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R. H. EDDY.
Boston, Jan. 1, 1867.—1y.

The Wife's Appeal.

BY MATILDA H. STUART.

Come near me, let me lay my hand
Once more upon thy brow,
And let me whisper in thine ear,
Love's last and fondest vow;
The lips that breathe these trembling words
Will soon be cold in death,
And thy dear cheek can feel no more
Their warm and loving breath.

I go from thee; God only knows
How I have longed to stay—
How I have shuddered thus to tread
The lone and shadowed way;
Faith tells me that I soon may know
The joys the blessed find,
And yet I falter, while I cast
A lingering look behind.

I see thee bowed before me here,
In bitterness and tears,
But I can leave thee something still
To light thy weary years;
Young, tender forms will cling to thee,
Perhaps will miss my tone,
And though they may not share thy grief,
Thou wilt not feel alone.

Fold them still closer to thy breast,
To soothe their childish woe,
And cheer the many lonely hours
The motherless must know;
The world, with all its hopes and joys
Will sometimes make thee glad,
But they must linger round a hearth
All desolate and sad.

And oh! when time shall calm thy grief,
Perchance the hour may come,
When thou wilt win another form
To share thy heart and home;
When thou wilt welcome to thy board
A younger, fairer face,
And bid thy children smile on her
Who takes their mother's place.

But think not, could I speak to thee,
That I would frown or blame,
Though they should love the stranger one,
And call her by my name;
For they will speak to thee of me,
My memory is their trust,
A word, a smile, a look like mine,
Will call me from the dust.

Yet make my grave no place of tears,
But let the dear ones bring
To cheer their mother's lonely home,
The blossoms of the spring;
And even there thou, too, may'st kneel,
And softly press the earth
That covers her whose face once gave
A brightness to thy hearth.

Then will the forms of early years,
Steal softly to thy side,
And for an hour thou canst forget
Thou hast another bride;
She may be all thy heart can ask
So dear, so true to thee,
But O! the spring-time of thy love,
Its freshness was for me.

May she be blest, who comforts thee,
And with a gentle hand,
Still guide the little trembling ones
That make our household band;
She can not know the tenderness
That fills their mother's breast,
But she can love them for thy sake,
And make thee more than blest.

Yet keep one place, one little place,
From all the rest apart,
One spot which I can call "a home,"
Within thy faithful heart:
And in thy holy hour of dreams,
When spirits fill the air,
With tender eyes and folded wing
I'll softly rest me there.

May God forgive this erring love,
That is to mortals given;
It almost woo's my spirit back
From happiness and heaven;
And yet I feel it will not die
When this frail life is o'er,
But watch till all my loved ones come,
Where we shall part no more.

A Railway Adventure.

From the London Magazine.

It was five minutes past seven, P. M., by the station clock, and, consequently, within five minutes of the time at which the Dillmouth train was advertised to start. Most of the passengers had taken their seats, but some two or three were standing on the platform near the carriages, bent on having a last word with those they were about to leave behind them.

There was the usual bustle and excitement incident to the starting of a train. Reckless porters rushing about with those abominable little trucks, the first notice of whose approach is an ugly shove, accompanied by a "By your leave" from the heartless porter. A distressed lady amidst a chaos of boxes and parcels, waiting for some one to put her and her precious accompaniments safely into the train. Lost passengers looking vainly about for the train, which is all the time staring them out of countenance. A newsboy with a villainous cracked voice crying out the "Lon—mon—peps," and the "Newnimmerponch." These, with the usual lot of idlers come to see the train off, and the ticket examiners and other busy satellites of the train itself, made up a scene of unparalleled life and activity.

It was Wednesday night, and Wednesday was market day at Middlesham. The train therefore was a heavy one, and nearly every compartment was full of passengers. It was usually five or ten minutes late in starting on the Wednesday night, owing to the extra traffic; so that I and the other occupants of the compartment in which I had taken my seat were rather astonished when, the pointer having barely marked nine minutes past on the dial, the train, without any preparatory whistle, moved off. I was under the impression that we were shunting for another carriage, for such a thing as starting before time was never known to have happened at Middlesham: but when we moved past the long platform, past the entrance-signal, and through the bridge beyond, it became apparent to us all that we really were off.

