



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I.

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Poetry for the Hour.

ROLL CALL.

BY T. G. SHEPHERD.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;

"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear;

From the lips of a soldier who stood near;

And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Dew!"—then a silence fell—

"This time no answer followed the call;

Only his face-man had seen him fall,

Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,

These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,

As plain to be read as open books,

While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The fern on the hillside was splashed with blood,

And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;

And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,

That day, in the face of a murderous fire,

That swept them down in its terrible ire;

And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—at the call there came

Two stalwart soldiers into the line;

Beating between them this Herbert Cline,

Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied;

They were brothers, these two; the sad wind

sighed,

And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Dene!"—then a soldier spoke:

"Dene carried our regiment's colors," he said,

"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,

Just after the enemy watered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;

I passed a moment and gave him to drink;

He murmured his mother's name, I think;

And death came with it and closed his eyes."

"Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;

For that company's roll, when called at night,

Of a hundred men, who went into the fight,

Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—Harper's Magazine, December.

All Sorts of Good Reading.

An Angel on the Battle Field.

We are permitted, says the Connest-

ville (Penn.) Record, of October 25th, to

take the following interesting extract

from a private letter from Brigade-Sur-

geon, James L. Dunn, written to his

family in that place. However thrill-

ing the history of heroic women, how-

ever bright the story of Florence Nightingale,

they lose much of their interest to the

American heart, when supplanted by

such true womanhood, philanthropy, and

self-sacrificing spirit on the part of one

of our own countrywomen. How the

heads of the men who let our wounded

soldiers die from thirst and starvation

within twenty-five miles of Washington,

when no foe was near, should hang with

shame at the recital of this incident! We

will not attempt further comment

upon the subject. The letter was writ-

of our hospital but this same woman, with her mules almost dead, having made forced marches from Washington to the army! She was again a welcome visitor to both the wounded and the Surgeons. The battle was over, our wounded removed on Sunday, and we were ordered to Fairfax Station. We had hardly got there before the battle of Chantilly commenced, and soon the wounded began to come in. Here we had nothing but our instruments—not even a bottle of wine. When the cars whistled up to the station the first person on the platform was Miss Barton, again to supply us with bandages, brandy, wine, prepared soup, jellies, meal, and every article that could be thought of. She staid there till the last wounded soldier was placed on the cars, then bid us good-by and left.

"I wrote you at the time how we got to Alexandria that night and the next morning. Our soldiers had no time to rest after reaching Washington, but were ordered to Maryland by forced marches. Several days of hard marching brought us to Frederic, and the battle of South Mountain followed. The next day our army stood face to face with the whole force. The rattle of 150,000 muskets, and the fearful thunder of over 200 cannon, told us that the great battle of Antietam had commenced. I was in a hospital in the afternoon, for it was then only that the wounded began to come in. We had expended every bandage, torn up every sheet in the house, and every thing we could find, when who should drive up but our old friend, Miss Barton, with a team loaded down with dressings of every kind, and every thing we could ask for! She distributed her articles to the different hospitals, worked all night making soup, and all the next day and night; and when I left, four days after the battle, I left her there ministering to the wounded and the dying. When I returned to the field hospital last week, she was still at work, tending them with the delicacies of every kind, and administering to their wants, all of which she does out of her own private fortune. Now, what do you think of Miss Barton? In my feeble estimation, Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance, beside the true heroine of the age—the angel of the battle-field."

A Pie Indeed.

