The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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
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Legal Notices.

Orrin Abbey vs. Lewis G Richardson. } Addison County Court, June Term, A D 1855

Whereas, Orrin Abbey of Middlebury, in the County of Addison, and State of Vermont, has brought into this Court his writ and declaration, against Lewis G Richardson of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and State of Massachusetts, with a return of service therein by attacking all the marble, all the coal, and all the stone and all the lime situated and lying near the lime kilns at the marquarry at Larrabee's Point in Shoreham, and in said County, and declaring in a plea, that the defendant render to the plaintiff the sum of two hundred and ninty dollars, due from said defendant to balance book accounts between them, and demanding in damages three hundred dollars.

And at the present term of this Court, it being suggested to this Court, that the defendant was without the State at the time of the service of the writ, and has not yet returned within the same: It is ordered that said cause be continued until the term of said Court next, to be held at Middlebury within and for said County on the second Tuesday of December, A. D 1855, and that in the meantime notice of the pradency thereof be given to said defendant, by publication of this order, and substance of the plaintiff's declaration, three weeks successively in the Middlebury Register, a public newspaper printed at Middlebury in said County of Addison, last of which publication shall be at least thirty days prior to said next term.

DUGALD STEWART, Clerk.
E. R. WRIGHT, Atty. for Piff. 26 3t.

Leonard McChesney vs. John H Trowbridge, } Addison County Court June Term, A D 1855

Leonard McChesney, of Troy, Rensselaer County and State of New York, having entered in this Court, at the December Term, 1854, his writ and declaration against John H. Trowbridge, of the City, County, and State of New York, otherwise of Boston in the County of Suffolk and State of Massachusetts, with a return of service thereon by the attachment of his interest, part, or share in two mares, two colts one Black Hawk stallion, and one piano forte; and declaring in a plea of trespass on the case, for, that, whereas, the said defendant on the 24th day of April, 1854, at New York City, aforesaid, made signed his certain premissory note in writing bearing date the day and year last aforesaid, and thereby promised to pay to the order of L. McChesney the plaintiff the sum of six hundred dollars, six months after date, at the Chemical Bank for value received by the said defendant, and then and there delivered the said note to the said Leonard McChesney, the plaintiff, by reason whereof the said defendant became liable to pay to the plaintiff the said sum of money in said note specified according to thetenor thereof, and being so liable, afterwards to wit, on the day and year last aforesaid, at New York City aforesaid, in consideration thereof the defendant undertook and faithfully promised the plaintiff to pay him the said sum of money in said note specified to the tenor and effect of said note—Nevertheless the defendant has not yet paid the said sum of money in said note specified, nor any part thereof though often requested, but has wholly neglected and refused so to do, to the damage of the plaintiff twelve hundred dollars.

And said cause having been continued now at the present term of the Court it being suggested to the Court that the defendant was without the state at the time of the service of the writ, and has not as yet returned within the same It is ordered that the cause be furthe continued until the term of said Courr next to be held at Middlebury within and for said County on the second Tuesday of December A. D. 1855, and that in the mean time notice be given of the pendency thereof to the said defendant by publication of this order, and the substance of the plaintiffs declaration in the Middlebury Register, a public newspaper printed at Middlebury in said County of Addison, the last of which publications shall be at least thirty days prior to said next term.

DUGALD STEWART, Clerk.
A. A. LEE, E. R. WRIGHT. } Attys. for pltf. 26 4w

The Cheapest and Best
H. A. SHELDON'S HAIR DYE.

DOUBLE the quantity at ONE HALF the price of other dyes.

It is very easily applied, colors instantly, and *warranted* in all cases when the directions are followed.

Price 50 cents. Made and sold only
H. A. SHELDON, Apothecary,
Middlebury,

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Addison, ss. } Be it remembered that at a Probate Court held at Middlebury, in and for the District of Addison, on the 19th day of October, A. D 1855.

Martin S Dorrance, administrator of the estate of

CLARA F. NICHOLS,

late of said Middlebury, deceased, presents his administration account for allowance: It is thereupon ordered, that said account be considered for allowance, at the session of this court to be held at the office of the Register of this court, in said Middlebury, on Thursday, the 8th day of November next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, that they may appear and make their objections, if any they may have, to the allowance of said account, by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at said Middlebury—three weeks successively previous to the time of said court.

