



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

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LAW OF NEWSPAPERS:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions to the paper.

Poetry for the Hour.

BATTLE SONG.

BY BENJAMIN FAYLOR.

BREAK UP CAMP, DROWNY WORLD!

For the struggle are unnumbered,

And the dead are piled on the ground,

And the living are numbered,

And the battle-flags are flying,

And the drums are beating,

And the bugles are blowing,

And the soldiers are dying.

From old Saratoga,

From Gettysburg,

From Vicksburg, and Lexington Green,

They have marched back and forth,

To the scenes of glory,

And have passed on triumphant, unchallenged,

Between.

I can hear the bugles,

The old drum of the clock,

That timed Liberty's steps to no pendulum swing,

When the bells would ring,

Woman bravely said,

'Let us charm the dull weights till they fly and they sing.'

Al, those old blackened halles

Were glory's own cradles—

Rocked a red-cord with each birth from the mould,

And the old-fashioned life

Blazed hotter and higher,

Till it welched the new world and scalded out the old.

By intonance they come,

To the march of the drum!

Heeding feet that turn beautiful, quivering the snow,

For roses seem blowing

Where'er they are going,

As if June with her blushes were buried below,

And those to their sleeping,

And those to their weeping,

And one faith and one flag for the Federal gun!

Speak, Helmsman, the words

Half-battles, half-words—

Let the "President's March" be sounding abroad;

With thy pen on the page

Keep time with the Age,

Till thy words without accents flash grandly the God!

Then the rattling roll of the muskets

And the ruffled drums and the rallying cheers,

And the rifles burn with a keen desire,

Like the crackling whip of the Hemlock tree,

And the ringing shot and the stinking shell,

And the splintering fire of the shattered shield,

And the great white breath of the cannon smoke,

As the grizzling guns by batteries

In syllables dropped from the thunder of God—

The throng of the cloud wars—the drum-major

—Treat!

And the rugged gaps in the walls of blue

Where the iron surge roiled heavily through,

That the Colonel builds with a breath again,

As he cleaves the did with his "close up, men!"

And the groan torn from the blackened lips,

And the prayer doled slow from the crimson dyes,

And the beamy look in the dying eye,

As under the cloud the Stars go by!

But his soul marched on, the Captain said,

For the Boy in Blue can never be dead!

And the troopers sit in their saddles all,

As the statues carved in the ancient hall,

And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,

And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,

And the fingers work, of the sabre hand—

Oh, to bid them live, and to make them grand—

And the bugles sound to the charge at last,

And away they plunge, and the front is passed,

And the jackals blue grow red as they ride,

And the scabbards too, that clank by their side,

And the dead soldiers descend the stroke iron

THE ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

EXPLOITS OF CAPTAIN CARPENTER, OF THE "JESSIE SCOUTS."

(From the New York Evening Post.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

The public knows little really of the romance of the war.

The secret history of any military campaign would be of absorbing interest; much more the secret story of our war.

In all camps there are men whose occupation it is to gain for the commanding general information of the enemy's force, position and movements.

Much depends on this; and the most successful generals have always been the best informed.

In our own service, during the present war, the spy service has been performed by different classes of men.

Some of our commanders have had the wit and the fortune to secure the services of men whose hearts were full of zeal for the Union and of hatred for the slave aristocracy and their rebellion.

Such men, when they have also the activity, presence of mind, ingenuity and courage added for this office, are the best that can be got.

Such, we have reason to think, are the company known as the "Jessie Scouts," who first served under General Fremont in Missouri, afterwards in Tennessee under Grant, McClelland and others, and again in Virginia under Sherman, Milroy, &c.

There is another class, hirelings, who serve not for the sake of the cause, but the sake of the reward.

Such men, too, are valuable; but a great commander seeks rather to use men who, from devotion to a principle, or else by reason of some personal wrong, are animated by enmity to the opposite side.

Our spy system has not always been well conducted, else Stuart's "raids" would not have become famous; else Jackson could not have made his great march down the Valley; else Corinth could not have been secretly evacuated by Beauregard, nor Yorktown by Johnson, nor Winchester before the first battle of Bull Run, by the same officer.

If we had had an efficient spy service, General McClelland would have known that after the battle of Fair Oaks Richmond lay in his power; and Patterson would have held Johnson in check, or else followed him pell-mell into the first battle field of Bull Run, and saved the day.

There is a story told of that first campaign in Virginia which does not redound to the credit of our military authorities.

