The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST.

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

THE REGISTER will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made *strictly in advance*, for...$1 50
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HOWARD ASSOCIATION

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The HOWARD ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, in view of the awful destruction of human life and health, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions which are practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, (Male or Female,) who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation' habits of life,) &c., and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE.

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By order of the Directors,
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President
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Rutland and Burlington

RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Dec., 1855, train will run as follows, viz.:

Leave Middlebury for Burlington at 8.05 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.

Leave Middlebury for Rutland and Bellows Falls, at 10.01 A. M. and 3.14* & 9.08 P. M.

Leave Burlington for Middlebury and Bellows Falls, at 8.40 A. M. and 22.25* and 7.40 P. M.

Leave Bellows Falls for Middlebury and Burlington, at 12.15 A. M. and 2.40* P. M.

At Burlington trains connect with the Vermont Central and Vermont and Canada roads,—at Rutland, with trains for Troy, New York, Albany, Saratoga Springs, Schenectady and the West,—at Bellows Falls, with trains of the Cheshire road for Fitchburg, Worcester, Lowell and Boston—Vermont Valley road to Brattleboro, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and New York—and with Sullivan road for Windsor, White River Junction and the White Mountains. 33:1y

E. A. CHAPIN, Supt.

*Freight train, with Passenger car attached

A YANKEE IMPROVEMENT.

I WOULD respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Addison County, and the public in general, that, in connection with Dr. F. W. Coe, of Vergennes, we have purchased of N. B. Slayton, (the right for Addison County,) his new method of inserting Artificial Teeth on a GUTTA PERCHA base. Should it prove to be a valuable acquisition to the profession, after being thoroughly tested, so as to justify its use, the public will be appraised of it in due time.

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Middlebury, Dec. 3, 1855. 33

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J. M. Henry, Waterbury, General Agent Vermont and Canada East. 25;

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THE CASH SYSTEM ADOPTED,

The Publishers of the Traveller have decided to furnish their paper hereafter to Clubs at the following rates:

Single copy.....$2 00
Two copies..... 3 00
Five copies..... 6 00
Ten copies.....10 00
With one copy extra to the person getting up the Club.
Twenty-five copies.....20 00

☞ Payment to made in advance, and the papers will be sent to one address, and discontinued at the expiration of the time for which payment is received.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER,
SEMI-WEEKLY,

Will also be supplied to clubs as follows

Single copy.....$3 00
Five copies.....12 00
Ten copies.....20 00

Stimulated by the flattering countenance and generous approbation of the reading community through which their journal has so extensively circulated, the Publishers of the American Traveller have determined to withhold no efforts, which pecuniary and industrial means can supply, not only to deserve the high estimation which their past labors have achieved, but to merit a more exalted appreciation and a still wider patronage, such as shall leave the American Traveller without a rival among its contemporaries. The liberality with which a discriminating public have heretofore responded to their enterprise, justifies the assurance on the part of the proprietors, that an increase of their endeavors to edify and entertain the reading community will meet with a commensurate increase of the already extensive circulation of the Traveller.

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NEWS

include the receipt of journals from abroad and the whold of our own wide-spread country; the unrivalled use of the magnetic telegraph, through the various lines which centre in the Counting Room of our Office, the communications of intelligent and faithful correspondents at every material foreign or domestic point; and an experienced corps of reporters for every passing event of interest of a more local description. Unsparing efforts will always be made to reap the fullest advantages of these means, and to augment them as circumstances shall require.

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of the Traveller, which has received the steady commendation of its readers, and the public generally, for its careful and impartial notices and reviews of new books, such as may afford the reader a reliable and useful guide to the merits of the publications of our teeming book press.

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embraces an original or carefully selected tale, with original contributions from able writers on scientific topic, from which non readers may derive improvement in the mind and the affections.

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In addition to the regular prices current, reviews of the market and shipping interest weekly report are given of the merchandise and the produce markets generally, and of the cattle markets, made up by an experienced reporter expressly for the Traveller.

