E. H. NYE,
TANNER and Currier. A supply of all kinds of Leather on hand. Cash paid for Hides and Skins. Glover, Vt.

S. C. HAINES,
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Harnesses, Riding Bridles, Collars, Whips and Halters. Repairing promptly attended to. Glover.

NORA L. LEONARD,
MILLINER and Dress Maker. Dealer in Laces, Ribbons, Plumes and Fancy Goods. Rooms over Dwinell & Taft's Store, Glover, Vt.

F. P. CHENEY,
AGENT for Sewing Machines—"American," "Wheeler & Wilson," "Gold Medal," "Green Mountain," or any other kind in market, Glover, Vt.

E. E. FOSTER,
PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE. Stage leaves for Montpelier Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and for Barton twice a day. Glover, Vt.

N. M. & N. W. SCOTT,
PROPRIETORS of Glover Flouring Mills.—Best Brands Family Flour always on hand. Also Corn and other feed. N. B. Particular attention paid to Custom Grinding.

D. WHITTLESEY,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, W. I. Goods and Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Flour, Salt, Nails, Fish, Paints and Oils, Patent Medicines, &c., Glover, Vt.

A. C. ATHERTON,
GLOVER EXPRESS. Leaves Glover twice daily for Barton, to meet the 8 o'clock morning and 6 o'clock evening trains. Leaves Barton immediately after the arrival of trains. Connects with Hardwick stage Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

GREENSBORO.

L. BUGBEE,
CUSTOM Boots and Shoes made from selected Stock, Greensboro, Vt.

CUTLER & GOSS,
MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs. Repairing and painting done, Greensboro.

HENRY DUDLEY,
LOCAL AGENT for F. P. Cheney. First class Sewing Machines of all kinds. Greensboro.

IRASBURGH.

CHARLES I. VAIL,
ATTORNEY, Bounty and Claim Agent, Irasburgh, Vt.

L. F. EDGERTON,
PROPRIETOR of Irasburgh House, four miles from Conn. & Pass. River Railroad. Conveyance to and from the Station on arrival of all trains. Also a good livery in connection with the House. Irasburgh, Vt.

S. STANFORD,
GROCERY and Variety Store, where are kept Flour, Pork, Lard, Butter, Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Tinware, Stovepipe, &c. Meals furnished to order. A Livery Stable in connection with other business. Irasburgh, Vt.

W. L. RUSSELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs Stationery, Blank Books, Candies, Cigars, Tobacco, Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patent Medicines, Irasburgh, Vt. Also pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

NEWPORT.

W. D. CRANE,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, True's Block, Newport.

E. S. DORMAN,
DEALER in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, No. 1 Coburn Block, Newport, Vt.

DR. E. HUNTINGTON,
DENTIST. All the Modern Improvements at his office in True's Block, Newport, Vt.

H. BEAN,
PROPRIETOR of Lake House, Newport. A Good Livery Stable, newly fitted up, is connected with the house.

E. B. TRUE & CO.,
DEALERS in Furniture, Carpeting, Crockery, Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Brass, Copper, Iron, and Tin Ware, Newport, Vt.

ROYAL CUMMINGS,
PROPRIETOR of the Franklin Printing Establishment. All kinds of printing executed on short notice, in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. Newport, Vt.

B. E. SHAW & CO.,
DEALERS in Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware, Jewelry and Fancy Goods of every description, Musical Instruments, Guns, Pistols, &c., West Wing of Memphremagog Hotel, Main Street, Newport, Vt.

J. Y. GREEN,
PROPRIETOR Medical and News Depot, where may be found a great variety of Medicines, Trusses, Supporters, Dye Stuffs, Books and Stationery, Inks, Pens, &c., Toys and Fancy Goods. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded. Newport, Vt.

D. B. LESLIE,
DENTIST. Office over Way, Titus & Co.'s store, Hardwick, Vt.

D. M. PARKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Albany, Vt. Office in Sanders' Building.

P. B. LAIRD,
MANUFACTURER of Granite Monuments. All kinds of Granite work done equally as well as on Marble. St. Johnsbury, Vt.