Some weeks before Bull Run, Patterson, it is said, sent a man as spy into Winchester.

The fellow rode there, examined thoroughly the rebel camp, works and forces, and returned with a full report.

He was sent to Washington to get his pay, and when he got there, received from the officer under General Scott, who attended to his case, the sum of twenty-five dollars, which did not pay the expenses of his journey.

It is added that he swore he would go over to the enemy; probably he did.

If spies and scouts were treated thus in our first Virginia campaign, no wonder Johnson got away from Patterson.

Probably no man in this war has lived through so many exciting and desperate adventures as Captain Carpenter, the leader of the "Jessie Scouts."

The writer of this passed a few quiet hours with Captain Carpenter lately, while the latter was still in this city—an invalid from a severe wound received last fall in Western Virginia.

Some of the campaigning stories then heard will interest the readers of the Evening Post, and will attract the sympathy of all who admire daring, skill and invention—especially where, as in this case, all these faculties are sharpened and vivified by a single-hearted and fiery devotion to liberty and Union.

Captain Carpenter boasts, in a quiet way, that no army for which he has scouted has ever suffered from a "raid" in its rear, or has ever been surprised.

He has an idea that such things cannot be done where trustworthy and zealous scouts are employed.

"Did you ever see Price?" he was asked. He replied, "Several times." Once he drove a team in Price's army two days, at the end of which time, unluckily, the team and wagon, and a negro who happened to be in it, ran away; and, curious enough, never stopped till they got into our own lines," said the Captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

man is working for himself now in Iowa, and sold the mules to pay my expenses."

Once he rode down to the rebel pickets at Wilson's Creek, dressed as a woman, to deliver a letter to a suppositions brother in Price's army.

He bears witness to the politeness of the rebel officers who escorted the lady half way back to our lines.

"This trip was made because 'the General' wanted to know precisely the position of a part of the rebel lines."

TAPPING THE TELEGRAPH.

After the surrender of Lexington, said the Captain, General Fremont suspected that the telegraph operators between Hannibal and St. Joseph were disloyal and had given information to the enemy, and I was ordered to make an investigation.

The fact is, however, that the rebels had "tapped" the wire. A woman in St. Louis told me. She asked me if I knew a rebel spy was in town.

I asked her who he was and what he did; and she replied that he had a telegraph apparatus on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and had told her so.

He was to see her and take her to the theater that evening.

I told her I would give her fifty dollars if she would say, when he came, that she was sick and could not go.

She agreed, and I arranged that she should introduce me as a rebel spy from Pillow's camp, which she did. I immediately gained his confidence.

We drank wine together, and the fool told me everything. So he left the city and I took one of my men with me and off we started after him.

We found him on the Grand river, near the railroad, just where he had said. He had a tin in the brush, where the telegraphing operations were carried on.

There were two men—my man and another. We crept up to them, and on a survey came to the conclusion that we might not be able to capture them, and the best way was to shoot them. I shot my man, but Hale only wounded his.

We rushed up. He made fight. I had to despatch him with my pistol. We got the telegraph instruments, with twenty-two hundred feet of silk wire, two horses, blankets, and sixty-five dollars in money. There were also two daguerotypes.

EXTENSIVE PRICE'S CAMP BEFORE LEXINGTON.

I went into Price's camp when Mulligan was at Lexington. I had a double-barrelled shot gun with both locks broken, and rode into the camp with numbers of country people who were flocking to join Price.

I rode around freely, talking, scolding, and very soon saw how things were going. I could see plainly that Mulligan was in a tight place, and I started off to St. Louis as soon as possible, and gave the information that Mulligan must surrender. Twelve hours after, news came that he had.

Fremont did all he could to help Mulligan; but the telegraph "tapper" (who was afterwards killed) got a dispatch which was sent by Fremont, for Sturgis to move across the river to the support of Mulligan; and the rebels, having possession of our plans, moved against Sturgis and compelled him to fall back.

AN AMUSING EXPLOIT.

Henry Hale, one of the best scouts in the country, left Leavenworth while Mulligan was before Lexington, with dispatches. As he rode along, men from every direction were going to join Price.

He saw one old secessionist with a little shot gun, and thought it would be a nice thing to drive off the old fellow and take his horse into Lexington. So he engaged the man in conversation, and getting an opportunity, put his revolver to the secessionist's head, ordered him to tie his gun to the saddle, to dismount, and finally to "skedaddle." The old man made tracks rapidly, glad to escape with his life.

Hale took the horse by the bridle, and rode on whistling "Yankee Doodle." He had ridden a mile or two, when at a turn of the road, he was suddenly ordered to halt. The old secessionist had procured another gun, and got ahead of him.

"Get off that horse," cried the secessionist. Hale got down. "Tie that revolver to the saddle," Hale obeyed. "Pull off your pants," Hale did it.

"Skedaddle"—an order which Hale at once carried into effect, merely saying, "Well, Cap, I thought my shirt would come next—good bye." The secessionist went off with the two horses, whistling Dixie; while Hale marched serenely into Lexington, with only his coat and shirt on. His coat contained his despatches. He will never be permitted to forget that seven-mile march.

THE CAPTURE OF RANDOLPH.

I burned Randolph, Missouri. The town was a rebel depot, where their supplies were gathered. The country people came in every day with provisions, and these provisions and other goods

were conveyed to the enemy. I went over with twenty-two men and routed two hundred and fifty. It was a year ago on the 10th or 12th of September.

I divided my men and had them approach from different directions. I made them all officers, and up we went, every man of us shouting out orders as though each had a regiment at his back.

The rebels were frightened. They ran in all directions, but we killed several of them. One of my men was badly wounded, and I was wounded also. I tackled one fellow with a sabre. He fought bravely, but I killed him after he had given me a thrust over the eye that might have finished me.

He had been a soldier in the regular army, but deserted and went over to the rebels. He belonged to the First United States Dragoons. We took seventeen prisoners. Of course we could not, with our small force, hold the town, so we set fire to the rebel stores and destroyed them.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

I was captured back of Paducah—Lieutenant Robb and I; and we were placed under guard to stay all night. There were thirteen guardsmen in all; but ten of them went to a party and got drunk. The others got some whiskey too. Robb and I concluded to rebel. We managed to seize their revolvers. Robb tapped one, that came at us first, over the head and stunned him, and before the others could come to his assistance we shot them. Then we made off. We went by Fort Donelson, clear across the country, and told Zollicoffer that we were spies and had despatches for Breckinridge.

We had forged despatches for the purpose, and thus passed. As we had just come from the rebels, we knew enough to deceive the old fellow, who treated us with great kindness, 'old us to be careful of the Yankees, gave us passes through his lines, and good horses, and in three hours and a half we were inside our lines.

SPEAKS FOR JEFF DAVIS.

At Platte City I made a speech to the rebels in favor of Jeff Davis, which was very successful; but in the afternoon a fellow in town recognized me, and had me seized. They put me under guard, in a house; but the same night I got out, got on a horse which fell in my way, and rode out till I ran in the dark against two rebel videttes. They stopped me; I explained to them that I was hurrying off to bring up some recruits who were wanted; but the men were obstinate, and would not let me go without a pass. So I proposed to one to go in with me to headquarters, and I would get him my pass. He consented; we walked our horses in along the road. My case was desperate; if they caught me they would hang me; I talked to the man in the dark till we were some distance in, then suddenly pulled out my knife, and with one stab slew him.

I waited awhile, then rode back to where the other vidette remained and handed him a piece of an old letter, saying, there's the pass. He must go to the smouldering fire in the wood near by to examine it, and as he did so I knocked him over, and rode off.

JEFF THOMPSON'S CAMP.

I rode into Jeff Thompson's camp half naked, as a crazy man, shouting and whooping so that the whole camp was aroused. No better way to get in occurred to me just then. General Thompson is much of a gentleman. He caused a surgeon to examine me, who reported that I had lost my senses from a blow on the temple, the mark of which was still fresh. He said I was quite harmless, and the General proposed to send me into the Yankee lines because they could take care of such a poor fellow better than he.

I lay down under a wagon, near the General's tent, when it came dark, and listened to hear what I could hear. About midnight a messenger rode in on a fine horse, and tied it near me. When he got into the tent, and no one was looking, I got on the horse, and having the best road in my mind, rode out as hard as I could drive, the pickets firing at me, but without effect; and I got safely in to make my report.

FORT HENRY.

I went to Fort Henry two days before the attack on it, and brought General Grant an accurate account of the position and number of the rebel defences. I have General Grant's letter to certify to that.

FORT DONELSON.