☞ Agents supplied on reasonable terms.

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Is published at Six Dollars a year, in advance, and sold at Two Cents a copy. This pioneer Two Cent paper maintains its ascendency, and with its three daily editions, has an unsurpassed circulation—giving it superior advantage as an advertising medium.

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PUBLISHERS, 39;3m
Traveller Buildings, State Street, Boston.

BOOK AGENCY.

The subscribers have established a Book Agency in Philadelphia, and will furnish any book or publication at the retail price free of postage. Any persons, by forwarding the subscription price of any of the $4 Magazines, such as Harper's, Godey's, Putnam's, Graham's, Frank Leslie's Fashions, &c., will receive the magazines for one year and a copy of a splendid lithograph portrait of either Washington, Jackson or Clay; or, if subscribing to a $2 and a $1 Magazine, they will receive a copy of either of the three portraits. If subscribing to $6 worth of Magazines, all three portraits will be sent gratis. Music furnished to those who may wish it.

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Persons at a distance having saleable articles would find it to their advantage to address the subscribers, as we would act as agents for the sale of the same.

BYRAM & PIERCE. 33,1y
59 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.
J. R. BYRAM. T. HAY PIERCE.

DENTAL NOTICE!

WM. L. HARRIS, SURGEON and MECHANICAL DENTIST, would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Middlebury, and vicinity, that he has taken rooms at the residence of Dr. N. Harris for the purpose of practicing his profession in all its various branches, together with all the latest improvements in the Dental Art.

Teeth inserted from a single tooth to an entire set, on a new and improved method. Carious teeth cleansed and filled with pure Crystal Gold and Gold Foil, and restored to permanent usefulness. All persons wishing to have their teeth examined and repaired in their immediate neighborhood, can be accommodated as far as practicable, by addressing a line to Dr. N. Harris or Wm. L. Harris, as one or the other will at all times be in readiness to visit the various towns in Addison County.

Middlebury, Dec. 10th, 1855. 34;tf.

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Aug. 28, 1855. H. A. SHELDON.

Mould Candles.

26 BOXES Winchester Mould Candles, received and for sale by

Oct. 30. E. VALLETTE.

Buckwheat Flour

Received & for sale by

Oct 30. E. VALLETTE.

Poetry.

From the London Athenæum.

Losses.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a Pilgrim Band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tide went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all its household to the deep gone down:
But one had wider wo,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green:
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friend, that were their trust no more:
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these Pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

Miscellany.

From Chambers' Journal.

The Pearl of Campan.

One fine morning in Autumn, I was rambling through the secluded Valley of Campan, in the Pyrenees, accompanied by the excellent curate of the district, with whom, in the course of my peregrinations, I had become acquainted, and beneath whose hospitable roof I had promised to spend the night. The scenery was wild and lovely beyond description; and having expressed my admiration of it, I added a wish to know something of the inhabitants.

'They have hearts of gold and wills of iron,' said my friend. 'Many a touching and noble instance of generosity and self-denial have I met with amongst them! And for example, look at this man approaching us!'

He was a fine looking fellow, of five or six and twenty, with a military air, and dressed in uniform. The lower part of his face was very handsome, and his dark sunburnt complexion suited well with the long moustaches. I could not see his eyes for the visor of his cap was drawn down so as completely to shade them from the light. Having exchanged a cordial salutation with the curate, he passed on, followed by a huge white dog, with thick fur and enormous paws. The animal belonged to a breed peculiar to the Pyrenees, and remarkable for their sagacity and faithfulness.

'Now,' said my companion, as soon as the soldier had passed out of hearing, 'while we walk along, I will tell you a true story, of which you have just seen two of the principal characters.'

I prepared to listen with attention, and the curate commenced.

