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Death of the Flowers.

BY BYRANT.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of falling winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and bare,
The withered leaves lie dead—
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabi's tread,
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub, the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang, and stood,
In brighter light and softer air,
A beautiful sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed,
With the fair and good of ours,
The rain is falling where they lie,
But cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchard-died,
Amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
As falls the plague or men;
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
And still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home—
When the sound of hopping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died—
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth, we laid her,
When the forest east the leaf,
And I wept that one so lovely,
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was, that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Miscellaneous Reading.

COURTSHIP.

How the Dutch Widow got a Youthful Husband.

BY INVISIBLE GREEN.

In a little frame house near the eastern boundary of that portion of the Queen City, known as 'Bremen,' lived once upon a time, Kathleen Von Stedle, as fair and as lively a young widow, as ever sighed for a second husband. Kathleen bore the seal of her ancestry in her stout, plump form. She came from a country where females were not treated as dolls, and where women considered it a duty to labor equally with the other sex; consequently, she was what might be termed fully developed. Her eyes were as bright as a bran-new kout spoon, her cheeks delightfully round, would compare in plumpness and rosy tints, with the favorites of the orchard; her nose hung from between her eyes like a crimson tassel; her neck was thick and as straight as a wooden water pump; her waist, which had ever scorned the pressure of whalebones and brown linen, was as symmetrical as a water barrel, her ankles were stout enough for a Hercules, and her feet, patterns for a patent brick machine. In truth, there was none of that sickly, repugnant delicacy in Kathleen, which is seen so much among the women of the day, and which unfit them for the duties of life. She was a stout, well made woman, calculated to baffle life in whatever shape she should meet it.

Kathleen was a widow. Four years previous she had been made so, and at the time of writing she had many suitors for her hand again. She was no Hindoo, and did not believe in burying herself alive with her dear departed Gottleib. She had done him all the good while he lived, and after his death she believed it to be her bounden duty to love and comfort some other individual of the masculine sex. These opinions Kathleen had often expressed, and hence the suitors.

But Kathleen was not to be caught in a trap. She knew that the hyemal state could only be

happy by mutual love, and she rejected every offer where she could not find her heart yearning to him who made it.

'I know 'em all' she soliloquized one day. 'Shake wants to marry me mit mine house.— He no gets me. Shon dinks I make money while he trinks lager-pier all der while. He gits fooled. Hermann pes a good man, but goot Himmel he pes more sour as der crout vot Old Spiks sends me when I leed him moonish! And Kathleen shook her head. She proceeded thus to scan the merits of her beaux, until she reached the very last on the list.

'Vell, den, I likes none of 'em, any more,' she said, as she ripped open a head of cabbage.—'I wish Frank was mit me.'

'Ahl mine Himmel, vot a goot boy mine Frank is. He bes so putty. Vy don't Frank say, 'Kathleen, let's go to der 'Squires' and get married?' He says not'in' all der while,' and heaving a sigh, Kathleen went into deep thought. The Frank spoken of, was a young man twenty-three, and really a handsome fellow. He had been but a short time from Faberland, and was still imbued with all those habits which won Kathleen to Gottleib in another clime. He appeared to have quite a fancy for Kathleen, called to see her often, got her to do his mending, listened attentively to her kind advice, but further than that, he said nothing. Several times, the widow thought she caught him casting sly glances of love at her, but she was not sure enough to accuse him of it.

In truth, Kathleen loved Frank, and took various opportunities of hinting the matter to him; but Frank had not lived long enough to understand a hint, and stubbornness in this respect, provoked her very much. Frank's frequent visits, however, convinced her that his affections were assailable, and she determined to besiege his heart, and if possible, to capture it.

One evening, just after she had come to that conclusion, Frank visited the widow. He sat down opposite her, and after passing the compliments of the evening, lighting his pipe, he assumed his usual quiet position, and said nothing further, than answer her questions as briefly as possible. The widow now determined to lay siege.

'Frank,' she asked, with a very pretty smile, 'vat you come here so much for?'

'To get my clothes mended,' was the short reply.

'Ish dat all?'

'Yaw.'

'Vy you not get 'em mended down to your poard house, eh?'

Frank's reply was a shake of the head, and an uneasy whiff of his pipe.

'You no likes der vomans down dere.— Frank?'

A shake of the head.

'I tinks so,' continued the widow, who noticed that she had cornered the young man.—

'You like to come an' live mit me, Frank?'

'Yaw.'

'Vell, come along.'

This prompt invitation seemed to astonish young hana. He raised his eyes, looked a moment at the widow, and cast a glance at the only bed in the room, gave a long sigh, and again became transfixed.

