

The Manchester Journal.

VOL. II.

MANCHESTER, VT., AUGUST 12, 1862.

NO. 12.

The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING

OFFICE OVER THE LEADING STORE.

H. E. MINER and C. A. PIERCE,
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TERMS—\$1.25 per annum, or \$1.50 at the end of the year. Prepaid postage in Washington County.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
1 square, one week, \$0 75
1 square, three weeks, 1 25
1 column, one year, 50 00
1-4 column, one year, 30 00
1-4 column, one year, 10 00
Business Cards, one year, from 3 00 to 8 00
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We are coming, Father Abram, three hundred thousand more.

From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shores,

We leave our wives and workshops, our streets and children dear,

With hearts to fall for utterance, with but a whispering tear.

We dare not look behind us, but steadily before.

We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hills that meet the Northern sky,

Long, moving lines of oxen and your vision may decay.

And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,

And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride.

And lay down in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—

We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up the valleys, where the growing harvest shines,

You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast forming into lines;

And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;

And a far-off group stands weeping at every cottage door—

We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Redwood's bloody tide,

To lay us down for freedom's sake our brother's bones beside.

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parcle.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before.

We are coming, Father Abram—three hundred thousand more!

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

The following is the speech, in full, of President Lincoln, at the recent great War Meeting in Washington:—

Three cheers were given for the President, and, after the band had played "Hail to the Chief," the President, in response to impatient calls, advanced to the front of the platform and spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens:—I believe there is no precedent for my appearing before you on this occasion, (applause) but it is also true that there is no precedent for your being here yourselves (applause and laughter) and I offer in justification of myself any you, that upon examination I have found nothing in the constitution against it. (Renewed applause.) I, however, have an impression that there are younger gentlemen who will entertain you better—[Voices—No, no; none better than yourself]—and better address you understandingly than I will or could, and therefore I propose but to detain you a moment longer. (Cries of "Go on; far and feather the rebels.") I am very little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to produce some good by it. (You do.) The only thing I think of now, not likely to be better said by some one else, is a matter in which we have heard some other persons blamed for what I did myself. (Voices, "what is it?") There has been a very wide attempt to have a quarrel between General McClellan and the Secretary of War. Now I occupy a position that enables me to know that these two gentlemen are not nearly so deep in the quarrel as some presuming to be their friends. (Cries of "good.")—General McClellan's attitude is such that in the very selfishness of his nature he cannot but wish to be successful, and I hope will, and the Secretary of War is in precisely the same situation. If the military commanders in the field cannot be successful, not only the Secretary of War but myself, for the time being the master of them both cannot be but failures. (Laughter and applause.) I know General McClellan wishes to be successful, and I know he does not wish it any more than the Secretary of War for him, or both of them together no more than I wish it. Sometimes we have a dispute about how many men Gen. McClellan has had, and those who would disparage him say he has had a very large number, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War insist that Gen. McClellan has had a very small number. The basis for this, is there is always a wide difference, and on this occasion there is a wider one, between the grand total on McClellan's rolls and the men actually fit for duty, and those who would disparage him talk of the grand total on paper, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War talk of those at present fit for duty. Gen. McClellan has sometimes asked for things the Secretary of War did not give him. Gen. McClellan is not to blame for asking for what he wanted and needed, and the Secretary of War is not to blame for not giving when he had none to give. (Applause, laughter and cries of "Good.") And I say here, as far as I know, the Secretary of War has withheld no one thing at any time in my power to give him. (Wild applause, and a voice, "Give

him enough now.") I have no accusation against him. I believe he is a brave and able man (applause) and I stand here, as justice requires me to do, to take upon myself what has been charged upon the Secretary of War as withholding from him. I have talked longer than I expected to do (cries of "No, no; go on") and now I avail myself of my privilege of saying no more.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

It is disagreeable when a vulgar fellow, whom you hardly know, addresses you by your surname with great familiarity of manner. And such a person will take no hint that he is disagreeable—however stiff, and however formally polite you may take pains to be to him. It is disagreeable when persons with whom you have no desire to be on terms of intimacy persist in putting many questions to you as to your private concerns, such as your annual income and your expenditure, and the like. No doubt it is both pleasant and profitable for people who are not rich to compare notes on these matters with some frank and hearty friend whose means and outgoings are much the same as their own. I do not think of such a case—but of the prying curiosity of persons who have no right to pry, and who, very generally, while diligently prying into your affairs, take special care not to take you into their confidence. Such people, too, while making a pretence of revealing to you all their secrets, will often tell a very small portion of them, and make various statements which you at the time are quite aware are not true. There are not many things more disagreeable than a very stupid and ill set old woman, who quite unaware what her opinion is worth, expresses it with entire confidence upon many subjects of which she knows nothing whatever, and as to which she is wholly incapable of judging. And the self-satisfied and confident air with which she settles the most difficult questions, and pronounces unfavorable judgment upon people ten thousand times wiser and better than herself, is an insufferably irritating phenomenon. It is a singular fact, that the people I have in view invariably combine extreme ugliness with spitefulness and self-conceit.—Such a person will make particular inquiries of you as to some near relative of your own—and will add, with a malicious and horrible ugly expression of face, that she is glad to hear how very much improved your relative now is. She will repeat the sentence several times, laying great emphasis and significance upon the very much improved. Of course, the notion conveyed to any stranger who may be present is that your relative must in former days have been an extremely bad fellow. The fact probably is that he has always, man and boy, been particularly well-behaved, and that really you were not aware that he needed any special improvement—save, indeed, in the sense that every human being might be and ought to be a great deal better than he is.

THE DISAGREEABLE RELIGIOUS MAN.

It must be admitted, with great regret, that people who make a considerable profession of religion have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings have ever made themselves. You will find people who claim not merely to be pious and Christian people, but to be very much more pious and Christian than others, who are extremely uncharitable, unamiable, repulsive, stupid and narrow-minded, and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. We know, from a very high authority, that a Christian ought to be an epistle in commendation of the blessed faith he holds. But it is beyond question that many people who profess to be Christians are like grim gorgons' heads, warning people off from having anything to do with Christianity. Why should a middle-aged clergyman walk about the streets with a sullen and malignant scowl always on his face, which at the best would be a very ugly one? Why should another walk with his nose in the air, and his eyes rolled up till they seem likely to roll out? And why should a third be always drabbed over with a clammy perspiration, and prolong all his vowels to twice the usual length? It is, indeed, a most wonderful thing, that people who evince a spirit in every respect the direct contrary of that of our Blessed Redeemer

should fancy that they are Christians of singular attainments; and it is more woful still, that many young people should be scared away into irreligion or unbelief by the wretched delusion that these creatures, wickedly caricaturing Christianity, are fairly representing it. I have beheld mere deliberate malice, more lying and cheating, more back-biting and slandering, denser stupidity, and greater self-sufficiency, among bad-hearted and wrong-headed religionists than among any other order of human beings. I have known more malignity and slander conveyed in the form of a prayer than should have consigned any ordinary libeller to the pillory. I have known a person who made evening prayer a means of infuriating and stabbing the servants, under the pretext of confessing their sins. "Thou knowest, Lord, how my servants have been occupied this day," with these words did the blasphemous mockery of prayer begin one Sunday evening in a house I could easily indicate; and then the man raked up all the misdoings of the servants (they being present, of course) in a fashion which, if he had ventured on at any other time, would probably have led some of them to assault him.—Country Parson.

(WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.)

I shall not further pursue the proofs or arguments as to the authority or validity of those two sacramental or symbolical ordinances, as they are sometimes called, baptism and the Lord's Supper, nor as to the different formulas of worship in which different denominations of Christians are at variance, and by which they are divided into sects, or I may say, into religious polemic parties; but will merely observe, that as to forms of public worship, I consider the one which the Episcopal Church has adopted is in many respects preferable to most other forms of open worship, as it is better calculated to draw and fix the attention of the whole audience, and whereby they take part in the worship and other parts of the services; but still, I think there is room and need for some modification and improvement. And I shall proceed to remark that I do not inveigh against or condemn those rites, ordinances or ceremonies, because there is anything intrinsically sinful or reprehensible in their nature, but for the motive of their practice; and on the ground of their tendency to multiplication, also to self-righteousness, or reliance thereupon, not only as religious duties, but as paramount, or sine qua non means of justification and salvation; and still further, to the division and distraction of professors of religion into sects and violently opposed partisans. As an evidence of their tendency to multiplication and increase, I refer to the Roman Catholics, (through whom, it must be remembered, that most of these religious rites and ceremonies have been handed down, and from them adopted by other creeds and denominations,) and who have increased what they term their sacraments, to seven in number, besides their crosses, genuflections, *ave marias*, and other religious acts and requirements which they consider essential; and to baptism as a saving or regenerating ordinance, administered in their mode, that without it none can be saved, and with it all are entitled thereto; having adopted the principle of self-righteousness, or the merit of works, they have carried and are still carrying it to a ridiculous extent; witness their late assemblage at Rome for the beatification and canonization of some of their ecclesiastics who were slaughtered at Japan more than two centuries ago, for their gross behavior and treasonable conduct.

And as I said before, the tendency of those services is to incline men to place too much reliance upon their own external acts and self-devotion for justification, and almost wholly exclude sovereign grace and mercy. If they hold, as they profess, that by nature all mankind are corrupt and sinful, how can they, consistently, believe that any acts of their own will be pleasing in the sight of a pure and holy God. But still another very important consideration and objection presents against the use and spiritualization of those rites and ordinances, which is the tendency and effect they have to cause disruption amongst the professed followers of Christ, and to disturb and destroy the peace and harmony of society. As mankind do not

all look or act alike, so they do not think, or behold the same objects alike.

As different persons, who at the same instant of time look upon the chameleon in different attitudes, and from different points of view, it appears to each in different aspect and in different colors, so with mankind, in other respects, with different natural faculties and perceptions, and with different sources of light and instruction, and differently educated, in early life they are reared up in different forms of belief and practice upon these and many other subjects, which by degrees become fixed and obstinate, and very often pugnacious. Thus various sects in religion are formed by mere difference in external rites and forms of worship, and at length become bigoted, each in their different creeds and forms, and wholly estranged and embittered against each other, and will probably so continue until these sectarian rites, forms and ceremonies are entirely done away and abolished, which will not take place until the downfall of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the mother, and I believe I may say the originator of them all; and then will that happy day dawn upon the world, when all mankind will become Christianized, and all will see eye to eye in the things which make for peace and harmony; and that glorious millennial day, so long foretold by seers and prophets, will be ushered in, and wars and all contentions, either of a political or religious character, shall cease upon this earth.

With these suggestions and reflections, I shall for the present close these strictures, and leave them to others to be duly weighed and pondered upon, with the hope that they will have the weight in the minds of all others, which they have in my own, and as such be universally sanctioned and adopted. SUNDAY.

A TERRIBLE STORY OF THE REBELLION.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Times, who dates from Springfield, Mo., tells the following sad tale of the consequences of rebellion:

"The tender mercies of secession are cruel. I have just heard the sad story of a widow who has buried two sons and a daughter since the outbreak of rebellion. Her three children all fell by the hand of violence.

She lived in the White river country—a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country, she and her family stood almost alone upon the side of the National Union. Her neighbors were advocates of rebellion, and even before the arrival of our army in Springfield, all loyal citizens were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hillside—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart, took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave it to him, and kissed him good-bye, never expecting to see him again.

He had not been gone many days when her persecutions began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his head. Joy at his escape from death was therefore mingled with gloomy apprehension.

Next, she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancying himself secure, was alone at work in the field. The family with whom he lived were absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body in the house, pierced by a bullet. His torn cap and other signs witnessed to the severity of his struggle, before he yielded to his murderer.

From this time the family of Mrs. Willis lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. Often they saw men prowling about with guns, looking for the young men. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden and William was sitting upon the fence.

"Don't sit there, William," said his mother, "you are too fair a mark for a shot."

William went to the door and sat upon the step.

"William," said his sister, "you are

not safe there. Come into the house."

He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when suddenly another shot rang upon the air, and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her.

"I never wished any one in torment before," she said, "but I did wish the man that killed him was there."

Her three oldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They are all in the National army today. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch the body. At last she consented.—The clouds were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her aching heart, when a whipper-snapper fluttered down, with its wild, melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The notes so terrified the conscience-stricken, superstitious wretches, that for a moment they fled in dismay.

Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had escaped for their lives. The unhappy woman was left with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was obliged to go thirty miles upon horseback to the mill for food, and afterwards to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack of meal upon his back. On her return she met her children about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbor's yard her two boys aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered in her absence, for the crime of loyalty to the Union. Together with a white headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth. Such are the trials of loyal citizens in the border Slave States, and wherever rebellion has been in power.

