

THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

Vol. 2.

ST. ALBANS, VT., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1865.

No. 54.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
By HENRY A. CUTLER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—For the Transcript, \$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 50 cents. The paper is published every Friday, except on public holidays. No paper is sent to subscribers until all arrears are paid. The Transcript is published for the Proprietor by Henry A. Cutler, at No. 122 North Main Street, St. Albans, Vt.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Per square of 12 lines or less, for first insertion 75 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. For longer advertisements, or for those to be continued, the rates will be ascertained on application. Transient advertisements will be charged at a liberal discount. A liberal discount will be made on the rates for those advertising by the year. Notices will be inserted at 125 cents per line.

For the Vermont Transcript.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

"All hands on deck!" Quick, we can see
The foaming breakers rise,
And like a pall the lazy clouds
Hang from the darkening skies.
See how the proud ship strides above
Each hoisting billow part;
With a hearty wail we'll
Outside the storm at last.
O, hear the mighty timbers creak,
List to the flapping sail,
While through the lofty rigging shriek
The thunders of the gale.
Up, men, for high above the storm
The flag is floating still;
Bound to the mast-head, which was leaven
In blood at Bunker Hill.
"Stand by the ship," it is no time
For life murmuring now,
No time for mutiny when rocks
Frown at the vessel's prow;
Said by the wheel, loosen the ropes,
Set free the tattered sail,
Strain every nerve to ease the ship,
And we'll outride the gale.
Work with a will, these mighty planks
And timbers must not part;
Our Fathers welded them with prayers
From many a broken heart;
"All hands on deck!" Work with a will
And energy till morn;
We're all aboard, for life or death,
And we must cheat the storm.
St. Albans, Vt.

Press-Gangs and Poison.

This isn't altogether a story of press-gangs, as you'll find before I've done, and it made a good deal of talk here at the time as I remember, though I was only a lad; but you see the crowner's quest set all things right, and after that it was no use asking further questions. It must be nearly fifty years ago—"fifty years!" he repeated, half closing his eyes and passing, as his mind travelled over the space which had brought so many changes even to that quiet little village—"that an old seafaring man they called Capt. Meredith lived—at least, that is to say, lodged—in the house of a widow named Penrhyn. You might see the spot from the bow of the hill, for the house itself has been pulled down since then. Well, he might have been a captain or not, I don't pretend to say, it is certain he had a bit of money put by and lived comfortably enough. Some said he had been in the smuggling trade and made money that way. However, it don't much matter; he was well respected, and though he had no wife living, he had a daughter, as was called Ellen, and the prettiest lass in Cawsand and for miles round. Well, now, this old widow had a son, named Paul, and a strange article he was! I remember him; a little bandy-legged chap with red hair, and the people used to call him "Doctor."
"Was he a surgeon, then?" I interrupted.
"I'm going to tell you. He had been practicing to a chemist in Devonport, and after his time was out, he had been stopping with his mother to take care of her, or perhaps because he couldn't find a situation readily for himself. The old widow had put something by, I suppose, and Paul had been at home about a year, when the captain came to lodge there with his daughter. This Paul's room was at the top of the house, where the light would be seen burning at a time of night when all honest folks were in bed and asleep. Sometimes he would be out all night, and be not in the morning with his arms full of weeds and plants, which he used to take up stairs into the 'doctor's shop,' as they called it."
"Ah, a botanist," I remarked.
"I don't know about that" replied my friend, slightly puzzled, "but the people said he made poison out of them. One day, when Paul was passing the blacksmith's, the dog ran out and bit him, and the next day Paul was seen to give him a piece of bread, and the dog was dead in an hour. The neighbors blamed him for it, and I collected, when a youngster, calling for him, there goes Dr. Nightshade! and his stopping and saying, 'If I had a doctor you, my lad, you wouldn't get so loud.' Well, very shortly after Ellen and her father had been living at the widow's house, it was seen that Paul wished to court

her; wherever she went, sure enough Paul wasn't far behind, and things went on in this way for about six months, when one dark and wintry night, the wind blowing great guns, and the sea running high, we saw signals of distress from some vessel off the point there. There was no life-boat in the place, and our small craft couldn't have lived a minute in such weather. In the morning we saw no signs of the vessel, and we supposed she had gone down, and all aboard lost; however, we heard in the day, that one of the poor fellows had escaped, and, though cut and bruised, had contrived to crawl up the point there, where he had been found by Capt. Meredith, who brought him home to his own lodging and nursed him. He was a fine young fellow, an orphan, as he said, by name William Randall, and had been working his way to Liverpool in hopes of obtaining employment. The clergyman of the place—you may see the church on the right as you go towards Edgecumbe Ferry—heard of this, and becoming a good deal interested in the young man, offered him a place as gardener, or general servant, or something or other. Bill was a handy chap, and soon made friends with people, and they persuaded him to stop here, instead of going to Liverpool as he had intended. He didn't want much pressing, for any one could see there was a girl in the case, and that girl was Ellen Meredith, and it didn't want more than two eyes to see that she liked him. The folks used to jeer Paul about his nose being out of joint, and Tom Trevelian the blacksmith, as owed him a grudge for the dog, used to say, 'well, doctor, how's your nose by this time?' But they said the doctor only used to turn white and rub his hands; it was a way he had, and he did the same when he gave the dog the bread. Well, things prospered so well with young Randall, that at last he made up his mind to ask the captain for his consent, that he and Ellen should be married, and as the old fellow was a jolly, easy-going customer, and liked Bill very much besides, it wasn't long before he gave it. Just about this time, the folks in the village were frightened at the report that the press-gang were out; that they had been as far as Plympton, four or five miles from the town there, and had pressed one or two men. The captain and Ellen wanted to put the marriage off; but Bill wouldn't hear of it, and, strange to say, Paul, as was his worst rival as you may say, sided with him. Well, on the very day afore the wedding, a strange man as hadn't been seen in the village afore, called at the house to speak to Paul, and a neighbor as happened to be present at the time, said afterwards, she had seen them talking together on the road to Plympton. Now, mind me, in the evening, and just as they were sitting down to supper, and drinking healths, Paul, who was late, ran into the room, leaving the door open behind him, and entreated William to look to himself, as the press-gang were already in the village; and afore poor Bill could get away the press-gang were inside and had seized him, and in spite of his struggles and Ellen's cries and Paul's entreaties, carried him to the beach, where a boat lay ready, and took him away."
"Is that all?" I asked.
"Not exactly, mate," said my friend, finishing the rum, "the strange part has to come."
So, replenishing his glass and refilling his pipe, he continued:
"Well, every one of course was very much cast down at this, but poor Ellen particularly; however, for many months she kept a brave heart, always telling the captain that she knew William would return, and they should be happy yet; and d'ye see, no one liked to tell the poor thing different, although but very few thought they'd ever see him again. At any rate, it was clear Dr. Paul didn't, for after a while he began again to pay his addresses to her, and this time more in earnest than before; but it was no use. Ellen would have nothing to say to him at all. Now, about two years after they had pressed poor Will, when it was getting on 'towards the winter-time,—there had been a good deal of dirty weather about, and several vessels had been lost on the coast,—there was a report that several crews had been paid off, and then Ellen made up her mind more than ever that William would return; when one day a neighbor comes in and says he has heard that a vessel like the Spitfire—that was the one William went out in—had gone down off the Scillys, and it was feared all hands had perished; he had it, he said, from a party who was told so by Paul, who had learnt it when he went over to

Devonport the day before on some business. This was bad news for the poor lass, but I believe she still hoped and prayed for her sailor sweetheart, and all along kept on telling the captain, that he would live to see her and Will Randall bride and bridegroom yet; but about a fortnight after this, Paul comes in, in great taking, and shows the captain a bottle, which he said had been picked up on the Cornish coast, no doubt having drifted in; and in it was a paper, saying, the Spitfire couldn't live the night through and praying, that whoever found the bottle would, for Heaven's sake, send it on to Captain Meredith of Cawsand with the last prayers of poor William."
This was dated back, and was about square with the day when Spitfire was said to have gone down; and so now there seemed no hope at all, and so poor Ellen seemed to think at last, for she got paler and weaker every day, and moved about like one who had nothing to live for. To make matters worse, the captain had got into debt, and difficulties got bigger and bigger. Well, one day all on a sudden, the doctor goes to him and offers to marry Ellen out of hand, promising to discharge all the captain's obligations, and stating his long and strong attachment had induced him to make the proposal. The Captain, as you may believe, didn't much fancy Paul for a son-in-law, but at last he relented, and, pressed by his debts and troubles, urged Ellen to accept him. The poor lass refused, for a long time, but when she found her father's welfare and liberty depended on it, and besides, had lost all hope of ever seeing Will Randall again, at last she consented."
"But you don't mean to say that they were married at last?" I interrupted.
"In two or three months they were, and a pretty couple they must have made; she with her tall figure and pale face, and he with his red head and bow-legs shambling along by her side. They were married at Millorock church (on the hill, sir), and Will Randall's old master read the service. They said Ellen didn't cry or faint, or have any nonsense of that kind, but went through her share quietly and calmly enough, while the doctor seemed all abroad. Now it seems this very evening, just about dark, when the captain had gone out to smoke his pipe, that Paul, who had gone up stairs, heard a terribly loud scream, and rushing back into the room where he had left Ellen, finds her fainted dead away on the floor, and William Randall himself kneeling by her side!
William used to say afterwards, that he never could forget Paul's face when they saw one another for the first time; he used to dream of it, he said; he had many and many a time seen the faces of strong men who had been struck down in the heat and passion of battle, or who had died violent deaths in other ways; but Paul's face, he said, reminded him of a picture he had once seen, when quite a little lad, of the devil, which he remembered had frightened him then, but which he had forgotten till their eyes met that night. When Paul recovered his surprise he said not a word about the marriage; but when William said he had but just left Plympton and hadn't seen a soul in the village yet, he suddenly seemed delighted at meeting him again, and insisted on their drinking together. He led Ellen into another room, where, he told Will, his mother would attend to her, and shortly after returned with two glasses of stiff grog, which he put on the table between them. "Now, Bill, old mate," says he, "we'll drink to your return home," he says. "But what about Nelly, my poor girl?" says Will. "Never mind her," says Paul, "mother will soon bring her round, and meanwhile, let's drink the grog; but first of all let's shut the door and be snug, eh?" So Paul shuts the door, and coming back to the table, says, "Now, Bill," he says, "there's your jolly good health and no heeltaps!" and they both emptied their glasses. "William," says Paul after a while, "how do you feel?" "Quite well, Paul, my hearty, thank ye," says Will. "Do you?" says Paul, "Will Randall," says he, getting white and trembling; "we have had a long account to settle, and now it's done." "What d'ye mean?" asks Will in surprise, as you may be sure. "I've never injured you!" "Yes, you have!" says Paul. "Didn't you step in between me and the girl I had set my heart on? Didn't the neighbors jeer and mock me, and drive me almost mad? And didn't I swear to be even with you, come what might? And I am! I am! When you were pressed," says he,

getting worse and worse, 'I put the gang on you! I brought the account that made them think you were dead! and, now that you have returned alive, you find the woman you loved wife of the man you both despised!' "It's a shameful lie!" cries Will, "and I can't believe it." "It's true," says Paul, "for we were married this morning; but true or false, it is the same to you, for I tell you, Will Randall," and Paul turns very white and rubs his hands, "you are poisoned. You drank the brandy and in an hour's time you are a dead man." "Paul Penrhyn" says Will, speaking low and calm, and looking the doctor fairly in the eyes, "you have played a deep game, but you've made one mistake; I heard of your trick with the press-gang, and I knew you were a rival of mine, and you've just jumped to other treachery. But when a man that I knew hated me, and who looked as you did when we met just now, suddenly became my friend and asked me to drink, I grew suspicious, and while you closed the door, I—changed the glasses."
"When Ellen heard the fearful cry that Paul gave, she ran in, pale and weak as she was, and found him all twisted together with rage or pain, and foaming at the mouth from the poison he had swallowed."
"Aconite?" I asked.
"I don't know rightly what it was called," said the coast-guardman, "but it was very strong, for Paul, they say, died within the hour, and before the two he had tried to keep asunder."
"A strange tale," I said, rising to go. "It's as good as a play!"
"It's better than most of 'em," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "for this is true.—Good night, sir."

The Flow of Oil in Pennsylvania.

The average actual yield of oil in the Pennsylvania oil region is, of course, greatly exaggerated in the estimates and imaginations of most parties who have read of the subject, and heard it talked of in a general way. It is presumed by those who have most closely watched the development of the oil product from the first, that whereas the yield in 1862 was from ten to twelve thousand barrels per day, it is now six thousand barrels. It is probable that the former yield even exceeds the amount named as during 1862 all the large flowing wells then struck were prevented from running their full quantity, owing to the merely nominal price at and demand for the oil. Now, all the wells in the region are permitted and aided to deliver their utmost capacity. This decrease in the yield of a territory where, for more than four years the number of oil wells has been increasing, appears at the first glance quite inexplicable upon any other ground than that the supply of oil is becoming exhausted. A subject so important merits, of course, a more thorough consideration than can here be given to it; yet a brief history of oil mining from its commencement will suffice to show that the decrease of the supply has been chiefly owing to causes which have no longer any terror for those perfectly acquainted with the business.
The mining of petroleum began as a business in 1860, but did not prove very successful until 1861. The first well was sunk in 1859, by Evelst & Bissell, near Titusville. It yielded some eight barrels per day. In the summer of 1861 a number of flowing wells were opened on the Buchanan-Blood, Tarr, McElheny, and other farms, on Oil creek. The consumption of the article was yet very small, while the production was suddenly increased from about a hundred and fifty barrels daily in February to some two thousand five hundred barrels daily in August, and more than six thousand barrels daily in December of the same year. The spring of 1863 was signalized by a much larger increase. The price of crude oil was reduced from twenty-five cents to less than one cent per gallon in the same time. But excessive cheapness forced consumption, both in this country and abroad, with unparalleled rapidity, so that, in the latter months of 1862, there occurred a large but spasmodic rise in the value of the oil. The unremunerative prices which had hitherto prevailed checked production, causing all small wells and interests to be abandoned. The year 1863 saw rising, although heavily fluctuating, prices. This state of the market continued, merging into a more even upward graduation of values, through the year 1864, when crude oil sold at one time as high as \$13.50 per barrel at the wells.
The large flowing wells have generally stopped after twenty-five or thirty

months' flow. Some few have continued, with diminished volume, over three years. The pumping wells have averaged about the same duration. In 1863, and until the latter part of 1864, comparatively few new wells were sunk. During this period many wells gave out, and many were abandoned. It was never ascertained, until within the past eight months, that wells which had ceased to produce oil could be made to resume their yield. This fact is now established. A great many wells that were considered exhausted have been resuscitated, and are now yielding very considerable quantities of oil. Among the noted instances are the Empire well, on the McElheny farm, now flowing under the pressure of an air pump, a hundred barrels per day; the Buckeye well, on the same farm; the old Sherman well, on the Sherman flats; and the old Phillips well, on the Tarr farm; while the great Phillips well on that farm, has resumed its flow, after occasional interruption since October, 1861. Wells are caused to flow spontaneously by the pressure of the naphtha gas within the earth being greater than the pressure of the atmosphere. When this greater pressure is reduced by exhaustion to an equilibrium with the atmospheric pressure, the flow ceases until artificial pressure is applied, or until a fresh accumulation of the gas causes a resumption of the flow. It may be safely said, then, that it is, up to this time, not the exhaustion of the gas which elevates the oil, that has produced an embarrassment to mining which threatened at one time to hazard its success; but which is now obviated by the application of new and efficient inventions. The many instances in which wells have been resuscitated after apparent failure have led observing oil producers to believe that good oil lands will yield the article to an indefinite future period. In this belief they are strengthened by what will seem the strange announcement of a vastly longer experience in other countries.—*Correspondence of the New York World.*

Feat of an Eastern Magician.

The conjuror spread a piece of matting and squatted, produced from his shawls a bag, and emptied it on a stone in front of him. The contents were a quantity of little bits of wood; some, forked like branches of a tree; some, straight; each a few inches long; besides these, there were some fifteen or twenty little painted wooden birds, about half an inch long. The old man chose one of the straightest and thickest of the bits of wood, and turning his face up in the air, poised it on the tip of his nose. The little boys who sat by him henceforth handled him whatever he called for, first, two or three more pieces of wood, which he poised on the piece already there, then a forked piece to which he gradually made additions, until he had built upon his nose a tree with two branches. He always kept its balance by adding simultaneously on each side, holding a piece in each hand, and never once taking his eyes off the fabric. Soon the two branches became four, the four eight, and so on, until a skeleton of a tree was formed about two feet high, and branching out so as to overshadow his whole face; he could just reach with his hands to put the top-most branches on. It was a wonderful structure, and we all held our breath as he added the last bit. But it was not done yet. The boys now handed him the little birds, and still two at a time, one in each hand, he stuck them all over the tree. The complete immobility of his head and neck while he was balancing this structure on the tip of his nose, was something wonderful, and I think he must have breathed through his ears, for there was not the slightest perceptible motion about his nose or mouth. After putting all the birds on, he paused, and we, thinking the trick was finished, began to applaud. But he held up his forefinger for silence. There was more to come. The boys put into one of his hands a short hollow reed, and into the other some dried peas. He then put a pea into his mouth, and using the reed as a pea shooter, took aim and shot off the branch one of the birds. The breath he gave was so gentle and well calculated that it gave no perceptible movement to his face; it just sent the pea far enough to hit a particular bird with perfect aim, and knock it over. Not another thing on the tree moved. Another pea was fired in the same way, and another bird brought down, and soon until all the birds were bagged. The fire was then directed at the branches and limbs of the tree, and, beginning from the topmost, the whole of this astonishing

Life of Stephen Girard.

One need not court riches for the happiness they bring, after reading the very interesting sketch of John Jacob Astor in *Harper's Monthly* for February. The following paragraphs about his great rival, Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, will not suggest any exalted views of the enjoyment of men of wealth:
His sole pleasure was to visit once a day a little farm which he possessed a few miles out of town, where he was wont to take off his coat, roll up his shirt-sleeves, and personally labor in the field and in the barn, hoeing corn, pruning trees, tossing hay, and not disdaining even to assist in butchering the animals which he raised for market. It was no mere ornamental or experimental farm. He made it pay. All of its produce was carefully, nay, scrupulously husbanded, sold, recorded and accounted for. He loved his grapes, his plums, his pigs, and especially his rare breed of canary-birds; but the people of Philadelphia had the full benefit of their increase—at the highest market rates. Many feared, many served, but none loved this singular and lonely old man. If there was among the very few who habitually conversed with him one who understood and esteemed him, there was but one; and he was a man of such abounding charity, that, like Uncle Toby, if he had heard that the devil was hopelessly damned, he would have said, "I am sorry for it." Never was there a person more destitute than Girard of the qualities which win the affection of others. His temper was violent, his presence forbidding, his usual manner ungracious, his will inflexible, his heart untender, his imagination dead. He was odious to very many of his fellow-citizens, who considered him the hardest and meanest of men. He had lived among them for half a century, but he was no more a Philadelphian in 1830 than in 1776. He still spoke with a French accent, and accompanied his words with a French shrug and French gesticulation. Surrounded with Christian churches he had helped to build, he remained a sturdy unbeliever, and possessed the complete work of only one man, Voltaire.
He made it a point of duty to labor on Sunday, as a good example to others. He made no secret of the fact that he considered the idleness of Sunday an injury to the people—moral and economical. He would have opened his bank on Sundays if any one would have come to it. For his part he required no rest and would have none. He never travelled. He never attended public assemblies or amusements. He had no affections to gratify, no friends to visit, no curiosity to appease, no tastes to indulge. What he once said of himself appeared to be true, that he rose in the morning with but a single object, and that was to labor so hard all day as to be able to sleep all night. The world was absolutely nothing to him but a working-place. He scorned and scouted the idea that old men should cease to labor, and should spend the evening of their days in tranquility. "No," he would say, "labor is the price of life, its happiness, its everything; to rest is to rust; every man should labor to the last hour of his ability." Such was Stephen Girard, the richest man who ever lived in Pennsylvania.

Maple Sugar in Vermont.

In 1850 the amount of maple sugar made in Vermont was 6,349,357 pounds; in 1860 it was 9,819,939 pounds, showing an increase over 1850, or in ten years, of 3,470,582 pounds. In 1850 New York made nearly four million pounds more than Vermont. In 1860 New York increased her sugar over 1850 only 558,971 pounds, and made but 996,651 pounds more than Vermont at the same time. There is no doubt that last spring Vermont led even the Empire State several million pounds, and of course very largely led every other State. Assuming the ratio of increase of manufacture in this State from 1860 to 1864 to be the same as from 1850 to 1860, the amount last spring would be 12,000,000 pounds; but it was, no doubt, more than that, as in nearly every instance where we made inquiries the response was that farmers averaged nearly one-third more than usual. This would make a total of fifteen million pounds! The value of this could not have been less than two and a quarter millions of dollars! In estimating the value of this crop we have put the average at fifteen cents a pound.
Thus, the single item of sugar alone, manufactured in three or four weeks of the year, is over two million dollars, or enough to pay the war expenses of the State twice over, and enough left to sweeten our tea besides.
We trust this exhibit will encourage all farmers to manufacture all the maple sugar they can the coming spring. The most favorable turn in our national affairs can hardly make its value less than last year, and the probabilities are that it will be worth more. The demand will be great. We shall want it for home use, and for the soldiers, and the cities will be glad to buy every surplus pound we may have. Let the buckets, holders, sap-pans, boilers and sugar apparatus generally, be increased at once, and thus be ready as soon as the season opens; and if the season should be favorable, it will not be surprising if the value of the amount made should reach three millions dollars; and a quick market for the whole of it.—*Bellows Falls Times.*

Advertisers.

These days, men who advertise are the men who do the business and get the money. A dollar judiciously invested in advertising is equivalent to fifty dollars added to one's income. It is poor economy to try to save a dollar, and lose fifty. If you want to sell commodities, tell people where you are, what you have, and how you propose to sell; tell this story often, and in many ways; the first time it is only glanced at, the second time read, the third time read and talked over, the fourth time people conclude to "call round." A man entering business must always advertise, and old merchants must keep up advertising, or they will be run out by the new men, who do advertise. The most enterprising men always advertise, and don't squeeze an advertisement down to the least possible space, but spread it out before the gaze of the public. Barnum out-distanced all other showmen because he out-advertised them. Bonner, by the same means, got up in a few months for the *Ledger* the largest circulation in the world. Men may do a little business and lay up a little money without much advertising; but an enterprising driving, go ahead business man knows that the surest guarantee of success is in extensive advertising. A man wants to sell a farm and his stock; he is afraid to pay a few dollars for auction bills, newspaper advertising, &c., and so writes his bill out and posts it up; nobody reads it; but few know of the sale; and the property is disposed of, perhaps \$200 less than it would have been if well advertised. That is some men's economy. They have saved \$5 and lost \$200. Nobody pities them.—*Vermont Union.*

Floating Houses in China.

Foreigners, whose business obliges them to reside at Whampoa, live in floating dwellings, called "chops." These are built on ships, which after the having seen some service, and their spars and rigging having been taken down, are then used as foundations for houses. They are moored in a part of the reach where the river is very wide, being placed a little on one side of the channel used by the steamers and trading vessels in passing and repassing to and from Canton. The cabins and state-rooms at the stern are converted into store-rooms, pantries, and bath-rooms. The fore-castle is used for servants, and over the entire vessel a story is built, that is divided into large and conveniently arranged apartments, and when