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JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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WHOLE NUMBER 583.

Poetical.

Flowers.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Spoke full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they behold.

Woodrose truths, and manifold as woodrose,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In those stars of earth, those golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Reveals in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowers in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms floating in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds, that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Planting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night.

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the selfsame powers,
Which the poet, in no idle dream,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they growing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is here;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like faith amid the golden core.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
But in Autumn's green-embroidered field,
And in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his broken shield.

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of old and best above,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Miscellaneous.

A Dutchman in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said: "Day wash very much alike, especially do off one.—One looked so much like both, I could not tell from which; when I went after the one I always caught do other, and I whipped the one, almost to death because do other kicked me." He thus describes an accident: "One horse, a long time ago, I went into to mine apple-orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beeches to make mine vrow a blum building mit; and ven I gets on the top of the tree, I fell from the lower most limb, mit one leg, a both side do defence, and like to stove my outside in."

"Hello, my friend, I see you are losing flesh." (Old gentleman, indignant at the familiarity of his supposed friend, sputtering most fearfully): "Wh—What! losing flesh! you impudent scoundrel, I'll let you know, sir, I'm not, sir, I, sir, last night, sir, was weighed, sir, and had gained ten pounds, sir. Very pretty state of affairs, if a person has been insulted in this manner!" "Well, my friend, all that I can say is, if you look behind, you will find it to be true." Old gen discovers a small dog making a violent assault on his market basket.

"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?" "Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got—if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then." "By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?" "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green; but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice."

A Texas paper says that a squad of Camanches lately got after a bald-headed white man who was hunting on the San Sab River, and had nearly overtaken him, when his hat blew off and exposed his shining bald pate to their astonished gaze. The savages halted, cried "Scalped! scalped!" and stood wondering so long at the phenomenon, that the hunter escaped.

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of a new servant if she snored in her bed. "About marm," replied the term of the day. "ver lays awake long enough to do."

Fitz-Byron asked friend what he thought of his "Ode to Sleep." "You have done justice to the subject," replied the latter. "It is impossible to read it without acknowledging its weight."

Once on a time, an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and when grasping with each other, the Irishman exclaimed, "Yo devil of a black nigger! cry enough, or I'll fight till I die!" "So'll I, boss!" sung out the darkey, "I always does."

The Old Cartman.

From the San Francisco (Cal.) Golden Era.

I have a mind to tell a little story. That is brief, may be seen at a glance; that it is true, I most emphatically avow. If the reader despise it because of the first, or the editors of the Era reject it for the reason of the last, then will I eschew truth in the future, and devote myself to the elaboration of lies into chapters, and the purest fictions into volumes of seventeen hundred pages each.

With this understanding, I proceed at once to remark, that five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ainsley—or 'Pap Ainsley,' as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a handcart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prosaic language possible, he was a hand-cartman, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him as the stalwart Tex'on on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind hearted men not infrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to 'Pap Ainsley.'

Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financing to meet it,) having two or three dozen volumes of books to transfer to my lodging, I gave 'Pap Ainsley' the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last armful on the table, and observing that the old man looked considerably fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs five or six times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room, for medicinal and soporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged, but he was inflexible. I was astonished. 'Do you never drink?' said I. 'Very seldom,' he replied, dropping into a chair, at my request, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. 'Well, if you drink at all,' I insisted, 'you will not find in the next twelve months as fair an excuse for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand.' 'To be frank,' said the old man, 'I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor for fifteen years—since—' 'Since when?' I inquired, thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had but one child—a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, the girl, then but sixteen years of age, formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father with the circumstance, he flatly refused his consent to her union with a man he had never seen, and removing her from school, dispatched a note to the young gallant, with the somewhat pointed information, that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could and can have but one result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barreled shot gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young couple returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man, after the death of his wife, of which they had of course been apprised, had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeding to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounding him in the arm with a pistol shot, and then attempted the life of his daughter, who, happily, escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to this city, purchased a hand-cart, and—the rest is known. 'Since then,' concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, 'I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child.' I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for 'Pap Ainsley,' and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzling day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble-top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of conveying it to his residence on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the face, probably giving the best assurance of the careful delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment, the lady did not seem to surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had probably by accident neglected to settle for the cartage. 'Very well, I will pay you,' said the lady stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stating that she had coin in the house, handed the old man a twenty dollar piece. He could not make the change. 'Never mind—I will call to-morrow,' said he turning to go. 'No, no!' replied the lady, glancing pityingly at his white locks and trembling limbs; 'I will not permit you to put yourself to so much trouble; and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

'Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold,' continued the lady kindly, 'Come,' she added, as he looked at his rough attire and hesitated; 'there is a good fire in the grate, and no one there but the children.'

'It is somewhat chilly,' replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire. 'Perhaps I may find some silver in the house,' said the lady leaving the room, 'for I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty changed.'

'Come here, little one,' said the old man, holding out his hands coaxingly to the younger of the two children—a girl about six years of age. 'Come—I love little children,' and the child, who had been watching him with curiosity from behind the large arm-chair, hesitatingly approached. 'What is your name, dear?' inquired the cartman. 'Maria,' lisped the little one. 'Maria?' he repeated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; 'I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much as she did.'

'Did you?' inquired the child, with interest; 'and was her name Maria Eastman, too?'

'Merciful God!' exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and again dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast. 'This cannot be! and yet, why not?'

He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house. 'I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I care not tell her I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple,' he groaned, as he hurried towards the door.

The little ones were bewildered. 'You are not going?' said the mother, at that moment re-appearing, and discovering the old man in the act of passing into the hall. He stopped, and partly turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do aught else. 'He said he had a little Maria once, that looked just like me, mother,' shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled, and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprang towards him, and taking him by the arm, attempted to conduct him to a chair.

'No, no!' he exclaimed, 'not till you tell me I am forgiven!'

'Forgiven!—For what?' replied the mother in alarm.

'Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you?' he faltered.

'My poor father!' she cried, throwing her arms around his neck; 'All is forgiven—all forgotten!'

All was forgiven, and the husband, when he returned late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle, I never learned; but this I do know—it took the honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic affairs of the family had tied themselves during her absence. Pap Ainsley still keeps his cart; for money would not induce him to part with it. I peeped into the back-yard of Dr. Eastman, one day, last week, and discovered the old man dragging the favorite vehicle round the enclosure, with his four grand children piled promiscuously into it.

Being in a mechanic's shop the other day, an archer came in, his dress covered with mud. His father observing his dirty plight, said to him: 'William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?' The boy stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very observingly asked: 'Father, what am I made of?' 'Dust,' The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' 'Well, father, if dust I am, how can I help being muddy when I run on the grass?' 'William go down stairs and get some wood.' Start.

When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed, 'What! our sun's sun! why, that must be a grand sun!'

A loving husband recently telegraphed to his wife as follows:—'What have you for dinner, and how is the baby?' The answer came back, 'Park, has the measles.'

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprang from two causes—stuffing and fretting.

Just Nat'rally Spillin' for a Fight.

The following from the Cairo Gazette will be understood and appreciated by any one that has ever spent an hour in the place:

'Whoop! I'm just nat'rally spillin' for a fight!' screamed a somewhat 'intoxicated' individual in front of Springfield Block, the other night. 'I'm the best man that ever wore here! I'm the big dog of the tanyard—the gray wolf of the prairies; so I am!—Jerusalem, don't these of these ornary Cairo cusses want to tackle me! I'm the post oak—the big bay wat's never been backed! I'm a steam engine, fired up, with my safety valve tied down, 150 pounds of steam, and bound to bust, unless I kin work it off lickin' some of these Illinois suckers! I shall die, I know I shall, if I can't find somebody to fight me. Dare any man that ever wore breeches to lend me a dollar? Won't somebody here just please to call me a liar!'

Notwithstanding this polite and uncommon request, urged with so much pathos and sincerity, the gentleman made no impression on the minds of our citizens, and found no one willing to make the required assertion.—Next morning we saw the wily sitting on a pile of lumber by the river, both eyes bugged up, nose flattened, half his teeth knocked out of his head, and his coat torn into shreds. Upon kindly inquiring after his health and how he liked Cairo, he remarked, 'Stranger, I like Cairo first rate—it's a lively place, and has the best society in it I've met with since I left home!'

True Glory.

The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone, but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream.—The temple of the sun at Tadmor in the Wilderness has fallen; but its fountain sparkles in its rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades.—It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of a man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility or benevolence. This is the true glory which out-lives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its own immortality, and, in some degree, rescuing them from that which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.

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LAWS OF OHIO.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

AN ACT To authorize the Adoption of Children.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That any husband and wife jointly, may petition the probate court of their proper county for leave to adopt a minor child not theirs by birth, and for a change of the name of such child; but a written consent must be given to such adoption by the child, if of the age of fourteen years, and by each of his or her living parents who is not hopelessly insane or intertemperate; if there be no such parents, or if the parents shall be unknown, or have abandoned such child, or if such parents or either of them are hopelessly insane or intertemperate, then by the legal guardian; if there be no such guardian, then by a discreet and suitable person, appointed by the court to act in the proceedings as the next friend of such child.

Section 2. That if the petition shall be filed by husband and wife, the court shall examine the wife separate and apart from her husband, and shall refuse leave for her adoption, unless the court shall be satisfied, from such examination, that the wife, of her own free will and accord, desires such adoption.

