

THE STATES AND UNION.

VOL. XXII

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1868.

NO. 51

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

Rates of Advertising Advanced.
One square, one week, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion less than three months, 75 cts.
One square, three months, \$2.50
One square, six months, \$4.00
Yearly advertisement three squares or more, \$10.00
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Administrators, Executors and Guardians Notices, \$2.00
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For Advertisements Loaded, or inserted under the name of any other person, Double column Advertisements, will be charged 50 percent. In addition to the above.

The States and Union
IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
GEORGE W. HILL,
Office - Opposite Bank, Up-Steps
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year - in advance \$2.00
If not paid within six months, \$2.50
If not paid till expiration of the year \$2.50
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at our option.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.
WM. OSBORN, Common Pleas Judge.
T. O. BUSHNELL, Probate Judge.
E. D. HATTON, Civ. Com. Pl. & Dist. Courts.
A. L. CURTIS, Prosecuting Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
R. M. CAMPBELL, Auditor.
WILLIAM G. HELTMAN, Treasurer.
E. H. KETTLER, Sheriff.
GEORGE W. UHLER, Recorder.
HENRY FIBER, Surveyor.
DR. J. EMBERT, Coroner.
WM. GOWAN, Assessor.
JOHN VAN NEST, Commissioners.
W. G. GALLOWAY, Ind. Directors.
WM. ORLEIGH, Mosses Latta.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.
R. M. CAMPBELL, Ashland.
E. H. KETTLER, Ashland.
ELIAS FRANKELTER, Ashland.

BANKERS.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
H. LUTHER, Pres. J. O. JENNINGS, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
Hubert Luther, Jacob Crail, G. H. Toppling, J. O. Jennings, James Purdy, Leonard, receive deposits, buy and sell Gold or United States Bonds, remit money to any part of the United States, and also to England, Ireland, Scotland and Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps - sums of \$50 to \$2.12 per cent discount.

CITIZENS BANK.
J. P. GOWAN, Pres. A. H. MYERS, Cashier.
LESLIE GAYNE, Treas. T. C. BERNARD, Secy.
W. B. SHAW, W. S. BARNETT, J. S. BARNETT, Directors.
Business in Gold, Silver, Exchange, U. S. Bonds, Uncurrent money, Revenue Stamps &c. Discount approved paper, pay interest on time deposits, and do a General Banking Business.

HOTELS.

MILLER HOUSE,
North side Main Street, Ashland, Ohio. M. Miller, Proprietor. Good accommodations and reasonable bill.

MCCULLY HOUSE,
Wm. McCully, Proprietor, South side Main Street, Ashland, Ohio.

LAWYERS.
R. M. CAMPBELL,
Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio, will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. Bankrupt cases in U. S. Court will receive special attention.

JOHN J. JACOBS,
Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. All kinds of business belonging to the profession promptly attended to. Office, opposite First National Bank, up stairs.

JOHN D. JONES,
Attorney at Law, Ashland. Particular attention paid to collecting and business in Probate Court. Office on church street, between Main and Sandusky.

MCCOMBS & CURTIS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashland Ohio. Office in Bank building, over Beer's Hardware store.

H. S. SEE,
Attorney at Law, Fire and Life Insurance Agents, and Notary Public. Particular attention paid to collecting, Probate business, Partition cases and execution of deeds, mortgages and contracts. Office in Miller's block, second story, Main street, Ashland, Ohio.

WM. N. BEER,
Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office in Post office building.

PHYSICIANS.
GEORGE W. HILL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. Particular attention will be paid to the treatment of the following special diseases: Dyspepsia, disease of the Liver, the Kidneys and Scrofula.

J. P. COWAN, M. D.,
Office over Citizens Bank, Ashland, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

RALSTON & WENTZELBURG,
Jewelry and Silversmiths, those doors west of Miller House, Ashland. Gold and Silver Pens, and a choice variety of Jewelry kept constantly on hand. Highest prices paid for old gold and silver. Repairing done to order and on reasonable terms.

PLAIN AND FANCY

AND UPON THE

Book and Job Printing

IN THE NEATEST STYLE

MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

AT THIS OFFICE.

