

Mergs County Telegraph.

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

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T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing.

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publisher.

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LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroiy, O., Office in Edward's Building.
BURNAP & STANBERY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office on Front Street, at the head of Steamboat Landing, in the west end of the "Gibson House," Pomeroiy, O. 2-38-17.

PHYSICIANS.

S. GRIFFITH, M. D., Chester, O., tenders his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. 2-39-17.

UNITED STATES HOTEL—M. A. WEAVER, Proprietor.

On square below the Bowling Mill, Pomeroiy, O. By endeavoring to accommodate both man and beast in the best manner, M. A. Weaver receives a constantly increasing patronage. 2-40-17.

ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer.

First Store above Donnelly & Jennings, near the Bowling Mill, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of Groceries, as an assurance that I can be depended on. 2-41-17.

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1.

T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

Shoes, Front Street, three doors above Stone Bridge. The best of work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order. 1-1.

McQUIGG & SMITH, Leather Dealers and Finders.

Courthouse, 3 doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch Store, Pomeroiy, O.

SUGAR-RUN Salt Company.

Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. 1-1.

POMEROY Salt Company.

Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. 1-1.

DABNEY Salt Company.

Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade. 1-1.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith.

In his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. 1-1.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier.

Room of P. Lambrecht's Jewelry Store, back of Court Street, Pomeroiy, O. 1-1.

JOHN EISENSTEIN, Saddler, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer.

Trunk and Harness Store, in the corner below the Court, Pomeroiy, will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Saddle and harness up to the latest styles. 1-1.

PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker.

Wagon and Cart Store, in the corner below the Court, Pomeroiy, Ohio. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 1-1.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist.

Summers Building, 2nd Street, Rutland street, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly and judiciously performed at their residences. 1-1.

Poetry.

MY FEEL THAT WAY.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Slowly stealing through the twilight haze,
I dream of—of—of other days,
As many a foot has done before me,
And, from the crowd of phantoms there,
One sweet, pale face looks out above me—
Alas, the flower I used to wear!
Alas, the heart that used to love me!

Your eyes were gray when last we met—
I wonder if they're any grayer!
I used to pray to them, my pet,
But now I'm nothing of a prayer.
Your voice, I think, was very sweet—
'Twould sound to-night a great deal sweeter!
And, ah, the hours were very sweet,
Told gently off by Love's repeater.

Your heart was hardly true, my pet—
I cannot say that mine was truer;
For I, who used to woo, forgot,
Sometimes, that e'er I've been a wooer.
And you forget your vow, my pet,
Even in the moment when you gave it!
So it were idle to regret,
The sorry chance that did not save it.

I think I never saw you sad—
They tell me that you still are merry;
With eyes that sparkle, gay and glad,
And lips that have the taint of cherry.
That all your pretty, winning ways,
So arch and wayward, wild and willful,
Remain as in the golden days—
Except that you are grown more skillful.

Fade, gentle vision, from my sight!
I do not trust—I do not doubt you;
But I am happier far to-night,
My darling little pet, without you.
I warrant me you have no lack
Of lovers not to tease and worry—
So could I call the old days back,
I wouldn't do it in a hurry.

Miscellany.

THE TWO RULES.

FROM MERRY'S MUSEUM.

"Here are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? Let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is: never get vexed with anything you can help. The second: never get vexed with anything you can't help."

"Are not these rules applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good humoredly, "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of good advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial."

Fred laughed.

"But what say you," continued Giles, "to these rules? How would it work if we should adopt them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better, or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about anything that can be helped, and it is useless to vex ourselves about what can't be helped. Let us obey these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to do anything his brother proposed good humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making his preparation for school.

"What is the matter?" inquired Giles.

"I have broken my shoe string, and it is vexations, no doubt," replied Giles; "you must not get vexed; for it is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer of mother's bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.

"No, we shan't," said Giles. "We shall only be a walk the little faster." Besides if you will keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than if you become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting in practice the newly adopted rules. The last was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife, while whittling a piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred of sport in the bosom of the fertile fields of the valley, and that scavenger of our country, the noble buzzard, would be driven from our State by the pestiferous stench of his carcass. Send him to the north by all means. There let the wooden nutmeg Yankee, in his speculative propensities, convert his bones into buttons and tooth-picks, and tooth-powder; his sinews into hoops for women's skirts; and his muscles into elastic bands for Northern saw mills. They will sell with rapidity and be purchased up as relics of the 'Martyr Brown.' Take him away! we want none of him! we've had enough already, and can't stand the thought of his being any longer on our soil!