The widow now escaped for refuge to this city. And here, to crown her sorrows, in the absence of her three oldest remaining sons, a drunken soldier of the 5th Kansas Regiment shot her daughter Mary, as she was standing in the doorway of her house. Is it any wonder that this woman's hair is gray, her forehead full of wrinkles, or that she should say, with tremulous tones, 'I feel that I shall not live long. The only thing which sustains me is the love of Christ.'

Northern people know nothing of the horrors of war."

ADVANTAGES.—Almost every man who has struggled with hardship and privation in his early life, resolves that his children shall enjoy the advantages of which he was deprived. He wishes them to possess healthy, symmetrical bodies and active, well-developed minds; so he divides their time between school and play, with never a duty or a care, and kindness will do it. They grow up with what he calls every advantage. His poorer neighbors envy him, and would imitate him if they could. By and by his petted darling approaches womanhood, but somehow they do not quite realize his expectations. They have more grace, perhaps, but certainly less physical stamina than the poor lads and lasses who have been compelled to labor in field and garden and kitchen. They have a smattering of accomplishments, but in solid attainments they are not one step in advance of those who have been only half of their time at school. They do not seem to grasp anything firmly. There is the glove of velvet but not the hand of iron.—They look well and dress well, and are lifted by influence into creditable positions, and with some prompting, get on tolerably well. Step by step, the unkempt brotherhood grin on them in the arena of practical life. For a time it is neck and neck in the competition between blood and muscle, but at length the underbred nag distances his well groomed rivals, and comes in unmistakably ahead. The victim of advantages made only average time, and takes a second-rate position. Of course this is not always the case, but so often that none but friends and relatives are surprised.

The question naturally comes up, what are advantages for a developing nature? We would answer, whatever will give it strength and facility,

and the aptitude that can employ them all. It is a harsh thing to say in a luxurious nursery, but hardship and privation are powerful aids. Cooks cannot get up constitutions, or libraries develop brains. In either case, the food must be first intensely craved, then eagerly seized upon and appropriated, and wrought into muscular and nervous fiber by the repeated exercise of both. Hunger and labor are the great tonics for body and mind.—Every event and circumstance helps to educate, and may be used as an advantage. The best physicians and clergymen are those who have sinned and suffered; the most considerate employers are those who have labored; the noblest in command are those who were truest to obey. Every experience is a man of culture; that of the drawing-room gives finish to a character, but firmness and fiber must be wrought of sterner stuff. You would not paint a house until it was covered; you would not cover it until it was well and strongly framed. The statue stands kingly in its finished beauty, but hidden fires upheaved and veined the marble, rough hands hewed it from the quarry, and stern blows struck from the rude block its encumbering fragments, before the sculptor chiselled it into perfect and polished grace.—Springfield Republican.

WHAT A COW HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—A Recruiting Incident.—We heard of an incident yesterday, which should make some of our rich men blush who are subscribing their paltry fives and tens to the recruiting funds of their several localities. It was this: A few days since subscriptions were set on foot in Orleans county. A farmer of moderate means contributed \$50 and a cow. Every one conceded that this was liberal, but it occurred to a friend that the cow might be turned to excellent account. Lots were to be cast for her, and 205 tickets, at \$1 each, were distributed and paid for.—This practically brought up the farmer's subscription to \$255. But the cow was destined to do better. The winner put her up at auction and \$50 more were added to the fund—making the aggregate \$285. But it was deemed a pity that a cow so thoroughly patriotic should be sold so cheap; and the result was that \$15 were added to the purchase money—making the cow's aggregate contribution to the fund \$250, besides the \$50 from her original owners! There are a great many rich men, all over the country, who will not do half as much for the war as this cow!

DO YOUR OWN WORK.—Enlarge not thy destiny, says the oracle; endeavor not to do more than is given thee in charge; the one prudence of life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine. Property and its cares, friends and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting—everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work.—Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes—all are distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and makes a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your own; you shall take what your brain can, and drop the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing.—Emerson.

I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE.—Near Newark, N. J., lived a pious family, who had taken an orphan boy to bring up, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church, and fall asleep, paying no regard to the service. She replied she did.—Accordingly before going to church the next Sabbath, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled off and took the astounded sleeper with an apple square on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand with a sober, honest expression of countenance: "You preach I'll keep 'em awake!"