Jed. S. Bushnell, Register.
A true copy of record. 27 3w.
Attest Jed. S. Bushnell, Register

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Addison, ss. } Be it remembered that at a Probate Court held at Middlebury, in and for the District of Addison, on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1855:

Electa S Phelps, guardian of HERMON E. PHELPS, of said Middlebury, a minor, daughter of Samuel Phelps, late of said Middlebury, deceased, represents to the court that it would be conducive to the interests of her said ward, to sell all her real estate, to wit: All her right title and interest in, and to all real estate of which her said father, died, seized or possessed, for the purpose of putting the proceeds thereof at interest; and makes application to this court for license to sell the said real estate of her said ward, for the purpose aforesaid: It is thereupon ordered, that said application be considered by this Court, at the session thereof to be held at the office of the Register of Ithe court, in said Middlebury, on Thursday, the 8th day of November next at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, that they may appear and make their objections, if any they may have, to said license being granted by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at said Middlebury—three weeks successively previous to the time of said court.

JED. S BUSHNELL, Register
A true copy of Record.
27 3w Attest Jed. S Bushnell Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Addison, ss. } Be it remembered that at a Probate Court held at Middlebury, in and for the District of Addison, on the 9th day of Oct., A D. 1855:

John Brainard, administrator of the estate of

SAMUEL BUCK,

late of Bridport, in said district, deceased, presents his administration account for allowance: It is thereupon ordered that said account be considered by this court, at the session thereof to be held at the office of the Register of the Court in said Middlebury, on Thursday, the 1st day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, that they may appear and make their objections, if any they may have, to the allowance of said account, by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at said Middlebury—three weeks successively previous to the time of said Court.

JED S BUSHNELL, Register.
A true copy of record. 26 3w
Attest JED S. BUSHNELL, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Addison, ss. } Be it remembered that at a Probate Court held at Middlebury in and for the District of Addison, on the 10th day of Oct, A D 1855.

Jonathan R. Furnal, administrator of the estate of

CHARLES ADAMS,

late of Ripton, deceased, present his administration account for allowance. It is thereupon ordered, that said account be considered for allowance, at the session of this court to be held at the office of the Register of this court in, said Middlebury, on Thursday, the 1st day of November next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested that they may appear and make their objections, if any they may have, to the allowance of said account by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at said Middlebury—three weeks successively previous to the time of said court.

JED S. BUSHNELL, Register.
A true copy of record.
26 3w. Attest JED. S. BUSHNELL, Register

MIDDLEBURY
FEMALE SEMINARY.

INSTRUCTORS.

W. F. BASCOM, A. M., Principal.
MRS. A. F. BASCOM, Teacher of Music.
MISS LAURA D. SPRAGUE, Teacher of English Branches and Latin.
MISS J. S. JONES, Teacher of English and French.
MISS H. KILBOURN, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.
MISS HARRIET L. TILDEN, Teacher of Music.

TUITION AND BOARD.

TUITION—in Elementary English, $3 00; Higher English, $4 50; Latin and English, $5 00; Piano and Singing, with Thorough Bass, $10 00; Vocal Music, 1 00; Painting in water colors, $4 00; in Oil, $8 00; Drawing, $4 00; French, $3 00.

An extra charge of twenty-five cents is made for fires and sweeping.

BOARD, in Seminary Boarding House, including Room, Lights and Washing, $25,00 per quarter—the young ladies finding their own towels and lamps. Fuel is provided at cost, and is usually but a small charge. Board in the village costs from $1.50 to $2.25, and rooms can be readily obtained for self-boarding.

Bills payable at the middle of each quarter, and no deduction is made for temporary absence.

ACADEMICAL YEAR.

The year is divided into two terms of twenty-one weeks each, and each term into two quarters. The first Quarter begins September 3, 1855; the second, November 19, followed by a vacation of four weeks, the third, February 25, 1855; the fourth, May 5, followed by a vacation of six weeks.

