

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

VOLUME VI. NO. 7.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1867.

WHOLE NUMBER 265.

URBANA UNION

J. W. HOUX, PROPRIETOR. OFFICE—Champaign National Bank Building, (second and third floors.)

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OVER ONE MILLION BOTTLES have been sold and not a single instance of failure has occurred. It does not Dry up a Cough, but LOOSENS IT, and will invariably Cure Ticking in the Throat!

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Blood Purifier! ARE UNEQUALED. Scrofula, Syphilis, Skin Diseases, Old Sores, Salt Rheum, Disposition to Indigestion, SICK HEADACHE, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, St. Anthony's Fire, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Erysipelas, Tumors, Eruptions, Pits, Scrofulous Consumption, etc.

THE BLOOD PILLS. Are the most active and thorough pills that have ever been introduced. They act so directly upon the Liver, exciting that organ to such an extent as that the system does not lapse into its former condition, which is too apt to be the case with single purgative pills.

BLOOD PURIFIER! Will cure all the aforementioned diseases, and of course, will relieve and cure Headache, Costiveness, Colic, Pains, Cholera Morbus, Indigestion, Pain in the Bowels, Dizziness, &c., &c. DR. ROBACK'S Stomach Bitters!

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QUICK SALES AND READY PAY IS THEIR MOTTO. The undersigned have purchased the "Cincinnati Grocery" stand, and opened a Large and Choice Stock of Groceries.

Original Poetry.

Who is braver in the world's wide battle-field than I? Surfer of a great success beneath the sunny sky? Who has more to win and hope for through the coming year?

Who will give for wealth and glitter, in the hour that Who will thrive, while living, on the fruits of his own hand? Who can persevere in the valley and the desert's mirage? Who will be the first to rise and greet the dawn of day? Who will be the first to rise and greet the dawn of day?

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HISTORY OF CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, OHIO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by J. W. HOUX, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of Ohio.

CHAPTER VI. The first regular Term of the Court of Common Pleas for the New County of Champaign, was duly held at the house of George Pithan, in Springfield, on the first Tuesday in September, 1805.

Court.

Ethan Stone lived in Cincinnati and was long prominent there as a citizen but withdrawn from the bar, and acting as a Justice of the Peace and President of the third Bank formed in Cincinnati.

33. The first Grand Jury will be a matter of interest as showing who were prominent then. Their names here follow: 1. Joseph Layton. 2. Adam McFarson. 3. Jonathan Donnel. 4. John Humphreys. 5. John Reed. 6. Daniel McKinnon. 7. Thomas Davis. 8. William Powell. 9. Justus Jones. 10. Christopher Wood. 11. Caleb Carter. 12. William Chapman. 13. John Clark. 14. John Lafferty. 15. Robert Renick.

34. The first Bill presented to the court as true, was an indictment against John Taylor "for a misdemeanor." It is noted on the Docket. The record of the case shows that the offense was threatening to burn Griffith Poos's house, of which the accused was richly convicted on proof, but his counsel Richard S. Thomas, moved in arrest of Judgment, that this was no offense under the laws of Ohio—no statute having been enacted against it. This was found to be true and Judgment was arrested accordingly.

The names of the Jury that tried the first case were these: 1. Robert Boyce. 7. Thos. Redman. 2. Paul Huston. 8. James Reed. 3. Charles Reor. 9. Wm. McCulloch. 4. Thomas Lewry. 10. James Bishop. 5. David Grummon. 11. David Lovry. 6. Jacob Mintum. 12. Able Crawford. 35. The first letters of administration granted, were on the estate of Peter Gilson, and these were granted to Ephraim Morrison and Loty Morrison. The sureties were William Layton, Robert Layton and William Donnel, from which it is inferred that the estate lay in the south part of the county.

36. The court allowed Arthur St. Clair 25 dollars for his services at that term as Prosecuting Attorney. As late as 1826 when James Cooley was Prosecuting Attorney, the allowance was but 30 dollars a term, and it received but little increase until it became an elective office, when the sum of 200 dollars a term has been deemed the proper honorarium.

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"THE TOTE FAIR SOCIETY."

Several years ago, in the city which has the honor to furnish food, lodging and drinks to the Illinois Legislature, we spent a wet evening in a cozy room which was much patronized and enjoyed by the Democratic headquarters—where the free lovers of that party, and all others, could feed, imbibe and puff without expense to themselves and with the assurance of a hearty welcome from our generous host.

Among the frequenters of the "Red Rose" was a certain Col. Bill Irwin, character in his way; and certainly the possessor of a greater amount of natural humor than any man we ever met before or since. The Colonel was met in Egypt, and in the palmy days of Democracy, a little king in that region, with plenty of votes and money at his command—and as such, an invaluable member of the lobby, and a very successful grinder of axes and hatchets. Like "Falstaff" he was a man of unbounded stomach, and could eat and drink in a way to astonish people of moderate capacity. A good dinner and a pint of "corn juice," more or less—generally more—and the Colonel would put his legs on the mat-pie and unlock his budget of fun for the benefit of the company.

