

M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

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Feb. 21, 1854. 1y9.

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Do not Look so Bright and Blest.

BY TOM MOORE.

Oh, do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
That grief is then most near.
These lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns them to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look thou not so bright and blest,
For, ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die?
That when most light is on their wings,
They're shod but spread to fly?
And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
The bliss no more appears;
As rainbows take their flight away,
And leave us but their tears!
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For, ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

"OLD VIRGINIA NEVER TIRES."

SPEECH OF HENRY A. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

On the Know Nothing, at Alexandria, Feb. 3.

Now, gentlemen, having swept the Northern and the Northwestern non-slaveholding States of the Union, the next onset is on the soil of Virginia. This Worcester Journal boasts that Maryland and Virginia are already almost Northern States; and pray, how do they propose to operate on the South? Having swept the North—Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and all those other States—the question was: how can thisism be wedged in at the South; and the "Christian politics," to tell them precisely how, (Cat-calls, derisive cheers, and other manifestations of the Know-Nothing element of the meeting) there were three elements in the South and Virginia particularly, to which they might apply themselves.—There is the religious element, the Protestant bigotry and fanaticism—for Protestants, gentlemen, have their religious zeal without knowledge, as well as Catholics. (A voice "true enough, sir.") It is an appeal to the 100,000 Presbyterians, to the 300,000 Baptists, to the 300,000 Methodists of Virginia. Well, how were they to reach them? Why, just by raising the hell of a tunk about the Pope. [Laughter.] The Pope! "now so poor that Louis Napoleon who requires every soldier in his kingdom at Sebastopol, has to leave a guard of muskets at Rome!" Once on a time; crowned heads would bow down and kiss his big toe; but now; who cares for a Pope in Italy? Gentlemen, the Pope is here. Priestcraft at home, is what you have to dread more than all the Popes of the world. I believe, intellectually, and in my heart as well as in my head, in evangelical Christianity. I believe that there is no other certain foundation for this republic but the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. And the men of God who believes in the Father, in the divinity of the Son, and Holy Ghost—the preacher in the pulpit, at the baptismal font, by the sick bed, at the grave, pointing

The way to Heaven and leading there, I honor. No man honors him more than I do. But the priest who deserts the spiritual kingdom for the carnal kingdom, he is "of the earth earthily," whosoever he be—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist—who leaves the puipt to join a dark lantern, secret political society, in order that he may become a Protestant Pope, by seizing on political power—he is a hypocrite, whosoever he be [Some applause, and cries of "good." Jesus Christ of Nazareth settled the question himself. I have his authority on this question. When the Jews expected him to put on a prince's crown and seat himself on the actual throne of David, he asked for a penny to be shown him. A penny was brought him—a meagre coin assayed, clipped, stamped with the image of the State, representatives of the civil power—stamped with Caesar's image. "Whose image and superscription is this?" "It is Caesar's." "Then render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." [Applause.] "My kingdom is not of this world." "My kingdom is a spiritual kingdom." Caesar's kingdom is political, is a carnal kingdom. And I tell you that if I stood alone in the State of Virginia, and if priestcraft—if the priest of my own mother church dared to lay their hands on the political power of our people, or use their churches to wield political influence, I would stand, in feeble imitation of, it may be, but I would stand, even if I stood alone, as Patrick Henry stood in the revolution, between the parson and the people.— [Applause, and cry of "I'm with you." I want no Pope, either Catholic or Protestant, I will pay Peter's pence to no pontiff—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or any other.— [Applause, and cries of "good."—They not only cry about the Pope.—These men, many of whom are neither Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans or what not—who are men of religion, who have no church, who do not say their prayers, who did not read

their Bible, who live God delving lives every day of their existence, are now seen with faces as long as their dark lanterns, with the whites of their eyes turned up in holy fear lest the Bible should be shut up by the Pope!— [Laughter, applause and derisive cheers.] Men who were never known before, on the face of God's earth, to show any interest in religion, to take any part with Christ or his kingdom, who were the devil's own, belonging to the devil's church, are all of a sudden very deeply interested for the word of God and against the Pope. It would be well for them that they joined a church which does not believe in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost.

