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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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WILBUR P. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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TEXT NOTICES will be inserted at 15 cents per line.

St. Albans Business Directory.

DR. W. THIBAULT, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the University of Vermont. Office: Fairfield street, over Messrs. Hasdell's Clothing House. [187-1y

IF YOU want a good suit of Clothes for a very small sum of money, go to BLODGETT'S.

BROOKS & EVART'S (successors to A. R. Houghton) First National Oyster House, south side of Lake Street, opposite Morrison's Block, St. Albans, Vt. Oysters served in every style, and sold by the keg, quart or gallon. 162

H. C. ADAMS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office in Union Block, St. Albans, Vt. 159-tf.

BENTON & WILSON, Attorneys at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in Novelties Row Block, St. Albans Vt. Attend Courts regularly in Franklin, Orleans, and Lamoille counties. 159-tf

S. S. BENTON, W. D. WILSON.

BAILEY & DAVIS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by White & Sowles, Gadcomb's Building, St. Albans, Vt. 97-1y

J. E. BAILEY, FARR DAVIS.

M. BUCK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Also, Agent for first class Insurance Companies, and for obtaining Soldiers' pay, &c.
Office over Weeks' store, 1-tf

E. A. SOWLES, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over First National Bank, St. Albans, Vt.
P. S.—Will attend to Collections, and prosecute Claims against the United States for Arrears of Pay or Bounty to Soldiers, Widow's and Invalid's Pensions, &c., &c. 3-tf

GEORGE F. HOUGHTON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, St. Albans, Vermont. Office near the Post-Office, and residence on Welden street.
Also, United States Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for the States of New York, Massachusetts, and other States. He will give prompt attention to all professional business with which he may be entrusted.
St. Albans, Nov. 4, 1864. tf

L. GILMAN, DENTIST.—Office in the KINGMAN BLOCK, Main St., opposite the Congregational Church. 1-tf.

W. H. M'GOWAN, DENTIST.—Office over Weed and Duren's Drug store, St. Albans, Vt. 2-tf

W. S. NORWICH, Practical Steam and Gas Fitter, Brass and Iron Goods of every description, for steam, water, and gas. Guns and locks repaired, and keys fitted, &c.
St. Albans, Vt. 173-1y

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

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

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

HERBERT BRAINERD, dealer in Foreign and domestic Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Yankee Notions, corner of Main and Bank Streets, St. Albans, Vt. 103

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

MARSHALL MASON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Yankee Notions, Zephyr Wools, Paper Hangings, Oil Shades, and Curtain Fixtures.
Safford Block, St. Albans, Vt. 104

BRAINERD & SPEAR, dealers in Fancy and Domestic Dry Goods, plain and fancy Cassimeres, Cobergs, &c. 117.
A. C. BRAINERD, WARREN H. SPEAR.
South Main Street, St. Albans, Vt.

H. C. POST & CO., dealers in Dry Goods and choice Family Groceries. Corner of Main and Fairfield Streets, St. Albans, Vt. 117
H. C. POST. L. JAMES.

RICHARDSON'S PICTURE GALLERY, Main, opposite Bank Street, St. Albans, Vt. (Up Stairs.) Open all hours of the day, (Sundays excepted.) All the latest styles of pictures made at this Gallery. Albums and Picture Frames, Stereoscopic and card Pictures of Vermont Scenery, all at low prices. Call early and often.
T. G. RICHARDSON,
137-tf. Proprietor.

15 CASES Mens' and Boy's Boots, just received at BLODGETT'S.

BOOK BINDING!

The subscriber would inform the inhabitants of St. Albans and surrounding country, that having rented the Book-bindery belonging to A. H. Mason, Esq., he is now ready to bind books in a first class style, and at reasonable prices.
Kingman Block, St Albans, Vt.
DAVID CRAWFORD.
August 30, 1867. 182-6m.

HEAVY STOCK of Boys' and Youths' Clothing, just received at BLODGETT'S.

