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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., MONDAY, JULY 15, 1861.

PRICE, TWO CENTS.

TO HORSE OWNERS!

Dr. Bryden's
HORSE AND CATTLE
MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered TO THE PUBLIC, for the benefit of all diseases incident to

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Head-Keeps, Livery, Stable-keepers, Horse Buyers, Stage Drivers, Carriers, and Farmers in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these medicines whenever I have used them, and I now offer them in full confidence that they will prove the "needed" medicine for all diseases incident to the "needed" use.

W. M. BRYDEN,
Veterinary Surgeon.

These medicine consists of
Dr. Bryden's Condition Powders,
For Horses and Cattle out of condition—

DR. BRYDEN'S

Cough or Heave Powder,
For Coughs, Heaves or Broken Wind.

DR. BRYDEN'S URINE POWDER,
For Stoppage of Water or too scanty discharges.

DR. BRYDEN'S

Embrocation & Liniment,
Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Distemper, swelled
joints, colds, bruises, sprains, cramps, and lameness
in any description, in the shortest possible time.

Dr. Bryden's Bone Compound,
For Ring Bone, splint, or any enlargement on the
leg, from kick, blow or any other cause. This com-
pound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and en-
tirely cure the lameness. Perfect success has always
attended the use of this valuable compound.

Dr. Bryden's Remedy,
For Corns and Thrush. Wonderful cures of the worst
corns have been performed with this excellent remedy.
So article in use can be compared with this for Corns,
Thrush, Foul in Cattle, and foot rot in sheep.

Dr. Bryden's
SPECIFIC FOR SCRATCHES,
NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!

It will entirely cure the hardest cases of Scratches
under the tail, on the neck, and it will surely cure. Also for
itching or rubbing off of Hair, and cause rapid growth
of hair wherever applied.

DR. BRYDEN'S

Hoof Compound,
To grow the hoof, in case of contracted feet, flat feet,
quarter crack, &c. A complete new healthy hoof can
be grown out by use of this compound in a short time.

DR. BRYDEN

is well known by horse owners in Vermont, that it
is deemed unnecessary to say anything of his universal
success in treating any disease of Horses & Cattle. And
in presenting these medicines prepared with the greatest
care from his receipts, we have only to say to such as
have seen his remedies used,

You Know what they will do
and to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their
care you have only to give them a single trial to be
fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES

Ever sold in Vermont.

Full directions with each package.

THREE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

PREPARED BY

FRED. E. SMITH, DRUGGIST
Montpelier, Vermont

SMITH'S

ANODYNE

COUGH DROPS

Has stood the test of a

Ten Year's Trial,
and is now acknowledged

THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over

60,000 Bottles

having been sold in Vermont is a guarantee of its effi-
cacy.

The Price is within the

Reach of All.

So that the poorest families in town need never be with-
out this most

VALUABLE REMEDY.

To prevent the sad consequences of a hard cold or
lacking cough, be prompt to procure

The Anodyne Cough Drops.

For it always cures.

PHYSICIANS

use in all parts of the State, use it in their practice and in
their own families.

They say it is excellent for

COUGHS COLDS, CROUP,

ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, &c.

And this is the universal voice of people who use it.
As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden Colds, for Child-
ren, and for aged people who cough and are kept awake
nights, we do verily believe there is not so

GOOD AND RELIABLE REMEDY

In the land, when such men as

Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Walton, Dr. Smith,
Dr. Jones, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dea.
C. W. Storey, Ellis & Hatch,

give the highest recommendations for its use we ask

WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,
The Oldest Minister in New England,

gives his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for
its use.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk, for every bottle is

Warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRED. E. SMITH, Proprietor,
Montpelier, Vt.

PAINTS!

Those who want

PURE

Paints and Oils

AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

can find the largest assortment in Vermont, at the

DRUG AND PAINT STORE

OF

L. F. PIERCE & CO.,
MONTPELIER.

P. S. Sole Agents for Stiles's

MIDDLESEX OIL.

PURE

MIDDLESEX OIL.

As certain parties in Montpelier have for years past
sold inferior Oil as being of my manufacture, I deem
it necessary, and have opened an Office at

L. F. PIERCE'S

Drug and Paint Store

AT

MONTPELIER,

for the sale of my

OIL!

All who wish Oil of the best quality, and

Perfectly Pure!

can get it at my Office in Montpelier, at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Merchants, Painters, and those who buy by the Barrel
or more, shall have it at Factory price, delivered at my
Office in Montpelier. ENOS STILES.

L. F. PIERCE, Agent

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR

Haying Tools!

AT

J. W. ELLIS & CO'S.

50 doz. Scythes, Warranted. 50 doz. Snaths of all
kinds. 25 doz. Forks, two and three Times. 25 doz. War-
den's Rakes. 29 doz. Wheel Stones. For sale at
Montpelier, June 24, 1861.

