

Vinton Co

The Vinton Record.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY W. E. & A. W. BRATTON, AT BRATTON'S BUILDING, EAST OF THE COURT-HOUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One year, \$1.50; Eight months, 1.00; Four months, .50. Payment in advance in all cases.

The Vinton Record.

VOL. I. WASHINGTON, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, FEBRUARY 8, 1866. NO. 6.

ADVERTISING TERMS. One square, ten lines, \$1.00; Each additional line, .40; Cards, per year, ten lines, \$5.00; Notices of Executors, Administrators and Guardians, 2.00; Attachment notices before J. P., 2.00; Local notices, per line, 10; Yearly advertisements will be charged \$60 per column, and at proportionate rates for less than a column. Payable in advance.

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CONSTABLE AND CONSTABLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. McArthur, Ohio. WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, in Vinton and Athens counties, or any of the courts of the 17th Judicial dist., and in the Circuit courts of the U. S. for the Southern district of Ohio. Claims against the Government, pensions, bounty and back pay collected. Jan 4th

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G. W. J. WOLTZ, DEALER IN AND REPAIRER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND Musical Instruments, [MILBERT'S BUILDING.] McARTHUR, Ohio.

Millinery.

NEW MILLINERY AND Fancy Goods, Toys &c.

Mrs. Maggie J. Dodge, RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of McArthur and vicinity that she has just opened, at her residence, NORTH STREET, McARTHUR, O., A large and well selected stock of BONNETS, HATS, CAPS, FRENCH and AMERICAN FLOWERS, RIBBONS, NUBIES, HOODS &c. &c. TOYS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. of all kinds, all of which will be sold cheap for cash. Mrs M J DODGE

MILLINERY!!

Mrs. E. B. Pugh, ONE door east of the M. E. Church, is constantly receiving new additions to her large stock of BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, PLUMES, RUCHES, &c.

Bankers.

Kinney, Bundy & Co., BANKERS, JACKSON, O. H. OHIO. SOLICIT the accounts of business men and individuals of Jackson, Vinton, and adjoining counties—dealers in exchange, uncurrent money and coin—make collections in all parts of the country, and remit promptly on the day we get returns. Government securities and revenue stamps always on hand and for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.

Groceries.

Brown, Mackey, and Co., Wholesale Grocers. No. 22 Paint street, Chillicothe, O. MERCHANTS of McArthur and surrounding country, are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock consisting of every thing in the grocery line, which we will sell as low as the lowest and all goods warranted to be just as represented. Before purchasing please where you will do well to call and see us, as we will for you inducements not to be beaten No 22 Paint street, Chillicothe, O. 1 door south of M-Kell's Queen's store. de 21nd

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CLIFTON HOUSE, Corner Sixth and Elm Streets, Cincinnati Ohio. THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE CITY Terms \$2.00 per Day. Omnibuses carry all passengers to and from the cars. Passengers can take the street cars at the Little Miami and M & C R R depot, to the corner of Fourth and Walnut st., only four squares from this house. de 21nd

Railroads.

M. & C. R. R. TIME TABLE. FROM December 3rd 1865. Trains will leave Stations named as follows: GOING EAST.

Table with columns: Stations, Mail, Night Ex. Times for stations: Cincinnati, Loveland, Chillicothe, Cin. Furnace, Hamden, McArthur, Vinton Furnace, Zaleski, Hope Station, Marietta.

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Miscellaneous.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

"You're mistaken, I would sooner die than marry a mere country girl." "But, Fred suppose her intelligent, moral, full of natural poetry, tender hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple loving creature."

"Oh," said Fred, "a choice collection of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet, and so are country cows. No, I tell you, if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still, if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churning and knitting-needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."

In another moment the young man came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he whispered in visible agitation. "Do you think she heard me?" "No," rejoined the other audibly—she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe; she could not have heard you, but what an angel she is!"

Yes Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the eponym. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks as she laid her book aside and began to twine a finished wreath of wild roses.

Learning on one white arm, the gnarled white oak tree a back ground, flowers strewn around her, peeping from her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unconscious that two handsome young gentlemen were so near her.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance. Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father," said she rising in a charming and graceful manner. The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once, that's a sort of a select school, isn't it? with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow. "Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call upon him to-morrow. He will remember me, Frederick Lane, at your service."

"Yes sir, I will tell him for you," said Helen, tucking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her books, and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried home.

and her fingers flew like snow-birds. "You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it?" "Yes, quite, I like it better than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn well!" "And do you read much?" Fred's glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes over every table, shelf and corner, in search of some books or paper, but not a page, nor a leaf, yellow or rare, repaid his search.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a satisfied air. "What books? permit me to ask." "I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely. "Is that all?" "All, of course not, and what do we not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—blushing, and recollecting herself, she added, with a manner as childish as it before had been dignified, as for the other books, let me see, I've got in my library—there's the primer, (counting on her fingers,) second class Reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, Fairy Stories, two or three elements of something, Biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled. "Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have went to school more," she added as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder, but in making bread, and churning butter and keeping house, I am not to be outdone."

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction and he mainly attributed it to Helen's beauty; but the truth is her sweetness and artlessness of character, engaging manner and disposition quite won the city-bred aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did.

The perplexed as well as delighted him. Often as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, more remarkable for originality than for brilliancy.

"If I should fall into the snare," thought he, "I can educate her; it will be worth trying." It was useless to combat his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet, figuratively speaking, and confessed his love for her.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her exclamation of unworthiness, "how she would appear in society?" They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, and yet at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked more beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and, indeed, without jewels or laces, with that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her. "Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then I have a husband to be honored, and then he shall be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another. "Simple," whispered a magnificent girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closely to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pined poor Fred, and wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

The young bride stood near her husband talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features. Ill concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced toward Helen. Once she held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice near her. Helen's eyes sparkled, her face flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone, speaking at a little distance with a friend.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice. "A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing. "And sing?" "A little," was the half reply. "Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions. "Come, I myself, will lead to the instrument."

Hark! whose masterly touch! Instantly was the half spoken word arrested, the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonation! Such breadth, depth, and vigorous touch! Who is she? She plays like an angel! And again hark! A voice rolls—a flood of melody; clear, powerful and passing sweet; astonishment gains many a fair cheek a deep scarlet. There is a deep silence unbroken, and silver strains float up:

"Aye! care I not for cold neglect, Though tears unbidden start, And scorn is but a bitter word, Save when it breaks the heart. If one be true, If one be true, The world may care less be, Since I may only keep thy love, And tell my grief to thee."

"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen. "Who can she be?" The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife!

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek. He walked slowly toward her. "If he was speechless with amazement so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before; they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful acknowledgment she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks; who would have thought it!" He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room. Meanwhile, Frederick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admiring this one condemned that.

A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation; Helen smilingly finished it, and she received a look of eloquent thanks. Bon mots, rapartee, language rich, fancy and imaginary, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch from some fairy hand.

tells how she banished the piano, books, harp, port-folio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust, while the young country girl without any deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing the well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles than the piano and books?

Coming to the Point. A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to the letter—who lived almost forty years ago. He was a bachelor and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed by woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the old lady named would probably not refuse him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities.

"Do you think so?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly jumped; "then I'll go and see her." He was a man of his word. He rang at the door-bell and was answered by the servant-maid. "Mith P—within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover. "Yes, sir. Will you walk in?" "No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P—that I wish to thpeak to her a moment."

Miss P— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in. "No, thank you; I'll thoon explain my business. I am the new Methodist preacher. I am unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objections?" "Why, really, Mr. Sm—?" "There, don't antherwer now. I'll call thith day week for your reply. Good day?"

On that day week he re-appeared at the door of Miss P—'s residence. The door was opened by the lady herself. "Walk in, Mr. Smith." "Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther me—yeth or no." "Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence." "I perfectly understand you, Miss P. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour—Pleath be ready, ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily.

Hon. Allen G. Thurman. In the election for United States Senator last Thursday, the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature cast their vote in a body for Hon. Allen G. Thurman, for that office. Of course being in a hopeless minority they could neither elect Mr. T., or prevent the election of John Sherman, but the Democratic members bestowed their vote on a man eminently worthy to receive it, and who, with his distinguished abilities and noble patriotism, has honored the party not less than he was honored by the unanimous vote of the Democratic delegation for an office for which none is better qualified than Mr. Thurman. Mr. Thurman is one of nature's noblemen, an honest Democrat. — Marion Mirror.

One of the ancient fathers described woman as a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill. He omitted the better definition—a natural heaven.

A girl in a paper mill in Boyer found a ring composed of many diamonds, among some rag she was picking. It is said that there never was but one man who wasn't spoiled by being lionized. He was a Jew, named Daniel. Senator Sprague employs 6,000 cotton manufacturers, but he says he "has no particular interest in the business." The King of Italy has decorated Phtti's brother-in-law to honor Patti.

An "Amnesty" from Hon. S. S. Cox.

His Speech in Tammany Hall, New York, on the Night of January 8, 1866.

Your invitation gentleman of Tammany Society, has in it the phrase and soul of amnesty. It bids us forget all victories since that "great victory which closed the war of 1862." The lustre of a united patriotism will be tarnished tonight by no uncharitable memories. I bid you in that assigned joy with which you hail the advent of a season when we can recur to an event which no achievements in our subsequent history can ever dim, and which reunited brethren in every portion of our glorious republic can celebrate with equal pride."

In celebrating this fiftieth anniversary of the victory at New Orleans over a foreign foe, we not only bury for a season our own domestic strife; we give the staturque form of Andrew Jackson to the warboard that of his heroic namesake, "stone-wall" Jackson, to the dust. To me this is the chief attraction of this banquet. If the Chief Magistrate, wielding the civil authority, can pardon the errors and crimes of his own recent section; if General Grant can smother his sword with the garlands of love will; if the organized Government in all its branches (save the Legislature), can temper justice with mercy, may not the great Democratic heart, whose pulse is here in Tammany—and in whose honor I am requested to speak—sweeten its festivities with the associations of forgiveness? If, by retaining in spirit again with that branch of the Democracy which left us in 1850, we meet the reproaches of the vanquished a duller, we share them along with our element Executive. If he, in civil affairs, can accept victory without reprisal and raise the fallen foe, without piercing him with additional punishment—may we not, in our party relations, be excused for following so christian an example?

The crime which followed the defeat of the Democratic party in 1850 has been punished. In the sacked homes, the wasted fields, the charred towns, the ruined thoroughfares, the rudeswath of desolation and misery which had their saddest climax of woe in the bereavement so comfortable and the mourning so poignant for the dead, all speak of penalties so heavy that none but a fiend would willingly add to their weight.

That these results were a consequence of the desertion of the Democracy in the Southern portion of the party is now history. That great party whose beginnings were coeval with the Constitution, whose philosophy is in Jefferson's Language, whose successes, had thirteen out of the fifteen Presidents since the election of Jefferson; whose achievements in foreign war, territorial expansion and domestic progress, constitute the advancement of our country; the party which, through shine and shadow, advanced the stary flag and the civil faces, at last succumbed, not to an enemy, but to its own internal dissensions. None but itself could be its conqueror! We know how the division came. The little crack in 1844 became a fracture in 1848, and although cemented and trilled over in 1852 and 1856, as if by a quake of nature in 1850, became an unbridgeable chasm. The agitations of the slavery question, beginning in 1820, with the Missouri contest, creeping into Congress in 1835, in the form of petition, at last touched territorial government. But during these years the Democracy were ununited. The Presidency, in 1852 and 1856, was won on the ground of non-intervention. Pro-slavery and anti-slavery men, forgetting their differences, united by a love of union, to leave this vexed matter to the local authority. Gradually the extremes of the North produced their counterpart South, and while the nation, in 1850, by its majorities for Bell and Douglas, voted and hoped for union, the fatal Democratic fracture gave the President to a minority and a land to sectional strife and fraternal bloodshed.

I recall these things because it is necessary to have a plain talk with Southern men. Forgetting the usage and law of Democratic conventions, they deserted the flag under which they had ever found honorable protection. They left us alone to battle with the common foe. They left us, and retired suddenly to the rear, at a time when the well appointed and armed inspired Republicans were thundering on our flanks!

The Convention met at Charleston. There was a division nearly sectional among the delegates. While many eloquent champions of Democratic unity, North and South, were ready to concede much for the imperilled country, the Convention was distracted. The report of the committee, affirming the Cincinnati platform and leaving the subject of slavery where the contests of 1848, 1852 and 1856 left it—to the people of the territories—was passed by a vote 175 to 133. By Democratic usage this should have settled the platform. By the code of honor this was the law of our party. But Alabama, followed by Mississippi, Florida, Texas and part Louisiana, South Carolina, Arkansas, De Facto and North Carolina, withdrew. They withdrew because the Convention held that slavery might be destroyed by the people of a Territory, and would not agree to protect it by a cede. Under the brilliant lead of Mr. Yancy a succeeding Convention met. Then began the chain which widened till a stream of blood shed its abyss. Oh! it was a sad hour for this nation when that sovereignty took place. I need not dwell on the bitterness of that hour. I only refer to it to show that a power of cohesion was in that Democracy; and what consequences followed its disruption. Religious societies had parted; tract societies had been severed; domestic, literary, social, political and religious circles were all disorganized; the last and only link—the Democracy, remaining. Ruthless hands, which spared not the Union afterwards, spared not the Democracy then! Assassins staked that party, and the nation tottered! I remember too well the tannts and jeers hurled at Northern Democrats in that bitter hour. It was on that hour on the 20th of June, at Baltimore, that General Richardson read the dispatch from Douglas: "I learn that there is danger that the Democratic party will be broken up by the breaking up of the convention—such an event would expose the country to sectional strife. Intervention means disunion." He begged his friends to withdraw his name, but not to sacrifice the principle. It was too late. The wisdom of his friends may well be questioned. The Democracy might have united on James Guthrie, Andrew Johnson or some other; and its union would have been the harbinger of Peace.

Do you know the sequel. Notwithstanding Douglas was nominated by the lawful vote and the platform adopted by a majority, a rival candidate divided our party. Still we cast for Douglas nearly twice the vote his Democratic rival received.

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]