THE Ashland Union.

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.

H. S. KNAPP, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER] "THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED." [OFFICE OVER T. C. BUSHNELL'S STORE.

VOL. XIII. ASHLAND, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1858. NO. 16.

Business Directory.

Judicial Officers.

GEO. W. GEDDES, Com. Pleas Judge.
JOHN D. JONES, Probate Judge.
H. S. SEE, Clerk Com. Pleas and Dist. Courts.
THOS. J. KENNY, Prosecuting Attorney.

County Officers.

JAMES SWINEFORD, Auditor.
JOHN JACOBS, Senr., Treasurer.
JOHN J. HOOTMAN, Sheriff.
ROBERT SCOTT, Recorder.
JOHN KEEN, Jr., Surveyor.
JOHN WOODBURN, Coroner.
WM. S. STRICKLAND, HERVEY FENN, JACOB EMERICK, } Comm'ssioners.
GEORGE BOTDORF, PATRICK KELLY, JOS. STRICKLAND, } Infirmary Directors.

School Examiners.

REV. JOHN ROBISON, T. F. HILDRETH, S. M. BARBER, } Ashland.

HOTELS.

MNULTY HOUSE, Ashland, Ohio, by W. McNulty. Rooms airy and commodious, and table constantly supplied with all the luxuries of the season. Patronage solicited.
Feb. 4, 1857. 34tf

SAMPSEL HOUSE, Ashland, Ohio, A. W. Melsheimer, lessee. This is one of the largest and most commodious Hotels in the western country. A good Ostler always in attendance
Feb. 4, 1857. 34tf

MILLER HOUSE, opposite the Sampsel House Ashland, Ohio, M. Miller, Proprietor. Good fare, reasonable bills, and good accommodations. Patronage solicited.
Feb. 34, 1857. 34tf

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, South-West Corner of the Public Square, opposite the Bank, Mansfield, O., M. Turner, and L. H. Strong, Proprietors.
November 18, 1857. 24tf

AMERICAN HOTEL, Cleveland, Ohio, A. P. Winslow, Proprietor.
Feb. 4, 1857. 34tf

LAWYERS.

J. W. SMITH.] [WM T. JOHNSTON.
SMITH & JOHNSTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, will attend to all business entrusted to their care, in Ashland and adjoining counties.
☞Office over the Bank.
June 2, 1858. 52tf

MCARTY & SAMPSEL, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Having formed a partnership, will hold themselves in readiness to attend to all legal business in Ashland and surrounding counties. Office on the corner of Main and Orange Street, one door east of J. B. F. Sampsel's Store.
April 29, 1858. 46tf

T. J. KENNY, Attorney at Law, has opened his Office the first door West of Sampsel House, where he will be happy to see his old friends, and such others as may wish to engage his professional services.
April 29, 1858. 46tf

JOHN J. JACOBS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office one door East of Wasson & Stubbs Shoe Store.
April 9, 1858. 44tf

FULTON & McCOMBS, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office in the Bank building, over the Hardware Store.
Feb. 4, 1857. 34tf

WILLARD SLOCUM, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office on corner of Church and Sandusky Sts. Particular attention paid to collections.
Feb. 4, 1857. 34tf

EDSON & DE PUY, Attorneys at Law Van Wert, Ohio, will attend to all business entrusted to their care, in the counties of Vanwert and Mercer. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims and payments of taxes for non residents. Also agent for the sale of real estate.
May 13, 1857. 49tf

THOMAS J. BULL, Attorney at Law, Loudonville, Ashland county, Ohio, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Feb. 4, 1855. 34tf

PHYSICIANS.

MEDICAL CARD.

F. M. McCONOUGHY, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon.*
Office a few Doors West of Sampsel House, ASHLAND, OHIO.

IN Miss White's Building, where he may be found at all times, promptly to attend to the various branches of the Medical science, unless absent on professional business. 45tf

DR. J. HAHN, Physician and Surgeon. Office on main Street, opposite Dr. Kellogg's dwelling. Special attention paid to the practice of Medicine, and Chronic cases at moderate charges.
April 13, 1858. 45tf

DR. P. H. CLARK, Physician and Surgeon, Office near the Sampsel House, adjoining the Drug Store of Roller & Howard. Special attention paid to diseases of the Chest as well as all chronic cases.
May 6, 1857. 48tf

I. E. CRANE, M. D., Surgeon and Occulist, Office in Roller & Howard's Drug Store, Main St. Ashland, Ohio.

DR. H. BUCK, Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery, Rowsburg, Ashland county, Ohio.
February 4, 187. 34tf

DENTIST.

