

# Meigs County Telegraph.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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## Meigs County Telegraph.

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**T. A. PLANTS & Co.**  
Office in first story of "New Era" Building, near  
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All business of the firm transacted by  
**A. E. McLAUGHLIN,**  
Who should be applied to or addressed at  
the "Telegraph" Office, Pomero, O.

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**ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer** and Dry Goods Dealer, First Street above Donnelly & Jennings, near the Holling-Mill, Pomero, O. Country Merchants and Retail Grocers are especially invited to call and examine my stock of Groceries, as I am confident that I cannot be undersold. 1-23

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**POMEROY ROLLING MILL CO.** Keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order, all kinds of cast, rolled and wrought iron of superior quality, which they offer, wholesale and retail, at current rates. Also, American and Swedish iron, steel and iron-plating, cast and sheet steel, wagon boxes, spring-iron and knives, etc. See Circular, 20-ly.  
**STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomero;** near the Holling-Mill. Saws cut, and lumber sawed to order on short notice. Planing, lath constantly on hand, for sale. 1-ly.  
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**JEWELRY.**  
**PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker & Jeweler;** Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Bank, Pomero, Ohio. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.  
**W. A. AICHELE, Watchmaker & Jeweler;** and wholesaler and retailer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., above the Remington House, Pomero. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

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**F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith,** in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomero, Ohio. All kinds of blacksmithing, and repairs, done with neatness and dispatch. 1-1

**PAINTERS—GLAZIERS.**  
**F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier,** back room of P. Lambrecht's Jewelry Store, west of Court street, Pomero, O. 1-1

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**JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness** and Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three corners below Court, Pomero, will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Saddle and harness made to order. 1-1

**JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness** Maker, Shop over Black and Rathbun's store, Railroad, O. 1-1

**WAGON MAKING.**  
**GARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING** by M. BLANKNER, Front Street, first corner below the Holling-Mill, Pomero, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-ly.

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**POCKET CUTLERY.**  
**A SUPERIOR lot of Pocket Cutlery,** may be found in my establishment, which for cheapness, deft competition. Call and convince yourself.  
June 21-26-3m. P. LAMBRECHT.

## Select Poetry.

**IF I WERE A VOICE.**  
BY CHARLES MACRAY.  
If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,  
That could travel the wide world through,  
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,  
And speak to men with a gentle might,  
And tell them to be true.  
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,  
Wherever a human heart might be,  
Telling a tale, or singing a song,  
In praise of the right,—in blame of the wrong.  
If I were a voice, a consoling voice,  
I'd fly on wings of air,  
I'd seek the sinner's ear,  
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,  
To save them from despair.  
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,  
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down  
Into the hearts of suffering men,  
I'd whisper words that should give them rest—  
And teach them to rejoice again.  
If I were a voice, a convincing voice,  
I'd travel with the wind,  
And whenever I saw the nations torn  
By warfare bloody and sore,  
Or hatred of their kind,  
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the world,  
And into their blinded souls I'd pour,  
And all their evil thoughts subdued,  
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.  
If I were a voice, a prevailing voice,  
I'd speak the words of truth,  
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,  
And whisper lessons that should guide them right—  
Lessons of peaceful love.  
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,  
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,  
And making all the world rejoice—  
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

## THE COUNTERFEITER;

OR,  
THE FOURPENNY-HALF PENNY.

A TALE OF CRIME AND AFFECTION.

BY A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

There was a clanking of chains within the cell as the turnkey opened the door to me. I had come to prepare the mind of the doer to meet death on the morrow. "Shall I lock you in with him, or wait?" asked the turnkey, as he stood holding the half-opened, massive door, which was as thick as a family Bible, and all battened with iron bars, and studded with the heads of enormous nails, while the locks—there were two—were a foot square, and of vast strength. The only light which entered the cell passed through a barred lattice in the door, a few inches square. In the rear, high up, was a crevice for air, but it opened only into the ventilation. The cell was seven feet long, six and a half high, and three feet wide. There was a cot bed in it two feet wide, and save one foot space, as long as the cell. It was a tomb for a living man, in which he was buried before he was dead.

