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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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COBB & MEAD,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

JESSE COBB, EDITOR. RUFUS MEAD, MANAGER.

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.

Delivered by carrier, postage included, 20¢ if not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

All communications must be post-paid.

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Does in modern style, and at short notice.

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New Arrangement.

The Partnership of Dr. O. J. Ellis, and Dr. R. C. Greene, expires by limitation, on the 31st of Dec. 1858. Dr. R. C. Greene, by agreement, has the settlement of the accounts of the firm.

Dr. Greene will continue to respond to the calls of the old and tried patrons of Homoeopathy, to the best of his ability, assisted from time to time, by the advice of Dr. Ellis, as his health and other circumstances may permit.

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Agent for Piano Fortes, Organs, Melodeons, Music Books, Sheet Music, and all kinds of musical merchandise. Piano and Melodeon; any manufacturer's name. Mr. R. agrees to be held responsible for every instrument selected by himself, (beside the warrant of the manufacturer).

Terms, the usual retail prices. Mr. R. purchases at wholesale prices (as things which more out agents and dealers can do) and delivers, sets up, and warrants, for the same prices which purchasers would be forced to pay at the manufacturer's places of business.

Middlebury, Sept. 1, 1858.

N. HARRIS M. D.,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

Tooth filled with Crystal Gold, all operations done in Dentistry as usual, office at his residence on Park Street, west side of the little Park.

H. KINGSLEY,

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Rooms in Brewer's Block, Main St., one door North of the Post Office.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Office, in the Engine Building—20

Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1858.

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Eighteen years' practical experience in selection, compounding and dispensing Medicines, and the continued use of the same in my own practice, ought to be a sufficient guarantee of my competency to put up any prescription, and to judge of the quality of the Medicines used. Careful and competent assistance always in attendance. Advice gratis, as usual.

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CALVIN B. KNEVELL, 41 1/2

THE FAMILY BIBLE,

With Notes and Instructions. Published by the American Tract Society. Also the Family Testament, for sale at

COPELAND'S.

POETRY.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

The Boys.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?

If there has, take him out, without making a noise!

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!

Old Time is a liar. We're twenty to-night.

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?

He's tipsy,—young jackknives!—show him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! while if we please!

Where the snow flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old;

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge!"

It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;

"Mr. Mayor," say young one, how are you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;

There's the "Reverend," What's his name?—don't make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look,

Made believe he had written a wonderful book,

We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—

Faie tried to conceal him, by naming him Smith,—

But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—

Just read on his medal—"My country,"—of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun?

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;

The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,

And the poor man that knows him laughs the loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue and wit,—

(beside the warrant of the manufacturer).

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To this reasonable request the Devil

gladly consented. The old hag went her way to neighbor Blueford's house and found old Mrs. Blueford very busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work.

After the usual compliments had been passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B. you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years, come next November," replied Mrs. B.

"And in all this time you have never had the least quarrel."

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag. "I consider it my duty to warn you, that though this is the case, yet you must not always expect it to be."

Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," replied Mrs. B.

"I know it," continued the hag. "And let me warn you in time to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did think she had better do so and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long hair growing on a mole under the chin on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

These are the cause of the trouble, and as long as they remain you had better look out. Now, as a friend, I advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble. If you say so, I will," replied the credulous old lady.

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness, passed between them as did between her and the old woman.

But, friend Blueford, said she, I consider it my duty, as a Christian, to warn you to be on your guard for I tell you that your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words.

"When he reached home he threw himself upon a bed in great perplexity, and, feigning sleep, studied the matter in his own mind. His wife, thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was very much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was—so between the two, she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs instead of cutting them off. Mr. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat! After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So, from that time forth there was no more peace in that house. It was jaw, jaw, quarrel, and wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the success of the faithful emissary, and sent her word that if she would meet him at the end of the lawn, at a certain time, he would pay her the shoes.

At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on the end of a long pole, and standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was very much pleased with them—they were exactly the article.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Devil that I would like to have explained; that is why you hand them to me on a stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he; any one who has the cunning and the meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet of me." So saying he fed in terror.

After a while the old woman died, and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions, the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might detract from him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman was compelled to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you know her name?

It is Madame Scandal. When she died her children the young Scandalizers, were left orphans, but the Devil in consideration of past services done by the mother, adopted them, and, so you see, he is the father of that respectable class called scandal mongers.

"A distinguished" Senator in a neighboring State—Senators are always "distinguished," you know—rose, a few days since, in his place, and solemnly offered a resolution to the effect, that there-mometers be placed in the Senate Chamber, and kept at twenty degrees above

Fare heat!

