

Pomeroy Telegraph.

THOMAS U. WHITE,

"Independent in All Things—Neutral in Nothing."

Editor & Publisher.

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THOMAS U. WHITE.

Office in first story of Bissell's Building, near the Sugar Run Stone Bridge, Pomeroy, Ohio.

All applications for Subscription, Advertising and Job work should be made at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE YEAR 1865.

If paid in Advance, \$2; if paid within the year, \$2 50; thereafter, \$3.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements charged at rates allowed by law.

Canal or transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

All communications and notices will be charged in proportion, excepting obituary and marriage notices, to subscribers will be gratuitous for five lines or less; over five lines will be charged for the usual charge. Religious notices of five lines or less will be inserted gratuitous.

All advertisements, to insure insertion, must be brought in before the Tuesday noon prior to the day of publication.

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. Office at the corner of the Sugar Run Stone Bridge.

L. W. HANCOCK.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. Office in the corner of the Sugar Run Stone Bridge.

T. W. HANCOCK.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. Office in the corner of the Sugar Run Stone Bridge.

M. & G. P. SIMPSON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. Office in the corner of the Sugar Run Stone Bridge.

MARTIN HAYS.

Attorney at Law, Harrisonville, Meigs county, Ohio. Will promptly attend to all business in Meigs county, Ohio, and in the several State Courts of Ohio, and in the U. S. Courts for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio.

BUGARON SALT COMPANY.

Salt 45 cents per bushel. Office near the furnace. G. B. BROWN, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY.

Salt 45 cents per bushel. [1-1]

W. A. RICHES.

Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, 101 West street, below the Remington Store, Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in his line.

F. B. MANN.

Painter and Glazier, back room of F. Leach's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy, Ohio.

A. KOHL.

Dealer in and manufacturer of Umbrellas, Coat Street, 2nd door from Front, Pomeroy, Ohio. Wholesale and retail, and repairs.

A. W. WILLIAMS.

Teacher of the Organ, Piano and Melodeon, Flute and Violin. Pianos and Melodeons tuned and repaired.

J. CARVER.

CARTWRIGHT & MYERS.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Prompt attention given to all business interests. Office in the corner of Court street, Pomeroy, Meigs county, Ohio. [3-10-1]

DENTISTRY.

DR. D. C. WHALEY, Dentist.

Office on Court Street, one door below M. Quigg & Smith's Leather Store. Work warranted.

DR. J. M. VAUGHN.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

NEW HAVEN, WEST VA. All calls on either side of the river will be promptly attended to. [7-49-1]

R. H. MARTIN.

DR. J. M. VAUGHN.

Poetry.

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS.

BY TONY PASTOR.

As you've walked through the town, on a fine Summer's day,

The subject I've got you have seen, I dare say,

Upon faces and railings, wherever you go,

You'll see the penny ballads sticking up in a row;

The title to read you may stand for a while,

And some are so old, they'll cause you to smile;

I noted them down as I read them along,

And I've put them together to make up my song.

There was "Abraham's Daughter" "Going out with an Uncle Steve,"

With "Old Uncle Steve," "In the Cottage by the Sea,"

"If your girl is pretty, show it," "At Langdon's Hall,"

"And why did she leave him?" "On the raging Canawit,"

And "Bonnie Annie Laurie" with "A Jockey hat and feather,"

"I don't think much of you," "We were boys and girls together,"

"Do they think of me at home?" "I'll be free and easy still,"

"Give us back our old Commander," with "The Sword of Bunker Hill,"

"When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"

"For everything is lovely," and "The goose hangs high,"

"The young gal from New Jersey," "Oh, will you be my bride?"

And "O'er the stilly night," "We'll all take a ride,"

"Let me kiss him for his Mother," "He's a Gay Young Gambler,"

"I'm going to fight mit Sigel," and "De bully Lager Beer,"

"Hunky boy is Yankee Doodle," with "The cannons' lonely roar,"

"We're coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more,"

"In the days when I was hard up" with "My Mother's Song,"

"My Johnny was a Shoemaker," "Or any other Man,"

"The Captain in his whiskers" and "Annie of the Valley,"

Along with "Old Bob Bidley" "A riding on a Roll,"

"I'm not myself at all," "I'm a bachelor forlorn,"

"Mother, is the battle over?" "What are the men about?"

