The Rutland County Herald.

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THE RUTLAND HERALD,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY L. BARNEY.

Office in the Tontine Buildings, on Main Street.

TERMS PER YEAR.

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THIS truly celebrated remedial preparation, efficacious alike for each and every description of Rheumatic Complaints, is already too well known and esteemed throughout the United States to require any lengthy notice of its paramount virtues. It eradicates this heretofore incurable and distressing disease from the system, and stands universally in the physician's of medicines.

We do not propose to make unqualified statements, or to force a nostrum before the public, but simply to request those most interested,

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now hereby it to the world as possessing the most superior virtues known to the Materia Medica. First class in the first standing in the profession use and prescribe it as the most effective.

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Bennington, Vt., March 16, 1853.

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[illegible]

Bennington, March 17, 1853. 19-tf

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F. M. CROSSETT, LEADER.

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Bennington, April 29, 1853. 29-tf

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Horses and Carriages at all reasonable terms. 17-1y

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Choice Poetry.

MISCHIEF MAKING.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Without one village rumbling
How dearly blest that spot would be
Where all in quiet dwell in liberty,
Free from the fabled calamity
Of gossip's endless prattling.

It isn't a spot was really known,
Dame Peace might call it a lot her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
For ever and forever;
There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would seem bright
The little rights they may receive,
And be affronted never.

The mischief makers then remove
Far from our hearts that wreath of love,
And tend to all to disagree,
What gives another pleasure;
They scarcely take one's part, but when
They've hatched out curse, unkindly then
They soon recall them again,
Mixed up with poisonous nectar.

And then they've such a cunning way,
Of telling 'tl secret time—they say,
"Don't mention it, I pray,
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbors they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And fetch the parts of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

O! that the mischief making crew,
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
Then would our villages forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make mother's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish!
Then let us everyone be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish!

SHE CAME AND WENT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unstirred,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came, and went.

An angel stopped a moment in my house,
The blue dome's mission has extended,
So my soul hold that moment's heaven—
I only know she came, and went.

As at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of blossom and scent,
So there for May my wintry sleep—
I only know she came, and went.

An angel stood, and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my hut;
The text is simply, the vision stays—
I only know she came, and went.

Oh, when the years grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will burn,
Only to know she came, and went.

The Family Circle.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

GOING DOWN HILL.

'That looks bad,' exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden, and broken down fence, in his daily walks.

'Bad enough,' was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

'Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was trim and tidy.'

'He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man,' rejoined the second speaker. 'I have pair a of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service.'

'I have generally employed him for myself and family,' was the reply, 'and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall just step into Jack Smith's this morning and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand.—There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves.'

'Very true, and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He not is a great favorite of mine, however—an idle quarrelsome fellow.'

'And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world,' answered the farmer, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you.'

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White. After passing remarks the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat—

'I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends.

'No time to lose, I should say,' remarked the farmer.

'Indeed! Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?'

'No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill.'

'Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness which the poor man has had to his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one.'

'Speaking of Thompson, are you? observed a bystander, who appeared to take no interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill is he? I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but, on the whole, I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket.'

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village, similar scenes were passing.

'I declare!' exclaimed Mrs Brewer, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by. 'If there is out Mrs Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants to engage me to do her work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if ever I get my pay.'

'She always has paid us promptly,' was the answer.

'True, but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk.'

The entrance of Mrs Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs Brewer to do any work for her, but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dress makers had suddenly become.

On her way home the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

'Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you,' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?'

'Our account!' was the spirited reply. 'Surely, the term has not yet expired?'

'Only half of it, but my present rule is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late.'

'I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I feel that it will not be in my power to do so sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different way she muttered to herself.

'Just as I expected. I never shall see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half-quarter, if I manage right, but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family stores.

'I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr Thompson to settle it this evening?' asked the polite shop keeper as he produced the desired article.

'Is it his usual time for settling?' was again the surprised inquiry.

'Well not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intend to keep short accounts. There is a little bill if you would like to look at it.—I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair.'

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs Thompson, as she pursued her way towards home.

'It seems strange that these payments must be met now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand.'

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hands and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' he said as she entered. 'Here are two unexpected calls for money; one from the doctor and one from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a man once gets a little behindhand, trouble seemes to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife. 'The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

'The butcher's account as I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker.—'What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out and so very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have such employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now, is impossible, and the acknowledgement of my inability would send us still farther on the downward path.'

