

THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

Vol. 3. ST. ALBANS, VT., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1867. No. 152.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.
WILBUR P. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
To those receiving the paper through the Post-office, \$2.00 per annum. To Village subscribers, the paper by the carrier, 50 cents in addition will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
For the first square of 12 lines of 10 words, for the first insertion, \$1.00. For each subsequent insertion, 75 cents.

ST. ALBANS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
BAILEY & DAVIS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW...
M. BUCK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW...
GEORGE F. HOUGHTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law...
E. A. SOWLES, Attorney and Counselor at Law...
W. H. GOWAN, Dentist...
S. B. LEWIS, J. & C. O., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Goods...
H. B. BOSTON, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods...
JAMES STONE, Grocer...
PARBUR BROTHERS, IRON MERCHANTS...
A. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Groceries and Household Goods...
H. B. BOSTON, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods...
W. W. & HUNTINGTON, Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Goods...
M. BISHOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods...
B. B. & S. S., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Goods...
H. C. POST & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods...
E. T. BATHING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON...
U. S. HOUSE, Proprietor...
\$90 A MONTHLY AGENTS wanted for...
G. B. SMITH, Retail Dealer in...
HATS, CAPS, & FURS...
CASH PAID FOR SHIPPING FURS...
Claim Agency...

FOUR YEARS.

The time seems long—so long, those solemn nights,
I scarcely dare to think how long,
Since the glow passed out of my life, late light,
And the thrill from my robin's song.
Since the dream in apple-buds died from me,
And the dream in the purple haze;
Since a dizziness fell on the sunlit sea,
And a cloud on the maple's bays.
Since he lifted the veil and entered in,
Somehow—how away—just out of sight,
Since the breath of a word has come from him
Of love that passeth depth and height.
And yet—oh yet, God knows, and I, and he,
Only we three, how well we know,
I am drawn to him and he to me—
Dearer than these four years ago.

History of St. Albans.

By an old Resident.

PART XIII.

THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.

There has been a Universalist Society here for more than thirty years; but its activity has been intermittent, and its prosperity irregular and fluctuating. Among the early preachers of their faith may be mentioned Rev. William Bell, about the year 1830; Rev. Joseph Wright in 1831, and 1832; Rev. Joseph Baker, who lived and preached in St. Albans for several years; and Rev. Eli Ballou at various periods, formerly and recently. Rev. William J. Goss, preached here some in 1846. After that year the records of the society are defective until the year 1858-9, when Rev. Joseph Sargent, of Williston, preached to the society half of the time during two years, and Rev. Mr. Ballou preached here half the year 1860-61. After that time the society had no stated preaching until January 1864, when meetings were resumed under more favorable auspices, with preaching every Sabbath.

The old Society organization was dropped, and the old church revived and re-modelled on a new plan.

The Universalists of St. Albans have met for public worship wherever they could, in school-houses, in the open air, around the steps of the Court-House, sometimes not being allowed to enter its precincts. But for the last twenty years or more, their meetings have been held in the lower story of the Court-House, in a room which was built at the expense of the society. The town, by paying one hundred dollars, use the apartment for town meetings. The chapel thus built for the use of the society, will accommodate with seats, about three hundred persons.

The first formation of a Universalist society in St. Albans, was on the 9th of January, 1830. It has been subjected to occasional dissensions, and revivals, as above stated. A church of twenty members was organized, in connection with the society, on the 6th of March, 1859; but owing to the want of a preacher it has not enjoyed a great degree of prosperity.

On the 4th of January, 1864, a new body was organized to supersede both the former organizations, denominated The First Universalist Church in St. Albans, and intended to take the place and do the work of the society and the church previously existing. Provision was also, at the same time, made for holding public worship on every Sabbath. And this may be called the beginning of organized systematic efforts on the part of the Universalists of St. Albans, towards the permanent establishment of their distinctive faith, in this town. The increase of business in the village, and the influx of new comers, consequent on the location of the extensive railroad shops here, has added largely to the population of the village, and, of course, to the Universalist congregation, which numbers in its connection, at the present time, about fifty families. The Rev. J. O. Skinner, for two or three years, was the able and worthy pastor of the church and society. But he has recently been called to another field of labor, and the society is now, (Dec. 1866,) without a minister.

THE BAPTIST SOCIETY.