'Juan Trigoyen was born in the heart of these mountains, where the peasant has his choice of following one of two occupations—that of a shepherd or a hunter. Juan chose the latter, as his father had done before him; and a hazardous pursuit it is. Not merely has the mountain-hunter to scale all but inaccessible precipices, and to brave the fury of famished bears and wolves, but he is constantly exposed to be swept away by a torrent, or buried beneath an avalanche. To this latter peril Juan's father had fallen a victim. Crushed beneath a mass of snow, he perished, leaving his son no other heritage than his dog, his gun, and his grandmother Gertrude, an angel woman, unequal to the task of supporting herself. Juan, at this time a fine lad of eighteen, loved his grandmother tenderly; she had always supplied to him in the place of his mother, who had died in giving him birth, and he now, with a courage and resolution beyond his years, undertook the sole charge of their maintenance. He had been early trained to the chase, and success now crowned his efforts. The number of lizards, eagles, and bears struck down by his hand, testified the sureness of his foot and the certainty of his aim.

'Thanks to the value of these spoils, Gertrude knew no privation; but she trembled for the safety of her beloved child, and often said to him with tears in her eyes: 'Stay at home to-day, Juan; you will perish some time or other, like your poor father; and what should I do left alone, without any one to love in the world?'

'Then the lad would answer: 'Calm yourself mother; Providence will watch over me for your sake.'

'Thus did Juan work hard during the week for his own and his parent's support, and on Sunday I loved to see them entering my little church; Gertrude leaning on the arm of her handsome boy, and both joining in the prayers with the utmost devotion.

'Two years passed on, and Juan was returning one day from Bagneres, whither he had gone to dispose of some game. It was winter, and the north wind blew piercingly cold; but the young hunter stepped on briskly, whistling a lively tune. Suddenly a cry of distress struck his ear, but he knew not whence it came.

'On, Cæsar!' he cried, trusting to his dog's sagacity; 'seek it out boy!'

'The docile creature set off in the direction of a thick pine grove, and his master followed; the cries became louder, and Juan recognized the voice of a female in distress. He redoubled his speed, still preseded by the dog. At length he reached an open space, and there was Cæsar struggling with a wolf while on the ground lay a woman, with a huge she-wolf in the act of fasting on her neck. With a shout Juan rushed forward, and at the sound the fierce creature raised her head, and fixed on him two eyeballs glowing with rage and hunger. Without a moment's hesitation, the intrepid hunter seized her by the throat with one hand, and thrusting the other into her mouth, grasped her tongue, and dragged it as with an iron vice. After a fearful struggle, he succeeded in dashing the strangled beast on the ground. This done, Juan looked round to see if his faithful ally had need of assistance. No; *his* antagonist also lay dead, and the hunter had time to attend to the woman, who lay motionless on the ground having fainted from excess of terror. Her deliverer raised her gently in his arms, put back the rich brown hair that had fallen over her face, and perceived that she was a young and very lovely girl. Taking a handful of the snow which lay on the ground, he rubbed it on her temples, and then succeeded in putting some small bits of ice into her mouth. By degrees she revived, her eyelids unclosed, and she drew a deep sigh.

'Where am I?' she murmured.

'Safe with a friend!'

'It was you then, who saved me?'

'Rather it was Providence, who was pleased to employ my hand.'

She thanked him with a look more eloquent than words, and then with confiding simplicity, as she still felt weak, asked him to let her lean on his arm as far as her home. 'I was going to the town,' she said, 'to sell some milk, when those dreadful wolves attacked me, upset my pitcher, and, but for your timely aid and that of your good dog, would surely have devoured me.'

The conversation thus commenced did not flag. Juan soon learned that Marguerite lived in the hamlet of Campan; that she was an orphan, and had no property save a small cottage, one cow, and some hens. She managed to support herself with the profits of these animals and of her spinning. Her perfect candor and her innocent beauty charmed the honest heart of Juan; he thought that, were he possessed of all the treasures in the world he would like to lay them at Marguerite's feet. On entering the village, the news of their adventure spread quickly; and it was easy to see, by the consequent excitement, how much the young girl was beloved by her neighbors. Both young and old rushed forth to meet her; Juan was overwhelmed with thanks and praises; nor was poor Cæsar by any means forgotten.

