



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

VOLUME III, NO. 13.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 117.

URBANA UNION.

J. W. HOWE, PROP.

Office—Coulton's Building, (second floor, west side North Main-street, near the Square. Terms—\$1.50 per annum, in advance, in ad- vance. One Dollar for Six Months.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS:

- 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to con- tinue their subscription to the paper. 2. If subscribers desire the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them, until all arrears are paid. 3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they were ad- dressed, they are held responsible till they have re- ceived the bill and ordered them discontinued. 4. If subscribers remove to other places with- out informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former residence, they are held responsi- ble. 5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leav- ing them uncollected, is in itself evidence of intentional fraud.

S-T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

"A SILENCE 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 Febrile Breath." "Faintness and Indigestion." "Nervous Affections." "Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath." "Pale Complexion, Weak Bowels, &c." "Mental Depression." "Prostration, Great Weakness." "Sallow Complexion, Weak Bowels, &c."

WHICH ARE THE EVIDENCES OF LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA.

It is estimated that seven-tenths of all adult ailments proceed from a diseased and torpid liver. The biliary secretions of the liver over- flowing into the stomach poison the entire system and exhibit the above symptoms.

After long research, we are able to present the most remarkable cure for these horrid nightmarish diseases, the world has ever pro- duced. Within one year over six hundred and forty thousand persons have taken the Plantation Bitters, and not an instance of com- plaint has come to our knowledge!

It is a most effectual tonic and agreeable stimulant, suited to all conditions of life. The reports that it relies upon mineral sub- stances for its active properties, are wholly false. For the public satisfaction, and that patients may consult their physicians, we ap- pend a list of its components.

CALIFORNIA BARK—Celebrated for over two hundred years in the treatment of Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Weakness, &c.

It was introduced into Europe by the Countess, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, in 1640, and after- wards sold by the Jesuits for the enormous price of its own weight in silver, under the name of *Jamul's Powder*, and was finally made pub- lic by Louis XVI, King of France. Hum- boldt makes special reference to its lebrifuge qualities during his South American travels.

CASABLANCA BARK—For diarrhoea, colic and diseases of the stomach and bowels.

DYSPEPSIA—For inflammation of the liver and dropsical affections.

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

WIND-ROBBER—For scrofula, rheumatism, &c.

ANISE—An aromatic carminative; creating flesh, muscle and milk; much used by moth- ers nursing.

Also, clove-buds, orange, caraway, coriander, snake-root, &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.

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 20, 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, RAY J. S. CARROLL.

Philadelphia, 12th March, 17th May, 1862.

EMERSON FRENCH—My daughter has been much benefited by the use of thy Plantation Bitters. They will send me two bottles more. Thy friend, ASA OSBORN.

Sherman House, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 11, 1863.

Messrs. P. H. Drake & Co.—Please send another twelve cases of your Plantation Bitters. As a morning appetizer, they appear to have superseded everything else, and are greatly esteemed. Yours, &c. GAGE & 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 the perfectly pure standard of the Plantation Bitters be departed from. Every bot- tle bears the fac simile of our signature on a steel plate engraving, or it cannot be genuine.

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

HAMILTON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, URBANA, O.

JOSEPH W. L. ST. PROPRIETOR.

The "Hamilton" has been thoroughly refitted and the accommodations greatly improved. We are con- stant of rendering satisfaction to all.

Select Party.

THE OFFICER.

[From Dranger.]

"See down the street the soldiers come, Before our door they'll pass, perchance: My sister, do you hear the drum? And see how gaily they advance?"

What handsome, gallant men they are! What loves in town they've left behind! We country girls, though simpler far, Amongst them husbands perhaps may find."

Before sweet Rose, a bright brunette, A cornet passing in his place, Cried out, "In faith, my fate is set, I never saw a lovelier face— I count her charms; I mark her well: Yes, in a year, this very day, I will return, if shot and shell, Permit, and carry her away."

"Ah Rose! that foolish speech you heard, I know it, by your cheeks' bright bloom, And now without another word You tuckered turn into the room."

Since then, when 'er alone, sweet Rose Tells 'er the words she thought so dear, While for the unknown cornet frowns A nightly prayer, a nightly tear.

A year of dreaming thus has passed, With earliest dawn our Rose awakes— The day he fixed on shines at last; For 'neath her gayest dress she takes, All day she waits—comes in, goes out— "Oh, hear you not the soldiers' tread?" Paces in tears her room about— At midnight shrieks, "He's dead! he's dead!"

Our Story-Teller.

THE MANTLE OF BEAUTY.