SICK AND IN PRISON.

BY ALICE CARY.

Wildly fills the night around me,
Chains I cannot break have bound me,
Spirits unbroken, undriven
From before me, darken Heaven;
Crows creedier, and the saying
Unfelt prayers, makes need of praying.

In this bitter anguish lying,
Only thou wilt hear me crying; [ing
Thou, whose hand wash white the
Eyes as the wood is at the shearing;
Not with dainties to soothe,
But with tears I seek thy altar.

Feet that tread the mount so weary,
Eyes that pitying looked on Mary,
Hands that brought the father's blessing,
Heads of little children pressing,
Voice that said "Behold thy mother,"
Lo! I seek thee and no other.

Look! O sweetest eyes of pity
Out of Zion, glorious city,
Speak, O voice of mercy, sweetly;
Hide me, hands of love, completely;
Sick, in prison, lying lonely,
Ye can lift me up, ye only.

In my hot brow soothe the aching,
In my sad heart stay the breaking;
On my lips the murmur trembling,
Change to praises undimbling,
Make me wise as the evangelist,
Clothe me with the wings of angels.

Power that made the few leaves many,
Power that blessed the wine at Cana,
Power that said to Lazarus, "Waken!"
Leave, O leave me not forsaken!
Sick and hungry, and in prison,
Save me Crucified and risen.

Select Story.

RICK.

Doctor Ruby got his wife by buying a pony. I will tell you how it was. One happy spring he purchased Rose Hills. It was a beautiful estate, situated on a hill, where multitudes of scarlet roses grew and blossomed all summer. There grew two varieties of them, one which blossomed later than the other, and the effect, as one went over the winding way to the house, was beautiful, I can tell you.

The house was square, of massive stone, softened with carving vines of tender green drooping from the portico pillars and wreathing the windows, and screened by dark fern which stood around it. Within it was full of dark polished woods and rose colored marble, silver chandeliers and graceful statues—a modern home with all the embellishments of old times and arts, and a home beautiful enough for the loveliest lady in the land.

But there was no lady at Rose Hills. Doctor Ruby had no wife. A young and handsome man, people predicted that he would soon marry; of course, the doctor had a house, a mistress for it. But Doctor Ruby gave no encouragement to those predictions. He lived two years at Rose Hills, and never a sign of a wife.

Meanwhile there were some changes in the little village of Lenox, to which Rose Hills belonged. The Gavestons, for instance, the most reserved and wealthy family in the town, threw open their house for visitors during the second summer.

It was the old Gaveston homestead—low and brown, and spreading under magnificent trees, with long haked porches—within its rooms by wide windows cool in summer, and the very perfection of comfort in winter when by the ruddy glow of roaring hearth fires. The Gavestons were comfortable and easy livers, with the one peculiarity of seeming to be quite sufficient for themselves and needing nothing from their neighbors. There was a large family, whom as I have said, they surprised everybody by keeping open house that summer.

Marion and Laura Gaveston had just returned from the South, where they had been residing with an uncle for two years. No one knew much of them since they went away for school. They were handsome—that was evident to every stranger; they were also well educated and accomplished.

People concluded that it was on account of Marion and Laura that so much company arrived at the Gaveston's during a week or two. For a week every train seemed to bring visitors, and carriages rode in and out of Gaveston yard continually. Lights glimmered there until late at night, and laughter tinkled through the trees too frequently not to betray the merry groups upon the portico and lawn.

One day about this time, Doctor Ruby received from Mrs. Gaveston a party invitation. He knew the family only professionally. He had been called to them once as a great favor when a child was taken very ill of croup, and the village physician was out of town. Then he had only seen his little patient and her parents.

Upon the same day that the invitation came he was in town. Intent on matters of his own, he noticed nothing in particular until a dress of azure silk brushed him and a handkerchief fell at his feet. His first impulse was to pick up the handkerchief; his next to look at the lady. She had advanced a few steps and paused, glancing about her, as if she missed something. It was an instant's work for Doctor Ruby to restore the handkerchief, receive it, acknowledge it, and stand unobtrusively by the beauty of Marion Gaveston. He was in despair as he looked after her retreating form. Then he remembered the party invitation for the next evening with a flash of the idea that the reception of the bill had hitherto fallen on deaf ears. He had never seen her face divested of a veil nor heard her speak before.