HORACE P. HALL, M. D.
(Late of the Army, &c.,)
Has returned to St. Albans, and may be found for the present at the American Hotel.
Particular attention paid to Operative Surgery. 159-1y

Removed.

DR. S. S. CLARK has removed to South Main Street. Office at his reside
St. Albans, Vt., May. 2, 1866 89-tf

Notice of Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Wm. Locke and Louis McD. Smith, under the firm name of Locke & Smith, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the former firm must be paid at their old place of business.
WILLIAM LOCKE,
LOUIS McD. SMITH.
St. Albans, Aug. 18, 1867. 157-tf.

IF YOU want a good Sewed Box Toe Boot, go to BLODGETT'S.

UNION HOUSE,
Richford, Vt.
135-1y ALBERT CLEMENT, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE, Richford, Vt., Jerry B. Sweatland Proprietor. This House is located in the centre of the village, near the Custom-House, Post-Office and Mills. 169-1y

The Midnight Waltz.

PART I.

On St. Sylvester's eve there was a ball at court. The Grand Duchess had just entered the gallery, followed by Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, her first lady of honor. The appearance of the latter produced a much greater sensation than that of the Duchess herself, and remarks more or less benevolent accompanied her on her passage.

"Aunt, aunt," interrupted the young Stephanie, "did you see the bouquet which Ottalie had in her hand? A large bouquet of magnificent moss roses."

"What's that you are saying, child?" replied Madame de Nollingen. "Moss roses at St. Sylvester! They could not be found even in the grand ducal green house!"

"Stephanie nevertheless spoke truly," said Madame de Rothenwald. "I saw Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein's bouquet distinctly, and would like to know who gave it to her."

"It could only be the Prince," said the ex-grand mistress, with an impatient gesture.

"Oh, no, aunt, it was not him; and if Ottalie does not take care the Prince will escape her. He is already more than half in love with the little Lady Emily."

"What! with English woman?" cried Madame de Rothenwald.

"Yes, she talks of dogs and horses to him, and I would not be surprised if Ottalie soon finds in this little person a very dangerous rival. Besides," added Stephanie, "I believe I understand the mystery of this bouquet. On Sunday, at the opera, with the Grand Duchess, Ottalie said before Major de Ebersdorf that she would give the world for a bouquet of moss roses on St. Sylvester's day. Now there lives at Dilsheim an old American who is immensely wealthy, and who spends his whole fortune in the cultivation of flowers; we can see as many roses in his green-houses in January as in June."

"Well!" interrupted Madame de Nollingen, "and what does all this prove?"

"Wait a minute, aunt. Major de Ebersdorf left F——yesterday evening, and returned this morning only in time to resume his office near the Grand Duke."

"And do you think," said Madame de Rothenwald, "that Frederic would ride over hedge and ditch all night to get to Delsheim in order to procure roses for the Wolkenstein? He must be in love with her to do that!"

Stephanie began to laugh.

"My dear Madame de Rothenwald, where have you been? Have you not seen that for the last four weeks he has not danced a cotillion except with her?"

"Niece," said Madame de Nollingen, "you would do much better not to meddle yourself so much with the affairs of others."

And the old Countess rose to go. Madame de Rothenwald took Stephanie's arm, and the two went to look on a *contre danse* which was forming.

"This is strange, Stephanie; see, there is M'lle de Wolkenstein dancing with the grand equerry, and opposite to them is Eberstodorf and the Frankenthal."

"Because her royal Highness has ordered the Major to dance the first *contre danse* with Henriette. But did you notice Ottalie's face when she saw her *vis-a-vis*? I am certain that she is furious, and that Frederic will pay dearly for his *contre danse*, for she detests the Frankenthal."

"Do you think, then, that she loves the Count?"

"She! the cold, proud Ottalie! She will never love, and, even if she did, she would die a thousand times rather than let him see it."