'Vat you tinks, Frank?' asked the widow.

'Tinks?' asked Frank, in reply.

'Yes, vat you tinks ven you looks at der bed?'

'I tinks not in.'

'Notin, Frank? I know vat you tinks.'

'Vat?'

'You tinks dat dese von goot bed, an' you likes to sleep dere? vat you say, Frank?'

'Yaw, dat ish it.'

'Vell, you can all der vile.'

'Where you sleep?' asked Frank, somewhat astonished.

'On der floor, mit der quilt.'

'Nix,' was the emphatic negative to that proposition.

'How we fix it den, Frank?' pressed the widow, who was confident that Frank was smitten, but too bashful to break the ice, drew her chair up close to his.

Frank could not conceal his embarrassment. The truth was, that he had never been smitten until he had seen the widow, and being entirely inexperienced in love matters, he did not know how to proceed. As the plump Kathleen for the first time, sat close by his side, he felt a strange sensation which greatly increased his embarrassment. He was afraid to move, and even forgot to whiff his pipe, the stem of which he almost severed between his teeth.

'How we fix it den, Frank?' repeated Kathleen, letting her head drop carelessly on her lover's shoulder. Frank shuddered at the touch, and his eyes rolled almost convulsively. He could not speak if he would.

'You speekin' notin' Frank,' she continued, taking his hand in hers; 'and mine Himmel, you shake like mine little tog, when he's got der sherts. Vat bes der matter mit mine Frank?' she urged, putting her arm around his neck and giving him what in common parlance is called a hug.

A bright glow gradually lighted up the countenance of the young lover. He felt as he had never felt before. The fond hopes of

months were now being realized: and so unexpectedly, that he could scarcely believe it.— He heard every word addressed to him, but was unable to lip a syllable. He even imagined he was dreaming, and to make sure, passed his arm around the fair Kathleen's waist. There was no mistake in this pillow softness, and in his ecstasy of delight, he dropped the pipe from his mouth and exclaimed—

'Goot Himmel, dat ish mine Kathleen!'

The widow now considered her triumph complete and her speechless and pipeless lover clung to her bright visions of a youthful husband, and a happy future rejoiced her heart.

After the first ecstasy of love was over, however, she was reminded that Frank had not popped the question. Knowing the inconsistency of men in general, she determined to consummate the match that very night.

'Frank,' she said, 'a'fer due consideration; 'Frank, you come to poard mit me, how we fix it about der bed?'

'Poard?' asked the lover in reply.

'Yaw. Don't you vant to poard mit me?— Dare in Shake and Pete, and Shon, and Mike, dey vant to live mit me, but so poard.'

'Nix poard?'

'No,' Shake say, 'Kathleen you got only von ped—I like to live mit you—vot shall we do?' I say 'notin.' Den he say, 'Lets go to the squires and get married, and I say, 'I marry no pody but mine Frank.'

'Dat ish goot,' replied the lover.

'Vell,' asked the widow, with much earnestness.

'Vell,' was the stupid response.

'Shall we go to der 'Squires, Frank?' asked the widow, finding that she must pop the question herself.

'Yaw.'

'Vhen?'

'In der morning.'

'Oh mine Frank! mine Frank!' exclaimed Kathleen in the ecstasy of her heart, overjoyed as she was with the happy result.

The next morning early, Frank and Kathleen were legally united by that polite Burgomaster Doweckamp, and for months after, it was common gossip in 'Bremen,' that Kathleen was far more devoted to Frank, than she ever was to Gottleib.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

The Russian fleet in the Gulf of Tartary.—Attack on the British ships.—Sailing of the Russians up the Amoor.—Number of their ships.

A notice from Shanghai to the 2d of August had been received in England:

Her Majesty's brig Bittern had arrived there on the 22d of July, with intelligence of the Russian fleet having been sighted in the Gulf of Tartary on the 20th of May, by the British ship Sybil, steamer Hornet, and brig Bittern. The Russians, six in number, and supposed to be the Aurora, fifty guns; Admiral Pantia, two, steamer Vostok, storeship Menshikov, two corvettes, and a brigantine. were at anchor in De Castris Bay, last 50, and, although so superior in force, could not be brought to action. Long shots were ineffectually exchanged, and Commodore Elliott then despatched the Bittern to Hakodadi for reinforcements. She arrived there in five days when Admiral Stirling bent sails and proceeded northward, waiting at the Straits of La Perouse, where he was joined by her Majesty's ship Spartan. Thirty days had elapsed before they reached De Castris Bay, and meanwhile the Russians had made their escape during a heavy fog, and were no where to be found.— It is supposed they passed up to the Amoor by a deep but narrow channel not marked on the English charts. Commodore Elliott was despatched with a squadron to the sea as Ockhodak, and Admiral Stirling returned to Hakodadi.

