

Freigs County Telegraph.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS. \$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.
NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 46.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."
POMEROY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1859.

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.
WHOLE NUMBER 897.

Mags County Telegraph.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
T. A. Plants & Co.
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the "Sugar Run Stone Bridge," Pomero, Ohio.
All business in the line transacted by
A. E. McLaughlin,
Who should be applied to or addressed at
the "Telegraph" Office, Pomero, O.
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

- LAWYERS.**
T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomero, O. Office in Edward's Building.
BURNAP & STANBURY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office on Front street at the head of St. Paul's Landing, a few doors east of the "Gibson House," Pomero, O. 2-36-37.
SIMPSON & LANSLEY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law and general collecting agents, Pomero, O. Office in the Court House.
HANNA & EARIART, Attorneys at Law, Pomero, O. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. 1-11.
THOmas CARLETON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, Main street, east side, two doors above J. Smith's shoe store, opposite the Remington House. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 1-34.
KNOWLES & GROSVENOR, Attorneys at Law, Adams street, Ohio, near the Court House. Office at the "Gibson House." 1-52.
PHYSICIANS.
S. GRIFFITH, M. D. Clever, O. attends to professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. 2-39 1/2.
UNITED STATES HOTEL—M. A. Brewer, Proprietor. Formerly occupied by M. A. Webster, one square below the Rolling Mill, Pomero, O. By arrangement, the hotel is now open and best in the best manner. Mr. Brewer has received a constantly increasing patronage. 2-25.
A. L. STANBURY, Wholesale Grocer, Rice's Building, corner Front and Race streets, Middleport, Ohio. Country Merchants and Retail Grocers are especially invited to call. 2-20.
SEAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer, Store above Donnelly & Jennings, near the Rolling Mill, Pomero, O. Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine the quality of goods. I am confident that I cannot be undersold. 1-53.
MILLS—MACHINES.
POMEROY ROLLING MILL CO. Keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order, all kinds and sizes of flat, round and square iron of superior quality, which they offer wholesale and retail, at current rates. Also, American and Swedish cast iron, steel and iron pipe—wings, cast and wrought iron, cast iron pipes, Reap-iron and kidney are taken in exchange. 13-17.
STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomero, near Carter's, and N. K. New, Pomero, Ohio. Lumber sawed to order on short notice. Planing and lathe constantly on hand, for sale. 1-11.
JOHN S. DAVIS, has his Planing Machine, on Sugar Hill, Pomero, in good operation, and constant operations below the new Bank House, kept constantly on hand, to order. 1-16.
PETER LAMBRECHT, Watch-maker & Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Bank House, Pomero, Ohio. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice. 1-11.
W. A. AICHER, Watch-maker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, between the Remington House, Pomero, Ohio. Particular attention paid to repairing articles in his line. 1-11.
HOOTS AND RIDGES.
T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots, Shoes, and Harness, Court street, below the new Bank House, Pomero, Ohio. The best of work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order. 1-11.
LEATHER DEALERS.
McQUIGG & SMITH, Leather Dealers and Finders, Court street, 3 doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch's Store, Pomero, O.
SUGAR-RUN Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Warehouse, 1-1.
POMEROY Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. 1-1.
DAINRY Salt Company, Coalport. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade. 1-1.
W. G. COOPER, Secretary.
BLACKSMITHING.
F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Water street, Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. 1-11.
PAINTERS—GLAZIERS.
F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back corner of Court street, Pomero, O. 1-11.
SADDLERY.
JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, Front street, three doors below Court, Pomero, Ohio. Manufactures all work connected with harness and saddlery, and is well known to his neighbors. 1-29.
WAGON MAKING.
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING by Messrs. Frank Beaman and William H. Beaman, Notting Hill, Pomero, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are respectfully recommended for durability. 2-3-7.
PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mulberry street, west side, three doors back street, Pomero, Ohio. Manufactures all kinds of Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short notice. 1-11.
DENTISTRY.
D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Main street, between the Remington House and Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residences, if desired. 1-11.

Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE.
Lay the girl upon my bosom,
Lay her head upon my breast,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know not its cause,
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given ere I go,
Feeling not, I would I might,
Wandering o'er my cheek of snow.
I am passing through the water,
But a blessed shore appears,
Kneel beside me, husband sweet,
Let me kiss you ere I die,
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given ere I go,
Feeling not, I would I might,
Wandering o'er my cheek of snow.
Lay the girl upon my bosom,
Lay her head upon my breast,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know not its cause,
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Scarcely given ere I go,
Feeling not, I would I might,
Wandering o'er my cheek of snow.

Miscellany.

AN OLD STAGER'S ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

We were collected around the great stove in the bar room—some twenty of us—engaged in a social, after-supper chat. It was snowing and blowing out of doors, and those who were forced to be out with teams, were having a cold, hard, hard time of it. There were five stage routes centering at the inn where we were stopping, and it being Saturday evening, the coaches were all in and laid by for the Sabbath, while the drivers, a jolly, hearty crew, were taking all the ease and comfort imaginable. The conversation in the presence of these old stagers, were naturally turned upon the hardships of winter and travel in northern New England, and many were the anecdotes related of over-turns and wrecks in snow-storms and snow-drifts.

"Did I ever tell you about the bit of adventure that I had on the Dunbury and Littleton route, one winter?"

"No," answered a chorus of voices.

"What was it?"

The speaker was Peter Hoyle; though I doubt if one in fifty of those who knew him, ever heard his family name. "Peter," "Old Pete" and "Peggy" were the names by which he went, and as he was the only Peter on the road in that section, there was no need of qualifying that simple Christian name. He was a genial, good-natured, accommodating and self-sacrificing man, with a short, stout frame, which seemed made on purpose for a coachman. And his face! Upon my soul it did me good to look at it. It was broad and full, there was certainly one hundred and forty-four square inches of it—as full of bloom in its color as a red rose, and as full of fat as a plump, packed hen is full of fat. Ah! he was a rare Old Pete, as the thousand can testify who have ridden with him over the hills and sand-plains of New Hampshire.

"Come, let us have your story," cried several of the anxious ones.

"Don't hurry me," returned the old stager, as he moved his chair in order to avoid the smoke from an obnoxious cigar which John Headcase was puffing away at. He said something not over polite about the cigar as he moved; but Headcase informed him that "them cigars cost ten dollars a hundred—some cents piece," and went on puffing more furiously than before. However, in a place where all smoke who please, and burn such vile stuff as they choose to hold between their lips, John's odorous weed was soon forgotten, and Pete commenced his story.

"Fourteen years ago I drove from Dunbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles; and as I had to wait for the arrival of two other coaches I did not start till after dinner; so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail which I carried was not due at Littleton by the contract, until one o'clock in the morning; but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to put up a little later than that for me. He knew what a luck I had for travel, so he found no fault, and government was as well satisfied as I was.

"One day—I think it was about the middle of January, when I drove up for my mail at Dunbury the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy mail packages in that bag"—and he pointed at the mail bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston, and was going to some land agents, up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I didn't know.

"But suppose I have?" says I.

"Why," says he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been one or two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon this mail; so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

I ain't very apt to be scared at trifles, and on this occasion I felt very safe, for I had two passengers booked through—both men that I knew, and who would help me in case of need. Still, I thought I'd like to know how the suspected characters looked, and I asked the postmaster if he'd had any description of them. He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty-four years old, with long hair, and a thick heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no," says he, "not if you've got passengers through; but I only told you of this so that you might look out for your mail, and keep an eye on it when you stop to change horses."

I assured him that I should do so, and then I took the bag under my arm, and left the office. When I reached my team, I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond this I did not then feel any concern. It was half past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night. They had no particular business to hurry them, so they preferred to take a more comfortable season for traveling over the dubious road that lay before them.

Thus, at about six o'clock in the evening, I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and an open pung. As there was but little travel on this end of the route, I used to leave my covered sleigh at the Mills and take the pung, which was not only much lighter, but not so top-heavy in the drifts. I had seventeen miles to go, a hard seventeen miles it was, too. The night was quite clear but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow was flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles from Gowan's I came to a little settlement called Bull's corner, where I took horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. Just as I was ready to start from here, a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go. He had no baggage, so I told him to jump in, and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was about gathering up the reins, when the hostler came out from the little stable and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself very badly. I jumped out and went with my informant and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut upon the off-foot. I gave such directions as I thought necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came in alone.

"Then where'd you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," says the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There hasn't no such man been at the house, and I know there hasn't been any of the neighbors. Where'd he come from?"

That was the question. As for the neighbors, there were only three other dwelling houses at the corner, and the stable boy knew that no stranger had been at any of them during the evening.

"Let's have a look at his face," said I.

"We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and as I get into the pung, you hold your lantern so the light will shine into his face."

The boy did as I wished, and as I stepped aboard of my pung, I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame; full hair features; and I could also see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster described to me, and I didn't think seriously upon it until after I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed that the mail bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo," says I, holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?" My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and as I spoke I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he'd shoved it forward.

Just at that moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down ahead of them, and lead them through it. This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and put my feet upon it. As I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it into his breast pocket. At first I thought it was a small liquor flask, but upon second thought I had made up my mind that it was a pistol. I had caught a gleam of the barrel in the starlight and when I had time to reflect, I knew that I was not mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard, and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail, but that he prepared to rob my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate—

While I was pondering, the horses plunged

into another deep drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me; but he said he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't do so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour in getting my team through the drift, which was several rods in length. When I got into the sleigh again, my first impulse, after starting up, was to feel for my mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered that it had become entangled in something—I thought in the buffalo—and I tried to kick it clear, but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down with my hand, and after feeling about a few moments I found that my foot was in the mail bag—I felt again, and I found my foot in the packages of letters and papers—I ran my fingers over the edge of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery! I began to wish that I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Dunbury, but as I knew that making such wishes was a waste of time, I very quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points; first, the man behind me was a villain. Second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by their size and shape. Third, he meant to leave the stage on the first favorable opportunity. Fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew if I could get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eye was upon me all the time, so I must resort to a stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, where an old farmer named Lougee lived, and directly before which a huge snow bank stretched across the road, thro' which a track for teams had to be cleared with shovels. As we approached the cut I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally set up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling I stood up as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could plainly distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged the horses to a good speed, and when near the bank I forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank after them, while the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as if lightning had struck it. My passenger hadn't calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it, but I had calculated and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe around him, while I slighted upon my feet directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and then sang out for old Lougee. I did not leave to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track and then come here," says I.

As I spoke I had partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season, and I jumped his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Lougee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters, which he had stolen from the mail bag, stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, and threatened, and begged, and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course."

So he got his overcoat and muffer, and set long we started on.

I reached the end of my road with my mail all safe, though not so snug as it might have been, and my mail bag a little worse for the game that has been played upon it. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender; and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State's prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was the last that I heard of him.

This is the only time that I ever had my mail troubled; and I think that, under all the circumstances, I came out of it pretty well."

Telegraphic News.

(Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.)
WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.
I learn from Baltimore that the excitement there regarding the recent election does not abate, and that every effort will be made to prevent the officers elected by the alleged frauds from taking their places. It is even said that Gov. Hicks, though an American, has expressed his determination not to sign the commission of any of the officers elected last Wednesday, and in the Criminal Court Judge Stump had intimated his doubts about allowing the present State's Attorney, who has been re-elected, to act in his Court after his present term expires.

Coupled with this, is the statement that Mayor Swann, who hoped for an election as United States Senator, in case his party obtained control of the Legislature, disgusted with political life, is about to resign the Mayoralty.

Jarret, the defeated Democratic candidate for Comptroller, who has 2,500 majority outside of Baltimore, is about to contest, so that the Marylanders have every prospect of more election excitement.

The news from Europe by the steamers America and North American, is the most important which we have had since the reception of the famous address of the Emperor Napoleon to Baron Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador which forebade the Italian war. The intelligence may be thus briefly summed up:

The Zurich treaty lately concluded between France and Austria, gives no security to the Italian people, is distasteful to them, and inspires the other great powers with distrust.

A general European Congress must be assembled, but whether its members can solve the fate of Italy or not, is doubtful. Owing to the unbending attitude of the Pope with respect to temporal reform, and his hostile position toward the liberals of the Romagna, it was thought that Garibaldi would soon lead a revolution, which would entirely sweep away his temporalities.

England will not, as surmised, be represented in the Congress, as she dislikes the Zurich treaty to be made a basis of action.

Napoleon will hold back his expedition to China, with the hope of coaxing Lord Palmerston to send an envoy to the Congress, and to make that envoy support in good measure his Italian policy.

Lord Palmerston has plainly told Napoleon that he considers his course in Italy fraught with danger to himself.

A new complication has arisen out of the impending war between Spain and Morocco, in which France indicates a purpose to take part. Lord Palmerston declares England will not suffer Spain to occupy both sides of the straits, and with Spain, and a rupture between France and England was regarded, on all sides, as imminent.

An exciting agitation has sprung up in France, on the question of the Pope's temporal power, the Ultra-Montanist and Orleanist clergy taking a decided stand in support of the Holy Father's claim, while the Emperor, with many of the people, are silently and quietly ranging themselves in opposition. The late pastor of the Archbishop of Orleans, an ardent supporter of the Orleans family, had produced a very decided sensation.

Prussia was determined to cultivate a more intimate alliance with Russia, and thus enable herself to prosecute the humiliation of Austria in the Germanic Confederation. For this purpose the Prince Regent had set out from Berlin to meet the Emperor, and both monarchs being attended by their Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs. The reform feeling evoked in Rome, at the moment of the departure of the Sardinian Minister, had not at all subsided, and were it not for military discipline and obedience of the French troops, it was thought that the soldiers of Napoleon even would join the inhabitants in again driving the Pope into exile, as a temporal ruler.

Thus, you see, with all these elements of discord at work, we may soon expect stirring events on the other side of the water. In addition to these threatening aspects of affairs, there is the San Juan difficulty, which after all is not settled, and may give trouble.

Examination of Teachers.

The following questions were propounded for written answers at the Examination of Teachers on the 5th inst.

GRAMMAR.

1. "What parts of speech connect sentences?"
2. "This is the man whom I saw yesterday." Parse each word.
3. "I intended to have written yesterday but done it to-day." Correct, and parse the words in italics.
4. "He said he had ought to have said that man which was in town yesterday." Correct the sentence and give the tense of each word.
5. "Year following year steals something every day." Parse each word.
6. "Honesty will be rewarded." Parse the verb, giving all its properties.
7. "I have come home and wrote several letters." Correct the sentence and parse home.
8. "Whom the gods will to destroy, they first make mad." Parse the words in italics.
9. "He was called Paul, the Apostle." Parse the words in italics.
10. "Who did he send for? Where has he gone to?" Correct.

GEOGRAPHY.

1. "What are the tropics?"
2. "Bound the zones and give the width of each."
3. "Name the oceans in the order of their size."
4. "What places have no latitude? Why? Longitude? Why?"
5. "What is the greatest extent of latitude?"
6. "When are the degrees of latitude and longitude of the same length?"
7. "Name the four largest cities in the world."
8. "What groups of islands east of Asia?"
9. "Name the three largest towns on the right bank of the Ohio."
10. "What courses would you take, and on what waters would you sail on a voyage from St. Petersburg to Jeddo?"

ARITHMETIC.

1. What does number signify?
2. What is notation? and how many methods are there in use?
3. What is the general law by which numbers increase?
4. Into how many classes are numbers divided? Explain each class.
5. What are the different values of the same figure called? Explain these values.
6. What is the greatest common divisor of 56, 84, 140 and 168.
7. What cost 15,214 lbs. of butter, at \$12 1/2 per hundred?
8. A merchant pays \$200 per annum for insuring \$3000, on his goods. What per cent. does he pay?
9. A farmer had 30 bu. of corn worth 68 cts. a bu. which he wished to mix with oats worth 35 cts. a bu. so that the mixture may be worth 45 cts. per bu. How many bushels of oats must be used?
10. The diagonal of a square is 80 ft.; what is its side.

Thanksgiving Day—Governor's Proclamation.

FORASMUCH as the General Assembly of Ohio, by a Joint Resolution, adopted at their last session, requested me to appoint a day of THANKSGIVING and PRAYER to Almighty God, I hereby designate and set apart

Thursday, the 24th day of Nov. 1859, to be devoted by the People of this State to these sacred duties. And I respectfully urge all good citizens that, putting aside ordinary business, they assemble, on that day, in their respective places of public worship, and offer unfeigned thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the blessings wherewith He hath blessed us as a Nation, as a State, and as individuals; and that they join to these offerings of Gratitude and Praise their fervent prayers that He will continue and multiply His grace and favor upon us and upon our land; that our Institutions may be established in righteousness; that wisdom and knowledge may be the stability of our times; and that peace, prosperity and freedom may be the portion of our people. I also, and with equal earnestness, recommend that this day of festival and gladness, thus consecrated by Thanksgiving and Praise to God, be distinguished, not less conspicuously, by works of beneficence and charity toward man, in the confirming of friendships, in the reconciling of enmities, in the sending of portions to the needy, and in the promoting, so far as may be practicable, of the welfare and happiness of all, by all within their several spheres of association and influence.

Given at the City of Columbus, under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Ohio, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1859.

By the Governor: S. P. CHASE.
A. P. RUSSELL, Sec'y of State.

The Insanity of Old Brown.
The Chicago "Press and Tribune" says of the insanity of Old Brown: "He has supposed himself divinely appointed to free all American slaves by some violent and decisive movement, the nature of which we do not know that he ever revealed. Often, we are told, during the Kansas disturbances, he would retire to a secluded place at a distance from his camp, and there, to use his own words, wrestle with the Almighty for hours, to writing from Him the will which he demanded for the accomplishment of the work to which he thought himself appointed by heavenly favor. His talk for years to his friends and intimates has been of his commission sealed with the blood of his Savior, by which he was directed in the path that he was about to follow. He entertained no doubt that his life was to be protracted until he could see the shackles striken off from every slave in the land; nor has he had a doubt that by his agency, as the instrument of God, specially entrusted with the work, every bondman was to be freed."

Great Match.—On Thursday, in discussing the merits of Oysterman and Surplus, (our "Senior" writes us from Ashland,) Mr Joseph Hall, of New York, proposed to match the mare against the colt for \$5,000 a side, four mile heats, which challenge was accepted by Mr. O. P. Hare, of Petersburg. The match is to be run next spring, and in all probability one of the Long Island courses will be selected on which to decide the contest. The merits of the horses being as nearly equal as possible, there will be considerable speculation on the result—more, perhaps, than on any match since that of Boston and Fashion.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Horse Census.—The following curious account is given in "Appleton's Cyclopaedia," of the number of horses in the various parts of the world:

The general estimate in Europe has been eight or ten horses for every hundred inhabitants. Denmark has forty five horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is more than any other European country.—Great Britain and Ireland had 2,500,000 horses; France, 3,000,000; Austria, Germany, exclusive of Italy, 2,600,000; Russia, 3,500,000. The United States has 5,000,000, which is more than any European country. The horses of the whole world are estimated at 57,420,000.

Some idea of the extent of gambling operations in Memphis, at the present time, may be based upon the knowledge that a gentleman from Arkansas lost the sum of \$20,500 one day last week, at cards. The game upon which the money was adventured and lost is known to modern card-players as "seven-up," and will be remembered among the ancients as "old sledge."

A Republican Auditor is elected in Floyd County, Ind., by one majority—a Republican County Commissioner in Huntington County by one majority—and one of the Republican members of the Ohio Legislature by one majority.

Dabster says he would not mind living as a bachelor; but when he comes to think that bachelors must die—they have to go down to the grave "without anybody to cry for them"—it gives him a chill that frost-bites his philosophy.

Miss Sarah Jane Johnson is under arrest in Detroit, Mich., for stealing five dollars from one lover to pay the minister's charge for marrying her to another.

Rev. Dr. Claxton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, has resigned that position. Dr. C. has received a call from St. Luke's Church, Rochester.

The taxable property in Texas this year is \$224,353,268, being an increase of thirty millions over the last.

Mr. Giddings's Statement.

Some of the papers infer from the answers of "Old Brown" to Inquisitor-General Vallandigham, that Mr. Giddings had something to do with the foolish scheme of the former. This is most explicitly and emphatically denied by Mr. Giddings. We have never believed him guilty of such folly. Until some proof is found to rebut his positive denial, his statement ought to be received without question. He is a bold man, and not in the habit of denying any ultram that really belongs to him—even to counselling forcible resistance to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.—While Governor Wise is overhauling "Ossawatimie's" carpet-bag, and duly assorting his "voluminous correspondence," we doubt whether the "venerable Joshua" has any fear of damage from the forthcoming disclosures.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

RICHMOND, Nov. 7.—It is ascertained that under the laws of Virginia the Governor cannot pardon a person convicted of treason to the Commonwealth, except with the consent of the General Assembly by joint resolution. This ride Winsart's responsibility in the case of the Insurrectionists. What the Legislature will do is unknown.

Boston, Nov. 7.—Advices from St. Helena to September 19th, received here, state that two slaves, captured on the coast of Africa, had been condemned there. One was called the Stephen T. Townsend, of New Orleans. The other was unknown.