

URBANA UNION

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

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URBANA UNION.

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Select Poetry.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY E. P. VICE.

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, situated by noble sentiments than any of their sisters, have shown themselves impelled in their offerings made to the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and National soldiers—New York Times.

By the bow of the island river,
Whence the flocks of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
And the winds of the storm are led,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

These in the robes of glory,
Those in the bloom of death,
All with battle-hooded eyes,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mothers go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
And the flocks of iron have fled,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal equinox
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, when the Summer eulphor,
On forest and field is shed,
With an equal measure of dew,
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous dead was done;
In the storm of the day they are fading,
No longer blue was the woe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

No more shall the weeping sever,
Of the winding rivers be red;
They launch our anger where,
When they laud the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

REMINISCENCE OF PIONEER LIFE—THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

THE Hon. P. Van Trump made a speech a few months ago before the Franklin County, (Ohio) Pioneer Association, in which he said:

There is one reminiscence belonging to the history of the country so characteristic of pioneer life that I can not refrain from noticing it. It is one of those things the like of which can never occur again. In the early settlement of the country the common gray squirrel (*Sciurus cinereus*) existed in almost fabulous numbers. This fact was not peculiar to the West. It existed everywhere in the new settlements; and it is recorded in the early colonial history of Pennsylvania that \$40,000 was paid out of public coffers in a single year for the scalps of this ravenous but beautiful little robber of the corn fields. At periods of long intervals they were partially migratory in their habits. In the fall of 1821 or 1822, they were uncommonly numerous in this region, and were terribly destructive of the growing crop of corn. The cultivated lands of that time consisted mostly of what was called "openings," the fields being thickly studded over with stunted and dead forest trees, which afforded a ready retreat and shelter for the squirrels in their depredations upon the young and ripening corn.

The season alluded to was a remarkable one for the voracious habits of this destructive little animal. So serious had become their wholesale plunderings, that the people of the country were driven to the necessity of adopting some prompt and energetic means of ridding themselves of the annoyance. Accordingly a grand county hunt was proposed. The plan was consummated by dividing the county into two sections, the Scioto river, running through the county from north to south, forming the dividing line. Three days were allotted for the hunt, and Lucas Sullivan was chosen as captain of the western division, and Ralph Osborn of the eastern. A barrel of whiskey was the prize to be contended for to be drank by the assembled crowd at Frankfort on the fourth day, at which time and place the scalps were to be gathered and counted. Accordingly, on the fourth day a large crowd of hunters and spectators assembled on the bank of the river at the ancient county seat, the scalps of the squirrels were produced and counted by the barrel, and the victory, amidst the cheers and shouts of at least a portion of the multitude, was declared in favor of Captain Sullivan and his party.

No ancient tournament in the days of knight chivalry produced more excitement or greater interest than did this contest for the victory in squirrel scalps. In my juvenile ambition I felt as proud of my three hundred scalps as ever did mailed cavalier in unshoring his antagonist by sword and spur. The number of squirrels destroyed was almost fabulous. I recollect there was some error, occurred in the statement made in the newspapers of the day. They put down the number at nineteen or twenty thousand. In a conversation I had on last evening with Mr. Joseph Sullivan, he gave it as his opinion that the number which, in my recollection, of the discussion at the time, in criticism of the published statement, that the number was largely greater.

The diminution of the number of squirrels, however, was not at all perceptible from the fact of their being at the time on their migratory journey, and the places of those killed were soon occupied by their itinerant brethren. The corn crop of the county at that period, was much more thickly populated than that of the West; and we of the East would have been the victors in the contest had the rifle been used as the only weapon in the hunt. But the West has the advantage of us in this; the squirrels were on their migratory journey from East to West, with the Scioto River cutting across their route.

I knew I could not be mistaken. But to proceed: It is a singular fact in the natural history of the squirrel, that when they once take to the water nothing will turn them from their course.—When they come to a stream, they enter the water with their tails erect in a perpendicular line, like a sail, and, taking a direct line for the opposite shore, nothing can turn them an inch from their course. In this way our western friends and competitors killed thousands of them with clubs on their side of the river. This squirrel hunt was considered a great event in the country; and its result was published in the newspapers throughout the Union. I do not think that the dignity of this kind of sport is improved or dignified by the substitution of the modern rifle hunt.

THE "LAST MAN."

