

**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. 1. M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, MAY 3, 1866. NO. 19.

**ADVERTISING TERMS.**  
 One square, ten lines, \$1 00  
 Each additional insertion, 40  
 Cards, per year, ten lines, 8 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.

## Professional.

**Constable and Constable,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
**McArthur, Ohio,**  
 WILL attend promptly to all business in  
 relation to their care, in Vinton and Adams  
 counties, or any of the courts of the 7th  
 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

**BRATTON & MAYO,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
**McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio,**  
 WILL attend to all legal business entrusted  
 to their care in Vinton, Athens, Jackson,  
 Ross, Meigs, and adjoining counties. Partic-  
 ular attention given to the collection of soldiers  
 claims for pensions, bounties, arrears of pay,  
 etc., against the U. S. or Ohio, includ-  
 ing Morgan raid claims. Jan 4th

## Watches.

**G. W. J. WOLTZ,**  
 DEALER IN AND REPAIRER OF  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS,**  
**JEWELRY,**  
 AND  
**Musical Instruments,**  
 [HULBERT'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, M'ARTHUR, O.,**  
 A large and well selected stock of  
**BONNETS, HATS, CAPS,**  
**FRENCH and AMERICAN**  
**BLOWERS,**  
**SONTAGS,**  
**NUBIES,**  
**HOODS &c. &c.**  
**TOYS FOR THE HOLIDAYS**  
 of all kinds, all of which will be sold cheap  
 for cash. nov 30 6m Mrs M J DODGE

## Bankers.

**Kinney, Bundy & Co.,**  
**BANKERS,**  
**JACKSON, C. H., OHIO.**  
 SOLICIT the accounts of business men and  
 individuals of Jackson, Vinton, and adjoin-  
 ing counties—dealers in exchange, uncurrent  
 money and coin—make collections in all parts  
 of the country, and remit proceeds promptly  
 on the day we get returns. Government securi-  
 ties and revenue stamps always on hand and  
 for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.  
 SUNDAY: H. L. Cha. man. President; H.  
 S. Bundy, Vice President; T. W. Kinney, Cashier;  
 Wm. Kinney; E. B. Ludwick; A. Austin; J. D.  
 Clark; W. N. Barker; J. Ludwick. nov 30 6m

## Groceries.

**Brown, Mackey, and Co.,**  
**Wholesale Grocers.**  
 No. 22 Paint street, Chillicothe, O.  
**MEASUREMENTS** of McArthur and surround-  
 ing 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 else-  
 where you will do well to call and see us, as we  
 will offer you inducements not to be beaten.  
 No 22 Paint street, Chillicothe, O., 1 door south  
 of McKell's Queensway store. dec 1m

## Railroads.

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

Stations.	Mail.	Night Ex.
Cincinnati,	9 10 a m	12 35 a m
Chillicothe,	2 00 p m	3 05 a m
Hamden,	3 45 p m	6 31 a m
Zaleski,	4 18 p m	7 01 a m
Marrietta,	8 20 p m	11 10 a m

**GOING WEST.**  

Stations.	Mail.	Night Ex.
Marrietta,	5 45 a m	7 05 p m
Zaleski,	9 28 a m	11 06 p m
Hamden,	11 09 a m	11 42 p m
Chillicothe,	11 58 a m	1 20 a m
Cincinnati,	1 55 p m	6 00 a m

 Trains connect at Hamden with Mail train,  
 to and from Portsmouth O. dec 7-65

## Hotels.

**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. The new depot of the  
 Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, corner  
 Plum and Pearl streets, is only four squares  
 from this house, making it convenient for pas-  
 sengers to stop at the Clifton. dec-6m

## Special Notices.

**DR. STRICKLAND'S**  
**COUGH**  
**NO MORE.**  
**COUGH BALSAM**  
 IS warranted to be the only preparation  
 known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,  
 Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs,  
 Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being  
 prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healthy,  
 soothing and expectorating, and particularly  
 suitable for all affections of the Throat,  
 Lungs. For sale by all Druggists everywhere.  
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## Poetical.

