

The McArthur Democrat.

NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THAT INSTRUMENT AND THE UNION.

VOL. 9.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, FEBRUARY 28, 1861.

NO. 28.

The McArthur Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
E. A. & W. E. BRATTON

Office in Bratton's Buildings, East of
Court House, Up Stairs.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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If not paid after six months, 1.50
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square three insertions, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .25
Cards one year, 2.00
Notices of app'ts. Ex. Adms. & Guards, 1.00
" of Settlement, 1.00
Attachments notices before J. P., 1.00
Editorial notices per line, .05

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The above terms must be complied with.
JOB WORK.
HANDBILLS, Showbills, Posters, Cards, Circulars and all kinds of Blanks neatly executed, on the shortest notice and at the lowest prices, at this office.

Agents for the "Democrat."

The following gentlemen, will receive and receipt for subscriptions and advertisements, for this paper in Vinton County.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| W. M. PATTERSON, | Hamden, |
| A. N. COZAD, | Allensville. |
| JOHN PRICE, | Swan Tp. |
| J. J. ALLISON, | Prattsville. |
| WM. CLARK, | Harrison Tp. |
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| WM. WHEATSTONE, | Aiken's Mills. |
| J. TAYLOR, | Mc. Pleasant. |
| JOHN STEVENS, | Eagle Township. |

ALFRED YAPLE, JOHN T. MACKAY

YAPLE & MACKAY,
ATTYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
McARTHUR, OHIO.

OFFICE ONE DOOR WEST OF THE DRUG STORE.

WILL practice as Partners in Vinton County Common Pleas and all Courts above. Particular attention paid to collections, and partition of real estate, &c.

REFERENCES.

- Messrs. Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, O.
- Hoffheimer Brothers, Cincinnati, O.
- Bellott & Fairborn, Phila., Pa.
- Gilbre, Watson & Gibbs, N. Y. City.
- James P. Tanner, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Wm. B. Pierce, Cincinnati, O.

JOHN T. MACKAY is authorized, as Notary Public, to take and certify depositions, take acknowledgments of deeds and other instruments, &c., &c.
McArthur, Jan. 3, 1861.—1y.

E. F. BINGHAM, H. B. HAMILTON

BINGHAM & HAMILTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
McArthur, Vinton Co., O.

WILL practice in Vinton and adjoining Counties. Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to their care. Office in Bratton's Building up stairs.
October 27, 1859.—1f.

E. A. GUTHRIE, H. B. LACEY

GUTHRIE & LACEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
McARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO,

WILL practice in the Several Courts of Vinton and adjoining Counties. CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CONVEYANCING

O. T. GUNNING,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
McARTHUR, Vinton County, Ohio, will practice in the Courts of Vinton and adjoining counties.—Jan. 9, 1861.—1y.

EDWARD HOLLAND,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
(AT McARTHUR'S LATE STAND.)
Main Street, McArthur, Ohio.

HAVING returned to this place and opened a shop at the above named place, he would respectfully announce that he is prepared to furnish customers with anything in his line at the most reasonable rates, and hopes to merit and receive the patronage of his old customers and many new ones, for all which he will be duly thankful.

On Hand and for Sale

A large assortment of Boots and Shoes, made up especially for this market by myself, and warranted to be good and substantial.
August 16, 1860.—1f.

H. C. MOORE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.
ALLENSVILLE, OHIO.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Alleensville, and vicinity.
January, 3.—1y.

J. SHRECKENGAUST,

DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.

Repairing Done and Warranted.
OPPOSITE PAYNE AND HAWK'S
McARTHUR, OHIO.
January 3, 1861.—1y.

E. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
McARTHUR O.,
Will practice in Vinton and Adjoining Counties.

H. MONTGOMERY, O. A. MONTGOMERY

BIGGS HOUSE,
Front Street,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

R. MONTGOMERY & SON, Proprietors
Nov. 8, 1860.—1f.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY OF VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

COURTS.

J. P. PLYLEY, Judge, Common Pleas and District Courts.
TERM OF DISTRICT COURT, Sept. 13, 1861.
TERM OF COMMON PLEAS COURT, May 13th and Sept. 23rd, 1861.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

JOSEPH KALER, Probate Judge.
GEORGE LANTZ, Clk. Court of C. Pleas.
F. SHADES, Sheriff.
NELSON RICHMOND, Auditor.
HENRY PAYNE, Treasurer.
JONATHAN BRINE, Recorder,
S. C. CASE, Coroner.
HOMER C. JONES, Surveyor,
COMMISSIONERS—John Gillen, Marcus Walker, and John Fee.
SCHOOL EXAMINERS.—John T. Mackay, G. W. Shockey and James L. Aiken.

IRON FURNACES.

VINTON FURNACE.—Means, Clark & Co. Vinton Station P. O., Vinton Co., Ohio.
EAGLE FURNACE.—Nye, Benner & Co. Eagle Furnace P. O., Vinton Co., O.
HAMDEN FURNACE.—Damarin, Tarr & Co., Hamden, P. O., Vinton Co., O.
CINCINNATI FURNACE.—Cincinnati Furnace Co., Agatha, P. O., Vinton Co., Ohio.

ZALESKI FURNACE.—Zaleski Co. Zaleski, P. O., Vinton Co., O.

BIG SAND FURNACE.—Pickering & Brothers, Big Sand Station, P. O., Vinton Co., O.

IRON FOUNDRY.

HAMDEN.—Benjamin Dill.

MERCHANTS.

Wholesale dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, &c.

McARTHUR.—Will & Newkirk, Davis & Swain, Payne & Hawk, E. D. Dodge, Dan. Will, Owen Dowd, Wm. McPherson, J. Dodge & Son.

HAMDEN.—W. M. Patterson, Cowdry & Strong, D. C. Fraze.

ALLENSVILLE.—A. N. & J. W. Cozad, Foster Lytle.

ZALESKI.—Will & Co., Enos Vanderford.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—John Holland, David Salin.

NEW PLYMOUTH.—C. Johnston, Amos Chapman.

WILKESVILLE.—W. C. Cline, John Strong.

PRATTSVILLE.—J. A. Allison.

AIKENS MILLS.—Wm. Wheatstone.

VINTON STATION.—Cincinnati Furnace Co.

CINCINNATI FURNACE.—Cincinnati Furnace Co.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

McARTHUR.—John H. King, Edward Holland.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

McARTHUR.—W. H. Beard.

HAMDEN.—Benjamin Dill.

HARDWARE.

McARTHUR.—A. Arnold.

DRUGGISTS.

McARTHUR.—J. Dodge & Son.

CONFECTIONARY.

McARTHUR.—W. A. Johnston, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Confectionary and Bakers.

GROCERIES & LIQUORS.

McARTHUR.—J. G. Sweland, T. A. Martin, W. A. Johnston.

HAMDEN.—John Gard, D. McIntyre, John Beigle.

ALLENSVILLE.—J. W. Alder.

McARTHUR HOUSE.

MAIN STREET, McARTHUR, OHIO.
JAMES LANTZ, PROPRIETOR.

This house has just undergone repairs, and is now open for the reception of visitors. It is located only a few yards from the Court House, and in the centre of business. No pains will be spared to make the guests, comfortable, and prices to suit the times.

The Tables shall be supplied with the best the markets afford.

The Stables are commodious and will be attended to carefully.
Feb. 14 '61.—1y.

TIME IS MONEY!

A. W. LONG

WOULD respectfully inform his old customers and the public generally that he has opened a shop on Market Street, First Door North of Post Office, where he is prepared to do ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING FOR CASH. Give him a call.
McArthur, January 31, 1861.—1y

FOR CASH ONLY.

AFTER JANUARY 1, 1861, I intend to do a strictly Cash business. By long experience in the credit business, I am satisfied that it is better for both the purchaser and merchant. I will sell Watches, Clocks and Jewelry 25 per cent. cheaper than heretofore. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted to give satisfaction. No those indebted to me either by note or book account, will please call and settle, as I must have money to pay those to whom I am indebted.
J. SHRECKENGAUST.
Dec. 20, 1860.—1f.

POETRY.

THE FLAG OF UNION.

TUNE—"DIXIE'S LAND."

[From the Hartford Times.]

Come, brothers, swell our royal chorus,
While the stars and stripes fly to us,
Look away, look away, look away,
Brothers, look! our flag is flying!

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Brothers, look! our flag is flying!

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brother, from whom I had never yet been separated for one night, and with a heart which beat with high hopes even amid the grief of parting, took my place in the stage, and left for the first time, the home of my glad childhood.

In a month I had become accustomed to the separation, and thought only of my profession.

Medical students are generally wild, reckless, and dissipated. I was neither. The discretion of old age seemed to have come suddenly upon me. I shared my comrades' studies, but refused to mingle in their orgies, for I had determined to retain my strong nerves and unshaken hand to the last. Nevertheless I was a general favorite, and formed many friendships among the giddy band, which lasted long after they had become gray-headed men. There was one among the number whose name was Robert Redlaw—a gay handsome boy he was, full of fun and frolic, and terribly addicted to practical jokes; but nevertheless, kind-hearted and generous to a fault, for he would have given his last penny to any one who seemed in need of it. To the living he was all tenderness; to the wounded wretch at the hospital, his hand was as soft as any woman's; and I have seen his eyes fill with tears while he inflicted necessary pain, but to the dead he seemed heartless—a lifeless body being of no more value, in his eyes, than the trunk of a dead tree.

"Would you value your old violin-case?" he would say when any one remonstrated with him upon the subject. "The strings broken—may the instrument be destroyed—of what value is that which was but formed for its protection! For my part, when my soul has taken flight, I care not what you do with this compilation of flesh and bones which now contain it." And upon this principle he seemed to act involuntarily.

One night—oh! how well I remember it—a cold black evening in midwinter—I sat alone beside my fire, absorbed in meditation. The book I had been reading lay beside me, upon the table, and my candle burned low within the socket, for it was nearly one o'clock, although I had not yet retired. Suddenly I was aroused by a loud ringing of my door bell, and a sound of sand thrown against my window from without, and lighting another taper, descended and opened the door.

There, upon the steps, stood Robert Redlaw and four other fellow students, all the worst for liquor, and all in boisterous spirits. "Let us in, old fellow," cried Robert. "we want to tell you of our lark. By George! we've made a night of it. Such punch as we've been having at Tom B——'s while you have been moping over your dusty books. You must go with us next time."

There was no use of remonstrance, and one by one, my unexpected visitors mounted the stairs, and took their places around my fire.

"I say, Bob frightened us all awhile ago," began one of them after a temporary silence.

"How?" I asked.

"How!" laughed Bob, "why with this! And without another word of preface, he drew a folded kerchief from his pocket, and unfolded it, exhibited a human hand.

"Bob, where did this come from? I asked, involuntarily drawing back a step or two.

"He took it from a grave which the rain had washed open," answered a tall young fellow, turning away with a shudder. "Cut it off with his knife as coolly as he might a bit of wood, although I'll swear a sigh, or groan or scream, or all of them together, came from the body when he first laid his finger upon it."

"Bah!" laughed Robert Redlaw, "your ventriloquist tricks can never impose upon me. I took the little hand in spite of them, and shall keep it. A pretty creature it must have belonged to. Look at the almond-shaped nails, Greystock."

"A woman's hand," I said, "and, oh, Bob, there is a wedding ring upon the finger!"

"So there is," said the boy, leaning across the table, "so there is. Strange that I did not notice it before. Come, gentlemen, Greystock is in a serious mood—let us leave him. And wrapping his strange prize once more in the kerchief, my wild friend and his companions departed.

I spent the night in restless dreams, in all of which the pale little hand which had been laid before me, played a conspicuous part, and arose at daylight, unrefreshed and dispirited. While I was putting the finishing touch on my toilet, some one rapped at my door, and on my calling "come in," opened it and entered. It was Bob.

"How do you do, my dear fellow?" he said. "I hope you feel better than

I do. For my part I never passed so restless a night. Some one in the house, or next door, kept up a continual moaning, and the strange part of it was that when I arose to listen, fearing some one was ill or dying, the sound ceased, until I once more placed my head upon the pillow, when they were resumed more loudly than before. At one time I thought the other fellows were trying to frighten me about the hand, but there was no chance of that. You remember my little pet hand, Greystock? I have it bottled in spirits in a private cupboard, where my landress, who once fainted at the sight of a skeleton, will never be alarmed by it."

He spoke merrily, but there was something about him different from his usual manner, I thought, as we went out to breakfast together. It was a foggy morning, and the streets were very dreary. There were but few people abroad, but as we turned a corner, we came face to face with a woman, whose head was bent upon her bosom, and who was moaning bitterly. She wore no bonnet, and was dressed in white, but the mud and rain had drenched and drabbed her until she was a pitiable object to behold. I passed and spoke to her.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Can I do anything to help you?"

As I spoke, the woman raised her eyes, and showed me a face, the beautiful features of which were of an ashen pallor; then, without speaking, held both her arms toward me. Upon the left there was no hand. In my astonishment I stepped aside, and as I did so, the white robed figure glided past me, and vanished in the fog. In vain we looked for her. She was gone beyond our sight or hearing.

"That is strange," I said, turning to Robert. "How miserable the poor creature looked!"

And my poor friend turning from me a cheek of ashy paleness, muttered between his teeth: "The left hand, too. Good heavens!"

We breakfasted together, but throughout the meal Robert Redlaw was utterly unlike himself. No merry jests passed his lips, no laugh rang out upon the air, and every now and then his eyes fixed themselves upon vacancy, as one whose thoughts are far away are prone to do. As for myself I was also strangely low-spirited and abstracted.

For a week subsequent to that day I saw nothing of my friend, but at the end of that time I went to call upon him. Bob was standing by the mantle when I entered the room, but he turned toward me, and came forward with both hands outstretched. "My dear Greystock," he said, "I am so glad to see you. I should have come after you to-day if you had not found your way here. Do you know I have been ill since we last met?"

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied. "Yes, extremely ill!" continued Robert. "I caught a cold that night in the damp grave yard, and have been feverish and delirious. I believe I would not pass such another week, Greystock, for all the diamonds of the Golconda."

He paused a moment and then, drawing closer to me, placed his hand upon my shoulder. "Don't mention it to the other fellows," he said; "but I absolutely imagined that I saw a face looking at me from your window, and that a tall woman's figure, dressed in white, and having only one hand—the left one was gone—stood upon the parapet of the next roof, and waved her arms toward me. Such a mad idea, you know, for there is scarcely a foothold upon it for a monkey, let alone a woman."

"But these fancies have left you now," I said.

"Yes, I hope they have," replied Robert; "I have suffered from no optical delusion for two days, but I do wish that that terrible groaning could be put a stop to. I hear it every night but I cannot persuade myself that it is the work of my imagination, yet no one in the house is ill, and my landlady will not confess that she has ever heard the slightest noise. Greystock it must be a terrible thing to be insane."

"Put such fancies out of your mind, Robert," I said. "The truth is, you have been feverish, and the remembrance of your silly piece of work with that hand has acted upon your mind and caused these apparitions. Take my advice, my dear fellow, and abstain from the punch bowl and wine cup; they will lead any one into committing foolish if not criminal actions. Come, let us go into the open air to-day; I will devote myself to you, and we will see what a country walk will do toward the exercise of these fancies."

Robert assented to my proposition, and we set off together. At first, he was more serious than usual, but as the day passed on, I saw with delight that his spirits were once more resuming

their wonted tone. The rich color came back to his dark cheek, his eyes beamed with their wonted brightness. The pallid ghost seen was gone, and the careless boy, stood once more beside me. I rejoiced in the happy change, as a mother might in the returning smiles of her ailing infant, and at dusk we returned to the city, as happy a pair as you would wish to meet.

"Now, Bob," I said, when we had dined, "we will finish this evening at the theater, and banish those gloomy fancies even more effectually amid the lights and music."

"Gloomy thoughts!" laughed my friend, "I am in high spirits to-night, and I feel utterly ashamed of my ghostly stories. Come, if you are ready, I am."

We went out into the hall, as he spoke, and my hand was on the lock of the door, when Robert suddenly exclaimed: