

# The Manchester Journal.

MANCHESTER, VT., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1865.

TERMS—\$10 IN ADVANCE.  
\$15 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

**The Manchester Journal,**  
is published every Tuesday Morning, at  
MANCHESTER, VT.

Terms—\$10 per annum, paid within three months  
from commencement of volume; \$1.50 at the end of  
six months; or the end of the year \$2.50 will be  
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No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid  
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The following AGENTS are authorized to receive  
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ness in behalf of the Journal:  
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Pension and Bounty Claim Agent,  
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and  
COMMISSIONER FOR NEW YORK  
Manchester, Vermont.

**W. A. ADAMS,**  
DEALER IN  
CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.  
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.  
FACTORY POINT, - - - VERMONT.

**MINER & PRINDLE,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT  
LAW, Claim, Pension and Fire  
and Life Insurance Agents.  
OFFICE OVER EQUINOX STORE,  
Manchester, Bennington County, Vermont.  
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Office in Court House,  
Manchester, Vermont.

**G. L. AMES, M. D.,**  
S. EXAMINER FOR INVALID PEN-  
SIONERS. Office 3 doors east of the Baptist  
Church,  
Factory Point, June 7, 1864.

**C. F. ORVIS,**  
SURGEON DENTIST, Manchester, or Ferrisburgh,  
or Vermont.

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**BUTLER & WHEELER,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT  
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J. K. BUTLER, H. H. WHEELER.

**VANDERLIP'S HOTEL.**—This long estab-  
lished Hotel still continues open for the  
accommodation of the traveling public. Par-  
ticular attention given to boarders from abroad  
during the summer months. The public pa-  
trons heretofore liberally extended is respect-  
fully solicited.  
S. W. VANDERLIP, - PROPRIETOR.

**THE EQUINOX HOUSE.**—Open from June  
to December. For particulars, see adver-  
tisement. This House, having been recently  
enlarged, is now the most commodious in  
the State, and is furnished with the latest comforts  
and conveniences. For information as to routes,  
&c., address  
F. W. ORVIS, - AGENT.

**FACTORY POINT HOTEL,** Factory Point  
Vermont, S. E. TRAYNER, Proprietor.—  
Free Carriage to and from the Depot.

**PRAIRIE HOTEL,** by J. P. STODDARD,  
Putney, Vermont.

**THE CLAUDEMAN MANUFACTURING  
COMPANY,** E. L. GODDARD, Agent, manu-  
facturers of Paper and Books, Job Printers  
and Binders, and Wholesale Bookellers and  
Stationers, Claremont, N. H.

**JAMAICA LEATHER COMPANY** man-  
ufacture Custom-Made Boots expressly for  
the New England trade. All work warranted.  
Prices to suit the times. Orders solicited.  
L. N. SPRAGUE, AGENT, - JAMAICA, VT.

**BUCK MITTENS AND GLOVES,** manu-  
factured and sold by  
F. W. NOTT, AGENT, - MANCHESTER.

**Jamaica's**  
**Vermont**  
**Wholesale**  
**and Retail**  
**Business**  
**Branch**  
**of**  
**the**  
**Journal**  
**Printing**  
**Office**  
Board, Washburn, Ferrisburgh, Litchfield, and  
everywhere in Vermont, \$1.50 per week.  
Mechanics and English Branches  
Both Ladies and Gentlemen are received.

**STUDENTS ENTER AT ANY TIME.**  
\$10 Pays for full Course of Instruction.  
\$50 Pays for two Semesters entering at once.  
We have a few Scholarships to give to  
any FREE. Any student, regardless of rank  
get out—send two stamps for information.  
107 We Exchange Station, 107

**The Journal Job Printing Office.**  
We have recently made additions to our Job  
Printing material, and are now better prepared than  
ever to execute in the best style all orders for  
PRINTING  
HARDWARE  
CIRCULARS  
BILLS OF LADING  
PAMPHLETS  
CHECKS  
PROCLAMATIONS  
LABELS  
CARDS  
&c., &c.  
Our prices are as follows:—  
107 We Exchange Station, 107

## A TIME TO MOURN.

The people are mourning in sadness and tears.

Each heart seems heavy in gloom;

Let the slow falling bell post a solemn death-  
knell.

For a father is laid to rest.

A father! ah, yes! our parent and guide

Through terror this nation has known;

Through terrible scenes of suffering and tears

His wisdom and justice were shown.

And now in the midst of rejoicing and hope,

While the morning of peace seemed to dawn,

By a base traitor's hand fell the guide of our  
land.

And we feel that our leader is gone.

With emblem of grief draped the flag we reverse,

Let it float from its place at half mast.

For he led us to white stars and its bright  
crimson lines;

Ay! he loved the old flag till the last.

Twine the purest of flowers with ivy leaves  
green

And place them on Abraham's bier.—

For, through our long strife, true and pure was  
his life;

And his name will forever be dear.

On the public broad let the patriot sleep,—

The long grass above him will wave.

In the beautiful West lay the martyr to rest;

Let the willow weep over his grave.

It is well that we mourn for the brave and the  
true,

That his form must be laid in the dust.

But amid our deep grief be his our chief—

In the wisdom of God we may trust.

ELLISBURGH, West Ferrisburgh, Mass. E. V.

## Anecdotes of Holbein the Painter.

Not unfrequently when his pargue

was at a low ebb, he condescended to

paint figures upon the houses of the

gentry of Baise, as was the custom

in those times, and by this means

earned a few gilders, which enabled

him to pay his score for a day or two

at the tavern. On one occasion he

was engaged with a merchant to do some

work of this kind upon a wall, be-  
tween the second and third stories of

his house. The scaffold for Holbein to

stand on was prepared, and he had

worked a while day when the drink-  
ing fit seized upon him, and quite ex-  
tinguished all relish for labor. He

therefore begged the merchant to ad-  
vance him a small part of his work.

In order, as he said, to discharge a

debt which he owed. The merchant,

aware of his ostentatious habits, was not

very loath of complying, but as he

could not with a good grace refuse,

he gave him the money resolving at

the same time to keep a strict watch

over him, and that he should not es-  
cape. All next day, accordingly, he

kept from time to time coming out of

his shop, and looking up to see wheth-  
er the painter was at work, always

observing him sitting, or at least, what

he supposed to be his feet and legs,

hanging down from the scaffold. At

length, however, he became somewhat

alighted to observe that the man

descended not from the spot, but hour

after hour continued in the selfsame

position; and going up the stairs, he

looked from the window of one of the

upper rooms; but far nor near, no

Holbein could be seen. He had, in

fact, gone straight to the tavern, to

drink away his money, and in order

that his employer should not suspect

that he was absent from his work, he

had painted his legs upon the wall.

Of course the merchant immediately

had hold of the wayward artist, and

compelled him to finish the task he

had undertaken.

Not long after an English noble-  
man arrived at Baise, and hearing of

the celebrated Holbein, engaged him to

go to London and execute some

paintings at his house during his ab-  
sence on a journey. He was about to

make his arrangements, and he promised to

pay him a large yearly salary—far

exceeding that of any other painter in

the country, and gave him the sum

of five hundred pounds, and he

travelling expenses, and gave him the

address at which he was to inquire in

London. Holbein accepted the offer

and agreed to depart without delay.

No sooner had the nobleman left the

town, however, than Holbein returned

to the tavern, where he soon forgot

all about England, his engagement and

his art. Nor did he stop until he

had squandered the last farthing of

the sum which should have de-frayed

the expenses of his journey. He

then recollected the promise he had

made to go to England, and selling a

few articles he possessed, realized

enough money to take him to Holland.

His funds, however, were spent when

he reached Amsterdam. In this town

the great Dutch painter, Lucas Van

Leyden, was then living. On him

Holbein waited, and enquired if he

did not want a person to grind colors.

"What is your name?" asked Lucas.

"Holbein gave a fictitious one.

"Well, I shall try your skill."

Holbein accordingly took his place

at the grindstone, and began grinding

away as if he had never done any-  
thing else in his lifetime. He soon

won the confidence of his master, and

during his absence on a journey which

he was obliged to make, was appoint-  
ed to take over the grinding

room. Having just finished a large

and beautiful portrait of one of the

magistrates, or at least, chief citizens

of Rotterdam, Lucas covered it with a

cloth, and said to his grinder:

"Take particular care of this pic-  
ture; let it receive no injury. I make

you responsible for its safety."

Holbein promised to pay the strictest

attention to his orders, but on the second

day after Lucas' departure, he took a

brush and painted a fly on the

councillor's face. He then shut the

painting-room, embarked in a vessel,

and sailed for London. On Master

Lucas' return home, he was alarmed to

hear that his grinder had decamped.

The first thing he thought of

was the picture, which he hastened to

inspect. On raising the cloth he dis-  
covered the fly upon the face. Tak-  
ing out his handkerchief he attempted

to drive it away, but the fly would

not move. He repeated the attempt,

saying, 'Begone, little imp!' The

fly still quietly kept its place. Mas-  
ter Lucas now examined the creature

some what more narrowly, and discov-  
ered to his surprise that it was paint-  
ed; upon which he dropped the cover

and exclaimed: "Either the devil or

Holbein has been here at work!" He

then examined the fly, and found that

it was the only one among his com-  
panions capable of painting a fly so

imitatively as to deceive an able

painter like himself. Holbein

arrived safely in London; but he had

lost his lordship's address, and had

quite forgotten even his name. In so

great a town how could he ever dis-  
cover it? Entering a coffee-house,

which he heard was the resort of men

of the nobility, he inquired if any

of those present knew the mansion of

the lord who had sent him to London;

and in order to give them some idea

of his personal appearance, took a

cool from the bar and sketched his

figure on the wall. The instant it

was done they all exclaimed:

"Oh! it is Lord S—." He was

now directed to his lordship's house,

and there labored some time; but ere

long he was promoted to the office of

court painter to the King of England

and in that situation he died in 1554.

## The New Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

The present Atlantic cable is just

2300 nautical miles, or in rough num-  
bers, about 2600 miles long. The

central conductor is composed of seven

fine copper wires, twisted into one

complete strand, which is insulated

with Chatterton's patent compound.

Outside this some four distinct layers

of gutta percha, each also insulated

with the same material that encloses

the conductor. Outside the gutta

percha again are wound 11 stout iron

wires, each of which, before being

wound on is itself carefully wound

with tar. Thus, there are 11

less than 25,000 miles of copper wire

in the conductor, about 35,000 miles

of iron wire in the outside covering,

and upwards of 400,000 miles of

strands of hemp, more than enough in

all to go twenty-four times round the

world. The cable has been made on

an average at the rate of 17 miles per

day complete, and in some days its

outside covering of hemp and iron has

been overlaid at the rate of 173 miles

a day, though not a fathom or a foot

has been manufactured without every

part being kept under constant test

for conductivity, and to this hour it

is as regularly tested as it was a year

ago, when the first mile was twisted.

In strength the cable is equal to

bearing a strain of 7 1/2 tons, while its

specific gravity is so low that it can

float with safety in the water. It has

been made mile by mile, joined up

in long lengths of 700 and 800

miles, and shipped on board the Great

Eastern into three enormous tanks.

The first of these wrought-iron struc-  
tures, which look like little gasometers,

is in the forward part of the ship, and

is 51 ft. in diameter; that in the mid-  
ships over the boilers 58 ft. 6 in., and

that in the after part 58 ft. The first

will hold a coil of 630 miles of cable,

the second one of 840, and the third

one of 850. 500 miles have still to

be stowed away on board, and it will

take a fortnight to complete this work,

though the last mile of the coil will

come through the main-holes of the Je-  
graph works at 3 o'clock on Monday

next. All three tanks are kept filled

with water, and when each is stowed

with a cable as well, the ends of the

wire will be joined up and a constant

&lt;