DR. S. WOODIN, Dentist, Hayesville, Ohio. Teeth inserted from one to a full set. Filling done to order, and warranted to give satisfaction.
February 4, 1857. 34tf

JEWELERS.

WILLIAM RALSTON, Jeweler and Silver Smith, a few doors west of the McNulty House, Ashland, Ohio. Gold and Steel Pens, and a choice variety of Jewelry, kept constantly on hand. Highest price paid for old Gold and Silver. Repairing done to order, on reasonable terms—satisfaction warranted.
Feb-uary 4, 1857. 34tf

W. S. HANCOCK,
MERCHANT TAILOR, and dealer in Furnishing Goods, 45 Superior street, under the Weddell House Cleveland, Ohio.
July 15t

WOODS CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORATIVE, for sale at CLARK & POTTER'S Drug Store.
v12n39tf

WOOD'S CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORATIVE, for sale at ROLLER & HOWARD'S Drug Store
657t

200 KEGS PURE LEAD, 100 KEGS SNOW WHITE ZINC, at ROLLER & HOWARD'S

Miscellaneous.

FRANCIS GRAHAM, Justice of the Peace. Office with John J. Jacobs. Attorney and Counselor at Law, opposite the Bank.
Ashland, June 16, 1858. 6m2

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—D. B. Gray, Proprietor. Family and Pleasure Carriages, and 2:40 Horses, to be had at all hours. Passengers conveyed to any of the neighboring towns on the shortest notice. Prices reduced to suit the hard times. ☞ Stables in the rear of Graham's Old Stone Store.
February 4, 1857. 34tf

EXPRESS LINE!
Ashland and Mansfield.

THE undersigned, as Agent for Adams and the United States Express Companies will attend promptly to the delivery or forwarding of Express matter at Mansfield or Ashland, from or to any portion of the United States.

In my absence, packages left with A. W. Melsheimer, at the Sampsel House, will be promptly attended to.

Charges paid on delivery.
LEVI McCAULEY, Express Agent.
June 9, 1858. 1tf

Minnesota Land Agency.

J. M. & A. P. SWINEFORD, REAL Estate Dealers, and Agents, Land Warrants located and investments made yielding fifty per cent. Taxes paid, &c. A. P. Swineford being a resident of Albert Lea, Minnesota, is well acquainted with the natural advantages of the Territory, and the best points for investment. A few choice Lots and farming Lands for sale. For further information inquire of Jas. Swineford, Ashland O., or address A. P. Swineford, Albert Lea, Freeborn county Minnesota.

CONVEYANCING.
Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, &c., &c. carefully drawn, and being a
NOTARY PUBLIC
I will take the acknowledgements thereof, administer Oaths &c. &c. charges reasonable. Office in the county Auditor's office, Ashland, O. JAMES SWINEFORD.
Ashland, February 25, 1857 1y34.

KING'S HOTEL,
New London, O.
By H. Ascher.

MR. ASCHER would inform the traveling and pleasure seeking public that he is not the proprietor of the "ASCHER HOUSE," but has come into possession of "KING'S HOTEL," that under his management he will furnish the best accommodation. This is true of his well furnished, large and pleasant rooms, a well supplied table and the conveniences of stabeling and livery. He is prepared to entertain parties, large or small, and has a large and beautiful hall for cotillion parties, exhibitions and public lectures. Board, $1 per day.
New London, June 2, 1858. 12n52tf

D. STURGES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BOOKSELLER STATIONER, &c.,
Sturges & Bigelow's Building, Mansfield, O.

ALWAYS on hand a large and choice stock of Law, Medical, School, Theological, Miscellaneous and Blank Books of all varieties and prices, Staple and Fancy Stationery, Fancy Goods and Cutlery.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS
Published by the American Sunday School Union and Massachusetts Sunday School Society in larger quantities than usual, to supply the increased demand. Sold at the Society prices, at STURGES' Book Store,
Mansfield, O.

Wall Paper, Borders, Curtains, &c
AT prices to suit the times at STURGES' Book Store,
Mansfield, O.
☞ Our careful attention is given to all orders sent or left with us, and satisfaction guaranteed. Your favors are solicited.
D. STURGES.
June 16, 1858. 2m2

NEW
Grocery Establishment.

