

M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION;" BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THAT INSTRUMENT AND TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR COMMON COUNTRY.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
E. A. BRATTON EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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The M'Arthur Democrat.

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Agents for the "M'Arthur Democrat."
The following Gentlemen will receive and receive for Subscriptions and Advertisements, for this year, in Vinton County, Ohio.

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WM. TAYLOR, Mt. Pleasant.
JNO. CLARK, Sr., Harrison Township.
J. BLOE, Bloers Store.
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY, FOR VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.
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W. L. EDMISTON, Clerk Com. Pleas Court
E. F. BINGHAM, Prosecuting Attorney,
Wm. TISUE, Sheriff.
JOSEPH MAGEE, Auditor.
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JAMES MALONE, Recorder.
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J. DOWD, J. KINNEY, & JOHN SWAIM,
School Examiners,
O. T. GUNNING, G. W. SHOCKEY and
E. A. BRATTON.

IRON FURNACES,
With their Post Office Addresses.
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EAGLE FURNACE, Stoney, Bentley & Co., Manufacturers of the best quality of Pig Iron. Eagle Post Office.
VINTON FURNACE, Merens, Clark & Co., Manufacturers of best quality of Pig Iron, Vinton Furnace Post Office.
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E. F. BINGHAM
Attorney at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.
Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office three doors West of the Post Office.
Feb. 9, 1852. 24tf

MILTON L. CLARK, JOHN P. FLYLE
CLARK AND FLYLE,
Attorneys at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.
Will practice in partnership in Vinton County. Office, four doors east of "Sisson & Hulbert's Hotel."
Feb. 21, 1854. 19y.

JOHN D. HOVEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, ATTENDS COUNTY, OHIO.
February 23, 1855.—4m.

E. A. BRATTON,
Attorney at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.
Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office, one door east of the Blue Corner.

DR. DUNLAP,
Office in Hulbert & Sisson's Hotel.
McARTHUR, OHIO.
Feb. 16, 1855.—1y.

R. LLOYD & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS & LEATHER
FRONT STREET, PORTSMOUTH, O.
January 20, 1854.—1y

CHAS. A. M. DAMARIN, LEWIS C. DAMARIN,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND DEALERS IN PRODUCE.
No. 55, FRONT STREET,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
January 20, 1854.—1y.

From the Waverley Magazine. I Have Loved Thee!

I have loved thee in the morning of thy gladness and thy pride,
I have chosen thee above other gifts and all the world besides;
I have thought of thee so often in the stillness of the night,
I have loved thee in the daytime, so beautiful and bright.
I have loved thee in my sorrow, when my heart was filled with care,
When Hope, his flickering rays, shed but a meteor's glare;
And then I had sweet thoughts of thee, they came like visions bright,
And round my heart they gently shed a pure and holy light.

And I have thought of thee when Hope's last flickering ray
Seemed quite to lose its brilliance and nearly die away;
'Twas then the thought of thee was near,
Which cheered my heart again,
And I quite forgot in happiness that I had ever known pain.

I have loved thee in the morning of thy beauty and thy pride,
I have loved thee at the noon-tide, my own happy bride;
I have loved thee in the evening, when Sol's last rays were thrown,
And I shall love thee ever, my beautiful, my own.
W. W. WINCHESTER.

[From the Waverley Magazine.] SCENES IN LIFE'S DRAMA.

BY JENNYA.

It is near the close of a beautiful day in Spring; a few fleecy clouds float lazily through the wide expanse of blue; the sun shines bright and warm, and the light breeze gently waves the green foliage of the trees. Two little girls are returning home from school. The eldest, a sweet, modest looking child, walks soberly along, but the little one, with her hand clasped in that of her sister, dances by her side, and the pleasant words and merry laugh come from a heart as free and joyous as the warbling birds.