Shooting Stars—Meteors.

Various brilliant bodies have been frequently observed shooting through the heavens with a terrible velocity, creating alarm in the minds of the ignorant, and exciting the wonder of the learned, as to their mysterious origin. The midnight traveler far from the abodes of men, is sometimes startled with one of these bright lights fleeing athwart the horizon, then as suddenly disappear, leaving the darkness more profound. These meteors, as they are called, are far from being uncommon, or confined to any locality—they are seen in every part of our globe. Under the name of "shooting stars," they are witnessed in clear evenings during every month of the year, but in this latitude they are more numerous during the month of August.—They have the appearance of celestial rockets running along (as has been measured) at the awful velocity of 50,400 miles per hour. They are strange messengers of the skies, and no satisfactory theory has yet been propounded respecting their nature and source.

There are other meteors of a very different character from the shooting stars, which have the appearance of being incandescent solid bodies of various colors rushing with a less, but still a great velocity, through our atmosphere. Some of these are of considerable magnitude and in their passage leave a long trail of light behind; a few have been observed to burst into pieces, with a loud report and then disappear. Men of scientific attainments do not agree regarding their origin but quite a number entertain the opinion that they have been ejected from the volcanoes of the moon. In various parts of the globe what are called "meteoric stones" have been found. They are so different in their composition from any other stones found on the surface of the earth that it is not difficult to conclude they have been shot from some celestial cannon, like the craters of the moon. This was the opinion of La Place, and is now entertained by our countryman, Prof. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky. He has analyzed several meteoric stones, obtained from different localities, and they appear to be of the same composition, thus pointing to a common origin. In nature, form, and appearance they are foreigners to the stones and rocks among which they have been found; they are mostly composed of nickeliferous iron, with a very thin oxyd on the surface. Their component parts are iron, 82.39; nickel, 15.02; cobalt, 43; copper, .09; phosphorus, 16; silica, 46; sulphur, .08; magnesia, .24; chlorine, .02, some of the nickel and iron were combined with the phosphorus, forming schreibersite. One of these meteor stones, found at Knoxville, Tenn., was so hard that it was difficult to cut with a fine saw and it was very white in appearance, owing to the presence of so much nickel. It is supposed that these were projected during some great eruption in the moon, and driven far beyond the sphere of our star's attraction may have been revolving in paths of their own for thousands of years, until drawn within the influence of the earth, there at last to find a resting place. This is mere theory, to be sure; but Dr. Smith who believes in it, he can enjoy a quiet chuckle at having pounded a part of old Luna in his mortar, and dissolved a fragment of her body in his alembic. This theory is the most plausible of any yet presented, but the subject deserves further investigation.

In olden times the ignorant peasantry regarded meteors as a sign of death to conspicuous persons, such as chiefs and kings; but now they are beheld without such feelings, but not without wonder. Their mysterious origin imparts to their appearance a deep and impressive interest.—Scientific American.

MODERN REFINEMENTS.—People do not laugh now-days—they indulge in merriment. They do not walk—they promenade. They never eat any food—they masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted.—No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting girls—they pay young ladies attention. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house—you would erect it. One buys drugs at a "medical hall," wines of a "company," and shoes at a "mart." Blacking is dispensed at an "institution," and meat from a "purveyor." One would imagine that the word "shop" had not only become contemptible, but had been discovered not to belong to the English language. Now-a-days all the shops are "warehouses," or "bazaars," and you will hardly find a person having the hardihood to call himself a shopkeeper. "Workpeople" are "employees,"

"tea meetings" are "soirees," and "singers" are "artists."

The Old Red School House in Cornwall.

For the Register.

The character of man is often modified, if not shaped, as much by the places with what they are familiar in early life, as by the instructions they receive. How many can trace impressions lasting as life, to the locality or the structure of the place of worship, to which they were led in childhood by a pious parent. How many more can truthfully ascribe the early bent of their intellect to the location or the architecture of the School House in which they received the rudiments of education—to its neat and attractive appearance; to its tasteful and inviting play-grounds, or to the scenery which opened upon their vision with ennobling effect, as they looked abroad upon the surrounding landscape. Who requires proof that amid such scenery the spirit of oratory and the genius of poetry have often been awakened, and nurtured into energy and activity. And who, conscious of impressions thus produced upon his mind and heart, does not with indescribable interest, revisit even the site of the building where his school days began?

"Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear