

Business Cards.

SLADE & HARRIS, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office, Broadway Block, Middlebury, Vt.

E. L. SMITH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office over Postoffice, Middlebury, Vt.

KINGSLEY & SON, Dentists. 43 ST. ST. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

P. MEAD, Real Estate Broker. 19 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. W. RIDEH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. 26 1/2 BRISTOL, VT.

M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison County. Office in Stewart's Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDRIDGE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. J. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Middlebury Marble Co. 17

A. P. PUPPER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over Postoffice, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

J. W. CLARK, Attorney & Counsellor at Law. Office with Judge of Probate, Tuesdays and Saturdays. Residence, New Haven, Vt.

PROUT, SIMONS & WALKER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. 221 RUTLAND, VT.

R. H. MARDIN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Master in Chancery, Bristol, Vermont. References—Hon. Geo. W. Grandey, Hon. C. H. Heath, Hon. John W. Howell.

E. P. RUSSELL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at the residence of the late Dr. W. P. Haines, 105 S. W. M. Hill St. M. P. M., unless previously engaged. 41

B. SUTTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office next door east of the Addison House. Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 12 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. 29 1/2

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, will write policies in the Farmers' Mutual and other companies represented by the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York. Office at J. L. Tuttle's Store. 49

L. R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household Provisions, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Butter, Sugar, &c. Oil, Tobacco, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter as well as more any day in the week. 104 1/2

H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet warp and hating of a superior quality, at the lowest cash price. Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 39 1/2

DEPOSITORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, at P. MEAD. Bibles and Testaments for sale at cost. 35-3m

U. PHOLSTERING. F. L. DRAKE, PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERER, Shop in Sheldon's Block, over Pierce's Store. Repairing and new work done to order in a thorough and satisfactory manner. 29 1/2

H. TURRILL, Dentist, Office hours from 12 to 2 p. m., 1 to 5 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Office over J. L. Tuttle's Store, Middlebury, Vermont. 51 1/2

MRS. E. J. MARTIN, Fashionable Dress and Cloak maker, has constantly on hand all the latest and most approved patterns. Work executed with satisfaction and dispatch. Also sole Agent for the Grover and Baker Sewing Machine, and the Sewing Machine. Middlebury, Vt. 51 1/2

WANTED—A PARTNER WITH \$3,000.—A young, active business man, having had experience in the mercantile trade, on a line of rare chance to go in as partner in an old established house in this village. None need apply without the above requirements. Address JOHN JOHNSON, 28 1/2 Middlebury, Vt.

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE, LAST MONTH, SEVERAL LOTS WERE PURCHASED. Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq., and Oct. Knapp.

Others in Negotiation! HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON EASY TERMS!

The Superiority of BUILDING LOTS On this New Street is universally admitted.

Yes, it is a Christian duty. To secure a pleasant home. When the day of rest and calm. Of a stormy life shall come. Yes, to feel one's self protected. From the noise and bustle of the world. A step of first importance. To all parents and their friends.

Yes, build yourself a nice new house. Exempt from fire, or any other calamity.

CENTRAL Vt. RAILROAD, RUTLAND DIVISION. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

MOVING NORTH—Night express leaves Bellows Falls at 11:30 p. m.; Chester 12 m.; Ladd 12:35 m.; arrives at Rutland at 1:45 a. m.; leaves Rutland 1:50; arrives in Burlington at 3:07; Vergennes 3:40; arrives in Burlington at 4:30. Accommodation—Leaves Rutland at 4:40 a. m.; Brandon 7:25; Middlebury 8:10; Vergennes 8:47; arrives in Burlington at 9:50 a. m.

MOVING SOUTH—Night express leaves Burlington at 11:30 p. m.; Vergennes 9:20; Middlebury 9:55; arrives in Rutland at 11:40; leaves Rutland 11:45; arrives in Brandon 12:10; Middlebury 12:45; Vergennes 1:30; arrives in Burlington at 2:10 p. m.

MOVING SOUTH—Morning express leaves Burlington at 6:20 a. m.; Vergennes 8:20; Middlebury 8:55; arrives in Rutland at 10:40; leaves Rutland 10:45; arrives in Brandon 11:10; Middlebury 11:45; Vergennes 12:30; arrives in Burlington at 1:10 p. m.

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The Middlebury Register

THOUGHTS.

Addressed to Mrs. M. D. Dilling on her Birthday Celebration, Jan. 20, 1875.

O, welcome year of Seventy-five, Which brings around the natal day Of our dear mother, now alive, And for you all age and growth receive.

Dear mother, we are glad to find, To visit health-ruled and die, And for you all age and growth receive, Nor leave your friends to weep and sigh.

Appearing like a youthful maid, Whose life is now but just begun, With charming looks that slowly fade, And years that count but weary sun.

O, mother dear, we're glad to know, How lengthened life of joyous years, The sunny days of life's tranquil flow, Except from sickness, wants and fears.

Thrice welcome, eighteen seventy-five; May I enable you to shun An early grave, and long survive, And promise a long, full age.

As future years still come and go, May Christ a pilot be to you, While life is lengthened here and there, That you may gain the port at last.

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And she can't keep up her engagements. There are two Swiss muslin ball dresses, fluted and puffed beautifully, lying in her basket, waiting to be done up, at this present moment. Five dollars a piece she has for them.

Well? I shall do them up. Nanny? You? Well, why not? Think what a golden stream of caresses ten dollars would be in our empty coffers! Ask yourself how on earth you or I could earn ten dollars in any other way. And after all, a Swiss muslin dress is a pretty poetical sort of a fabric to wash and iron; and into the bargain, poor Mrs. Barker keeps her customers.

