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715 CHESTNUT ST.

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woolens to the most delicate fabrics, using all kinds of silk, cotton, and linen thread, from No. 20 to 200.

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MES OF ALL KINDS.
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IN TOYS—This department is complete in every variety known, with many novel things never before imported Dolls—the very liarge variety, of every kind known, kept in this store, surpasses in beauty and tasteful dressing anything known here and in Europe. This is no idle boast. Ladies should call and see them. de3-18t

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Our workmanship is unsurpassed.

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WILLCOX.

However, that generation passed away, and still another generation, until a people came who cared neither for fire nor Scriptures, and began

to offer the farmers large sums for their acres and to bore for oil. Then the old men told the story of the

have hunted and bored and even prayed in valu for

the burning stream. In 1880, when the excitement was at its height, there were at least three thous

sand people in and around Elizabeth boring for oil, and endeavoring to develop oil lands. There came a crisis. The price of petroleum suddenly decreased;

until the barrels, as they came from the hands of the coper, were of more value than the oil that

filled them. Two causes led to this. The world had

not learned the uses of netroleum, and the early

surface wells threw forth so many barrels of oil, that

the supply was larger than the demand, and the

apitalists, and lands fell: Then came the war.

Virginia seceded, and the line of the Ohio became

contested ground. McClellan crossed, but his forces were too busy with the Baltimore and Ohio Rell-

road to think of protecting the three thousand

oll-hunters then swarming along the Kanawka. Although there was no organized army of the Con-

ederates in West Virginia, there was nevertheless a

body of guerillas who were constantly harassing the

untry. The result was that a panic ensued. In a

week the whole party left. The derrick stood in the

field with the half-bored well, the oil gushed up

and overspread the ground, the houses were torn-down for camp-fires, and the whole enterprise pe-

rished. It is now rising again, under the impetus of the great excitement in Pennsylvania.

ple do not know what all this means. Their lands

feeding, are in as great a demand as turkevs on

Elizabeth is an astonished town to-day. The peo-

hat were but recently of no value but for sheep-

Thanksgiving day. You will find, on looking at the

map, that after leaving the Kanawha, at Parkers-

burg, we touch it again at Elizabeth. There is no

creek. I could not imagine a more disagreeable day than that on which I made this remarkable

had become weary of this dirty earth, and was de-

crosses and recrosses the road, and as the rain had

swollen it beyond all recent precedent we were com-pelled to ford it at least twenty times, when another

The road wound around the mountain, and as

circled its way, until the eye could no longer dis-tinguish it from the clouds. Notwithstanding it was

there was something eestatic in the wild freedom

of this gorgeous scenery. Go to West Virginia that you may climb the high hills and bow down

before the sublimity of Almighty God. I checked

the pace of my patient and homely Rosinante, and

thoughtless of the rain, of the journey that lay beyond, and the many miles I had given myself

All along the Hver and on the banks of its tribu-

Every few rods we see the black and mouldering

few brave men who remained have made princely.

he Burning Springs there are but few wells throw-

at the remnants of wells that have produced as

ing up oil, and these are not recently developed

great oil' basin." It does not flow in a stream, but every six hours sends forth a few bar-

els, making a yield of about twenty or twenty-five

imping wells; and some of them reach as kigh as

barrels a day. The other wells in this vicinity are

fifty or a hundred barrels a day. And yet, injustice

THE LINE OF THE GREAT EPHRAVAL.

hidden chemistry of nature, is found in that gro of secondary rocks which includes the red sai

pioneers to abandon in despair their enterpr

THE GROLOGY OF PETROLEUM.

ome back to them again.

brighters all.

ber—and of all days the most Novemberish

ermined to give it a thorough drenching. The run

arney. The rain was pouring in torrents, a dead, eady, incessant rain, as though Jupiter Pluvius

market became overstocked. This disl

fire, and, although the site was designated.

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gandsome beaver do. FINEST FROSTED BEAVER DO. RLACK TRICOT AND BEAVER DO. FINE BLACK GARMENTS. WATER PROOF CLOAKS.

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Good quality with District American Delaines, some of them choice and neat, others very gay stripe. Over 100 pleess American prints, 31,35,38, and 40 cts. Black Mohairs and Alpacas, 55 cts to 31.75. Baimorals, fresh lot for misses, maids, and matrons. Cloaks and Shawls is Gloak room. Gloak display unusually good. Sales rapid. GOOPER & GONARD, 54.1 S. E. Cor. BINTH and MARKET Sts. HOLIDAY CONFECTIONS.

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than a handsome PREERNTATION SWORD, SASH,
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SANSOM Street, Philadelphia?

no28-121 FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, McCALLUM & CO., SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

CORNER ARCH AND TENTH STREETS. SETAIL DEPARTMENT. s, Sleeve Buttons, Armlets, Bracelets, Scar Pins and Rings, Wes Sets, Ice Pitchers, 119 CHESTRUT STREET. Waiters, Goblets, Forks, Spoons, &c. OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL Watches repaired and Warranted. Old Gold, nds, and Silver bought HARRISON JARDEN.

CANTON MATTINGS. STRECEIVED,

LADIES. A LARGE INVOICE OF FINE COCOA MATTINGS.

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VENETIAN BLINDS WINDOW SHADES, smoved from No. 16 (in consequence of fire) to No. 35 North Sixth Street,

bere he will be very glad to see his customers and ids, until his old establishment is rebuilt. 2029 115

ORGAN, ORR, & CO., STRAM ER

SEWING MACHINES.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1864.

THE OIL REGIONS. A VISIT TO THE NEW EL DORADO.

THE WEALTH OF NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE "FLORENCE"—AMERICAN
INVENTORS GREAT TRIUMPH—THE SEWING
MACHINE PERPECTED.—All the objections to other
Machines are overcome in the FLORENCE. It makes
FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES with the same ease,
and with as little machinery as others make one. Besides, it has the REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION—a uniform, self-regulating tension of thread and no springs, Three Years of Enterprise and Industry

Pennsylvania Finds her Barren Rocks Richer than Ormus or Ind. FAMILIAR LIFE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA

How a Great Staple has Taken its Place in the Industry of the World.

PETROLEUM RULES A KINGDOM LARGER THAN COTTON.

Where Petroleum is Found—How it is Discovered What It is Worth-Who are Gathering it-How Poor Men are Getting Rich. and Rich Men Becoming Poor-The New Aristocracy—The Fever and the Relapse and Some Speculations as to What

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE LIFE IN THE

We are all Coming to.

OIL REGIONS. [Special Report to the Press.]

