

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT. FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1869.

Government Salaries in England.

The London correspondent of the New York Times gives some interesting information in regard to the Government salaries paid in England. It seems from his statements that, in many cases, a great deal of money is paid for very little work. He says:

Salaries are not so high comparatively as pensions. The places in the royal household, honorable sinecures, are a sort of pension or reward for political services. These change with the changes of Cabinets. Her Majesty's Steward, an Earl, gets \$19,000 a year; the surer, who pays the market bills, or his clerk for him, \$15,000; Master of the Household, Major Domo, \$5,000; Keeper of the Privy purse—a mythical matter, \$5,000; Queen's private secretary, who could not be trusted with the mythical purse, or other functions, \$5,000; Master of the Horse, \$12,000; Master of the Buckhounds—there really are some of these, though the Earl of Cork may never see them—\$8,500; Groom of the Robes—Major-General Seymour, who personally or by deputy attends to Her Majesty's royal petticoats—\$4,000.

These are only a few of them, for there are nearly a thousand persons attached to the royal household, and paid for rendering some real, but mostly imaginary, services to Her Majesty. As usual, those who do most get the least pay.

The members of the Cabinet, for the most part, work for their money. The Lord Chancellor has the largest plum in the pudding—\$50,000 a year and the pension to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Cardwell, Erskine Clarendon and Granville and the Duke of Argyll get the same as the President of the United States—\$25,000 a year; Mr. Childers, \$22,500; Mr. Porteus, \$20,000; Marquis of Hartington, \$12,500; Earl DeGrey, Earl Kimberley, Mr. Bright and Mr. Goschen, \$10,000. What seems to me the hardest thing in England is the very small pay given to some who work hard, and the great sums squandered on idlers. There are scores of persons in the pay of the Foreign Office, at high salaries, who have not done a day's service in 20 years. One man, who has received \$270,000, has not been consulted since 1854; another, who has lived in absolute idleness for 41 years, has received \$150,000. There are numerous cases of this kind. A man, ever so clever and useful, is set aside by some Foreign Secretary, perhaps for a relative or favorite of his own, and goes upon the retired list when 30 years old, and lives till 80, receiving from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year to live where he likes—50 years enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* at the expense of people who work very hard and starve a little at times to pay their rates and taxes.

Remarkable Forgery.

One of the most skillful forgeries that ever occurred in New York City was perpetrated upon the Bank of the State of New York on Monday afternoon. It was evidently planned and executed by men who were well versed in the mode of doing banking business in the great firm of Jay Cooke & Co. The following are the circumstances as related by the New York papers: "The forged checks were five in number, the highest calling for \$9,000 and the lowest for \$900, the aggregate being \$25,000, and were executed on perfect facsimile copies of the check forms used by the firm. They were presented at the Bank and at once paid, all the signatures being such perfect forgeries that none but one perfectly familiar with the sign manual of the supposed signer could detect them. The skill and knowledge of the forgers were more clearly shown, however, in their perfect adherence to the rules which govern the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., as well as those in force at the bank. Jay Cooke & Co. have four or five cashiers, whose duty it is to endorse checks bearing the firm signature over to the person to whom the money is to be paid. Thus, if a check bearing the signature of the firm should be presented at the bank, without the endorsement of the cashier, it would not be paid. To successfully carry out their plan, therefore, the forgers made a triple forgery, first signing the name of the firm, then the endorsement to the holder, and to make assurance doubly sure, appended another signature of the cashier of each check, identifying the holder. This last precaution was taken because it is a custom of the firm to arrange with their bank never to cash a check for over \$5,000 unless the holder is identified. As the teller saw the cashier's identification of the holder on each of the checks, he entertained no doubt of their genuineness, and probably supposed that the holder was a stranger in the city. The employees of Jay Cooke & Co., pronounce the forged signatures to be almost perfect facsimiles of the original, and devoid of that stiffness which generally characterizes forgeries.

SALES OF PUBLIC LANDS.—Commissioner Wilson, of the General Land Office, states that the amount of public lands disposed of during the present year for actual settlement and cultivation has been unusually large. During the past month, for example, the following were among the returns: Traveseville, Mich., 11,244 acres; Boonsville, Mo., 10,826 acres; Eau Claire, Wis., 8,370 acres; Greenleaf, Minn., 7,350 acres; Humboldt, Kansas, 6,200 acres; Ionia, Mich., 6,753 acres; Mar-

quette, Mich., 4,811 acres. Agricultural settlements are also being made along the lines of the Pacific R.R.

Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Star*, has received the appointment of Appraiser of Merchandise at New York.

A GOOD LAW.—The Senate of Michigan has passed a bill providing that if any person shall hereafter, wilfully and indecently annoy any female, by any obscene or indecent word or words, act or acts, such person shall be considered guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months, or by a fine not exceeding \$100.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 15th. *Editor Transcript:*

Sunday gave us the greatest snow storm of the season, and during a good share of the day it "came down beautifully." But before noon yesterday there was no snow to be seen, the birds were on the wing, and the sun made the earth pleasant with a prophetic smile. At noon the Senate convened, in obedience to the proclamation of the President, and you will see the long list of nominations submitted for its action, before you see my letter. Montpelier, it seems, is to have a new Post-Office. But the places are few where changes will be made, if Gen. Grant adheres to his resolution not to disturb good Republicans without some greater cause than the insane desire for rotation which some have. By the way, I may mention that another Vermonte is likely to go by the board, it is thought by many—even his friends. I refer to the present Commissioner of Patents, Mr. Foote. Several names are mentioned for his place, but no paper has lifted upon the ready probable one, so far as I have seen. Mr. Foote's successor is likely to be a relative of a distinguished General. But this is *sub rosa*. Whenever the President nominates, you will notice that he will be endorsed by the *Chronicle* as the best man out, and "entirely satisfactory to all."

Perhaps your readers would like a paragraph of scandal. You know, or have heard, perhaps I should say, "the course of true love never did run smooth." The truth of this is sometimes illustrated in Washington. A neat little store in town, presided over for a long time by a couple supposed to be man and wife, has had its harmony disturbed. The neat and modest-looking female of the establishment found a letter in the side coat pocket of her lord, from another feminine person, of Philadelphia, which spoke of the approaching nuptials of the sender and receiver. Wiew! "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." In a short time after the letter was read by the wrong person, the one to whom it was addressed could not truthfully sing "There's a light in the window for thee;" for every "light" in his windows was smashed, and the show-cases in his store also. The bravest wife was spunky. She "broke up," and left. But she only crossed the street, opened a store in opposition to her late lamented lover, on her own hook, and commenced diplomatic correspondence with the woman who was to have been unceremoniously her successor. There was the spiciest of spice in some of those letters. The Philadelphia fiancee asked, for instance, in one, how much allowance the *Barbe Bleue* apportioned to the "departed;" that she might know what to expect in case of extremity. I fear that the quiet end of this tempest in a store, will find the unhappy negotiation among women established in most miserable single blessedness, with a well organized opposition to his business of trade, sustained by a good many firm lovers, and such as like to see men exhibit some soul, even in their sins. In this case, for once women are on the side of the woman.

But to make a sandwich of this letter let me return to politics, or something akin to it. A movement has commenced in the departments here, which sends a great many people home, especially those of Democratic faith. About one hundred and fifty will leave the Treasury this month. One man who has been in that department fifty years, and came here with it from Philadelphia, will be retired—not on account of politics, however. The great rotary machine is in motion, and the admirers of "my policy will have to live upon their admiration and efforts elsewhere. Yours ever, E. PLERBUS.

POVERTY IS BAD, but the worst kind of poverty is poverty of the blood: this makes a man "poor indeed," for it takes away his strength, courage, and energy; but enrich the blood with its vital element, *Iron*, by taking the Peruvian Syrup (a proteoxide of iron), and you will feel rich and "good as anybody." Try it.

"Dandruff Annihilator" was the exclamation of an enthusiastic old bachelor when experiencing the magic effect of one bottle of "Barrett's Vegetable Hair Restorative," the premium article.—*Burlington Hawk Eye*.

The Bosom Friends.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

Mabel Clarendon and Julia Montgomery had been friends from early childhood. They were each only daughters of wealthy parents; but the great financial crisis of 10 years ago had reduced them to comparative poverty, and had left both orphans. From the wreck of their fortunes, each secured a trifle; and in their trouble, being drawn closer together than ever, they vowed eternal friendship, called each other "sister," put their scanty fortunes into one common purse, and found that with great economy and the proper management of the talents which Heaven had given them, they could escape the grasp of poverty.

Mabel's speciality was music, to which accomplishment she added drawing and French. Julia's chief accomplishments were a thorough knowledge of German and Italian, and the art of making wax flowers of a delicacy and beauty such as was absolutely marvellous.

These gentlemen did not lack pupils; it was a very fine thing for scores of comparatively rich women to boast that their daughters were being finished in the matter of education by the once rich, fashionable and well-known Miss Clarendon and Miss Montgomery.

