

# The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 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 rapid cure of all diseases incident to

#### HORSES AND CATTLE.

Hotel Keepers, Livery Stable keepers, Buyers Stage men, 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 "needful remedies" for all horse and cattle owners' use.

Wm. BRYDEN, Veterinary Surgeon. North Craftsbury, Vt.

These medicines consist 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 neck, o' d' sore, bruises, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

#### Dr. Bryden's Bone Compound,

For Ring Bone, splint, or any enlargement on the bone, from kick, blow or any other cause. This compound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and entirely cures 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 cases have been performed with this excellent remedy. No article in use can be compared with this for Corns, Thrush, Fuls 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 follow the directions, and it will surely cure. Also for itching or rubbing off of hair, and cause rapid growth of hair wherever applied.

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#### 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 so 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.

PRICE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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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 efficacy.

#### The Price is within the Reach of All.

so that the poorest families in town need never be without this most

#### VALUABLE REMEDY.

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

#### The Anodyne Cough Drops,

For it always cures.

#### PHYSICIANS

used 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 Children, and for aged people who cough and are kept awake nights, we do not believe there is not so

#### GOOD AND RELIABLE REMEDY

in the land, when such men as

Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Watson, Dr. Smith, Dr. Huber, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dea. 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 of its

#### LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk, for every bottle is

#### warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRED. E. SMITH, Proprietor  
Montpelier, Vt.

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Those who want

#### PURE

### Paints and Oils

AT THE LOWEST PRICES, can find the largest assortment in Vermont, at the

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#### L. F. PIERCE & CO.,

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#### MIDDLESEX OIL.

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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

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#### Drug and Pain Store

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#### 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.

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50 doz. Scythes, Warranted. 50 doz. Snaths of all kinds. 25 doz. Forks, two and three Tines. 25 doz. Warden's Rakes. 20 doz. Whet Stones. For sale at

J. ELLIS & CO'S.  
Montpelier, June 24, 1861.

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Have been before the people of Vermont for more than ten years, and a sale of more than 60,000 Bottles is the best recommendation of the people.

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#### MINISTERS!

#### AND PEOPLE.

use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satisfaction!

#### 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.

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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, Turpentine, Brushes, &c., at the Drug Store of

#### FRED. E. SMITH,

Montpelier, Vt.

#### BOSTON JOURNAL, MORNING AND EVENING EDITION

FOR sale at the Publisher's price, by the subscriber, at the office of J. H. LANGDON'S Flour Store, or delivered to Village subscribers at their residences. Also at any Stage or otherwise, out of town. A. A. SWEET, Proprietor. July 25, 1861.

### Miscellany

#### Is Christ in me?

A great question. I have just heard it discussed in a sermon, clearly showing that Christ in man implies, 1. That He is the object of man's affections, 2. That He is the authority of man's conscience, 3. That He is the hope of man's soul.

Man here spoken of is a Christian man—a good arrangement and well illustrated, thoroughly discussed and directly applied.—Very well; now what shall the hearer say? What fruit shall the seed bear, good or bad, much or little? Shall I go away now and forget of what manner of man I am? No; I will not; I will sit down in this quiet evening hour, and put the question directly to my heart: Is Christ in me? How shall I answer? Does my heart condemn me while I say yes? Then, will God who is greater than my heart condemn me also? If my heart condemns me not, then have I confidence toward God, and shall not be ashamed before him at his coming. But how is it? Does my heart condemn me? Come directly to the point. But how dare you say you love Christ? In the strength of Christ I say it, and by the testimony of the Spirit.—He who knows no sin has said to my heart, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."—He will never deceive me; He cannot. I love His cause, His people, His work. Do I not love Him? It was not thus with me once; why now, if Christ dwells not in me? Christ is the authority of my conscience, too. I war sometimes with myself; yes, always; but with Christ I will not war; I cannot. My soul repels the thought at once. What am I, that I should contend with Christ, who gave His life for mine? Who am I, that I can withhold any portion of my being or interests from Him who has purchased immortality for me?

And is He not the joy of my heart, too? The hope of my soul? Yes; praise His name. Other hope, or foundation for hope, have I none; I renounce them all. Christ is the hope of my soul, and my joy forever. But is it light always? Always while I walk in it. Did not the preacher say, that it was the plan and will of God, for good reasons, that His people should dwell a part of the time in darkness? True, he did say so, but was he right? How then will he get along with the word of God in its testimony on that point, when it says that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin?" Does this passage indicate that we are doomed to walk in darkness? Far from it; its teaching is exactly opposite as to duty and privilege.

Then may I walk in the light—this divine light, and reject this cold, human theology of Christian darkness as necessary to a true experience. Cloudy days may come—days of trial, temptation and sorrow, but days of darkness, nights rather, do not belong necessarily to a Christian's experience. We are the children of light, and of the day, and not of darkness or of night.

But I have wandered, and must come back. Is Christ in me? My heart responds, O Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Here let me ever remain. May no cloud gather about my path, that may not pass away to reveal a brighter day before me. May my soul be true to itself, and to Christ. May no sin of heart or life stain the garments of my soul, or destroy my confidence in the Lord, my glory.

August 4th, 1861.

#### The Charm of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden,—but oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death; of misfortunes: the sundering of the early ties, and the canker-worm of grief—but the vast majority of evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home that is not dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth, there would be in most hearts if we

would look around us. The storm dies away and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtains upon the earth, which is very beautiful when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Mourn not at a being so good, and we can live happier than we do.

#### The Arab's Gift.

A poor Arab was travelling in the desert when he met with a spring of clear, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence, with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust, and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

All that sinners can present to their King is like the water brought by the Arab, though like him we may fancy it worthy the acceptance of our Lord. But he will not reject, he will not despise the little offering of love and faith; for he hath promised that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose its reward.

#### "I Will not Remember Thy Sins."

Precious assurance, bearing on its face the character of Divine love. Men when transgressed against sometimes forgive but seldom forget. Nor is this unknown to the forgiver, and consciousness of it creates an uneasiness and restraint while in companionship with the offender. But in this cheering promise there is assurance of free unlimited intercourse with one against whom we have transgressed all our days. By one generous and magnanimous stroke it is to be wiped out of remembrance the accumulated misgivings and wrongs of a life period; "I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgression for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

How well is this for man for his future composure and enjoyment. How could he continue in the sunshine of God's holy presence, committed here on earth, still in Divine remembrance? Rather like our first parents, he would be found shrinking into some secret corner, enveloped only in the mantle of shame.

But, thanks to our Heavenly Father, it is not so to be. Redeemed, purified in his Saviour's blood, the remotest stain of his original crimson entirely cleansed, the ransom-dinner will enter his Maker's presence with this holy promise assuring him; and overjoyed at his happy condition, he will continue ages, on ages, to roam fearlessly and fecally the boundless dominion of that kind Parent whose countenance will be one continued smile.—*American Messenger.*

#### A Warning.

While a congregation were sitting one glorious Sabbath in their pleasant church, and listening to prayers, and hymns, and a sermon, all radiant with Christ, in a house close by the church, there was weeping, and wailing and woe. A widowed mother, and fatherless sisters, mourned over the dead body of an only son and brother. Yesterday, this young man, made in the image of God, this rational human being had reduced himself below the level of beastliness by intoxication. This morning he was found—dead!

He had staggered away to sleep off his inebriety; he awoke with his mind recovered from its prostration, his powers in their full activity, his perceptions clear and keen; but it was beyond the limits of hope or pardon—it was on the other side of probation—it was in eternity!

Gone from his wine cups, reeling into the presence of his Judge! Is it not a warning to the young—to young men, to all those who linger even in the precincts of temptation? Let them give heed to such a lesson; let them ponder the path of their feet; let them follow the counsel of the wise man,

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, even, turn from it, and pass away!"

#### SHROUDS HAVE NO POCKETS.

While glancing over the columns of a newspaper, the other day, my eyes fell upon this single sentence: "Shrouds have no pockets." And truly thought, I ro remark is more replete with meaning, or speaks in stronger and more significant appeals to man.

Yes, what a volume of meaning is couched in these simple words, and what lessons of paramount interest and momentous importance my men gather from a contemplation of the truths they contain! What a vast amount of suffering, in the present life, and eternal misery in the life to come, would man be saved from, if the truth of these words was kept in mind, and actuated man in all the varied pursuits of life! How many toil and labor for the mammon of this world only, and grasp at land and sea, heaping together earth's sordid treasures, but in death have to leave their hoarded millions behind, and in remorse reproach themselves for their lives of folly.

#### MASKED TRAITORS.

Forney's Press has the following timely rebuke to masked traitors:

The only true way to gain a permanent and substantial peace is to teach those who have unfurled the black banner of treason so grave and terrible a lesson that for centuries to come none will dare imitate their pernicious example. And those among us who are ever ready to cavil, to condemn, to criticize, and to weaken the Government, for the sake of indirectly benefiting the secession cause, are, in reality, the foes of peace, as they are the foes of the country, because peace can only be reestablished on a just, enduring, and honorable basis, and by the complete reassertion of the authority of the whole people of our country over its whole territory.

#### RUINS OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

The French Consul at Mosul recently sent home an account of a discovery so astonishing as to render the photographic views and vouchers that accompanied it, necessary, as confirmation of the truth. The discovery was that of the ruins of the Tower of Babel, and the photographs exhibited the two remaining stories of the once marvelous structure; the bricks cemented with bitumen and bearing inscriptions upon them, which, when deciphered, are expected to confirm the account of Scripture.

#### A SNOW-FIELD OF TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CUBIC FEET IN AUGUST.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from the White Mountains, says:

We had now ascended some 5,000 feet, and catching a glimpse of a small snow bank, I pushed on in advance of my companion, and he was soon dodging behind the rocks to avoid my snow-balls. What a grand thing it is to have a snow-bank in August! and that within a hundred miles of the "Hub!" Verily, times are changing. Up, up we go, and at last what a sight greets our vision? There, far away, high up the steep precipice, lay the snow in one broad, vast field. The dimensions must have been at the least 1,000 feet by 500 in width and height, while in many places the depth was over 40 or 50 feet. It piled together at a depth of 10 feet, it without doubt would have made a field of a square form 500 feet on a side. Thus there must have been 25,000 cubic feet of snow in Tuckerman Ravine on the 2d of August, 1861.

#### A VETERAN'S LAST BATTLE.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that among those who fell at Bull Run was one old man whose head was white with age, and whose story is a romance of war. He has been 30 years in the regular service as a private soldier. He had followed the Indians through the everglades of Florida, bivouacked upon the side of the Rocky Mountains, chased the Camanche and the Cherokee through New Mexico, stood before the fire of Buena Vista, charged up the heights of Chapultepec, and followed the victorious flag of his country along the plaza of Mexico and into the halls of the Montezumas. His arm was covered with chevrons, six blue stripes, indicating six consecutive promotions, and two red battle stripes, typifying Florida and Mexico; and with these simple insignia he felt prouder than ever did the white-plumed Murat at the head of his gaudy cavalry.

#### The late Countess of Burford,

for the last few years of her life, had to ride, almost constantly, on horseback, upwards of sixteen miles, to and from the places where she attended to hear the gospel in its purity; yet neither frost, snow, rain, nor bad roads, were sufficient to detain her at home.

True happiness is too big and too glorious a thing to be found in anything below that God who is a Christian's chief good.

Only 27 marriage licenses were issued in Cincinnati last week. The Commercial says that in times of peace there are more than double that number of happy couples made weekly.