Section 3. That upon the compliance with the foregoing provisions, if the court shall be satisfied of the ability of the petitioner or petitioners to bring up and educate the child properly, having reference to the degree and condition of the child's parents, and obligations in respect to such child, and the order settling forth the facts, and declaring that, from that date, such child, to all legal intents and purposes, is the child of the petitioner, and that the name of such child is thereby changed.

Section 4. That by such order the natural parents shall be divested of all legal rights and obligations in respect to such child, and the child shall be free from all legal obligations of obedience and maintenance in respect to them, and shall be to all intents and purposes, the child and legal heir of his or her adopter or adopters, entitled to all the rights and privileges and subject to all the obligations of a child of the adopter or adopters, begotten in lawful wedlock: Provided, that on the decease of parents who have adopted a child or children under this act and the subsequent decease of such child or children without issue, the property of such adopting parents shall descend to the next of kin, and not to the next of kin of such adopted child or children.

Section 5. This act shall be in force from and after its passage.

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AN ACT To amend the fourth section of an act, entitled "An act to authorize the making of real estate indexes, and further to prescribe the duties of county commissioners and recorders in certain counties," passed February 14th, 1853.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That section four of an act, entitled an act to authorize the making of real estate indexes, and further to prescribe the duties of county commissioners and recorders in certain counties, be so amended as to read as follows: Section 4. For every entry in such general index of any lot, piece or parcel of land, the recorder shall be allowed the sum of ten cents, to be paid by the person leaving such instrument of conveyance or transfer for record.

Section 2. Section four of the above recited act is hereby repealed.

Section 3. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Williams B. Woods, Speaker of the House of Representatives, President of the Senate, March 29, 1859.

AN ACT To prevent and punish fraud in the use of false Stamps, Brands, Labels, or Trade Marks.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That any person or persons who shall knowingly and willfully counterfeit, imitate, use, or procure to be forged or counterfeited, any representation, likeness, similitude, copy or imitation of the private stamp, brand, wrapper, label, or trade mark, usually affixed by any mechanic, manufacturer, druggist, merchant or tradesman, to and upon the goods, wares, merchandise, preparation or mixture of such mechanic, manufacturer, druggist, merchant or tradesman, with intent to pass off any work, goods, manufacture, compound, preparation or mixture, to which such forged or counterfeited representation, likeness, similitude, copy or imitation is affixed or intended to be affixed as the work, goods, manufacture, compound, preparation or mixture of such mechanic, manufacturer, druggist or tradesman, shall, upon conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the county jail for a period of not less than three months nor more than twelve months, and fined not exceeding five hundred dollars.

Section 2. That any person or persons who shall have in his or her possession any die, or dies, plate or plates, brand or brands, engraving or engravings, or printed labels, stamps, imprints, wrapper or trade marks, or any representation, likeness, similitude, copy, or imitation of the private stamp, imprint, brand, wrapper, label, or trade mark usually affixed by any mechanic, manufacturer, druggist, merchant or tradesman to or upon articles made, manufactured, prepared or compounded by him or them, for the purpose of making impressions, or selling the same when made, or using the same upon any other article made, manufactured, prepared or compounded, and passing the same off upon the community as the original goods, manufactures, preparations or compounds of any other person or persons, or who shall in fact sell or use the same, or who shall knowingly and fraudulently use the genuine stamp, brand, imprint, wrapper, label, or trade mark, with intent to pass off any goods, wares, merchandise, mixtures, compounds, or other article not the manufacture of the person or persons to whom such stamp, brand, imprint, wrapper, label or trade mark, properly belongs, as genuine and original, shall, upon conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the county jail not less than three months nor more than twelve months, and be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars.

Section 3. That any person who shall vend or keep for sale any goods, merchandise, mixture or preparation, upon which any forged or counterfeited stamps, brands, imprints, wrappers, labels or trade marks be placed or intended to be placed, or upon goods, merchandise, mixture or preparation, as the true and genuine goods, merchandise, mixture or preparation of any other person or persons, knowing the same to be counterfeit, shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars; in each case so offending, the complainant entitled to one half the amount so recovered.

Section 4. That it shall be lawful for any justice of the peace within this State, upon affidavit being made by any mechanic, manufacturer, druggist, merchant or tradesman, or his or their agent or attorney, that he has good reason to believe, and does believe, that any dies, plates, stamps, or brands are in the possession of any person within his county for the purpose of making false and counterfeit stamps, brands, imprints, labels, or trade marks, to issue a search warrant, authorizing the search for and seizure of all such dies, stamps, brands or plates, and all such impressions from the same that can be found, and upon satisfactory proof being made that such dies, stamps, brands or plates, or the impressions thereon, are to be used for the purpose of deception and fraud, such justice shall have full power to order all such stamps, dies, brands and plates, and the impressions therefrom to be publicly destroyed.

Section 5. This act shall be in force from and after its passage.

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