

THE McARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

H. A. BRATTON, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Volume 4. ————— McArthur, Vinton Co., O., Thursday, Nov. 22, 1855. ————— Number 14

THE McARTHUR DEMOCRAT.
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EDWARD A. BRATTON.
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THE ORPHAN.
Softly, softly blow ye winds,
That bear the mother's sigh;
That whisper to the broken heart
Of buried life.

Break not with sudden force
Upon the listener's ear;
But kiss—O! kiss with moistened lip,
Each struggling tear!

Invoke the stars with milder beams,
To cheer that drooping heart;
The birds, in softer, sweeter lay,
Bid care depart.

Let streamlets murmur join their song,
And floating on the gale,
Bear to the listening throng
The orphan's tale!

Let no rude hand with careless touch,
Press heavily that brow;
Remember that his dearest friends
Are slumbering now!

Go, then, as one who loved that child,
With passions warmest glow;
And He that on his chosen smiled,
Will heed another's woe.

profanum vulgus, and no one would have doubted his word.

"I am told, madame, that you wish to see me," he said, advancing into the room and not at first recognising Madame Arblay, had not removed her veil.

"Can I be of service to you?"

"You see in me the widow of your former friend, Francois Arblay."

"Is it possible! Poor Francois! I well remember him. But where have you been concealing yourself this five years? Parbleu! how time slips away. I think I have heard of you as occupying a neat little residence out of Paris."

"You are right, Monsieur, I have done so; but Heaven only knows where I shall live for the future."

"You astonish me."

"Doubtless. The weakly have little idea of what the poor are called upon to bear with. Yet I do not repine that labor has become to me a necessity. It is the idea that I may no longer have even that resource that terrifies—that appals me."

"Please explain yourself, my good Madame," said Quesne, in rather an embarrassed tone for he instinctively felt that he should be called upon to render assistance, and was inwardly estimating the smallest amount he could decently part with.

Madame Arblay told her story. The reader is well acquainted with it already. She concluded: "Believe me, sir, that nothing but utter hopelessness would have induced me to assume a position which I am well aware looks very—very much like that of a beggar. But, sir, you were my husband's friend and I believe you will not refuse to befriend his widow and child. I need not say that whatever assistance you may render me, I will gratefully repay should fortune ever place it in my power."

While she was speaking, M. Quesne had wrapped something up in a piece of paper.

"You were quite right in applying to me, my dear friend; as you say, I was your husband's friend; I shall never forget it. If this trifle, if he placed it in her palm—will be of any service to you I shall be delighted, and for the repayment, I beg you will not think of it. Nay, no thanks I beg. I trust you will take an early opportunity to renew the acquaintance. My wife and daughter would be charmed."

Madame Arblay bowed gratefully and withdrew. In passing through the hall she encountered Miss Quesne, whom she had formerly known well. She was about to salute her when that young lady, coolly raising her eyeglass, surveyed her from head to foot, in a manner which, to say the least, did not express any delight at the encounter.

On passing into the street, Madame Arblay looked at the enclosure which had been put into her hands. It was a louis, a piece of twenty francs, and this from her husband's friend!

"He treats me as he would a common street beggar," said Madame Arblay's indignant thought. "He wished merely to get rid of me, and shall I keep his paltry alms?"

But the thought of her child checked the suggestions of her pride. "I cannot go through another trial like this," said she to herself, "and yet it all my husband's friends are as liberal, I have but to repeat my story four times more to obtain the requisite sum. To-morrow, perhaps, but to-day I feel that I should not have the courage."

"Parbleu!" remarked M. Quesne, complacently, as the door closed after this unwelcome visitor, "I am well rid of her. What could the woman mean? Did she expect me to pay her rent? Truly, I should have enough to do if I took in charge all the widows and children of my acquaintance."

And the philanthropic gentleman buttoned up his coat, took his gold-headed cane, and walked to his office; stopping on the way to purchase a shawl for his wife, intended as a pleasant surprise—cost only two thousand francs. Oh, model husband! very much to be praised art thou for thy generosity. How much more satisfactory was such an outlay than the expenditure of one-tenth, nay, one-twentieth the sum in making glad the hearts of the friendless and the destitute. Truly, a noble maxim, and one worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold; it is that which declares that "charity begins at home."

And now let us bid farewell to M. Quesne, and trace the fortunes of our little flower vender.

and he dearly loves flowers. Yes, mademoiselle, I think I must have it, and there is the money."

"Thanks, madame," and Victorie tripped gaily on.

The little girl followed Victorie with longing eyes. She was poorly dressed, and evidently belonged to the poorer orders.

