Poetry.

The Leisure Hour.

OAKS LONG RIDE.

shaded veranda fluttered a little white

robed figure, restless as a bee or bird, but

with no such industrious object in view.

The only child in the house, with literally

Oak Asbley. Mamma was in her room

writing letters, papa wasaway and grandpa

taking his afternoon nap; so the little girl was left to her own resources. She had

nations at every movement she made.

what I had better do next."

lawn, sash and curls flying.

have some one to talk to.

when the roses are fixed ?"

ou, shan't I Jom ?"

she exclaimed in a tone of gratulation

said Jem, with a twinkle in his eye,

"Well," said Jem, meditating, "I'm go

her round arms, and a gipsey hat fled over

lady's sweet voice from an upper window,

"Take good care of her Jem," called a

though it was unbeknownst to meself in tirely that I was lost."

eranda. Standing there, one dimpled

hand shading her eyes to give clearer vis-

on, she suddenly espied her grandfather'

## The Vermont Phanix.

BROWN, PROUTY & CO. Office No. 9 Granite Row, Brattleboro, Vt.

Figures:—Yearly in advance, (in clubs) \$2.00; single subscribers who receive their papers through the Post Office, \$2.30. These terms are invariable in advance, and when not so paid, \$f/y cents additional will be charged at the end of the year.

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Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg R. R. 1:15 1:00

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open Mon. Wed. & Fri.,
Dover, Tu, Th. & Sat.,
Dover, Th., Th. & Sat.,
Wardsboro (does Tu, Th. & Sat.,
Open Manning Way,
Open Manning Way,
North Adams way,
Chesterhold & C. Factory, Mon.,
Wed. & Fri.,

1:45 9:30 2:45 California, overland, dally, Foreign mails close 2:45 p. m. day previous to sailing o steamer from New York. R. W. CLASER, F. M.

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4:00 10:30 4:00 10:30 1:45 10:30 1:45 10:30

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zer R. Wanswonen, with an experience of thirty years is confident he makes th best True for the relief and cure of rupture or hernia.

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CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS-WARE, CHANDELIERS, KEROSENE

STONE WARE, TABLE CUTLERY Fancy Articles, Curtain Fixtures, &c. AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

For Call and see the fine daplay,

AT TOWN HALL CROCKERY STORE Brattleburo, Oct 26, 1870 W. P. HOWE.

**D** чтен втоск.

The attention of farmers is invited to the Thorough bred Dutch or Halstein Stock, at the Houghton Farm, Putney, Vt.,—much excelling the Shortborns and al thereas milkers. They are believed to be fully equal n all other desirable qualities. One two year old bull for sale or would be let to a

D. G. ROBERTS,

April 25, 1870, -- tf18

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PRINTING AND BINDING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, and will pay

SOLICIT YOUR ORDERS

CASH FOR BAGS. NO CAPITALIST IS TOO RICH

NO FARMER IS TOO POOR, NO MECHANIC IS TOO POOR,



BRATTLEBORO VT., FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1871.

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DRY GOODS, CARPETS,

MILLINERY.

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS,

PRATT'S,

NO. I CRANITE BLOCK.

Being desirous of closing out a large portion of my extensive stock, previous to taking my Annual Inventory, I shall offer my entire stock at a very large Reduction

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O. J. PRATT.

Brattleboro, Jan. 20th, 1871.

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----AND----

Fancy Jewelry.

JET, HORN & FANCY BRACELETTS. COMBS AND BRUSHES, ALL KINDS, BEADS AND BEAD CHAINS,

PARIAN STATUETTES, BUSTS AND village, to see what the grindin's like they VASES, be talkin' so much about. Yer grandfather FIRE ARMS—REVOLVERS AND SIN-GLE SHOT PISTOLS, SMALL POCKET PISTOLS, CARTRIDGES, wants to try 'em.' The little girfs eyes sparkled. "Oh, Jem, I'll go too !" she exclaimed.

PERRY & HOLDING,

# LUMBER.

as the wagon came up and the little girl "That I will ma'am," responded Jem TOWN & STONE.

They suited each other well, these travkind of chi'dlike complicity about him that pathizingly as the case might be. On they little cluster of houses around the milldignified by the name o. "village"-and go to the mill beyond.

head was turned homeward.

ing his horse with his whip as a low peal of thunder fell upon his ear. The borse started forward to a quick pace, and the demanded, them swiftly away from the mill to the village station, and on through it. But the ammer shower came up rapidly, and they had left the village a short distance behind them when the drops began to fall,
"Oh dear! what will we do now?" ex-

claimed Oak in dismay.
"We must turn back," answered Jem; 'and it's a soakin' we'll be, thin, before we | in' f' eaches a house." Then as a turn in the road brought them near the railroad, he uddenly changed his plan.

"Ah! see there Miss Oak dearty freight car switched off till that side the tack! We'll just climb in till the storm is over;" and springing out he lifted the child from the wagon into the car. Then The old Ashley country place lay fair leading his horse a little way down the road, that it might not be frightened by and stately, but very still, under the warm sunlight of one of June's beautiful days. Fo and fro in the wide hall, up and down passing trains, he fastened it, and bastened ack to the car none too soon for the rain the broad stairs, in and out of the vinewas falling heavily.

"Oh, this is fun !" said Oak, quite satis fied as long as there was no danger of getting wet. "Hear how it rattles on the roof nothing to do that bright afternoon, was

"It sounds finer to be ratilin' on the ca han rattlin' on us, thin," answered Jem. shaking the drops from his bat. "It's good we're under cover."

stolen down into the kitchen once, and "A covert from the tempest." The words came back to Oak's mind with a quick retried to interest herself in old Philly's starching and ironing; but the place was nembrance of the picture at home; and began to ponder them over in her dreamy childish way, and fancy herself away on uncomfortably warm and there had been a constant stream of warnings and exclathat desert plain, until at last the vision grew dim and confused, the long lashes "Oh, look dar now, Miss Oak; mind your white dress! nebber see such a child drooped lower and lower, and she had passed from waking to sleeping dreams. o get dresses black. Take care dem frames; yer'll get yer ma's lace sleeves all Jem smiled as he saw it.

rumfled. Spect you better go up stairs "Poor little chicky! it's tired she is," he aid; and rolling his coat into a pillow, he Oak "spected" so too, and ascended slowlaid the bright head gently down upon it. ly, counting the steps by way of amuse-ment, and sliding her little hand up the broad balustrade it could by no means The shower proved not a very short one and despite Jem's anxiety to be on his comeward way, there was nothing to do Then she wandered into the parbut wait. He missed the prattling of his companion, and the sound of the steadily tially darkened drawing-room, and ensconeing herself in the depths of a great rockfalling rain grew monotonous. He began ing chair, surveyed in the dim light the to realize, too, that he was tired after his pictures on the walls. The one which held forenoon work and afternoon drive, and her gaze the longest was of a hot, dry des- | finally concluding to try and rest as he ert, its white sands stretching away under could do nothing else, he stretched hima burning sun, until at the far-off horizon | self upon the floor, drew his hat over his lurid beavens and dreary waste of earth eyes, and in less than five minutes he had

seemed to blend. No spot to gladden the followed the child's example, eye, save where a great rock lifted its head. How long he had been lying How long he had been lying there Jem and threw a cool shadow. A stream of wa- never knew. His sleep must have been ter, fresh and pure, flowed from it, and in prefound; and he was aroused at last by its protecting shadow verdure had sprung his head receiving a violent bump. Startup. Toward this easis three travellers | led and balf awake, he sat up, and, rubwere struggling. One far out on the des- bing the bruised member, tried to recall ert, was pressing forward with straining his scattered senses, and discover where he eyes; another had fallen a little distance was. Certainly that long, low, rough room from the longed for goal, and with feeble was not familiar, and it was jumping and strength was creeping toward it; while dancing about in a curious style, too. He and finding out how hungry they had been the third, more fortunate, had reached the | got upon his feet with much pitching and blessed water, and was lifting a full cup to staggering, and looked about him. It was nearly dark, and by the dim light he dis-Oak vaguely comprehended in a childish | cerned little Oak, still sleeping peacefully. way, the picture's significance, and remem- | The sight of her quickened the treacherous pered the words her grandlather repeated memory, and brought back the events of hen looking at it the day it was brought the afternoon-the drive, the storm, and home—"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the temthe place in which they had sought shelter The car was going-carrying them away

pest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary As that truth forced itself upon him he urried to the door, and found it closed "I don't know what made grandpa say and locked. That accounted in a measure 'life was full of cold and winds and tem-pest,' though," she said, "and I don't think for the darkness of the place, though he fancied it must be growing dark without the world is a bit of a weary land; only Pulling and shaking were in vain, and he (sighing'a little) "in the long afternoons raised his voice in a long, loud shout, that when everybody is busy, and there's nowas nevertheless, lost in the noise and in body to play with. Oh dear! I wonder of the clattering train. Only Oak heard it and starting up, frightened, as he made his She slipped down from the perch, saun tered into the hall, and from thence to the

"Jem! oh Jem! where are we?" "It's mesilf can't be tellin' ye that, dear We're off on a thrip all unbeknownst to urselves-travelin' wheriver the stame takes us," he answered, ruefully.

faithful hired man, and her own particular "What is it? Where are we going? and favorite-Jem, the gardener and overseer, what makes it dark?" she asked, bewilthe "gineral agint of outdoor consarns, to give his own expressive and not ill-de-Then, suddenly recollecting ex dered. served title. In a moment the child was claimed: "Oh, Jem, did the car start? running down the steps and across the "Sure it did, widout iver savin' 'by ve "Oh, Jem! I'm so glad I've found you!" with a desperate effort at cheerfulness fo

"Well, thin, I'm glad too, Miss Oak, In truth, however the more be reviewed the situation the more troubled he grew. To the uncertainty of their own where "What are you doing to the rose-bush-es?" continued the little one, anxious to they would be released, were added thoughts of the anxiety of those at home "Thryin' to persuade them to grow up fit | He thought of the watching, of the painfu for a gintleman's garden, an' not be runapprehension that would be felt when arch should be made, and the borse and nin' all around, with no more civility than wild bramble. There's many a one in wagon found, and all the fears to which gintleman's places, little Acorn, as shows vould give rise. Jem grew almost wild a

by their manners they don't belong there," he thought. Oak began to cry, and his attention wa "I'm not 'Acorn'-I'm Oak," interposed drawn to her. Little comfort as he found the child, half laughing, balf-pouting.
"An' that's the next to it, axin' yer parfor himself in the prospect before them, he tried to comfort her. Night was failing din, 'Great oaks from little acorns grow,' and it grew darker and darker in the old "I didn't any how," answered Oak, only car, until they could see each other's faces no longer. Little Oak, wearied out with half satisfied. "What are you going to do weeping, grew silent at last, and nestled closer to Jem's side. He put his arm proin' to hitch up the hoss an' wagon and take tectingly around her, and so they rode on ome corn over to the new mill forninst the

in the gloom. After a time-it had seemed to Jem al most interminable—there came an extra jolting and jarring, and the train stopped He rushed to the door, and knocked and beat upon it, shouting to be released; but clapping her hands gleefully; "I'll go with no one came. Outside was such a puffing of steam, ringing of bells, running to and "It's not me as will be sayin' no, if yer mother's willing," Miss Oak," said Jem all the confusion, poor Jem's voice was ungood-naturedly; "an' I'll take fine care of heard or unheeded. Soon the train was in motion again; and he groped his way back The child sped away never doubting sucto the little girl, disappointed and disheart cess, and before Jem drave around to the ened. At various stopping places Jem re-avenue she was on the steps waiting for newed his attempt, but with like result. avenue she was on the steps waiting for newed his attempt, but with like result, him, a little embroidered sacque covering and it seemed to him that they did not