There was a simultaneous pulling out of watches, and surprised looks passed from one to the other, and to the still open door of the carriage, as the conviction was gradually forced upon us.

"Well, if this is n't a queer move, I should like somebody to tell me what it is," was the exclamation of a stout cattle jobber, who sat in the corner opposite to me. As we were all pretty much of his opinion as to the queerness of the move, nobody offered to tell him what it was: so he sat there staring, as if he were really quite overawed by the circumstance.

Once convinced by the increasing speed of the train that we were fairly on our journey, I rose from my seat, drew in the door, which was flying back against the side of the carriage, and closed it firmly. In doing so, I put my head out of the window, and looking down the train, saw the light streaming through three or four other doors which had, like my own been left open. There had evidently been some mismanagement about the starting of the train, but as I saw two arms put out to catch as many of the doors, and the others would take no harm before we came to Ackridge, which was the name of the first station we would come to, I sat down again in my corner, made myself as comfortable as possible, and prepared myself, as was my habit, to listen to the remarks of my fellow-travellers. These were four in number. The cattle jobber I have already mentioned, his partner, and two Middlesham merchants, who lived some twelve miles, or thereabouts, down the line.

The merchants soon commenced a brisk conversation, the part of which that most interested me being the following:

FIRST MERCHANT.—"Awkward thing this strike among the engine drivers!"

SECOND M.—"Well, yes. But I must confess to knowing very little about it. I merely saw the short paragraph alluding to it in this morning's news. Have you heard anything fresh about it?"

FIRST M.—"The last I have heard of it is that the men have sent in their month's notice. They demand a considerable advance in the rate of wages, and an alteration in the system on which their earnings are calculated. A deputation of them waited upon old Rasper, the superintendent, yesterday. They stated their grievances, and the terms on which they would continue to work, and said if those terms were not accedd to by the company, they would strike. At this old Rasper jumped up from his chair, and told them that they were a lot of ungrateful dogs; that they were better paid than the drivers of almost any other line in the kingdom; that if he could possibly do without them he would discharge every mother's son of them at once; that he would settle with them when the time came, and that they might be off and get on with their work in the shops at once; and he forthwith turned them every one out of his office. He'll settle with them. Ha! ha! Rasper by name, and Rasper by nature, ha! ha!"

SECOND M.—"But this is a very alarming state of things. Is it not dreadful to think that we poor passengers are at the mercy of these malcontents, and that they have it in their power to do something horrible with us, merely to spite their employers?"

FIRST M.—"No: I don't think there is any fear of that, for the passenger men have taken no part in the strike whatever. It is only the drivers of goods engines who have become disaffected. The others have given the movement the cold shoulder from the first."

SECOND M.—"Still, these goods-drivers, with their intimate knowledge of the line, must have it in their power to do an incalculable injury to their employers, and the public as well. Why, the mere placing of a sleeper, or a chair, or a piece of old iron on the rails, would be enough to send us all off to the other world express, and without any return tickets!"

They were both laughing over this dreamy old joke of No. 2, when my attention was distracted to the cattle jobber. He was leaning half out of the window, and shouting "Stop! stop!" at the very tip-top of his very loud voice. On our inquiring what was the matter, he replied excitedly, "Why, dang it! if we haint been and passed Yeckridge station, and me and mate has got to get out there. Here, hi! stop here, hi!" The last exclamation was in a sort of prolonged shriek, which woke the echoes as we shot into and roared through a tunnel.

"My good man," I ventured to remark, "you must be mistaken. They would never think of passing a station like Ackridge without stopping, and certainly not when they have passengers booked for it."

"Whether they sud or they sud n't, they hev dun it; why, look! there's Bowlt's smelt works, and we must be two miles at least on the wrong side of Yeckridge!" and here he relapsed into another indefinite "hi" at the open window.

The matter at once became very serious indeed. We were bowling along at a terrible rate, much quicker than any of us had ever experienced on any previous occasion on that line of curves and ugly gradients, and a dreadful fear began to show itself in our faces,—a fear which first found expression from the gentleman I have hitherto designated the second merchant.

"It is my belief," he said, "that we are run away with."

As he said the words there was a horrible, breath-taking jumble of lamps, and wall, and clocks, and handbills, and white faces, as we dashed into and through another station, and then away,—away into the black, black night beyond. After that no one doubted that our train was a runaway, and also that it was running away to our certain destruction, and to the certain destruction of nearly every passenger in it, unless something could be done to arrest its headlong career, and that very speedily.

When the keen edge of the shock had somewhat worn off, we began to think what chances and means there were of deliverance, and naturally, the first to suggest itself was "the guard." Yes, doubtless the guard would see the danger as we had seen it, and would endeavor to avert the awful fate that seemed now hanging over us. There was comfort in the thought: but alas! it was very short lived, for a glance down the train sufficed to show us that the door of the van was one of those which were still standing open. The conviction was therefore forced upon us that the guard had been left behind. He was not on the engine or he would have stopped the train: he was not on his way to it, or we should have been able to see him by the light of the side lamps of the train: and he was not in his van, or his door would have been shut, and his brake vigorously applied long ere this, and of that there was not the slightest indication.

Ours was truly an awful position. Passengers in a runaway train, on a black and moonless night, and with neither engine driver nor guard to help us!

The Middlesham and Dillmouth railway was about twenty-two miles long, and there were four intermediate stations—Ackridge, Durton, Felton and Ilcombe, between the two termini. Two of these stations were passed, and we had therefore run about half the distance. We had been fifteen minutes in doing one half, and would most probably do the rest of the journey in less time than that. A miserably short time to save so many lives: but something must be done. I had already made up my mind that *I* would do it, and was preparing by divesting myself of whatever would impede my motions, and prevent the free use of my limbs, when the first merchant looked wonderingly at me, and asked me what I was going to do.

"I am going to try to stop this train, to save my life and all our lives." I have to confess that until that moment I had been thinking only of my own life, and had scarcely given a thought to the numerous passengers in that heavily freighted train: but when I saw the merchant look shudderingly out into the darkness through which we were flying, and the hopeless look with which he fell back, almost sobbing, into his corner, I began to have an idea of the duty that was before me: and I nerved myself to the utmost to do it.

Hitherto I have intentionally said very little about myself, but it is now necessary to state that I was an employe of the immense railway concern of which the Middlesham and Dillmouth was but a branch. I have used the sounding word employe, but the simple fact was that I was a relief clerk, and that I was at that very time on my way to Ilcombe to take the place of the station master, who was then seriously ill and unable to attend to his duties. I was very often called to this particular kind of duty, and had in consequence acquired a very thorough and practical acquaintance with the outside work of a railway. I had had a great deal of knocking about from one place to another, and had been involved in some four or five different accidents of a more or less serious character. I had luckily escaped from them all without injury, unless I dignify with the name of injury the slight bruise which I got by being jammed in the doorway of an overturning carriage, by a gentleman who was just as anxious to be out of it as I was.

Nothing so much tends to give a man presence of mind as the being concerned in a few railway accidents. The first time, he is, as it were, knocked stupid: the second time he begins to reason: but the third time he decidedly objects, and the first chance he has he is out of the train and doing his best to assist his fellow passengers. I had exceeded this stage by, as I have said, two or three accidents, and had gained a considerable stock of presence of mind, which I was prepared to use in the present emergency.

I would try to reach the engine by walking along the platforms of the carriages. My mind had been made up to that long ago, for through my unenviable experiences of railway accidents, I had got into the unconscious habit of forming a course of action for myself for almost any eventuality which could turn up. I had besides known of two cases of runaway trains. In both cases the steps of the carriages were used as a means of communication with the engine. In the first case successfully, but in the second, the guard was smashed against a signal post in swinging from one door handle to the next, and the train itself went tearing on until it came to the terminus, where it tore up the buffers, and was finally deposited in fragments about the platform and the first-class refreshment room. Fortunately it was an empty train and late at night, so that no one was injured except the engine driver, who broke his leg in jumping from the engine, when he found he could not stop it; and the guard, who was killed. The other case was that of a train which seemed certain to come in collision with another at a level crossing. The drivers put on their engine at full speed and jumped off. Almost by a miracle there was no collision, and the train went on with no one to check it. As it happened, the guard had seen the danger, and had also seen the two men jump off the engine, so that when the crossing was safely passed, he made the best of his way along the steps of the carriages to the engine, which he reached in safety, and was able to draw up before they arrived at the next station.