C. KNOTH would inform his friends and the public that he has opened a new Grocery and
Provision Store!
in the Store Room recently occupied by J. Skilling, corner of Main and Orange streets, where he will be prepared to furnish his friends and the public with every article in his line.

☞ TO FARMERS.—My friends from the country, visiting town, are informed that they can at any hour of the day or evening obtain a cup of good hot Coffee, a plate of Beef's Tongue, Tripe, Corned Beef, Ham, &c., on terms which will make it their interest to give me a call.
Ashland, April 20, 1858. 46tf

NEW
STOVE & TIN
ESTABLISHMENT!

E. G. ROYER

HAVING purchased of Messrs. C. & F. Knoth their establishment, will be prepared to offer the public as good a stock of
Stoves, Tin Ware, &c.,
as can be found in the county, and at such prices as no just man can complain of.
☞ Old Copper, old Iron and Block Tin received in exchange, and fair rates allowed.
☞ A liberal reward will be paid any person who will furnish information that any other establishment in Ashland county has been selling a better article, for the same money, than the subscriber.
E. G. ROYER.
Ashland, March 30, 1858. 43tf

NOTICE.

Caroline Maloy vs. Franklin Maloy } In Court of Com. Pleas of Ashland Co., O., Petition for Divorce and Alimony.

FRANKLIN Maloy is notified that Caroline Maloy did on the 9th day of July, A. D., 1858, file her petition in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, within and for the County of Ashland and State of Ohio, charging the said Franklin Maloy with having been wilfully absent from the said Plaintiff for more than three years last past, without any cause or justification therefor on the part of the said Plaintiff and asking that she may be divorced from the said Franklin Maloy, have her maiden name restored to her and for an allowance of alimony which petition will stand for hearing at the next term of said Court.
CAROLINE MALOY.
By McCARTY & SAMPSEL, her Att'ys.
July 28, 1858 6w8

Poetry.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little child beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigneth over all!"

There passed a lady by the way,
Meaning in the face of day;
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stoop'd and listen'd to the child,
That look'd to Heaven, and singing, smiled,
And saw not, for own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stoop'd to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but a few sad days before,
Had lost the little babe she bore,
And grief was heavy at her soul,
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And show'd how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast

And as they stood beneath the tree,
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spoke a loud of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stepp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listen'd to the song,
Silver toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the live long day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigneth over all!"

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Cond'ct it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly.
The song still tinging in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know,
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurr'd when sorrow grew,
To warn them and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigneth over all!"

Select Miscellany.

MASSACRE OF THE MORAVIAN INDIANS.

As early as the year 1762, the Moravian missionaries, Post and Heckewelder, established a mission among the Indians on the Tuscarawas. Before the close of the war of the revolution, they had three flourishing stations or villages, viz: Schoenbrun, Gnadenhutten and Salem. These were respectively about five miles apart, and stood near fifty miles west of the site of Steubenville, Ohio. In the war, their position was eminently dangerous. They were midway between the hostile towns on the Sandusky and the frontier settlements, and being on the direct route of war parties of either, were compelled occasionally to give sustenance and shelter to both. This excited the jealousy of the contending races, although they preserved a strict neutrality, and looked with horror upon the shedding of blood.

In February, 1782, many murders were committed upon the upper Ohio and the Monongahela, by the hostile Indians. The settlers believing that the Moravians were either concerned in these murders, or had harbored those who were, determined to destroy their towns, the existence of which they deemed dangerous to their safety. Accordingly, in March, about ninety volunteers assembled under the command of Col. David Williamson, in the Mingo Bottom, just below the site of Steubenville. Arriving in the vicinity of Gnadenhutten, they, on the morning of the 8th, surrounded and entered the town, where they found a large party of Indians in a field, gathering corn. They informed the Indians that they had come on an errand of peace and friendship—that they were going to take them to Fort Pitt for protection. The unsuspecting Indians, pleased at the prospect of their removal, delivered up their arms which they used for hunting, and commenced preparing breakfast for themselves and guests. An Indian messenger was dispatched to Salem, to apprise the brethren there of the new arrangement, and both companies then returned the Gnadenhutten. On reaching the village, a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but ere they reached it, found that the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their corn fields, by the advice of the messenger, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. Measures had been adopted by the militia to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power. They were bound, confined in two houses, and well guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem, (their arms having been previously secured without suspicion of any hostile intention.) they were also fettered, and divided between the two prison-houses, the males in one, the females in the other. The number thus confined in both, including men, women and children, have been estimated from ninety to ninety six.

