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M. & C. R. R., TIME TABLE.

FROM December 3rd 1865. Trains will leave Stations named as follows:

Table with columns: Stations, Mail, Night Ex. for GOING EAST.

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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.

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It is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Cough, Consumption, Bronchitis and Cramp. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening and expectorating, and is particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

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It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Debility of the Stomach, Fatiguity and Delirium. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons.

Poetical.

EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

When the morning star is setting, And the East is flushed with light, When the rising sun announces The departure of the night, Earth is beautiful!

When the sunset fires are gleaming Over the tops of distant hills, And the yellow rays are streaming On the merry mountain hills, Earth is beautiful!

When the dusky twilight deepens, And the shadows longer grow, Or moonlight, pale and dimly, Bathes in silver all below, Earth is beautiful!

In the windy, wild March weather, When the snows are all departing, When the birds begin to twitter, And the crocuses are starting, Earth is beautiful!

In the broad and sunny meadow, When the summer sun is high, When the tree-tops all are quivering, And beneath the cattle lie, Earth is beautiful!

In the misty Indian Summer, When the harvest days are o'er, When the leaves are red and yellow, And the flowers are no more, Earth is beautiful!

When the cold and frosty weather Of the winter time is here, And the pure and drifting snow wreaths Are looking out o'er the tier, Earth is beautiful!

In the spring-time or the winter, In the summer or the fall, By the sea-side, in the meadow, Or within the forest fall, Earth is beautiful!

A NATIONAL DEBT.

"A National Debt is a National Blessing."—(Republican papers.)

As the tan-gatherer rushed through the town on a raid, With a cherry-ripe cheek, and a mug prepossessing,

He bore on his shoulders a placard which said: "A National Debt is a National Blessing!"

He stopped at the door of one Paddy O'Prigg, With some business with Pat which appeared to be pressing;

Pat knew that the sucker had come for his "pig," For "A National Debt is a National Blessing!"

He next reached the cot of poor Widow Howay, Who pensively sat with a look quite distressing.

"I've come," said the chap, "for the old brindle cow," For "A National Debt is a National Blessing!"

He then sought the mansion of old Parson Russ, Who had prayed all his life without ever confessing;

"If you mention the title," said the God-fearing cuss, "I'll send you to—me—with your 'National Blessing!'"

Retreating, he rushed for a "National Bank," Where they showed him their "bonds," which looked very refreshing;

"How sweet is the thought," cried the nabob of rank, "That a National Bank is a personal blessing!"

Miscellaneous.

A Family Reminiscence.

THAT little old brown house!—How well I remember it, with its pretty garden fronting the street, its windows thrown open, and the wealth of apple blossoms showering its roof.

How well I remember the brook that ran past it; the little flower plot which my young sisters cultivated; the smooth, shining floors of the house, the long shelves laden with bright pewter vessels, and the cool dairy where my mother churned the rich cream into golden balls.

The whole scene rises to my view, clear and distinct as that which greets my sight this moment. Then my father's step was strong and firm as a youth's, and my mother's hair had the golden-brown lustre of her former days.

We were not rich, but we were happy. I believe that, in those days, no cloud came over our family, excepting my own ungovernable temper. I was called a brave, courageous boy, by the neighboring farmers, who appreciated those qualities in me, far more than they did the gentleness and tenderness of my brother Willie who was two years older than myself.

I was his superior in size and strength, and liked to dare him to the performance of deeds of courage which were too mighty for his slight frame. It was my delight to see him fail, while I conquered; yet I felt jealous of him,

when, after repeated and ineffectual trials, he would lay his head on mother's shoulder, and she would comfort and console him for his defeat.

My sisters, too, loved the gentle boy more than they did me; all but Fanny, who was nearest me in age, being fifteen months younger than I. When the others praised Willie, she always had a word to say in favor of brother Tom; and indeed, she was the only one in the house who did not, at some time or other, feel the effects of my ill temper.

