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ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1868.

NO 11

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes 'One square, one week \$1.00', 'Each subsequent insertion 50 cents', etc.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS. GEORGE W. HILL, Judge. T. BRAYTON, C. Com. P. S. & D. Com. A. L. GORRIS, Prosecuting Attorney.

COURT OFFICERS.

R. M. CAMPBELL, Auditor. W. H. KILPATRICK, Treasurer. GEORGE W. HILL, Recorder. HENRY PIPER, Surveyor.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

W. H. KILPATRICK, Examiners. E. M. CAMPBELL, Examiners. ELIAS FRANKELT, Examiners.

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Directors: J. O. JENNINGS, Cashier. H. L. LATHAM, G. H. H. TOPPING, J. O. JENNINGS, James Purdy.

CITIZENS BANK.

Directors: A. H. MYERS, Cashier. J. O. JENNINGS, T. C. BURNETT, W. S. BAKER, J. O. JENNINGS, W. S. BAKER.

HOTELS.

MILLER HOUSE. Wm. Miller, Proprietor. Good accommodations and reasonable bill.

MENULY HOUSE.

Wm. McNulty, 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.

JOHN J. JACOBS.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. All kinds of business belonging to the profession promptly attended to.

JOHN D. JONES.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Particular attention paid to collecting and business in probate court.

MCCOMB & CURTIS.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office on Bank building, over Boer's hardware store.

H. S. SEE.

Attorney at Law, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Notary Public.

WM. N. BEEL.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office in Police Office building.

T. J. KENNY.

Attorney at Law, office in Post Office Block, Ashland, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

GEORGE W. HILL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio.

J. C. McCarty, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio.

D. S. HUNTER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio.

A. E. FOLTZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio.

JOHN MILLER, Dealer and dealer in Fresh Meats of all kinds.

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Church Directory.

Religious services are regularly held in the following churches in this place every Sabbath morning and evening.

Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of 4th and Church streets.

Presbyterian Church, corner of 3d and Church streets.

Lutheran Church, between Church and Orange streets.

United Brethren Church, South Ashland Street.

German Reform Church, Sandusky st.

German Lutheran Church, Sandusky st.

CHARLES & STULL.

Dealers in and Manufacturers of Boots, Shoes, Leather Findings, Buffalo Robes &c. A good stock always on hand.

DAVID BRYTE.

Cooper, near Rectors Mill, South Ashland.

N. RECTOR & SON.

Proprietors of the Ashland Mills, manufacturers of Choice Family Flour and Feed stuffs.

M. H. MANSFIELD.

Sole manufacturer of Mansfield's celebrated Clover Hullers and Threshers.

S. W. BLACK.

Baker and Confectioner, Dealer in choice family Groceries, Flour, provisions, Fruits, Vegetables, Bread Crackers, Fancy and Ornamental Cakes and Candies.

Select Story.

"POOR AND PROUD"

BY PEARL RIVERS.

"Poor and proud"—I heard you say As you passed by me one day.

"Pride becomes me to let be there, You sold yourself for gold and land, I give you my true heart with my hand."

Look upon your chosen king! At your jeweled wedding ring! Look upon my husband dear, And the plain gold ring I wear.

Which of us should prouder be, Of fortune, of you or me? Which of us would sooner slip Wedding ring from finger tip?

Pale and sad your husband old, Sits and mumbles o'er his gold; Hale and glad my chosen one, Works from rise to set of sun.

Rich and childless as that art, Ask your starving shrunken heart, Which would yield you greater joy— Fields of grain or sunburnt boy?

Count the dresses rich you wear, Count your pearls and diamonds rare! You would give these all away For my youngest girl to day.

Proud you are of gold and lands, Of your idle, jeweled hands! Proud I am of love-crowned queen, My honored king and babes between.

THE BACHELOR'S CHARGE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a very pretty little baby—that is, for a baby. I had no fault to find with it, as far as its individual identity was concerned.

Now, I have always since laid it up as a grudge against human nature that a grudge against human nature, that a grudge against human nature, that a grudge against human nature.

It was fast asleep in its cradle—a little white-headed dot, with long, dark eyelashes, and a crimson dot on the mouth, and a pair of tiny feet sticking out from its well-defined dimples in the five joints thereof.

Since I didn't always give consent, but Bertha had taken it for granted in this matter, and I was left an unwilling guardian of my little nephew.

"Talk about tending babies," quoth I to myself, dipping my goose quill triumphantly into the ink, "why, it is the easiest business in life. I should never spend my money hiring nurses, if that little one was mine—but women never do know how to economize properly."

