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THE OHIO UNION.

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TO THE CITIZENS OF ASHLAND. The undersigned will stop for a short time in Ashland for the purpose of taking Portraits...

Select Poem.



TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis noon—the sea breeze seems to bring Joy, health, and freshness on its wing... Bright flowers, in all orange and new...

'Tis eve—on earth the sunset skies Are glowing, and the stars are bright... The stars come down and trembling glow...

I sink in dreams—low, sweet and clear Thy own dear voice is in my ear... Thy own dear voice is in my ear...

Miscellaneous.

THE ENEMY'S FLAG.

THE FORGOTTEN HOPE.

'What injustice! What insolence!' These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheeks, flashing eyes...

At the moment when she uttered the words which commenced the sketch, Captain Brown, the commander of the Buenos Ayrean ship, had hoisted a flag...

'What! Is there not one of all of you who will dare the trial?' Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?' exclaimed the lady...

'You shall have both, brave boy,' replied the lady, and her look of cold scorn changed into a sweet smile...

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one-half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader, volunteers were plentiful...

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from the captain's pistol...

'Look out for me below,' she shouted; and flung herself into the sea without a moment's hesitation...

'The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air; but it was portentous of a storm...'

'Give way, my lads, long, strong, and steady pull,' said he, in a low tone, as he left the ship's side...

'There comes one at six full past, who says "good morning" still. He's up to 212 deg. on the scale—the very boiling point of respectability.'

'I shall go on board alone, men,' said he. 'Keep the boat where she is, exactly. If the flag is where I think it is...

Scene—a parlor. Persons—from two or three ladies of aious ages, stily dressed and massively furbelowed. Enter Mr. Bubble, "dressed to death."

Ladies—Thank you, Mr. Bubble, and suffer us to reciprocate your kind wishes. Mr. Bubble—O! Ah! Thank you all! Ladies—Will you not take some refreshments, Mr. Bubble!

'What is power—what is wealth—when the thirty spirit groans at three o'clock in the morning for a drink, and the grog-sellers are all snoring!'

ANOTHER APPALLING CALAMITY.

EXPLOSION OF A CARTRIDGE FACTORY.

25 Lives Lost.

About 2 o'clock P. M., on the 28th ult., the building occupied as a factory, for the making of ball cartridges at Lower Ravenswood, Long Island, blew up and from twenty to twenty-five persons, mostly boys and females, were instantly killed.

The number of persons employed is generally about thirty, being for the most part girls of the ages of ten to eighteen; but some men and youths also find work in the factory.

The lowest estimate made by Mr. French is twenty-four, and the highest made by friends of the deceased is about thirty. One family—the father of which is Mr. Rhine, a worthy man, and a gardener to a gentleman in the place—lost three girls; and scarcely a laboring family resides near the place that is not waiting for the loss of some member of it.

The windows of this house, those also of the Rev. Mr. White, the Episcopal minister of Ravenswood, which is next, and those of Mr. French, adjoining, have not a whole pane of glass left in them.

'Most terrible of all it was to see women weeping on the ground, or grooping among the human fragments for something which they could identify and mourn over; but time remains, filled with a disgusting mass of human remains, black and bloody, in many cases, all they could indulge their frantic grief upon.

'Within a few feet of the building is a fire-proof cell, in which is stored large quantities of powder; and this being within the scope of the smoke and flames of the burning ruins, no one was willing to hazard an approach to attempt to rescue the sufferers from the ruins for some time after the explosion took place.'

'There were over 50,000 ball cartridges made up in the building, besides a considerable quantity of powder. The cartridges were nearly all exploded, and the balls were thrown in every direction; but providentially no person out of the building was seriously injured. One of the balls passed through a pane of glass into the library room of Mr. Hodine, a distance of one eighth of a mile, and shattered the chandelier.'

'The building occupied by Mr. French for the manufacture of his rifle cartridges, was a one story wooden building, twenty by twenty-five feet. It was blown into fragments—scarcely a stick being left to identify it.'

'The N. Y. Tribune thinks the time of day at which a person says "Good Morning" is a thermometer by which to mark that person's position in the world. Hear the philosopher: "Every body says "good morning" in New York till—after dinner. The higher the circle the man moves in, the later he dines, and the longer he says, "good morning."