This was the plan I intended to put into practice, but on looking out of the right-hand window, I was staggered to find some of the doors still flying open, and, as it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to pass them at the rate we were going, it was much too hazardous to think of going that way; and the other side was equally out of the question, for with the remembrance before me of the ill-fated guard I have mentioned, I could not have gone. There remained, therefore, nothing but the roof of the carriages. And now that I had thought of that way, I could not help wondering that I had not thought of it before. It seemed so much easier and safer to walk along the roofs, and leap from one carriage to another, than to scramble like a cat from door handle to door handle, and from one platform to the next. To decide, was the work of one moment—the next, I was in action. I threw the door open, and stepping from the floor of the carriage, upon the window frame, used it as a kind of ladder, and mounted to the top. As I did so, I heard the merchant, from his corner, give me a parting "God bless you!" in a voice weak and trembling, but with an accent so sincere that I felt considerably encouraged and strengthened in my purpose. God knows I needed it, for although it was a matter of comparative ease to reach the roof, yet once there, on my first attempt to assume an upright position, I was thrown violently back, and had I not caught the end of a strap which was flying loose, I should most certainly have rolled off, and have been killed on the rails below. In my eagerness I had quite overlooked the tremendous speed at which we were travelling, and the consequent immense resistance offered by the atmosphere. The accident, however, rendered me more careful and particular in my every movement, and I immediately set myself to work, with all my faculties of mind and body in their fullest exercise, to transport myself to the fore end of the train. I was on the fourth carriage from the engine, and there were, therefore, four horrid gaps for me to cross before I should find myself safely on its tender.

It was terrible work; and I could only get on at all by crawling along on my hands and knees, and holding on to such straps and rods as came in my way. There was an old-fashioned guard's seat on the front of each of the carriages, so that, by stepping down upon this, leaning forward, and placing my hand on the next carriage, and springing up, and so on, crawling and jumping, I at last reached the guard's seat on the first carriage, where I naturally expected I should have nothing to do but to spring on to the cinders of the engine tender. In this I was, however, cruelly disappointed, for, as if to complete the chapter of accidents, I found the engine was turned the wrong way about, so that nearest me was the black and ugly chimney belching out its rapid clouds of luminous steam and smoke. I almost gave it up then, my case looked so very hopeless: for do what I would, and stretch myself and reach out as I might, I could not touch any part of the engine with my feet. I was almost at my wit's end. The unaccustomed exertion was beginning to tell upon me severely, and I was trembling with excitement and cold. I sank despairingly into the seat. I never thought of clambering down and crossing over by the buffers, for I had so made up my mind to the one course, that, when it was interrupted, I was for a time staggered, and rendered incapable of further action. I was so sitting, with my elbows on my knees and my face buried in my hands, stupidly brooding over and cursing my adverse fate, when a blaze of light showed me the platform of Felton station. There were not many people waiting, for the train was not due for several minutes: but the scared look which I distinctly saw on the faces of those few, as we tore past, I can never forget. It may be thought impossible that, at the high rate at which we were running, I should be able to see those faces so distinctly, but it is nevertheless quite true; and, what is more, I seemed to take in all,—the people, the clock-face, the name of the station, and all the minutest exteriors,—without trying to do so, or moving my head in the least, and in the smallest fraction of time, for we were in and out of the station in a flash.