AN Encyclopaedia has just been completed in Germany in two hundred and forty-two volumes. The first volume saw the light at Berlin, as far back as the year 1773, and the last has been published this season; so that the work has been published eighty-six years without interruption. Only six editors have been connected with the work, and their terms of service have each averaged fourteen years.

THE statute legalizing matrimony at a certain age, is, properly speaking, a maritime law.

The Sequel.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's thumb at camp-meeting—so that when he went to call the congregation together he lay the "soft soap" over his brother clergyman, and how he explained:

"Brethren, I have served the Lord thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word, but I'm d—d if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn!"

Our readers we say, have all heard this, but have perhaps never heard the sequel as given to us yesterday by a gentleman present.

Some two days after, a tall, worthy, villainous-looking desperado, soiled on the grounds and leaned against some, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, and with his face between his hands; commenced groaning in "the very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no—there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher—"have you a sin?"

"Oh! worse than that!"

"What!—have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse than—Oh! worse than that!"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, Brother Cole!" shouted he—"hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"

Death of Hon. Alfred Kelley.

This prominent citizen of Ohio died at his residence in Columbus, yesterday morning, the age of seventy years. During his long public life, Mr. Kelley has been so much connected with the legislation, finances, and public works of Ohio, that he seems identified with the rise and prosperity of the State. He was one of the first canal commissioners in Ohio, and the first of our public works, the Ohio Canal, was built under his administration. He was thoroughly acquainted with the finances of the State, and devoted himself to them in his various capacities as canal commissioner, fund commissioner, and legislator, with the untiring energy that distinguished him in all his undertakings. At the commencement of the railroad era in Ohio he went into the establishing and construction of railroads with such success that his management was regarded as a guaranty of the prosperous completion of any road that he undertook. The railroads from Xenia to Columbus, Cleveland and Erie, were built under his supervision. In all his public relations, as well as in his private affairs, Mr. Kelley was distinguished for great industry, a perfect knowledge of his subjects, and eminent ability.—Ohio State Journal.

Death of Washington Irving.

Our Telegraph report announced the death of this genial and universally beloved American author. Mr. Irving's fame dates back to a period beyond the memory of most of the present generation. His public efforts were a series of letters to the "Morning Chronicle," of which his brother was editor, under the signature of "Oliver Oldstyle," in 1802. He was then nineteen, had received a common education, and had been three years at the study of law. These essays attracted much attention, and were afterwards collected and published in a book. His health having failed, he visited Europe for two years, and in 1806 returned and resumed the study of law. He was admitted to the bar, but had not the gift for law.

He took chief part in the "Salmagundi" magazine in 1807, and in 1808 published his Knickerbocker's history of New York. His last work was the life of Washington. He has been uniformly successful as an author, and has acquired more fame on the other side of the Atlantic than any other American writer. It is but a short time since Mr. Willis, in the "Home Journal," described his visit to Mr. Irving at Sunnyside. To him he seemed in excellent preservation, and with a promise of years of life and health. Mr. Irving impressed his personal acquaintances with the charms of benevolence, genial humor, and warm-heartedness that are so distinguished in his works.—Ohio State Journal.

This is Life.

If we die to-day the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly tomorrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not be stirred a thought upon our memories. Is he dead? will be the solemn inquiry of the few as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes!—Anon.

Aim at perfection in every thing.

though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it, than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

In youth hearts are trumps.

in manhood diamonds and clubs, according to circumstances, but after all, spades are sure to win when the game of life closes.

The Myriad-Handed Man—or the Miracles of Enterprise and Mercy.

Familiarity, they tell us, is the mother of contempt. Things which we see and handle every day, lose all distinctive value in our eyes. The very air we breathe is an unrecognized blessing, though, if deprived of it for the twentieth fraction of an hour, the world would cease to live! In like manner we have all of us—no matter of what race or country—been so long accustomed to see the name of Thomas Holloway at the head of a medical advertisement that we begin to look upon it as one of the essential components of a newspaper, and hardly pause to enquire into the true significance of this universal fame.

Let not our readers fancy that this paragraph is a puff, at the bottom of which they will find a "puff" for the "Universal Remedies," with the name of which Professor Holloway is associated; it is no such thing. We could say much of the Pills and Ointment; but at present our design is merely to call attention to the biography of a man whose achievements will hereafter be regarded as the surpassing wonder of the nineteenth century!

There are few varieties of the human race represented in the population of this cosmopolitan city. Coolies from China—Malays from the Eastern Archipelago—Redskins from the West—Black-men from Greenland and the regions of the Arctic Pole—bronzed half-breeds from Brazil and the other states of South America—Borneans, Tasmanians, Arabs, Hindoos, Armenians, New Zealanders and Kafirs—these, with the millions from all parts of Europe, make up the motley immigration which our world-embracing commerce throws daily on our shores.—Thousands of such, perhaps, have never heard any one of the great names which we have been trained to regard with reverence; the name of Washington cannot thrill their sluggish blood; of Napoleon Bonaparte, his conquests and his fall, they are utterly ignorant. But hand them a newspaper and see how rapidly their faces brighten! They recognize its friendly promise—they rely on its long-tested truth; they rejoice and are perhaps, astonished to know that the great physician, whose visit to their own country furnished the epoch of a physical regeneration, has likewise been before them on a like errand of mercy to the land of his future adoption. They no longer feel that they are strangers; for Holloway, by his genius, his labors, adventures and world-wide travels, has established a connecting link between all tribes and races of the human family. Possessed with a burning zeal to relieve the afflicted, and fearing nothing that man can do, he has made the pilgrimage of the earth and established in every spot he visited, not only depots for the sale of his medicines, but likewise a romance could be framed from the labors, perils and adventures of such a life!—O. S. Journal.

Execution of Old Bowsy.

At 15 minutes past 11 o'clock yesterday morning, this old nefarious sinner expired his most unholty breath in the gallows. He had been in the element for some time entirely too pure for his loathsome career, and steeled the atmosphere with that polluted breath which had given vent to his hellish purposes. Those limbs, that were made to be governed by thought of such hellish deeds, must have written in agony; and those eyes, while starting from their sockets, could but too plainly see the black scroll before them that had planned the mode of consummating his murderous intent. But it is over, and the voice of the fallen angel falls with exultant delight an addition to his myriads of hell-inflamed demons. But it is all over, and Charon has his oars all set and his sails to the breeze, to transfer this welcome passenger across the dark waters of the Styx.—But it is all over, and the cold-blooded heart of his would-be destroyer of his own race, is being warmed up by the sulphurous blaze of eternal woe. But it is all over, and a Union-loving people shout their halloo: hah, and sing their "gloria in excelsis" for the consummation of the penalty.

Various opinions have been expressed as to the disposition of his body after death—some contending it should not be delivered over to his friends at the North, others to the contrary. We say, let them have it, and for many reasons—among them not the least prominent is, that we could not see the will of Virginia defiled by being the receptacle of such filth;—horse manure and guano would reject association with it; grass would refuse to grow in the bosom of the fertile fields of the valley, and that scavenger of our country, the noble buzzard, would be driven from our State by the pestiferous stench of his carcass. Send him to the north by all means. There let the wooden nutmeg Yankee, in his speculative propensities, convert his bones into buttons and tooth-picks, and tooth-powder; his sinews into hoops for women's skirts; and his muscles into elastic bands for Northern saw mills. They will sell with rapidity and be purchased up as relics of the 'Martyr Brown.' Take him away! we want none of him! we've had enough already, and can't stand the thought of his being any longer on our soil!

THE TROPIC.

The Tropic.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE, FURNITURE.

A. GATCHEL'S ROOMS.

FRONT STREET, HEAD OF STEAMBOAT LANDING, Pomeroiy, Ohio.

I HAVE just returned from Cincinnati with one of the largest and best assortments of Furniture ever brought to this Market, embracing many new styles, all of which is manufactured by the oldest and most experienced Manufacturers in Cincinnati, and is warranted to be as good, both in style and workmanship, as any sold here or elsewhere. My stock consists in part of—
40 doz. Chairs, embracing many new and beautiful styles;
Bedsteads of every description;
Dress and plain Bureaus;
Mahogany, Walnut, and Cherry stuffed seated Chairs;
Sofas and Lounges;
Elizabeth Chairs;
Rocking Chairs;
What-nots;
Plain and fancy Stands;
Dining and extension Tables;
Card and Ceater Tables;
Wright's Patent Spring Bed Bottoms;
Looking-Glasses, in great variety;
Looking-Glass Plates;
Gilt and Rosewood Moldings for Pictures Frames, &c., &c.

And many other articles not here enumerated, all of which will be sold at very low prices.

FOR CASH.
Thankful for the very liberal share of patronage heretofore bestowed, I hope, by strict attention to business, and LOW PRICES, to merit a continuance of the same.

UNDERTAKING—Metallic and Wood Coffins, of all sizes, kept constantly on hand.
January 25, 1859—4-17.

GEO. H. RUPP,

Dealer in Stoves,

REMOVED TO MIDDLEPORT.

The Tropic.

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The Tropic.

The Tropic.