SMITH'S

ANODYNE

COUGH

DROPS

Have been before the people of Vermont for more than
ten years, and a sale of more than 50,000 Bottles is the
best recommendation of the people.

PHYSICIANS!

MINISTERS!

AND PEOPLE,

use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satis-
faction!

THE OLDEST

MINISTER IN

NEW ENGLAND.

THE REV. FATHER HOBART,

has used it for many years, and recommends its use in
the strongest terms.

MOTHERS USE IT FOR

CHILDREN

TEETHING

and it proves to them the one thing needful, in every
case.

RICH AND POOR.

HIGH AND LOW.

OLD AND YOUNG

SHOULD USE

SMITH'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS

Only 25 cents per bottle.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist, Proprietor,
Montpelier, Vt.

GENUINE

Middlesex Oil!

I have this day purchased

RAW AND BOILED OIL

Of Mr. ENOS STILES, Middlesex, Vt., which I will sell
to Painters, Paint Dealers and Builders, at the lowest
market prices.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist,
Montpelier, Vt.

BEAR IN MIND!

The True Raw and Boiled

MIDDLESEX OIL

cannot be found at every place. So call for all your

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japan Spirits, Tur-
pentine, Brushes, &c.,

at the Drug Store of

FRED. E. SMITH,
Montpelier, Vt.

BOSTON JOURNAL,

MORNING AND EVENING EDITION

FOR sale at the Publisher's prices, by the subscriber,
under J. R. LANGDON'S Flour Store, or de-
livered to Village subscribers at their residences. Also,
sent by Stage or otherwise, out of town.

Montpelier, May 25, 1861. A. A. SWEET.

Poetry.

"Not my Will but Thine be Done."

BY NELLIE.

Father, in the way of life,
'Mid its calmness and its strife,
Give me, through Thy risen Son,
Grace in every passing day,
Like my dying Lord to say,
"Not my will but Thine be done."

Thoughtless often do I stray,
From the strait and narrow way,
Seeking rest yet finding none;
Let Thy terrors hedge my way
Till my heart has learned to say,
"Not my will but Thine be done."

When above the path I tread
Storm clouds lower dark and dread,
Only Thee I'd lean upon;
Help me then with filial trust
Still to say, "Thy ways are just."
Not my will but Thine be done."
Mt. Palestine, Ill.

Miscellany.

From the New York Chronicle.

Enlisted.

It was a hard trial for me to let him go,
for Jack was an only son, and I, his mother,
was just learning to lean on the child, whom
I had nurtured so tenderly. I knew some
days before he enlisted in the seventy-first,
that my Jack was making up his mind to do
it, but sad as was the thought to me, I dared
not say one word to influence him. When at
last I saw with what care he tended the
shadow of a moustache which darkened his
upper lip, and fairly shaved his handsome
head, and how he worked the harder with his
dumb bells, and took long walks, and quietly
refused the luxuries of the table, and asked
that his meat might be somewhere about a
third done—sturdy, plucky Jack—I felt that
he had decided. But I could not speak to
him of his intention, nor had he the courage
yet to tell me.

But one Sunday night, when we were on
our way to Church, as we were turning a
corner, I chanced to see the flag, with its
stars in cruciform, upon the tower, and said
to Jack, "What a fine idea to have the stars
in the form of a cross. Isn't it?" "Splend-
id. But, mother, what's the use of running
up the flag, and singing the 'Star Spangled
Banner' if one don't do something to defend
it?"

I saw what was coming, and I said, almost
sighing, "O yes, it must be defended."
'That's what I think,' and now he spoke
fast, and I felt the arm that was in his mus-
cular one—gallant arm, ever strong for noble
and generous work, even now as I write, per-
haps, extended against his dear country's foe;
—I felt my arm pressed by his, and he said,
speaking quickly—evidently trying to bluff
off emotion, 'and mother I am going to do
it,—and you must let me go. And you will,
won't you?'

The last words were tenderly spoken for
Jack, for though a fellow of the finest feel-
ing, and always devoted to his mother, he
was not one to use very soft expressions. His
heavy, hearty voice seemed unfitted for it.

'You know, Jack dear, it will be hard for
me to let you go. I shall feel alone. But I
would not keep you for all that. And yet it
seems as though there were plenty without
you. But Jack, I want you to do right, and
what you feel is noble.'

'O, mother, it will be hard for you, but we
can write letters, and I shall get furloughs,
and come home and see you, and then you'll
whip them out mighty soon, and then you'll
think better of me, won't you?'

'Yes, Jack.'

'And so I may go, may I not?'