THE LITTLE KANAWHA VALLEY. In arranging my tour through the oil regions as he representative of *The Press*, it occurred to me hat, as West Virginia presented more romanti and peculiar features than any other part of Kins Petroleum's new and marvellously-extendi main, it would be well to bend my steps thither ward. So I found myself in the cabin of a cosy Ohl steamer, sluggishly steaming along the narrow and long river that separates Ohio from Virginia. It vas a cold November day, but we managed to coar nough sunshine out of the leaden skies to make our rip rather pleasant. It was in the morning who ve left Wheeling, and the night was far advance vhen we reached Parkersburg. A reconnoitrin earty reported that there was neither room nor en ertainment for man in the town, and we were con ent to pass the night in our little cubby-holed stat coms. As the boat returned before sunrise, we were driven on shore by a pertinacious clerksleepy, sullen, and hungry—and disposed to be re-sentful towards the falling rain. I should cer commend Parkersburg to any gentle nan whose propensities are amphibious. The ful uncertainty as to whether we were on land or water, and the incennity with which ceptive pool was scanned, would have been harming to philosophic men. We were not phi-

osophers, who had huddled around the stove in the ar-room of the Swann House and looked at the barreeper deprecatingly, as men who had neither house or home, and, therefore, were in the condition of ninvited guests or poor relations. We were no hing but poor oil hunters, who came merely to ge rich. We had heard of the many feasts and the great good things that Petroleum was giving his ts, and we came as crumb-hunters. Where so much was given there might be something to spare, and what is the use of working for a living when we can prosper by our wits? I believe this was the feeling of a majority of all who splashed through the mud and groped their way to the hote One of them was a sight-seeing gentleman all the way from England, who carried with him a number old-fashioned trunks, and, not being in the oil usiness, felt disposed to be cross. We heram friends—for I had neither oil stocks nor oil lands and no interest in King Petroleum beyond the bright colden, dazzling light that brightens up this page as write. So we felt the sympathy of petulance nd the vengeance bestowed upon ill-natured omestics and tardy waiting men was sublime. My English friend gave us a dissertation upon coffee that tonished the breakfast-table, and when, after rejecting four cups, he expressed a profane willing ness to go down into the kitchen and make it him the money-changers and speculators of Par-urg began to feel that there was one of the umber who could not be tempted into an ur ing allegiance to the new regime. I gave hat Englishman my love, and when he told m through two weary hours, about the hounds of Yorkhire and the many virtues possessed by his cousir the Lord of Roastbeef, I felt that my self-denial and ng suffering found a slight return for his frank. ess and energy. PARKERSBURG.

Parkersburg is the oil metropolis of the West Virginia district. At the junction of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, and connected with the north and west by a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, it commands all the trade of the West Virginia valley. It is within easy distance of Marletts, the metropolis of the Ohio district; of all the railway nnections of the country, and but thirty-six hour connections of the country, and the surrey are nours from New York or Ohicago. It is a straggling, im-perfect, unfinished town, which had in earlier days been prosperous, but upon which the blight of war had fallen and dried up the sap and vigor. Many rich men live here. How rich men could content themselves to dwell in a place of this kind is a mys ery of money-getting that I cannot explain oil princes—to use a common phrase—do not spen all their wealth here, however. They make their oney and hurry away with it, regarding this as a kind of oily Rialto, where good money is to be gathered up and carried to other markets. The class of men who live here are, therefore, unlike the men who ploughed up California and are now ploughing up Colorado. There is very little gambling, no bowie-knives, and little of that primitive civilization which disgraced the Pacific coas and made a vigilance committee necessary. We are so near New York and Philadelphia that capitalists may come and see for themselves and return in ten days. The ally difficulty is with the surpasses that of any former importation. Having sejected with care every article, himself, he can truly say
there is no similar establishment in the country that can
compare with his. As to prices, getting his goods from
the first manufacturers and artists in Europe, those
dealers who buy from the importers here to sell again can
certainly not compete with him. Of the following goods
he keeps a large a variety, and in such entirely new
styles as no other store in this city can offer:
LADIES WORK BOXES.
NEGESCARIES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
WEITING DESKS-DERESSING CASES.
PANS PARIS CILT AND BEONZE GOODS.
FANS, PARIS CILT AND BEONZE GOODS.
FANS, PARIS CILT AND BEONZE GOODS.
VASES, OF FINEST ANTIQUE AND MODERN.
GUITLERY—FINEST ENGLISH WALKING CANES.
CHICKET AND ARCHERY IMPLEMENTS.
PANCY LEATHER GOODS.
LADIES BAGS-OVER WENTY DIFFERENT
KINDS. guerillas. If a man is nervous and not a believer in predestination he had better not venture far be yond the regions of Burning Springs. Still this is merely a fear, that looks dismal when read from newspapers in Northern parlors, but is laughed at in Western Virginia. In 1861 there was really cause for alarm. In 1862 the guerillas had complete possession of the country, and a man's horse was about as safe as the life of a lamb in a wolf-infested forest. Beyond that, however, no danger exists, or has ever existed. No rarely a horse is taken. The people are so much ttached to the Union that they give no succor bashwhackers, and our soldiers have a way of taking no prisoners. Guerilla-life cannot subsist on thi egimen, and a journey from Parkersburg to Burn mantown. Even beyond that point, and far on in he rich counties that are now regarded as neutral ont dangerous ground, the military authorities are busily making arrangements for securing rebels and robbers, and in a few weeks Northern capital and enterprise will be permitted to enter and po

hese coveted acres. BURNING SPRINGS AND THEREABOUTS Although I began this paper by making Parkers burg the centre of the sketch, and, as it were, the age of operations for my West Virginia campaign the town itself does not lie in what is called the geological "oil-belt." That is to say, that no great il deposits have been found in the country in stely around it. Yet to the north and the south he east and the west, we find many good wells and uccessful enterprises. Why this plateau should b o barren cannot be accounted for, except as a frea of nature that we must submit to when we wande into these oily mountains and valleys. It should be constantly borne in mind that in dealing with petroleum we have a science that is entirely new and that all of our investigations have arrived a no rule by which to determine its nature or origin I fancy, however, there are very few geologists of science among the busy crowds that are see around Parkersburg. They cling to the Burnir Spring as the nucleus of all their speculation When land is bought, the first question is, How ar are you from the Burning Spring? land is sold, the seller is impressed with the belief that he is in the same belt with the Burning Spring. "Every road leads to Rome," and with the gentlemen in Wirt county every road leads to the Burning Spring. So, like a true traveller, when I came to Parkersburg, and found all the world was pushing a Dawling Spring. I character. world was pushing to Burning Spring, I chartered a homely and comfortable Rosinante and went or my way along the Elizabeth pike, with the rest of oily mankind. Take the map of Virginia, and you will find that in a southerly direction from Parkersburg, in the adjoining county of Wirt, a small creek empties into the Kanawha river, known as Burning Spring Creek. There are a number of other streams in the neighborhood, such as Standing Stone Run, Nettle Run, Reedy Run, Two Riffles Run, Chestnut Run, and others that only make their appearance in the oil company maps. This point, lying in a southwesterly direction from Oil City, is the heart of the present Virginia oil region, Oity, is the heart of the present yights off region, and around it, for a radius of fifty miles, embracing the counties of Tyler, Pleasants, Wetzel, Ritchie, Wood, Wirt, Roane, and Calhoun, we have what is known as the West Virginia Oil Territory. The road was very soft and yielding, and a heavy shower of rain was falling as we rode along the Parkersburg pike. My companion was an old settler, one who had lived there all his life, and a man of much intelligence. His home was on the banks of the Kanawha, a few miles from Burning of every character, of the VERY BEST MANUFACTURE AND LATEST STYLES.

