The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style, and at short notice

Legal Notices.

STATE OF VERMONT,
Addison County.

JOHN W. STEWART, Administrator of THOS H. PERKINS, vs. PERKINS NICHOLS. } IN CHANCERY, DECEMBER TERM, A D 1855.

To the Chancellor of the first Judicial Circuit: The petition of John W. Stewart of Middlebury, in said county, administrator, with the will annexed, in the State of Vermont, of the estate of Thomas H. Perkins, late of Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, sheweth that Perkins Nichols of the city, county, and State of New York, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1854, duly executed to the petitioner John W Stewart, as administrator as aforesaid, a mortgage deed, of certain land, situated in the towns of New Haven Weybridge, in the county of Addison aforesaid, and described as follows:

One undivided third part of one parcel of land situate in Weybridge, in said county, containing ten acres, three quarters and fourteen rods, and is particularly described, in the deed of the said undivided third part thereof of one Asaph Drake to said Nichols, dated September 27th A. D. 1851, recorded in the town clerk's office at Weybridge, book 8, pages 117, 118. Also one undivided third part of one other parcel of land situate in the town of New Haven, in said County, containing thirty-two acres and three quarters, and is particularly described in the deed of said third part thereof from Almon H. Farnesworth to said Nichols, dated June 8th, A D 1852, recorded in the town clerk's office in said New Haven, vol. 13, page 500.—Also one undivided third part of a certain other parcel of land, situate in said New Haven, containing eleven acres and twenty-one rods, and is particularly described in a deed of said undivided third part thereof from Silas Farnesworth to said Nichols dated September 8th, A. D 1851, recorded with New Haven deeds, as aforesaid, vol. 13, page 434. Also, one other parcel of land situate in said New Haven, containing eleven acres and ninety rods and is particularly described in the deed of said undivided third part thereof, from A. A. Farnesworth, to said Nichols, dated October 20th, A. D. 1851, recorded as aforesaid, vol. 13, page 438, reference being had to said deeds for particular description of said lands conditioned for the payment of all such sums of money principal or interest, on demand as should then be due, specified in five promissory notes severally bearing date, one on the 24th day of October, 1851, for one hundred dollars, one other note, dated December 22, A. D. 1851, for eight hundred and eighty three dollars and thirty-three cents; and one other note dated July 24, A. D. 1852 for six hundred and fifty-eight dollars and thirty-three cents; one other note, dated July 24, 1852, for one hundred dollars; one other note, dated November 1st, A. D. 1852, for one thousand and fifty-eight dollars,—all of said above described notes, duly executed by said Perkins Nichols, and made payable on demand, to said Thomas H. Perkins, or order, with interest, all which is now justly due and owing, and has not been paid according to the effect of the said notes. And further conditioned that said Nichols should pay all taxes levied or assessed upon the said premises.—And your petitioner avers, that said Nichols has wholly neglected to pay the taxes assessed upon said lands, agreeably to thetenor of the condition last abovenamed. And your petitioner brings into Court his letters of administration with the will annexed, of the estate of said Thos. H. Perkins in Vermont showing his authority to foreclose the equity of redemption of said Nichols, in said mortgaged premises; wherefore the petitioner as administrator as aforesaid, pray that the equity of redemption of the said Perkins Nichols, in the premises may be foreclosed agreeably to the act to diminish the expenses of foreclosing mortgages in equity.

Dated at Middlebury, in the County of Addison, the 31st day of October, A. D. 1855.

JOHN W. STEWART,
Administrator.

J. W. STEWART, *Sol'r. pro. se.*

The above named complainant having filed his petition in the office of the clerk of the Court of Chancery, and it being made to appear that the above named Perkins Nichols resides out of the State of Vermont, so that a subpœna cannot be served upon him, It is hereby ordered that notice be given to said Perkins Nichols to appear and make answer to said petition, on the first day of the term of said Court next to be held at Middlebury, in and for said County, on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1855, by publishing the substance of said petition, together with this order, in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper published at said Middlebury—three weeks successively, the last of which publications shall be at least twenty days previous to the commencement of said term of said Court.

Given under my hand at Middlebury aforesaid, this 31st day of October A. D., 1855.