A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self constituted military court embraced both officers and privates. Colonel Williamson put the question, 'whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or *put to death?*" requesting those who were in favor of saving their lives to step out and form a second rank. Only eighteen out of the whole number stepped forth as advocates of mercy. In these, the feelings of humanity were not extinct. In the majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested.—They resolved to *murder* (for no other word can express the act) the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization—two of whom emigrated from N. Jersey after the death of their spiritual pastor, the Rev. David Brainard. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander and begged his protection. Her supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth in the sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of these devoted people were already ascending to the throne of the Most High!—the sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer found an echo in the surrounding woods, but no responsive feeling in the bosoms of their executioners. With gun, and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, till not a sigh or moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within—all, save two—two Indian boys escaped, as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man towards their unfortunate race.

Thus were upwards of ninety human beings hurried to an untimely grave by those who should have been their legitimate protectors. After committing the barbarous act, Williamson and his men set fire to the houses containing the dead, and then marched off for Shoenbrun, the upper Indian town. But here the news of their atrocious deeds had preceded them. The inhabitants had all fled.

Those engaged in this campaign were generally men of standing at home.—When the expedition was formed, it was given out to the public that its sole object was to remove the Moravians to Pittsburgh, and by destroying the villages, deprive the hostile Indians of a shelter. In their towns, various articles plundered from the whites were discovered. One man is said to have found the bloody clothes of his wife and children, who had recently been murdered. These articles, doubtless, had been purchased of the hostile savages. The sight of these, it is said, bringing to mind the forms of murdered relations, wrought them up to a pitch of uncontrolable frenzy which nothing but blood could satisfy.

In the year 1799, when the remnant of the Moravian Indians were recalled by the United States to reside on the same spot, an old Indian, in company with a young man by the name of Carr, walked over the desolate scene, and showed to the white man an excavation which had formerly been a cellar, and in which were still some mouldering bones of the victims, though seventeen years had passed since their tragic death—the tears, in the meantime, falling down the wrinkled face of this aged child of the Tuscarawas.

About a hundred yards east of the present town of Gnadenhutten, is the site of the ancient Indian village, with the stone foundations of their huts, and marks of the conflagration that consumed the bodies of the slain in 1782.—Here and there, may be excavated burnt corn and other relics of the fire. Apple trees, planted by the missionaries, are yet standing, surrounded by under brush. A row of Lombardy poplars were planted for ornament, one of which yet towers aloft undecayed by time, a natural monument to the memory of those who are interred beneath its shade.

WILLIAM JASPER.

At the commencement of the revolution, William Jasper enlisted in the second South Carolina regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Moultrie.—He distinguished himself in a particular manner, at the attack which was made upon Ft. Moultrie, on Sullivan's island, on the 28th of June, 1776. In the hottest fire of the battle the flag of the fort was shot away, and fell without the fort. Jasper instantly sprang after it upon the beach, between the ramparts and the enemy, and binding it to a sponge staff, restored it to its place, and succeeded in regaining his own in safety. Governor Rutledge, after the battle, as a reward, took his small sword from his side, and in the presence of many officers, presented it to Sergeant Jasper, telling him to wear it in remembrance of the 28th of June, and in remembrance of him. He also offered Jasper a lieutenant's commission, but as he could neither read nor write, he modestly refused to accept it, saying, "he was not fit to keep officer's company, being only bred a sergeant." His subsequent activity and enterprise induced Col. Moultrie to give him a sort of a roving commission to go and come at pleasure; confident that he was always usefully employed. He was privileged to select such men from the regiment as he should choose to accompany him in his enterprises.

Jasper was a perfect Proteus, in ability to alter his appearance, perpetually entering the camp of the enemy without detection, and invariably returning to his own, with soldiers he had seduced, or prisoners he had captured. "He often went out," in the language of Moultrie, "and returned with prisoners before I knew that he was gone. I have known of his catching a party that was looking for him. He has told me that, he could have killed single men several times, but he would not; he would rather let them off. He went into the British lines at Savannah, as a deserter, complaining, at the same time, of our ill-usage of him. He was gladly received, (they having heard of his character,) and caressed by them. He stayed eight days, and after informing himself well of their strength, situation and intentions, he returned to us again; but this game he could not play a second time. With his little party he was always hovering about the enemy's camp, and was frequently bringing in prisoners."

Jasper had a brother who had espoused the other side of the contest, and was at this period in the British garrison at Ebenezer, holding the rank of a sergeant. Wishing to see his brother, Jasper made his appearance in the British garrison, much to the alarm of the other.

