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RUTLAND COUNTY HERALD.

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ADVERTISING

Advertisements conspicuously inserted for $1 per square for three weeks; 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

POETRY.

The Popular Creed.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket 's the worst of crimes!
If a man's down, give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust,
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth;
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a wooer cometh whose charms are these:
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with the brandy's red,
A soul well trained in villainy's school,
And cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule:
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian's plan;
But poor he is, and poor will be;
A scorned and hated thing is he;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life;
They struggle against a fearful odds,
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!
No questions asked of the rich I trow!
Steal by night, and steal by day,
(Doing it all in a legal way.)
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your maker,
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule,
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes.

MISCELLANY.

Milton's Eve.

"Milton's Eve! Milton's Eve! I repeat. No, by the pure mother of God she is not! Cary, we are alone; we may speak what we think. Milton was great; but was he good? His brain was right; how was his heart? He saw Heaven; he looked down on Hell. He saw Satan, and Sin his daughter, and death their horrible offspring. Angels serried before him their battalions; the long lines of adamantine shields flashed back on his blind eyeballs the unutterable splendor of Heaven. Devils gathered their legions in his sight; their dim discrowned, and tarnished armies passed, rank and file, before him. Milton tried to see the first woman; but Cary, he saw her not."

"You are bold to say so, Shirley."

"Not more bold than faithful. It was his cook that he saw; or it was Mrs. Gill, as I have seen her, making custards, in the heat of summer, in the cool diary, with rose trees and nasturtiums about the latticed window preparing a cold collation for the rectors—preserves and 'dulcet creams'—puzzled 'what choice to choose for delicacy best; what order so contrived as to not mix the tastes not well joined, inelegant; but bring taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change."—*Shirley.*

An Illustration.

Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a good thing notwithstandin his bad ones. During his recent stay in this place, he was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayer, and remarked that we would find no example for these in the scriptures. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got half through *he would have been fifty feet under water!*—*Dover Telegraph.*

The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon: 'take a long hole and pour brass or iron round it.'

England's Eyes Opening.

In some respects the following may be considered one of the most remarkable articles that has appeared within the last year. That the old man, England, is hastening towards his dotage, and that the young man, America, has become his equal in strength, with the promise of soon becoming his superior, is what, with the arrogance and assumption with which he has hitherto regarded us, we did not expect to see, at present, in any way admitted. But here it is in black and white.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

From the Illustrated London News.

Signs of Decay.

We are told, on high authority, that there is nothing new under the sun,—that what has been may be again—that all things revolve in an old appointed circle—that for empires as well as for individuals there is a period of growth and a period of decay—and that neither the mighty nor the humble can escape the operation of the invariable law which fixes a penalty for every transgression, and which punishes with the same severity the high and the lowly.

A modern writer, struck with the power of these old truths, and tracing in the past and present history of Great Britain the operation of causes which must, in the fulness of time, produce its fall, has drawn a vivid picture of a New Zelander, sitting upon a ruined arch of London bridge, and moralizing upon the fate of the once mighty empire, become as much a thing of the past as Rome, Greece, and Assyria. But when we read the eloquent page, we smile at the prediction of the writer. We cannot believe that 'Babylon, that mighty city, who gloried in herself and lived deliciously, who said in her heart, 'I sit as a queen and shall see no sorrow,' shall ever fall from her high estate. We think of the wealth, the enterprise, the indomitable courage, the intelligence, the zeal, and the piety of her sons—we see her wonderous progress in arts that Greek and Rome never knew—the triumphs of her science, and the blessings of a civilization superior to any ever enjoyed by the earlier ages of the world, and we fancy that in all these things there are germs of stability and progress which shall grow up and flourish after time, bearing the name and fame, the power and the glory, of Great Britain to the remotest generations.

It is well, however, that we should sometimes view the other side of the picture, and ask ourselves more calmly whether our empire is indeed so firmly rooted—so endeared to the world by its justice, humanity and beneficence—so supported by its own integrity—so much removed from all possibility of rivalry, as to defy the agencies of decay and ruin, and stand to the most distant times the Queen and the Model of Nations. The picture is not quite so bright when it is thus considered. The golden image is found to have feet of clay. The fair peach of prosperity is seen to have a worm within it, and the mighty empire to be menaced with perils from within and from without. We see that we have no exclusive claim to the profession of the virtues which have raised us to the high position we hold; that what we have, we share; that men of our own blood and language have permeated with our intelligence, our industry, and our enterprise, the remotest ends of the earth; that our sons have found new empires, at present as brilliant, and promising in the future to be more brilliant than our own. If we calculate the growth of population, we shall find that in fifteen or twenty years hence, or even earlier, Great Britain will no longer be the principal seat of the vigorous race of the Anglo Saxons; and that, what that race may continue to rule the world, it may not be from the bank of the Thames, or from any part of the old country that gave them birth.

An empire twenty, thirty, or fifty times as extensive, and as rich as ours, has already arisen on the other side of the Atlantic, to entice into its bosom the best blood which remains to us—The young, the hardy, the persevering of our country, and of all the countries of Europe, that groan under the weight of debt, of difficulty, and of a surplus population, and that cannot say to their sons, as the New World does, that every man is a man, welcome, for the sake of his manhood, to the great feast of Nature which there is enough and to spare for the meanest are daily invited to leave the shores of effete Europe, and settle in more vigorous America. The growth of the United States is, in reality, the [illegible] fall of Great Britain. All the unhappy circumstances that are of prejudice to us, are of benefit to them. With us, the mouths that clamor to be fed are causes of decay. With them, every additional mouth is an additional pair of hands, and every additional pair of hands is an increase of wealth, power and influence. Let us pour our millions into the great valley of the Mississippi, and it will hold and feed them all, were their number quadrupled. Such is our great rival in the West. In the South there is another rival almost equally formidable, equally splendid, fed in the same manner from our entrails, and rising daily upon our fall. Who shall fix the bounds of the future prosperity of the great Australian continent? While in this old country the pauper vegetates or dies, accursed of the land that produced him, in that new country the pauper becomes a laborer; he no longer vegetates, but lives; and if he lives long enough he may become a patriarch, sitting under the shade of his own fig tree, and counting by the thousands and tens of thousands his flocks and herds—a new Job is in a land of plenty. Fertile soil, delicious climate, elbow room, and freedom from taxation—these are the blessings of the Australian. The Englishman enjoys the first two in an imperfect manner; the last are aliens—he knows them not, and will never know them while England holds place among the nations.

Nor are these the only dangers that menace us. Although our empire stretches to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south—though we have our hands in Asia, our feet in Africa, our arms in America and the South Pacific Ocean, our own peculiar territory is but a small spot in a remote corner of Europe. We have only held that corner by the enormous sacrifices we have made. It was our ambition to become a ruling power—giving the law to the world—and we became so; but it was at a cost of a debt of £800,000,000, that pauperises our population, and lies a perpetual killing weight upon the energy of all classes. In addition to this stupendous evil, we share the effeteness of all Europe.—There is but one empire within the European boundaries that is not worn out and paupersied by debt and extravagance; that empire is Russia; and she is empire of all the rest, and desires to rise upon their ruins. Destiny seems to have traced her path as it has traced ours. The Slavonian races will inevitably be the new lords of Europe.—The Anglo-Saxon race must be contented to be the lords of the larger and more splendid inheritance of America and Australia. In this case what becomes of the empire of great Britain? It falls to the ground, and exists only like other Powers and Potentates of the world—in the bones and sinews of its sons and successors of a new soil, and enjoying privileges, blessings, and opportunities from which their forefathers were excluded.

Let those who dream of a perpetual Britain, think upon these things. The signs of decay are on every side. In our fall we shall have few friends. In prosperity we have not comported ourselves so humbly, as to be justified in the expectation of sympathy or aid from any quarter. Our very excellence has made us foes, and our violence and cupidity have estranged the nations. We may have peopled the earth; we may have spread far and wide our earth our arms our commerce and our civilization but we have not had standing room for our own pre[illegible]. Events are more powerful than we are. We must, sooner or later, yield our place to the more prudent the less embarrassed, and the more vigorous offshoots of our race, and consent to occupy the easy chair of our senility. Nor is there anything to regret in this. What is there in our corner of the globe that it should forever expect to give the law to all others? The civilization that is removed is not destroyed; and the genius of our people can exert itself as well on the banks of the Ohio, or on the Mississippi as on the bank of the Thames; and rule the world from the White House at Washington, with as much propriety as from the Palace of St. James.

