

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOTHING CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

For The Belmont Chronicle.
LINES WRITTEN BY REQUEST,
On the Death of Mrs. Mary A. Mc-
Connaughy.

BY LILY MAY.

From his high Judgment seat,
The Lord of Hosts in thrilling whisper spoke
To me it had to meet,
And I, another soul from Earth will take.
No aged weary one,
Who from this Earth was longing to be free,
Whose timely race was run
E'en to the portals of Eternity.
Was called by his decree,
But a fond wife & mother, o'er whose brow
Time's tide was rolling free,
At this command was humbly forced to bow.
And yet she murmur'd not,
Though the strong ties that bound her here
On Earth
Were ne'er by her forgot,
She meekly bowed to claim a second birth.
Well may the Husband mourn,
Where childhood grins the sternest hearts
Can move,
This bow so sadly borne
Deprived them of a trusting mother here.
Now aged Parents weep,
That one from their well cherished band
Has fled;
And sisters fondly keep
Their mournful vigils for the loved one dead;
And brothers who were near,
To share their sorrows with that stricken
band,
May kindly drop a tear
For those who sojourn in a distant land.
—May peace to him be giv'n
Whose heart with anguish has been sadly
rent
Earth's fondest ties are riven,
To strengthen feelings that are almost spent.
—This are life's lessons sent,
'Till the last shaft is spent,
That we must bow submissive to the bow.
But then we're plainly shown
This blessed truth, through Christ who died
to save,
That to us shall be known
An Immortality beyond the grave.
Pleasant Valley, O. Dec. 3d 1855.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FAMILY.

BY T. R. ARTHUR.

"I'll not live this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon passionately. "Such disorders, wrangling, and irregularity, rob me of peace and make the house a bedlam, instead of a quiet home. Tom!" she spoke sharply to a bright little fellow who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair and making a most intolerable din, "stop that noise this instant!" And you Em, not a word from your lips. If you can't live in peace with your sister, I'll separate you. Dye hear? hush! this instant!"
"Then make Julie give me my pin cushion. She's got it in her pocket."
"It is no such thing, I have not," retorted Julie.
"You have, I say."
"I tell you I haven't."
"Will you hush!" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red; and she stamped upon the floor as she spoke.
"I want my pin-cushion. Make Julie give me my pin-cushion."
Irritated beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Julie by the arm, and thrusting her hand in her pocket, drew out a thimble, a piece of lace and a pen-knife.
"I told you it wasn't there. Couldn't you believe me?"
This impertinence was more than the mother could endure, and acting upon her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Julie soundly, conscious at the same time, that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble, by a wrong accusation of her sister, she turned upon her, also, administering an equal punishment. Frightened by all this, the younger children, whose incessant noise, for the last hour, had contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, became suddenly quiet, and shrank away into corners, and the baby, that was seated on the floor, between two pillows, curved her quivering lips, and glanced fearfully up to the distorted face in which she had been used to see the love-light that made her heaven.
A deep quiet followed this burst of passion like the hush that succeeds the storm. Alas, for the evil traces that were left behind. Alas, for the repulsive image of that mother daguerrotypist in an instant, on the memory of her children, and never

to be effaced. How many, many times in after years, will not a sigh heave their bosom as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dearer remembrances of childhood.
A woman with good impulses, but with scarcely any control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children, and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance, one with the other, manifested so little fraternal affection, grieved her deeply.
"My whole life is made unhappy by it!" she would often say. "What is to be done? It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and dissension. Sister at variance with sister, and brother hitting his head against brother."
As was usual after an ebullition of passion Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor she drew its head tenderly against her bosom, and leaving the nursery sought the quiet of her own room. There in humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene thro' which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.
To weeping calmness succeeded. Still, she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her own want of self-control. "What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows, when a young babe is snuggling on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon, scarcely conscious of the act reached out her hand for the volume. She opened it without feeling any interest in its contents but she had only read a few sentences when this remark arrested her attention:
"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her, and the truth expressed was elevated instantly into perception. She saw it in the clearest light, and closed the book and bowed her head in sad acknowledgment of her own errors. Thus for some time, she had been sitting, when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact, that, as usual, when left alone, the children were wrangling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on, and throwing about chairs, and other pieces of furniture were heard, and at length a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations smote upon her ear.
Indignation seized instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon, and hurriedly placing the sleeping babe in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rascals against her authority, and was half way down stairs, when her feet were checked by remembrance of the sentiment—
"All right government of children begins with self-government."

"Will anger subside anger! When storm meets storm is the tempest still'd! These were questions asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added, as she stood upon the stairs, struggling with herself, and striving for the victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of disorder. How weak the mother felt! Yet in this very weakness was strength.
"I must not stand idly here," she said, as a sharper cry of anguish smote her ears and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery door, stood revealed to her children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were a little startled at their mother's sudden appearance, and both, expecting the storm which usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air with which her interperpetual reproaches were always met.
A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her pale countenance. How still, all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces, as she glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now, the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.
"Emily!" said she, speaking calmly and yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up into my room and sit with Mary while she sleeps."
Without a sign of opposition, or even of reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desires.
"This room is very much in disorder, Julia."

Many times Mrs. Lyon said, under like circumstances, "why don't you put things to rights? Or I never saw such girls? If all in the room was top-sy-turvy, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'd never turn over a head to put things to order," or, "Go and get the broom, this minute, and sweep up the room." You're the laziest girl that ever lived!" Many, many times as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon and her sisters, without producing anything better than a grumbling, partial execution of her wishes. But now the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effect desired. Julia went quietly about the work of restoring things to their right places, and in a few minutes, order was apparent where confusion reigned before.
Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and for a few moments in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs.—

Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commented slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly Julia said in a low voice to him—
"Don't Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."
"Does it make your head ache mother?" asked the child, curiously, and with a plying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looked at her as if in doubt whether he would be reprimanded or not.
"Sometimes it does, my son," replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly, "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?"
"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow; cheerfully. "But I'll forget sometimes."
He looked at his mother, as if something more was in his thoughts.
"Well dear, what else?" said she encouragingly.
"When I forget, you'll tell me, won't you?"
"Yes, love."
"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me, mother, for then I can't stop."
Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down, to conceal its expression, until it rested on the sicken hair of the child.
"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you any more," she murmured gently in his ear.
His arms stole upwards, and as they were twined closely about her neck, pressed his lips tightly against her cheek, thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were those first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself, what a power she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her bosom, she had poured the oil of peace over the storm-tossed hearts of her children.
Only the first fruits were there. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children, and just so far as she was able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into old states and often, very often, was self-resistance only a slight vent, but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions whenever this was so, warned her of her error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control.—Need it be said, that she had an abundant reward!

"THE OLD FOLKS."
"I suppose I must go down and see the old folks pretty soon, it is dull job, said a fashionably dressed young man to a man one evening. "The country is so dull, after living in the city, that I dread to go there; there is nothing to look at, and no where to go; but mother is getting pretty feeble and I ought to go."
I perceived that the "old folks" he so respectfully spoke of, were no other than his own father and mother.
"I could get along with one day well enough," he said, "but the old folks are never satisfied unless I stay a week, or three or four days, and I get heart-sick if it is so dull. I used to go and see them once or twice a year, but now it is between two and three years since I have been there. I should go often, but it is so tedious; and then they make so much of me, and cry when they see me, that it makes me feel bad, because I do not go so much as I ought; so sometimes I think I will not go at all."
How little had this careless son thought of his aged parents, and how daily, how hourly had those aged parents thought of him, and how many fervent prayers had ascended to God for him from that quiet side. He knew not how many evils those prayers had averted from his ungrateful head, or how many blessings they had poured upon him.
But all sons are not thus ungrateful. A young friend of mine who has resided sixteen years in the same great metropolis, has never failed twice a year to visit his parents, and sons often, or when ever it is possible for him to leave his business. I accidentally saw a letter he addressed to his sister a short time since, which shows that a young man can be interested in extensive business and yet find time to love and venerate his mother.
I received a short note from mother," he writes, after hearing that she had been ill. "I am fearful that she is not improving. If she is any worse, or becomes dangerously sick, I desire to know it. I dread the thought that my dear mother cannot be spared to us many years, at the best—it may be but a few months. I have thought of it very much for a few weeks. Although she has lived nearly her three score and ten, and nature has almost become exhausted, yet how I should miss her; how we all should mourn for her! What a mother she has been to us what a woman; what an example; what a Christian! I am sure of it. I know it, that she has been my dearest object of love and affection all the days of my life. However I may have strayed from her bright examples and teachings, my mother has always been before me, beckoning me to walk in the right way; and if I have not prayed myself with the fervor and devotion that I should, I always felt that she was supplicating for me. How much she has cared for us! What a sacred treasure, even to the end of our lives, will be the memories of our mother."
"I see her now, as she looked to me when she stood by the bedside of our dying brother, cheering him in his sufferings; and I heard her say, the same clock that told the hour of his birth, is now telling the hour of his death! What a scene was that! We know, dear sister, that those things must be, and it is not in a melancholy