After three years of industry and economy, these young ladies felt that they could afford to make each other a gift of the whole summer time, and enjoy it in their own way. This female Damon and Pythias took up their abode in a pretty cottage, close by the sea; and there, with the assistance of a little French maid, who had clung to Julia through all the change of fortune, they dwelt in the most charming manner.

The first two months of this delightful retirement passed as pleasantly as fairy life in a tale. But one day in the first week of July, the wicket-gentle of the fairy stories found out this little paradise. His name was Victor Lansing, and he was handsome as an Apollo.

But Julia and Mabel were heart-free. In their days of wealth and fashion they had merely danced and flirted with their male friends, like others of their class; and since then opportunity had never tempted either of them to lose their hearts. Now it was different; they were unemployed, and a chance acquaintance soon deepened into something more serious.

Julia gave up her whole mind to the admiration of Victor Lansing's wonderful blonde beauty, rendered still more remarkable by the pallor of recent illness; and she discovered that blue eyes in a man were even more attractive than in a woman. In short, she loved for the first and only time in her life.

With Mabel, admiration and kindly regard were at first the only feelings she entertained for her new friend; and she occupied the position of a quiet looker on more than an active party in the trio.

As for Mr. Lansing, if he had any decided preference at first, it appeared to be for Miss Montgomery. Julia was a woman to captivate a man's fancy, and to engage his profounder attention, and fix it too; and for the first time, she exerted herself to win a man's heart.

Perhaps if she had exerted herself less her success had been better; although the object of her attentions often questioned himself, seriously, as to whether she had not conquered. That he found Julia fascinating and almost irresistible, he could not deny; although he thought Mabel the more beautiful of the two. Often he smiled to himself to think that he could not decide with which of the two he was in love.

"Nonsense!" he declared to himself at last. "I love neither of these lovely women, or else by this time I should have found out which it was. I've had enough of sea-bathing and solitude. I shall go home."

But that evening, when Lansing called to bid his friends adieu, he suddenly discovered Mabel to be unusually brilliant in conversation; so that he forgot the object of his visit, and thought no more of going home for several weeks.

"Certainly I love Mabel Clarendon," he thought, as he walked slowly and meditatively toward the little country hotel where he was staying. "She is the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and quite as accomplished and brilliant as Miss Montgomery. Her modesty, too, for she never makes any display of her accomplishments. Not that Julia does so either. She has too much taste; but she contrives perfectly to make one feel what a superior creature she is."

After Victor had left them, Julia took up her candle and left the room without a word. She did not know that she had neglected to say "good-night!"—her mind was too thoroughly pre-occupied. The first pang of jealousy had torn her heart when she perceived Lansing's devotion to her friend, and the storm thus raised within her breast had frightened her. She dared not understand her own feelings, and she resolutely forbade herself to think of Mabel at all in connection with them; that was why she forgot her. Alone, in the silence of her own room, she placed both hands over her throbbing, tortured heart; but all her efforts could not repress the groan that burst from her lips.

"If Victor Lansing does not love me," she thought, "I shall die. Well, if I must die, I shall try to die quietly and show no sign."

Mechanically she prepared for bed, put out the light, and closed her heavy eyelids; but all that night she never slept for one instant.

Next morning, at the breakfast-table, Mabel observed and could not refrain from remarking Julia's deathlike pallor. She kissed her tenderly, and anticipated every wish; but Julia turned away with a sick heart, and shuddered at her touch. Mabel understood but did not resent this conduct.

"She loves Victor," she thought magnanimously; "and I do not. Yes, I will school my heart to look upon him as my best friend's husband, and as my brother, before it is too late. I think I hope Victor loves Julia."

With this idea first in her thoughts, Mabel retired into the back garden; and on the few occasions when an accident left her and Lansing in each other's society, she occupied every minute of the time in praises of Julia.

made upon him. While Julia exulted in once more possessing his undivided attention, Victor was admiring the pure unselfishness of Mabel's conduct; and repeating again and again, "What a truly noble nature! Hers is indeed a heart of gold. I love her."

Week after week passed on; and at length Victor announced his intention of leaving the seaside, and returning to his home and his duties. His health was thoroughly re-established; and although a man of wealth and position, he had too much intellect to waste his time in a life of elegant leisure.—He was a barrister, and longed to be back again among his books and papers. But still he did not go.