"How are you, Horace Greely," "Does your heart get any air,"

"We won't go home till Morning," with "The Bold Livestock,"

"Annie Lister" and "Zouave Johnny" "Riding in a Railroad Car,"

"We are coming Sister Mary," with "The Folks who live in the Air,"

"We are marching along" with "The Four-and-thirty Sixty,"

"On the other side of Jordan" "Don't fly your kite too high,"

"Jenny comes over the Green," to "Rout, Hog or die!"

"Our Union's Starry Banner," "The Flag of Washington,"

"Shake the testis o'er the land, from Maine to Oregon!"

AS YOU HAVE OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Frazier sat reading in his counting-room. He was in the midst of a piece of interesting business when a knock came to the door and said—"You want a boy, sir?"

Without lifting his eyes from the paper, Mr. Frazier answered "No," to the applicant, and in rather a rough way.

Before the lad had reached the street, conscience had compelled the merchant to listen to a rebuking sentence.

"You might have spoken kindly to the poor boy, at least, said conscience, 'This is an opportunity to do good.'"

Mr. Frazier let the paper fall before his eyes, and turned to look at the lad. He was small—but clean. The merchant tapped at one of the windows of the counting room, and the boy glanced back over his shoulder. A sign from the merchant caused him to return.

"What did you say, just now?"

"Do you want a boy, sir?" The lad repeated the words he had spoken hesitatingly a few minutes before.

Mr. Frazier looked at him with a suddenly awakened interest. He had a fair, girlish face, dark brown eyes and hair, and though slender and delicate in appearance, stood erect with a manliness of aspect that showed him to be already conscious of duty in the world. But there did not seem to be much of that stuff in him that is needed for the battle of life.

"Take a chair," said Mr. Frazier, an involuntary respect for the lad getting possession of his mind.

The boy sat down, with his large, clear eyes fixed on the merchant's face.

"How old are you?"

"I was twelve last month, sir," replied the boy.

"What splendid eyes!" said the merchant to himself. "And I've seen them before, dark and lustrous as a woman's."

Away back in the past the thoughts of Mr. Frazier went born on the light from those beautiful eyes, and for some moments he forgot the present in the past. But when he came back into the present again, he had a softer heart toward the stranger lad.

"You should go to school a year or two longer, he said.

"I must help my mother," replied the lad.

"Is your mother very poor?"

"Yes, sir, and she's sick."

The lad's voice shook a little, and his soft, woman's eyes grew brighter in tears that filled them.

Mr. Frazier had already forgotten the point of interest in the news after which his mind was searching, when the boy interrupted him.

"I don't want a boy myself," said Mr. Frazier, "but maybe I can speak a good word for you, and that would help you, you know. I think you would make an honest and useful lad. But you are not strong."

"Oh, yes, sir, I'm strong!" And the boy stood up in a brave spirit.

The merchant looked at him with a steadily increasing interest.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Charles Leonard, sir."

There was an instant change in the merchant's manner, and he turned his face so far away that the boy's eyes could see its expression. For a long time he sat still and silent—so long that the boy wondered.

"Is your father living?" Mr. Frazier did not look at the boy, but still kept his face away. His voice was low, and not very even.

"No, sir. He died four years ago."

"Where?" The voice was quick and firmer.

"In London, sir."

"How long since you came to America?"

"Two years."

"Have you been in this city ever since?"

"No, sir. We came here with my uncle a year ago. But he died a month after our arrival."

There came another long silence, in which the lad was not able to see the merchant's countenance. But when he did look at him again, there was such a new and kind expression in the eyes, which seemed almost to devour his face, that he felt assurance in his heart that Mr. Frazier was a good man, and would be a friend to his mother.