### THE BOHEMIAN.

I wish I was an editor,  
 I really do indeed;  
 It seems to me that editors  
 Get everything they need.

They get the biggest and the best  
 Of everything that grows,  
 And get in free to circuses  
 And other kind of shows.

And when a mammoth cheese is cut,  
 They always get a slice,  
 For saying Mrs. Smith knows how  
 To make it very nice.

The largest pumpkin, largest beet,  
 And other garden stuff,  
 Is blown into the sanctum  
 By an editorial puff.

The biggest bug will speak to them,  
 No matter how they dress—  
 A shabby coat is nothing, if  
 You own a printing press.

At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged  
 By pretty girls, you know,  
 That they may snuck up everything  
 The ladies have to show.

And thus they get a blow-out free  
 At every party feed;  
 The reason is, because they write  
 And other people read.

### FAITH AND DUTY.

BY NEAL BERNARD.  
 Something ever doth impress us  
 With a sense of right or wrong;  
 Something watcheth still to bless us,  
 As we journey life along;  
 Something voiceless whispers to us  
 Words of hope and promise sure;  
 Voices speak prophetic through us,  
 Of a life that shall endure.

There is a silent, voiceless teacher,  
 Striving with the human will;  
 Unto each weak, earth-born creature  
 Wisdom's letters doth insill;  
 Heed them, better grow and wiser;  
 They will soften life's hot fray;  
 Duty make your stern adviser,  
 Aim to reach the perfect day.

Trust the high hopes that impel us,  
 And inspire our firm belief—  
 They alone can well foretell us  
 Human works how frail and brief;  
 Trust the God that reigns above us,  
 Faithful to his precepts be,  
 He will guide, and guard, and love us,  
 Through a blest eternity.

Heed the heavenly aspirations  
 That imbue with hope the soul;  
 Mark the glorious life-creations  
 Flowing in without control;  
 See in all things truth and beauty,  
 Love overflowing from the skies;  
 Exercising Faith and Duty,  
 Earth would be a paradise.

## Miscellaneous.

### Elougent Extract—The Union of the Atlantic with the Pacific.

The magnificent project of uniting the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific, by railroad connection, and of accomplishing in a few hours a journey across the breadth of the continent of North America, which formerly required months to effect, and of causing the commerce of the East to flow through the gates of our principal cities, is well calculated, although a utilitarian scheme, to give the hue of poetry and romance to the speculations of those who are engaged in forwarding the great work.—The idea is so splendid and great that even our most sober and sedate statesmen, who in general confine themselves to prosaic facts and figures, will insensibly, in their allusions to it, use the most oratorical and splendid illustrations. When we contemplate the advantages and results that would flow from it, the changes that it would produce in all the great enterprises of life, it is not remarkable that it is a fine theme for forensic displays. The classic and eloquent Kett, a member of Congress from South Carolina, in a late speech at Charleston, at a railroad celebration, handled the subject as ably and as beautifully as we have ever seen it done. He said:

"The march of the States is onward and onward still—nor can it pause until the sun is right over our heads; nor will the edict of Destiny be met until the people of these regions are bidden to a marriage feast grander than any spread on the records of time. The Pacific, vexed by storms, and restless upon his lonely, bachelor bed, for unnoted centuries, has sobbed to the rock-bound coast the story of his baffled love; but American genius and American energy, like carrier-pigeons, are now bearing the sutor's gentle plea over plain and mountain, over forest and city, and they soon will carry back the plighted maiden's vow of the blushing Atlantic.

