COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—Estate of C. H. Bowker.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Addison, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of C. H. Bowker, late of Orwell, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid, at the late residence of said deceased on the 27th day of January and 16th day of June next, from 10 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock, p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 18th day of December, A. D. 1885, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Orwell, this 23d day of December, A. D. 1885. 1w3

C. E. BUSH, R. D. HALL, R. F. WHITE, } Coms.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

GEORGE BRIGGS vs. E. W. SYLVESTER. } Rutland County Court, March Term, A. D. 1885.

Notice is hereby given that I hold an execution for collection issued upon a judgment rendered by said court in the above entitled cause at the March term thereof, A. D. 1885, said execution being in damages $223.37 and costs $24.63, and that I have levied said execution upon a certain piece or parcel of land and dwelling house and outbuildings thereon situate and being in the town of Leicester, Addison county, Vermont, and described as follows, to wit: said parcel of land lying next to and southerly of the highway leading westerly from Leicester Junction, so called, and next to and east, and southerly of the store premises located a short distance to the west of said Junction, now occupied by E. L. Matot as a store, said premises containing about one acre of land more or less, and that I will, (unless said execution is in the meantime paid and satisfied), sell said premises, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said execution, interest and costs, at *public auction* to the highest bidder for the same at the said store of the said Matot on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1886, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy said execution, costs and interest in accordance with the provisions of Act No. 139 of the Session Laws of Vermont, A. D. 1884.

Dated this 22d day of December, 1885.

1w4 D. P. PEABODY, Sheriff Rutland County.

STATE OF VERMONT
District of Addison, ss.

Be it remembered, That at a session of the Probate Court holden at Middlebury, within and for said District, on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1885.

Present: Hon. Lyman E. Knapp, Judge.

Whereas, S. N. Warren, administrator of the estate of Samuel R. Cook, late of Orwell, in said District, deceased, has this day presented to said Court his petition in writing, setting forth, that it will be necessary to sell a part of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of the debts and charges of administration; and also that it will be beneficial for all parties interested therein to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, and therein making application to said Court for license to make such sale. And said S. N. Warren having produced to said court the assent in writing of all the heirs residing in this State, interested in said real estate, It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be notified to appear before said Court, at the Probate office in Middlebury, in said District on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., by publication of this order, three weeks successively previous thereto, in the Middlebury Register, a newspaper printed at Middlebury aforesaid, to show cause if any they may have, why said license should not be granted.

1w3 LYMAN E. KNAPP, Judge.

Literary Department.

WE had last week the two beautiful Idyls, so illustrative of New England country life: "The Farmer Sat in his Easy Chair" and "Rain on the Roof." The first of these by a Vermonter, the last by a native of Yates county, New York; a gentleman of liberal education, that has been both teacher, editor and lawyer. Mr. Kinney says, "The verses were written when I was about twenty years of age, and inspired close to the rafters of a little story-and-a-half frame house." He sent them to the *Columbian* at Cincinnati, whose editor, Emerson Bennett, threw them in the waste basket, where the publisher of the paper, Mr. Penrose Jones, happened to find them. He wanted to know why they were put there and ordered them published. They were soon published all over the world, and have been set to music by various composers.

The lines from Goethe are of that exquisite mould in which all the thoughts of this great poet are cast. Goethe's stand-point is always one of vast comprehension, and his lines formed with infinite skill.

The Literary Department for this week will open with a song, after which will follow a second chapter of the Alcibiades, and, as an offset to thinking of such a serious and exalted style, we introduce several passages from the inimitable Don Quixote, in which the highest wisdom, the greatest humor, and the most extraordinary folly are portrayed.

Our song will be an old Scotch one by Joanna Baillie, entitled "O Swiftly Glydes the Bonny Boat." Its author was born in Bothwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland, September 11, 1762, and died February 23, 1851. The song itself is adapted from an older, and perhaps still finer one, that commences:

"Oh weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
O weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread."

Miss Baillie wrote a number of plays, besides miscellaneous poems, but perhaps nothing prettier is handed down from her than this

SONG:

O swiftly glydes the bonny boat
Just parted from the shore;
And to the fisher's chorus note
Soft moves the dipping oar.
There toils are borne with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed;
That feeble age and helpmete dear,
And tender bairnies feed.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm;—
Nor water sprite nor eldrich thing
The bonny boat can harm.
It safely bears its scaly store
Through many a stormy gale;
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.

Now, safe arrived on shore, we meet
Our friends with happy cheer;
And with the fishers' chorus greet
All those we hold most dear;
With happy cheer the echoing cove
Repeats the chanted note;
As homeward to our cot we move
Our bonny, bonny boat.

Cho.—We cast our lines in Largo Bay,
Our nets are floating wide;
Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
Rocks lightly on the tide;
And happy prove our daily lot,
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.

[Continued.]

ALCIBIADES. I.

Persons of the Dialogue.

Alcibiades. Socrates.

ALCIBIADES. But Socrates, I think that the Athenians and the rest of the Hellenes do not often advise as to the more just or unjust; for they see no difficulty in them, and therefore they leave them, and consider which course of action will be most expedient; for there is a great difference between justice and expediency. Many persons have done great wrong and profited by their injustice; others have done rightly and suffered.

SOCRATES. Well, but supposing the opposition to exist ever so much between the just and the expedient, you surely do not suppose that you know what is expedient for mankind, or why a thing is expedient.

AL. Why not, Socrates? But I am not going to be asked again from whom I learned, or how I discover them.

SOC. What a way you have! When you make a mistake which has been already detected, you want to have a new and different demonstration of the mistake; the old argument is a worn-out garment which you will no longer put on, but some one must produce another which is clean and new. Now I, without regarding this sally of yours, shall repeat the question,—Where did you learn, and how do you know the nature of the expedient, and who is your teacher? I shall resume all the previous arguments in a word; then, as is obvious, you will be in the old difficulty, and will not be able to show that you know the expedient, either because you learned, or because you discovered it yourself. But, as I perceive that you are dainty, and dislike the taste of an argument which you have heard before, I will enquire no further into your knowledge of what is expedient, or what is not expedient for the Athenian people, simply asking, why do you not explain whether justice or expediency are same or different? And, if you like, you may examine me as I have examined you, or, if you please, carry on the discussion by yourself.

AL. But I am not certain, Socrates, whether I shall be able to discuss the matter with you.

SOC. Then imagine, my dear fellow, that I am the demus and the ecclesia; for in the ecclesia, too, you will have to persuade men individually.

AL. Yes.

SOC. And is not the same person able to persuade one individual singly and many individuals of the things which he knows. The grammarian, for example, can persuade one and he can persuade many about letters?

AL. True.

SOC. And about numbers, will not the same person persuade one and persuade many?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And this will be he who knows number, or the arithmetician.

AL. Quite true.

SOC. And cannot you persuade on man about that of which you can persuade many?

AL. I suppose that I can.

SOC. And that is clearly what you know?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And the only difference between one who argues as we are doing, and the orator who is addressing an assembly, is that the one seeks to persuade a number, and the other an individual of the same things.

AL. That may be supposed.

SOC. Well, then since the same person who can persuade a multidude, can persuade individuals, try conclusions upon me, and prove to me that the just is not always expedient.

AL. You take liberties, Socrates.

SOC. I shall take the liberty of proving to you the opposite of that which you will not prove to me.

AL. Proceed.

SOC. Answer my questions—that is all.

AL. Nay, I should like you to be the speaker.

SOC. What, do you not wish to be persuaded?

AL. Certainly I do.

SOC. And can you be persuaded better than out of your own mouth?

AL. I should say not.

SOC. Then you shall answer; and if you do not hear the words, that the just is the expedient, coming out of your own lips, never believe another man again.

AL. No, indeed; and answer I will, for I do not see how that can do any harm.

SOC. I perceive that you are a prophet: Let me begin by asking whether you allow that just is sometimes expedient and sometimes not?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And sometimes honorable and sometimes not?

AL. What do you mean?

SOC. I am asking if you ever knew any one who did what was dishonorable and yet just?

AL. I never did.

SOC. All just things are honorable?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And are honorable things sometimes good and sometimes not good, or are they always good?

AL. I rather think, Socrates, that some honorable things are evil.

SOC. And are some dishonorable things good?

AL. Yes.

SOC. You mean in such a case as the following: In time of war, men have been wounded or have died in rescuing a companion or kinsman, when others who have neglected the duty of rescuing them have escaped in safety?

AL. True.

SOC. And to rescue another under such circumstances is honorable, in respect of the attempt to save those whom we ought to love; and this is courage?

AL. True.

SOC. But evil in respect of death and wounds?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And the courage which is shown in the rescue is one thing, and the death another.

AL. Certainly.

SOC. Then the rescue of one's friends is not honorable, and yet evil in the same point of view?

AL. No.

SOC. And yet if honorable, then also good: Will you consider whether this may not be true, for you were acknowledging that the courage which is shown in the rescue is honorable. Now is this courage good or evil? Look at the matter in this light: which would you rather choose, good or evil?

AL. Good.

SOC. And the greatest goods you would be most ready to choose, and would least like to be deprived of them?

AL. Certainly.

SOC. What would you say of courage? At what price would you be willing to be deprived of courage?

AL. I would rather die than be a coward.

SOC. Then you think that cowardice is the worst of evils.

AL. I do.

SOC. As bad as death, I suppose?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And life and courage are the extreme opposites of death and cowardice?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And they are the qualities which you would most desire to have, and the others you would least desire?

AL. Yes.

SOC. Is this because you think life and courage the best, and death and cowardice the worst?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And you would regard the rescue of a friend in battle as good, in respect of the courage which is there shown?

AL. I should.

SOC. But evil in respect of the death which ensues?

AL. Yes.

SOC. Might we not describe the different effects in this way: You may call either of them evil in respect of the evil which is the effect, and good in respect of the good which is the effect of either of them?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And they are honorable in as far as they are good, and dishonorable in as far as they are evil?

AL. True.

SOC. Then when you say that the rescue of a friend in battle is honorable and yet evil, that is equivalent to saying that the rescue is good and yet evil?

AL. I believe that you are right, Socrates.

SOC. Nothing honorable regarded as honorable is evil; nor anything base, regarded as base, good.

AL. Clearly not.

SOC. Look at the matter yet once more in a further light: he who acts honorably acts well?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And he who acts well is happy?

AL. Of course.

SOC. And the happy are those who obtain good?

AL. True.

SOC. And they obtain good by acting well and honorably?

AL. Yes.

SOC. Then acting well is a good?

AL. Certainly.

SOC. And the happiness is a good?

AL. Yes.

SOC. Then the good and the honorable are again identified?

AL. That is evident.

SOC. Then, according to the argument, that which we find to be honorable we shall also find to be good?

AL. Certainly.

SOC. And is the expedient or not?

AL. Expedient.

SOC. Do you remember our admissions about the just.

AL. Yes; if I am not mistaken we said that those who acted justly must also act honorably.

SOC. And the honorable is the good?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And the good is expedient?

AL. Yes.

SOC. Then, Alcibiades, the just is expedient.

AL. I should infer that.

SOC. And all this I prove out of your own mouth, for I ask and you answer?

AL. I must acknowledge that you do.

SOC. And having acknowledged that the just is the same as the expedient, are you not (let me ask) prepared to ridicule any one who pretending to understand the principles of justice and injustice, gets up to advise the noble Athenians or the ignoble Peparethians, that the just may be the evil?

AL. Indeed, Socrates, I know not what I am saying. Verily, I am in a strange state, for when you put questions to me I am of different minds in successive instants.

SOC. And are you not aware of the nature of this perplexity, my friend?

AL. Indeed I am not.

SOC. Do you suppose that if some one were to ask you whether you have two eyes or three, or two hands or four, or anything of that sort, you would then be of different minds in successive instants.

AL. I begin to distrust myself, but I do not suppose that I should be of different minds about that.

SOC. You would feel no doubt because you know?—that would be the case.

AL. I suppose so.

SOC. And the reason why you involuntarily contradict yourself is clearly that you are ignorant?

AL. Verily likely.

SOC. And if you feel this perplexity in answering about just and unjust, honorable and dishonorable, good and evil, expedient, the reason is that you are ignorant of them and therefore in perplexity. Is not that clear?

AT. I agree.

SOC. But is this always the case, and is a man necessarily perplexed about that of which he has no knowledge?

AL. Certainly he is.

SOC. And do you know how to ascend into heaven?

AL. Certainly not.

SOC. And in this case, too, is your judgment perplexed?

AL. No.

SOC. Do you see the reason of this, or shall I tell you?

AL. Tell me.

SOC. The reason is, that you not only do not know, my friend, but you do not think that you know.

AL. What do you mean by that?

SOC. Think for yourself; are you in any perplexity about things of which you are ignorant? You know, for example, that you know nothing about the preparation of food.

AL. Very true.

SOC. And do you think and perplex yourself about the preparation of food, or do you leave that to some one who understands the art?

AL. The latter.

SOC. Or, if you are on a voyage, do you bewilder yourself by considering whether the rudder is to be drawn inwards or outwards, or do you leave that to the pilot, and do nothing?

AL. That would be the concern of the pilot.

SOC. Then you are not perplexed about what you do not know, if you know that you do not know it?

AL. I imagine not.

SOC. Do you see, then, that mistakes in life and practice are also to be attributed to the ignorance which has conceit of knowledge?

AL. What do you mean by that, again?

SOC. I suppose that we begin to act when we think that we know what we are doing?

AL. Yes.

SOC. But when people think that they do not know, they intrust their business to others?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And so there is a class of ignorant persons who do not make mistakes in life, because they trust others?

AL. True.

SOC. Who, then, are the persons who make mistakes? They cannot, of course, be those who know?

AL. Certainly not.

SOC. But if neither those who know, nor those who know that they do not know, make mistakes, there remain only those who do not know and think that they know.

AL. Yes, only those.

SOC. Then this is ignorance of the disgraceful sort which is mischievous?

AL. Yes.

SOC. And most mischeivous and most disgraceful when having to do with the greatest matters?

AL. By far.

SOC. And can there be any matters greater than the just, the honorable, the good and the expedient?

AL. Certainly not.

SOC. And these, as you were saying, are what perplex you?

AL. Yes.

SOC. But if you are perplexed, then, as the previous argument has shown, you are not only ignorant of the greatest matters, but, being ignorent, you fancy that you know them?

AL. I fear that you are right.

SOC. And now see what has happened to you, Alcibiades! I hardly like to speak of your evil case, but as we are alone, I will: you are living, my good friend, in the most disgraceful state of ignorance, of which you are convicted, not by me, but by the argument, and out of your own mouth; this is what makes you rush into politics before you are educated. Neither is your case singular. For I might say the same of almost all our statesmen, perhaps with the exception of your guardian, Pericles.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

CHAPTER I.

The Quality and Way of Living of Don Quixote.

In a certain village in La Mancha, in the kingdom of Arragon, of which I can not remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen, who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentiles on Fridays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three-quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. His whole family was a house-keeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse, and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an'early riser, and a lover of hunting. Some say his sirname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular); however we may reasonably conjecture, he was called Quixeda (*i. e.* lantern-jaws), though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

Be it known, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round) he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely enamoured of these amusements, that he sold many acres of land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as he could; but none pleased him like the works of the famous Felicineo del Sylva; for the brilliancy of his prose, and those sntricate expressions with which it is interlaced seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the love-addresses and challenges; many of them in this extraordinary style: "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason does so enfeeble my reason, that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty." And this, "The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These and such-like rhapsodies, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was racking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

He would often dispute with the curate of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degree at Giguenza, as to which was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, the barber of the same town, would say, that none of them could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, it was certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of most commodious temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a winning lover, as his brother; and as for courage, he was not behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that at night he would pore on until it was day, and would read on all day until it was night; and thus a world of extraordinary notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, love-passages, torments, and abundance of absurd impossibilities; in so much that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read seeemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say, that the Cid Ruydias was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning-sword, who with a single back-stroke would cut sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him; for among that monstrous brood, who were ever intolerably proud and insolent, he alone behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his carrying away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says; while he so hated that traitor Gallalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his housekeeper, nay and his neice into the bargain.

Having thus confused his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well as for the increase of his own honor, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting; for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single head-piece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which, being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it was cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week in doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so without any farther experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real, being a worse jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Bavieca could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him: for as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; so, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante.

Having thus given his horse a name, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honour on that part of the world.

And now, his armour being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself now named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body