

The Eaton Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor.



EATON, O., JAN. 3, 1856.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Persons wishing to advertise should remember that the "Eaton Democrat" has the largest circulation of any paper in the county.

REMOVAL.

The office of the "Eaton Democrat" has been removed to the second story of the brick building west of C. Vanasdale & Co's store, where all kinds of Job Work will be done up with neatness and dispatch.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

The Democracy of Pelee County are requested to meet at the Town Hall, in Eaton, on Saturday, January 5th 1856, to choose two delegates to the Democratic State Convention, to be held in Columbus on the 8th day of January next, for the purpose of nominating one candidate for Supreme Judge, one Member of the Board of Public Works, one Superintendent of schools and delegates to the National Convention, to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. A general attendance is requested.

BY ORDER OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

We have been compelled this week to put some of our subscribers off with a half sheet owing to the fact that the firm which has been supplying us with paper run out of the size used for the Democrat. We hope they will be able to supply us by our next issue.

From Washington—President's Message.

There is still no organization of the House, but the Telegraph informs us that the President communicated his Message to Congress on last Monday morning. It took all by surprise, and after a long debate, the House refused to read the Message and adjourned. The particulars and Message we hope to be able to lay before our readers in our next issue.

FRANK LESLIE.—Some time since this individual sent us a circular requesting a notice of his forthcoming "Illustrated Paper," and promising us an exchange in case we gave the paper such a notice. This we done, but Frank has forgotten his part of the bargain.—We recommended his "Illustrated Paper," to the public, but fear if he fails to fill his contracts with country editors, his promises in regard to his "Illustrated" cannot be relied upon.

ODD FELLOW'S LITERARY CASSETTE. Cincinnati: TURNER & GREAT, Publishers.—The third year of this best of western monthlies, commences with the January Number for 1856. The publishers, determined not to be outdone by eastern magazines, have made arrangements to illustrate every number after the popular style of Harpers, and the January No., now out, contains the first part of a sketch of "Burgoyne's Expedition," from the pen of the distinguished historian, John Frost, with five illustrations, fully equal to those found in the best eastern works. A History of Odd-Fellowship in the United States is also commenced in this number which will run through the entire volume. This blending of Odd-Fellowship with general literature cannot but prove attractive to the members of the Order and their families. Its contents consist of Tales, Essays,—moral, ed. scientific, Historical sketches, and the usual variety of a first-class magazine. This work should have a place in the family circle of every household in the land. Terms, two dollars per annum, in advance; ten copies for fifteen dollars.—Subscriptions should be sent in at once to commence with the New Year.

NO MORE OLD MAIDS OR BACHELORS!—We shall hear no more of such things. Old maids will be unknown. Old bachelors will be out of the question. Professor Roxbury, of New York, the famous philosopher, has wholly ended celibacy, by his great book on the "Bliss of Marriage." He unravels the whole mystery of love. He dissects it scientifically.—He gives not only its character and substance, but, alas for the world-be single! he betrays the astonishing secret of how to win the affections of any person you desire in spite of their reluctance. Jolly time for the parson! The book is advertised in our paper to-day.

The last Register contained the Valdeictory of our friend D. JOHNSON, Esq. Dav. has strong abolition proclivities, and in his zeal to make darkness appear light he has injured his health, and concluded to take a trip to California with a view of recruiting. We are sorry to part with him, but hope his fondest anticipations may be realized in the land of gold.

No message has been received yet, but CHAMBERS has recently had his fine stock of jewelry replenished which is going off like butter on hot buckwheat cakes, just call and see his splendid stock of watches, clocks, Breastpins, Knives, pens, pencils, &c., even if you should not want to make a purchase, he won't charge you anything for looking at them.

The Catholic Herald, of Philadelphia, lamenting the decrease of their priests, says they cannot hope at present to supply their ranks from this country, as "one of the last pursuits Catholic parents, rich or poor, are likely to desire for their children, is the ministry of Roman Catholicism." It also states, that, while the main portion of the supply has been of Irish origin, that is now on the decline, as "every year brings less priests than the preceding year did."

Miss JENNY CAMPBELL, aged one hundred and fifteen years, died in Orange County, Va., on the 6th inst. A real woman's rights advocate that, for in all that time she never yielded to man.

Peace in Kansas.