Let us see my friends what Know Nothingism believes in. Do you know that, gentlemen? [Holding up a pamphlet, amid great laughter and excitement.] That is your formula of the Grand Council of the United States of North America—from the press of Damerell & Moore, No. 10 Devonshire street, Boston, 1854.

I read from the blue book:—"The organization shall be known by the name of the Grand Council of the United States of North America. Its jurisdiction and power shall extend to all the States, Districts and Territories of the United States of North America. A person to become a member of any subordinate Council, must be twenty-one years of age. He must believe in the existence of a Supreme Being as the Creator and preserver of the universe."

No Christ acknowledged! No Savior of mankind! No Holy Ghost!—No Heavenly Dove of Grace! Go, go, you Know Nothing, to the city of Baltimore, and in a certain street there you will find two churches—one is inscribed "O Monos Theos," "To the one God;" on the other is the inscription, "As for us, we preach Christ crucified—to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness." The one inscribed, "O Monos Theos," is the Unitarian church; the other, inscribed "We preach Christ crucified," is the Catholic church! [Cries of "good, good," and cheers.] Is it—ask of Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist and Baptist—is it, I ask, for any orthodox Trinitarian Christian Church to join an association that is inscribed, like the Unitarian church at Baltimore, "O Monos Theos"—to the one God? Is it for them to join or countenance an association that so lays its religion as to catch men like Theodore Parker and James Freeman Clark? I put it to all the religious societies—to the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists and the Baptists—whether they mean to renounce the divinity of Christ and the operations of the Holy Spirit, when they give countenance to this secret society which is inscribed to the one God? But, gentlemen, these Know Nothings appeal not only to the religious element, but to the agrarian element. Not only do they appeal to Protestant bigotry—not only do they ask Protestants to out Herod Herod, to out-Catholic the Catholics, to out-Jesuit the Jesuits, by adopting their Machiavelian creed, but they appeal to a forlorn party in the State of Virginia—a minority party, broken down at home and disorganized, because their associations have become abolitionized at the North—they appeal to them as affording them a house of refuge. [Cheers and laughter.]

The preachers—your Protestant preachers. It is utterly impossible that they can make any inroads against the pope and against Catholics so long as they are suspected of political motives—as long as they are suspected to attempt to become Protestant Popes, and to seize political power. What was it, I ask them—what corrupted the Roman church? There was once a time when the Bishop of Rome was the head of a pure, primitive church—when he was armed only with alms, with spiritual and with ecclesiastical power. But the very moment he laid his hand upon the imperial purple and crown of Caesars, that moment the "whore of Babylon" put on her scarlet and began to play her abominations before the eyes of the people. She played these abominations till the times of Calvin and Luther, and Melancthon and Roger Williams. These great reformers were men who did not go into secret places, who used no dark lanterns, who did not speak in whispers, but who thundered in the tones of Whitefield himself. The moment the Pope laid hold of political power—the moment the Pope became part and head of civil State—that very moment the State corrupted the Church, and the Church destroyed the liberties of the State.—As to the proscription of foreigners, let me ask the Know Nothings themselves to return to that passage of the Bible to which I have already referred them. If they will take the fifteenth chapter of the book of Samuel, and read not only the whole verse, but the whole history of Absalom, the traitor, they will find that while Absalom—not only native born of the land, but native born of the loins of King David—was turning traitor, while the sweet Psalmist of Israel was driven towards the wilderness with his followers, he turn-

