

The McArthur Democrat.

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

VOL. 13.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, MAY, 11, 1865.

NO 40

The McArthur Democrat,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
E. A. BRATTON,
OFFICE:

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TERMS, CASH.

The Democrat will be sent one year for Two Dollars; Six Months, for One Dollar; Three Months, for Fifty Cents.

All papers will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One square one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .50
Cards one year, \$5.00
Notice of appointment of a Justice of the Peace, Guardian and Executors, 2.00
Attachment notices before J. P., 3.50
Editorial notices per line, 10
Yearly advertisements will be charged \$50.00 per column per annum.

And in proportionate rates for less than a column, and for less time.

Ten lines mention charged as one square, and all advertisements are Legal Notices must be paid in advance.

The above terms must be complied with. If a paper is not made to the Proprietor, as we have no agents.

The Democrat a Job Office.

We are prepared to execute with neatness, Dispatch and at low prices all kinds of Job Work, such as—

BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
HAND BILLS,
SHOW BILLS,
POSTERS,
PROGRAMMES

BILL HEADS,
BLANKS of all KINDS,
SHIPPING BILLS,
LABELS, &c., &c.

done in a neat and convenient manner, and at a low price. We have a large stock of all kinds of Job Work on hand, and will do any kind of Job Work in this section of the country.

E. A. BRATTON, D. B. SHIVEL

CONSTABLE & SHIVEL,

Attorneys at Law,

Ohio Agents, Real Estate Agents and Conveyancers.

McArthur, Vinton Co. O.

Office on Main Street, two doors east of E. D. Dodge's Store.

Will attend promptly to all business connected with the duties of a Constable, and will do any kind of Job Work in this section of the country.

January 19, 1865—17.

E. A. BRATTON,

Attorney at Law and

GENERAL CLAIM AGENT.

McArthur, Ohio.

Being licensed by the U. S., for the purpose of collecting and prosecuting claims against the United States, and State of Ohio, including the Mexican rail claims.

Bounties and Arrears of Pay Procured.

PENSIONS for wounded and disabled soldiers and seamen, and for the heirs of soldiers and seamen who have died and been killed in the service. I would say to my friends, that I will attend promptly to your business and in all respects.

Jan. 14, 1865.

D. B. SHIVEL,

Attorney at Law,

McARTHUR, OHIO,

Two doors East of E. D. Dodge's Store.

Having just recovered from a severe attack of the "Oil Fever," which caused a temporary absence from his office, takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is again at his post, where he may be found at all times ready to give prompt attention to the various branches of his profession in this, and adjoining Counties.

Jan. 5th, 1865, 3—mo.

PLYMOUTH HOUSE

FOURTEENTH, OHIO

—BY—

CHARLES HIGGINS,

This House fronts on the Steam Boat landing, and near the Railroad Depot. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of Guests.

Sept., 1863, —1 yr.

VALLEY HOUSE,

SCOTT & POLLARD,

PROPRIETORS

FROM BELY OF WILSON HOUSE, W. L. E. n. 29, '63—1 yr

Chillicothe,

A. CONDEE & ISAMINGER M. D.

CONDEE & ISAMINGER

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

McArthur, Ohio,

Will attend promptly and carefully to the practice of their profession in all its branches.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SURGERY.

an. 5th, 1865, 17.

FRESH CAN FRUIT,

PINE-APPLES, Peaches, Strawberries, Blackberries, Green Peas, just received, and for sale at the Drug Store of

Dr. A. CONDEE.

OUR COUNTRY.

"Our country right or wrong,"
What manly heart can doubt
That thus should swell the patriot's song,
Thus ring the patriot's shout!
Be but the foe arrayed,
And war's wild trumpet blown—
Cold were his heart, who has not made
His country's cause his own.

Though fraction rule the halls,
Where nobler thoughts have awayed
One sacred voice forever calls
The patriot's heart and blade;
He, at his country's name,
Feels every pulse beat high,
Wreathes round his glory, all his fame,
And loves for her to die.

Where'er her flag unrolled
Wooes the shalting breeze,
Flings o'er the plain its starry fold,
Or floats on the stormy sea—
All that makes life divine,
Home, faith, the brave, the true, the fair,
Cling to the flaming sign.