As these fancies passed through my mind, the baby woke up and sneezed. I gave the cradle an oscillatory kick, and then burst forth into the well-known burden of "Bye a baby hunting," but the little villain absolutely declined to shut his eyes again, like a sensible baby.

"So Kate and her companion were laughing at me; this was indeed the unkindest cut of all. I resolved never to dance the German with Kate Milton again."

The house was quiet and deserted, and I returned and inserted my right key in the little circular lock. What

instigated a search for some milk; which I had a vague idea in the dist. usually performed by toothless infancy. But milk there was none. Lamp oil; Stew-broody—everything, but milk was there; every known or conceivable fluid in aggravating profusion—but not a drop of milk.

All this time meanwhile, the roars of my infuriated nephew, but slightly softened by distance, followed me about like Nemesis.

I rushed frantically up stairs armed with a lump of sugar, the first soothing expedient that suggested itself to me.

"Bless it, my dear little heart, there, there, confound your racket, can't you keep still! Take its sugar from its own, own uncle, that's a good little boy."

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could have become of Bertha? The cold dew oozed out upon my brow as I, for one instant, contemplated the horrible possibility of my being left, a part of modern Robinson Crusoe, with that diabolical little man Friday on my hands.

Nonsense! There was no probability of that. I sat down on Bertha's low rocking chair, and planting the baby firmly on my knee, applied the spout of the pitcher to his mouth.

"Would you believe it? he wouldn't drink a drop. He snarled up his mouth as tightly shut as if he never intended to open it again, and doubled himself over backwards with a strength of will that would have been remarkable in a grown man; but was simply marvelous in a ten-month child."

I poured the milk over his neck his embroidered dress waist; and his coral amulets; he would have drowned sooner than to open his mouth half a quarter of an inch. Probably the end of our Revolutionary war had been made; and this baby had, through some inscrutable blunder of Dame Nature, come into the world just a century too late!

I put him back into the cradle, flat on his spinal column, and looked at him with a morose frown.

"My youngster? I addressed him, "cry away, cry your lungs out—break a blood-vessel or two if agreeable to you—fracture your trachea! I can not be held legally responsible for it, thank Providence!"

I took up my book and sat down by the cradle, rocking it recklessly backwards and forwards, regardless of the screams which still rent the air. I was not going to waste any more time in trying to quiet him. Let him cry! This is a free country!

"It was Bertha's voice. I jumped up as if a cannon ball had smitten me, and dashed my book upon the floor.

"Matter, ma'am? matter? The matter is that I'm going mad! I shall be subject for a fanatic asylum in just about fifteen minutes more."

But I might as well have wasted my despairing eloquence on a blank wall! She didn't heed nor hear me! She was loading that little wretch with carresses, pity and blandishments. And I shouldn't have credited the sudden turn of affairs, if I hadn't witnessed it with my own eyes—the baby absolutely laughed up in her face, as if to say: "I've given old uncle pretty time of it."

Yes—laughed and crowed, and held up his hands, and behaved exactly as if he had never in his small life known what it was to shed a tear! The hypocrites are not all grown up.

"Has he been good, uncle Joe?" I looked volumes at my sister.

"Bertha, if you ever leave me again in charge of that little atrocity, I'll commit suicide!"

"You needn't speak so loud," said my sister in an injured voice. "I intend to have been home before, but mine's eyes, and—bless it! I've heard it all, you know, your mamma's arms—and was uncle Joseph crosser than an old bear, and wasn't it the sweetest little roscubud that ever lived? yes it is!"

I waited to hear no more, but rushed precipitately out of the room, conscious of the fact that my young mother was the most hopeless specimen!

That's the last time I've had the heir of the family confined to my guardianship. I think Bertha's a little afraid to leave me alone in the room with him. "So, that's that! That little life knows what it was to shed a tear! The hypocrites are not all grown up."

Some one sent me a comic valentine this fourteeneth of February—a picture of a hooked nose old bachelor—(my nose is a fine Romanesque curve) in a blue coat and red trousers, dangling the baby upside down—I solemnly bet he did it for some purpose.

I detest comic valentines. I abhor babies—and I believe in a life of old bachelorhood! That's my platform! Do you wonder at it?

WHAT THE SOUTH WANTS.

Rosecrans' Letter to Lee.

Reply of Lee and Others.

The following is the Rosecrans-Lee correspondence: ROSECRANS TO LEE. WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., AUG. 1868.