strain that I write the every indication of the approaching end of my mother, still within me all the tenderest impulses of my heart. Her removal will be to the brightest heaven, die when she may. Old age is but the threshold of death, and after a life spent as our mother's has been, the portals of another world can have no dreary look."
How ennobling, how touching are this young man's words. We cannot but respect him for his beautiful reverence and love for his mother. Years of a life in New York, subject to every snare and every temptation, engaged in an extensive business, with the heat and passion of youth upon him, yet the one steady flame of deep love for his mother burned undimmed in his heart.
Mothers, she was a mother worthy of such a son. She was a Christian mother. Would you inspire similar love and reverence, be like her, an earnest and heart-felt follower of the blessed Redeemer.
And let every heartless, neglectful son, remember the thorns of agony his thoughtlessness implants in the hearts of his parents. Let him call to remembrance the helpless years of his childhood, and all the self-sacrificing love that fills their hearts, and now return to them and to God the love and gratitude which are so justly due.—*American Miss.*

Miss Della Webster's Experience in Kentucky.
Miss Della Webster—a teacher from Vermont, who, it will be remembered, was sentenced to the Kentucky Penitentiary for two years from Lexington a few years since on the charge of aiding slaves to escape, and was pardoned out by the Governor at the end of six weeks—writes a long letter, which is published in the N. Y. Independent. It purports to give her experiences in Kentucky since she returned to the State the second time, a few months after receiving the gubernatorial pardon. She states that she bought a large farm in Trimble county on the river, opposite Madison, and settled down upon it; but, that, from being suspected of still enticing slaves to escape, she was ordered to leave the State, and when she refused to do so, was arrested, put in jail, and treated with great cruelty. Subsequently, she escaped to Indiana, but was pursued there. We copy her own version of the remainder of the story:
My pursuers had among them a man who, from certain reasons of his own, was my personal enemy. By his agency, immediately after this, through his intrigues two old indictments, which the Commonwealth Attorney had stricken from the docket ten years ago, by order of the Court, were re-docketed, and warrants issued under them for my arrest. Knowing that this might appear an incredible thing in our country, I hold in my hands perfect documentary evidence of the fact, which I am able at any time to exhibit. The Governor of Kentucky, on the strength of these indictments sent to the Governor of Indiana, demanding me as a fugitive from justice. Without any inquiry as to the merits of the case, the Governor delivered me up.
The Indians, ignorant of such an outrage upon a respectable citizen, did me from my pursuers. Sometimes they carried me in the city and sometimes in the country—in a hay-cock, in the woods, under brush-leaves, in the eye fields, in clefts of rocks—sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, until I was too feeble to longer moved about.
While I lay prostrate with sickness after some twelve days, the officers, after tracking me, took me off from the bed, put me in an open buggy and drove me some fifteen miles under a searching July sun, and after dark made a daring attempt to smuggle me across the river. Here again they were defeated, and took me secretly to Madison, where they confined me in jail to await the arrival of the Kentucky officers.

The vindictive Indians determined I should have the benefit of a chains carpet, and a large troop of volunteers stationed themselves around the jail to prevent my being kidnapped by the Kentuckians, and there I lay in close jail twenty days before I was able to be taken out for trial. The evening prior to the trial, two another regulation arrived demanding me upon another ten year old indictment.
On the evening of the 21st of July, 1854 both warrants having been tried, I was discharged from custody by the decision of Judge Walker, of Madison, Ind.
Again, I fled, those wretched Kentuckians return to plunder my premises; and under the guise of law my house is robbed of its entire contents, my farming utensils are seized, my grain, hay, etc., are taken away, cattle and other stock driven off, and I am deprived of my entire personal property, even to my wardrobe. Nothing whatever is left upon the place save the growing crops, the property seized amounted to \$3,000.
At the next Circuit Court their writ of attachment is dismissed, and it becomes the duty of the officer to return the property to my possession. Instead of this, secretly, he and his slaves had pocketed the money.
Are they satisfied now? No. While on a visit to my aged mother in Vermont, they take advantage of my absence, steal and sell my crops, pocket the money, and when I return to make a payment of \$2,000 on my place, lo! I have nothing with which to make it—my herd of my last dollar, the payment due, and I penniless.
This last spring, to prevent my sending on tenants to take care of the place, they broke open and demolished six of my dwelling-houses, and burned the seventh.
My close confinement in the four different prisons amounts to 193 days, and the loss of property to \$11,000.
You have here but the outline of my per-

ceptions, and are at liberty to make such use of them as your superior judgment shall dictate.
Respectfully and truly yours,
DELLA A. WEBSTER.
Mrs. Stowe, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame appends a note to Miss Webster's letter, stating that she has examined the documents in the case, and finds them perfectly to confirm the narrative in all its points. She adds:
Miss Webster's history shows that there are many individuals in Kentucky who are high-minded, gallant, and disposed to do what little lies in their power for the relief of such suffering, but they are utterly powerless to stay the hand of injustice; and so will all individuals ever be in a State whose institutions recognize and uphold the most arbitrary despotism which is to be found on the face of the earth.
H. B. STOWE.
—Cin. Columbian.

The Benefits of Faith in the Doctor.
From Mother's "Every-day Paper Publications."
It was about the close of the last century that Benjamin D. Perkins, American surgeon practicing in London, announced the curative virtues of what he called "Metallic Tractors." They were a couple of small tapering pieces of metal—one zinc and the other copper—which the practitioner drew along in repeated passes near the patient affected with disease, giving out that thus the disease was somehow drawn or magnetized away. For a time persons afflicted with gout, rheumatism, and other disorders, came in vast numbers to Dr. Perkins to be healed. His tractors, for which he had taken out a patent, were sold at five guineas a pair. The Society of Friends, to which he belonged, benevolently raised a hospital in which he might practice on the poor. At length Dr. Haysgarth, of Bath, hit upon a method of exposing the fallacy of the tractors.
He suggested to Dr. Falconer that they should make wooden tractors, paint them to resemble the steel [] ones, and see if the very same effects would not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital in Bath upon whom to operate. Five of the zinc suffered from rheumatism, in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, and the zinc had been applied for several months with the goat. On the day appointed for the experiments Dr. Haysgarth and his friends assembled at the hospital, and with much solemnity brought forth the fictitious tractors. Four out of the five patients said their pains were immediately relieved; and three of them said they were not only relieved, but very much benefited. One felt his knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room. He tried and succeeded, although on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The pretty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and was quite easy for nine hours, until he went to bed when the twitching began again. On the following day the tractors were applied to all the patients, when they described their symptoms in nearly the same terms.
"To make still more sure, the experiment was tried in the Bristol Infirmary, a few weeks afterwards, on a man who had a rheumatic affection in the shoulder so severe as to incapacitate him from lifting his hand from his knee. Fictitious tractors were brought and applied to the affected part—one of the physicians, to add solemnity to the scene, drawing a stop watch from his pocket to calculate the time exactly, while another, with a pen in his hand, sat down to write the change of symptoms from minute to minute as they occurred. In less than four minutes the man felt so much relieved that he lifted his hand several inches without pain in the shoulder."
There are cases in which the medicine or treatment you really have affected a cure, more or less thorough and permanent, in a wholly indirect manner. Its effect in these cases is owing to the intervention of mental affection on the part of the patient.—*Maladies in which this principle applies are chiefly of a nervous character.*

This Aged Lover.—No longer a lover! exclaimed an aged patriarch; and you make me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I have the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of floweret the singing of birds, and above all, the silver laugh of a child. I live the star-like meadows, where the daisies, cap-gown, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with the ringlets flying loose in the wind, and my cap in hand, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care worn, but it has ever had a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love, is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity—
Together we have placed flowers in the caskets, and folded hands of the dead; together wept over our little graves. Through sunshine and storm we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old stye kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly fronts the glad day, the sun-light, throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint fringe of wrinkles, angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright glad young face that won me first, and the glowing face of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover.—
Though this form be broken, God implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hand palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded—yet

the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death, and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quickening flame."
The Two Heirs.
"I remember," says the late Postmaster General of the United States, "the first time I visited Burlington, Vt., as the Judge of the Supreme Court. I had left it many years before, a poor boy. At the time I left there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and these boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil which passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me.
Approaching the court-house, for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the bench and bar, I noticed, in the court-house yard, a large pile of old furniture about to be sold at auction. The scene of every boyhood with which I was surrounded passed before me as I went. I was told it belonged to Mr. J. M. J. I remember a family of that name, very wealthy there was a son, too, as it were, he had inherited more than I had earned, and spent it all; and now his furniture was reduced to real want, and his furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the court-house suddenly, yet a most glad that I was there, for I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases called originated in a law drunken quarrel between Mr. H and Mr. A. Mr. H, thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be! In short I found that this was the son of the other wealthy man referred to. I was overwhelmed alike with astonishment and disbelieving—astonishment at the change in our relative standing, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil."
Those fathers provide beet for their children who leave them with the highest education, the purest morals, and the least money.

The Way they do Things in Kansas.
Mr. Patterson, late of Dayton, and member of the last Ohio Legislature, has lectured in Kansas, and was a prominent member of the late Convention of that territory. When in Ohio he was an Administration Locomotive, but it is evident that he is not now an admirer of the policy it has pursued in the management of affairs in Kansas. The Dayton Gazette contains an extract from a letter written by Mr. Patterson to a brother in Dayton. This develops some of the monstrous wrongs and evils that the pimps and lackeys of the Administration are endeavoring to enforce upon the settlers who do not happen to believe in the divine origin of Slavery. The letter was written from Leavenworth, and is dated Nov. 14th:
I arrived here on Monday last (Friday) in We needly in great haste, as the Comptroller's court met on Thursday. When he adjourned the Grand Jury to his special term there was but sixteen of them. Now I find he has by some means unknown to me added seven more to the number. I dropped into the Court House rather accidentally this morning and was handed a copy of the indictment against McCrea for murder in the first degree. The prisoner had been sent over to plead; and that too, before he or his counsel were apprised that he had been indicted, much less without the usual formality of furnishing us with a copy of his paper. Of course I protested against the indictment rapidly with which things were "put through." His Honor, at last consented to allow me 24 hours to examine the indictment and prepare a plea. The cause of Slavery seems to corrupt everything with which it comes in contact.
We had a great Law and Order meeting here, yesterday. It was of the pro-slavery party and its object to secure an enforcement of the laws of the Legislature.—*Shannon was president of the meeting and named the hall with a bitter tirade against Free Sellers. I suppose there will be no further doubt of his position—there ought never to have been any from the beginning. They passed a resolution declaring all persons present in the Convention delegates. That of course made me one and on the faith of that I claimed the right to speak. When I arose, I was greeted with hisses and cries of "put him out!" After speaking a few minutes amid the greatest confusion, Strickland came forward and asked me to desist as the meeting did not wish to hear a Free State man. I then told them I should retire from the Convention and did so.*

PROCLAMATION.
LOUISVILLE, Nov. 28.—the following proclamation to the American Order of the United States, dated, "National American Council, Covington, Nov. 28."
At the annual meeting of the National Council of June, 1855, the following resolution was adopted:
That the Convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, to be held in Philadelphia on the 22d of Feb'y 1856, be composed of Delegates elected from the subordinate councils, one from each Congressional district and two from each State.
The Council, in consequence of this resolution, hereby proclaim that the Council in each Congressional District of each State, proceed to elect delegates as aforesaid; also two alternates for each State. Signed—E. B. Bartlett, President National Council.
Another to the same Order gives notice to State Councils, and delegates to the National Council, that there will be a special meeting of said Council in Philadelphia, on the 18th Feb'y, to transact such business as may be brought before it.