"What brings *you* here, William!—Your name is well known! You will be hung for a spy!" agitatedly remarked the tory brother.

"Give yourself no uneasiness, brother," coolly replied Jasper—"I am no longer an American soldier." He checked the joy which this declaration excited in his brother's mind, by assuring him that, though he found little encouragement in fighting for his country, "he had not the heart to fight against her." Our scout lingered for two or three days in the British camp, and then, by a *detour*, regained that of the Americans; reporting to his commander all that he had seen. He was encouraged to repeat his visit a few weeks after, but this time he took with him a comrade, one Sergeant Newton, a fellow quite as brave in spirit and strong in body as himself. Here he was again well received by his brother, who entertained the guests kindly for several days. Meanwhile, a small party of Americans were brought into Ebenezer as captives, over whom hung the danger of "short shrift and sudden cord." They were on their way to Savannah for trial. They had taken arms with the British, as hundreds more had done, when the country was deemed reconquered; but, on the approach of the American army, had rejoined their countrymen, and were now once more at the mercy of the power with which they had broken faith. "It will go hard with them," said the tory Jasper to his whig brother; but the secret comment of the other was, "it shall go hard with the first." There was a Mrs. Jones, the wife of one of the prisoners, who, with her child, kept them company. William Jasper and his friend were touched by the spectacle of their distress; and they conferred together, as soon as they were alone, as to the possibility of rescuing them. Their plan was soon adopted.—It was a simple one, such as naturally suggests itself to a hardy and magnanimous character. The prisoners had scarcely left the post for Savannah, under a guard of eight men, a sergeant and corporal, when Jasper and his friend departed also, though in a different direction from the guard. Changing their course, when secure from observation, they stretched across the country and followed the footsteps of the unhappy captives. But it was only in the pursuit that they became truly conscious of the difficulty, nay, seeming impossibility, of effecting their object. The guard was armed, and ten in number; they but two and weaponless. Hopeless, they nevertheless followed on.

Within two miles of Savannah there is a spring, famous for its good water, and at which travellers almost invariably stopped to drink and refresh. It occurred to Jasper that most likely the guard would halt at this spring; and the hearts of the two friends were instantly animated with a revived hope that an opportunity to rescue the captives might yet present itself. Immediately they hastened on by a short cut through the woods and reached the spring before the guard came in sight. Hiding themselves amidst the foliage and shade of shrubbery growing close to the spring, they lay waiting for the appearance of the guard which shortly came along, and, as Jasper had expected, the sergeant commanded a halt. The corporal, with four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring; the sergeant, with the other four, after grounding their arms near the road, following. The long walk had fatigued the hand cuffed prisoners, and they were granted permision to rest themselves on the earth. They availed themselves of this, and the woman, with her child, sat next to her husband. Two men were ordered to keep guard; the others were to supply the captives with water from the spring. These last, stood their muskets against a tree, and having drank themselves, refilled their canteens to supply the prisoners. Now was the time for Jasper and his friend, and bursting out from their concealment, they seized upon the two muskets, and at once shot down the two men that were keeping guard. Clubbing their guns, the daring friends rushed forward upon the astonished foe, and a conflict for the loaded guns of the fallen soldiers ensued. The brains of the sergeant and corporal were beaten in, and Jasper and Newton secured the muskets. Such was the panic of the guard, growing out of the audacity and bold decision of the two Americans, that, without any further resistance, they then surrendered.

The handcuffs of the captives were now broken off, and a musket was placed in the hands of each. With the captured British, and the released Americans, the brave Jasper and his new friend now hurried away from the spring, and reached the army at Perrysburg in safety.

Two days after the battle of Fort Moultrie, Mrs. Barnard Elliott had presented an elegant pair of embroidered colors to the second regiment, with a brief address, in which she expressed her conviction that they would "stand by them as they could wave in the air of liberty." It was in fulfilling the pledge made by Gen. Moultrie, on that occasion, in behalf of the regiment, that the brave Jasper lost his life before the walls of Savannah.

During the assault, two officers had been killed, and one wounded, endeavoring to place these colors upon the enemy's parapet of the Spring Hill redoubt. Just before the retreat was ordered, Jasper endeavored to replace them upon the works, and while he was in the act, received a mortal wound and fell into the ditch. But he afterwards succeeded in regaining the American camp. Major Horry called to see him, soon after the retreat, to whom it is said he made the following communication: 'I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge, for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie—give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it in honor.—If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in hope of a better life.—Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of that battle, which he fought for them, brought a secret joy into his heart when it was about to stop its motion forever." He expired a few moments after closing this sentence.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

[From Brackenridge's History of the last War with Great Britain.]