The next evening he was ushered into the Gaveston parlor. The large low rooms were bowers of greenness, but there was hardly any one present but Mr. and Mrs. Gaveston.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Gaveston, "our friends are dancing in the garden. Would you like to join them. You see they have quite deserted the house."

The doctor, drawing an inference favorable to the garden, assented, and dasky Mrs. Gaveston along paths dusky in shibburey, and haunted by music and laughter until suddenly they emerged on a lawn, upon which people were dancing. "Glad to see you," said Mrs. Gaveston, "I have sold him."

"Sold him?" exclaimed the agitated voice of a young girl. "Oh, Uncle Asa, to whom?"

"To Doctor Ruby, of Rose Hills. He gave me a hundred a hundred dollars for him, and I let him go."

"Uncle, you had no right!" exclaimed the girl; "I told you—"

"That you would redeem him in three months, and you didn't do it, and I sold him for twice what you borrowed of me; that's all there is out of doors, this evening, doctor?" she said.

"Indeed I do?" said the doctor; it's as pretty as a novel. All the ladies look like fairies under these great trees."

"Do you know my sister?" asked Laura.

"I have not the pleasure."

"Then let me give you an introduction."

The dress was not azure silk now, but pure white, with a garland of oak leaves for a sash, and the bright brown hair in massive braids pushed back from the rocky cheek. The clear cut features were as white otherwise as "fresh broken marble stone," and Marion Gaveston was the perfection of a Wood-symph.

She was no less beautiful in pink merino when the doctor called the next morning, approaching the house as if he expected to find it vanished like the genie's palace, so peculiar had been the effect of the garden festival, and so strongly excited his imagination. Those beautiful creatures were fairies: these were the loveliest woman he had ever beheld.

"Have you any interest in herbarium?" Doctor Ruby asked Marion, as she idly knotted the silken cord of her wrapper, with fingers white as milk. Laura and I have just found two huge ones we manufactured before we went to school. I had forgotten all about them, and have been quite interested in looking them over this morning."

The doctor turned to the leaves of the book, interested, of course, for Marion's white wrist supported her graceful head close to the table where it lay, and they were soon busy in chatting of ferns, lastreae and polypodies, and discussing the claims and titles of various rare flowers which Laura said had been sent her from Italy, while she was quite a child.

The doctor could talk of botanical specimens as easily as he could breathe, and the conversation now limited his powers of observation. Marion Gaveston was thoroughly a beauty. There was not a line in her face or figure that was not glowing with loveliness, and Dr. Ruby found all his senses entranced in her presence.

That is why he came so often to her home. That is why people, from making interested remarks, soon declared that they were engaged.

But it was not so: Something kept Doctor Ruby from asking the girl to be his wife. He sought her continually, rode with her, walked with her, turned her music, brought her new songs, but though he fully intended to appropriate her, he did not make this claim.

He knocked lightly at the open door one afternoon, and receiving no response, quietly walked into the silent parlor. He waited until some of the family appeared. The windows were open, and the rose vines rustled around them. A bouquet of brilliant geraniums was upon the centre-table. As he wheeled about an arm chair, he knocked from a what not a small portfolio.

"Who is the artist?" he thought. "Who is the artist?" he thought. "Who is the artist?" he thought.

For numberless drawings were scattered upon the carpet—sweet ideal faces, flowers, landscapes, and again again, the handsome and spirited head of a horse. It was always the same drawing, and always in the corner of the portfolio, the word written "Rick."

There were light footsteps, the rustle of drapery in the hall, and Laura and Marion entered. "I have found somebody out," he said, looking up and smiling, "I always knew there was talent in the family."

They looked surprised. Marion came and looked over his shoulder.

"Oh! those things," she said, languidly. "They are Kitty's; ain't they, Laura?"

"Yes; Kitty Kendrick, a cousin of ours." Doctor Ruby—mere school-girl drawing!