ed and saw Itai, the Gittite, and said to him, "Wherefore goest thou also with us? Return to thy place, and abide with thy king for thou art a stranger and also an exile. Whereas thou comest but yesterday, should I this day make thee go up and down with us? Seeing I go whether I may, return thou, and take back thy brethren; mercy and truth be with thee." And Itai, the exile and stranger, who came but yesterday, answered the king, and said, "As thy lord lived, and as my lord the King liveth, surely in what place my lord the King shall be—whether in death or life—even there, also, will thy servant be." And remember that the case of Absalom and Itai is but the prototype of an Arnold and a Lafayette. [Applause.] Who sent you alliance? You tell the people that Catholics never gave aid to civil liberty—that they never yet struck a blow for the freedom of mankind. Who gave you the alliance against the crown of England? Who but the Catholic king, Louis XVI? He sent you from the Court of Versailles, the boy of Washington's camp—a foreigner who never was naturalized, but led at the redoubt of Yorktown. [Applause.] And, not only did Lafayette bleed at the redoubt of Yorktown, when an Arnold—a native, like Absalom, proved traitor; but when the German DeKalb fell at the field of Camden, on Southern soil, with fourteen bayonet wounds transfixing his body, and dying, praised the Maryland militia—Gates, the Yankee native, ran seventy-five miles without looking behind him. [Applause and laughter.] And not only that: In that intense moment, when the Declaration of our Independence was brought into Carpenter's Hall by Rutledge, Franklin and Jefferson, laid upon the table—that holy paper, which not only pledged life and honor, but fortune too—realize that moment of intense, of deep and profound interest, when the independence of this land hung upon the acts of men—when, one by one men rose from their seats and went to the tables to pledge their lives and fortunes and sacred honor; at length one spare, pale-faced man rose, and went and dipped the pen into the ink, and signed "Charles Carroll," and when reminded that it might not be known what Charles Carroll it was, that it might not be known that it was a Charles Carroll who was pledging a princely fortune, he added the words "of Carrollton." [Cheers.] He was a Catholic representative from a catholic colony. [A voice in the crowd "but he was a native born American."] And, sir, before George Washington was born, before Lafayette wielded the sword or Chas. Carroll the pen, for his country, 640 years ago, on the 15th of June, 1214, there was another scene enacted on the face of the globe, when the general character of all characters of freedom was gained, when one man—a man called Stephen Langton—swore against the orders of the Pope and against the power of the king—swore the barons on the high altar of the Catholic church at St. Edmundsbury, that they would have magna charta or die for it. That charter which secures to every one of you to-day trial by jury, freedom of the press, freedom of the pen, the confronting of witness with the accused, and the opening of secret dungeons—the charter was obtained by Stephen Langton against the Pope and against the King of England, and if you Know Nothings don't know who Stephen Langton was, you know nothing sure enough. [Laughter and cheers.] He was a Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury. [Renewed cheers.] I come here to praise the Catholics, but I come here to acknowledge historical truths, and to ask of Protestants what has heretofore been the pride and boast of Protestants—tolerance of opinion in religious faith. [Applause.] All we ask is tolerance. All we ask is, that if you hate the Catholics because they have proscribed heretics, you won't out-proscribe proscription. If you hate the Catholics because they have nunneries and monasteries, and Jesuitical secret orders, don't out Jesuit the Jesuits by going into dark-lantern chambers to apply test oaths. If you hate the Catholics because you say they encourage the Machiavelian expediency of telling lies sometimes, don't sweat yourselves not to tell the truth.— [Cheers.]

Here are your oaths—the oaths that bind you under no circumstances to disclose who you are, or what you are, and that bind you not only to political but to social proscription. Here is your book—your Bible—which requires you to stick up your notices between midnight and daybreak. [Laughter.] I am a member of a secret order, and I am proud to be a brother Mason: (loud cheers,) and I am at liberty by my order to say, that as to its ends, its purposes, its designs, Masonry has no secrets. [Renewed cheering.] Its end, its purpose, its aim, is to make a brotherhood of charity amongst men. Its end is the end of Christian law, of religion. I know not how any Mason can be a Know Nothing. Masonry binds its members to respect and obey the laws of the land in which we live, and when the Constitution of the United States declares that no religious test shall be made a qualification for office, Masonry dare not interpose by conspiring in a

secret association, to attempt to make a religious test a qualification for office. When Virginia has an act of religious freedom—an act that is no longer a mere statute law, but is now a part of the organic law, and which says that no man shall be burdened for religious opinions sake—Masonry dare not conspire to burden any man for opinion's sake. Masonry has no secrets but the simple tests by which it recognizes its brotherhood. It is bound to respect the law and to tolerate differences of opinion in religion and politics. I do not complain of secrecy, but I complain of secrecy for political objects. What is your object? It is to assail the Constitution of the United States, to conspire to contradict the Constitution and the laws of the land; it is to conspire against the Constitution and laws, and swear men by test oaths—the most odious instruments of tyranny that intolerance and proscription have ever decided.

It is not only to proscribe Catholics and foreigners, but it is to proscribe Protestants and natives too, who will not unite with you in proscribing Catholics and foreigners. It is further than that. It destroys all individuality in the man. You bring in your novitiate; you swear him to do—what? To give up his conscience, his judgment, his will, to the judgment and the conscience and the will of an association of men who are not willing that others should enslave themselves. And to what are they sworn? They are sworn to passive obedience, to non-resistance, to take the sign and grip. Here is your organization. (Holding up a document.) I will not take time to read it; but I will state the fact that the Grand Council of the United States is organized by the appointment of thirteen men from each State, a council of thirteen, an oligarchy of thirteen from each State, who assemble outside of the State to form the Grand Council of the United States, with Mr. Barker, of Wall street, New York, as President. Power over original judgment, power of appeal—all power—is connected in that National Council. And has it come to this? Has Virginia been so provincialized in this Union that her sons will consent not to be guided by their own individual wills, by their own individual consciences, by their own individual judgments, but consent to be sworn by a test oath to take a sign which comes from outside the State, and which may be passed to you from Mr. Baker, of New York? When that is submitted to by the people of Virginia, no longer call yourselves a free, sovereign and independent State. You are subdued—you are conquered—you are provincialized—you have lost your individuality.

A. G. DIMMOCK, a Sag Nicht and JOHN GREINER, a Know Nothing exchanging visits in their Lodges, LEIPSIK CEREMONIES.

From the Sandusky Mirror.
"Sag Nichts" vs. "Know Nothings."
Our friends of the Ohio State Journal and the Whig papers generally, have been thrown into a terrible state of consternation and alarm, by the discovery of the fact, that a large body of "Know Nothings," who had been disgusted with the tyranny and odious doctrines of that order, have formed themselves into a society, known among themselves as "Know Nothings," but commonly "Sag Nichts," the German name for "Sag Nothings." And instead of the base and bigoted creed of Know Nothings, they have submitted one of "universal brotherhood." Wherever the "Sag Nichts" have organized preparatory to an election, the Know Nothings have been most terribly beaten—as in Newport, Detroit, Milwaukee, Oswego, &c.—the "Sag Nichts" are not strictly a political organization—their secret is their knowing the secret machinations of "Sam," and quietly flogging him where ever he is found at his dirty work! To bring odium upon this organization, and turn attention from the infamous doctrines and transactions of the Know Nothings, the State Journal is publishing burlesque sketches upon the proceedings of the Sag Nothings, and shamefully ridiculing the German and Irish adopted citizens.

In the Journal of the 13th, we find a pretended sketch of the proceedings of a meeting of Sag Nichts at Columbus, in which our name is introduced; but the statement is all true, (over the left) except that Greiner has forgotten to tell the part he played in the matter. It happened that on the night in question, we were standing on the steps of the American, when an old acquaintance met us, and we shook hands. He gave us a queer grip, which we were certain was either Know Nothing or Sag Nichts, but had forgotten which.— He asked if we had seen "Sam," we replied not, but would like to, at which he replied it was "time to work," and invited us to go along. Feeling in a mood for fun, we started off to see "Sam." We had no difficulty in working our way in to the Ante-Room, but here we found an old Whig, as inside sentinel, who knew us and was horror-stricken to find a locofoco editor about entering the den of "Sam." He put us through a "fity oroseal," but we were "up to snuff," and correctly responded to every challenge; and insisted that Sam was an old acquaintance of ours, (we meant Sam Galloway) and we had an important message for him! The old Coon, however, determined to consult Greiner, before he would admit us; and opening the wicket, called for that austere functionary. As he slid back the wicket, we saw into the den, and there sure enough, was Greiner seated in his chair of State, the Star Spangled Banner rolled around the staff, in graceful folds, and placed above his head, a counskiu hanging at one end, and a cider barrel at the other; and Ogile's speech, and a collection of Greiner's bacchanalian songs of 1840,

were placed on a little mahogany shelf, near his right elbow. He had a cap on his head, upon which was neatly placed the comb and gills of a Shanghai rooster, the spurs were put upon his wrists, and the wings adorned his legs; while the bright feathers of the tail were beautifully fitted to the skirts of his coat! We left a correct likeness of Greiner, as he appeared on the occasion, with the editor of the Statesman, who is now authorized to place it at the head of this article if he copies it. When the sentinel informed Greiner that we were present in the ante room, he thought, first, that we were a spy, second, that we were sent on a mission of compromise; and confirmed in the second thought, he gave a shrill crow, which startled us like Gabriel's trumpet, and ordered the door to be thrown open!

