

URBANA UNION.

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

VOLUME III, NO. 2.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 106.

URBANA UNION.

J. W. ROY, PROP.

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S-T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

"A SILENCE was on her lip—health was in her look, strength was in her step, and in her hands—Plantation Bitters."

A few bottles of Plantation Bitters will cure Nervous Headache.

"Cold Extremities and Feverish Lips.

"Sour Stomach and Peptic Breath.

"Faintness and Indigestion.

"Nervous Affections.

"Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath.

"Pain over the Eyes.

"Mental Depression.

"Prostration, Great Weakness.

"Bilious Constipation, Weak Stomach, &c.

Which are the symptoms of

LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA.

It is estimated that seven-tenths of all adult ailments proceed from a diseased and torpid liver. The bilious secretions of the liver enter into the stomach through the hepatic system and exhibit the above symptoms.

Attending to these, we are able to prevent the most remarkable cure for those horrid nightmarish diseases, the world has ever produced. Within one year over six hundred and forty thousand persons have taken the Plantation Bitters, and not an instance of complaint has come to our knowledge!

It is a most effective tonic and acerbic stimulant, which will in all cases cure the liver.

The reports of its curative properties, are widely known. For the public satisfaction, and that patients may consult their physicians, we append a list of its co-administrators.

CALCUTTA BARK—Celebrated for over two hundred years in the treatment of Fever and Ague, D. Dyspepsia, Weakness, &c. It was introduced into Europe by the Company, and was used by the Jesuits for the enormous price of twenty shillings per ounce, under the name of *Jesuit's Powder*, and was finally made public by Louis XVII, King of France. It is the most valuable medicinal substance of the vegetable kingdom.

DANDELION—For inflammation of the stomach and intestinal affections.

CHAMBERLAIN'S—Aromatic, stimulant and tonic—highly invigorating in nervous debility.

WINTERGREENS—For scrofula, rheumatism, &c.

ANISE—An aromatic carminative, creating food, muscle and milk; much used by mothers nursing.

ANY SLEAZE-BANK, ORANGE, CARAWAY, CORIANDER, SAGE, ROSE, &c.

S-T-1860-X.

Another wonderful ingredient, of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and brilliancy to the mind, is yet unknown to the commerce of the world, and we withhold its name for the present.

IMPORTANT CERTIFICATES.

Bohannon, N. Y. December 28, 1861.

Messrs. P. H. Drake & Co.—I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia for three or four years and had to abandon my profession. About three months ago I tried the Plantation Bitters, and to my great joy, I am now nearly a well man. I have recommended them in several cases, and as far as I know, always with signal benefit.

I am respectfully yours,

Rev. J. S. CARTER.

Philadelphia, 100, March 27th, 1862.

Dr. J. W. Roy—My daughter has been much distressed by the use of the Plantation Bitters. They have done her the greatest benefit. They cured her.

As a mother,

She is gratefully yours,

ELIZABETH WATTS.

Arrangements are now completed to supply any demand for this article, which from lack of government stamps has not heretofore been possible.

The public may rest assured that in no case will this valuable medicine be dispensed from the Plantation Bitters be dispensed from. Every bottle bears the signature of our signature on a steel plate engraving, so it cannot be spurious.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers throughout the country.

HAMILTON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, URBANA, O.

JOSEPH WILLY, Proprietor.

The "Hamilton" has been thoroughly refitted for the accommodation of guests. We are confident of affording satisfaction to all.

Our Story-Teller.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN WITH ONE EYE.

About half-way between two small towns whose names are unimportant, there is or was a wayside inn, called the Traveler's Delight. Its name was probably a mistake, or it might have been a satire, since the Traveler's Delight presented an aspect by no means delightful; indeed a timid traveler would have been apt to turn from it with a shudder, as intolerably desolate and gloomy; and prefer passing on at all risk, to making a trial of it.

One evening, however, at dark a horse, laboring under the weight of two persons, a man servant and a lady on a pillion—you must remember that it is a long time since this happened—stopped before the door of the Traveler's Delight.

"I don't remember any inn on the road," whereupon he proceeded to make some inquiries of the early looking host, and turned to the lady. "We have missed the turning, and are some miles from the right way. What is to be done?"

The lady—we will call her Mrs. Benson—looked at the darkening night, and shivered as a blast of wind went howling by.

"Is there accommodation for us here? But I think we had better go on."

The servant, however, was not inclined to go on. There was plenty of accommodation for his mistress, and his horse was dead beat. As for himself the landlady said there was an upstairs he could sleep in, and he was sure his master would not like Mrs. Benson to peril her health and safety by going on in the cold, dark night.

The lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and entered the house. A woman with an unpleasant face came to meet her. When Mrs. Benson saw this woman, she looked again at the dark road hesitatingly, but the horse had been taken to the stable, and the servant was not to be seen.