BATTLE WITH PIRATES BY AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SAILORS.

[From the Overland China Mail.]

The boats of the Rattler and Powhatan had a desperate encounter with pirates near Kulan on Saturday, and had eight seamen and marines killed, and fifteen or sixteen wounded, some of them, it is feared, mortally. Captain Fellowes, Lieut. Grand, and other officers, were blown up in a junk, but fortunately were but little hurt. Ten Pirate junks were taken and destroyed, the greater portion of their crews having been killed; and seven prizes liberated, five of which belonged to the Eaglet's convoy. Sixteen of the smaller pirate junks escaped.

The above paragraph is taken from the Recorder's shipping list, but the subject is worthy of a much more extended notice than is here given.

Last week we mentioned that a lorch and three junks, it should have been two lorches and five junks, under convoy of the steamer Eaglet, had been cut off by pirates, who displayed such a formidable bravery and determined front that Captain Caldwell was unable to rescue them, and had to apply to Captain Fellowes, of her Majesty's ship, Rattler, for assistance. This was readily granted, and the Rattler, with Captain Caldwell on board, started for Kulan, near which they sighted the pirates, and followed them as far into the Bay

as the depth of water would permit. The pirates, quite aware of their advantage in light draught, and conscious of their ability to resist successfully any attempt that might be made on them by the boats of the steamer, fired a few harmless broadsides in defence, and stood in towards Kulan. Captain Fellowes thereupon returned to Hong King, and invited the co-operation of the United States steamer Powhatan, now in this harbor under repair, when it was determined that the Rattler, with three boats and a hundred officers and men of the American steam frigate, should form the expedition. Captain Caldwell volunteered the use of his steamer to tow the boats up the bay. Accordingly the Rattler, with the Eaglet in tow and the Powhatan's boats astern of her again, left the harbor on Friday about three o'clock the first Lieut. (Pergram) of the Powhatan, with Lieutenant Jones and his marines, taking passage in the Rattler, and the blue jackets in the Eaglet. The steamer arrived close to Kulan before midnight, the Eaglet anchoring a couple of cables' length in shore of the main of war. At five next morning the launches were sent alongside the Rattler for the marines, and then, with the Powhatan's cutter, and three boats from the Rattler besides the Captain's gig, made fast astern of the Eaglet, everything being ready, steamed slowly up the bay. At Kulan only one junk was to be seen, and it was feared the birds had flown; but Captain Caldwell described a lorch at anchor at the head of the bay, and steered in that direction. The lorch got under weigh, apparently with the intention of escaping, when Captain Fellowes despatched the Rattler's pinnace and Powhatan's cutter to intercept her, and these had unfortunately gone beyond recall before the pirate fleet with their prizes, numbering in all some thirty-six sail, were observed at anchor, in the narrow and shallow passage from which the lorch had started. As the steamer approached, the junks hoisted their sails, but without getting under weigh, until several Congreve rockets discharged from the Eaglet's quarter-deck by Mr. Pine, the gunner, and two marine artillery-men from the Rattler, and two or three well directed shots from a 32 pounder, fired by Mr. Randall, her chief officer, started them from their fancied security; for up to that time the pirates had either not observed the boats or thought they would not have the temerity to attack them. In this however, they soon discovered their mistake, for the boats which had at first made for a narrow neck of land, bore up for and rounded the point, and from the deck of the steamer was witnessed as bold an attack as was ever made in these waters. The pirate fleet found a mus, the large, and heaviest armed junks bringing up the rear, every now and then yawing round and firing their broadsides at the boats, from which in reply, tiny puffs of smoke arose; as the howitzers in their bows discharged their more deadly contents, the shrapnel bursting over the junks and making frightful havoc among their crews. The boats soon neared the pirates, Lieut. Pergram and Rolando, with the launches of the Powhatan, first by volleys of musketry clearing the decks of the two largest, then boarding and driving the pirates overboard at the point of the bayonet. This however, was not done without a hard struggle, for the miscreants, fought with the fury of despair; but they had of course no chance with the marines and blue jackets. Mean while the other boats were fast in idle, and though small in comparison with the launches, performed their share of the work with the utmost gallantry, officers and men vieing with each other for the post of danger, and of honor, so that five or six more junks were soon secured. Mr. Jones, the boatswain of the Rattler, particularly distinguished himself, having, with five seamen and a few marines in a whole boat dignified with the title of second cutter, boarded and carried a junk that seemed fully a match for either of the launches. Lieut. Pergram, in the first launch, was hastening to their assistance, but seeing the battle nearly won, would not interfere with their well earned laurels, and turned his attention elsewhere. The pirate chief's junk, after being shelled by the first launch, was boarded almost simultaneously by her crew and that of the rattler's gig, and Captain Fellowes was fortunate enough to secure the chief's flag. The chief himself—Lee Aye, a principal leader of the whampos 'patriots'—was shot by an English marine, who had jumped on deck from the Powhatan's launch, and four women threw themselves overboard and were drowned. The ammunition on board the pirate fleet may be judged of from the fact that this junk alone is believed to have nearly one hundred kegs of English gunpowder, beside stink pots, cartridges and loose powder. Up to this time only one serious casualty had appeared to the attacking force, a young American marine, named Adamanson, having been shot with a musket ball in the groin; but two other fatal accidents followed in quick succession. The Rattler's first cutter, in charge of paymaster Brownson, ran along side a large junk. Several stinkpots thrown at them missed, but at last one, from the raised poop of the pirate by a woman with a child slung to her back, fell into the boat, and being followed by others, the crew were compelled to jump overboard,

