

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE
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BY B. R. COWEN.
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the attention of J. T.

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady, in London, whose father was once a wealthy merchant. He died a bankrupt, and she is now in extreme destitution.

HOPE.

Hope was a rosy maiden,
With laughing merry eyes,
But she always shut them pretty close,
When storms were in the skies.

"Pho! pho!" she cried, "tis but a sham,
The sun is peeping out,
He has only been inquiring,
What the moon has been about."

One day she lost a treasure;
"I'll find it," was the cry,
"Or if I don't, I'll do without,
Or know the reason why."

Her little lambkin sickened;
"Cheer up, my pet," she cried,
"I haven't heard these dozen years,
Of any lamb that died."

The clouds at last have broken,
And it's raining very fast,
"Yea," sang the merry maiden,
"Too heavily to last."

Her rose-bud drooped unkindly,
"You naughty little thing!"
But still have my lovely birds,
How charmingly they sing!"

The dead leaves lay by thousands;
"I would be very sad," said she,
"But I see the green bud breaking out
Upon the moths tree."

The coffin by the cradle,
Fold the struggle that was o'er,
Hope whispered in the mother's ear,
"Tis but an angel more!"

Her bark upon the quicksands,
Till thousand floods o'erwhelm;
Hope look'd above, "This is the time
For God to take the helm."

Death is standing by her pillow,
She feels the icy kiss;
She lifts her arms, "I go to God,
Where Hope dissolves in Bliss."

We think SAXE, in the following extract from "The Proud Miss McBride," freed about as destructive a broadside into the pretensions of some of the 'upper ten' as they can well stand. Fact is it! See:

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is the pride of birth,
Among our 'siree Democratic!'
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from decay—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, fears and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomerate!

So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry harveyl ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family tree you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy fraternal!

The Muse must let a secret out,
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt,
That folks who ostentate sneer and flout
At the dirty, low mechanicals,
Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees,
Or creeling their legs, or trades like these,
Contrived to win their children's ease,
From poverty's galling manacles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COURAGE OF A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

WHEN I reported myself on board the Curlew, the sloop was lying at Sierra Leone; & the respective posts of captain and first lieutenant, were filled by two officers, who, for sundry personal reasons, I shall name hereafter, were, in my opinion, not well calculated to discharge the duties of their respective offices. I do not mean to say that naval officers have not, generally speaking, as deep a sense of the reverential awe with which the Creator of all things should be recognized and worshipped, as the most laudable landman in existence. It would be strange indeed if they had not, constant witnesses as they are of the wonders of the great deep, and of manifestations of infinite and varied power, splendor, and beneficence, which the contracted horizon of the pent-up dwellers in towns affords comparatively faint examples of; but what I do mean is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have an aversion to a hundred other things, which they are not in the habit of doing, and which they are not in the habit of doing, and which they are not in the habit of doing.

parlance, being quite as much an object of contemptuous dislike among genuine blue jackets as a seal-lawyer. Captain Horton was of a different stamp, and carried, or endeavored to carry, the strong religious feelings—the enthusiastic spiritualism by which his mind was swayed—into the every-day business of sea life. Profane swearing was strictly forbidden, which was well enough if the order could have been enforced; profane singing came within the same category; playing at cards or dominoes, even though the stake were trifling or nominal, was also rigorously interdicted; and scripture reading on the Sabbath strongly inculcated both by precept and example. Other proceedings of the same kind, excellent in themselves, but, in my opinion, quite out of place on board a war-ship, were, as far as might be, enforced; and the natural consequence followed, that a lot of the vilest vagabonds in the ship affected to be religiously impressed in order to curry favor with the captain, and avoid the penalties incurred by their skulking neglect of duty. This state of things was viewed with intense disgust by Lieutenant King, & as far as the discipline of the service permitted, he very freely expressed his opinion thereon. The first luff, in fact, was a rollicking, fun-loving, danger-courting, dashing officer, whom even marriage—he had a wife & family at Dawlish, in Devonshire, of which pleasant village he was, I believe, a native—had failed to, in the slightest degree, tame or subdue. One, too, that could put a bottle of wine comfortably out of sight; two, upon an emergency; and if duty did not stand in the way, liked a game of billiards, and a ball next perhaps to a battle. This gentleman had got it into his head that Captain Horton was better suited to preaching than fighting, and often predicted among his own set, that the first serious brush we happened to be engaged in, would bring out the Captain's white feather in unmistakable prominence. Nothing can be more absurd, as experience has abundantly shown, than to idly or that because a man is pious he is likely to be a poltroon; but such persons as Lieutenant King are not to be reasoned with, and, unfortunately, it was not long before a lamentable occurrence gave a color to the accusation.