Spring, and he promised to accompany me to Elizabeth, help me ford the river, and send me on my

way rejoicing. After leaving the town we pass into a low rolling country, and find for a few miles the leaves and fields to be as unostentations as those in Chester county. Very quickly the scene begins to have a support

change. Hills that we city people would very gladly

call mountains, that seemed to rise and swell against each other as though in anger venting their

three months much of what we call the science of petroleum will depend. The surface Indications are more remarkable than in Ohlo or Pennsylvania. ing a hill, and at every turn of the road we came to some unaccountable cleft or abyss, over which the noss was growing, and down in whose crevice dark These tumbled rocks certainly show large crevices streams of greasy water would arise. Oil men had eneath, in which oil might distil for ages. We been here with sticks and divining rods, and have bltumen and asphaltum, and we have had oil : wherever there was the odor of gas or a mere and so, if there is any logic in Nature, oil must be here. Yet we find on Bull Creek, in the very line of upon the water, straightway its value advanced a thousand per cent. As we approach Elizabeth we cross a very high hill and descend this upheaval, and within a few rods of the Horseneck Well, borers have found large cavities empty into a plain formed by the Kanawha river. Here or filled with mud. I saw a forlown young oil hunter we have the first indications of oll enterprise. There is a tradition that many years ago, when breaking a at Bull Creek, who, after boring for some weeks with good indications, came to a crevice where his tools ek and endeavoring to sink a salt spring, a stream were lost. He had not found a bottom to his fissure of greasy water gushed forth, which became ignited when I left, although he was bravely determined to fathom it. It is possible that here, as on the Little and burst into a fiame, whereupon all the world for twenty miles came to see it, and those who were re-Kanawha, below Parkersburg, the fissures are occaligious said their prayers, for according to the Scripture the world was to be destroyed by fire, and sioned by the drying or shrinking of the rocks. behold nothing was necessary to consummate the Divine decree but the application of a match.

Having spoken of Burning Springs, and given you an idea of the great enterprises there existing, it is proper that I should make more particular allusion to other points which are now in the hands of capitalists, and which command the attention of buyers and sellers in the East. Next to Burning Springs proper, the most important part of West Virginia seems to be Hughes river. It is a stream bout half as wide as the Schuylkill, and so shallow that at most seasons of the year a horse can ford it. Flowing into the Kanawha, and running in a northwesterly direction, it forms a part of the boundary line of Ritchie and Wirt coun-ties, and intersects the Little Kanawha at a point called Newark, some twenty miles from the Burning Springs run. It is in the line of the great apheaval; and there are many interesting geologi cal features in this country. It is evident that in the petroleum age the geological disturbance was very great. Through this line of upheaval the Hughes river forces its way, and around it we find many new and interesting strata, which seem to have been throughout from the very centre of the earth. The rooks of Hughes river seem to be of a light colored compact flint, of about ten or twelve feet in thickness, beneath which are seen the shale rocks strongly impregnated with bitumen—s rock which is often seen in our coal measures. I do not know that any coal has been found on the Hughes river, nor have any fossils, such as are so often seen in the shale rock, overed. At the same time, the oil men, whether trusting in their own instincts or the teachings of reologists, have laid violent hold upon these high and rocky banks, and now ask large sums for their ossessions. In former years, large quantities of etroleum were taken out of the alluvial bank of the Hughes river by a natural process. The rock was separated, and through the fissure the oil ran for years, saturating the stream. Former settlers, who gathered the oil in small quantities for medicinal and domestic purposes, were in the habit of laying bare this stratum by removing the earth and diggins burg, we touch it again at Elizabeth. There is not out the oil with hoes, axes, and farming utensits. To bridge over the river, but we manage to ford it, and has been said that, with the exception of Venango, taking the road that leads through the Two Riffles the oil has flowed here in greater quantities than Run, push directly on, leaving the river behind and anywhere also. A number of wells have been sunk, striking for the headquarters of Burning Spring but when I passed through the country the enterout the oil with hoes, axes, and farming utensils. It prise had not been far enough developed to make Burning Springs and Oll Creek in any way dread its rivairy.

Another point in Virginia is known as Bull Creek -a stream which runs into the Ohio river some thirty miles above Parkersburg, taking its rise in Wood county, and being one of the number of streams which are known as French Creek, Cow Oreek, McElroy Oreek, and by other names that belong to the classic vocabulary of Virginia. The Bull we came to the summit, far below the Kanawha. Creek company is a Pittsburgjenterprise, principally in the interests of the Phillipses, whose names are familiar to all happy oil men as being those of the princes of their aristocracy. The Horse-neck well, some six or eight miles from the source of the creek, has attained great celebrity, and was, in its day, one of the most successful enterprises in Virginia. The supply of oil has greatly decreased, Ham told, but, at the same time, it is a curiosity, and is aiways visited by travellers through this region. The country around Bull Creek is tame when comon the map, surrendered my whole soul to the en-rapturing scene. Now that I write these lines far pared with the vicinity of Burning Springs, and might be regarded in Pennsylvania or New York away from the Kanawha, and think of the Burning as very pleasant farming land. Here, as in Ohio; Spring, its mud and rain, and greasy waters, and the capitalist and the artisan are very busy. Wells that glimpse of nature rises to the mind and as we ride along the quiet, old-fashioned turnpike. the tall derrick, with its skeleton pillars and quic tary rivers, we find evidences of the great panic through the mad with his load of oil, give us, on a that suddenly strangled the enterprises of 1860. Small scale, the busy sights of Venango. Further busy engine, and the swearing teamster, as he toils Every few rods we see the black and mouldering in the Ohio, at Sistersville, we come to what seems learned and the unfaitshed well in the ground. The to me to be the beginning of the Virginia line of lew brave men who remained have made princely upheaval. In Tyler county, especially around the Batthernes Complete and Meyers. fortunes—the Rathbones, Camdens and McFar-lands being among the oil princes of this new do-main. They made their money by buying these the county-seat, Middlebourne, the evidences of oil are very abundant. This is so near our State that one almost imagines he is riding on Pennsylvania farms and homosteads. The people of Tyler county are an intelligent, busy class, and more enterprising than any of the other lands at low figures, stitring good wells, and dis-posing of their purchases to the companies recent-ly formed in New York and Philadelphia. Around counties I have visited. They have taken their own lands in hand, and do not invite the outside world with as much avidity as their more humble many as one thousand barrels per day, in their meighbors on the Little Kanawhs. As an evidence time, the gas sending up the oil in a thick, rushing, of their confidence in their own enterprise, I know stream as high as the tree tops, so that no tank of their confidence in their own enterprise, I know could hold it, and it rushed out into the river and covered the stream 5. The old "Eternal Centre" not more than eighty acres in extent. He was well is eccentric. It was discovered by one of the Eathbones in 1860, and when struck the him were also boring wells. The ind not more than eighty acres in extent. He was boring a well at the time, and the neighbors around finder clapped his hands, and shouted, for he had found, he said, "the eternal centre of the large offer. But even Tyler—reticent shrinking. large offer. But even Tyler incongenial Tyler—is beginning to give way befor the great impetus of Northern money and Northern genius. Companies are being formed, em. bracing within their limits large tracts of Tyler county land. The capitalists of the West, from Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati; as well as the apitalists from Boston, who camelrather late into

to those who have spent large sums here; it must be said that when we speak of West Virginia we speak this new business, are greedily and eagerly endeavoring to supplant the masters of these coveted of a business that is in its absolute infancy. It is but a few weeks since men of capital visited it. They have invested largely in obedience to a scien-FORMER ENTERPRISES. tific principle, and no doubt exists in the minds of men who have thrown their millions over these rude The first operators in West Virginia were mer-chants from Pittsburg, who began operations in and rugged hills that their investments all will Hughes river. They sank a well in November, 1859, nd bored a number of wells with different success Dii was then unknown in the commercial world, be ing generally used for medicinal purposes, and to a small extent for lubrication and illumination. The Although I confine my remarks to this narrow spot, called the wells of the Burning Spring, it must be remembered that the territory I traversed from access of these Pittsburg capitalists led a Wheel-Bull Creek to Tyler county, and thence to Park ing firm to begin operations near a small station known as Petroleum, on the Northwestern Virginia Rallroad. Petroleum is now a busy, thriving, popu-Creek, embraced the greater part of a hundred miles. There is what the geologists call a belt of cil land running from Tyler county, Virginia, to Charleston, in Kanawha county. Take a map of lous village. Although the Hughes-river territory was the first developed, fame extended towards Burning Spring. Mr. J. C. Rathbone, an old settler, near the Kanawha, whose old-fashioned frame Virginia and stick a pin at the point marked Middiebourne, in Tyler county. Thence carry the eye in a southwesterly direction until you reach Charles. mansion may still be seen, in 1860 leased a well to ton, in Kanawha county, in the Great Kanawha river. We will suppose this belt to be thirty mile Mr. Karnes, who succeeded in obtaining a supply ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand gal-lens daily. Mr. Rathbone bored a well-which yieldn width, and we have the oil territory before us t embraces nine counties : Tyler, Pleasants, Ritchie ed as much as ten thousand gallons daily, and the excitement became very great, capitalists rashing aither from the East. The Rathbone farms began te look like a city of the forest, and where the sheep Wood, Wirt, Calheun, Roane, Jackson, and Kannawha. In all these counties oil has been found. In Wirt county more wells have been struck-and in Wirt county more wells have been struck—and in Tyler county, which seems to be a counterpart of Wirt, the geological features are strongly marked. I did not visit Kanawha or Jackson county, as the country was too unsettled for random travellers and cattle were wont to live in undisturbe darrioks and disterns, and barrels and soaffolds, formed a busy and exciting scene. As an evidence of the success of the early enterbut in all the other counties I found the same singular geological formation. Regarding West prises in this country, in the Burning Virginia as a picture, or an assortment of scenery, it is unlike anything we have in the produced. In 1862, however, it fells off to a little over three millions of gallons, while in 1863, so n Middle States. The moment you look upon the had the guerillas interfered with business that the ocks and hills you see that Nature had been in product did not exceed two millions of gallons, All this was produced in a territory of not more reat trouble some day, and these are the results of her agony. The hills seem to pitch and toss and than a mile square, and, under proper enterprise tumble as though the Titans had been husling and skill, 1865 may surpass all the years that have mountains at each other in some early supernatural war. They have a confused, whimsical look, and by their combinations excite odd and amusing passed. This territory of Burning Spring is gen rally admitted to be the beginning of the line of the great upheaval to which I have alluded, which fancies. Yet these strange rocks are followed by causes a vein of rock some twenty feet in width the oil-hunters with as much avidity as gold-diggers in the beds of California rivers. I do not stand perpendicular on edge, and running north one degree east, crossing Hughes' river at the oll wells, and touching Bull Creek. In all this propose to tempt any criticism upon my geological acquirements by endeavoring to explain these hills or to read the riddles that its hidden in their coveted country we find gas and burning springs, which are generally known to be excellent indica-tions of oil. If we follow this line of upheaval caverns. We know that water and fire are the agen cies that have revolutionized the surface of the we will find that the territory of Virginia is three times as large as that of Pennsylvania. Penn-sylvania leads Virginia in productiveness. The earth; and that, in following up our oil investiga-tions, we have merely to consider the relations of the stratified and unstratified rocks that run along rivalry is a generous one, however, and we can well afford to stimulate it. Thus far the facts have not the Alleghenian ridges. Coal, which is a near relation to petroleum, according to many, nothing more than petroleum hardened by some borne out the suppositions of the scientific men. Professor Rogers regards the line of the Ohio as the great oil basin, but our little Oil creek is richer and more productive. Oil is transported from Burn one and mountain limestone formations. Petro ing Spring to Parkersburg by way of the Kanawha leum is found in the bituminous measures and the on flatboats, at a cost of seventy-five cents a barrel. In the summer and winterseasons, when the stream andstone rocks. The men who work the wells will tell you that there are three sandstone rocks in no navigable, it is carried in wagons at a cost of which oil is found. They bore until they strike the two dollars a barrel. A company has been orga-nized to perfect the navigation of the river, under the provisions of a bill recently passed by the Lefirst rock, at a distance of from sixty to a hundred and fifty feet, and find what they call the surface oil. This exhausts rapidly, and in many cases doe delature of the State, and enough stock has been inbscribed to carry out the improvement. From Hughes river the oil is hauled to the railroad at a othing more than emit gas and salt water, and thin streams of oily water. Some of the most suc. ssful wells in Western Virginia were surfacecost of fifty cents a barrel, and from Bull Creek it is cessin wells in Western rights and the wells; but in Pennsylvania the borers try to reach the third-rock. Here, at a depth of from three hundred to a thousand feet; as the formation varies, aken to the Ohio for fifty cents a barrel BECAPITULATION OF WEST VIRGINIA Whether petroleum is found in the black shales of the large basins of oil are found—the basins which on group or not—or whether we have to have given Pennsylvania sixty millions of wealth. admit that there was once a petroleum age in which The ignorance of this fact led many of our early

this oll covered the earth and secured for itself a cosy resting place under these troubled rocks,—or wheth They sank a well to a first or second sandstone, and er it is the distillation of some wonderful chemistry of whose laws we know nothing and upon whose finding a trickling stream of oil, and no more, they abandoned the enterprise poor men. Shrewder managers drove their drills deeper, and gloried in orks we hasten to grow rich—or whether we take the comforting assurance of those who find their fancies to be "according to the Scriptures," and believe that petroleum has been stored away as the great resource of Divine vengeance—it is not for a call the coal measures. It is not independent or exoor belated traveller like the writer of this article o determine. My mission is to tell you what I saw. of Pennsylvania, and again in Ohio along the val in this great oil kingdom. A very difficult mission, let me assure the patient reader, and one not to be ley of the Muskingum. It is one of many similar deposits or formations. We find it in Canada, in rashly undertaken unless we have a good supply of stocks to our account. I asked a number of quesndiana, Michigan, Tennessee, Kentucky, and New York. It has come forth plentifully in our Venange tions during my journeys, and met hundreds of men cunty. Yet we know that there are oil springs in Russia where the traveller can push his cane into the earth and see it bubble around him, and that at brimful of information, all of whom were anxious. that it should be given to the public. I seund inva-variable rules, which the reader may copy in his Burmah, India, there is the celebrated Rainanghong pocket-book and commit ta memory. Whenever a stranger begins to sing the praises of a particular run, or stream, or mountain, or territory, or county, you will find that he has land, for all district with its five hundred wells. Science is on district with us ave hundred wells. Science is busy giving us rules for gathering the oil, and labor and capital are busy showing Science how she is partly right and partly wrong, and not to be depended upon in her petroleum investigations. Now, ale. Every owner and lessee on these streams and rivers is confident that he has purchased the eternal in comparing results we find that oil is found in the entre of the great oil basin, and that he has only corniferous limestone, a rock composed of fragments of coal and seashells filled with bitumen. Overlyto strike the rock and the oil will gush forth. I was shown at least a hundred of these oily Herebs. My English friend, who had been induced by a specula-tor to Ride to Hughes' river to see a tract of land ng this we have the rock known as the Marcellus bale, a kind of hard slate formation. Between these two rocks, the limestone and shale, all the oil which contained a thousand barrel well in every reservoirs are found. In Canada, we find there red, and slipped from his horse in fording the rocks not to be more than one hundred and stream, made this propensity the subject of an emfifty feet thick, making the oil comparatively surface oil. In New York oil is found in another phatic discourse as we (twenty of us, and one a gegroup of rocks similar in formation, but at least three-hundred feet deep. In West Virginia these geolo-gical indications are very strongly marked, and I constantly learned) sat around Mr. Verhink's

called a hotel. In England, he said, such men would be punished according to an act of Parliament, and as to the blasted river, you know, why in England every river is covered with bridges. In addition to this, the traveller is told stories of marvello At such a place, "near my tract of land," a well spouts forth three thousand barrels a day. At another place, "just across from my tract of land," there are four wells flowing a thousand barrels a day. On the forks of such a river, "which goes through my territory." the oil is in such anan that the people cannot drink the water, and the fish cannot live. Out of all this speculation and fanfaronade, I can sum up the results of my ten days' jour-I. West Virginia is but partially developed, and,

therefore, all purchases of land are speculative, and not investments. II. The oil territory that extends from Middlebourne, Tyler county, if the surface indications are borne out, will be the great oil basin of the Conti-

III. That in West Virginia, if capital should fall to find recompense in petroleum, the abundant mineral indications will repay enterprise and skill. IV. That with the pacification of the country, the slack-water of the Kanawha, the building of a railroad along the line of the great upheaval, and the erection of mining and manufacturing facilities. West Virginia will become an empire of industry, wealth, and skill, and the valley of the Ohio become as prosperous as the valley of the Merrimac or the

Delaware. MINERAL RESOURCES OF WEST VIRGINIA. Before leaving West Virginia let me step aside from the direct purpose of this letter, and say a word in reference to the other great resources of this new sister State. Apart from oil, it is rich in great mineral resources. I was shown a lump of rudely refined ore at Sistersville, which seemed to be an alloy of silver, and which I was informed had been obtained in a neighboring hill. A joyous settler assured me at Elizabeth that he had a brass mine on his farm! and another disconsolate borer, who had een sinking a well without many indications of oil. had placed over his derick this despairing reso on : "Oil, silver, Hades, or China." In the county of Pocohontas iron ore is found producing 83 per cent. of pure metal, and lead, copper, and silver exist. Coal may be found cropping out of the range tum have been found in Wirt county. In Morgan and Hampshire counties medicinal springs exist The highest mountain in this State is 2,500 feet, but the upper valley of the Kanawha is luxuriant in verdure, and as fertile and temperate as the counties further north. You can imagine the op-portunities presented by West Virginia, when I say that, while there are 2,846,137 acres of improved lands, 8,550,257 are unimproved. Before this oil exlands, 8,550,257 are unimproved. Decore and use va-citement the lands averaged eight dollars an acre; now many undeveloped tracts have been refused at a thousand dollars. Although New Hampshire has but forty per cent. of the territory of West Virgi-nia, yet, under the more extended and vigorous system of improvement, it surpasses it in every respect Still there is a great future for West Virginia, particularly when New Hampshire money and geniare introduced. In Mason and Kanawha counties salt has been found. These salt formations accomny the vast strata of sandstone that underlies the whole of the northwestern counties of Virginia, and the works were used by the rebel authority few miles from Charlestown, on the great Kanawha, and in the line of the great upheaval, the salt wells are very productive. They are several hundred feet in depth, yielding a lime of remarkable purity, free from sulphate of lime or gypsum, and rystallized with less trouble than cust sent into commerce as a superior muriate of soda. Mason county is also famed for salt mines, but the rebellion has quite ruined the manufacture, in consequence of rebel incursions and the dearth of labor. In the valley and in Preston county from furnaces are in operation, and the ores of Laurel Hill are rich and pure. These ores occur in two groups upon the western slope, the upper group above the second seam of coal resting upon a lead-colored sandstone, and overlaid by silician slates. The ore is found in large nodules resembling sandstone, and is easily blasted. The coal products of the State are boundless. The fields of the Kanawha Valley are among the most valuable on the continent. Indeed, for salt, coal, iron; and proroleum, West Virginia bids fair to rival, if not surpass, any State of the Union: PANILIAR LIPE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA. "Judge M—," said a way-companion who jegged with me over the lills on our way to Edzabeth, "was a wheezy old fellow who got into some difficulty in New Orleans about thirty years ago,

and was troubled with a great remorse of conscience. He came to Western Virginia and settl n West county because he wanted to hide himself and get as near Hades as possible before he died; at The emphasis of my companion's illustration must excuse its profamity, but in a rude way I could give you no better idea of the first impressions made upon the traveller by this country. The population is sparse, and we find few of the noble traits that poets lead us to suppose are found in the character of the mountaineer: The rudest dwelling in Moyamensing r Kensington would be a palace in Wirt county The broad hills and sweeping streams which group gether many sweet pictures of Nature, are dull and heavy in the eyes of these men. Let me take ne out of a hundred-such a one as I found foung ing at the tavern corner in Elizabeth, and a an of great importance in his own county. Tall, gaunt; unshaven and uncombed; with a cold gray eys that never seemed to smile hard, long fingers; that made a perpetual appeal for soap and water, and narrow, high cheek bones, very gaunt and cadaverous, straight, coarse hair, and imperfect teeth. The shoulders were high and perched, and the long arms swung over the body, like branches of a weeping willow tree. "They are so much given to living on mountain sides," said my companion, "that they can't stand straight-one foot is always higher than the other." His body, that might be realized, if the reader took a carica ture of the Yankee, the Southerner, and the negre-and combined the ridiculous traits of all, was co vered with a homespun cloth, that came from the dying-vat blue, but had assimilated to itself every color that could be gathered from the clay on the roads and the bark of the trees. These people are clannish in their traditions and friendships. The families have intermarried, and the offsp three generations lie-scattered over the hills. A father has a large farm, and as each son marries, he receives a slice, builds himself a log cabin, probably obtains a horse for a dowry, plants corn, sends his wife into the field with hoe and harrow, and, with his gun and dog, lounges off amid the mountains to shoot squirrels; rabbits, and foxes. He has never been to school—ke cannot read or write—he never sees a newspaper; there is a town called Parkersburg, where many great men live, who can read and write, and call themselves lawyers; and another town called Elizabeth, where the squire lives, and which contains the village tavern, at which place every Saturday afternoon he can hear the news. There is a Methodist and Baptist church within ten miles, where the young people are married, and the children are christened, and the dead ones are buried. These people bury their dead on the high hills. One or two of the cemeteries form scenes of surpassing loveliness, and well in the recollection as the only things of beauty the civilization of death.

in Western Virginia. Only in their graves do these each the taste and decorum of life, and the civilization of the last hundred years has been This apathy to the world that lies beyond and round them enters into the affections of these people. Parents love their children and husbands love their wives, but I could see nothing of the pure love that sanctifies our own childhood makes life sacred. Fremember the shock my feelings once received as I heard a poor emigrant oman lamenting for a husband whom death had aken away after a wedded life of twenty years. He was a decent, hard-working man. was Barney. she said amid her tears, "and always earned a living for his family." To her twenty years of companion ship had been nothing but child bearing and bread and butter. I have found few exceptions to this illustration among the people I have seen in Western Virginia. Marriages are made to unite ontiguous tracts of land or to keeep desirable possessions in the same family. Children come to them, and they are huddled into the hills to track rabbits, to follow the plough, or to drop corn over many a weary acre. The boy learns to shoot, dig, . The girl learns to sew coarse sew spin, make, apple butter, and cook. Reading and writing are unnecessary accomplishments. There have been but two Presidents—Andrew Jack son, the great tradition of the rude American mind, and Abraham Lincoln, whose name has been dinned nto their ears by the tumult of a mighty war. So that these children are kept from starvation an frost, the whole duty of the parent is performed. I spent a night at a farm-house on the Kanawha a few evenings since, as I was travelling in the direc tion of Hughes river. While there, one of the boys, who had been in Sherman's army, returned from the wars. He had

been absent from his home for three years, and as he came up the road he seemed to be a stout, manly boy, whose mind had been developed by the stradge school he had just left. His father was lounging at the door, with his hands in his pockets, as the boy same, forward. "Well, father, how do you do?"
"Well, Thomas!" A pause. "Them's good hoots
you've got, anyway." Not another word, and the your passed into the house. And yet the father had a certain pride in his boy. "Thomas was always a good boy," he said. "He could hit a squerrel on the top of a tree, and when there's fighting to be three good horses and a colt, and when a man takes sides, the bushwhackers steal his herses. I didn't vote for Lincoln because he freed the niggers, and I didn't vote for McOlellan because if I did the emphonions name of "Bug Hunters" is given to a company of home guards who scour the co try for guerillas and bushwhackers, and are much dreaded by the sympathizers with soccesicn. Among these people woman becomes a drudge The higher relation of life, which we gladly surrender to hor, is never recognized here. I took dinner with a farmer whose home had more wit-dences of taste and comfort than any I had seen in my journeyings. His wife was a demure, sad-faced, affectionate little woman, who would have shown a very sunny smile if the clouds around her had only broken. We sat at the table, and she waited upon us as a domestic—a blundering, unsatisfactory domestic, who excited her husband's anger because the fire wouldn't burn, and for not whipping the hounds more frequently, and particularly because she neglected to give the writer of main here on our return from the Ohlo region, and

cold, and cheerless, and wacant where woman wa thus deprived of her mission. I felt a sym for her sad face, and as I rode away I felt that if. could only have leaned over and kissed her. said some sweet word of affection, or spoker of other komes where women were honored and loved I should have been answering the impulse of my heart, and certainly not doing violence to he own. It was not to be. I rode into the lam and under the walnut trees. As I turned she was standing in the door. Her husband was caressing

There are no schools here, and but one or two

churches outside of Parkersburg. The only deno minations represented are the Methodists and Bap tists, and these are feebly supported. The people have a kind of stupid, improvised morality. It is wrong to kill a man, but it is very wrong to steal a horse. Horse-stealing is the highest crime known to them. One reason, it occurred to me, why so many are for the Union is because, to them, seession means horse-stealing. When Davis' men wan horses they come and take them; Lincoln's mer buy them. So that, step by step, their minds have arrived at the conclusion that the only question at stake between Davis and Lincoln is a question re lating to the proprietorship of their horses, and their dislike to horse stealing is synonymous with their dislike to rebellion. A citizen whom I met sum up the evils of the war something in this vein : power of men killed but that ain't so much, you know, for its life for life—for you kill a man to-day and be killed yourself to-morrow, which makes it all right, and no one's to blame. But think of the horses that's gone. The horses don't fight, and their lives is their own, for they don't make war on each other. As many as four horses taken iss week from near Uncle Dick's, and one a young colt The war has sent the Union to smash." Another citizen, who amused us an hour as we waited for dinner at a country tavern, was severn on McClellan, because some of his soldiers killed one of his hogs during the West Virginia campaign. If i been Page's hog he would'nt have minded i for Page was against the Union. But since tha time he knew that there was no use of fighting And yet, even here, among these rude peo true spirit of this war has occasionally mad-a true impression. I sat around a countr tavern fire the other night. There were a number of oil speculators in the party, and one of them. Copperhead, was engaged in a conversation with the landlord, whose intense but rude Unionism was elightful in these wild woods. "I hate these sneaks and Copperheads who stays at home and fights the Government. I would a great deal rather shoot one of them than a rebel." "Yes," replied the Cepperhead, "but you must make a distinction. We can assail the Administration and support the Government." "No, sir," was the quick reply, "there are but two parties in this war, and both are fighting." That illiterate man, whose grammar was bad, and who could scarcely write his own name, had in him the philosophy of the war, and his simple reply had more force and beauty than many of the most labored arguments of our statesmen. In their dealings with the new race of men who have come upon them so suddenly, these people show a great deal of the rude cunning of the Indians. Many amusing stories have already bee told of their bargains. These barren hills that have sent forth so many scanty crops of corn, and which could scarcely be persuaded to bud and blos have suddenly become mines of wealth. And ve ose who own them have a vague and wild idea o the sudden riches that have swollen up aroun them. They know that there is oil in the ground, and that a great many well-dressed gentlemen who wear gold watches and have pen-knives are anxious to buy these lands. But with them it is little more than a trade, like the barter for a horse or a cow at a village fair. They ask some vague sum for their acres, twenty times what it formerly cost, but scarcely a fourth of its value in New York. The bargain is made. Then all manner of contrivances are made to induce the buyer to give the children presents. The common subsidy is "a frock." A wife will to ten, and finally to twenty-five, as the price of lands advanced. A terrible example occurred a few days ago, which threatens to raise the price of luxury which we of the narrow track have never days ago, which threatens to raise the price of frocks. A couple came to town to convey a farm. The wife demanded "a frock." The buyer told her to go to a certain store and buy one, and have it charged to him. The next day he was called upor to pay a bill of a hundred dollars for said "frock." The story has become general," and the "fronk"