In 1832 an association was formed in Cincinnati, which was denominated the "Last Man's Society." It was composed of seven young men, engaged in various pursuits, and was organized when the cholera was prevailing for the first time in this country. These young men were drawn together by a common tie of friendship and brotherhood, and were impelled to their action, at the time, on account of the dangers which believed to surround them.

It was agreed, among other things, that the anniversary of the organization should be solemnly observed as long as any of them lived, or until one of them was left alone, when he was required, once, at least, to observe its return. The anniversary, observance was to consist, in part, of a report to be provided by one of the members, each taking his turn, the selection to be made by casting lots. All who could do so were bound to be present at the annual festival, even if it involved considerable sacrifice.

In the celebration of the anniversary the table was always to be spread for seven, the full number of the society.—In case of the absence of one or more, from death or other unavoidable causes, the plates were to remain unturned, while the vacant chair was to be in its place.

For five years not a death occurred among the members. At the sixth anniversary the first unturned plate and the first vacant chair were in their places occasioned by the death of one of the members. The death occurred on the 26th of June, 1837, the second death took place in November following; the third on the 18th of October, 1842; the fourth, November 15, 1847; the fifth, January 5, 1853; and the sixth, August 25, 1857.

On the twenty-first anniversary but two of the members were present; and when the twenty-second arrived, the last had been sounded, and the "last man" was left alone to fulfill the sacred obligation he had assumed. With six unturned plates and six vacant chairs around the table, he was left in solitude to celebrate the last anniversary of the association. All but himself had been summoned to that "bourn from whence no traveler returns." He still lives, and has survived his companions for ten years. He is a prominent member of one of the leading professions; is at present in the enjoyment of excellent health and was at the recent election a candidate upon the Democratic ticket for an important office in Hamilton county.—He is well known to many of our citizens.—Dayton Ledger.

A GENTLEMAN'S IDEA OF WISDOM.

A LADY in Rhinebeck was recently reading to her child—a boy of seven years of age—a story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, whereupon the youngster set himself to work to assist in supporting himself and mother. When she had finished the story, the following dialogue ensued:

Mother—Now, my little man, if you was to die, wouldn't you work to help your mother?

Boy (not relishing the idea of work)—Why not, what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?

Mother—Oh yes, my child; but we can't eat the house, you know.

Boy—Well, ain't we got flour and sugar and other things in the store room?

Mother—Certainly we have, my dear, but they will not last long; and what then?

Boy—Well, ma, ain't there enough to last until you can get another husband?

IF HIS TAIL COMES OUT.

The following is an old joke, but it comes in a new dress, we think it will bear preserving:

Two dorkies in the West went out to hunt possums, &c., and by accident found a large case with quite a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear cubs in the interior.

"Look here, Sam," said one; "while I go in and get the young bears, you just watch back for de old bear."

Sam got asleep in the sun, when opening his eyes, he saw the old bear scaring her way into the cave. Quick as a wink he caught her by the tail, and held on like limas.

"Hello, dar, Sam, what dark do hole dar?"

"Lord bless you, Jumbo, save your self, honey; if dis tail come out you'll find out what dark de hole!"

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OVER ONE MILLION BOTTLES!

It does not Dry up a Cough, but LOOSENS IT.

Will Invariably Cure Coughs, Whooping Cough, Consumption, Croup, etc.

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The Great Liver and Bilious Remedy!

Positive Cure for Liver Complaint!

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THE Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription, is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which will be so valuable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will not hurt, and may prove a blessing.

Persons wishing the prescription, will please address
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

GROCERIES.

AND STILL ANOTHER VETO!

H. G. & D. W. HAPPESETT

Have placed their VETO on the old method of conducting business.

QUICK SALES AND READY PAY.

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Provision Store.

Don't Forget the Place!

QUEIN & ACKERMAN,

Architects, Contractors and Builders.

CASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS.

Window & Door Frames.

URBANA, O.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned has opened a Meat Market in Urbana at 121 1/2 O'Connor's Alley, on Tuesday, August 27th, 1867.

NEVERMORE.

No word has ever been heard of the young man who was so bravely slain at the battle of Gettysburg.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A RACE EXTRAORDINARY.

SOME years ago a race was run at the Hague, in Holland, which by its novelty excited more than ordinary interest. It was between a fast trotting horse in harness, and a full grown hog; single harness—distance six English miles—for a wager of one thousand guilders.

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