

### Business Directory.

**JUDICIAL OFFICERS.**  
JAS. STEWART, Pres't Judge.  
A. I. CURTIS, Probate Judge.  
J. SHERIDAN, Clerk of C. P. Pleas.  
ALEX. PORTER, Proc. Atty.  
ISAAC GATES, Auditor.  
JAMES W. BOYD, Treasurer.  
JOHN D. JONES, Sheriff.  
ASA S. REED, Recorder.  
ORLOW SMITH, Surveyor.  
JOHN G. BROWN, Coroner.  
GEO. MCNEILL, Commissioner.  
LUKE SELBY, Commissioner.  
AMOS HILBORN, Commissioner.  
DAVID BRYTE, Informant.  
PATRICK KELLEY, Director.  
WILSON G. BROWN, Director.  
**SCHOOL EXAMINERS.**  
GEORGE W. HILL, Ashland.  
ORLOW SMITH, Sullivan.  
J. MOORMICK, Johnson.  
**BOARDS.**  
WM. RALSTON, Mayor.  
J. MUSGRAVE, Recorder.  
E. W. WALLACE, Treasurer.  
R. P. FULKERSON, Marshall.  
A. DRUMB, Clerk.  
S. G. WOODRUFF, Trustee.  
H. AMES, Trustee.  
T. C. BUSHNELL, Trustee.

**HOTELS.**  
**ROXBURY HOUSE.**  
WILLIAM SIMMERMAN, Proprietor, Roxbury, Mass., Ashland County, Ohio.  
**FRYBURN HOUSE.**  
A. M. FRYBURN, Proprietor, Ashland, Ohio.  
**MILLER HOUSE.**  
J. MILLER, Proprietor, Ashland, Ohio.  
**AMERICAN HOUSE.**  
J. H. WATSON, Proprietor, Ashland, Ohio.  
**FRANKLIN HOUSE.**  
J. H. WATSON, Proprietor, Ashland, Ohio.  
**WELLS HOUSE.**  
J. H. WATSON, Proprietor, Ashland, Ohio.

**LAWYERS.**  
W. H. REARICK, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio.  
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio.  
GEO. W. WATSON, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio.  
J. H. WATSON, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio.  
J. H. WATSON, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
J. H. WATSON, M. D., Ashland, Ohio.  
J. H. WATSON, M. D., Ashland, Ohio.  
J. H. WATSON, M. D., Ashland, Ohio.

**DRUGGISTS.**  
J. H. WATSON, Ashland, Ohio.  
J. H. WATSON, Ashland, Ohio.

**WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS.**  
W. H. WATSON, Ashland, Ohio.  
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### Poetry.

**WHERE ARE THEY?**  
By J. D. JACKSON.  
Where are the brave of olden years,  
Who marched off in sterner array,  
To smother the wrongs and bitter tears,  
And ruthless deeds, done day by day?  
The Continentals, where are they?

**EPICHRATIC.**  
I lack not wealth of worldly fame,  
I lack not honors, and I lack not care,  
I lack not pleasures, and I lack not pain,  
I lack not pleasures, and I lack not pain,  
I lack not pleasures, and I lack not pain.

### Select Miscellany.

**THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.**  
Of all miracles, the most wonderful is that of life—the common, daily life which we carry about with us, and which every one of us takes for granted.

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can gloriously because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it; are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, in our ears because there is the living sensation to appreciate them? Without life, what are they all? What were a Creator himself, without life, intelligence, understanding, to know and adore Him, and to trace His fingers in the work of His hand made?

Boundless variety and perpetual change are exhibited in the living beings around us. Take the class of insects alone; of these not fewer than 100,000 distinct species are already known, and it is estimated that every day is adding to the catalogue. Wherever you penetrate, that life can be sustained, you find living beings to exist; in the depths of the ocean, in the arid desert, or at the icy poles of the earth, you find life.

Take a drop of water; and examine it with a microscope; lo! it is swarming with living creatures. Within life, exists another life, until it reaches the powers of human vision. The parasitic animals, which prey upon or within the body of a larger animal is itself preyed upon by parasites peculiar to itself. So minute are living animals, that Ehrenberg has computed that not fewer than one hundred millions can subsist in a single drop of water, and each of these monads is endowed with its appropriate organs, possesses spontaneous power of motion, and enjoys an independent vitality.

Deep down into the earth, and from a hundred yards deep, throw up a portion of soil, over it so that no communication take place between the soil and the air surrounding it. Soon you will observe vegetation springing up—perhaps new plants, altogether unlike any heretofore grown in that neighborhood. During how many thousands of years has the vitality of these seeds been preserved in the earth's bosom? Not less wonderful is the fact stated by Lord Lindsay, who took from the hand of an Egyptian mummy a tuber, which must have been wrapped up there more than 3000 years before. It was planted, and it grew and deeded upon the sun shone on it again, and the root grew, bursting forth and blooming into a beautiful Dahlia!

At the North Pole, where you would expect to find the coldest climate, is found of a bright red color. Examine it by the microscope, and lo! it is covered with mushrooms, growing on the surface of the snow as their natural abode.

A philosopher distils a portion of pure water, and it comes out in a certain place under the influence of a powerful electric current. Living beings are stimulated into existence, the *Crusci* appear in numbers! Here we touch on the borders of a great mystery. But we do not get at all more than the fact of life itself. Philosophers know nothing about it, further than it is. The attempt to discover its cause, inevitably throws them back upon the Great First Cause. Philosophy takes refuge in religion.

The trees in summer put on their verdure; they blossom; their fruit ripens; they drop one by one, and decay, resolving themselves into new forms, to enter in to other organizations; the sap flows back to the trunk; and the forest, wood field and brake, compose themselves to their annual winter's sleep. In spring and summer the birds sing in the boughs, and the entire surface is now any kind of bounding life; the sun shone warm, and nature rejoiced in greenness. Winter lays its cold chill upon this scene; and the same scene comes round again, and another spring recommences the same "never ending, still beginning" succession of vital changes. We learn to expect all this, and become so familiar with it, that it seldom occurs to us to reflect how much harmony and adaptation there is in the arrangement—how much of beauty and glory there is everywhere, above, around, and beneath us.

But were it possible to conceive an intelligent being, abstracted from our humanity, endowed with the full possession of mind and reason, all at once, set standing in the center of the world, and objects of surpassing interest and wonder would at once force themselves on his attention. The verdant earth, covered with its endless profusion of forms of vegetable life, from the delicate moss to the oak which survives the revolutions of centuries; the insects of the whole kingdom, from the gnat which dances in the summer's sun beams up to the higher forms of sentient being; birds, beasts of endless diversity of form, instinct, and color, and above all, Man—Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye—these would, to such an intelligence, be a source of almost endless interest.

If it is life which is the grand glory of the world, it was the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. If not the

principles which enter into the composition of the organized being are few, while the elements which enter into the composition of the organized being are many. The material elements have not died, but merely assumed new forms. Does not the spirit of man, which is ever at enmity with nothingness and dissolution, live too? Religion in all ages has dealt with this great mystery, and here we have it in the hands of a philosopher, who has the confidence in the solution which it offers.

**A SUPPER WITH CARDINAL RICHELIEU.**  
Nearly all the world following the lead of certain historians have agreed to call Cardinal de Richelieu a great man, and in some respects he deserved the reputation. He rendered a great service to France, and he rendered a great service to letters in founding the French Academy of Literature. To be sure his own attempts at poetry were sufficiently poor, but he sometimes rewarded the verses of other poets.

Not content with destroying illustrious enemies, he, from time to time, indulged in petty vengeance, one of which forms the subject of the following anecdote: Monsieur Dumont, a shopkeeper in a small way, living in the Rue St. Denis, received a letter dated at Reuil, a village in the environs of Paris, where the Cardinal had a country house.

This letter contained an invitation to supper on the following day with the Cardinal. Monsieur Dumont could hardly believe his eyes; he read the letter over three or four times, looked at the signature and the name, and then re-perused the direction, to make sure it was really meant for him. He then called upon his wife and two daughters, and showed them his good fortune. It would be hard to appreciate the joy, and pride of those worthy people at the unexpected honor.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of the succeeding day, our mercer mounted his horse, and rode to the Cardinal's house. He had hardly passed the gates of the city when heavy clouds began to obscure the summer sky, and soon the muttering of heavy thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. M. Dumont had neglected to provide himself with a cloak, and could only urge to greater speed. But the storm was even swifter than Dapple's best pace, the flashes of lightning followed each other with blinding swiftness, and the rain fell in torrents.

Such is the economy of living beings, that the very actions which are subservient to their preservation, tend to exhaust their strength. Each being has its definite term of life, and on attaining its term of perfection, it begins to decay, and at length ceases to exist. This is the law of the insect which perishes within the hour, and of the octogenarian who falls in a ripe old age. Love properly understood, is a passion which is not to be indulged in, but which is to be used as a means to the attainment of a higher end. The storm instead of diminishing increases in violence; the thunder fairly shakes the house; but for all that, I must pursue my journey.

"What a furious storm," said he. "It is bad enough," responded the other, "but from its violence, I predict that it will be a blessing to us." "I hope not, indeed," pursued the mercer, for I have an important affair which calls me to Reuil." The stranger started lightly, but was silent.

"I will listen," continued Dumont, who, as he was about to say, "I trust his eminence will excuse me on account of my haste to obey his commands." "I did not fear to be impertinent, I should acquire if you have any acquaintance with the Cardinal." "None, and in fact I will confess to you that I was very much astonished at the honor of this invitation."

"The Cardinal," answered the stranger, after considering a moment, "is very jealous of his authority; he does not love that others should pronounce judgment upon his actions, even one word will sometimes arouse his suspicions; reflect well; have you never given the Cardinal any cause to complain of you?" "Never, I believe." "I do not meddle with politics. The only thing of which I can accuse myself is, that in the presence of two or three persons, I spoke somewhat bitterly of the death of the Duke of Montmorency; and you will not wonder on an admission which ought never to be made to you, that my father was major-domo to that noble gentleman."

"Sir, you have the face of an honest man; you inspire me with interest, and I am willing to risk something for the sake of giving you a piece of advice. Do not go to Reuil." "Not go to Reuil! Why I am about to set out this instant, in spite of the storm." "Stay one instant; your position affords me in spite of myself. You believe that a supper with the Cardinal is worth the risk of your life? While you are in the East—'Longworth's Prolifer'—were exhibited on the table at the country agricultural meeting, at San Jose on Saturday last. A very fine cluster of eight or ten berries are nearly three inches in circumference. They were from the gardens of Judge Daniels of San Jose.

STRAWBERRIES.—The California farmer says that splendid specimens of strawberries, of one variety somewhat colored in the East—'Longworth's Prolifer'—were exhibited on the table at the country agricultural meeting, at San Jose on Saturday last. A very fine cluster of eight or ten berries are nearly three inches in circumference. They were from the gardens of Judge Daniels of San Jose.

gaped out. "In the name of heaven, how do you know this to be true?" "I am certain of it!" "But what have I done to merit such a fate?" "That I know not, but I know that the fact is so, for it is who have charge of hanging you." The merchant turned paler than before, and faltered out, "Who then, monsieur, are you?" "The hangman of Paris sent by his eminence to hasten you. Believe me, I have done you a good service, and the least indiscretion on your part will ruin me."

M. Dumont re-mounted his mule without troubling himself about the storm; although it soaked him to the bone, and returned to Paris, instead, however, of going to his own home, he sought an asylum of a friend, who also provided him with money with which to make an escape to England, where he quietly remained until the Cardinal's death, two years after, permitted him to return to his beloved home-family.

**A BEAUTIFUL STORY.**  
The most beautiful and affecting incident I know associated with a shipwreck, is the following: The Grosvenor, an East Indian, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffra. It is resolved that the officers, passengers and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot across the trackless desert, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch Settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With the forlorn object before them they finally separated into two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy seven years old, who has no relations there, and when the first party is moving away, he cries after some member of it, who has been kind to him. The crying of the child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little raft across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, (he patiently walking at all other times); they share with him such pitiful fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter who becomes his special friend by turns, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

"I really—Madam—that is, I have no money," said the General, "command me." "You are very kind sir. I am a poor woman, General." "Poverty is no crime, madam." "No, sir, but I have a little family to care for—I am a widow, sir, and the clerk employed in one of the departments of your administration is indebted to me for board, to a considerable amount, which I cannot collect. I need the money sadly, and come to ask a portion of his wages cannot be stopped from time to time, until this claim of mine—an honest one, General—of which he had the full value, shall be cancelled."

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### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Mr. C., assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknown, and almost unknown, by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and single stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally invited him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evinced that he was a person of no mean station in the higher station of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and then he said, "My girl, would you like to be married, because if you would, I will marry you." "Lord sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Jones, "but however, I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow, to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your father's consent we will be married the following day." He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he addressed him, "Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife, and I come to ask your consent." "This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger. Pray, sir, who are you?" "Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask this question; my name is Jones, the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house, farm and all the furniture, and the furniture brought all parties to one mind and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement; and blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed the better part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; coming to a magnificent one, "This my dear," said he, "is B—'s house, the seat of the Earl of —; and if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it. It is an elegant house and probably very expensive."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion had lately died. He once had a nephew, who in the gaieties of his youth had incurred some debts on account of which he had retired from fashionable life, and had been some time in the hands of his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; coming to a magnificent one, "This my dear," said he, "is B—'s house, the seat of the Earl of —; and if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it. It is an elegant house and probably very expensive."

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