It was a pleasant Thursday afternoon, and one I never should have had, nor the devil have dared to have presented to me, but for that first fourpenny-halfpenny. "No," said I to the devil; "no. These are bills. That is too much. I dare not think of such a thing." So I put the letter firmly aside. "But a dozen times in the day the temptation came back upon me. That night I could not sleep; till late, for thinking of it. "I finally went to sleep, resolving I would just open the letter, and see how much was in it. I could sell it again. It would do no harm. There was no danger of my taking a bill. "The letter was from a country town—the hand-writing that of an illiterate person. It was sealed in the old-fashioned way with a wafer. I locked the counting-room door, guarded against being over-looked, and then softened the wafer on my tongue. I opened the unresisting seal with fear and trembling. It was from a customer, who had owed my father three years, and was now only able to send him twenty-five dollars. The money was in a five, a three, four twos, and the rest one dollar bills. I looked wistfully at the bills, but folded the letter up, and put it away with the money in it. I did not read it, sir, and thus I voluntarily left the devil's door open. That evening a boy told me there was to be a training in the next town the next day, and asked me to go halves with him to hire a gig. I was ashamed to say I had no money. I wished to go. I thought of the twenty-five dollars, and said "yes," inwardly resolved to abstract a one dollar bill only, and replace it in some way (perhaps I intended to do it from the clerk's pockets at night) before my father came back. I took the bill, sir, but my father was not here, sir? These were my first steps, sir, into guilt. My father did not return for two weeks. Before that the whole twenty-five dollars had been taken away by me, beginning at the smallest bill, and, as I grew bolder, ending at the large one. I spent it in ridings, suppers and dissipation. I now dreaded to meet my father. It would never do to give him the letter. So I destroyed it, sir. I resolved to be quiet, and that the writer would suppose it had been lost in the mail. "Well, these weeks after my father's return, he asked me if I had received such a letter. I was nearly choked with terror, but relieved myself with a lie. I said such a letter had never come that I knew. "But, lie, like murders, will out. The postmaster, in reply to an inquiry from my father, said firmly he had received and delivered such a letter to me. My father then accused me of the theft. I confessed it, and, to escape the punishment which he prepared for me, I fled from his presence. I got on board a sloop going down the river, and reached to city of B—.

There I shipped before the mast, and went on a foreign voyage. But the spirit of theft was in me. I stole the captain's gold, was arrested and tried on the return voyage, and thrown into prison. I escaped and became a burglar, and joined myself with counterfeiters. Ah, sir, that little

my opportunity, and, with a burning face, raised it, and concealing it in my shirt hand, thrust the hand into my pocket, and went whistling and blushing out of doors. Sir, that first theft placed me here. In exchange for that piece of silver, behold these heavy chains of iron on my hands and feet. In this hand I secreted the money. See the hand now, locked in bolts of iron. Ah, sir, warn the young lad against the first theft!

"This successful pilfering tempted me again. The clerk slept in the same room with me. When he went to bed one night, I heard money rattle in his trousers pocket as he flung them off upon the floor. The idea that I might take a nippence, and that it would never be missed, took possession of me. It was, however, not until I had thought it over for three nights, that I resolved and dared to attempt it. He was a heavy sleeper. I crept out of bed and along the floor, and put my hand, unseen by any but God's great eye, into his pocket, I felt noiselessly for a nippence, but there was nothing less than a quarter of a dollar. I hesitated, and was startled at the idea of taking so much, and fearful he might miss it, careless as he was of change; but the devil urged me on, and I took it. I hid it under a corner of the rug, so that if he missed and looked for it, it might easily be found, and be supposed to have rolled out. He did not miss it, and hence my courage to take, at another time, half a dollar. Ah, sir, that fourpenny-halfpenny! That was the minnow-hook which the devil baited to catch my soul with!

"In the course of two months I had abstracted from his pocket, in bits, at least six dollars, and from my father's nine dollars; for my success with the clerk's change tempted me to try my father's pockets by stealing into his bed-room when he was asleep. "As few men seldom count their loose pocket-money, of these pilferings I got on one true over a half a dollar, and usually in much less pieces) I was, unfortunately, not detected, for if I had been, it might have checked my career in time. Five months after I had commenced this petty thieving, silencing my conscience with the smallness of the sums taken, and that it was mostly my father's money, (forgetting that it is as great guilt to steal from a father as from a stranger, if not actually more wicked,) my father left to go on a collecting tour, and the clerk being sick, I was desired to remain in the counting-room to give answers to people who came on business. I also took the letters from the post-office. In looking these over, I saw one of them evidently had bills. I was satisfied of this by holding it up to the light, and seeing the vignette through the thin letter paper. "Here now, sir, was a temptation, and one I never should have had, nor the devil have dared to have presented to me, but for that first fourpenny-halfpenny. "No," said I to the devil; "no. These are bills. That is too much. I dare not think of such a thing." So I put the letter firmly aside.