'Adieu, Marguerite,' said Juan, when he had accompanied her to her cottage-door. 'May I sometimes come to see you?'

'To whom should my door be open, if not to my deliverer?' said the young girl innocently, at the same time extending her hand to Juan. He pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

When he reached home, he found Gertrude very uneasy at his prolonged absence. 'Oh, my child!' she cried, 'where have you been, and what are those stains of blood on your dress?'

Juan smiled. 'Don't be uneasy, mother; this blood is not mine, but that of an enemy I killed.' And he told her all that had occurred, not concealing the feelings of admiration and love which he felt for her whom he had rescued.

'Thank God, my child,' said the old woman, 'that your choice has fallen on so worthy an object. I have often heard the beauty and virtuous industry of Marguerite commended. She is called by her neighbors the Pearl of Campan.'

It never occurred to the affectionate grandmother, that the fair girl in question could possibly be insensible to the attraction of *her* boy; and, indeed, the event proved that she was not far wrong. Marguerite was of too innocent and frank a nature to play the coquette with him who risked his life for hers, and the preliminaries for their marriage were speedily arranged.

On the morning preceding that on which their bans were to be published, the sound of a drum was heard in the peaceful Valley of Campan; and the prefect of the district proclaimed the drawing of conscripts for the army. Poor Juan! his was amongst the first of the selected names, and at the moment the shock nearly stunned him. However, he had been taught not to shrink from his duty, and having calmly made the needful preparations, he drew his betrothed aside, and said: 'Listen to me, Marguerite. You promised to be mine; I am going away for some years, perhaps forever; it is right that you should be free—I give you back your vow.'

'And I,' said the girl, 'will not take it back.—Whether our next meeting, Juan, will be here or in that better world to which, I trust, we are both looking, I will never marry any one but you.'

The young man pressed her hand in silence. 'But my mother!' he said at length, while two unwonted tears rolled down his cheeks; 'she is old, infirm, unable to work for her support.'

'Your mother, Juan,' interrupted Marguerite, is she not henceforth mine? So long as God gives me strength to work, *our* mother shall not want a home.'

And so, with mutual blessings and fond tears, they parted.

Cæsar followed his master to the wars, and Gertrude, on the day of Juan's departure, took up her abode in Marguerite's cottage. The old woman managed the domestic affairs, while the young one carried her milk, butter, eggs, and poultry to market. In the evening, as they both sat at their spining-wheels, their conversation naturally turned on Juan: 'Where is he now? what is he doing while we are speaking of him?' Sometimes their anxiety was assuaged by the arrival of a letter, filled with hope and tenderness; but at length one came which increased their sorrow. It bore the stamp of Algeria. Juan announced that his regiment had just landed in Africa, and was immediately to march on the town of Zantcha, where a number of insurgent Arabs had intrenched themselves. Some sharp fighting was expected, as the rebels were known to be desperate. Under this afflicting intelligence, the two women found their only consolation in religion—in committing their dear one to the care of God. Every day, on her way to the town, Mraguerite was accustomed to pause for a few minutes at the spot where she had at first met her betrothed, and where during the happy days of their courtship, he had raised a rustic seat; she used to kneel beside that simple memento, and pray fervently, nor did she ever arise and go on her way without feeling strengthened and encouraged.

Every evening, on her return, her first question to Gertrude was: 'Has Juan written?' And the old woman would silently shake her head with a despairing gesture, which seemed to imply; Juan will never write to us again!'

One day as Marguerite was returning from Bagneres, she was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. There was no place of refuge nearer than her own cottage; and with her garments dripping, and her eyes nearly blinded by the driving rain, she hastened towards it. What did she see? A blazing lightning-stricken pile, surrounded by a terrified crowd of villagers.

'Mother!' cried Marguerite, darting onwards, 'where are you?'

A cry of agony from within the burning cottage was the reply.

'Mother, courage! I'll save, or die with you!' And before the astounded spectators could detain her, she rushed through the flames. A minute, which seemed an age of agonizing suspense, elapsed, and Maguerite reappeared, dragging forth her pious burden, and forming with her own body a rampart against the flames. Scarcely had she allowed the old woman to fall into some of the arms ready to receive her, when the heroic girl sank down herself inanimate.

'When she opened her eyes,' continued the curate, 'she was in an apartment in my house, whither I had caused her to be carried. Gertrude and I watched for three days and three nights by her bed, awaiting the moment of returning consciousness. Her first sensation was that of torturing pain in the face. She raised her hand to it, and felt that it was so enveloped in bandages as to leave only the mouth and eyes free. A cry escaped her lips. 'Oh, I remember the storm—the flames; I am disfigured for life—is it not?'

Gertrude and I were silent. It was but too true; the devouring element, leaving her body, protected by her wet clothes untouched, had seized on her face. The beauty of feature and delicacy of complexion, which had procured for her the graceful soubriquet, were totally destroyed.

Until the bandages were removed, which the surgeon did not as yet judge it prudent to do, he could not tell the extent of the disfigurement, but that it would be very great it was certain. Our silence, and the tears which we could not repress, acquainted the poor girl with her misfortune. She raised her eyes to heaven with a touching expression of resignation. 'It is Thy will, my God,' she said, 'but let not Juan see me thus.'

'Juan!' repeated Gertrude; 'we shall soon embrace him.'

'Is he coming?'

'In ten days—see yourself.' She handed a letter to Marguerite, which the latter read with eagerness. It was written by the hand of one of his comrades, and informed them that Juan, who had received a severe wound at the siege of Zantcha, was now convalescent in hospital; had obtained, as a reward for his services, a cross of merit, his discharge, and a pension, and would be with them in ten or twelve days at furthest.

Having finished reading the letter, Marguerite fell into a profound reverie, from which neither Gertrude's fond caresses nor my attempt at consolation could arouse her. 'Oh, sir,' said she at last, 'it is not, indeed it is not for its own sake that I value beauty, but—how can Juan love me when he sees me in this state?' At that moment the surgeon entered, and having felt his patient's pulse, he began, silently, to remove the bandages. As soon as Marguerite felt that her wounds were exposed, she asked for a mirror.

'Not yet, my child; not to day,' said the doctor. She tried to raise her hands to feel her face. 'Hold her arms down,' cried the surgeon to the old woman and myself. We did so, involuntarily turning away our eyes from the sight of those swollen and mutilated features, once so lovely.

Marguerite saw and understood our movement. 'Is is not so, sir?' she said to me calmly; 'will it not be impossible for him to love me?'

Nine days had passed on; the wounds were regularly dressed, and were now nearly cicatrised. The tenth day was that of Juan's expected return; but no one ventured to speak of it. Early in the morning, Marguerite rose, and prepared to go out, saying that a walk in the fresh air would do her good. I offered to accompany her.

'No, thank you, sir,' she said; 'my good mother alone will come with me.' And with one hand slightly leaning on Gertrude's arm, while the other held a small package, she went out. They walked towards Juan's rustic seat, but very slowly, for the convalescent was yet very weak.

Arrived there, she knelt down, and after a silent prayer she turned to Gertrude, and embracing her, said: 'Bless your daughter, dear mother, for the last time; you will never see her again.'

'What do you mean, my child?'

'The truth. I am going away. You will say good-bye for me to him, mother; and tell him that it is my very love for him that forces me to fly.'

'But, dear one,' said Gertrude, detaining her, 'you wrong our Juan; he has a noble heart, and he will love you all the better for these noble scars when he hears that it was in saving me from a dreadful death you received them.'