What the people thought of me—if they saw me me at all on my perch—I do not know: but the sight of them on me was electrical. Intuitively I saw that there was no time to be lost. In the same moment I had resolved—and done. I had sprung, and was clinging round the neck of the unconscious monster in front, and sliding rapidly down its smooth and heated surface on to the track of the engine. Once there, all was well. I walked along the side, over the wheels, always holding on to the brass rod, and, in another moment, was moving the handle to shut off the steam, previous to applying the brake. I knew enough of locomotives to prevent my doing this too quickly, and I did not draw up until we reached Ilcombe station. Arrived there I resigned my charge to the station master, and after securing the few things I had left behind me in the compartment, made my escape to the booking office as fast as I could: for the handshakings, "God bless you's!" and other expressions of thanks from the people whom I had been instrumental in saving from a terrible catastrophe, were proving too much for me, and I was glad to get away from it. There was something so terribly earnest and sincere about it, that I was more frightened by it than I had been by any part of my perilous adventure.

Very little more need be said. A message was immediately sent to the authorities at Middlesham, apprising them of our safe arrival at Ilcombe, and requesting that an engine might be sent on with fresh drivers and our guard. The telegram reached them just as they were about to send off a special engine and carriage containing all the medical men they could collect in so short a space of time, for their impression was that we would all be found buried in the ruins of our train somewhere between Middlesham and Dillmouth. Of course, when they heard we were all right, the doctors were set at liberty, and the engine came on by itself with our guard and drivers. We then heard for the first time how the thing happened. The engine driver, it appeared, had gone across the line to get his usual glass of whiskey before starting, leaving the fireman in charge. While he was gone the fireman had to get off to do some oiling work to the engine, and some one, supposed to be one of the goods drivers, had seized the opportunity and got on. This man had called out to the fireman to stand by and hold a switch while he took on a horsebox. The fireman, thinking all was right, and that it was the proper driver returned, without looking up, did as he was told. Everything then followed as we had suspected. The train moved off without the guard, and with the carriage doors open. The engine driver rushed up just in time to see the tail-lights of the train disappearing under the bridge, and very much surprised his fireman by asking for an explanation of such an extraordinary proceeding. The fireman, poor man, could only protest in strong language that he had received his orders from the engine, and as he supposed, from the engine driver himself. There was, as might be expected, great consternation amongst the officials, when it became known that some one had run off with the train, and as such a thing could not have been done with any harmless intention, and the consequences would in all probability be serious, immediate steps were, as we have seen, taken to provide that assistance which, it was feared, would be needed by us. Happily, as I have shown, it was not needed, and the whole of the passengers were forwarded to their various destinations, safe, at all events, in body, if terribly disturbed in mind.

A word or two as to the man who devised and perpetrated this horrible attempt. He was supposed to have jumped off the train a little way down the line, and to have got clear away; but next morning a gang of plate layers, proceeding to their work, came upon his sadly mutilated body lying in the "six-foot." His head and face were so shattered and bruised that no feature could be recognized: but from his clothes, and an old pass found in his pocket, he appeared to be one of the goods firemen then on strike. He was known to be one of the most disaffected of the lot, and had often been heard to utter vague threats about "serving the company off for their tyranny and oppression,"—threats so very vague that no one had thought it worth while to heed them, or to look after him. When found, one of his boots was missing, but it was found a few yards farther on, torn and flattened out of all shape. Putting the two things together, it would seem that, in jumping off the engine, his foot had caught in the slippery iron step. He had fallen head downwards, and had so been dragged for a considerable distance, with his head crashing against the end of every sleeper, until his foot came of, and he had then fallen to the earth on the spot where he was found.

None of the railway officials had any doubt of this, but the directors considered it expedient that the circumstances should be suppressed as far as possible, and, accordingly, at the inquest, the men examined seemed to know so little of the matter, and so little of any real importance came out, that the jury returned a lame verdict of accidental death: and, as the train was not smashed up, and the passengers were not all killed or dreadfully injured, the newspapers contented themselves with a brief paragraph headed "Extraordinary Affair on the M. and D. Railway," instead of the columns on columns which would have been required under other circumstances.

