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THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the tribles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell,
The hard repulse, that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—All the year round.

ENGLAND'S POLICY.

England's policy necessarily makes her an enemy of progress and liberty, England, the birth-place of modern liberty, is nevertheless the friend of tyrants and the enemy of freedom. England, having commenced the march of improvement, still favors old abuses and props up worn-out systems. England at home is not England abroad. Although she has experienced many of the blessings of liberty, she does all she can to withhold it from other nations. We derived our liberty from her, but now she is willing to see our liberty destroyed and our nation blotted out. When France was struggling for liberty, she was willing to crush first the Republic and then the Empire, and place upon the ruins the Bourbons, whose very name had come to be synonymous with tyranny, bigotry, idiosyncrasy, and licentiousness. The reason of this is plain. Liberty at home favors her commercial interests; liberty abroad endangers them. Liberty has made her great and powerful and prosperous. It works the same results the world over. But when it results thus in a foreign nation, it raises up a rival. It builds up a commerce which may surpass that of England—a maritime power which may threaten her naval supremacy. For this reason she had rather sustain a dilapidated old empire like Austria, whose whole power is spent in crushing reforms, than favor in the least a nation fighting for that which invigorates and strengthens. France after the Revolution sprang up with the strength of a giant. From among the plebeian conscripts who filled the armies of the young republic, arose a race of leaders far different from the feebletons who reigned in the court of the Bourbons. The whole nation was aroused to new life. A new spirit was abroad in the land. Lafayette had proclaimed that the new color would "go round the world." The new government was fearfully vigorous. Then England began to tremble. What if this strange energy should be allowed to remain and turn itself to the pursuits of peace. The nation might soon rival England in commerce. She might here to share the dominion of the seas with another people. This strange activity might soon draw to itself the commerce of nations, whose commodities increased the riches of England. The sails which whiten'd the Thames, might soon enliven the harbors of France. The aristocracy was opposed to the Republic and the Empire on principle. The commercial and manufacturing interests, which had been the strength of the people's cause in the days of the Long Parliament and the Commonwealth, were opposed on interest, and were ready to sacrifice principle to interest. This turned the scale, and by their aid the aristocracy was enabled to fight it out. They thrust back upon the nation rulers whose enterprise would never endanger their commerce, and France for a time sank back to her ancient apathy.

A rival nation was crushed, and though liberty was crushed with it, England was smothered.

Under the invigorating influence of free institutions, the American republic grew great and powerful. Her commerce sprang up as by the waving of a magic wand. In whatever sea the Englishman sailed, he fell in with an American vessel. In whatever port he dropped anchor, he found a Yankee captain engaging a part of his dearly beloved trade. This was more than the English nature could stand. The short gentleman who holds the "dominion of the sea" and controls the commerce of the world, grew sourer than ever towards the young republic. But worse was to come—an offence never to be forgiven. England can never forget the time when her boasted naval supremacy was made the laughing-stock of the world, by a nation a quarter of a century old. And now she had rather see slavery in the place of liberty, anarchy in the place of prosperity, than suffer a rival nation to live. Liberty, justice, humanity and honor, are as nothing when compared with the interests of trade. Again we say England's foreign policy makes her an enemy of liberty and progress.

It may have been fickle enthusiasm and bad policy when the French Convention resolved that, having obtained liberty for themselves, they would assist any people desirous of obtaining it. But how noble it seems when compared with England, boasting of her own liberty, yet looking coolly on and laughing in derision, while another struggles for the same blessing, or if she thinks there is any danger of its being attained, interfering to prevent it.

Whenever the above facts are urged many reply that England gave us the Magna Charta and the writ of Habeas Corpus. The defence is not an aggravation of the crime. It is poor defence for one who kills a man to-day that he saved the life of another yesterday. It is poor defence for England, when she stabs liberty in France or America, that she retained and preserved it for herself. We believe that were the British government blotted from existence to-day, the void could not, by any possibility, be filled with anything worse, and would, in all probability, be filled with something much better. She has performed her mission, done all the good she ever will, and is now but a curse to the world. She should die while the memories of her better days are yet fresh, rather than drag out at a peevish old age.

And now should this nation be the friend or the enemy of England? If it is the friend of England it is the friend of tyranny, injustice, and inhumanity. If it is the friend of England it proves false to its mission and its duty. We can be friendly to England by looking coolly on the struggling masses of Europe, giving up our own liberty, and letting our commerce die out. But if we preserve our liberty, go on increasing in wealth and prosperity, and sympathize with the masses, we inevitably continue to be the object of her hatred. If we court the friendship of England we but invite the hand that would destroy us—the kiss that would betray us. If we are charmed by the glorious deeds of her nobler days, we but clothe in our imagination, with loveliness and beauty an object really detestable and loathsome. If any one is bound by the spell, let him break it, and see with his natural eyes the object which he loved.

The pages of history do not furnish another example of such swerving from the path of duty where it was so well known, such shameful desertion of principles so well understood. We doubt if there ever was another instance of so debasing a motive, so continually followed, and so little influenced by those nobler feelings that control, more or less, the actions of men. And yet when we think of some events in her past history, it is hard to do England justice. When we think of the harons on the field of Bannockburn; when we think of the commons, manfully standing up against bigots and tyrants; when we think of Hampden, pouring out his life-blood on the field of Chalgrove; when we think of Cromwell, protecting against the combined power of Pope and kings, those who desired to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience in the gorges of the Alps; when we think of the liberal party, fighting through many a night

of hot debate for reform and concession, until the morning's light put an end to the Parliamentary battle; when we think of these facts, we feel a certain kind of relenting. We feel somewhat as great assemblies are said to have felt, when public men of whose guilt they had no doubt, have appeared before them, great even in their wickedness, and pleaded with eloquence and effect the good deeds of their lives. Many a manly struggle, many a glorious field, many a noble death, many a true statesman, speaks eloquently for England. But though they may cause a moment of relenting, the truth returns with yet greater force. The fruits of those manly struggles have been lost to a great part of the world though the selfish policy of those whose duty it was to extend to others the blessings they enjoyed themselves. Those noble men would, were it not for America, have died almost in vain. Those true statesmen have always formed a weak minority. The glorious principles, advanced so bravely in the middle ages, have been stopped short of their legitimate results by the narrow-minded statements of the present age. Those great battles of freedom were fought, not for England alone, but for the whole world. England having proved false to her trust, America has been raised up to extend to the nations the blessings which first sprang up on English soil. When England exerts an influence abroad directly opposed to liberty and progress, she disappoints the just expectations of mankind, and gives up all claim to be considered a benefit to the world. She knows her duty. She sins against the light. Interest is so strong a motive that she is tempted to put under her feet all obligations and all ties. As she grasps the whole, she will one day lose all. Her hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against her. England will one day be summoned before the bar of nations to answer for her crimes.

[Concluded from last No.]
The Eldest of Nine.
BY FRANCES LEE.
I don't suppose anybody but me, in pitying Mrs. Rogers, ever thought of the eldest girl. I, however, know only too well what she had to endure. "I am afraid Johnny is going to be sick," said the mother, taking up the youngest but three. My heart sunk within me, for I knew of course he was going to be sick. All our children have a peculiar epidemic and contagion that the infant frame is heir to; so if one of them flushes up and grows feverish I am always perfectly certain we have nursing before us. It was the measles this time, and I put away the worsted shawl I was crocheting, and gave up a sleigh ride or two, and a party, without a grimace. It was undoubtedly my chiefest pleasure to relieve my over-burdened mother and administer to the sick fancies of Johnny, and I did it with alacrity, but with a foreboding of coming and greater disappointments, well founded and sure; for I knew but too certainly that of us nine that only myself and the brother next in years—or months, more properly speaking—had passed the ordeal of measles; and there were, alas! six beside Johnny.

Forewarned is forearmed, so I endeavored to brace myself up to cheerful and patient endurance, and believed I had succeeded, and was prepared for the worst. But dear me! All the while I was as ignorant as a Hotentot of the martyrdom which was putting on his boots to come and meet me; because the lowness of the depth of trouble consigned to our lot is always in proportion to the heights of happiness above us. Two weeks passed away, during which time the measles had almost passed away from Johnny, leaving him delightfully irritable, with weak eyes and a cough.

On the morning of the fourteenth day after his attack, as I was hastily preparing a warm bath for little George who was in a spasms, being teething, Joe rushed in with a letter for me. I thrust it into my pocket, with no further thought till George was out of his spasms and quietly asleep. Even then there was no time for reading it, for the baby—George is the youngest but one,—was screaming with colic, and while mother dandled and soothed it, I made anti-meal tea and heated flannels. By the time that was still and I had dropped some sweet oil into Johnny's ear for the earache, (Johnny is subject to earache.) Clement came

in from school with such a red face and short, quick cough, that we didn't need to be informed he had a bad headache and sore throat. Philip followed looking as much like him as one bent looks like another. Sarah, of course, was also coming down, for she always does just as the boys do, as nearly as she can. By bed time, Susy was as feverish as the best of them. So there we were, in the midst of teething, colic, ear-ache and measles!

