

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. TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office three doors west of the Post Office.
Feb. 9, 1852. 34 tf

CLARK AND PLYLE, Attorneys at Law, McARTHUR, OHIO.

Will practice in partnership in Vinton County. Office, four doors east of Sisson & Hulbert's Hotel.
Feb. 21, 1854. 1-9.

JOHN D. KOVEY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, ALBANY, ATHENS 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, McArthur House, McARTHUR, OHIO.

Feb. 16, 1855.—1-9.

CHAS. A. M. DAMARIN, LEWIS G. DAMARIN, Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in Produce, No. 55, FRONT STREET, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

January 20, 1854.—1-9.

R. LLOYD & CO., Wholesale Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES, HATS & LEATHER, FRONT STREET, PORTSMOUTH, O., January 20, 1854.—1-9.

Death of Poor Maggie.

"One penny for Maggie," a faint voice sobbed, and the echoes alone replied, "While a perfumed priest, with a look of pride, Passed by on the other side, "One penny for Maggie," and on her cheek There glistened a frozen tear, For the night was dark, and the winds blew cold, And no earthly friend was near.

"One penny for Maggie," she sobbed, and sank, Where a church its shadow cast, While the chimera a merry peal rang out, And the crowd went hurrying past; For one from a distant land had come, To ask for Christian aid— And the death-chill crept o'er her sobbing form While for heathen souls they prayed.

"One penny for Maggie," again she sobbed, And the rough winds laughed aloud, For, while whistling around the colored panes, They had peeped at the list'ning crowd; And their eyes were moist at the moving tale The devoted man had told, And jeweled arms at his call were bared While Maggie perished with cold.

"One penny for Maggie," she gasped, and died, Where the church its shadow cast; Then a closing prayer from the desk was heard, Of the crowd went hurrying past; Of the bloody car of death they spoke, While they passed poor Maggie by, And brushed, as they thought of the Ganges' tide, A tear from each moistened eye.

TOUCHING STORY OF THE CZAR.

[Every incident connected with the Czar Nicholas is hallowed in his death, and acquires an interest that seems to be only equal with the grave. The greatness of his character will be dwelt upon by biography and history, but they cannot tell a tender tale of feeling—that of paternal heart which, stern to all the world, still warmed with the natural affections, and found repose from the toils and cares of state in the bosom of his family. It shows that even the iron will of despotism may be subdued, and the sternest nature melted down by that soft fire which God has planted in almost every heart. It is a lesson to fathers; for even in this republic land there are many who have been obstinate in opposing the yearning of daughter's hearts, and entailed upon their offspring lives of misery, when the future might be sunbright and radiant with every hue of happiness.]

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A few years since there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest prince of Europe had her met her, even in a peasant's hut, might even have turned his back upon princesses to offer his hand and his crown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolowne, the adorned daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

As her father saw blooming like the May flower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest and most powerful of them, and with the smile of a father and a king, said to her—

"My child, you are now of age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy?" stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father," she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the Czar—"speak, and your Majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life. "It is then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent, and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already pledged?" The young girl was still silent.

"Explain yourself Marie—I command you!"

At this word, which sways millions of human beings; the princess fell at the feet of the Czar.

"Yes, father—if I must tell you—my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has never seen me but two or three times, at a distance, and we will never speak to each other, if your Majesty forbid it."

The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

He would have braved, for a caprice, the monarchs of the world, at the head of his armies; yet, with all his omnipotence, he feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the possession of his highest treasure.

"Yes, father," "At St. Petersburg?" "Yes, father," And the voice of the young girl grew faint.

"Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, with a threatening aspect. "To-morrow at the review." "How shall I recognize him?" demanded the Czar, with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and his black steed." "It is well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity on that man!" The princess withdrew in a fainting condition; and the Emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said to himself at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She will forget it. She shall forget it!" and his lips parted not to utter what his heart added. "It must be; for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day at the review, the Czar whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions naught else than a green plume and a black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other, simply a Colonel of the Bavarian Light-horse, Maximilla Joseph Eugene Aguste Beauharnois, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine, (who was for a brief time Empress of France,) and of Auguste Amelie, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria—an admirable and charming cavalier, in truth, but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolowne as a simple soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible!" said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the Colonel with a design of dismissing him to Munich. But, at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her catache.

"There is no longer a doubt," thought the Czar; it is indeed he." And, turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the Colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned; at the end of the second she wept; at the end of the third she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth she fell sick; at the end of the sixth she was dying.