Oh, is this thought a dream?
No, by the gallant dead,
Who sleep by hill, and plain and stream,
Or deep on ocean's bed!
By every sacred name,
By every glorious song,
By all we know and love of fame,
Our Country,—right or wrong,

A Great Speech—George Francis Train Defending General Sherman—He asks Public Opinion to Hold up till You get All the Facts.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.)

George Francis Train still keeps up the good cause of lecturing for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who have died in defense of the country. A few weeks since we recorded the fact of \$300 having been taken at his lecture in Norristown. The other day the receipts at the academy of Music here, for the first Union Association, under the management of Mrs. Benson, were about \$1,000. Last night he spoke for the Ladies' Aid Society, at West Chester, to a crowded house, the first time that fifty cents a ticket was ever charged in that town. The receipts were between \$300 and \$400.

As Mr. Train not only gives the entire proceeds of his lectures to the cause of the soldier, but in all cases pays his own expenses, we can afford to let him have his opinions; for he is as original in this respect as in the character of his speeches. We understand that he is shortly to speak again at the Academy of Music, on the invitation of Mrs. J. H. Orne Miss O'Neil, and others, for the benefit of the Orphan Society.

His speech at West Chester was on passing events. He spoke for two hours, and was repeatedly interrupted by applause. As usual, he allowed the audience to select the subject, and, after eulogizing President Lincoln, and defending his successor, he intimated that the next President of the United States would be the President's friend—the diplomatist and statesman, who was fired against runaway horses and the assassin's dagger—the distinguished letter writer, who does every thing in sixty days, even to recovering from two shocks of an earthquake, that would have leveled any other giant in the land. The nomination of Mr. Seward was received with great enthusiasm. The audience then called for his opinion of Sherman. We give a brief extract of his defense:

DEFENSE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

There is two kinds of men afloat, positive and negative. One goes down stream, and nobody sees him—the other goes up, and all cheer.—Sherman belongs to the positive order. He says any thing can float out with the tide, straw, paper, dead rebels [laughter], stinking fish [loud laughter], any thing, but it is only a strong fish that swims against the current.—It is the salmon that jumps up the falls. [Applause.] Sherman is an entire man; a hundred pounder among the pocket pistol generals.—[Laughter.] As usual, you will find me against the voice of the nation. It was so in England, in Boston where I was knocked down [laughter], and at Chicago where I was knocked up [loud laughter], but succeeded in breaking up that rotten platform.—[Applause.] The other day, in Wall street, I followed Gen. Butler, and did my best at Washington to spike his gun. To defend Butler was to attack Grant and censure the President. Again I stand alone, and, until I get the facts, stand by General Sherman, if I am the only man

on his side in the country. [Some dissent and applause.]

There is nothing more contemptible in the American character than this thinking in battalions. This forming opinions in masses is disgusting to individuality. When shall we be able to separate the goats from the sheep? [Laughter.] Is it fair for these great Generals, whom Europe indorses, Asia admires, and America cheered, to be branded unheard as a madman a usurper a traitor! because he preaches from the New Testament instead of the Old? Because he prefers the doctrines of the Savior which is Love, to that of Moses, which is Force? Because he points out that the Sermon on the Mount does not speak of Samuel cutting up Agag? [Laughter.]

Is this distinguished American to be sent down to infamy because, believing that the children of Ham have received, for the last quarter of a century, so much attention, he thinks it no more than fair to look out for children of Japheth? [Laughter and applause.] Is his brilliant campaign under Grant at Vicksburg, at Port Hudson, and all along the South west, so soon forgotten? Were his brilliant victories at Chattanooga, at Atlanta, and his startling march to Savannah, the acts of a madman? [N.] Was outflanking Hood, outmaneuvering Hardee, outgeneraling Beauregard, the act of a usurper?

Was the taking of Charleston, the capture of Columbus, of Charlotte, of Raleigh, the act of a traitor? [Cries of "No."] Shame on our miserable forgetfulness of great deeds, great success, great talents, simply because he dared to stand by the President in the coffin as well as at the White House. Mr. Lincoln was a citizen; so was Sherman. Mr. Lincoln did not wish to make a Yankee, a Hungary, a Poland, an Ireland in the South; neither did Sherman.

Mr. Lincoln wished to stop the river of blood, so does Sherman, and he has stopped it, in spite of the howling of the Christian Marats and Robespierres, who are crying still for the guillotine. Sherman has done more by his dash, his pluck, his tact, his magnificent audacity, in breaking Lee's back, and increasing Davis' speed, [laughter.] than any forty generals in the army. [Applause.]

Grant is noble, too generous, too grand, in his modest demeanor under victory, to slaughter his Lieutenant. Grant is not the "Oldo" or the "lago" of this matter, nor is Sherman the "Cassius," otherwise I should suppose that this unilitary, ungenerous act was the old Athenian game of Marathon—of Chemistocles playing out his second in command, Aristades! It is pitiful to see a General who has warmed himself in the White House, and never fired a pistol at the foe, insulting one of the bravest men of the North. [Applause.] Shame on General Halleck! Unlike General Sherman, his pen is no more mighty than his sword.—[Laughter.]

What has Sherman done? Where is the boasted independence of the American press, that they have not pointed out that Sherman has planted one foot on the American flag, another on the Constitution, and proclaims that peace shall reign from the Potomac to Rio Grande only by the death of rebellion, and that rebels can only become citizens again by obeying the laws. He leaves all to the Constitution and the Supreme Court.

He believes that the people of the South are American citizens when they throw down their arms. So does Mr. Seward. Are we to hang a thousand men? Are we to martyrize those leaders? As Christians hate Judas, Romans despise Cataline, American loathe Arnold, so will the Southern people spit upon the miserable wretches whose ambition ended in treason! [Applause.] All I ask is for a suspension of public opinion for the facts. Perhaps Sherman has an autographic letter from Abraham Lincoln!

Real happiness don't consists so much in what a don't have as it does in what he don't want.

A net lamb always makes a cross ram.

Epetaphs are like circus bills there are more in the bills than is ever performed.

To be healthy—eat onions and go naked.

Jackson Standard done Brown—Mackley Knows on a Fib.

For three or four weeks past, we have had a controversy—neither sought nor desired on our part—with the Jackson Standard. We felt all along that there was contamination in the touch of the thing, but our motive in taking it up was purely to illustrate truth, by drawing out the editor or that shoot, or in the technology of a school of medical science to subject him to a process of provera. We knew something of the fellow beforehand. We needed not to be appalled for the first time of his inordinate vanity, his prodigious conceit, his insolence, his mental leavory, or of his lack of generous and manly impulse. Nor yet were we quite unfamiliar with a certain british jargon of slang and cant, with which under the idea that such abuse of speech is strength of diction, he habitually interlar his discourse. Resolved that in any event the onus of bad temper should rest solely with, we treated the editor of the Standard with respect and courtesy. We might as well have shown tenderness to a rabbit ear but no matter. He couldn't perhaps, have behaved differently; nature having formed him mean and malignant in no common measure. The person of his ungodly temperance—good report being out of the question—it is really more desirable to be noised about, even in the characters of Jefferson Brock, Jerry Sneak and Ishmael Ghoul, than not to be noised at all. The fellow, hence, carelessly considers it a feather in his cap that this journal has condescended to bestow some recognition upon him—Most welcome is he to all he may get by it. Our readers do not know this varlet, and for their information we will say that where he lives the public character of David Mackley is not of good fame. Rather it is of that degree and kind which closely resembles infamy—the village "bad omniscience" of a morose, intermeddling, unscrupulous and vindictive demagogue. By hearding the hobbles of Temperance and Anti slavery, he has aped his best to catch a cheap notoriety—very cheap, in fact, dog cheap, because earned by "words, words, words," and these the most flutinant or the nastiest imaginable. Of himself and on account of himself, the prig is of no consequence. His random thoughts and ravings might get some notice from the keeper of a lunatic asylum, and that is the most—But as a "radical" abolition editor, with a press and a types at command, he follows emerges into an unattractive and wholly tactless importance. In this, his professional capacity, we meant to put him through a rigid ordeal, as regards sense, information, candor and courtesy—traits which those who assume to teach ought to possess. And he furnished new evidence abundantly, were any yet wanting, that—like all base, upstart pretenders—he, in respect of qualities such as these, is empty as a below.