where two were speared and a third was wounded and drowned. One of these, a marine, who had been wounded by a spear thrust, called to his comrade to save him, and the other being an excellent swimmer got hold of him for that purpose. The Chinese then threw a mat over them, and the marine still holding on by his wounded friend, dived below and came up clear of the mat, but as soon as he was observed, several stinkpots were pitched at him, one of which struck him on the head, and though not much hurt, he was stunned for a second or two, and lost sight of the man he had displayed such a determination to save.— The brave fellow's name is Wm. Robinson. The other fatal accident was the blowing up of a junk, which for a time had offered the most determined resistance to the gig, in which were Captain Fellowes and Assistant Surgeon Wilson, with five men, but which was ultimately taken possession of by Lieutenant Rolando and his launch. Either a train had been laid before the crew left, or some determined scoundrel had fired the junk, for she blew up with a tremendous explosion, and both officers and men were hurled into the water. Three of the men were killed, and several others frightfully scorched, one of whom died some eight, while another is not expected to live; but the officers miraculously escaped though Lieut. Rolando was burned and Capt. Fellowes was injured by the falling spar.— The survivors were, however, all picked up by Mr. Craig, master's mate on the Powhatan, who had luckily gone into the boat the moment the explosion took place. In their junk was an immense quantity of treasure, said to amount to two hundred thousand dollars, and the desperation with which her crew fought may be judged from the fact that even after the Americans gained the deck they were encountered hand to hand. One man made himself particularly conspicuous, and notwithstanding several wounds, continued to throw stinkpots, but ultimately he ran below, and is believed to have fired the train which blew up the vessel.

The officer employed estimate the number of guns taken at 200 large and small, and the pirates at 1000, 500 of whom were killed. The casualties are as follows: Her Majesty's steamer Rattler, 4 killed and 7 wounded.

LIST OF AMERICANS KILLED AND WOUNDED. [U. S. Steamer Powhatan's Boats.] Killed—Joseph A. Halsey, Isaac Coe and John Pepper. Wounded—Lieutenants Penegram and Rolando, B. Adamson, J. Pedergast, S. Mallard, H. Mounnell, P. Walderscheidt, J. Lewis, W. Taylor, and C. Tingwell—two of whom have since died.

The Mythic Sea. For ages there has existed a myth concerning a Northern Ocean, whose shores were the impenetrable barriers of ice, and whose waters held a life and music all its own. The Scandinavians remember the myth, and the North-lands in Sweden and Norway, and the Northern Islands the great unknown sea has existed in the belief of every superstitious mind. To us, who reason so philosophically that nothing is hidden, it was not deemed probable that such a body of water did or could exist; and though many navigators assert their belief in the myth, it has not had sufficient data to claim attention. A few minds, keen from observation and sagacious from nature, still cling to the ancient story and suffered it not to die.— One of these minds was Dr. Kane, who now returns home with tidings that the lost sea is found! Our readers doubtless pursued the narrative of the Kane expedition with a breathless attention, and from it learned that the intrepid navigator left his vessel fast in the almost impenetrable mountains of ice in latitude 78 deg. 45 min. north, pushing his way in sledges and on foot to latitude 82 deg. 40 min. where he stood upon the shores of, to his eyes, a limitless sea. Three thousand square miles did he scan with the eye and glass, and yet no bounds to that expanse of water were found; for fifty-two hours did a heavy gale from the north heave up the heavy surf, and yet it brought down not a particle of ice showing that around the pole all was ocean life instead of frigid death. Thus was the veil penetrated: surprise seized upon the philosophical speculator, and now the world is busy at the re-solution of this wonderful problem of a Northern Sea.

