

# M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.  
E. A. BRATTON EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
VOL. 3. M'ARTHUR, VINTON CO., O. FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1855. NO. 45

## The M'Arthur Democrat.

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\$1.00 per year, and if not paid within the year, \$2.00 will be charged.  
These Terms must be strictly complied with, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.  
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## SELECT POETRY.

### LITTLE BESSIE, And the way She felt Asleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted— Just before the children came— While the room was very quiet, I heard some one call my name. All at once a window opened, In a field was lambs and sheep; Some from out a brook was drinking, Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Savior, Though I strained my eyes to see, And wonder'd if he saw me, If he'd speak to such as me. In a moment I was looking On the world so bright and fair, Which was full of little children, And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing—oh, how sweetly, Sweeter songs I never heard, They were singing sweeter, mother, Than can sing our yellow bird; And while I my breath was holding, One so bright upon me smiled, And I knew it must be Jesus, When he said, "Come here my child."

Hug me closer, closer, mother, Put your arms around me tight, I am cold and tired, mother, And I feel so strange to-night; Something hurts me here, dear mother, Like a stone upon my breast— Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother, Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working, As I lay upon my bed, I was trying to be patient, And to think of what you said— How the kind and blessed Jesus, Loves his lambs to watch and keep, And I wish'd he'd come and take me In his arms that I might sleep.

"Come up here, my little Bessie, Come up here, and live with me, Where the children never suffer, But are happier than you see." Then I thought of all you told me Of that bright and happy land, I was going when you called me, When you came and kiss'd my hand.

And at first, I felt so sorry You had called me;—I would go, Oh, to sleep and never suffer— Mother, don't be crying so! Hug me closer, closer, mother, Put your arms around me tight: Oh, how much I love you, mother— But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother press'd her closer To her over-burdened breast; On the heart so near to breaking, Lay the heart so near its rest. In the solemn hour of midnight, In the darkness calm and deep, Laying on her mother's bosom, Little Bessie—tell asleep!

### HOME AGAIN.

Home again! Home again! From a foreign shore; And, oh! it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

Here I drop'd the parting tear, To cross the ocean's foam; But now I'm once again with those Who kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts Have laugh'd with mine in joy; But oh! the friends I loved in youth Seem happier to me.

And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me longer roam, But death alone can break the tie That binds my heart to home. Home again, &c.

Music sweet, music soft Lingers around the place; And oh! I feel the childhood charm Which time cannot efface.

Then give me back my homestead roof, I ask no palace dome, For I can live a happy life With those I love at home. Home again, &c.

### AMUSING TALE.

#### THIRTY-NINE DOLLAR MARE.

Some years ago, while traveling in the state of Maine, I chanced to halt at an out-of-the-way tavern in those parts—in the bar room of which, during the evening, I heard the substance of the following story related. It may divert a portion of your readers' good 'Spirit,' and so I write it out for you.

"Speaking of horses"—remarked the leading talker of the evening—"Speaking of horses reminds me of a mare I knew a long time ago, 'three minute nags' weren't so plenty as we hear tell about now-a-days."

There was a blacksmith in the town where I then lived who was a very fair judge of a horse, and who generally owned a 'trasher,' for those times—theo almost his entire fortune was ordinarily invested in his 'crab.' He sold his old mare one day, and kept his eye open for another beast, when the right kind of an animal might fall in his way.

It chanced soon afterward, that there came to the door of his little shop, one day, a grey mare—a long, lean bodied wench—the owner of which desired to have her shod. The blacksmith looked in her mouth, as horsemen sometimes will, and then he tried her dock. He stood in front of her, and then he moved and buffeted for being in the way of gentlemen. She bore her persecutions meekly, however, and the blacksmith, in his shirt-sleeves said nothing.

"Where is your horse?" asked the confident jockey, who was his competitor.

"She'll be here in time, now. Don't go to givin' yerself any extra trouble about her, now; cause you'll hev your

Warrant! well, she's a good beast, anyhow," responded the other.

"Is she sound?"  
"As a fresh hick'ry nut."  
"Kind?"  
"As a cosset sheep."

"Maybe you'd sell her?" continued the blacksmith, slowly, as he finished her last foot.

"Yes," replied the owner, handing the blacksmith a dollar for his job, "yes, I'll sell her."  
"How much money—cash down?"  
"Forty-five dollars."  
"Five and forty. She must be a good 'un then!"

"She is a good one."  
"Say forty stranger, and I'll venture to take her."

The bargain was closed, the stranger walked away with his old saddle on his arm, and the grey mare walked into the blacksmith's little shed stable.— It was a heap of money for him to put into a single horse, but he thought she had good points in her making-up, notwithstanding the fact that she hadn't been over-fed, or late, or too carefully groomed.

A little care and grooming very soon developed her more satisfactorily, and the purchaser chancing to be a dozen miles from home one night, hurried up the cakes on her way back and led a noted three minutes pelter straight into town like open and shut!

"Well done! Well done, old thirty-nine," said the blacksmith, enthusiastically, as he applied two huge straw whips to her reeking sides—nor left her while a single hair was turned upon her body.

"Well done, old 'oman! I'll take you round Walnut hill, and will see about this."

And he did take her there—once, twice, thrice—fifty times; but he said nothing, only that she was a good creature to draw and he was content with her.

At the end of four or five months, the old man took a leather pouch, shut up shop, and rode into Boston—halting at the Eastern Stage House in Ann street. Here he remained, quietly for three or four days, scarcely showing himself, and never speaking of his mare.

One evening he overheard some of the boys in the bar room 'talking horse,' and he listened earnestly.

"Go!" said one of them, "I rather think he can—in two fifty, sure!"  
"Ha, ha!" roared the rest, (for three minute horses, even, were not very plenty at that period.)

"Go! I'd like to match him against something that can trot. Your wigglers and rakers and runners are not the thing. Give me a square trotter, and I can just leave him!—that's all."

"Ken you?" asked a voice near by, modestly.

The company turned about, and saw an unshorn, rough-visaged man sitting in his shirt-sleeves, to whom the young buck did not reply, at all. Our blacksmith (for it was he) continued to smoke his pipe. The boys put their heads together for a lark—and the foremost asked:

"Perhaps you've got a horse that you would like to exercise a little?"  
"Yaas," responded the rude dressed stranger, "I don't mind a little exercise for the old mare—but you don't bet nothing on it, I take it."

"Why, yes. Just for the name of the thing we'll give five hundred or so."  
"Five hundred what?" exclaimed the green 'un jumping from his chair and smashing his pipe at the same moment.  
"Five hundred dollars, to be sure."  
"Oh, git aout! You're joking!"  
"No, we can't trot Jim short of that; it wouldn't pay."

"Wal, now, look here nabor, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll trot horse agin horse—yours agin mine, in harness."  
"No, sir; that won't do."  
"But, five hundred! Come, say fifty; that's enough, rilly."

But there was no other way, and the blacksmith placed his money at last in the landlord's hands which the sharpers instantly covered.

"Do you know him?" they asked, as the old fellow moved off.

"No," said the host. "He has just come in from Salem, he says."

hands full, I'm thinking, by and by.— What'd yer give fer that ere skillit you've got on yer head?"

"That's my riding cap, Sawney."  
"Edsackly. And them silk fixins—ain't them rath'er costly?"  
"Where's your horse? Time's up."

"Out of the way there, with that old cowbait," shouted one of the fast boys, hauling up at this moment, and seeking to get the place occupied by the blacksmith's team.

But there stood the mare, with her head drooping almost to her feet, seemingly fazed and well-begone, when the blacksmith hopped into the gig, looked at his watch, and said:

"Ets we are, Mister."  
"But where's the horse that you are going to trot?"  
"Here she is."

"Well, I don't trot with such a skeleton as that, mind you," said his opponent, "not by a long chalk."

And a furious roar of merriment went up from the crowd, who were in ecstasies.

The blacksmith insisted, however. Held trot his mare or claim the money. And the animals were duly called to the start—mile heats, from the crossing, best two in three.

At the word, away they went; the horse fairly leading the way. The mare kept behind up to the half mile post, fell away on the third quarter, and the horse came in to post, a splendid winner, in 2:42, the mare barely saving her distance, coming home at a half gallop and a half trot amid the yells of the crowd.

The blacksmith had a 'friend' in the congregation, who had a 'pile of the ready!'—To be sure no one knew this, and he was evidently a rich man. He took all the side bets he could muster, at big odds against the mare. She blowed badly, at the stand, and the blacksmith looked haggard and earnest.

The crowd roared again, at the second start, but the roar was brief this time.

"Now go, thirty-nine," screamed the blacksmith, as they went away on this heat. And she did go. Instantly taking the pole, she stretched right along, passed the half mile mark, finished the third quarter without a misstep, and came home five lengths ahead in 2:40.

Money began to change hands again. But the horse came up for the third heat, and at the word 'now go, thirty-nine,' the mare made an awful gap between herself and competitor. The mare led the way—aye, every foot of it—from the start, and distancing her rival, passed the winning post, well down in the thirties. She was a good 'un,' added our narrator.