"Sit there for a little while," said Mr. Frazier, and turning to his desk, he wrote a brief note, in which, without permitting the lad to see what he was doing, he enclosed two or three bank bills.

"Take this to your mother," he said, handing the note to the lad.

"You'll try and get me a place, sir, won't you?" The little boy lifted to him an appealing look.

"Oh, yes. You shall have a good place."

"But stay, you have not told me where you live."

"At No. — Melon street."

"Very well," Mr. Frazier noted the street and number. "And now take that note to your mother."

The merchant did not resume his newspaper after the lad departed. He had lost his interest in its content. For a time he sat with his face so that no one saw its expression. If spoken to on any matter he answered briefly, and with nothing of his usual interest in business. The change in him was so marked that one of his partners asked him if he was not well. "Feel a little sick," he evasively answered.

Before his usual time Mr. Frazier left his store and went home. As he opened the door of his dwelling, distressed cries and sobbing of a child came with an unpleasant sound upon his ears. He went up stairs with two or three long strides and entered the nursery from which the crying came.

"What is the matter, darling?" he said, and he caught the weeping one in his arms.

"What ails my little Maggie?"

"Oh, papa! papa!" sobbed the child, clinging to his neck, and leaning her wet face close to his.

"Jane," said Mr. Frazier, looking at the nurse and speaking with some sternness of manner, "why is Maggie crying in this manner?" The girl was not excited, but pale.

"She has been naughty," was the answer.

"No, papa! I ain't been naughty," said the child, indignantly. "I don't want to stay here all alone, and she pinched and slapped me so hard. Oh, no!" And the child's wails rang out again, and she clung to his neck sobbing.

"Has she ever pinched and slapped you before?" asked the father.

"She does it most every day," answered the little girl.

"Why haven't you told me?"

"She said she'd throw me out of the window if I told! Oh, dear! don't let her do it, papa!"

"It's a lie!" exclaimed the nurse, passionately.

"Just look at my poor leg, papa!" The child said this in a hushed whisper, with her lips close to her father's ears.

Mr. Frazier sat down, and baring the child's leg to the hip, saw that it was covered with blue and green spots, all above the knee there were not less than a dozen of those distinguished marks. He examined the other leg, and found it in the same condition.

Mr. Frazier loved that child with a deep tenderness. She was his all to love. Her mother, between whom and herself there had never been any sympathy, died two years before, and since that time his precious darling—the apple of his eye—had been left to the tender mercies of hired nurses, over whose conduct it was impossible for him to have any right observation. He had often feared that Maggie was neglected—often troubled himself on her account—but a suspicion of cruelty like this never came into his imagination as possible.

Mr. Frazier was profoundly disturbed; but even in his passion he was calm.

"Jane," he said sternly, "I wish you to leave the house immediately."

Mr. Frazier rang the bell, and to the waiter who answered it, said:

"See that Jane leaves the house at once. I have discharged her. Send her trunk wherever she may wish it taken. Here is the money that is due. I must see her again."

As the waiter left the room Mr. Frazier hugged his child tightly to his breast again, and kissed her with an eagerness of manner that was unusual with him. He was fond but quiet in his caresses. Now the sleeping prince in his carress heart were all awakened.

In a small black chamber sat a pale, sweet faced, patient-looking woman, reading a letter which had just been left her by the postman.

"Thank God," she said, as she finished reading it, and her soft brown eyes were lifted upward. "It looked very dark," she murmured, "but the morning has looked again."

A light, quick step was heard on the stairs and the door was pushed hastily open.

"Charles, dear."

The boy entered with excited countenance.

"I'm going to get a place, mother," he cried to her, the moment his feet were inside the door.

The pale woman smiled, and held out her hand to her boy. He came and kissed her.

"There is no necessity for your getting a place now, Charles. We shall go back to England."

"Oh, mother." The boy's face was all aglow with sunbeams.

