—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I thought he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast clutched in his hand. I set up with him that night. In a couple of hours he grew calm and sensible but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet and the housekeeper snoring in the corner. Then he began to groan, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and "Tom," said he, "haven't I been always kind to you?"

"No doubt of it, uncle," said I.

"Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr. Ellsworthy's funeral comes off to-morrow at 3, and they're very high people."

"Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself."

"I knew you would Tom—I knew you would. I could trust you with the hearsing of an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over beside me, Tom; that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me"—and his voice sunk to a whisper—"that whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any one living, and be cautious as you can about the body? There's no foul play," said he, for I began to look frightened; "but may be this leg's a judgment for taking on such business. Howsomever, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it; and you'll get the half, Tom, the full half, if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that."

"Uncle," said I, "I'll promise and keep it too; but you must tell me what it is."

"Well, Tom"—and he drew a long breath—"It's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air-holes; he'll lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand, Mr. Ellsworthy didn't die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off from marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say? but these genteel people have ways of their own.—It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back parlor; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverly Church was a poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked, not screwed down, you see; and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr. Ellsworthy out, and smuggle him off to Hull with his son, the carrier. There's ships enough there to take him anywhere under a feigned name."

"Could he get off the marriage no easier?" said I, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the service read over him, made my blood run cold. You see I was young then.

"There's something more than the marriage in it, though they didn't tell me. Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong to him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse."

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in the undertaking line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my sense and understanding, that before falling asleep, close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the jobs we might expect from the Harrogate family; for the dowager countess was near fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful, I suppose on account of the servants. Mr. Ellsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked close into the coffin, they never would have seen the air-holes. Well, we set out, mourning coaches, hearse and all, through the yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces at all the windows as we passed; I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they showed; but when we got out on the Beverly road, the cousin gave us a sign, and away we went at a rattling pace; a funeral never got over the ground at such a rate before. Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old Minister and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got over the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half filled with Mr. Ellsworthy's forefather's, but there was a good wide grate in the vault, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the clergyman started off to their homes; the mourning coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—the cousin would not go home without the news—and I slipped him the key at the church door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

My heart was light going home, so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old men came down handsomely with the anedful, not to speak of Burton ale; wid I was to be made his partner anthout delay. We got the money, and had the jollification; but it wasn't right over, and I just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door-bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr. Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could he want, and how had he come back so soon? Parks was the Ellsworthy's family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second mourning coach, and I left him talking to the sexton.—My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the Doctor's look would have sobered any man.—

"Thomas," said he, "This has turned out a bad business, and I cannot account for it; but Mr. Ellsworthy has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright, for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped; and the less said about it the better for all parties; I am going to Dr. Adams, to take him down with me to Beverly. The sexton keeps poor Ellsworthy to see if anything can be done; and Adams is the only man we can trust; but I know it's no use."

The doctor's apprehension was well founded. Mr. Ellsworthy could not be recovered; they laid him down again in the coffin with air-holes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumor went abroad of heavy forgeries on the Northeastern Bank. On investigation they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks; and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone, or without light in the room; and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind; he never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.

Important From Mexico.

Abdication of Maximilian—His Departure for Europe.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 24.—Maximilian has taken the decisive step of abdication, the rupture between himself and the French being complete. He has left Mexico in the hands of Gen. Bazaine and Castlenau. The latter is understood to have full authority from Napoleon to supersede the Marshal himself if necessary. The late Emperor left Vera Cruz on Thursday, and may be expected at Havana, on his way to Europe, on Monday or Tuesday next. The consternation of the Mexicans, on finding the question of their future remitted absolutely to negotiations between France and the United States, is general, and confined to no party. I have the best authority for stating that all preparations for the embarking of the French troops have been summarily suspended.

Movements of the Fenians.

GREAT PREPARATIONS ON THE TAPIS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Col. Thomas J. Kelley Deputy C. O. I. B., is in charge of the Fenian Headquarters in this city. Stephens has not been seen at the Headquarters for some time past, and the impression prevails that he will not be seen again. Arms are being received from all parts of the United States, Massachusetts taking the lead in the contributions. One of the wealthiest merchants of this city has promised that he would, on the 1st of December, make over to Col. Kelley, in ships and war material, an amount equal to what Stephens had received since his arrival in this country. The California Fenians have pledged themselves to contribute $11,000 to the cause, through Stephens. Special messengers are constantly arriving from Ireland, reporting the condition of affairs there.

