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AN OLD WOMAN ON WIFE-CHOOSING.

The carelessness with which some men choose their wives is wonderful to me; they seem to bestow more trouble and pains upon the choice of a coat. One or two instances which have lately come to my notice will account for the charge I have brought against the lords of the creation; but only some of them, for others, finding no one good enough, end by remaining old bachelors; and it is best they should, for men of that sort would have worried angels had they happened to marry them.

One friend of mine came to me some little time ago, and told me that he was going back to India in three months, and described with great feeling his lonely life there at some up-country station, never seeing a European for weeks at a time. I remember taking off my spectacles, and wiping them, and leisurely putting them into the case, before I could quite make up my mind to say what I wanted. At last I said: 'Alfred, why don't you marry?'

'My dear old soul, that is just what I am thinking of,' said he. 'Very well, then, what's to hinder you?' I replied. 'Well, you see, grouse-shooting begins next week; I can't miss that; and in three months I sail. But I tell you what I have been thinking you could do for me—would you mind giving a party, and asking a few eligibles?'

'My dear Alfred, you shock me,' I replied; 'I was never used to things of that sort in my youth.' 'Well, but I assure you it is often done now; there's Jones of the 10th, and Wiggins of the 19th, married just in that sort of way, and both have been just as fortunate as if they had been months at it.'

'So I gave my party, for my young friend was a great favorite. He would not let me introduce him to any one, but looked on, making himself generally agreeable, and asking other friends to introduce him; not me. I think he was afraid I should look upon him as a gamin.'

'But toward the end of the evening, he came quietly up to me and said: 'Goodly' (that is always my name with young people), who is that with the pink dress on, with her back toward us?' 'That,' said I, 'is Miss Marian Brown, and a very nice girl too.'

the expenses of the journey to England and back would be more than his slender finances could stand. So Captain Williams wrote the letter; and in due time the answer came that his sister would come, and consented to be the wife of his friend the chaplain. The letter was written by the elder sister, but neither of them thought any thing of that, as very likely the bride-elect was shy, and had deputed her to write. The next mail was the time mentioned, as after that the regiment might soon be expected to move up the country further from Bombay, and leave would then be still more difficult, and the journey longer and more expensive. So about the time expected, our two friends, as soon to be brothers, got a fortnight's leave, and came down to Bombay.

You may imagine how anxiously they watched on the pier the gradual nearing of the steamer, and how nervously they watched all the passengers as they appeared. A sigh of disappointment was rising to the heart of the young chaplain—he could not see the original of the picture—when he was startled by a horror-struck exclamation of his friend: 'By heavens, Arabella! And at the same moment an elderly female rushed at the poor captain, and folded him in a sisterly embrace. 'Where is Alice?' exclaimed Captain Williams in desperation.

'At home with mamma, dear brother,' said the bride-elect, glancing at his companion. The chaplain looked at her, and then at his friend.—Some say his hair turned white then and there; it did some months after. 'Well, you know I said he was a nanby-pamby sort of a fellow, so, instead of saying: 'This is not the article I sent for,' and slipping off the lady by the next steamer, he quietly accepted his destiny. But either it was too much for him, or the climate did not agree with him; somehow or other, in a year or two he died, leaving a strong, hearty widow, who returned next mail to England, and is now, as far as I know, the oracle of some of the small Cheltenham tea-parties, and tells of the romantic attachment of her dear husband, and of all the wooders she has seen in India.

diately, and walked to the table in the middle of the room. Close by the wall at the end of the apartment he saw the baboon distinctly, and the specter remained for about half a minute. Dr. Hibbert mentions the following case: A gentleman was deeply affected by the sudden death of an old and intimate friend. In the evening he went out alone to walk in a small court behind his house. As he went down stairs he was not thinking of his friend; but when he had gone slowly about half way across the court, the figure of this friend appeared quite distinctly at the opposite corner of the court. The gentleman recovered himself, and went briskly to the spot, fixing his eyes intently on the specter.—It disappeared as he drew near, appearing to dissolve into air.

In the Christian Observer for 1829, we read: 'An intimate friend of my early years, and most happy in his domestic arrangements, lost his wife under the most painful circumstances, suddenly, just after she had appeared to have escaped from the dangers of an untoward confinement with her first child. A few weeks after this melancholy event, while traveling during the night on horseback, and in all probability thinking over his sorrows, and contrasting his present cheerless prospects with the joys which so lately gilded the hours of his happy home, the form of his lost wife appeared to be presented to him, at a little distance in advance. He stopped his horse, and contemplated the vision with great trepidation, till in a few seconds it vanished away. Within a few days of this appearance, while he was sitting in his solitary parlor late at night, reading by the light of a shaded taper, the door, he thought, opened, and the form of his deceased partner entered, assured him of her complete happiness, and enjoined him to follow her footsteps.' Dr. Abercrombie attributes this last appearance to a dream, and the former one to intense mental emotion.

Dr. Gregory went across the Firth of Forth to visit a near relation in an advanced consumption, and on his return he took a moderate dose of laudanum to prevent sea-sickness.—As he was lying on a couch in the cabin, the figure of the lady appeared distinctly and vividly before him. He used to mention the case of a gentleman subject to epileptic fits, which were usually preceded by the appearance of an old woman in a red cloak, who came up and struck him on the head with a crutch. At the moment of the blow he fell down in a fit.

twenty-four hours I had constantly before me a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as that of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, I still retain the most lively impression; yet neither at the time, nor since, have I been able to discover any person whom I had previously seen that resembled it.

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Dr. Abercrombie attended a lady who awoke her husband one night, and begged him to rise instantly, for she had distinctly seen a man enter the room, pass the foot of her bed, and go into a closet. Even after examination, it was difficult to satisfy her that she was in error.

and finding that too little would be the privilege of sawing at the woodpile of a neighbor. He was fastidious in the care of his wood-saw, having it always at hand in his study, he completed among minutes of councils, intricate magazine articles and sermons, and the setting of his saw was often daily accomplished while he settled nice points of theology with his boys, or took counsel with brother ministers.

Looking out of his study window one day, when his own woodpile was reduced to a discouraging state of order—every stick sawed and split—his saw, with envy, the pile of old W. in the street. Forthwith he seized his saw, and soon the old sawyer of the street be-held a man, without cravat and in shirt sleeves, issuing from Dr. Becher's house, who came briskly up and asked if he wanted a hand at his pile; and forthwith fell to work with a right good will, and soon proved to his brother sawyer that he was no mean hand at the craft.

The Troy Whig after giving the history of certain alleged cotton speculations of Gov. Sprague, says: 'Gen. Sprague, or Senator Sprague, as he may elect, is one of the humbugs of the age. Ignorant of every thing except money-getting,—poor in every quality of a gentleman—illiterate as a clown—he is as much out of place in the Senate as a man bull would be amidst a rare collection of Sevres china. If Rhode Island is willing, for money, to be represented by such a man, it would, perhaps, be nobody's business—but when he avails himself of his position to speculate in government cotton, and then makes a public denial of it, it is well that he be exposed as an example, and held up to the contempt he merits.'