Much have you of the South and West already done, but much still remains for you to do. The lordly Pacific, like an awakened giant, is stepping forth to demand and welcome the bride he has already wooed and won, and it is for you to solemnize the magnificent Hymen of the oceans with a chain of iron witnesses. When you have done this, you will have laid your hands upon the gates of the East, and the long procession of the trades will follow in your trackway to seize and hold the golden keys. The splendid commerce, which erstwhile enriched Thebes and Palmyra, Venice, Genoa and

Holland, and which now plants the great commercial nerve of the world on the Exchange in London, will come to you a bidden guest.

The use of tropical productions is fast becoming a test of civilization, and they are rapidly elaborating themselves into the very elements of national greatness and power. Great Britain sees this, and hence she is pushing her conquests through ruined India, and treading over shattered thrones, to lay her hands upon the sources of tropical wealth. France, too, has planted her Lillies upon the soil of Africa, and stretching on to the accomplishment of the same end, is marching over fiery deserts and through the smoke of burning Arab villages. Nor does this great law of modern progress and civilization stop with these two powers. Nicholas, of Russia, when in his midsoar of ambition—when stretching to the very sun, like

"The feathered king,  
 On balanced wing,"  
 he was struck down by the shaft of death, was girding up the loins of his huge empire for a mighty spring through the gateway of China, upon the possessions of Great Britain in the East, in order to grapple those vast regions to his already colossal empire, and re-found his power and regime upon the wealth and commerce of the East. This great scheme precolates through the minds of the rulers of Russia. This race to the tropics is ours, too. God, geography and nature have combined to enable us to outstrip all our rivals in this high career of power and empire. Marry the Atlantic to the Pacific, and obey the mandate of destiny, and you will have your hands upon the necessities and luxuries of the world, while all the arts and all the trades, and all the sciences, will circle in festive throngs around you."

### A Good Rebuke.

The talented editor of the Peoria National Democrat, handsomely rebukes a neighboring Abolition editor in the following:  
 "The Pantagraph, a disunion paper published in Bloomington, anxiously enquires in regard to the President's Peace Proclamation: 'Does this Presidential Proclamation look to such a result? Are we not on the brink of another civil war?'"

No, sir, we are not on the brink of any such thing. The coup d'etat that your party intend to make to get hold of the Executive power of the nation, will be so suddenly snatched, that it cannot be dignified with the name of insurrection. We shall have no civil war, because those who attempt to inaugurate it would hang as high as Haaman before the ements was twenty-four hours old."

### Taken Aback.

A HANDSOME sleigh came dashing up to a well mansion one day last winter, in fine style, and, stopping, out sprang a spruce dazed little fellow, who might have seen a dozen summers, but who had the air of one who labors under the impression that his father is considerable his junior in years and experience. Accosting a passing boy, probably a year or so older than himself, he haughtily exclaimed:  
 "Here, boy, hold my horse!"  
 The boy stepped up, and, looking at the animal, asked:  
 "Can one boy hold him?"  
 "Yes; certainly."  
 "Well, hold him yourself, then," continued he, passing on, leaving our hero quite taken aback.

An amusing dialogue lately occurred in one of the American camps between a private, who was acting as sentinel near a hospital, and a general. On the approach of the latter, the former neglected to give the accustomed salute. The general then sharply asked:  
 "Who stands guard here?"  
 "A chap about my size," answered the private.

General—"What are your duties here?"  
 "To allow the sick to come out, and to keep the well in."  
 "Call your corporal."  
 "You won't catch me doing that. I don't intend to stand here two hours longer than usual to please you?" [The sentinel alluded here to a rule which gives corporals the power when they are unnecessarily called by sentinels, to punish them by imposing on them two hours' extra duty.]  
 The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity sooner than those of loftier character.

### Brick Dust for Sore Heads.

Here is a shot from "BRICK" FORNEY'S locker—in fact, a whole "broadside." It takes "Brick" to exhort Abolitionism: "This reminds us of a little story! Say, you radical, nigger-loving, Anna Dickinson, Fred Douglas, Ben. Butler style of Republicans, how do you like Johnson?—How do you like going out of the Union for a President? You men who preach that God is controlling events political as well as eternal? How do you like Tennessee statesmanship? How does it compare with flat-boat style?"

And God said let there be light, and there was light! This is bible. "And being in torment, they filled up their eyes and saw" not Abraham in the bosom of Lazarus, but Andrew Johnson in the White House. Pretty picture, isn't it, you freedom-shrieking, press-mobbing, Democrat-hanging, cotton-stealing, women robbing, plunder loving, prison advocating, Democrat abusing, ballot-box stuffing, office holding sepulchres full of nigger's bones?"

How do you like the President? Wouldn't you choke gently on Booth's windpipe, if he were still alive? How do you like this going into the Democratic party for a horse to hitch up with your mule? The seed of white men shall bruise the head of republicanism, and Johnson will be the next President. Verily we say unto you, now is the time to repent! It is a bad time for you fellows to swap horses when crossing a stream! Why don't you republican, wench-hugging, freedom shrieking, law breaking, Union hating, members of the only treasonable party in the Union, get drunk and parade with torches? Stand by the President! The President is the government, you know!

Blessed doctrine, thought divine,  
 But this President dodge is fine!  
 He who speaks against the President is a traitor. Let the traitors be hung! Why don't you get drunk, burn printing offices, murder a few democrats, throw a few printing presses into the street, stop your newspaper, hold prayer meetings in barns and get drunk as owls, as you did when the other President spoke? "Who's pin here since ish pin gone?" Who, elected Johnson? Why in the thunder don't you get out the Wide-Awakes, burn democrats in effigy, shoot at them as they go around corners, waylay them in postoffices, shout 'rah for Link—Johnson, and hold fast to the prize you found down South?"

"Way down South in the land of Dixie!"  
 Ain't that a pretty little song?—How do you like this "expediency" dodge? Why don't you cackle when your President lays an egg? Why don't you celebrate, jubilate, investigate, operate and arid tonils irrigate as you used to once?  
 "Come ye sinners poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"  
 Johnson ready stands to save you  
 Now this cruel war is over!

Why don't you laugh—smile—talk, say something, if it is not so all-fired smart! Gracious, but you fellows are busy about now! This is your President. God gave him to you. You selected and elected him! What's the trouble in your camp? Oh, but you are a wet set of roosters! Well, never mind.—We shan't hurt you. We won't mob you—prison you—hang you—abuse you—harass you in business—malign you—insult you—rob you and use you as you have for five years used us. You needn't look scarey like when you see a rope, prison or a gun!

Get out of the Wide Awakes.—Call out the loyal leagues! Get up some Sanitary Fairs. Appoint a few Brigadier Generals. Raise some colored troops. Turn your prayer meetings into electioneering booths. Control the telegraph. Lie to the nation. Open your mouths and guffaw when the President speaks. Be social. Don't act like wandering drops from a grand funeral procession. Why you look pleasedly good, joy struck, happy, angelic when Lincoln died compared to the way you look now! Poor republicans—how dreadfully grieved wears on you!

A white stole a chicken, and a black a hog, in Goldsboro, North Carolina, recently. They were each tied to the whipping-post and subjected to forty lashes, save one, on the bare back.  
 DAN RICE, now in Washington, reports the mass of the Southern people well affected toward the Government.

### Displaying Their Proper Colors.

The New York Independent, a religious-political journal, edited by the notorious Beecher, in its last issue, very justly reflected the principles of the opposition to the Democracy when he said:  
 "The plain fact is, that a city like New York, with a population transient, heterogeneous, unassimilated, not born on the soil, but emigrants from all lands, not expecting or desiring to live here permanently, but only so long as business constrains them, and with an immense and increasing amount of profligacy in it, can not be governed on the purely democratic and autonomous (self law-making) theory. It presents—not a social system, for there is no real system in it—but a vast and accidental human agglomeration, to which the principles and laws of self-government have no proper application."

In these few lines is displayed the intense hostility to popular government and free institutions which has ever been the disgusting characteristic of the opposition, which, under different names, have fought the Democracy of the United States ever since the adoption of the Constitution. It is not always frank enough to admit the fact, but the views of its leaders and its general policy have ever been to take from the many their rights and bestow them upon the few who are to be the rulers while the masses are to be governed. Its stanch adherence and advocacy of the propriety of property qualifications for voters, its friendship for centralized power, instead of its being locally distributed—its proposed exclusion from the ballot-box and citizenship of all men who were not born in the country—its adherence to banks, tariffs, and corporations, with exclusive rights and privileges not granted to the many—its contempt and disregard of written constitutions—its direct opposition to the people of the Territories deciding the character of their own institutions—are proofs conclusive that it is not friendly to the principles and ideas which lie at the basis of our Government.

### Was Burns Happy at Home?

But why not say that the three years he lived at Elliesland were all happy, as happiness goes in the world? His wife never had an hour's sickness, and was always cheerful as day, one of those "Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven," whose very presence is positive pleasure, whose silent contentedness with her lot inspires comfort into her husband's heart, when at times oppressed with a mortal heaviness that no words could lighten. Burns says, with gloomy grandeur, "There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life." He who suffers thus can not be relieved by any appliances save those that touch the heart—the homelier the more sanative—and none so sure as a wife's affectionate ways, quietly moving about the house affairs, which, insignificant as they are in themselves, are felt to be little truthful realities that banish those monstrous phantoms, showing them to be but glooms and shadows.—*Professor Wilson's Essays.*

A NATURALIST says: "Last summer, while walking in my park, I observed a green woodpecker alight on the ground some fifty paces before me, look round to see if he was observed, then lie down and simulate death by stretching out motionless and hanging his tongue out as far as possible. He occasionally pulled it in his bill. He had selected a place near an ant hill. The ants, thinking him dead, would cover his tongue to devour him; when it was black with ants, he would swallow them and repeat the trick until his maw could hold no more."

A CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION.—"My friends," said a returned missionary at a late anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindoostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that 'Thou' you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splint; you can not get the crook out of it! Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which can not be eradicated, and I hold that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace!"

He who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

### THE TENDER PASSION.

When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes with every one connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any other one but papa; he drinks sweet Port wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee at the club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smiles when wicked little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt.—*Thackeray.*

BEAUTIFUL.—At a Sabbath school anniversary in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired:  
 "And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."  
 "And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the president, "that taught you that lesson?"  
 "There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply; "an honor preferring one another."

THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.—None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope, or more indulgence, than under tyrants. Hence it is, that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand in much doubt of, bad men, as being naturally all servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and suspicion.

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.—Paying of debts is, next to the blessing of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity.—Pay your debts and you will not have wherewith to purchase a costly toy, or a pernicious pleasure.—Pay your debts and you will not have anything to lose to a gamester. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences which would certainly end in the utter destruction of both soul and body.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has issued a circular directing that preference shall be given to meritorious and honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, especially those disabled by wounds received or disease contracted in the service, in appointments to office in the several executive departments, and that all promotions in such departments shall be given to such persons in preference to those who have not served faithfully in the land or naval forces.

A husband residing in a small village in the interior of one of the States, thus announces the departure of his dearly beloved from his bed and board:  
 "My Annie Maria has been strayed or stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As for trusting her, anybody can do that as sees fit—for as I never pay my debts, it is not at all likely I will lay awake nights thinking of other people's."

A petroleum family has lately started a fashionable life, whose parlor is said to be so brilliantly furnished that they look at it once a month, and then they do it through smoked glass.

FOUR of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are Democrats, namely: Nelson, Clifford, Grier and Wayne.

The ring-tail monkey swingeth as easily by his tail as by his arm; and the hypocrite acteth the saint as easily as he doth the sinner.  
 The oak of ages fifteth in vain against the tempest, and man succumbeth in the end to destiny, love or liquor.