Poetical Selections.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

The following Poem by SHELDON CHADWICK, is taken from his volume of poems just published in England—

'Twas eve, and in a lowly room
A student sat in sombre gloom
Twirling his fingers in his hair,
Like one in revery—or despair.
Before him lay an open book,
Sadness was in his languid look;
And as he traced the pages o'er
Four golden words his spirit bore—
No Cross, No Crown!

Around, in deathlike silence stood
The forms of many great and good—
Prophets, Martyrs crucified;
Stern patriots, who for freedom died;
And poets, who died desolate
Scanning the wondrous scroll of Fate
While glory round their foreheads shone,
He read upon their lips of stone—
No Cross, no Crown!

Hard was the toil, through learning's lore,
For one so young and worldly poor,
His books were precious, though but few;
And deathless fire from heaven he drew
Heart-wearied oft and over wrought,
He traced in throbbing lines his thought;
And 'mid his toil this seemed to be
The voice alone of destiny—
No Cross, no Crown!

Sometimes his noble spirit turned
Towards Fame's pillar as it burned,
And oft he judged his efforts vain
To cross the burning bars of pain,
He groaned in agonized distress;
Life's cup was dashed with bitterness;
And then he thought of those of old,
Who carved in brass those words of gold!
No Cross, no Crown!

They fought the battle, bore the cross,
That truth might never suffer loss,
But, like the tempest cradled flower,
Spring thro' the storm—the martyr's dower;
Souls that, while beaconing the free,
Sunk like a lighthouse in the sea;
But from their graves a spirit came,
Uttering words of winged flame—
No Cross, no Crown!

His soul sometimes would droop her wing,
When envious arrows sped the string,
But, like the tempest's martial strains,
His country's voice thrilled through his veins.
And, heedless of the critic's ire,
His heart glowed with immortal fire;
And, like a man in earnest, he
On thought's Patmos toiled wearily—
No Cross, no Crown!

And thus he wrote his spirit's strings
To music's rare imaginings;
To Love and Freedom, truth and Right,
Justice and Mercy, gods of light!
Oh! cheerful fell those golden words
Upon his worn heart's tender chords;
In death those words his spirit bore—
And chants them still for evermore—
No Cross, no Crown!

This be the motto of the brave,
And this the watchword of the slave;
The Patriot's with the people's scorn,
The martyr's with his garlands thorn.
Whoever seeks to win a name,
Whoever toils for Freedom's fame,
Whoever human tears would dry,
Let this forever be his cry—
No Cross, no Crown!

THE CASTLE OF SLEEP.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

There is a sleep for all things:
In the night,
There is a folding of a million wings!
A rain of odor, through the shadowy light,
Falls on the dasies, and a snowy thought
Is moving in their ring!
The lush wild rose is dreaming, when a blush
Rises from scented darkness to its cheek,
Touching the crimson to a deeper hue!
Its parted lips would seem as it could speak,
And tell what dreams of fantasie and love
Beaded its eyelids with a silver dew!
Would not these red-mouthed Peris tell a tale
Could they but break, some mild mid-summer night,
Their clasps of silence, and, delirious, leap
Into melodious utterance? Who knows
What sombre ghosts, what visions of delight
Flit through their brains in the dim world of sleep!

The world of Sleep,
The beautiful old world!
The dreamy Palestine of pilgrim thought!
The Lotus Garden, where the soul may lie
Lost in elysium, while the music moan
Of some unearthly river, faintly caught,
Seems like the whisperings of angels blown
Upon æolian harp-strings! And we change
Into a seeming something that is not!

Princess of dreams and olden memories,
Thou purple-tinted and fantastic Sleep!
One that is weary with his tiresome days
Brings thee a soul that he would have thee keep
A captive in thy mystical domain,
'Mong wild Puck-fancies and the grotesque train
That do inhabit slumber. Give his sight
Immortal shapes, and bring to him again
His Psyche that went out into the night!

