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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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WILBUR P. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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For a liberal discount will be made on the above rates to those advertising by the year.

LEGAL NOTICES will be inserted at 10 cents per line.

St. Albans Business Directory.

B. BAILEY & DAVIS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by White & Bowles, Gascoigne's Building, St. Albans, Vt. PARK DAVIS, 97-1/2.

M. BUCK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over the Insurance Companies, and at O'Connell's Store, 98-1/2.

GEORGE F. HOUGHTON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over the Post-office, and residence on Weiden street. Also, United States ComMISSIONER, Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York, Massachusetts and other States. He will give his attention to all professional business which he may be entrusted. St. Albans, Nov. 4, 1864. 11

E. A. SOWLES, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over First National Bank, St. Albans. Will attend to Collections, and prosecute suits against the United States for Arrears of Pay, or Bounty to Soldiers, Widows and Invalids' Pensions, &c., &c. 10-1/2.

GILMAN, DENTIST. Office in the KINSMAN BLOCK, Main St., opposite the Congregational Church. 1-1/2.

W. B. M. GOWAN, DENTIST. Office over Weed and Duran's Drug Store, St. Albans, Vt. 2-1/2.

HOUGHTON'S First National Oyster House. U. S. HOTEL, 10-1/2, South side Lake Champlain. Opposite Morrison Block, St. Albans, Vt. Oysters served in every style. Orders filled from the City and Country at the lowest Market Price. The best Quality of Oysters. Liberal discount to the trade. 10-1/2.

JAMES STONE, GROCER. Kingman Block Main Street, St. Albans, Vt. 116

FABRICK BROTHERS, IRON MERCHANTS. Dealers in Nails, Glass, Oil, Paints, Agricultural Tools, which we offer at a low cash figure. Corner Lake and Main streets. St. Albans, March 16, 1864. 1-1/2

A. CHAPMAN, dealer in Groceries and Produce at Wholesale and Retail. WALKER BROS., 104, Lake Street, St. Albans, Vt. 104

HERBERT BAINBRIDGE, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes. Main Street, corner of Main and Bank streets, St. Albans, Vt. 103

WYMAN & HUNTINGTON, dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Sterling Silver and Plated Ware. Fancy Goods in variety. Watch Repairing and Engraving. St. Albans, Vt. 103

MARSHALL MASON, dealer in Dry Goods, Yarns, Notions, Zephyr Woods, Paper Hangings, Oil Shades, and Curtain Fixtures. South Block, St. Albans, Vt. 104

BRANDNER & SPEAR, dealers in Fancy Groceries, Coleridge, &c. 117, South Main Street, St. Albans, Vt. 117

H. C. POST & CO., dealers in Dry Goods and Family Groceries. Corner of Main and Fair Street, St. Albans, Vt. 117

E. TATRO'S BATHING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON. Welden House, South side Lake Champlain. Hair cutting and hair dyeing. Ladies' and children's hair cutting, shampooing and curling. Hair made to order. Cash paid for Ladies' long hair. Hot and cold Baths at all hours of the day and evening. EDGAR TATRO, Prop'r. 12-1/2

UNION HOUSE, Richmond, Vt. 129-1/2 ALBERT CLEMENT, Proprietor.

G. B. SMITH, Retail Dealer in.

HATS, CAPS, & FURS, Buffalo and Fancy Sleigh Robes, Fur Overcoats, Ladies' Dress Furs, Fur and Buck Gloves Mittens, Valises, Umbrellas, Travelling Bags, Trunks, &c., &c.

South Main Street, St. Albans, Vt.

CASH PAID FOR SHIPPING FURS. GILBERT B. SMITH, 107-1/2

Claim Agency. Recent enactments of Congress, all Soldiers who have served three years and have received but \$100 bounty from the United States, or who, having enlisted for three years, were discharged in consequence of wounds, and the widows, children, or parents of any soldier who enlisted for three years, under a promise of one \$100 bounty, and who died in the service, are entitled to an additional bounty of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

All invalid pensioners who have lost a hand or foot, or have incurred disability equivalent to loss of hand or foot, are entitled to a large increase of pension.

All pensioned widows of soldiers or sailors are entitled to an increased pension of two dollars per month for each child under sixteen years of age.