"In that case she will find her equal, for Ebersdorf's is a character no less haughty and untamable than her own.

The object of this conversation, Ottalie de Wolkenstein, seemed perfectly to realize the ideal type of feminine dignity. Nothing could be more classic than the shape of her head or more purely chiselled than her features. Her magnificent hair, which was of a light chestnut, was parted over a brow truly imperial; her superb carriage, and the habitually haughty expression of her mouth, seemed to indicate that nothing existed on the earth which was worthy of her. Brought up in the midst of the court, Ottalie soon found herself the centre of attraction. Her extreme beauty, added to her position, brought to her feet all the men of the Grand Duchy, commencing with the hereditary Prince himself. The brilliant success which she met with soon stifled in her heart the germs of sensibility and love, and augmented to an extraordinary degree a thirst for domination. For Ottalie to live was to reign, but to reign equally over all. In spite of the disdain with which she treated all their protestations, Ottalie was surrounded with a crowd of aspirants desperately and hopelessly in love. No man approached her without becoming completely fascinated, and not one could divine the cause of the marvellous power of this young girl.

The dance finished, the grand equerry attempted to conduct Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein to a seat, but the throng of guests hindered them several times from advancing. In one of these forced stoppages they found themselves behind the Lady Emily and her mother.

"I do not understand you, Emily," said the latter. "Why have you refused to dance the cotillion with Mons. de Thalheim?"

"Because I am almost sure of dancing it with the Prince."

"With the Prince! Why, has he already engaged you?"

"No, but he asked me just now if I had seen the stables of the Grand Duke; then immediately after if I ever danced cotillions, and on my replying in the affirmative, he added, 'and I too.' So you see, mamma, it is just the same as if he had engaged me."

The mother shook her head with an incredulous air, and Ottalie, who, thanks to her know ledge of English, had understood all, resolved to defeat the plans of Lady Emily.

"With what happy mortal do you dance the midnight waltz?" (the midnight waltz on St. Sylvester's eve is very much sought for by all the dancers, because at the first stroke of the clock which sounds the last hour of the year, they have the privilege of kissing their partners in the waltz) said the Grand Duchess to her favorite, when a few minutes before twelve the band struck up the Gabrielle. Ottalie had just time to name Mons. de Ebersdorf, when he came to claim his partner.

At the first stroke of midnight the waltz stopped, and the orchestra saluted by a joyous blast of trumpets the commencement of a new year.

In the midst of the universal joy Frederic wished to take advantage of the sweet privilege accorded him. He leant forward to imprint the kiss on Ottalie's forehead, but the latter repulsed him, stepping back, and reddening with anger. D'Ebersdorf, confounded, could scarcely recover himself enough to say:

"It seems to me you owe me that for my roses."

"In that event, I beg you to take them again. Give them to whom you please, I do not want them."

"Ottalie!"

"Monsieur d'Ebersdorf, I do not know who has given you the right to call me thus."

Frederic bit his lips.

The waltz commenced again and terminated without either of them speaking a word more.

Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein had returned to her seat, and occupied herself in sometimes watching Lady Emily, who, with visible impatience, sought to catch the Prince's eye, and sometimes Major d'Ebersdorf, who, seated beside Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, whispered to her with an unaccustomed warmth of manner when the Prince presented himself before her.

"My lord," said Ottalie, after the first words were exchanged, "permit me to inquire after the health of Sultan."

The face of his Royal Highness glowed at this touching mark of condescension in a person who was so little in the habit of showing it. He sat down beside her and hastened to give her the most satisfactory accounts as to the well-being of his favorite horse.

Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein was so complaisant, and listened with such a lively interest to the Prince that the latter, elated with his success, asked her if she would honor him by dancing a cotillion with him.

Ottalie accepted.

Four days before, Mlle. de Wolkenstein had promised the cotillion of St. Sylvester to Frederic At the moment when the cotillion was forming he advanced to remind her of her engagement.