Middlebury, Vt., July 24, 1855. 1:

Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries
Baltimore, Md., 20th June, 1855.

CAUTION—LOTTERY FRAUDS.

THE Commissioner of the Maryland State Lotteries has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous Swindlers now circulating by mail and otherwise, fraudulent Lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious.

The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn daily under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State under the new Constitution to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

All the tickets in these Lotteries and all certificates of packages of tickets have the lithographed signature F. N. BRENAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Md. All others are fraudulent.

For full information on the subject of these frauds, address F. N. BRENAN,
14 1y Baltimore, Maryland.

Poetry.

Happiest Days.

They tell us, love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eyes,
The change that waits our being;
Ah! life they say's a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow,
For where the sunlight fails to-day,
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow;
Then better were it that to-day,
We fervently were praying,
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying:

The heart has depths of bitterness,
As well as depths of pleasure,
And those who love, love not unless
They both of these can measure;
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover,
And woe if either then be dumb,
To power that moved the lover!

There are some spots where each will fall,
And each will need sustaining;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining;
Then whereof do our hearts unite
In bond's that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor!

The while these happy days we bless
Let us *no doubt* by saying;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though He should change the showing;
Such be our Faith as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by His hands are led,
And hear what He is saying.

Miscellany.

Florence Emerson, or the Young Widow.

BY VIRGINIA DE FOREST.

'Florence,' cried Jessie Lawson, bursting into her cousin's boudoir one morning—'Florence Emerson, Harry says you are engaged to George Langford!'

'Well, cousin, if I were, have you any objections?'

'Objections! Why, Floy, he is old enough!—

'Just thirty-nine, cousin Jessie.'

'Thirty nine! and a widower with two children! But it is a mistake of Harry's, you are not really going to marry him, are you?'

'I expect so,' said Florence, quietly.

'Well, I give you up. You Florence Emerson, the belle of the season, with large fortune; you, the beauty and heiress, with lovers, beaux, offers without end or number, to throw yourself away upon a poor widower with two children and no fortune except his profession. Oh! Floy, I thought you had more sense. What are thinking of?'

'Why, Jessie, you are wasting your eloquence. George Langford is handsome.'

'Granted.'

'Talented.'

'Granted, again.'

'He loves me.'

'So do fifty others.'

'And last of all my strongest argument, I love him.'

'Well, I suppose you will marry him in spite of my disproval, and so I wish you joy, and hope he'll never hold up Mrs. Langford first, as a pattern to Mrs. Langford second.'

'If Mrs Langford was a pattern for me I will follow in her footsteps.'

'Well well, there is one comfort. Willie and Edith are both pretty children, and too young to rebel against a new mamma, I believe. How old are they exactly, Floy?'

'Willie is four, Edith three.'

'Keep you busy, the care of two such babies!'

Florence Emerson and Jessie Lawson were cousins, and had, until Jessie's marriage, been almost like sisters. Jessie, who was two years the elder, was gay, lively blonde, vain and pretty. Florence was a tall, stately beauty, with large dark eyes, black hair, and features like a Greek statue. She was an orphan, and, as Jessie said, an heiress.

George Langford was a lawyer of some standing. Handsome, but grave and quiet in his manner; devotedly attached to Florence, but he was thirty-nine, and a widower! Jessie's sentiments were echoed by all Florence's circle of friends when her engagement was known. She, so beautiful, young, talented, and wealthy! She always was different from other girls, they said. So, after a few days, the matter ceased to be discussed, and some new wonder of the fashionable world took its place.

Florence had been married just two years, when it became necessary for Mr. Landford to visit Paris; his stay was to be very short, so he concluded not to take Florence. She was fond of home, and had won the love of both children, and in return loved them fondly, and with their society, and home duties, and a promised visit to Jessie's through the time of her husband's absence might be made to pass pleasantly. But when the hour of departure came, when his trunk stood waiting in the hall, and he came to say farewell, the whole aspect of things seemed changed. Florence felt that her dearest treasure was leaving her; all looked dark, and a vague presentiment of evil filled her soul.

'Why, Florence you are as white as a corpse,' cried George, in a frightful tone. 'I thought you had arranged geisties without number to occupy you while your grave old husband was away. Cheer up, Floy; I shall be gone only a short time.'

