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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, 1 00 Yearly advertisements will be charged \$60 per column, and at proportionate rates for less than a column. Payable in advance.

The President and General Grant on Southern Restoration--The Radicals Flanked.

President Johnson, supported by General Grant, that great master of the art of flank movements, had handsomely talked of the radical leaders of the Senate, and cut off their retreat. The special message to that body, in response to a resolution calling for certain information in reference to the condition of the Southern States, furnished information which will be very gratifying to the country at large, but which was gall and wormwood to the implacable radical Summer. The President speaks encouragingly of the loyal temper and inclinations of the Southern people, and entertains no doubt that they will, at a very early period, be in a condition to resume all their practical relations with the Federal Government. Most of the reclaimed States have ratified the Constitutional Amendment, and in nearly all of them measures have been adopted, or a new pending to confer upon the freedmen the privileges which are essential to their comfort, protection and security. General Grant, from his personal observations, during his late Southern reconnoissance from the Potomac to the Savannah river, cordially sustains these views of the President. It is evident that the general effect upon the Senate of these encouraging reports was good; but instead of softening the wrath of Summer they inflamed it into an uncontrollable fury.

"We have," said he, "a message from the President, which is like the whitewashing message of Franklin Pierce with regard to the atrocities in Kansas." Called to account by Senator Doolittle for this outrageous expression, Mr. Sumner had "nothing to qualify, nothing to modify, nothing to retract." But when another Republican Senator, Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, having faith in the President's patriotism and policy, remarked that he could not in silence hear this remark, that the Executive had presented a whitewashing report—that, in other words, he had, by falsehoods and misstatements, covered up certain facts—there was a change in the mind of the unfortunate Summer. He saw that there was a limit for his folly, even in a Republican Senate, beyond which he could not safely pass. His charge of whitewashing was not intended in the offensive sense understood by other Senators. He had no reflections to make on the patriotism or truth of the President; but he remembered the whitewashing message from Franklin Pierce, and that they all called it a whitewashing document. Thus the highly vaulting Summer was suddenly brought to with his face to the ground. This, of itself, is a trifling incident; but, in connection with the fact that it puts a check upon the mad career of Summer as the radical leader of the Senate, it becomes an incident of some importance. It indicates the strength of the President's policy, and that the Republicans in Congress begin to appreciate the necessity of co-operation with him, if they would maintain their position as the party in power.

The check upon Thad. Stevens, the Radical leader of the House, is still more remarkable. On Monday, upon the question of referring the President's Message, he enlarged upon his theory that the late rebellious States are now legally in the condition of unorganized Territories, and that, as such, they must be reconstructed by Congress. On Tuesday the Secretary of State officially announced the ratification of the constitutional amendment abolishing and prohibiting slavery by three-fourths of all the States, including in this ratification such States as Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, thus recognizing them as States in the Union, and legitimately acting as such through their Legislatures; and what has Mr. Stevens to say? He can say nothing against the proclamation without putting himself in a very bad position, and he can say nothing in its favor without stultifying himself, and so he discreetly remains quiet.

Thus, upon the most important measure—the constitutional abolition of slavery—President Johnson, through his Southern restoration policy, has completely flanked the radicals, and holds them as Grant held Lee within the limits of Peters-

burg, in a position from which there is no escape. The radicals can no longer venture upon the ground that the States excluded from Congress are out of the Union, because that doctrine upsets the great constitutional amendment—an amendment which the people of all parties and all sections accept as a fixed fact. The radicals themselves accepting it. The Administration, having thus gained the important point that the late rebel States are not only in the Union, but are legitimately reconstructed in their new Legislatures, it is apparent that President Johnson has the game in his hands and that his policy must prevail. The acceptance by Congress of the constitutional ratification, as declared by the Secretary of State, gives the victory to the Administration.

"A Collision Inevitable."

"AGATE," the special Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, a correspondent who is usually well informed as to the purposes of the Republican party, is fearful that "a collision is inevitable" between Congress and the President. Referring to Mr. SUMNER's speech, he has this to say: "It is not impossible that this opening for a rupture may close, as two or three previous ones have closed; but it is not to be denied that the prospects are squally. If, as it would now seem, the President has determined to force through his reorganization policy, a collision is inevitable. Congress is really more determined on this point than it was on the first day of the session.

"A number of gentlemen have, it is true, sloughed off from the unwieldy majority; and still more, under the potent pressure of Executive influence, are sure to do the same thing. But the bone and sinew of the Union majority, the men who act from convictions and not from anxiety for the second-hand dispensation of morsels from the White House kitchen, have no notion whatever of reversing or modifying their action. They will prevent the admission of any Senators or Representatives from the seceded States till after the thorough investigation and report which they expect from their committee. Their course then must depend on the aspect of affairs thus presented; but it is drawing upon no spirit of prophecy to say that the chances for the present Southern applicants will not grow brighter.

"It is hoped—and with good reason—that the President recognizes this determination, and like a wise statesman means to shape his course accordingly. It was Caleb Cushing, I think, who said of John Tyler, that the mistake the Whigs made was in forgetting that his Administration was an established fact. The mistake the Whigs made then, the President would make now, should he forget that this Congress, whose term lasts nearly as long as his, and whose magnificent majority counts far above a hundred, after all the driftwood that has been adhered to rather than been a part of it, has washed away—that this Congress, thus potent and lasting, can either make or ruin his place in history. Mr. Johnson will be a less shrewd politician than his record would indicate, if he should fail to see this; or if he should fail to remember the other fact—that Tylerized Administrations, cannot be re-elected."

Mr. Barnett, Mail Agent on the Cincinnati & Chicago Air Line railroad, informs us that the safe of the Treasurer of Pulaski county, Indiana, was broken open on Sunday night at Winnemack, and between seven and eight thousand dollars in money stolen. No traces of the thief or thieves has been discovered up to last night. The Court House, in which the office of the Treasurer is located, is a new building, and the arrangements for the safekeeping of the funds were supposed to be burglar-proof.—Cin. Gazette, December 28.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk: "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine cellar into a book seller."

"Here's Webster upon a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed like the dictionary. "Study it contentively and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

TOUCH NOT THAT FLAG.

Traitor! spare that flag! Touch not a single star! Its sheltering glory now Still blazes near and far; 'Twas our forefathers' hand That placed it o'er our head, And thou shalt let stand, Or perish with the dead.

That dear old precious flag, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, And wouldst thou tear it down? Traitor! forbear that touch! Rend not its heart bound ties! Oh, spare that glorious flag, Still streaming through the skies.

When I was yet a boy I gloried in the sight, And raised my voice in joy To greet its folds of light— For if my home is dear; Dear is my native land; Forgive this foolish tear; But let that old flag stand!

My heart strings round thee cling Close as the stripes, old friend; Thy praises men shall sing, Till time itself shall end. Old flag, the storm still brave, And traitor, leave the spot! While I've a hand to save, Thy touch shall harm it not!

MISS MARY'S BLUE HAT.

My friend Kelly was walking down Main street, Milwaukee, last autumn, in a brown study upon some abstruse subject, his vision horizontal and vacant, and his step rapid and careless, when just as he had forded one of the crossing streets and lifted one foot to place it upon the curbstone, a big, but cowardly yellow dog came sweeping along, followed by a black animal of the same species. The yellow dog whizzed past him, but the black specimen, oblivious to all things but the object of pursuit, as every dog should be on such an occasion, and, possibly, somewhat under the control of his own momentum, struck Kelly's perpendicular leg, while the other was walking, and knocked it out from under him. My friend went down instantly. His glossy beaver bounced upon the pavement, and continued its journey. Spectacles danced jingling into the gutter, while his shawl struck against a shopman's window like a pellet paper on a wall.

Kelly gathered himself together, picked himself up, and looked after the dog that had done the mischief, expecting to find him "hove to" in canine dismay at the accident he had caused; but, to his utter astonishment, the animal seemed as regardless of his equilibrium as of any other trival matter, and was making after the aforesaid yellow dog at as great speed as though he had not tipped over the best fellow in Wisconsin.

While my friend was down, a clear, musical, girlish laugh had rung out upon the air. It was so evidently spontaneous, so charmingly musical, was so suddenly checked, and withal so good a cause, that Kelly could scarcely be angry or even disconcerted.

When the gentleman had recovered from his surprise at the heedlessness of the quadruped, he bethought him of the music. There were half a dozen ladies in view, but by a trigonometrical calculation he reached the conclusion that the laugh must have come from either a dainty little blue hat with delicate, straw-colored trimmings, or a decidedly sober and ancient brown one—the two being in conjunction. Of course he fastened upon the blue hat; for never since the flood did a grave, unfashionable bonnet give out such gushing laughter as that.

Kelly was not a city gentleman—not he. He was a squire in a rural town, a leader of town affairs. A man of mark; to whom the village politicians looked for shrewdest counsels, on whom abused people called for advice and redress, and in whose hands friendless widows put the management of their scanty estates, sure that all would be done for them, and the little orphans that tact, fidelity, and a warm heart could accomplish.

The blue hat was a city hat; and the brown hair it covered, together with the hazel eyes that sparkled in front of it, were of city growth. But the sober, brown bonnet was a rural affair; and the lady under it was a rural aunt of good dimensions, both person and heart. Before the catastrophe which brought out the laughter, the aunt was listening attentively to the lady's very eager request that she would try and procure her a school near her country home; after the accident the brown bonnet gave a very appropriate and impressive lecture on the impropriety of laughing out

that way, "when the street was full of folks."

"Why, who could help it, auntie? Did you ever see anything so funny? Laugh? I didn't laugh—it laughed itself. O, dear, and then the little figure trembled from hat to slipper under the shaking of suppressed merriment. Indeed, to escape another lecture, she had to cover lips, nose, and eyes almost, in scented linen cambric.

"Well, you see, auntie," said the little blue hat, recurring to the former topic, "father isn't rich, indeed I don't think he is as well off as he seems to be; family is large—all girls, too, just a bill of expense you know, and don't like to have father furnish me music lessons any longer, for I know he can't afford it. But I wouldn't give up my music for the world; only I want to pay part of the expense myself. Father isn't able; he looks more and more care-worn every day. I am really afraid, and here the voice fell and became very serious, "I am really afraid things are going wrong with him. Besides, I want to be doing something, I'm a better girl when I am not a drone, and dependent. Yes, auntie, I must and will have a school—there! Will you help me?"

The brown bonnet caught the girl's enthusiasm and promised. "You must have known, reader, from the brief description of my friend Kelly, that he was the town school superintendent. Who else was so well qualified to look after the interests of the public schools?"

One morning at six o'clock,—my friend rises at five, and has a good fire in his office and an appetite for breakfast at six,—a rap fell upon the outer door. Kelly rose and opened it.

"Good morning ladies! walk in." The brown bonnet said "good morning" with dignity; the blue hat pronounced the same blessing timidly; both walked in.

"My niece would like to be examined to take the school in our district."

"Certainly," said the town superintendent, laying the poker on the table,—"Certainly your aunt—beg pardon—your niece shall be examined, madam. Warm morning, marm,"—wiping the perspiration from his face with a sheet of blotting paper.

"Bless you! it's the coldest morning we've had this fall," said the astonished aunt—"Why, Mary's face has been like a peony, all the way, ridin' in the wind. Jest look at it!" There was no need; for my friend had seen something more than the blue hat, some minutes before.

"Certainly, madam, certainly—very red—I mean very cold indeed, ma'am, very."

The town superintendent was not long, however, in getting better possession of his faculties; and at length the examination commenced.

"Your residence, if you please," said Kelly, blandly.

"Milwaukee," timidly.

"May I ask where you were educated?" continued the questioner, looking for once into the eyes which were sparkling, despite the blushing embarrassed features.

"In the public schools, sir."

"Did you graduate?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I look at your diploma?"

The lady handed a roll tied with blue ribbon. Kelly tried hard to untie it, but soon got the knot in a very bad fix. The pretty fingers of the blue hat were called into requisition, and the knot was conquered close before him under his own eyes. Opening the roll—

"Mary Denver! Is that your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father's name?"

"Charles."

"Merchant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, I was clerk in his store when you were a child. He was the noblest employer I ever had—made me all I am. I mean that he made me upright—for that is all I am, any way."

Kelly promised a certificate—said he would bring it over next day, which he did.

During the whole term he was very faithful in his official visits to the school, and just before the close of the session my friend said—

"Mary, I wouldn't teach any more."

"O, I must. I like it, besides I haven't accomplished half I want to, yet."

"What do you want to accomplish?"

"I want to continue my music."

"What else?"

"I want to clothe Minie."

"I want to feel that I am useful, that I am doing something."

"I want to hire you Mary; and will pay you wages that will enable you to do all this."

"You want to hire me! What can I do for you?"

"Keep my house, and be my wife, Mary."

And then the town superintendent got his arm around Mary's waist and held her tight, though she struggled a little at first.

"Let me go a moment, and I will tell you."

He released the little figure, and Mary stood before him, trembling, blushing, twining the strings of the blue hat around her finger, looking down upon the floor, glancing once into his earnest eyes, her breast rising and falling till the cameo swayed like a ship upon billows.

"Do you love me?"

"With my whole soul."

"Did you ever love anybody else?"

"Never in my life."

"Can a little girl like me—looking earnestly in his face—can a little girl like me, devoted, loving you almost to reverence, make you happy always?"

"None in all the world but you."

The little maiden stepped close to his side, and hid herself under his arm.

The jaunty blue hat is in a favorite closet in my friend's new house, in a glass case, on the under shelf.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—The Rev. Dr. Ely relates an interesting anecdote of Washington. It occurred during the General's visit of 1789, at West Springfield, Mass. Washington was standing on the bank of the Connecticut, waiting for a ferry boat—Dr. Ely says:

"Whilst I was gazing upon him, one of the postillions drove up, and, dismounting and uncovering his head, said, in the most deferential manner, and with an expression of injured dignity:

"Your Excellency, as we were driving along, a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team that we might pass by. He declined. I then told him that it was President Washington's chariot. He again refused, and said he would not stop, that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington had.

"And so he had," was the simple reply of Washington.

"The postillion, after a moment's look of wonder and astonishment at the condescension of the President of the United States, quietly put on his hat and again mounted his horse. I watched the cortage until it was out of sight; but my impression and memory of Washington are as vivid and distinct as if I had seen the great man only yesterday."

ON IDLENESS.—When God wanted sponges and oysters he made them, and put one on the rock and the other in the mud.

When he made man, he did not make him to be an oyster or a sponge; he made him with feet and hands, and head and heart, and place to use them, and he said unto him, "Go and work!" But I tell you if a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin, for a contented life man is a sham. If a man has come to that point in which he ought to be changed into a mummy. Of all hideous; and of mummies those are the most hideous; that are running about the streets and talking.

Two small urchins were in conversation the other day, when one said, "Ain't you got a grandmother?" "No," "I tell yer," responded the first, "they're tip-top. Let yer do as yer please; give yer as much good stuff as yer can eat, and the more you sars 'em the better they likes it."

Didler invited two or three to drink, and was telling big stories about himself. "Come," said one of the party, "you have told us what you can do; now tell us what you cannot do." "Well, that's easily done," replied Didler, "I can't pay for the drinks you have just had."

It is an actual fact that a man who attempted to hug a beautiful woman named Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable. Why should he squeeze a lemon unless he wants a punch.

Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at the seaside? "Kase, Mr. Smith, they charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de land-lord charge dis colored individual with stealing the silver spoons."

A Roadside Dialogue.

"And so, Squire, you don't take the county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms. I take a couple of them."

"But, Squire, the county papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better the editor can afford to make them."

"Why I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made more than three hundred dollars by it. Now, if your neighbor had not maintained the press, and kept it up ready for use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I saw your daughter's marriage notice in those papers, did that cost you anything?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of our neighbor Rigg's house by fire. You know these things were exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."

"O true, but—"

"And when your cousin Splash was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his defence which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes, but these things are interesting to the readers. They cause the people to take the paper."

"No, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now I tell you, the day will surely come when somebody will write an eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in types with a heavy black cut over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for your grave as a pauper. Your wealth, your morality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer boy, as he spells the words in arranging the type to these sayings will remark of you—Poor mean devil, he is even sponging his obituary! Good morning, Squire."

Stons.—When will signs and wonders cease? Not till the destroying angel shall clip short the thread of time, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but we see good and bad signs, as the following will show:

It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows.

It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes.

It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in his windows.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his face.

It is a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes from the cellar.

It is a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness.

It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her finery.

It is a good sign for a man to advertise in a paper.

It is a bad sign to see a sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school.

It is a bad sign to see them educated at evening schools, on the street.

TO DEMOCRATS GENERALLY.—A cotemporary truthfully says, now is the time to push true Democratic papers in every direction, for it is only by sowing the seed that we may hope for a good harvest. Democrats too often wait until just before election, before they begin to circulate their papers, and that time is generally too late. Abolition tares have sprung up, and the good seeds will not take root. Reader, if you have a Democratic neighbor, or one who is a moderate Republican, do not rest until you have induced him to take a good Democratic paper. Your own county paper first, and others afterward.

THE DEATH OF GREAT MEN.—It is noted as a peculiar fact that three of the prominent members of the Republican party have died, within a brief space of time, while indulging in pleasurable recreation. Joshua R. Giddings fell by the side of a billiard-table; President Lincoln died in a theater, and Mr. Corwin was stricken down while enlivening the festivities of an evening with jokes.