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KNAPP & CLARK, Real Estate Agents. Parties desiring to sell or purchase real estate will find it for their advantage to call on us. We have already received desirable dwelling houses and lots at our disposal which we shall be happy to show purchasers. Ira W. Clark's Law Office, Main St. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DOORS, SASH & BLINDS. The subscribers would give notice that they are prepared to fill orders on short notice for all sizes and styles of Doors, Sash and Blinds, from thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried lumber. We also keep constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made coffins and trunks. A large stock of Lumber constantly on hand. BOWDEN, BOWEN & CO., Bristol, Vt. 49th.

NEW GRAIN AND FEED STORE. The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand OATS, CORN, BRAN, MIXED FEEDS, OIL MEALS, RICKMEAT FLOUR, INDIAN MEAL, FLOUR OF BONE. And various other articles. Will sell at small margin from cost, for cash. V. V. CLAY, Middlebury, April 17th, 1868.

# Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIII MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1868 NO. 9

## MISCELLANY.

The Unpleasant Rebuke.  
A LIFE LESSON.

BY STEPHEN H. TRACY.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year, and that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest mortals, and so blessing was wanting to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around, people sought him to work for them. A demon had come over his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their great branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was so dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves, bespoken poverty and neglect for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single lock at the house and its accommodations told the story. It was the drunkard's home!

Within sat a woman in early years of life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable. Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for the thoughtless children sneered at them and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare, to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them; and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that she dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for many days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very best ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose, the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food she had in the house there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he arose, but he was sick and faint and liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He had drunk very deep the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home, so he wandered off towards a wood not far from the village, and sank down by a stone wall and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just on the point of rising, when this motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter just moved into the village.

"Come Katy," said one of these latter girls, to her companion, "let's go away

from here, because if any one should see us with those girls they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"But the berries are thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out some time when those little ragged drunkard's girls aren't here."

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"Oh, I can't help it."

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face.

"O, we are not to blame. We are good and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy."

"But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that aren't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—"

"—sh, sis, don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him I know he would—"

And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our father sometime."

"He is our father now, sis."

"I know it; but he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us one these days?" She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and—

"Sh! Don't do that, Nancy, you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me, yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said. "We have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better.

He—did not understand, and would have showed had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr Manly," he said addressing the gentleman alluded to. "I have drunk the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson are you in earnest?"

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, and you shall have the plans I have drawn."

We will not tell how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together and Mr Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared to trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you've earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left.

With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he had wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife: "I must go up to Mr. Manley's office to help him arrange some new plans for his house, but I will be home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was so happy that she had been before in a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well known foot fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how much he had changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the hairer's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the teakettle and potatoes began to boil, and local fact was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose and put on his hat, and then turning to his wife asked:

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you going to obey me once more?"

"Oh—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash for her, and not here a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself or children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated and then turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sunk upon his bosom. He kissed her and then heaving gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been an unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum—He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had in his pocket.

"Mary," after the supper table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days, I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled for a few moments, and then she took her arms, and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he answered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a standpoint from which all the tempers of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage once more a sum of its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work.

Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and their children choose their own associates now.

A STORY FOR TOBACCO TRASK.—An interesting looking female, who from her general contour and flash style of dress, indicated that she belonged to "ye fast crowd," called on the local magistrate at San Francisco, on a late morning, and demanded a warrant for the arrest of another party for an alleged assault and battery. The judge, noticing, that one of her cheeks was considerably swollen, asked the gay dame if that swelling was the result of the injury she had received. Looking him full in the face, she replied, "No, I guess not. Why, your soul, that's tobacco, judge." And to verify her assertion, she, from between her sweet, pouting lips, drew forth an "old soldier," which would have put to blush any "ancient mariner," and laid it on his desk.

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I'm going shopping to-day, and want a little change." "Pooh!" responded the savage, "that would be no change at all; you go out shopping every day."

A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography and Natural History, with numerous Illustrations and Maps. Edited by William Smith, L. L. D. Published by Messrs J. B. Burr & Co. Hartford, Ct.

No book has been issued from the American press for a long time that deserves so universal a circulation as this. Bible Dictionaries have been prepared in former years; some were meagre and imperfect, and all have been outgrown—Calnet's was surpassed by Kitto's; Kitto's, and indeed, all others, have been far out-riced by this of Dr. Smith of the London University, and the most eminent lexicographer of the English speaking world. He conceived the plan of doing for the Bible and the people what he had done for Classical Literature and students; viz: prepare a comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible which should embrace the results of the Christian research and scholarship of centuries, especially those of the explorations and discoveries of modern travellers in the East. Dr. Smith associated with himself over 70 of the most eminent scholars of this country and Europe, in all departments of Biblical learning and research, so that to help might be wanting to make his Dictionary the amplest resource, the richest treasury of knowledge respecting the Bible.

Having finished this great work Dr. S then prepared an ABSTRACT, (the work being in 3 massive octavo volumes, was too large and costly for the public generally,) which should include all that is best adapted to the needs of Christian families and Sabbath School Teachers. This is the work now re-published in this country whose title we have given, and we do not hesitate to say that it should go into every dwelling where there is any desire to read and study the Bible intelligently and with profit. Every person connected with a Sabbath School either as Teacher or pupil, and every parent should, by all means, avail themselves of this incomparable help.

The book is sold out by every bookseller, a work of such permanent and universal interest will find a large sale. It should find its way into every household in the country, and those who wish for remunerative employment will do well to apply to the publishers. It is having a large and rapid sale, as nothing but straightened means can induce any parent or school teacher to decline the offer of such an auxiliary for the understanding of the Scriptures.

DEMOCRAT'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.—This periodical has risen from a mere Gazette of Fashion, to the position of the popular parlor magazine. Ladies who take it think "the world of it," as their phrase is, and are quite sure they could not get along without it. Confessing our ignorance of those points which would enable us to do justice to its merits, we may freely admit that it is most carefully and conscientiously conducted, that its literary tone is far superior to the general run of parlor periodicals, that its range of topics includes nearly all interesting to women, that its information upon household subjects is complete and reliable, and its authority indisputable. Moreover, its patterns alone are worth double the cost of the magazine. A large and unusually interesting amount of reading matter is promised for July, for country enjoyment. Three dollars yearly. Published by W. J. Demorest, 473 Broadway, N. Y.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston is the acknowledged standard of American popular literature. It is devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and History. The same number contains "Beauty of Trees," "Two Families," "Theophile Gautier," "A Literary Artist," "Casa Guidi Windows," "The Talmud," "St. Michael's Night," "Abyssinia and King Theodore," "The Discovery of Etherization," "A Castle of Indolence," "Vix," "Thrill," "A week on Capri," "A June Idyl," "Reviews and Literary Notices."

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE of May 23d contains, Lord Macaulay and his School, All for Greed, The Brambleighs of Bishop's Folly, Continental Iron Works, Supplying English Markets, Sir Robert Napier, Mahomedanism not opposed to civilization, History of voting by Ballot, The Difficulties of Identification, Nationalism, The Irish Church and American Civil War, Personal Vanity of Queen Elizabeth, Letters from Dr. Livingstone, Poetry and Seraps.

EVERY SATURDAY of May 23d has the continuation of Foul Play, The University Boat Race, Marquesas Islands, Japanese Children, Little Women, The Teaching of English, The Soul Trap, Foreign Notes, May in Town, A London Lyric.

THE ECLECTIC for June contains: Embellishment, Napoleon in Prison at Nice, The Queen's Book, Volcanoes and Earthquakes, A Roman Actor—Quintus Rusticus, The Eastern Question, concluded, What is Turkey? The Seychelles, The Enchantress, The Blockade: an Episode of the end of the Empire, continued; Modern Mothers, Simon's History of the Gypsies, A Great Chapter in History, Jack Osborne's Woeing, The Island of Mytilene, The Poetry and Utility of Tears, Voltaire Dying, Napoleon in the Prison of Nice, Poetry, Notes on Books, Science, Varieties. Published by W. H. Bidwell & Co. New York.

The La Crosse Democrat has opened a branch office in New York, "in response to a general desire of Eastern Democrats." Now let the nobby-pandy democratic sheets, that dare not speak their principles look out. The La Crosse Democrat, transferred to New York, will swallow up the World, and keep the flesh and the devil for its allies.

## POETRY.

"I Would not Live Always."

"It is true there are shadows as well as lights, clouds as well as sunshine, thorns as well as roses; but it is a happy world after all."

"I would not live always," said "it is not that here. There's nothing to live for and nothing to love. The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears."

Encircled with rich tokens of good above, And dark the storms of adversity rise— The changes of fortune and danger appear— Each path its high purpose, both glad and wise, And a Father's kind providence rules over all.

"I would not live always," yet, oh, to die! With a shuddering thrill how I pale the heart! We may live, we may part for the glory on high, Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.

There are the deep tenderness drawing us down, Which warm 'round the heart—bring their benediction will weaver;

"I would not live always," but, oh, I am one! A better, a holier rest in the sky, And the light that looks forth to that heavenly shore.

Overcome thine nature's reluctance to die, O, visions of glory, of bliss, and of love— Where'er thou comest, rest for thy lot receive, Ye have power to the heart to soothe or remove. The sharpness of death or the gloom of the grave.

"I would not live always," yet, 'tis that and Time, Its loves, hopes, and friendships, care, duties and joys, Yield nothing exacted, nor pure, nor sadime, The heart to betray, or the soul to employ, No, an angel might's adventures sinfully dwell, And the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage give.

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"I would not live always," yet, while I stay In this Eden of Time, mid these gardens of earth, I'll enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may, And I'll take their treasures what'er they are worth.

I would live as life were a part of my heaven— I would live as if I were were a part of his life— And I'll take the sweet comfort so brightly given, As I breathe of that world, its portions in this.

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