Strew lotus leaves and poppies on my breast,
The sleepy buds from misty God-land brought!
The flowers of Lethe! Then with viewless hand
Lead me unto thy Castle, in the land
Touched with all colors like a burning west—
The Castle of Vision, where the feet of thought,
Obliterating their own shadows, fall
Like mottled leaves, and yet make not a sound
In all the corridors?
The bell sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air,
Like thistle-down! Slumber is everywhere.
The rook's asleep, and, in its dreaming, caws!
And Silence mopes where nightingales have sung;
The sirens lie in grottos, cool and deep:
The lily wreathed Naiades in streams:
But I, in chilling twilight, stand and wait
On the portcullis at thy Castle gate,
Yearning to see the golden door of dreams
Turn on the noiseless hinges of a sleep!

AT HOME.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The rain is sobbing in the world;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy grey
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

My neighbor at the window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The other seeks his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon the hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

HUMAN LIFE.

Youth with thousand masted vessel,
Plows the sea at morning light;
Age with shattered skiff escaping,
Calmly drifts to port at night.

Miscellaneous Articles.

From the Home Journal.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

In a merely literary point of view, this, perhaps, may be said of Mr. Webster, that he is the only powerful and fervid orator, since the glorious days of Greece, whose style is so disciplined, that any of his great public harangues might be used as models of composition. His language is beautifully pure, and his combinations of it exhibit more knowledge of the genius, spirit, and classic vigor of the English tongue, than it has entered the mind of any professor of rhetoric to apprehend. As the most impetuous sweeps of passion in him are pervaded, and informed, and guided by intellect, so the most earnest struggles of intellect seem to be calmed and made gentle in their vehemence, by a more essential rationality of taste. That imperious mind, which seems fit to defy the universe, is ever subordinate, by a kind of fascination, to the perfect law of grace. In the highest of his intellectual flights—and who can follow the winged rush of that eagle mind?—in the widest of his mental ranges—and who shall measure their extent?—he is ever moving with the severest tone of beauty. No one would think of saying that Mr. Webster's speeches are thrown off with ease and cost him but little effort; they are clearly the result of the intensest stress of mental energy: yet the manner is never discomposed; the decency and propriety of the display never interfered with; he is always greater than his genius; you see "the depth, but not the tumult" of the mind. Whether, with extended arm, he strangles the "*reluctantes dracones*" of his adversary, or, with every faculty called home, concentrates the light and heat of his being in developing into principles those great sentiments and great instincts which are his inspiration; in all, the orator stands forth with the majesty and chastened grace of Pericles himself. In the fiercest of encounters with the deadliest of foes, the mind which is enraged is never perturbed; the style, which leaps like the fire of heaven, is never disordered. As in Guido's picture of St. Michael piercing the dragon, while the gnarled muscles of the arms and hands attest the utmost strain of the strength, the countenance remains placid, serene, and undisturbed. In this great quality of mental dignity, Mr. Webster's speeches have become more and more eminent. The glow and lustre which set his earlier speeches a-blaze with splendor, is in his later discourses rarely set forth; but they have gained more in the increase of dignity than they have parted with in the diminution of brilliancy. We regard his late speech before the merchants of Philadelphia as one of the most weighty and admirable of the intellectual efforts of his life. The range of profound and piercing wisdom; the exquisite and faultless taste; but, above all, the august and indefectible dignity that are illustrated from the beginning to the end of that great display of matured and finished strength, leave us in mingled wonder and reverence. There is one sentence there which seems to us almost to reach the *intellectual* sublime: and while it stirs within us the depths of sympathy and admiration, we could heartily wish that the young men of America would inhale the almost supra-mortal spirit which it breathes:—"I would not with any idolatrous admiration regard the Constitution of the United States, nor any other work of man; but this side of idolatry, I hold it in profound respect. I believe that no human working on such a subject, no human ability exerted for such an end, has ever produced so much happiness, or holds out now so many millions of people the prospect, through such a succession of ages and ages, of so much happiness, as the Constitution of the United States. We who are here for one generation—for a single life—and yet in our several stations and relations in society intrusted in some degree with its protection and support, what does it devolve, what duty does it *not* devolve upon us!" In the name of distant ages and a remote posterity, we hail the author of this and similar orations, as Webster the *Olympian*.

