

# M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

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## MASONIC.

"How good and how pleasant it is, for Brethren, amid the strife of our daily pursuits and political contentions, to meet occasionally with such sentiments as are contained in the following beautiful Ode. We hope every Brother will ponder well on the subject, and ever bear in mind that we are all travelling upon the level of time—that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."—Ed.

## Closing Ode.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
May every true brother find joy and peace at home.  
And when our last parting on earth shall draw nigh,  
And we shall be called to the Grand Lodge on high,  
May each be prepared when the summons shall come,  
To meet the Grand Master in heaven our home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
May every true brother find heaven a home.

## I can Bear to be Unloved.

TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS IT.  
Yes, I can bear to live unloved,  
If thou hast none to give;  
Can walk life's sandy path alone,  
If I am doomed to live.  
Pulses beat on desert plains,  
When no green tree grew near—  
Courage, alone is strength and life,  
As death is often fear.  
I'll brave the world (if thy false heart  
Pronounce the doom) alone;  
Without a kindred heart to beat,  
In answer to my own;  
Without a gentle hand to soothe  
This forehead in its pain,  
I'll battle till I conquer love,  
And win my peace again!  
But never will I bend my knee  
At any idol shrine;  
No smile is lovely to me now,  
None ever was, but thine!  
And I can bear to live unloved,  
Since thou hast none to give,  
Can walk life's sandy path alone,  
If I am doomed to live.

## JUST IN TIME.

A TALE OF EARLY ILLINOIS.

"Good evening, Mell; well, how do you do?"  
"Tolerable, Jake—how's your mother?"  
"She's well—how's your'n?"  
"Not very well, I am sorry to say, for now you see I have to tote all the water, wash the dishes, and pail the cow. Oh! it's too much for me, I won't stand it much longer. I'll have a home of my own, and then I'll do as I please."  
"Jake, why don't you get married?"  
"Shaw! I don't know, Mell; recon it's because I can't get no one to have me."  
"You've know'd better'n that ever since you've been comin' to see me.— I wish I had a good chance as you have got."  
"Though Jake was a backwoodsman, and they have the reputation of withstanding everything, this last remark from his fair companion, brought a deep color to his swarthy cheeks."  
"Law, what makes you turn so red?" continued Mell, pointing her finger at him, and laughing bewitchingly.  
"This only made Jake turn the redder and redder. He seemed in the very last stage of embarrassment; tried to stammer out something, but could produce no sounds that resembled any words in the English language. At last, after he had cooled off a little, he got his tongue and lips in working order once more, and said—'Mell, I s'pose you're too bad to 'cuse me of turnin' red; I'm no redder 'n you.' Law! did I tell you what a wolt hunt I had yesterday?"

