The Ashland Union.

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AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.

The Cleveland *Leader* (disunion) has "been at considerable pains to ascertain "the position of the various Union journals of the State in reference to the issue recently made between Congress "and the President by the veto message, "and has kept a classified list of those of "them which it has had an opportunity "to observe," and finds "that an overwhelming majority of them declare in "no equivocal tones in *support of the position of Congress and in* MANLY *opposition to the President's policy.*" It says "Of the sixty-three Union papers "whose opinions" it has noted, "*forty-six*, or more than two-thirds, speak out "in radical and indignant protestations "against the President's course, and in "unequivocal support of Congress"

It classes, and justly, too, the Ashland *Times* with the papers which "speak out in radical and indignant protestations *against the President.*"

How, then, we would ask, can the editor of the Bump organ down street, reconcile his present position with that occupied by him during the Administration of LINCOLN, when he claimed that it was disloyal to oppose "the Government," and denounced those who did not sustain LINCOLN in all his despotic acts, as "traitors!" How is it to-day? The editor of the *Times* radically and indignantly opposes President JOHNSON in his efforts to restore the Union. Is he a traitor? Is he not convicted out of his own mouth?

Mr. *Times*, you must either acknowledge that you *lied* when you said that it was "treason to oppose the President," or else stand branded as a *traitor* now. Which horn of the dilemma will you take?

SPRING ELECTIONS.

The time is near at hand when the Democracy in each township should select their ticket for the various offices to be filled at this election. Now is the time to work. Nominate good men and see to it that a full vote is polled. Delays and inaction may bring defeat, whereby a little effort, victory would be easy. To our friends we say, be up and doing, and by your action strengthen the hands of the President, who has now a death grasp on Abolition-disunionism. Democrats, be active, be vigilant.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—At his residence near Ashland, on the 6th inst., died Mr. JOSEPH SHEETS, after a lingering illness of several months, aged 74 years. Mr. SHEETS was born in New Jersey, January 21, 1792. When about 18 years of age, his father's family moved West and settled near Salem in Columbiana county in this State. Mr. Sheets there learned the trade of tailor, and worked some time in Baltimore, Maryland, and subsequently married and settled in Steubenville, Ohio, where he remained till the fall of 1817 when he removed to "Uniontown," now Ashland, and located in a small cabin nearly on the spot where the brick building now occupied by Drs. Clark and McDowell is situated. During the spring following, he built and moved into the house now occupied by Jacob Barnhart. He subsequently built the residence now owned by J. & G. Miller; and was proprietor of the farm upon which South Ashland is laid out. When he and his lady landed in Ashland, there were but three houses in it, owned respectively by William Montgomery (the original proprietor of the town). David Markley and John Croft. Mr. Sheets had the satisfaction of living to see the small village of "Uniontown," composed of four families, including his own, expand by emigration, into hundreds of families; and from a population of ten or fifteen, to over two thousand inhabitants. Not one of the original settlers of the town remain in this section of the country. Messrs. Graham, Skilling and Swineford, of a later period, still survive to remind us of the days of the pioneers. The tract of land on which South Ashland is located was then an unbroken forest; and Main street was filled with stumps, left from trees recently felled, to make a wagon path.—Such, from small beginnings, has been the onward and upward advance of Ashland in the last forty-nine years. The last of the original four has fallen, and returned to mother earth, like the giant oaks of the forest that fell beneath the ax wielded by his once sturdy arms!—Mr. Sheets as a citizen, was always distinguished for his uprightness, his integrity and his Christian bearing towards his fellows. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church over forty years, and his whole life was such, as to compost with that best of maxims, do unto others as you would they should do unto you; and his final exit from this vale of tears, to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, was such as to give indubitable evidence of his fitness for entering upon a life of eternal rest. His remains were followed to their final resting place by his family and a large number of sympathising friends. He will long be remembered for his gentle manners, his unobtrusive disposition, and his Christian bearing among his neighbors and friends. H.