Soon after this affair, (the defense of Fort Stephenson by Major Croghan,) Tecumeh, having raised the siege of Fort Meigs, followed Proctor to Detroit; and all hope was given up by the enemy of reducing the American forts, until they could gain the ascendency on the lake.

The utmost exertions had been made, in the meanwhile, by Captain Perry, to complete the naval armament on Lake Erie. By the 2d of August, the fleet was equipped, but some time was lost in getting several of the vessels over the bar at the mouth of the harbor of Erie. On the 4th, he sailed in quest of the enemy; but not meeting him, he returned on the 8th. After receiving a reinforcement of sailors brought by Captain Elliot, he again sailed on the 12th, and on the 15th anchored in the bay of Sandusky. Here he took in about twenty volunteer marines, and again went in search of the enemy; and after cruising off Malden, retired to Put-in-Bay, a distance of thirty miles. His fleet consisted of the brig Lawrence, his flag vessel, of twenty guns; the Niagara, Captain Elliot, of twenty; the Caledonia, Lieut. Turner, of three; the schooner Ariel, of four; the Scorpion of two; The Somers, of two guns and two swivels; the sloop Trippe, and the schooners Tigress and Porcupine, of one gun each: amounting in all to nine vessels, fifty four guns and two swivels.—On the morning of the 10th of September, the enemy was discovered bearing down on the American squadron; which immediately got under weigh, and stood out to meet him. The Americans had three vessels more than the British; but this advantage was fully counterbalanced by the size and number of guns of those of the enemy. The fleet of the latter consisted of the Detroit, Commodore Barclay, of nineteen guns and two howitzers; the Queen Charlotte, Captain Finnis, of seventeen guns; the schooner Lady Prevost, Lieut. Buchan, of thirteen guns and two howitzers: the brig Hunter, of ten guns; the sloop Little Belt, of three guns, and the schooner Chippewa, of one gun and two swivels; in all, six vessels, sixty-three guns, four howitzers and two swivels.

When the Americans stood, the British fleet had the weather gage; but the wind soon after changed, and brought the American fleet to windward. The line of battle was formed at eleven; and at fifteen minutes before twelve, the enemy's flag-ship, and the Queen Charlotte opened their fire upon the Lawrence, which she sustained for ten minutes before she was near enough for her guns, which were caronades, to return it. She continued to bear up, making signals for the other vessel to hasten to her support; and at five minutes before twelve, brought her guns to bear upon the enemy. Unfortunately, the wind being light, the smaller vessel of the squadron could not come up to her assistance, and she was compelled to contend for two hours, with two ships each nearly equal to her in force. The contest was, notwithstanding, maintained by her with unshaken courage, and with a coolness which deserves the highest admiration. By this time the Lawrence had become entirely unmanageable. Every gun in the brig being dismounted, and with the exception of four or five, her whole crew either killed or wounded; Perry determined to leave her. With a presence of mind which drew forth the praise of the gallant officer to whom he was opposed, he sprang into his boat, and heroically waving his sword, passed unhurt to the Niagara, carrying his flag with him. At the moment he reached the Niagara, the flag of the Lawrence came down. She was utterly unable to make further resistance; and it would have been a wanton waste of the remaining lives, to continue the contest. Captain Elliot now left the Niagara, with the view of bringing up the rest of the fleet; while Perry again bore down among the enemy in a ship which had as yet taken no share in the action. As he passed ahead of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte, and Lady Prevost, he poured into each a broadside, from his starboard side; and from his larboard fired into the Chippewa and Little Belt. To one of the vessels—the Lady Provost, which he so approached within half pistol shot, the fire was so destructive, that her men were compelled to run below. At this moment the wind freshening, the Caledonia came up, and opened her fire; and several others of the squadron were enabled soon after to do the same. For a time, this novel and important combat raged with great violence and fury.—The result of a campaign, the command of a sea, the glory and renown of two rival nations matched for the first time in squadron, were at issue. The contest was not long doubtful. The Queen Charlotte, having lost her captain and all her principal officers, by some mischance ran foul of the Detroit. By this accident the greater part of their guns were rendered useless; and the two ships were now in turn compelled to sustain an incessant fire from the Niagara, and the other vessels of the American squadron. The flag of Captain Barclay soon struck and the Queen Charlotte, and the Lady Provost, the Hunter and the Chippewa surrendered in immediate succession; the Little Belt attempted to escape, but was pursued by two gun-boats and captured.