On the evening alluded to he was rather glum and taciturn, until our host said to him, in a bantering way, "Come Bill, tote fair." "Look here, Jack," said the Colonel, taking a cigar from his mouth to make room for a liberal installment of whisky straight, "I don't want to hear any more about 'tote fair'—I've voted to my satisfaction; I belong to the Society—been duly initiated, sure." "How's that?" was the reply. "Well," said Irwin, "I suppose I'll have to tell the boys that story, though it is impossible to reproduce the inimitable manner of the narrator.

"It is night about ten years ago, down on Wabash, when we had an awful cold—so cold that the very wood-chunks froze in their holes, and the whisky in my jug turned into a lump of mahogany colored ice, harder than John Sog's cheek. 'Ole Irwin, in the middle of January, about 11 o'clock, I had just gone to bed to try to get warm; it was so cussed frosty that fire wouldn't do any good, and the snow on the ground was about half warmed through, and thinking how cold it must be for the poor devils outside, when there came a heavy rap at the door. I jumped up and opened it, and there stood Major Smith, one of the best citizens in Bourbonville, and a mighty clever man. 'Why, Major,' said I, 'what on earth are you doin' here at this time of night?' 'Colonel,' says he, 'put on your clothes right off, for here's Charley Johnson out here, drunker than a bilow owl, and layin' in the snow. I've voted him from the doggery downs here about a mile, and can't tote him an inch further, and he'll freeze sure.' Now I knew Charley first-rate—a young chap well brought up, and his father and mother good old square-toed, hard-shod Baptists, who'd die if they knew the boy ever looked through the bottom of a tumbler. So I jumped into my breeches and boots, and out I went, and there sure enough laid Charley, stretched out in the snow like a dead man. The Major gathered him by the heels and I by the head, and off we started. Somehow or other the Major didn't seem to be much on a lift, and so I told him to leave Charley up on my shoulder. And he heaved him up. But I hadn't gone more than fifty yards before Charley began to show signs heavin' up, too, and I know if he gagged with head against that way, he'd choke quicker than you could say 'Jack.' So I layed him down and punched him two or three times, but he only grunted—and says I, 'Major, the boy is awful drunk; he don't seem to have any life in him.' 'No,' said the Major, 'he oughtn't to have for he jerked the linen' out of a quart bottle of pizen down to the grocery, and he ain't used to drinkin' it, either. Let's hurry him up, or I'm afraid he'll never come.' So up I listed him again, and he was powerful heavy, and my legs began to feel like a piece of soap after a hard day's wash, and blowed like a young steamboat. But I pegged away for another quarter until we came to the Court House, and the Major says he, 'There's a light up in the Clerk's office; let's take the boy up there, and he'll sober off by morning.' So I climbed over the steps, and up to the door, and then up a pair of old-fashioned stairs, Charley all the time layin' on my shoulder like a sack of sand, and gettin' so infernal heavy that I thought he must be made of lead. When I got to the door I kicked it open, and that was about twenty fathoms a sight; and they all commenced to laugh, and just when I was wonderin' what it all meant, Charley jumped off my shoulder as light as a cat and as sober as a judge, and he takes me by the hand and walks me up and says he, 'Colonel Irwin, I have the honor to inform you that you are duly initiated a member of the 'Tote Fair Society,' and then I found out that all the crowd had been fixed the same way, and one Methodist preacher had carried his man more than two miles. 'Well,' says I, 'Boys, it's a bully joke, but it'll be the death of some clever fellow sure; for if I find a chap drunk again, if it's in the winter I'll build a fire by him; and if it's in the summer I'll build a fence round him to keep the hogs off; but if I ever tote another man, may I be good to my body.'

TEMPERANCE JERKS.

Many years ago, in Kentucky, on the occasion of a periodical "revival" in religion, there was a certain sect whose converts were all made through the agency of certain physical contortions, which the good people of the day, in their homely language, called "the jerks."

Women, for example, in the fervor of devotional exercise and experience, threw their heads backward and forward with such violence, as to cause their long hair to snap like the "crack of a whip." The "jerkers" created much excitement, for a little time, and increased rapidly in numbers. But the fanaticism soon subsided, and the jerks, as a means of grace, have long been discarded. We confess to little faith in moral spasmodics of any sort. The willings, even of the gods, grind slowly. The accomplishment of beneficial results, which involve the habits and opinions of large bodies of men, is not among the achievements of a moment, and is never the product of jerks. It will require, for example, something more than spasms to eradicate intemperance, and substitute the virtuous love of truth, a consuming appetite for cold water. The pariah of Noah, in the morning of the world, drank; and to this day, the Chinese never drink water, save as a medicine, and then it is hazarded in very small doses. So it will be seen that a universal temperance reform involves the change of ancient habit as well as of modern prejudice. We are, therefore, safe in assuming that so great a work will not be effected by sporadic jerks, nor by the more respectable and imposing phenomena known as spasms.

Good friends of the temperance order, we know that you mean well, in the main, and we admit that your ultimate purpose is most praiseworthy; but your experience will teach you, in time, that the means you employ are inadequate to the end you would attain. "Drunkenness is a monstrous evil," you say. True, you can find no one to take issue with you on that proposition. But in your praise-worthy endeavor, you encounter a practical, if not insuperable difficulty, in the fact that comparatively few of those who drink are drunkards. The majority of men, in some shape or another, and at one time or another, have bought whisky. They have bought it to dissipate the traffic in spirits as in counterfeit money. But while sober men make the demand, the laws of trade will inevitably furnish the supply. This rule had a most shocking illustration during the war, when brokers in human blood realized immense profits by pandering to a murderous demand.

The difficulty to overcome, is to stop the demand. Jerks and spasms will not produce this effect. The imposition of a rigorous fine and long imprisonment on our dealers will be ineffective. Youself will soon realize the futility of these methods, and sellers will again enjoy a long period of immunity from prosecution, and the traffic will flourish more vigorously than ever. Drinking saloons are not the cause, but the effect, of a widely diffused appetite for ardent spirits. When you have shut them up, or abated them as a nuisance, you leave the distilleries in active operation, and barrels of the poison are carried by every railroad and unloaded at every depot. What have you achieved? Not reformation. At the best you have only dammed a channel at one place, which will overflow at another. Let none mistake this article as a plea either for drunkenness or for moderate drinking. It is neither. It is simply meant to point out the common mistakes of well-meaning men, in the means they adopt to accomplish the most imperative need of all reforms.

Those who have thought most of the vice of intemperance, are those who despair most of its eradication from society by a stupendous growth, with its deep and far-spreading roots. Much of the pecuniary prosperity of the country depends on the distilleries. They purchase immense amounts of products, and afford great and profitable markets. The Government—the best Government the world ever saw—seeks its richest revenues from the manufacturers of spirits; and three western cities, Cincinnati, Chicago and Dayton, one of their most superb edifices to the manufacture of dealers in whisky.

The primary cause of many of the most deplorable examples of intemperance in every community, exists in parental neglect. Children run the streets, find evil affiliations, contract the fatal appetite, and are ruined. Too late, the parent seeks to punish the seller. Indictments, fines, imprisonments are exhausted upon him; but his does not eradicate the profligate boy from the habit which is fixed, and will relinquish its hold only with the life of its victim. Especially is this negligence of families chargeable upon our public men. We were once conversing with a near neighbor and friend of one of the most illustrious of American statesmen—the one whom we revered above all others. The friend told us much of the great man, whom he loved, as we did. "But," said he, after a pause, "Mr. — is a bad father!" The prevalence of intemperance, and the fearful consequences so obvious everywhere, should teach this moral effect, if no other. It should teach parents to be ever watchful of the habits of their children. If the generation now growing up could be indoctrinated with the abhorrent creed, there would be a hope of Temperance Reform, of which at present we confess that we do not see even a glimmer.—Marion Democrat.

A LOCAL QUAKER SENE "SQUADERS."

Some months ago, a Quaker widower of this County, concluding to bless himself with a second wife, chose one accordingly from a very strong "manhood suffrage" locality, and took her to his home for a honeymoon. Happy day! Thrice happy Quaker! The golden hours on angel wings flew over him and his dearie. Fact. And they used to sit together and read the Bellefontaine Republican of Saturday evenings, and under its soporific influence, dose and nod in their chairs, and dream bright dreams of niggerhood suffrage and the Ramp Congress "Visions its rapture to recall." And sometimes in these dreams they would imagine that the "word white" was stricken from the Constitution, and start from their slumber in ecstasies of joy. And thus the pensive Autumn receded before the stern breath of winter, and soon the Spring-time came "gentle Annie" and with it byacintus, and bird carols, and into the household of our Quaker—a SENESE BABY. A baby with the "old side, strikes out! That's so!—That's what's the matter! Whether the Quaker thinks more of it, or not quite so much, as if it were his own body, is not known at this writing. We have sent him the touching narrative of Hill Fliker-Seneker, by Brick Pomeroy, so that if he is disposed to be unhappy over his domestic arrangements, he can sing "dat dam old Stonewall Jackson song, or who's pin here what's the matter! Whether the Quaker thinks more of it, or not quite so much, as if it were his own body, is not known at this writing. We have sent him the touching narrative of Hill Fliker-Seneker, by Brick Pomeroy, so that if he is disposed to be unhappy over his domestic arrangements, he can sing "dat dam old Stonewall Jackson song, or who's pin here what's the matter! Whether the Quaker thinks more of it, or not quite so much, as if it were his own body, is not known at this writing. 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