

Ashtland

A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

VOL. IX. ASHLAND, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1854. NO. 19.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.
J. A. STEWART, Pres't Judge.
A. L. CURTIS, Probate Judge.
J. SHERIDAN, Clerk C. C. Pleas.
ALEX. PORTER, Pros. Atty.
G. W. BROWN, County Clerk.
ISAAC GATES, Auditor.
JAMES W. BOYD, Treasurer.
JOHN D. JONES, Sheriff.
ASA S. REED, Recorder.
ORLOW SMITH, Surveyor.
JOHN G. BROWN, Coroner.
GEO. W. CONNELL, Commissioner.
LUKE SELBY, Commissioner.
AMOS HILBORN, Commissioner.
DAVID BRYTE, Infermary.
PATRICK KELLEY, Director.
WILSON POTTER, Director.
SCHOOL EXAMINERS.
GEORGE W. HILL, Ashland.
ORLOW SMITH, Sullivansville.
J. McCORMICK, Loudonville.
TOWN OFFICERS.
W. M. HASTON, Mayor.
J. MURRAY, Recorder.
R. W. WALLACE, Treasurer.
R. P. FULKERSON, Marshal.
A. DRUMB, Trustee.
S. G. WOODRUFF, Trustee.
H. AMES, Trustee.
T. C. BUSHNELL, Trustee.

Poetry.

THE ISLE AND STAR.
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.
In the tropical seas
There's a beautiful Isle,
Where storms never darken
The sunlight's soft smile.
There the hymn of the breeze
And the hymn of the stream
Are mingled in one,
Like sound in a dream.
There the song-birds at morn,
From thick shadows start,
Like musical thoughts,
From the poet's full heart.
There the song-birds at noon
Sing in silence and awe,
Like an exquisite dream
In the bosom unspoken.
There the flowers like rainbows
On wild wood and meadow,
Oh, say, with thee dwell
In that sweet Isle with me?
In the depths of the sky
There's a beautiful star,
Where no yew casts a shadow
The bright gleams afar.
There the rainbows never fade,
And the dew is never dry,
And a circle of moons
Shine in silence in the sky.
There the songs of the blest
And the songs of the spheres
Are unceasingly heard
Through the infinite years.
There the soft airs float down
From the amaranth bowers,
All fresh with the perfume
Of Eden's own flowers.
There truth, love and beauty
In mortal will be,
Oh, say, with thee dwell
In that sweet star with me!

THE MOUNTAINEER.