'Oh, George, I did not realize it till now. What can I do without you?'

'You will visit Jessie, take Willie and Edith into the country, and—and—oh, you had a whole list of pleasures arranged. The carriage is here. Good-bye, Florence.'

Florence tried to speak but the words died on her lips. She grasped his hand, while her eyes filled with tears, and then let him go.

All her pleasures were forgetten as she watched the carriage rolling from the door and she only remembered how lonely she would be without him; she looked back upon two years of such perfect happiness that it seemed less like reality than a pleasant dream. Long she stood at the window watching as if she expected him to return, but the voices of the children roused her, and she stifled her own grief, and went to amuse and comfort them. Willie thought papa was 'real unkind' not to take them; while Edith clung close to Florence, and hope papa would be safe on the 'deep water.'

Jessie Lawson and Florence Langford were seated in the piazza of the pleasant country house, they had hired for the season, conversing. Edith and Willie were romping with Rover on the grass, while ever and anon their clear joyous laughter, would make the ladies turn and smile.

'I forgive you now, Floy, for marrying George, said Jesse, fondly. 'I think that if he had asked me, and I could have looked into the future, I should have done just as you did.'

At that instant, Jessie felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and looking up saw her husband; his face was very grave, and his whole manner betokened that something or other serious had happened.'

'Jessie,' he said in a low tone, 'come into the parlor; I want to speak with you.'

'He is jealous,' whispered Jessie to Florence, as she rose to obey. 'Now for a matrimonial lecture.'

'Close the door Jessie,' said Harry, when they entered the parlor. 'I do not wish Florence to hear what I have to say now. Poor Floy! we must break it gently to her.'

'Why, Harry dear, what is the matter?—George?'

'Yes. The Eagle, the vessel he sailed in, was wrecked and but few escaped; a vessel going to Calcutta took a few of the passengers, but the rest were lost. George Langford's name is among the missing.

Harry had forgotten the open window, and was startled to see Florence now standing in front of it. She was cold and pale as marble, her hands were tightly cleuched, her teeth set, and her whole frame rigid and motionless. Harry ran to her side, and took her hand to lead her in. The touch broke her stupor, and she fell fainting to the ground.

For weeks Florence Langford lay between life and death; fever and delirium succeeded her death like trance, and her life was despaired of. A strong constitution, however, triumphed, and she recovered; but oh, how altered! The pale, thin face, seen now under a close widow's cap, was so wan and sad that very few would have recognized the once blooming Florence.

Her sole comfort now seemed to lie in the children—his children. She would hardly allow them out of her sight, and her whole time was industriously spent in instructing and amusing them.

Florence Langford had been a widow just one year. It was a bright summer's day, and she sat in the same little parlor where she had first heard of her dear husband's loss. Willie and Edith were seated on the floor beside her blowing soap-bubbles. Florence sat watching their innocent delight as the sun shone on the pretty globes, and reflected prismatic colors in them, and then her thoughts flew back over the last three years. Sadder and sadder grew the pale face, until Willie noticed it, and leaving his play, went softly to her side; Edith knelt beside him, with her face laid caressingly against Florence's hand.

'Tell us about papa,' whispered Willie.

'When is papa coming back?' asked Edith. 'He stays so long.'

'Hush, Edith,' said Willie. 'Papa can never come back; he is dead.'

But Edith shook her head. She had always maintained that as papa went away in a carriage, and said he would come back and bring them pretty toys from Paris, he could not be dead.

Florence drew Edith upon her lap, and throwing her arm around Willie, the three talked about papa for an hour; how much longer they would have remained in that position I cannot tell. Jessie interrupted them; her whole face was beaming with joy.

'Floy,' she whispered, kneeling on the stool at her cousin's feet, and untying her cap, 'take this off is minute.'

'Why, Jessie?' asked Florence, suffering her to remove it.

'Because it is stiff and unbecoming,' said Jessie, who was loosening Floy's hair and twisting it over her fingers into its old curls. 'You must never wear it again.'

'Jessie, give it back to me. I shall always wear it.'