Also I went into Fort Donelson, while our troops lay at Fort Henry. I went in there in Confederate uniform, and I have General McClelland's letter to show that I brought him information which proved to be accurate. On my way out a cavalry force passed me, while I lay by the roadside; and its commander told one of

his men to leave behind a fine flag which he feared would be torn on the way. The flag was stuck into the road, that a returning rebel picket might carry it in. But I got it, wrapped it round my body, and rode into Fort Henry. It is now in St. Louis.

A MATRIMONIAL LEGEND.

One night, a maid in the passage of Wreckholm, before covering the fire, made as was her custom the sign of the cross. Somebody laughed beside her. She turned round to see who it was, but her companions were all asleep. The noise came from a stone in the chimney which the sexton had dug up when making a new grave. The parson, wanting a hob, appropriated it. Next day, they made inquiries about the flagstone, and old people in the village related the following story—Three hundred years ago, a pious man named Melchior was parish priest of Wreckholm. Every night before going to rest, he retired to the church to pray, caring neither for bad weather nor cold. But his wife was not of the same opinion. "Coming in at two o'clock in the morning, and getting into bed like an eagle on a winter's night—I've no patience with him! Good Father Petrus never indulged in such vagaries." But here her conscience struck her. Father Petrus was the last Roman Catholic priest, and a celibate, while Melchior had done worshipping a good service—was the father of eighteen children—she was his third wife, and if he hadn't married her, she might have remained an old maid forever. So, repenting her severity, she called the servant, Lars, saying, "Disguise yourself as a ghost to frighten your master when he goes out to-night, and I'll give you a jug of beer." Lars dressed himself in a white sheet, and placed himself in Melchior's path.

On seeing the ghost, the pious man began to pray, and while he prayed, Lars sank slowly into the ground. "Who are you?" asked the parson. Receiving no answer he prayed once more, when, sinking to the waist, the man cried out, "Master, it is I, Lars." "Too late," exclaimed Melchior; "your heart, from which proceeds your sin, is already under ground." Then, giving the wretched servant a crack on the head with his prayer-book, he sank beneath the earth—turned into a flagstone. The peasants erected a cross on the spot, and there it still stands. The parson's wife was of the noble family of Irtone (squire). She was buried in the churchyard of Batuna, yet her corpse cannot turn to dust, though her coffin and winding-sheet have long since mouldered away. Not only she herself will not decay, but the arm of her brother, which lay next to her coffin, became hard as stone, while the rest of his body fell to powder. You may be sure that the family (not my friend's, but a former priest's) heard this tale, the sepulchral flagstone was set to its own place that very day before midnight.—One Year in Sweden.

An "Undress" Parade.

The following good story is told by a correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Holly Springs, of the rollicking pranks of a pair of "boys," belonging to an Illinois regiment:

On the principal street of the town was the house of a noted old secessionist, in passing which, on their beats as provost guard, the soldiers had frequently been the recipients of sneers and scornful looks, and such expressions as "hired Yankee," "Heensians," &c., from a couple of rampant females, who were the wife and daughter of the proprietor of the house.

The husband and father had also been observed, while this was going on, half concealed behind a window blind, "aggen' em on," as one of the soldiers said, and seeming to enjoy it highly.

This had been repeated several days, and one night when there had been a long dry spell, and consequently no rain had soaked through the barrels to dilute the commissary's whiskey, two of the soldiers who had been made the butts of these lady like sneers, determined to have their revenge. They were off duty, and managing to get out of camp with their guns, went to the entrance of the house and knocked. The family had gone to bed, but after a repetition of the knock, "paternalism" came to the back door with a candle, and in a very undress uniform. As soon as the door was opened the two soldiers pressed in. The two females had heard the knocking and were peeping out into the hall through the cracks of their bedroom doors.

In reply to the old fellow's demand as to what they wanted, they said, talking rather thick, that they wanted to "teach him, to be a soldier."

The two women saw trouble brewing, and as soon as the two soldiers had induced their guppi to follow them in the parlor, they slipped out of the open back door and scudded, like two ghosts, "all clothed in white," down to a neighboring house.

The "old man," however, was the one whom the soldiers desired to teach the art of war, and they began their tuition immediately. In his costume, scantier than a Highlander's, they made him assume the "position of a soldier," and then placing one of their guns in his hands, they proceeded to put him through the "manual of arms." He shouldered arms; he presented arms; he trailed arms; he charged bayonets; he ground arms on his toes, and sweated, and trembled, and sneezed, and begged; but no his tutors were inexorable. He must learn; and at it he went again. He then marched and counter-marched, and faced right and left, until after half an hour's practice, the guard came and

arrested his two self-appointed tutors, but his tuition did not teach him to be a soldier, it taught him and his family better manners, and no more demonstrations of hatred toward the "Yankees" were observed at his front windows.