There was a French corvette, *Le Renard*, in the harbor at the same time as ourselves, commanded by Le Capitaine D'Ermonville, a very gentlemanly person, and his officers generally were of the same standard of character and conduct. This was fortunate; several quarrels having taken place between a portion of the crews of the two vessels when ashore on leave, arising I fear, from the inherent contempt with which the true English sea-dog ever regards foreign sailors—the American and Scandinavian races, of course, excepted. This feeling, grounded, in my opinion, upon a real superiority, is very frequently carried to a ridiculous excess, especially when the frog's skin board, and the Rule Britannia notion, always floating in Jack's noddle, has been heightened and inflamed by copious libations to the sea-rolling goddess, under whose auspices, as he was at all times ready to sing or swear—even just after receiving a round dozen at the caprice of his commanding officer—that Britons never shall be slaves. It was so in these instances; and but for the good sense of the French officers in overlooking or accepting our apologies for such unbecoming behavior, the consequences might have been exceedingly unpleasant, particularly as both the *Curlew* and *Le Renard* were undergoing repairs, and could not leave the harbor for some time, however desirous of doing so. Even as it was, a coolness gradually arose between the officers, who could not help feeling in some degree as partisans of their respective crews, although Captain Horton, I must say, did warmly and untiringly admonish the English sailors of the duty of loving all mankind—Frenchmen included; of the sin and folly of drinking to excess, even when on leave; and the wickedness of false pride and vainglory at all times.

At length, however, the repairs of both vessels approached completion, and it was suggested, I believe by Captain Horton, that a farewell dinner, to which the officers of the two nations should be invited, might be the means of dispelling any feeling of acerbity which these affairs apparently excited in the breasts of Captain D'Ermonville and his companions. The then governor of Sierra Leone, a very warm-hearted gentleman, instantly acceded to the proposition; the invitations were forwarded, courteously accepted, and every body anticipated a convivial and pleasant meeting. And so it proved till about eight o'clock in the evening; after the wine had been a long time on the table, had been very freely discussed—the weather being sultry, the guests hilariously disposed, and the olives excellent. The Lilies of France (this was in the reign of Charles X.), the Rose of England, the Galleon of the British Lion, had all been duly honored and hiccoughed till about the hour I have named, when, under the influence of the vinous fumes they had imbibed, the varnish began to peel off the tongues and aspects of the complainers, and the conversation to take an unpleasant and boisterous turn. Captains Horton and D'Ermonville, who had drunk very sparingly, were evidently anxious to break up the momentary more and more disorderly party; but their suggestions were of no avail, and the exertion of authority at such a time would, no doubt, they considered, appear harsh and uncourteous. Two of the guests, especially, seemed to be bent upon thwarting their efforts; these were Lieutenant King and Ensigne de Corvete, Le Page. They sat opposite each other, and had got among the breakers of politics, and those, too, of the most dangerous kind—the character of Napoleon, the justice of the war against him waged by England, and so on. Captain D'Ermonville, who faced Captain Horton, watched the pair of disputants very anxiously, and, as they were about to separate, he, in a low voice, and with a look of earnestness, addressed the pair, saying, "I repeat to you," replied Lieutenant King with reckless equivocation, "that Captain Horton is indisposed, and has devolved upon me the duty of chastising the puppy who assailed him." It is well to state that both gentlemen spoke in their own language; but perfectly comprehended each other.

D'Ermonville, which was, as I have just stated, opposite to Captain Horton's. Both captains had been it afterward appeared, conversing on pretty nearly the same topics as King and Le Page, but in quite a different tone and spirit. D'Ermonville was a Bourbon Royalist, *par excellence*, and agreed generally with the English estimate of the French emperor. Captain Horton was, I must also mention, somewhat near-sighted, and the air of the room moreover, by this time, was thick with cigar-smoke. Captain Horton, who had sunk into a reverie, for a few minutes did not notice, for these various reasons, that D'Ermonville had left his place, much less that it was occupied by another, and leaning sideways over the table, so as to be heard only by the person addressed, he quietly said—
"Yes, yes, Monsieur; as you say, no sensible man can deny that Napoleon was a most unprincipled usurper, an unscrupulous—"