The country will rejoice to learn, says the Statesman, that every mail brings continued evidence of the restoration of peace and civil order in Kansas! Whatever may have been the moving causes of the troubles, it is not worth while now to inquire—a full report of the whole matter must come before Congress, and upon the facts thus stated, the verdict of the people will be made up.

But let us all rejoice that the heated and excited feelings of both parties have been controlled by reason and judgment, by patriotism, and love of order. Thus, while the old world is convulsed from centre to circumference with civil wars to settle their differences; even the rude squatters on our frontiers, and the most excited partizans, upon the most exciting topic in our controversies, are able to meet and settle all these troubles by an appeal to reason, judgement and law. Popular sovereignty, instead of being a humber and a bye-word, as demagogues hoped, by getting up this excitement; has most signally triumphed—and given another instance to the world, that the people are capable of selfgovernment.

The Ingrate Blair.

Francis P. Blair, formerly the faithful journal-ist of Gen. Jackson's administration, has gone over a series of steps downward to the ranks of black republicanism. He supported his descent in 1848, when he gave his support to Van Buren, and now he has written a letter in which he misrepresents Jefferson, mis-quotes the constitution, and makes a sophist of himself, in order to sustain his abolitionism. Under the inspiration of Jackson, Mr. Blair stood high among the Democracy of his country. But as a follower of Seward and Garri-son, he sinks into the darkness out of which they themselves appear lighted only by that light which attends the fallen angels. If as an abolitionist he expects to make his mark upon his country, let him remember that even Jackson could not have sustained himself in a similar position. Let him remember that it is not Jackson the abolitionists whom the country now adore, but Jackson the patriot, who rose in his might against nullification in every form, and for the perpetuation of the Union.

Mr. Blair's letter will do no harm. Shorn of his locks long ago by the charmer of free-solism, he now seems mean among the mean-est.

An Honest Confession.

That Know-Nothingism can never be sus-tained by the enlightened portion of the peo-ple of this country, is a fact beyond question, and that it never has been sustained by en-lightened men, except for selfish purposes, is equally true. There are many who gave the Know-Nothing candidates support at the late election, who have embraced the earliest opportunity to wash their hands of the foul stain, by disclaiming, to hold any sympathy for the principles of that order. Among these is the editor of the Philadelphia Daily News, who in his issue of the 16th ult., uses the fol-lowing emphatic language:

"The truth of the matter is, as we have repeatedly asserted, Know-Nothingism is in extreme bad odour; it stinks in the nostrils of all who do not belong to the Order, and of a vast number who do."

Fighting the Isms on his own Hook.

T. B. Stevenson, of Kentucky, an influ-entia Whig, has written a forcible letter, in which he declares that he shall fight, "on his own hook," "the amalgamated fanaticism and treason of Abolitionism and Know-Nothing-ism." He thus writes of Know Nothingism: "I cannot subscribe to such doctrine or policy, and until I forget that God, renounce the laws of Moses and Jesus, ignore Repub-licanism, repudiate the Constitution, and de-spise the policy, peace, prosperity and glory of the country, I shall not cease to resist them by whatever appropriate means a good and loyal citizen may lawfully oppose to such out-lan-dish heathenism; for certain it is that such doctrines could not originate in this land of civil and religious liberty, but were excogitated by the arch enemy of mankind, and first promulgated in the dark ages of the uncivil-ized and unchristianized people of some distant lands. It is a baseness to attempt to dignify such doctrines with the name of "American."

The Democracy Moving.

Democratic State Conventions have been called in the States and at the times following, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the National Convention at Cincinnati:

- Florida—Third Wednesday in April.
- Alabama—January 8.
- Mississippi—January 8.
- Kentucky—January 8.
- Pennsylvania—March 4.
- Iowa—January 8.
- Illin—May 1.
- Georgia—January 15.
- Tennessee—January 8.
- New York—January 10.

The True Course.

The Detroit Free Press, in republishing an article upon the propriety of allowing all the delegates from all the States to meet at the national convention in Cincinnati uninstruc-ted, cordially endorses that course. It says: "If the delegates of the Democracy of all the States shall go to Cincinnati untrammelled with instructions, carry with them and en-forging the desire of the national Demo-cratic party that a candidate shall be selected with a view solely to his eminent qualifications and sterling national principles, the end will be a glorious triumph in November."

