

The McArthur Democrat.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN. OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION. RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL.—Thos. Jefferson.

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Miscellaneous.

The following shows the read-
er the commerce and probable end
of the Prentice-Swissheim flirta-
tion:

George D. Prentice and Jane G.
Swissheim. So goes a controversy
between those personages:

An Indiana paper says Mrs. Swiss-
heim is a fierce old hen.

No doubt she'll come to the scratch.

—Louisville Journal.

Yes, with talons to match.

Such workmen as no Prentice matches;

Should we meet you there

Say good-by to your hair.

For 'tis you who will then go to the scratches.

We can only answer our fair cot-
emporary in kindred poetry, which
we trust will nail our friendship more
strongly than any demonstrations
pugnacious et caetera.

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy.

But meet me in the sanctum, Jane,
When the fagon's filled with rye.

—Louisville Journal.

Will darling George, noisy, porgy—
My sweet chickie chaw—

Have two spoonies in him's dagon,
Or two roundy bits of straw;

Or dip him's brighty beaky in
And eat him's ryeey raw!

In plain prose, will that rye be
made into mush? If so, couldn't you
add a little 'lasses? or into coffee,
when, as you have no cups, we would
want two straws, or are we to take
our rye hen-fashioned and whole?

An early answer will decide us about
accepting your tempting invitation.—
Jane G. Swissheim.

What could be more delightful than
this innocent (we swear 'tis innocent)
flirtation of ours with the lustrous
Jane? She is determined to know the
terms of capitulation, and not surren-
der at discretion, though we know she
has all confidence in our discretion.—
Our protocol then runs thus:

If you speak love, speak very low and hush.

And use your mouth for kissing—not for truth.

Why pour your sweetwords by the use of 'lasses?

You know your lip all tremble far surpasses!

And then, when fired by dreams of bliss expect-
ant.

Would you use coffee as a disinfectant?

In cups, dear Jane, we'll ponder our mutual vows.

And leave the straws as fodder for the cows;

For when we use the juice of rye and corn,

'Tis best, dear bairn, take it by the horn.

'Hon-fashion' Jane! The fashion of the doves

Who bill and coo when they commence their
love!

We'll 'take it whole' we go the whole or none.

So to our sanctum, tempting Swissheim come!

P. S.—You don't seem to under-
stand baby-talk very well now, dear
Jane, for it must be a good many years
since a lady of your age can have had
any special occasion to practice it.

You do pretty well—considering—
We are getting slightly old ourself.—
You and we however, didn't

—Climb like a hill together,
and, although we may meet and kiss,
we shan't (thank God)

—Sleep together at the foot.

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Divorced by Mistake.

One winter there came to Trenton,
New Jersey, two men named Smith
and Jones, who had both of them de-
signs on the Legislature. Jones had
a wife and was in love with a pretty
woman—he wished to be divorced
from his bad wife, so that he might
marry the pretty woman, who, by the
way, was a widow, with black eyes,
and such a form! Therefore Jones
came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, good as an
angel, and the mother of ten children,
and Smith did not want to be divorced;
but did want to get a charter for a
turnpike or plank road, to extend
from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow.

Well, they, with these different er-
range, came to Trenton, and addressed
the assembled wisdom with the usual
arguments. First, suppers, mainly
composed of oysters with rich back
ground of venison; second, liquors in
great plenty, from "Jersey lightning,"
which is a kind of locomotive at full
speed, reduced to liquor shape, to
Newark champagne.

To speak in plain prose, the divorce
man gave a champagne supper, and
Smith, the turnpike man, followed
with a champagne breakfast, under
the mollifying influence of which the
assembled wisdom passed both the di-
vorce and turnpike bills—and Jones
and Smith, a copy of each bill in their
pockets, went rejoicing home, over
miles of sand, and through the tribu-
lation of many stage-coaches.

Smith arrived home in the evening,
and as he sat down in his parlor, his
pretty wife beside him—how pretty
she did look!—and five of her chil-
dren overhearing the other five study-
ing their lessons in the corner of the
room. Smith was induced to expati-
ate upon the good result of his mission
to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear, I am one of
the Directors, and will be President.
It will set me up, love; we can send
our children to boarding-school, and
live in style out of the toll. Here is
the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty lit-
tle wife, who was one of the nicest of
wives, with plumpness and goodness
dimpling all over her face, "let me
see it," as she leaned over Smith's
shoulder.

But all at once Smith's visage grew
long; Smith's wife's visage grew black.
Smith was not profane, but now he
ripped out an awful oath.

"Blast us, wife, those infernal scound-
rels at Trenton have gone and di-
vorced us!

It was too true; the parchment which
he held was a bill of divorce, in which
the names of Smith and Smith's wife
appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the
corner of her apron.

"Here's a turnpike," she said sadly,
"and with the whole of our ten chil-
dren staring me in the face, I ain't
your wife! Here's a turnpike."

"Blast the pikes, and the Legisla-
ture, and—"

The Judge's Log.

In the village of W—— lived a
man who had once been Judge of the
county, and was known all over by
the name of Judge L——. He kept
a store and a saw mill, and was always
sure to have the best of a bargain on
his side, by which means he had gain-
ed an ample competency, and some-
times did not hesitate to call him the
"biggest rascal in the world." He was
very conceited withal, and used to de-
light in bragging of his business ca-
pacity when any one was near to lis-
ten. One rainy day, as quite a num-
ber were seated around the stove in
the store; he began as usual to tell
of his great bargains, and finally went
up with "Nobody, never cheated me,
nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the
company, "I've cheated you more'n
you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to
law about it, nor do nothin', I'll tell,
or else I won't; you are too much of a
law character for me."