and a quarter cent piece bore evil fruit after being planted in my pocket. "Now, sir, not to be tedious, I will come to the present affair. As a counterfeiter, I had plenty of money, dressed well, and was regarded in a town where I opened a cigar shop as a respectable, well-to-do young man. I won the heart there of Charlotte Foley, the daughter of an academy preceptor. She was, as you know, sir, for you have seen her, beautiful and amiable. I loved her as passionately as she loved me! I had been married five months and she suspected nothing wrong, although I was then one of the leading men of a gang of twenty-four counterfeiters. At length I was betrayed by one of the young men of the gang, who had a passion for my wife, and wished to get me out of the way! Yes, sir, that was the motive of Kendall Morton's informing upon me! But he has had his reward! This hand sent the bullet to his brain which has avenged me! You know, sir, how I was arrested after having killed two of the officers, and that I was sentenced to death—on my trial! That six-and-quarter cents, sir, has thus been the death of three men, to say no more of what came after!

"Well, when Charlotte knew that she had been married to a counterfeiter she did not give me up, as some would have done. She clung to me! She strove to see me in prison; but at the request of her angry father, she was forbidden to visit me as I lay under sentence of death. But man had no power to stop her affection for me! She sought the Governor! She implored forgiveness for me! She entreated for commutation of my sentence to imprisonment for life! When he refused, she rested not until she had got hundreds of signatures to a petition to him. She achieved her affectionate purpose. I was removed from this very condemned cell where I now am once more sentenced to die, to the Penitentiary! Now, sir, comes the bitterest cup I have drunk!

"A wicked one told my poor young wife, when she was again denied seeing me, that if she would commit a small crime of some sort that would send her to the Penitentiary, she might be with me and share my cell! He who told this was that devil Morton; for, finding that she was faithful and true to me, and despised him and his arts, he laid this trap to ruin her forever by making a convict of her! He took advantage of her simplicity and her deep love for me, aware that she would do anything to be re-united with me! Ah, sir, I never saw a more pitiful sight than my wife's hands on. It was the watch of a lawyer's wife who lived near her. The lawyer appeared against her. She confessed her guilt, as you know! but not the motive! This I now tell you, sir, that the world may know it. She was sent to the Penitentiary one year! But was she put into my cell? Did I see her? Ah, sir, you know how it was."

Here he grunted heavily and buried his face in his hands! For some time he remained silent and evidently overcome with terrible emotions. He said rightly that I knew how it was. I will tell the reader. The theft which the beautiful and unhappy counterfeiter's wife had committed created great surprise. Her trial created a great deal of interest and of sympathy for her. But as the watch was found on her person and she confessed the theft, the law had to take its course. Who present read her heart? Who there suspected that she had committed a crime in her helplessness and her husband's in his? What marvelous affection for an unworthy object! What depth of love to see for the sake of the loved one himself a sinner! When she was taken to the Penitentiary, she was smiling and happy all the way. The warden placed her at once in the woman's ward. She had no sooner had her long hair severed from her head and been clad in the blue prison gown, than she asked the keeper eagerly:

"Where is my husband? I must be taken to him! Where is Henry?" "You can't see him, ma'm, here! You may be here a year and he wouldn't know it!" "What, shall I not see my husband here?" she repeated. "They told me so?" "They lied, then," answered the man, roughly, as he locked the door and went out. There were several convict women present. She turned to them. They assured her she would not see him at all! "One of the women has told me the scene that followed—"When she was convinced of it she began to tear her hair and shriek, and beat the bars, and call on 'Henry! Henry! You Charlotte is here! Come to me—for they will not let me come to you!' She shrieked and raved until the keepers had to confine her! All that night and the next day she did nothing but shriek and call her husband, till she fainted away as one dead! When they brought her to, she took on again so dreadfully and pitifully that the prison doctor said she would go mad, and must see her husband!"

So far the convict woman. The rules of the prison were then relaxed, and the prisoner was sent for. He had heard her shrieks across the yard and recognized her voice. When he came in, in chains put upon him for precaution, she was crouched in the ashes of the open fire-place, (it was summer and no fire in it,) and rocking herself to and fro and singing a low plaint. As soon as she heard his voice she shrieked his name, and rising leaped into his arms!

The husband was overcome. His frame shook! The sight of her unmanhood him, while this proof of her love melted his soul. For a few moments he held her in his misshapen arms close to his heart. Then he tried to disengage her to look in her face. But she clung to him with the phrensy of despair.

"No—no—no! I will never, never leave my husband. God joined us together—let no man put us asunder!" "Go! Leave us a few moments together," he said, hoarsely. The men went out, locking them in, only a deaf and dumb woman being left in the room. After about ten minutes there was heard a wild shriek. They opened the door, and lo! the young wife lay upon the floor—a corpse. A wound upon her temple showed that she had been slain by a blow; and blood on the bar which united his wrists showed that he was the author of her death! He did not resist those who secured him. He made no explanation. He was silent before the court, and only smiled grimly when he received sentence of death. Up to the evening before the day set for his execution he had refused to see me. My surprise and gratification, therefore, were great when the messenger came whose summons I now obeyed.

I will now resume Cullingham's own narrative, which, after several minutes' silence, his face hidden in his hands, he thus resumed: "Yes—you know I killed her! but you don't know why. She told me in the brief space that we were left together why she had stolen the watch. Sir—it nearly killed me to be so loved! She then wanted to know if we could never meet again. I assured her, sadly, that it was all in vain for her to hope. "Then please kill me now, Henry! I am going crazy! If they take you from me I shall go mad! Oh! kill me now—I am so unhappy. Let me die now if we can never be together, for I can look down from Heaven, if God forgives me, and see you then. I talk crazed, don't I? Please to kill me, Henry!"

"So she talked, sir, to me. I could see her eyes were wild and crazed. I was put beside myself by her misery. I pressed her to my heart, kissed her lips, and struck her one blow upon the temple, and she lay at my feet, dead! Now, sir, you know all—all! To-morrow I die!" Here he was silent and thoughtful. He then laughed hollowly, and said—"If your Bible is true I shall never see her again, for she is innocent and in Heaven. But, sir, my heart tells me she is near me. Last night I saw her plainly in my cell here—a bright, glorious spirit! Sir, she will follow my spirit into hell!"

"Young man, this language is unbecoming," I said. Would you wish to die? "I have rendered her life so wretched!" "God forbid! No, sir, I could bear the tortures of the damned if I believed Charlotte was happy in Paradise. You are talking out your prayer-book—it is no use, sir! Prayers will do me no good. I have no heart to repent—no time in the sixteen hours left me to make my peace for my life-time sins!"

"Wait the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return." I repeated, as these lines caught my eyes in a hymn-book which some one had given him. "No, no! Burn my lamp with the devil's oil all my life, and at the eleventh hour, when the oil is gone, blow the smoke in the Lord's face! I'm no hypocrite, sir—I thank you for coming to see me, and especially for listening to me. I hope you will clear Charlotte's character." "I promise to report what you have stated."

It is all true. Now, sir, if you will stay with me, or send some one to do so—I can't be far alone." I informed him it was out of my power to remain; and as he spurned prayer and counsel, I must leave him to the mercy of God. He made no reply. The turnkey now came and released me, and with a sad heart I took leave of the hardened criminal. As the heavy door was closing upon him, he called out—"Tell the boys in your school, sir, about the fourpenny-halfpenny, and what iron fruit such stolen silver seed will yield in the end!" and as he spoke he shook his manacles and fetters till they rang again. The next day he suffered the full penalty of the law, dying without fear and without repentance, leaving in his fate a warning to all who yield to temptation in trifles—shutting their eyes to the fact that a gimlet hole will sink a ship as surely as one made with an auger, give it time.

**A Curious Resurrection Case.**  
The Columbus "Fet" says:  
A curious case occurred last week at Rome, in Franklin county, Ohio. Mrs. Peters, wife of a German of that name, after a short illness, was supposed to have died. Her husband made immediate arrangements for her funeral, having procured a coffin in this city. On placing her body in the coffin, a general perspiration was observed throughout the skin, which was reported to the husband, with the suggestion that the burial be deferred, in the hope of reanimation. To this the husband objected, and had her interred the same day, (Saturday). After the burial services were over, some relatives of the supposed deceased, who were in this city, arrived at Rome to attend the funeral, which had already taken place, and hearing of the circumstances, caused the body, which then had been down four hours in the grave, to be disinterred, to their surprise and joy, they found signs of life still remaining. Restoratives being administered, Mrs. Peters gradually recovered, was taken by her friends to this city, and is now well. We are informed that she refuses to again live with her husband. The circumstances connected with the affair are strange indeed, and should undergo investigation.