> "Must be list skippin" by stations widou any regard to 'em," he muttered. So the long night dragged on in roar and rattle and darkness. Despite her uncomfortable seat, and the fear and homesickness that were pressing sore at her heart,

upon Jem's shoulder. He once more fold-

oling companions; Jem so fond of his little friend, so kindly, and so talkative, with a long hours—the longest he had ever known -and he murmired to himself, drearly, nade him understand and enter Into her | that they "must have got to some countlry enjoyment; and the little girl, so full of where the nights have a dale more lin'th dreams, fancies and questions—so ready to 'em than they does at home," But the isten to his longest tale, gleefully or sym- gray dawn came at last without, and very slewly the increasing light began to find assed along the country road, through the its way into the old car. It was still dark and gloomy there, however, when once more the train stopped. Jem sprang to his feet again to make another effort to attract John's errand accomplished, the horse's attention and obtain release; but scarcely had he reached the door when he heard a "It isn't such a nice day now; the sun key turning in the lock, and in a moment has stopped shining," said Oak.

"That's thrue for ye. It's cloudin' up the first bright rays of the morning sun, for a rain, I'm thinkin," answered her and also the astonished face of the official, companion, scanning the sky, and touch whose eyes opened wide with wonder as "What on earth are you doing here?"

> "Waitin' for the door to open; au' it's been a long job intirely, seein' I've been all night at it," responded Jem. "And how came you locked in?"

"Sure you ought to know," Jem retorted growing a little belligerent as he remembered his long Imprisonment. "More thin likely 'twas yersilf as did the lock-

could not have got in afterward," answered the man, musingly-more as if speaking to himself than to Jem. "But-hallo! a little girl, too?" as Oak, aroused by the ound of voices, sat up and looked at him. "Well, you are pretty freight! When did it for?" he asked sharply.
"An' wasn't it standin' open on the side

track at Kane Station?" said Jem half apologetically, half defensively. We got in to kape clare of the rain."
"Been drinking, probably," was the estioner's first inward comment; but a cond keen glance at Jem's honest face dispelled the suspicion. He looked at Oak,

and the child came forward. "We were going home from mill in my grandpa's wagon," she said, "and it rained so we had to stop. Jem fastened the horse and wagon under a tree, and we got into the car, and I went to sleep. I guess Jem did too

"I guess he did, indeed! A pretty fellow he is to take care of little girls! Well, come here, little one, and I'll belp you

"Are we very far from home? asked Oak timidly, as she stood upon the ground once "Considerable distance, if you live any

where near the place where you got into the car. It's too bad I declare! I'm sorry for you!" But as he looked from one to the other he laughed. "See here Jem-that's your name is it?-

have you any money?"
"Niver a cint!" said Jem independently, "We've thraveled thus far widout ;it, an' I'm thinkin' we must manage to go back

as chape."
"I wouldn't advise you to try going back the same way you came; you might not get off at the right station," said the stranger laughing again. "The first thing you want is something to eat. If that poor little kitten has had nothing since dinner yesterday, she must be hungry. Here" and pointing to a building across the street,) "take this, and go to that restaurant over there and get some breakfast."

Jem obeyed with alacrity; and soon Oak and himself were seated at a comfortably spread table, rejoicing in their freedom, by the keen appetite now, but too anxious to be on their journeying homeward to tarry long even over warm rolls and bot cof-Breakfast was therefore soon dispatched, and they recrossed the street to the depot. Up and down the long platform they

walked, Icoking in every direction but they saw nothing of their stranger friend, Business had called him away, and amidst his crowd of duties he had forgotten them, perhaps. Presently a train came thundering up in an opposite direction from that in which they had come, and Jem, who was watching every chance impatiently, rushed away to inquire of some one whither it was bound. He came back tri-

"That's the thrain for us, Miss Oak dear! We'll get abourd an' be goin' home." They hurried into the ear and seated nemselves, glad that their troubles were so nearly at an end. Oak drew a long cath of relief as she leaned back in the imfortable seat, and Jem remarked with satisfied chuckle,

"They brought us all the way widout our lave, an' they'll have to take us back wid-But alas for the arrangement he had so

implacently made! They had been but a short time under way, just long enough to realize that they were indeed going homeward, when the codductor, making his round, stopped beside them and demanded tickets "Tickets, is it?" said Jem, scratching his

head; "sure we've none of yer tickets."
"Money, then," said the conductor im-"An' we've no money aither," answered Jem; "though it's not Squire Ashley's darter that would be thravelin' widout any if we hadn't been brought off unbeknawnst

my man, and I've no time to waste. Hand over your fare."

sponded Jem, emphatically.

"Didn't I jist be tellin' ye I had none?"

What are you doing aboard the train, "Doin' aboord? It's goin' home I am We got locked in a car, and brought off on at all; an it's goin' home we are now." "I've got nothing to do with all that. If

inductor angrily. Then Oak looked up with a sudden parst of tears-"Oh, no, no! don't put us off! Jem has not got any money-indeed he hasn't-and I must go home to mamma!"

on can't pay you must get off," said the

"What is it? What is the matter?" called two or three voices from seats near them; and some of the passengers drew "I hardly know," answered the conduc-

tor, his tone softening at the child's distess. "Where is your mother, sissy?" And looking up with tearful, innocent eyes, the child told her simple story—the dainty slippers she wore, the white dress (wofully soiled now), and her mass of tan gled curts, adding their unconscious con-

firmation to her words. "You poor little toad !" said a generous boyish voice; "never fear; you and Jem

hat, little one, and I'll soon raise the

The little hat with the owner's story was speedily circulated by the warm-hearted young student, and presently returned as he had promised, with money enough to carry them home; and Oak, drying her tears, grew cheerful and hopeful again. It seemed a long day's ride, that homeward ourney; and the two faces-the man's and the child's-were constantly turned toward the window, watching for familiar landmarks. A long day's ride! though their fellow-travelers vied with each other in kindly effort to render them comfortable. It was almost sunset when they reached

again the little station, near which they had embarked; and, with a hasty farewell to their new friends, Jem hurried away with his charge, as if afraid that they might be carried off again, and not pausing a moment at the village, started homeward. As they passed along the old road he turned aside for a moment where he had left his horse. It was not there-be had not expected it would be; and, catching the child in his arms, he hastened forward with long, rapid strides, and in the gray twillight passed under the drooping tree

of the old avenue, and up to the house, Who can describe that home-coming? The glad shout of the little contraband who first discovered their approach was follow ed by the sudden rush of many feet to the door, hall, and piazza. Exclamatious and questions, tears, laughter and thanksgiv-ing mingled in strange confusion, while Oak was overwhelmed with kisses. The The horse, it seemed, frightened by the lightning, had broken loose from his fastening, and made his way bome with the empty wagon. That had first created dread and alarm, which was intensified by a long and unsuccessful search for the missing ones, of whom no trace had been found from the time they left the mill until they reappeared at home. Jem was questione and told his story again and again, first above stairs, then below, to the group who gathered about him there.

on grandpa's knee, and rest after her long ride," said old Colonel Ashley, as the family gathered in the brightly lighted draw-

The child sprang to her favorite seat, and leaned her head against the old man's shoulder. As she did so her eyes fell once drawing down the silver head until it almost touched the golden one, she whisper-"Grandpa I guess I know a little what it

means now about His being a refuge from

the storm, because in the car I prayed to Him to bring us home, and He did; didn't still in existence. So late as 1800 the re-"Ay, He did," answered the old gentle man drawing his arms still closer about his sumed was located in the centre. recovered darling. Then, as he recalled the chilling dread and pain, the long anguish of the preceding night, when there was for them no thought of strength or mfort save the sure knowledge that the

one still, he added-so earnestly

through all the years of her after-life, Oak never forgot it—
"Ah, my darling, my darling! this boly faith of ours is indeed the 'sheltering shadow of a great rock' in a world that without it would be a weary, weary land.-Harper's Bazar.

#### ANTIQUITIES OF LAKE CHAM-

To the Editor of the Boston Journal :

It was that bold Vermont partisan patriot, Ethan Allen, who first coined the expression that the outlet of the beautiful Lake Champlain is "The key of Canada," Truly spoken, Government fortification erected on these shores as early as 1814, others in 1817, and later still in 1814, attest the faith of the American Congress in the massive walls of Fort Montgomery, now twenty-six years in process of construction and the third in magnitude of the thirteen military fortifications in the Empire State, stands sent nel on the line, and frowningly guards this important "key;" and an one my from the north would be compelled in passing it to come under the fire of 164 guns, some of them sixteen feet in length and weighing twent-five tons apiece. 'annexation' is only a question of time, and doubtless the time will be long ere the annon of this formidable fort shall be pointed toward a hostile fleet from Canada. Hence the immense fortress is a uscless thing, and is far as being necessary for war purposes is concerned. Heaven grant Apropos of the site and subject, there is no section of the United States more rich

in revolutionary fact and memories or more pregnant with old time legends and reminiscences as this famous "key" and the lands immediately adjacent. It has been the thoroughfare of contending nations for more than two centuries. A history of this erminus of the lake and all its opposite shores, together with the grand old town of may one day see the light. The record stretches back in its field of research to the memorable morning of the 4th of July, then Viceroy of New France (as Canada was termed), shooting up and out of the River Richelien in the midst of his Indian allies in a birch-bark cance, was the first white man who ever looked on these splen did waters and their then forest-bound two hundred and sixty-one years! The red man and his frail bark has given place to the magnificent steamer and the feet of a cultivated and marvelously advancing people. Oh, it is wonderful to think what once was and what now is on this broad green American continent. Seven miles south of the fort and the key

which it guards is Isle la Motte, owned by Vermont, and celebrated for the excellency of its gray-blue marble. This fertile islar is seven miles in length and one and a half miles in width, and lies midway between North Hero and Alburgh on the Vermont side, and the town of Chazy in New York on the west; the main channel running west of it. Here on the west shore of th island and not far from the Government of an old fort built by the French in the seventeenth century. These ruins are distinet from the earthworks thrown up by our military authorities in 1812-14-traces which are yet visible, but nearer the middle of the island, and are not to be by antiquarians confounded with them. From 1609 to 1763 the Canadian French claimed possession of Lake Champlain and all the lands on either side. The conquest of Canada by the English put an end to the claim. On the west shore of Isle la Motte, then French soil, was built Fort St. Anne in sating himself beside his young charge; Oak, wearied out, grew sleepy again, and shall go home all right. Lend me your 1665. The task of its construction was

committed to one M. de Mothe, a bold Cap-

ian of one of the Carignan companie, and its builder gave his name to the island for ever afterwards. It was the first perma-nent occupation and settlement French of any part of the soil south of latitude 45°. The site selected was a low land projecting into the water, and from which int the eye could sweep the lake up and lown for a distance of many miles. anding position from which to watch he enemy, who always came on the water, it was admirably chosen. The fort with its | few days ago, with the gentlemantly super clearings must have occupied an area of an | intendent of the Sheldon quarries for my est, stones from the shores, and earth from the surrounding soil, being intended as a vast quantities of the white rock, some in military rendezvous from which to attack | the rough state and some sawed into succeth war was an inevitable and incessant neces- on every side. The long, low mill, built of sity. Here a constant armed guard was

forts.