We tried to fasten him to issues he himself had raised—his own words being fully rendered in each instance. His answers showed that, despite the more than saintly guises he would put on, the fellow is capable of the grossest mental dishonesty; that he is raskly disingenuous; that he can unblushingly garble the text of an opponent to make it the fitter for his use; that he can purposely lie and lying, persist in it—without shame or scruple—on the principle that "a lie will stick to it as good as the truth." For the sake of his argument the scoundrel dare not, in a solitary instance, fairly quote the Times, his every sentence had been laid before our readers. We felt that we could afford to be fair—the Jerry Sneak of the Jackson Standard was dirtily conscious of a very different feeling. This imposter—quack editor, we should say—some weeks ago, thrust in our faces some of his characteristic sayings about prominent men who have been supported by the Democratic party. We called for verifications, and stated the issues, so plainly that the fellow could not evade them—except by professing himself a fool or a knave, or a compound of both. We need not again go over the ground already traversed. But, this latest copy of Jerry Sneak, inspired by a hope of evading, and petting out of, the matters in controversy, had the check to quote the Constitution of the United States. As respects this instrument, we perfectly understood the position of Mr. Jerry Sneak Jr., and, in reply, we gave his hypocrisy and

disingenuousness a sufficient exposure. We cramed his own vile, traitorous words down his throat, and judging from the wry faces he has since made, the fellow would sooner have swallowed forty grains of ipecuanha. Non-plused in this way, he at last resorted, as usual, to a wanton garble of our article, and then added—

"If one half the above charges were true, then the Democrat who sneaked into the theater and shot President Lincoln in the back, and the other Democrat who stole into the sick room of the Secretary of State and cut his throat, were public benefactors. But every honest man in the land knows that the above charges of Mr. Hood are atrociously and wickedly false. He can bring no proof to sustain his charge, and the LEGITIMATE RESULT of his teaching and those like him has led to the cowardly MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT and Secretary of State. He and all such are RESPONSIBLE BEFORE GOD AND THE WORLD for the democratic rebellion culminating in the MURDER of the President and his highest Cabinet of floor."

The reader will here do us the justice to re-peruse, if it be at hand, our editorial article in the Times of April 13, "A Higher Law Man Proffers to Respect the Federal Constitution," &c. To that article, which clean stripped down this Jerry Sneak that such answer is made. And now—

When the creature under review, put such one of the sentences we have quoted to paper, he was not only conscious of deliberate falsehood, but this his ulcerated heart burnt with a malignity that is of hell itself. He did "Mr. Hood" no harm; he but revealed his own total depravity, he only repeated proof that his bosom is corrupt as that of a Hindoo Thug, and that the mean Jerry Sneak may at times appear to men as the diabolic Ishmael Ghoul.

What does this awfully wicked creature mean? Plainly, that "Mr. Hood" "AND THOSE LIKE HIM" "by the legitimate result of their teachings," led to "the cowardly MURDER of the President." Thank God, we need not enter upon no vindication from such a black calumny. Sure are we that nobody for an instant believes it; not even the misshapen being that has hooded enough of the devil's instigation to prompt him to its utterance. We spurn the base slander away, and we spurn its author as if he were of the mangy canine species.

What about the antecedents of the catfif who has thus shown his readiness, by such unprincipled language, to evoke a spirit of revenge, assassination, and murder towards those who have criticised the public acts and the general policy of the late President? They are well befitting a miscreant so dastardly. He is a higher-lawite of the strictest profession. He it is, who—canting about loyalty—can yet bellow hallelujahs to the memory of the traitor and murderer, John Brown. It matters not that the perverted old man levied war against the United States, possessed himself of public property, defied the constituted authorities, and shed the blood of lawful men. Amen, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" roars the Jerry Sneak of the Jackson Standard.