"Can I have a private room?" inquired the lady.

"A bed room, of course. But there's no sitting room, except the house-place. You'll find it warm and comfortable, and can have the best seat."

By this time the outer door was shut and fastened, and Mrs. Benson, taking courage in the thought that at least her servant was somewhere within call, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the offered best seat with seeming satisfaction.

Supper was placed before her, which the landlady and his wife shared at her request. During the meal there was a violent knocking at the outer door, and when it was opened, there entered a tall, broad shouldered man, with one eye, and a shock of red hair.

"Can I have a bed?" was his query.

"Well, I suppose you can, if the misses and me gives up our room. It isn't the first time we've had to camp in the house-place, that's one thing."

"Sorry to put you out. Thank you; I think I will take a mouthful."

No one had invited the new comer to take a mouthful, and as he helped himself, his one eye turned on the strange lady, Mrs. Benson could not help returning the look with interest, the man had such a comical face; and then his head was the reddest she had ever seen, and the whole man seemed to be jolly with an expression of grotesque good nature. At some early remark of the landlady's, this queer one eye looked at the lady, and sidelong nod towards the host, and then the eye twinkled, as much as to say, "He's a queer tempered chap, you know; but don't be frightened—I'll protect you."

In fact, Mrs. Benson felt quite a sense of security in the presence of the good natured man, and was sorry when his horse supper came to an end.

"Well, then, I'll turn in," he said, putting his plate away, "if the master will be good enough to show me the room for I am tired. Good night, miss—servant, ma'am."

Then Mrs. Benson fancied that the sour face of the host grew sourer still; it fairly scowled at her, but she did not feel at all inclined to go to bed. There was no alternative, however; she could not sit up all night where she was, because the master and mistress had expressed their intention of remaining there. She had asked for her servant and was told that he had retired to his out house for the night; there was no further pretext for lingering, so she accepted the

repeated offer of the landlady to show her to her room.

When she got inside the room, Mrs. Benson's first impulse was to lock the door, and as she did so, the key came out in her hand. Not satisfied with the lock, which looked crazy, she proceeded to pile every movable article of furniture against the door; that done she turned to the fire, which was burning cheerfully. While she stood there meditating upon the insufficiency of the furniture for a barricade, the door key, which she was twisting about her fingers, dropped into the ashes. Mrs. Benson stooped to pick it up, and as she stooped, with her face in an upside down position, a gleam of fire sent its light underneath the bed behind her. It flashed upon a shock head of the reddest hair she had ever seen. Mrs. Benson raised her head again rather quickly. The first tangible idea that presented itself in the dizziness that crept over her was to pull away the barricade and call for help. But long before a sound could be made audible below, her fate might, and doubts would be decided. Then she thought of professing aloud to have forgotten something which she must go to fetch, but thinking of all the circumstances, she could not help believing the sour people down stairs to be in league with the red man, so that certain death must follow that move, even if the robber were not too wide awake to permit the ruse. She had heard of it being done, and so, no doubt, had he, and he would understand it. Besides all this, she had not found the key, and somehow she shrank from bending down again to search for it. Who knew what she might encounter the next time? A knife, perhaps, or a pistol, or that one gleaming eye, and some snarled motion might cause the robber to suspect her knowledge of his presence. No, she could not look for the key.

A little while longer, Mrs. Benson stood warming her hands at the fire, then she turned round to examine the position of the bed, which had been drawn down so as to leave a small space between its low head and the wall, and it occurred to her that this arrangement had been made by the robber, who would doubtless prefer to emerge from behind where there would be least chance of the victim catching sight of him, and so unnecessary noise might be avoided.

By reason of her little barricade on one side, and the wall on the other, she would have to creep in at the foot of the bed. After thinking over her position as calmly as possible under the circumstances, she took a strong, thick, woollen scarf of unusual length, which had been strapped over her chest for the journey, and tied behind, and putting out the candle, she got into bed, yawning again audibly. The fire burned low in the grate, and the room grew nearly dark. If any one could have looked into it, they would have seen on the bed a crouching figure, holding in its two hands the two ends of the scarf—one of these ends being slipped through a long loose knot on the other, and a pair of large eager eyes straining upon that fatal space between the bed head and the wall.

A clock struck down low, Mrs. Benson could hear the dull, whirring sound of every stroke in the house, and a hysterical desire to scream seized her; but just then there was a slight dragging noise under the bed, and her eyes were again fixed in that strained watchfulness. The dragging came near the wall, slowly. The watcher had well calculated that the form of her terrible visitor must push itself up head first, shoulders first against the wall, and the arms comparatively pinioned. The hideous chance was that it might come upon one side or the other of the big nose waiting for it. More dragging, then a shock head above the pillow, a stifled gurgling cry, and the two hands of the watcher were tagging away with all their might at the two ends of the woollen scarf.