E. K. HAMMOND,
MANUFACTURER of Trusses and Supporters, Aqueduct Augers and Pump Tools. Gunsmithing in all its various branches done to order. Special attention given to Edge Tools of all kinds. Finally Blacksmithing of all kinds done to perfection and warranted. West Derby, Vermont.

PERCIVAL GRAY,
DORER OF PUMP LOGS, respectfully invites the farmers' attention, as he is prepared to do work on short notice. Please address Box 13, Sheffield, Vt. 39w4

NOW IS THE TIME

—TO—

Have Your Sleighs Painted

and the best place in Orleans County to have them done is

AT RAMSEYS.

Some may think this is strange talk,' but I am

Ready to Back it Up.

O. B. RAMSEY.

Barton, August 11, 1870. 32w3

DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT. OR GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

This is the most thorough blood purifier yet discovered, and cures all humors from the worst scrofula to a common eruption. Pimples and blotches on the face, and scaly or rough skin, which are such annoying blemishes to many young persons, yield to the use of a few bottles of this wonderful medicine. From one to eight bottles cure salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, ring worms, boils, scaly eruptions of the skin, scrofula sores, ulcers and "canker" in the mouth and stomach. It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and plants, combining in harmony Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick. It is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are languid, sleepless, have nervous apprehensions or fears, or any of the affections symptomatic of weakness, will find convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated and despondent, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly in the morning, irregular appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only a part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For habitual constipation of the bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are fond in its praise. In bronchial, throat and lung diseases, it has produced many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed. Sold by druggists at $1 00 per bottle. Prepared at the Chemical Laboratory of R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. 35

SUMMER 1870.

AUSTIN & JOSLYN

Are happy to express thanks for a most liberal patronage which has given them the most satisfactory assurance that their Ready Pay System is approved by the community. Under its working we have had larger monthly receipts than ever UNDER THE POOR OLD WAY! We now offer

EXTRA BARGAINS

—IN—

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

For example, a few of the reductions are specified:

Fine Alpacas	50 *to* 30 *cts.*
Wool Poplins,	20 *to* 16 *cts.*
Arlington Poplins,	50 *to* 37 1-2 *c.*
Lawns,	20 *to* 14 *cts.*

Summer Shawl, Mouslins, Cambrics, &c., at like low price for Ready Pay Only.

13 A. & J

Barton Landing, August 2, 1870.

NOTICE TO CLAIMANTS.

The following described property was seized by Officers of the Customs for violation of the Revenue Laws of the United States, to wit:

At Island Pond, Vt., Sept. 16th, 1870,
4 yards woolen cloth,
400 cigars.

Any person or persons claiming the property so seized are hereby notified to appear within twenty days from the first publication hereof, and file with the Collector of Customs for the District of Vermont, a claim, stating his or her interest in the property seized; also, to execute a bond to the United States, in accordance with the provisions of the 12th Sec., Act 18th July, 1866.

Custom House District of Vt.,
GEO. J. STANNARD,
40w3 Collector of Customs.

Collector's Office, Burlington, Sept. 20, 1870.

The Clod.

Within a garden once there lay
A clod, uncouth and brown.
Above it, through the fair, June day,
A rose looked proudly down.

She shook her petals, soft and red—
Queen of the garden born—
And bending o'er it, proudly said,
In tones of regal scorn:

"Here, in the joyous summer hours,
The tired bee lingering, dreams;
Here smile a thousand radiant flowers,
Lit up with rainbow gleams.

"The lily swings her pearly bells,
The purple pansies nod,
And here the stately tulip dwells,
O, dull, unsightly clod.

"The honeysuckle's scarlet bloom
Trails down the trellis there,
The milk-white yucca's rich perfume
Fills all the slumbering air.

"The golden robin comes and sings,
The plashing fountains play;
Here humming birds, their burnished wings
Like tottering sunbeams, stay.

"Here shining butterflies will rest,
When noon's fierce heats drop down,
And fold upon my velvet breast
Their pinions' painted down.

"And you, the clod that lowly lies,
Would seek to dwell with these!
Scorned of the birds and butterflies,
Unnoticed by the bees!"

She ceased; the humble clod looked up,
But answered not a word,
While through the lily's waxen cup
A sigh of pity stirred.

But one by one the summer days,
Like flitting sunbeams, fled;
Till autumn spread its trembling haze
O'er blossoms wan and dead.

And as the gloomy days grew nigh,
The fickle robins flew,
The snow dropped from the sullen sky,
The bitter north winds blew.

But still the clod in patience lay
Beneath the desolating drifts,
Till through the chinks, so cold and gray,
The spring made silvery rifts.

Then from its shuddling bosom warm,
A tender stock was seen,
Sheltered through all the winter's storm,
With leaflets smooth and green.

It drank the April's balmy rain,
It drank the soft May dew,
The clod—for full each threw—like Spring,
And strong and tall it grew.

Until, beside the crimson rose,
Who jealously looked down,
The Sun, their blushing cups unclose,
And showed her royal crown.

The butterflies and winging bees
About her white face hung,
And every bird and every breeze
Her praise and beauty sung.

And taller grew the perfumed crest,
Beside the boasting rose;
A lily, that the dull clod's breast
Held safe 'neath wintry snows.

And thus, within the lowliest mind,
Some germ of beauty lies,
Though trampled down, that yet may find
The light of paradise.

M. H. K., in Little Corporal.

A REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION.—For some ten months past Gen. Kilpatrick, our late minister to Chili, has been suffering from an erectile tumor in his throat, which at the time of the operation protruded outwardly as large as a hen's egg. Inwardly it was much larger, crowding the windpipe half an inch over to the left, making the effort to talk and eat very difficult and painful. On Tuesday last the operation was performed.—It is thus described:

"Gen. Kilpatrick was placed under the influence of ether. Four large-sized darning-needles were then inserted in the tumor. Some idea can be formed of the stubbornness of the tumor by the fact that it required all the strength a strong man possessed to force the needles into it. The fact that it was near the jugular vein increased the difficulty. An unusually powerful electric battery was then applied to the needles, the full force of the battery being given.

Notwithstanding the influence of the ether, the electricity had such an effect upon the patient that two powerful men had as much as they could do to keep him upon the bed. The needles were removed. The patient lay quiet under the influence of the ether. In thirty minutes exactly the outward swelling began to go down, and soon disappeared altogether. The General lay unconscious for two hours.

As he gradually came to his senses, he began to complain of excruciating pains, and a torturing burning in the throat and neck; but these distressing sensations were quickly mingled with surprise and delight. His windpipe had straightened and resumed its natural position, and the 'great lump' which he had complained of so much for ten months past had disappeared. Of course the General was left in a terribly weak condition, but although instructed to keep his room and bed, is looking exceedingly well.

Dr. Lincoln says that the amount of electricity thrown into Gen. Kilpatrick's system by the operation, if concentrated, would transform a piece of the hardest kind of coal the size of a marble into a coal of fire."

England, Germany and America, if united in a determination to secure the peaceful progress of both continents, might shape the destinies of the human race.—*London Times.*

Very true. But from the present attitude of England in the war between France and Prussia, there is little indication that England desires "peaceful progress" in Europe—to say nothing about this western continent. She has had splendid opportunities to prevent war and bloodshed in France within the last thirty days, but we have no evidence of her efforts that way. Had the neutral powers of Europe demanded an end to hostilities after the French Empire collapsed, peace would have spread her broad wings over that distracted country two weeks ago. But the neutral powers, with England at their head, have really backed up Prussia in her unjustifiable crusade against the French Republic. Kingcraft and despotism are to-day banded together against liberty throughout all Europe. Consequently, it is sheer hypocracy and dissimulation for England to talk about what could be done "to secure the peaceful progress of both continents" while she puts her heel on France and bids Prussia go on with her efforts to make the people of that distracted land mere vassals. We sooner expect to see Macaulay's New Zealander on London Bridge than an angel of peace arising over the fogs of that metropolis.—*Watchman.*

It is estimated that 300,000 persons have settled in Texas during the past year, and the present population will not fall short of 1,200,000.

