# Permont Watchman & State Trurnal.

BY W. W. PRESCOTT.

MONTPELIER, VT., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1882.

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Time Tables.

### Montpelier & Wells R. R. R. Taking Effect December 5th, 1881.

if at 5.30 a. M., Express at 1.30 p. m., Mixed at 4.30 p. m.; arrive at Wells River at 10.32 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 7.45 p. m. Prains leave Wells River as follows Mixed at 5.40 A. M., Accommodation at 11.00 A. M., Mail at 1.00 r. M.; Arrive at Montpelier at 3.10 A. M., 12.05 A. H., 5.45 r. R. Trains leaving Montpeller at \$ 50 a M, and 1.30 p. w make close connections at Wells filter for all points in the Multi-Montaking also for Roston and all informedial points.

W. M. STOWELL, Superintendent.

W. MORSE, General Passenger Agent.

### Central Vermont Railroad Commencing Monday, January 23, 1882.

Trains Going South will Leave Montpeller as follows:

9.30 3. M. MAIL, from St. Albans and Burlington for Concord, Marchaster, Sadona, Worsesser, Lewell, Fireburg, Station, Springhold, New Jork. 1 20 p. m. LIMITED EXPRESS, from Montreal, O. combined and the West, for Boston, via Lower etc. Frewing Boom Car to Boston via Lower etc. 6.55 p. m. MIXED, from St. Albans, Butland and Bur-

11,10 p. m. Nisitt EXPIRES, from Montreal, Ordensburg and the West for Restor via Lowell and York, and all points in New England. Steeping Care to Springfield and Interior via Lowell. 3.10 a. m. Night EXPERS, from Boston and New York for Ministreal, Options using the West. Biosping Care to Montreal, Options using the West. Biosping Care to Montreal, Options and St. ACCOMMODIATION, from Northfield for Burlington, Bulliand, Biosses Polist and St. Johnson Vermont.

10.30 a. m. LOCAL, EXPIESS, from White River June-lion for Hardington, St. Albana and Buchtord. 3.55 p. m. DAY EXPIESS. Leaves Buston via Fub-borg at 5.50 a. m., oth Lowell at 3.50 a. m., a. m., for Burthagion, St. Albana, Montreal, Optensburg and the West. Drawing Room Car to Montreal. 6.25 p. m. ACCOMMODATION, from While Bive Seave for Barre at 7.25 a. m., 12.10 r. M. n. Beturning, leave Barre at 8.28 a. m., 12.50 he principal stations.

J. W. HOBART, General Superintender
W. P. SMITH, General Passenger Agent

## Dunham & Jackson,

Advertisements.

Doors, Sash, Blinds,

House Finish! Blinds Painted and Trimmed.

Windows Glazed. South Barre, Vermont.

O. D. SCRIBNER,

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I make a Specialty of Sugar Cured

I have a large stock of these goods, cured just right and D. L. FULLER & SON'S, warranted to suit the consumer. I intend to keep my stock so full that all orders will be filled with THE BEST and all goods not satisfactory BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER the last as well as the first; may be returned at my expense. Also Salt Pork, Lard in tubs and pails, Sausage, etc. Call at my store, or forward

O. D. SCRIBNER, 61 State Street, Montpelier, Vt.

MORRIS & IRELAND'S **New Improved** EIGHT-FLANGE



Mew Advertisements.

# 6 and 7 Per Cent

ANNUALLY. obtained at Montpeller, Vt., through C., J. GLEASON Agent of THE AMERICAN MORTOAUE, AND INVEST MENT COMPANY of Boston, Manager of the Company of the Company of Boston, Manager of the Company o

Auctioneer!

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### EPIZOOTIC Cough and Heave Powders!

Two Terms of Twenty Weeks Each,

The First Tuesday in September, And the Second Tuesday in Februar SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.



Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

### NAILS! HARDWARE!

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Dried Beef and Hams! sash and blinds!

Montpelier, Vt.