"And what became of this beast?" we asked.

"O, he sold her for a thousand dollars, before he left Boston. She went South, but died soon afterward. She cost him, with her new set of shoes valued at one dollar, forty dollars. He called her 'thirty-nine.'"

"Bed time," said our host, and I left.

SOLVENT FOR OLD PUTTY.—When it is necessary to remove glass from old sash, take a common pencil brush, dip it in nitric or muriatic acid, and draw it over the putty two or three times.— This will speedily destroy the cohesion of the putty, and enable you to remove the glass without the assistance of chisels or any other sharp edged tool.

GLOSS ON LINEN.—To restore the gloss commonly observed on newly purchased collars and shirt bosoms, add a spoonful of gum-arabic water to a pint of the starch, as usually made for this purpose. Two ounces of clear gum-arabic may be dissolved in a pint of water, and after standing over night, may be racked off, and kept in a bottle ready for use.

WHITENING.—As this is the season of house cleaning and whitewashing, we will give our readers a hint that may be valuable to them. It is in relation to making whitewash. This article, as ordinarily made, rubs off the walls after it becomes dry, soiling clothes and everything coming in contact with it. This may be obviated by slackening the lime in boiling water, stirring it meanwhile, and then applying—after dissolving in water white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) in the proportion of four pounds to a barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency of rich milk. The sulphate of zinc will cause the wash to harden, and prevent the lime from rubbing off. A pound of white salt should also be thrown into it.—Alon Farmer.

Some time ago there lived in Vermont a queer old man named Fuller. He had lost a part of his palate and was a rare specimen. He owned a mill the water to which was brought for some distance through a wooden flume. One morning an apprentice informed him that the flume was full of suckers. Fuller posted himself at its mouth, placing a large basket to catch the suckers in, while the boy went to the other end to hoist the gate.

There was a 'rush of many waters,' carrying Fuller, basket and all, over the over-shot wheel and thirty feet below. All dripping he scrambled out, spouting: "You may think I'm an old idiot, but I hain't quite such a darned fool that I can't see through that joke."

## BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

[From the Cincinnati Times.]  
No shot disturbed the night Before that fearful fight, There was no bustlings high— No marshaling of men Who 'er might rise again. No cup was filled and quaffed to victory, No plumes were there, No banner fair, No trumpet's breathing sound, Nor the drum's startling sound Broke on the midnight air.

JOHN NEAL.

Eighty years ago last Sunday, the 17th of June 1775, the ever memorable battle of Bunker Hill was fought.— During all the previous day the entrenchments & fortifications on Breed's Hill were being erected, officers and common soldiers worked alike toward their completion with the greatest alacrity and good will. Col. Prescott, exposing himself without care to the shots from the battery on Copp's Hill, was present everywhere encouraging the work. Early on the morning of the eventful day, Gen. Ward dispatched the remainder of Stark's regiment, and the whole of Reed's corps to reinforce Col. Prescott. At 12 o'clock the entrenchments were finished, and sending off the tools they had been using, the men took some refreshments, and hoisting the New England Flag, they were ready for the fight.

The entrenching tools were sent to Bunker's Hill, where they were received by the Americans, who were prepared to build up a like fortification on the locality. As for the arrangements made on Breed's Hill, so silently had the work been performed, that the citizens of Boston were surprised when morning disclosed the fortifications to their view. An order went forth to destroy the works on the heights without delay. The drums beat to arms, and Boston was soon in a tumult. Dragoons galloping, artillery trains rumbling, mingled with the clangor of the church bells, made the tumult still greater.

Towards noon between two and three thousand men from the British army, under command of Gen. Sir Wm. Howe and Gen. Pigott, were put in motion for the American barricades. Between 12 and 1 o'clock Gen. Howe reconnoitered the American works, and, sending to Gen. Gage for more troops, allowed his forces to disband. About 2 o'clock the reinforcements sent for arrived, and were placed in line of battle.

It was an hour of the deepest anxiety among the American patriots. From their elevated position they could view the whole arrangements of the enemy. For them but very little succor had arrived. Hunger and thirst annoyed them, while the labors of the night and morning weighed them down with fatigue. Added to this was a dreadful suspicion of treachery. At this critical moment Dr. Warren and Gen. Pomeroy arrived on the ground. An attempt had been made to dissuade Dr. Warren from joining the forces; but not heeding the voice of those who importuned him, he dashed across the Neck and entered the redoubt just as Howe gave orders for the British to advance.

Col. Prescott offered the command to Dr. Warren, but he declined, saying, "I am come to fight as a volunteer, and feel honored in fighting under your command."

It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The provincial troops were placed in an attitude of defense, as the British column moved slowly forward to the attack. Before Gen. Howe moved from his first position, he sent out strong flank guards, and directed his heavy artillery to play upon the American line. At the same time a blue flag was displayed as a signal, and the British forces on Copp's Hill, and the ships and the floating batteries poured their shots on the barricades. When the heat of the battle came, the Americans were told to reserve their fire until it could be delivered with effect. When it did come, its leaden hail was poured forth with such power, that whole ranks of officers and men were slain. The British line recoiled and gave way in several parts, and it was almost impossible for the British officers to rally the troops.

Howe, however, succeeded in checking their retreat, and prepared for another attack. They were ordered to stand the fire of the Americans and then charge with the bayonets.

In the mean time, so long were the British in preparing for the third attack, the Americans thought the second was to be the final. However, they profited by the time it afforded them, and took some refreshment. All was order and firmness as the enemy advanced. The British artillery swept the interior of the breast work, from end to end, killing many of the provincials and wounding others. Each shot from the Americans was true to its aim, and told with a dreadful effect. Howe was wounded in the foot, but continued at the head of his men. His boats were at Boston, and retreat he could not.

It was at this time that the animation of the Americans began to fail.— Only a ridge of earth separated the combatants. The assaults ascended it.— They were received with a shower of stones that told with dreadful effect.

Hand to hand the billigerauts struggled, and the gun-stocks of many of the provincials were shattered to pieces in the fight. But the enemy poured in with such overpowering numbers that Col. Prescott ordered a retreat. Through the enemy's ranks the Americans ploughed their way, bearing down those that opposed them. Prescott and Warren were the last to leave the redoubt.— Prescott received several wounds. Warren was the last to leave. He was but a short distance from the redoubt when he received a musket ball in the head, killing him instantly. The Americans

retreated to Winter Hill and Cambridge. The loss of the Americans was 115 killed and missing, 305 wounded.— The British lost 226 killed, and 820 wounded, among them 89 officers. The number engaged in the battle was comparatively small, yet it was one of the severest on record.

One of the severest losses of the day was the death of Dr. Warren. His fall was reported by Gen. Howe as being worth the loss of five hundred of the provincials. He was buried where he fell, and a monument is erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription:

In honor of  
JOSEPH WARREN,  
Major Gen. of the Massachusetts Bay.  
He devoted his life to the liberties of his Country:  
And on bravely defending them,  
Fell an early victim  
In the Battle of Bunker Hill,  
June 17, 1775.  
The Congress of the United States,  
As an acknowledgement of his success,  
Have erected this monument  
To his memory.

## Search For Wives.

Where do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives, is a question we have occasionally heard discussed, and the custom has invariably become of value to young lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms or any other places of public gaiety, and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that twenty-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate or load their persons, go for nothing as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fire-side, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told.—In the year 1773, Peter Barrall, Esq., of Beckingham in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his case and comfort; they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles—they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home, except to attend him either to take the air or drink the waters—in a word, they lived a most reclusive life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverley—another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter—and a third to the Duke of Northumberland—and it is justice to them to say that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derive any from it.

Happiness consists in seeing somebody more miserable than ourselves. If there were only two people in the world, the man who lives on cold potatoes would consider himself an aristocrat, if he could only reverse matters, and go "potatoes and salt, like that other fellow." Among the cannibals, he is considered a capitalist who can raise a roast dog twice a year.

A story is going the rounds of the papers of a merchant in New York, who, when first married, told his wife, that for every 'scion' she produced, he would place at her disposal \$3,000. After the lapse of years he failed, and, upon informing his wife of his embarrassments, she quickly placed in his hands bonds to the amount of \$30,000, as the products of her labor, remarking at the same time, 'You see, Charles, that I have not been idle, and if you had been half as industrious as you brother over the way, I should now have \$66,000.'

The Buffalo Democracy narates this good story of one of the miniature men, vulgarly called children: "A teacher in a Sunday School in P—, was examining a class of little boys from a scripture catechism. The first question was, 'Who stoned Stephen?' Answer—the Jews.' Second question—'Where did they stone him?' Answer—'Beyond the limits of the city.' The third question—'Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city?' This was not in book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said—'Well, I don't know, unless it was to get a fair ring at him.'

Butter bend the neck than bruise the forehead.—Danish.  
Satire is apt to be a glass in which we see every face but our own.—Dean Swift.