'But I say you shall never put it on again, dear Florence. A widow's cap is needless now!'

'Jessie,' cried Florence, starting up and looking eagerly into her cousin's face, trembling violently, 'what do you mean?'

'Can you hear the best of news, Floy?' said Jessie; softly. 'George'—

Jessie in answer threw open the door, and said gaily, 'Come in!' and in another moment, Florence was in her husband's arms, and the two children were looking in a kind of joyful astonishment at their father.

All was soon explained. George Langford had been among the passengers taken to Calcutta, and had from some mistake of the reporters been put in the list of missing. Cold and exposure had brought on an attack of brain fever, and he had been very ill. As soon as he was able he had started for home, but the voyage had taken several months, and after reaching England he had been detained several days before starting for America. He was there at last, and a happier party never met than the one that evening at Oak Lodge, Mr. Lawson's country seat.

Free Thinking.

We have with all possible delicacy alluded to those professors of a dirty doctrine, who are popularly and properly enough yelept "Free Lovers," and to their late temporary discomfiture in New York. For a single night, the nuisance was abated; but nobody supposes that the incarceration of Mr. Albert Brisbane for a few hours, will in the least medicine those diseased minds which have been overthrown by his foolish philosophy. He is now just what he wishes to be—a persecuted saint, a martyr, a victim of legal myrmidons, a sufferer for the sake of truth. He will have now just what he hungers for—the sympathy of weak minds, the admiration of discontented natures, the confidence of souls sighing for congenial companions. Already, deluded women are writing, with characteristic and feminine vehemence, to the newspapers; already, preachers commit the amiable blunder of warning their congregations against the new heresy; and such is the perversity of human nature that we may anticipate a vast increase of passional attractions for some time to come. Nobody can mark the limits of a delusion. It thrives upon opposition, and waxes by every exposure, until, like a self limited disease, it comes, in the providence of nature, to an end. Every man who has passed through any moral experience, knows with what infinite labor the slightest taint of impurity is eradicated from the character—how tears will not wash it away, how fire will not burn it out, with what humiliating pertinacity it returns to make our life indecorous. And he who with cool indifference voids upon society the crude result, not of reason, but of sentiment and passion, and proclaims to the world, although uncommissioned by truth, a new gospel, may, if he has anything Satanic in his nature, congratulate himself upon the far reaching desolation which he has spread in homes before pure and happy, and in hearts which, before this plague of passion reached them, beat only responsive to the simple calls of daily duty. An excellent poet was happy in his old age to think that he had published no line which dying he could wish to blot. There is a larger meaning in these words than meets the eye. What is written is written, and every printed error has a perpetuity which in a better world would only be accorded to printed truth.

Believing, as we do, that discussion and denunciation are nearly useless in staying a certain class of delusions, we do not propose to speak particularly of the latest phase of folly in New York. But something may be and ought to be said of the avidity with which people in these latter days seize upon every novelty of delusion, and hug it to their hearts. There seems to be no monstrous absurdity without its advocates and believers. There was a time when truth was sought by slow and patient travel, and only reached after laborious days and sleepless nights; but now it is approached, and that too upon important points, with spasmodic leaps, which either fall short of or pass beyond the desire object. Free thinking in these times seems to be freedom *from* and not *of* thought. Doubtless a mind of any muscular activity, willing to be controlled by those laws which are the condition of progress, will work best in an atmosphere of unrestraint. But a wide distinction must be made between that self-trusting independence which refuses to permit the substitution of another's thought, however, dictatorially imposed, for our own; and that dissolute errantry which refuses to labor for results, but excepts the fruit of philosophy to be brought to it by some mysterious agent, and great facts to be somehow established in dreams. For a man to say with his whole soul, "I believe," is the sum-total of the best career; for a man simply to mouth out these words of one thing to-day, and of another to-morrow, is to be only a little better than a magpie. And yet they are continually said of a hundred things—of mere notions in science, of rappings, of table tippings, of spiritual affinities, of the relations of the sexes, of the bible, of creeds. Persons heretofore respected, and apparently of substantial qualities of character, are found polemic advocates of some fleeting nonsense, which will not stand the test of a school boy's logic. We have seen many such with wonder. It is enough for them that a thing is new. They take infinitesimal doses, whether sick or well, to-day; to-morrow they will be at Florence, bleaching in dump linen. They build phalanxes with Fourier this week, but growing ambitious, they will be constructing heavenly spheres with Mr Jackson Davis in the week to come. They are very credulous always of what is incredible, and simply because it is incredible. They are the fools of their own senses, and, even after an experience of the jugglers, persist in believing their own eyes. There is nothing for it but to leave these poor people to their phantasmagoria of notions. They are not the worst men in the world.