He got no further. Le Page, believing himself to be purposely insulted, sprang up with a fierce oath, and dashed the goblet of *eau sucre*, which D'Ermonville had been drinking, at the speaker's head, thereby inflicting a severe and stunning blow upon that gentleman's forehead. The terrific uproar that ensued could hardly be described in words; bottles flew across the room and through the windows, swords were drawn, while high above the din thundered the defiant voice of Lieutenant King, as he forced his way through the *meute* to the most insolent captain, seized him in his arms, and bore him from the apartment. This action the lieutenant afterwards admitted, was not purely the result of a generous feeling. The honor of the English name was, he believed, at stake, and it had instantly occurred to him that Captain Horton, if left to himself, would not vindicate that honor in the only way in which he, Lieutenant King, held that it could be vindicated.

The exertions of D'Ermonville, and the governor gradually stilled the tumult; and as soon as calm was comparatively restored, the French officers left the house, with the understanding, as *Le Renard* sailed in the morning, that they should wait at a retired place, agreed upon, for any communication the English party might have to make. The affair had, in some degree, sobered us all, and it was soon plain that strange misgivings were creeping over the minds of Burbage and others of our set, as the time flew by, and no message came from the captain and lieutenant, nor the governor, who had come to join them. At last, voices in loud and angry dispute were heard approaching, and presently the door flew open, and in burst Lieutenant King, white with excitement, and slowly followed by his now perfectly recovered commanding officer.

"Do you hear, gentlemen!" shouted the lieutenant, who was really frenzied with rage, "this captain of ours refuses to chastise the insolent Frenchman, or permit either of us to do so. He has a conscientious objection, forsooth, to dueling! Heaven to think that the honor of the British name should be in the keeping of a coward!"

"Lieutenant King," replied Captain Horton, in calm and measured tones, "I order you to go on board the *Curlew* instantly."

"I will not return to the ship till this insult, which affects us all, has been avenged," rejoined the lieutenant, with unsated wrath; "no, not if I diminish from the service by the consequence!"

Captain Horton glanced toward us, but finding, probably from our looks, that we, too, in the excitement of the moment, might refuse to obey his commands, and thereby incur for no one could deny that he was a kind-hearted, considerate man—the ruinous orders of a court-martial for disobedience of orders, merely said, again addressing Lieutenant King, "If that be your determination, sir, I must have recourse to other measures to enforce obedience, and, fortunately, they are not far from hand." He then left the room, we supposed, to suppress, to summon a guard of marines.

"Now, gentlemen," exclaimed Lieutenant King, "now to meet these Frenchmen, before this accused captain of ours can prevent us. Yet, stay," he added, "it would be better, perhaps, that I should go alone." This suggestion was indignantly spurned; in truth we were all pretty nearly crazed with wine and passion, and off we set to the appointed rendezvous—one only idea whirling in our brains, namely, that if some Frenchman or other was not shot, or otherwise slain, the honor and glory of Old England were gone forever!

King and Burbage were ahead together, walking very fast, and conversing earnestly, no doubt as to the most plausible excuse to be offered for the absence of the captain, and the best mode of insisting that a substitute should be accepted. The moon, a cloudless one, was at the full, and very soon the glitter of the impatient Frenchmen's epaulets and sword-belts indicated the exact spot appointed for the meeting. We were quickly there, and D'Ermonville, who received us, adroitly availed himself of Captain Horton's absence to bring about a rational and conciliatory settlement.

"Captain Horton is the only person who has right to demand satisfaction of any one here," he said, in reply to Lieutenant King's menacing address, "and he, very rightly, in my opinion, prefers, I perceive, some better mode of arbitration than the senseless one of dueling."

"I repeat to you," replied Lieutenant King with reckless equivocation, "that Captain Horton is indisposed, and has devolved upon me the duty of chastising the puppy who assailed him." It is well to state that both gentlemen spoke in their own language; but perfectly comprehended each other.

"And it is, of course, for the reason you have stated," rejoined M. D'Ermonville, with a slight accent of sarcasm, "that Captain Horton is bringing up yonder bayonets to your assistance!" We glanced round, and, sure enough, there was a shore guard advancing in the distance at a run, and led by the Captain of the *Curlew*. The governor had stood his friend, and not a moment was to be lost. This was also Lieutenant King's

impression, and, with the quickness of thought he exclaimed, "You insinuate that I lie, do you?—then, take that air, for the compliment," and striking D'Ermonville with his open hand on the face as he spoke. In an instant the swords of both flashed in the brilliant moonlight, and quick and deadly passes were fiercely, yet silently interchanged; the spectators, both English and French, gathering in a circle round the eager combatants, as if for the purpose of hiding the furious struggle from the near and rapidly-approaching soldiers. D'Ermonville was, I fancy, the best swordsman, and, but for the accident of his foot slipping, after a but partially successful lunge, by which a flesh wound only, slightly grazing his opponent's ribs, was inflicted, the issue might have been different. As it was, King's unparried counterthrust sent his weapon clean through D'Ermonville's shoulder, who fell helplessly to the ground, at the very moment Captain Horton and the guard came up.