COUNTY NEWS

DWELLING BURNT.—The dwelling house of Mr Robert Darling, two miles from Perrysville, was burned to the ground, on the night of the 7th inst.,—It is not known how the fire originated. It was not found out till the roof of an old building adjoining the brick dwelling in which the family resided, fell in.—The crash awoke the hired girl who gave the alarm. They had barely time to save themselves and their beautiful little children, when the roof and floors gave way, a blazing mass of flames. Mr. Darling designed building a splendid house the coming summer, and the loss is not so severe as though the accident had happened at a later period. The Darling brothers, five in number, are all wealthy men, liberal to a fault, our best citizens, and we sympathise with them in the loss of the old homestead dwelling that stood in trees and shrubbery—"a thing of beauty"—the very idea of what the "old, old home"—in the country, should be in the memory of every person who loves to treasure and look back upon the pleasant scenes of childhood.

GIRLS, BEWARE.—A scamp, from North Carolina, of fine personal appearance and genteel demeanor, by the name of Morgan, after a few months acquaintance in the family of one of our best citizens of Greene township, married one of the daughters, an artless girl who was young in years, and a stranger to the wiles and snares that lie in wait for the feet of the unwary. A few weeks after the marriage, a letter came to Perrysville, announcing the fact of his having a wife and two children. Mr. Morgan heard of the letter, and forthwith he was among the missing. A brother of the girl set out with the determination of killing him if he could find him.

After a thorough search he was found. The brother stepped up to him, and told him in a few words of his baseness towards the family who had so kindly befriended and trusted him.

The words touched a tender place in Morgan's heart, and he burst into tears. Joe. felt his own lip quiver, and with a generosity, above that ordinarily allotted to mankind, he told him to go, unharmed, and make the best he could of his poor broken, aimless life—and left him.

How much more manly this was than to have brutally struck him down, or shot him like a dog?

It is beautiful to look upon—to see a stricken soul rise above the petty meanness and insignificance of revenge, and put the livery of the true nobility of manhood—and stand up, feeling within the heart, the spark of divinity which poets accord to every human being. *

PERRYSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.—Prof. Sampel's winter term of the Perrysville High School, will close in a few days.—

The Summer term will commence about the 1st of April, and continue three months. This school is in a prosperous condition; and parents are delighted with the progress their sons and daughters have made. Every studious boy or girl who has attended this term, and given undivided attention to his instructions, have learned as much in the four months as we used to learn in four years. This is a fact, and we speak what we do know. We hope to see the High School become a permanent institution in our pleasant little village. There is no thing that builds up, and strengthens, and gives healthy and beautiful life to a community, like a good school. It is like a bracing tonic to a feeble constitution.

Prof. Sample is a fine scholar, a poet, and a gentleman who will give a moral lustre to the society in which he moves. With such a man to direct the intellectual growth of a rising village, like Perryville, a temperance Division of 300 strong, all unitedly working together, it needs not a man of more than ordinary ability to see that of all places, this one is best calculated for the young student both morally and intellectually.

Perrysville is situated on the R. R., in the most picturesque portion of Ashland County. Within an hour's walk are to be found hills wild enough to make one shudder while gazing upon their dark crests, crowned with unfading verdure—fountains whose very songs are poetry—streams clear and sparkling and winding gracefully along; and rocks whose wild confusion suggests the momentous time when "rocks and mountains were rent in twain."

NOT SATISFIED.—An old negro woman in the Richmond, Va., market, was interrupted the other morning in the sale of some articles she exposed contrary to the market ordinance, when, highly indignantly stowing away her stock, she said:

"Wish Mass Lincum had done kep his freedom. It's jes like Confederik money—more you get on it, the less 'count it is."

A Happy Application of one of Lincoln's Little Stories.

The New York *Tribune* having accused President Johnson with being drunk when making his 22d of February speech, it reminds the *Journal of Commerce* of a little story which that paper, or some other of that sort, told us a year or two ago, relating to the late President. It was stated that a Radical Congressional committee or delegation waited on Mr. Lincoln and urged the removal General ——— from the command in chief assigning as a reason that he was in the habit of drinking whiskey.

"Ah," said Mr. Lincoln, "and do you know where he gets his whiskey, gentlemen?"

"No, we do not."

"I'm sorry for that," was the President's reply, "for if you could tell me I would send a barrel of the same whiskey to every general in the army."

Personal.

In the midst of the painful excitement that broke upon the country when the telegraph announced the apostacy of Andrew Johnson, it was a great relief to William Dennison yet lived and was about. That he started, with Seward to New York, and like the Podsnaps and Veneerings "went about" and did something, the telegraph informed us, and we felt better. That William Dinnison has his views, we have no question. We never had heard them. Still we have faith. We believe the views are on hand and can be had, when one goes about it properly. We never went about it properly. We have heard William Dennison discourse by the hour, but we never got a view out of him.