But we leave a subject which we have incidentally touched, sincerely disclaiming any attempt to estimate the character or define the greatness of Webster. In reference to him, we feel, as Cicero said to Cæsar, "*Nil vulgare te dignum videri possit.*"

☞ Wise men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience, the most ignorant by necessity, and brutes by nature.

☞ A few moments of divine sweetness in secret prayer is an antidote to any sorrow or trouble.

☞ Wine makes a bad head, and a long story.

☞ The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it.

☞ Of our fourteen Presidents, not one was a citizen of a great city.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster! Glorious old abbey! Many long years has thy time-honored form withstood the mouldering hand of time; and many more thy noble work will live, the admiration of many a coming age!

We walked down the wide clear street, passed a pleasant square with statues, trees and flowers; then a small chapel where the Blue Coat boys attend; and before us stood the Abbey. It is a grand old pile, so beautifully finished,—pillars, Gothic windows, wrought cornices, point and columns, and also much grand work in the carved stone, all blackened with the sun and storm of years. Crossing the church-yard, quite closely paved with grave-stones, from which the letters had been worn by myriad footsteps. I picked up a detached fragment as a relic, and entered the narrow door. The principal entrance is used only on great occasions; but this mean portal opened to my delighted eyes a world of beauty.

The Abbey is in the form of a cross, and we entered on one side. Before us stood a crowd of worshippers, over which a gorgeous stained glass window opposite threw its many colored light. Far above us rose the dim long arch, and on either side the sculptured marble stood. Oh, beautiful they were; I could never tire of gazing—never tire of tracing with my eyes each graceful curve and well delineated outline. I love the chiseled stone, even when it portrays the rigid form of death; but more, when angel forms start with white wings from the sculptured tomb as if bearing upward the soul that rested there.

The monuments were very large.—Rising on the tombs were many figures emblematic of those who slept beneath; if a naval hero, ships and cables with the anchor of Hope and medallions of the heroic officers;—if a soldier, cannon and the trophies of victory; and if a philosopher, he sat among his books and instruments.

The tomb of the Duke of Argyle was to me most beautiful and interesting; upon it stands a lovely female figure, recording his death upon a tablet, while another, bent forward with one hand pressed over her eyes in all the agony of grief. Below, at one side, a figure resting upon her shield, and looked sadly upward, while on the other a fourth, with sad, sweet face, and outstretched hand, told the mournful tale. The opposite arm of the cross is filled with smaller tablets, and beneath the gilded arches repose the ashes of the poet Dryden, Handel, the composer of sweet music, and many a noble mind. Dr. Johnson's noble head stood forth among the others, with this eloquent inscription, "*Oh! rare Ben Johnson!*"

In one part are the richly ornamented tombs, the cold forms of Kings and Queens, all draped in royal robes, and on their heads the jeweled crown that would not save them from the common lot of mortals. Here warriors and priests lie side by side, and the most elegant workmanship adorns their last resting place.

In the nave the services are read, and farther down, the organ peals forth its full toned melody, swelling through the high arched roof, and rolling ever away, while the young choristers sent their clear and bird like voices in sweet vibration, upward, heavenward. Never have I heard such music as came gushing from that hidden choir—pure, heavenly music, such as should always fill our churches, and they sang a long while, as if they knew we loved it; but at last it ceased, and with its last note still filling my soul I looked again upon the noble works around me. Double arches rose above us of solid stone work, dim and dark;—rich ornaments of fret-work, and massive clustered columns—heavy curtains parted off the chapel, and stained windows shed a mellow, softened light upon the white marble, and bright gilding, leaving the gloomy, mysterious regions of those heavy arches, filled with the dusky shade of age.

As we turn back to take one long lingering look, I thought, "Oh! rare Westminster."

"My Brudders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all yer afflictions, in all ob yer troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy!"

"Whaar? whar?" shouted several.

"In the dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady, one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know—for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder." —*Post.*

SCIENTIFIC DIFFICULTY.—The great problem of political chemists now is, the neutralization of the Black Sea.—*Punch.*

☞ A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

Agricultural Reading.