The dangerously-wounded gentleman-dangrously in that climate, I mean—was gently raised, and, at his own faintly-spoken request, left to the care of his own people. All of us English were then silently marched off to the harbor, where a boat was waiting to convey us to the *Curlew*. Captain Horton merely opening his lips, the while, to give such orders as were necessary. Nobody was placed under actual arrest, but it was thoroughly understood, the next day, that Captain Horton would report the whole affair to the admiral, at the first opportunity; and that Lieutenant King, to a certainty—perhaps one or two others—would have to answer before a court-martial for their conduct. Just a week after the duel, Captain D'Ermonville was pronounced, to every body's great joy, out of danger, and the very next day the *Curlew* sailed from Sierra Leone on a cruise southward.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Stolen Hides.

Wm. Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as 'one who walked humbly with his God.' One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a drunken, quarrelsome neighbor whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done.

A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a loud knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery, where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go with thee to the barn," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pie and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I feel very bad about it. I am sure I didn't come to think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you;—and yet, I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow, on good wages. The little thee can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Thou wilt doubtless find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly endeavoring to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, honest and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, Wm. Savery so sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome by good.

From Finley's Western Life.

A Backwoods Procher.

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants, one to whom it is owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois," he says:—"At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met

an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, ordered the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet, such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess." At last, one day, when Mr. ——— ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the camp, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Mr. ———'s dark, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:—"Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully:—"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray." "The desperado rolled back the tangled tresses of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied:—"By golly, I'd like to see you do it, ole snorter."

"Very well," said Mr. ———. "Will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?" "In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothing but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. ———.

"Ready as a race-horse, with a light rider," squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Mr. ——— made a prodigious bound towards his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, snorting punch of his Herculean fist, which fell crashing on the other's chin, and hurled him to the earth like a log. Then, even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:—"That wasn't done fair, so it wasn't."

He aimed a ferocious stroke, which, Mr. ——— parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face and ceased to resist, Mr. ——— slackened his hold, and enquired:—"Will you pray, now?"

"I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded Mr. ———.

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself!"

The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer, line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the conclusion the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Mr. ———'s hand, declaring:—"By golly, you're some bean in a bar-fight I'd rather set to with an ole bar in dog days. You can run this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your picture!"

THE HOMESTEAD BILL.

The homestead bill has passed the House, and is now before the Senate. Below we copy the provisions of the measure as agreed to by the House:

The bill provides—First: That any free white person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of 21 years, and is a citizen of the United States shall be entitled to enter, free of cost, one quarter section of vacant and unappropriated public land, which, at the time of the application, may be subject to private entry at \$1.25 per acre, or a quantity equal thereto, to be located in a body, in conformity with the legal subdivisions of the public lands and after the same shall have been surveyed.

Second: The person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the register of the land office in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said register that he or she is the head of a family, or twenty-one years of age, and upon making affidavit, and filing on the register he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land already specified; provided that no certificate shall be given of entry, from the date of the expiration of five years from the date of such entry, and if at the expiration of such time the person making such entry, or if he be dead his widow, or in case of his death his heirs or devisee, or in case of a widow making such entry her heirs or devisee in case of her death, shall prove by two credible witnesses her or his or they have continued to reside upon and cultivate said land, and still reside upon the same, and have not alienated it or any part thereof, then in such case she or he or they shall be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided for by law; provided further, in case of death of both father and mother, leaving an infant child or children under twenty-one years of age, the right and the fee shall inure to the benefit of the said infant child or children, and the executor, administrator, or guardian may at any time within two years after the death of surviving parent, and in accordance with the laws of the State in which such children for the time being have their domicile; said land for the benefit of the said infants, for no other purpose, and the purchaser shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase and be entitled to a patent from the United States.

Third: All land acquired under this act shall in no event become liable to satisfaction of any debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

Fourth: In case a person who has filed the affidavit required shall have changed his or her residence or abandoned said entry for more than six months at any one time, in that event the land so entered to revert back to Government, subject to an appeal to the General Land Office.