The appreciation of good living is vastly heightened by long diet on soldier's rations. An Ohio volunteer in hospital at Frederick City, Md., was recently treated to a chicken pie, and the way it affected him can be imagined from the following:

"At nine o'clock we make our rounds in the barracks, which occupies us till dinner at twelve. This consists of roast beef, nice potatoes, and a chicken pie—such a pie was never before seen. It is a pie indeed—a subject for hymn and glory; a pie to be held in reverence as Mohammedans pay the Osaba—evidently the production of a great artist. It is more an Acropolis, or temple than a pie; worthy of being served to an alderman amid antems; not made to be opened with knife of Sheffield, but carved with blade of Toledo or Damascus. It may be considered as a poem, a composition of talent and chickens, of genius and crust. Into such a pie was it that Bion, the philosopher, wished himself metamorphosed, that wisdom, in his form, might captivate the sons of men. Hen-coops are depopulated to furnish forth its mighty concave. It is a pie under whose dome one might wish to live or to content to die, appetite grows by feeding on it; its very sight is better than to eat aught else eatable. It dilates the soul and exalts the character to be in the same room with so noble a creation of gastronomic mind. When the pie is in ruins it reminds me of the Coliseum.

A NOVEL ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.

It seems that Admiral Porter, of the Mississippi fleet, is to have the use, on his gunboats, of a new invention, by Engineer James W. Whitaker, which is reported to be capable of effecting the certain destruction of any enemy's ship, no matter how thickly it is clad with iron. Mr. Whitaker is said to be applying his invention to all the western iron-clads. It would be well for the government to favor our seaports with samples of this destructive agent, whose nature is properly kept secret.

A GOOT PORRIT.—A hoghead of leaf tobacco, purchased during the month of June last, in this city, at the rate of \$11 per hundred, was re-sold at the Ninth-street warehouse, yesterday, at \$24 per hundred pounds, a palpable indication of the advance in the price of tobacco in this market.—Louisville Journal.

How a Minister Saw the Elephant, and what it Cost.

THE ADRIAN EXPOSITOR tells the story of how three-card monte was played on the "Forest Queen," on a late trip to East Saginaw; and, after placing the party around the festive board, introduces a clergyman, who took a hand in, in this wise:

At this juncture a new character was discovered by the party, looking on very much interested—clergyman. For the sake of destination, we will call him Rev. Mr. Longshanks, of ——. As Counter Man turned about to lay the money he had won on a table, Gent caught up one of the little cards with the number ten upon it, and bent over one corner a little, and laid it down. "I'll bet a hundred dollars," said he, "that I can guess the number on that card." "Agreed," said the other, and he produced the money. Gent hesitated; hadn't got a hundred; thought he wouldn't do it.

All the while the card lay before him with its turned corner. Rev. Mr. Longshanks here stepped up. "I can tell you the number on that card." "I'll bet you a hundred dollars," says Counter Man. "Oh, I never bet money," was the reply. "Well," says the other, "you appear to have a pretty gold chain hanging from your fob; I shouldn't wonder if you had a seventy-five dollar watch hanging to the other end. Put up your watch and chain against my hundred." The little card still lay there. Rev. Mr. Longshanks eyed it closely, saw the corner turned down, and pulled out his watch and deposited it on the counter by the roll of bills.

The card was turned, and the number five appeared. It was now Longshanks' turn to be excited. "You are a villain, sir," said he, addressing the gambler behind the counter. "Give me back my watch, or I will publish the facts and expose you." "Look here," said the cool rascal whom he addressed, "my name is Chapell, of Detroit; your name is Rev. Mr. Longshanks, of —; you can make the facts if you think you can make anything out of it. Gambling is my business, and I am used to being exposed. You had better keep quiet, or I'll expose you."

The exhibition of secession money was over. The honest burglar of our good town executed a dissolving view out of the room followed by Longshanks with a tremendous flea in his ear. He summoned the Captain of the boat to his counsel, and urged him to secure restitution. The Captain declared that he did not know there were any gamblers or gambling on his boat, (think of a lake or river captain not knowing Chapell!) did not see as he could do anything, but would try and negotiate. He returned with the rascal's ultimatum—seventy-five dollars in cash would restore the watch—nothing short. The money was painfully extracted from Rev. Mr. Longshank's wallet, and the watch restored.