Meantime the Colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to the regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid de-camp of the Czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself. "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash one should save himself from the thunderbolt."

The bolt in reserve for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet, where kings only were allowed to enter. The Emperor was pale and his eye was moist; but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said also, and I believe it true, that you possess an elevated mind—a thorough education, lively taste for the arts, a noble heart and loyal character. What think you of the Grand Duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolowne?"

This point blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adorned the princess without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal adorns an angel of Paradise as an artist adores the ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sire!" exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar. "Your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her; and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it."

"You love her—it is well," resumed the Czar, with a benign smile. And the royal hand, from which the Duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the Colonel the brevet of General Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor—the brevets of Commandant of the Cavalry, of the Guards and of the Regiment of Hussars—of Chief of the Corps of Gads and of the Mining Engineers—of President of Arts, and Member of the Academy of Sciences, and the Universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Keason, of the Council, of the Military Schools, &c. All this was in addition to the title of Imperial Highness, and several million revenue.

"Now," said the Czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria, and become the husband of the Princess Marie?"

The young man could only fall upon his knees and bathe with his tears the hands of the Emperor.

"You see that I love my daughter," said the father, raising his son-in-law in his arms.

The 14th of July following, the Grand Duchess was restored to health—life, and the Duke Beauharnois espoused her in presence of the representatives of all the royal families.

Such an act of paternal love merited for the Czar and for his daughter a century of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordered otherwise. On Tuesday, November 5, 1853, the Duke of Leuchtenberg died, at the age of thirty-five—worthy, to the last, of his brilliant destiny, and leaving Maria Nichowna a legacy of eternal regrets.

All the young princes of the world will probably again contend for the prize of her hand but she has been too happy as a wife to consent to become a queen.

Free Soilers Read!

Abolitionism not one of the sins of the Know Nothing party of the North!!!

As there will, in all probability, be an effort made in this country, next fall to hoodwink or wheedle the Free Soilers into the support of the nominees of a nominal People's, but a real Know Nothing convention, to be held in July next, we present the following opinion of the design and tendency of Know Nothingism, entertained by the renowned George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, copied from the American Organ of the 13th ult. The editor of the Organ, very truly remarks in calling attention to the article, that "the editors of the Journal reside in a Slave State, are owners of Slave property, and HONORABLE DEFENDERS of the rights of the South."

George D. Prentice is not the man to defend abolitionism, nor to sustain a party with anti-slavery tendencies. He knows what he writes, and he writes what he knows. The Times, which has gone off half cocked, in the Know Nothing crusade, is requested to put what follows, in its Know Nothing pipe, and smoke it!

The Journal says: "Whatever sins the mass of the Know Nothing party of the North may have to answer for here or hereafter, abolitionism is not one of them. Undoubtedly there are Abolitionists among them, and undoubtedly in some few localities the abolitionists predominate among them; but take the whole of the Know Nothing party of the North together and it is sounder at heart, sounder in principle, and sounder in action upon the great slavery issues than any other party in that section has ever been known to be. Its strong efforts to nationalized itself by sinking the slavery agitation so as to be able to harmonize with the Know Nothingism of the South, have been and still continue to be very great, and the degree of its success in cheering to the entire patriotism of the nation. If the slavery agitation is destined ever to be allayed, that mighty work is certainly to be accomplished by what is called the American party, which, if we are correctly informed, now requires of all its members a solemn obligation to adhere to the Constitution and the Union in any and every emergency that may arise.

If the Northern Know Nothings were abolitionists or free soilers, they would not, as they are accused of doing seek to discourage the immigration of foreign hordes into this country. They know as everybody else does, that nine tenths of the immigrants who land in armies on our shores, are abolitionists, and if they themselves were abolitionists, and were looking around for the most effectual means of promoting abolitionism, they would hail with joy the coming of these foreign allies, and promote it to the extent of their power. If they were abolitionists, they would throw no conceivable impediment in the way of the rushing stream by which the foul lake of abolitionism in this country has received and is receiving its chief supply. They would stretch forth their arms to the people of foreign lands, all of whom are abolitionists of slavery. To say that the American party is an abolition party, and that it is struggling at the same time to shut out the tremendous tide of foreign abolitionists settling upon our shores, is nothing less than a monstrous absurdity.

We have repeatedly stated the fact—a fact that defies contradiction—that all of the regular Free Soil organs, which surely ought to know who their friends are, and nineteen twentieths of all the Free Soil leaders of the North, who certainly know who their co-workers are, denounce the Know Nothing party of the North as a pro slavery party even more vehemently and vindictively, if possible, than its Southern enemies denounce it as a Free Soil party. Take up the violent, bitter and influential Free Soil organs of the country; take up the Washington National Era, the New York Tribune, the New York Evening Post, the Albany Journal, the Buffalo Express, the Cleveland Leader, the Cleveland Plain Dealer, &c., &c., from Alpha to Omega; take up the speeches and letters of the abolition orators and demagogues; take up those of Seward and Wade, and Giddings, and Chase, and Sumner, and you will find that all these Free Soil newspapers, organs, and all these Free Soil orators, and letter-writers, are fierce in their denunciations of the Know Nothing party of the North, not only as an ally of slavery and a foe of Free Soilism, but as the direct and most dangerous foe that Northern Free Soilism has ever been called on to encounter. We have before us extracts from the declarations of these Northern Free Soil newspapers and leaflets to prove all, and more than all, that we have here said; but we could not publish them without making this article much too long to be generally read.

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During Outrage and Robbery in Baltimore County Maryland. "Ellendale," the residence of Mr. Gustavus Brown, near Franklin, was made, on the night of the 27th ultimo, the scene of a display of a degree of crime and heroism fully up to anything in romance, modern or ancient. The Towsontown Advocate furnishes the particulars of the affair to which we allude, and which we transcribe entire: "It appears that, about two months since, Mr. B. hired in his family as carriage driver and gardener, a young man about twenty years of age, named John Oliver, and being about to go to the West for a short time, left him domesticated in his household. Mrs. B., not liking the conduct of Oliver, discharged him in the early part of the present month, and did not see him again until that night, about twelve o'clock she was awakened by a slight noise near her chamber door, resembling the movements of a dog & supposing that one of the farm-dogs had been fastened up in the house, she arose from her bed for the purpose of having him turned out. As she approached the chamber door some one turned the knob of the lock. Mrs. B. asked, 'Who is there?' There was no reply; but in a moment after the door was burst open, and two ruffians, partially disguised, entered the chamber—she being entirely alone, with the exception of her infant child. It being a bright, moonlight night, a light also burning in her room, Mrs. B. instantly recognized John Oliver; she called to him by name, and said, 'John, I know you well; what do you want here?' Upon that he sprang upon her and pinioned her arms, while his companion covered her mouth with his hand, in order, if possible, to prevent her from giving the alarm.

As she endeavored to disengage herself from them, they each struck her several blows over the head with their fists, and with a rattan cane, the head of which was a ball of lead weighing about three ounces. This brought the unfortunate lady to a recumbent position, when they dealt her other blows over the head, shoulders and breast. By a remarkable effort at this moment she recovered her erect position, loosened their hold upon her, and seizing a double-barreled gun which stood in the corner of the room, she leveled it, at which they fled, dragging with them a large heavy traveling trunk, containing a considerable quantity of plate, money, and jewelry. Having thus cleared her chamber of these desperate assailants, Mrs. B. followed them into the passage, and poured the contents of one barrel of the gun upon them as they descended the stairs, with what effect is yet unknown. She then pursued them to the parlor below, determined to give them the benefit of the other barrel. But they sprang out of the front door and made for the woods, leaving behind a large quantity of ladies' dresses and other articles which they had tied up for removal.

"At the time this outrageous assault there was no one sleeping in the front part of the house, but Mrs. B. and her infant son; her mother and sister, (wife & daughter of Col W. H. Freeman, who were visitors,) and a servant, lodging in a distant chamber.

"On examination, Mrs. B. was found to have been most desperately and brutally assaulted. She had a large cut upon the back of her head, and several severe bruises on the neck, shoulders and arms. Her right breast to the waist was one gore of blood. The chamber, passage, stairway, and parlor, stained with blood, showed the desperate character of the affray, and the determined courage of a young and delicate female against such fearful odds.

"We further learn that the trunk has been found in the neighboring woods, rifled of its contents, and that one of the burglars, John Oliver, has been arrested, and is now in jail. The other is yet at large—name unknown."

Mr.—do you—keep—anything—good to take—here? "Yes, we have excellent cold water—the best thing in the world."

"Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no one thing that's done so much for navigation as that. And even as a beverage, it's capital, mixed with a little brandy."

An old maid lately succeeded sixteen false teeth out into her plate while at dinner. Golds are vexatious kind of things.

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determined and inveterate enemies of the South and Southern institutions, and they all, as we have said, without a solitary exception, concur in denouncing the Know Nothing movement as inimical to Abolitionism and favorable to the South, and agree in the policy of opposing it all hazards and to the last extremity.

Is this a policy importing nothing on the part of the Abolitionists at the North? Has it indeed no important significance? No motive? No object? Is it reasonable to suppose that these Abolition fanatics would be willing to throw cold water on a great popular movement which promised to insure to the benefit of them on their cause?—Have they ever been guilty of such folly before? Such downright stupidity!—Such lack of common sense and common sagacity? Why, who doubts the shrewdness, the penetration, the political foresight of W. H. Seward? Who, in all the South, takes Greeley to be a fool? Who considers Weed wanting in cunning? Who regards either silly enough not to perceive when a movement or a party is calculated to promote the progress of Abolitionism? And who has ever known either of them not to catch eagerly at any and everything which could be used to advance their schemes, and inflict injury upon the South?

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Masonry vs. Know Nothingism.

In this communication I intend to show that the principles of Masonry are in opposition to the principles of Know Nothingism. The former is a consolidated brotherhood of men from all nations on earth, the latter is a conspiracy to destroy that brotherhood of native and adopted citizens, which the founders of American liberty have established. The universal extension of the former would establish universal peace on earth. The universal extension of the latter would establish universal hostility against all adopted citizens in these United States. The faithful adherence of Masons to each other is secured by their solemn oaths and obligations. The faithful adherence of the adopted citizens to the Government of the United States is secured in like manner. By this security Masonry has been handed down from ancient times, and in like manner the loyalty of adopted citizens has been maintained toward this Government to the present time. Native born citizens are allowed to vote without being compelled to swear allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. In consequence of this distinction between these two classes of citizens some notable schemes of treason have been devised by some of the native born citizens while adopted citizens have stood firm and true to their sworn allegiance. I think I may say without any exception.

It appears strange to me how any Mason can be a Know Nothing. If such Masons believe that the adopted citizens oath does not secure loyalty, let them try the experiment, and receive no more members on the oath-bound principle, but take the sons of Masons unworn, like native born Americans. The overthrow of Masonry might convince them that Know Nothingism is a delusion. The oath bound principle would shield Masonry from such an experiment, and all native born Americans were compelled to swear allegiance to the government before they could become citizens, Know Nothings would be extinct, and loyalty to the Government would be as extensive as Masonry is among Masons. There is a great inconsistency however, in the course pursued by those Masons who have become Know Nothings. They are thereby stirring up strife and hostility against their Masonic brethren who are immigrants from foreign lands, and if their Know Nothingism should triumph many of their foreign born brethren would leave them to seek an asylum from their oppression in other lands.

"Masonry does not interfere with any man's religious or political opinions. This is an objection that some would make in opposition to my previous remarks, but the objection is not true in a universal sense. When a Mason's political theory interferes with his obligations toward a foreign born Mason, then Masonry does, or at least ought to interfere. Masons who become Know Nothings are creating a hostile feeling against their brethren from foreign lands regardless of their duties toward them and their Masonic obligations. When Know Nothings make application to be admitted. They are utterly unworthy of our fellowship. I think every Anti-Know Nothing who is a Mason will coincide with me in giving a negative answer to this question. Let them therefore co-operate with me in rejecting all Know Nothing applicants. Why should we hold fellowship with such misanthropes?"

Respectfully,

AN ANTI KNOW NOTHING MASON.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The original rough draft of the Declaration of Independence in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, Dr. Franklin and the elder Adams, is preserved in the State Department with great care. It has been framed and placed in a box of black walnut hung against the wall, the door of which is of one piece about two feet square. At certain angles of the room, the grain and natural marks of the piece of wood of which the door is fabricated, present a singular appearance. Without the exercise of any great fancy, a representation of the battle of Bunker Hill can be discovered, though some contend it has a great resemblance to the storming of Stony Point, or the attack on King's Mountain.—Washington Star.

Mr.—do you—keep—anything—good to take—here? "Yes, we have excellent cold water—the best thing in the world."

"Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no one thing that's done so much for navigation as that. And even as a beverage, it's capital, mixed with a little brandy."

An old maid lately succeeded sixteen false teeth out into her plate while at dinner. Golds are vexatious kind of things.