I. Ross Brown on Life in Germany.

Mr. J. Ross Brown, of whose lecture on Iceland in this city on Monday evening we gave a synopsis yesterday, proposes to deliver in San Francisco during the spring a series of four lectures on Northern Europe, one-fourth of the proceeds to be devoted to the cause of the country. In a letter from Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Mr. Brown thus summed up the peculiarities of old Europe:

"Everything here has a soporific tendency. One week is the same as another, and so of months and years, allowing a small variety for the seasons. There is no progression, as in California. People become stagnant at the age of thirty; at forty they become puffy and wrinkle like ducks; at fifty they become bald-headed and apoplectic, and carry their hats in their hands to keep their brains cool; at sixty a leg or an arm gives way, and has to be dragged along or nursed; at seventy they take to little hand-carriages, and get rolled about the public promenades by servants in livery; and at eighty, or ninety, they get out for want of breath, and help to make vegetables for new generation. All this time the sun rises and sets exactly once a day, for 365 days in the year; the town clocks toll the quarter-hours and hours; the police mount guard at the gates and salute the passing officers; the soldiers hang and kiss the servant girls every evening in the by ways and alleys; old burghers take their afternoon stroll along the glacis and tramp in at their regular beer-house, where they sit for hours gossiping over the affairs of the city; children go to school and back again, with their satchels on their backs, and in the course of time go to business and gradually merge into old fogies like the rest of the good citizens—and so ways the world in Germany."

"It is enough to drive an active-minded man perfectly crazy. But I am prejudiced, perhaps, in favor of my own country; very likely. If you were to put a ball in a china-shoop, or a chicken in a pond of water, or a snail on a race course, or a grater before a millinery establishment, or a thoroughly honest and conscientious man before the public as a candidate for high political honors, you would not commit a greater incongruity than the Californian who visits Germany with any idea of enjoying life. What is life to some people is death to others. For myself, I really like the Germans, but their habits of life in the Federated are fearfully and wonderfully slow. They certainly improve very much after they leave home. I can tell a German Californian the moment I look at his face. It is far brighter, sharper and more intelligent than the generality of faces one meets in his daily rambles. Nor have I yet encountered one who does not fully agree with me in all these views."

"Why, then, you may ask, do I stay here so long? There's the rub. It arises principally from weakness, which was being growing higher and higher every day, till it now stands before me and California like the Chinese will. Ever since my return from Iceland I have been settling down under a terrible load of unpleasant connections about our country, yet determined never to give up the Union while there is a plank left. It is dreadful to love one's country with all his heart and soul, and find none around him to do her reverence, much less justice. She weeps she sobs in the night, like Jerusalem; for she hath none to pity her. Ah, me, if you only knew how we feel over here! How much dearer our country is to us?"

"But it is no use to be sad about anything in this world. It doesn't help the case, and we have but a short span of life anyhow. Let every man do his best to help the cause, and it will yet be all right. I feel that I ought to add my mite to it in some substantial way. What I propose, therefore, is to return to California and strike out something that will be useful, popular and entertaining—devoting any one-fourth of the proceeds to the great cause of our country. If I had the means I would cheerfully do more, but the expense of a large family are a great check upon my inclinations."—N. Y. Post, 24th.

Powers of Endurance.

CAPTAIN C. E. HALL has just been narrating before the American Geographical Society his recent Arctic experience while in search of traces of the Franklin expedition, and took the opportunity of introducing to the society the Esquimaux man whom he brought away with him—a hardy hunter, who has been known to stand for three days and nights, motionless on the ice, beside a seal hole. Captain Hall describes the ability of the Esquimaux to go without food as striking him as quite astounding. He has known them to do so for weeks. He heard of an instance in which a party of these intrepid seal-hunters were floated off from the main land on a pack of ice and could not return for thirty days, during which time they had not a morsel of food, yet they survived, although even their faithful and wonderful dogs succumbed to the pangs of hunger.

An elderly lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dentist's office and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him:

"Can a body eat with these things?"

"My dear madam, satisfaction can be performed with a facility scarcely excelled by nature herself."

"Yes, I know; but can a body eat with 'em?" still queried the old lady.

Ascent of Mount Shasta, California.</