The holiday of the two friends was also drawing to a close; and, indeed, it became necessary for one or the other to return to town at once; and it was finally decided that Miss Clarendon should go first, or attend to the gathering together of the school, while Miss Montgomery remained to pack up and superintend the removal of certain articles from their summer retreat.

In the mean time Mabel's efforts to promote the love affair of her friend, and render herself indifferent to the subject of Victor Lansing, had resulted disastrously for the whole party. Julia, confident that she had won Victor, gave up her whole heart and soul to the entrancing occupation of idolizing him. Victor no longer in doubt as to the state of his feelings, knew that he adored Miss Clarendon; while poor Mabel, from her constant schemes to aid Lansing and throw him into Julia's society, contracted such a habit of thinking of him that at last she could do nothing else, and discovered with dismay that she was hopelessly, irrevocably in love with him herself.

But Mabel was capable of heroic self-sacrifice; and she hailed with delight the urgent business which called her to London and her duties. The friends parted, tenderly promising each other the pleasure of meeting again in a few days; and Julia blessed the absence of Mabel; "for now," she thought, "Victor must speak."

And Victor did speak, but in a totally unlooked-for manner. On the day following Mabel's departure, he called on Julia; and his hurried and absent manner betrayed the agitation of his feelings. He carried a traveling bag, in his hand, and announced that he was on his way to catch the first train for town. Could he execute any commissions for Miss Montgomery?

"No," Julia thanked him, "nothing," and her voice was scarcely audible. "Could she favor him with Miss Clarendon's address?" Victor asked; and Julia gave it with a dreadful sinking of the heart; and then, in a dream, she heard a great many cordial expressions of friendly regard, a kind "good-by," and she was alone.

She sat quite still for a long time, just where he left her; she neither moved nor spoke; she scarcely breathed, till at last a long sigh escaped her lips, and she murmured drearily, "I thought I would die if it ever came to this; but Heaven help me! I live, and am likely to live. Oh! why am I so young and so strong that I cannot, cannot die?"

But this state of feeling passed away; and, instead of the despair which at first almost benumbed the sense of pain she felt, a burning jealousy took possession of her, an insatiable desire to be with her rival, to watch the conduct of the man she loved, and to place some eternal barrier between both as soon done as thought. On the following day, Julia was in the school-room again, and talking over with Mabel the arrival of new scholars and the loss of old ones, while her heart beat loudly at the sound of every step that approached the door.

She had not long to wait. Toward evening Victor Lansing called; and except a few commonplace remarks to Julia, which stung her more than utter neglect would have done, he devoted himself entirely to Mabel.

Julia's heart was on fire. In that one evening the friendship of years crumbled away in an hour, beneath the devouring jealousy that racked her inmost soul. Her whole nature seemed changed; and while she watched every look and movement of the lovers with a calm, unruffled face, in her heart she cursed and hated both, and tortured her brain with schemes to accomplish their misery and overthrow.

It would be tedious to dwell upon this painful time. Day by day Victor became more deeply attached to Mabel; and day by day the fiend within Miss Montgomery's bosom became more unmanageable till she still maintained an outward semblance of unbroken serenity. But Mabel noted the light in her great dark eyes, grown so large and wild-looking, and trembled at the thought of standing toward her in the light of a rival. So well did Mabel command her feelings that Mabel's tears were lulled, and she even coqueted, at times, whether her friend had ever loved Victor at all, and so allowed herself more and more to become absorbed in her own love for him.

One night, after Victor Lansing had gone, Mabel went softly to Julia's room, and seated herself on a low ottoman at her feet, while she endeavored to calm her fluttering heart sufficiently to make the avowal that had brought her there. The flickering fire cast a ruddy glow through the room, making of the two beautiful women who sat, half in the shade and half touched by its bright light, a picture which Rembrandt would have loved to paint. "Julia," said Mabel, at last, "I have something to tell you!"

Julia's great dark eyes flashed like living coals. Already she knew what was coming; but she only paced her cold and trembling hand lightly on the shining coils of Mabel's hair. The unsuspecting girl shuddered at that touch without knowing why; and after a moment's hesitation went on hurriedly, "You have seen, perhaps, Julia, that Victor loves me. We are engaged—in a few days I shall be his wife!"

A terrible sound, that was neither a groan, a cry, nor an artificial wail, burst from Julia Montgomery. She wreathed her hand in the long black hair of her companion, and dragging her backward, quick as lightning inflicted a deadly blow upon her white bosom with some long, sharp knife that had lain on the table beside her. A piercing shriek broke from the wounded girl; and struggling from the grasp of her companion, who tried to rush from the room, but fell insensible across the threshold. Cries of mad, demoniac laughter burst from the lips of Julia Montgomery, and when Barrette and

the assistant servant rushed into the room, a ghastly and appalling sight met their view.

In a confused heap in one corner, with hair disheveled, livid face, and glittering eyes, Julia Montgomery sat grinning, and ever and anon emitting fearful cries, a hopeless and incurable mad woman. Their screams soon brought help, and the maniac was with difficulty secured, and borne shrieking from the room.

The unfortunate Mabel was, at first thought to be dead; but her timely swoon had saved her life. The wound though deep and dangerous, was not fatal; and her falling insensible had prevented much loss of blood. But weeks of patient watching went by before she was pronounced out of danger; and to her dying day she will bear the scar of the wound that nearly cost her life. But in the love and tenderness of her husband, she had almost forgotten that terrible episode in her existence, and long ago forgiven the unfortunate who still leads a wasted, ruined life within the strong walls of a mad-house.

Anecdote of the Indians.

When Royalton, Vt., was burned by the Indians, one of the first houses attacked was occupied by two women, who, roused from their slumbers rushed from the house, and stood there motionless with terror, watching the grim monsters, until one of them brought their clothes. This act of kindness brought them to their senses. They dressed themselves, gathered the children, and fled to the woods, leaving the savages to finish plundering the house.

In another place a woman had the boldness to unbraided them for distressing helpless women and children, telling them that if they had the spirit and soul of warriors, they would cross the river and fight the men at the fort. The Indians tore it very patiently, only saying: "Squaw must not say too much."

They entered the house of Mrs. E., a woman very untidy in her personal appearance. They seized her, and despite her screams of terror, carried her to the creek near by, and gave her a thorough ablution, warning her that if they even caught her so filthy again they would kill her!

Another woman, having her young son taken away with other little boys, followed the Indians with her other children, and entreated them to give up her little boy, which they did. She then interceded for others, and succeeded in getting 12 or more of her neighbors' children. One of the Indians then in a fit of good humor, offered to carry her over the river on his back.—She accepted his proposal, and the savage gallant carried her safely over, through the water was up to his waist. She soon returned with her little band of boys, to the great surprise and joy of their parents.—*Record*.

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Special Notices.

MANHOOD.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

MANHOOD.

IN the young and rising generation, the vegetative powers of life are strong, but in a few years how often the pallid hue, the lack-lustre eye and emaciated form, and the impossibility of application to mental effort, show its baneful influence. It soon becomes evident to the observer that some depressing influence is checking the development of the body. Consumption is talked of, and perhaps the youth is removed from school and sent into the country. This is one of the worst movements. Removed from ordinary diversions of the ever-changing scenes of the city, the powers of the body too much enfeebled to give rest to healthful and rural exercise, thoughts are turned inwards upon themselves.

If the patient be a female, the approach of the menses is looked for with anxiety, as the last symptom in which Nature is to show her sympathy in diffusing the circulation and visiting the clots, with a view to the removal of the increase of appetite has grown by what is fed on; the energies of the system are prostrated, and the whole economy is deranged. The beautiful and wonderful period in which body and mind undergo so fascinating a change from child to woman, is looked for in the young heart bleeds in anxiety, and fancies the grave but waiting for its victim.

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Such symptoms, if allowed to go on—while this medicine invariably removes—soon follow loss of power, fatuity, and epileptic fits, in one of which the patient may expire.

During the superintendence of Dr. Wilson at the Bloomingdale Asylum, this sad result occurred to two patients; reason had for a time left them, and both died of epilepsy. They were of both sexes, and about twenty years of age.

Who can say that these excesses are not frequently followed by these direful diseases of insanity and consumption? The records of the insane asylums, and the melancholy deaths in consumption, bear ample witness to the truth of these assertions. In lunatic asylums the most melancholy habitus appears. The countenance is usually sallow, and quite destitute—neither mirth nor grief ever visit it. Should a sound of the voice occur, it is rarely articulate.

With woful measures worn despair Low sullen sounds their grief beguiled, Whilst we regret the existence of the above diseases and their effects, we are prepared to offer an invaluable gift of chemistry for the removal of the consequences. Helmbold's Highly Concentrated Fluid Extract of Buchu. There is no tonic like it. It is an anchor of hope to the most morose and despondent. The testimony of all who have used or prescribed it, quite destitute—neither mirth nor grief ever visit it. Should a sound of the voice occur, it is rarely articulate.

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