The Robber's Lamp.

'Got to go over on foot!' exclaimed the contractor.

'Not a chance of anything else,' replied the agent. 'But, then, it is only five miles, and you'll have better quarters there than here, in this vile shanty. The money will be safer, too—let alone that the men won't go to work again, unless they're paid in the morning.'

'Is the road safe? I don't like the idea of lugging so much money. I couldn't defend myself or run; but fifteen hundred dollars in small bills is a big package to run with.'

'Send your valise over in advance.'

'Whom by?'

'My man.'

'Is he trustworthy?'

'Honest as the day; and he need not know there's any thing in it but dirty linen. He can start now, and you can wait till after supper, if you will.'

And, so saying, the agent of the railroad company stepped to the door of the shanty and shouted for Patrick, and, shortly, that individual came—as bright, lively, honest looking a son of the Green Isle as ever helped build a western railroad.

'Patrick.'

'Yes, your honor.'

'Take this gentleman's valise over to the village, and leave it with the superintendent. Tell him the owner will be after it this evening.'

'An' is that all, yer honor?'

'That's all—only be quick about it, and you'll earn an extra dollar.'

'I'm jist the boy for that, any how. Sure, it's a small bit of a valise.'

And so saying, Patrick picked up the object of his contempt, and trudged away with an utter absence of curiosity as to the nature of what he was carrying.

The temporary station at which the construction train had landed the contractor—was at the end of the Air Line railroad; and as the laborers thereon had not been paid over promptly, they had now for several days been on a strike, abandoning the work, and congregating idly at a hamlet a few miles distant, thereby compelling their delinquent employers to come to terms. Mr. Perkins had bro't a good share of the "terms" with him, for immediate distribution; and after a plain but hearty supper with the agent, he was about to start on his tramp, when it was discovered that a good sized western thunder storm was just about to burst, and the walk was postponed until the sky should clear. In a few minutes more the rain was coming down in torrents, and it kept up for an hour or so, at the end of which time the contractor paddled away over the muddy road, congratulating himself that the valise in Patrick's care was water proof.

'He's had a rougher time than I will, anyhow; and now, if I ain't robbed and murdered before I get there, I shall do well enough, in spite of the mud.' And so muttering to himself, the worthy gentleman splashed forward.

Our present business, however, is not with his employer, but with Patrick himself.

The parting injunction to make haste had not seemed to make a very deep impression on the careless son of Erin; and he trudged easily along, with an occasional shrewd glance at the somewhat threatening sky, growling to himself—

'Faith, an' I'll be there before he will, an' if it don't rain, an' mebby I will if it does. Och, but it's a wake one to be givin' a dollar for the carrying' the loike o' this.'

A little more than half way across the open prairie, between the railway terminus and the village was a tolerable dense grove, and it was after sunset when Patrick plunged under its shadows. Nor had he gone far before, as the gloom rapidly deepened, the premonitory flashes of lightning and the deep smothered roar of the thunder gave token that the storm was upon him.

'Now, an' cud I owdly git to the owld log house, it 'ud kape me dhry. Howly Moses, what a big flash was that.'

And so saying, Patrick broke into a very respectable trot, which quickly brought him out into a little weed growing clearing. In the centre of this, there was a small log house, the deserted homestead of some discontented squatter who had moved farther westward. It consisted of but two rooms, front and back, and all vestiges of doors or window shutters had long since disappeared; but it promised some sort of imperfect shelter from rain.

Patrick was but just in time; hardly had he stumbled over the greasy threshold before the big drops began to spatter, and these were quickly followed by such penetrating torrents as compelled him to select his standing place under as good a corner of the leaky roof as he could find.

'Bless me sowl, but this is a wet rain, anyhow. I'd not like to be found with another man's portmanty about me clothes. Whisht, now, Patrick, me jewel—what's that?'