"You must forgive my treacherous memory, Count," replied she, "but I had forgotten that which you wish me to remember, and I have just made another engagement."

"May I have the honor of knowing with whom?" asked he, forcing himself to appear calm.

The Prince advanced to claim Ottalie's hand. At the same moment Lady Emily and her mother crossed the saloon and retired.

"Monsieur d'Ebersdorf, will you be kind enough to complete the cotillion," vociferated the Prince, and Frederic placed himself with Md'lle Frankenthal at the right of his royal highness.

The changes of the thousand and one figures of this capricious dance placed d'Ebersdorf and Ottalie side by side, and they were left thus alone for some minutes.

"I thank you, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," said the Count. "It only remains for me to thank you for having opened my eyes before it was too late."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That I have nothing to do with the mistresses of princes!"

The royal dancer returned too soon for Ottalie to reply, even by a look, to this offensive speech. Rage was in the depths of her heart and she tried to hide her agitation under an appearance of lightness which ill suited her. Her excessive gayety caused universal astonishment.

On the morrow at the levee of the Grand Duke, Major d'Ebersdorf asked permission of his sovereign to marry M'lle de Frankenthal, but to this request he added another, which was that he should immediately be sent on some distant embassy. The Grand Duke consented to everything. Four days afteward Frederic was married in the presence of the whole court, and, charged with a special mission to St. Petersburgh, quitted F——, with his wife and despatches.

PART II.

A year had rolled by. The hereditary Prince was married to the Princess****. Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein was ill with a malady of which the physicians to their Royal Highnesses could understand nothing. Some believed that she was grieved at the marriage of Major d'Ebersdorf, for she had scarcely reached home after the ceremony when she was seized with a chill, which lasted more than three hours, and she kept her bed for six weeks. Since that time she had suffered much; they said that she had some affection of the heart. The waltz, above all, was rigorously forbidden her; for, having waltzed at a ball given in honor of the Prince's marriage, she came very near dying.

Once more it was St. Sylvester's eve. Major d'Ebersdorf and his wife, who had returned from St. Petersburg within the last three days, attended the court ball. Ottalie, who was suffering more than usual, had retired, and the Grand Duchess, wishing before she descended to the saloon to embrace and say good night to the invalid, entered her room; but she found Ottalie sleeping so profoundly that she went away without awakening her.

A lively waltz struck up. Major d'Ebersdorf was waiting till the Grand Duke, who was entertaining him with the account of an immense hunt he wished to get up, had finished speaking, before he went to claim a partner for the dance. Suddenly a general movement was observed—the waltzers stopped, the music was hushed. A female clothed in white was crossing the saloon, and, dispersing with a gesture all who were in her path, she went straight towards Ebersdorf.

"Frederic, come and waltz," said she.

"Ottalie!" This was all that he could say.

"For the love of God, Monsieur," interrupted the physician of the Grand Duchess, "do not contradict her; do all that she wishes, and above all, do not awaken her. She is in a somnambulic state."

"Come," repeated Ottalie; "why do you wait?"

Ebersdorf followed her mechanically, and the waltz commenced.

The waltz ended.

"It is too warm here; let us go and breathe the fresh air," said she, drawing the Count toward the principal window in the gallery. She opened it and went out on a balcony, whence they could see the gardens of the palace.

"How calm is all around us," said Ottalie, seating herself on a stone bench, and drawing Ebersdorf down beside her. Oh, Frederic, I have suffered much, but it is necessary to suffer to buy the happiness which I enjoy at this moment. In my grief I blasphemed against God, I did not believe in Him—now that I am happy He has entered my soul like a flood of light and heat. Holy religion of love, I prostrate myself before thee.'

"Miserable fool that I was!" exclaimed Ebersdorf, forgetting in the violence of his grief the warning of the doctor. "All is over now. Oh my happiness, my future, my life—lost, lost, without return! Oh, pride! pride!"

"Pride!" slowly repeated Ottalie, "it is for that which I have suffered so much—pride, and then jealousy. Why did you dance with the Frankenthal, why wait upon her with such devotion? Jealousy devoured me. Answer me, Frederic, have you ever loved her?"

"Never!" said the Count in a hollow voice, stifled by emotion.

"And have you always loved me?"

"More than my life," replied he.

"What a future of happiness and love opens for us," continued Ottalie, softly resting her head on the Count's shoulder. "We will go through life leaning upon each other."

She ceased to speak; her lips yet moved, but no sound came from them. Suddenly the first notes of a waltz were heard. Ottalie sprang up.

"Do you hear, Frederic, the midnight waltz; it is the same as last year, la Gabrielle, my favorite waltz. You will dance it with me henceforth—always with me!"

She re-entered the saloon, leaning on the arm of the Count.

She traversed with a bound the double row of waltzers, and commenced to dance with a kind of furore, without stopping an instant. She turned, as though borne by a whirldwind. "Faster!" she called out every moment; "faster! faster!" And the music quickened so much that Frederic could hardly follow her in her fearful waltz. Midnight sounded.

Breathless, exhausted, she almost fell into his arms.

"That kiss—which I refused thee—take it!" said she in a voice by short, quick respirations.

"Ottalie, my life, my only love!" cried Frederic, forgeting himself and straining her passionately to his heart, as he pressed his lips to hers.

A piercing cry arose. Ottalie escaped from the arms of the Count, and fell at his feet in frightful convulsions.

"Gracious heavens!" Count, you have awakened her, exclaimed the Grand Duke.

"The danger is passed," said the physician, "only God will awaken her now."

WELL SAID.—Says a sensible exchanged: It matters not how many newspapers a man takes, his list is incomplete without his home newspaper. If that paper is not such as he would wish, he should feel that himself and neighbors are responsible, in a measure, for the shortcoming. Give a paper a liberal support, active sympathy, and it will instantly respond to such manifestations. Let an editor feel that his efforts are appreciated, and he is the most responsible being on earth; his paper being a part of himself, he is as sensitive to praise or censure as a doting father. Nothing can supply the place of a home paper. It is the mirror in which the town and neighborhood news are reflected; in social, political, and religious circles, it fills a place no other paper can.—When a need of economy compels you to curtail your newspaper list, strike off every other one before you say to the publisher of your home journal—"Stop my paper."

Historical Society.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Historical Society was held on Tuesday afternoon 15th. The report of the Librarian showed donations from 41 individuals, many of the gifts being rare and valuable. The Treasurer reported $618 44 in his hands. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows:

President.—Pliny H. White, of Coventry.

Vice Presidents.—Rev. Wm. H. Lord, of Montpelier; Geo. W. Benedict, John W. Phelps.

Recording Secretary.—G. F. Houghton.

Corresponding Secretaries.—Albert D. Hager; Henry Clark.

Librarian and Cabinet Keeper.—Chas. Reed.

Treasurer.—H. D. Hopkins.

Curators.—Hiland Hall; Wm. H. Parker; John B. Page; Mathew H. Buckham; Luther L. Dutcher; P. D. Bradford; Geo. W. Grandey.

Rev. W. C. Smith, Dr. Ezra Paine, and Chas. W. Thompson, of Montpelier, and Dr. Gates B. Bullard, of St Johnsbury, were admitted as members. A resolution, offered by Hon. Chas. Reed, was adopted, inviting the heirs of the late Col. Henry Stevens, for many years the President of the Society, to donate such documents as pertain to the history of the State.—Hon. E. J. Phelps, of Burlington, was selected to deliver the next annual address.

In the evening the annual address was delivered in Representatives Hall, by Hon. C. W. Willard, of Montpelier. It was upon the whole an able effort as far as language and composition was concerned, and we think one of his ablest. The subject, "Vermont, Its present and future," could not fail to be interesting to his audience. The speaker descanted upon the present dead conservatism of the State, in respect to population, and active business. He said, perhaps, truly that "Vermont was like a grand old tree of the forest, that had reached its prime." But shall it remain so while other parts of the nation are advancing so fast? Is there nothing before us but decline and fall? He thought there was no need of that. There was yet unexplored wealth within our borders. "He who attempts nothing, advances nothing. We must be something more than an agricultural State. They who till the soil have many virtues, but agriculture soon reaches its growth. We must be something more than an agricultural people. Our young men will not stay in Vermont unless they find as remunerative employment here as in other States.—Hence it is that the most enterprising of hem emigrate.

Enduring growth comes only from progressive industry." The speaker admitted that there were some things against us, and alluded most truthfully to the large amount of surplus capital now locked up in Government bonds, and thought that fact was a greater evil than their non-taxation. He advocated a more equal attachment law, making investments and enterprise more safe. He thought our system of Education should be such as to lead to greater industry.—There were too many dead heads among us in many of the professions, and also out of them.

But we should, above all, have great faith in the future. "Faith is as good in temporal as spiritull things." This age should be made more practical.—"Knowledge for itself simply is nothing. We should not have less learning, but more active knowledge.

Rev. Pliny H. White then read a paper upon the "Life and Services of Wm. C. Bradley," which was a short memoir eloquently written and neatly delivered.—*Argus.*

Vermont Colonization Society.

The 48th anniversary of the Vermont Colonization Society was holden at Representatives' Hall on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. After prayer, the Secretary, Rev. J. K. Converse, read the annual report, which seemed to be highly satisfactory to the friends of the society, showing at least a gratifying success the past year, to those engaged in the colonization of the African race. The report urged that morally, patriotically, and commercially, the enterprise was one worthy of the earnest labors of the best men. The Treasurer's report was read and accepted, after which General J. W. Phelps, of Brattleboro, delivered the annual address.

General Phelps is a decided speaker, and all his eccentricities have a good substratum of practical common sense, and his address on this occasion showed a thorough and substantial knowledge of the subject discussed, and a hearty earnestness in the cause for which he labored.

Those who have attended the meetings of this society in former years were gratified to observe a much larger attendance than usual the present year, and notwithstanding the address was quite lengthy it was listened to with marked attention.

The Business Meeting was at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for the choice of officers and for other purposes.—The following named gentlemen were elected:

President—Hon. Daniel Baldwin.

Vice Presidents—Hon. John Gregory Smith, and Hon. Samuel Kellogg

Secretary—Rev. John K. Converse.

Treasurer—Geo. W. Scott.

Auditor—Samuel Wells.

Managers, Hon. Paul Dillingham, Freeman Keyes, Joshua A. Hendee, Rev. Geo. B. Safford, Rev. Wm. H. Lord, James T. Thurston, His Excellency John B. Page, Gen. J. W. Phelps, Rev. Wm. S. Hazen, Rev. Seth W. Arnold.

After the election of officers, a paper drawn up by Gen. J. W. Phelps was considered and acted upon by the Board; said paper embodying the resolution passed by the Legislature of Vermont in 1850, asking Congress to establish a line of mail steamers between this country and Liberia, and a petition asking Congress to carry said resolution into effect, &c.

Vermont Bible Society.

The meeting of the Vermont Bible Society to celebrate the 55th anniversary, took place at the State House on Wednesday 16th, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

The following board of officers were chosen:

Hon. Paul Dillingham, Waterbury, President.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

Hon. William Nash, Addison County.

Hon. A. B. Gardner, Bennington County.

Rev. Isaac McAnn, Chittenden County.

Rev. C. S. Bushnell, Essex County.

Hon. John G. Smith, Franklin County.

Rev. O. G. Wheeler, Grand Isle County.

Rev. J. T. Ford, Lamoille County.

John Lynde, Esq., Orange County.

Rev. J. W. Bemis, Orleans County.

Hon. John B. Page, Rutland County.

Rev. H. W. Worthen, Washington County.

Rev. George P. Tyler, Windham County.

Rev. Wm. Sewall, Windsor County.

Rev. A. L. Cooper, Montpelier, Recording Secretary.

Rev. W. H. Gilbert, Norwich, Corresponding Secretary and General Agent.

Hon. John A. Page, Montpelier, Secretary.

H. Y. Y. Barnes, Esq., Montpelier, Auditor.

Board of Directors.—Rev. Wm. B. Hazen, Rev. Wm. H. Lord, Rev. P. Merrill, Rev. P. P. Ray, J. G. Stimpson, Esq., Rev. W. J. Kidder, Rev. E. Q. Carpenter, Rev. P. H. White, Rev. J. A. Sherburn, Henry Nutt, Esq., Rev. Austin Hazen, and Rev. B. F. Ray.

On assembling in the Hall of the House of Representatives in the evening, a hymn was sung and reading of Scriptures by Rev. W. B. Hazen, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Morgan.

The annual report was then submitted by the General Agent, Rev. W. H. Gilbert, which was accepted by the Society.

Hon. John A. Page then presented the Treasurer's report, showing some $1,500 balance remaining in the Treasury at present. This report was also accepted by the Society.

The President then introduced J. B. Angell, President of the University of Vermont, who delivered the annual address upon the subject, "Relations of the Bible to Civil Liberty." It was something over an hour long, and during the whole time the eloquent speaker held the audience which crowded the hall spell-bound and fixed their attention upon the subject so forcibly set before them. It would not be too much to say that President Angell's address was the best ever delivered in the Hall or before the Society.

Practical Joking in High Life.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* writes:

"Practical joking, I had thought, died out long ago in all decent society; but, if newspapers are to be believed—a thing of which I am not at all certain—(I speak, of course, only of those of France and the rest of the continent)—it still flourishes in the highest society of this country. Here, for example, greatly condensed, is a story I find in one of the journals of Paris:

"A distinguished party were a fortnight ago the guests of the Marquis de Ga—, in the chateau of—, in the neighborhood of Trouville. The ladies of the party being bored, resolved somewhat ungratefully, in order to amuse themselves, to play off a joke on their host. So one night they placed a quantity of flour between the sheets of his bed. At his customary hour the Marquis retired to rest, but the strange substance astonished him, and he jumped up. He found himself as white as a miller from head to foot. A few moments' reflection convinced him that he was the victim of a trick. He coolly rang for his valet, made the man scrape him and wash him and change the sheets. He then returned to bed.

The next morning he said not a word of what had happened. Three evenings after he proposed a drive to a small shooting lodge in the neighborhood, where there was a splendid view, and when he got there he offered the ladies tea. The cake served with the liquid was extraordinarily good, and the fair dames did ample justice to it. They declared that they had never seen anything like it in Paris. 'Yet nothing would be more simple than to make such cakes,' said the Marquis. 'First take your flour,' continued he, with all the solemnity of a cookery book, 'and then roll a man in it.' The ladies looked aghast. 'Yes, mesdames, the cake is made of the flour in which it was your pleasure I should be whitened the other night!' *'Horreur! Quelle horreur!'* screamed they."

☞ Why does the duck come out of the water? For sun-dry reasons.

Russia.

A correspondent of the Christian *Advocate* under date of August 24th, writes from Moscow as follows:

"Outside cities, this country has no beauty. Its nearly level surface presents some cultivated fields, more meadow and still more forest. Few and far between are the rough log-hut villages of the peasantry, irregularly placed, mixed up with log barns and stables, without one mark of taste or culture. In the cities we find the latter. St. Petersburgh and Moscow will compare favorably with the finest cities of Europe, and, indeed, the view of the latter from the high tower of Ivon Veleki is the finest city view I ever saw. No dingy slate or tile is used in roofing, but tin, painted with malachite. The novelty and agreeableness of this color are very striking. This paint is durable, and does not, like our green paints, poison the rain-water. But the most striking of all features of the view are the four hundred and sixty churches with their green or guilt domes, and their glittering crosses surmounting the domes Moscow has a population of 350,000, and is by far the best provided city in, respect to churches I ever saw. Moreover, shrines and chapels containing the pictures of Mary and the infant Jesus, abound in the streets, shops, houses, steamboats, city gates, and even railroad cars. Many are illuminated by lamps and candles day and night. Idolatry abounds. The constant bowing, crossing, prostration, and image-kissing practiced in their services, leave Romanism quite behind My power of face was sorely taxed at first in maintaining the outward semblance of gravity. A coach and six passed me yesterday. Within was a priest with a large Manonna, hastening to some sick bed, to carry grace, perhaps healing power, for twenty-five rubles. Some of these old Madonnas have a high repute, over the Redeemer's Gate, an entrance to the Kremlin, is one so sacred that a soldier enforces the removal of every hat, whether of Jew or Gentile, czar or beggar, when passing beneath. I ask myself the question how the Church of England can hold out one hand toward the Church of Rome, and the other toward the Greek Church, both grossly idolatrous. If these Churchs ever unite, woe to dissenters.

Moscow is a better place to study the people than St. Petersburgh. The latter is modern, and in contact with the outside world. Moscow is old, central, and was long the capital.—Here the middle class about disappears. The streets abound in coarsely-clad, dingy, hairy, rough men. The common dress materials of all, including soldiers, is a coarse grayish-brown woolen stuff, looking dirty when new, and never getting over it. Black bread and brandy seem to be the staple of their diet. At the bazar yesterday I saw a man dining on a raw carrot and a glass of brandy, and a boy on a cucumber and brandy. Yet the only drunken man I have seen in Russia were two of Admiral Farragut's American seamen in the winter palace. Beggars of the sturdiest frames abound even more than in Ireland, but not so ragged. Probably the climate vetoes the rags. If the cost of the splendors of churches and palaces, of shrines, lamps, candles, incense, of bells and chimes and bell-ringers, of swarming priests and nuns, and of brandy, could be devoted to the education and profitable employment of the masses, beggary would certainly cease.

The middle class in our favored land, educated, intelligent, self-respecting, tasteful, moral, have no representatives worth naming here.

Terrible Scaffold Scene.

A horrible scaffold scene occurred in the prison yard of Janer, Selescia, recently. A young woman, not of the lowest class of population, was to be beheaded for gratifying her jealousy of a former lover, by an act that had led to the death of several persons.—The faithless man had deserted her and married another girl. The deserted mistress, to revenge herself, set fire to his house and several persons perished in the flames. She was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to suffer death. On the scaffold, just at the moment when the executioner bared her neck and was about to fasten her to the fatal block, she broke loose, seized the axe that was to cut off her head, and defied the dumb-founded officer to take her. They rushed upon her, showered blows upon her head and finally, after she had slightly wounded some of them in the scuffle, she was knocked down and handcuffed. She uttered wild, terrible screams all the time, and the executioner and his men tried to dispatch her as soon as possible; they tore her dress from her shoulders, tied her feet and dragged her to the block. Although she still screamed, and resisted to the best of her power, the leather strap on the block by which the head is drawn forward, was soon slipped over it, and the executioner seized the axe. Unfortunately the dreadful scene had made him quite nervous, and, on striking her, he missed her neck, and cut deeply into her shoulder and back. The blood rushed from the fearful wound, and the screams of the unfortunate woman grew heart-rending beyond description. A second blow, dealt her a few seconds afterwards, finally put a stop to her suffering.

☞ A fat cow of Durham grade was recently slaughtered in London, which weighed when killed 1950 lbs., and yielded 340 lbs. of rough tallow.