Precious little sleep fell to the lot of the family props that night, and day light looked in upon a stirring household, or would, if the windows hadn't been darkened. What with a bath for one, a cooling drink for another, soothing syrup for the baby and George, an eye out to Johnny, who was predetermined to take cold, together with the required attractive stories and general attentions, mother and I had no difficulty in finding each an appropriate and womanly sphere. Not till the day had almost worn itself and us out, and then only in snatches, did I find time and opportunity to read my letter.

It was from cousin Bertha, who was to be married the next week.—(The worsted shawl was to have been my bridal gift to her, the shawl that lies now in ignominious state in my top bureau drawer, with the border half done and the crochet hook just in the mesh where I left it when Johnny dropped his drum and went crying with his hot head and feverish hands to his mother a few weeks ago. But no matter about that, now.)—Bertha wrote in glowing spirits, which seemed, with the suggestion of blonde and silk and orange flowers that floated in her letter, like something belonging to another world than the one where mother and I kept weary watch. The swollen, crimson faces and querulous moans and cries that made up life to us just then, seemed so unlike the tide and talk of fashion and pleasure that filled Bertha's hours and thoughts.

It was yet uncertain whether the bride should be married in her traveling or bridal costume, but that should be decided after I came, and there would be plenty of time for me to arrange my dress accordingly then;—I was expected to stand bridesmaid.—After the ceremony, it seemed Walter, who was the bridegroom, insisted on leaving immediately for Washington stopping at New York and Philadelphia; and insisted equally that I should accompany them. I was to go to her at once, prepared to stay until it was over; wedding, journey and all, it was to be so delightful.—The particulars and minutia of arrangement were left to talk over with me, and she should expect me the next day or the next day but one at farthest. Very charming certainly it would be. Such a delightful trip with my dearest friend, and an opportunity which perhaps would never present itself again to see the heart of my own country. Thus passed before me, a brilliant and enticing panorama for an instant; then roused by a call, half cry, from the youngest but four, I turned, and throwing the letter into the grate, bathed, Susy's patient little head, gave Philip a drink of lemonade, and set myself with merry voice to "Sing a song o' sixpence," for the edification of the other two.

I got Joe to write Bertha and say how busy I was; and mother, who was off with the two younger ones when I read the letter, did not have her ingenuity taxed and her feelings tried in try to plan for me to go when she knew that I hadn't the wardrobe of respectable traveling monkey, let alone the fact that I couldn't possibly be spared to leave home. So Bertha was married without me, and the good-bye knot was just as strong, I make no doubt. She went on her wedding journey without me, also, and if she missed me it is not likely Walter did.

Meanwhile our young patients gradually turned into four convalescents, that needed, according to my thinking, more attention and looking after in the second stage than in the first; and before they were half way off our hands, the other two showed unmistakable symptoms of making their places good. Thus at the time of Bertha's wedding party, after her return, their measles were just at the turning point, and being both nothing but babies, they both needed the nursing and care of babies; so I could not be so heartless as to leave them and their mother at such a time, thinking to myself with satisfaction that the

measles could not last forever in a family, and now they had come to the last ones of our number it was likely we should get a breathing spell.

Deluded being that I was! The baby, being a little thing, suffered from only a light attack, comparatively, and was quickly over the disorder; but what with poor little George's teething and his spasms he had a hard sickness and didn't seem to recruit well after it. So mother took him and the baby to grandfather's to try a change of air, and I was left in the famous position of Alexander Selkirk on the Island, with one important and unenviable variation. My subjects, unlike his, were objects of responsibility and perpetual care.

I had thought, seeing the younger ones were gone and the older ones were at school, that with nobody but Johnny and Susy to look after, I should be quite at leisure, and depended on reading "Fantomie," which I had from the book club and could keep only another day. Vain and delusive hope! I had only begun thoroughly to enjoy the fascination and beauty of the book when Susy rushed in, dripping with mud and tears. It appeared she had been startled by "Mr. bound's Hale," as she said in her fright, and though the dogs were only intent on the game they were pursuing, yet the silly child supposed they were in full lue and cry at her back; and ran across the road from the poultry yard where she was standing, with such heedless eagerness that she fell on the brink of the duck-pond, which was not much but mud, bumped her forehead, and came in, a sight to behold. By the time she was cleaned and comforted, Johnny appeared with a chicken in his apron that he had squeaked to death, an ugly scratch on his cheek from the long-enduring, much aggravated cat, a sliver in his finger, and a tear in each eye. Before he was thoroughly consoled and quieted with a slate and pencil, school was out for morning; and Sarah presented herself with a long rent in her gown, which the romp had managed to catch in climbing a fence. That must be mended before school, and the children must have their dinner also.

"We shall be late, I know we shall! We never get our dinner in time when mother is gone," claimed Philip, in an aggrieved tone. "I shall just tell Mr. Potter that mother is gone, and Ellen is poky, the reason we are late," affirmed Clement, with a very provoking look.—Then he added, "See how red she is! I suppose it is hot work dishing up the dinner."

Boys are so aggravating I don't know any particular use in their creation, unless to discipline their elder sisters into perfection. When dinner was fairly on the table the hurry was all over. There was plenty of time, the boys said, so they hung around in the way till my patience was taxed to the uttermost. That evening, Clarence and Philip and Sarah were invited to a candy party, and as I was putting the younger ones to bed, the door bell rang, and a troop of merry and familiar voice sounded in the hall. It was a dozen or so of our set, Mr. Potter among the rest, calling for me to go out skating with them. The ice was not to the best, but the moonlight was, and it was likely to be the very last evening when we should have the ghost of an excuse for going to the pond together, with our skates; and what was lacking in ice was sure to be made up in merriment. This was very tempting, but I knew better than to be tempted, so staid at home and heard the gay tones die away in the distance, while I comforted myself with my duty and Philip's torn coat.

It was well I staid, for when the sound of merry voices and light laughter came back again, I was binding wet towels about Johnny's throat, and administering the most approved sorts of pellets for a severe attack of croup. Mr. Potter stopped to spend the remainder of the evening with me, but he was obliged to go for the doctor instead, while Bridget and I worked with our united skill and energy to keep the poor little fellow from choking to death before he came.

We were up mostly all night, and in the morning had the satisfaction of finding that Johnny was over the danger, but must be carefully nursed and treated for a number of days. In process of time our mother came home with the remaining babes re-

stored to comfortable degree of health and since then we have jogged on in a uniform course of monotony. I never make a plan for myself but one of the nine strikes that opportunity for some sudden attack; and there is never an hour which might be a leisure one, but it is filled with hard lessons which require sewing. For these reasons I am so mewed up and dunned in that, if I should chance to be introduced into the world outside, though I might be able to make an intelligent reply to an inquiry after my health that would probably be the extent of my 'savoir faire.'

But if anybody wants any dirty children's faces washed, or ragged boys' trussers mended, or squealing babies trotted and anied (I have been obliged to coin myself that new verb), why I am just the expert to call upon. It's dreadful to be able to be so useful; and, moreover, I wouldn't advise you, friendly reader, to ever deliberately choose the high and honorable position of the eldest of "nine small children." And it really seems to me, if you should insist on immortalizing yourself, you couldn't do a more charitable act than in establishing a fund for indigent and jaded *elders*.

P. S.—Our children are having the mumps.

The Exploits of Grierson's Cavalry

Grierson's cavalry in their great raid through Mississippi went more than eight hundred miles in seventeen days, fighting wherever they met with opposition. They killed and wounded a great number of the enemy, and destroyed over four millions of dollars worth of property which would have been of immense assistance to the rebels in the prosecution of the war. On two important railroads they completely cut off all communication with the strongholds of the enemy. They took over a thousand prisoners, captured over twelve hundred horses, and menaced the enemy at points where they were least expected. An idea of their activity may be formed from the fact that they traveled seventy-five miles, fought four battles, skirmished considerably, forded a river, and all of the time neither men nor horses had anything to eat.

Every effort was made by the rebel Generals Gardner and Pemberton for their surprise and capture; but in every instance the enemy was completely outwitted by Col. Grierson's strategems and rapid marches. The mails and couriers captured kept our forces constantly in possession of the latest news concerning the movements of the rebels, and their intended plans for our capture. During their march an effective force of at least five thousand cavalry were sent against them, which, whenever met, was defeated by our men, with heavy loss to the rebels. The expectation of the rebels was that Col. Grierson would attempt to return to Lagrange even after he had reached Hazlehurst. They in consequence laid most of their plans to capture him on his return. Of course they were chagrined at their miscalculation, as well as surprised at the boldness of Col. Grierson in marching through to Baton Rouge.

Our troops, although they in many instances passed themselves off for Van Dorn's or Jackson's cavalry, whenever recognized by the country people were treated in the most respectful manner, and on a number of occasions the strongest demonstrations were voluntarily made of Union feeling, which is evidently still existing among the people. Our men were frequently cheered, and invited to share hospitalities in the name of the old flag—all showing that it is only necessary to once more establish the authority of the government to bring back to its allegiance the noble State of Mississippi. In many instances the inhabitants along the different routes taken by our cavalry, when they found we were not as we had been described—namely, robbers and assassins, insulters of women and children, and everything contemptible—made us God speed, and acknowledged that they had been bitterly deceived. In every instance private property was respected, unless found in the hands of guerrillas.

On one occasion several of Col. Grierson's scouts stopped at the house of a wealthy planter to feed their fatted horses. Upon ascertaining that he