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Middlebury Register

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LANGWORTHY & BOND, MISCELLANY.

OUR LITTLE NEWSBOY.

Hurrying to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a door-way.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! O John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

"Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired baby face, under the fuzzy cap; such a purple, little hand, still holding fast a few papers, such a pathetic sight altogether, was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him,—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep; but he'll freeze, if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy, and go home, as fast as you can," cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice; for the memory of a dear little lad, safely tucked up at home, made him fatherly-kind to the small vagabond.

"The moment he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and, before he was half awake, began his usual cry with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir? 'Herald'!—'Transcript'!—'Last'—a great gap swallowed up the 'last edition'—and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket, and his purse out of another as he spoke.

"All of 'em!—why there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was as honest as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle a fire with 'em. Put that in your pocket; and trot home, my man, as fast as possible."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too numbened to hold it.

"Mills Court; out of Hanover. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, blowing on his purple hands, and hopping feebly, from one leg to the other to take the stiffness out.

"He can't go all that way in this storm,—such a nite, and so used up with cold and sleep—John."

"Of course, he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John; when the boy wheezed out,—

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along as soon as the theatre's done. He said he would; and so I'm waitin'."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care of me."

"Nice car, indeed; leaving a baby like you, to wait for Sam?—such a right as this," I said, crossly.

"Oh, he's good to me, Sam; but though he does knock me round sometimes, when I ain't spry. The big feller shoves me back, you see; and I gets cold, and can't sing out loud; so I don't sell my papers, and has to work 'em off late."

"Hear the child talk! One would think he was sixteen, instead of six," I said half-laughing.

"I'm most ten. He!—ain't that a one?" cried the boy, as a gust of sleet slapped him in the face, when he peeped to see if Sam was coming. "Hullo! the lights is out! Why, the play's done, and the folks gone; and Sam's forgot me."

"It was very evident that Sam had forgotten his little protegee, and a strong rebuff to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy, slipping down, like a little old man with the rheumatism, and preparing to trudge away through the storm.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along, in fifteen minutes; and while waiting you can warm yourself over there," said John, with the purple hand in his.

"My name's Jack Hill, not Casey Banks, please, sir; and the little party, with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr Hill?" asked John laughing.

"I had some peanuts, and two sucks of Joe's orange; but it warn't very fillin'," he said gravely.

"I should think not. Here!—one stew; and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down in a warm corner of the confectioner's opposite.

While little Jack shivered in the hot oysters,—with his eyes shutting up now and then, in spite of himself—we looked at him, and thought again of little Rosey-face at home, safe in his warm nest, with mother-love watching over him. Nodding toward the ragged, grimy, forlorn little creature,—dropping asleep over his supper like a tired baby,—I said—

"Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone at this hour, trying to 'work off' his papers, because afraid to go home till he has 'em?"

"I'd rather not try," answered brother John, winking hard, as he stroked the little head beside him, which, by the by, looked very like a ragged yellow door mat. I think brother John winked hard but I can't be sure, for I know I did; and for a minute there seemed to be a dozen little newsboys dancing before my eyes.

"There goes our car; and it's late," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy; and I frowned at John, for hinting such a thing.

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good-night, ma'am; thank'ee, sir!" croaked the grateful, little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands, and set down on the car step.

"With a word to the conductor, and a small business transaction, we left Jack coiled up in a corner to finish his nap as tranquilly as if it wasn't midnight, and a

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knocking round' might not wait him at his journey's end.

We didn't mind the storm much as we plodded home; and when I told the story to Rosey-face, next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots," said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

And, believing that others also would be kind to little Jack, and such as he, I tell the story.

When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they'll buy their papers of the small boys, who get 'shoved back' the feeble ones, who grow hoarse, and can't 'sing out' the shabby ones, who, evidently, have only forgotten Sams to care for them; and the hungry looking ones, who don't get what is 'fillin'."

For love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper, even if you don't want it; and never pass by, leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlet but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them.—Merry's Magazine.

THE BEAUTIFUL MESTIZO; OR THE MAID OF MONTEREY.

It was the sunset hour. The snow-capped summits of the distant sierra glittered in the sun's last rays, and the spires and turrets of the city of Monterey reflected his fading beams.