The Taunton Gazette, in alluding to the inconsistency of the anti-Nebraska men, says: "It is a singular fact, that the same presses, which throughout Gov. Reed's term of office were incessant in their demands upon the President to send troops into Kansas, to co-operate with the governor of the territory in the enforcement of law and order there, are now the organs which in hot haste denounce the administration for any compliance which it may hereafter yield to Governor Shannon, never officially presented. It would be in vain to expect fair treatment from them of any questions growing out of the whole subject; and Kansas itself, if it cannot settle its own controversies, must look to other parties than such as have, by ill advised and mischievous aid societies, contributed so much of the in-flammatory material which now renders that territory the political pandemonium of the country.

EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY SAVED.—The Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress gets \$10 a day; therefore, so long as there is no Speaker there is a saving of \$8 a day.—That is saving at the epile. If the session should last longer in proportion to the delay, it would lose at the lung-hole \$40,000 per day! Pretty fair example of Fusion economy.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

WASHINGTON DEC. 24.

An adjournment having been effected until Wednesday, members may become more plae-able under the softening influences of Chris-tmas Dinners, and be willing to give up their differences and unite in the election of Mr. Banks to the Speakership. Much as such a result is to be deprecated, he is undoubt-edly the ablest man named by the opposition.

Fuller and his friends still labor under the miserable hallucination that the Democrats will in the end come to his support, notwith-stand the effectual quietus given to all such pretensions by the able, manly and patriotic speech of Col. of Georgia, on Friday. The impudence on the part of the men who ask Democrats to vote for Fuller is surpassed only by the silliness of one or two Democrats who give ear to their propositions. Much as the Democracy are opposed to the Republicans and their insane attempts to spring here-sect-ional issues upon the country, the grief which separates the Democrats from the dark-indeed Know-Nothing is wide, deep and impassable. Above all, the Democracy must not be asked to reward the teachers of Henry M. Fuller with the Speakership; he is not worth quite that price. If those who call themselves Southern Americans find themselves in a bad scrape, they need not in their miseries call upon Hercules to help them, but must get out of it in the best way they can. Had they re-lieved on the National Democratic party, the result in the House would be very different.—The Democrats most respectfully beg leave to be excused from relieving them from the ruin which has so properly overtaken them. They offer no alliance with the Know Nothing of any section, unless, purged of their heresies, they place themselves on the platform of the Democratic Union, and come right into the Democratic fold. These are the terms—no fusion, no coalition with Know Nothings.

I do not think the House is any nearer an organization than it was on the day of meet-ing. The hope of the friends of Banks to carry the plurality resolution, and thus elect him, has twice failed, and will perhaps be tried again. Some of the Democrats are op-posed to the adoption of the rule, and sustain their opposition by the argument that if they have no majority to elect a Speaker, they have none for any practical purposes of legislation. They have made their stand on Banks, and are apparently resolved to stick to him to the last gasp, which resolve is by no means com-fortable to Campbell of Ohio, and a brace of other members who did not mean to des-pair of their own chances for the Speakership.

The Hon. John R. Edie, who congratulates himself on having the special guardianship and care of the "great iron interest" of Penn-sylvania, votes for Campbell instead of Banks, because the latter is not sound on Protection! Col. Edie, I am told, considers this a "smart dodge," and expects by his influence, and, of course, that of the "great iron interest" to have the friends of Banks over to Campbell. They will hardly come. Had the Col. called on me, I could have given him a much better excuse for voting against Banks. He is understood to have had, about the mem-orable year 1850, a particular aversion to coco skins and laid aside. Opposition to him on that ground would have been fair and legiti-mate. But the Tariff is no "lead" among the Know Nothing Republicans, and the legislation of the country is postponed by their personal difficulties and differences, which is a rather bad beginning for those who boast to be, per excellence the "rulers of America." PRUBLE.

Who is Mr. Banks?

The Boston Courier, a whig paper, thus tells who Mr. Banks is: "When Banks comes up in the end as the candidate for the 'Republican' and the non-'American,' he will have the whole of their vote. We advise them to come, in spite of some principle, for he never has had any able principle in all the course of his political life. When one of our cotempo-raries said that Mr. Banks was fit successor to Messrs. Winthrop, Walley, and others, as speaker of the Massachusetts house of rep-resentatives, its editor must have been asleep. If the republicans want him they must not let him down, and will let him down, or they will not keep him. He is one of the most shabby and unprincipled politicians in the world. He is elected Speaker, and the Pierce politician want to buy him, they can have him without doubt, but it must be at a price."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says: "If sobriety constitutes dignity, Banks must make a dignified Speaker, in the event of his election. He has the air of a New England clergyman pa-ing the deck of a steamer which he expects every minute will blow up."