Chancing to pass by the strange lady's door in the early morning, the sour landlady was startled by the sound of a voice uttering strange sounds, a medley of talking, screaming and chucking. She called her husband first, then the lady's servant; and after some altercation, the latter insisted on breaking open the door. A clatter of falling furniture followed, and edging themselves in with some difficulty, they found the lady still in her crouching position, and still clutching with both hands at the ends of the scarf about the ghastly, staring head.

Light of those three horrid faces, she burst into a fit of hysterical crying, which (said by my reciter) probably saved her reason.

The suspicions which Mrs. Benson had conceived that her hosts were in league with the robber (as the shock-headed

traveler turned out to be) were easily dispelled; and the real kindness under the landlady's sour face was proved by her unparalyzing attention to the comfort of her guests, until the latter were ready for the journey home.

Great McClellan Meeting in New York.

(From the New York World.)

COOPER INSTITUTE was crowded to overflowing last evening by an audience that assembled to express their desire for the elevation of Major-General George B. McClellan to the Presidency. The room was tastefully decorated. The columns throughout were decked with miniature American flags, and the state and national emblems were hung in graceful profusion above and around the platform. There were also the following notices, extracts from General McClellan's reports, and letters to the President:

"The Constitution and Union must be preserved, what else is the object of this cause and blood?"

"Let neither military disaster, political defeat, nor foreign war shake our purpose to preserve the good old rights of the people's free and free State."

"Our cause will never be abandoned; it is the cause of free institutions and self government."

Over the middle of the platform was a portrait of General McClellan, the frame of which was decked with a wreath of evergreen, and on either side were portraits of Washington and Jackson. Over the portrait was the legend, "McClellan and Liberty." The meeting was called to order by Dr. R. F. Stevens. Loud cheers were given for McClellan, and it was some moments before the speaker could be heard. Hon. Amos Kendall was unanimously elected to preside. Assisted by a large number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries, whose names we omit.—Ed. Union.]

A great many military officers and soldiers were present, and cheered loudly whenever General McClellan's name was mentioned.

(In taking the chair, Dr. Kendall made an excellent speech, which with the other speeches we are compelled to omit for the present. He was followed by Lieutenant-Governor Jacobus C. Kent.—Ed. Union.]

The following song was then sung, entitled

MCCLELLAN AND THE UNION.

When rose the gloomy clouds of war,

And brother rebelled at brother,

The hands so late in friendship clasped,

Drew swords against each other,

Our country bled with pain and joy,

And every tongue was telling,

The leader's name whose star had dawned—

The young and brave McClellan.

CHORUS—

Around the Old Flag we will rally again,

We'll rally like men in the noblest commoner's

hon;

McClellan, our leader, we'll rally again,

And fight to restore the Old Union—

The hands so late in friendship clasped,

The Union which none shall sever,

Our glorious Old Flag and the Union of hands—

Our glorious Old Union forever!

But wild and fiercer grew the strife,

And armies sternly meeting,

And brother rebelled at brother,

And thundered hostile greeting;

Thus brighter grew his glorious name,

And patriot voices swelling,

Renewed the soldier's shout and cried—

Our hero is McClellan!

But envy aims at that that's bright,

And strikes the noblest quarry,

So who but he, our gallant chief,

Should dogs of party worry;

But never fail so pure and true,

(His fame and honor is declining,

As when he flew their futile shafts

Shook harmless at McClellan!

Above the weak and feeble throng,

Who stand in vain for defense,

He tried above him nobler still,

And every wrong but greets,

Then here's to him, the just and brave,

Who all his foemen conquering,

Shall yet redeem his country's cause,

Our hope and shield—McClellan.

General A. Banning Norton, the editor of the last Union paper in Texas and in the South, was introduced. Mr. Norton was three times elected to the Texas Legislature, and was the adjutant-general at the time of secession. He owned three newspapers, two of which were seized by the secessionists and the third destroyed. He was indicted simultaneously in eight counties for treason because he was a Unionist, but succeeded in escaping, although a reward was offered for his head, and has remained in Ohio for the last two years.