'We must do our best and trust in Providence,' was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another element was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare but ever welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in a comfortable chair that Mary hastened to hand him, he said in his eccentric but friendly manner:

'Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?'

'There need be no trouble,' was the reply, 'if men would not try to add to the affliction which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around us were not determined to push me in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world—Everybody, or at least a great majority care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill their first thought is whether it is going to effect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom.—The only way is to keep up appearances, show no signs of going behindhand, and all will go well with you.'

'Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pressing in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fashionable rival. In short I am on the brink of ruin, and nothing but a miracle can save me.'

'A miracle which is very easily wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of the debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the common course of events could you discharge them?'

'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker, 'and with my usual run of work I could make all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six, was the answer—'I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe and with the remainder of the money make a slight addition or improvement in your shop or house, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No os, never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands.'

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him.—They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dressmaker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which he had loaned in the hour of need. 'Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they fancy that his face is turned that way. In future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper.' And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket book to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, while he, whom he had thus befriended, with light step and cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

A BENEDICK.—Shakspeare originated this word. In "Much Ado About Nothing," one of the principal characters is named Benedick—a young lord of Padua, whose spirited raileries with Beatrice, form the most interesting feature of the play. In the first act we find them sharply assailing each other—each contemning marriage and glorying in mutual independence; but, at the close of the third scene in the second act, a change appears, and Benedick, in a half apologizing tone, exclaims—"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married." The peculiarities of this character are so strongly marked that the name has assumed a place in our language, as signifying a married man, or a man newly married.—[N. Y. Sunday Times.

A JEWEL.—A wealthy Jew of London was wont to say that he should give the man who married his daughter a jewel outvaluing the Pitt diamond.—Hearing of this, a needy man of rank wooed, won and married the damsel.—On asking for the gem, his father-in-law told him he had it already. 'My daughter, sir,' said he, 'is worth a hundred Pitt diamonds. Your only trouble will be to appreciate her properly.'

A CLEAN SHIRT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Those of my readers who have clean shirts, &c., three times weekly, nicely aired and ready for use at their bedsheads, hardly know many of the difficulties in the way of cleanliness which the very poor have to encounter. One poor lad upon my district, destitute of a home, lodging at a three-penny lodging house where he could obtain the threepence, and in carts, stables, or on coalrooms when he could not, lately pleased me very much in the matter of cleanliness. He had only one shirt, but he managed to keep it clean; and I was enquiring how he contrived to effect this difficult achievement. 'Why, you see sir,' said he, 'I goes to some lime-place, and there I whips off my shirt. Well, then I runs to a blind alley up Whitecross-street, where some waste hot water runs from a pipe in the wall; there I washes my shirt. Well, then I runs to the lime-kilns the other side of Blackfriar's Bridge; there I dries my shirt and puts it on. A clean shirt for me (added he) it makes a fellur feel so comfortable.—I can't shear no cloth.'—[Vandeleur's "Mission to the dens of London."

— THE BIG BOOK.—During a late debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the catalogue of the Library of the British Museum, now in process of compilation, has already cost a hundred thousand pounds, and is so far from being completed that it cannot be finished in less than four years. The catalogue already fills 1000 folio volumes. When completed, it will form "a neat and portable work of 19,000 volumes."

— There is a man in Philadelphia named John Smith, who has 11 brothers. This accounts for the Smith family being so numerous.

"For New President."

Under this title is published in Putnam's Monthly, for September, one of the most ably written, severe, and at the same time truthful political sketches that has been lately written in this country. The article is not written in a partisan spirit inasmuch as the argument is rather express it intended to apply and does apply to every administration of late years; but there are many strong positions taken, and many pointed applications made, which bear especially heavy on President Pierce and his administration in power.

The writer takes the ground in the outset that the new President came in to power with the best opportunities for doing good of any of our later Presidents; that there was a virtual dissolution of the old parties, by which former administrations had been held in check, and that there was a general willingness of the whole people to enter upon a new, national, and generous policy. That, as General Pierce has never openly solicited his position, had made no pledges to insure the result, and was indebted for success specifically to no clique or faction, and owed no allegiance but to the great leading principles of Democracy, he therefore entered upon his career apparently untrammelled by committments, or secret connections, or party debts.

Under these circumstances the writer maintains that President Pierce might have assumed a position more elevated than mere party platforms, and become the beneficent chief magistrate of a great and united people; but unfortunately he has descended to the place of a partisan leader, whose sole aim is to secure the support of mercenaries by a liberal distribution of spoils. The writer says:

"In the selection of his Cabinet, Mr. Pierce exhibited neither wonderful discretion nor wonderful strength. It was not such a cabinet as one man of earnest purpose, clear conviction, or strong reliance upon his own principle would have chosen. It was one which rather evinced a weak desire of conciliating all factions and interests. It was composed on the plan of reconciling contrasts and harmonizing opposites.—A New England Whig, who had achieved the bad eminency of chiefing in the councils of John Tyler, and who had but recently been converted to the so called democratic party; a New York conservative, identified with no great measure, but intimately connected with the machinery of party management, which had long been the reprobation of New York politics; a Southern secessionist, notorious for extreme and violent opinions; a Western free soiler, and unknown man from parts that one does not care to charge his memory with—formed together a compound that instantly suggested to the newspapers the famous description by Burke of the speckled and checkered rabbit of Lord Chatham,—"a piece of disjointed mecanic, a resolution put together without cement; here a bit of black stone, there a bit of white; patrios and courtiers, king's friends and republicans,"—so that the colleagues whom he had assembled at the same board, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask—"Sir, your name?"—"Sir, you have the advantage of me?" Mr. Sucle-a-one, I beg ten thousand pardons."

"Mr. Marcy and Mr. Cushing, it is true, were eminent and able men, particularly skilled in party tactics, and secret manoeuvres, but the others were undistinguished, or only distinguished in very circumscribed localities. Had they been young, as well as obscure men, the country might have hoped to find in them some as yet undiscovered freshness of talent; but as they were not young and still obscure, there was no chance of escape from the settled conviction of their mediocrity. Had they been men of matured and certain opinions, either outspoken conservatives, or outspoken abolitors of Young America, their appointment would have furnished a clue to the probable course of the new administration; but they were neither one nor the other; and from the day of their advent at Washington, until the present time, the country has floundered in a sea of conjectures as to the destinies of the future. Now, a great man—a man clearly discerning his position, forecasting the end from the beginning, resolved to control events, and not to allow the winds and tides of circumstance to shape his course—surrounds himself with men of the same clear, energetic, decided character. He does not make the mediocrities and nobodies that he may warm up anywhere, his chief agents."

After fully reviewing the profligacy heretofore existing in relation to the distribution of offices, the writer adds:

"But Mr Pierce made no attempt to avert this flagitious practice. On the other hand, his approach to Washington was a signal for the gathering of all the crows and jackals of party, from the waters of Passamaquoddy to the sands of the Pacific. The turkey buzzards of the South, the foxes of the North, even the wolves of the wilderness, all flocked towards the same centre, as if certain of their prey. Like the followers of a camp, when the victory is declared, they hung upon his front, and flank, and rear,—surrounded by his frown—encircled by his smile; nay, beside and on his promises, and the clamorous importunity of the hasty. More repulsive or disgustful scenes were scarcely witnessed in the catacombs of the Roman republic, when the spoils of Antiochus were given to the conquering army. Hamlets, streets, and public offices, were alike filled with beseechers; rich men who wanted honors, had their paid agents there, forling importunately every day; poor men who wanted riches, sent men of honorable titles as their solicitors; many, with the impudence of the keeper of a country beach, extolling the merits of his performers, showed their own exercises at the street corners; and even women sighed, simpered, and beseeched the dispensers of favor, for lovers, husbands, and friends.

'Our readers who have been in Italian cities, in Naples or Rome, where the traveller at every step is almost crushed by the begging harpesses, where a crew of dirty, whining, lazy, leprous hosts stop his path, and deafen his ears, with cries and prayers for alms, have seen a prototype of the picture exhibited at Washington, by American citizens, under the appointing eye of the American President. Our force grew volume as we write this truth of the descendants of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jay. Oh! degenerate Americans, your fathers counted all place but such as the free voices of their fellow citizens conferred; but you go to beat scrabbling is struggling for it, lose gaining for it, buying it, and your young President, who ought to have the ingenuous feelings of youth, if not the stern integrity of age, prudings and instructs, and encourages the debasement.

'There was no excuse for this in Mr. Pierce, for he knew better; as long ago as 1842, when he was in the Senate of the United States, seeing the injustice of proscription, he denounced it with scorning indignation of an honest man. 'There is no part of Gen. Jackson's administration,' he said, 'which I failed to unreservedly to approve (for he was a warm friend of Jackson) as his habit of rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies,' adding in reply to Mr. Clay who defended the guilty participation of the Whigs, in the same business, on the ground of State necessity:

"'Sir, this demand of the nation—this plea of 'State necessity,' let me tell gentlemen, is as old as the history of wrong and oppression. It has been the standing plea—the never failing resort of despotism.'"

In regard to the diplomatic appointments, the appointees, says the writer, 'are men not designated by capacity, acquirements, or sympathies, for their positions,' etc. He says:

'A large part of our new diplomatists are men not designated by capacity, acquirements or sympathies for their positions; but mere serviceable politicians, who must be complimented personally, and who are connected with factions that require to be appeased.—Indeed, it has been asserted, without contradiction, by a responsible press, that in one case the place was bought,—but by whom, or by what intermediate, does not appear. In another case it has been also asserted by another responsible press, that the character of the nominee was so infamous as to render his appointment a disgrace to the administration. At the same time, when such nominations are made, there were before the President, as we have been informed by good authority, the names of young men of the highest desert,—young men of old and honorable families, who had served the republic without regard or thought of reward in its darkest days;—of conspicuous talents, of unsullied reputation, of sincere and earnest democratic opinions, in short, possessed of every qualification of manner and acquirement likely to redound to their own and the country's credit. Yet these were overlooked.'

Again he says:

'Why is Hawthorne, the biographer of President Pierce, the solitary exemplar of an appointment of this kind? Why are ignorant, coarse-minded, coarse-mannered speech makers, and who possess no recommendation beyond the fact that they are boisterous and wordy politicians, preferred for offices to less assuming but a thousand times more meritorious citizens? Why should our good fame be imperiled in Naples, as it has been in years past, by the licentious orgies of a prodigate; or in Berlin, as it has been, by the delirious outrages of a drunkard? Is republicanism in such excellent repute in Europe that it can bear these stabs? Or are we as a nation, invulnerable to reproach as well as destitute of shame?

In domestic appointments, it is stated the President has been equally at fault; the aim having been to heal party divisions by the salve of patronage.

After alluding to the bitter and hostile spirit cherished against each other by factions of the Democratic party in New York and elsewhere, the writer says with no little truth and some severity:

'Now, in such a state of opinion, to pacificate by the bestowal of a few offices to the leaders of the hostile camps, to remove the grounds of enmity, betrays a superficiality of judgment, a want of insight, an ignorance of human nature, and a depravity of principle, that we are sorry to see in any position of influence. The attempt is one of those errors, which as Talleyrand said, was worse than a crime—a mistake, or rather it is both a mistake and a crime; a mistake, because, from the nature of things it must prove a failure; and a crime, because it is an abandonment of the high objects of government for the sphere of low partisan tactics. It is not the business of the chief magistrate of a great nation to try to dance upon two cross wires; to come down from his lofty seat to adjust the brawls of street fighters, or to constitute place for the artistic management of local jealousies and animosities. He should leave all that to the middlemen of the Pewter Mug, or the Shades. His business is the defence and conservation of the broad interests of the whole nation, according to just and comprehensive principles, and the most impartial spirit.

'The moment he steps into office, he is no longer the chief of a clique, the head oligarch, the captain of banditti, a joint worker with factious or parsimonious politicians, but he becomes in some sort the Father of the People, charged with a universal responsibility, and forever removed from considered or distinct, or sectional objects. We are not urging that he should have no principles, or that these principles may not be the principles of some party; but simply that he should proclaim and execute his principles, without descending to the ignoble task of conciliating private and factious squabbles, by shifts and compromises, or a two-faced distribution of the offices in his gift."—[Boston Journal.

An original idea.

The Utility of Common Schools.

South Carolina probably contains more white adults of both sexes who cannot read or write, than any other State in the Union. It probably contains more of native birth than delinquent than all the four Middle States together. And probably any one county of the Tide Water region contains more of native birth than delinquent, than all New England collectively. We do not believe that a single white person of native birth, fifteen years old, or more, of sound mind,