And as he spoke, Patrick once more advanced toward the doorway. It was now all but pitch dark, and he could hear the half muffled voices of men, whose profane utterance seemed to try and direct one another towards the shelter.

'Here it is, Bob. I wonder if there's anybody in it.'

'Not to-night, there won't be. Go right in, we're comin'.'

Patrick was no fool and he had heard something in the tones rather than in the words—though these were mingled with horrid profanity—which conveyed to his mind the impression that the new comers were men with whom he did not care to scrape an acquaintance; neither did he like to go out into the storm—and so he quickly glided back into the little "leanto" that formed the other part of the house, and curled himself up against the logs.

In a moment more he perceived that three men had taken possession of his late quarters, and he lay as still as a mouse, while they continued a discussion which had evidently been interrupted by the storm.

'He won't try to get over to-night, I reckon.'

'Yes he will, he's got to.'

'But the storm?'

'He'll wait till that's over.'

'Maybe he's started.'

'If he has he'll turn back. We're safe enough to bag him, an' it's a little the best lay we ever had.'

'Pretty good pot, that's a fact. Do you know how he's got it.'

'In a valise, Jim says.'

'Well, we can take it as well in that as in anything else, as the man said about his whisky.'

'But what'll we do with him?'

'Dead men tell no tales.'

'That's the safest, I guess; and they'll lay it to some of the strikers.'

'Most likely: Have you got the dark lantern ready?'

'Not much oil in it.'

'Let's fill it, then. I went to get some, and got into the boss's private office, and I just found one little can hid away in his chest. Not another thing worth bringing away. Here't is; let's fill up an' take a look round.'

Thus far Patrick had listened with breathless interest, while his mind teemed with horrid visions of robbery and murder; as we have said, he was by no means lacking in sharpness, and the reference to the valise had not been by any means reassuring.

'Howly mother! how did they ever know I was comin' over wid the portmanty? I'd like to know that.—Begorrah, I'd better have turned back before I ever come. An' what's a dollar to pay for being murdered?'

Patrick's thoughts were troubling the very soul within him, when he heard what was said about the lantern, and it needed no one to tell him that his only safety from discovery was in retreat. There was some little noise and loud talking in the other room, not to speak of the rain on the roof, and Patrick had no difficulty in escaping unheard. Once clear of the house, he made a clean run of it for a couple of hundred yards, stumbling over logs, tearing through briars, but sticking faithfully to the valise.

Meanwhile the three robbers had probably been filling the lamp of their dark lantern, and just as Patrick reached the edge of the woods, in the cover of whose darkness he knew he would be safe, he turned and strained his eyes in the direction of the log house. As he did so, a faint glimmer of light came out through the chinks and crannies.

'Sthriking a match,' muttered Patrick. Bad luck to the same for sinding him out into the wet! Howly mother! What's that?'

While Patrick had been speaking, the light had gained somewhat in strength, as if the match was blazing higher; but as he uttered his concluding exclamation, there came a sudden blinding flash, equal to many lightnings, and then a dull and stunning sound, as of some mighty explosion, followed by the crashing sound of heavy bodies falling among the tree tops near him, breaking their way through the branches.

Patrick waited for no more, but found the road as quickly as possible, and made double quick time for the village, regardless of the rain. When less than half an hour afterward, the breathless Irishman with his precious burden, dripping with water, opened the door of the superintendent's office in the village, he heard that gentleman remark:

'What did you say, Jordan?'

'Why,' replied the boss,' with an anxious tone, 'some fool has broken my desk open and stole a can of nitro glycerine, and I'm afraid mischief will come of it.'

'Divil a fear,' interrupted Patrick; 'sorra a mischief was done by that same. Owndy we'll have to sarch the woods wid dogs to find enough of 'em for a dacent wake, or I'm mistaken.'

The explanation which followed left little room for doubt, and subsequent investigation left less. But as Patrick had surmised there was very little occasion for a wake.'