While we have faith in the fact that William has his views, we will hazard the opinion that he has no convitions.—We believe that were William to break out in convictions, they would strike in and kill him. A conviction presupposes a brain to comprehend, a heart to appreciate. William, made in one of nature's severest fits of economy, has neither one nor the other.

It was a relief to a startled and pained community, to learn that William Dennison had gone to New York. Fears were generally entertained that he had gone to the devil. We should feel grieved beyond measure if William should miss the city and fetch up with the last above mentioned. What could we do without our Dennison? We put it to a discriminating public—what? And then how terrible it would be for the devil.—*Macon-Check Press, (Rad.)*

☞ Persons who are opposed to the policy of the President in restoring the Union, quote often and unctiously the speech made in Nashville in which he promised to be the Moses of the negroes of the South, if they could not find a better leader. Perhaps some of them will favor us by making known wherein the inconsistency which they assume to exist in the President's course is shown. Have not the negroes passed through the Red Sea of war to freedom? It is true they have not got out of the wilderness; and that is the very situation in which Moses left his followers. When and where did Moses confer upon the children or Israel the right of suffrage?—Where the Mosaic laws submitted to those over whom they were established for their approval or disapproval by ballot? If the right to vote is to the negroes of to-day the equivalent to the entrance of the Jews upon the promised land, remember that the latter wandered forty years before they were found worthy the fulfillment of the promise.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

☞ Sam. Bowles, one of the editors of the Springfield, Mass, *Republican* (Rep.) writes from Washington that Congress is like the boy out on a rough sea in an open boat: "Can you pray, Jim?" "No," "Can you sing a hymn?" "No." "Can't you, then, repeat a verse of the Bible?" "Not a bit of it." "Wells" with a sigh, "something has got to be done d—d quick."

☞ One of our Republican contemporaries is inclined to be jolly over the misfortunes of its party. It says:

"Secretary Seward announces that every thing will be right "in ninety days." As the World says:

"Every thing is lovely,
And the goose hangs nigh."

Another Swindle.

The Ohio Legislature, not content with taxing men $4 each to keep up the "feather bed militia," now propose to tax each man's dog $5. So the farmer who keeps a faithful dog to guard his granaries against midnight visits from honester men than the majority of the Legislature, must be taxed five dollars for his dog.—*Holmes Co. Farmer.*

☞ The Disunion Radicals not only abuse President Johnson, but are pitching into Govenor Cox, Postmaster General Dennison, and every other Republican who stands by him. Witness the following beautiful specimen of Abolition decency:

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—It is stated in one of our Southern exchanges, that Artemus Ward recently delivered one of his lectures in New Orleans, for the benefit of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. The receipts are said to have amounted to $2,000, ovdr and above all expenses. It is feared that Artemus is over muchly given to gallantry.

☞ Butler the Beast addressed a party of veterans in Washington a few days since as "fellow soldiers!" Fellow soldeirs! He would do better to go to State Prison and address the inmates as *fellow* thieves, were it not for insulting thieves.

Mr. Murdoch's Readings.

The Mansfield *Herald*, in noticing Mr Murdoch's Readings in that place, a few weeks ago, says:

Starges Hall was filled on last Thursday evening, on the occasion of Mr. Murdoch's Dramatic Readings before the Library Association. The distinguished reader fully came up to the most sanguine expectations. He commenced the evening's entertainment, by reading the celebrated "Trial Scene," from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and scenes from "Hamlet," in which Mr. Murdoch displayed his ability as an actor to a marked degree. These were followed by the reading of several poems, including "Drifting," a beautiful poem by T. Buchanan Read, "The One-Horse Shay," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Roger and I," J. T. Townbridge;" "Sheridan's Ride," and others, which were all received with unbounded applause. Mr. Murdoch concluded by reading a chapter from "Pickwick Papers," in which the amiable, but unfortunate Mr. Pickwick makes a mistake and goes into the same bed room with the lady with the "yellow curl papers." The manner in which this was read by Mr. Murdoch called forth the greatest laughter.

We learn that our Library Association are makink arrangements to secure Mr. Murdoch for one more evening. We hope they will do so, for he would draw a crowded house, and many who were not fortunate enough to be present on last Thursday evening, will then have an opportunity of listening to him.