The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

RUFUS MEAD,.....WM. J. FULLER.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

A Tribute to Indian Summer.

Come, gloomy day, strew out thy winds
And form thy black clouds over these
Thou only make'st more beautiful
The days that went before thee.

The days when dreamy mist filled up
Each vale, and, sweetly tender,
Make all the fading woodlands wear
A crown of golden splendor.

When e'en the brook half hushed its song,
And, sitting close beside it,
We watched the leaves come thickly down
But strive in vain to hide it.

We watched and moved. The sunset threw
Its crowns all around us,
Then night crept softly up the slope
And found us still found us.

Oh,—who will journey over-houses
The number of November?
I say, you better, though we say
Of you that "we remember."

I love you better, when the storm
Bends wildly in our forests,
And clouds, dark clouds, sink low and fold
The hills in their embraces.

When golden haze doth come no more
Across the fields to glitter,
When dead is every painted leaf,
And hushed the swallow's twitter,

Yes, then it is! *Perhaps* we think
We're blessed when fortune smileth,
But we never can know how blest we were
Till Fortune's own stockinch.

Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y. S. E. H.

Falling Stars.

Shepherd, thou eyest, 'midst yonder blue
The star which ruling its sparkles bright,
I do, my song, but from our view
Thy hidden by the veil of night.
Shepherd, they say thy mind recalls
The wise word words these planets say,
What, then, declares you star which falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away?

My son, where'er a mortal sends,
His star drops earthward instantly.
Thus one, while revelling with his friends,
Dies amidst mirth and thy glee!
He hears not his companions call,
His last song has been sung to-day—
His star accomplishes its fall,
Falls, falls, and fades away!

The maiden, tender and untried,
Soon to lay forth her bridal vows,
A daughter fond, a loving bride,
And worthy of a worthy spouse!
Thy orange blossoms deck her pall,
The priest must now the requiem say
Her star is one of those that fall,
Fall, fall, and fade away!

Behold, my son, yon leaping fire
Were some great noble! Even he—
His life's a wind or past—expires
Amidst his gold and bravery.
Though flatterers throng his splendid halls,
And fawn upon him, day by day,
His life's but a star that falls,
Falls, falls, and fades away!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sacrifice.

"There Mary—now don't you think I ought to be called a pretty good husband?" laughed the young man, as he displayed before the lady's gaze half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes, you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up her sweet face, beaming with smiles, as a June day with sunshine.

"Thank you, thank you for the very flattering words. And now, dear, I want you to have the cloak by next Christmas. I'm anxious to see how you will look in it.

"But Edward," gazing steadily at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, "you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No it is not, either. You deserve the cloak and I've set my mind upon your having it. Then it'll last you so many years, that it will be more economical in the end than a less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no further attempt to refute her husbands arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces, as she rose up saying, "Well dear the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be hungry."

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a book keeper in a large establishment with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in the suburbs of the city, for within its walls dwelt two lives that were set like music to poetry, keeping time to each other. And here dwelt, also, the peace which God giveth to those who love him.

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting room suddenly and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seamstress whom Mrs. Clark has occasionally employed for the last six months. She was always attracted by her young, bright face, her modest yet dignified manners, and now the lady saw at once that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the promptings of a warm impulsive heart, she went to her and laid her hand on her arm, saying softly, "Won't you tell me what is troubling you, Janet?" "Nothing that anybody can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while the tears swelled in her eyes from the effort which she made to speak.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate, you know, it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve, because of your distress."

And so with kind words, and half-caressing movements of the little hand, laid on the seamstress's arm, Mrs. Clark drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan supporting herself by her daily labors, and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior. He had been for some time a kind of under clerk in a large wholesale establishment, where there was every prospect of his promotion; but he had seriously injured himself in the summer by lifting some heavy bales of goods, and at last a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him in so exhausted a state that the doctor had no hope of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him again, Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears. "To think he must die away among strangers, in the hospital, with no living face to bend over him in his last hours, or brush away the damp curls form the forehead which mamma used to be so proud of. Oh, George—my darling, bright faced little brother George," and here the poor girl broke down in a stream of sobs and tears.