BY T. S. AUTHOR.

"I pity her, she's so plain." "Margaret?" "Yes."

"Certainly, she is very plain; but then, she is so good." "Goodness is very well in its way, but a handsome face and a fine person will do more for a girl than goodness," was replied.

"In a worldly point of view, you mean?" The first speaker did not answer this remark. It suggested thoughts not wholly in agreement with the sentiments just uttered.

The subject of conversation was the youngest of three sisters. She was called humorily by almost every one; yet it is but fairly to say that she was too often seen as a foil to her handsome sisters, whose bright eyes, regular features, rich complexion and free, graceful carriage had won for them the appellation of "the two beauties."

Parents are not always wise and just. The fact of being a father or a mother does not, as a matter of course, lift a person above his or her natural weaknesses and defects of character, or change material- ly the old estimate of men and things. The mother of these girls was very far from being a wise woman, and quite as far from being just towards her youngest child. The beauty of the two elder sisters she sought to increase by all the available arts of dress; while the very plainness and coarseness of the active which she deemed good enough for Mar- garet, made the latter seem homelier than she really was. Margaret not being an ornamental appendage of the household, was made useful. While her sisters dressed and sew company, she was at work, and often at work for them. She felt the unjust discrimination, and often cried over it, when no one saw her; but neither rebelled nor complained.

"I pity her, she's so plain." This was often said by those who saw Margaret in contrast with her sisters. But it always happened, that those who had any true knowledge in regard to her character, would answer, "But she is so good."

There is beauty in goodness. That was her compensation. If the outer garment was plain, the inner form and true substance of her being had a symmetry and grace beyond what the flesh puts on in its most envied perfection. And com- pensation went further still. The soul is in a perpetual effort to impress a likeness of its quality in the face; to mould the features into an image of itself. If this law was in favor of Margaret, it was against her sisters; for while she was living in self-denial, and in a patience in possession of her soul, both willing and doing right in every relation, no matter how unpleasant, they were cherishing pride, selfishness, vanity, worldliness, envy and ill-nature.

The time came, as years progressed, when it was no longer said, "I pity her, she is so plain." Not that any saw signs of beauty in her face; but it was no longer perceived as homely. She did not appear in company as frequently as her gay and brilliant sisters, who always had around them a circle of admirers; but when she appeared she did not sit alone,

as once, nor so often form the subject of depressing comparison. Persons who had kept aloof from her began to feel an attraction that drew them to her side; and many wondered with themselves how it was that they had been so slow in discovering how greatly she was, in some things, superior to her more showy sis- ters.

There was a sphere of tranquility about Margaret, felt by every one who ap- proached her. The repose of her manner did not break up easily, but to a right senti- ment and feelings she responded with a warmth of expression that veiled nothing of insincerity. In conversation, where the subject was agreeable, thought would light up her countenance, and play over it in manifold changes. It was singularly mobile to the mind—answering to emo- tion; never concealing.

Time came when the two elder sisters found themselves often less attractive in company than the homely Margaret— Young men, whose favor they desired to win, were not unfrequently indifferent to all their arts and blishments; and yet stranger still, as it appeared to them, so interested in Margaret as to be envious of attention towards her.

It is not always that truth comes to ears most concerned in hearing it. Friends and neighbors see and talk about our personal defects, peculiarities, and hindering faults, though we see them not, and go on blindly indulging them to our loss and injury. Margaret's two elder sisters still thought themselves beautiful, win- ning, graceful beyond all comparison with their Cinderella, as once they had been vain and heartless enough to call her. They did not recognize the fairy work that, with slower than old fairy touches, yet with more enduring magic, was transforming her daily. But there eyes that could see while theirs were blind; and it happened that through the sense of hearing, they gained a knowl- edge of what their sight had failed to see. The eldest—her name was Corde- lia—overheard, it matters not as to the place and circumstance, this conversation. It was between two young men with whom she had been long acquainted:

"I used to think her beautiful," said one of them. "Cordelia?" "Yes."

"So did I. Three or four years ago, when she and her sister first came out, with the girlish bloom upon them, I thought them two of the loveliest crea- tures I had ever seen. But somehow they have been fading, or changing, ever since."

"There is nothing in them," said the first speaker. "Not much," was answered. "They dress elegantly, and have a world of sprightly gossip and small talk. But as to culture of the heart or intellect, I have failed to discover the signs. I was quite smitten with Cordelia at first—ac- tually in love with her bright eyes and blossoming face—but I got bravely over it long ago. Beauty is very well in these love matters, but a sensible man is apt to look a little way beneath the surface, to see what kind of a foundation beauty is resting upon. Girls of this kind are well enough to dance and flirt with, but for the graver purposes of matrimony, none but mere knaves or fools accept them."

"There are knaves and fools about." "O yes, as witness the wretched mar- riages that are constantly taking place— There's a fellow dancing attendance upon Cordelia now, who is just weak enough to marry her as a kind of show-wife. He thinks her queenly! Of course, if the event comes off, there will be another miserable couple added to the list. Both will find themselves disappointed."

"By the by," said the other, breaking in upon his friend's homily, "what do you think of the plainer sister?" "Margaret?" "Yes."

"I've ceased to call her plain." "You would hardly call her beauti- ful?" "I don't know. I have seen her when to call her beautiful would be no error of language. The fact is, Margaret has puzzled me at times. I grant you, that her features are not cut after a classic model, nor is there what we sometimes call 'style' in her face. She hasn't the fine complex- ion, nor the large liquid eyes of her old- est sister, and yet her countenance is to me far more attractive—it is so full of mind and feeling. You forget, as you talk with her, the material lines of her face, in the beauty of thought that trans- figures it. Do you want a higher style than this?"

"And yet Margaret was very lonely. There was a time when I almost wonder- ed at her courage in venturing to brave

the comparison that must be made be- tween her and her sisters." "Yes, I remember my first impression also. But it gradually wore off as I came to know her. The fact is, her beautiful soul shines through its material veil, and you see the light and loveliness with- in. In the case of her sisters, the order is re- versed. They are not, I fear, beautiful souls."

"The mantle they have so long worn in pride," was answered, "is dropping away from them, and if they do not see to it, will fall upon the shoulders of Margaret. If I were choosing a wife from among these three sisters, I shouldn't hesitate a moment."

"You would take Margaret?" "Yes."

"Not regarding mere beauty as any- thing when put in contrast with excel- lence of character."

"I am a lover of beauty," was replied. "Whenever the beautiful is presented, I will myself a constrained worshipper. At first, I saw beauty only in form and col- or; and was in constant danger of accep- ting gilt and bloom for enduring sub- stance. Twice I have been on the eve of a marriage proposal, blinded, fascinat- ed by mere external charms. I shudder sometimes when I think of what I escap- ed in both instances. The beauty by only on the surface. Gradually my mind became better instructed. I was able to see the difference between real beauty and its fading semblance. So, I am still a worshipper of beauty; but I recognize its higher types. The surface of things has grown transparent to my clearer view."

"Then in taking Margaret, you would still have regard to beauty?" "Yes; to that beauty which fades not, and which has power to mould even a plain face into a likeness of itself."

Cordelia heard no more. Though con- cealed from view, she recognized the speakers' voices. Hopes were dashed to the earth, which had been fondly cher- ished. She understood some things which had occasionally puzzled her thought; knew now why it was that certain young men of high excellence, who so eagerly sought her favor for a time, gradually withdrew themselves, and became atten- tive to what she had considered less at- tractive girls. There was a beauty of which she had not dreamed; a beauty to which she had not attained; a beauty scarcely recognized at first, but growing more and more apparent, and putting forth allurements beside which all that she could offer was but as glitter of tin- sel.

At about one o'clock, General McClellan, accompanied by General Anderson, walked from the carriage along an avenue lined with people, who saluted him with cheers as he passed along, to which he replied with a military salute. On ascending the steps of the stand the cheers were continued until he took his seat. At this time there were on the stand several distinguished guests, who all uncovered as General McClellan passed to his seat, which was in the centre of the platform.

After prayers, Prof. French addressed the assemblage, expressing a wish that as the event was to honor the dead, there should be no demonstration made, but that it should be allowed to pass through to the end as would a funeral service over the remains of those who had fallen in war to defend the welfare and honor of the United States.

General Anderson introduced General McClellan as the orator of the day, asserting that he was far better known to the people than he (Anderson) could ever hope to be.

As General McClellan arose from his seat—in spite of what Prof. French had said, and entirely disregarding the Gen- eral's signs of disapproval and attempts to make them desist—the crowd saluted him with loud and prolonged cheering. As soon as quiet had been restored, Gen- eral McClellan, in a clear, calm, yet per- fectly audible voice, delivered the dedi- catory oration, which we cannot print nor for want of room. Here are the concluding paragraphs of the perora- tion:

"In the midst of the storms which toss our ship of state, there is one great beacon light to which we can ever turn with confidence and hope. It cannot be that this great nation has played its part in history; it cannot be that our sun, which arose with such bright promises for the future, has already set forever. It must be the intention of the overruling Deity that this land, so long the asylum of the oppressed, the refuge of civil and relig-

The Battle Monument.

Dedication of a portion of the Grounds at West Point for the site of a Memorial to the Dead of the Present War.

GENERAL McCLELLAN DELIVERS THE DEDICATORY ORATION.

WEST POINT was the scene of a very imposing and yet solemn ceremony, on Wednesday, June 15th, in the dedication of a portion of the grounds as a site on which to erect a monument to the mem- ory of those members of the regular ar- my who have perished during the present war. The announcement that Gen- eral McClellan would deliver the oration on the occasion, induced an immense number of people to visit the Military Academy to witness the ceremony, and all the trains and boats were crowded with them.

A stand was erected on the site, at Trophy Point, and was decorated with flags, in festoons and unfurled. Over the centre of the front of the stand was a national shield, ornamented with a trophy of bayonets, the points radiating from the top and sides. On the platform of the stand a table was placed for the orator, and during the morning some young ladies covered and ornamented it with natural roses, in full bloom, and other fragrant flowers. In front of the stand several rows of seats were arranged for the ladies, but proved far too few for the occasion, many of them making seats for themselves on the grass. The gentlemen either stood or reclined on the green, and among the civilians were dis- tributed a large sprinkling of officers of all ranks, both in the army and navy.

Shortly after half-past twelve, a national salute of thirty-five guns was fired from battery Knox, and the procession commenced moving in the following or- der:

1st, The Military Academy band. 2d, Battalion of cadets. 3d, Detachments of troops stationed at or visiting the post. 4th, Carriage containing the President of the Executive Committee, and the Chief Marshal. 5th, Senior member of the Executive Committee, orator and chaplain. 6th, The Executive Committee. 7th, Carriage containing Lieut-General Scott and the Inspector of Military Academy. 8, The Academic Board, Board of Visitors, Academic Staff, and State and municipal civil officers. 9th, Officers of the army and navy. 10th, Families of the same. 11th, Civilians.

The following was the order of the proceedings:

1st, Religious service, Prof. French. 2d, Music, Hail Columbia. 3d, Oration General McClellan. 4th Music, Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. 5th, Benediction, Rev. Dr. Sprule. 6th, Dirge.

At about one o'clock, General McClellan, accompanied by General Anderson, walked from the carriage along an avenue lined with people, who saluted him with cheers as he passed along, to which he replied with a military salute. On ascending the steps of the stand the cheers were continued until he took his seat. At this time there were on the stand several distinguished guests, who all uncovered as General McClellan passed to his seat, which was in the centre of the platform.

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ious liberty, shall again stand forth in bright relief, united, purified and chas- tised by our trials, as an example and encouragement for those who desire the progress of the human race. It is not given to our weak intellects to understand the steps of Providence as they occur; we comprehend them only as we look back upon them in the far-distant past; so it is now. We cannot unravel the seemingly tangled skein of the purposes of the Creator—they are too high and far-reaching for our limited minds. But all history and His own revealed word teach us that His ways, although inscru- table, are ever righteous. Let us then, honestly and manfully play our parts, seek to understand and perform our whole duty, and trust unwaveringly in the be- neficent God who led our ancestors across the sea, and sustained them afterward amid dangers more appalling even than those encountered by His own chosen people in their great exodus.

He did not bring us here in vain, nor has He supported us thus far for naught. If we do our duty and trust in Him, He will not desert us in our need. Firm in our faith that God will save our coun- try, we now dedicate this site to the memory of brave men, to loyalty, patri- otism, and honor. (Loud applause.)

The New York World, speaking of this oration, says:

"We need do no more than direct the attention of our readers to the ardent pa- triotism, the wise and comprehensive statesmanship, which shine through and illustrate this touching and heartfelt tribute of the first soldier of his time to his gal- lant comrades who have fallen in their country's service."

McCLELLAN ENTHUSIASM.

The New York papers have much to say about the enthusiasm that greeted General McClellan wherever he went on this occasion. As he descended from the platform, after delivering the oration, the crowd rushed around him and gave three rousing cheers. It was impossible that the officers who surrounded him attempt- ed to keep them away, assuring them that no demonstration whatever would be allowed. They followed him the whole distance to his hotel, cheering and gras- ping for his hand, which was shaken at every step by persons catching it with an almost frantic enthusiasm.

Getting Used to it by Degrees.