"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried a
half dozen voices at once.

"Well, I made up my mind to have
it back, and—"

"But you never did!" cried the
Judge.

"Yes, I did, and interest, too!"

"How?" thundered the now enrag-
ed Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you,
one day, a very nice pine log, and
bargained with you for a lot more.—
Well, that log I stole off your pile,
down by your mill, the night before;
and next day I sold it to you. That
night I drew it back home, and sold
it to you next day, and so I kept on
until you bought your own log of me
twenty-seven times!"

"That's a d—d lie!" cried the mad
Judge, running to his book and ex-
amining his log accounts; you never
sold me twenty-seven logs of the same
measurement."

"I know it," said the vender of logs.
"By drawing it back and forth the end
wore off, and as it wore, I kept cutting
the end off until it was only ten feet
long, just fourteen feet shorter than
it was the first time you bought it; and
when it got so short, I drew it home
and worked it up into shingles, and
then I concluded I had my wagon
back—and in my pocket."

Passages from the Saturday Press.

WAR TO THE KNIFE—A tough
goose.

LAY OF THE GREAT EASTERN—De-
lay.

SKULLING RACE—The race of an-
thers.

HIGH ART—Church's Art of the
Andes.

SONS OF MAUL-TA—Heenan and
Morrissey.

WANTED—A rake, by the author of
Pre an hoel

SABOTEUR'S SIGN—Love me,
love my dog.

MEN OF MARK—Members of target
companies.

THE UNIVERSAL PROFESSION—That
of Gold-chaser.

THE COUNTERFEITER'S WATCHWORD
—Never say die.

MOTTO FOR THE DANCING SEASON—
Hop 'on, hop 'ever.

LIGHT, FANTASTIC TOW—A steam-
tug towing a sail-boat.

Wit and Humor.

Never rebuke a child for mer-
ciment. It were well could we all
laugh as we did twenty years ago.

Insults are like counterfeit money
we can't help their being offered, but
we need not take them.

Surely it is a privilege to be
kissed by a breeze that has kissed all
the pretty women in the world.

Why would a printer make a
good lawyer? Because he would al-
ways be sure to understand the 'case.'

Scandal, like the Nile, is fed
by innumerable streams; but it is ex-
tremely difficult to trace to its true
source.

"You are better fed than taught,"
said a priest to a peasant. "Should
think I was," he replied, "cause I
feed myself, but you teach me."

The prevailing style of skirts allows
ladies in hot weather to "lay off every
thing else and sit in their bones," as
Rev. Sidney Smith once wished to do.

THEOLOGICAL.—Jo. Cose having
had the question propounded to him
whether he believed in "original sin,"
replied that, so far from it, he had
found sin to be the least original
thing in the whole world.

Sarah," said a young man the
other day, to a lady of that name,
"why don't you wear ear-rings?"—
"Because I haven't had my ears pier-
ced." "I will bore them for you, then."
"Thank you, sir, you have done that
enough!"

An idle man once asked a coal
merchant what a peck of coal multi-
plied by eight, divided by four, with
a ton added to them, and a bushel sub-
tracted, would come to?

"Well, said the coal merchant, "if
you burn 'em they'll come to ashes."

Do you wish to see some
tracts?" inquired a colporteur of a la-
dy who made her appearance at the
door, in answer to a lusty ring of the
door-bell.

Wit and Humor.

"Yes," replied the lady, "with the
heels towards the door."

At a recent exhibition of paint-
ings, a lady and her son were regard-
ing with much interest a picture des-
ignated as "Luther at the Diet of
Worms." The boy asked, "Mother,
I see Luther and the table, but where
are the worms?"

The daughter of the proprietor
of a coal-mine in Pennsylvania was
inquisitive as to the nature of hell;
upon which her father represented it
to be a large gulf of fire of most pro-
digious extent. "Pa," said she,
"couldn't you get the devil to buy his
coal of you?"

HYDROPATHY.—The following hit
at the water-cure was made by Charles
Lamb, and none but himself could
have made so quaint a conceit: "It
is," said he, "neither new nor won-
derful; for it is as old as the deluge,
which, in my opinion, killed more
than it cured."

"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased
that thee has got such a fine organ in
thy church."

"But," said the clergyman, "I
thought you were opposed to having
an organ in a church?"

"So I am," replied friend Tommy,
"but then, if thee worships the Lord
by machinery, I would like thee to
have a first-rate instrument."

"Where was John Rogers
burnt to death?" said a teacher to one
of his pupils, in a commanding voice.
He couldn't tell. "The next."—
"Joshua knows," said the little girl
at the foot of the class. "Well," said
the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may
tell."—"In the first," said Joshua,
looking very solemn and wise. This
was the last question.

THAT FOX'S TAIL.—A gentleman
was so prone to exaggeration, that he
found it necessary to instruct his ser-
vant to jog him whenever he drew the
long bow too freely. One day he
was describing a fox he had slain, a
fox with a monstrous long brush, quite
a mile long. John immediately
jogged his master.

"Well," said he, "perhaps not quite
so much, but I am sure it was half-a-
mile."

Another jog!
"Or if not, about a quarter."
Jog again.
"Well, I'll be shot if it wasn't a hun-
dred yards long!"

Another jog.
The poor story teller could bear
this jogging no longer, but jumping
up, exclaimed:
"Zounds, rascal! will you not let
my fox have a tail at all?"