

The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

VOLUME I.

Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

NUMBER 3.

BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., APRIL 17, 1861.

PRICE, TWO CENTS.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS

BY THE BEST WORKMEN IN THE COUNTRY.
Carriage and Sleigh Manufacturing will be carried on by the subscriber opposite the
Court House Square, Montpelier, Vt.
Those in want of *warranted Carriages and Sleighs*, will be happy to call and see what is being done at the old stand of GRIMAN & CAMP.
All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN W. CLARKE.

GEO. W. SCOTT,

Having purchased the

GOODS

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MERCANTILE UNION,

Will continue the business at their old stand,

HEAD OF STATE STREET

where the business will be conducted on the principle of

Small Profits for Ready Pay!

In the name of

SCOTT & CO.

Montpelier, March 15, 1861.

SPRING STYLE! SPRING STYLE!

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

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We have now the Largest, and
BEST SELECTED STOCK

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TAPESTRY, THREE-PLY,

Super, Superfine and Extra-Fine.

COTTON AND STAIR CARPETS.

Oil Carpets, all widths, Rugs & Mats.

Which we offer at prices that defy competition.

Carpets Made and put down in the best Manner.

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The Alexandre Organ!

Patented in the United States, May 3d, 1850.
Adapted to the use of Drawing Rooms, Churches, Churches, Churches and schools. This instrument is superior to any other and is the only one ever invented.

GEO. W. WILDER

has just received one of these Organs containing 15 stops, and will be pleased to exhibit the instrument at his Music Store to all desirous of hearing it.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and patrons that he has removed to Montpelier, Vt., where he has opened an Office in the Freeman Building, and will give his individual attention to the practice of the Law in Washington and the surrounding counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and efficient attention.
F. V. RANDALL.
MONTPELIER, Oct. 1860. 12503m

N. W. GILBERT,

SURGEON DENTIST

NO. 13 PAINES' BLOCK,

140 1/2 NORTHFIELD, VT.

Sash, Doors and Blinds.

The place to purchase the BEST QUALITY of Sash, Doors and Blinds made of the best WESTERN PINE, and in a good Workmanlike Manner is at the Factory of

J. D. CLOGSTON.

Opposite C. H. Wilder's Mill, Montpelier.

Where may be found at all times a good assortment of Sash, Doors and Blinds; also, Tubes for Chain Pumps, Eave Spouts, &c.

Planing, Jointing, Grooving,

and Tenoning done in the best workmanlike manner. While thankful for acknowledging a constant increase of custom for the past four years, I would earnestly solicit persons who reside in towns adjacent to Montpelier, in want of the above articles, not to fail to consult me, in person, or by letter, before purchasing elsewhere. It shall be my purpose to furnish good work at low prices.
J. D. CLOGSTON.
Montpelier, March 1861.

STYLES, DAVIS & STYLES,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS!

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ALSO,

GALLERIES

AT

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THE subscribers are prepared to execute any kind of Picture made by the

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

FROM THEIR

LONG EXPERIENCE,

SUPERIOR APPARATUS

AND

WELL FURNISHED GALLERIES,

they offer their services with confidence that they can please all who may favor them with their patronage.

G. B. DAVIES, Montpelier.

A. F. STYLES, Burlington.

A. J. STYLES, St. Albans.

Poetry.

The Celestial Army.

[The following little poem in the *London Critic*, from the pen of Mr. Read, possesses exceeding vividness of fancy, set off and balanced by simplicity of expression:]

I strode by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of the long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding to the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great heights
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed and were no more.

No more! oh! say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And here the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest fainting one
May to diviner vision see
A bright and blazing sun.

Miscellany.

A Biography as is a Biography.

George H. Brown, the editor of the *Green Mountain*, has tried his hand at his own biography. Here is the result:

Brown was the son of the first man who petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature in relation to the *flowage of the meadows on Concord and Sudbury rivers*, who emigrated to this country for that purpose from New Zealand in 1775. Brown's mother was a Smith (J. Smith's daughter), who was a near relative of the bravest and boldest soldiers in Sumner's army in the Revolution, who were intimately acquainted with Mrs. Pocahontas, and belonged to some of the first families in Virginia.

Brown was a cousin on the Smith side, with red hair, who recently married in a fit of passion, while engaged with Parsons of Lawrence, in an argument on the origin of the *Back Bay Lands*. He is a connection, who so ably translated 7000 newspaper notices into eleven different languages about *Proches*.

The first thing Brown did after seeing daylight was to run a darning needle into the left eye of his nurse, while the old lady was singing to him one of Dr. Watts' Hymns. To our knowledge during his school-boy days, he never robbed a hen-roost, but he had a habit of throwing paper balls at the heads of his schoolmasters.

On arriving at years of discretion, he went through Harvard College, where he met with the President, who told him that he was destined for something, and Heaven only knows what. He afterward pursued the study of the technicalities of law, and defended his first case with a sagacious washerwoman, who sued him for two years washing. He got his case, which added materially to his fame. On the strength of this he went into the sausage business, and was quite successful till the dog law was enforced.

Brown is between twenty-five and fifty years of age—unobtrusive in manners—walks erect and carries a blue umbrella. Is rather flashy, and of fair complexion. Has twice refused the Consulship at *Hayti*, fearful that the climate might change the color of his complexion. He is often taken for Stone of Dedham (one of those kind of men who will never be forgotten as long as the generation lasts) whom he much resembles.

Brown is benevolent and true hearted, though he has nothing to give. When he puts on spectacles he looks precisely like Rogers of the *Gloucester Telegraph*. He has recently mislaid one of his glasses, which is attended with inconvenience, rendering him liable to be deceived by those members who get on the blind side of him. He is an inoffensive man—in favor of buck-wheat cakes, and drinks green tea, strong.

Brown, as an editor, is well known—was first brought into notice by writing an article in favor of Barnum's Museum and the Fitchburg Railroad. At this moment he is engaged in defending gas companies, quack medicines, horse railroads and Walker & Johnson's Dictionaries, and has a free pass to the Museum and Menagerie, and the Fitchburg depot.

A brother lawyer once told John G. Saxe, that a beard was unprofessional. "Right," said Saxe, "a lawyer cannot be too bare faced."

A Substantial Compliment.

Our readers will remember that a few weeks since, Rev. Mr. Beecher, in replying to certain strictures upon his ministerial course, stated "that regardless of opinions, threats or scowls, he should apply the doctrines of the Gospel, *Hissing hot*, to all affairs." As an agreeable sequence to that the reverend, and fortunate orator received from a friend, on New Year's day, a superb and exquisite silver goblet, lined with gold, on a massive and appropriately engraved salver, accompanied by the following poetical tribute:

Tawney as the Roman river,
Ancient Tiber's classic tide,
Tawney as the Afric lion's
Shaggy mane and creeping hide;
Tawney as the dooming color
Of the Southern bondman's skin.
Be the coffee hot and creamy,
That is poured in s'cup within.
Long may he who quaffs the coffee
Lion hearted be and strong,
Like the orators and heroes
Honored in old Roman song:
Still may he "apply the Gospel
Hissing hot to all affairs."
I leaving for the cause of Freedom
In his sermons and his prayers
Newburg, Jan. 1, 1861.

ANCIENT SCHOOLS.—Luther used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon at school. The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1785, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions:

"Died, Hauberle, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life he had by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,980 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand 10,235 blows over the mouth 7905 boxes on the ear, 115,800 raps on the head and 22,763 *notabines* (i.e., knocks) with the Bible catechism, singing-book and grammar. He had 7-77 times made boys kneel on peas, and 613 times on a three cornered piece of wood had made 6001 wear the jackass, and 1707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various more unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about 3000 expressions to scold with of which he had found about two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented himself."

A student being absent from recitation was marked by the Professor, who was pompous and unpopular. The student called and requested the mark to be removed, as he was necessarily detained. The Professor replied to his request, "What I have written, I have written." "So said Pontius Pilate," replied the student, and submitted to the sentence.

MACAULAY AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—Notwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*. To have made few conversational points which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few stories current of him is the following: It is said that he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakespeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

COAL GAS.—People who use furnaces, of stoves made tight by dampers should be careful not to throw the gas into their rooms, especially into their sleeping apartments. Many have been the cases where death has been caused in this way, and many more where it has resulted in ill health. Probably the chief reason of the unhealthiness of coal so often complained of is from the exhalation of gas. A few days since three persons in the family of Mr. George Manning in Ward 1, sleeping in a room where coal was burning in a stove with the gas thrown into the room by dampers in the funnel, came near dying. Not answering to a call in the morning their room was opened and all three found insensible, and probably in one half hour more would have been dead. It was some time before they could walk or speak.—*Newburyport Herald*.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—The annual report of this company states that the only liability outstanding against it is the sum of \$875 advanced by the directors at their own risk to meet current expenses of the company the past year. About five miles of cable were recovered when the attempt was made to repair it, which has been stripped and carefully examined without finding the slightest symptom of deterioration or decay in any part of the gutta percha. A severe electrical test showed that an actual improvement had taken place in its condition since it was laid down. As the company is possessed of valuable privileges and contracts, it is deemed best to continue the organization for some time to come on an economical footing. The report states that a cable could be constructed without difficulty, and worked between Ireland and Newfoundland at the rate of fifteen to twenty words per minute. The balance sheet shows that £471,840 had been expended, including £303,682 for the cable, leaving a balance of £168,158 in hand.

Lord Campbell said he himself heard a Judge at Stafford thus sentence a prisoner to death for forgery:—"And I trust through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may experience that mercy in another world which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the county forbids you to hope for here."

"Don't Care."

There was a little boy who always had a naughty phrase in his mouth. I will give you a few specimens of the way he used it.

"Oh Charlie! you broke a pane of glass when you threw that snow ball."

"I don't care," said Charlie: "there is plenty more where that came from."

"You must not eat any more cake. my dear," said Charlie's mother.

"But I want more," said Charlie.

"But it will make you poorly."

"I don't care if it does is Charlie's reply.

"Please show me where my lesson is," he said to his sister: "I can't find it."

"No I won't. I don't care if you can't find it she said to Charlie one day.

"Here get up out of my seat I had it first."

"I don't care if you had, I shant get up," said Charlie one day to his sister.

"Little brother cried this morning because I ran away from; but I don't care said Charlie to his schoolmates one morning.

"Mother said it was wicked for me to frighten little sister so but I don't care said Charlie after pretending to be a ghost.

"My cousin beat me running down hill; but I don't care."

"Father wouldn't take me riding with him yesterday, because I staid out too long at my play; but I don't care: there's more ways than one to get a ride.

"My sister always knows her lessons better than I do; but I don't care."

"I missed my lesson this morning and got down to the foot of the class for talking; but I don't care."

"Don't care, Charlie?" said I to him one day.—"Don't care, did you say? You surely did not stop to think of the importance of these little words. When you go to your father, and tell him you are hungry, does he say, 'I don't care?' When you go to your mother, and tell her you are sick, does she say, 'I don't care?' If she did you would open your eyes in astonishment to find her turning you off in that manner; but if it would sound strangely for your parents to talk so, it certainly does for a child, and especially not to care when you forget to say your prayers."

I hope none of my little readers will have occasion to point to any of Charlie's sayings, "That belongs to me." I won't even suppose that one of our little Sunday-school scholars would say, "I don't care." It must be those little children who like Charlie, don't go to Sabbath school, who make use of such words; but you may, dear reader, be tempted to; and if you are at any time, just keep your lips shut, and pray in your heart until the temptation has passed away.

Gone.

Yes! gone! A long wagon, draped with black, and a rider, one solitary rider, clad in somber colors, came, unbidden by you, before your door, and the tread of hurried feet told you that they placed something you once clasped to your bosom within that sable covering. Then it drove away, and you could count the revolutions of its wheels by your own heart-throbs, and everything around you whispered one word—gone! Gone! 'tis but a little word, yet how much sorrow and desolation are comprised in its four letters!—Gone! the sunny hours enjoyed with one beloved; gone! the touch of the gentle hand upon your bowed head; gone! the tender soothing tones of the loving voice. All gone! save a voice, whispering low to our bruised heart: "Weep not, I am with my Father and thy Father, with my God and thy God!" Lock up, thou sorrow-stricken one, beyond the scenes of earth, and list to the song of the angels and thy sainted one. Soon the veil will be rent, and thy imprisoned soul will sing the songs of the New Jerusalem.—When this little word is inscribed on another's home and heart, deal kindly and tenderly with the bending reed! None can tell how soon a new-made grave may bear above its fresh sod a marble slab, and carved upon its surface a name like *thine own*, and you find written on every step in life that single word, gone!

But list! a soft voice, ringing clear Above the tempest's wail,
Speaks peace surpassing earthly weal,
When lifted is the veil;
The veil that hides from mortal sight,
The "City paved with gold,"
And nearby gates are lifted high,
Its glory to unfold—
A glory that th' enraptured soul
Will find forever new,
When loosened from its prison-house,
It bids the world adieu.

There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences by saying less than the truth on others.

OHIO.—The population of this State, according to the recent census, is 2,344,000, in round numbers, being an increase of 364,000 over 1850, or nearly nineteen per cent. Cincinnatians are dissatisfied with the result of the canvass in that city and are having the census retaken, but the national count cannot be changed. It is thought Ohio will lose two Congressmen under a new apportionment.

Agricultural.

Large or Small Corn.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in reading the *Farmer*, an article headed, "Which to plant, large or small corn?" The writer goes on to show that the 12 rowed is the most profitable, and yields 30 bushels to the acre; he takes nothing into consideration but the corn shelled.

I am a farmer, and a miller also. I have had a chance to see 8 and 12 rowed corn brought to mill in the car, and I can say that not more than one grist in ten comes to mill of the 12 rowed but what gets mouldy before the cob is seasoned. Another consideration is the fodder. The 12 rowed stalks grow so large, the cattle will not eat more than two thirds of them, while on the other hand they will eat every one of the 8 rowed stalks, which is quite an item. The 8 rowed will bear planting nearer together, with more stalks in a hill, and requires from 2 to 3 weeks less time to bring it to maturity than the 12 rowed, on the same kind of soil. I venture to say that I can raise as many bushels on an acre of perfectly sound corn, that is, shelled corn, as Mr. Massapong can of the 12 rowed variety, and the fodder worth one-third more. It is not half the trouble to cover it, and it is better corn when shelled, for market. P. D. P.
Shelburne, Vt., Jan., 1861.

Farmers, Attend!

All improvements whose end is to facilitate the business of farming, are real and positive benefits. Mr. Myron R. Habbell, of Wolcott, has invented and patented a machine for cutting potatoes, turnips, or any other roots which are intended to be fed to stock, which is indeed a labor-saving machine. With this machine, which will cost not more than six or eight dollars, a farmer can cut a bushel of potatoes or turnips into thin slices in ten minutes. The machine works easy, and the operator has nothing to do but to put his potatoes into a hopper, and with an easily motion prepare them to feed out, taking them from a box underneath.

All farmers should be provided with this machine, for it is no humbug. The want of such a machine has been long felt, and now that want is amply supplied. Potatoes or any roots may be fed without the danger so often incurred, of choking, and, consequently, losing valuable stock. H.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—A correspondent of the *Bristol (English) Times* draws attention to a method employed in Russia to prevent the disease. Prof. Bollmon, of St. Petersburg, planted some potatoes which had been accidentally dried near a stove till it was thought they would be quite useless for seed. They grew, however, and while all the other potatoes in the neighborhood were very much distressed, these remained sound. The Professor afterwards adopted the principle of drying his seed potatoes at a high temperature, and the plan has never failed. His example was followed by various other persons with the same success; and on many estates drying houses have now been built to carry on the process. It is said that the progress of the disease on potatoes partially attacked is completely checked by the heat. The experiment is very simple, and it has this advantage—it may be tested without any serious amount of trouble or loss.

WHAT IS LAWFUL SOUNDNESS OF A HORSE?—In reply to this question by a correspondent, the *American Stock Journal* publishes the following:

On consulting "Oliphaunt" on the law of horses, you will see that he defines "soundness" as follows: We may define a horse to be sound when he is free from hereditary disease, is in the possession of his natural and constitutional health, and has as much bodily perfection as is consistent with his natural formation.

Another definition of "soundness"—That horse is sound in which there is no defect or disease, that shall impair his present or future usefulness.

A third definition of "soundness"—That horse is sound that is perfect in structure and function.

According to the above definitions of "soundness," it would be a matter of impossibility to find a sound horse; therefore I advise you not to warrant an animal which you suppose has a corn.

TRIMMING FRUIT TREES.—Some people are now trimming their trees, not because this is the best time, but because they have more leisure. Young and thrifty trees should not be trimmed till planting is over. When the leaves appear they will take up the sap that circulates in the tree, and the wounds on trimming will not bleed.—*Ploughman*.