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THE RUTLAND HERALD.

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LAND HOUSE,
 BELLOW FALLS, VT.
 A CARD
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JEWELERS SHOP.
 A. A. W. CLARK would respect- fully inform the inhabitants of Rutland, that he has moved to the new building, Block, Merchants Row, where he has for sale a good assortment of Watches, Trimmings, Clocks, Silver Ware, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.

OLBROOK & SMITH,
 Manufacturers and Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES
 Also, Good quality of Double Sole Boots by the dozen.
 Rutland, Sept. 3, 1850.

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 H. L. SPENCER
 Such preparations that will be supplied by the Manufacturers of the popular
PATENT MEDICINES
 many of which are warranted to relieve the sufferer of the most distressing diseases. H. L. SPENCER, 107 N. Broadway, New York.

SCHOOL BOOKS
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral!
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 AND LAMPS
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 CHAS. PAGE.

ART UNION
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 WESTERN ART UNION, Cincinnati.
 NEW ENGLAND ART UNION.
 W. W. HOPKINS, Hon. Secretary.
BUFFALO HOUSE
 No. 1 AND No. 25.
 LARGE Assortment of Goods by JOHN COOK

UPDEGRAVE.
THE HOUR.
 BY WILLIAM C. BRANTY
 The hours are restless angles,
 And still go gliding by,
 And bear each moment a record up
 To him who sits on high.
 The poison of the netter
 Our hearts deep flower cups yield,
 A sample still they gather sweet,
 And leave us in the field.
 And some fly by on pinions
 Of gorgeous gold and blue,
 And some fly on with drooping wing
 Of sorrow's darker hue.
 And as we speed each minute
 That food to us hath given,
 The deeds are known before the throne—
 The tale is told in heaven.
 And we who talk among them,
 As one by one depart;
 Think not that they are loving
 Forever found our hearts.
 Like summer bees that hover
 Around the idle flowers,
 They gather every act and thought,
 These witness angels hours.
 And still they steal the record,
 And bear it far away;
 This mission flight by day or night,
 No magic power can stay.
 So teach me Heavenly Father,
 To spend each flying hour,
 That as they go, they may not show
 My heart a poison flower.

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THE TEAR DROP.
 FROM THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.
 I never pass an evening in the Green Room of a Theatre without bringing away something worthy of being treasured. No matter what part we act upon the stage, here at least we lay down the role, and appear in our own proper characters. It seems as if there were some necessity laid upon us, when behind the scenes, to throw off the disguise and exhibit the true light and shades of what we are and have been.
 Not long ago I heard a little story in the green room of a theatre in Paris, which may possess some interest for readers beyond the circle who know and appreciate the narrator.
 The conversation, shared by authors, actors and editors, had taken a metaphysical turn, and some one was trying to prove that our character and destiny were controlled entirely by our original constitution, and that it was therefore impossible for us to change.
 "No man," said he, "can ever be cured of his vices or evil passions; who ever heard of a miser being made generous?"
 "I have," said a deep voice at my side. "I am a living witness to the reality of a change you have pronounced as impossible. I was once a miser!"
 We all turned towards the speaker; I recognized him at once as the most successful dramatic writer of the day, and one whose liberality was the theme of every tongue.
 "And who performed this miracle?" inquired the first speaker.
 "Who? a fair child by a child!"
 Here our attention increased, and we drew around the speaker.
 "It was in 1831," said he, "I had just given to the theatre of La Porte Saint Martin a drama, which thus far brought me the most money, and (why should I not say it?) the most fame, as a dramatic writer. I received by the same post two letters from Marseilles. One was from the manager of the theatre in that city, saying that, to secure the better performance and consequent success of my new piece, he desired my personal aid at the rehearsals. The proprietors of the theatre left the sum to be allowed me for my council, time and expenses, to be named by myself; but I must certainly go, and go immediately. The other letter was in these words:
 "The widow and child of your late brother are in sickness, and nearly dying of want. A few hundred francs would save their lives, and your presence restore them back to health."
 (Signed)
 VICTOR LAMBERT, M. D.
 "I said to you at first, and I do not shrink from repeating it, (for I now can make the avowal without shame,) that I had the flinty heart of a demon of avarice. The physician's letter put me in a rage, and I crushed and tore it in pieces; but the proposal from the manager required an immediate answer, and I started the very next day for Marseilles.
 "My journey was one long sum in addition. I noted to a centime my expenses; I estimated the value of every hour of my time; I fixed upon the sum to be asked for my advice—each word was weighed, and had its price, and nothing was omitted by which I could swell up the amount of my demands.
 "My poor sister-in-law I thought of as little as possible; and when her image, in sickness and in poverty, did force itself up, on my memory, I quietly banished it. Oh it was vile, in me it was infamous—for I had long ago intentionally ill-treated my poor kinswoman.
 "Years before the period in question, I had received a letter from my only brother, a true hearted sailor, now alas buried in the ocean, informing me that he was deeply in love with, and about to marry, the daughter of a fisherman, who would bring him a valuable dowry, made up of an excellent heart, a fine person, eyes of the greatest beauty, and an entire absence of ready money. To this letter I replied as follows:
 "You are in love, it appears, and you would marry a foolish girl who has the rare merit of being poorer than yourself. Be happy with your mermaid if you can; but between ourselves, you are going to do a very foolish thing—if not too late, break it off. Adieu. This letter was certainly short, but not exact.
 "My sister-in-law was a native of Normandy, which implies as we well know, that she was, besides, virtuous, resolute, and especially headstrong. She never forgot the unfeeling letter, and at heart she nourished a deep scornful contempt for the writer—When, therefore, her husband perished at sea, when without support or hope for the future, she found herself reduced to penury and in sickness, she determined to suffer everything, even death itself, rather than seek my aid.
 "As he left, the clerk was heard to exclaim:—
 "There goes a profit of one hundred and twenty five dollars, out of pocket, from plucking that pigeon!"