question threatens to embarrass all future opera-OHIO AND THE MUSKINGUM. Although we have been devoting ourselves to the referring to the map of Virginia, that the oil belt of which we have been speaking extends across the valley of the Ohio into the valley of the Muskingum, and the excitement which has been raging in this West Virginia wilderness for the last six months has now been chiefly transferred to your own distant counties of Greene and Fayette, and along the Ohio river from Pomeroy to McConnells-ville. The presence of ell in McConnellsville, on the Muskingum river, about forty miles from the tewn of Marietta, in the county of Morgan, destroys the theory of those who imagine that the oil deposits of the valley of the Ohio are confined to the line of upheaval which runs from Middlebourne, in Tyler county, to Charleston, in the Great Kanawha river. But if McConnelisville is not in the direct line of the Burning Springs range, it certainly has the same relation to our own oil springs in Pennsylvania, for a line drawn directly southwest from Franklin or Oil City would strike McConnellsville more readily at any point in the counties through which I have been travelling. The oil territory of Ohio is by no means so wild or romantic as the countles of West Virginia, and the absence of warfare, the comparative quietness that reigns all through that region; and the protection given by the Govern-ment, have enabled the citizens to more thoroughly develope their resources than our friends in the Kanawha. The oil in Ohio has not been found in as large quantities as at Burning Springs or Oil Oity, and the quality is thicker, as if o more carbon, and, coming from the well, has a black, heavy look, unlike the green or yellow appearance of the common petroleum. For commercial purposes the Ohio oil is more valuable, and is known in the market as lubricating oil. It has more the appearance and consistency o tar, while petroleum, although various in its shades, might be mistaken for a combination of Peruvian bark and Sherry wine. The town of Marietta is the centre of the oil district, and divides the honors with Parkersburg, from which it is no mere than twenty miles distant. It is connected with Cincinnati and the West by rail with Wheeling and the East by the navigation of the Ohio. I arrived there early in the morning. A heavy snow storm having fallen during the night, made the prospect of our trip into the Chio regions very bleak and dismal. The city was crowded with visitors—eager, anxious oil to the oil men. men-and only by the particular kindness of a gentle man to whom we had an introduction, could we ob. tain accommodations for the night. The excitement in McConnelsville is of recent origin, and has been stimulatedimore particularly by the vast entreprises in Lower Pennsylvania and West Virginia, at a place called Buck Creek, a stream in the neighborhood of Romeroy. At Pomeroy itself, and just beyond McConnelsville, very fine wells have been found, and, as a consequence, lands in Morgan, Meigs, Athens, and Noble counties command very large sums. The enterprises in Ohio are mostly incharge of Pittsburg capitalists—men who have triumphed in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and, thirsting for other worlds to conquer, have directed their efforts to the development of the valley of the Muskingum. For a mere looker-on like myself there was nothing in McConnelsville more attractive than the hills of Virginia, and, indeed, so faras the natural beauty of the place was concerned, I found far more information and interest in the wild ravines that lie along the Little Kanawha than in the fiat and heavy lands of Lower Ohio. Ohio. however, is in the hands of vigorous men; her own sons are turning up the bowels of the earth and developing every spring and ravine. Great efforts are being made in McConnelsville to create an oil trade which will rival that which is now earliching the inhabitants of Venango. Cincinnati is here. Hermer chants, in a spirit of State pride, and the merchant of St. Louis and Chicago, with a pride peculiar to the West, are sending down machines and workmen and laying out their tracts with a widity and premptness, determined by the next spring to test every acre of land that lies within what might be called, to use a pleasant application of an unpleasant term "the affected district." As I moved among these people, and heard their stories, how they had lived on these hills for generations, and the quaint tradi

ald not resist a comparison between the oll-hunters of this century, and the gold-hunters who came ider the grim Pizarro and the haughty Corteznundering grim. Plearite and in-insightly Cortex nundereds of years ago, conquering an empire and annihilating a race while they were digging for gold and silver. The spirit-of Hisarro and Cortes lives in these keen, pale-faced, counting-house men. They do not bring ships and armies; they do not carry knives or guns; they have no majestic banner like that of Castile and Arragon; but this money-thirst is intense, and the love of wealth is more unreasonable and grasping than any other passion of man. Nor is this an done, he's always around. Them boots has got heels ing than any other passion of man. Nor is this an on them, and 'lll be mighty good for ploughing.' easily satiated desire. Mon who came here anylous to make a few thousands of dollars and go home the past election. "You, see," he says, "I've go! again have made hundreds of thousands, and now look haggard and hungry because they can make no more. The most restless, uneasy, selfish, and covetous man whom I have met in my many jour I didn't vote for McClellan because if I did the bug hunters would call me a Jeff Davis man, and Ohio river, whose gains reached, I was told, many some day I might be took off to Wheeling." The hundreds of thousands of dollars—a man who came applications name at "Bug. Hunters" to the state of the same at here in poverty, who has succeeded in every enter-prise, and whose wealth placed him far above any possible contingency of want. Yet to him every new comer seemed to be an enemy, and every dollar that was not gained by himself cast sadness over his soul. It was a strange and suggestive illustration, as I looked upon the man and heard him talk, and saw how his keen, wistful gray eyes dwelt upon maps and deeds and records, and saw with what longing envy he spoke of others who had succeeded longing envy he spload to their who had gucceeden around him. I thanked my own destiny that I was not allied to this Mephistophiles, Gain, who seems rarely to give his friendship without bargaining for the happiness of his victim's eternal soul. If any reader of this article wishes to be particu-

larly good, let him by all means come to the cosy,

tions that surrounded their springs and streams

and saw them laugh and grow marry, over their newly acquired riches, and at the same time looked

at the keen, eager, pale-faced men from Northern

counting houses who were chaffering about the prices of acres and petulant over the integrity of deeds, I

were chaffering about the price

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man will be sent to subscribers by

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the cheerles's bank of the Ohio river, waiting for the tardy boat. Newport is what might be called a very good town in the worst sense of that charming phrase. The people all go to church and save their money, wear plain clothes, charge large prices for their comforts, and strictly prohibit the sale of ntoxicating liquors. It is a settlement of members of a predominant religious denomination, and the laws of the municipality seem to be based upon the laws of the ecclestastical association. It is crowded with oil men, as every village and town on the banks of the Ohio at this time happens to be; and there was something amusing in the self-denial which they were compelled to show while living among these good people. Not to say it offensively, you must know that your true-oil hunter has no fondness greater than that for whisky. It had a great effect in the development of West Virginia. "You will find," said a travelling companion, who had spent some time in the Kanawha region, "that a demijohn of whisky and a piece of calleo or muslin, to make frocks for the women and girls, to be of as much advantage to you as even gold or silver." This was the way in which our early Indian fathers were despoiled of their lands and homes. And I have no doubt tha if the secret history of many of the trades that now lie booked and docketed away in the court houses at Elizabeth, Parkersburg, Middlebourne, and Ritchie, could only be told, it would be found that this great Western staple had as much to do with olling and determining the minds of the original owners of these lands as a string of beads or a high silk hat, or a pair of very red pantaloons, had to do with persuading our Indian ancestors to sur-render their right to many a lovely and fertile plain. So, if you come after oil in Virginia, bring