Claims of the above nature, and for arrears of pay, extra pay, for horses lost in the U. S. service, commutations of ratios years, were discharged by application by letter, enclosing proper charge from service, will be promptly processed. Necessary papers returned to applicant at his residence, &c. E. A. SOWLES, Office over the First National Bank, St. Albans, Aug. 7th, 1866. 135-1/2

THE FIRST NATIONAL Oyster House is now open for the fall trade. We are receiving oysters daily fresh from market, and they are FULLY WARRANTED.

We are selling, until further notice, at 50 cents per bushel, Oysters for Oysters delivered promptly to the city. For further particulars call at Lake Street, St. Albans, Vt., Sept. 15, 1866. 131-1/2

Under the Snow.

Under the snow, the drifting snow,
The muffled rill is creeping;
Under the snow, the drifting snow,
A weary world lies sleeping.

Under the snow, the drifting snow,
No weeping, no sighing,
Under the snow, the drifting snow,
The dead, but not the dying.

Under the snow the grasses rest,
For summer's bloom preparing;
Under the snow, their verdant breast,
The evergreen are wearing.

Under the snow, no chiming art,
Its tempting snares concealing;
Under the snow, the broken heart,
No bitter pang is feeling.

Under the snow are frozen tears,
Upon the pale cheek lying;
Under the snow, the dear one wears
The smile she gave when dying.

Under the snow, the ivory brow
With silver locks is beaming;
Under the snow are hidden now
The golden ringlets gleaming.

Under the snow, unfelt the thrill
Of friendship's kindly greeting;
Under the snow, the heart is still,
That once with love was beating.

Under the snow, the sacred trust,
By angel care defended;
Under the snow, the guarded dust
Will sleep till time is ended.

Under the snow, is hushed the cry
Of hearts with sorrow teazing;
Under the snow we all shall lie,
When we have done with dreaming.

O. G. W.

History of St. Albans.

By an old Resident.

PART XVII.

NEHEMIAH W. KINGMAN

Was a native of Chatham, Columbia county, N. Y., and came to St. Albans more than sixty years ago. He was a hatter by trade, and for a considerable time worked at his trade here. He subsequently enlarged his business and kept a small retail store of groceries and dry goods in connection with the hating business. By degrees he gave up the hating business, and limited his attention to dry goods and groceries, and such other matters as were usually kept in a country store. He was industrious and frugal in his manner and style of living; and by such means he was able, in the course of his residence in St. Albans, to acquire an ample fortune. Though living frugally, and avoiding all sorts of extravagance in his domestic managements, he was liberal and public spirited in relation to what he considered to be beneficial to the town or to the community at large. He came to St. Albans a poor mechanic, and died worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, a larger estate than that owned by any other man in Franklin county, at that time, excepting, perhaps, one man. He died in 1845 at the age of about sixty-five years, after a long and lingering illness, which obliged him to relinquish business some two or three years before his death.

As a man of business and enterprise, the death of Mr. Kingman must be considered as a public loss. There is reason to believe that had his life and health been spared, he would have been among the first in this community to assist and carry forward to completion the important projects that have been planned and executed in this part of the county, which has added so materially to the wealth and prosperity of the village and adjacent country. For many years previous to his death he was president of the bank of St. Albans, as we have before observed, and the stock-holders of that institution are much indebted to his prudent management of its concerns; for the good standing it constantly maintained through all the difficulties it had to encounter, and for its successful termination at the expiration of its charter.

Among the lawyers, who in early times settled in St. Albans, were Thaddeus Rin, Levi House, Daniel Benedict, Roswell Hutchins, Abner Morton, Seth Wetmore, Asahel Longworthy, and Bates Turner.

MR. RICE

Traveled to the South with a view to improve his health, which had become much impaired. He was afflicted with pulmonary disease, and he did not live to return. He died previous to 1810, leaving a widow. The present writer is possessed of very little knowledge respecting Mr. Rice's standing at the bar, or of his character generally. His impression however is, that he was not much distinguished as a lawyer, or as a man of influence among the people of the town.