Examination of Teachers.  
The following questions were propounded for written answers at the Examination of Teachers on the 6th inst.  
GRAMMAR.  
1. What belong to Nouns?  
2. What does the positive degree of an adjective show? Comparative? Superlative?  
3. Into how many classes are pronouns divided, and what are they?  
4. Decline Thou, Myself and Which, in both numbers.  
5. That may be used as how many different parts of speech, and what parts of speech? Give examples wherein it is used as each.  
6. What properties belong to Verbs?  
7. Give the present and 1st past tenses, and past participle of the following verbs: Do, Fight, Freeze, Sit, Hang.  
8. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll; ten thousand fleets sweep over thee, in vain." Parse the words in Italian.  
9. The storm rising, Julia hastened home. Parse the words in Italian.  
10. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil." Parse the words in Italian.

ARITHMETIC.  
1. Make all the signs used in Arithmetic, to-wit: the sign of Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Equality, and Radical sign, in the order as above.  
2. In Subtraction, what is the Minuend, and what is the Subtrahend?  
3. In Division, what is the product of the quotient and divisor equal to?  
4. What is a Complex Fraction?  
5. If the numerator of a fraction be divided by any number, while the denominator remains the same, what effect will be produced on the value of the fraction?  
6. How many times is 80 contained in 8 hundredths?  
7. How do you define Proportion?  
8. There are 1000 men besieged in a town, with provisions for 5 weeks, allowing each man 16 ounces a day; if they are reinforced by 500 more, and no relief can be offered till the end of 8 weeks, how many ounces must be given daily to each man?  
9. Find the amount of the following note, when due:  
POMEROY, July 3d, 1843.  
For value received, I promise to pay, on the 4th day of July, 1845, the bearer three hundred and six dollars, with interest at 8 per cent, from the 1st day of March, 1843.

GEOGRAPHY.  
1. What causes the regular succession of day and night?  
2. How many degrees does Longitude extend?  
3. What is the greatest distance across the Frigid Zones?  
4. Which Hemisphere contains the largest Islands?  
5. Which are the first and second cities in commerce in the World?  
6. What are the Rocky Mountains called south of 40° north latitude?  
7. Which is the highest mountain in North America?  
8. What is the Capital of Russian America?  
9. What States does Central America comprise?  
10. What is the latitude of the city of Washington?

Forced Gayety.  
We have all read of the poor melancholic, who, on applying to a physician for a cure for the "mind diseased," was advised to visit the theater and hear the witlings and witness the droileries of the celebrated comic actor, who had set the risibilities of the whole city to twilching. "Alas!" said the poor sufferer, "I am myself the actor, and while thousands are convulsed with laughter over my wit and humor, I am devoured with melancholy."

His was not an isolated case in this strange world, where men wear masks and make it the business of their lives to conceal their real selves from each other. Of all the sad things under heaven, the saddest is a smile wrung from lips that are trembling with unexpressed anguish. It is the hectic of distress; it is the rose upon the tomb, which hides decay and corruption. And how often do we see it—this mockery of mirth, this joyless smile, which the tell tale eye looks down upon with sorrowful regard.

We see it in festal gatherings, glancing like lurid lightning, on the roses of beauties' lips; we see it in the proud, careworn faces of those who could not brook to receive pity, and are determined that the heart "shall know its own bitterness and a stranger meddle not with its grief." We see it in locks which are part of those who wrote them—as well as in men. What are the satires of Pope, but the forced, sardonic smile of a man who was writhing beneath the unjust ridicule of inferior minds, Byron's bitter, wicked mirth, but the reckless laugh of a lost and tortured spirit—and Cowper, the sweet poet—we all know how he wrote "John Gilpin," that delectable bit of fun, over which we have laughed so many times. We know how, after days of fasting and nights of sleepless agony, of distracting memories and bantering thoughts of suicide, he sat down, in a mood of defiance, and wrote that ballad whose exquisite humor we find so irresistible.

And thus, smiles are often the livery of woe. The fountain of tears lies very deep, and is not brought to the surface by any wind but the wind of adversity. It is not a mask, but the smile is a pleasant unbidden mask, in which sorrow, as well as hypocrisy and villainy, can disguise their features.—Crusader.