1st. The Doctor represents those waters as limpid as any summer sea. By what process in Nature can that high latitude so modify the temperature of the air as to leave the sea un-frozen: Where the Doctor wintered the thermometer often stood at 60 degrees below zero, and yet in a still more northerly clime there is a sea which never is frozen. Science stands stupefied, for its axioms are repudiated and new laws are to reconcile the facts to theory.

2d. Bird and fish life is there existent in the utmost profusion. There the hawk and cinder duck range in unlimited freedom, while whales and walrus sport in such herds as make the waters swarm with their huge Merriment. Can these all live without proper food? Does the duck infest these regions without its berries and grasses and bulbs for sustenance? Here, then, is another query for the speculator to answer, and the mystery of that northern sea grows more and more exciting.

Over the grand ice barrier which Dr. Kane passed was a new land, and he called it Washington, giving names also to the bays and capes. Beyond this is that sea; and that sea bathes

the intangible North Pole—it holds the mystery of the Northern Lights in its keeping—it keeps the secret of its own life within its bosom: will man ever solve that secret, and open up that unknown world. We shall patiently await in hope, for in our minds, is a vague thought floating, that the sea which whirls around the pole of this earth holds in its keeping the key to a thousand mysteries, and we have faith to think that in our years—should they be three score or more—that mythic sea shall give up its long kept secret.—[Sandusky Register.]

Philosophy of Rain. To understand the philosophy of beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed, and so very essential to the existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere here, every where and at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbing by it in evaporation, from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an impenetrable vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it is invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and rain is the result. It condenses, it cools, and like a sponge filled with water, and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

How singular and yet how simple is the philosophy of rain. But what Omnipotence could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth.

Burning a Dead Body. Much excitement was caused in the upper part of the First Ward, yesterday afternoon, by the intelligence that one of the residents on the Lake Shore was about to burn the body of his wife. She had died during the previous night. Application was made at the Police Office to prevent the proceeding, and Sheriff Conover hearing of it, hurried to the spot where the funeral pile was said to be. It proved to be near the residence of Gustavus Pfeil, a Russian by birth, and a resident of our city for some years past. In compliance with his wife's parting request, he was preparing to burn the corpse, and had several men employed piling up wood near the beach of the Lake, below his house, for that purpose.

Sheriff Conover informed him that no such proceedings would be tolerated in this community, and after some discussion, Mr. Pfeil yielded the point, and consented to have the remains of his wife interred. The affair occasioned no little talk and incoherent excitement about the city. Mr. Pfeil and his deceased wife were both born in Russia, and we learned that when they married they exchanged promises that when either died the survivor would burn the body. This promise Mrs. Pfeil, on her death-bed, recalled to her husband and claimed its fulfillment. Mr. Pfeil seemed to think that it was his duty to respect her dying wish, and that he violated no law, in doing so. It was represented to him, however, by the sheriff and others, that such an act would be equally revolting, to the feelings and repugnant to the customs of this community, and might lead to a dangerous degree of excitement which he abandoned the point, and consented to the burial of his wife's remains.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

PROCLAMATION. WILLIAM MEDILL GOVERNOR OF OHIO. IN PURSUANCE OF AN USAGE, ESTABLISHED and sustained by the usual recommendations of the General Assembly thro' a long series of years, and which usage has always found a sanction and cheerful acquiescence in the hearts of a grateful people, I, WILLIAM MEDILL, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO, do by these presents, appoint and set apart THURSDAY, the TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER next, to be observed as a day of THANKS-GIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD, for the manifold blessings of the year which is about to close.

While war, with all its attending evils, has been convulsing the nation of the old world, and pestilence has been performing its work of death among a portion of our own brethren in the South, the people of Ohio have been graciously exempted from the desolating consequence of either.

The laws of the State have been duly respected; the national Union, in all its integrity and force, has been preserved; the fields of the husbandman have yielded an unusual abundance, and industry in all its elements, has been appropriately rewarded.

In view of these evidences of Divine goodness, I most earnestly recommend that the good people of Ohio suspend and lay aside all business, upon and during the day aforesaid, assemble at their usual places of worship, and return their heart-felt thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD, the Author of these and all other blessings we enjoy, and offer up their prayers for the continuance of the same.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of State of Ohio, at the city of [L. S.] Columbus, this twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1855, and in the eighth year of the said Independence of the United States.

WILLIAM MEDILL, By the Governor, WILLIAM FERRELL, Sec'y of State.