He was soon after pushing inquiries among the passengers to ascertain if any of them were going to stay in East Saginaw over Sunday, where he had intended to preach. His adventure had been noised throughout the boat, and he was naturally doubtful about the effect of his preaching under the circumstances. He assured some privately that he had no intention of taking the gambler's money—he merely meant to show him that he was mistaken. Of course.

Can a Carpet-Bag Eat?

It was but a day or two ago while traveling upon the cars between this city and Columbus, that the train stopped at a small village not a hundred miles off. The conductor crying out, "Fifteen minutes for dinner." The passengers, of whom there happened to be a large number, rushed into the dining apartment and took their seats at the table, one of them depositing his carpet-bag in the chair next to him. At the usual time the landlord passed around to make his collection, calling upon the aforesaid passenger for his payment for dinner.

"How much?" says the passenger.

"Eighty cents," replied the landlord.

"Eighty cents for a dinner? why that is extortionate."

"No sir, it is not extortionate. Ain't that your carpet-bag?"

"Yes, sir; that is my carpet-bag."

"Well, that carpet-bag occupies a seat, and of course I must charge for it."

"Oh! is that the case? Well, here is your eighty cents."

Turning to the carpet-bag, the passenger remarked: "Well Mr. Carpet-bag, as you have not had much to eat, suppose we take something;" at the same time opening its mouth, and turning therein half a ham, a roast chicken, a plate of crackers, and a sundry other articles, amid the roars of laughter of the other passengers.

The prevailing opinion among the passengers was that the carpet-bag won.—Cin. Eng.

"Judge Not by Appearances."

WE copy the following from the editorial correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial from Washington. It is giving justice only to an Ohio General—McDowell:

The newspapers have not given much attention to the courts-martial now sitting here in the cases of Major-Generals McDowell and Fitz John Porter. But the proceedings of those courts will speedily and greatly increase in public interest, as it is likely that much of the matter known as "the secret history of the war," will be brought out from official pigeon holes and from the mouths of officers, which have been hitherto closed by military "propriety." Generals McClellan and Pope are summoned to testify in the case of General McDowell, and from the precedents set by the court, I judge the range of testimony will be very wide. Gen. Pope is here, and Gen. McClellan is expected before the close of the week. Both will be called in both cases now undergoing investigation. There is no question entertained by reasonably well-informed persons, that the trial of General McDowell will do much to remove the prejudices entertained by the public against that officer. He has been charged with drunkenness when responsible for the discharge of important duties; and a New York Colonel was called as a witness on that point to day. The Colonel had written a letter to a New York paper, stating that he had seen General McDowell drunk, and was called upon to state why he made such a communication. He was asked to-day why he supposed the General to be drunk. He said that he "knew the General was a man of full habit and florid appearance," but he "had never before seen him so blooming as on that day." He further stated that the General walked in a "zig-zag" manner, and was greatly "heated." It is a curious fact that General McDowell never drank spirits or malt liquor, tea or coffee. He has absolutely never tasted those beverages. Isn't it odd that he should be denounced as a drunkard? But it is precisely as sensible and just to call him a drunkard as a traitor. Some facetious gentlemen say of his total abstinence "that's what's the matter." But the sober portion of the people are not likely to regard the inspiration of whisky as inseparably associated with military capacity.

During the examination of the New York Colonel, who testified to the "blooming condition" of Gen. McDowell on a certain occasion, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, who was present, was excessively amused. Mr. Johnson is a gentleman whose "blooming" face (which is a fair uniform rose color) contrasts well with his white hair, and the suggestion of blooming gentleman seemed to hit him. Several of the spectators, influenced by the example of the distinguished Senator, found it difficult to preserve their gravity, but Gen. McDowell and the President of the Court, Gen. Cadwallader, were impassable as wooden images. The process of investigation by the courts-martial is excessively tedious. The courts meet at 11 o'clock, and remain in session about as long as the House of Congress do before the holidays. The questions and answers are reduced to writing on the spot by the secretary. The employment of a good phonographer would greatly expedite business. It is wearisome to see half a dozen Generals, two of them with double stars on their shoulders, waiting more than half their time for the secretary to write out the record in full. Major-General Hunter is tired already of Fitz John Porter's case, in which he is the presiding officer, and has asked to be relieved, that he may take command of his department, which is understood to be that of the South.