## Senator Iverson on Southern Rights.

Senator Iverson, of Georgia, has been thinking one of his pleasant dissonant speculations at Griffin, Ga. The following passages from a synopsis of the Hon. Senator's speech, which we find in the Columbus (Ga.) "Sun," give a sufficiently clear and comprehensive idea of the production: "The proud and enviable condition of the poor white man in the South, compared to the degraded, white slave of the North, is owing to the existence of African Slavery in the South. If the question of emancipating the negroes was today submitted to the people of Georgia, nine out of ten who own no slaves would vote in the negative. Slavery must be maintained—in the Union if possible—out of it if necessary—peaceably if we may—forcibly if we must. He was once an advocate of the bereft of Squatter Sovereignty, but had repented of and recanted the error. Subsequent investigation had convinced him that the true theory in relation to the Territorial Governments of the Union, is that it is both the power and duty of Congress to pass laws for the protection of Slavery, wherever it exists or may exist upon the common soil. "From what has been said let no one imagine he was in favor of dissolving the Union from choice. He would surrender only when convinced it had failed of the great objects of its creation. In a contemplated Government of their own, the Southern States would enjoy sources of wealth, prosperity and power unsurpassed by any nation on earth. No neutrality laws would restrain our adventurous sons. Our expanding policy would stretch far beyond present limits. Central America would join her destiny to ours, and Cuba, now withheld from us by the voice and votes of Abolition enemies. With a Republic larger in extent than all Europe, homogeneous in everything, we should exhibit to the world an example of greatness and power which nothing but the hand of God could ever weaken or destroy."

[From the Independent South.]  
**Georgia Court—A Rich Scene.**  
After a well-known Georgia Solicitor-General had administered the usual oath to the grand and petit juries and bailiffs, he turned to the presiding Judge, and remarked: "Sol—May it please your Honor, I do not remember any form of an oath administered to the petty bailiffs, but by your permission, I think I was from some one that will be satisfactory to the Court."  
Judge—Proceed, Mr. Solicitor.  
Sol. Gen.—Put your hand on the book; whereupon a tall, lean, vinegar faced son of Anak stepped up and promptly grabbed the book.  
Sol.—You do solemnly swear, in presence of this Court, and us lawyers, that you will take your position in the lobby, and there remain with your eyes skinned during the entire session of this Court.—That you will not suffer any one to speak above you will vociferously exclaim, "Silence in the lobby!" and if order is not immediately restored, you further swear that you will, by one ponderous blow of your fist, pliant between the peepers of the offender, knock him down. All of this you will do to the best of your skill and knowledge, so help you God.  
The bailiff took the position assigned him, and immediately after the Court was organized, Tom Diggers, who looked as green as young grass, walked into the room wearing goggles No. 11 and his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and enquired:  
"Hello, fellows, where in the thunder is Jim Swellings?"  
"Silence in the lobby!" roared the enraged official.  
Brognans—"You must be an alfred tar-nal fool, and of ye jist; on that bread-trap of your'n again, your mammy won't know ye."  
Whereupon Jim Jarvis, the bailiff, let fly the dogs of war, and greeny fell flat on his back, with his pedestals at an angle of forty degrees in the air. He grabbed greeny by the seat of his trousers, and dragged him wrong end foremost into the presence of his Honor, the presiding Judge, and said:  
"Mr. Judge, here's that damned infernal John Diggers, that won't never in a court-house here, and he undertook to run over this chicken; but 'cordin' to my oath I fetched the tar-nal critter up standing, by giving him a jerk atween the eyes 'cordin' to law, and now say the words, and I'll make the dogwood juice oaten him afore you kin wink ye eyes twice."  
Judge—Turn him loose, Mr. Bailiff, and accept the thanks of the Court for the prompt discharge of your official duties.  
Exit Greeny with eyes large as saucers.

**Trials of Married Life.**  
Married life has its trials and its sorrows. Tempers may prove incompatible, and call for forbearance. Fortune may be chary of its favors, and enforce self-denial. Children may be ungrateful, and sting the poor heart that has plowed them. Sickness may come, and hunt the household for years. But ask the poor man, struggling along with his d-bts, and the weary woman, toiling early and late, accomplishing the ruin of all her beauty and buoyance, if they would be plucked apart, could competence be given them, and all their trials be brought to an end. The answer would be: "There is something sweeter in this companionship of suffering, than anything the world can offer from its storehouse of joys outside of it, and something which would make even severer trials than ours only in hands to draw us more firmly together."—Springfield Republican.

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