during the pangs of hunger with the resignation of an angel.
 "Notwithstanding all her obstinacy, my sister-in-law loved her child with a mother's doting fondness, and as she soon saw that if she would save its life, an effort must be made to soften the heart of the cruel brother.—She made the avowal to her physician, a kind hearted and charitable man, who had already ascertained that poverty was the first disease to be cured; and to this end he had contributed his small but insufficient aid, for he was nearly as poor as his patient. The physicians of the poor possess every talent but that of getting paid for their services.
 "It was this excellent man, who took upon himself the task of writing to me, and on my arrival at Marseilles he was waiting for me in the coach office yard. As I had not replied to his letter, he had presumed, in the simplicity of his heart, that I would of course come. Generous hearts are always thus influenced; they judge from themselves and believe in goodness. He hastened to meet me, saying:
 "You have lost no time, my dear sir; you foresaw that delay would be equivalent to a sentence of death.—God will reward you for the good act."
 "This unmerited praise was bitter, but I had not the magnanimity to say it was undeserved; and what man ever refused to be flattered? What ass but would pass for a lion?
 "My first visit, which I had determined should be to the manager of the theatre, was made to my sister-in-law. I found her in the miserable garret of a dilapidated house, situated in a narrow street, with not even a ray of sunshine to cheer her lonely hours. Near the bed, with its scanty covering, was a little girl. She had large and lustreous eyes; arched eyebrows already finely formed; her hair, profuse and in careless ringlets, so beautiful in childhood, encircled regular features, full of intelligence, and stamped with that serious resignation which early suffering gives to the countenance.—Oh! how sweet was that child even then, and how eloquent her thin, pale cheek pleaded for her! I gazed upon her in silence; I began to feel that there is in childhood an irresistible attraction, which we feel and acknowledge, although our hearts may have been for a lifetime closed to every benevolent or tender emotion.—I longed to clasp the dear child in my arms; but sordid avarice whispered, "if you suffer your heart to be touched with pity, you are lost!" I felt that I should incur obligations which, during my whole life, I had studied to avoid. I should be compelled to relieve effectually the accused misery which surrounded me. Like one who sees an abyss at his feet, I recoiled at the thought.
 "The benevolent physician could not comprehend my detestable selfishness, and he believed my strange demeanor the effect of pity. The cold hesitation of a miser, at the sight of suffering he would avoid, would fly from him, he supposed the emotion of a softened heart.—A melancholy smile irradiated his features. Approaching me more closely, he pressed my hands in his with warmth, and said:
 "The sight of so much misery, I see affect you deeply. In our profession, if we do our duty, we must become too familiar with such scenes; you however, are the only physician who loved here—let us go nearer.
 "We went closer to the bedside. I was in a cold sweat, for shame was at work at my heart, and my mean and sordid surliness tortured me.
 "When my sister-in-law saw me so near her bedside, she rose with difficulty and sat up in the bed, leaning upon the physician's arm. There was visible in her countenance both pride and resignation; she would have commanded, and she did not dare to command, and it was a painful task to ask aid and protection from the only person in the world she had despised.—She did not, therefore, descend to solicitation, but trembling with emotion, she pointed with her attenuated finger, to her child, saying in heart breaking tones, "My poor child, will soon be motherless." This simple, but powerful appeal to my compassion did not conquer my stubborn heart. I carefully avoided looking at the child, for fear of relenting, and said as coolly as I could, "Why do you indulge such melancholy forebodings? You are still young and in the care of a skillful physician—we ought never to despair." Any other human being would have said, "Your brother is here; he has come to wipe away your tears, and to make you forget his former unworthiness; rely upon him; for he will be a father to your child; but I said no such thing—I had but one wish, to fly. Oh! worship of the golden calf! how flinty-hearted, how infamous it makes us!"
 "While thus undecided in what manner to effect the shameful retreat I meditated, the sweet child had steadily fixed her eyes upon my iron countenance, appearing more surprised than abashed, when coming close to me, she took hold of my hand, pointed to the foot of her mother's bed, and in the most touching accent, said,
 "Sit down there you are so tall I can't kiss if you don't take me in your lap."