From the Country Gentleman.

BREEDING HORSES.

I notice in your paper of Feb. 7th, some inquiries by Equus, respecting horse breeding. Having been a close observer for a number of years, and having followed raising colts to some extent for ten years past, I simply state what I have learned from these sources. I do not exactly understand whether he desires to know at what age to *commence*, or only *to* what age he may rely on mares breeding; but I will state my opinion on both. Mares that have been well treated while young, (that is, not allowed to get stunted in growth,) may be used at three years old; but as a general rule, four is early enough to commence breeding them. From this age, good mares may breed every year, if due care be paid to feeding, and not over-working them, till they are twenty years old. Beyond this age, they cannot be relied upon with much degree of certainty to breed, although in many instances they do, but it is by no means a general rule.

In answer to the inquiry, whether ringbone, spavin, or any other disease is hereditary. I answer, that I am fully convinced some diseases are. Many years ago there was brought to this country a fine stallion said to be a high blooded horse. He was stone blind, and the person who brought him here solemnly declared that it was caused by a severe blow between his eyes. This declaration, together with the fine form and graceful action of the horse, induced many of our farmers to breed their mares to him. But in a few years they saw how sadly they had been bitten; for a great number of his colts were either weak eyed, or went entirely blind, without any "*blow between the eyes*" as no doubt their sire did before them. Some of his colts were kept for stallions and the same is as true of *their* posterity. I consider this proof-positive that blindness is hereditary in the horse.

Another disease has come under my observation, which satisfies me that, also, is hereditary. It is called in Hoosierdom, club-foot, and I have seen instances of it springing from the sire, and others from the dam. I well know some deny this being hereditary, that it is caused by the colt traveling on hard ground about the time the hoof is growing off, and breaking or wearing the foot sore, which caused it to stand on its toe, till its foot grows straight or turns under; but certain I am that there is a great disposition in colts bred from club-footed parents to get sore *feet*, than there is in any others. So strongly am I convinced of the truth of this, that I would not breed a mare to a blind or club-footed horse if I considered him perfect in every other particular.

With regard to ringbone, or spavin, I am not posted, but my opinion is that they are in some degree to be feared. If I owned a mare with either of these blemishes I would not stop breeding her, unless I found by experience that she entailed the disease to her colts; but I should not run the risk of breeding a clean limbed mare to a stallion with these blemishes.

If Equus is about to enter into horse breeding, I would advise him to obtain good young mares, say from four to six years old, even if they cost him more, and then they are fit for both raising colts and work, and he will be saved the expense of keeping other horses to perform his farm labor. The colts may be easily learned to lead by their dams with halter, and thus save much annoyance to their master, and they will not be half the trouble to break when they are thus tamed.—PLOUGHMAN. *New Albany, Indiana.*

I will answer the inquiry of your correspondent in regard to breeding horses. He asks to what age mares may be used for that purpose. This question I think cannot be correctly answered, as there are some mares that will not breed after they are fifteen years old. Twenty-two is about the usual age for mares to stop breeding. I have one that is twenty-seven years old in May, '56, that has raised six colts since she was twenty years old. I think that is a mistaken idea that the colts of old mares are more liable to blindness or other diseases, than the colts of young mares.

I know that ringbone and spavin are both frequently hereditary; also blindness, or what is called lunatic eyes.

I will inform your readers how to prevent bots from injuring horses: Take a bundle of rye, cut it up very short, say one-fourth of an inch; mix with wheat bran, and wet it; add half a tea-cup of sugar, half an ounce of alum, and give the horse a feed of this, once every three months, and he never will be troubled with worms. H. H. ANDERSON.

BROOM CORN STALKS.—Messrs. E. and J. Cushman, of North Amherst, have succeeded in making good wrapping paper from these stalks, which have been considered worthless. They mix the stalks, in about equal quantities with rye straw. The value of this invention may be inferred from the fact that rye straw is worth $7 per ton, and stalks may be had for the gathering.

Application has been made for a patent.

From the New England Farmer.

TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

MR. EDITOR,—Having read several communications in the *Farmer* on making good butter, and not seeing any that comes up to my ideas, I will now give my practice, (or rather, that of my wife) and some of the causes of not making good butter.

1. Milk should never be set for butter in a dark, damp cellar—as is the case with butter makers in this section—as the cream is thereby moulded before it has had time to rise, which gives the butter a mouldy taste.

2. The milk is allowed to set too long before being skimmed, which gives it a cheesy taste.

3. The cream is kept too long, before it is churned, after it is skimmed, which gives it the taste of the other two; and also a sour taste.

4. The butter should never be washed in water, because it takes away that beautiful aroma so essential to good butter.

5. It should never be taken in a person's warm hands, as the heat melts a certain portion of the globules, which gives it an oily taste, and makes it become rancid very soon.

6. The milk should be set in good clean tin or earthen pans, in a dry, open, airy and shady place, above ground, if possible, although a cellar may be so built, and ventilated, as to answer the purpose. It should never set over twenty-four hours, in warm weather; and for a dairy of three cows or over, the cream should be churned every morning, and never be kept over forty-eight hours, in warm weather; in cold weather, it may be kept longer. It should always be about the same heat that the milk is when drawn from the cow, and churned steadily, and I have never known it to fail of coming readily; (we use a cylinder churn) it is then taken from the churn with a wooden butter ladle, into a wooden tray, which has been well scalded and cooled in pure cold water; the salt is then worked in, to suit the taste, with the ladle, which is easily done, with a little practice, and the butter-milk well worked out; it is then set away in a cool place for about twenty-four hours, when it is well worked over again, as long as milk or pickle can be worked out. Butter made in this way, and put down in stone pots, and kept from the air, will keep good for a long time. C. S. W.

Kennebunk Depot, March 24.

POOR FARMING EXPENSIVE.

The truth is, poor farming is an expensive business. The cost exceeds the income. If from a very low grade of farming, which of course must be unprofitable, we ascend to a better condition of the art, we shall come to a point where there is neither loss nor gain; the income equals the outgoes; the end meet, as they say. And this, if we understand these matters, is the very condition in which nine tenths of our farming now is.

The farmer of an hundred acres puts on his farm in his own labor, in the labor of his wife and children, in taxes insurances, &c., $500. And if he takes off in some marketable produce, or for home consumption, $500. "The ends meet;" and if there is no better way he need not complain; for he is working his way thro' the world as quietly and as easily as most men; for the developement of high moral qualities he has the advantage of most others; and what is more, he has the best possible means of training his children to those habits of industry and frugality which more than conspire to make them good men and women and worthy citizens.

Let him not, therefore, complain. But if there is a better way, let him fall into it. We do not believe that farming is necessarily limited to the operation of putting on $500 and taking off $500, and living by the operation, only because what is put on is mostly put on in the form of labor done by the family. If a farm will give $500 with the labor of one man, it will give a great deal more with the labor of two men, and the excess will more than balance the wages and the board of the second. Instead of putting on $500, and taking of $500, the better way is to put on $700 and take off $900; and then put on $900 and take off $1200. There is doubtless a limit beyond which the income could not be made to increase above the expenditures; but very few of us are in danger of going beyond the limit. There is much more danger of falling short of it. Our standard is too low. Men are afraid to trust their land, lest it should not pay them. It is the best paymaster in the world.—*West. Agr.*

GRAFTS AND GRAFT WAX.

In selecting grafts, take the twigs from those branches which have borne fruit the previous season; or if buds are wanted, take from those which have fruit upon them, for, by thus doing, fruit may be obtained, usually, in two seasons. Graft wax may be made as follows:—One pound tallow, two pounds beeswax, four pounds rosin, all pure and clean articles; put the whole into an iron pot, and heat them until they come to a foam; then turn the heated wax into a tub of water; then greasy hands work thoroughly, as shoemaker's wax is worked.

HOVEY & SMITH'S CASH STORE.

MR. EDITOR:—We have just received from Boston the largest and best Stock of Goods ever offered in this Market. We give you below a few specimen prices that you and all other friends may know there is one place in Orleans County that Goods can be bought at a fair value.

DRY GOODS.

Best Fast color Prints,	10	Linen " "	50 to 8[illegible]
Good " " "	7 to 9	Best yd. wide Sheeting,	7 1-2 to [illegible]
Am. & French Gingham,	12 1-2 to 15	" Fine "	8 1-2 to [illegible]
Muslin and Lawns,	12 to 17	Blue Drill,	11 to [illegible]
Blk. and Plaid Silk,	87 1-2 to 1,20	Gents Kid Gloves,	87 1-[illegible]
Brown and Mourning Debages,	15	Ladies French Kids,	[illegible]
Lyonese Cloths,	30 to 40	Ladies and Gents Hose,	12 to [illegible]
Poplin, Paris Berages, Alpaccas,		Dress Trimmings, Threads, &c.	
&c., all low.		Cashmere & Summer	
Embossed Table Covers,	150	Shawls,	2,50 to [illegible]

Ready Made Clothing Hats & Caps.

Good Blk. Frock coats,	7,00	Blk. Mole Hats,	2,50 to [illegible]
" Business Coats,	4,00 to 6,00	" Fur and Wool Hats,	75 to 1,[illegible]
Summer Coats,	1,00 to 3,00	Tan Colored Hats,	1,25 to 1,[illegible]
Pants,	2,25 to 4,25	Summer Hats,	25 to 1,[illegible]
Vests, Sat. & Fig. Silk,	1,25 to 4,00	Boys Caps,	50 to 85 [illegible]

A beautiful variety of New Bonnetts, French Lace, and Straw, from 42 to [illegible] Summer Style of Ribbons, French and American Flowers.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Thick and Kip Boots,	2,75 to 3,00	Ladies Gaiters,	1,20 to 1,[illegible]
Mens French Calf,	3,00 to 3,62	" Walking Shoes,	50 to 1,[illegible]
Calf & Enameled Congress,	2,00 to 1,25	Misses Gaiters and Fancy	
Kip and Goat Brogans,	1,37 to 1,50	Shoes, Children and Infants Shoes.	

Our Stock of Boots and Shoes is *very large* and of the best quality, and the *can't be beat.*

Groceries, Oils and Paints.

Everything from a Bbl. of Sugar to a Tallow Candle. Good fresh Teas, 50 to [illegible] Good Box Raisins, 14 cts. Linseed Oil, Jappan, White Lead, F. Yellow, Venetian Red, Chrome Yellow, and Green.

HARDWARE, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE,

A great variety of all kinds. Best White and Colored Tea Setts, $1,87 [illegible] and everything to match equally low. Glass, Nails, Salt, Fish and Flour, Farming Tools of all kinds.

We have given you above the prices of only a few of our Goods, but the want of room prevents any more. Please give us an early call.

Albany, April 1st, 1856. HOVEY & SMITH

P. S.—Be sure and bring a purse full of Money.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

TO THE SICK & AFFLICTED!

A VOICE FROM NATURE'S GARDEN!

DR. JOHNSON, of Missouri, would respectfully announce to the citizens of LYNDON CENTRE *and vicinity*, that he will see patients at the room formerly occupied by Dr. Newell, in Lyndon, for a few months.

Dr J. is on his first tour ea t, and can devote but a short time to each locality. Discarding the ruinous mineral medicines in common use among most of the faculty. Dr. J. begs to assure his friends that all the medicines he prescribes are of a purely botanical character; and he hopes that to the sick and afflicted his great experience and reputation at the South and West will be sufficient guaranty of his knowledge and mastery of the following diseases:

Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Complaint of the Heart and Lungs, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Bronchial affections, Shortness of Breath, General Debility, Dropsical Complaints, Felons, Chronic and Rheumatic Complaints, Impurity of the Blood.

DISEASED BLOOD

FILLED WITH CANKER & CANCEROUS HUMORS.

☞ *Asthma can be cured, and best of references given to that effect.* ☜

Charges moderate in all cases, and any poor person who will bring a certificate from one of the Selectmen or Justices of the Peace that he or she is truly virtuous and miserably poor, shall have medicine free of cost.

Dr. J. can be consulted on all Diseases of the Eye, and if the Eye is cataract, will take it off with all ease with a chemical process, without giving but little pain to the patient.

Dr J. has a safe and sure remedy for all Female Complaints, discovered and prepared by himself. Examination and advice gratis. N. B. Seminal Weakness and Venereal Diseases will receive prompt attention.

Toothache cured in 10 minutes!

Patients can be mesmerized for nervous affections if required. All consultation strictly confidential. Office hours, from 8 A. M to 8 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Dr. J. will examine Patients for Diseases and tell them their complaints and feelings as well if not better than they can describe them.

Lyndon Centre, Feb. 19, 1856. 8tf

War with England!

THE Subscriber has opened a Shop near the Saw Mill belonging to the estate of the late Wm. W. Little, formerly occupied by C. B. Kent, where he is manufacturing of the

VERY BEST MATERIALS

Carriages and Sleighs that cannot be beat.

Persons wishing to purchase will find it for their interest to call and examine his work and

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES,

before purchasing elsewhere He will always be found at his Shop ever ready to do

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING,

with neatness and dispatch. COFFINS made to order, and in fact all kinds of Wood Work done at short notice, and at much less prices than the people in this County have been in the habit of paying. HENRY FERRIS.

Irasburgh, March 19, 1856. 12m6

Competitors Defied!

WILLIAM A. BAKER would say to all those in want of anything in the HARNESS LINE, that he may be found from

"Early Dawn till Evening's Shade."

at his shop one door North of Worthington's Store, manufacturing and selling Harnesses that rival

IN STYLE OF FINISH,

and excel in DURABILITY, Harnesses made in any other shop between

New York City and the North Pole.

All orders from abroad PROMPTLY attended to. For further information please call at my shop, where you can satisfy yourselves that "the half has not been told you."

Irasburgh, March 20, 1856—12m6

C. C. Kellam,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

IRASBURGH, VERMONT.

KEEPS constantly on hand and for sale a full supply of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, and

Dye Stuffs, Trusses, Abdominal

Supporters and Shoulder Braces, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes,

Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, Golden

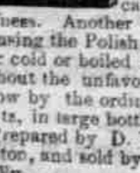
Gloss, and Lyons' Kathairon for the Hair, Harrison's, Lewis' and Hutchins' Hair Dyes,

Stationery of all kinds, Plain and

Fancy Colored Note and Letter Paper. Harrison's Celebrated Columbian Perfumery,

Fancy Soaps and Flavoring Extracts. Also, agent for all Popular Patent Medicines of the day.

Irasburgh, January 4, 1856—1tf



THIS article has been tested by the best judges, and pronounced superior to anything of the kind in the market. It not only gives a clear polish to the linen, but obviates many difficulties to which laundresses are subject. It prevents the starch from sticking to the iron, and causes the linen to retain its stiffness. Another important advantage is, that by using the Polish articles can be starched in either cold or boiled starch, and iron immediately without the unfavorable results which usually follow by the ordinary manner. Price only 25 cents, in large bottles.

Prepared by D. TAYLOR, Jr., 10, Broad st., Boston, and sold by Druggists and Grocers generally.

J. M. Henry, Waterbury, General Agent for Vermont and Canada East. 1-1y

For sale by C. C. Kellam, Druggist, Irasburgh, Vermont.

TERRIBLE DISCLOSURES!!

Secrets for the Million—a most wonderful and valuable publication—Dr. HUNTER'S

Medical Manual

Being an original and popular Treatise on

MAN AND WOMAN,

Their Physiology, Functions and Sexual Disorders of every kind, with never-failing Remedies for the speedy cure of all diseases of a private and delicate character, incident to the violation of the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The Author of the above volume is a graduate of one of the first medical schools in the United States, and having devoted a quarter of a century to the study and treatment of Syphilis and kindred disorders as a speciality, he has become possessed of most invaluable information in regard to them and is able to compress into vade mecum compass the very quintessence of medical science on this important subject; as the the result of the experience of the most eminent physicians in Europe and America is thoroughly demonstrated in his own highly successful practice in the treatment of secret diseases in many thousand cases in the City of Philadelphia alone.