GENERAL: Full of solicitude for the future of our country, I come with my heart in my hand to learn the condition, order and stability of the people of the Southern States, and especially to ascertain the sentiments of that brave, energetic and self-sacrificing class of men, who, after sustaining the Confederate army for four years, laid down their arms and swore allegiance to the Government of the United States, whose trusted and beloved leader you have been. I see that interpreting State rights to conflict with National unity has produced a violent reaction against them, which is drifting as toward consolidation; and also that so great a country as ours, even now, is certain to be must have State Governments to attend to local details, or go further and far worse.

I am plain to us at the West and North that the continuance of semi-anarchy, such as has existed for the last three years in ten States of our Union, largely increases the danger of centralization; swells our National expenditures; diminishes our productions and our revenue. Inspires doubts of our political and financial stability; depreciates the value of our National bonds and currency, and places the credit of the richest below that of the poorest nation in Christendom. We know that our currency must be depreciated so long as our bonds are below par, and, therefore, the weak business and commerce of our country must suffer the terrible evil of a fluctuating standard of value until we can remedy the evil condition of things at the

South. We also see other mischief quite possible, if not probable, to arise; such as from a failure of crops, a local insurrection, and many other unforeseen contingencies, which may still more depreciate our credit and currency, provoke discontent and disorder among our people, and bring demagogical agitation, revolution, repudiation, and a thousand unnam'd evils and villainies on us. We know that the interests of the people of the South are for law and order, and they must share our fate of good or evil.

I believe that every one I know who reflects, believes that if the people of the Southern States could be at peace, and their energy and good will heartily manifested in the maintenance of an organized government, that the people of the South will not by it; that if ever done at all, it must be done by the poor, simple, uneducated, landless freedmen, and the few whites who, against the public sentiment of the intelligent white people, are willing to attempt to lead, and make their living off of these ignorant, inexperienced colored people—most men who must be needy adventurers, or without any of those attributes on which reliance for good guidance or government can be placed.

We are told that this kind of government must be continued at the South until six or eight millions of intelligent, energetic white people give into it or move out of the country.

Now, I think the Union army thinks, and the people of the North and West, I dare say, believe that the only system of laws which would place the political power of the country in the hands of the negro race, to this position springs from no feeling of enmity, but from a deep seated conviction that at present the negroes have neither the ability nor the moral qualifications which are necessary to make them safe depositories of political power. They would inevitably become the victims of demagogues, who, for selfish purposes would mislead them to the serious injury of the public.

The great want of the South is peace. The people earnestly desire tranquility and the restoration of the Union. They deplore disorder and excitement as the most serious obstacle to their prosperity. They seek a restoration of their rights under the Constitution. If they desire relief from oppressive misrule. Above all they would appeal to their countrymen for the establishment in the Southern States of that which has justly been regarded the birthright of every American—the right of self-government.

Establish this on a firm basis, and we can safely promise, on behalf of the Southern people, that they will faithfully obey the Constitution and laws of the United States, and that they will, with kindness and humanity, and fill every duty incumbent on peaceful citizens, loyal to the Constitution of their country.

We believe the above contains a succinct reply to the general topics embraced in your letter, and we venture to say on behalf of the Southern people, and of the officers and soldiers of the late Confederate army, that they will concur in all the sentiments which we have expressed.

Appreciating the patriotic motives which have prompted your letter, and reciprocating your expressions of kind regards, we have the honor to be, Very respectfully and truly, W. T. LEE, Virginia.

W. T. Sutherland, Va. A. B. James, La. T. H. Benning, Texas. M. C. H. Norton, La. T. P. Brance, Ga. Sam. J. Russell, Ga. Sam. J. Douglass, Fla. J. E. R. Morton, Virginia. John B. Baldwin, Va. Geo. W. Ballou, Virginia. Theo. F. Conroy, Va. Jas. Lyons, Virginia. C. H. Sudee, S. C. John Letcher, Va. W. J. Green, N. C. G. F. Beauregard, La. Alex. H. Stephens, Ga. Alex. H. H. Stuart, Ga. C. M. Conrad, La. Linton, Stephens, Ga. A. T. Caperton, W. Va. John Echols, Virginia. F. S. Stockdale, Texas. E. W. Pickens, S. C. Wm. J. Robertson, Va. Wm. F. Turner, W. Va. E. Fontaine, Va. B. C. Adams, Miss. Lewis B. Harris, Va. P. Y. Daniels, Va. To General W. S. Rosecrans, Minister to Mexico, White Sulphur Springs, Va.

GENERAL LEE'S REPLY. WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., August 26, 1868. GENERAL: I have had the honor to receive your letter of this date, and in accordance with your suggestion I have conferred with a number of gentlemen from the South, in whose judgment I have confided, and who are acquainted with