"No," she replied with a sorrowful look, which one might imagine was caused by Jake's untimely change of the subject. "No doubt but she thought she was fetching him to a point; and indeed it was true, for he had been courting her about two years, and as yet had not got ready, been willing, or found courage to propose." Mell was willing, perhaps too willing, and her patience was becoming very much wearied. She had tried to please him in every way she could; but it made no difference; and now, as a last resort, she had determined to bring him to the point at all hazards. After listening to a wonderful day's adventure among wolves, to relate which took Jake about two hours, and agreeing that he had performed feats worthy of an Indian she began—  
"Jake, you've been comin' to see me a long time."  
"Yes," said he.  
"We know one another well enough."  
"Yes," he exclaimed, somewhat surprised.  
"Then any question you want to 'ax me, I'll answer correctly."  
"But I've nothing to 'ax," said Jake.  
"What! been comin' to see me two years, and don't want to 'ax me anything?"  
"Not as I know on."  
"Well, then, you needn't come again," said she angrily, "I'll marry Bill Fry, if ever he comes to see me again. I s'acked him for you—but it is the last time."  
Bill Fry soon heard the news, and after putting on his new buckskin suit, 'lumbered' for the 'neck of woods' where Mell lived. He found her as bright as ever—put in his claim, and was directed to 'ax dad and mam.' From some cause or other the old folks were not willing, but Bill and Mell were, so they tied upon a plan to marry anyhow. Bill went secretly to Mr. Sterling, got a license, and that night made off for Squire Brown's. On their road to happiness, however, who should they meet but Jake. He had got a hint of what was going on, and met them on purpose; knowing precisely how the case lay.  
"Mell," said he, "I've fooled you, that's a fact, and I'm sorry for it; but if you still like me better than Bill Fry just say so, and I'll be darned if I don't give him a thunderin' thrashing, take his license, and old Brown shall marry us with them right away."  
The old love was too strong for the new, and Mell told Jake to 'pitch in.' They both pitched in, and such a fight as it was. The brush broke, the dirt flew, the fists sounded, and skulls cracked in such a way, that had one been within a few yards, he would have taken it for a herd of buffaloes on a regular stampede. After fighting all over the hazel patch for about an hour, Bill cried "enuff."  
"Give me the license then," said Jake.  
"No, darned if I do!" was the reply; and at it they went again. This time they fought so long that Mell became uneasy lest daylight should come before they got to the Squire's, which she knew would put an end to their marrying for that day, as the Squire would be out with his gun. However, after fighting along the road for near half a mile, Bill again cried "enuff."  
"Give me the license," shouted Jake.  
"Not unless you pay me the dollar and bit they cost me," replied Bill.  
"Nary dime," said Jake, beginning to pitch into him again.  
Feeling rather tired of such sport, Bill handed out the license. Jake thrust them into his shot pouch, and taking Mell by the arm, said, "come on, old gal—now for Squire Brown's."  
They arrived at his honor's about three o'clock in the morning, and Jake called out "hallow."  
"Hallow yourself," said the Squire—"who's there?"  
"A couple of us what wants to marry," said Jake.  
"Come in then," said the man of the people, who soon got all things ready for the ceremony.  
"What's your name?" he asked.  
Jake told him both their names, and then handed him the license.  
"But these won't do," said the Squire after spelling at them some time, "they haven't got your name on 'em—ain't 'acordin' to law!"  
"I don't know much about law doins," said Jake, "but one thing I do know, I had to thrash a feller like blazes to get them 'ere license, and now ef you don't put us thru' with 'em, I'll thrash you a darn'd site wus!"  
This was enough for Squire Brown, and without any more ado he pronounced them man and wife, and sent them home.

## Whigs out Again.

PORTLAND, June 29.  
The straight out Whig State Convention yesterday nominated Hon. Isaac Reed of Waldeboro, for Governor. The meeting was large and harmonious. Resolutions, decidedly anti-Nebraska, anti-Know Nothing and opposed to the present liquor law, although in favor of stringent laws, regulating the traffic in intoxicating drinks were adopted.

## Men are frequently like tea.

The strength and goodness are not drawn out of them until they have been for some time in hot water.

## Crime Sanguinary.

Mr. C. Hughes, a country comedian, had a wig which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and some time afterwards called on him. Mr. Hughes had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. Mr. Hughes stayed a little while with his friend; but when he left him, the dog remained behind. For some time he stood looking full in the man's face; then, making a sudden spring, he leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig and ran off with it as fast as he could; and when he reached home, he endeavored, by jumping, to bang it up in its usual place. The same dog was one afternoon passing through a field near Dartmouth, where a washer woman had hung her linen to dry. He stopped and surveyed one particular shirt with attention; then seizing it, he dragged it away through the dirt to his master, whose shirt it proved to be.

In the year 1791, a person went to a house in Deptford, to take lodgings, under pretence that he had just arrived from the West Indies; and, after having agreed on the terms, said he should send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock in the evening, the trunk was brought by two porters, and was carried into a bed-room. Just as the family were going to bed, their little house dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber-door where the chest was deposited, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled fury. They attempted to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Calling in some neighbors, and making them eye witnesses of the circumstances, they began to move the trunk about; when they quickly discovered that it contained something that was alive. Suspicion becoming very strong, they were induced to force it open; when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed into the house with the intention of robbing it.

## Private Correspondence.

Letter from an American in France to his friend in Washington.  
Paris, June 21, 1855.

The telegraphic advices from Sebastopol as regard the attempt at assault on the 15th, and the decided and brilliant repulse, created a great sensation here. The details are awaited with the most intense anxiety, particularly as to the extent of the loss, of which as yet we have no information, but which doubtless has been most dreadfully severe, and the worst anticipations are entertained. I will not say that this repulse renders more certain the final capture of Sebastopol, (for to take it may be an impossibility,) but it certainly assumes a more extensive and determined effort on the part of the Allies to effect that object; for the pride both of England and France will now be still more deeply involved in the issue; and the most gigantic efforts will be made to accomplish the desired end. It is really horrible to think of the destruction of human life which has already taken place, and the worst is not yet.

The French army of reserve, as it was called, that was near Constantinople, has been forwarded to Sebastopol, but a new army of reserve will be sent immediately from France, consisting of 45,000 to 50,000 men, which will be entrenched near Constantinople, and will not be sent to Sebastopol except in case of great necessity. The full force before that place will be kept up by other troops, which will be forwarded direct from Toulon, Marseilles and Algeria. Arrangements are also making, and will no doubt be promptly concluded, for the embarkation on another contingent of 15,000 Saradinian troops.

To show how great are the exertions of Russia, it is now said that they have by the most incredible exertions, so far advanced with a railroad from Moscow to Perekop, that it will be completed in full operation in the autumn. This will enable them to pour into the Crimea soldiers and supplies without limit. The French are so well aware of this, that they are fortifying Kamiesch, and will render it the strongest fortress in Europe, and sooner or later they will probably retire to it. They are also fortifying Varua, and everything indicates that they do not intend to quit Constantinople, where they are constructing buildings of the most extensive scale and of a very massive nature, which will require years to complete. These structures are intended for defense and protection, as well as for accommodations for troops and material. The French will take the lion's share by holding the European coast of Turkey, whilst the English may take the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. England will hereafter regret the alliance with France, as it has not only estranged her from the other great European Powers, but has and will injure her greatly in other ways.

All agree that the Turks are fully convinced that they never again will be the masters of "Stamboul," as they call the city of Constantinople. They decidedly would prefer the Russians as rulers, and those returning from thence say they shall not be at all surprised if, in the course of a year, the Turks should be on the side of the Russians and the Allies forced to entrench themselves. The stronghold of the latter will be at Constantinople, which, being open to them by sea, could never be taken, nor could Kamiesch, and perhaps one or two others

points on the Black Sea, which would be like a banner be strongly fortified and held by them. Strange results may grow out of this unnatural alliance of France and England with the bitter and eternal enemy of the Christian religion.—Every step of it makes it more unpopular, not to say unjust, under the new system of destroying defenseless trading towns and private property; Of the vessels captured in the Black Sea, nine out of ten belonged to the Greeks of Constantinople, Smyrna, or Greece proper, and the Islands. This destruction of Greek property only serves to increase the hatred of that ignorant, fanatical and vitally renege people.—They (the Greeks) are to a man in favor of the Russians. Some French troops, with their officers, recently went in an American clipper from Constantinople, and a Colonel told the Captain that whilst they were encamped, one hundred of his men were taken sick and forty of them died, and that he had no doubt the water had been poisoned by the Greeks. One day they seized on three Greeks, in the camp, and on searching them found poison concealed in their clothes, and they were instantly shot.

The French officers assure me that the engineers in the Russian army are equal to any in Europe. Their army in the Crimea is composed of their finest troops, and fight with great skill and desperation. Their riflemen are equal to the "Chasseurs de Vincennes, and are dead shots," as all admit.  
The sufferings of the Allies have recommenced. There is even a want of water, and, under a burning sun to which they are exposed, the cholera has re-appeared, and several distinguished officers have died of it. Typhus and other fevers, with dysentery, are all very prevalent, and ophthalmia is also making progress among them. They say the same evils exist among the Russians but I should doubt very much if any thing like to the same extent, as the Russians are by no means so much exposed, and particularly in the city, where they have fine comfortable quarters and are well fed and properly clothed. Even if their field service is equally severe and exposed as that of the Allies, the Russians, having free access between their outside camps and the city, can relieve their different divisions, and give them alternately camp and garrison duty, and thus allow them to rest and recruit. Under the most favorable circumstances, however, the daily waste of life from exposure and fatigue on both sides, exclusive of the loss in battle, must be very great.

In a battle, however, the loss of life is also very great. On the 23d and 24d May the Allies suffered severely. A body of three thousand of the Imperial Guard that were sent to support a retreating division were twice obliged to fall back, but, on the third advance, they succeeded, with the loss of eight hundred and fifty men hors de combat. It is even said that the Zouaves fired upon them; as there is a bitter hatred between these two corps, for in a former battle they were abandoned by the Guards, and were in consequence cut to pieces by the Russians. The Zouaves are also jealous, as the Guard has various advantages and a higher position, being considered as the elite of the army. The Zouaves and the Scotch troops fraternize in a most wonderful manner. In the fighting of the 7th instant the French acknowledge four thousand men hors de combat. Private letters state that the loss was even greater than that. The sudden change in sending of more troops material, &c., indicates that the losses must have been very great.