Very recently, a Baptist church has been organized in St. Albans. The congregation is not large, and is made up of those who have for a considerable time been residents in the place, and of those who have lately become residents. The number of church members is not large at present, but there is a prospect of a considerable increase before the lapse of a great length of time. Meetings are now held on the Sabbath, in the Universalist chapel, which has been offered to them, during the suspension of regular worship by the Universalists. Rev. Dr. J. F. Bigelow is now pastor of this society. It is contemplated by the friends of the order to build a respectable house of worship as soon as funds can be raised for the purpose.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

The Catholic congregation in this town is probably larger than that of

any other denomination, consisting mainly of the Irish and French population, and a few native Americans who have latterly united with them.

Some years ago a plan was started by some of the influential men of that order to build a very large and commodious church edifice, sufficiently capacious to accommodate the whole of the congregation that usually resorted to this town to attend Roman Catholic worship. By the aid of liberal subscriptions, here and elsewhere, the society was enabled to commence work with a fair prospect of success.

Bishop McClosky, of Albany, laid the corner stone of the edifice, with the usual appropriate ceremonies in presence of a large congregation of people. The exterior of the church was nearly completed, with the exception of the tower. For want of funds, the work was suspended. But the interior was fitted up so that it has been used for public worship up to the present time. Within a few years past, efforts have been made to finish the church according to the original design. With considerable aid furnished by the people of the village, the edifice has been completed with a handsome tower, the highest in the place. The church is now an ornament to the village, and has the largest bell in the county. Since the Roman worship has been established here, there has been a number of officiating priests appointed to preside over the society, none of them staying a great length of time. Most of them are Irish. This church belongs to the diocese of Vermont, and is subject to the control of Bishop Goebriand, who resides in Burlington. The present officiating clergyman is Rev. Z. Deion.

Lucy Hood's Bible.

Years ago, when postal arrangements were not as perfect as they are now, the mail was carried between Boston and the little town of Primrose by a young fellow by the name of John Hedwig, who used his eyes and his ears well, and never found as he was of a good story, told lies. To say "John Hedwig says so," was to certify to the truth of a statement, which certainly was to his credit; and, moreover, he was as honest as the day, and could have been trusted with untold gold or uncounted diamonds. Merely, you could not find a fault with John. Mentally, he was very well for an uneducated man; but he had one great failing—great, particularly in the eyes of little Lucy Hood, who otherwise esteemed John perfection. He chose to consider himself superior to all accepted dogmas and beliefs, and to be what he termed a "free thinker."

This theological difference at last led to a little quarrel, and John tried to get Lucy out of his mind, and failed to do it; and Lucy was very miserable, and tumbled from his saddle. And then John struggled for his pistol, and gaining it, quietly knocked the ruffian senseless with the butt end, and sat down on his bosom, keeping guard, as a party of young fellows, out for a day's sport, and all well armed, rode up toward the scene of action. They all knew John well, and the more zealous were for despatching the highwayman; but the voice of the majority was for binding him and carrying him to the city to meet his reward at the hands of justice, and with this party John coincided.

He felt weak, and his breast ached, and he expected every moment to feel the faintness of death stealing over him, for there was the round hole just over his heart, and the bullet must be somewhere. A few unpleasant musings, which proved that his opinions of the future were not so fixed as they might have been, troubled him, and he sighed a little as the new comers questioned him. "The bullet went in here," he said, touching the hole. "I don't feel any pain, and it must be bleeding inwardly, if at all, I think."

Under God, the book had saved John's life. The tears came into John's eyes, and the others started, for John had been in the habit of boasting of his infidel opinions, and it was odd enough that he should wear a Bible next his heart; but every one was too glad to find John unharmed, to care for much else, and they gave three cheers, and started cityward with their bound highwayman, in mighty glee. John followed, leading his horse, and keeping an eye to the mail-bag, and on the way he thought, "What he thought may be judged from the fact that six months after, Lucy Hood found her lover at her side in a church meeting, and heard from his own lips that he had not half as high an opinion of his own smartness, and that of his German friend, as formerly, and that he "believed she was half right." And before long, it was evident that John knew she was quite right, and Lucy married him. "It all came of your little Bible, Lucy," said John. "The book saved my life, and out of a queer kind of gratitude to you and to it, I took to reading it. And I found that whoever wrote it was wiser than any man I

ever met, and that it was as beautiful as it was wise, and so here we are together, Lucy. And I'm happier than I ever expected to be in this world, all because of your little bible."

Arctic Explorations.

We present our readers with a few extracts from Dr. Hayes' forthcoming work, entitled "The Open Polar Sea," in press by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of Boston.

BIRD-CATCHING IN GREENLAND.

While I was watching these movements with much interest, my companion was intent only upon business, and warned me to be lower, as the birds saw me, and were flying too high overhead. Having at length got myself stowed away to the satisfaction of my savage companion, the sport began. The birds were beginning again to whirl their flight closer to our heads—so close, indeed, did they come, that it seemed almost as if I could catch them with my cap. Presently I observed my companion preparing himself as a flock of unusual thickness was approaching; and in a moment up went the net; a half a dozen birds flew into it, and, stunned with the blow, they could not flutter out before Kalutnah had slipped the staff quickly through his hands, and seized the net; with his left hand he now pressed down the birds, while with the right he drew them out, one by one; and for want of a third hand, he used his teeth to crush their heads. The wings were then locked across each other to keep them from fluttering away, and with an air of triumph the old fellow looked around at me, spat the blood and feathers from his mouth, and went on with the sport, tossing up his net and hauling it in with much rapidity, until he had caught about a hundred birds; when my curiosity being amply satisfied, we returned to camp, and made a hearty meal out of the game which we had tagged in this novel and un-sportsman-like manner. While an immense snow was preparing, Kalutnah amused himself with tearing off the birds' skins, and consuming the raw flesh while it was yet warm.

BRELLING OF THE ARCTIC SUMMER.

The sun reaching its greatest Northern declination on the 21st, we were now in the full blaze of summer. Six eventful months had passed over since the Arctic midnight shrouded us in gloom, and now we had reached the Arctic midday. And this midday was a day of wonderful brightness. The temperature had gone up higher than at any previous time, marking, at midnight, 49 degs., while in the sun the thermometer showed 57. A more calm and lovely air never softened an Arctic landscape.

Temporarily by the day I strolled down into the valley south of the harbor. The recent snow had mostly disappeared, and the valley and hillside were speckled with a rich carpet of green, with only here and there a patch of the winter snow yet undiscovered—an emerald carpet, fringed and inlaid with silver, and sprinkled over with fragments of a bouquet—for many flowers were now in full bloom, and their tiny faces peeped above the sod. A herd of reindeer were browsing on the plain beneath me, and some white rabbits had come from their hiding-places to feed upon the bursting willow buds. New objects of interest led me from spot to spot—babbling brooks, and rocky hillsides, and little glaciers, and softening snowbanks, alternating with patches of tender green.

A marvelous change had come over the face of Nature since the shadow of the night had passed away. Recalling the gloom and silence of the Arctic night,—the death-like quiet which reigned in the endless darkness—the absence of every living thing that could relieve the solitude of its terrors,—it was not possible to see without surprise, the same landscape covered with an endless blaze of light, the air and sea and earth teeming with life, the desert places sparkling with green, and brightening with flowers,—the mind finding everywhere some new object of pleasure, where before there was but gloom. The change of the Arctic Winter, to the Arctic Summer, is indeed the change from death to life; and the voice which speaks to the sun and the winds, and brings back the joyous day, is that same voice which said: "She is not dead, but sleepeth," and the pulseless heart was made to throb again, and the bloom returned to the pallid cheek.

BUCKING DOWN A POLAR BEAR.

While bounding along, logging 10 knots an hour, we almost ran over an immense polar bear, which was swimming in the open water, making a fierce battle with the sea, and seemingly desirous of boarding us. He was evidently much exhausted, and, seeing the vessel approach, doubtless had made at her in search of safety. The unhappy beast had probably allowed himself to be drifted off on an ice raft which had gone to pieces under him in the heavy seas. Although these polar bears are fine swimmers, I much fear that the waves would in the end prove too much for this poor fellow, as there was not a speck of ice in sight on which he could find shelter. As we passed he touched the schooner's side, and Jensen who had seized a rifle was in the act of putting an end to his career, when I arrested his hand. The bear was making such a brave fight for his life, that I would not see him shot.

There is music in thy sole,

as the nice young man said to his squeaking new boot.

(From the Toledo Blade.)

Nasby.

AN IMPORTANT CASE AT THE CORNERS, UNDER THE VAGRANT ACT—THE DECISION OF SQUIRE GAVITT.

POST OFFICE CONFEDEBIT X ROADS, (which is in the Statist vs Kentucky), January 20, 1867.)

Winn uv the most important cases—important in a nasal sense—ever tried afore a court uv justice, cum off afore Squire Gavitt at the Court House at the Corners yesterday. It wuz important, becoz it involved the very egzistence of the institutions upon which Kentucky iz built—becoz upon his decease hung the question whether or not the Bible should be respected and its holy injunctions obeyed—whether Kentucky shood, cling to the Skripters, go on ez a Christian State, or, denyin it, go back into infidelity and barbarism. I skasely need say that the porshuns uv the Bible to which I refer is the ever blessed chapters relativ to Ham, Hager and Onemus—the only parts of the Skripters we pay much attention to. But if them is successfully attacked wd follows? The entire structure comes tumblin down to the ground, therefore, holdin to Aferican slavery, we are orthodox believers.

The circumstances uv the case wuz suttin ez follows: A nigger wuz the name uv Gabrel, wunst the happy and contented servant uv the eminent Christian, Deekin Pogran, becom possessed uv the spirit uv the devil, and sullen, becoz the deekin sold hiz wife to raise the means to send his second son, Issaker, wuz wuz a study in the for the ministry, to a Theologic Institute, sunwheres i Georgia; and also enraged becoz hiz female offspring, Elizer, happened to attract the attention uv hiz eldest son, Eljor he run away in the first year uv the war, and followed the Federal army, finally enlistin as a soldier. Durin the progress uv the struggle, he learned to read, and becom powerful in prayer and sich, he headed a revival, and hevvin gifts that way attracted the notice uv General Howard, or sum uv them fanatics, who had him instructed, and finally made him agjent uv a branch uv that cursed Freedmen's Bureau. And shoor enuff, after the war, he appeared in this vicinity, salaried by this society, commonest unitin the niggers for their normal condishun by teachen on em to read, and establishin Sunday shools among em, and givin uv advice generally wuz wuz against the peace and dig'ity uv the Commonwealth.

The citizens stood it with the patience so very characteristic uv the people uv Kentucky, until last Monday. The Deekin had a dispoos with a nigger, relative to a triflin matter uv wages. The nigger had been workin at the stipulated price uv \$1 per month—the Deekin brought in, ez a offset, his board at \$2 per week, and refused to hev any fass about it proposed to let him work the balance durin the winter months. To this exorbitant arrangement the nigger demurred, holdin that board wuz included, and this Gabrel advised the nigger to sue, and he did so.

Enraged at this interference, the Deekin went before Squire Gavitt, and complained uv Gabrel ez a vagrant, and employed me to attend to the case. Pollock, the Illinoz store-keeper, volunteered to defend the nigger, and there wuz a tremenjis eggstement over it.

I opened the case by statin that the nigger's biznis wuz to prove that he had vizable means of support—Pollock insisted that it wuz our biznis to prove that he hadn't, but the court decided agin him.

The nigger then swore that he received from his congregashun \$30 per month for his services. I submitted that, ez he wuz a interested party, other proof wud be required. Pollock interdoost the elders uv the congregashun, but I check-mated him there, by submittin that the testimony uv niggers wuzn't admissible, wch the court decided it wuzn't.

Immedjly Pollock submitted that whether or no his client couldn't be considered a vagrant, ez he could testify himself to the fact that he (Gabrel) had in his house \$200 in greenhaz—a sufficient for a time, at least. There wuz a immense eggstement in the court.

"Wher daz he keep it," asked the Squire, visibly agitated. "In his chest at the house wher he boards," sed Pollock.

"This court stands adjourned for thirty minits," sed the Squire boundin over the railing in front uv him. "Hold on," sez he; "hold on, Deekin, a fair start is all I want. Don't take advantage of my age to get her first," and pell-mell over one another the entire audience, ceptin Pollock, the nigger and me, started on a keen run for the house. In a few minits they returned, pantin and out uv breath, when the Squire called the court to order agin, wch been restored he remarked:

"Ef it could be established that the nigger had \$200 in greenhaz i-wood necessarily discharge him, ez no man with that sum could be considered a vagrant; but he ruther that of the prize at the bar shood look in the de-reckshun uv his house, he'd find it wuzn't ther any more ez a house, tho the material uv wch it wuz built wuz lyn around penikush. Likewise, probably, he woodnt be able to find the \$200 he hed in his chest. The place that knowd it wuznt wuz know it no more forever—it hed been confiscated by the enraged citizens. He wanted it understood that no sich trial impediment in the way uv justice ez the possession uv \$200 could be allowed within the jurisdiction uv this court.