Fifth: If any individual now a resident of

any one of the States or Territories, and not a citizen of the United States at the time of making such application for the benefit of this act, shall have filed a declaration of intention, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, and shall become a citizen of the same before the issuance of the patent, as made and provided for in this act, shall be placed upon an equal footing with the native-born citizen of the United States.

Sixth: No individual is permitted to make more than one entry under the provisions of this act and the Commissioner of the General Land Office is required to prepare and issue such rules and regulations, consistent with this act, as shall be necessary and proper to carry its provisions into effect; and the Registers and Receivers of the several Land Offices shall be entitled to receive the same compensation for any lands entered under the provisions of this act that they are now entitled to receive when the same quantity of land is entered with money—one half to be paid by the person making the application at the time of so doing, and the other half on the issue of the certificate by the person to whom it may be issued: Provided, however, all persons entering land under the provisions of this act shall, as near as may be practicable in making such entries, be confined to each alternate quarter section, and to land subject to private entry. And provided nothing in this act shall be so construed as to impair or interfere in any manner whatever with existing preemption rights; and provided further, that the provisions of this act shall be so construed as to authorize the class of persons provided for who may not own over 160 acres of land, to enter free of cost any public lands adjoining his or her farm subject to private entry at the minimum price, in quantity when added to what he or she now owns, equal to 160 acres, provided he or she shall cultivate whole or part thereof.

The bill passed. Yeas, 107; Nays, 72.

A BLASTING RECORD.

Seven years ago this day, the Sham Democracy of New Hampshire carried that State after a desperate struggle. The Legislature thus chose made haste to pass the following Resolves, which received the vote of every Democratic member of either House:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court convened, That we regard the Institution of Slavery as a moral, social and political evil, and as such we deeply regret its existence, and are willing to concur in all reasonable and constitutional measures that may tend to its removal."

"Resolved, That in all territory which may hereafter be added to or acquired by the United States, where slavery does not exist at the time of such addition or acquisition, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, whereof the party has been convicted, ought ever to exist, but the same should remain free; and we are opposed to the extension of slavery over any such territory; and that we also oppose the vote of our Senators and Representatives in Congress in favor of the Wilmot Proviso."

"Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed and our Representatives requested, by all expedient and constitutional means and measures, to sustain the principles herein above set forth."

MOSES NORRIS, JR.,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

HARRY HIBBARD,
President of the Senate.

Approved, June 30, 1847.
JARED W. WILLIAMS, Governor."

And that same Moses Norris, that same Jared W. Williams have just voted to repeal the Missouri Restriction which excludes Slavery from Kansas and Nebraska, while that very Harry Hibbard stands ready to follow the blows by a similar vote in the House!

It is possible that apostasy so shameless, ingratitude so base as this, can pass without rebuke!—N. Y. Tribune.

THE SLAVE QUESTION IN THE HOUSE.

On Friday quite an interesting scene took place in the House, at Washington. A debate was going on in the Committee of the Whole, on some private claim, when an alteration grew up between Mr. Lane, of Indiana, and Mr. Sellers, of Maryland. Mr. Sellers had said something about persons being governed by their constituents. "He moulded his constituents, and was not the servile tool of popular sentiment." This was in allusion to something Mr. Lane had said. Mr. Lane replied to Mr. Sellers by saying, "that he did not doubt the gentleman's ability to mould the opinions of such as require it, but he thanked God that he represented no such constituency which requires five colored persons to be equal to three white men." This cut direct at Southern constituencies, brought the whole South to the rescue, and the whole House presented a scene of uproar and confusion, which there was no way of quelling, but by adjourning, which was finally done. These Southern gentlemen are ashamed of their constituency, and well they may be. They have moulded not only their own congressional constituents, but also the dough-faces of the North, until they appear to think they can do pretty much as they please. They will find out their mistake, probably, when too late.—Pitts. Gaz.

How far the sentiments of the North have changed in respect to dough-facery it is easy to perceive.

1. The merchants of New York were the first to protest against the Nebraska bill.
2. Then the mechanics.
3. Then the clergy.

In fact the protest is universal, except with a handful of employees of the Government, or of shabby expectants of office, who would sell not only Nebraska but 99-100ths of all mankind to Slavery for thirty pieces of silver. In addition to these classes, the bill is also supported by the Journal of Commerce and the Herald.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE ILLINOIS RESOLUTIONS.