Thus, after a contest of two hours, was a naval victory achieved, in which every vessel of the enemy was captured. If anything could enhance its brilliancy, it was the modest manner in which it was announced by the incomparable Perry: WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS, were his words. Great Britain had already been defeated in single combat, she was now beaten in squadron. The carnage in this affair was very great in proportion to the number engaged. The Americans had twenty-seven killed, and ninety six wounded: among the former, were lieutenant Brooks of the marines, and midshipman Laub; among the latter, lieutenant Yarnell, sailing master Taylor, purser Hamilton and midshipmen Claxton and Swartwout. The loss of the British was about two hundred in killed and wounded; many of whom were officers: and the prisoners, amounting to six hundred, exceeded the whole number of the Americans. Commodore Barclay, a gallant sailor, one of whose arms had been shot off at the battle of Trafalgar, was severely wounded in the hip, and lost the use of his remaining arm.

The news of this event was received with unbounded demonstrations of joy. All party feelings were for a moment forgotten; and the glorious occurrence was celebrated by illuminations and festivals from one end of the continent to the other.

It is highly gratifying to know, that treatment of the British prisoners were such as to call forth their thanks. Capt. Barclay declared, that "the conduct of Commodore Perry towards the officers and men, was sufficient, of itself, to immortalize him."

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

The Captured Slaver—What is to be done with the Prize—South Carolina Opposed to Negro Importation—Paraguay Expedition—Small Receipts from Customs—The Indian Difficulties

WASHINGTON, August 30

A good many *practical* questions arise from the fixed fact of the capture *at last* of a slaver by a United States cruiser, and of the safe arrival of the *prize* within the State of South Carolina.—The law of the States denounces the death penalty to private parties that are caught in the business of the African slave trade—and yet the French nation is engaged in the slave trade under the name of an apprenticeship, and also the English are in the business largely with races less sable in hue, and far more intelligent? But what is to be done with the prize? We are bound to believe that had the vessel been sent into Boston the wealthy *wordy* sympathizers for the negro there would have assured to to the newly arrived *distingues* from the "Jaboo country" conspicuous hospitalities, and perhaps familiar adoption.—But unfortunately the vessel was sent to the sovereign State of South Carolina, where the hostility to negro importation dates from the period of the revolution; and where a fresh infusion of the barbarian, cannibal element would work disorder among slaves now content, and cheapens the products of slave labor.—That State will doubtless protest against their being turned loose there, though if they were to be, the laws are probably such as to ensure their disposal as slaves. As the free States are fast making laws forbidding the immigration of blacks, they will not receive them, and it would be cruel indeed to send them back to a place where they will certainly be eaten as enemies, or be resold and subjected again to the horrors of the middle passage. At present these slaves are to be under the charge of the United States Marshal at Charleston.

The veteran Com Stewart is here, under orders of the Navy Department, to counsel in respect to the Paraguay expedition.

The receipts at New York from customs last week were but $463,000—a figure entirely too low, considering the season of the year and the demands upon the treasury. While an Indian war is just commencing in the far-off region of the fiftieth parallel of north latitude, the expenses of the Mormon war are not diminished, since that it appears that more trains are still leaving for Utah, though four thousand have already gone.

The Indian bureau received nothing by the last steamer from its agents in Oregon and Washington territories.—There has been a disposition to suppose them to be among the Indians striving to remove causes of hostility; but that charitable view is melting away under the circumstances of vexation and annoyance occasioned by want of advice.

The War Department has closed a contract with Mr. Snyder, of Philadelphia, to furnish sixteen thousand felt hats for the army, at $2,75 each.

RECEIPTS FOR THE BEST PICKLES EVER MADE.—A peck of green tomatoes, sliced, one dozen onions sliced, also sprinkle them with salt and let them stand until the next day, when drain them. Then use the following as spices: one box of mustard, one and a half ounces of whole cloves, one ounce of yellow mustard seed, one ounce of allspice; put in the kettle a layer of spices and one of tomatoes and onions alternately. Cover them with vinegar; wet the mustard before putting it in; let the whole boil twenty minutes, and you will have pickles so good that you will be pestered by all your friends, asking you for the recipe.—*Cin. Gaz.*

Why I am a Democrat

That is a strange question. The usual answers about political measures I need not give you, but I will tell you, why. Democracy is the party of progress and of the People. You know that the opposition never originate anything. In regard to Territories, State, or National measures, what has been, with them, is the rule; with the Democracy, it is what OUGHT to be. The measure.—Democracy is not afraid to check corporate power, to aim at such policy as will make wealth equal, as near as the accidents which happen to mankind will permit. Democracy, too, is American, for though it held in contempt the midnight Americanism, commonly called Know Nothingism and defeated it, yet Democracy is truly American. It separates from Old World forms—from Aristocrat privilege—it has helped to found new States, new law systems, new Constitutions. It takes the lead in progress, in living education, in literature, and in political science. Are judges to be restricted? Democracy does it. Is a foreign power to be battled against?—our territory to be preserved, our National honor to be vindicated, new territory to be acquired, it is from a Democratic Administration this is looked to be accomplished: and it is. From the acquisition of Louisiana to the present day, Democracy has dared everything acquisition, diplomacy, war, to maintain the nation's honor. Democracy, too, accomplishes what it undertakes.—Does it war upon a National Bank, as inimical to public *Rights*, away goes the Bank, and bursts and blows to atoms, to show that Democracy is right. Does it propose a better means to preserve the Public Money—the Independent Treasury, it is enacted; and the test of war, panic and revulsion, vindicate democratic sagacity. The opposition to the Democracy never manage to pass a great measure into a law that will stay on the Statute Book. The National Laws are the work of democrats. Do the democracy inaugurate a new policy in territories; they carry it out and freedom is the result. There is a noble daring about democrats, too; they are not always trying to be popular, they would rather be right: and in the long run they prove to be. They have bull dog tenacity. Trifles don't discourage them or break their organization. They are the same fifty years back, to-day, and will be—in the matter of principle, fifty years hence. They progress, it is true, but it is in the development of ideas and measures, carrying out those great principles which lie at the foundation of free government. They go for principles and men—not men without the principles. When you are a member of the Democratic party, you are not sure, it is true, but that occasionally in a man or a measure, they may be somewhat mistaken, but you are sure of pledging allegiance to great principles and you sure of effort for great truths and you need not fear that to morrow or next day, you'll have a new name, new leaders and new principles, and have to ask as a great opposition man once did, "Where am I to go?" The path of the Democracy is straight, steadily traversed, without turning to the right or left, of Northern Sectional, or Southern Disunion principle. It is upward and onward with a march as steady and keeping step and time with the onward march of our country's glory, prosperity and greatness. I could not be a true Patriot unless I were a Democrat. Do not wonder, then, that, with heart, soul and intellect, I'm a Democrat, and shall be so while life lasts with me. I could be nothing else.—*Lima Democrat.*

LATEST.—A special dispatch to the *Commercial* from New York, dated last night, states that B. F. HALLET and others who negotiated the loan of three millions of dollars in Europe, for the Atlantic and Great Western Rail Road Co., with bonds, arrived in the Fulton. Five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000) were subscribed in London, two hundred thousand pounds (one million of dollars) by a Spanish House in Paris, and the balance in iron—thirty one thousand (31,000) tons, being subject to the shipping orders of the Company.

The Atlantic and Great Western Road is already partially graded, with a large amount of masonry completed. The line of the road is from Little Valley, just above Olean, on the New York & Erie, through Jamestown, Meadville, Akron, Ashland, Mansfield, Urbana and Springfield, to Dayton, thence to this city by a third rail on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton trunk line, for which a liberal contract was made several years since. The importance of the above announcement can hardly be overestimated.

RICHLAND COUNTY.—The residence of Dr. O J. Rotsel, near the village of Rome, in Richland County, came very near being destroyed by fire last week. The Dr. and his lady were away from home on a visit, leaving the small children alone, who, it is thought, in playing with matches about a straw stack near the house, accidently fired the straw, which was soon in a flame. By the prompt and energetic efforts of the neighbors, directed by A. S. Chew, Esq., the fire was subdued and the buildings saved. But for their timely and efficient efforts, the barn, office and dwelling, would have been destroyed. The Dr. is particularly unfortunate with fire accidents. This is the third time his property has been exposed within a few years. The first time his dwelling and everything in it was consumed. So complete was the destruction, that not even the clothing of the family was saved. That fire occurred in the night and the occupants of the building barely escaped with their lives, without clothing. It was no doubt the work of an incendiary.

☞ The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.