But there is still another class, consisting of fellows who are the Jeremy Diddlers of philosophers—who construct with sharp instinct, a base system for the express purpose of deluding weak people, and who make a business of humbug. They let their beards grow, that they may seem like patriarchs; they turn over their shirt collars, for the benefit of young women not yet weaned from Byron; they talk glibly and unintelligibly; they will preach in their sleep; they will magnetize, galvenize, gammon, in short, in the most convenient way. In more fortunate times they would have been clock-peddlars; now they are philosophers. They give their new views "a physical squint;" they talk to and of women with "goatish frankness;" and they become heroes of incontinency. Doubtless the proper place for them would be the treadmill, except that they would emerge from it glorified martyrs. What to do with them, how effectually to dispose of them, would puzzle Fernando Wood himself. They are nuisances like the cholera and the baby shows, and are not to be put down.

We have trusted for salvation from these follies in our public schools, and have hoped for safety in the general, although thin dissemination of knowledge. Thus far, however, our success has been a little dubious. We do not pretend to read the future, even in this age of prophets; but we fell very certain, unless the common mind can be made to comprehend the processes by which truth may be attained, that the philosophical charlatans will continue to ply a very profitable trade. The evil of our system of education is its lack of thoroughness and method. Of many things we know a little—of any individual thing, not much. No man can be cheated about that which he fully understands. The dupe of magnetism is a marvel of acuteness sometimes on the exchange. It is not easy to raise the standard of thought in a whole people, or to increase the average of conscientious investigation; but by a more exact system of schooling, something might be done in that direction. Only in this way can we be saved from that overmastering incredulity, that wholesale infidelity which a reaction must bring with it.—*Boston Atlas.*

Position, Movements and Prospects of the Armies in the Crimea.

The last official dispatches report the south side of Sebastopol to be occupied by detachments of French and English troops, who have had distinct quarters of the town assigned to Crimea.

The Russians concentrated their forces in the northern forts and were occasionally firing upon the town, to which the Allies replied with two forts which remained intact. (Nicholas and Quarantine.) and from the ruins of other forts. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, in his reports, describes the fire of the Allies as heavy.

Preparations were making by the British and French engineers, by the sinking of immense mines, to destroy the splendid docks, arsenals, and ship-building yards of Sebastopol, and thus uproot the place as naval stronghold. Though there is no official information on the subject—the Allied generals for obvious reasons being silent as to their future operations—there are various premonitions of a vigorous campaign in the open field.

Prince GORTCHAKOFF, on the 23d ult., reported that 20,000 men had been landed at Eupatoria, and that on the 26th this force was increased to 33,000. He has since reported that "imposing masses" of the Allied troops continue to threaten the left wing of the Russian Army, from the valley of Baidar, while a force amounting to between 20,000 and 40,000 men threaten the right wing of the Russians from Eupatoria.

It is uncertain, and will remain so for some little time, which of these threatened attacks is the real one. But there is quite enough in Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's dispatches to show that he considers himself seriously threatened in front and on both flanks. Another significant fact is that the English land transport corps are in full activity; that the field batteries of the artillery are in marching order; that large numbers of the French cavalry have embarked for Eupatoria; and by the telegraphic accounts from Vienna it is stated that the Allied fleets have left Sebastopol on some secret expedition.

It is again asserted from Vienna that the Russian Army is retreating.

The *Times* correspondent, writing on the 21st, is not at all sanguine that the Russians will be forced to abandon their position on the approach of Winter.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* takes a different view. He says:

"The belief gains ground that the Russians are preparing to evacuate the north side of the harbor of Sebastopol. The extensive earthworks which have been lately constructed, and others in course of construction, are regarded as simply intended to cover the retreat, and protect the rear guard of the Russian Army. Carts have come in empty from the direction of the Mackenzie Heights, and have gone away laden, it is supposed with provisons.