The New York Tribune of Monday says, that "in consequence of the death of Sidney C. Burton, the principal witness for the prosecution in the celebrated Martha Washington case, the prosecution has been abandoned, and all the defendants discharged from bail." It is said that Kissane was produced out of the penitentiary so that his evidence might be obtained in the new trial that was expected to take place in New York; but as the case now stands, the guilty either go unwhipped of justice, or the innocent suffer under cruel imputations.

It has generally been believed and sup-posed that Col. Burr died an unbeliever, re-fusing religious consolation. A most excel-lent and distinguished Episcopal minister, in preaching a sermon to the young men of Washington city, a few Sabbath evenings ago, alluded to Col. Burr's supposed religious re-ligiosity infidelity, which led to an interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Vanfel, affording full evidence that Col. Burr died in the full belief of Christianity.

No DOUBT OF IT.—If you would be dressed neatly and respectfully, and at the same time economically, you will purchase your clothes at the mammoth establishment of Sprague & Co., No. 10 East Fourth-street Cincinnati. Our word for it, you will never buy elsewhere if you once patronize that store, for purchas-ers are invariably suited there.

We learn that since Ball introduced steam into his gallery, No. 23 Fourth-street, his business has increased wonderfully. We are glad of this, for Ball's energy and enter-prise should insure success to its possessor. He is a first rate Daguerreotypist, and no mis-take.

People who are about to have pictures taken frequently inquire, "Where can I get a good Daguerreotype?" To all such we beg leave to say that BALL, 10 West Fifth st., takes the finest, clearest and best picture, and all for moderate prices. Try him.

The Speaker of the House of Represen-tatives at Washington gets sixteen dollars a day for his services, and mileage like other members. No wonder a good many are wil-ling to accept the post.

Brigham Young has seventy wives.—'Couldn't he beat B-rum on a "baby show?"

CARRIER'S ADDRESS,

TO THE PATRONS OF THE "EATON DEMOCRAT."

JANUARY 1, 1856.

Ladies and gentlemen! one and all,
Old and young, great and small,
A moment give me your attention,
There are some things I wish to mention;
'Tis true I'm young and not well read,
In many things where you stand first;
But e'en a child, says things sometimes
When smoothly rolled out into Rhymes,
That makes old age pause and reflect,
And does them good to recollect.
Long words and dark unmeaning phrases,
That always have a dozen senses,
I can't command—but speak right on
In simple language, 'till I'm done.
Then list, I'll tell my speech in Rhyme,
And let you read it at any time.
Time, Time, do you ever think of it,
Life's made of time, know it;
Each year that flies is an ocean wave,
That hurts you nearer the open grave;
The Century Clock strikes fifty six,
His next may send you o'er the strix;
(Time writes the wrinkle on thine marble brow,
Time moves not but is always now,
Time hurts the maidens chance of marriage,
And time wears out the deacon's carriage;
Time comes and goes, yet still remains,
Giving joy and grief and better pains,
Yet, all these things before your eyes,
Ne'er tends to take you with surprise.
O man, poor tenant of an hour,
Corrupt by wealth and fading power,
Stop one moment, stop and think
Perhaps e'en now you're on the brink
Of that vast gulf that lies between
This life, and cannon's fields of green,
The slightest jostle, yea a breath,
May open the yawning gulf of death.
But this part of the play is dreary,
Perhaps, your patience I may weary.
So let us quickly change the ground,
And all of us "go hobbling round."
The elections all are just gone by,
And left a pure and cloudless sky,
Save in our own pure happy State,
Where darkly frowns the brow of fate;
We still are following the illusion
Of this infernal pesky "fusion,"
Composed of nothing else but slavery,
To meet the ends of basest knavery,
For they who use "the infernal plan,"
To thus deceive their fellow man,
Care not if every Southern Slave
Was rolling in a felon's grave,
All they desire is wealth and station,
And a name throughout this mighty nation.
Last fall, through clouds we run the race,
Which proved to be a wild goose chase.
The watchword, idea, platform, all,
That ruled the political sea last fall,
Was Slavery! Slavery! Slavery! Slavery!
Nothing else but barbarous Slavery.
But here suppose we make a pause,—
Can this one idea give us laws,
To govern our most glorious State,
That latterly has grown so great;
Is it the touchstone that hot or cold,
To send solid rocks to shining gold?
Perhaps it is a magic Wand,
That when extended o'er the land,
Produce such a change in nature,
That man gets up a renewed creature,
Who needs no laws for his control,
But the innate promptings of the soul.
These bubbles soon will pass away,
And there will come another day,
When, if we do not miss our guess,
There'll scarcely be a blade of grass
Left standing, for to plead the cause,
Or tell that such a party was.

The Know Nothings too have had their day,
And now "Know Nothing" for to say—
They did know Nothing, when the fusion,
That latterly was formed a coalition,
Left fall with them formed a coalition,
Leaving nothing but a pile of cinders,
Sam now has neither Guard nor Scout,
To keep the vile intruders out,
Or whisper with the darkened lamp,
There is "Traitors all around the camp."
But Sam was cruelly betrayed,
By fusionists in ambush laid;
His splendid schemes was burst in twain,
And he himself at last was slain,
And now lies buried on the plain,
From whence he ne'er will rise again.
But now a word to my good friends,
'Tis said we are the odds and ends
Of every thing that is unlucky,
From distant Maine to old Kentucky;
That we chest and lie to get position,
And are always in a state of transition,
Progressing ever, and never still,
Possessing withal an iron will.
To these things, I make no reply,
You know it's all as black as—blackhood
As e'er was penned by mortal hand,
To curse the safeguards of this land,
Though beaten and down trodden here,
Rise up, show not a single fear.
You have more cause now to rejoice,
With one grand universal voice
Than you have had e'er since this Nation
Assumed an independent station.
You' platform now's the only one,
Beneath the bright and cloudless sun
That's National, in every part,
And cords with every FREEMAN'S heart,
And when other clans are in their grave,
It will rise like Phoenix from the wave
A pole star to a fading world,
Its wings for Equal rights unfurled.
Ye stars and stripes, now flow like free,
O'er mountain, valley, land and sea,
Show forth to every land and nation,
That Liberty's the highest station
That can be asked, or sought, or given,
This side the crystal gates of Heaven.
The Russian war is going on,
Perhaps it never will be done,
For they who rule ne'er count the cost
Of the priceless lives that there are lost.
So you, what causes all this fighting
'Tis AmSTON, the foulest whelp of sin,
That e'er the human heart let in.
Our fires for his war never burned,
'Tis a matter in which we are not concerned
By you I know the thing's detested,

And as for me, I'm not interested.
Therefore I will not keep you reading,
A long detail of war proceedings.
But let's come back to our native shore,
And sit and listen to the Ocean roar,
Where peerly gems lie deep and drizzling,
And golden sands are brightly sparkling.
Leta take a squint of "Affairs at home,"
And clear up matters with a finetoothed comb,
I see some things as I pass around,
I fear are not exactly sound.
And if I speak just what I know,
You'll all admit it's even so.
The Military Ball they say was tough,
But the PARSONS gave that fit enough.
They lashed the Guards' and their impety,
And gave them quite a notoriety,
They claim the Captain, though quite humorous
On CHRISTMAS was a little "too numerous."
But why always be sad and sober,
Like leafless forests in October.
Is there no time when joy or mirth,
May claim a dwelling place on Earth?
I'd rather be a tiny flower,
And bloom but for a single hour,
And worship God with my sweet breath,
Then calmly close my eyes in death,
Than live ten thousand, thousand years,
Bathed in perpetual floods of tears.
But there are other things in town,
(Which sometimes get some of us down.)
We are too fast, too sharp and frisky,
And drink a great deal too much whiskey,
And when that can't be gotten handy,
We take a little snort of brandy,
And once when both of these did fail,
I saw some boys get tight on Ale.
These things we do without once thinking,
That they will lead us on to drinking,
But boys, stop! you are going to hell,
(That's rough, but the truth I'll tell.)
Fiery seas and boiling lakes,
Huge dark fiends, and hissing snakes,
Mountains disgorging floods of fire,
And othersensery much more dire,
Arranged as if in sheer derision
Will soon buffet on your frightened vision.
Stop; drink no more, the Wine cups wave,
It is an AXTOR for the grave.
But notwithstanding all our vices,
There is no reduction in the prices,
Of Corn and Oats and Flour and Meat,
And other delicacies sweet.
The Farmers now make all the cash,
And will, until there comes a crash,
And then at that important crisis,
We'll get our food at living prices,
Our merchants still are making sales,
By wholesale or in single bales,
Supplying each and every call,
And being affable to all.
We've lots of weddings, all the time,
And some of which we put in Rhyme,
With our Masheen, that's always ready,
And gives it out straight, fair and steady,
We're one thing, in which I see no point,
Something comes here is out of joint,
Why so divide up our society?
With lines and names of such variety.
There's Shanghai, Bantam, and Cochinchina,
(Names imported from South Carolina.)
To designate the several classes,
And make hard feelings in the masses.
The Shanghai's and the little Bantem's,
Of late have gone down ten per centum,
While the rest are so much below par,
We can't tell what their values are,
These names we think will soon wear out,
For such things always change about,
Then true worth will find its level,
And stretched pretensions go to the—bug.
And now one word for the "Coronet Band,"
The sweetest players in the land,
They are always ready and in tune,
In March or April, May or June,
And if their services you require,
Just write to B. F. Lush, Esquire,
Who is the actor Secretary,
And does all matters epistolary.
But O, by jing, here is one thing,
'Bout which I surely ought to sing,
'Tis these old Bachelors, sticking 'round
In every nook about the town,
Who old patrimonious withered scumps,
Are always grunting with pins and cramps,
What will you do when you get old?
You'll die! the tale's all told,
Then all the wealth about your stations,
Will go to feed some poor relation,
Your very memory 'll be rubbed out,
Not even leaving a greasy spot.
Then go right on, and get a wife,
And begin again your useless life.
Do something to increase the Nation,
And meet the women's approbation.
And last not least, my dear sweet girls,
For you I have retained the pearls,
Of this my variegated song,
Which now is growing rather long.
You are the apples of pure gold,
Set in silver's richest fold,
Sparkling eyes and blushing beauty,
(Haigh-a—ll I try to do my duty.)
That send a pure and polished dart,
Through every true and feeling heart.
Go on and joy shall light your way,
In all you do and all you say,
And when your cup of life is even,
You shall sweetly rest in heaven.
Now friends, my little song is ended,
By you I ask to be befriended;
So please give me a BISEN or QUARTER,
And take my song and read it through,
Perhaps it may be something new,
If not, I think it is expedient,
For me to say,
Your most obedient,
THE CARRIER.

The Washington Union says that the election of Mr. Banks, as Speaker, would be the most signal triumph that the Abolitionists could achieve; it would be hailed throughout the Black Republican ranks as the first grand step towards the inauguration of their party.

A late number of the Hopkinsville (Ky) Press, has the following excuse: "We crave the indulgence of our readers for the scarcity of editorial in this issue. We have attended several weddings and parties within the past day or two, and consequently overcharged our appetites. In fact, we were let loose at a table of good things and foundered ourselves."

Gen. Cass is in good health at present. He is worth four millions of dollars, which is quite a comfortable sum for a rainy day.

Ohio Editorial Association—Time Changed.
The third annual meeting of the Ohio editorial Association, after much consultation, was called for 9th of January, 1856, instead of the 17th of January, as contemplated by the adjournment of last meeting at Zanesville.— Since the above call was issued, new contingencies have been developed, partly in regard to the attendance of speakers selected, and partly in consideration of the distracting influences incident to the opening of the legislature, as well as a desire from some quarters to observe by these means the anniversary of the birth day of Franklin—all of which, together with other reasons not necessary to enumerate, have seemed to render it advisable that the meeting take place according to the original intention, on the 17th of January, to which time it stands adjourned. The call for the 7th of January is therefore revoked.
The annual address is to be delivered by W. T. Bason, Esq., of Columbus; the poem by O. J. Victor, of Sandusky; and a eulogy by the late Otway Curry, first President of the association, and deceased since the last annual meeting, by S. D. Harris.
Please take notice of this final arrangement, of which the press throughout Ohio are certified by this circular.
For the committee,
S. D. HARRIS, Secretary.
Columbus, Dec. 20, 1855.

The Essex banner says—
'Had Kansas been left to be settled legiti-mately, and in accordance with the bill, there would never have been a slave carried there; and the question would never have assumed the position that it now does, had it not origi-nally being begged by the abolitionists. Had it not been for this silly warfare the territory would have been settled peacefully, by the hardy free yeomanry of the country; and to-day its trade would have been worth many thousands of dollars to the North, while it is hardly worth a red cent to us now. We showed months ago that the South lost by the repeal of the Missouri compromise; that the territory was ill adapted to slavery; and if it had been adapted to it, that there was no surplus of slaves in Missouri or the neighboring States to emigrate there; and the census of '53 shows it. But notwithstanding this, men walled off; they had an excited party well frothed up, and their leaders were as perfectly willing to crawl over the back of a slave into power, as in any other way, as it has proved.'