The contractor got in all right, the men were paid, the road was built, and the moral of my story is: If you steal nitro glycerine do not fill your lamps with it, if you mean to light them yourself.

A STORY OF A NOSE.—The following remarkable anecdote is going the rounds of the western press:

"There resides in St. Joseph a certain deacon whose nasal organ is of unusually large dimensions and bold curve. A few days ago said deacon fell and pretty considerably damaged the cutaneous connection of the prominent feature mentioned. Passing into a drug store, he applied some plaster to the wound. On the following Sunday, while engaged in the laudible occupation of passing round the hat for stamps, the plaster fell off. The balance of the story is told in the following words, taken from the St. Joseph Gazette of the 28th ult: 'While an unfortunate sinner was feeling for a donation, the deacon made a hasty dive for a small white object on the carpet in the aisle, which he imagined was the desired plaster, and speedily placed it on the end of his nasal organ. He had scarcely done so, however, when, to his astonishment, several young ladies seated in the pew before him crowded their hankerchiefs into their mouths to restrain their laughter. He only discovered the reason of this unexpected action on their part when he removed the plaster, when he found, upon examination, to be the label from a cotton spool, from which stood prominently forth the magical words, 'Warranted to hold out two hundred yards.' The nose is not quite this length.'"

A Texas octogenarian says, from first to last, he has received by discharges of guns and pistols into his body, 175 shot; has had both legs, collar bone and seven ribs broken and his skull cracked; is the father of twenty children; raised this year, with his own hands, 1,100 head of fine cabbage, 4,000 large beets, besides other "crops," and can now run a pretty good quarter race.

Ex-rebels at the South now call themselves "reformers."

The War in Europe.

BY REV. L. B. HIBBARD, GRAFTON, VT.

The campaign of 1870 on the French frontier is but the logical result of that of 1866 in Northern Austria. Europe has been more than once alarmed by the prospect of a collision between Prussia and France. Indeed, a conflict, sooner or later, has seemed inevitable; and it has been only a question of time when it would take place. And European statesmen are not surprised at the existence of the war; their only apparent astonishment is at its occurrence just at present, and the charges on which the French declaration of war was based.

While Bismarck and Napoleon lived thoughtful men in Europe and America have seen that war must come; that certain events which have occurred since Sadowa could not, in the nature of things, have any other termination. Some even go so far as to say that this question of a collision with France entered into Bismarck's calculations when he pushed matters to a crisis with Austria, four years ago. A clearer view of the present situation may be secured by a brief survey of affairs in Prussia and France.

Prussia, prior to 1866, had for a long time been a member of the old Germanic Confederation. As early as 1856, however, Bismarck, who was then Prussian Ambassador to the Federal Diet, elaborated a plan for the reconstruction of the map of continental Europe. While this plan contemplated additions to the domain of Russia and France, it, most of all, was to leave Prussia to form a new central government, something after the present state of things. Neither his own nor the French government favored the project, and it was apparently forgotten by all save its bold and sagacious author. Up to the time of his appointment as ambassador he had been an admirer of Austria and her absolutism. At one time he said, "I recognize in Austria the representative of an ancient German power that has often and gloriously wielded the German sword." His embassy to Frankfort opened his eyes to the antagonism between the two powers, and his resolution was taken, viz., that Prussia should be aggrandized and Austria humiliated. From that purpose he has never turned; and during his three years diplomatic career at St. Petersburg, and a brief one of six months at Paris, he sought the realization of his scheme.

From Paris, in 1862, he was summoned to Berlin by his sovereign, since which time he has been not only at the head of Prussia's foreign office but virtually her monarch. The four years intervening between his recall from the Tuileries and the campaign of 1866 were devoted to two ends: first, the increase of the Prussian army, in numbers and efficiency. In this he had been already anticipated by his royal master; second, the fomentation of trouble between Prussia and Austria. To both these ends the Schleswig-Holstein affair contributed not a little; and by his daring and unscrupulous conduct Bismarck saw the realization of his sagacious plans in Sadowa and its results.

He could not incorporate all the states of Germany into Prussia, though Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Schleswig and Holstein, Nassau and Frankfort were thus merged into it. He did, however, secure treaties for an offensive and defensive alliance with the four remaining ones. Whether he expected to secure them all at that time we cannot say, though he was determined to annex Saxony, and yielded only through the strong opposition of Austria and France. It seems certain that his bold ambition contemplated nothing less than the absorption, by Prussia, of Hesse Darmstadt, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden. The secret treaties formed by these powers immediately after Sadowa gave great offence to France.—Therefore Bismarck knew full well that any attempt to incorporate them into the kingdom of Prussia would bring on a conflict with France. Two courses of conduct were open to him, both securing in the end the same result. First, lay violent hands on the coveted prizes and make them at once component parts of Prussia. To this plan, however, there were three serious objections. It would stir up great hostility in the territory annexed. Also, it would lend no small amount of aid to the royal and noble families of Hanover, Hesse, &c., already incorporated into Prussia, largely against their will. Further, it would put him before Europe in the attitude of an unscrupulous aggressor, a position from which he would not shrink, but one which he did not covet if it could be avoided. Second, to arrange affairs in such a manner that when the conflict came France should be the aggressor. This course commended itself in view of two considerations. It would secure for Prussia and her cause the sympathy of Europe, which was of too much importance to be lightly thrown away.—Moreover, it would secure the hearty co-operation of the allied States, and crush whatever domestic opposition existed in Prussia. Events have shown the wisdom of this course, for all internal discords among the Germans are forgotten in their zeal against France's aggrandizement at the expense of German territory on the left bank of the Rhine.

The absorption of the four allied States of Prussia, after a successful campaign with France, Bismarck knew would be a natural and inevitable result. Bismarck has waited these four years, because the work of consolidating the new Prussian Empire was so great and laborious, and also because undue haste would retard rather than hasten the execution of his cherished projects.

Meanwhile the Prussian army has been constantly receiving his attention. An American scholar and careful observer who spent the winter of 1868-9 in Berlin, said in my hearing that the continued drill of troops which he there witnessed seemed incredible. And thus through all the Empire preparations were being made; and when Bismarck was ready, Leopold of Hohenzollern—the royal house of Prussia—was allowed to become a candidate for the Spanish throne.—France took the bait, and the royal dignity of King William at Ems, inspired, no doubt, by his crafty minister, hastened the French declaration of war.

That the causes of the war which have now been indicated are the true ones, so far as relates to Prussia, we are fully persuaded, and for these reasons: They are in harmony with the well known history of Bismarck's treatment of Austria from 1862 to 1866; as a French correspondent of a London paper says: "I am not surprised to find some keen politicians on your side of the Channel suspecting that Bismarck may have planned this Spanish candidature merely to call forth that French anger which is to aid his policy." Also, the candidature of Leopold very early ceased to have any significance in its bearing on the question of war. As Mr. Olivier said in the French Chamber of Deputies, soon after the withdrawal of Leopold, "There is no longer a Hohenzollern candidature; we would not suffer it; there is not any incident."

Leopold, as a candidate for the vacant throne of the Spaniards, was not the *cause*, but the *occasion* of the war, viewed from either a French or a Prussian standpoint. In France the causes of the war were more numerous and complicated. They arose from two classes of influences; one foreign, the other domestic.

Some months before the campaign of 1866, Bismarck, during a personal interview at Biarritz, secured from Napoleon a pledge of French neutrality in case of a collision between Prussia and Austria. The French Emperor was, perhaps, led to make this promise from his personal regard for Bismaack, who had been, as was known at the French Court, a warm admirer of the Napoleonic *regime.*—Soon after the decisive blow at Sadowa, the French Ambassador at Berlin proposed to Bismrck the cession to France of some of the left bank of the Rhine, in consideration of the recent large territorial acquisitions made by Prussia. To the unwise suggestion the premier replied "No," too emphatically to be misunderstood.

Perhaps this was the first time that Napoleon felt himself outwitted by Count Bismarck. The French proposition the Count made known to the four South German States, which, though a few weeks only before they had been outspoken in their hostility to Prussia and Bismarck, now, after his magnificent success, and out of the German's old, traditional enmity to France, entered at once into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Prussia. This was a further humiliation to the French Emperor, and he does not submit to such things with the highest Christian meekness. Then came the Luxembourg affair, and more recently the dispute as to the Belgian railways. The climax was reached in the plans for placing Leopold on the Spanish throne. The Hohenzollern prince was not acceptable to Napoleon—he saw a further extension of Prussia's influence, and then the secrecy with which the negotiations had been conducted, while he of all sovereigns claimed the right to know all that took place in respect to the Spanish throne, and further, perhaps Leopold's accession would displace his favorite candidate, Alphonso XII.

Among the domestic causes of the war, in France, was the Emperor's personal feelings. To be thus, thro' four years, outwitted by the Prussian premier was more than the hero of the *coup d'etat* could well endure.—For many years he has gloried in being the Arbiter of Europe; his imperial hands held the balance of power, but Sadowa robbed him of that, and he therefore hates Prussia, the victor on that eventful field. And even in France the last year had witnessed some decrease in his authority, though the recent plebiscitum had restored this.

Then his solicitude for the succession of his son led him to calculate on a brilliant and successful campaign as a means of giving the Prince Imperial a secure place in the hearts of the French nation, and thus render certain his possession of the throne. If the war could be a short and successful one, Napoleon calculated rightly, but if otherwise, woe to him and his son; and we think he saw all this, and accepted the dread alternative of war. Surely the gods first make mad those whom they will destroy. Moreover, the French, especially the Parisans, felt keenly the humiliation which the nation had received at the hands of Prussia. The temper of the people was not to be misunderstood; they in a sense demanded the humiliation of their German rival, and if the Emperor could not do this, he was not longer wanted as the ruler of the French nation.

In a word, Napoleon has entered upon the war for the purpose of retaining his throne for himself and his son. Too long has France been robbed of liberty, and too deep in the hearts of the people is the memory of the last eighteen years' debauching despotism to submit much longer to the man who is the author of her woes. There is a large and daily increasing party in France who have no sympathy with Napoleon or the war. As one French writer says, "The war excites no enthusiasm," and further adds, truly, "France has nothing to gain, and liberty much to lose." That such a man as Thiers puts himself against the war is also significant.

Of the result of the war we have no question; the God of battles is not the ally of despotism, nor of despots who have such a personal record as Napoleon III.

The American people, fresh from their holocaust on the altar of liberty, cannot long hesitate as to whom, in this struggle, their sympathy belongs.

Prussia, with all her faults, and they are not few, is the leader and hope of liberty in continental Europe, while Napoleon is its strongest adversary.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

TRUE.—It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back upon fully half the world.

Goff Acquitted.

When it became apparent Friday afternoon that the jury were taking time to deliberate, there was but one opinion among sepctators of the trial, and that was that if the jury found a verdict at all it would be either for acquittal or for conviction of the crime of manslaughter. The lapse of time intensified public anxiety, and this morning, notwithstanding the rain, the room was filled almost immediately after the going in of the court. There was time for the transaction of little or no business, before the officer in charge of the jury made his appearance, followed by the jury, which indicated an agreement or a desire for instructions. The Presiding Judge directed an officer to bring the prisoner from the jail and meanwhile more anxious spectators filed into the crowded room.

The prisoner soon arrived, looking weary but calm and controlled, and with a firm step he walked to a seat near the witness stand. He was followed by his wife, who took a seat a little distance from him but was so overwhelmed with emotion that she immediately buried her face in her handkerchief.

THE VERDICT.

The Judge directed the roll of the jury to be called, and while that was being done the prisoner stepped voluntarily to a position facing them, and stood leaning against a railing.

The clerk said:

"Have you agreed upon a verdict, Gentlemen of the jury?"

MR. JOHN E. CHAMBERLIN,
of Enosburgh, the foreman, answered, "We have."

The Clerk—"Mr. Foreman, look at the prisoner