"Here is a letter from a gentleman in New York, who says that he is directed by your uncle Wilton to pay our passage to England if we will return. God is good, my son—let us be thankful!"

Charles now drew from his pocket the note which Mr. Frazier had given him, and handed it to his mother.

"What is this?" she asked.

"The gentleman who promised to give me a place told me to give it to you."

The woman broke the seal. There were three bank bills of ten dollars each, enclosed, and this brief sentence written on a sheet of paper:

"God send your son to a true friend. Take courage. Let him come to me to-morrow. Who gave you this?" she asked, her pale face growing warm with excitement.

"A gentleman. But I don't know who he was. I went into a great many stores to see if they didn't want a boy, and at last came to you the letter. He spoke roughly to me at first, and then called me back to me at last, and then about my mother. I told him who I was and about my mother, and you were sick. Then he sat a good while and didn't say anything, and then wrote the note, and he told me he would get me a place."

"He was a kind looking man, if he did speak roughly at first."

"Did you see what name was on the sign?"

"I never thought to look," replied the boy.

"I was glad when I came away. But I can go straight to the place."

"I will write the gentleman a note, thanking him for his kindness, and you must take it to him in the morning. How light it makes my heart feel to know that we are going back to dear England. God is good to us, my son, and we must be obedient and thankful!"

Just a little before evening twilight fell, word came up to the woman that a gentleman had called and wished to see her.

"Go and see who it is, Charles," she said to her son.

"Oh, mother! it is the gentleman who sent you the note!" exclaimed Charles, in an under tone, coming back quickly. "And he wants to see you. Go, come up!"

There was a last glimpse of the woman's eyes around the doorway, as if something was in order, then a long, long silence.

"Ask him to come up, my son," she said, and Charles went upstairs again.

A man's firm tread approached the door. It was opened, and the boy's mother and the boy saw a friend looked into each other's arms.

"Oh, Edward!" fell from her lips in a quick surprised voice, and she started from her chair and stood strongly agitated before him. He advanced, not speaking until he had taken her hand.

"Florence! I never thought to see you thus," he added in a calm, kind, evenly modulated voice, but her ears were finely excited to receive the deep emotion that lay beneath.

He said it looking down into the dark, soft, tender, brown eyes. "But I think there is a Providence in our meeting," he added.

They sat down and talked long together—talked over the things gone by, and of the causes that separated them, while their hearts beat for each other—the weary years that had passed for both of them since then—the actual present in their lives.

"I have a modest one," he said at last—"a tender little thing that I love, and to-day I find her body all covered with bruises from the hand of a cruel servant! You have a noble boy who is fervent, let me be to him a father! Oh, Florence! there has been a great void in our lives. A dark and impassible river has flowed between us for years. But we stand at last together, and if the old love fills your heart as it does mine, there are golden days for us yet in the future."

And so it proved. The lady and her son did not go back to England, but passed to the merchant's stately residence—she became his mistress, and finding a home there, and the boy a truer father than the one he had in former years by that name.

"No good as you have opportunity." Only a week before the lad's application to the merchant in regard to his mother's work, and Inspector Carlisle had been on the lookout for the prisoner for some time. A diary was found upon the prisoner, in which he chronicled his various doings during his wanderings—his visits to larger beer saloons, his playing bagatelle, euchre, drinking "considerable beer," flirtations on board ship, &c., and in which the following entry is made at Havana in regard to the decay of Spain:

"The Spanish nation, once the most enterprising in the world—the only nation in the whole of Europe who appreciated and embraced the mighty project of Columbus—how low you have fallen! In the present day you stand as the embodiment of avariciousness, cowardice and treachery!"

The writer also indulges in some sentimentalism in regard to burials at sea, dipping into the sea, and the steamship service on board the steamer Shannon, &c., remarking that he was not "greatly impressed" with the sermons he heard on board that vessel.

Mr. Carlisle and Dr. Townsend sailed yesterday with their prisoner for New York on board the steamship Etna.

(From the Scientific American.)

Singular Life-Work of a Lunatic.