"But this pony's head is really striking," persisted the doctor, examining another picture of "Rick."

"Oh, yes; she has some talent, I think—She is an odd little thing. Come home next week; doesn't she, Marion?"

"I believe so," answered Marion, carelessly.

"Is she at school?" asked the doctor, still looking at the pictures; therefore he did not see Marion color a little as she answered, "Yes."

It chanced that evening that a man came to see Mr. Gaveston to buy a horse. The doctor, sitting at the window, could see a boy, under Mr. Gaveston's directions, displaying the paces of a very handsome pony upon the road.

He went out to examine the animal. The man did not buy the pony but Doctor Ruby did. He had a beautiful little chestnut sorrel thirteen hands high, glossy and graceful—an excellent saddle animal, the doctor thought. The creature was him, too, with its intelligence and docility. Resentful of the whip, a word

only was needed to send it into a swift, cradling flight, with no shock in passing, but there was hardly any one present but Mr. and Mrs. Gaveston.

"A lovely saddle horse for a lady," thought the doctor, patting the pony's glossy neck, and looking absorbed in the matter, as he examined the animal.

The next evening when he dismounted from his horse at Mr. Gaveston's gate, the sound of voices attracted his attention. Thinking he was about to encounter strangers, he paused to listen.

"As may well tell you, Kitty, for he with his eyes covertly alert. "I recognized Mr. Gaveston's voice; "I have sold him."

"Sold him!" exclaimed the agitated voice of a young girl. "Oh, Uncle Asa, to whom?"

"To Doctor Ruby, of Rose Hills. He gave me a hundred a hundred dollars for him, and I let him go."

"Uncle, you had no right!" exclaimed the girl; "I told you—"

"That you would redeem him in three months, and you didn't do it, and I sold him for twice what you borrowed of me; that's all there is out of doors, this evening, doctor?" she said.

The doctor could hear the girl crying bitterly.

After a little while he unlatched the gate and went into the yard, wearing a manner of the utmost unconcern, yet with his eyes covertly alert.

Mr. Gaveston stood under the trees, carefully twirling his straw hat; a young girl in a gray dress, with clustering brown curls covering her head, sat on a stone bench, weeping as if her heart would break. Passing them with a quiet bow, though Mr. Gaveston reddened uneasily, he entered the house.

In the course of the evening he said: "Miss Marion, has not your cousin come?"

"Kitty Kendrick?" she answered with a look of surprise. "Yes."

"I saw a young girl in the garden whom I thought was her," he observed carelessly. "Now play this waltz for me, please. It is one of my favorites."

Through the rattle of the music he seemed to hear Kitty's sobs. He was so unused to the waltz that he was obliged to ask Marion to play for him. He found it strangely well. His sympathy would have been even more strongly excited if he had divined that the moisture was poor Kitty's tears.

The next evening as he sat in the library, reading, a servant informed him that a young lady wished to see him.

"Show her in, Fred," with some secret surprise, laying down his book. A little figure entered, timidly—Doctor Ruby could not imagine what made it look so familiar, he was sure he had never seen it before. Sudden, she recognized the gray dress, the clustering brown curls, the clustering brown curls. She spoke instantly, with tremulous voice, not taking the chair she preceded for her.

"My uncle, Mr. Gaveston, Doctor Ruby, sold you a pony a few days ago, I believe?"

The doctor bowed.

"It was my pony, Dr. Ruby, and it was a mistake that it was sold. I am very fond of him."

She broke down here and cried bitterly.

"He belonged to my brother," she went on; "Charles's captain brought Rick home to me after Charles was shot. I—I cannot give him up."

The handsome doctor could have cried, too, in sympathy.

"My uncle lent me some money last year, and I went away to teach school last spring, and I did not see him since. I did not know he was in town. I cannot give him up now. I cannot give him up now. I cannot give him up now."

Charles's sake. I had rather part with anything else, and uncle had no right to sell him. I told Doctor Ruby more about the matter than I meant to. I thought I had been wronged in the matter, and was afraid to tell him of my own accord. He seemed so kind though."