It was only a year later when the trenchof marble, a large trade is carried on, mostrous foe surprised and murdered Captain by with the operatives. A short distance Slour de Traversy and also a nephew of the above are the prices. Of these we visited French Viceroy, one Captain Sieur de Iwo, one of which is roofed over to protect Chuzy or Chazy. They were killed while the workmon. Passing down a long bunting and fishing at the mouth of the winding stairway we came to the place river that empties its waters into the lake | where the miners were at work, on the New York side, just opposite where | beneath the surface. Some were drining the fort stood; a river to which Chazy hes by hand, others were running the b questhed his name, which was also more | five drills, and others still were removing atterly given to an adjacent town. Some the rocks. Until hot year the chain of the French soldiers were at the same and drilling was done wholly by hand time made captives. The place of the mur- Now they have the work done mostly by der is still traditionally preserved, being steam. One of the engines was boring marked by a mound. The Indian who holes horizontally into the bottom of a stone bore the tidings of the Viceroy at Quebec | 6 by 8 feet, and 45 feet in length. Wedgebad the audacity to boast that he had slain the officer with his own hand. M. de Tracy had him instantly strangled. September of that year saw twelve hundred these are lifted through an opening in the Frenchmen with one hundred Huron and 100f by an immense derrick operated by Algonquin savages assembled at Fort St. Anne, ready to proceed up the lake and ling in thickness, and the quarrymen never avenge the death of their comrades. Six attempt to divide a layer. The layers are Jesuit priests accompanied the expedition, generally inclined, so that the engines are and the war was prosecuted in the name often seen cutting a channel at an angle of and for the glory of "The Cross." Twenty-two years later twelve hundred Molawk the sides of the cavern resemble a wall, the warriors invaded Canada, and Fort St. blocks of which have been placed one upon Anne, lying in their desolate track, was another by hand. left partly in ruins. Peter Kalm, the traveler, who passed through the lake in 1749, was shown the spot where it stood, which rock, with pillars at intervals to sustain the more upon the picture on the wall; and | he describes as then quite overgrown with | roof. Here a long row of men were cutting trees. In time the fortress was partly a channel by hand, taking out a small chir abandoned. But continual reference is of the solid rock at every blow of their made to the site by military authorities for | heavy drills. A slow process this, and more than a century and a quarter after its | very hard work. In estimating the cost of onstruction. The first American settlers | a monument carefully erected at the reon Isle la Motte in 1785-6 found its ruins | quired place, one must remember that no

been erected by the habitans from Canada.

also the traces of a well, which it is pre- Then the sawing and freighting and carv-It is undoubtedly true that a small settlement was made by the French around this In many ways a visit to these quarries will fort on Isle la Motte, and so far as it is true | pay well. The business has been of great that the Island is Vermont soil, this settlement dates back fifty-nine years earlier everlasting arms were around their loved | than the reputed first English settlement at Fort Dummer, in the south-east corner | Clement, not to mention others, show what of Vermont. No other existed from lati- marble has done. tude 45° to Albany. Why, then, should the claim be put forth by antiquarians that Fort Dummer instead of Fort St. Anne is the oldest settled place in the Green Mountain State?

> On Sandy Point one hundred rods from the U. S. lighthouse, remains of this antique fort are yet to be seen, though erected within a hundred miles. Thirteen little hillocks of earth, mingled with cobble have added £200,000,000 to the wealth of stones and debris, inclose a circular area of Great Britain.
>
> —At a California fair recently, several over half an acre, forming part of a low flat nounds. Pine and oak trees on higher oil with the rest. The exposed to attack-is four feet high and the earth around has never been excavated sistant Adjutant-General of militia. and may be full of relies. The earliest traditions denominate these curious mounds in the South. "The Old French Fort." The Isle La Motbring to light many valuable traces of for- for the New York Sun, mer days, and may be developed to the curious adventurer in many an old French were not an era of greenbacks, and silver prevalent practice of gat and gold is forever a temptation to the delver into the bosom of Old Mother Earth.