The Illinois papers supply the following copy of the resolutions on the Nebraska question lately passed by the Legislature of that State:

Resolved, That our liberty and independence are based upon the right of the people to form for themselves such a Government as they may choose; that this great principle, the birthright of freemen, the gift of Heaven—secured to us by the blood of our ancestors—ought to be extended to future generations; and no limitation ought to be applied to this power in the organization of any Territory of the United States, of either a Territorial Government or a State constituted, provided the Government, as established, shall be republican and in conformity with the Constitution.

Resolved, That we will stand by the Compromise of 1850; that we are attached to that great fundamental principle of democracy and free institutions which lies at the basis of our creed, and gives every political community the right to govern itself; to form such a government as they may choose, without limitation, restriction, or hindrance, save obedience to the Constitution and our country.

Resolved, That the institution of slavery was one of the principal subjects of compromise of the Constitution; that it is recognized therein; that we deem the restriction of a geographical line upon the right of the people to form such a government as they may choose, in regard to the question of slavery, as gross a violation of that sacred right as a similar restriction upon any other question of government, the right whereof is equally recognized by the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That this principle is contained and carried out in the Nebraska bill offered in the Congress of the United States by our distinguished Senator, STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS; that we approve of said bill, and we will sustain our Senator in his advocacy of the same.

The above resolutions passed the Senate of Illinois by a vote of 14 to 8, and the House of Representatives by a vote of 31 to 21. The former body contains twenty-five, and the latter seventy-five members. It will be seen, therefore, that the resolutions were passed by a minority of the Legislature. In the House of Representatives the negative vote consisted of ten Democrats and eleven Whigs, and the affirmative vote of twenty-nine Democrats and two Whigs—one of these having cast his vote with the majority that he might have an opportunity to move a reconsideration of the vote. Twenty-three members were absent, or dodged the question, of whom seven were Democrats and six Whigs.

From this analysis of the vote contained in the Illinois journals it appears that in the House of Representatives only thirty members out of seventy-five sanctioned the resolutions—a fact which considerably lessens the weight of this legislative act.—Nat. Intel.

Something for Farmers.

The following extract of a letter from Dr. W. E. Ide, to a citizen of this place, has been handed us with the permission to publish it. Similar companies have been organized in different portions of the State and have proved profitable investments so far as paying good dividends is concerned, leaving altogether out of the account the greater benefit accruing to the whole country in the improved quality of stock.

It is to be hoped that the Farmers of Muskingum will not allow so good an opportunity for joining in a worthy and profitable enterprise to be neglected. The following is the extract:—Zanesville Gazette.

* * * I propose to organize a company for importing some cattle, swine and sheep from England; to be called the "Central Ohio Live Stock Importing Co., the capital to amount to not less than ten or more than twenty thousand dollars.

Felix W. Renick takes a thousand and will go as agent. I also take a thousand. S. Medary five hundred, J. A. Corwin a thousand, &c.

I have just started the paper and have about \$5000 taken. The shares are \$50. When the stock is all taken, we will notify the subscribers to meet in Columbus and organize, and pay in the money. No one is allowed to take more than 20 shares, our object being to diffuse the stock as much as possible. Today I have met seven or eight farmers in town, who take one or two shares each. Indeed, nearly every farmer that I have spoken to has taken a share or more. I will have no difficulty in getting the stock taken, but I want some from Franklin, Licking, Mingo and Madison counties. I am going east next week, to be gone a month, and when I come back I shall put myself to the work again. When we get the thing organized, which will probably be about the first of May, we will expect the agents to start.

W. E. IDE.

P. S. Please understand that we like to see any one man take one or two shares better than ten or twenty.

TEMPERANCE MINCE PIES.—Boil lean beef till quite tender; (the fat, tongue and hearts make the best pie); add to 2 pounds of this chopped fine, a double quantity by measure of rich sour apples, and half a pound of butter or suet chopped fine, half a pound each of stone raisins and West India currants; moisten the whole with new cider or sweet boiled cider, sweeten with either sugar or molasses, and season with salt, nutmeg, ground clove and cinnamon to the taste. Bake the pies on farthen plates, with holes in the upper crust, and bake from half to three quarters of an hour.—Ohio Cultivator.

The following horizontal musing of a loafing tippler deserves to be perpetuated. Hear his wail:—

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I.
The reason, too, 's the same—
Come on, too, 's the same—
But here's the difference 'twixt leaves and me,
Tha'ls "sunny harder," and more frequent-blow.