"Will you buy a bouquet, Miss?" said Victorie, noticing her wistful glance.

"I would willingly, but alas, I have no money. Ah! I used to live in the country—the fresh, beautiful country, where I could have plenty. But now I am in town. Perhaps, miss, you would give me one—just one little flower. It will make me so happy," and the little girl looked up imploringly.

"My poor child," said Victorie, pitifully, "if so little a thing will make you happy, how can I refuse? You shall have a whole bouquet, and see took out what she considered the prettiest, and handed it to her little companion.

"Oh, miss, can you be in earnest?—But no, no! you are too generous. I cannot accept it. Your mother will not like to have you."

"My mother would do the same in my case."

"Then I may indeed take it. A thousand thanks. Heaven will bless you, I am sure, for your kindness."

The little girl departed bearing in her hand the beautiful bouquet, looking back over her shoulder with grateful glances to the little flower vender, who had procured for her so unexpected a pleasure.

"I am quite sure I did right," said Victorie to herself. "Poor girl! to live in this great, noisy city, and never to see a flower. But I will take care not to lose anything by it. I have four bouquets left. I am quite sure that I can sell them for eight sous instead of six, and then instead of losing I shall gain two sous."

Victorie had now got into a more frequented part of the city. The Faubourg St. Germain, which at the time I was speaking of, was the favorite residence of the noble families. Splendid equipages rolled by her, and the eyes of the little flower vender danced with delight at the mere sight of so much splendor.

But she must not forget her occupation. She mounted the marble steps of these courtly residences and inquired of the servant if her mistress would like some flowers.

"I don't know, miss, but I will inquire."

She returned in a moment and said, "My mistress wishes to see you."

Victorie took her way through the hall into an apartment luxuriously furnished, where a lady was reclining on a fauteuil.

"Will you buy any flowers, madame?" said Victorie, timidly, for the sight of so much splendor awed her. "They are freshly gathered."

"Let me see them, child," said the lady, half raising herself. "Umph! they are well enough. And what is your price?"

"Eight sous for a bouquet, madame."

"Eight sous!—you are surely mistaken—I can get them for five equally good. Come, child, you must not be extortionate. At your age it is terrible. Come, I will take them all at twenty sous. Will that satisfy you?"

"No, madame," said the little flower vender, quietly but firmly, "I cannot part with them for less than eight sous. Alas! they are my mother's sole dependence now."

"I am sorry, child," said the lady, coldly sinking back into her luxurious seat, "that you do not know your own advantage. I might easily give you your price, but I make it a principle not to encourage extortion. Francois, show her out, and mind, my little maid, never come here again with your flowers."

"Is it possible," thought the little flower vender, as she gazed upon the luxurious apartment, that everywhere met her eye, "that the owner of so much splendor can grudge me my little profits?"

Yes, Victorie, it is very possible. It is seldom that wealth and benevolence keep equal pace, as you will learn full soon.

Rather discomfited by this repulse, Victorie passed out into the street. A gentleman beckoned to her from the opposite side of the street. Elated with the idea of making a sale, the little flower vender hurriedly crossed. Unfortunately for her, a splendid carriage was at that time dashing through the streets. Frightened and dizzy at the thought of her danger, Victorie flew rather than ran, but her strength failed her, and she fell in front of the horses. A cry of terror escaped the bystander who noticed her danger. But luckily the horses were well trained, and were checked just in season by the coachman.

It was some time before she could be raised. The coachman left the box, and seized the child, who had already fainted. "What is the matter?" said a lady's voice within.

"Six sous a bouquet, madame. Will you not have one, violets and primroses, with lily and anemone. Madame will take it, is it not so?"

"It is for my sick boy," said the woman, half apologetically, as if to excuse so great a piece of extravagance,

Don't You Play.

"No, I don't play on any instrument," said our friend Tom Pringle, in answer to our question. "To tell the truth, I became discouraged by a slight misconception, when I was a young man. I wasn't appreciated you know, and that sort of thing."

"Well, you are," said he, in reply to another question, "it was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, that we both fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and toting one of the staves into a study, we practiced there half the night through. We didn't want any one to know about it, especially our father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time; and to make him think us usefully employed, I had quantities of law books heaped up, and John had skulls, and all sorts of bones, scattered about. We knew that in our 'study' no one could hear us but Betsey, the house-keeper, and, as she was our old nurse, we felt sure she would keep the secret. One morning, after we had been whiling the long night hours away with our music, to our own mutual delight, we came down late to breakfast, looking, I suppose, somewhat unrefreshed."

"You mustn't study too hard, boys," said our father, considerably.

"Yes, sir," said I gravely.

Just then Betsey appeared at the door, and looked most mysteriously at my mother.

"Yes, what is it?" said mother surprised, at Betsey's excited manner. "What is it, Betsey?"

"Well, ma'am, I wish to say, ma'am, Betsey always spoke in that short nipping way, when she was, what she called up, 'I must leave you ma'am.'"

"Leave me? why?" asked mother.

"Yes, ma'am, it's twenty-five years that I've been with you, ma'am—and it's the boys at last, ma'am. I can't stand it, and I ain't going to. It's not Christian like, ma'am."

"What have the boys been doing?" asked mother.

"It's Mr. John, ma'am, and sometimes I think Mr. Tom helps him. He's got some poor creature up stairs, ma'am, and he torments him awful. He screams and groans all the night through. It's worse than the heathen! I didn't get a wink of sleep last night, and what the poor creature went through was dreadful. I know they say such things must be done by doctors. But I ain't going to stay where it is, and I never tho't John was the one to do it."

And Betsey gave John a look of condemnation.

My mother was acute enough to see that something unusual was going on in our study, and telling Betsey she would inquire into it dismissed her for the present.

That was the end of our musical practice though not the end of the story, for our father took care we should not forget it. It was a long time before we heard the last about "the poor creature up stairs."—*New York Dutchman.*

a possession, about as 'tires of it' care, personal as any man can be endowed with. Who created a government to turn Quack and prescriber, phytic 'Physic to the dogs!' There are other things which destroy health, besides alcohol. Eating as well as drinking glutinous as well as drunkenness hurts the health. Will any one say that legislation may take charge of my table, and my diet and appetite, and say what I shall eat? If they may prohibit a man from buying and selling whisky, may they not prohibit his planting and sowing on his own fee-simple soil, of his buying and selling the corn and rye from which the whisky is distilled?

Again, French courts hurt more the health of whole generations, have crippled for their own lives and for their posterity, too, more women and children than ever John Barleycorn slew of himself! Shall a His committee be allowed by law to inspect Madame's and Miss's chambers, and see whether whalons and hard corn encumbrances wait for too tight? The idea would be ridiculous, if it was not so unscrupulously tyrannous. You cannot legislate men to morality, must educate them to liberty and virtue. Manners and morals must begin at the mother's knees; must be trained in the schools; and home and domestic teaching must give to the country pupils fit for the schools, and the schools must give to the country the people who will require no such domestic laws. They don't suit a people fit to be free; they corrupt and demoralize a people already fit to be slaves. The last source I would appeal to, for temperance in eating and drinking, is a Legislature Federal or State. Our Metropolitan high liver, what takes Champagne and London Duck and canvas backs, and terrapins, and oysters could tell upon their example of abstemiousness and self-denial. How your temperance tells upon your lives and your legislation, 'too, at times!—The truth is, all these 'tis done from the aid of the same coxter. They come from the scribbles and Phrases, who would take care of others' consciences, they are in various of ambitious priestcraft—or men who have a little religion to help their secular affairs, and who are a little worldly to help their religious affair—of 'preachers of Christian politics,' who are subtly aspiring to civil, secular, and political power—of men who don't render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, nor unto God the things which are God's—of hypocrites who would supererogate by cut off an ear for their Master with the sword, without his orders and against his law, and who would defy Him thence before the cock crew once. And these are aided by the cowardly and knavish politicians, who either fear or fawn upon their secret and sinister influences. We have only to drive out all such from the temple, as the dove-sellers were driven out by the Master whose 'pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is; to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world!'

Finally, gentlemen according with you, as I do, in the leading principles of your platform, I cordially accept your invitation to unite with you in engraving them upon the policy of the country. And I especially concur with you in the sentiment that it is upon principles alone we ought to unite, and that all coalitions between those who essentially differ on cardinal points are unprincipled and demoralizing. And here I might pause; but, long as this letter is, I have word more to say. I hope I have answered your kind compliment in its own spirit, without inquiring whether you have any alias—any other name under Heaven by which you are known among men than that of national democrats. I have purposely omitted to do so.

Like yourselves, another body of democrats of New York, lately approached gratefully to them as I do to you. I was soon upbraided with having given 'aid and comfort' to a certain party called 'Softs.' Now some one may say that I have likewise given in adhesion to the 'Hard' of New York. Well, all I can say for myself is, that I don't mean to know any Hard or Soft names for my friends who will unite with me in the mission for the Democracy to proclaim and maintain the great doctrine of civil and religious liberty, and to uphold and enforce the Constitution in its sublime principles of justice and equality.

You must not wonder that your Democratic friends in Virginia are often confused by names and things in New York. We wish to see a united Democracy there on the old grounds of Jefferson and Jackson. We hear of 'Hard' and 'Soft,' and 'Half Shells,' and the ideas we form of them can be best illustrated by a subject of natural history. We have in our waters, gentlemen, a crustaceous animal called a crab—a sea fish, with fins and claws at both ends, and it can run either end foremost. Poka at him 'this way he runs that—that way—and he runs this! He is remarkable, for his transformations. At one time catch him and crack his claw and his shell is very hard, very hard, hard enough for barnacles to grow upon his back, and it will not separate or be detached from the inner cuticle. In that state he is the Hard Crab proper. At another time, catch him and crack his claw, gentlemen, and you will find that, though his outer shell is still very hard, yet it will separate and be detached from the inner cuticle or film over the muscles. He is then called the Peeler, his shell will peel off him, without breaking the inner shell. Later, catch him and you need not crack his claw to see what he is for his outer shell is then peeling at every pore, and the crab is swelling out of its Hard

AGENTS FOR THE "McARTHUR DEMOCRAT."
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JNO. CLARK, Sr., Harrison Township.
J. RIDDLE, Blooms Store.
J. GULLIS, Wilkesville.
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D. P. HEWITT, Judge of Probate Court
W. L. BINGHAM, Clerk of Court, Pleas Court
E. F. BINGHAM, Prosecuting Attorney.
Wm. TISUE, Sheriff.
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Attorney at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.
Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office three doors West of the Post Office.
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Attorneys at Law,
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Feb. 21, 1854. 159.

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VICTORINE; OR THE LITTLE FLOWER VENDER.

A STORY OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON DYNASTY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Morning, beautiful morning! Have not poets vied with each other in chanting thy praises, ushered in by the glad songs of birds, who, flinging aside the lethargy of sleep, commence the long, bright day with mutins of praise?—Surely if poetry consists in a perception of the beautiful, the birds should be poets, though devoid of speech, which is but its expression.

Victorine was up with the sun, preparing her little basket of bouquets, that as soon as breakfast was over she might start in the cool of morning for the great city, where she hoped to find purchasers. She was about to set forth, when her mother stopped her.

"Stop a moment, Victorine, for I am going with you."

"You, mamma, how delightful! But what is it that calls you out this morning?"

"You know, my child, that unless we obtain one hundred francs before to-morrow evening, we must leave our little cottage, and go I know not where, poor Victor! there is little chance of my hearing from him. I shall call on some of your father's former friends in the city, and perhaps, though I dare not hope it, they will aid me. You can sell your flowers as usual, and then return home, where you will probably find me already returned."

Victorine was saddened for a moment by the serious tone in which her mother spoke, but it is not the nature of childhood to grieve long at any thing and but a few minutes had elapsed before she was chasing butterflies along the side of the highway; and laughing at her ineffectual attempts to catch them.

There is something beautiful in the sight of childhood, gay, laughing childhood, obeying the impulse of the moment, to whom life seems a beautiful landscape on which the sun shines ever, over which the breath of summer never ceases to scatter perfumes. Would that our lives might realize these fair dreams of childhood! But the landscape soon loses the *couleur de rose* under which it veils itself in "Life's Spring," and the sober gray tint of Autumn takes its place. It is not with life as the poet has said,

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!"

Before a pleasing illusion, then a stern reality. Once in the bustling streets of the great city, the mother and child separated. The mother took her way to the quarter where her husband formerly resided, trusting that some of his old friends, out of respect for his memory, would lend a helping hand to the widow.

At the handsome and aristocratic mansion in the Rue St. — lived M. Quesne, with whose family she had always been on the most intimate terms during the time of her husband's prosperity. Many times had he sat at her table, an invited guest. But now—

"Is M. Quesne within?" she inquired of the servant who answered the bell. "I would see him."

"Yes, Madame," said the servant, who had been scanning her dress rather curiously, "that is—I believe so.—Who shall I say wishes to see him on business?"

She was ushered into a magnificent saloon, the counterpart of one over which in former years she had presided the happy mistress. She sighed. Ah, it was the happiness, not the wealth, that she desired.

M. Quesne soon entered the room.—He was a fair sample of men of the world—not petulant or miserly. Oh, no! he was on the contrary rather profuse in his expenditures, but their excess were all for himself and for his family. He might have said with Horace, "Odi

VICTORINE; OR THE LITTLE FLOWER VENDER.

A STORY OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON DYNASTY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

With light step Victorine took her way along the crowded thoroughfares with her little basket under her arm.—She was now in the quarter where laborers and mechanics chiefly dwelt.—But she knew instinctively that there was no place to sell her flowers.

Yet from one of these houses a woman's voice greeted Victorine. "Come, come, my little maid, buy some flowers, my little maid."

"Six sous a bouquet, Madame. Will you not have one, violets and primroses, with lily and anemone. Madame will take it, is it not so?"

"It is for my sick boy," said the woman, half apologetically, as if to excuse so great a piece of extravagance,

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Powerful Letter from the Hon. H. A. Wise to the National Democratic Meeting in New York.
ONLY SEAR OXAROCK,
Thursday, October 18, 1855.

The devil baited the hooks of some preachers with the politics of the Pop's big top; and the hooks of a kavish priestcraft, and set them bobbing together for the corruption of the Church, and for the destruction of the State. No heat but one could have ever welded such a fusion. In the Shades they were taught their parts by the gloom-light of the Dark Lantern! But—

"The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth! Day has caught them in their incantations, and light is dispelling their mysteries. The next you will see of Sam, he will be on his knees praying against Slavery and John Barleycorn. He has dropped Pope Pius Nonus, and has just discovered, after all he has said about his Holiness' supremacy, that every naturalized Catholic takes an oath expressly to renounce all allegiance to any and every prince, power, potentate, king, sovereign or state, of which he was before a subject. And he begins to admit that if an extra judicial oath may bind a know Nothing to passive obedience and non-resistance to an unseen intangible, secret oligarchy, that, perchance, we may rely on the judicial oaths of naturalized citizens to renounce the allegiance to all supremacy whatsoever except the sovereignty of the United States of North America."

I give you the right hand of fellowship in opposition to the sumptuary laws which have of late years disgraced the codes of some of our States. Why some Legislatures seem to have lost the horn-book of personal liberty? They are for free soil and free negroes, but war upon the liberties of free white men! They seem to have never known that there were such things first invented in North America, as bills of rights defining those which are inalienable, and fixing the limits of legislation!—Where was the principle of liquor laws to stop? No where short of invading every inalienable right of individual men! If municipal law cannot touch vested rights, much less can it invade the natural rights of the individual person! In such a dominion as that of England, they may hardly dare to curtail the rights of the person to air, to light and to flowing water, at this day; but here there never was a moment, since colonial times, when the rights of persons were not infinitely extended beyond these out of reach of legislation. Oh! but they say such laws are sanitary, not sumptuary. And who made them? Hospitaliers of Hygeia, health nurses for the people! Health is about as private

powerful letter from the Hon. H. A. Wise to the National Democratic Meeting in New York. ONLY SEAR OXAROCK, Thursday, October 18, 1855. The devil baited the hooks of some preachers with the politics of the Pop's big top; and the hooks of a kavish priestcraft, and set them bobbing together for the corruption of the Church, and for the destruction of the State. No heat but one could have ever welded such a fusion. In the Shades they were taught their parts by the gloom-light of the Dark Lantern! But— "The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth! Day has caught them in their incantations, and light is dispelling their mysteries. The next you will see of Sam, he will be on his knees praying against Slavery and John Barleycorn. He has dropped Pope Pius Nonus, and has just discovered, after all he has said about his Holiness' supremacy, that every naturalized Catholic takes an oath expressly to renounce all allegiance to any and every prince, power, potentate, king, sovereign or state, of which he was before a subject. And he begins to admit that if an extra judicial oath may bind a know Nothing to passive obedience and non-resistance to an unseen intangible, secret oligarchy, that, perchance, we may rely on the judicial oaths of naturalized citizens to renounce the allegiance to all supremacy whatsoever except the sovereignty of the United States of North America." I give you the right hand of fellowship in opposition to the sumptuary laws which have of late years disgraced the codes of some of our States. Why some Legislatures seem to have lost the horn-book of personal liberty? They are for free soil and free negroes, but war upon the liberties of free white men! They seem to have never known that there were such things first invented in North America, as bills of rights defining those which are inalienable, and fixing the limits of legislation!—Where was the principle of liquor laws to stop? No where short of invading every inalienable right of individual men! If municipal law cannot touch vested rights, much less can it invade the natural rights of the individual person! In such a dominion as that of England, they may hardly dare to curtail the rights of the person to air, to light and to flowing water, at this day; but here there never was a moment, since colonial times, when the rights of persons were not infinitely extended beyond these out of reach of legislation. Oh! but they say such laws are sanitary, not sumptuary. And who made them? Hospitaliers of Hygeia, health nurses for the people! Health is about as private

[TO BE CONTINUED.]