Ohio Agricultural College.
The Ohio Agricultural College will commence its second Lecture Session, in this city, on Tuesday, the 4th December next, under promising auspices. Fine Lecture Rooms have been arranged in the block on the South side of the Public Square, and Prof. Kirtland will deliver the opening Address at three P. M. on Tuesday. The people from city and country are respectfully invited to be present.
The College Session will continue twelve weeks, and four Lectures will be given daily during the whole term. The subjects embraced in the course are:
1st. Those that relate to the Land—Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, &c.
2d. Those that relate to the Plants—Botany and Vegetable Physiology, Field Crops, Orcharding, Gardening, &c.
3d. Those that relate to Animals—Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, Natural History of Domestic Animals, Veterinary Medicine, Insects, &c.
4th. Those that relate to Labor—Rural Architecture and Landscape Gardening, Draining, use and construction of Farm engines, Surveying, Farm Book Keeping, &c.
The Lecturers on these important subjects are: Prof. J. P. Kirtland, Prof. J. S. Darrow, Prof. S. M. Prosser, Prof. J. H. Fairbank, and Prof. N. S. Townsend, all able, experienced, and practical men. The terms for the entire course are \$10, and board may be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week, including room, lights, and fuel. A Reading Room, supplied with the principal Agricultural Periodicals, will be open to students at all hours.
The Ohio Agricultural College, although yet in its infancy, is no ephemeral affair. It is incorporated under the law of the State, and the men having the Institution in charge never take hold of the plow and look back. The President, the Hon. Hax-vay Rice, is widely and favorably known to the people of Ohio for his Educational efforts in the Senate, and his heart and talents are enlisted in the good work of affording to our country's sons an opportunity of practically cultivating the Mind as well as the Body. The Trustees and other officers of this healthy sound institution are of the Faculty present a combination of talent and character seldom equalled in any Institution of the Republic. The people of Ohio and the West have only to do their part, to reap a harvest of untold wealth in due season.
How many enterprising young men of Ohio, and especially of the Reserve, will embrace the rare opportunity now offered! The average should be at least one from each township. Consult at once with your parents on the subject, make them understand the usefulness, the importance, and the necessity of real knowledge, in the practice of any calling, and your anxious solicitude to "learn to do well." They will take pleasure in advancing your determination, and the coming winter months, instead of being wasted away in idle, unprofitable work, useless idleness, or perchance amusements and dissipation, may become, by attending the Agricultural College, the truly useful season of the year—the seed-time of a most beautiful harvest—ripening through busy manhood, and crowning with beauty and blessings the Autumn of Life.
Farmers and Farmers' Sons! See the Ohio Agricultural College is your Institution.— Fill its Lecture Rooms with Students, and the return to your families and farms will be more than "an hundred fold."—*Cleveland Herald.*

OSTENTATIOUS EXTRAORDINARY.—A RAILROAD TRAIN "WENT BY" BY THE SHERIFF!
The express train of the Central Ohio Railroad did at 8 o'clock on Thursday afternoon on its arrival at Newark, O., was waited upon by the Sheriff with an attachment issued in virtue of a just and lawful debt due the builders of said locomotives for the C. O. R. R. Company—such a course being apparently the only possible chance of collecting the debt. Two or three of the cars were filled with passengers bound east, among whom was Judge McLane, of Ohio, and a number of members of Congress on their way to Washington. The mail and baggage car contained the U. S. mail and the baggage of the passengers. The Sheriff demanding that his imperative duty to execute the attachment, was not convinced by earnest remonstrances that he should let the train proceed; but doubting his right to arrest the mail or the baggage of the passengers, he detached and retained the passenger cars. The passengers then, making the best they could of a very bad job, stowed themselves into the mail and baggage cars—rather ladies, gentlemen, Congressmen or Judges having very choice seats—and were carried to Zanesville. Here other cars were procured, but the exciting event of the trip did not terminate with the Sheriff's attachment. At Glenoe, 9 miles from Bellair, a rain ran over a cow, was precipitated down an embankment and completely demolished. The mail car was partially thrown from the track, and the passenger car immediately behind it was considerably smashed. Fortunately, none of the passengers were seriously injured, but the engineer was very badly cut and bruised. At this point the train was detained until the other train, due at Bellair at two o'clock came up, and the passengers of both trains, unable either to make a connection or find accommodation at Bellair, managed to get into Wheeling at half past one o'clock in the morning, in a very sad plight.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The Indianapolis Journal says: "Our divorce laws have made the State a sort of refuge for distressed married folk, and every term we have more or less of cases brought by people from other States."