whisky. In Newport resign yourself to cider. PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGIONS. It was with something of a gratified feeling that I bid farewell to Virginia and Ohio, and the classic regions of Ball Creek, Duck Creek, Burning Springs, Sistersville, and passing hastily through Wheeling. arrived at Pittsburg on a cold, dismal evening, on my way to Venango county. Early in the morning. accompanied by a new wayfaring friend, whose ac-quaintance I had made, by some fortunate accident, on the way, I started on the Fort Wayne and Chi-cago road for Meadville. I saw enough of Pittsburg, during the few hours I had passed with its people, to enable me to assure our friends in the East that it is not only recking with smoke but dripping with oil. In fact, you hear so much of oil, and see so much of it, and you are constantly made aware of its presence, that the whole city assumes a greasy appearance—the men walk as tenderly and as daintily as though they were afraid of slipping, and the ladies seem to draw their beautiful Magenta-colored dresses around them as if in dread of contamination, and the very skies had a petroleum look, as though the heavens were becoming jealous of the earth, and, instead of oil spouting up from the crevices of the rocks, it was about to come out from the windows of the great deep. I do not know if there is more capital invested there than in Philadelphia or New York, but it is certain that the people make the greater show of it. Men are pointed out to you in the streets as having become suddenly rich with this new staple, and stories are told very much like the romance of poor Johnny Jones, which I shall relate in a moment or two. Thriving, lusty, freedom-loving Pittsburg has grown too wealthy to call upon this new staple. The gentlemen of the East must look to their laurels or King Petroleum will erect his throne on the banks of the Allegheny. EN ROUTE FOR VENANGO The little towns along the route from Pittsburg to Meadville have also received many good things from

the oil trade. The large travel which has recently

been going on, the number of rich men who are constantly passing through these places, and the great demand for oil-lands or lands that show any geological similarity to the oil districts, have increased the wealth of the eastern and western counties of Pennsylvania three to five hundred per cent. Towns are springing up in this deserted country that show a great deal of the pure not sign a deed unless she gets "a frock." In early and mature Eastern taste. Meadville especially is a charming specimen of Pennsylvania industry and present of a five-dollar bill. Then the sum arose skill. It is on the line of the Great Western and been able to enjoy. It has grown up into a young city in the course of the last few menths. We were delayed at Meadville a few hours. Accordingly, together with a travel-ling friend, I made a tour through the streets. There are dwellings here which would not do discredit to your own Rittenhouse and Logan squares, and the McHenry Hotel surpasses anything I have ever seen outside of Philadelphia or New York. The seen outside of Fridaceiphis of New York. The dining-room is the finest, perhaps, in the United States, and the traveller may receive the Invariant of the East without paying near as large a price as is generally asked in town. The Atlantic Railroad and the oil business have made Meadville, and Corry, and Titusville, and Oll City, four of the most flourishing towns in our State, and I should not be at all surprised if they became rivals of Lancaster, and Reading, and Easton, and even; perhaps, of Pittsburg. From Meadville we travelled on the Atlantic road until we came to Franklin, and here we are within the limits of King Petroleum's domions. Franklin is the county seat of Venango, and is an old town situated upon a broad plain a little above the mouth of French Creek; on the ALlegheny river, at the head of the navigation of the Allegheny. Twenty years ago the population was not more than six hundred; it now numbers over two thousand. It was first settled in the early part of this century, and grew quietly and prosten tatiously, as all country towns do, until petro-leum began to take its place among the king-doms of the earth. Franklin is seven miles from Oil City, and around about the town some good wells have been found. I saw no evidences, however, of the existence of such large deposits of oil as are found at Oil Creek; but it is thought that when capital becomes more eager, and science enables us to find some rule governing the discovery of the production of oil, wells will be found here surpassing these further up the stream. The theory that the petroleum thus far found is nothing more than a surface formation, and that to reach great deposits we must drill to the extent of perhaps two or three theusand feet, is one which has never yet received a practical illustration, for the reason that one have been bold enough to sink their drills to a none have been bold enough to sink their drills to a sufficient depth. It is a theory much cherished by the people of Franklin, who feel confident that if they could ealy get their fingers into the depth of their own land, they would find a harvest of wealth-producing oil. Oil speculators and capitalists have taken possession of Franklin, and even if no springs were found around it, there is enough weaklish Oil City and among other parts of Venange to make it in time a great metropolis. Franklin, by its position as the termination of the branch of the Great Western and Atlantic Railroad, and holding direct Western and Atlantic Railroad, and holding direct railroad connection with Corry and Philadelphia. met become a point of great interest and necessity

The barrenness of Venango county, and the wild, uneven character of its lands, have been subjects of jest among the good folk of Western Pennsylvania. Par beyond the memory of the present generation, an emigrant to Yenangoor to Butler was always conan-emigrant to yenangor to nutter was always con-gratulated upon the fact that if he could not get wheat or corn, or raise good cattle, he might at least make his family clean from the gap mine. "The scap mine" was a humorous phrase used to desig-nate the character of the country hereabouts, which, from the exudations of oil, had a greasy, dank, slippery appearance. The good folk of the early times who jested with their neighbors on the greasy streams and rocks little thought that cursof thos streams a staple would come more valuable than corn or wheat. Das geology of Venange county is not as marked as that of West Virginia. We see the lower conglomerates of the coal formation, and I was told that beyond Oil City the lowest strate of coal rock cropped out on the top of the hills. The shale rock and sandstone abound, and the country along the river banks is rugged and wild, the river hills being precipitous and steep. The geologis would call these valleys the valleys of erosion, show no that Nature had one day been in trouble here, as she evidently had been in the valley of the Kanawha. The anti-climal pitch of the rocks, or, as the people about here call it, "their dip and lay," is narked, although they do not form as many scene natural beauty and saw elsewhere in my travels Indeed, to compare Venange county, as a piece of scenery, with West Virginia, or even with the country around McConnelsville, would be to decide gainst its merit as an oil-producing district. Howover, in this case, experience has quarrelled with the man of science. Notwithstanding the lessnarked "surface indications" of Oil Creek, petro eum has been found in apparent inexhaustible nantities. And here I may appropriate a theory of a writer in a scientific journal, who, in speaking of petroleum, assumes that it has generated away down in the erevices of the earth; that these crevices were once the shores of a great sea which covered part of North America during what is called the Chemung period of the Devonian age. This sea was supposed to he shallow, as is judged by the absence of limestone. Its marshes were covered with a dense salt grass; such, perhaps, as might be seen in the neighborhood of Atlantic City. When the face of the earth changed, and the sea became dry land, and the alluvial formation made it habitable, far down in the crevices of these rocks the vegeta tion of these marshes was slowly distilled into our Now, it is known that in most wells, when the bore strikes oil, salt water, petroleum, and a capponic acid gas are thrown up. Therefore, in these crevices, it is supposed that three substances exist-salt water, gas, and netroleum : the salt water being a part of the distillation, the gas they exist together, in some respects antagonistic elements, without force enough to affect the forma-tion of the earth, but hidden, cramped away, and so eager for release that when their pris locked by these sharp, keen oil-diggers, they rush forth upon the earth in dense, large, gushing streams. The gas escapes to the air, and as, of course, there can be no affinity between oil and water, when the stream pours into the tank, the oil rises to the top and the water sinks. In all oil wells more or less of water is found. Even when crude petroleum is gathered, and the first natural process of separation is effected, as it lies in the tank, the process of refining shows the presence of still gas, napths, water in a small quantity, burning oil (the refined petroleum of commerce), and the lubricating oil, which is made by chilling the petroleum with ice, mercial purposes. As this geological formation was not confined at all to the continent of North Ameica, neither, as I have before stated, has petroleum il tieen alone found in the internal sea which, juring the Chemus period of the Devonian age, was appropriate to gover the greater part of North very much the same as linseed oil is made for comwas supposed to cover the grea GIRB BUILDERS Iron Founders, and General A