It is evening now. The last rays of the setting sun have disappeared behind the western hill-tops—the last tinge of purple and gold is fast fading away, and here and there a more ambitious star has already peeped forth; 'tis the close of another day, whose golden moments have forever flown. Again I see that little child, whose happy smile and loving kiss so won my heart—but the merry laugh has ceased—she lays moaning in her little bed, delirious with fever. All night the weeping friends watch by her tiny couch. The morning, the quiet Sabbath morning dawns all fair and bright, as if sorrow and sickness had never entered the world. It dawns upon a mournful group gathered within a room plainly but neatly furnished. The physician holds the fair white hand of the little sufferer within his own; now he gently lays it by her side, and sadly murmuring, she is dead—be turns away.

Again I gaze upon that lifeless form—it is robed for burial—the soft brown hair is now parted upon her pure angelic brow, and those bright, sparkling blue eyes are now closed forever. Hark!—The slow toll of the bell peals out a requiem for the dead. Seven brief summers had that tender bud been nourished, then like the little flower which in the morning flourishes, and ere it is noon fades away, had she passed from earth.

Again the bell is tolling, and I see a band of mourners wending their way to the village church-yard. A neat white paling encloses the sacred spot, a few trees planted by loving hands adorn the place, where are laid the remains of parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and here the widowed mother leaves her youngest born, the little sunbeam that nestled so lovingly in the hearts of those who loved her, and filled their home with joy and happiness. Oh how sadly mother and sister miss their darling Carrie; but they know that she is now an angel in Heaven, and soon they shall meet her there.

The curtain drops—and wiping tears from my eyes, I gazed upon another picture.
Within a crowded ball-room, where merry feet are dancing to lively strains of music, is a fair and beautiful girl, leaning upon the arm of a young man of noble appearance; they leave the brilliantly lighted apartment, and seek the conservatory. See! He places the betrothal ring upon her finger; one moment they linger, then return to the dancers.

The gay winter with its balls and parties has passed away. Spring, too, with its budding trees and early flowers, has gone, and now the crowded city is deserted of many of its wealthy inhabitants, who seek the country to while away the long summer days, far from the heat and noise of the dusty town. In a sea-girt village, I see again the fair maiden; but the face is paler, and her step more languid than when we first beheld her among the merry group gathered within the halls of pleasure. Consumption has set its seal upon her brow—slowly she is passing away, yet knows it not.

It is winter. Again I see her within her city home. The hectic flush upon her cheek causes her to look more lovely than ever, as, wrapped in her richly embroidered morning gown, she listlessly reclines upon the sofa, before the glowing grate. I turn away and sigh, that one so beautiful must so soon be laid beneath the turf. Weaker and weaker she grows as the days pass by, and now she's unable to leave her couch; all that wealth and luxury can procure is purchased for the invalid.
Spring with its buds and blossoms is once more here, but brings not health to her. Again I see that gentle creature—a new light beams in her dark eye, and a holy calm is visible in every feature of that lovely face. For the first time the Holy Sacrament is being administered to her. During her sickness she has been led a humble penitent to her Saviour's feet, and now the thought of death has for her no terror.
It is a dark and stormy night, but the group gathered within that richly decorated apartment heed not its ragings. On one side of an exquisitely carved couch kneels a youth, holding the wasted hand of her who, in a few short weeks, he was to have claimed for his bride; and on the other, with bended knee, the man of God invokes a blessing to rest upon the spirit, so soon to ascend to its Maker. A smile lights up the countenance of the dying one, and softly she responds to the low Amen then closing her weary lids, calmly and sweetly she breathes her last. In beautiful Greenwood they lay her to rest by the side of her parents. A costly monument with this simple inscription:—
EDITH, Aged 20,
marks her resting-place. Another scene in life's drama is ended.

From the Waverley Magazine. MILDRED COTTAGE.

"Dear me! I wish father would either buy, or build a new house. It is perfectly abominable to think of living in that little pepper-box of a concern, all the days of one's life; besides it is decidedly unfashionable."
So spoke Marian Mildrum, as she glanced almost involuntarily, at her father's humble cottage—a neat little tenement, situated on the edge of the distant woodland, thickly embowered in the clinging ivy, that clambered over its time-worn sides, and hanging about in clustering festoons.

Mildrum cottage was a pretty, cheerful appearing little place in every one's eyes, except Marian's, who, since her graduation at Madame Davelour's fashionable school for young misses, had become possessed of a quite exalted idea of fashionableness and gentility. A thing to be beautiful, in her sight, had to be sanctioned by fashion.

"O, father! what a beautiful place! So lovely! so rural! O! buy it—do—I am sure I shall like it; it is so pretty!" exclaimed Lena Ellington, to her father, as Mildrum cottage burst upon their view, as they were travelling one day, seeking to find a summer home in the country—far away from the dust and heat of the noisy city.
"Yes, it is very pretty," said Mr. Ellington, in reply, "let me go and see it."
And so Mildrum Cottage was sold. All the neighbors knew it, and were sorry, for they hated to part with so kind a neighbor as Mr. Mildrum.—Marian alone was glad; she was almost beside herself with joy; and she had already begun to build castles in the air, which she was glad to inhabit.

From the Waverley Magazine. MISCELLANEA.

BY WILLIAM RODDERICK LAWRENCE.

Among the "Portfolio Leaves" from the pen of the Martha Haines Butt—one of the most popular story writers we have—we find the following pretty sketch, entitled "The two Portraits," which are indeed correct delineations of the originals, often to be met with in our journey through life, though sad the reality may seem, yet change is stamped on all things.
"The fairest soon grow old, the old soon pass away."
"The two Portraits."
Look in you sequestered nook partially shaded by rich curtains; there hangs a portrait. A lovely creature of eighteen summers there smiles upon the canvass; her bright eyes speak a language of themselves; the slightly parted lips is the resting place of a smile. Upon her beautifully moulded neck no gem is seen, for it was gem enough of itself. A light drapery is thrown around her form, but partially concealing it from view; the sylph-like grace and symmetry was not intended to be hidden. That Portrait it unfolds a tale of other days; it speaks of the time when youth shed its lustre and beauty upon that being—those eyes! their brightness upon all who met their gaze. Those lips! from them came the sweetest melody, the softest strains of music. "Those cheeks! fairest roses nestled there and blushed upon many who sought the hand of the possessor. Those fairy fingers! oft did they lightly touch the guitar, the echo of which was borne to many a listening ear. Ah! that portrait speaks a language low and sad.
"Let us go into another nook, the arm-chair is in its accustomed place—one is there seated whose brow is deeply furrowed by the plow of time. The smile hath gone! care sits there enthroned; the lips are no longer smiling; the neck is concealed by massive drapery; that form has not its wonted roundness and beauty; the voice hath lost its music; the rose that once bloomed upon the cheek is withered; the fingers have grown stiff with age; the step is slow and feeble. Sadly hath time altered that portrait. The aged one gazes upon the beauty which adorned her past years, and sighs, but her youth had forever fled.
"Life presents, indeed, two portraits: one is all joy and brightness, but O! the last one is sadly, sadly changed."

The following is the bill of costs of the late visit of the members of the New York Legislature to the city of New York:
Astor bill, \$4,486 73
Music, 81 00
Cigars, 35 00
Meat, 137 00
Bread, 14 00
Sundries, 239 32
Oysters, 78 75
Champagne, 217 00
Brandy, 26 25
Spoons stolen, 50 25
Boat, 150 00
Bread \$14, brandy and champagne \$243.25! is doing very well for a Legislature that has since passed the Maine Liquor Law.

A militia officer wanted to compliment a negro by drinking with him: "Well, Captain," replied Coff, "I see very dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it.—Some niggers are too proud to drink with a milshy ossifer; but I think a milshy ossifer, when he's sober, is just as good as a nigger—specially when the nigger is dry."

The young lady who was "buried in grief," is now alive and doing well. It was only a case of premature interment.

From the Waverley Magazine. The Reaction against Know-Nothingism in Ohio—Declination of the Order—A Voice from the Marietta Intelligencer, a K. N. Paper.

The Marietta Intelligencer has long been known as one of the ablest and most respectable Whig papers in Ohio. Up to the present time it has given the Know Nothing movement a staunch and faithful support; but in its issue of April 14, it holds the following language which we reproduce with pleasure, as showing the great change a few weeks have produced in men's minds in regard to the course pursued by the partisans of the bigoted and prescriptive order.—
"American Reform" party came before the people with "high pretensions and flattering promises" to reform the politics of the country, and to "elect the best men for offices," and that it had sympathized with the early published views of the order, goes on to say:—
"To most of its early triumphs, and to a few of its later ones, its friends and the friends of the country may point with pride. It may, and in some locations doubtless will, accomplish good for a little while to come. But, unless there is an early and radical change in its plan of operations; unless there is a material modification of some of the more recently avowed purposes of many of its leaders, and unless there is an entire change in the men, and the character and policy of the men who now control the order in most of our cities and some of the States, no observing man can fail to see, and no honest man hesitate to declare, that the whole movement will soon become a reproach to the country, a hissing and byword among the people, and an utter stench in the nostrils of all decent men.

"In many places, instead of nominating the 'best men' as candidates, they have proscribed such men, and have made membership the only qualification for office. The effect of this has been to induce corrupt and office seeking politicians of all parties to rush into the order, and they are the men who are now, to a great extent, controlling its actions; these are the men who put in nomination the Pap Taylors of Cincinnati, and the Barkers of New York, and the Cameron's of Pennsylvania, the utterly corrupt party hacks of the country and the veriest demagogues of the land. It is under the lead of such men that the disgraceful outrages in Cincinnati have recently been perpetrated.

"The united testimony of men of all parties is that there has for years been no election in Cincinnati more honestly conducted than the late one for city officers. But some of the nominees of the Reform party were so obnoxious to men who regard capacity and moral worth as qualifications for office, that thousands who joined it from pure motives refused to vote its ticket, and the consequence was defeat, where victory was supposed to be certain. Then, under the pretense that fraud had been perpetrated, the ballot-box of one ward was destroyed, and when it appeared that even that outrage was not sufficient to defeat the will of the people, the ballots and tally list in another ward were burned! The only excuse offered for this act was that, according to report, there were fifty or more ballots in the box than names on the tally-list. The report was not true, and there is no doubt that it was put in circulation for the very purpose of provoking just such an outrage as was committed. We heard one of the men who was engaged in that affair justify the destruction of the ballots on the ground: 'Whenever we think the ballot-box isn't pure, I go in for destroying it.' May the ballot-boxes of the land long be preserved from the purity of such men as these!"

Stop my Paper.

The following remarks are too good to be thrown to one side without, at least, a passing notice. They are true to the letter, and suitable to all localities. We are of the opinion that the weakest capacity cannot fail to understand them: It is astonishing what exalted notions some persons have of their own importance. They seem to imagine that they are altogether necessary to the onward roll of our little world, and if by any means they should be shored out of the way, the screws would be so loose that the old machine would no longer hold together; and of course, if such important personages only say to an editor, "stop my paper," the whole establishment must go to naught instantly.

We have often laughed in our sleeve—though outwardly we looked as grave as an owl—when one of these regulators of the world has marched into our sanctum and ordered a discontinuance of his paper. And it always does us good to see the stare taken out of him while the editor smilingly replies, "certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure, just as soon as the clerk has entered a dozen or more names which has just been sent in." The mighty man winks down like the narrative of a whipped spaniel, and he shrinks away, muttering to himself, "Well! I'm afraid that the stopping of my paper has not ruined him after all!"

These swells who stop their paper on account of some miff which has found its way into their creases, are sure to borrow their neighbor's copy to see if it does not contain the editor's farewell address to his readers.

We once knew a minister who in describing a Christian's character, and the circumsppection of his walk, said the way to heaven required as much care as it did for a cat to walk on a wall covered with broken bottles. It is somewhat so with an editor if he pleases everybody.—Lancaster Whig.

Important, is True!

