The Spirit Of The Age.

Freedom of Inquiry, and the Power of the People.

BY C. G. EASTMAN. WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1841. VOL. I. NO. 45.

The Spirit Of The Age,

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TERMS:

To village subscribers, $2,00 a year, if payment be made within six months; $2,50 after six months and within a year, and $3,00 after the close of the year. To companies who take their papers at the office $1,50 within six months; $1,75 after six months, and within a year; $2,00 after the close of the year. $1,00 in advance for six months. Single copies five cents.

No subscriptions will be received for less than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, till all arrearages are paid. A notice from a postmaster, agent, or subscriber, that the paper is not taken from its place of delivery, will not receive attention, while there is any thing due for it.

No paper will be sent out of the State, unless payment be made in *advance*; or to the order of any new and unknown subscriber, within the State, unless paid for in advance, or satisfactory reference be made to some known and responsible person.

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1. Where a subscriber to a newspaper orders it to be discontinued, and it continues to be left at his residence, the presumption is, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that it is left by the subscriber's orders, and upon a promise to pay for it.

2. If a newspaper is left from day to day for a person at his place of business with his knowledge and consent, though not his express consent, and if he has reason to believe that it is so left under the belief, though a mistaken one, that he is a subscriber, and under the expectation that he is to pay for it; in that case he will be bound to pay for it, unless he gives notice to discontinue it.

3. Postmasters, or agents who neglect to give notice of the request of a subscriber to discontinue, are themselves responsible for a newspaper, from the time such discontinuance was ordered. The duty to give the notice is imperative upon the postmaster, though the discontinuance is optional with the publisher.

4. A postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself.

Advertisements sent in by persons having no account at this office, must be paid for in *advance*, unless some one known to the editor will become responsible for the insertion.

Advertisements will be continued until forbidden, and charged accordingly, unless the number of insertions be specified.

All communications must be addressed to C. G. EASTMAN; and to insure attention, in all cases, the name of the author given. No letter is taken from the Post-office on which the postage is not paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED, AND JOB WORK EXECUTED, AT THE USUAL RATES.

REFORMED AMERICAN PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

TO those who are unacquainted with the system, the subscriber would inform them that the Reformed practice was instituted, and a Medical school established in the city of New York, in 1836, by W. Beach, M. D. and now President of the Reformed Medical Society of the U. States—Dr. B. enlarged a board of professors in this school on the branches of medicine, viz. Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Botany, Obstetrics, Theory and Practice of Physic, and Medical Jurisprudence, which were so scrutinizingly taught and demonstrated as at any Medical college in the country. In this practice, no Calomel or other poisonous mineral is administered; but the Vegetable Kingdom is wholly relied on to cure or relieve the sufferings of mankind. About 1829, a grant for a College was obtained from the Legislature of Ohio, which soon went into successful operation, at Worthington in that state, and still flourishes almost without a parallel in the history of any institution. This practice has nearly in that state, supplanted the Mineral practice, as well as N. York, and other States. This practice is different from all others, from the fact that it is continually improving and as diseases and climates change to a certain degree, this practice varies accordingly. Why not reform or improve the practice of medicine as well as any other art or science? The Mineral Practice has had no important improvement for half a century; and almost all vegetable practitioners of the day are very much in want of scientific knowledge in Anatomy, Surgery, etc. But the Reformed Practice embraces the good of all systems now in vogue, in this country. The subscriber is a graduate of the Reformed Practice as well as the Old School, and knows from an experience of more than eight years, that the vegetable practice is more safe and scientific than the mineral, and fully believes were the present adherents of that practice, acquainted practically with this extensive Vegetable practice, they would willingly lay aside their minerals; and common charity prompts me to say it. Dr. B. was an office student of Dr. Beach, and for more than three years in New York city had as able contests and consultations on patients, on most every disease incident to a dense population. I feel warranted in saying that Dr. Beach has not a rival as an author and practitioner in America. He has had five gold medals awarded him as a medical author, from different societies, (what no other physician ever received in the country.) The improvements and discoveries that are yearly made in this reformed Medical Society by its graduates, are sent to the President and published for the benefit of themselves and community. The subscriber left New York city four years ago and located in East Bend, and has visited patients in more than thirty towns in New Hampshire and Vermont. The undersigned has observed that families who have kept his medicines for use, seldom need a physician for advice. Dr. Hibbard has thought best to have some of his medicines kept for sale in the principal towns in this state, that the inhabitants generally might have a fair opportunity to test the superiority of these medicines for family use. Fifty cents, or one dollar, judiciously expended, may prevent a long, lingering, and perhaps fatal disorder; for it become once seated in the system, and hundreds expended may not even procure one moment of rest. The present era is an age of transition. The practice of physic, is experimental—physicians are beginning to acknowledge it, and to act upon it. They have discovered that in the treatment of disease (and there is no disease for the cure of which an all-wise Providence has not provided ample remedies in the storehouse of nature,) they must avail themselves, to be successful, of those remedies which *operate in unison with the natural economy*—with the arrangements of the constitution of the human system—visiting every gland, organ, and vessel, with its salutary and healthy influence. This the mineral practice cannot perform; for, while one poison, mercury, for instance, may act exclusively on a particular disease, it invariably lays the foundation for a distressing complaint, arising from weakness, nervous debility, unhealthy action of the animal organs, or a constitutional tendency to ill health continued through life, rendering the subject a burden to himself and his friends. The most respectable and intelligent physicians of the times, are adopting this mode of practice; for proof of which, we publish the following extract of a letter addressed to Dr. Hibbard, by a physician of high standing in the state of Maine:

Extract of a letter from Dr. J. P. Alden, *Belfast, Me.*

Dr. Hibard:—Sir: Being somewhat acquainted with the *principles* of the *Reformed practice*, as taught in Ohio, and being fully convinced of its *superior efficacy* in combatting disease, I have availed myself of this, as the only means I could devise to obtain further information on the subject, and to learn on what conditions the agency for the sale of the medicine in this state can be procured. About 21 years since I received a Medical Diploma, since which, I have been established in practice in this town, and, if I am not mistaken, with as much satisfaction to my employers as generally falls to the lot of physicians in this vicinity. But however satisfactory to *others*, it has failed altogether in being satisfactory to *myself*; and if there is any system by which disease can be subdued, without, at the same time, *destroying or essentially injuring the regular and healthy action* of the system, I would most willingly avail myself of it. I am of the opinion that the medicine and the practice would be favorably received in this quarter. In the treatment of disease, I have long since learned with deep regret the insufficiency of the Mineral Practice. J. P. ALDEN.

Belfast, Maine, Jan. 15, 1840.

We think it unnecessary to insert certificates relative to the efficacy of these medicines, as every individual, with a little reflection, must be convinced that nature must be assisted, not *thwarted, counteracted, or forced*, in her efforts to eradicate disease. But we insert the following selected from many, as an instance occurring in our own vicinity—others, together with a history of the practice, will be given to any person wishing.

MRS. AVERY'S CERTIFICATE.

This may certify, that Providence in his afflictions saw proper to confine me to a bed of sickness about the last of August, 1836. I was attended by two respectable physicians of the Old School practice about seven months and continually grew worse under their treatment, and not a friend or acquaintance thought it possible I could ever recover. I was even left by my last physician *to die*, and he informed my husband and my friends that "there was no use to send for any other physician as all had been done that could be done, and I must die in less than a week." I had heard of Dr. Hibard, who treats on the *Reformed or Vegetable Practice of Medicine*, and sent for him. He did not give much encouragement but concluded to *try Vegetable Medicines*. At that time I was reduced so low as to be helpless. I was literally nothing but a living skeleton. I had what is generally termed a fever sore, on the left side near the back bone under the short ribs, which discharged more than a gill of greenish yellow matter daily. I had a swelling near the right hip, which subsequently broke in three places.—My lower limbs were much swelled, and I had a continued fever, which seemed would soon destroy me. My hopes were nearly blasted, till I began Dr. H's. *treatment*, and from the day I took his medicines, I date the only time in my whole sickness, that I thought I was better. I am fully satisfied that if I had continued the *Mineral Practice*, I should have been numbered ere this with the dead! I gained rapidly in restoring my health after taking the medicine a few weeks, and I was cured of the disease about four months after taking his medicines. I sincerely hope all who are similarly afflicted will try this *Mode of Practice*, and I believe that no one would have cause to regret it. RUTH AVERY.

Sherburne, August 22, 1837.

This certifies that we the subscribers, neighbors and friends of Mrs. Avery, concur in the above certificate, and we recommend the use of these medicines from a knowledge of them, in case of various diseases which occurred in our neighborhood and vicinity.

Sherburne.—Jeremiah Avery, Charles Sheld, Malinda W. Sheld, Roswell Adams, Mary Adams, John Eastman, Louisa Eastman, Louisa Eastman 2d, Zilpha Fuller, Amasa Fuller, Lois Fuller, Mary Hasten, Nathan Taylor, Mary Taylor, R. Estabrooks, jr. Dorcas Estabrooks.

Pittsfield.—John Fuller, Seth Gibbs, Caroline Gibbs.

Stockbridge.—Capt. A. Perkins, Maj. O. Perkins, Aurancy Abbott, Col. O. Durkee, O. T. Belcher.

Bethel.—Capt. S. Marks, Capt. I. Burbank.

The following medicines are prepared upon an experimental knowledge of their efficacy; no one can use them without being benefitted. Directions accompany each article.

Fever Drops—for opening the pores of the skin and causing perspiration in fevers, colds, &c.

Syrup for dysentery.—This is one of the best medicines for the summer complaints of children, now before the public, as well as for the inflamation of the bowels and stomach, heartburn, nausia and vomiting, sickness, cholera morbus, &c. Price 25 cents.

Cough Drops—for croup or rattles of children, asthma or phthisic, colds, coughs, consumption, whooping cough, &c. Price 25 cents.

Diuretic Drops—for all diseases of the kidney and the urinary canals. Price 31 1-4 cents.

Exsomatic Liniment—for lameness, rheumatism, sprains bruises, &c. Price 31 1-4 cents.

Black Salve—for ulcers, fever sores, sores, burns, cuts, &c. Price 25 cents.

Itch Ointment—Price 25 cents.

Antidyspeptic Pills—for nervous debility, dyspepsy, delicate female complaints, obstructions, &c. Price 25 cts.

Strengthening Plaster—for weakness of the back and loins, pains in the side, between the shoulders, pit of the stomach, rheumatism, &c. Price 25 cents.

Restorative Cordial—for indigestion, female weakness, trembling, &c. Price 25 cents.

Alterative Syrup Powder.—to purify the blood in all cases of eruptions of the skin, scrofula, white swelling, rickets, venereal taint, liver complaint, &c. Price 50 cents.

Pulmonary Balsam—for coughs and consumption, &c. Price 50 cents.

Cephalic Snuff—for holypus, catarch, headache, &c.—Price 12 1-2 cents.

Antibilious Physic—for all bilious complaints, foul stomach, liver complaint, headache, pressure of the blood on the brain, &c. Price 12 1-2 cents.

Worms Powder—for worms in children and adults.—Price 12 1-2 cents.

Dr. Hibard would take this opportunity to inform many of those who are afflicted with Chronic diseases (stomach complaints, chronic inflamation and enlargement of the liver, and what Calomelites call fever sores, and a great many other diseases,) that the first cause was in the use of Mercury in some of its dozen forms. Candid people are not learning the horrid effects of Mineral poisons, to produce distinct diseases, occasioned by their distinctive use. More than half the rheumatisms, caries of bones, ulcers and sores, besides innumerable other diseases, in hundreds of cases that the subscriber has cured or greatly benefitted, were first produced by the use of Mercury. If any science, profession or society demands reform it is the medical.—The use of Mercury and other mineral poisons were the erroneous inventions of misled Physicians and ought to be superseded by the more consistent and elder practice of a scientific vegetable practice. The world was more free from disease, before the use of minerals as medical remedies, than it has been since. Minerals have made more disease than they have cured, and the misery which they have produced, in every circle of community, ought to be an indubitable reason to spurn them from the Materia Medica. In the majority of cases, the foregoing medicines will do all that is required to cure any disease. Persons should not, those who will call on the undersigned, can have advice gratis, and medicines and board on the most reasonable terms—or will visit patients at a distance very reasonably.

Persons wishing to become Agents for the sale of Dr. Hibard's medicine, will apply to Haskell & Palmer, Woodstock; Wm. Hewes, Chelsea, and E. H. Prentiss, Montpelier, who are authorised General Agents.

J. B. HIBARD, M. D.

East Bethel, August, 1840. 1f

HITCHCOCK'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

Look at this and Read!

DR JARED HITCHCOCK, more than thirty years since invented, and prepared a compound of pills for the Bilious Cholic, and for some two or three years used them only for that disease, and gave them the name of Cholic Pills; but discovering from their operation, the powerful effect on the Liver and its secretory ducts as a deobstruent and detergent medicine, induced him to extend the use of them in other diseases (viz) Cholera Morbus, Blackwaut, Cholera, Bilious Cholic, and other pains in the bowels, Dysentary, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Ague and Fever, Remittent and Intermittent Fever, Colds and Coughs, and they have been found by their expectorating operation to be decisive in diseases of the Lungs. He now offers them to the public under the appellation of *ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS*, which experience finds unrivaled for efficacy, mildness and safety. They are a medicine well calculated to remove the cause of disease in its first attack on the System, and it is well known to the faculty of physic, and may be known to any discerning and reflecting mind, that when the cause of disease is removed it can no longer exist; and there is nothing but the effect of what has taken place to cure.

Dear Friends and Fellow Citizens! purchase and pursue the directions given on the Labels for any disease where Emetics or Cathartic's are useful (and one or the other or both are necessary in almost every disease to cleanse the stomach and bowels) and you will undoubtedly realize a great saving of pain, time and money; beside the danger you run of loss of health and life.

Mr. Allen Fuller of Double Branches, Anderson District S. C. writes us as follows; (viz.) "Dear Sir.—The box of pills which I obtained from you several years since to the amount of 8$, is nearly exhausted, and I am desirous of ascertaining by what means I shall get a new supply. Besides those which I had, I have never heard of the pills in all my travels in the southern country, where, in my view, there are much needed."—Further he says, "if they were conveyed here I think it would be the means of introducing this derivalled medicine (i. e. in my view) more extensively into the southern states, where they would be particularly well suited to the wants of the people." He says, "I esteem these pills so highly that I am very desirous of having them more generally known; and must say that I have some fears lest this medicine should be lost to the world by some means or other, notwithstanding the means which you informed me you had taken to prevent such a result. Above all, I entreat you not to let the secret of compounding this medicine be lost to the world. Place it in some place of safety, secure from fire and water, and beyond the reach of death.

Take and prove the above-mentioned Pills and I will guarantee that you will with thousands of others proclaim like the following.

CERTIFICATES.

This may certify to whom it may concern, that we the subscribers have for a number of years past been acquainted with Dr. Jared Hitchcock, and have known him to effect great cures after other medicial aid had failed, and we believe he derives a great share of his success from the use of his Anti-Bilious Pills. We have made a common use of them in our families, and had them succeed to our wishes, and we believe them unequalled as to efficacy and safety, even from the most aged down to the infant.

Galway, 1838.

OBADIAH ALLEN,
RICHARD RIDER,
TIMOTHY BROCKETT,
JARED P. BROCKETT.

This may certify that we have been acquainted and read Hitchcock's Anti-Bilious Pills, and have found them to answer the recommendation, and that they are called for from a great distance where their utility has been proved—Dated Sandy Hill, July 27, 1838.

N. C. NORTHUP,
BENJ. CLARK,
J. LAMSON.

I certify that I have practised Physic for twenty years in the neighborhood of Dr. Jared Hitchcock, am well acquainted with the operation and composition of his Pills and believe them to be well adapted to the diseases of the Southern States and a good Anti-Bilious Pill for the more northern inhabitants. B. PECK.

Glens Falls, March 25, 1840. 9-1y

AGENCIES.

P. L. BARKER, No. 358 1-2 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
THADEUS POMEROY, in Exchange Building, Corner of Exchange & Market Street Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY

T. HUTCHINSON Jr. Woodstock, Vt.
S. G. & C. D. CHAMBERLIN, Barnard, Vt.
MERRICK GAY, Stockbridge, Vt.

O. A. BRYANT & Co., Have on hand and are just receiving a prime assortment of spring and summer Goods, which will be sold at uncommon *low* prices for cash or approved credit, such prices as cannot fail to suit customers. Please call and see. They will be sold on the same terms as heretofore, excepting that all accounts which are not paid within the year after the account has commenced, will be considered cash, and must be paid in cash.

N. B. All demands due us of more than one year's standing must be paid, no mistake.

May 27, O. A. BRYANT & Co.

CLEANLINESS OF THE HEAD & HAIR.

STRANGE it is that persons who attend strictly to personal cleanliness, baths, &c. shou'd neglect the head—the hair—the most essential—the most exposed—and the most beautiful, when properly cared for, of all the gifts of the Creator. Perfectly free may it be kept of dandruff or scurf with a certainty that the hair cannot fall out, by the use of the Balm of Columbia. Ladies, will you make your toilet without the article? I answer fearlessly—no, if you have once tried and experienced its purifying effects—its sweet perfume.

A hundred facts have been put forth on the credit of this—the only first—the only really valuable article. A mass of testimony from all classes to these facts.

The positive qualities of Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, are as follows:

1st. For infants, keeping the head free from scurf and causing a luxuriant growth of hair.

2d. For ladies, after child-birth, restoring the skin, to its original strength and firmness, and preventing the falling out of the hair.

3d. For any person recovering from any debility the same effect is produced.

4th. If used in infancy till a good growth is started, it may be preserved by attention to the latest period of life.

5th. It frees the head from dandruff, strengthens the roots, imparts health and vigor to the circulation, and prevents the hair from changing color or getting gray.

6th. It causes the hair to curl beautifully when done up in it over night. No ladies' toilet should ever be made without it.

7th. Children who may have by any means contracted vermine in the head, are immediately cured of them by its use. It is infallible.

LOOK OUT. Counterfeits are abroad—look always for the name of COMSTOCK & CO., on the splendid wrappers, and never buy it without that name.

From the Boston Chronicle, Jan. 10.

☞ We see by an advertisement in another column that Messrs. Comstock & Co., the American Agents for Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, have deputies to sell that article in Boston and elsewhere—We know a lady of this city whose hair was so nearly gone as to expose entirely her phrenological developements, which, considering that they betokened a most amiable disposition, was not in reality very unfortunate. Nevertheless she mourned the loss of locks that she had worn, and, after a year's fruitless resort to miscalled restoratives, purchased, some months ago, a bottle or two of Oldridge's Balm, and she has now ringlets in rich profusion, glossy, and of raven blackness. We are not puffing—none of the commodity has been sent to us, and, indeed, we do not want any, for though we were obliged to wear a wig a year ago, we have now, through its virtue, hair enough, and of a passable quality, of our own.

DARING FRAUD.

The Balm of Columbia has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or unless it have the name of L. S. COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & Co. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the public from deception.

Address COMSTOCK & CO.
Wholesale Druggist, New York,
No. 2 Fletcher-street.

CAUTION CIRCULAR.

☞ TO DRUGGISTS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS These valuable articles, OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA for the Hair, and HAY'S LINIMENT for the Piles, &c., have been extensively counterfeited. Those wanting these preparations, will please always write, when ordering from any other house for *Comstock's articles.*—The true articles have that name or signature always on the wrapper, and vendors will remember that, when ordering, as the imitations are so exposed in nearly all the newspapers throughout this country, that they could not be sold, should they be so unfortunate as to get them.

Our friends throughout the Union are requested to give us immediate notice, by letter should any of the counterfeits appear in their respective places. Respectfully,

COMSTOCK & CO.

Wholesale Druggists 2 Fletcher st. N. Y.
For sale in Woodstock Vt. by
5-1y T. HUTCHISON Jr.

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES.

CHILDREN or adults can take medicine in this form without difficulty. It is the only way to make it pleasant. These Lozenges are the greatest discovery ever made for dispelling the various kinds of worms that so frequently and distressingly annoy both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and so pleasant to the taste that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint lozenge. Many diseases arise from worms, without its being suspected. Sometimes a very troublesome cough, pains in the joints or limbs, bleeding at the nose, &c. are occasioned by worms, and can be easily cured by this celebrated medicine. The following symptoms indicate the presence of worms, viz.—headache, vertigo, torpor, disturbed dreams, sleep broken off by fright and screaming, convulsions, feverishness, thirst, pallid hue, bad taste in the mouth, offensive breath, cough, difficult breathing, itching at the nose, pains in the stomach, nausea, squeamishness, voracity, leanness, tenesmus, itching at the anus towards night, and at length, dejections and films and mucus. One is a dose for a child two years old—two for one four years old—three for eight years, and five for an adult, and should be repeated every morning, or every other morning until relieved.

☞ Sold at the Variety store by *PANGBORN & BRINSMAID*, Jewellers, Bellingham, Vt. wholesale Agents. A liberal discount to merchants who buy to sell again. 23

TOOTHACHE! TOOTHACHE!!

THE genuine Gall and Kreosote is a sovereign remedy for removing this troublesome pain. It has been in extensive use for the past four years, and in no case has there been the least injurious effect from its use. It is the clear Kreosote that has been so much cried out against.—Thousands can be referred to who have pronounced the Gall and Kreosote the best remedy ever invented. This article removes all smell from the breath when occasioned by defective teeth. Reference can be made in Boston, proving its efficacy, to John Putnam, M. L. Weems, J. A. Dill, N. Tolman, George Melville, F. H. Stevens, master Transportation Cars, Worcester. Prepared by Wm. Brown, Chemist, 291 Washington street, Boston. None genuine unless signed by Wm. Brown. For sale by all the Druggists in Boston. Price 25 cents—large size 50 cents.

For sale by *T. HUTCHINSON, Jr.* Woodstock, Vt. 21

ASK, INQUIRE—ASK THOSE WHO KNOW.

Those only who know by trial or immediate observation can form any idea of the effects of the *perfect relief* of the almost charm-like cures effected in cases of the Piles Rheumatism all Swellings, and all External Pains, no matter how severe, by the use of Hay's Liniment Find one who has used it that will not land it above all things ever used, and you will find—what cannot be found.

For the relief of suffering human beings who may be afflicted, I beg you to ask—ask of those who know—ask the Hon. Alfred Conklin, U. S. Judge for that district, residing near Auburn; ask Matthew J. Myrer, Esq., Aurora, N. Y.; ask Gen. Duff Green, late of Washington city each of these gentlemen know of cases unconquerable by all other remedies or physicians, though tried for many years, that have been cured by use of the genuine Hays' Liniment. Thousands of other persons known similar cures. We appeal to their sense of justice—their human feelings.

It is but a duty you owe to your suffering fellow being, to let this great remedy be known. *Speak it then to all your friends.* This will save much pain where the newspapers are not read, or where readers are incredulous, because so many worthless articles are advertised for the same purpose. To buyers we say, if all who have used it do not say it is beyond all praise, then do not take it.—The proprietor will not allow this article to be paid for unless it cures, when all the directions are fully followed. *Will any one suffering refuse now to try it? If he does, he ought to be pitied more for his obstinacy than his suffering.*

Mr Hays would never consent to offer this article were he not compelled by his sense of moral—of religious duty—so do all in his power for victims of distress and misery. For this purpose he would sooner devote a fortune, than secure a dollar for any worthless article.

LOOK OUT.—*Some swindlers have counterfeited this article, and put it up with various devices.* Do not be imposed upon. One thing only will protect you—it is the name of COMSTOCK & Co.; *that name must be always on the wrapper*, or you are cheated. Do not forget it.—Take this direction with you, and test by that, or never buy; for it is impossible for any other to be true or genuine. SOLOMON HAYS.

Sold by COMSTOCK & CO. 2 Fletcher-street, N. Y.

LOOK OUT!!

"Caution" is the Parent of Safety.

An attack of the 'Piles' may be positively prevented by using (when the premonitory symptoms are felt) the celebrated HAYS' LINIMENT. There are more than one hundred people in this city, and in the United States an immense number, who have suffered beyond endurance by this dreadful complaint, who keep themselves wholly free from attacks by applying this Liniment when they feel any symptoms of its approach; of this there is most perfect proof.

☞ None Genuine without the name of Comstock & Co., written on the wrappers. SOLOMON HAYS.

Sold at No. 2 Fletcher-street, N. Y.
For sale in Woodstock Vt., by
5-1y T. HUTCHINSON, Jr.

JUST Received and for sale low, a fresh lot of West India Goods, warranted of the best quality.

Dry Goods in a few days 15 per cent lower than ever.

O. A. BRYANT & CO.

PALINODIA.

Not mine this lesson—but experience's which it taught me.

There was a time when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears,
And tell what tongues could ne'er reveal
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone! no more! no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And though I'm hardly twenty-four,
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night my bloom is blight,
I'm not a lover now!

I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys:
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise—
I never wander forth alone
Upon the mountain's brow;
I weighed last winter sixteen stone—
I'm not a lover now!

I never wish to raise a veil,
I never raise a sigh,
I never tell a tender tale,
I never tell a lie;
I cannot kneel as once I did,
I've quite forgot my bow,
I never do as I am bid—
I'm not a lover now!

I make strange blunders every day,
If I would be gallant—
Takes smiles for wrinkles, black for gray,
And nieces for their aunt,
I fly from folly, through it flows,
From lips of loviest glow;
I don't object to length of nose—
I'm not a lover now!

The Muse's steed is very fleet—
I'd rather ride my mare;
The poet hunts a quaint conceit—
I'd rather hunt a hare:
I've learned to utter yours and you,
Instead of thine and thou;
And, eh! I can't endure a blue!
I'm not a lover now!

I don't encourage idle dreams;
Of potions, or of ropes;
I cannot dine on airy schemes,
I cannot sup on hopes!
New milk I own is fine,
Just foaming from the cow;
Bet yet, I want my pint of wine—
I'm not a lover now!

When Laura sings young hearts away
I'm deafer than the deep;
When Leonora goes to play,
I sometimes go to sleep;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
I never dance I vow—
Too hot to kick one's heels about!
I'm not a lover now!

I'm busy with the State affairs,
I prate of Pitt and Fox;
I ask the price of railroad shares,
I watch the turn of stocks.
And this is life—no verdure blooms
Upon the withered bough;
I save a fortune in perfumes—
I'm not a lover now!

I may be yet what others are,
A boarder's babbling fool;
The flattered star of bench and bar,
A party's chief or tool.
Come shower or sunshine—hope or fear,
The palace or the plough,
My heart and late are broken here—
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow,
My day is night, my bloom is blight,
I'm not a lover now! PRAED.

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THE GLADIATOR.

A Sketch from the reign of Nero.

BY WILEY POPE HALE, JACKSON, TENN.

CHAPTER I.

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low.
Byron.

The theatre was crowded to overflowing. The blood-thirsty Nero, attended by Burrhus and Seneca, had already arrived, and taken his usual seat above the arena, to witness the combat. A more disinterested expression of countenance cannot be conceived, than that which characterized the features of the Emperor, as he sat looking down upon the arena, now prepared for the sacrifice of his victim. The populace, long since accustomed to such fiendish exhibitions of his tyranny, had commenced their usual practice of hissing at the appearance of Nero, who now rose to his feet, and demanded in an authoritative tone of the attending lictors to bring forth the devoted combatants. Immediately, at his command, the wide and heavy doors which formed the entrance to the arena, flew ajar, as if by magic, and sword in hand, appeared the devoted Gladiators, who, forced by the lictors into the centre of the arena, in silence awaited the signal to commence. The one was an athletic slave—the favorite of the inhuman monarch of Rome—trained from his infancy to the sword, to execute the private deeds of vengeance of his royal master.—With a careless air of self-confidence he stood regarding his unwilling but haughty antagonist with a smile of contempt, as he proudly signified to the Emperor his readiness to commence the conflict, which was to add another to the already innumerable crimes of Nero. The other was a Goth! who, for some pretended offence, had incurred the displeasure of Nero, and by his order had been condemned to fight the skilful Gladiator before himself and the populace. He seemed to be a man some years past the meridian of life, and his furrowed cheeks and silvery locks gave evident proof of past care and sorrow. Without exhibiting the least sign of fear or trepidation, he informed the lictor of his willingness to begin the combat, at the same time he cast one farewell, lingering look towards the assembly of the people, as if expecting to behold some loved one for the last time, but instantly he turned away, disappointed at not meeting the familiar countenance of the one expected. The populace were now evidently moved to sympathy at the appearance of the venerable combatant, his gray hairs, wrinkled brow, majestic air, and noble bearing, all conspired to excite and arouse the dormant feelings of humanity in favor of the prisoner, and loud murmurs of disapprobation might be heard distinctly to issue from the gallery. In a short time the noise increased, and the words of "down with the tyrant!"—"Let's slay the murderer!" were successively wafted to the ears of the affrighted Nero, who, foaming at the mouth, now arose arose and exclaimed—"By Jupiter! the slave that speaks shall fight himself—now silence, fools, and let the fight commence."

At these words, Majesticus, the prisoner, started from his reverie. His whole frame, which before had appeared a calm, was now distorted with rage, fire flashed from his hitherto dull black eye—turning to the citizens he exclaimed, "Romans and friends! listen while I tell you the cause of this; have ye daughters? I had one and I loved her, but the tyrant ——"

"Attack him, Sextus!" exclaimed the enraged Emperor, to the Gladiator, fearing some sudden disclosure. Scarcely had the command been given when the hireling slave, already tired of the long delay, rushed with an impetuous attack upon his unpractized opponent. The shock though unexpected, was received by the victim in a manner worthy of a more experienced swordsman, at the same time recovering, he inflicted upon the neck of the slave a wound which caused him to stagger, streaming with blood, across the arena. Loud shouts of applause now rent the theatre, and the Goth, astonished at his own success, followed up his advantage, and repeating his blow, brought the Roman to his knee. All were now on the tiptoe of expectation—loud cries of "Slay the villain," now burst from the seats, and the sword of the prisoner was raised high above the head of his enemy, to perform the wish of the people!—Silence, deep and death-like, now prevaded the whole assembly; the Gladiator stared his conqueror in the face with sullen malignity; the Emperor, pale as a corpse, his eyes starting out of his sockets, looking down upon the pair unable to open his quivering lips—he gasped as if the last hope was severed.

"By heaven!" at last he exclaimed to Seneca—"by heaven! he shall not die—baffled—out done, slain by an ignoble Goth. By Mars! it is too bad," and in order to arrest the attention of Majesticus, and save his favorite, in a loud voice exclaimed, "What ho! Majesticus!"

At the mention of his name, the Goth suddenly turned toward the speaker, when the agile Sextos sprang to his feet, and with renewed vigor continued the combat with so much dexterity as to gain the advantage in a few passes, for the Goth, not expecting such a movement, now acted entirely on the defensive. The Emperor smiled maliciously as he perceived the effect of his artifice. The skill of the Gladiator was now brought to bear, and the inequality of the combatants was clearly perceived, for the strokes of Majesticus waxed fainter and fainter, at every blow of his antagonist, who, emboldened by his success and confident of victory, directed his blows with more skill and certainty.

"Cursed treachery!" cried the Goth, as covered with wounds and streaming with blood, he nerved his arm to the utmost, and summoning his remaining strength he aimed one desperate blow at the breast of his opponent, who, skilfully avoiding the pass, at the same time he plunged his weapon, *Tenus Capelo*, into the heart of his victim! The tumult in the gallery increased The Emperor prepared hastily to depart—a shriek, loud and heart-rending, now burst upon the ears of the spectators! and a female, appearing at the entrance of the arena, explained at once the cause of the disturbance. She was beautiful in the extreme—pale and marble-like she stood like a statue, regarding the Gladiators. Her dress was of spotless white, simple, but arranged with a taste of extreme neatness, and her jet black hair hung in loose festoons nearly down to her feet. At last, recovering from her petrifaction—she rushed between the combatants just as Sextus had withdrawn his fatal weapon, who, aiming to repeat his blow, to make death more certain, *dyed his blade again in the blood of innocence!*

"Father!" murmured the dying girl, as the red blood stained her spotless garments—"father! I am dying! bless me, ere I die."

"Ha! my child! it is—it is—my Mina—tyrant—villain!—ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed the dying father, in a voice of distracted agony, and staggering back, he fell on the arena a lifeless corpse, embracing, even in death, the inanimate form of his martyred daughter. The assembly again broke forth in rebellious epithets against the Emperor, and some were hastily approaching to put their threats in execution, when Nero, warned by Seneca of his danger, retreated amid the curses of the rabble, by a back way to his palace.

CHAPTER II

He, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday,
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire.
Byron.

'T was midnight. The Emperor had long since retired to his apartment. He lay upon his couch, wrapped in irregular slumbers, and annoyed by unwelcome dreams. "Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed he, in his sleep, "see, she dies!—ha, is she his daughter? Then, I am avenged—now let a slave learn how to thwart a Cæsar—what! blood?—Yes! blood—a Cæsar's blood? No—blood of the hated Goth!"

The roars of the tumult, occasioned by the enraged people, were now wafted to the ears of the murderer—the monarch of Rome—who, awakening and springing from his couch, hastily put on his armor, and stood in the centre of the apartment, the very picture of terror and dismay.

"Ha, Vindicus!—slave!—ha! dost thou sleep when a Cæsar calls?" cried the terrified Nero.

"I await your commands," answered a tall youth, entering the apartment of the Emperor.—He was a young man just ripening into manhood, dressed in the garb of the common slave, but his prominent features and the dark cluster of curly ringlets, which hung in rich profusion round his shoulders, proclaimed him to have been born of nobler parentage. Having made his obeisance to the Emperor, he retired towards the window which overlooks the principal street in front of the palace; and had the Emperor observed more closely, he might have seen him clutch frantically a dagger, which was but partially concealed in his bosom.

"See'st thou anything?" asked Nero, in a voice rendered scarcely audible by fear; "see'st thou anything?—for the sake of Rome, what means this uproar?"

A smile of triumph lighted up the pale features of the youth as he turned to the Emperor, and said—"Fly, sir! fly! there is no time to spare—'tis Vindex, the Gaul;—fly, sir! fly!—followed by the people and the Pretorian guards, he approaches the palace—fly, sir! fly!" exclaimed again and again the youth impetuously.

"Fly? slave!—fly from whom? a Cæsar fly?—by the Gods! if thou darest utter that word again, I'll cleave thee in two!"

The noise increased now to a ten-fold degree.—The Emperor trembled—the shouts of the mob could now be distinctly heard—nearer and nearer they approached the window. "Ho, the tyrant! down with the tyrant," exclaimed the Gaul from without, as he endeavored to force an entrance into the palace. Alarmed for his immediate safety, Nero approached the slave, and affectionately laying his hand on his shoulder, said, in a voice as mild as fear would permit—"Vindicus! dost thou love thy master?"

"Dost doubt thy slave, sire?" answered the youth emphatically.

"By heaven, I do not!—but see! the whole of Rome is against me. The Pratorian band and Burrhus, and all, are ungrateful rabble—assist me *now*, slave! and command a Cæsar hereafter.—Nay, be quick," reiterated Nero, as the tumult increased, "or 't will be too late. Say slave, can'st thou not help? is there no assistance?—hast thou no safety?"

"I have!" muttered Vindicus.

"What?"

"This!" whispered the slave through his clenched teeth, drawing from his bosom the hidden dagdagger.

"What meanest thou, slave?" asked Nero, in an alarmed voice.

"To save my master!" was the cold response.

"Say, sire, dost recollect the Goth—the Gladiator?"

"Well, what of him, boy?"

"He was ——"

"What?"

"My father!"

"He!" exclaimed the Emperor, "and the girl was ——"

"My sister!" answered the youth wildly.

"Ha!" cried Nero, "dost thou threaten me, slave? Off[illegible]io! or I'll strike thee dead at my feet! Threaten a Cæsar? By heaven, 'tis perfidy complete—oh! save me! I know what I say! No! no! no! thou wilt not! All hell is leagued against me—boy! villain! slave! stand out of my way! Ho! there! guards, ho! ho! treachery!"

"Then vengeance, to your duty!" cried the youth, as he seized the Emperor by the throat, and hurling him prostrate on the floor—"Thus! I avenge thee! father! sister!" and he buried his dagger deep,—deep into the heart of the tyrant!

The Age.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at New York, on Wednesday, of the steam-ship President, Capt. Roberts, we have received—says the Boston Post—files of London