As we entered we regarded the group, and were astonished to find so many of the old silver-gray whigs in attendance, mixed up promiscuously with free-soilers, temperance men and dogger keepers. So great was our astonishment, that we forgot the usual salutation, and were puzzled to know whether in that degree, we should raise our head to heaven, or point to the Star Spangled Banner, and conskniu. Instantly a dozen voices called for "the salute," "the salute," but we stood unmoved and unshaken, until the noise had subsided, when we told the President that we had conscientious scruples against worshipping idols, and that we would rather bow down to the golden calf, or any other calf, than to that rooster, and instantly took our seat. Here then was a quarrel! Some doubted our being a Know Nothing, while others thought we knew too much! Such glances as were exchanged among the faithful, we never saw before—but felt prepared for anything. They feared to turn us out, and dared not transact business with us; so there was a dead halt! To clear their minds, we called for pen, ink and paper, and addressed a note to the President in figures, upon reading which, he said, "all right brethren, proceed to business." The first brother who arose was Colonel M., an old line whig, who said he had some doubts about the propriety of proceeding in our presence, that although we might be a good Know Nothing, we were not a citizen of that city, and as they were discussing the subject of nominations for city officers, he proposed to postpone that subject until another meeting, Brother V. S., then moved an adjournment, which was carried, and we lost the fun we anticipated. But as we retired, brother Greiner, laying off his regimentals, took us by the arm, and had a long walk and talk! He said they had their own troubles—that since the free soilers had cheated the silver geys, by organizing a new Council last fall, taking in Galloway, who had been twice rejected by the original Council, and then put him on their ticket for Congress, there was no real unity among them. The present difficulty was, that the temperance men, V. S., and others, wanted a city ticket pledged to the Maine Law, which was bitterly opposed by brothers M—, H—, E—, and others. He hoped, however, that their innate hatred of the plangy Dutch, would enable them to unite.— But he feared the B'hoys in the order would get up a separate K. N. ticket, and by taking some of other parties, elect it.

By this time we had arrived at Hesselmeirs, on Fourth street, where the "Sag Nichts" were said to be in session, and we invited Greiner to go in and join. He hesitated at first, but we finally got him into the larger beer saloon, and stepping out a moment, we gave some members of the order the wink, when they adjourned the real council, organized a sham meeting, and bringing out the beer in large quantities, organized with Sheriff Miller as President.— At the first degree, Greiner was made to drink a large glass of lager beer, and repeat "Sag Nichts" three times. At the second he drank another glass, and said "Nicht Sag" three times—at the third degree he said "Nothing Know," three times, and swallowed another glass of beer—and at the fourth and last degree he said "Know Nothing" three times, and swallowed another glass of beer.— By this time he was fully initiated, and we left him clinging to the counter, hurrahing for "Joht" he "can beat Sam."— This accounts for the manner Greiner became acquainted with the proceedings which he has so graphically detailed in the Journal of Tuesday. "Sag Nichts."

P. S.—When next Greiner betrays confidence, and reports proceedings of secret meetings, he must remember that we know something!

An advocate having lately gained a suit for a poor young lady, she remarked:

"I have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my heart."
"Hand it over to the clerk, if you please, I wish no fee for myself," he replied.

RAILROAD SCENE.—"Mr. Engineer, is there any danger?"
"Of what, Madam?"
"Of the steam's bustin'?"
"No, Marm—the only things that 'bust' on this locomotive, are the boiler and engineer."

It appears the old lady had been on a "train" before.

The following oath was administered to a little boy ten years of age, in the Massachusetts Legislature, chosen to do up documents: "You do solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States, and of this State, and to fold papers to the best of your ability, so help you God."