Colonel Max Langenswartz was the next speaker. He spoke at some length, illustrating the position of the Republican party by various stories which kept the audience in continued laughter. He said he did not like personalities, and he would not say that Mr. Lincoln had long legs, and that was probably the reason

why he had overstepped the Constitution. The first time that these radical agitators have got the reins of government in their hands they have brought on us ruin and misery. A man once went for a doctor for his wife and asked him, "How long have you been a doctor?" The answer was, "Twenty-five years." The man asked, "How many patients have you killed in that time?" "Only one," said the doctor, "so the man lived the doctor to see his wife, and in a few days his wife was dead. So the man asked him in great wrath how it was possible he had only killed one person in twenty-five years. 'Oh,' said the doctor, 'I only had one patient.' So the Republicans in twenty or thirty years have only had one patient, and they have nearly killed him. In making this a war for slavery, they are like the man who set fire to his house, and burned in it his furniture, and his wife and children, and when asked why he burned it, replied, 'To kill the cock-roaches.' It is impossible to find what new creed they adopt next. It is emancipation, confiscation, annihilation, amalgamation, miscegenation. He could not agree with this new doctrine unless polygamy was allowed. Then a man could have a yellow wife from China, a brown wife from the Indians, a black wife from Africa, and a white wife from his own country, and so have a variegated family and put a sign over his door, 'United Matrimonial Paint Shop.' (Great laughter.) Colonel Langenswartz concluded by reciting a poem, and giving as his final argument that General McClellan was a military necessity.

The whole audience then united in the following song:

BURRAH FOR THE MAN WE LOVE.

Come all ye true patriots and join in this song,

Burrah for the man we love;

McClellan our leader—his gallant and strong,

Burrah for the man we love.

CHORUS—He'll win the race—to the White House he'll go.

Whether Lincoln and Chase are willing or no,

Burrah for the man we love;

Whether Stanton and Halleck are willing or no,

Burrah for the man we love.

When Secessionists tried the Union to sever,

Up rose the man we love;

Little Mac drew his sword and boldly said Navan;

Burrah for the man we love;

CHORUS—He'll win the race—to the White House he'll go.

Whether Phillips and Sumner are willing or no,

Burrah for the man we love;

And when all our forces fall back,

Burrah for the man we love;

"Old Abe," struck with terror, then called Little Mac;

Burrah for the man we love.

CHORUS—He'll win the race—to the White House he'll go.

Whether Fremont and Greely are willing or no,

Burrah for the man we love;

And when "Old Abe" ordered Little Mac to retreat,

Our hero protested in vain.

Through seven days of conflict the rebel's best,

And looked his troops on the flank;

CHORUS—They'll never forget him, those soldiers so brave.

Though bloodstained and worn, on the brink of the grave,

But burrah, burrah for the man we love.

And there through the hospitals, brave Little Mac,

With pity and sympathy moved,

Even the wounded and dying then turned on their backs,

And prayed for the man they loved.

CHORUS—They'll never forget him, our soldiers so brave.

Through blood-stained and worn, on the brink of the grave,

But burrah, burrah for the man we love.

When the bold "Stonewall," with his blood-thirsty band,

Met our forces with Pope, and beat them,

Agua Mac was called to take the command,

And he drove back their hosts at Antietam.

CHORUS—They'll never forget him, those soldiers so brave.

Who fought side by side, on the brink of the grave,

But burrah, burrah for the man we love.

Then Abe called around him his faithful crew,

To consult on political questions.

To keep Abe in command—that never would do;

They'd send him, they said, to—perdition.

CHORUS—For McClellan's the man that never was sent.

And they feared he'd be placed in the President's seat.

So burrah for the man we love,

So burrah for the man we love.

When the rebels "Old Abe" took away Mac's command,

The people all looked around him;

They offered him honors on every hand,

But raising, and modest they found him.

CHORUS—They'll never forget him—the people are true.

They'll remember the rebel Jacobins are true.

And burrah, burrah for the man we love.

Then back around the banner in solemn array,

And in ten your footstep to greet him.

Determined to earnest, from this very day,

In the President's chair to seat him.

CHORUS—McClellan for President—up with the flag.

He'll crush the rebellion—down with the rag.

These cheers for the man, three cheers for the man, these cheers for the man we love.

H. J. H. H.

THE OUTSIDE MEETING.

There had been no expectation, under the circumstances which the meeting last evening had been called, that a large assemblage would have come together than could be contained in the great hall of the Cooper Institute, and no arrangements had been made for outside meetings. But so strong and genuine is the affection of the citizens of New York for General McClellan, that without any of the usual external incentives, they came forth in multitudes, and by a spontaneous impulse, to testify their appreciation of him as the soldier, the statesman, and the scholar, and to indicate their desire that he should be their standard bearer in the next presidential canvass. Only a small proportion of the vast concourse were able to gain admittance to the building, and after the hall had been packed thousands still thronged the street.

Though hundreds came and went, at no time during the evening were there less than three thousand people in front of the Institute. A meeting was therefore organized from the balcony, and H. P. Carr, Esq., was appointed to preside. Stirring addresses were made by Mr. Curtis, member of Assembly; Hiram Ketchum, Jr., Messrs. E. J. Sullivan, Hiram Bond, Nugent and others. Every reference to "Little Mac" was the signal for the most deafening demonstrations of applause. The assemblage separated at 10 o'clock, after giving three-time three thundering cheers for George B. McClellan.