THE TRAVELER IN THE SNOW .- A traveler was crossing a mountain height alone, almost over untrodden snow. Warning had been given him, that if slumber press ed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast at night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain be tried to reason with himself, in vain he stretched his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to ouch it, and found a human body, halfburied beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chating his bands and chest and brow, breathing upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of a living soul; pressing the silent heart to the beating pulse of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life and warmth, and ergy. He was a man again, instead of a weak creature, succumbing to despairing

English Homes. -When J. J. Jones of the Jones House, Greeneastle, Ind., was 10 years old, he swallowed some lye, and from that to this, has lived on milk and soup, as his throat would never again admit solid food; and that was 62 years ago,

helplessness, dropping down in dreamless

sleep to die. "He saved a brother, and

was saved himself."-English Hearts and

Natur never makes any blunders. When she makes a fool she means it. The only pedigree worth transmitting is

virtue, and this is the very thing that kan't There is nothing about which the world makes so few blunders, and the individual so many, as a man's actual importance

#### Communications.

WRITERS FOR THE VERSION PRODUCT. THE RUTLING MARRIE QUAR-

ments cost so much? A visit to the quarries and marble mills at West Rutland, will help one towards an answer to this inquiry. It was my privilege to make such a visit a guide. Not far from the station we found ourselves passing through a yard in which the white marble, next attracted our attenkept, and numerous dwellings must have | tion. Here 200 or 500 saws, driven by steam Several regiments at times occupied the Into slabs and blocks of various shapes and

are driven into these holes, and in this way the huge block is raised from its bed.

Another mine that we visited was sunk small amount of labor is necessary to get mains of chimneys were visible, as were the rough material out upon the surface, ing are slow and costly operations, the latter requiring much skill and experience benefit to Rutland, and it is clear that the proprietors get rich. The palatial dwellings of Messrs Sheldon, Kellogg, Reynolds and

"The saws having no teeth, of course the operation

Miscellaneous Hems

-Massachusetts has machines which are said to represent the labor of a hundred millions of men.

-Bessamer's process of making steel, a

comparatively recent invention, is said to

of several agree pushing out into the lake, on the extreme point of which stand these hibition, when a chap put a bottle of easter land skirt them on the east. A single | tried it was that the bee that laid it was a

-Mr. R. B. Elliot, Representative elect sixty feet in circumference; out of its side of South Carolina, is a full-blooded Afriis growing a pine tree seven feet around its body, and not less than seventy years old. The plow-share has never torn up the soil, been a member of the Legislature and Asreported to be the ablest orator of his race

-Richard Adams Locke, who has lust ters know nothing about them save by tra-dition. It is not a little surprising that the thor of the famous Moon Heax, which Historical and Antiquarian Society of Ver- | thirty-five years ago set the country by the mont has never seen fit to institute a care- cars over Sir John Herschel's reported asful inquiry concerning an examination in- tronomical discoveries at the Cape of Good to this spot. A thorough search might. Hope, and made a world wide reputation -In his charge to the grand jurylat New-

port, N. H., on the 31st ult., Chief Justice coin or buried treasure. The days of 1666 Bellows referred very pointedly to the religionists of the day, at festivals and other "social" gatherings of church membership, where lotteries, grab-bags, guesscakes, and almost every known system of gambling was introduced to raise money for the spread of the Gospel. All these are recognized in law as indictable offences, and the proper officers failed to do their

noticed. ... The New Orleans Picayime tells the story of a printer, who, when his fellowworkmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He kept to this resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit \$521.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill-health Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and were disout the printing office, went on enlarging his business, and in 20 years from the time he began to put by his money was worth \$100,000.

THE FIRST STAIN.-Did any of our young readers ever think how little it takes to stain their characters? A single drop of ink seems a very small thing, yet dropped into a tumbler of clear, pure water, it blackens the woole. And so the first outh the first lie, the first glass may seem very trivial, yet depend upon it, my young friends, they leave a dark stain upon your characters. Look out for the first stain. Remember that small vices lead to great erimes, and that every little vice is a stain upon your character; and remember, too that if you continue to indulge these vices, the stain grows darker until your whole soul is blackened. It is a very easy matter to brush aside the single drop of water, but when drops enough have united to form a torrent, it sweeps on with irresistible force. So with little vices; it is a comparatively easy thing to rid ourselves of them at the beginning, but if we allow ourselves to indulge them, they will soon have

a mighty power over us. Young friends look out for the first stain