The nigger not bein able to prove his means of support, and ez the court knowz uv its own knowlege, that he ain't now got any \$200, the court wud ask the criminal's counsel, wst other nonsense he hez to pleade. Sed Mr. Pollock, the Illinoz store-keeper:

"I wood beg leave to state to this court, that under the Civil Rights law, the defendant cannot be arrested ez a vagrant, ez the law under wch the accused is arrested only menshuna persons uv color, makin a distinction agin em."

"Never, wch memry retains her seat, filled I forget the scene that ensoud—filled with a sense uv the responsibility restin onto him; the Squire rose slowly from his seat, hiz face of a deathly palenis, wch hed the effect uv heightenin uv his nose, and risin to his full hite, remarked that the court hed expected that objection to be urged, and hed, therefore, prepared for it. The law does n't bind this court to any alarmin extent, considerin it iz infragin onto the reserved rites uv the State.

"Will the court be so good ez to mention, for the informashun uv the populace, wch the reserved rites uv the states are?" said Pollock.

The court insists that it shall not be interrupted when its deliverin itself of an opinion. Considerin it ez infragin upon the reserved rites uv the States, uv whom Kentucky is the sheefest and lowliest among ten thousand—at this pint his nose glowed redder and redder, and it seemed to me ez tho a halo of fire encircled his frosty head, ez he fearlessly continued—"The Court holds that law to be unconstitutional, and ez sich, shed not regard it. Hez the counsel anythin more to remark?"

"Nothing," sed Pollock. "And knowin the Court ez well ez I do, I wonder at my makin sich an ass uv myself ez to hev remarked anythin myself."

"Hez the counsel for the State anythin to say?" "Notin," said I. "I am willin to trust the case in your hands, feelin confident that justis—genooine Kentucky justis—will be done."

Wareson the squire hed the prizner stand up, and drawin on a black cap, in a very impressive manner, sentenced him to eighteen months hard labor, breaking stone for the turnpike wch we are buildin from the Corners to the stasion, at the conclusion of wch Pollock very profanly added, "And may the Lord hev mercy on your sole."

We hev hopes that this will end the nigger shools in this vicinity, ez well ez the discontent that hez existed among the niggers ever since the disturbin Gabrel hez bin here. The Corners is now enjoyin a holy calm—more so then any period for a month.

PEDERLEM V. NASBY, P. M. (Which is Postmaster), and likewise Professor uv Biblelike Politticks in the Southern Classike & Military Institut.

A Modern Peter the Great.

The St. Louis Democrat has the following: "Last fall one of our wealthy citizens, who has made a fortune as a baker, took his family to New York and put up at the Metropolitan Hotel. While looking at the sights of the metropolis, he heard of a wonderful patent bake-oven, which was the envy of all the bakers of Gotham. Our baker paid a visit to the house where this oven was in operation, but was not allowed to see it, and could learn nothing of the principle upon which it was constructed. He felt his Gallie pride wounded at this rebuff, and resolved to fathom the mystery of the oven at all hazards. Going into Chatham street, he purchased a suit of old clothes, and returned to the bakery and applied for a situation as a journeyman baker.

The proprietor was in want of a good French baker, and gave our friend employment at \$15 a week. In about three weeks our resolute baker had learned all about the oven, and satisfied himself that it was a great invention and worth a mint of money. He saw the patentee, and purchased the exclusive right to use the oven in the State of Missouri. He then returned to the bake-shop and told the boss he must leave him.

"Don't leave," said the boss, "you are a good baker, and suit me exactly, and I will increase your wages to \$20 a week rather than have you quit."

"This is not enough to pay the expenses of my family," said the journeyman, "and I must go out West and seek other employment."

"Why, how much does it cost to keep your family?" "I am paying \$50 a day at the Metropolitan, and I don't think you would be willing to increase my wages to that amount."

"Why, who the deuce are you?" "I am J—G—, of St. Louis, and I have bought the right to use your patent oven there, and I intend to put up a dozen or two of them, and would like to employ you as foreman."

The New York baker had nothing more to say, and the two friends went to the Metropolitan and had a long talk over a bottle of champagne or two.

"My deceased uncle was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat and said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, will you excuse me?' and down he went."