SOMEWHERE about here, writes a cor- respondent, lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intox- icated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him, but in vain, to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I will sign it after awhile, but don't like to break right off at once; it ain't whole some. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmate would say, "see if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and no one near to help you out."

"Sure enough, as if to verify the prophe- cy, as he returned home drunk one night he fell into a shallow well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, he shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to home and help him out."

"Didn't I tell you so," said the good soul, showing her cap full over the par- pet; "you've got into a hole at last, and it's lucky I am in hearing, or you would have drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the tem- porary occupant of the well a little suspi- cious.

"Look here!" he screamed in fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are."

"Well, now, I am," responded his old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember tell- ing me it's best to get used to things by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you up of a sudden you wouldn't find it whole- some?"

The old fellow could not help a chuck- le at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would let him fairly out. This she did, and packed him up to sign it, wet as he was.

"For you," she added very emphati- cally, "ever fall into the ditch again, I'll leave you there—I will."

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

The greatest glory is not in never fall- ing, but in rising every time we fall.

RAILWAY MATTERS.

Railroad Meeting.

THE new Board of Directors of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, in New York, met and orga- nized on Monday last, at the office of the Company, in Baker's Buildings.

Wm. Reynolds was appointed Presi- dent, T. W. Kennard Vice-President, and Wm. A. Bradshaw Secretary and Treasurer.

The Executive Committee is as fol- lows, viz—Messrs. W. Reynolds, T. W. Kennard, A. F. Allen, J. J. Shyrock and Gaylord Church. The Finance Com- mittee, Messrs. A. F. Allen, Wm. H. Lowry and J. J. Shyrock.

Amongst other business transacted, it was determined to erect a new depot building at Jamestown without delay, and Messrs. A. F. Allen, J. H. E. Rose and Wm. H. Lowry were appointed a committee to receive proposals for build- ing the same, to be submitted to the Board.—Jamestown Democrat.

Extension of the A. & G. W.

THE enterprise and administrative abil- ity of the manager of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad are being again exemplified in the fact that it has been determined, under his recommendation, to extend the line of this road from Sal- amance, its point of connection with the Erie, to the city of Buffalo. The sur- veys are completed, the contracts will soon be awarded, and the work will be completed within a year. This settles a great question for Buffalo, as it will make it the chief distributing port for the anthracite and bituminous coal of Pennsylv- ania and Ohio, for lake steamers, furnaces, forges, and the increasing demand in Canada. It will also throw an immense coal business on the line of the Atlantic and Great Western.—London Railway Price.

A Hottentot Tale.

A WHITE man, it is said, met a snake upon whom a large stone had fallen and covered her. So she could not rise. The white man lifted the stone off the snake, but when he had done so she wanted to bite him. The white man said:

"Stop! let us both go first to some safe place."

They went to the hyena, and the white man asked him:

"Is it right that the snake should want to bite me, though I helped her when she lay under a stone and could not rise?"

The hyena (who thought he would get a taste of the white man's body) said:

"If you were bitten, what would it matter?"

Then the snake wanted to bite him, but the white man said again:

"Wait a little, and let us go to other wise people, that I may hear whether it is right or not."

They went and met the jackal.

"Is it right that the snake wants to bite me, though I lifted up the stone which lay upon her?"

The jackal replied:

"I do not believe that the snake could be covered by a stone and could not rise. Unless I saw it with these eyes, I would not believe it. Therefore, come and let us see at the place where you say it hap- pened, whether it can be true."

They went and arrived at the place where it happened. The jackal said:

"Snake, lie down and let thyself be covered."

The snake did so, and the white man covered her with a stone; but although she exerted herself very much, she could not rise. Then the white man wanted to release her again, but the jackal interfe- red and said:

"Do not lift the stone. She wanted to bite you; therefore she may rise by her- self."

Then they both went away and left the snake under the stone.

The plan of visitation of the Metho- dist Bishops for 1864 has been published. Bishop Morris will preside over the Cen- tral German Conference in Cincinnati, August 24th; Bishop Baker will hold the Methodist Indians at Delhi, Sep- tember 7th; Bishop Ames, the Ohio, at Chillicothe, September 8th, the Central Ohio at Marietta, September 21st; Bishop Simpson, the Southeast Indiana, at Sci- otoville, September 21st; Bishop Simp- son, the Cincinnati, at Greenfield, Sep- tember 28th; Bishop Simpson, the Indi- ana, at Princeton, October 3rd.

A COUNTY editor, living on the line of a railroad, sent to the superintendent for a pass for himself, and added, "Please embrace my wife." The superintendent returned a pass to the editor, but declin- ed the proposed honor.