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NOTICE.—Any person obtaining land scrips, and sending the money, &c. to the Vinton Record, shall receive the Vinton Record one year gratis.

Poetical. CORN SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard! Heap high the golden corn!

Let other lands exulting gleam The apple from the pine The orange from its glossy green

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Beneath the sun of May.

There richer than the fabled gifts, Apollo showered of old.

Then shame on all the proud and vain, Whose folly laughs to scorn The blessings of our hardy grain.

SOMETHING CHEAP. There's not a cheaper thing on earth, Nor yet one half so dear.

It maketh poverty content, To sorrow whispers peace; It is a gift from heaven that's sent

Miscellaneous. HOW MR. KEITH MANAGED. "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done,"

thing. You will hardly know the house when you return. "I dare say," remarked Mrs. Keith, "but when can I go?"

"To-morrow, if you like." "And you are sure you can manage?" "Sure!" what a look he gave her; "you shall see."

"Let me see," soliloquized Keith, entering the kitchen; "I'll wash the dishes first and I'll put on one of Mary's dresses to keep me clean."

"He fastened it around his waist with a pin, rolled up his sleeves, and looked about him. The fire was out, but after much trouble he succeeded in rekindling it, and then began to wash the dishes.

He took them to the sink, plugged up the spout, and put them to soak in a pail of cold water. "There, they're washed," said he to himself; "now for something to wipe them on. I'll take the table cloth. Such a fuss as women do make about work. Why, I could wash all the dishes in the neighborhood in half a day. This stew-pan smells of grease. I wonder what's the matter with it? There, I've got some smut on my hand! there it goes on that China saucer, decease take it! I wish there was no smut!"

"Hillo, there's one plate gone to smash! Oh, there goes the cream pitcher! And I've stepped into that potato dish that I set on the floor to dry, and that's gone to the shades! Never mind, accidents will happen. I guess I'll trim the lamp next; mother always trimmed the lamp in the morning. Confound 'em, how black the chimneys are!"

Thus conversing with himself, Mr. Keith put the chimneys into the basin and cogitated a moment. He had heard it said that boiling water was cleansing. So he scalded the chimneys, and the result was about a hundred different pieces to each chimney.

"Good gracious!" he cried, "who'd have thought it! There's somebody at the door. I'll just step out as I am. It can't be any body that I care for so early as this."

A small boy presented himself, eyeing Keith with ill-suppressed mirth. "Be you mistress of the house?" "Yes—that is, I am the master!" said Mr. Keith, with dignity, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, I guess. Marm sent me over to see if you—that is—if the mistress of the house would take care of the baby while she goes shopping."

"No!" thundered Keith. I've other fish to fry." The boy put his thumb to his nose, and Mr. Keith after slamming the door—as men always do when they are out of temper—returned to the kitchen. The fire was out, and the room decidedly smoky.

"I'll go down cellar and bring up some coal," said he, and started briskly down the stairs. On the second step he put his foot through a rip in his dress skirt—stumbled and fell to the bottom of the cellar—smashing a basket of eggs knocking over a shelf loaded with pans of milk.

"Duce take it!" exclaimed he, scrambling to his feet, and rubbing his head, "how do the women manage with these infernal long dresses? I shall break my neck with this set!"

The fire made again, Mr. Keith bethought him of dinner. He looked at his time piece; it was one o'clock. Almost time for callers. What should he have for dinner? He had heard his wife say that a rice pudding and boiled potatoes, and broiled steak.

"Yes—I dare say," stammered Keith, "my wife is absent, and I am playing Bridget. Walk in." Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor, which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without stopping to look at her seat, sunk into the frying-pan on the sofa.

"Jupiter!" cried Mr. Keith, "you have done it, now." Mrs. Mudge sprang up; the grease dripping from the rich silk on the carpet. Her face grew dark. She was tempted to say something cutting, but managed to control herself bowed laughingly, and swept out of the house.

Keith returned to the kitchen a little crestfallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady before whom he desired to appear particularly well.

There was a tremendous crackling in the oven. He thought of his pudding, and looked in. The burnt rice had hopped all over the oven; the basin had melted apart, and the pudding was hot done. He shut the door upon the ruins in disgust, and looked after his potatoes only to find them boiled to a jelly.

And just as he made the discovery there was a sharp peal at the door bell. "Creation! there's that abominable bell again. I wish folks would stay at home! I'll lock all the doors, and cut all the bell wires, after today."

At the door he found Mr. and Mrs. Fidget and their children. "My dear Mr. Keith! how do you do?" cried Mrs. Fidget. "We were in town, and thought we'd just step into dinner. Where is Mrs. Keith?"

"She's gone away," said Keith, ruefully, wondering what he should feed on; "walk in, do. I am the housekeeper to-day."

"Yes, so I should judge. But of course you make a splendid one. I remember you used to be frequently telling Mrs. Keith and myself how very easy housekeeping must be. It must be mere play to you. Don't put yourself out, I beg."

"Put myself, indeed," cried Keith retreating to the kitchen. "Good gracious! what shall I do? I'd give a hundred dollars if Mary was only here! Where shall I begin?"

He drew out the table and set it without any cloth; then took off the plates and put on a cloth, the very one he had wiped the dishes on. The task completed, he put on some more potatoes and some more steak; burned the steak to cinder; took off his potatoes when he did his meat, and put all upon the table. There was a loaf of baker's bread on the cupboard; he paraded that and called his guests to dinner.

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs. Fidget's face at the sight of the repast. Keith was in a cold perspiration. "Ma, my plate's all greasy, and so's my knife. I can't eat on dirty dishes," cried little Johnny Fidget. "And my fork is wet all over with water that's dripping of the table-cloth; and my tater ain't half biled," cried little Jane Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the attention of Mr. Keith. "Jupiter!" cried he, "if Mrs. O'Flaherty's dog ain't making off with my steak!"

He jumped from the table and started in hot pursuit. The dog made the best of it; Keith's unaccustomed attire was a sad drawback, and he made but little headway. "Kill him," he yelled to the crowd that joined in the pursuit; "I'll give fifteen dollars for his hide."

Mrs. O'Flaherty herself appeared on the scene with a skillet of hot water. "Teach him if yer dare!" she cried. "I'll break the bones of evry mother's son of ye'es. Stand from forninst, or ye'll rue the day."

silk dress, and a daughter of Erin to divide your labors. Yours disconsolately. H. KEITH.

Prodigality and Extravagance. From the following, which we find in a late number of the Macon Journal and Messenger, it would appear that the reign of extravagance is commencing in the South. It says:

"The very idea of economy, and even of regulating expenses by income, seems to have departed from among us. The opening of Northern storehouses to our astonished visions seems to have run every body crazy, the poor as well as the rich. Women dress as if they were locomotive-signs for the milliner's shops, and men smoke costly cigars, drink fifteen-dollar brandy and drive fast horse, as if they were loaded down with riches, had a short time to live, and nobody to leave it to. We shall wake up from this delusion before many months shall have nasseled over our heads; and when the crash comes, what an awful fall it will be!"

Impeachment of the President Demanded. The German radicals in St. Louis have held a meeting in which they bitterly denounce President Johnson and his policy, and urgently call for his impeachment, as follows:

"We, therefore, pray that the Congress may resist those dangerous proceedings of the Executive, by annulling forthwith, and in an unequivocal manner, these experiments, and by providing ample securities against the alleged evils."

These agitators would like to have Congress play the part of the English Tory Parliament in England, and make war upon the Executive, seize his power with their own hands, and entirely subvert the Government to carry out their own ends.

Sovereigns of England. An Oxford correspondent desires us to state the roll of the sovereigns of England. We will commence with the present one, and go back: Queen Victoria, William IV, George IV, George III, George II, George I, Queen Anne, William and Mary, James II, Charles II, (the Commonwealth of Cromwell), Charles I, James I, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Edward VI, Henry VIII, Henry VII, Richard III, Edward V, Edward IV, Henry VI, Henry V, Henry IV, Richard II, Edward III, Edward II, Edward I, Henry III, King John, Richard I, Henry II, Henry I, William Rufus, William the conqueror.

This carries the history of England back to 1066, the period of the Norman conquest, which was about eight hundred years ago. Since then some thirty-four kings have worn the scepter.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN 1151. The following is a copy of the Apollon's Creed published in 1151, by order of King Henry II. It is interesting, as giving us an idea of what our language was in the middle of the twelfth century:

I believe in God Fadir Almighty Empipper of Heeven and Earth, and Jhenus Christ his onelthi sun ure Lorred, that is ivange Church and Holy Ghost, bore bore of Mary Maiden, tholde pine Ponce Pilat, picht on role Tree, dead and is buried, liecht into Hell, the tridda day from death arose steich in to Heaven, sit on his Fadir eicht hond God Almighty, than is comande to dene the quicke and the dede. I believe in the Holy Ghost, all holy churche, mon of alle Halven, forgyvians of Sine, Fleiss uprising, Liff vhaaten end. Amen.

WOULD BE VOTED DOWN BY 75,000 MAJORITY.—Mr. GARDNER (Rep.) in the House, on Wednesday afternoon, objected to submitting the question of Negro Suffrage to the vote of the people of Ohio, because, as he said, it would be voted down by a majority of 75,000. Why, then should Negro Suffrage be forced upon the District of Columbia against the protest of the people thereof?

A LETTER from Richmond, to a New York paper says, that throughout the whole State of Virginia, county meetings have been held for the purpose of fixing the price of labor. In many instances they have been fair, while in others they have agreed on rates which will be ruinous to the working classes, and productive of trouble in the future.

A VALUABLE SECRET.—The Scientific American says: "The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of much vexation to the persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such ointments and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two table spoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is commended on the authority of an experienced physician."

A Good Heir.—A certain tight-fisted old clogger of Cincinnati, happened in at a Philosophical Instrument Manufactory, a few weeks since, where he was shown the Lord's Prayer engraved in about the size of a five cent piece, with which he was very much pleased. Returning home he related the circumstance to his family, and a prodigal (?) son coming into the sitting-room the following ensued:

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half-dime?" "Well—yes, father, if a half-dime is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times!"

PATRIOTIC.—Mr. Chase—not Salmon P.—but a distinguished patriot of that name, who, by some accident, became a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, offered in that body "a resolution that Jeff. Davis ought to be tried, convicted and hung, and other leading rebels executed." That amiable gentleman had probably forgotten that a Mr. Johnson providentially President of these United States, had very clearly stated the reasons why Mr. Davis has not been tried. Perhaps this Mr. Chase will consent to wait until that distinguished Confederate leader can be tried according to the established forms of law. If not, then he must do the best he can.—Plain Dealer.

WEALTH.—Wealth in this country may be traced back to industry and frugality; and such is the joint operation of the law, and the customs of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, and the poor of one generation furnish the rich for the next. The rich man, who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples on the ashes of his father or his grand-father; the poor man who nourishes feelings of unkindness had bitterness against wealth, makes war with the prospects of his children, and the order of things in which he lives.

WHISKY in the city is now tested by the distance a man can walk after tasting it. The liquor called "tangleleg" is said to be made of diluted alcohol, turpentine, sheet lightning, nitric acid, red pepper, old boot-legs and six-twist tobacco, and will burn a hole in your coat sleeve if you should happen to wipe your mouth with it after a smile, or will upset a man at a distance of four hundred yards from the demijohn. 'Tis said to be much better than gun-powder for blasting rock quarries.

GOING TO BOSTON.—A sweet little girl in New Haven, only three years old, was promised one evening that she should accompany her parents to Boston next morning. She was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and when she had finished repeating her little prayer, as she laid down to sleep, she said with the most exquisite simplicity, "Good by, God—Good by, Jesus Christ—I am going to Boston in the morning."

THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE ON MEXICO. It is understood here that neither of the foreign committees will take any decided action upon the question enforcing the Monroe Doctrine, as applicable to Mexico, just at present. Hence all the resolutions that Congress may pass will amount to nothing more than ban-combe. Mr. Seward has both the committees in his pocket, and he will keep them there. They will, nevertheless, make a show of considering the documents before them.