28,3t. DUGALD STEWART, *Clerk.*

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

We, the subscribers, being appointed by the Probate Court for the District of Addison, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of

CALEB AMY,

late of Granville, in said District, deceased and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto; and 6 months from the 29th day of August, A. D. 1855, being allowed by said Court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the business of our said appointment, at the dwelling house of Charlotte Amy, in said Granville, on the 24th day of November, 1855 and the last Tuesday of February 1856, from nine o'clock, A. M., until four o'clock, P. M., on each of said days

JOSEPH P. BALL, } COM'RS.
DAVID Y. LAMB, }

Dated at Granville this 24th day of October A. D. 1855. 28.3w

STATE OF VERMONT, } Be it remember-
District of Addison, ss. } ed 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. Boswell, Register.

A true copy of record. 27.3w.
Attest Jed. S. Boswell, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT } Be it remembered
District of Addison, ss. } 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 HARRIET 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 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 have, to said license, being ordered to be published 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. BOSWELL, Register.

A true copy of Record.
27.3w ATTEST Jed. S. Boswell, Register.

ORIGINAL NOVEL BY N. P. WILLIS.

The Home Journal for 1856.

NEW AND BRILLIANT SERIES.

On the fifth of January next, the first number of the NEW SERIES FOR 1856, of this well-known FAMILY NEWSPAPER will be issued, with new type and new attractions; the practical one is of the kind which has been proved by both American and European periodicals, to be the most acceptable and popular, viz: —A NOVEL IN SERIAL NUMBERS. The title is

"PAUL FANE;
or parts of a life else unsold.
A NOVEL."
BY N. P. WILLIS

In addition to this new feature, a series of original sketches, songs and ballads by G. P. Morris, and an original *novelette*, in verse, founded upon fact, called "THE STORY OF A STAR," by J. M. FIELD, are among the inducements for new subscribers to commence with the first number of the year.

Besides the contribution and labor of the Editors, the Home Journal will contain the Foreign and Domestic Correspondence of a large list of contributors —the *spice* of the European Magazines —the selections of the most interesting publications of the day—the brief novels —the piquant stories—the speaking wit and amusing anecdote—the news and gossip of the Parisian papers—the personal sketches of public characters—the stirring scenes of the world we live in— the chronicle of the news for ladies—the fashions—the facts and outlines of news —the pick of English information—the wit humor and pathos of the times—the essays on life, literature, society and morals, and the usual variety of careful choosings from the wilderness of English periodical literature, criticism, poetry, etc. We need no remind our readers that we have also one or two unsurpassed correspondent in the *fashionable society of New-York*, who will give us early news of every new feature of style and elegance among the leaders of the gay world.

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Destruction of Discord.

A. H. HASTINGS would respectfully inform the musical public of Middlebury and vicinity, that he will be in town three times a year, for the purpose of selling, tuning and repairing

PIANO FORTES.

All instruments sold by him warranted, and kept in tune one year free of charge. He can be seen personally when in town, or orders can be left at the Post Office. 16.1m

Poetry.

The Voice of Autumn.

BY C. W. BRYANT.

There comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall like flakes of light
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy lees,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And clothes with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind;
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No lower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair nut-odden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,
O soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st, and late,
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find?

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West —
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

Miscellany.

Rev. Sydney Smith.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I have always had great historic doubts about the reality of Sydney Smith. That there may have been a person of that name, I don't deny—I think it likely, from Thiers' account of St. Jean d'Acre, and other authorities, that there was. Perhaps there were more than one; for it is very evident to me that the witty and wise, the manly and independent Sydney Smith, about whom we have all laughed so often, and for the supposed loss of whom many of us have wept, was a phantasm—or, at most, a character imagined by some gentleman of dramatic power, and admirably sustained throughout every scene.

How can it be otherwise? How can we believe that a man with all these qualities—the kindness that wins affection, the genius that commands respect —was left unrecognized and unappreciated for fifty years of his life, by those who had the best opportunities of knowing his virtues and qualifications? Let see who those persons were. The whigs of eighteen hundred were a large and influential joint-stock company for the seizing of loaves and fishes from the tories. There was no end of their fondness for these pastime and cereal repasts. For many years before that date they had been kept from the public bakeries and ponds, and had complained of the exclusion as a grievous wrong. They had produced the glorious revolution, they said, and they considered themselves and their wives, and their sons and their sons, wives and their daughters and sons-in-law, entitled by right of birth, to all the good things the country could bestow. The country bestowed all the good things it could; and, at last, gorged and replete, the leeches dropped off, and the tories took their place. They were positively stuffed to within an inch of apoplexy with the fat of the land. There were whig lords in all the counties, in the enjoyment of patriotic sentiments and immeasurable estates; both estimable possions dating from the arrival of the glorious Deliverer. There were stewardships, and secretaryships, and commissions in the militia, and livings in the church in their gift, all independent of kings or governments. They formed a little colony of abdicated monarchs in the midst of the people whom they had sucked and ruled. Diocletians, and Syllas, and Charles the Fifths were plentiful in every shire; and the "gray, discrowned kings" were not without their courtiers, who followed them (for salaries, of course) in private life. But years passed on—their former glories began to be forgotten—Salona and St. Just became tiresome, and the soul of whiggery panted for a change. Pompous aristocrats, with coronet fantastically twisted to resemble caps of liberty, began to talk of the rights of man—meaning by that their own right to a fresh lease of power and pelf. But the country laughed at them, for it could not give them credit for anything but selfishness and stupidity. So the great lords betook themselves to little jobberies of their own—bought small boroughs and bribed larges ones—but still with no effect. They appeared ridiculous whenever anybody compared the liberality of their speeches with the narrowness of their actions. And at this time seeing no real individual of their party able to astonish the tories with the addition of wit and wisdom to the ordinary political banquets of both the parties, my theory is, that they imagined one, and called him Sydney Smith. The class of men most deeply sunk at that time in dulness and self seeking were the clergy; so they called Sydney Smith a clergyman. They made him a scholar, a humorist—eloquent, gay, benevolent, and above all, with a mind perfectly free from the trammels of sect or party; a Christian philosopher in holy orders. And they knew how, in this excellent creation, to unite perfect propriety of conduct, perfect orthodoxy of belief, with the more brilliant and captivating qualities of their hero. But there are liberties people may take with fictitious characters which they could not venture on with flesh and blood. So they put this youth, brimful of energy and goodness, in a curacy on Salisbury Plain. They left him with a broken-down cottage and a hundred a-year; a population not much above the Calmucks in intelligence; and potatoes, enriched with a little butter and salt, on the days when the butcher did not come into the parish—and they were many. Yet how did this imaginary curate bear up? Like Caractacus at Rome—like Marius at Carthage—like a great man under a cloud—with dignity and self-respect. The wit and scholar ate his potatoes in hope; and promotion came. He led a bear, and made him dance to the genteelest of tunes, and, the authors go on to say, he became tutor to his squire's son, and conducted him to Edinburgh. A very unlikely thing. I should say, to have occurred in reality; for Mr. Beech could have sent to Oxford or Cambridge, and could have had a tutor for his son who would have licked the plates and laughed at his patron's jokes, instead of pouring back bright wit of his own, and who would have listened to his stories, and united the offices of to-day and instructor to a strictly ecclesiastical manner. But we pass this over as an oversight.

The imaginary creation, Sydney Smith, is thirty-one years of age. His fame is instantly secured. He is the centre of a large circle of the rising talent of the time. He projects the Edinburgh Review. He casts a new glory on the whole whig party; arms it with new weapons, and places it on higher ground. The hereditary castle doors begin to turn on their hinges as the moment of his admission to the domestic hearth draws nigh. The doors are thrown open; marquis, and earl, and baron receive him with outstretched arms, and mouths distened from ear to ear. They almost discover the treasure of wisdom hidden under all that prodigality of fun. He makes their homes delightful to them—they can scarcely tell why. Their stiffnesses get thawed out of them by that perpetual sunshine of heart and brain. They feel somehow as if they were men; and not images of departed grandeur. They almost think they could descend to the arena, and have a manly struggle for the love of the people and the enjoyment of power. Wherever meanness and darkness lurked, there was this tremendous curate and Ithuriel spear. Wherever there was an argument too heavy for the feeble hand of a superannuated duke, he set feathers to it, and fined it down, and gave it a throw into the enemy's camp, which transfixed dozens at a time, as Munchausen transfixed the ducks upon his ramrod. All this was acknowledged by these rich and right honorable men; cradled statesmen and pap-bloated leaders of the nation. And what did they in substantial acknowledgment? He *must* be a myth! Does it enter into the imagination of the dullest of men that, in actual life, these dreamy pieces of state would have left such a man wholly unprovided for out of their private patronage, and would have rewarded him, after much entreaty, with a government living without a house in the wilds of Yorkshire, with the descriptive name of Foston-le Clay? Le-Clay, indeed! Not very good French, but very expressive English.

The fancied Sydney still goes on. He establishes himself in the Yorkshire wilderness. He builds a house, the ugliest and most comfortable in England, at a great expense, out of his private pocket; and sets such an example of a cheerful performance of duty and universal good-will, that we forget his wit, and his literature, and his learning, and see only the generous man, the useful minister, the noble soul. This lasted year upon year. And year upon year whig preferments must have been falling vacant. But whigs have sycophants, and cousins, and nieces husbands; and Sydney is supposed still to be left in Foston le Clay. It must be a satire, this biography—a bitter satire. And the tories scarcely less satirized in it than those grateful precious whigs. What! If this were not a merely fanciful picture, do you think no tory minister, no tory magnate, would have said, 'Well, here is a man who, if he had taken to literature as a profession, would have exterminated Rabelais, and Swift, and Sterne—is he to spend his life at Foston-le Clay? Where, in Heaven's name, *is* Foston-le Clay?" And somebody would have brought him a map, and if he had been secretary for the home department, he would have been able to see it was in Yorkshire; and he would have said, "Let us show we can appreciate genius, and mirth, and goodness: let him have the best living in our gift—and we will make him a dean." "A dean, my lord?" replies the confidential private secretary; a nephew, who was plucked at college, and afterwards run away with another gentleman's wife; "you can't mean that! The man is a notorious wit." "Ah, I didn't think of that. What would the bishops say if I promoted a wit? But hang it, let him have a living of a thousand a-year. Your governorship, Charlie, is six."

The determined carrying-out of this satire is a great failure in the work called "The life of the Reverend Sydney Smith;" (otherwise most tenderly and chairmingly written by his daughter:) and when the next edition comes out, I hope a new series of adventures will be introduced, for it must be sickening to any of the younger clergy who have aspirations for the kind and true, and who consider an occasional laugh no sin against any of the commandments, to perceive what their fortunes is likely to be. They will look for comfort into the realities of life, and subside from Christianity and Sydneyism into selfishness and success.

There is a glimpse allowed, to be sure, of recognition at the end. After giving a good exchange to Combe Florey, the whigs are supposed to follow the example of a noble tory—a nobler than the one I have just imagined—and to make him a canon of St. Paul's. So says this veracious chronicle. But he is old; he has seen all his juniors promoted over his head. He has two dozen superiors in his profession, who look down from the awful plateau, or flat elevation, upon which their merits (and other considerations) have placed them, at the man who never shuffled, nor lied, nor truckled, who was only a sayer of good things, but not a claimant of them; who did not heap all his official preferment on himself and did not even put his son into the church Shut up the book. It is a malicious libel on the whigs

I suspect, after all, it is a mere reversal of somebody else's career. Instead of an honest, true, open, independent, gallant gentleman of the name of Sydney Smith, it is perhaps the topsy-turvy record of a grovelling, grasping turncoat of another name. Instead of wit and brightness, put down dinginess and stolidity; instead of earnest determination to make the best of the ill of life, of poverty, and neglect, and wilful misrepresentation, put down a grasping after everything to be got, a craving for wealth and station, adulation to a lord, insolence to a curate; and, instead of Foston-le-Clay, and even Combe Florey, and a canonry at St. Paul's—hey!—Room there for my lord the bishop!

An Arkansas Legislator.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of Arkansas was persuaded by some wags of his neighborhood that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembling he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting-frock, rifle and bowie-knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the capitol, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber of the lower house, on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on, and smoking cigars.—Those he passed, ran upstairs into the Senate Chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out:—

"Strangers, what's the man that swears me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials.

"Walk this way," said the Clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller came to count noses he found that there was one Senator too many present, This mistake was soon discovered, and the hunts man was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool *who!* with your corn bread!" he roared, "you can't flank this child, no how you can fix it—I'm elected to this here Legislature, and I'll go agin all banks and eternal improvements, and if there's any of you oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, jest say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a woodchuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on, jest as soon as you like, for though I'm from the back country, I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle with "Come here old Suke, stand by me!" at the same time pointing it at the chairman, who, however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee remarked, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. But if I didn't think that lower room was a groggery, may I be shot."

An oblivious son of the Emerald Isle, in passing over the Great Western Railway a day of two since, made a singular mistake, much to the amusement of the passengers. He had imbibed at every available place, and seemed inclined to continue the operation *ad libitum*. He was coiled up in a seat with his head swinging like a broken pendulum, and and his eyes half closed. The train was slowing, and the brakeman stuck his head in the car and called out "Fairchild's Creek" Our hero incontinently straitened up and toddled towards the door, muttering "*Fair chance to drink*, eh? be gorra I'm in."

Punch thinks back-drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troop could stand their *charges*.

That's Right.

This is the involuntary declaration of every American you meet, in regard to the Binghamton Platform. We are now at liberty to entertain our own views without offending our neighbor. We are now at liberty to stand on our own ground. We can say to all, South North, East and West, look upon the Free States and learn the secret.—They have let the bond go free; they have elevated and dignified labor; they have cherished freedom and equality, and now reap the rich rewards of their doings, In a dense and happy population; in the general intelligence; in the system of free and universal education; in the unexampled agricultural and commercial prosperity; in the enlightned spirit of enterprise that marks every grade in society, may be seen the triumphs of Free institutions and paid labor. We commend the picture to our Southern brethren. We ask them to contrast the dull, inactive, lifeless appearance of any farming locality at the South, with a like extent at the North. In the one—for example, in Maryland or Virginia—you will travel hundreds of miles without a public highway, over large plantations, where fifty men can scarcely be made to do the work of ten, and where all is dilapidation and decay. In the other, half a score of thrifty independent owners, with their families, cultivate the soil in an equal space of territory, and contribute their share towards the common weal. These considerations should and would weigh with Southern minds, leading them to initiate free labor, and abandon slavery as a matter of interest, as well as patriotism and justice were they treated as members of the same family—bound together in a common brotherhood, and as entitled to that consideration which the delicacy of their position, interwoven as it is with the intangible web of interested civil policy, implores for them.—*Washington American Organ.*

We copy the above from the *Organ* of the American Party, at the National Capital—a paper published by a Virginian. It embodies sentiments which we are glad to see in a Southern paper.—The great National American Party is destined to save the Union from sectional collisions, and the consequent danger of dissolution, by cultivating and cherishing as paramount to all other political sentiments, a feeling of attachment to our common country of regard for its free institutions, and of pride in its greatness as a nation.

ROYALTY. The Queen, it is said, is troubled about an affair of the heart, which has sprung up between the princess royal and the young King of Portugal, who is again upon a visit here. Not that there is any thing objectionable in the latter, either in mind, morals or good looks, that would render him an undesirable husband or son-in-law, or in the throne he is to fill, which is all an anxious mother need aspire after for one of her four daughters—nor that the queen would gladly see the princess royal well disposed of in marriage—but that the young king is a Roman Catholic, and is thus debarred from allying himself by marriage with an heiress however distant, with the British crown. Meanwhile, the young king has fallen violently in love with the fair girl of fifteen, who is not insensible to his merits' and lets pass no occasion, either by presents, messages or tokens when he is absent, or by tender looks when present, to manifest her sincere affection. They are not of course suffered to meet except in the presence of others; but there are numerous occasions, during the morning walks and rides, or the steamer trips in the bay, when the lover can manifest the sentiments of of his heart to the object of pursuit. It is whispered that among the numerous teachers employed to perfect the royal children in the knowledge of modern languages, there is one who is a subject of his majesty, and who is devotedly attached to him, and through him communications have passed for a long time which never met the august scrutiny of the Queen.—*Cor. Boston Post.*

BAD LOOKING GIRLS WANTED.—. A gentleman wishes to secure the service of a girl to do housework, who isn't run after by more than ten men—who can be contented at home one evening in a month—who when she is out will come in before midnight through some other way than the window—who hasn't more than three families and relatives to provide for—and who can get a meal of victuals without seasoning with dirt, hair and feathers: Good looking girls needn't apply, and one over forty preferred.

Perhaps no man regrets any hardships when he is once completely delivered from them.

Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.

Auditor's Report.

State expenditures during the year ending Aug. 31st, 1855, $159 827. Here are some of the items of expense which we commend to the notice of other States, as models of economy. Expense of Legislature $24,130. Salaries of officers of the Legislature $1,576. Stationery $2,461. Newspapers $791. Printing Laws $1,210. Journal of Senate $417. Journal of House $1,045. Auditor's Report $251. Messages, Reports, Bills and Resolutions $500. Proclamations $47. Grand List Books $867. Whole cost of State Printing $8,421. There has been expended for repairs on State House $1,077 Executive salaries and expenses $2,461. Judiciary and prosecuting crime $62,469 For the relief of the poor $5,000. For paupers in Asylum $733. For deaf and dumb $3,240. To Agricultural Societies $1,855. Cost of the Vt. Militia $372!

Here is a short account of the expenses of the Judiciary:

Judges Salaries,	$9,547.50
Reporters' Salaries, including part of last year,	562.50
Vermont Reports,	1,077.42
Grand Jury Debenture,	2,673.36
Petit " "	14,033.35
Witness "	4,819.61
State's Attornies' Accounts,	9,426.72
County Clerks' "	7,808.77
Sheriffs' accounts, (including allowance for apprehending felons,)	9,597.77
Courts of Inquiry,	4,203.13
Inquests,	461.22
Boarding State Prisoners,	4,981.58
Court Auditors,	601.00
County Judges,	3,809.80
Directors of the State Prison,	144.09
	62,469.66

We append an abstract of the disbursements of the several County Clerks, showing the expenses of the County Courts.

Addison.	$4,110	Bennington.	$1,284
Caledonia,	3,176	Chittenden,	5,533
Essex,	2,062	Franklin,	5,060
Grande Isle,	1,116	Lamoille,	3,124
Orange,	7,432	Orleans,	4,680
Rutland,	12,250	Washington,	6,551
Windham,	4,788	Windsor,	7,251

The expense of the Rutland County Court is the largest, and that of Grand Isle the smallest.

The amount in the State Treasury, Sept, 1st, was $16,700.

Sayings and Doings of the Czar Alexander.

The Emperor, who has been making a journey to the South, *via* Moscow, has issued, through the Governor of that place, an address to the Russian people, in which he says:

"The brave defenders of Sebastopol have done everything possible for human power to do. The former and present unfavorable events I accept as the inscrutable will of Providence, which visits upon Russia heavy hours of trial. But Russian trials have been much heavier, and God Almighty has always sent her His benevolent and invisible help. Let us, therefore, also now trust in Him. He will defend Russia, the Orthodox, which has drawn the sword for a just cause—the cause of Christendom. I am glad to see the incessant proof of the readiness of everybody to sacrifice family, property, and the last drop of blood, for the integrity of the Empire and the honor of the country. I find comfort and strength in these popular sentiments and aspirations, and with my whole heart united with my brave and faithful people, I shall repeat confidence of God's help and aid, the words of ALEXANDER the First, 'Where there is truth there is also God.'

I remain, your well-wisher.
ALEXANDER."

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the evening before the Emperor's departure for the South, a Grand Council was held, at which it was decided to carry on the war with the utmost energy.

The Emperor went from Moscow to Nicolaieff, the great Russian navel depot on the Euxine, where, on the 23d ult., accompanied by the Grand Dukes CONSTANTINE, NICHOLAS and MICHAEL; he made an inspection of the troops, fortifications and dock-yards. The fortifications, it is stated, are to be greatly strengthened and extended.

By telegraph, we learn that the CZAR has left Nicolaieff for the Crimea, his object in proceeding thither being doubtless to inspirit his forces by his presence, and turn the tide in favor of Russia.

Various Russian and Prussian accounts state that the war is to be carried on with the greatest determination, and that the Crimea is to be defended to the last extremity. Gen. MONRAVIEFF, now in Asia, will, it is intimated, take the place of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, who is to become Minister of war.

Moscow advices state that 193 000 men have been added to the military forces of Russia.

Cavalry Victory of Allies near Eupatoria.

Marshal PELISSIER reports on the 1st inst., that a brilliant contest of cavalry was fought on the 29th ult., at Koughil, five leagues N. E of Eupatoria, in which the Russian Cavalry, commanded by Gen. KORF, were defeated by the French cavalry, under General ALTONVILLE. Six guns, twelve ammunition wagons, and a campaign forge, with all the appurtenances, and 160 prisoners, of whom two were officers, were captured, besides 250 horses of the Russians Hulans. Fifty of the Russians were killed, among them was Col. ANDROWSKY. Of the French six were killed, and twenty-seven wounded.