My parents were pious people and my father, in family worship, often alluded to my wayward disposition, and made it the subject of earnest and heartfelt prayer. I will not say that it was injudicious yet I always felt it unkind, and thought it would have been better had he reserved it for his private devotion. It irritated and rankled—this exposure of my fault before others; and I grew harder and fiercer under each prayer.

I was fifteen, and Willie seventeen, when, one day, my father set us to moving in a small field behind the house. He was going to the market-town on business. We went off to work quite cheerfully. It was a lovely July day, with the sky blue and clear, and the birds singing in the deep woods which lay just beyond us. It seemed a day made for heavenly calm and peace, and but for the swift strokes of our busy scythes, all nature would seem to have subsided around us into a Sabbath stillness.

Although as I have said, I was far stronger than Willie, yet he had the advantage of me in judgement and skill. It vexed me now, even in that peaceful atmosphere, where no wicked or passionate thoughts should have arisen, to see the smooth, even swath that followed the steady and patient labor of his arm. My strokes were quick, hasty and uneven; and looking back over our progress, the difference was very perceptible in the appearance of our work. At noon, I was hot, flushed and cross; and my rough half of the field compared poorly with Willie's. He was cool and composed, and looked back over his work with evident satisfaction.

We sat down to the meal which Fanny brought us. Willie ate and drank heartily, but my demon was with me, and all Fanny's playful wiles were ineffectual.

"You will get through soon, Tom, won't you?" she asked, as she took up the tin pail in which she had brought our dinner.

I answered her more harshly than I had ever done before, and the blue eyes filled with tears. It would have been well if Willie had not tried to soothe her grief; but I felt that Fanny belonged to me and I could not bear any interference with her.

She sat down beside him, and drying her tears, she spoke again of our work. "Which is your half, Willie?" she said at length. "Guess, Fanny."

She put on a pretty air of deliberation, and finally, as I suppose, relenting towards me, she said: "The best is Tom's I know. That is his," stretching her hand toward the smooth, even surface where Willie had been mowing.

I never saw Willie's face express so much scorn before as he answered.

"Then you think I left that miserable looking work for father to find fault with, do you?"

She had no time to reply. Quicker than thought I had seized a stick that lay at my feet, and struck a blow upon his right arm, which he had already raised to defend himself, and another upon his head.

The hand dropped powerless by his side, and Fanny's arms were round his neck, and she was kissing his cheek.

"You have killed him!" she shrieked. "You shall not touch him, wicked, horrible boy! O, Willie, Willie! speak to me!"

In that moment, my father's anger, my mother's grief, the actual fear that I had really murdered my brother, and the terrible, nameless dread of some cruel punishment, came over my mind, and I felt like one distracted.

I fled from the scene as Cain might have fled, when the first stain of blood watered the green earth. How I got over the first five miles, I know not. To this day, I cannot remember what road I took, but I suddenly awakened to the fact that I was approaching the market-

town to which my father had gone, and that there was a chance of my meeting him.

I saw wagons approaching, and hid myself behind a fence until they had passed. My father was among them. He will soon know all, I said to myself.

I sprang to my feet, and walked on. That night a barn was my lodging, and a piece of bread, which I begged from a child at the door of a farm house, was my breakfast the next morning. I knew that there was a seaport not far off, and I exerted myself to reach it.

Before night, my strong, sturdy frame had tempted the master of a brig to take me on board, and a month's wages had bought my clothes for the voyage.

I will not tell the varied accidents that befel me in my sea-life. I was strong, active, and quick at learning, and I rose rapidly. At twenty-one, I stood on the deck of a fine brig, as its commander.

Meantime, conscience had never slept. Nightly, I saw Willie's pale face close to my pillow, and heard Fanny's shriek. "You have killed him!" and daylight brought anew only the gnawing worm that had fed upon my heart from boyhood.

I had just arrived from my first cruise as master. All the voyage I had been planning to visit once more the little old brown house which I had fled from six years before. It was just such a July day when I entered the neighborhood. The birds sang as merrily, the song of the haymakers was as blithe and cheerful. I alone was sad. I had determined to yield myself up to punishment, if Willie had indeed died by my hand. Nothing less would satisfy the unsleeping conscience. True, I had curbed my temper ever since, and no sailors ever had a kinder master than myself—but memory still bore witness to my terrible act.

I knew that I could not be recognized. The stout, strong man, with long beard and whiskers, could not be remembered as the boy of fifteen; yet I shrank from observation, and lingered in the twilight evening. Then I came forth, and sought my home once more.

It lay quiet and serene in the moonlight, unaltered, and, apparently, undecayed, as when I saw it. I shunned one field as I went forward. I approached a window where a curtain was drawn to shelter a lamp from being extinguished by the evening air. My father's voice, with no perceptible want of its former strength, was reading, and, strangely enough, the Prodigal Son formed the subject for that evening. Then rose the entreatings, earnest prayer, in which his soul seemed wrestling with the Almighty, and in which the absent, erring son was not forgotten. O, what an appeal was there! I sank on my knees and wept like a child.

The curtain flapped wildly in the evening air, and in one of its vagaries, I stole a glance inward. There was my mother untouched by time, but with a shade of tender sorrow on her face. There were Susan, Mary and Fanny, and by the table sat a young man, with a deep, heavy scar above his right temple, on which the hair had never grown, as it would seem, as on the other side.

Sorrow, shame, perhaps a terrible punishment, I had expected; but not joy like this. I staggered from the window, calling aloud, "Willie! Willie!" and I knew no more until I found myself on my own little bed, and the whole family gazing in my face, with tears in every eye.

My own, dear brother! Long years have passed since that trying night; but our hearts are still firmly knit together, in bonds which are cemented by repentance and forgiveness; and by still more holy vows of united consecration to "Him, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

"Isaac can you describe a bat?" "Yes sir; he's a flying insect, about the size of a stople, has India rubber wings, and a shoe string tail, he sees with his eyes shut, and bites like the devil." "Go to your seat; I will give you the devil after school?"

WOODSAYER'S SOLILOQUY.—"Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw to saw as this saw saws."

VETO NO. 3.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE VETOING THE COLORADO BILL.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The following is the President's message vetoing the Colorado admission bill:

To the Senate of the United States: I return to the Senate, in which House it originated, the bill which has passed both Houses of Congress, entitled "An act for the admission of the State of Colorado into the Union," with my objections to its becoming a law at this time.

First. From the best information which I have been able to obtain, I do not consider the establishment of a State Government at present necessary for the welfare of the people in Colorado. Under the existing Territorial Government all the rights, privileges and interests of the citizens are protected and secured. The qualified voters choose their own Legislatures and their own local officers, and are represented in Congress by a delegate of their own selection. They make and execute their own municipal laws, subject only to revision by Congress, an authority not likely to be exercised unless in extreme or extraordinary cases. The population is small, some estimating it so low as 25,000, while the advocates of the bill reckon the number at from 35,000 to 40,000.—The people are principally recent settlers, many of whom are understood to be ready for removal to other mining districts beyond the limits of the Territory, if circumstances shall render them more inviting. Such a population cannot but find relief from excessive taxation if the Territorial system, which devolves the expenses of the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments upon the United States, is for the present continued. They cannot but find the security of person and property increased by their reliance upon the National Executive power for the maintenance of law and order against the disturbances necessarily incident to all newly organized communities.

Second. It is not satisfactorily established that a majority of the citizens of Colorado desire or are prepared for an exchange of a Territorial for a State Government.—In Sept., 1864, under the authority of Congress, an election was lawfully appointed and held for the purpose of ascertaining the views of the people upon this particular question. 6,192 votes were cast, and of this number a majority of 3,152 was given against the proposed change. In Sept., 1865, without any legal authority, the question was again presented to the people of the Territory, with the view of obtaining a reconsideration of the result of the election held in compliance with the act of Congress approved March 21st, 1864. At this second election 5,905 votes were polled, and a small majority of 155 was given in favor of a State organization. It does not seem to me entirely safe to permit this last mentioned result, so irregularly obtained, to outweigh the one which had been legally obtained in the first election. Regularity and conformity to law are essential to the preservation of order and stable government, and should, as far as practicable, always be observed in the formation of new States.

Third. The admission of Colorado at this time as a State into the Union, appears to me to be incompatible with the public interests of the country. While it is desirable that Territories, when sufficiently matured, should be organized as States, yet the spirit of the Constitution seems to require that there should be an approximation towards equality among the several States comprising the Union. No State can have less or more than two Senators in Congress. The largest State has a population of four millions. Several other States have a population exceeding two millions, and many others have a population exceeding one million. If this bill should become a law the people of Colorado, thirty thousand in number, would have, in the House of Representatives, one member, while New York, with a population of four millions, has but thirty-one. Colorado would have in the Electoral College three votes, while New York has only thirty-three. Colorado would have in the Senate two votes, while New York has no more. Inequalities of this character have already occur-

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red, but it is believed none have happened where the inequality was so great. When such inequality has been allowed, Congress is supposed to have permitted it on the grounds of some high public necessity, and under circumstances which have promised that it would rapidly disappear through the growth and development of a newly admitted State.—Thus in regard to the several States in which was formerly called the Northwestern Territory, lying east of the Mississippi, their rapid advance in population rendered it certain that States admitted with only one or two Representatives in Congress would in a very short period be entitled to a great increase of representation. So when California was admitted on the ground of commercial and political exigencies, it was well foreseen that that State was destined to become a great, prosperous and important mining and commercial community. In the case of Colorado I am not aware that any national exigency, either of a political or commercial nature, requires a departure from the law of equality which has been so generally adhered to in our history.—If information submitted in connection with this bill is reliable, Colorado, instead of increasing, has declined in population. At an election before mentioned in 1864, the number was 6,192, while at the regular election held in 1865, which is assumed for a basis of legislative action at this time, the aggregate number of the votes was 5,905.

Sincerely anxious for the welfare and prosperity of every Territory and State, as well as for the prosperity and welfare of the whole Union, I regret this apparent decline of population in Colorado, but it is manifest that it is due to emigration which is going on from that Territory into other regions within the United States, which either are, in fact, or are believed by the inhabitants of Colorado to be, richer in mineral wealth and agricultural resources. If Colorado has not really declined in population, another census or another election under the authority of Congress would place the question beyond doubt and cause but little delay in the ultimate reception of the Territory as a State, if desired by the people.

The tenor of these objections furnishes the reply which may be expected to an argument in favor of the measure, derived from the enabling act which was passed by Congress on the 21st day of March, 1864. Although Congress then supposed that the condition of the Territory was such as to warrant its admission as a State, the result of two years' experience shows that every reason which existed for the institution of a Territorial instead of a State Government in Colorado, at its first organization, still continues in force. The condition of the Union at the present moment is calculated to inspire caution in regard to the admission of new States. Eleven of the old States have been for some time, and still remain, unrepresented in Congress. It is a common interest of all the States, as well those represented as those unrepresented, that the integrity and harmony of the Union should be restored as completely as possible, so that all those who are expected to bear the burdens of the Federal Government shall be consulted concerning the admission of new States, and that, in the meantime, no new State shall be prematurely and unnecessarily admitted to a participation in the political power which the Federal Government wields, not for the benefit of any individual State or section, but for the common safety, welfare and happiness of the whole country.

[Signed] ANDREW JOHNSON.

A Good Excuse.—A juror's name was called by the clerk. The man advanced to the Judge's desk and said:

"Judge, I should like to be excused."

"It is impossible," said the Judge decidedly.

"But, Judge, if you knew my reason."

"Well sir, what are they?"

"Well sir, the fact is— and the man hesitated.

"Well sir, proceed," continued the judge.

"Well, Judge, if I must say it, I've got the itch."