THE TOMB OF CHAMPLAIN.—The Canadian papers say that Rev. Messrs, C. H. Laverdiere and H. R. Cargrain, priests of the archdiocese of Quebec, have (Nov. 12) discovered the tomb of Champlain, the discoverer of Lake Champlain, founder of Quebec and father of New France, now the province of Lower Canada. They will shortly publish a detailed account of the discovery and of the tomb.

☞ The Bangor *Whig* estimates that, during the present season, the manufacture of lumber in Maine will reach 600,000,000 feet. The total value is not less than $15,000,000—to which must be added the value of the short lumber—shingles, clapboards, laths, pickets, &c.,—from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 more. About one half of this manufacture is done on the Penobscot river and sold at Bangor.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

Friday, November 30, 1866.

Impeaching the President.

The proposition to impeach President Johnson for what he has done in the past is not favored by the great mass of the Republican party. We do not now recall any prominent men except Gen. Butler and Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio, who give it their countenance. The President, it is true, has made a number of very foolish speeches, which have greatly lowered himself in the estimation of the American people; he has used slanderous, and sometimes almost traitorous language, but we hardly believe that in all his speeches there can be found sufficient to justify impeachment. It is evident that the President can do no greater harm to the country than he has done; and the result of the elections just held, must, to some extent, have opened his eyes to the fact that the people are not with him, and that they are not to be frightened by anything that he may say or do. Furthermore, we think, there are slight indications of a little yielding on his part, and a desire not to keep up a continual warfare with Congress.

The following sensible and judicious article on the subject, we copy from the Boston *Journal*:

The project of impeaching President Johnson for anything in his past official career evidently fails to obtain the requisite sanction of popular support. It is true General Butler, who has made himself the great champion of the proposition, has been heard with interest in various parts of the country, as a speaker of his original and trenchant qualities, discussing a novel political topic, was sure to have been.—But there is no indication that his cause has gained upon public opinion. But few other leading men have endorsed his views even in substance, and only a very small proportion of Republican papers have recommended the impeachment of the President on any existing ground. General Butler himself will not be an actual member of Congress till March, 1867, and will not probably have an opportunity for exercising any of his official powers till more than a year from the present time when the President will be more than half through his term of office, and beyond the prospect of impeachment, if it shall not have been undertaken before.

The only member of Congress who has been supposed to be pledged to initiate impeachment at the coming session is Hon. John A. Bingham of Ohio, and he, it will be seen from a statement copied into our columns, disclaims any such purpose unless the President hereafter should *officially* declare, what he has heretofore said unofficially, that Congress is an usurping body, assuming to exercise powers not legally belonging to it. The reservation is a wise one, for if the President, in his message or any other official utterance, should take that ground, it would be a declaration of war by the Executive against the Legislative branch of the Government, and the process of impeachment by the latter would then become not only the most obvious measure of self defense but of protection for the liberties of the country. But as it is now, the greater part of the offenses of President Johnson which are said to make him liable to impeachment, are merely offenses against good breeding, good sense, and sound politics, which have been practically redressed by those qualities in the people operating to choose a Congress strong enough to overrule his vetoes, and wise enough to make up for his defects in the government of the country. Let Congress, then, enter at once upon the discharge of its practical responsibilities, laying aside all revenges and controversies not dictated by their great work.

It is reported that Mr. Stevens will propose a committee of investigation into the President's course during the era of reconstruction thus far. That may be wise, if undertaken in a proper spirit, and it will bring forward all the facts necessary to throw light upon the national exigency. But our members of Congress may rely upon it, that, in comparison with the grand task of securing the fruits of the national triumph through the diffusion of equal rights and the stability of peace, the people do not care a straw about any personal or Presidential issues and quarrels.

History of St. Albans.

We give this week another installment of the history of St. Albans, which contains an account of a remarkable case of litigation. The Woodstock *Standard* of last week thus alludes to the History:

The St. Albans TRANSCRIPT commences this week the publication of a history of the town of St. Albans, and will continue the same from week to week till it is completed, which will probably take six months of time. It is from the pen of Hon. James Davis, who has been a resident nearly sixty years, and who is in every respect thoroughly qualified for so important an undertaking. We have no doubt the work will be so well performed that no citizen of the town can afford to be without a regular copy of the TRANSCRIPT.

SOLON ROBINSON'S NOVEL.—Solon Robinson, the veteran Agricultural Editor, has written a novel for the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE. The publication will commence on the fifth of December.

POLITICAL.—Mr. Greeley's chances for the United States Senate improve. The *Times*, *Herald*, *World* and *News* all favor his election. The western part of the State, however, claim the Senator, and will fight Greeley. Judge Harris is the *Tribune* editor's principal opponent.

A New York correspondent says:

A committee of Congress is in the city probing matters connected with the Federal officers. Notwithstanding the public denial it is found that the employees of the Custom House and Revenue Departments have been assessed four dollars each to carry on the late election. It is also found that the Collector draws a revenue of $40,000 a year commission on the bonded warehouses. Some rich revelations will be made when this committee report.

A recent number of the Richmond *Whig* has the following:

"What Mr. Johnson will do, we do not know. The fact is, we do not see what he can do. His *role* is a difficult one. He appealed to the people, and the people—of the North, at last, repudiated him and his policy. We use plain language, and call things by their right names, for there is no use in attempting to gloss them over. Should this rejection of Mr. Johnson and his policy be final, and should he 'cave in,' the South will, in all probability, be no more the loser than she would be if he adhered to his present policy. It would be a mere mental adhesion, for he would be without the power to enforce it."

It is thought that Simon Cameron will be re-elected to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania on the 15th of January.

PERSONAL.—Hon. Geo. W. Benedict, the venerable senior editor of the *Free Press*, in company with his wife, is spending the Winter at St. Croix, West Indies, for the benefit of his health, which, we regret to learn, is quite poor.

Gen. Spear, who took active part in the Fenian invasion of Canada, has been appointed acting Secretary of War of the Roberts wing of the Fenian Brotherhood, vice Gen. Sweeny resigned.

Daniel Neeham, of Groton, Mass., formerly of this State, has been elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Rev. H. Canfield, late pastor of the advent church at Waterbury, has been chosen pastor of the Evangelical advent church, corner of Hudson and Kneeland Streets, Boston.

Perley, the Washington correspondent of the *Journal* says:

"Thad. Stevens rather sarcastically remarked to-day that he was conservative last winter, but had determined to be more radical in the future.—Whatever compromise may be brewing, he is not a party to it.

Capt. Charles S. Shattuck, of the firm of E. O. Wires & Co, of Burlington, has been brevetted Major, to date from July 7th, 1865, for meritorious services in the line of duty, as Capt. and Commissary of Subsistence. He was a member of the 6th Vt."

DISCOVERY OF SURRATT.—Recent news by the cable announces that J. H. Surratt, the alleged accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln, was discovered serving in the Papal Zouaves, under the name of John Watson. He was arrested upon a demand of Gen. King, but afterwards ran the guard, leaped over a precipice, and escaped into the Italian territory. The Italian authorities are on the alert and endeavoring to recapture him.

Supreme Court—General Term.

The Docket for the General Term of the Supreme Court for the State of Vermont, which closed at Montpelier on the 19th, contained twenty-one cases. We give a statement and the result of the case from Grand Isle County, copied from Walton's *Journal*:

Clark S. Keeler, vs. the estate of Abner Keeler—for re-argument. Edmunds for plff., Harrington for def.

This was a claim made by the plff. to the estate of Abner Keeler, by virtue of a will, which was registered by the heirs at law.

The deceased made his will, in which he willed his real estate in the town of South Hero to his daughter during her life, and at her decease it was to go to his male heirs at law, then living in said town of South Hero. At that time he had a brother living in said town, who died before the daughter, leaving one son, the plaintiff, living in said town; said Keeler having sisters living in other towns, so that the plaintiff could not be said to be his heir-at-law.

Held, that the plaintiff was entitled to hold the estate under the will, as being the nearest person answering the description in the will.

☞ The Champlain *Journal* says that the Webster House, at Rouse's Point, has changed hands. S. L. Mann has sold to Houghton and Brigham, of the American House. The house will still be kept open, Mr. Houghton occupying it, and Mr. B. occupying the American.

☞ William Cressy, Postmaster at Ellenburgh Centre, has been removed and Samuel Hogden, appointed in his place.

☞ Gen. Sweeny has joined the army as Major.

In General.

—There are 18 incomes of over $10,000 in Mobile and one over $50,000.

—The Bowery Theatre in New York was sold at auction on Friday for $100,700.

—The cholera is still raging at Palermo, and the whole island is far from being pacified.

—The Bellows Falls Argus says that for three years Edwin C. Crossett, of Berlin has been out of health, and during that time has been under the care of several physicians, none of whom could determine the nature of his malady. A few days since, after severe physicking, a striped snake of the common variety came from him which measured 36 inches in length. This is a large snake story, but the reptile may be seen at the office of Dr. Porter in Northfield.

—Juhah P. Benjamin, is writing articles on America in the London Daily Telegraph.

—Intelligence has been received from Copenhagen that the Russian Minister at the Court of Denmark, Baron de Nicolai, has become insane.

—"Now papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."

—May flowers were abundant in the woods near Lewiston, Me., on Wednesday. Pear trees are in blossom in the same locality.

—There were imported into New York last week $60,191 worth of fancy goods.

—A member of the sporting fraternity in Denver City who is afflicted with consumption, has wagered fifty dollars against a coffin worth the same amount, that he will die before the first day of January next. The coffin, in the event of his death, to be used for his last earthly habitation.

—The Arkansas Legislature has elected Hon. J. L. Jones, of Phillips county, United States Senator.

—The Oregon Legislature has appropriated $1,000,000 in behalf of the Oregon Central Railroad.

—Silk manufactories are being established in California.

—Major Glenn, a paymaster, was robbed at Fort Boyes, Oct. 5th, of $50,000 in greenbacks and $50,000 in vouchers.

—Secretary Seward has engaged Leutze, the artist, to paint a family portrait of his idolized daughter, Miss Fannie Seward.

—The London *Times* says that New York is the handsomest and will some day be one of the largest cities in the world.

—The custom returns show a rapid falling off in importations. The receipts at the first principal ports, for the last week reported, were $2,740,821—a decrease, as compared with the previous week of nearly half a million of dollars at New York, and over one hundred thousand dollars at Boston.

—The Grand Jury in session at Baltimore has indicted several Judges of the recent election for violation of the election law, refusing voters whom they considered rebel, and also for destroying ballots received from supposed Conservatives voters, and putting Radical votes in the ballot box in their places.

—It is said that there is to be erected in Bridgeport, Conn., a large factory for the manufacture of the Prussian needle-gun for the home and foreign market.

Terrible Case of Destitution and Death.

The Chattanoga *Union* tells the following thrilling story of starvation and suffering which lately came to light in that place:

"The family originally consisted of a mother and eight children, but two of the latter already were dead, while a third was faintly catching the last few gasps before passing away. The scene as it presented itself to us was horrible. The hovel in which they were was open on all sides to the keen, chilly night air. On a board at one side of the room lay the corpses of a little baby which had died on Saturday evening, and a girl five years old which had expired on Sunday morning. The pinched and ghastly features of the poor little ones told too plainly of their lingering, painful death.

On a blanket on the floor lay the mother, herself sick unto death, holding in her arms a third girl, seven years old, who was near her last. At the feet of the mother lay the oldest daughter, a girl of seventeen. The appearance of all of them showed the want of food of any kind. In one corner another daughter of eleven years lay suffering with the cramps. Some of the children had not eaten a mouthful of food from Saturday morning to the time we saw them. The baby, the first one to die, expired in its mother's arms, in convulsions, on Saturday night. The poor woman, herself unable to stand from weakness, was forced to sit on the floor and hold the little thing till its eyes closed on the troubles of this world. When the second one died in the morning she was unable to do anything for it, and now lay holding the third.

While we stayed a noble-hearted lady, wife of one of our citizens, who had heard of the family, came in, accompanied by a servant, bearing food and clothing for the children. Some of the yet living ones were so weak that their stomachs refused all food, except a little boiled milk. The dying child asked for a little piece of bread, but was unable to swallow it after it was placed in his mouth. When asked if she was hungry, she replied: 'not now; I was a little while ago,' and in a few moments after it expired and was out of its misery."

The living were humanely cared for, and the dead decently buried.—The unfortunate family, named Simmons, were from St. Clair County, Alabama, where they had a little farm.

No One Man Indespensable.

The following eloquent extract from the last letter of Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," in the New York Tribune, teaches a mournful lesson to human ambition, by proving that no one man is indispensable in the course of human affairs, and that he is longest remembered who dies fighting for the right side:

"We have passed this week the first anniversary of Palmerston's death, which took place on October 27, of last year. This world certainly does slide with a vengeance in our day, and it is instructive, if not encouraging, to see how she continues to spin around in her course without any apparent discomposure at the disappearance of eminent statesmen. We are already half delivered of a reform bill; the East is in a blaze, and Bismark has absorbed the best part of Germany in the name of the 'nationalities'—an idea which was foolishness, to say the least, for the last of the Lord Liverpool and Carning school of statesmen. Doubtless there are few men who leave much real mark behind them, but it is nevertheless startling to think what a large place Lord Palmerston filled in the stage of Western Europe only thirteen months ago, and to look around and see and feel already no trace of his influence left among us.—After all, it is only what the world is pleased to call the fanatics—that small and much-enduring band of whom she is not worthy, whose sepulchres she builds after having hounded them to death—who win in the great game, and score deeply on the great dial plate of history.

On the evening of this anniversary, I was on one of our bridges, over which a volunteer regiment was marching back from drill—marching at ease, with rifles slung over their shoulders. They were singing, as is their wont—not altogether, but by snatches—first one company, and then another catching up the refrain, which swelled up along the whole column. For a moment I did not recognize the chant, but as the head of the column came close, the 'Glory Hallelujah' of your John Brown's march rang out, to my surprise and delight, and floated over the quiet waters of the Thames down below. As the last company filed way into the dusk, I couldn't help speculating whether in fifty years' time the old New England yeoman, the hard fighter in Kansas, who ended his day on the Virginia scaffold; would not count for more with our grand children than the successful Premier, the Cabinet Minister of more than half a century, who, during eleven eventful years, from the Crimean War to the time of his death, ruled England and her empire pretty much as he pleased. I came to the conclusion, without the least disparagement to the gallant old gentleman who lived his own kind of life bravely and honestly enough, that for one English speaking man who will at that time of day hunt out affectionately Lord Palmerston's last home in Westminster Abby, a hundred will make pilgrimages to the wild little settlement in the Adirondacs, and drinking in strength of soul over the plain granite slab which covers all that could die of Capt. John Brown, the abolitionist—which conclusion will, no doubt, be counted craziness by nine-tenths of my own countrymen; and even with you, who love the grand old martyr, I doubt whether I could reckon on a majority for a verdict of perfect sanity."

The Grand List of Vermont.

The Grand List of 1866 shows gratifying results to wit: An increase over 1865 of 5,228 in the number of polls; of $533,613 in the value of real estate, and of $2,171,641 in the amount of personal property—making the increase of property $2,705,254, and of taxable men 5,228. To this must be added a decrease 318 in the number of dogs.

We propose a new reading of an old couplet:

Well fares the land to no great ills a prey,
When wealth and men increase and dogs decay.

The details of the grand list of 1865 are these:

67,144 polls at $2	$134,288 00
10,129 dogs at $1	10,129 00
5,001,243 acres, value $71,638,678	
Pers. prop. over debts 21,435,291	
1 prct. on total 93,073,959 is 930,073 96	
List of highway taxes, Deducted for exempts,	$1,074,490 96
List of State taxes,	1,074,326 96
" " for 1865,	1,037,660 05
Excess in 1866,	$36,666 91

☞ At the town elections in Hartford, Ct., on the 26th, the Republicans elected their entire tickets.

☞ The Chicago tunnel for supplying the city with water is completed.

☞ The Boston *Transcript* says that the quantities of milk, butter and cheese produced in Massachusetts in 1864, and the valuation of the same, were as follows: milk, 10,038,372 gallons, valued at $1,930,409; butter, 3,795,790 pounds, valued at $1,389,029; cheese, 3,467,751 pounds, valued at $772,026.

☞ The Plattsburgh & Montreal Railroad are putting their machinery and track in condition for better service. They have recently purchased of the Renssalaer road the engine Ticonderoga, at a very good bargain. Trains run twice daily each way from Plattsburgh to Hemmingford, and connect with the morning and evening trains on the Ogdensbrugh road.—*Champlain Journal.*

A JUST GOVERNOR.—A Havana letter relates the following anecdote of Gen. Lersundi, the late Governor General of Cuba:

"Don Felix Maria Serra, who died in the year 1855, liberated all his slaves, 93 in number, by testamentary disposition. By some means this benevolent and kind action on the part of Mr. Serra never took effect, his heirs holding the slaves in bondage the same as if no provision regarding their freedom existed.

The poor blacks having neither money, education or influence, were compelled to submit, and it is only now that they, together with their offsprings, numbering about 90, have received the boon of freedom. A person well acquainted with the facts of the case informed Gen Lersundi of this matter, and he immediately instructed Judge del Rato to investigate the matter, and the result has been the liberation of all the slaves."

—The Marquis of Waterford, died at his country seat recently, of gastric fever.

Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.

Stocks are steady, money on call quiet at 6 per cent, sterling exchange quiet at ...

Gold opened	14[illegible]
" closed	14[illegible]
5-20s registered, '62	[illegible]
do coup. of '62	[illegible]
10-40s coup	[illegible]
7-30s 1st series	[illegible]
U. S. 6s '81	[illegible]

The Markets.

ST. ALBANS MARKET—Nov 28, 1866.

Corrected for the Transcript every Week

APPLES,	1 50	2 00
" dried, per lb.	12	17
BEANS, per bushel,	1 25 @	2 50
BUTTER, per lb.,	30 @	38
CHEESE, "	15 @	17
CORN, per bushel,	1 20 @	1 15
CORN MEAL, per cwt.,	2 50 @	3 00
EGGS, per doz.,	30 @	35
FLOUR, superfine,	12 00 @	13 00
" extra,	13 00 @	13 50
" double extra,	14 00 @	18 00
GRASS SEED, per bushel,	0 00 @	0 00
HAY, per ton,	12 00 @	14 00
LARD, per lb.,	00 @	22
OATS, per bushel,	60 @	65
ONIONS "	0 75	1 00
PORK, mess,	25 00 @	27 00
" clear,	23 00 @	22
Dressed Hogs,	9 @	10
POTATOES, per bushel,	50 @	0 50
RYE,		1 00
SALT, Canada,	00	1 80
" Turk's Island,	0 00	1 00
MAPLE SUGAR,	11	13
WOOL, per lb.,	45	65
WOOD per cord,	4 50	7 00

BOSTON MARKET—Nov. 28.

Flour.		
Western superfine	$10 00 @	$10 50
common extras	11 00 @	12 00
medium extras	13 00 @	14 00
good and choice, including Genesee, Canada, Ohio, Michigan,	15 00 @	16 00
St. Louis, good and choice	16 00 @	18 00
Corn Meal per bbl.	6 00 @	6 25
Rye Flour	8 00 @	8 50
Grain—per bushel:		
Corn, Western mixed	1 30 @	1 40
Oats, North, West'n, Canada,	70 @	80
Rye	1 45 @	1 50
Beans, common and blue pod,	2 00 @	2 75
marrow and extra pea	3 00 @	3 25
Molasses—Per gallon:		
Cuba	46 @	47
Cienfuegos muscovado	52 @	65
Provisions—Per bbl:		
Pork—prime	23 00 @	24 00
mess	27 00 @	28 00
clear	30 00 @	30 50
Beef—Eastern and Western mess and extra	20 00 @	21 00
family extra	22 00 @	25 00
Lard, in bbls. and tierces	16 @	17
Butter—N. Y. and Vt. dairies	40 @	42
Cheese	13 @	16
Sugar—Per lb.:		
Cuba Muscovado	10 @	13
Powdered	16 @	16
Crushed	16 @	16
Granulated	16 @	16
Coffee Crushed	14 @	15
Wool—DOMESTIC:		
New York and Vermont	53 @	62
Western, common to fine	50 @	65

BRIGHTON MARKET—Nov. 28.

Beef Cattle.—Extra fat and heavy premium Oxen, $13.25 *a* $13.50 1st quality $12.75 *a* $13.00; 2d quality $12.00 *a* $12.50; 3d quality, $10.00 *a* $10.50, ⅌ 100 lbs., on total weight of hide, tallow and dressed beef.

Working Oxen.—$150 *a* $280 or according to value as beef.

Milch Cows.—$50 *a* $75; extra and good $80 *a* $120, without calves, as may be agreed; farrow and ordinary $35 *a* 45.

Sheep and Lambs.—5c *a* 6c; or $2.00 *a* $4.50 per head.

Shoats.—Wholesale, 10 *a* 11c; retail, 11 *a* 12c. Dressed, 00 *a* 00 cents. Fat Hogs, 10c *a* 10½c.

Veal Calves.—$000 *a* $00.00 per head.

Hides.—Brighton, 11 *a* 12c ⅌ lb. Country lots, 9 *a* 10c. Calfskins 25c *a* 00c.

Tallow.—8 *a* 10c ⅌ lb.

Pelts.—$1.00 *a* $1.25 each.