For the share which I had the good fortune to have in the matter, and for saving them so much valuable property, and so many thousands of pounds in claims for compensation, I received a handsome acknowledgment from the directors, and have risen rapidly from one position to another: so that, although it was long before I quite recovered from the nervous state into which I sank after the occurrence, *I* had no reason to regret that I was in that runaway train, and that I did my duty to the passengers, and to the company whose servant I was. I am thankful that I had sufficient courage and strength of purpose to do that duty satisfactorily.

The General Congregational Convention of Vermont.

The annual convention (the 72d) of the Congregational ministers and churches of Vermont, took place at St. Albans, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. E. H. Byington of Windsor, from John xx. 21. Mr. Byington discussed with great ability and interest the theme of "The Ministry of Jesus, the guide of the Christian Minister," closing with an eloquent allusion to some of the eminent early preachers of Vermont, Job Swift, Bushnell, Haynes Converse, Chapin, Goddard, Worcester, "Father Wooster," Dr. Burton, Dr. Thomas A. Merrill, a class-mate of Daniel Webster, "Parson Lyon," Dr. Worthington Smith and others whose "praise is in all the churches."

In organizing the convention, the votes were divided between Mr. Byington and Pres. Kitchell of Middlebury College, for moderator, resulting in the choice of Dr. Kitchell by a small majority. Rev. Francis J. Fairbanks of Westminster, was chosen scribe, and the Rev. Wm. A. Robinson of Barton, assistant scribe. It is said that this last named gentleman is a lineal descendant of the famous John Robinson of Leyden. It was voted to spend half an hour daily in devotional exercises.

In the afternoon session, it was voted that the Baptist churches of Vermont be added to the list of correspondent bodies. Reports were made from delegates to foreign bodies. Then there was an interesting discussion on the following subject,—"The law of benevolence given in the Levitical code, as binding in its spirit on the Christian church." The discussion was ably opened, by appointment, by Rev. C. C. Torrey of West Randolph, followed by the Rev. Alfred Stevens of Westminster West, Rev. Franklin Tuxbury of Brandon, Rev. G. B. Safford of Burlington, Rev. L. O. Brastow of St. Johnsbury, Rev. Mr. Hopkins of Geneva, N. Y., and the Rev. Mr. Fisk of Peacham.

At the evening session the following subject was discussed with great earnestness,—"The burden of supporting the gospel at home, and spreading it abroad, should be equalized between the stronger and the weaker churches." This discussion was opened by Rev. E. C. Cummings, St. Johnsbury, and continued by Rev. C. E. Ferrin of Hinesburgh and others.

VERMONT DOMESTIC MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Wednesday afternoon was devoted mainly to the anniversary of the Vt. Domestic Missionary Society, James W. Hickok, Esq. of Burlington, presiding. The report of C. W. Storrs, Esq., treasurer, was made, showing the amount received during the year to be $12,842.76; of which $10,051.60 has been disbursed in carrying on the work of the society. Gen. E. B. Chase of Lyndon has made a donation to the fund of 22 shares of preferred stock of the Passumpsic River Railroad, par value, $2,200.

The annual report was read by the Secretary, Rev. C. S. Smith: 41 missionaries labored in 39 different churches; 32 students were employed in the itinerant department. In 9 of the fields occupied by these itinerants there were revivals.

Pres. James B. Angell of the University of Vermont, was then introduced to the society, and delivered a very interesting and eloquent address, discussing the importance of the home missionary work: the constant supply of fresh life from the hills to the pulpits and membership of the city churches, and the consequent duty of those churches to aid in supplying the waste places in the country; and the need and importance of an educated pulpit. His remarks was received with deep interest and much gratification by the assembled clergy. Pres. Kitchell was then introduced, and spoke in an excellent spirit, alluding to some of the same topics, but in a rather more general way. Addresses followed by Rev. C. Cushing of Boston, secretary of the Congregational Union, and Rev. A. W. Stevens of Westminster West. The latter speaker recommended that the society employ permanent missionaries to labor in the various counties, and have an oversight of the destitute churches, and a resolution to that effect was adopted.

A resolution was adopted, offered by Rev. Pliny H. White of Coventry, providing for the formation of female "cent societies" in all the towns in Vermont.

On motion of the Rev. James T. Hyde it was

Resolved, That the Domestic Missionary Society, appreciating the close connection between the erection of suitable houses of worship and our own work as a missionary organization, recommend that our churches contribute systematically to the American Congregational Union.

The old board of officers of the society was re-elected with some minor changes.

The committee on the subject reported in favor of holding in 1868 a semi-centennial celebration of the Vermont Missionary Society, and on motion, the Rev. Wm. H. Lord of Montpelier, was appointed to prepare a historical address. A committe of one minister from each county was also appointed to furnish historical memoranda of all the churches which have received aid from the society since its organization, fifty years ago.

The committee to nominate trustees of the Fairbanks boards, made the following report, which was adopted:

Fairbanks Board of Education.—Rev. Messrs. Aldace Walker, W. W. Thayer, H. P. Hickok, E. H. Byington, and John C. Emery, Esq.

Fairbank's Board for the Relief of Ministers.—Rev. Messrs. H. F. Leavitt, Silas Aiken, D. D., Thaddeus Fairbanks, Esq., Hon. Jason Steele, J. G. Stimson, Esq.

In the afternoon the sacrament of the Lords Supper was observed, followed by an elaborate and interesting essay on "The vital connection between Christian belief and Christian life," by Rev. Wm. H. Lord, of Montpelier.

Rev. E. Mix of Barlington, from the committee of five appointed last year to examine Hymn books, read an interesting report, recommending the "Sabbath Hymn and Tune book," as on the whole best adapted for use in the Congregational churches. A minority report was made by the Rev. Joseph Chandler of Brattleboro West, favoring the use of the "Book of Worship."

A brief discussion, which promised to be quite spirited, was ended by a motion, which was carried, to lay both reports on the table.

VERMONT EDUCATION SOCIETY.

In the evening the 46th anniversary of the Vermont Education society was held, Hon. Worthington C. Smith of St. Albans, president, in the chair.

The Rev. E. Mix of Barlington, corresponding secretary, read his report, which was of marked ability and interest. He earnestly urged the churches to collect the present year at least $2000 for this object. That would be but about fourteen cents for each church member in the state. The Am. Ed. Soc. has aided 469 young men of Vermont, many of whom have been very eminent in the ministry. The treasurer's report was also read showing the collections for the year to have been $905.22. The society was then addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Kitchell of Middlebury, I. N. Tarbox of Mass., Dascomb of Waitsfield, Byington of Windsor, Wright of Bakersfield and Maynard of Williston.

The officers of the society were re-elected as follows: Hon. W. C. Smith of St. Albans, president: Rev. Eldridge Mix of Barlington, corresponding secretary: and J. T. Thurston, Esq. of Montpelier, treasurer.

THURSDAY.

At 8½ o'clock, A. M., after the appointment of some committees, the Rev. E. H. Byington, corresponding secretary, presented his annual report. It mentioned revivals in many of the societies, and 1084 additions, during the year, to the churches. This is more than double the number added the year previous.

Foreign delegates made their reports, as follows:

General Association of New Hampshire.—Rev. Zeba Conant.

General Conference of Rhode Island.—Rev. Francis Horton.

Congregational Union of Canada.—Rev. A. J. Parker.

Vermont Conference of M. E. Church.—Rev. H. K. Cobb.

General Assembly Presbyterian (new school)—Rev. Timothy M. Hopkins.

General Association of Massachusetts.—Rev. James Tufts, Monson, Mass.

General Conference of Massachusetts.—Rev. Alonzo B. Rich, Beverly, Mass.

General Conference of Maine.—Rev. B. F. Manwell.

General Association of New York.—Rev. Y. Butler.

On motion of Rev. P. H. White, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we record our profound gratitude to God for the signal triumph which has recently been achieved by the friends of temperance in Massachusetts, and our unwavering conviction that the present policy of that state and our own, in absolutely prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors as beverage, is entitled to the strongest support, both material and moral, of the ministry, churches and the people.

Resolved, That the convention commend to the churches the home for destitute Children established in Burlington, as an object worthy of their sympathy their prayers and their generous contributions.

Thursday afternoon the subject of establishing a new Congregational paper for Vermont under the patronage of the general convention, came upon the report of Rev. C. E. Ferrin, of the committe appointed last year to consider the matter. The subject was debated with some warmth by Rev. Messrs. Dascomb of Waitsfield, Hubbard of Graysville, Stevens of Westminster West, Byington of Windsor, Ferrin of Hinesburg, Safford of Burlington, Leavitt of Middlebury, and Cummings of St. Johnsbury, and indefinitely postponed.

The committee reported in favor of holding the next meeting at the North Church in St. Johnsbury, Pres. Kitchell being appointed to preach the convention sermon, and Rev. E. Mix of Barlington, substitute.

An essay was read by the Rev. Joseph Chandler of Brattleboro West, on the theme "Every Christian an Evangelist."

The early morning prayer meetings were attended with much interest, that of Wednesday morning being under the guidance of the Rev. G. B. Safford of Burlington, and of Thursday morning under Rev. H. N. Barton of Newbury. On both days a ladies prayer meeting was held at 8 A. M., at the residence of Major John W. Newton. The weather was fine, the hospitality of the citizens of St. Albans unstinted, and not confined wholly to members of the Congregational Society, G. F. Houghton, Esq., of the Episcopal Church and others of other denominations generously opening their houses to the delegates; and the whole occasion was pleasant and interesting in a high degree.

Surratt and his Counsel.

"Peter Brown," who is writing up the Surratt trial at Washington for the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, gives in his last letter the following interesting account of the appearance of the prisoner and his counsel as the trial progresses, and the strength of the prosecution becomes more evident:

"The prisoner grows thin and nervous. Whilst the lawyers argued and the judge deliberated, he took things easily, and found time to talk with friends, and to laugh sometimes at what they said. He doesn't even smile now, but from opening to recess, and from re-assembling to adjournment, sits with twitching lips and eyes fixed on the witness—scarcely turning once to look upon the crowd, and speaking with nobody but his brother and his counsel. The barber visited him on Sunday, and he came into court on Monday shorn of the inchoate curl that last week rolled in his neck, and with the long-drawn airiness of his sandy moustache clipped down to a light stubble of half an inch. His face is, as Sergeant Dye said, one not easily forgotten. Long and narrow, with a weak chin, thin and almost bloodless lips, high and long and prominent hawkish nose that doesn't so much mean mischief as silence and selfishness, full and high forehead jutting over deeply-sunken and grayish dark eyes—these are the outlines of his picture. It has happened to me in the arrangement of seats made by the deputy marshal, to sit hardly four feet away from Surratt—indeed, one day I sat so close I could have whispered in his ear. Mr. Bradley said, as I took my seat, "Ah, I see you're not afraid to sit by Surratt"—whereat the man smiled a forced and embarrassed smile, as it he half despised himself for being even a little stung by the consciousness that he is an outcast. His eyes are not given to telling tales—they are not so much cool as wary and self-possessed: looking into them you may see the passion with which he burst into that "I wish the Yankee army, and its leader were in hell," but there was no quiver even in the lids, when the negro woman Jackson pointed him out as the man who took tea with Mrs. Surratt only an hour and a quarter before Booth did his work. If I wanted to do a wicked deed I should almost envy him his eyes. He grows sharp and pinched of feature. If the trial continues three or four weeks, as it unquestionably will, the man who rises to hear the verdict of the jury will be a pitiful creature.

The prisoner has three gentleman acting directly as his counsel, and half a dozen more aiding him indirectly. His chief attorney is Joseph Bradley, senior, a man who would be benefitted by being knocked down about half a dozen times in open court. He is a very large, stout, broad shouldered individual of fifty or fifty-five years, who has always lived here, and is at the head of our criminal bar. He is notorious in recent years by his successful defense of Mary Harris, the murderess. When everything in court goes to suit him he is pleasant and companionable—otherwise he is coarse, brutal, tyrannical. He has been fined several times for contempt of court—notably by Judge Olin a year or two ago in the sum of one hundred dollars. Last Tuesday he grossly insulted Justice Fish-