'He has a noble heart,' replied the girl; 'and I know that he would marry me, and try to make me happy; but how could I endure his averted looks—his sorrow? No, no; I shall suffer much less in suffering alone.'

Just then a well known bark was heard, and a large white dog rushed out of the woody path.

'Cæsar!' cried Gertrude. 'Where is your master?'

Here he is,' replied an agitated voice; and holding one end of a cord, of which the other was fastened to Cæsar's collar, a soldier appeared. 'Mother! are you here? Where is Marguerite? Why don't you come and embrace your poor blind wanderer?'

'Blind!' exclaimed Marguerite; and fixing her eyes on her betrothed, she saw that his were covered with a bandage. I cannot describe the emotions of all three; suffice it to say, that after an incredible number of embraces, Gertrude and her two children returned to my house and we passed a delightful evening.'

Here the curate stopped, and I thought his tale was ended.

'Well,' I said, 'I suppose the blind warrior and his betrothed—still, in his imagination blooming in all her youthful charms—were speedily united?'

'They were,' he replied. It was I who married them; but I have somewhat more to tell you of them. Their cottage, by the willing aid of all the villagers, was soon rebuilt, and they removed into it. Their circumstances were very comfortable, and Juan supported his infirmity—caused, he told me, by the explosion of a mine—with the utmost cheerfulness. His tenderness for his wife seemed to increase every day; and yet she was evidently not happy. She became a prey to constant melancholy, and her health and strength visibly declined. Her old friend, the doctor, visited and prescribed for her, but without avail.

'My art is at fault,' he said to me. 'Her body suffers, but the seat of the disease is her mind. Do you try to discover what the secret which weighs on her may be, or I cannot answer for her life.'

Alas! how could I apply the consolation of religion to a case of which the sufferer persisted in keeping me profoundly ignorant? Once she seemed on the point of opening her mind, but Juan entered the room, and she was silent; nor could I ever afterwards induce her to speak freely. Meantime her bodily condition became very precarious; and Juan who was now aware of her danger, scarcely ever stirred from her bedside. Old Gertrude, as you may suppose, was scarcely less anxious about her.

One evening, when I was in the cottage, the doctor arrived; and having examined his patient, pronounced that unless some powerful reaction took place she could not long survive. How solemn were the moments that succeeded this announcement! Poor Juan grasped convulsively the hand of his wife while large tears streamed beneath his bandage.

I began to exhort her on the subject of religion; and when I spoke of the mercy of her Maker, she exclaimed: 'Oh, I have great need of mercy, for my conscience is burdened with a heavy load. Listen,' she continued, addressing us all, 'and tell me whether I can hope for forgiveness.'

Grouped around her bed, we waited in silent astonishment. Mraguerite had raised herself into a sitting posture; her wasted arms, her disordered hair, her sunken features, her hollow eyes, gleaming up before it is extinguished forever, lent an air of indescribable solemnity to the scene. Placing her hand in her husband's she said: 'Juan, you remember, when we separated, the promise which we made of mutual fidelity? My heart was yours, and yours was mine. Well, the terror of losing that heart caused me to commit a grievous sin. I pictured you to myself with shocked, averted looks at the first sight of her who was once named the Pearl; and in the agony, the delirium of the moment, I cried to Heaven: 'Oh, God! either give me back my beauty, or take from him his eyesight!' the moment the selfish, impious prayer was uttered, I bitterly repented, and would fain have recalled it; but too late! Juan! the wish was granted, and I have never known since one moment's happiness.'

'What!' cried her husband, 'and is this the secret, Marguerite, which is killing you?'

'It is.'

'Then live, dearest, and be happy; your prayer was *not* answered.'

And tearing off the bandage which covered his eyes he fell on his wife's bosom, and clasped her in a long embrace.

It appeared that the blindness which had fallen on Juan was of only a temporary nature. Under the skilful treatment of our friend the surgeon, whom he begged, only consulted, the power of vision, having, however, heard from his grandmother the whole history of Marguerite's horror at the idea of his beholding her disfigured face, he generously determined to conceal from her his cure at least for a time. Now, however, it was suddenly revealed; and was it too late? The doctor, motioning us all away from the bed, took his patient's hand, and felt her pulse; a hopeful smile played on his benevolent lips.

'My friend,' said he, turning to me, 'the age of miracles has not ceased—Marguerite is cured!'

Here the good man ceased, and after a pause, I asked; 'And was Marguerite in reality so very much disfigured?'

'You shall judge for yourself.'

We walked on, and soon reached a neat and pretty cottage, covered in front with a luxuriant vine. An old woman sat near the doorway spining, and placed on a low chair by her side, a young woman was nursing an infant. Her figure was remarkably graceful, and her face, although certainly not handsome, was by no means repulsive. It was even easy to distinguish, amid the scams and scars which marked it, the vestiges of great beauty. There was a touching expression of serene tenderness shed over her features, as she looked on her child, which in my eyes amply compensated for the want of regular comeliness.

The curate advanced. 'Good-morning, Marguerite,' he said.

'Good-morning, sir,' she answered, looking up with a beaming smile.

'How is baby to-day?'

'As well as possible,' said the happy mother, holding up, and shewing her nursling's rosy dimpled cheeks.

'Well, Marguerite,' said the good old man, taking the innocent little creature in his arms, and kissing his tender forehead, 'I could fancy this is yourself as I remember you on the day that I baptized you. Come, the Valley of Campan has now its Pearl—it is restored in the person of your lovely little daughter.'

☞ *Punch* gives the following "take off" of the absurd attempts to make scientific prodigies of children at an age when they are much better employed in playing blind man's buff:

NINE RATIONAL RECREATIONS.—*For the Amusement and Instruction of the Young, and others, during Winter Evenings.*—1. Take a tumbler, and fill it nearly with water, then insert a lump of sugar in the water, and continue to stir it. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible.

2. Place a candle stick, with a lighted candle in it, in the middle of a table. Mahogany is best, but deal will answer the purpose. Place an extinguisher upon the candle, and the apartment will be left in darkness, unless there are other lights in it.

3. Take a kitten (one of a kindly disposition is preferable) and place it upon your lap. Stroke it gently for a few seconds, and the animal will be distinctly heard to purr. This experiment may be varied by pinching his tail, in which case it will spit and jump down.

4. Let the cinders be thrown upon the fire, and then take a common hearth-broom, and carefully sweep every particle of ash and dust under the grate. Hang up the broom and sit down, and a pleasing display of tidiness will be made.

5. Take a pair of scissors, the size is immaterial. Obtain a piece of white or brown paper, six inches long and a yard and half across.—Snip it in two. You will find no exertion of strength will join the severed parts together again.

6. Place the palms of your hands together crosswise, and holding them somewhat loosely strike them on your knee. A sound will be produced somewhat resembling the chink of money. This is quite as good as having money itself, which only leads to outlay and extravagance.

7. Take a common ruled copy-book, and at the top of a page let a confederate inscribe Bounty Commands Esteem, or some other moral sentiment. Copy this on every line of the page, and when you have done show it to the company. This experiment is not only interesting in itself, but tends to improve the handwriting.

8. Take the tumbler of water mentioned in the first experiment, and show the company that the glass is nearly full. Drink it off, and instantly make them observe that the glass is entirely empty. The success of this feat depends on its rapidity.

9. Go to bed.

☞ Milton, the great poet, was rather under the middle size, was well built and muscular. His deportment was affable, and gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness. He was a good swordsman, an accomplished musician, and a high-minded gentleman.

MISS MURRAY'S BOOK IN DEFENCE OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATTES.—The New York Evening Post learns that the Queen would not see Miss Murray, the maid-of-honor, on her return from the United States, and signified to her that if she published a defence of slavery she must resign her place. Miss Murray has done so, and is no longer a member of the royal household.