As brother Bissom used to say when hard driven for editorial, "the weather is exceedingly hot." We therefore publish, on our first page, in extension, from the Evening Post, a sermon of Father Walworth, (we learn he is about thirty years old,) a Catholic divine, demonstrating the locality of hell, on geological principles, to be about twenty-one miles below the surface of the earth. The extreme heat of the last few days, so unusual for the season, is highly suggestive of the truth of this theory. Several other phenomena concur to create the idea that the crust of the earth is becoming thinner, and that our terrestrial ball will soon turn inside out. Venus and the moon visited us in conjunction last evening, as if considering whether they should not take a last long lingering look in this direction. They presently left us in midnight darkness, as if displeased solely, at the spectacle here below. In the political world, so rife are error and rascality, with Know Nothingism, Sevastopol, the "four points," and a thousand other devils, that we are sadly forced to conclude sometimes that we have "hull up on earth," and need not go so far down as Father W. would direct any who are disposed to make a tour of observation to that ever to be shunned, and we trust, to all, far off country.

Father Walworth we feel coincides in opinion with a wise and learned but plain spoken German, who emigrated to Arkansas some years since. "The German was rather more so. Diving along the road one day with his ever present son Hans, he espied a spring at a short distance from the road-side. He stopped his wagon, took a bucket, and went to it for the purpose of watering his horses. Dipping his bucket down, he discovered to his great consternation, that the water was boiling, and instantly rushed back to his wagon, without his bucket, exclaiming, "Drive on! Drive on! I'll not one mile from this place."

Father Walworth is the son of Chancellor Walworth, educated, we learn, for the pulpit of the Episcopal church, and is one of the most learned and highly intellectual men in the Catholic body, or in the country.—Statesman.

The Wheat Prospect in the West.

We learn from a gentleman who has traveled pretty extensively through the States of the North-west during the past six weeks, that the prospect of the wheat crop is good. In Iowa a large quantity has been sown, but so great is the immigration to that State, and so rapidly did it fill up last season that a large portion of the surplus will be required for the new settlers there and in Kansas and Nebraska. Throughout Illinois, it is represented that the crop never looked better. The high prices of the last few years, and the almost certainty that there will be little abatement during the present, have stimulated the farmer to sow to an extent beyond former precedent. And the same may be said of Wisconsin. The prospect there is that the abundant crop of last year will be succeeded by one equally as good as this.

We hear good reports, too, from Indiana and Michigan. On the whole, if no untoward event interposes between now and harvest, the North-west—which is, in fact, the granary of the Union—will turn out a surplus which will gladden the hearts of the breadless in our Eastern cities.

There will be comparatively few men engaged in the construction of railroads in the West during the present season—all the great lines being nearly completed. This will reduce the consumption of non-producers, and cause a large amount of labor to return to agriculture—thus increasing our surplus by the operation of two causes. So our Eastern friends may look for an active fall business, and a full supply of breadstuffs, unless blight or mildew, or some other destroying agent shall blast the fair prospects of the prospect.—Chicago Dem.

Going West.

The Zanesville Times contains a very sensible article in relation to the tide of emigration westward. The views expressed are just as applicable to other sections as to the vicinity of Zanesville. The Times says:—
"Hundreds of families have left comfortable and even luxurious homes in Muskingum county sacrificed a prosperous business, which yielded them an abundance, not only to live upon but to lay up in store for the future, and are following the inconceivable train going, they hardly know whether, to undertake the trials of frontier life. Such surely do not sufficiently reflect upon what is in store for the emigrant the certainty of fevers and other maladies incident to a change of climate and a residence in a new country—the deprivation of comfort and luxuries—of society, churches, schools, an improved and highly cultivated country, and numberless other things they think not of until out of reach. It is astonishing that so many that are doing well here, are restless to get away, to share the certain destiny of very many of those who have preceded them to the new countries. People should pause and consider well the magnitude of such an enterprise before undertaking it."

"Dad, how does the thermometer stand?" "Against the wall, dad." "I mean how is the mercury?" "I guess it's pretty well, dad; it hasn't complained lately." "You little rascal, is it colder than yesterday?" "I don't know, dad, I'll go out and feel."

The greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men.
Brevity is a great praise of eloquence.