Brazen-chooked though he be, he will not deny his thorough sympathy with the startling deeds of October 17 and 18, 1859. Not only is this so, but mangre a rank hypocritical pretense he now and then sets up, reverent for law, he is at heart as bitter a rebel against the Constitution of our fathers; as John Brown ever was. He can treacherously utter such sentences as, "Mr. BUCHANAN saw this GOOD GOVERNMENT being overthrown, he had the Constitution and the law on his side," etc., etc., when these other sentences, by him written and by him published, February 23, 1865, give him the lie in his throat:—

"When Mr. Tripp was at home a short time ago, I asked him what was the prospect of passing a law forbidding the sale of liquor throughout the State. He said that it was conceded by all that some one must be permitted to keep spirits, for certain purposes, and that the Constitution of the State forbid the granting of any license to sell liquors, and, therefore, the Legislature had no power. Now I must confess that I am sick of this cant about the scanty of the Constitutions. Seventy-five years ago, the people of the United States formed a

Constitution, in which it was declared that it was formed, among other things, for the purpose of establishing Justice, and securing the blessings of liberty. DURING ALL THESE SEVENTY FIVE YEARS, THIS CONSTITUTION WAS USED TO PROTECT A SYSTEM OF INJUSTICE AND SLAVERY, THE MOST CRUEL AND BARBAROUS THE WORLD EVER SAW. The American people worshiped this Constitution, and always thrust it in the faces of any one who proposed to establish justice. Now innocent men can be murdered, in the streets by self made maniacs, and if any one proposes protection by legislation, a State Constitution is held up to prevent it. THE IDEA OF A CONSTITUTION APPEARS TO BE TO PROTECT ROBBERS AND MURDERERS IN THE PROSECUTION OF THEIR INFERNAL PURSUITS. This has brought written Constitution into UTTER CONTEMPT AMONG MEN OF SENSE. I hold that every Constitution, and every law, made in violation of the eternal principles of justice and truth, IS UTTERLY VOID, and SHOULD NOT BE OBEYED; or, as an inspired writer says, we should obey God rather than man."

Per contra—
"This Good Government," quoth Jerry Sneak on the 20th April.—
The Government established by our fathers, as embodied in the Constitution of the United States—
"That GREAT FUNDAMENTAL LAW," he hurled out on the 6th April, &c., &c.—

Well, when a poor wight is so lost to decency, and lost to shame, as to stultify himself after this fashion, may, when he can allow himself to be caught twice living about the same thing, though a sure of his certain detection, when, in short, a creature has got to such a depth of degradation, he should be left to his own native stickweed worthlessness. It is no longer slender for him to utter anything, how ever atrocious. He may revamp the story that Harrison and Taylor were poisoned, he may call Mr. Buchanan a traitor, "Mr. Hood," a secessionist, George T. Curtis a copperhead, Judge Nash a demagogue—his no odds, the words of a liar, and a liar twice convicted out of his own mouth at that, establishes nothing.

—Why toss this professed Tory and Traitor through the forms of speech any longer? Let him lie, and rot on his own dunghill.

Josh Billings on Wit.

You ask me to describe wit! I can't dew it well. It heat got any pedigree, it is like the wind, it bloweth when and where it listeth. No man can be witty when he wants to any more than he can be hungry when he wants to, it cummeth to him as luv dux he can't tell how nor why.

Wit is wisdom at play, while humor is only good nature on a frolic—
Wit is like great strength, a dangerous one.

There is nothing that seems to suit a woman's hate, so much as Jewery.

God save the phool! and don't let him run out, for it it want for the w, wis man couldnt git a livee.

Some peoples brains are lokated in their beds.

We are told "that there wanten anything made in vain," but I have thought all the time spent in manufacturing striped snakes, and muskeeters, was wasted.

If there was nuthin but truth in this world, a phool wd stan just as good a chance a wise man.

True politeness consists in being very anxious about nothing.

Robbers come just like rain, they fall on the just and unjust.

If a man is as wise as a serpent he can afford to be harmless as a dove.

The best place to worship God—is out doors.

We are apt to bait them who want take our advise, and dispise them who do.

It is drefull easy to be a phool—a man can be one and kno it.

Elegant lezzure—chawing plug terbacker, and spitting in a drug's eye.

Fear is the fust lesson larnt, and the last one forgotten.

Nobody but a phool git bit twice by the same dog.