"Of course he did; and you think you looked very interesting representing yourself so imposed upon and forsaken. Now, my lady, you can just pack up and go to teaching school again. He'll have you around here making eyes at the doctor. You can go to-morrow."

"Oh, Marion!"

The shocked, distressed exclamation of outraged feeling, the thrilling silence, and then the burst of over-whelming grief, were too much for the doctor. He went forward; Marion ran away; he went straight to Kitty.

"Kitty," he said, "I have brought back your pony; but, my dear, if you are willing, I should like to have him stabled again at Rose Hills, and I should like to have you at hand to ride him out; and thus, as I have said, it came to an end in twelve months."

At eighteen, without possessing a dollar, or an acre, he committed the astounding imprudence of marrying a girl as poor as himself. But it was easy to live in Virginia a day formerly year ago. The parents of the imprudent gave them a small farm, and he and she one or two slaves, and the future orator proceeded to extract his living from the soil. He was a farmer for two years, and, at the end of that time, being totally unacquainted with the completed discipline of the soil, he sold his farm and again set up a store; reuniting, also, his fiddle, his books, and his study of human kind. So careless was he of his business, that many a time he shut up his store and spent the whole day in hunting.

Mr. Wirt, his biographer, tells us, however, that from year to year his mind appeared to make a steady advance which was shown by the superior character of the books he read. He is said to have studied geography, the history and characters of Virginia, but, especially the history and literature of Greece and Rome. A translation of the works of Aristotle, was the work which had the most to do with the formation of his mind and the coloring of his oratory.

His second attempt to keep store did not result in immediate failure; his ruin, this time, was more gradual and more complete. At the end of two years, his property was gone, and he had, for his wife and children, neither home nor means of support. He then went to live with his wife's father, who kept a tavern, and assisted him in entertaining his guests. No man could perform such an office more gracefully. For two years, he prospered well, and he met him at this period of his life, records that his spirit was in no degree affected by his misfortunes.

"During the festivities of the Christmas season," writes Mr. Jefferson, "I met him in society, every day, and he became well acquainted, although I was much his junior, being then in my seventeenth year, and he a married man. His manners had something of coarseness in them; his passion was music, dancing, and playfulness. He excelled in the last, and it attached every one to him. Mr. Henry had a lively, broad, broken up his store, or, rather, he had broken him up; but his misfortunes were not to be traced either in his countenance or conduct."

Being thus without resources, this singular man suddenly resolved to enter the profession of the law. In this preparatory study he is said to have spent six weeks, and to have been in no degree indebted to education. It is true that he was an idle boy, and a careless young man. The father, when Patrick was ten years of age, opened a school in his own house, in which the boy acquired a little Latin, learned the Greek alphabet, and made some proficiency in arithmetic and geometry. It is said, however, that he was too fond of hunting and fishing to avail himself of the advantages which his father's school afforded. When the bell rang for school in the morning, he was rarely to be found. He was away in the woods with his gun, or on the banks of a stream with his fishing rod, and in these sports he would spend weeks at a time, unchecked by his father's authority. He appeared to love idleness for its own sake. His schoolfellows frequently observed him under the shade of a tree, watching the cork of his fishing rod for hours without getting a bite, and without giving up the monotony. He liked to be alone in his sports, though fond of society at other times. We are told, however, that, in the midst of his young companions, he often sat silent, appearing to be occupied only with his own thoughts, while, in all their sport, he was paying close attention and listening deeply on the character of the speakers.

His early friends could not recollect that he had ever given the least sign of talent in his youth or early manhood. They remembered him as having been absent from his appearance, and as being such an eccentric genius would comport himself on an occasion so grave and important.

"He arose very awkwardly," says Mr. Wirt, "and felted very much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at his unpolished exordium, and the clergy who were observed to exchange glances with each other, and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a different character. For, now were those wonderful faculties, which he possessed for the first time developed, and now was first witnessed that mysterious and supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For, as his mind rolled along and began to glow from its own action, all the

inletable to him, and as he trusted every one who asked credit, a single year sufficed to bring the brothers to bankruptcy.

It appears, however, that the future statesman did not when he was in his childhood during this year of storekeeping. He learned to play on the flute and violin. He acquired, too, a relish for reading. But his chief employment was still the study of human character. Whenever a company of his neighbors met in the store on Saturday—a day formerly year ago. The parents of the imprudent were in the minds of his listeners pety, rancor, anger, or contempt, he would watch the different modes in which each man expressed these passions. This was an excellent preparation for the career before him, but it did not conduce to the prosperity of his store; and thus, as I have said, it came to an end in twelve months.

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outside of the cloud seemed to shed it self spontaneously. His attitude by degrees became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his faculties, and his countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eye which seemed to rive the spectators. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding, and in the tones of his voice, more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, magic of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description."

His triumph was complete and wonderful. The jury gave him a verdict without deliberation, and the people named their champion and carried him out of the court house on their shoulders, while the tears ran down his father's cheeks.

From this time to the end of his life, Patrick Henry was one of the foremost men of his native province. After a brilliant career at the bar, he was elected to the Legislature, where his well known speeches, familiar now to every school boy, gave Virginia to the Revolution. He served conspicuously in the first Congress, and was afterward elected governor of Virginia.

To the last of his life, he was averse to study, and extravagantly fond of the sports of the field. He lived to his sixty-third year, dying on the sixth of June, 1799. He was twice married, and was the father of fifteen children, six by his first wife and nine by his second. Eleven of his children survived him, and one of them was living, a very few years ago, and may be living still. Owing to some fortunate purchase of land, he left a large estate to be divided among his children. At all periods of his life he was a perfectly temperate and moral man; and in his manners and appearance, there was always much of the rustic. He always, as well as in private, he exhibited all the politeness of the Old Dominion, and was observed by his opponents with the most marked respect. One of his worst faults, it is said, was that he was a miser, which grew upon him in his old age, and tempted him to some modes of acquisition which were strictly legal, but not strictly honorable. To the public he was, in all situations, a faithful, able, and devoted servant.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.
A lecture for Gentlemen.

A lady friend desires us to publish the following, for the benefit of the gentlemen:

Women howl and snarl like prairie dogs—over the political inequality of the sexes, do not catch the measles or the cholera, and their own temper getting sour; minding their own business and their neighbors' besides—on week-days—teaching in Sunday school, and flirting at evening meetings on the Sabbath.

As if that were not enough without "wanting to vote." Why, if every man in the world were to come and offer me the highest inducements to vote, I wouldn't do it! No, sir, there isn't a man on earth who could induce me!

I don't care a nickel penny for political equality; but I do wish that there was a little more social equality between man and woman!

It is a sad and angry sense of justice to see husbands going to places, and doing deeds, the which, if their wives were to do, they would be imputed under Madama Grudgy's Juggernaut car, and buried by the scandal-mongering grave-diggers of society, beyond the *ultima* *thule* of the world, time to shriek out prayer for mercy.

Why should there be one morality for men and another for women? Don't we all go to one Heaven or one Hell, or are there separate compartments for ladies?

It would be a comfort to know it, but the teachers nowhere teach us, and we poor, little, blundering, wondering geese of the world, can only know what men, of their wisdom, see fit to tell us.

And they do tell us that the first man in the world laid his sin upon his wife's shoulders, but they never have said that God accepted that excuse—that he gave the man leave to do evil, while the woman alone bore the burden of punishment. God punished them alike, and turned the "grand old garden" and his wife "both out of their situations" at once.

As boys had sinned, both were made to suffer, and they went forth together, Eve weeping clinging to, and embracing the man who had striven to throw all of the punishment upon her weaker shoulders. Adam was content that Eve should be blessed into light—should weep, and, really, I say unto you, the "old Adam" lingers still in the souls of his sons, to this day.

And yet Adam was much the better able of the two to endure hardship; for, as the Persians and Arabs say, Eve was only a little thing, some three or four hundred feet tall, while Adam was a fine figure of a man, six or seven hundred feet high in his stocking feet.

If you don't believe my statement, just step over into Asia Minor, and you can see their graves for yourself