THE FAST HISTORY OF LAKE NAVIGATION.

The Chicago Democrat says, that the Griffin was the first vessel that floated upon the western lakes. She was of six or seven tons burthen, completely rigged, and on board were seven small pieces of cannon, two of them brass. The keel was laid by La Salle, at Cayuga, six miles above Niagara Falls, on the 27th of January, 1670; and after experiencing great difficulty in ascending Niagara, on the 7th of August, she floated upon the water of Lake Erie.

A voyage was made to Green Bay, which was reached early in September. On the 15th the vessel, in charge of a pilot and five other men, and laden with a rich cargo of furs, was sent back to the Niagara. Nothing was ever heard of her; but about the beginning of this century, upon a farm in Erie county, New York, near Eighteen Mile Creek, a large quantity of wrought iron, supposed to weigh 700 or 800 pounds and evidently taken from a vessel, was found, much eaten by rust.

The Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamboat upon the lakes, was built at Buffalo, in 1812, by Dr. Stewart, and named after a Wyandot chief, who lived at Mowson, on the Detroit river. The boat left Buffalo on her first trip on the 1st of November, 1818, under command of Captain Fish. Dr. Stewart told Mr. B. F. Stecki, at the time of her first trip, that including what he paid Fulton and Livingston for their patent, it cost him \$70,000.

The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer gives the following description of the wonderful combination of orchestral piano, which has before been mentioned as recently constructed for Liszt, the celebrated musician: "The organ-mechanism is stretched to the body of Erard's grand piano, filling up the space between the body and the floor, but so adapted to the form as not to increase at all the space which that instrument alone would occupy. The instrument, however, which realizes this new and powerful combination, would seem to be destined for the use of robust men only. Performance upon it will require an amount and kind of physical exertion inconsistent with lady-like grace and dignity of deportment, if not actually beyond female muscular capacity. Feet, knees, hands, and voice of the performer are all employed to produce separately or simultaneously the effects of vocal music, of the piano and of the full orchestra. The bellows attached to this apparatus are so easily and perfectly managed as to produce the force, decision, and instantaneous distinctness of expression hitherto capable of being rendered only by first rate artists with the bow on stringed instruments.'

Liszt will owe the women a terrible reckoning some of these days. In his "Pocket Book" for 1854 he has a whole chapter of advice to men and a like dose for women, all of which is most admirable satire. Speaking of females, he says there are several things which they never confess to, and thus enumerates them: "That she laces tight.—That her shoes are too small for her.—That she is ever tired at a ball.—That she points.—That she is as old as she looks.—That she has been more than five minutes dressing.—That she has kept you waiting.—That she blushed when a certain person's name was mentioned.—That she ever says a thing she doesn't mean.—That she is fond of scandal.—That she can't keep a secret.—That she—she is in love.—That she doesn't wear a new bonnet.—That she can do without one single thing less when she is about to travel.—That she hasn't the disposition of an angel, or the temper of a saint—or how she could see through one-half of what she does.—That she doesn't know better than every body else what is best for her.—That she is a flirt or a coquette.—That she is ever in the wrong.'

It must be very grateful to the man who humbly estimates his own claims, that the world always heartily approves his judgment. WANTED.—A fitter and a drummer to beat for the "march of intellect" of our soldiers for the "rights of other days" a stout tuft, who can drill deep & oars in blast the "rock of ages," a ring to fit the "finger of scorn," and a new cushion for the seat of government.

Early Piety is storied of Hannibal that when he could have taken Rome he would not; and when he would have taken it he could not. And is not this the case with many? When they may find Christ they will not seek Him; and when they would seek Christ they cannot find Him. When they may have mercy they do not prize it; and when they would have mercy they cannot obtain it. He that in his youth reckons it too early to be converted, shall in old age find it too late to be saved.—Matthew Mead.

M. D. Brainard, Professor of Surgery, at the Medical College of Chicago, has addressed to the Academy of Science of Paris, a highly interesting paper, on the poison of the rattlesnake; which was read before the Institute at its last meeting, Nov. 28. Several scientific and other papers have published extracts from Professor Brainard's communication.

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