 "I sat down and she climbed up to a seat on my knees. The mother seeing this, clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven as if in prayer. For myself I felt the decisive moment had arrived, and I cased my heart in double steel.
 "What is this woman and what this to me? thought I. I am under no promise to support them—they have no legal claim upon me—they cannot oblige me to feed them—my riches so long and so patiently toiled for, are mine, yes, mine alone—the future is dark and uncertain; to give away even a part, would be foolish and imprudent."
 "In short, I gave myself all the excellent reasons which the love of boarding can bring so triumphantly into the field of argument. My resolution once taken I resolved to be firm, and calling to my aid a savage scorn, I looked steadily in the face of the child.—She too looked steadfastly and boldly, and I appeared considering in what way she should break through the icy rampart behind which I was entrenched.—At length throwing her little arms around my neck, she said in her childish manner,
 "Will you be my papa? Oh! I will love you so. You look just like my dear papa, sometimes he looked cross too, but he was so good, if he did look cross I wasn't afraid—are you good too?"
 "I cannot describe to you the touching effect of this artless appeal; yet I faltered not, but making a strong effort to retain my stern and unyielding aspect, I rudely unclasped her little arms from around my neck, and without a word in reply placed her upon her feet beside me. In an instant she turned deadly, frightfully pale, then a single tear rolled slowly down her marble cheek, and fell yet hot upon my trembling hand. A change sudden and entire came over me—my greedy avarice, my brutal conduct appeared before me in their revolting deformity—I felt degraded in the dust—I no longer tried to struggle against the principle of goodness implanted in us all. I no longer reasoned, I felt, and giving way to the happiness of being guided by the heart alone, I placed my hands upon the child's head and in a fervid and solemn tone exclaimed,
 "I call Heaven to witness that here in thy mother's presence I do swear to be to thee as a father, and never daughter more tenderly loved than I will love thee, my child!"
 "Oh! I could wish you had seen the mother when she heard these words.—Her eyes seemed to gleam with light, her features were radiant with joy, her breast heaved convulsively, and she tried to speak, but there was no sound, not a word could she utter. The physician was alarmed, and we feared she would actually die of joy. But joy seldom kills—she breathed more freely and tears came to her aid.
 "Brother," she said, I have wronged you."
 "She added much more which I could not hear. I believe, (Heaven pardon me!) she would have asked forgiveness for my brutality towards her—it would have overwhelmed me with remorse.—I interrupted her thanks by saying that in her feeble state, she ought to avoid the exertion of talking. The physician, who was of my opinion, enjoined silence and quiet, and after giving some directions, was about to take leave of his patient, when I called him aside, and handing him my purse, desired him to take the necessary measures for her immediate removal. I knew no person in Marseilles, and the worthy man took upon himself the task of finding a suitable residence.
 "Thought," said he, "I fear she will not need it long."
 "If but for a day," said I, "it will be one day snatched from years of misery."
 "That very evening everything was accomplished, and the next day found us in the occupancy of a small house beautifully situated in the midst of trees and flowers, and near the sea shore.
 "There, during three months, I clung to the hope that my sister-in-law might regain her health, and for a time I had good reason to indulge in the expectation. She was ever calm and tranquil, she would smile sweetly as I would forget my fifty years, my grey hairs and become a child again to please a being I had sworn to love and cherish; but alas! my hope was not to be realized—her struggle with disease and poverty had been of too long duration; the sources of life were exhausted, and medical science, with the tenderest care, could not avail. She well knew that her life was drawing to its close, and she contemplated the melancholy certainty with holy resignation. If she rarely spoke of her approaching end, it was to spare our tears.
 "The fatal hour arrived but too soon. It was one of those moonlit nights so beautiful in that climate, when the mild sea air,
 "That cools the twilight of the 'stray day' came gently into the room. Seated between her dear child and myself, she seemed to enjoy the freshness of the breeze, when her hand convulsively grasped mine, and I turned quickly towards her. Her face was white as marble. Looking first at her child and then at me, with calm serenity in her countenance, she said—
 "Your kindness, dear brother, has made the close of my life happy. I do

without a pang, for you will love my child."
 She ceased speaking, and soon was no more. Shall I avow it? Her death to me had nothing of the terrible, of the appalling. In her last words, in her calm serenity, in the ray of hope brightening her features as she passed away, there was a mysterious, an unseen power which seemed to say, *I go to a better world—it was not the eternal sleep succeeding life's fitful fever, but the dawning of a joyful day.*
 "From that hour my brother's child has been mine, our joys and sorrows are intermingled, and to her happiness I have devoted my life. Her beauty and loveliness have increased from year to year. The joyous smile and the words of sweet welcome which ever await my return to my once lonely dwelling, are now more dear to me than all the world beside.
 "Like the dew drop which falls upon the bud and expands the flower, that precious TEAR has opened my heart to claims of kindred and of man upon his fellow man; and the flinty hearted and grasping miser of former days, is no longer the degraded being who would have bartered his very soul for a bag of gold!"

DOCTORS AND THEIR PRESCRIPTIONS.
 BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.
 We have steadfastly adhered to the old school, probably from our naturally conservative bias. New fangled notions we have always had our own opinion of. We have stuck therefore to the good old paths of medicine, and refused to remove a landmark—blister, lancet, pill, bolus, lotion, potion, all are yet objects of respectful reverence. We have grave moral doubts as to this insidious, mysterious, tasteless Homoeopathy. It seems not unlikely to be part of a general tendency to effeminacy which is creeping in with wealth and refinement. There is a strong aroma of indolence about it. It requires no exertion, no self-denial.—Taking medicine, once a manly and heroic achievement, has become a mere sugar plum affair.
 Once doctors sat down around a sick man like a fleet of ships about Gibraltar. They bombarded a disease front and rear, with balls and boluses; they pierced it, or sacrificed it, hung upon its course with cataplasms and blisters at such a rate, that any man with half an eye could see that one or the other must give up speedily—the disease or the patient! But now our Homoeopathic Chesterfield regards a disease as a good natured intruder, that can be winked and bowed and smiled out. Diseases are mere callers, ready to stop at the door and leave their card, or to stop five minutes and be off—a very different act from the old surly obstinate tenants, who held our bones and organs upon indefinite leases. A sniff, a pellet which it requires an eye of faith to see, a mere medical hint as it were, is enough to do what once ounces, pounds and quarts could scarcely effect. This is jugglery, we fear, and worse. No man on recovery can look back with an applauding conscience upon his own sincere endeavors, as once he could. To sit up in bed, when from hair to heels you are but one prolonge d'inausee; with swimming eyes to desert your nurse approaching with lukewarm seny; to calculate with stomach-heaving arithmetic how many gulps will be required; and then with every resource of your being at burning martyr-point, to thrust the unutterable abomination down, and with even fiercer fight to keep it down—who as he fell back upon his newly beaten up pillow, has not felt that no disease with one particle of self respect would long stand in company with such hideous medicine? One is proud of his Anglo-Saxon capacity; of his sacrifices and sufferings for health; and when health returns he feels that he has earned it, and paid, by pain and potion, every farthing which the violated laws of health exacted. To get well was evidence that a man was made of the sternest stuff.
 But, bah! We are ashamed to think how these effeminate doctors, who carry a whole apothecary shop in a pocket book no bigger than your hand, walk in, put three drops of something into two half tumblers of water, giving you a teaspoonful, utterly tasteless, hour by hour; or put on your tongue three or four white specks of milk sugar, and that he calls medicine! Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers would have scorned to get well upon such a dainty practice, and would die like men upon substantial medicine rather than sneak back to life upon such effeminacy.
 To be sure, almost every relative that we have, paternal, fraternal, sororal, but not avowed, has yielded to the insidious temptation and gone in to these bye and by hidden paths.—We feel like *Abdel*, faithful friend among the faithless; and we do not mean soon to desert the friends that have stood by us in so many crises and

fevers, so many bilious fevers, and measles, and chickenpox, and influenza, &c.
 We are daily exhorted to apostacy. Example and cyclopaedia of advice are lavished upon our obduracy. Our friends are against us; our parishioners not a few, are against us; Books have been sent us. Oh, the cures that have been recounted! We are duly impressed from time to time with the fact that our departed neighbor would have been alive now, if he had taken his friend's advice and sent for Homoeopathy; this child had gone down in the car of Allopathy to death's door, but changing drivers the chariot of Homoeopathy brought him back in jolly. This friend had a sick headache, took three pills of pulsatilla, and before she could get the bottle corked up again she was entirely cured. We are assured that croup is now nothing, if you only have the right medicine by you. Measles are right down good fun, and tetching and convulsions medical diversions. Scarlet fever, that bloody horror of the nursery, the moment he sees Dr. Hanemann, "comes right down"—Indeed, the old red dragon is crest-fallen, and goes about as different from the scarlet fever of Allopathy, as Red Jacket, civilized into drunkenness and into a ditch, was from the wildem savages who greeted a midnight village with a warwhoop, and found their way into it by the light of its blazing roofs!
 If one dies under this practice, we are assured that "all must die when their time comes, in spite of all medicine." And this seems rational—But if it had been Allopathy, they would have taken us by the button, shook their sad heads, sighed, and ejaculated "strange!" as if no one could be given for a man who died in the pale of the old school. It was evidently suicide.
 Then, too, there is no harm done, even if there is no good, we are told. Pa and ma are afraid of strong medicine! These darling little dainties, these pills for fairies you may take any number of without danger. Indeed, their power is inversely as their number. Three are better than four, two better than three, one better than two, and none at all better than— but we will not say that.
 But we have observed how much more medicine is taken by many of our kind friends of this school than by us. To be sure, a stout blue pill is a mountain by the side of our Homoeopathic dust. But then we only take such once a year. Now medicine so harmless as those dear little pills contain is a very temptation.
 Life with some nervous people becomes an interesting game. Their body is like a forest, pains are the wild beasts, and pellets the means of hunting them, and the patient lies in wait for a pain with as much zeal as a hunter among the reeds for the descent of a flock of ducks. He and she have got something that will do the business for them.

WINTER WHEAT.
 BY HON. JOSEPH SAWYER.
 MR. EDITOR:—The raising of winter wheat in this State, which two years ago was considered by many of our farmers as at least doubtful, has been attended by such full and complete success the season past, as to be no longer matter of experiment. And we have now only to look about us to discover by what course of culture, applied to the varieties of our soil, we may produce the best practical results.
 In answer to the inquiries of some of my friends, permit me to state the effect of lime upon my crops the past year. In the spring of 1850 I plowed a piece of grass land and sowed it with oats. In August the stubble was plowed in, and the land well mellowed with the harrow, and early in September sowed with wheat, at a bushel and a half an acre. The seed was prepared by washing in the usual way, and stirring 4 or 5 quarts of slack lime to a bushel. At the time of sowing I took a quantity of slack lime, what I could conveniently procure at the time, and commencing at one side of the field, spread the lime with shovels from the cart as evenly as practicable, at the rate of ten or twelve bushels the acre, covering in this way something more than half of the piece. No other manure was applied. The whole was harrowed about, and a roller passed over it. When the grain came up, the effect of the lime was plainly seen. Where the lime was spread, the growth was deep colored and vigorous—while the other was thin and of slower growth. In the spring also, and during the whole season, the difference was equally apparent, and the result was, that the produce, where the lime was applied, both in straw and grain was more than double that where there was none.

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 In answer to the inquiries of some of my friends, permit me to state the effect of lime upon my crops the past year. In the spring of 1850 I plowed a piece of grass land and sowed it with oats. In August the stubble was plowed in, and the land well mellowed with the harrow, and early in September sowed with wheat, at a bushel and a half an acre. The seed was prepared by washing in the usual way, and stirring 4 or 5 quarts of slack lime to a bushel. At the time of sowing I took a quantity of slack lime, what I could conveniently procure at the time, and commencing at one side of the field, spread the lime with shovels from the cart as evenly as practicable, at the rate of ten or twelve bushels the acre, covering in this way something more than half of the piece. No other manure was applied. The whole was harrowed about, and a roller passed over it. When the grain came up, the effect of the lime was plainly seen. Where the lime was spread, the growth was deep colored and vigorous—while the other was thin and of slower growth. In the spring also, and during the whole season, the difference was equally apparent, and the result was, that the produce, where the lime was applied, both in straw and grain was more than double that where there was none.

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