In my last I mentioned various American clippers that were embarking troops, material, &c. since which most of them have sailed from Toulon and Marseilles. The Great Republic was followed by the Navarino, of 100 guns, a crew three-decker; the Queen of Clippers by the steam frigate Eldorado. The Monarch of the Sea, the Gauntlet, the Nonpareil, and the Allegian, all went under their own Canvas. The above six vessels took on the aggregate 1,600 horses, 2,800 troops, and had with them 10,000 tons of military stores and supplies, besides what was on board the two ships of war, both loaded down with similar articles. One of the above vessels had on board 500 tons of bombs; and an officer connected with that branch of the service told me that within the last sixty days more than 8,000 tons of missile (bombs, shells, balls, &c.) have been shipped to the Crimea.—All this is exclusive of 500,000 bombshells that had been previously sent. I asked from whence came all these missiles for the destruction of human life, and was answered, "From the arsenal; not an item manufactured since the war."

The saying of Locullus, "poor is that house where plenty has not stores that miss the master's eye," has been celebrated for nineteen centuries, but what will be said of the stores in the house of Napoleon III.?  
I dread to think what may be the nature of this war of giants, but fear it will be most disastrous for the human race, and particularly the lives, happiness, and property of the people of those nations already engaged in it, and for those that may be drawn into the horrible maelstrom.

## A Black Hearted Villain.

The Chester (Ill.) Masons have passed resolution expelling one Dr. Wm. A. Gordon, for gross, immoral, unamiable, unprofessional and ungentlemanly conduct. The history of the case presents one of the most diabolical acts of villainy ever perpetrated in a civilized community. The following particulars are derived from a gentleman who has long been intimate with the parties.

This Gordon graduated in one of the medical schools of this city, and removed to Chester with Dr. Ferris. He has an amiable wife and several children. From some cause, the son of Dr. Ferris disliked Gordon, and they remained enemies until the death of Dr. Ferris. Gordon then made friends with young Ferris, and became intimate with a beautiful young lady to whom he was engaged to be married. Ferris removed to Cincinnati, and during his absence Gordon used every art in his power to seduce the young girl; but falling in his hellish designs, he administered certain drugs, and thus triumphed over her virtue. By threats of exposure he forced her to continue the criminal connection, and received from her letters acknowledging her guilt. A short time ago, Ferris returned to Chester, and thinking his betrothed still innocent, married her. Gordon—who had never really forgiven Ferris the injuries of the past—placed a package of his wife's letters in his way, which told the whole story of her crime. His first thought was to take the life of the destroyer of his peace, but not meeting him, and reflecting that his wife might be, equally guilty, he left the village and has never returned. The excitement growing out of the affair was intense, and the Masons promptly expelled Gordon from their Lodge. The case is one in which the severest penalties of Lynch law would be justifiable, and we sincerely hope that the brutal deed will get his deserts. There is no other law to reach him, and he should be hung, without judge or jury, to the highest limb on Chester Bluff.—The ruined wife and her destroyer remain in the same town—she an object of pity and commiseration, he hated and condemned by all who know him. He is known in this city, but we advise him to keep away—he may not fare so well here. There is no punishment too severe for such a black-hearted miscreant.—(St. Louis Herald.)

## WHAT HOPE DID.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile, the emblem of peace and endurance.  
It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.  
It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.  
It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son carried long after the promised time of his coming; and saved her desolation, and the "the care that killeth."  
It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him on the works which even his enemies praised.

## Operation of the Maine Law.

The Portland (Maine) Enquirer, a strong Maine Law paper, gives, in its issue of the 16th ult., some testimony in relation to the workings of the prohibitory liquor statute. It says:  
"In this city the law has been almost powerless during the current municipal year, drunkenness has increased, and things are fast relapsing into their old order. This is obvious to all, nobody denies it."  
Again it says:  
"It is the impression of many, that in this State, where the Maine Law originated and has been in operation for several years, crime has wonderfully decreased. Such, however, it appears from an official statement, is not the case."

## REPORT ON THE STATE FINANCES.

A report on the State finances made to the legislature a few days ago, complains of the increased cost of criminal prosecutions, and states that they have more than doubled within the past six years. In 1846, the cost of Criminal prosecutions were \$14,926; in 1850, \$23,578; in 1851, 26,577; in 1852, \$33,556; in 1853, \$39,338; in 1854, \$35,549. And yet we are told that the traffic in liquors has been entirely suppressed in Maine—a statement not justified by the official testimony of the proper officers of the State.

The late Dr. Kitto, when a boy, was removed from a work-house to become an apprentice to a shoemaker. His master was a coarse tyrant. The boy appealed to the magistrates. His written statement was marked by striking sentiment and diction. The indentures were cancelled, and he returned to the work-house—to him a welcome refuge. He was not idle there. In 1823, his talents and capabilities being better understood, he was enabled, by the kindness of two gentlemen of the neighborhood, to publish a small volume of essays and letters, and was placed in a position less unfavorable to self-improvement.

## Presbyterians vs. Know Nothings.

The Presbyterians of Chenango county, New York, at their meeting held at New Wilmington, adopted the following resolution:  
"Resolved, That in the judgment of this Presbytery, the principles of our church exclude from communion the members of the secret society called Know Nothings, and the members of all such secret societies, to enforce this opinion."

Here is another paragraph relating to the same church in which it is stated that the communion service was not administered to Know Nothings! "At the administration of the Lord's Supper, by the Rev. Mr. Winhart, at his church in New Athens, Harrison county, Ohio, a few Sabbaths since, he debarred all Know Nothings from participating in the ceremony. He took the position that a person could not be a Christian, nor an honest man, at the same time and be a Know Nothing."

## Washington on Know Nothings.

"As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community, are equally entitled to the protection of a civil government. I hope ever to see America foremost among nations in examples of liberality and justice. And I presume that you fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you take in the accomplishment of the revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." Washington's reply to the Catholics of the United States—Spark's Life and Writings of Washington. Vol. XIII.

When Dr. Rush was a young man he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who on his appearance, apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders.

"Well, Mr. Morris," said the Doctor, "how did you like it, at all?"  
"It's too smooth and tame for me."  
"Mr. Morris," replied the Doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?"  
"I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

## From the Presbyterian Critic.

## Hear a Presbyterian on the American Party.

There is no demand whatever for a great national movement against the Catholic Church. The recent excitement in the country has been, in the main, the result of a corrupt movement of unprincipled politicians, to excite the Protestant feeling of the people and to ride into power upon the tide. They have run foul of the maxim, which they have so conspicuously set forward among their principles, as if for the purpose of exposing the profligacy of the whole movement, by violating its practice what they praise in theory. It is absurd to deny, that making the mere religious sentiments of a man the reason for refusing to vote for him, is a violation of the great principle of religious liberty. It is allowing a principle of discriminating the political aspect of a vote to be sound and just; which would be wicked and unprincipled, if embodied in a law. If our neighbors make their dislike to our Presbyterian sentiments the ground of their refusing to vote for us, it is perfectly useless to dispute that we are under political responsibility for religious opinions—that, quoad hoc, we are suffering for them. The objectionable feature in this view of the case is, making religious opinion unattended by any viciousness of action growing out of it, a ground for a universal discrimination in political affairs, affecting permanently large masses of citizens. This is our first and great objection to the American or Know Nothing party; it is violating the very principle of religious liberty, which it professes to conserve; and has adopted a construction of that principle which strips it of all practical force, leaving it a dead letter in the statute book, and abandoning its control over the political action of the people.

We object again to a political movement against the Catholic Church, because there is no necessity for it, if the American people will properly employ the legitimate agencies of opposition which are in their power. The simple and sufficient condition of the preservation of the Republic from the arts of Romanism, is the full and efficient support of the Protestant church—the complete and animated maintenance of the domestic missionary enterprises of the various Protestant denominations. This is the great conservative element of our political system—to sustain and vivify it with the vigorous energy which it ought to possess—and it need not be feared that any of the great social or political interests that are conditioned upon it will ever come to harm. It is the only—nor less than the only—legitimate power, which can be effectively employed to restrain Popery and maintain the institutions of our government. All persecutions, no matter how disguised in form or limited in extent, will injure to the benefit of the body enduring it. The policy, then, of restraining Popery by political disabilities inflicted upon the individual Catholic, is suicidal in the extreme. It will concentrate and intensify the attachment of its members, and render them more and more unapproachable by Protestant instruction. It will create sympathy, and