Oh, Nannie! have you come to that? Now you look and talk exactly like dear old grandma! Don't be a goose, Minnie! Just you invent some story about my being promenading in the park home! Positively, I shall have nothing to wear to-night.

She was lounging before the sea-oval fire, in a blue silk negligee, trimmed with swans-down, and a little French tangle of blue ribbons and lace pinned among her tresses, with a pearl-headed javelin, while a novel lay in her lap.

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THE STORY OF A PARROT.

Some forty years ago, there lived in the quiet town of East Haverhill, Massachusetts, a much respected Quaker family by the name of Whittier. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their house was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unprovided, unloathed, or unfed.

When the Indians had respected Grandfather Whittier in the stormy times of the Indian war. Among Mr. Whittier's children was a boy named John, who had a very feeling heart and a quick mind. He was a hard working farmer lad, who knew more of the axe, the sickle and hoe than the playthings of childhood. Indeed, New England children had but a glimpse at the sunniness of youth in those hard times; no long daisied walks, stretching far into life, they could call their own.

His early education consisted of a few weeks' schooling for a number of winters in the district school. A queer sort of a school it was—kept in a private house. John loved the master, and spoke a kind word for him when he became a man.

In the library there was a beautiful poem called "Snow-Bound,"—a very good poem for good people to read. Now the boy lived in just such a home as is described in that poem, and his boyhood was passed among just such scenes as are pictured there. You may like to read it some day, so we need not try to tell what it has been to us.

He had a poet in his boyhood. He did not know it. There are many poets who do not.

He used to express his feelings in rhyme; how could the boy help it? He one day wrote one of these poems on some coarse paper, and sent it privately to a paper called the Free Press, published in the neighboring town of Newburyport.

The editor of the paper, whose name was Garrison—William Lloyd Garrison, you may have heard the name before—was pleased to receive the poem, and he had it printed in his paper. He noticed that it was written in blue ink, and he thought to throw it into his waste basket.

But Mr. Garrison had a good, kind heart and liked to give every one an chance in the world. He read the poem, and saw that it was true genius in it, and so he published it.

Happy was the Quaker farmer boy when he saw his verses in print. He felt that God had done something for him in life for him—that he was called in some way to be good and useful to others. He wrote other poems, and sent them to Mr. Garrison.

They were full of beauties—these poems. Mr. Garrison one day asked the postman what quarter they came.

"I am accustomed to deliver a package of papers to a farmer-boy in East Haverhill," he guessed they come from here.

Mr. Garrison thought he must ride over to East Haverhill and see him.

So he went one day, and found a slender, sweet-faced farmer boy working with his plain, practical father on the farm. The boy modestly acknowledged that he had written the poems; and with his father did not seem over well pleased.

"You must send that boy to school," friend Whittier said Mr. Garrison.

Friend Whittier was not so sure; but the good counsel of the Newburyport editor, in the end, was decisive. The boy was sent to the academy.

John is an old man now, almost sixty years of age. He lives at Amesbury, near the beautiful Merrimack, and he loved in youth. Almost every boy and girl in the land can repeat some of the poems he has written.

He has no wife and children, yet his home is cheerful and social, and open to the stranger, like his father's and grandfather's of old.

In common with most men of genius, he is very fond of pets, and among these favorites, little animals and birds have their place. It is one of these household pets that we have a story to tell.

She was a parrot, and she belonged to the respectable branch of the parrot family called Polly. Polly succeeded, among her master's favorites a smart little blue bird, who once had the freedom of the house, and who perished, we think, in an unequal contest with an evil-disposed cat.

Polly, too, had the freedom of the house at times, and used to sit on the back of the poet's chair at his meals, and the two sometimes held very profound and confidential conversations together.

The poet is a pious man. He has the little Quaker church to which he goes regularly on Sundays and Thursdays for silent worship; it is a quiet refuge, and seems like a little school-house in the wood. Polly, who had been badly brought up, became demure and well-behaved immediately after her adoption; so, for a time, the poet and Polly were in perfect sympathy.

One Sabbath day, Polly, who had doubtless heard much about large views from the poet's learned visitors, thought that she would take a somewhat larger view of the world. So, as the people were going to church, she climbed upon the top of the house, and sat upon her ridge-pole. It then occurred to her, that having reached a more exalted sphere of thought and action, she would behave as a pious man.

There he spoke about the life of a fallen woman. Some girls say they have an easy gay life, which is not true. It is the most miserable life that is led. He said:

"I am glad to have you come in here and see us, but don't waste time on us. There are a great many young men who are just commencing taking a little wine, going to bad houses, gambling a little. They don't realize what it will lead to. Speak to them. They have situations, and there is a chance for them to reform. But for us, the chances to be better men than we are getting to be, are few. My God! if I knew that my sister and my brother were to live this kind of a life, I would shoot them."

Dear me, said the Major rubbing his hands, with an appearance of great satisfaction, it took you quite awhile to finish those last thirteen lines.

Yes, I don't mean to say that you are not enjoying what you are doing. Yes, I did, said the Major; and the frocks are down stairs, and I am going out for a game of billiards. And as he went, he murmured to himself, I thought all girls were alike, but I believe I've discovered one independent one at last.

Graduamam, I'm going to be married. You, Nanny? You are but a child. Anna Breighton was kneeling beside her grandmother's chair, and the fairy god-mother was stroking her curls with one tremulous white hand, where the an-

and eyes open day and night, but nothing of Polly was seen or heard. The poet's house was no longer filled with quiet gladness, for the inmates all pined their hearts when night came, and it pined that it was far away in the woods, by the name of Whittier. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their house was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unprovided, unloathed, or unfed.

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