The practice of Dr. Hunter has long been, and still is literally unbounded, but at the earnest solicitation of numerous persons, he has been induced to extend the sphere of his professional usefulness to the community at large, through the medium of his "Medical Manual and Hand Book for the Afflicted."

It is a volume that should be in the hands of every family in the land, whether used as a preventative of secret vices, or as a guide for the alleviation of one of the most awful and destructive scourges ever visited upon mankind for the sins of sensuality and impurity of every kind.

It is a volume that has received the unqualified recommendation of the first physicians in the land, while many clergymen, fathers, mothers, philanthropists and humanitarians, have most freely extended its circulation in all quarters where its powerful teachings would be likely to be instrumental in the moral purification and physical healing of multitudes of our people, among the young, volatile and indiscreet, otherwise the pride and flower of the nation.

The author argues particularly, most strongly against every species of self-defilement, and warns parents and guardians, in searching terms to guard the youth of both sexes from the terrible consequences concomitant of their ignorance of physiological laws and sexual impurities and irregularities, whether exhibited by precocious development or arising from the vicious and corrupting examples of their school-mates or otherwise. To those who have been already ensnared to the "paths that take hold on hell," a clear and explicit way is shown by which they may secure a return of sound health, and a regeneration of the soul from its terrible pollution.

It is well known that thousands of victims are annually sacrificed at the shrine of Quackery, especially those suffering from Venereal or Syphilitic diseases—Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, and the numerous maladies which spring directly or less remotely from an indulgence of carnal passions and secret violations of Nature.

In view of these facts, and when it is also considered that about 100,000 persons die annually in the United States of Consumption—a vast majority being the victims of the voluptuous indiscretion of their progenitors, agreeably to the Scriptural enunciation, that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.—The Author, imbued with sentiments of enlarged philanthropy, will scarcely be censured for any effort to restrain the vices of the age, by the humble instrumentality of his Medical Manual.

One copy, securely enveloped, will be forwarded free of postage to any part of the United States for 25 cents, or 6 copies for $1. Address, post paid, COSDEN & CO., Publishers, box 197, Philadelphia.

☞ Booksellers, Canvassers and Book Agents supplied on the most liberal terms.—7-1y.

COLLEGE LOCATED!

THE College is located at Barton, and we, to be even with the times have got some NEW GOODS. We have to offer in connection with

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

as heretofore, a very nice lot of JEWELRY, received from Boston, all new and of the most desirable patterns, among which may be found the following: Ladies' Mourning, Cameo, Mosaic, and enameled pins. A splendid assortment of Cameo, Mosaic, and other varieties of Ear Drops.

GOLD PENCILS AND PENS

Gent's Pins and Studs, Ladies' and Gents' Rings, Coral Rings. Also, a good assortment of Hair, Cloth, and Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powder, Tooth Wash, Cologne, all favorite preparations for the Hair, Pocket Knives, Crotchet Needles, Stillettoes, Stationery, &c. Drugs and Medicines we will furnish as ever of the best quality and at fair prices. We have just received a large quantity of Parson & Co.'s VERMIN AND INSECT EXTERMINATOR, which is warranted effectual or money refunded. Also, MASSASOIT SALVE.

HOLLOWAY'S MEDICINES.

Stone's Liquid Cathartic, and all favorite Medicines of the day. We extend a cordial invitation to those wishing goods of this description to call and see us.

☞ Dealers supplied with Parson & Co's Vermin and Insect Exterminator, and Massasoit Salve at Manufacturer's prices.

SKINNER & JOSLYN.

Barton, March 24, 1856—18m6.

Notice.

N. DAGGETT will pay Cash for Beef, Calf Skins, and Dairy Skins, if well saved.

FOR SALE: more of those Best Boots made by E. SANTY, which cannot be beat by any one in the County.

SHOES of all kinds, Cheap for Cash.

Irasburgh, Feb. 25, 1856 —9-tf.

MATERIALS FOR ORIENTAL Painting for sale at the Drug Store in Irasburgh, by C. C. KELLAM.