"Poor girl, poor girl, murmured Mrs. Clark, her sweet eyes swimming in tears—"How much would it cost for you to go to your brother and comfort?" she asked at last.

"Along thirty dollars. I have not so much money in the world. You see it's nearly four hundred miles off; but I could manage to support myself after I got there."

A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still a few moments, her blue eye fixed in deep meditation. At last she said kindly, "Well my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you," and the warm, cheerful tones comforted the sad heart of the seamstress.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces out of her ivory port monnaie. There was a brief, sharp struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart on this velvet cloak," she thought, "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going out to select the velvet this very afternoon. But then there's that dying boy lying there with strange faces all about him, and longing, as the slow hours pass on, for a sight of the sister who loves him; and would not this thought haunt me every time I put on my new cloak? After all, my old broadcloth is not so bad if it's only turned. And I am sure I can bring Edward over to my way of thinking. No, you must go without a cloak this time, and have the pleasure of knowing you've smoothed the path going down to the valley of the shadow of death, Mary Clark." And she closed the port monnaie resolutely, and went down stairs."

"Janet, put up your work this moment—there is no time to be lost. Here's that money. Take it, and go to your brother."

The girl lifted her eyes a moment, almost in bewilderment, to the lady, and then, as she comprehended the truth a cry of such joy burst from her lips, that its memory never faded from the heart through all the after years of Mrs. Clark's life.

"George! George!" The words leaped from her lips, as the sister sprang forward to the low bed, where the youth lay, his white sharpened face gleaming deathlike from amidst his yellow curls.

He opened his large eyes, suddenly—a flush passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms, and exclaimed "O Janet! Janet! I have prayed to God for the sight of you once more, before I die."

"His pulse is stronger than it has been for two weeks, and his face has a better look," said the doctor, a few hours later, as he made his morning visit through the wards of the hospital.

"His sister came yesterday and sat with him, answered an attendant, glancing at the girl, who hung breathless over the sleepless invalid.

"Ah that explains it. I'm not certain but the young man has recuperative power enough left to recover, if he could have the care and tenderness for the next two months, which love alone can furnish."

How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally unkind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies.

In a day or two, George was removed to a quiet, comfortable private home, and his sister installed herself by his couch, his nurse and comforter.

Three years have passed. The shadows of the night were dropping already around. Mrs. Clark sat in her chamber humming a nursery tune, to which the cradle kept a sort of rythmic movement. Sometimes she would pause suddenly, and adjust the snowy blankets around the cheeks of the slumberer, shining out from their brown curls as red apples shine amid fading leaves in October orchards. Suddenly the door opened. "Sh—sh," said the young mother, and she lifted her finger with a smiling warning, as her husband entered.

"There's something for you, Mary. It came by express this afternoon;" he said the words in an undertone, placing a small package in her lap.

The lady removed the covers with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulder, watching her movement.

A white box disclosed itself, and removing the cover, Mrs. Clark descried a small elegantly-chased hunting watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and touching the spring the case flew back, and on the inside were engraved these words: "To Mrs. Mary Clark. In token of the life she has saved."

"O, Edward, it must have come from George and Janet Hill," exclaimed the lady, and the quick tears leaped into her eyes. "You know she's been with him ever since that time, and she wrote me last spring that he'd obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm. What an exquisite gift, and how I shall value it. Not simply for itself, either."

"Well, Mary, you were in the right then, though I'm sorry to say, I was half vexed with you for giving up your velvet cloak, and you've not had one yet."

"No, I've not had one, but I've never regretted it." She said the words with her eyes fastened admiringly on the beautiful gift."

"Nor, I, Mary for I cannot doubt that your sacrifice bought the young man's life."

"O, say these words again Edward. Blessed be God for them," added the lady fervently.

The husband drew his arm around his wife, and murmured reverently, "Blessed be God, Mary, who put it into your heart to do this good deed."

IN STRAIT QUARTERS.—Father O'Leary was on a visit to some friends, collecting to stipends, when his poor Irish reader, his charge, and who was almost as poor to pay up, Paddy had just made a sale of the "owld cow," receiving a sovereign in payment, with which, of course, he was loth to part, and was considering how to invest it to the best advantage, when the priest dropped in.

"Good morning, Patrick," said he, "I have called for the stipends, and I hope you are better off to-day than the last time I was here."

"Plase yer reverence,' said Paddy 'I'm niver a bit the better off, for divel, the penny have I in the house."

"Well, Patrick, I suppose I will have to pass it over until the next time, by while I hope you will try to save something for the Church."

"I will, plase yer riverence," said Paddy, very humbly; and so the priest left him.

Paddy was in great glee at getting rid of the priest without paying the stipends, and ran to impart the tidings of his success to the "owld woman," who was hoeing the "praties" in a patch near by.

"I say, Jennet, his riverence was here.'

"An' was here, sure?" replied Jennet.

"Yis; an' he asked me for the stipends, an' och, be me faith, an' didn't I fix him nice though."

"An' how, Paddy, did ye pay him, sure?"

"Devil a bit did I, for I towld him I had niver a penny in the house."

"O Patrick! Patrick! how could yo tell such an owdacious lie to his riverence? sure he'll send you to purgatory an' mons'e the long day 'till he 'fore ye get out of it."

"Ah now, Jennet, darlint' an' don't go takin' on after that fashion about it, for it was only a smart transaction in a business-like way on my part, for divel a lie did I tell his honness, it's yourself that knows the soverion I got for the owld cow is every bit of it, an' we have it in the house, and there's a deal of difference between a penny an' a sovereign, Jennet."

Paddy's argument had a soothing effect upon the tender conscience of Jennet, but time passed on without the Congress making any preparation for the payment of the stipends though the sovereign still remained in the house. The priest called again, and Paddy resolved to tell the old story.

"And how is it with you now, Patrick? have yot the stipends for me?" said the priest, as he crossed the threshold.

"Ah, your riverence', an' you may live for me, for I'm poor enough, and niver a penny in the house have I."

Stung with Paddy's prolonged delinquency, the priest fell upon an expedient to bring him to terms; so putting on a stern and solemn look, and raising his finger in a monitory manner, slowly and with great emphasis, said: "Patrick, I'll put you in state quo." and turning on his heel, left the cabin.

But poor Paddy was not in the happy mood now that he was when he tricked the priest before. State quo was a place that he had never heard of, and the terrors of it weighed heavily upon him. Starting from his temporary stupor, he ran to Jennet, crying:

"Jennet! Jennet! his riverence was here again, and he axed me for the stipends, an' when I towld him I had niver a penny in the house, said he, 'Patrick, I'll put you in state quo.'

"O, lowly mother defend us!" cried the terrified Jennet; "sure an' it must be some place worse than purgatory he's going to send you to for lying: run quick, an' give him the sovereign."

Patrick awaited no further invitation. Away he went, as fast as his pedal extremities would carry him, to overtake the priest.

"Your riverence! your riverence!" he almost frantically yelled; "stop, your riverence! an' here's a sovereign I got for the owld cow, an' if ye'll only keep me out of *state quo* you shall have the stipends hereafter whenever you call for them."

NOVEL WAY OF PAYING DEBTS. The *Quarterly Review* states that there was once a Life Insurance Company in London which altogether omitted the suicide clause; and that a man, after opening a policy with it, invited the Directors to dinner with a numerous party. When the cloth was removed, he rose and said; "Gentlemen, it is for you should be acquainted with the company. These honest men are tradesmen to whom I was in debt, without any means of payment but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant." He pulled out a pistol and shot himself. If the omission of the clause attracted many customers of this sort, no wonder it has been restored or retained.

LORD HOLLAND AND GEORGE SELWYN.—A singular remark is quoted of his dying hours, which at least shows composure and good humor. "If Mr Selwin calls again," his Lordship said to his servant, "let him in if I am alive. I shall be very glad to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me."—*Lord J. Russell's Life of Fox.*

—The Spondulix correspondent in Iowa who tells things in a mighty pleasant way. The following description of a [illegible] is pretty in its simplicity:

I had breakfast at sunrise and a little at least and, since there's no I will not trouble to relate. I was seated alone at my breakfast, and a "little maid" was stationed near the table to minister to my necessities. She look had evidently been per... when this child was "set up," and in consequence she had been made the proud possessor of a pair of [illegible] ones, which, though they contributed her prodigious gaunty, did not add much to her personality. I espoused the little girl was looking at me, though it was difficult to tell whether her glances were intended for me, or for a three story clock which stood in the opposite corner of the room; but I ventured to address her:—

Myself—Good morning sis: what is your name?

Small Girl—Lie—Lizzy—Elizabeth, sir.

M.—Ah, that's a pretty name. Lizzy: what's your other name?

S G—(Blushing deeply looked down, but answered not a sound.)

M—(Encouragingly)—Lizzy what, dear?

S G—(In evident torture, wriggled and gasped, but still was silent.)

M (pointedly)—What is your last name Elizabeth?

S G—'Tubbs'

The dear little child! No wonder she writhed and twisted. No wonder her name stuck in her throat and choked up her utterance. If the ancestor of here, who, by his gluttony or his stupidity, earned for himself and his descendants this baneful cognomen, could have seen the misery into which he had imposed this little innocent girl, would he not have rolled over in his grave with repentance? I pitied the child, and so I axed her; 'Do you belong in this house, Lizzy?' 'No sir,' she replied, 'they've took me!' And to I perceived that Lizzy and 'Tubbs' and bound the little [illegible] to be using her for a [illegible]

SILENCE IS NATURE.—[illegible] and very [illegible] most important [illegible] carried on in an unusual [illegible] is no residing sound [illegible] of [illegible] breaks on a dark world and [illegible] after another falls from the [illegible] of miles away. There [illegible] on its many orbits planet and [illegible] bring forth their images and shower the earth beneath them—the planets even themselves with leaves and the leafy forest with flowers; for there is no language in unheard. The [illegible] and wintry [illegible] and frosts and summer of [illegible] and [illegible] discovery, he must be strong [illegible] The [illegible] of the [illegible] is [illegible] its unchanged and unmoving voice amidst of the tempest, and the [illegible] the lightning, the paddlings, the [illegible] rivers, and the thunders as the [illegible] broaden strong within the image of nature—a great and soothing emblem of peace, breaking over the universe like. There is a lesson for us here. The magnificent working in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

SEARCH FOR WIVES.—Things do not usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives? As a question we have occasionally heard discussed, and the conclusion invariably became of value to young lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair, but there are two important and governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other places of public gaiety; and rarely so few are influenced by what may be called "showing off" in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is that ninety-five hundred parts of all the finery with which women decorate or lend their persons go for nothing, so far as husband-catching is concerned. Where, and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians, at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Without these, all the finery and art in the world sink into insignificance.—*Little Pa. side Monthly.*

LOUNGER.—A man lately went to the Post Office, and putting his mouth close up to the delivery box, cried out, "Louder!" The clerk supposing the man to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder!" cried the man.

"What name?" yelled the clerk.

"Louder!" again bawled the man who supposed the clerk to be deaf.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bawled out in the man's face the same question—"What name?"

This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to come from the far off hills. The man stood back in alarm shouting as she ran of his lungs, "Louder, sir. Louder! I told you Louder, my name is nothing else."

"Oh! ah!—O, ho!" said the clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't for a moment think of that. Here is your letter, Mr. Louder."

—A bakery shop is the best place for *loafers*, and bakers are the only *loafers* who should be tolerated.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Dr. LIVINGSTONE—Pardner news has been received of this enterprising traveller, who, when last heard from, was pushing his way up the interior of Africa, where scarcely man had never before been seen. The weather was good generally, but [illegible] that the Doctor [illegible] exceedingly exhausted. He was looking for rivers and streams, and had been successful in finding water courses not before known. Strange people and strange animals met them wherever they went. One night a gigantic insectivorous reptile was caught which [illegible] name's dream's monster, the smallest ever seen, which was very [illegible] some and not as large as a rat. To vary the monotony one night after a tedious march, a tiger sprang upon a group of men, and carried off one of them off. Dog lightful travelling this!

COWARDLY DISPOSITION OF THE HYENA.—Incited by hunger, it hangs on the skirts of villages and encampments, and loses few opportunities of making a meal at the expense of the inhabitants. It does not usually spring upon its victim, but [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and