The city looked the abode of peace and quietness. Alas! how soon were those quiet streets to resound with the tread of armed men, and all the horrid sounds of mortal conflict.

Go with me a few steps from the Plaza, down a noble street. We pause before a modest house, built in the style peculiar to Mexican towns. Let us enter. In the principal room of the house was a beautiful girl, reclining on a couch, and looking with an expression of perfect trustfulness into the face of a noble looking man.

The man was Dr. Canard; the lady the lovely Senorita Leon, the pride of Monterey, the belle of all the maidens of the town. The Doctor seemed to be giving some directions or advice to the lady, whose pale cheek betrayed that she was recovering from a recent illness.

"I assure you my dear young lady," said he, "that you need give yourself no further uneasiness in regard to this illness. It has been severe, it is true, and the skill of your Spanish physician was entirely at fault; but I know the symptoms of the good effects of medicine. The Manchoan of the *Archa* is truly wonderful. Your illness is regular, your breathing full and unobscured, your eyes have lost their glassy look, and now—"

"But, Doctor," said the lady, "you do not surely intend to leave me thus? You know that the columns of the terrible army of your countrymen, under General Taylor, are even now encamped before our devoted city. Can you leave me, whose life you have saved by your wonderful Manchoan, helms, and at the mercy of those terrible men; men who have scattered the chivalry of Mexico before them, and now press on to consummate their success by overwhelming this devoted place? Do not, oh, I entreat you, do not leave me thus! Stay for awhile, at least, and with my dying breath will I bless you as the saviour of my life, and perchance my honor."

In the excitement of the moment the Senora had thrown herself on her knees before the Doctor and with clasped hands, and eyes raised to his, awaited his reply.

Indeed, from the expression of those jet black orbs of hers, one would have suspected that a dawning passion for the Doctor had as much to do with her passionate supplication as the fear of the terrible "Americans," as she called the gallant army of old "Rough and Ready."

Raising the lady and placing her gently on the couch, the Doctor begged her not to agitate herself with unnecessary fears; assuring her that the Americans did not make war upon women, and telling her that he would not leave the town as yet. Then giving her a package of the Medicine of the Aztecs, prepared for use, he told her to keep it always, for fear of a recurrence of her disease.

Our gallant little army was already encamped before the town, and the next morning the Doctor was awakened by the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, as our troops pressed on to the capture of the place. For three days the conflict raged on every side; the Mexicans defending themselves with desperation; and as last after fort succumbed before the assaults of our troops, taking positions behind the parapets of the roofs, and making desperate efforts to stop the advance through the streets of the town. All was in vain. The starry flag of our country, borne on by willing hands,—flashed in triumph above each position in succession; until at length, in the grand Plaza itself, its well known stars were seen; its heavy folds but half expanded by the evening air, proclaimed that Monterey had fallen.

It was after the contest had thus ended, that the Doctor, who had throughout the dreadful scene, been staying with the Senora, to protect her from the many dangers inseparable from such a conflict was on the point of leaving the house we have already described. He stood at the gate leading into the little court-yard before the house with Senora by his side. A person dressed in the costume common to the Mexicans, with a slouched hat which nearly concealed his features, was

POETRY.

Don't Stop Over.

"Don't stop over," the old man said, As he placed his hand on the young man's head.

"Go by all means, go it fast, Go it while leather and horseshoes last! Go it while hide and hair on horse Will hold together, and go it of course— As fast as you can, But don't stop over my dear young man!

Don't stop over, You'll find some day That keeping an eye on the windward will pay. A horse may run a little long, And where he preaches just a fraction too strong; And a poet who pleases the world with rhyme, May write and regret it in after times. Keep the end of the effort always in view, And don't stop over whatever you do.

Don't stop over, The wisest men Are found to stop over now and then; And yet the wisest at work or war, Are the very ones that blunder the least. Those who forgetful will do not wait, And the ones to err the readiest fall Whenever you go in for the lot. But don't stop over—and freeze to that.

Don't stop over, Great Solomon Once went a little far with his fables, And he's been ever since a laughing stock; Stopped over on Max, in Mexico, Horace Greeley and Jefferson, B. And Hilton Helms, and Old A. B. And Aunt Johnson, the great I wear, All stopped over take care you don't.

Don't stop over, Distrust yourself, Not always reach up to the highest shelf; The next to the highest will generally do, And answer the purpose of such as you. Climb of course, but always so, And take steps this side of the top; And so you'll reach it in wind and strong Without stopping there, This ends our song.

How Our Roman Catholic Brethren Massage.—The following from Mr. Parton's last article in the Atlantic Monthly, may be rather overstrained, but it affords matter for serious consideration, nevertheless:

"Our Roman Catholic brethren are acquiring so great an estate in the United States, and acquiring it so rapidly, that it becomes a matter of public concern how they get it, what they do with it, and especially, what they will do with it, and by what means it shall have become the largest property held in the country by or for an organization. Other organizations usually live from hand to mouth; but somehow, the Catholics always contrive to have a little money ahead to invest for the future. The Catholic Church, seven-tenths of whose members are exempt from the income tax because their income is under a thousand dollars a year, is a capitalist, and has the advantage over other organizations, which a man has over his fellows who, besides earning his livelihood, has a thousand dollars to operate with. There are spots in the Western country, over which the prairie winds now sweep without obstruction, that will one day be the sites of great cities. Our Roman Catholic brethren mark those spots and construct maps upon which not existing towns alone are indicated, but thriving towns also. A saw, two, 'young' men, and a 'young' man of the country west of the Mississippi but he ever saw at home, upon which the line of the Railroad was traced, and every spot was dotted where a settlement would naturally gather, and a conjecture recorded as to its probable importance. Five hundred dollars judiciously invested in certain localities now will buy land worth \$100,000. Thirty-seven years ago the best thousand acres of the site of Chicago could have been bought for \$1.25 an acre; and there is one man now in Chicago who owns a lot worth \$20,000 which he bought of the Government for fifteen and five-eighths cents. Now, there are in the Roman Catholic Church men whose business it is to turn such facts to the advantage of the church, and there is also a systematic provision of money for them to expend for the purpose.

A complicated divorce case will shortly be reopened in the New York supreme court. It was tried and supposed to be settled several months ago, but the defendant now wants the decree of divorce set aside. The plaintiff in the original case was Morgan L. Smith, now United States consul at Honolulu, and the defendant Mary Ann Smith, is a resident of Newport, Kentucky. Both parties resided in New York some years ago.—The defendant moves to have the divorce set aside, on the ground that it was procured by fraud. She says she knew nothing about it until a week after the decree was issued, when Smith visited her at Newport and told her that he had obtained a divorce. She asked him where, and he replied that divorces were obtained very easily in Indiana. He then left, and she has not seen him since. She could not even find out where he had procured the divorce until it was accidentally divulged by a member of Congress to whom Smith had confided it while in Washington, working up his appointment. Witnesses, who gave their residence as in New York, testified to acts of adultery by the defendant, but she denies these in toto, and avers that she is a virtuous and religious woman. A few weeks after the decree was issued Smith married a young lady of Vicksburg, Miss. and she accompanied him to Honolulu. The case is full of contradictions which show an enormous amount of falsehood somewhere. A decision on the application to reopen is to be rendered on the 13th of June.

What is the difference between a spend thrift and a feather bed? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

An exchange contends that notwith standing the popular prejudice in favor of the innocence of the fair sex, while the present style of head dress continues in vogue, their *gilt* is very manifest.

An English magazine has an article on some of Tennyson's late poems entitled "What is the Laureate About?" The Boston Advertiser thus answers the conundrum, "About exhausted."

SCARLET FEVER.—It is not very safe to rely much upon newspaper opinions on medical or legal subjects. But here are some remarks on scarlet fever, which we find in a recent number of the London Times, communicated by "A fellow of the college of physicians," which seems to be sensible and timely.

It is a notorious fact that scarlet fever prevails extensively throughout the country. We hear of it and we meet with it everywhere,—in public schools and in private houses, in the cottage of the poor, in the parsonage and in the palace. The wide prevalence of this fearful malady is due to a variety of causes, but there are some to which I desire to call particular attention. In the first place it frequently happens that persons who are recovering from the disease travel in public conveyances while they are throwing off poisonous exhalations from their bodies, and, therefore, while they are still a source of danger to all who come near them, or who follow them as travellers in the same vehicles. In this way it constantly happens that railway carriages, omnibuses, cabs, and other public conveyances become infected by the subtle poison, which may be a source of danger and of death for an indefinite period.

Shortly after the reassembling of a great school it frequently happens that scarlet fever makes its appearance. Why is this? Perhaps 500 boys come together from various and distant parts of the country. In the course of their journey there is a high degree of probability that some of them will travel in an infected carriage, and that one or more of them will contract the fever, which may then spread more or less through the school. Thus the railways continually scatter scarlet fever over the country, as they recently conveyed the cattle plague.

Another source of danger is this: A convalescent from scarlet fever is thought to require change of air, and while his skin is still peeling and thus throwing off the fever poison, he travels by rail, infecting the carriages and his fellow passengers on the way, and goes into a lodging by the seaside. From mere heedlessness or from a worse motive, the subject of scarlet fever is never mentioned. The unsuspecting landlord lodges her dangerous guest; the bedding and the furniture become infected, and the next occupant of the lodgings, coming to them, probably, for health, takes the fever.

The germs of the disease will remain active in blankets, carpets and curtains for many months. In last week's *Lang* a correspondent relates a case in which some new blankets, having been infected by scarlet fever, were put away uncleaned in a wardrobe. Fourteen months afterwards the mistress of the house had these blankets taken out and put upon her own bed; in a few days she took the fever and died.

If care were taken to cleanse thoroughly and disinfest all articles of clothing, bedding, and furniture, and if all persons, acting upon the golden rule of loving their neighbors as themselves, would abstain from travelling by public conveyances, or entering hotels and lodging houses, while there is reason to believe that the germs of the disease are still clinging to them, we should hear much less than we now do of the sorrow and suffering occasioned by this formidable scourge.

PUBLIC DINNERS IN ENGLAND.—As for the quality of the dinners, I can only speak of one—the Royal Literary Fund—and that was atrocious. It was given, best tavern in England—the best I ever saw—and might had it been the best, and the provisions were abominably bad, and abominably cooked. The wines were absolutely poisonous. I never saw a worse dinner in any part of the world. No wonder the guests did not subscribe liberally to the fund, racked as they were by fierce pains, and with the horrors of a fit of indigestion pending over them. Moral—never go to an English public dinner unless you are sure you can get a better one at home, and that is a very good rule.

There are very exceptional houses where everything is different, but the rule is to eat and be sick afterward. As to dining in a tavern, it must nearly drive a man to despair. Why does not some one come over and try us with something better? A good restaurant would not pay— and people who do not belong to clubs must be content to put up with what they can get.—*Letter to New York Times.*

THE WRONG WORD.—An Englishman some years ago was studying the German language in Leipzig. Being invited out one evening, he could not go on account of his wife's illness. He chanced to meet the lady from whom the invitation came at another evening party. He went to her at once and apologized for his absence.—"My wife was sick," said he, and I had to stay at home and be the 'Amme, meaning to say nurse. To his surprise the whole company broke out in peals of laughter. His surprise kindled to indignation.—"What are you all laughing at?" cried he, "it is all right, I tell you, I know it is, I looked in the dictionary on purpose before I came; I was the 'Amme, Amme, Amme—Amme!" he repeated it carefully as he began to think he must have pronounced it incorrectly. I was the 'Amme,' I tell you. The merriment on the German side and the anger on the English grew apace; nor was it for some longer possible to explain to him that "Amme" indeed means nurse, but a particular kind of nurse—wet nurse.

Has nature an antidote for acquired diseases? The Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake of New York, have no doubt benefited and cured some persons of Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Sinking Weakness, General Debility, and Mental Respondency, than any other article in existence.—They are composed of the purest roots and herbs, carefully prepared, to be taken as a tonic and gentle stimulant. They are composed of the sweet roots and herbs, carefully prepared, to be taken as a tonic and gentle stimulant. They are adapted to any age or condition of life, and are extensively popular with mothers and persons of sedentary habits.