And I said, as I kissed his trembling lips,
for he had bent his high head way down and
his brown eyes were looking into mine—'God
go with you, my dear, dear Jack, and may
He strengthen me to bear it.'

So Jack had triumphed. But there were
tears in his eyes, as well as mine, and it was
not till we reached our door, that he spoke
again. Then leaning over he kissed my
cheek and almost whispered, 'mother, I'll
try to make you proud of me.'

It was sweet to see Jack
in the prospect of the sad part-
ing again what I knew before,
heart was alike loyal to his mother and his
country.

And so the next day he enlisted. The
busy preparations of the remainder of the
week served to keep his young mind from
much sad thinking, but for me quietly work-
ing at home on shirts and haversacks—and
worse,—oh indeed, worse, picking and scrap-
ing the terribly suggestive lint, there was
much time for looking back and looking for-
ward, for frequent prayers, as I sat over my
work, for finding duty, and for obtaining
resignation.

And when he left, the very next Saturday,
in his handsome uniform, a heavy knapsack
upon his broad strong shoulders, I think I
parted with Jack, as did those Roman mat-

rons with war-like sons. For I shed no tears
but proudly thought of the courage and new
manliness of my boy, and gave him—a wid-
ow's only child—to my endangered native
land, only praying that God might give him
courage in camp against temptation, courage
in the field against a traitorous foe, and a
glorious appearing in the peaceful realms
above, if He thought it well to take him, and
then for me a speedy reunion with him, my
son, and with that lost one, who in a better
land, and among a better company, saw us
both with loving and approving eyes,—my
husband in heaven.

Such thoughts as these consoled me, as I
sat opposite him at his hasty and almost un-
touched breakfast, and when I bade Jack
farewell at the door, and farewell among the
bustling crowd at the transport steamship.

Hard and harsh as is the conscription in
martial France, yet even in the times of dis-
tress wars, a widow's son is not taken, but is
left to support her unprotected weakness, and
repay the unselfish care a mother gave him
in his infant years. But yet I did not, nor
do I complain. I indeed thank God that He
made my boy so strong and healthy beyond
the most of his fellows, to use him for so
good a work as that of defending his coun-
try.

I have worked since he left for other moth-
er's sons, and my hands have busily scraped
perhaps the very lint that may staunch the
wounds of my Jack, but as I have reflected,
the ruling, triumphant thoughts have been
those of pride, of hope, of trust.

Jack writes me from the camp that he is
brawnier than ever, that the potted meats I
have sent 'go well,' but that he can enjoy
and be satisfied with only pork and peas. He
tells me that he reads the little Bible that I
gave him oftener than he did at home, that
though it was 'kind of hard' the first night
or so, he has kept up his prayers before going
to bed, and has succeeded in inducing his
friend and classmate, K—, to give up
drinking. So it seems he is doing some good
for his comrades, and I am happy.

May God give him strength to be faithful.

How A Christian Soldier Died.

The following account of the last hours of
Capt. Hedley Vicars will be read with special
interest, now that thousands of our brethren
and friends are going forth, liable at any time
to be called into positions of danger equal
to that in which he quailed not, though his
life paid the forfeit. Probably no man ever
commended religion more faithfully to his
companions in arms than Hedley Vicars:

The night of the 22 of March, 1855, was
dark and dreary. The wind rose high, and
swept in stormy gusts across the Crimea.
There was for a time a stillness over the
three armies like the calm before a tempest.

Soon after ten o'clock a loud firing com-
menced, and was sustained in the direction of
the Victoria redoubt, opposite the Malakoff
tower. Taking advantage of the darkness of
the night a Russian force of 15,000 issued
from Sebastopol. Preserving a sullen silence,
they approached from the Mamelon under
cover of the fire of their ambuscades, and
effected an entrance into the French advan-
ced parallel, before any alarm could be given
by the sentries. After a short but desperate
struggle the French were obliged to fall back
on their reserves.

The columns of the enemy then marched
along parallel, and came up the ravine
on the right of the British lines, for the
purpose of taking them in flank and rear.
On their approach being observed, they
were supposed to be the French, as the ravine
separated the allied armies. Hedley Vicars
was the first to discover that they were Rus-
sians.

With a coolness of judgment which seems
to have called forth admiration from all
quarters, he ordered his men to lie down till
the Russians came within twenty paces.
Then with his first war shout, "Now, 97th,
on your pins, and charge!" himself foremost
in the conflict, he led on his gallant men to
victory, charging two thousand with a force
of barely two hundred. A bayonet wound
in the breast only fired his courage the more;
and again his voice rose high, "Men of the
97th follow me!" as he leaped that parapet
and so well defended, and charged the
enemy down the ravine.

One moment a struggling moonbeam fell
upon his flashing sword, as he waved it
through the air, with his last cheer for his
men—'This way, 97th!' The next, the
strong arm which had been uplifted, hung
powerless by his side, and he fell amidst his
enemies. But friends followed fast. His
men fought their way through the ranks of
the Russians, to defend the parting life of
the leader they loved. Noble, brave men! to
whom all who loved Hedley Vicars owe an
unforgotten debt of gratitude and honor.

In their arms they bore him back, amid
shouts of victory so dearly bought.

An officer of the Royal Engineers stopped
them on their way, to ask whom they car-
ried. The name brought back to him the

days of his boyhood. The early playmate
since unseen, who now lay dying before him,
was one whose father's death-bed had been
attended and comforted by his own father as
a minister and friend.

Capt. Browne found a stretcher, and plac-
ing his friend upon it, cooled his fevered
lips with a draught of cold water. That
cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its
reward.

To each inquiry Hedley Vicars answered
cheerfully, that he believed his wound was
slight. But a main artery had been severed
and the life blood flowed fast.

A few paces onward, and he faintly said,
'Cover my face; cover my face!'

What need for covering under the shadow
of that dark night? Was it not a sudden
consciousness that he was entering into the
presence of that Holy God, before whom
cherubim veil their faces?

As the soldiers laid him down at the door
of his tent, a welcome from the armies of
the sky sounded in his hearing. He had felt
asleep in Jesus to wake up after his likeness,
and be satisfied with it.

CONGRESS.—Extra Session.

Saturday, July 13.

SENATE.—Mr. Johnson of Tenn., presented
the credentials of the Senators elect from Vir-
ginia, viz.: W. B. Wiley in place of Mr. Mas-
on, and J. S. Carlisle in place of Hunter. Mr.
Johnson said that he looked upon it as a favor-
able omen for the return of the old dominion to
this body.

Mr. Bayard of Del., protested against the
admission of these gentlemen as Senators in
place of the Senators whose time had not yet
expired. He thought a very grave question was
involved. He moved to refer the credentials to
the committee on judiciary, before administering
the oath.

Mr. Saulsbury of Del., said the credentials
stated that on the 9th of July, these gentlemen
were elected Senators in place of Mason and
Hunter, but yesterday the Senate treated the
said gentlemen as Senators, and when these new
gentlemen were elected, in the judgment of the
Senate, there was no vacancy, for the Senate
treated Mason and Hunter as members and ex-
pelled them. For that reason he thought they
had better be referred.

Mr. Johnson of Tenn., said he hoped the mo-
tion would not prevail. The credentials were
prima facie evidence that these gentlemen were
Senators elect according to the Constitution
and Laws of Virginia. There could be no ob-
jection to their being qualified then. Any ob-
jection could be settled afterwards.

Mr. Saulsbury said if Mason and Hunter had
appeared yesterday and claimed their seats, he
would have voted to expel them, because they
had taken up arms against the United States;
but, if yesterday the Senate had a right to ex-
pel Mason and Hunter, we had no right now to
recognize an election before that time. This
was the only objection he had. He wanted the
Senate to act according to the Constitution.

Mr. Trumbull of Ill., referred to the case of
the new States which had elected Senators be-
fore they were really in the Union.

Mr. Howe of Wis., said the credentials here
are fair on their face, but going outside of the
credentials we know that the old governor is
in arms against the country, and is not recog-
nized as a governor, but as a traitor. A portion
of the people of Virginia are loyal to the Union
and loyal men have a legitimate right to ask for
a representative, and they are entitled to it, and
the enemies of the country are not entitled to
one.

Mr. Bayard replied, contending that that was
against the proper form of law and recognizing
insurrection in the State.

Mr. Hale of N. H., denied that it was recog-
nizing insurrection in a State, but recognis-
ing true men.

HOUSE.—(The following is the remainder of
the proceedings of Saturday on Mr. Blair's re-
solution to expel J. P. Clark of Missouri.)

Mr. Burnett of Ky., wanted him to withdraw
the motion in order that he might submit one
that was legitimate and proper, namely—
That the resolutions be referred to the commit-
tee on elections. The gentleman's love of fair-
ness should induce him to comply with this re-
quest.

Mr. Blair refused to withdraw his motion.

Mr. Reid of Mo., said he had no knowledge
that Mr. Clark was in arms against the Govern-
ment.

Mr. Blair said he had made the statement on
his own responsibility and with full knowledge.
It was as notorious that Clark was in the fight
at Booneville as that Gov. Jackson and Pierce
were there.

Mr. Burnett of Ky., again spoke amid
calls of order and said something about this be-
ing a star chamber, when the Speaker called
him to order.

The main question was ordered. When Mr.
Cox's name was called, he said if he was satis-
fied that Mr. Clark was in arms against the gov-
ernment, he would vote to expel him, but as
the proper inquiry had not been made he should
vote no.