T. C. Phinney,

# NEW AND DESIRABLE BOOKS

School Books

Pictures, Engravings,

T. C. PHINNEY.



Agricultural Department.

THE OLD MILL.

I rode there often when I was young Frode there offers when I was young.
With my griss on the horse before,
And tasked with Natly, the miller's girl.
As I waited my turn at the disor.
And within she tomad her ringlets brown,
And sirred and chatted as free,
The whese maght step, or the wheel might go,
If was all the same to me.

The twenty years since last I stood On the spot where I stand to-day. And Nelly is wed, and the initier is dead.

farmer will deny that green corn fodder is a Moral and Religious.

Of a sleeping infant's bod, And canting a loving look at its face "Twere a pity to take it," he said.

We see titus again in life manhood fal-

good thing and pays well, and then not one in ten raises enough for his immediate use, and not one in a hundred raises as much as

he can well use in the fall and early winter.

He wishes he had more, and there the matter

ends. The sile therefore becomes the Irish-

man's trunk to the mass. It leaves them na-

ked. Another point. The negro charged a

dollar for killing a calf. When the party complained of the price he said fifty cents

was for killing and fifty cents was for the "know how." In a good many of the ex-

periments reported I apprehend that the

stance when I read that a man has wintered

ten cows on the corn grown on four acres, I

see plainly that the "know how" is the thing

# DEATH'S ANGEL

In after years a noble lad,
With harrels upon his brow,
The angel looked down, but again be said,
"'Twees a pity to take him now,"

Are children who stroke his brow, And a matron looks on with a happy smile; "It were sad to take him now."

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rus, and rejoice together in the glad anniversaries. Their wide-brimmed Spanish hats are decorated with bunches of flowers; crowds of children follow them, and, when night comes on, bear lighted torches of the pine-wood, which cast grotesque shadows over the whole landscape. Although many foolish observances have vanished with the lapse of years, Easter is now observed, with more or less rejoicing, all over the world. How often was the question put by man, in the most advanced stages of civilization or in the twilight of revelation, "If a man die, shall he live again?" No positive answer was ever given to that question until he came who proclaimed himself to be "the Resurrection and the Life; be that bolieveth in ms, though he were dead, yet shall he live,

The Bome Gircle.

Lord, from thy throne of glory here, My heart turns fordly to another, O, Lord, our God, the Conflore, Conflort, comfort my sweet mother! Many sorrows hast thou sent her Meakly has sho drained the cup, And the jewels thou hast lent her Unreptaing yielded up, Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

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Thomas H. Jones and others of her downtrodden race, in a log-cabin, prayed the Lord in sentences vague to human ear but well understood by him, whom in the fulness of their hearts they addressed; not openly did they dare to pay for freedom—that would not have been allowed—but "May thy will be done;" "Oh! Lord, grant our requests;" "Lord, let the time speedily come;" and such like petitions carried their desires upward to the all-pitying Father. And now the soldiers from the north had come—the north, that blessed country whence they always thought relief would come—they were near at hand, coming from Fort Fisher at Federal Point right into Wilmington. The white men told their slaves that the troops were coming, that they would shoot their negroes, kill them, and that the best thing they could do was to flee with their owners to the woods. So the mules were harnessed, and wagon loads of them started for the woods, but not to go far, for soon off they jumped and ran back to meet the coming soldiers, leaving their owners to ride on and away, calling in vain for them to follow. When the troops reached Wilmington what a reception awaited them, hungry and parched after their long march. The negroes had, instead of gun and musket shot to meet them, a banquat of pies, hoe-cakes, water and tobacco—a welcome sort of grape-shot that. George Price, a preacher, and William Cutler, a brother in the church, went up into the steeple of the Presbyterian meeting-house, and as they saw the shining bayonets and muskets of the Union solders coming from Fort Fisher on the straight road to Wilmington, they shouted: "The Yankees are coming!" Hannah Williams heard the jyvfal tidings, and the house could not contain her. She went out into the yard, and, like the lame man healed, she "was walking and leaping and praising God;" she shouted and jumped, and, with the words of thankeriving and rejoicing on