These arrangements are supposed to indicate an intention to retire. It is still understood that a combined movement is to take place against the enemy's position on the Mackenzie Heights. A direct attack from Bakshi Serai is spoken of, the approach from the South being made by a route which is kept secret and which will have the effect of avoiding the enemy's fortified intrenchments."

Le Nord, of Brussels, takes a hopeful view of Russian affairs in the Crimea. The writer in that Journal says:

"The situation is not entirely to our disadvantage, and the honor of our arms has been in no way compromised. Our men will no longer be obliged to offer themselves up as a holocaust, but will now be able to defend themselves in a close fight, and sell their lives at a high cost."

The same paper states that of 10,000 seamen who had undertaken, with their officers, the defence of Sebastopol, only a fourth survive, and some six or seven officers.

In an order which Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has addressed to his soldiers the Prince admits a loss of from 500 to 1,000 men per day, during the last thirty days of the siege. They continue to defend the South side, he says, would have been to expose the troops to be uselessly murdered. He concludes by saying:

"It is not Sebastopol we have left in the enemy's hands, but burning ruins that we have set fire to ourselves. Sebastopol enchained us to its walls; with its fall we acquire freedom of action, and a new war commences."

INTEREST.—Rev. H. W. Beecher, in his last letter to the New York *Independent*, thus gives his opinion upon forming upon borrowed capital, and one of the best definitions of *Interest* that we ever read:

"No blister draws sharper than *interest* does. Of all industrious, none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and in foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at man's substance, with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long legged interest devours him. There is no crop that can afford to pay interest money on a farm. There is but one thing raised on a farm like it and that is the Canadian thistle, which swarms new plant every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and very single plants is like a platoon of bayonets, and a field full of them is like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse.

And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles, than attempt to lie at ease upon *interest*.

Varieties.

THE HOP GROWERS AT NEW YORK held a convention at Cooperstown last week. They talked over the troubles of the trade, and several gentlemen who are largely interested in the trade acted with them. They passed resolutions to the effect that they would sell only to responsible dealers, that no sacrifice was required on the part of growers. The speeches insisted that the brewers of New York would inquire one third more than they did last year, and that there was no cause for the diminution of the price of the article.

EXCELLENT RECIPE.—If you want to be crossed, thwarted and vexed, set your heart not on a thing you can do for yourself, but on something somebody else is to do; if you want to be tormented to death, let the wish of your heart depend upon two people, a man and a woman, neither of them yourself. Now try this recipe;—you will find it an excellent one.—*Reade.*

NATIONAL PRIDE.—An Englishman in this country, one day asked his Irish lackey where he was born. "In ould Ireland, to be sure; an' please yer honor, may I ax where yer honor first breathed the breath of life?" "In England, of course." "Ah! yes; an' I might have been born there, too, but I would'nt."—*Boston Courier.*

It is a curious fact that there are about 500 verses in Matthew's Gospel that are also in Mark's; more than 300 verses in Luke, and about 120 that are also in Matthew. Nearly one-half of the Gospel by Matthew is to be found in Mark, and more than one third of the Gospel by Luke is to be found in Mark or Matthew.

In one of the villages in the southern part of the State a merchant had got painted on the fences over the village—'Go to Markham's to trade.' A keen quick-witted rival followed around after him and painted right under the line—'if you want to be skinned.'

A TRUE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.—A very able and conscientious foreign resident of the United States, in discussing the American question, said:

Now, if I understand the subject aright, Americans are willing to live under the same laws they make for foreigners. They only claim the right to make for them. This right is *indisputably theirs*, and let them enjoy it.

Mirth is like a flash of lightening that breaks through a gleam of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the minds and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A gentleman residing in Wathins, Schuyler County, N. Y., being suddenly chased by a mad dog, and not being near any house, ran into a pool of water in the road. The dog refused to pursue him there, and the gentleman escaped.

To leave your son a fortune—educate him.

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as dear ones.

There is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels.