

THE VOLCANO LUBRICATOR.

GEORGE P. SARGENT, PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR

THE ORGAN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA OIL PRODUCERS.

VOL 3.

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Parkersburg Advertisements.

JOHN A. HUTCHINSON, JR. DAVE D. JOHNSON.
HUTCHINSON & JOHNSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Court Square, PARKERSBURG, W. V.

SWANN HOUSE.—B. GILBERT,
Proprietor, Parkersburg, W. Va. This is the
only first-class Hotel in Parkersburg. It is
fitted up with all the modern improvements.
Pure soft water is constantly supplied from
Ohio River, and is lighted with gas and
heated with steam. Strict attention given
to guests. It is head-quarters for oil men
71-72.

W. M. BUSH,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Court Street, PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.
Always keeps on hand a large and well
selected stock of the best of Cloths, Cassimers
Vestings, &c. Suits made to order and upon
the shortest notice. All work warranted. A
large supply of Gent's Furnishing Goods al-
ways on hand aug 71-72.

J. R. MEHEN,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Produce,
And a full supply of fresh fish and
oysters always on hand.
Market street, next to Market House,
Parkersburg, W. Va. may 27-41.

EDWARD BRAIDON,
PIONEER
TOBACCO WORKS
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

W. M. DILS,
Gen. Fire, Marine & Life Insurance
Agent.
Represents the following well known and
popular Insurance Companies.
Continental Ins. Co., of New York
(Cash Assets over \$2,000,000.)
Home Ins. Co., of Columbus, Ohio.
(Cash Assets over \$870,000.)
New York Life Ins. Co. New York.
(Cash Assets \$20,000,000; an income \$8,000,000.)
Office on Market street, above Court Square,
Parkersburg, W. Va.
mar 21.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS
—OF—
D. SCHAEFER,
Ann St., Parkersburg.

BEDSTEADS, SETTEES,
SAFES, SOFAS,
WARDROBES, BUREAUS,
ROCKING-CHAIRS, EASY-CHAIRS,
WRITING-DESKS, IMPROVED BLINDS,
LOUNGES, CHAIRS,
PICTURE-FRAMES, PARLOR FURNITURE,
MIRRORS OF ALL SIZES, &c.
And every variety of articles usually kept
in a first class furniture store, manufactured
and imported. All articles bought at this
store are warranted to be as represented when
reordered. Any article manufactured on the
shortest notice. apr 20 71-72

THIS SPACE
IS PAID FOR
BY THE
WEST VA.
& OIL LAND
COMPANY,
engaged so constant-
ly in
SPRING OIL
not time to prepare
this week.
West Va.

Parkersburg Advertisements.

THE PLACE TO GET
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

Groceries, Provisions, Grain and Pro-
duce, is at

MARTIN & GILBERT'S,
Market street, PARKERSBURG, W. Va

THOMPSON & JACKSON

WHOLESALE GROCERS AND LIQUOR
DEALERS,

General Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS

Corner of Ann and Kanawha Streets,
Parkersburg W. Va.

We will forward all goods to VOLCANO
promptly and in good condition from all points.
We refer to THOMAS SCHILLING & Co., the
O'Brien Bros. and others. All goods consigned
to our care will be forwarded without making
it necessary for the parties ordering, corres-
ponding with us.

J. H. Stribling,
DEALER IN

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND

SHOES, AND GENTS FURNISHING
Goods, Court Square, Parkersburg,
West Va. april 29 17.

I. W. HITESHEW

Commission Merchant

—And Dealer in—

Flour Grain, Baled Hay, etc.

Ground Feeds and Corn Meal a Spec-
ialty.

ANN STREET,
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.
May 11 71-72.

BURME & BUTCHER,
DEALERS IN

Hardware, Iron, Steel,

Nails, Nuts, Bolts, Etc.

Blacksmiths', Carpenters' and Coop-
ers' Tools.

Belting and Packing,
Fire Brick and Clay,
Drill Ropes, Sand pump Ropes, and
all kinds of cordage—including

WIRE ROPE,
all sizes.

Buags, Tank iron, Rivets and all that
is necessary for the Oil Trade, also
a full stock of

WOODEN WARE;
And the celebrated cutlery of Rogers'
Wostenholm's, pocket and table.
Also DRAIN PIPES suitable for chim-
neys.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR
STOCK.

Court street, opp. 2d Nat. Bank,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

LUBRICATING OILS

L. D. KRAFT & CO.

PRODUCERS AND DEALERS IN

WEST VIRGINIA

NATURAL LUBRI-

CATING OILS.

Sole Proprietors of the Well Known



Address **L. D. KRAFT & Co.**
Parkersburg,
West Va.

Parkersburg Advertisements.

FALL & WINTER 1873

S. NEWBERGER,

Court St., Parkersburg, West Va.

Just returned from the Eastern cities with
the most complete assortment of
DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

NOTIONS

EVER EXHIBITED IN THIS CITY.

And he very respectfully invites the citizens
of Volcano and vicinity to call and examine
his stock. An entire new stock of

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

MATTINGS,

RUGS,

WINDOW BLINDS, BLANKETS,

COMFORTS

AND
BED SPREADS.

Orders received from Volcano will receive
carefully attention, and prices guaranteed.
When you come to Parkersburg do not fail to
call and examine my goods.

REMEMBER THE PLACE!!

SAM'L. NEWBERGE
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

NOVELTY FOUNDRY

—AND—

MACHINE WORKS.

—OF—

JOHN COOK,

Machinist & Blacksmith

Engines, Saw Mills, Stave Machines,
etc., generally on hand.

Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, and all
kinds of Machinery, made to
order on short notice.

HEAVY & LIGHT CASTINGS,

HEATING STOVES, &c.

Oil Well Tools

of best brand of Iron.

Prompt attention paid to Repairs.

Kanawha St., bet. Market and Juliana
Streets,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
5 Aug 73

THE MAMMOTH

NEW FURNITURE

WARE-ROOMS

—OF—
W. H. WARNE & CO

Market St., Parkersburg,
(Old place, below Market House) is now open.
Those who are desirous of purchasing
Superior Furniture

—at—
Reasonable Prices
Cannot do better than examine the work at
this establishment, before making their
selections.
Inquiries by mail promptly answered.
Their Stock is complete, comprised in part of
Marble and Wood Top
Tables and Stands,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Writing Desks,
Lotz Patent Spring Bed Lounges,
Wardrobes and Bookcases,
Camp and Easy Chairs,
Bureaus and Sideboards,
Refrigerators
Window Shades.

—ALL KINDS OF—
COFFINS
Constantly on hand.

We are prepared to manufacture to order
anything in our line, in the very best style.
We have none but first-class workmen, and
all responsible orders from Volcano and vic-
inity, will be promptly filled, and goods
warranted as represented.
Remember the place.
PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.
June 29 71-72.

1858, 1873,
J. G. BLACKFORD,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANT.

Pork-packer, and curer of the celebrated
brands of Maryland Sugar Cured Hams, and
Shoulders and breakfast Bacon.
—DEALER IN—
Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions, Li-
quors, Argosy and other choice brands of their
Agent for Pomeroy Salt Co. Pomeroy Iron
Co's. Nails, Louisville Lime and Cement,
Newa Powder Co. &c. &c.
Ann Street, above Court.
Parkersburg,
West Va. may 10-21

"PARSON DAN,"

—OR—
THE LAST WRESTLE OF THE OLD
PARDS

A Story of New York and the
Gold Mines in '49.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Byron in his Don Juan positively as-
serts that the superlative degree of
happiness is achieved only through
rum and religion. The result of a so-
cial spree and a christian conversion
are, however, as a general thing, wide-
ly dissimilar. Connoisseurs in good
liquor maintain that at the present
date modern Bourbon contains about
four square drunks to the quart; and
though getting tight and the gathering
a stray lamb into the fold may for a
short time cause a similar feeling in
those who are interested, the after-
claps are as unlike as chalk and
cheese.

Brother Daniel Slogshrip, H. S. B.,
on the Chickasaw Circuit, the lower
Mississippi, and all around "them dig-
gin's there and thereabouts," as he de-
lineated his missionary endeavors, was
as quaint a specimen of humanity as
ever entered the field of religion; but
he ever preached against rum and
cards with a vim, and on more than
one occasion he allowed, from the pul-
pit that he was "ready to tackle them
snakes and pit-falls of sin with one
eye shut and his right arm tied behind
him."
"And I was a gambler and wine-
bibber," continued "Brother Dan",
while discussing the subject, "hanker-
ing arter strange wimmin, and always
on hand to buckle into a plugmuss or
a free-fight, till I felt I was playing
perzactly the game to get eched on in
the long run. So I shook off them
evil ways my brething and sisting,
and I fetched hunk at last; and here I
am, bound for glory."

Daniel Slogshrip, H. S. B., though
addicted to Southwestern dialect, was
New York born, and his earliest im-
pressions and education were derived
from the streets of the great cosmo-
politan metropolis. He frankly ac-
knowledged that up to the period of
his conversion his heart was as riley
with wickedness as Choctaw Bend dur-
ing a Spring tide—in fact "as full of
the devil as a woodchuck is of meat."
"But," he was wont to say, "I was a
poor, forlorn critter at best, jis like a
man holding nary pa'r and buckin
agin a straight flush, where them
kind o' kerds always rake down the
pile."

Daniel Slogshrip, H. S. B., in his
youthful days had proved his prowess
in many a street fight, and at that pe-
riod it was a dangerous proceeding for
any one to advance the theory that
his engine was lazy. He had also ac-
quired honors in the fistic arena, hav-
ing knocked the wind out of the Mack-
erville Pet in the unparalleled time of
three minutes and a quarter, besides
receiving forfeit from the Hoboken
Slasher, a pugilist of merit, but who
evidently dreaded the powerful left-
handers of the invincible fire-laddie.

"Ah," Daniel would remark, "them
were days of vanity and the pride of
life; but I managed to squirm 'round
'till I gave the old Adam a squar hip-
lock, which sent all my sins to grass;
and here I stand a level Christian, flat-
foot and firm, and ready to die for the
cause—for I can fight as sharp for
teruth as I used to once for their old
machine, when the shysters double-
banked me, and I slashed 'round with
a crank or spanner."

With all his quaint ways and rather
equivocal language, Daniel Slogshrip
was a decided success in the calling he
had adopted from conviction; and
there is an old proverb that, after
the manner of "reformed rakes mak-
ing the best husbands," a regular
hard case; if he feels genuine repen-
tance for his past misdeeds, often cul-
minates into a quiet and sober citizen.
In his slouched hat, Kentucky-jean
coat, cut Quaker-fashion, and pepper-
and-salt trousers, coupled with a
standing-collar which kept his ears in
constant jeopardy, none of his former
comrades could have recognized the
rollicking fire-laddie whose mandates
of "make her jump lively boys!" and
"stand off them hose or I'll lan
you fion the word go!" were reminis-
cences of many a fierce conflagration
where he had taken a conspicuous
part prior to his sitting out for the
modern El Dorado, California. At
his worst, however, none could accuse
him of a dishonest action, and his
bravery on several occasions had won
him favorable notices from the public

press. Evincing a degree of bravery
that would have won laurels on the
battle-field, on many a cold winter
night he had clambered over steep
roof-tops with marvelous agility, and
amid smoke, cinders, and the clash of
falling walls, performed his duty like
a sturdy veteran of the days of Jim
Gullick and Harry Howard. Was there
not framed in the famous Break-o'-day
House a picture depicting the figure of
a stout young fellow with two scared
children in his arms, descending from
the third story of a building wrapt in
flames? The fond mother of the pre-
cious ones he has in charge is in her
night-dress, and on her knees in the
muck and mire of the street she is of-
fering up a fervent "God bless you,
brave fireman!" while in the sphere of
her fascinated gaze the features of her
children's preserver, though tarnished
with dust and soot, seem as radiant as
the face of an angel. Such are the
foundation deeds upon which uprises
immortality; and though the picture
did not develop the whole story, it
was true as gospel as far as it went,
and Daniel Slogshrip was the hero of
the thrilling scene. Rather rough on
the brave fire-laddie, too, for his new
Beaver-cloth coat and pants ("foity
inches round the bottom, and throw
'em on the tailor's hands if a half an
inch less,") were scorched beyond re-
pair—though the foreman had been
playing the hose on him all through
his perilous descent—to say nothing of
his beautiful soap locks crisped beyond
the panacea of bear's grease and po-
matum. Those who relate the grand
tableau say that Dan., although he
lacked the polish of a Chesterfield or
a D'Orssey when he placed the babies
in the hands of the overjoyed mother
with the remark, "I've been mighty
keerful of your lot of cradle fruit, my
handsome lady, and you can call me a
shyster and a foofoo if there's a hair
of their precious heads singed," never-
theless towered as grandly as a success-
ful general on the battle-field. She
did not reply, "Vulgar fellow! what
do you mean by addressing such lan-
guage to me?" but threw her white
arms around his neck and gave him as
chaste a kiss as he ever received from
his mother. More than one who saw
the deed assert positively that Dan.
who was never known to flinch from
danger before, shook at this stage as if
stricken with a sharp attack of the
ague; and truly it was a trying mo-
ment to a man who, though brave as a
lion among his fellows, was ever bash-
ful in female society. To her oft re-
peated thanks he could only say:

"Please to switch off, mam. Any of
our boys would have done the same
thing, you know. Only my duty."
But she took his name and the num-
ber of his machine, ere a carriage ar-
rived to convey her to the nearest ho-
tel. The woman whose children Dan.
had so bravely preserved was a widow,
and with limited means; yet, like the
interest upon the mite contributed by
the poor woman in the scriptural par-
able, the consciousness of a good ac-
tion, together with a souvenir of friend-
ship in the shape of a handsome watch,
was a source of continual consolation,
particularly as the present had carved
on the back the scene of the fire con-
nected with all the thrilling incidents
we have related. A ball at Monroe
Hall—fifty cents a ticket and twenty-
five cents hat money—for the benefit
of the best man on the machine, pro-
duced a sufficient fund to recruit Dan's
wardrobe, and to leave him a fifty dol-
lar note as a contingent fund. In any
case of calamity during the days of the
Volunteer Fire Department, the mem-
bers of a company seemed to enter-
tain for one another the friendship of
Jonathan and David, and every mem-
ber of the machine to which Dan be-
longed was ready to bet his bottom
dollar that he was as noble a fellow as
as could be found in a day's walk.

His shuffling, easy way, when he first
became a member of the Department,
made him seem more like an awkward
lout from the rural districts, than a
sharp fire-laddie of the city; but the
unprecedented short time in which
he used up the Mackerville Pet gave
him at once the position of head of
the class. He was always ready to
laugh against himself for drawing his
words or tangling grammar into the
quaintest dialect of slang; but nothing
would induce him quicker to fight than
some stranger's allusion to his defect-
ive parts of speech.

The poet says that "coming events
casts their shadows before;" and after
the fire we have mentioned, which
took place on a New Year's eve, 1845,
our hero seemed to cast off many of
his former ways, and although he pos-

sessed every atom of the nerve and
courage that wound up the Mackerel-
ville Pet in three minutes and a quar-
ter, he could be induced only by the
rule of self-defence to put up his maw-
leys. His comrades loved him all the
same, but they changed his former ti-
tle to Parson Dan. We are told in
the Good Book that the prayer of faith
can remove mountains; and the wid-
ow's benison may have squared the
accounts of Daniel Slogshrip with the
Recording Angel and left a balance in
his favor. It was strange, too, that at
about this time he gave up tackling
the tiger; and although he sometimes
indulged in a quiet game of whist, he
appeared to have lost all his former
taste for draw-poker. But his best
friends appreciated the change. He
was true to his stall, (he was a butcher
by trade,) and never went back on the
old engine until the shifting sands of
time brought forth the eventful year of
1849.

The discovery of the modern Ophir
electrified not only the United States,
but the rest of the civilized world as
well. Gold has always proved the
strongest magnet to attract the hu-
man heart, and a legion of hearty
pioneers poured forth from all parts
of the Union to gather what Scripture
denominates filthy lucre, and what, as
Bulwer makes Alfred Evelyn assert in
the play of "Money," man has made
a god. Daniel Slogshrip was not av-
aricious, but his ready hand to assist
others in distress had left him with but
very little provision for a rainy day.
The news of wonderful lodes of sur-
face-gold, and of pay-gravel continued
to reach us from the Pacific. The
modern El Dorado was not a myth,
but a sterling reality. The untilled
soil which the early Buccaneers, be-
fore the days of Dampier and Sir
Henry Morgan, sought for the pur-
pose of capturing wild cattle, prom-
ised a richer revenue to the world than
was ever bequeathed by the diamond
fields of Golconda. Staid and sober
citizens became convinced of this, and
left the plough, the loom and the an-
vil, to rush to the newly discovered
land of promise. At length Daniel
Slogshrip took the fever. He became
one of a party of twelve who agreed to
combine their fortunes and take the
overland route to California.

A journey across the plains in the
winter of 1849 was a far different af-
fair from the present safe and commo-
dious route by rail. The number of
emigrants who left their bones to
bleach on the plains, can never be as-
certained until the great final reckon-
ing. There were mysterious whisper-
ings through the press that on more
than one occasion pioneers who jour-
neyed by the way of Utah were de-
coyed into some dark snare by the
avenging Danites, who, under the
guise of Indians, concealed their ter-
rible crimes of robbery and murder,
and that none of the adventurers was
left to tell the tale. The wrongs their
ancestors had encountered at Nauvoo
ranked deep in the breasts of the Mor-
mon Elders, and the lesson was fer-
long years taught their immediate pro-
geny. But the railroad and the tele-
graph have proved grand civilizers of
the human race, and since the period
of which we write the war of faith has
toned down immensely in the regen-
erated territory of Utah.

Early in the spring of 1850, a hag-
gard, half starved man, with his gar-
ments worn to tatters, and himself
walking on the uppers of his boots, en-
tered the streets of San Francisco. In
this delapidated personage no one
could have recognized the once rug-
ged fire-laddie Daniel Slogshrip. Of
the twelve who had set forth in high
spirits from the Empire City, he alone
remained. San Francisco was mainly
a village of tents, and much resem-
bled the camp of a great army prepar-
ing for a long day's march. The post-
office and the El Dorado Restaurant,
were quite respectable sheds of timber
and evidently had been designed as
permanent institutions. The wharves
were piled high with miscellaneous
goods, which men, paid at the rate of
five dollars an hour, were employed in
removing. They were men with beards
of many month's growth, and most of
them carried a bowie-knife and revol-
ver in open view, preparatory to set-
tling any local difficulty or trifling ar-
gument in politics. Daniel Slogshrip
saw many fac-similes of himself, as re-
garded wearing apparel; but the laws
of circumspection were set at defiance
in the year of grace 1849 in San Fran-
cisco, and a person whose garments
would not bring a dollar, if offered for
sale to the most benevolent Jew in the
(Continued on 4th page.)