MR. BENEDICT

Left St. Albans more than forty years ago, and returned to the State of New Hampshire, his native State. While here he was not much distinguished in his profession, and did little business at the bar. It is presumed he is not living, though the writer has no particular proof of his death. Hutchins and Morton removed to the West-

ward more than forty years ago. The latter was living at Monroe, in the State of Michigan, at a very advanced age, but a few months since. Mr. Hutchins resided in Georgia a few years after leaving St. Albans. He removed from that State to St. Lawrence county, N. Y., where he died a few years ago. He was part merchant and part lawyer while in St. Albans, and not greatly distinguished in either profession.

LEVI HOUSE,

Probably the most conspicuous and noted attorney that was here in those early times, came into St. Albans about the time the county was organized; perhaps a little before. He first resided in Georgia, and there married the daughter of Nathaniel B. Tracy. After his removal to St. Albans he became quite noted as an advocate of the law. For a considerable time he was successful in business, and before the year 1802 he was reputed to be the first attorney in the county. He seems to have been a man of brilliant talents, but not a learned lawyer. His legal qualifications were such as pleased the majority of the people of those times. He was bold, positive and abusive. He had a great run of business, and at one time was supposed to be quite wealthy. It has been said that he kept no books of account, but made his charges on loose strips of paper. He was negligent in collecting his debts, and consequently lost a considerable portion of his earnings. He built a house on the spot where now, 1806, stands the dwelling of H. R. Beardsly, Esq. This house was the largest and most costly of any before erected in the county of Franklin. It was of wood, but elegant and showy. It was burned to ashes in 1821, while owned by Orange Ferris. Mr. House was a man of independent feelings, fearing and caring for no one. He was profane and abusive in relation to those whom he considered hostile to him. He was a federalist in his politics, and deneged all those of the opposite party his political adversaries. The writer has in his possession a copy of a memorandum written by the late Seth Wetmore, detailing the conversation, or rather the language, held by House towards Judge Jones at a public inn, in St. Albans, August 7, 1808. It was profane and abusive in the extreme. Jones was then chief Judge of the county court, and requested Mr. Wetmore to note down the language used by House, with a view, probably, of commencing an action of slander against House. The language was undoubtedly actionable; but it does not appear that Jones ever brought an action of the kind against House for this slanderous language. He probably considered that House's abusive language was harmless as to any injury to reputation. House by this time had become intemperate, and people had lost confidence in him as a lawyer, and as a man of business. He became involved in debt, and was unable to pay. He not long after—previous to 1810—removed to Canada, and, of course, did no more business in St. Albans. He afterwards returned here, when he died in 1813. He left no property. The spacious house which he had built had sometime previous become the property of another proprietor.

SETH WETMORE

Came to St. Albans not far from the year 1800. He was a native of Massachusetts, and had been unfortunate in his speculations in Georgia lands, or in the Yazoo claims, as they were called. He studied law in Middlebury, and came to St. Albans to commence practice. After he came here he married the daughter of Gen. Shepherd of Massachusetts, who died not long after, leaving one son, William Shepherd Wetmore, now a wealthy citizen of Newport, R. I. It does not appear that Mr. Wetmore possessed much property when he came to St. Albans, or afterwards acquired much by his practice as a lawyer. His second wife was the daughter of Deacon Smith, and the sister of the late Hon. John Smith. She died many years ago. He was two or three times elected a member of the General Assembly. Sometime previous to 1810 he was appointed Sheriff of the county. At that time it was hazardous to be sheriff on account of the scarcity of money, the difficulty of collecting debts by process of law, and the general demoralization of the people. Such a state of things often occurs in a new county, where the settlers are made up of all grades of persons, coming from different places and for different reasons. Mr. Wetmore was unfortunate in his official or ministerial operations, trusting too much to the assurances and honesty of those with whom he had to deal.

How I Got a Beauty in Kentucky.

My mother and I had been trying for a long time to find a carriage-horse that should be in every respect satisfactory to both of us—a horse, in brief, combining the qualities of a thoroughbred blood and spirit style, with an amiability of disposition, and an intelligent consideration for the weaknesses of myself and my mother, that would render him at once a thoroughly safe and sumptuous family beast.

My mother had an older brother in Bracken county, Kentucky, and to his care she consigned me, remarking that she would seek consolation for my absence in the hope that a brief sojourn amid the wilds of nature would serve to restore me to my pristine health and vigor. Those were her words, and elegant words they are. My mother also commissioned me to renew in Kentucky my search for my family horse, as she had heard that horses were a strong point with the Kentuckians. My mother's experience, both in her conjugal and equine relations, as she remarked, had been such as to destroy almost entirely her confidence in the masculine gender; and she charged me accordingly to be sure and buy a mare—one of middle age she would prefer, but if such were not attainable, then she desired me to get a young mare, and take the advice of my uncle as to her training and management.

My uncle was kind enough to receive me in a very hospitable manner; and as the old gentleman considered himself thoroughly informed upon the subject of horse-flesh, he was quite as much interested in my mission as in the accomplished son of my mother himself. In fact, more so, I might safely say. He was anxious to start with me the next morning after my arrival on a tour of inspection throughout the country, and expressed himself confident that within a week he would be able to find a mare that would prove every way satisfactory to his sister, with whose weaknesses, he informed me, he had long been familiar. It here devolved upon me to acquaint my uncle with the fact of my delicate health, and to beg that he would allow me at least a week of tranquil repose after the unaccustomed fatigues of my long and tedious journey before proceeding to business. He smiled when I made this tip-top speech, and seemed not unmoved. I had purposely assumed that imperious air which my mother had taken so much pains to teach me, and which I have always found effectual in compelling the respect and homage of the vulgar. It was arranged, accordingly, that a week from that day we should start upon our tour of inspection.

I may state here that my mother was opposed to matrimony upon general principles, as I have many times heard her say, as being both unnecessary and liable to lead to unpleasant complications. Her general principles I now suspect, however, were designed to have a special bearing upon me, and on the eve of my departure for Kentucky, she closed a long series of labors in the same direction by exhorting me more earnestly than usual to beware of the women. As for mother, she was thoroughly ingenious, as I have often heard her say. So I went upon my mission fully fortified against the assaults of all comers of the female persuasion.

My uncle's family was not overstocked in the matter of women. You will be relieved if I say at once that I found no pretty country cousin in his household. Consequently my week of repose proved a very long one, and when the time came for my uncle and me to start on our expedition in search of a mare, I was altogether ready.

I am not here to relate the story of my life and adventures at large, and consequently shall omit to mention, as nearly as may be, everything not connected with the matter in hand. After I had been in Bracken county just about four weeks, I had occasion to indite the following letter to my mother:

GREENFIELD, Bracken Co., Ky., August 10, 1858.

HONORED MAM AND DEAR MOTHER: I rejoice to be able to inform you that I have at last succeeded in finding a young Morgan of the feminine gender that I am confident would please you. But I am afraid, though I have not yet formally proposed it to him, that her proprietor (Col. Morgan, of Morganville) is not disposed to part with her. But I have strong hopes that I shall succeed. I shall seek no further at all events, until I know definitely whether she is to be had or not. My uncle admires her enthusiastically, and recommends me to get her, if possible.

He is particularly partial to the Morgan stock, and thinks this one of the finest specimens in these parts. I am afraid a little more money will be necessary, my dear mother, and a draft for two hundred would be gratefully received by your most devoted and most affectionate son, &c.

My mother replied to this letter as early as it was elegant to do, and enclosed the desired draft. She commanded me to allow no question of money to stand between me and my object, if the transaction should otherwise be approved by my uncle, in whose judgment, she assured me, she had more confidence than in any other man. She closed by desiring me to give her a description of the animal in my next letter, her age, height, color, &c. I wrote as follows:

GREENFIELD, Bracken Co., Ky., September 2, 1858.

HONORED MAM AND DEAR MOTHER: Your most welcome letter, containing draft, is received. I am more than ever determined to possess the little beauty of which I spoke in my last

Since that writing, however, I have become quite convinced that the Col. will not part with her upon any terms which I can conscientiously offer him. He is very fond of her—dotes upon her, in fact. He allows me to see her as often as I choose, and though I have not yet in so many words asked him upon what conditions he will let me have her, yet he certainly must know what I am driving at—pardon me the inelegant expression, my dear mother. She is a perfect little beauty, and no mistake; and, having set my heart upon her, so to speak, I am not disposed to give her up. I have never asked her age, but she is young and lively, though not in the least dangerous. I should guess her to be about twelve or thirteen hands high, though I have never asked her height. She has a very bright eye, and the finest little ears you ever saw. In color she is white—or not exactly white, either, but rather a light, rich cream color. She is not fast, and, therefore, is no temptation to jockeys; but carries her head well up, and is a remarkably graceful stepper. I drove her out for an hour yesterday, and I assure you, my dear mother, she goes elegantly in a buggy. I was really enchanted with her—pardon my enthusiasm. I did not touch her with the whip all the time, and, though we went at a pretty good pace, she seemed not in the least worried when we got back, but just as fresh as when we started. You know how Benjamin used to blow after he had been driven for an hour or two. My uncle says he will guarantee that she will work in any harness, and she is certainly safe, sound, and kind.

Now, my dear mother, what shall I do? If you say so, I will broach the subject to the Colonel immediately. I do not wish to act without your full consent. If he refuses to let her go upon any terms, what course shall I take? Your most obedient and affectionate son, &c.

To this letter my mother replied earlier than I expected, and from her letter I cut the following elegant extract:

"I sent you to Kentucky, my son, to buy me a mare. I instructed you to procure the best animal that you could find, with the assistance of your uncle. I am pleased with the description you give of the beast you have in view. Need I tell you again to purchase her at once, regardless of a few dollars more or less than her real value?"

This I am constrained to say, though thoroughly elegant, (with the exception of the word "beast," which shocked me as coming from my mother's pen, didn't seem to me practically to hit the nail very squarely on the head. I had asked my mother explicitly what I should do in case the Col. refused to part with the "beast" upon any consideration; and the reply coolly instructed me to buy her.

Well I hesitated, not knowing what to do. My uncle observed my growing interest in the pursuit, and laughed at my desperation when I could see no way to attain my object. I held a private conversation with him one day in the stable. As a result of that conference, I sought an interview the next morning with the Colonel. I laid my business squarely before him, and desired to know if he could be induced to part with the "beast"—a word that my mother sees proper to use, I suppose is good enough for me. He grew red about the gills, and laughed a little, nervous, wicked laugh, as he turned his back upon me with a particularly chill, "No, sir."

I wrote a passionate letter to my mother that night; but feeling convinced, as I read it over in the morning, that she would regard it as not altogether elegant, I burned it. The Colonel had not formally forbidden me his premises, though I don't think he would have burned to see me, if I had staid away for a week; and I made so bold as to walk over there during the day, and had the satisfaction of seeing the beast—that word clings to me like a leech, once more. I found her on the lawn in front of the mansion; and as she was very tame and had learned to know me well, I had no difficulty in approaching her. She met me half way, indeed, and seemed greatly pleased to see me; and though my mother might regard my conduct as inelegant, I nevertheless will confess that I put my arms about the beast's neck and kissed her.

That night I stole her; having previously learned where she was kept at night, and having also improved my numerous opportunities to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the house dog. Two days afterward I wrote to my mother, from Louisville:

"Honored Mam and dear Mother: Forgive my erring son, for he knoweth not what he doeth. Open unto him the arms of forgiveness, and kill for thy prodigal the fatted calf! (Veal pie, if you please, dear mother.) I have stolen her—I have stolen her! This proceeding may not be wholly elegant, honored madame, but when you see her you will rejoice at my iniquity. You will love the sinner, if I may be permitted to say so, for the sake of his sin. She is such a beauty! I will never call her beast again—I have not the heart. Write to me at Cincinnati, honored madam, and send me some money. Your erring, though happy son, &c."

Three days afterward, at Cincinnati, I received a reply from my mother, which, out of regard for myself, I forbear to quote. The salient points of that remarkable document, however, were, first, a draft for a hundred dollars; secondly, and elegant though rather too forcible denunciation of the crime of horse-stealing; and lastly, an impressive command never to insult her by a sight of my face till I should have restored to the gentleman whom I had robbed his property, and

earnestly repented of my most vulgar and inelegant crime.

Forty-eight hours later I found myself, in the gray of the autumn evening, at the front door of our family mansion, with the innocent cause of all my woes—which I have promised never again to call a beast—at my side. Madam, my mother, did not consider it elegant to answer the door-bell herself, and therefore waited quietly until a servant should wake up, and get ready to perform that ceremony. Meanwhile, Andronicus busied himself in welcoming the prodigal home, and in making the acquaintance of my charge. She, poor thing, trembled like a cabbage-leaf; but my soul was strong within me, and I met the stare of Thomas when he opened the door with undaunted mien. I led Josephine (commonly called Jose—I believe I have not previously mentioned her name) into the parlor—my mother's parlor is a particularly pleasant one, uniting in an eminent degree, the two qualities of comfort and elegance—and threw myself upon my knees at the foot of my dear parent. The beast—there it goes again—was more frightened than ever as she felt herself transfixed by the glittering eyes of my mother.

"And is this the 'little Morgan' you have been writing about, my naughty boy?" (Boy, indeed!—twenty-five, and the husband of an angel!) said my mother, turning her eyes upon me. "I am ashamed of you, sir! I am ashamed of you! Come here, my dear—this to my Jose—'come here and let me kiss you.' The animal balked a little at starting, but finally went up with a rush, and fell upon her knees. I turned modestly away, overcome by the pathos of that embrace.

"My dear mother," I said at length, when the waters had somewhat subsided. "I pray you will never call her a beast again."

"Oh, my son, how could you so deceive me! Did you not say that your uncle approved your action, and that he promised she would work well in a harness, and all that?"

"Indeed, I did not deceive you, dear mother," I replied, "my uncle is a metaphorical man." I was growing weak you see, and my mother, having first kissed my Jose, rang vigorously for refreshments.

A Russian Spendthrift in Paris.

The Paris correspondent to the Nation tells the following story:

Paris is, nevertheless, unusually gay. A great number of foreigners have already arrived, and are outshining the rest of the world in the brilliant extravagances so much in vogue here. One of these new arrivals, Prince Nariskine, possessor of one of the great fortunes which have caused the Russian nobility to be received through Europe as the modern representatives of Aladdins and Fortunatuses, happening to dine a few evenings since with a friend who has built for himself a small but most elegant hotel, fitted up with all the appliances of fashionable luxury, was struck by the form of the ertout, in silver, which occupied the centre of the table. Having expressed his admiration of it as a work of art, he was surprised to find that his host seemed to hold it in slight esteem. "If you care so little about it, why not sell it to me?" said Prince Nariskine.

"The centre-piece matches all the rest of the silver," returned Count D., "and I can't sell it to you unless you buy the rest of the service."

"Very good, I'll buy the whole of it," responded the prince.

"But if you want the silver, you must take the china also, said the count.

"Very good, I'll buy the china also," replied the prince.

"I can't sell you the china unless you buy the table and chairs," said the count.

"I'll buy all the furniture of the room!" said the prince.

But the furniture could not be sold without the house, nor the house without the stable, nor the stable without the horses, harnesses, carriages, and all these, one after the other, the prince declared himself ready to buy, but one condition.

"Name it," said the count.

"It is that if I make this purchase the transfer shall be effected this very evening, so that I may have the pleasure of sleeping to-night in my new purchase, and in your bed.

"I accept your condition," replied the count, who, having sent for his steward, gave orders for the immediate removal of his wardrobe and personal effects, and the preparation of his bed-room for the reception of the new master. The steward was then ordered to produce the plans and bills of the architect who had constructed the hotel, the inventories of furniture, etc., and the receipts of the dealers of whom the various classes of purchases had been made; and after the prince had gone through these, and had agreed with the count to purchase the whole for 400,000 francs, a regular bill of sale was drawn up and duly signed, and the prince, drawing a roll of bank notes from his pocket, counted out the amount fixed upon, and handed it to his friend across the dinner table, which neither of them had quitted for an instant during the progress of this eccentric proceeding.

The two gentlemen then took a cup of coffee together; the prince doing the honors of the house now become his own by pressing his guest to "take a second cup," and the count after an hour's chat with the prince, took his leave, and went off to the rooms he had engaged to be taken for him at a neighboring inn.