We live, indeed, in a remarkable period in which new empires take the place of old ones with wonderful rapidity, and in which old empires are paying the penalty of transgression against the laws of morality and social wellbeing committed by them during many generations. Europe has enjoyed power and has abused it, and the sceptre of the world's dominion is passing from her grasp. Civilization as of old is following the course of the sun, and the destinies of humanity will work themselves out in a new field and on [illegible] were, starting afresh, and from a more favorable starting point. The lover of humanity can but hope that the new civilization which may arise will take warning from the error of the old; and that, in the decay and fall of empires, humanity itself will emerge from each change in brighter luster, wiser and juster, peaceable and more religious, and doing as much as man can do to aid the coming of the prophecied time when "people shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nations, shall learn war any more."

Respect for Genius.

Genius, strictly speaking, is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness and comfort of mankind. What should we think of the gardener who planted his flower-bed with henbane and deadly nightshade? What should we think of the general who, being entrusted with an army, and a plentiful supply of military stores, applied these powers to degrading and enslaving his own country? He should be visited with scorn, and punished as a traitor. And why should the man who directs the artillery of his genius, delegated to him for high and holy purposes, to shaking those foundations on which the happiness of his species rest, and who applies the divine spark within him to the kindling of low and debasing passions, be allowed to hear his plaudits swelled in proportion as his powers of doing mischief become apparent? Talent is always accompanied with the responsibility of using it rightly; and the neglect or pity of the virtuous is the penalty which the child of genius pays, or ought to pay for its abuse. However splendid talents may compel our admiration, they have no right to claim the general esteem of mankind when their possessor exercises them without regard of what is due to the well-being of society and himself.

The Cruelties of War.

Charles Sumner one of the most eloquent writers and orators that America can produce, thus speaks of the cruelties of war: "These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon the ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated with the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters; of fathers, brothers and sons, who in bitterness of their bereavement refuse to be comforted. * * Here, under a bright sun, such as shone Austerlitz or Buena Vista, amidst the peaceful harmonies of Nature, we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in a deadly fight, with the madness of aliens, mits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The ground is soaked with their commingling cries. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattered brains are the passions which weep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult."

To Remove Iron Spots.

The best thing to take out iron spots in oxalic acid. This acid looks like salts and is a poison. It should therefore, be placed out of the reach of children. To use it put some of the salts on the Iron spot and pour hot water out of a jug on it, till the salts are dissolved, and the spot will disappear.—The spot should then be well washed in water.

The water for washing should never be used to warm. This is what hurts the hands and spoils their looks, and the steam makes the labor more arduous. Washing is not such disagreeable work to some as to others, and will in no case be disagreeable, if common sense and the above suggestions be attended to.

Having had some experience in the line, and deeming chemistry a useful part of woman's education, I have studied the subject with some attention because it is one of great interest to every family. I may at some other time, seek the indulgence of your columns, from which I have gained more information relating to such subjects than by the perusal of many books.—*Olive Branch.*

A statesman, paying at a camp meeting in a most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro loudly exclaimed 'Amen! yes, Lord, [illegible]'

Squatters in California.

From all accounts there are like to be serious collisions between the new settlers and the old landlords of California. Squatters have already commenced inroads upon the estates of Capt. Sutter and others, claiming to to have as good a right as he to lands conquered by the United States. Capt. Sutter and many other persons hold large tracts of land by virtue of Mexican titles—titles perfectly sufficient to protect their owners under the rule of Mexico. The new comers, or a portion of them, assume that these titles are no longer valid, that the United States dissolved them by her conquest and made the whole territory public. This lawless, agrarian doctrine is naturally espoused by those who have no land, and who prefer squatting upon improved grounds, to taking wild land and improving it for themselves.

Unless the United States government settles this question of Mexican titles soon the worst consequences will follow. There can be nothing more absurd and wicked than the doctrine that conquest impairs the title of the conquered, individually, to their property. The United States is bound to protect those residents of California, or any other conquered territory, in all their property rights at the time of conquest. Any other course than this, would be robbery of the Northern stamp. It is high time the United States placed some restriction upon speculation in public lands; but to tolerate the lawless partition of property already secured by individuals, according to the laws and customs of civilized nations, would be a graceless outrage.—*Sun.*

Rev. Mr. Wheeler, in a letter from San Francisco, says, 'I am trying to preach, to labor, to pray, and I love my work, but I have never seen a harder task than to get a man to look through a lump of gold to eternity.' It is harder for a rich man, etc.

Population of Boston is 140,000, its assessed property valuation $174,000,000. There are sustained at public charge 197 schools, with 20,000 pupils to which during the past year $331,113 were paid for tuition and the necessary expenses. Two thousand other children are at private schools.

They Say.—Whenever you hear a story concerning somebody or anything, prefaced with the stereotyped phrase, '*they say,*' you must rest assured that nine times out of ten, it is a lie. When the author of a report must be suppressed, there can be no doubt there is something wrong in Denmark. No story, true in all its parts, need be prefaced with 'they say.' Let those who know it, report it boldly, or keep it secret.

Composure under Guilt.—The friends of Dr. Webster urge that he could not have exhibited the composure he did after the crime of murder had been committed, if he had been guilty of it, as it is known that he sat down on the same night and deliberately played chess. This is not a certain test of innocence, as it is recorded of the Countess of Somerset that she danced a measure with a noble man just after she had committed a murder, and that she was all gayety and frolic, although she had just done a deed which, when it was discovered filled mankind with horror. She and her husband were put on trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. The Earl was convicted; the Countess plead guilty.

Woman's Economy.—Gov Barbour of Virginia, in an address before an agricultural society, says: "Let every man have the fortitude to look his affairs in the face, to keep an account of his debts and items of expenditure, no matter how long or black the list; if he dont look into it his neighbors will and more let him show it to his wife, if he has one. If a prudent woman it will be of service; if imprudent it will be no harm. But there are few of the latter, and I cheerfully bear evidence to the care and economy of a woman. When in a situation to observe, I can safely say, that I never knew a woman left to the care of an embarassed estate, that did not extricate it if it was possible."

A Truth for the Times.—It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that when statesmen get into place they become often oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.—*Punch.*

Inverse.—It is a wise child that knows his own father, has been changed by the last Bunkum paper, to read thus, 'it is a wise father that knows [illegible]'

Unwashed French Ladies.

An American lady, writing from Paris, says that she has lately discovered the secret of the many beautiful and brilliant complexions seen in that city. It seems that water is considered by the French ladies as the great spoiler of the skin, so that unless some untoward circumstances really soils their faces, they are not touched with water from one weeks end to another. The owners content themselves with gentle rubbing with a dry coarse towel, and exclude water almost entire from their toilet.

"Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in this world and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption! not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something.—Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten! No!—your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth, as the stars of heaven.

Few people can tell what they live for, unless it is for the purpose of growing old. That seems to be the only object they have in view, an all that the future has to offer them."

The Yankee.

Whipple, the essayist, has this picture of the wooden-nutmeg trader:—'He has a spruce, clean, Pecksniffian way of doing a wrong which is inimitable. Believing, after a certain fashion, is justice and retribution, he still thinks that a sly, shrewd, keen, supple gentleman, like himself, can dodge, in a quiet way, the moral laws of the universe, without any particular pother being made about it.'

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor the whirlwind its tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed, and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man who like the millwright, employs every gust.—*Scott.*

Ten Pins.—"In an imperial city lately, a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular delight to play ten pins. While his sentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution and then, he said, he should submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the the solemn spot, he found everything prepared, the pins having been set up and the bowl ready. He played with no little earnestness—but the Sheriff at length seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself; immediately aimed at the ten, conceiving it was the bowl he grasped. All ten falling, the head loudly exclaimed, By —— I've got a ten strike!"

Dr. Johnson being once in company with some scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed 'It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks, than to blacken other people's characters.'

Dinner Etiquette.—Married ladies precede the single. The lady of the house is the last to enter the dining room. People who engaged are together. Ladies do not dine with gloves on, and are not asked to take wine by gentlemen. There must be a [illegible] for every two persons.

Woman.—Rousseau says—"The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears."

To Remove Warts.—Wash them with a strong solution of potash and let it dry on the warts. If this is done two or three times, the warts will disappear.