James M. Spurrell, regardless of the affec-tions of his wife and three children in Matach-field, which living in Mansfield, Connecticut, made the acquaintance of a young woman, whose ruin he effected under the delusion of an intention to make her his wife. When too late to save her own reputation, upon her learning that he had a family, she advised him to return to his home; yet after this evidence of his baseness, the poor deluded girl was induced to cling to him. A few days since they came to this city, when they put up at the Traders' Hotel, and afterwards at the Tour-na-ment House, under the name of M. A. Dodge and lady. His wife and another member of the family traced them to this city, and ar-rived on Saturday morning they were arrested.— Spurrell waived examination, and was held for trial on a charge of adultery, and the woman held for her good behavior six weeks hence.— Boston Post.

Be cautious about receiving \$5 bills, new plate, of the State Bank of Indiana, as there are exceedingly well executed counter-foils on that same plate.

MARRIED.

On the 25th inst. Rev. C. W. Swain, Mr. JOHN U. YOWELL, to Miss NANCY ANN PAINTER, both of this county.
On the 20th inst., by the Rev. L. F. Van Cleave, Mr. J. J. Fryer of Wilton, O., to Miss SARAH H. LONG, of Eaton, O.

On the 25th inst. in Hamilton, by the Rev. Richardson, Mr. W. C. M. BROOKING of this place, to Miss MARY E. COOK, of Hamilton.
Accompnying the above notice came one of those nice cakes that makes the inner man rejoice and be exceedingly glad, and more particularly so when he is a poor printer and unable to get any of the good things of this life. After the usual honors to such cake by our good natured typos, all hands joined in wishing the newly wedded pair a life of un-sullied bliss, interspersed with lots of conjugal responsibilities. Now Frank bring down the old Masheen from the garret, it is cold weather and you must turn, for the old thing is rusting and out of fix, and requires some strength. Tighten them screws a little—now let her slide.

Some say it's not right to wed,
And knock things all about,
And have to buy so many things,
That could be done without,
But they may say just what they please,
With scornful air or sneer;
We say that what has done right,
And got a jam up Cook.
May pleasant friends o'er them flit,
And fan their peaceful slumber,
And every Christmas add one more,
Unto their family number.
There that, do, roll the old Machine away
or it'll become unmanageable.

JOY FOR THE INVALID.—We cut the follow-ing from the "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette," and recommend our readers to peruse it care-fully, and those suffering should not delay purchasing:—
'Dr. HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—This celebrated medicine, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, at the German Dispensary, 121 South Street, No. 120 ARCH Street, is exciting unpre-cedented public attention, and the proprietor, who is a scientific physician, is selling im-mense quantities of it. The virtue of this remedy are so fully set forth in the extended notice of it, to be seen in our advertising col-umns, that there is hardly any room left for us to speak of it. This much we may add—Of the long train of physical ills to which hu-manity is heir, there is none more distressing than the general derangement of the digestive apparatus, which never fails to accompany a disordered state of the liver. Headache, piles, languor, feebleness, a bilious tongue, a mor-bid breath, loss of appetite—in short, an in-describable wretchedness of existence, are its insufferable and life wasting attendants.— These diseases, which have baffled the skill of the ablest Doctors, have been radically cured by Hooplans German Bitters.'

See advertisement,
Dec. 27.—2w.

OIL AND WINE.—No medicines, which have ever come within the range of our observation are receiving such testimonials of esteem as Dr. S. A. Weaver's Canker and Salt Rheum Syrup, together with the Canker Cure and Cerate, which are advertised in another col-umn. They have rapidly found their way in almost every part of the world, and as far as we can learn, upon careful inquiry in regard to their effects, they give entire satisfaction in every variety of humors, and the majority of chronic complaints. We have no sympathy with, or any desire to promote quackery, and as the originator of these remedies with two of its proprietors are regularly educated physi-cians of high standing, we feel confidence in recommending them in the public as medi-cines which can be relied upon.

WANTED.

FROM \$200 to \$1000, for one year, for which 8 per cent, and good security will be given. For further information apply at the Democrat office.
Eaton, Dec. 27, 1855.—2w.