

The Manchester Journal.

VOL. I.

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NO. 42.

The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

OFFICE OVER THE EQUINOX STORE.

TERMS.—\$1.25 per annum, in advance, or \$1.50 at the end of the year. Free of Postage in Bennington County.

Advertisements:
1 square 1 week, \$0.75
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PRACTISING

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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE AT
MANCHESTER WATER-CURE.

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Fire and Life Insurance Agent,
MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Office over Equinox Store.
MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office in the Court House.

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Office at Residence and Court House.

MANCHESTER, VT., May 28, 1861.

L. D. COY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes.

2 doors North of Congregational Church.

C. N. BENNETT,
CABINET and WAGON SHOP.

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Furniture constantly on hand; also ready made to order.

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THOMAS FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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CL. RIVER NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.,
BELL'S FALLS, VT.

And other reliable Companies, by
HENRY E. MINER, AGENT.

Manchester, May 28, 1861.

BEER!! BEER!!

THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he will continue the Beer business at his old stand, and is prepared to furnish Meats of all kinds at low prices.

H. P. UTLEY,
Manchester, May 28, 1861.

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AGENT FOR

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINE.

MANCHESTER WATER CURE.

THIS INSTITUTION is now open for the reception of Patients. Its BATHING facilities embrace every modern improvement for the Medical application of Water, together with

Electro-Chemical and Medicated Baths.

It is under the immediate care and direction of L. H. SPRAGUE, M. D., who from the success which has attended his practice for the past eighteen years, feels confident in offering his services in this capacity, that he can restore the blood of Health to many a faded cheek, and effect permanent cure of many diseases which have baffled the skill of ordinary practitioners.

For particulars and circular, free of charge, Address L. H. SPRAGUE, M. D., Manchester, VT.

BURNETT'S GENUINE EXTRACTS,
BURNETT'S COCAINE, for the Hair, best article in use.

FANCY BOXES AND TOYS, for presents.

INDIA RUBBER DOLLS, BALLS AND TOYS.
Large assortment, just received at the DRUG STORE.

2000 YDS ASSORTED DRESS GOODS,
DeLaines, Valenciennes, and other styles at 12 1/2 cents per yard. Great bargains in this lot.

H. T. HURD & CO.,
Manchester, Nov. 19, 1861.

GENTS' SHAWLS, superior make, from \$4.50 to \$7.50. At the EQUINOX STORE.

Manchester, Nov. 19, 1861.

BUTTER AND EGGS WANTED.
at advanced prices, at the EQUINOX STORE.

None but best butter wanted in good clean condition.

TO TRIUMPH!

BY ELIZABETH JEFFERSON CUTLER.

Now let us raise a song of praise, like Miriam's song of old—
A song of praise to God the Lord, for blessings manifold!
He lifteth up, he casteth down; he bindeth, he looseth free;
He sendeth grace to bear defeat; he giveth victory!
Fling out, fling out the holy flag broad in the swelling air!
Its stars renew their morning song. All hail the symbol fair!
For what the fathers did of yore, the sons have learned to do;
And the old legends, half-believed, are proven by the new.
The East and West have shaken hands, twin braided and twin at heart;
In the red laurels either wins, each has a brother's part.
O, hear ye how from Somerset the voice of triumph calls!
Hear how the echoes take it up on Henry's conquered walls!
And wider yet the thrilling cry: Fort Donelson is ours!
Like chaff before the roaring North fly fast the rebel powers.
New Orleans sees her doom afar, and lifts its palsied arm,
And haughty Richmond's drunken streets are sobered with alarm.
Up Carolina's frantic shore the tide rolls black and dire;
The thunder's voice is in its heart, its crest a-ven'ing fire!
Gleam Charleston trembles in her sin, Savannah bows her head,
And Norfolk feels the firm earth shake beneath the Northern tread.
On inland slopes and by the sea are wreck and flying ore;
And fresh in that unwonted air the flowers of freedom blow!
Then honor, under God, to those, the noble men who plan,
And unto those of fiery mould who flame in battle's van!
For, O, the land is safe, is safe; it rallies from the shock!
Ring round, ring round, ye merry bells, till every steeple rock!
Loud let the cannon's voice be heard! Hang all your banners out!
Lift up in your exultant streets the nation's triumph-shout!
Let trumpets bray and wild drums beat; let martial bands scatter flowers!
The sun bursts through the battle smoke. Hurray, the day is ours!

[For the Journal.]

A Contrast, OR, THE TWO COUSINS.

BY LALA A.

CHAPTER FIRST.

A happy heart and smiling face should never be parted.
A laugh; ah! it was a merry, ringing laugh; so light and free, it seemed to say, there is surely no need for sorrow and weeping. One might have known it came from the lips of a young and innocent girl, happy and care-free as the gentle breezes upon her native hills. Yes, it was even so; and from the summit of a lofty hill, which she had patiently climbed to catch the first welcoming peep of the King of Day, came the merry peal.

Do not be alarmed, dear reader, for I have committed no absurdity. I am not telling you of the grand and fashionable scenes of life. It is of no proud dame I write, who never leaves her downy pillow until old Sol is well advanced in his march. But it is of a simple country maiden I would tell; one that had no rival in beauty or accomplishments. 'Tis true, she could milk a cow, spin on a great wheel, or play upon the pianer, as her aunt triumphantly expressed it; and her father—ah! he was proud of his darling. But I anticipate.
Yonder, upon the hill, I have left this paragon of many virtues. Mabel is her name, but one scarce known to her; for "birdie" and "my pet" were the only names heard by her. In very truth, she was the light of her father's heart, cheering him in all his sorrows, and sympathizing in and enhancing all his pleasures tenfold.

Farmer Horton would have been very lonely had it not been for his bright-eyed, merry daughter. For seventeen years he had lived in the light of her smiles; he, for that long time, had been father, mother, sister and brother to his orphaned child.

The wife of Albert H., and the mother of the lovely and accomplished Mabel, after making glad the heart of her companion for two short years, weary of life, her frail body was laid in the grave, and the spirit was wafted to that far off, but blissful abode called Heaven. At this time the little Mabel had just learned to lip her mother's name. It was a heavy loss to Mr. H., and but for his child, he must have sunk under it. But said he "In the future I will live for my child; she shall be my care, my joy, and my only earthly comfort." And well had he fulfilled this resolution.

And now we have introduced the gentle Mabel, with our next chapter we will bring forward one who, although very un-

like her in manner and person, nevertheless claimed to be her cousin, and came as the ward of her father.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Catharine Belmont, or Daring Katy, as she was universally called by all her friends, was the child of a poor fisherman, living upon the banks of a small river in Maine. We say she was his child; he claimed her as such, and up to her fourteenth birthday she knew not to the contrary. Then the old fisherman had given her a ring marked with the initials "H. G.," and told her how twelve long years ago there had been a dreadful storm, which for miles around had strewn the rocky shores of Maine with wrecked vessels, and their precious cargoes of human lives. She had been found clasped in the arms of a beautiful woman, with this same ring (which he then gave Katy) upon her finger. The woman they had buried by the sea-side and the little child they had kept, hoping at first that they might at some future time discover her parents. But as time wore away, and the little stranger grew very dear to the old fisherman and his wife, they gradually gave up the idea of ever finding any one to claim their Ocean Pearl.

But now there is sorrow in that once happy cot by the sea shore; for the master, the beloved husband and father lies at the point of death. No pleadings, no intercessions can save. Death, with stern decrees, stands at the door.

"Ah! my dear Paul, how can I have you go. How can the good God, who is said to be just in all his dealings, how can he take you from me and still be just. I cannot, I will not live!" passionately and despairingly cries the wife of old Paul Durand.

"Do not grieve for me thus," said the pious man. "A little while, and you will follow after. I am but a worm of the dust; my Master calls, and I must go; carry you, my dear and loved companion, for a while, and do not, I beseech of you, do not speak so distrustfully of the good Father's name. Love him, trust him, and prepare to meet me above. And you, my dear son, what can a dying father say to an only son? My heart fails me at thought of the many temptations in store for you. But my son, fight against them; come off conqueror!" he exclaimed, his eyes kindling with the fire of death.

"Love and obey your mother, and the blessing of your dead father will ever rest upon your head. And now raise me up, that I may look upon you all once more, and abroad upon the old ocean I have loved so well. Now call Katy, that I may make a confession to her ere it be too late.

The young girl came and knelt by her benefactor's bedside, and with her face buried in the pillows, awaited what he might say. For a long time he remained silent, apparently lost in thought.

At length Katy sobbed forth, "Father, I am here, do you not see me? are you not better, dear father?"

"Katy, will you, can you forgive me?" said he. "I have wronged you deeply, and I much fear lastingly. Listen to me, and do not interrupt me, for my strength is well nigh gone. I have said that we knew nothing of your history. It is false. With you were found manuscripts which have been preserved, and from which you will learn who were your parents. It is true we buried your mother by the sea-side; but I know not but your father is still living, and no doubt mourning for the child which he deems lost to him forever.

Ah! my child, my darling Katy, for I must still call you by that dear name, can you forgive me?" And here he paused, overcome by his exertions.

"Forgive you, Father! yes, I truly forgive you; but why did you ever tell me this secret? for how can I ever be more happy than as thinking myself your child? We have been so very happy here together, are we never more to live those days? Must I be separated from you all, and from this dear home? Dear father, do not send me from you!" and she sobbed in all the wild abandonment of grief.

With a last effort, the dying man put back the dark hair from her brow, and gazing fondly upon her murmured,

"Your station in life is far above ours. Find your father if possible, and make glad his declining years."

Here he paused for breath, and his wife coming to where he lay, saw that the spirit had fled. Katy was embracing the empty

casket. With tears they turned away from their dead.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Why should we mourn for friends who have left us?
We should be glad because the dark angel bereft us?
Why should the friends who so tenderly love them
Twine the dark cypress and willow above them?
After the death of her foster father, Katy left her humble home for New York, as there she had learned her father was living ten years before. But upon inquiry, she found he had left the city, but no one knew whither he had gone. She had also learned that her mother had a brother, if still living, in an interior town in Vermont. Thither she wended her weary footsteps, only wishing that she might at last find friends and a resting place.

Upon this bright June day, of which in a former chapter I have spoken, the old stage coach set her down at the door of her uncle's in Peru.

"Has my dear sister risen?" exclaimed old farmer Horton, as he caught sight of Katy.

"Am I then so like the dear mother I never saw?" cried she, as she sprang into his outstretched arms.

"No! I can have two darlings," said he. "Come here, Mabel, and welcome your cousin. I do not wish for an explanation now," seeing that she was about to speak. "Come in, my pet; have tea, and then for a good long chat this evening, if you are not too much fatigued. There, there, I won't hear a word, not one."

And so they went in to tea, very happy, and a very much pleased with each other. Mabel all the time wondering how this tall, dark girl, could be her cousin. Katy was very much refreshed when, two hours later, she appeared in the parlor. Her dark traveling dress had been exchanged for a plain mourning dress; her raven black hair was wound around her head very becomingly, but without ornament of any description. She looked very beautiful, at least, so thought Alfred Austin, a young lawyer who was visiting Mr. Horton. After being presented to him, as his niece, Mr. Horton for a few moments withdrew and left the young people together. He very much longed to hear from Katy's lips something of her past history; but owing to the presence of Mr. Austin he forbore.

Mabel was very much delighted with her cousin, and if young Austin had seen fit to reveal his dreams the next morning, they would not have been of clients or fees, but of dark eyed young ladies.

The next day, Katy and her uncle had a long and confidential conversation. She told him of her adoption by the fisherman, of her always living in obscurity, and of the old man's death and his enjoying her to seek her friends; of her fruitless visit to the city, and lastly, she showed him the ring.

Tears came to his eyes as he gazed upon it, almost reverently. "It was my mother's wedding ring," said he. "Upon her death bed she placed it upon my sister's finger. 'Never part with it until death claims you,' were her words, and with blessings upon us both, she died. Ah! those olden memories! It makes me a child again."

"Dear uncle," said Katy, "let me always live in this lovely spot, with you and my dear cousin Mabel, and I will be happy. I care not for books or music, or at least, you will let Mabel teach me," said she, seeing he was about to interrupt her.

"Yes, Mabel may be your teacher for a time, but I hope soon to be able to discover your father, who no doubt mourns for you as for the dead."

"Oh, my father! Dear uncle, we must find him; if I can never gaze upon the living face of my dear mother, may I be permitted to see my father?"

"Heaven grant your prayer," uttered a manly voice at their side; and looking around, they beheld Earnest Durand, the only son of old Paul, the fisherman; but he was not alone. With him was a tall, dark-featured man, a stranger to both Katy and her uncle.

"Forgive me this once, dear sister Katy," said Earnest, coming eagerly forward to embrace her. "I did not intend to interrupt you, but as I chanced to hear your wish, I so far forgot myself as to give utterance to the words which startled you."

"My dear brother Earnest! I am so overjoyed to see you; and this is my dear uncle, my mother's only brother," said

she, taking his hand, and looking lovingly up into his face.

"Very happy indeed to meet you," returned Mr. Horton. "I extend to you a genuine welcome, as I do to all friends of my niece."

"And now," said Earnest to Katy, "let me present you to your father," leading her to the tall stranger, and placing her hand in his.

He turned away with tears in his eyes; tears of joy they were. "For, said he to himself, 'have I not done all in my power to right the wrong done by my father?'"

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter without love.

"My child, my lost darling," said the stranger. "I am your father; my heart tells me that I have found you at last. But come to my arms my daughter," said he, drawing her head down upon his breast. Katy came willingly, for she felt that she had at last found her father.

"And now, dear father," said she, after they had spent a long time in explaining that which my readers already know, "come with me and see my cousin Mabel. She was to have been my teacher, but now you will take me with you, will you not?"

"Yes, my daughter. I have returned rich. I am favored with an abundance of this world's goods, and to have you with me and to gratify your every wish, shall be my chief delight."

"But here we are, at the house, and here is uncle and Mabel coming with their welcome. Oh! I am so very happy, dear cousin, it seems as though my spirit would take wings and fly away beyond those lovely clouds," said Katy, as she ran to her cousin and threw her arms around her neck.

"Ah! you are very joyous, and well you may be," said Mabel, "for you have this day found a father. What! weeping, dear Katy? Let me kiss away these tears, and come, present me to your new found father, for I see that you resemble each other very much."

"My dear father, allow me to present you my cousin Mabel." And the words must have sounded strangely sweet, coming from her lips, for the proud man stooped and kissed his daughter's forehead almost reverently, and then gave a like welcome greeting to his niece.

But, my readers, why need I longer linger over this meeting. Belmont had, since the death of his wife, spent much of his life in Kansas, striving amidst its excitements to forget his bereavement. He occasionally visited distant cities, and here he was courted and admired by the gay and fashionable. But he could not so far forget the young and glad-hearted being that, for a few brief years, he had called his wife, and the little child that he supposed to be lying beneath the broad blue ocean's waters, as to take to his heart another, and so he had lived this roving life, always wishing, but never finding the chosen spot for happiness, until he met Earnest Durand, who was almost instantly seized with the conviction that he was the father of Katy. He sought and obtained an introduction, and soon conviction deepened into certainty. As he learned his history, he spoke to him of Katy, and gradually the truth forced itself upon his mind that he was not childless. His child had been saved. Taking Durand with him, he determined to seek her. After some difficulty, he traced her to her uncle's in Vermont.

Belmont now determined to place his daughter at school, where she soon excelled in all those graceful and ladylike accomplishments which tend to make life desirable as well as agreeable. From school he took her to his home in the mountain city, where he had fitted up an elegant mansion, and here she will preside with dignity. She has grown very beautiful as she advanced to womanhood, and very stately, too; still she was not altogether unlike the Daring Katy of old, that upon the rocky shores of Maine surprised her friends with her madcap freaks.

Alfred Austin has found his way to the home of Belmont, and rumor says he is soon to become an inmate of that home; and, readers, I may as well tell you that Mr. Belmont says he had rather gain a son than lose a daughter.

Mr. Horton and his Mabel still live in their old home. Mabel is the same gay-hearted girl that we first met, wishing for

no joys aside from those to be found within her own home.

Earnest Durand, who at first sight was charmed with her gentle manners, has won her consent to become his wife. The ensuing spring, when he shall have finished his collegiate course, they are to visit Katy in her princely home, and it is whispered there will be two weddings, and we dare say it is true.

And now, readers, this simple narrative is ended. If I have afforded you amusement for a brief half hour, then I am content; for I have narrated some of a few facts that have come under my notice, that go to prove that truth is stranger than fiction.

Bennington Co., Feb. 1862.

THE WASP AND THE SPIDER.

I sat under an elm tree one mellow afternoon, listening to the tinkle of a little spring that dripped through the rocks and turf at my feet, and repeating to myself the first lines of Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," when an angry buzz from the neighboring bank suddenly turned my attention from Baron Walter to a black wasp who was holding battle with an enormous spider. All my boyish recollections of Tom Thumb in the fable revived at the curious spectacle, and my first determination was to stand by the wasp and see fair play; but I soon saw that the little stinger's wings gave him an advantage over the enemy which poor Tom did not have, and accordingly I concluded to let them fight in their own way.

After a hard combat, the wasp got the better of the spider, and I saw the hairy legged fellow on a full gallop, making toward a little pool of water, the way all the while hanging over his retreat, and stinging him with genuine waspish animosity. The spider reached the water and I plunged to the bottom; but no sooner did he rise to the surface for breath, than his indefatigable pursuer attacked him again, and the pool was the scene of another battle, in comparison with which all before had been a series of skirmishes.

Both were soon disarmed, when lo! as they struggled together in the water, half-drowned, but not a whit the less fierce, up jumped a great green frog, and gobbled down the silly duellists at one mouthful!

Then I thought, "anger is a short madness," but terrible while it lasts, and many worthy brethren have committed more folly in a single fit of it than in their whole sober lifetime. Trifles begin a quarrel, but troubles are apt to come directly after.

Let two wranglers give way in their anger, so as to lose control over their reason, and they will soon plunge each other into such a condition that any third person, much worse than themselves, can easily take advantage of them, just as the frog did of the two insects.

So let me advise you, wise boy or wise girl, if you fall into violent contradiction with your mates, stop short, for you are getting into the wrong element. Bigger and wickeder eyes than you think are watching you, and you will come to harm. Remember the fate of the wasp and spider.

WESTERN EXCERPT.—The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth of the 19th contains the following letter to the rebels:—
MY DEAR REBELS:—I now take my pen in hand for the purpose of holding communion with you through the silent medium of pen and paper. I have just learned that the lines are now open as far as Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, and I avail myself, with alacrity of the opportunity, now presented of resuming our correspondence. Your many friends in this section, would like to be informed on various topics—for instance:

How are you, any how?
How does "dying in the last ditch" agree with your general health?
How is the "constitution" down your way?

Do you think there is any government?
How is "King Kottin'?"
Is Yancey well, and able to eat his oats?
When will Buckner take his Christmas dinner in Louisville?

Is Lloyd Tilghman still hanging Union men in the first district?
Is Floyd still "rifling" cannon; and other small arms?

How is Pillow's last "ditch" and when will he gratify his numerous friends by "dying" in the same?

How is the "Southern Heart?"
Are you still able to whip five to one?
What is your opinion of the Dutch race?
Did the recognition of the S. Confed. by England and France benefit you much?

Where is the "Provisional Government" of Kentucky, and what is it kept in?
Where is the Louisville-Nashville Bowling-Green Courier now published? Say!
And lastly, what do you think of yourselves any how?

A prompt answer will relieve many anxious hearts. Yours in a horn,
A. LINCOLN MAN.

United States, Feb. 18, 1862.

The girls say the times are so hard the young men cannot pay their addresses.

A girl who is not needed—See-perfums.