power is mine to ciliate, and I shall not be backward to use it. I will lift that mountain, and no spirit of a true mountaineer."
The bandit, with a sudden movement, displaced the veil while he was speaking, and I again saw a face of the most ravishing beauty.
The reader will doubtless conclude that I was in love, and so make due allowance for my enthusiasm.
I stepped softly from my covert, and as the lady's eye fell upon my person, I laid my finger upon my lips and then pointed significantly to Uncle Sam's hat.
"I had finished this brief pantomime, I advanced upon the mountaineer noiselessly and suddenly, and thrust the muzzle of my rifle against his ribs with the bridle, and both rider and moustang remained motionless. I then more particularly noted the appearance of the horseman. His features I could not see, for the reason that his back was toward me, but I perceived at a glance that he was armed with pistols and a short sword, and dressed after a style of the robber gentry of that portion of the country; which circumstance naturally aroused my suspicions in relation to his character. He was, I doubted not, waiting to lay heavy tribute upon the first person who might chance to pass, unconscious that, possibly, there might be a "fire in the rear."
Presently I heard the tramp of feet coming down the valley from the direction of Vegas, a village a few miles distant from the junction of the Sapillo. My brand picked up his ears, and he stopped, and bent over his awkward saddle boy to see who came.
"It's a woman," he muttered, "and Dios!" he instantly added, "it looks like my fair senorita!"
A moment after these words were spoken the party who had excited their utterance appeared nearly opposite the gorge, but quickly stopped in alarm when she beheld the armed figure advancing. What was my surprise at recognizing in her the beautiful female whose appearance and person had so captivated my imagination a few days previous.
The Mexican immediately spurred his moustang to her bride-room, quite effectually barring her progress.
"Ah, my angel!" he exclaimed, "you cannot imagine what I have suffered since I met you at Morotown. The Virgin keep me in my wits! but your beauty is marvelous!"
"Pray sir, let me pass my way," replied the maiden in very pure English.
"Senorita, how well you speak that language! I wonder you will deign to speak in a tone spoken by our enemies," resumed the Mexican.
"If you are a gentleman, I trust you will no longer obstruct the way of an unprotected female," rejoined the woman.
"Listen to me, pretty damsel, and know now more of me than I have worshipped the miserable, dirty street in which I first saw you at Moro. Come, I will woo you in free mountain style!—You shall be my wife—my princess, my queen, my divinity, and the goodly spoils of the valley, which I will devote to you, shall be yours. I am a nobleman of the *Los Amecanos*, shall be laid at your feet. Gaily will I dress you, my handsome—rich shall be the taftetas, and the laces that shall deck your pretty figure!" continued the bandit, with easy, rattling volubility.
"I cannot listen to such propositions—this is not fitting time and place. I entreat you to let me proceed," returned the lady, in a voice which betrayed much alarm.
"Not a step do you move, my enchantress, until I have decided. The blessed saints themselves have sent you to me this fine day, that I may avow the passion that consumes me. Ah, Dios! I would see under that veil. Shame it is to keep so much loveliness concealed! Lift the niggardly curtain, lady! Beware what you do, or perchance you will feel my father's vengeance. Loosen your hold upon this rein; I will not brook farther delay and insult," she exclaimed, struggling to command her feelings.
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I felt a strong curiosity to see her face, but it was closely veiled, and my inquisitive eyes could not pierce the folds that hid her face. When she stepped from the house, however, an audacious puff of wind removed the childish gossamer, giving me a full view of the most interesting features I ever saw. With a small hand neatly gloved, she secured the fluttering fabric and drew it to its proper place, but not until her beauty had fairly fascinated me.
I gazed after the unknown enchantress until she had passed from sight, and sighed to think I might never know more of her. A young woman on horseback was not an unusual spectacle, but it furnished me with material for meditation that night and day. The graceful figure, the ease with which she managed her horse, as well as the size and beauty of her animal, made me regard her approach with interest.
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HOW AN INDIAN CAN DIE.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small party of the Chippewas, and a great superior party of Sioux, near Cedar Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalp party upon the Sioux villages on a Minnesota, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first notice of danger which saluted their ears was a discharge of fire from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another, named War Cloud, a leading brave had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and when their assailants were ascending their guns, attempted to carry him along with them where they could gain the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request, they scolded him on a log, with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached he only sang a louder and livelier strain, and when several had gathered around him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screaming forth their yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, &c., until they literally pined him fast, without having touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperterbato, continuing to chant his defiant strain, and although one of the number flung his bow and scalping knife before his eyes, still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of the number approached him with a tomahawk, which with a few unheeded flourishes he buried in the captive's skull, who sank in a long, long sleep still upon his lips. He had indeed succeeded in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards, they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.—St. Paul Democrat.

THE GAIN OF DEATH.

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Clasp the dead meekly over the still breast, they've no more work to do—
Close the weary eyes, there are no more tears to shed; part the dimpled lids, there's no more pain to bear. Oh, it is the ear alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whispers.
Oh, if it still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have turned carelessly away; if you have loved the grief and the word and clashing blades have come all too late, then God forgive you! No-frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiselled lip—no flush of wounded feelings mounts the blue-veined temples.
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Oh, spacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! not a word of welcome from all the householders?—no warm greeting from a sister's loving lips?—no throb of pleasure from the maternal bosom? Silent!
Oh, if those broken links were never gathered up—if beyond links the swelling flood there was no eternal shore—if for the struggling bark there was no sort of spruce—if thwarted the lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!
Alas! for love—in the world's end And naught beyond it's earth! —Evelyn Hunt.

THE LOWER CLASS.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, artisan, the inventor, the producer? far from it. These are the noblest, God's favorites, the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in position, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely the upper circles, in the order of nature, whatever the fanciful distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, may decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure, for the great man, and the whole-souled work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low; and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the highest. If you can do a class of labor on earth, who may be properly denominated low, it is composed of those who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives without being or doing anything in and of themselves.
We are all mortals, and we are all here. And they who climb so up the shrouds, have only, in their overstepping place. Gained a more dangerous station and behold more misere.

THE HOME MOTHER.

Some one writing for the *Mason's Mirror* has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:
"We must draw a line, say a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who fits from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as hollow and heartless as herself. She, who forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given her in charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements.
"Not so with our home mother! blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How pleasantly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma pecks their curls with her own hands, in the new dress she has made for them! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overalls, or the comforter round their necks.
"There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortable before she slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprints a good night kiss on each little rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling laid in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sheet and downy bed, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that opened the shaft, and treads with a warmer tread, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love—
How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill. Blessings be on the gentle hands, loving upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will be old as a garment."
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Select Miscellany.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

A TALE OF NORTHERN MEXICO.

WHEN the "Army of the West" reached Moro valley, I was too ill to proceed farther: so I was left at Morotown, in the care of a friend. I had been attached to Col. Harney's command, in the capacity of surgeon; but had rendered myself quite useless to Lieutenant. Ensign of the Engineers, in making scientific observations in relation to the topography of the country; and it was while assisting him in his geodetic operations that I contracted the sickness which caused me to be left at the place I have mentioned. Moro was a village consisting of about two hundred houses, built in that awkward and unskillful manner characteristic of the people of Northern Mexico. I was not well pleased with the necessity that compelled me to remain at that uninviting spot, while the army was moving toward Santa Fe, animated by the prospect of a fight with Aranjio, who, it was currently reported, was making great preparations to repel the invaders, who were coming to destroy their property and liberties.

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THE LOWER CLASS.

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We are all mortals, and we are all here. And they who climb so up the shrouds, have only, in their overstepping place. Gained a more dangerous station and behold more misere.

THE HOME MOTHER.

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"Not so with our home mother! blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How pleasantly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma pecks their curls with her own hands, in the new dress she has made for them! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overalls, or the comforter round their necks.
"There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortable before she slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprints a good night kiss on each little rosy mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling laid in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sheet and downy bed, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that opened the shaft, and treads with a warmer tread, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love—
How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill. Blessings be on the gentle hands, loving upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will be old as a garment."
—Evelyn Hunt.

THE GAIN OF DEATH.

"The moon looks calmly down, when she is dying,
Flowers burn the perfume, and the wind,
Keeps sighing,
As she seems to pass or stay."
Clasp the dead meekly over the still breast, they've no more work to do—
Close the weary eyes, there are no more tears to shed; part the dimpled lids, there's no more pain to bear. Oh, it is the ear alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whispers.
Oh, if it still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have turned carelessly away; if you have loved the grief and the word and clashing blades have come all too late, then God forgive you! No-frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiselled lip—no flush of wounded feelings mounts the blue-veined temples.
God forgive you for your feet too meekly shrink appalled from death's cold river—your flitting tongue asks, "Can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth; your slanting hand yields its last faint pressure; your sinking pulse gives its feeble flutter.
Oh, spacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! not a word of welcome from all the householders?—no warm greeting from a sister's loving lips?—no throb of pleasure from the maternal bosom? Silent!
Oh, if those broken links were never gathered up—if beyond links the swelling flood there was no eternal shore—if for the struggling bark there was no sort of spruce—if thwarted the lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!
Alas! for love—in the world's end And naught beyond it's earth! —Evelyn Hunt.

THE LOWER CLASS.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, artisan, the inventor, the producer? far from it. These are the noblest, God's favorites, the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in position, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely the upper circles, in the order of nature, whatever the fanciful distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, may decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure, for the great man, and the whole-souled work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low; and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the highest. If you can do a class of labor on earth, who may be properly denominated low, it is composed of those who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives without being or doing anything in and of themselves.
We are all mortals, and we are all here. And they who climb so up the shrouds, have only, in their overstepping place. Gained a more dangerous station and behold more misere.

THE HOME MOTHER.

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"Not so with our home mother! blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How pleasantly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma pecks their curls with her own hands, in the new dress she has made for them! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overalls, or the comforter round their necks.
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