MARTIN VAN BUREN'S WILL.—The will of Ex-President Van Buren has been admitted to probate at Hudson. It is dated January 18, 1860, and commences as follows:

I, Martin Van Buren, of the town of Kinderhook, county of Columbia, and State of New York, heretofore Governor of the State, and more recently President of the United States, but for the last and happiest year of my life a farmer in my native town, do make and declare the following to be my last will and testament, etc.

The "happiest year" of his life was when he was no longer a President, but a farmer in Kinderhook!

Ohio Surgeons.

Ohio has, already in the regular service 231 surgeons and 271 enlisted medical cadets and hospital stewards. In the volunteer service there are, 2,968 surgeons and 1,200 contract physicians employed as assistant surgeons.—There are also 202 staff surgeons and 120 assistant staff surgeons. The total of these is 4,774, and is exclusive of new appointments. There is another call for the examination of army surgeons in this State, in the early part of this month.

Important to the Public.

CHARLES F. SCHAEFFER, the Assessor for the 12th Ohio District, has received the following letter from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which we lay before our readers:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, November 17, 1862.

Sir—Your letter of the 3d instant, has been received.

I am of opinion that a distiller, who is also a retailer, requires a liquor dealer's license, in order to sell the rectified liquor, notwithstanding that he may carry on the business of rectifying at his distillery. Your action in this particular is correct.

You are also correct in requiring a distiller to take a manufacturer's license, and to pay duty upon the barrels made by him in which to put his liquor.

Persons who make a business of discounting promissory notes are to be licensed as brokers, under Art. 13, Section 64.

Carpenters, brick and stone masons, are not taxable for work done upon buildings. Carpenters are to be taxed only upon their manufactures, such as doors, blinds, sashes, &c.

The fact that persons feed cattle before selling them does not in any manner affect their liability to license as cattle brokers.

A horse or cattle dealer, duly licensed, may pursue his vocation in any part of the country.

A vintner, who makes less than \$600 worth of wine this season, but who has a quantity of wine, made in former years, remaining at the place of manufacture, is subject to tax on his whole amount.

The closing paragraph of Section 75, implies that manufactured articles made previous to September 1st, and not removed from the place of manufacture, should be treated as if manufactured since that date.

Butchers who have no permanent place for selling their meats, but sell from their wagons in the market places, should be licensed as peddlars rather than dealers.

A person who makes garments, for which the materials are furnished by his customers, must pay a tax on the whole value of the garments made, and may collect the amount so paid from the owner, as provided in section 69. The proviso to the 73d Section removes the exemption of \$600 in cases like this.

Persons employed by executors or administrators to sell property at auction, are not required to be licensed as auctioneers.

Very respectfully,
Geo. S. BUTTWELL,
Commissioner.

Human Treatment—How the Abolitionists Do It.

An Abolitionist living at Noble, Illinois, recently went to Cairo, where, it seems, they have a regular slave market, for the purpose of procuring a lot of negroes for work on his farm. The negroes were selected, and the price asked for them paid, when the philanthropic Abolitionist got aboard the cars with his chattels and took them to his home in Noble.

After working them several weeks, his neighbors gave him to understand that if he did not remove them back where he got them, they would burn his house and inflict other summary punishment upon him. Under these circumstances, the Abolitionist, who belongs to the dyed-in-the-wool school, took the negroes to the railroad, but, instead of sending them to Cairo, paid their fair to Vincennes, Indiana.

When the cars arrived at Vincennes the negroes were put off. They begged hard to be taken further, but of course the Conductor had no right to grant their wishes. Upon investigation of their condition, it was found that their Abolition master had sent them away entirely destitute of money—only giving them a single five cent piece for the benefit of the whole number.

Among the negroes was a woman who was not expected to live from illness, when put upon the train, and who was wholly destitute, as well as the rest of the negroes, of the commonest comforts. Of course, these negroes will be sent back from Vincennes to the brutal wretch who has thus turned them out upon the world.

The above is but a fair illustration of the hypocrisy of the pretended humanitarians who are so greatly distressed about the "poor negro."—New Albany Ledger.

"Just Dropped In."

A SHADOW passed our window, the door opened; looking up, we saw the form of Mrs. Partington before us.

"I've just dropped in," she said.—Dropped in! and she weighs one hundred and fifty it she does an ounce. She held out her snuff-box as she said "Good-morning," filled with Rhode's Delectable.

It was by her side, and before we had time to prevent it, he had both arms stuck to the fly-paper on the desk before us.

"I've just dropped in to ask," she said, as we looked up inquiringly, "what sort of a crop the cessationists will be likely to get from planting cannon, that I see something about in the papers. I don't believe it will come up."

"Perhaps it may," we said, favoring the idea, "we see many sprouts about in uniform that are evidently sons of guns, and if, as Mr. Field has said, a soldier's sire and grandire may be a sword, why not a gun have its descendants?"

"May-be-so," said she, brightening up; "may-be-so; it isn't the most unlikely thing that never came to pass, and that may be why guns wear breeches. I declare that I never thought of that before!"

A Chaplain's Opinion of General McClellan.

We have frequently quoted from the correspondence of Rev. A. H. Quint, in the Congressionalist, as among the most interesting records of the war. Mr. Quint, who was the able pastor of the church at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, enlisted, at the commencement of the war, as chaplain of the Second Massachusetts regiment, and has been a model chaplain, faithfully discharging his duty as a minister of Christ both to the living and to the dying men. In the last number of the Congressionalist is a letter from him, dated near Sharpsburg, Nov. 13th, in which he speaks as follows of Gen. McClellan:

"The second is the removal of Gen. McClellan. Of course, the intimations that the army would not fight under anybody else, are perfectly foolish. Our men fight for their country, not for man. I cannot answer for any other corps than ours, but in ours, there is a feeling of deep sadness at the loss of our beloved, our trusted leader. I have hardly yet seen the man who does not mourn over it, although ready to give his successor all their help. Indeed, the new commander is personally liked. I remember the cheers with which he was greeted the morning after the battle of South Mountain, and how the cheers redoubled when Gen. Burnside, after entirely passing the line, stopped to shake hands with a wounded soldier hobbling along on crutches. But we remember how Gen. McClellan re-inspired the shattered, despondent troops, and by the magic of his name and presence made the invincible army which, against superior force (I say what is true,) saved the North at Antietam; who restored the wavering fight of the right wing where falling back I witnessed; who infused life wherever he went; who ordered an advance which he stopped at the urgent request of corps commanders; who would not throw his brave men into a hasty advance and a winter campaign without suitable clothing. The soldiers remember these things; a few hundred thousand men will remember them in some future exercise of their civil rights. But in the mean time, they will follow the directions of their leader; they will give all their powers to his successor; they will imitate the glorious patience, the heroic patriotism of their late General, who loves his country too well to make his personal position any cause for weakening that country's power. Do I believe in McClellan yet? Most heartily I do. He was virtually deprived of command before; necessity recalled him, to save the cause. He is deprived of command again; but the end is not yet.

"Holding such views I have been grieved in reading most virulent attacks on Gen. McClellan even in a religious paper. His conduct is a proper subject for fair criticism, such as I have seen in your own paper, while I disagree with your conclusions; but the bitter, malignant, personal attacks, such as I have read, against a general actually in command, were certainly unsuited to the columns of a religious paper. I have seen such reiterated week after week. I have seen what I know, personally, to be actual falsehoods, put forth in a spirit which should exclude such a paper from every Christian home."—N. Y. Observer.

The Organizing Talent of Gen. McClellan.

The Albany Evening Journal edited by Thurlow Weed, the confidential friend of Secretary Seward, says:

"He was called to Washington. He was called at the urgent request of Gen. Scott. He was called by the unanimous voice of the people. He found the 'Army of the Potomac' a hideous mob. He found mutiny rife in camp, and insubordination the presiding genius of the field. He found Washington filled with drunken soldiers, Colonels and Brigadier-Generals lying 'dead drunk' at mid-day in hotel barrooms; regiments whose commanders had not visited them for days; discipline laughed to scorn; riot and lawlessness rampant all along our lines. He changed all this. He brought order out of chaos. He reinstated discipline. He cleared Washington of the broods of uniformed rascals that had so long infested it. He compelled incompetent officers to resign. He compelled Captains and Colonels and Brigadiers to make their headquarters with their commands, instead of at Willard's and the National. He quelled the mutinies that threatened to destroy our army. He checked the disorganizing and demoralizing tendency that had caused such profound and general alarm throughout the country. He converted a mob of worse than undisciplined soldiers—a rabble degraded by defeat and unmanned by panic—into what even Mr. Russell, of the London Times is compelled to call 'one of the finest armies in the world.'

"Without the organizing genius of Gen. McClellan, where would we have been to-day?"

A TRICK STONY.—A long time ago, in our native county, Ellihu— was directed by his teacher to "overlook" a class reading a portion of scripture, in a common school. The boys were reading from Job, and a "slow coach" had to be prompted, which Ellihu did as follows: "God smote Job with sore boils." The boy dragged out, deliberately, "God—snot—Job—with—four—balls!" Ellihu was struck dumb and could only whisper in the boy's ear—"It was a devil of a charge wasn't it?" The boy mistaking it for the lesson, blurted out—"B—snot—a—devil—of—a—charge—snot—!" Of course Ellihu tried to check the boy, but unsuccessfully, and the boy's defiance to the teacher was that "he told him so." Ellihu "got licked."

Our Book Table.

The Home Journal for 1863.

We have much pleasure in informing the public that one of our contributors for the coming year, will be our old friend and colleague

THEODORE S. WAY.

We confess to uncommon pride and pleasure in this renewal of intercourse with the friend and intimate of other days, and we look to be felicitated for it, by the established readers who constitute the family of the Home Journal.

We have in preparation, also, for the coming year, several

VERY THRILLING STORIES.

Some of the ablest of living pens are engaged for us, in translating from the French and German; and our own original narrative-writers are among the first.

We are fortunate, also, in travellers gone abroad who are literary contributors, and we are anticipating for our readers a most agreeable surprise in the quality of these

SKETCHES OF TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

But the feature of our Journal, which we have not yet mentioned, is perhaps the most valuable of all; its prominence as

THE EXPOSURE OF REFINED SOCIETY.

Our correspondence with the leaders of fashion, in New York and the other capitals, is especially valuable in this respect, keeping us unmistakably informed of the changes and progress of what is commonly understood by the "gay world." As we have taken some pains to arrange the resources for this new feature, we speak confidently of its promise of entertainment to our large circle of readers. In this department, foreign journals are endlessly inventive; and, with our industrious ransacking of these, we are sure to select, for the peculiar taste to which we minister, a most relishing banquet.

THE EDITORS

will give the Journal their constant attention, as before. Of the goings on, in the eventful scenes and places of the country, Mr. Willis's pen will give photographs, as usual. General Morris's Songs and Sketches will be embroidered on the thread of the passing moment, as they have always been. Some of the best intellects of the land are enlisted for us, also, and we think we may promise